

Chapter 26

Harry slid open the door to a cabin at the back of the Hogwarts Express. Sitting in the middle of the bench, Lily sat to his right, against the window, and Narcissa sat on his left. With a smirk, Bellatrix sat down on his lap. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Mind if we join you?” Marlene asked, poking her head inside with a smile.

“Course not,” Lily said, waving her in.

Marlene entered with Dorcas and Mary following in after her.

“Thank Merlin for summer break,” Dorcas grinned, glancing out the window as more students loaded onto the train. “I feel like my brain is mush.”

“It’ll be even worse next year,” Lily reminded her with a smile.

“Don’t remind me,” Marlene sighed. “I’m dreading our NEWTs.”

“At least we have Harry to help us,” Mary said. “He explained things better than most of the professors.”

“And I don’t think I ever saw him study,” Dorcas huffed, glaring at him playfully.

Harry smiled at her and shrugged. Considering all that he’d managed to accomplish, he didn’t feel guilty about the knowledge he’d gained from the Elder Wand.

“Harry, do you have any more jobs available at the Wolf’s Den?” Mary asked.

“What kind of job are you looking for?” Harry asked.

“Enchanting,” Mary said. “I’m not as good as Marlene, but I can do small stuff.”

“Me too,” Dorcas added.

“How about all three of you come over Wednesday afternoon, and I can show you around?” Harry asked. “I should be able to find you jobs.”

“Sure.” “Thanks, Harry,” they smiled.

“What projects are you working on?” Dorcas asked curiously.

“For the enchanting shop, we’re working on Memory Projectors and protective equipment like clothing and jewelry that produce shields,” Harry listed off on his fingers. “We’ve got the greenhouses, but the Werewolves work those, for the most part. We’re building a potions lab to work on a cure for Lycanthropy. Oh, and I just hired a witch named Patricia, that’s an expert in mirror magic. I’m hoping we can develop a way to use mirrors for communication and transportation.”

The girls stared at him with their jaws dropped.

“Bloody hell,” Marlene gasped.

“You found a cure for Lycanthropy?” Dorcas asked incredulously.

“We’re working on it,” Harry shrugged.

“How close are you?” she asked.

“Keep this between us, but we’re pretty close,” Harry admitted. “We start trials on a new treatment next week.”

“Merlin,” Mary breathed. “You realize that if this works, it’s going to change the world, don’t you?”

Lily smiled proudly and kissed his cheek.

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Harry said, blushing lightly.

“It will,” Narcissa nodded.

“Yeah, I definitely want to work for Harry,” Dorcas said.

Mary and Dorcas giggled while nodding in agreement. Suddenly, the door to their compartment was thrown open violently. Malfoy took a step inside and sneered as Lily and Bellatrix glared and reached for their wands. Narcissa stared at him imperiously before turning to look out the window, completely disregarding his presence. Behind him stood Crabbe and Goyle, glowering menacingly. For a moment, Harry felt a sense of *déjà vu*.

“I see you two are still sullyng yourselves with this *trash*,” Malfoy drawled, eyeing Lily with disgust before turning back to the black sisters. “How far such a noble house has fallen.”

Bellatrix tensed in Harry’s arms. He grabbed her wand arm lightly, stopping her from hexing him.

“What do you want, Malfoy?” he asked in a bored tone.

"I'm not here for you, *Potter*," Malfoy spat. "You'll get what coming to you sooner than you think. I'm here to give Bellatrix and Narcissa one last chance to make the right choice. I have it on good authority such betrayals will no longer be taken so lightly."

As the sisters glared at him, he looked over at Lily and gave a nasty smirk.

"If you're good, I'll even let you keep your pet Mudblood," he added.

Harry narrowed his eyes angrily even as he tried to keep Bellatrix calm. The hair on his arm stood on end from the magic furiously radiating off of her. Patting her arm, he leaned forward so his lips were next to her ear.

"Nothing permanent," he whispered.

Her glare turned into a smirk, a dangerous gleam shining in her eyes. With a flick of his wrist, Harry slammed the door closed, where it locked with a click. Malfoy's expression turned fearful as he tried and failed to unlock it. Outside, Crabbe and Goyle used their considerable weight to force the door open to no avail.

"What are you doing?" Malfoy yelled nervously.

Licking her lips, Bellatrix stood from Harry's lap and twirled her wand. Malfoy's hand shot into his robes, reaching for his wand. The moment he pulled it free, Bellatrix unleashed a powerful Bludgeoning Hex. It careened into his groin with enough force to throw him through the glass door, shattering it and bowling over Crabbe and Goyle.

The students in the carriage shouted and screamed in surprise while Malfoy writhed on the floor, sobbing as he cradled his groin protectively. Crabbe and Goyle lumbered to their feet, but Bellatrix stopped them from reaching for their wands with a glare. Looking back down at Malfoy, she stalked towards him like a predator, her eyes sparkling with barely suppressed rage.

“If you ever threaten Lily again, I’ll kill you slowly and painfully,” she hissed softly.

“What the hell is going on here?” A familiar voice shouted.

While the crowd that had gathered shuffled out of the way, Harry repaired the door and slid it open gently. A moment later, Connie stopped outside their compartment. With a sigh, she looked from Malfoy to Harry and arched a brow.

“Malfoy thought it would be a good idea to threaten Lily,” Harry shrugged.

“He threatened Harry, Narcissa, and Bellatrix, too,” Dorcas added. “He called Lily... well, you know, and said if they were good, he might let them keep her as a pet.”

Marlene and Mary nodded furiously.

“They... attacked... me,” Malfoy groaned.

“You deserved it,” Connie shrugged, shocking him. “You’re not a student anymore, and I’m not a professor. I’m an Auror. The kid gloves are off, Malfoy. There are no professors to hold your hand and stop you from getting what you deserve. Threatening people has consequences. Now get out of here before I decide to arrest you.”

Malfoy seethed as Crabbe and Goyle grabbed his arms and helped him to his feet. With a baleful glare, he limped down the hall, wincing every other step.

“Can’t even take the train without getting into trouble,” Connie said to Harry, shaking her head with a smile. “What am I going to do with you? Don’t answer that.”

Bellatrix closed her mouth, lips curling into a smirk. Walking back into the compartment, her hips swaying, she sat back down on Harry’s lap.

"I really wish you were staying," Marlene said. "You were a lot better than the last few Defense professors we've had."

"As much as I enjoyed teaching, it's time for me to go back to being an Auror," Connie smiled. "Don't worry, though. Even if you don't get a good teacher, you still have Harry."

"Maybe we could talk Dumbledore into making the DA the official Defense class," Narcissa smirked.

"No," Harry said, shaking his head. "Connie made me grade enough homework."

The girls laughed.

"Try to stay out of trouble until we get to London," Connie smiled.

"I'll do my best," Harry said with a salute.

Closing the door, Connie moved off down the train.

"What do you think Malfoy meant when he said you'll get what's coming to you sooner than you think?" Narcissa asked.

"I have an idea," Harry said. "It's nothing to worry about."

Narcissa looked at him suspiciously, and he gave her a wink.

After hours on the train and dozens of classmates coming around to wish them a good Summer, they arrived at King's Cross station. Harry helped the girls collect their trunks and walked outside. Cynthia and Gerald, Lily's parents, were the first to meet them.

"Oh, it's so good to see you," Cynthia said, hugging Lily and then Harry. "How did your exams go?"

"I did alright," Lily smiled. "I got four O's and two E's."

"That's wonderful," Cynthia smiled. "And how did you do, Harry?"

"Er," Harry said, looking to Lily for help. "I don't remember."

"You got all O's," Lily said, rolling her eyes.

"You forgot your grades?" Gerald asked laughingly.

"I've had a lot going on," Harry shrugged.

"He really has," Narcissa added.

"Oh, mum, dad, these are our friends Narcissa and her sister, Bellatrix," Lily said.

"Nice to meet you," Cynthia smiled.

They talked for a few minutes before Narcissa suddenly stiffened. Following her gaze, Harry spotted an elderly couple walking towards them with matching, disapproving frowns. The woman had the same wild, curly black hair as Bellatrix, though with streaks of grey running

through it. Her violet eyes glittered with the same malice the Bellatrix from his time had, with a spark of insanity lurking in their depths. The man had sharp, shrewd grey eyes, short silver hair, and a hooked nose that gave him the appearance of a bird of prey.

“Our parents,” Narcissa whispered, moving her lips as little as possible. “Cygnus and Druella Black.”

Harry nodded and gave Lily a pointed look. Understanding what he wanted, she pulled her parents aside and whispered to them while Harry stepped forward to greet his other girlfriends’ parents.

“Mr. and Mrs. Black, how nice to finally meet you,” Harry said flatly.

“And you must be the famous Harry Potter,” Cygnus said, eyeing him critically. “I’ve been... anxious to make you acquaintance. My brother has told me quite a lot about you... disagreements in the Wizengamot.”

“Our debates have gotten a little heated,” Harry smirked.

Cygnus’ brother and Sirius’ father, Orion Black, was the leader of the darker families in the Wizengamot. He and Harry had gotten into several heated debates as of late. It vexed the old man endlessly that Harry always came out better in those exchanges.

“Indeed,” Cygnus said, his eyes narrowing. “I trust my daughters conveyed our invitation for dinner?”

“They did,” Harry nodded. “I’d be happy to attend.”

“Good. I’m excited to get to know our daughters’ *intended*,” Druella said, the last word dripping in disgust as her eyes glittered maliciously.

Cygnus gave her a warning look that was completely ignored.

“Why don’t you come by in an hour so we have time to get the girls... settled?” Cygnus asked though it was more of a statement. “Come along, girls.”

“I’ll see you soon,” Harry whispered to Bellatrix and Narcissa as they walked past him.

“Well, they seem... pleasant,” Gerald said, mimicking Cygnus’ tendency to pause in his speech.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arm around Lily.

“The Blacks, with a few exceptions, are a horrible family,” he said.

“I hope I’m considered one of those exceptions.”

Harry turned and smiled as Dorea, Charlus, and James approached. James glared at the arm he had around Lily’s waist while his parents smiled.

“Of course,” Harry smiled. “Cynthia, Gerald, this is Charlus and Dorea Potter.”

“I hope my niece didn’t cause you any trouble,” Dorea said.

“Niece?” Gerald asked.

“Druella,” she replied.

“She’s your niece?” Cynthia asked, surprised.

Dorea smiled, "My brother and I were born eighteen years apart. Druella is a couple of years younger than I am, but she's still my niece."

"Oh," Cynthia said. "Well, she didn't really talk to us, so I can't say she was a bother."

"That's probably for the best," Cynthia said. "Harry wasn't wrong when he said my family isn't the most pleasant."

"I am curious to know why she called Narcissa and Bellatrix Harry's intended," Charlus said. "Does that mean something different in the magical world?"

"He's dating all three of them," James jumped in, giving Harry a superior smirk.

"James, behave," Dorea hissed as Lily glared at him.

"Lily?" Cynthia asked expectantly.

Next to her, Gerald frowned and crossed his arms. Lily sighed and turned to her parents.

"Yes, all four of us are dating, and we're very happy," she said without a shred of shame.

"It's not that unusual in the magical world," Dorea said. "Wizards like Harry often attract the attention of powerful witches."

"What do you mean wizards like Harry?" Cynthia asked curiously.

"Someone that's extremely powerful," Charlus said. "Wizards like Merlin, Godric Gryffindor, Albus Dumbledore, and unfortunately, You-Know-Who. Wizards that have such an impact on the magical community that their names are never forgotten."

Harry frowned. He didn't feel like he should be compared to people like Merlin or Godric Gryffindor.

"So, this is normal?" Gerald asked, unconvinced.

"You could say that," Dorea smiled. "Why don't you and Harry come over for dinner this weekend? I'm sure you still have a lot of questions about the wizarding world."

"Oh, that would be wonderful," Cynthia grinned excitedly.

"We're still talking about this when we get home," Gerald said, looking at Lily.

"Where are you going to be staying, Harry?" Dorea asked.

Harry shrugged, "I'm not sure yet. I'll probably crash at the Wolf's Den until I find something."

"You could stay with us," Charlus offered while Dorea nodded in agreement.

James, on the other hand, didn't look pleased at all with the idea.

"I appreciate that, but I really want to find a house of my own," Harry said.

"Then we'll help you find one," Charlus smiled, clapping his shoulder. "Unfortunately, we do need to get going. Cynthia, Gerald, it was a pleasure meeting you. We'll send you an owl with our address, but it might be easier to have Harry bring you."

"I can do that," Harry nodded.

“Thank you,” Cynthia smiled. “It was nice meeting you, too.”

As the Potters left, James sulked behind them. Harry wondered just how long it would take for him to start growing up. Since he had no intentions of letting Dorea and Charlus get killed this time around, he didn’t know what the trigger would be.

“I should get going, too,” Harry said. “I don’t think this meeting with the Blacks is going to go well.”

“How bad do you think it’ll be?” Lily asked worriedly.

Harry shrugged, “That’s up to them.”

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Silently, Harry Apparated outside a large manor just outside Wiltshire. Unlike Orion Black, Cygnus lived as far away from Muggles. Walking to the front gate, it swung open as he approached with a light squeak. Following the serpentine shaped path to the house, he knocked on the door. Narcissa opened it and hugged him tightly.

“They’re up to something,” she whispered urgently.

“We expected that,” Harry told her.

“Don’t just stand there, Narcissa,” Druella called. “Show him in.”

Giving her a reassuring smile, he entered the house and closed the door. Harry could feel the tension pouring off of Narcissa as she showed him into the parlor, where Druella, Cygnus, and

Bellatrix were waiting for them. The first thing he noticed was the look in Druella's eyes. It was the same crazed, manic look he'd seen from Bellatrix in his old timeline.

"Welcome to the house of Black, Mr. Potter," Cygnus said, spreading his arm even as he remained seated. "Narcissa, get our guest a drink, would you?"

The moment Narcissa stepped away from him, the door they entered through banged open. Harry glanced over his shoulder as Lucius swaggered into the room with his wand drawn. Behind him came a man that could only be his father, Scorpius Malfoy, followed by Corbin Yaxley and two other wizards Harry didn't recognize.

"What the hell do you think you're doing!?" Bellatrix demanded as she jumped to her feet, wand snapping into her hand.

"Sit down, Bellatrix," Cygnus said sternly.

Seething silently, she glanced over at Harry, who nodded. Cygnus frowned heavily as she sat down slowly but kept her wand in her hand.

"I told you, Potter," Lucius smirked.

"Did you?" Harry asked as his Holly wand was summoned from his pocket. "Sorry, I wasn't paying attention."

Lucius glared, pressing the tip of his wand into Harry's neck.

"You'd do well to listen to your betters," he hissed.

"Oh, I do," Harry said, smiling innocently. "You're just not one of them."

Lucius' eye twitched, and Harry readied himself.

"Crucio."

Before Lucius had finished the incantation, Harry's shot forward. Grabbing his wrist, he jerked it just slightly to the side. Lucius watched in horror as his Cruciatus Curse hit his father straight in the chest. Yanking him forward, Harry spun him around, putting him directly in the path of Yaxley's Stunning Hex. As Lucius' unconscious body dropped to the floor, The elder wand appeared in Harry's hand.

"Avada--"

"No! The Dark Lord wants him alive!" Yaxley shouted.

As Cygnus jumped to his feet, so did Bellatrix, her wand pressed to his neck. Narcissa drew her wand as well and trained it on her mother.

"Remember where your loyalties lie," Cygnus said dangerously.

"I know exactly where my loyalties lie," Bellatrix hissed, her wand digging into his skin until he winced.

Meanwhile, Harry quickly stunned everyone but Yaxley. As an Unspeakable, he had a knowledge of magic that few possessed. Harry was forced to dip into some rather dark magic to fight back. Yaxley's usual confidence quickly turned to worry as each of his spells was returned with something equally deadly and far more powerful.

For Harry, this wasn't just about winning. It was about making a point. It was time the Death Eaters had something to fear besides Azkaban.

Yaxley began slowly edging toward the doorway, looking for an escape, but Harry had no intention of letting him go. Parrying a Blood-Boiling Hex, he slammed the door shut and transfigured it into steel. Yaxley cursed as he was swamped by a hail of dangerous and deadly curses. Organ Bursting, Bone Exploding, and Withering Curses were barely blocked in time. The short distance between them left only a split second to identify and deflect each spell with the necessary shield.

“Avada Kedavra!” Yaxley shouted.

It was a sign of how trapped he felt that the Unspeakable, known to enjoy using more esoteric magic, resorted to something so common among the Death Eaters. Harry thrust his wand forward, shattering the unblockable Killing Curse like it was a Disarming Charm. Yaxley was so shocked that he missed the spell he cast at the same time.

It felt like the world slowed down around them as the grey bolt of magic flew toward him. Yaxley’s wand moved in a blur, his eyes wide and panicked. Impressively, he managed to produce a shield at the last possible moment. Harry felt a flash of disappointment, but then the spell passed straight through as if it wasn’t there. Yaxley had chosen the wrong type of shield. One that wasn’t designed to stop the kind of spell Harry had cast.

The Unspeakable stared in shock as he rapidly turned to stone, a wave of grey extending outwards from the point the spell hit. In moments, he was frozen as a statue, wand hand clutching his chest while the other was extended, desperately grasping at nothing. A look of horror was permanently etched onto Yaxley’s face.

Harry smiled grimly, summoned his Holly wand, and turned back to the Blacks. Bellatrix looked at him like she wanted to jump him right then and there, and she probably would’ve if her wand was still pressed to her father’s neck. Worryingly, Druella was staring at him with a similar fire in her eyes. Studiously ignoring her, Harry summoned her and her husband’s wands with a flick of his wrist. No longer needing to keep her father at wand point, Bellatrix rushed over and kissed him passionately. Smiling, Harry pulled back and wrapped his around her.

A sound caused both of them to look behind them as the door was turned back to normal. It cracked open, and Andromeda peeked inside, wand at the ready. She stared in shock at the bodies and the floor, the man turned statue, and Narcissa holding her parents at wand point.

“What the hell is going on?” she asked.

“Mother and Father tried to hand Harry over to the Dark Lord,” Narcissa told her, eyes narrowed angrily.

“You didn’t!” Andromeda gasped.

“I did what was best for our family,” Cygnus said stiffly.

“You did what was best for yourself,” Andromeda spat. “Joining You-Know-Who will only lead this family to ruin.”

“Narcissa, would you Floo the Aurors?” Harry asked.

“Don’t you dare,” Cygnus growled as Narcissa walked over to the fireplace. “Narcissa, as your father, I order you to stop.”

Narcissa ignored him and tossed a handful of powder into the flames.

“Stop right now, or I will banish you from the family,” he said, a wild look in his eyes.

Bellatrix snorted, “As if we care about that.”

“You would choose this *boy* over your own family?” Druella asked.

“Yes,” Bellatrix replied instantly. “Harry is the future of our world. Only a fool wouldn’t recognize that.”

“You traitor,” Cygnus growled.

Bellatrix shrugged carelessly, pressed herself against Harry, and kissed his neck. A moment later, the Aurors stepped out of the Floo. Kingsley arrived first, followed by his Connie and, surprisingly, David.

“An hour,” Connie sighed. “You couldn’t stay out of trouble for one – Holy shit, is that Yaxley?”

“Er, yeah,” Harry said.

He explained everything that had happened, and David quickly called for more Aurors to do a full investigation. Cygnus and Druella were quick to claim they’d been threatened by Voldemort into turning Harry over to him. No one believed them, but it would be up to the Wizengamot to decide their fates. For now, due to the seriousness of the charges, they were cuffed and taken to a Ministry holding cell.

“Can you reverse what was done to Yaxley?” David asked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “He’s dead.”

David sighed and rubbed his brow.

“Boss, we found the Killing Curse on his wand,” Connie told him. “I’m sure there’re even worse spells on here, but I don’t recognize them.”

“I really didn’t have a choice,” Harry said. “He was going to go down from a Stunning Hex or a Disarming Charm.”

“I know,” David sighed. “I just wish we could’ve gotten some information from him. I’d really like to know what information he was giving You-Know-Who.”

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, Harry looked at Yaxley as two Aurors argued over how to get him back to the Ministry.

“I might have an idea,” he said. “His memories might be intact. May I?”

David thought for a moment before nodding. Drawing his wand, Harry conjured a large glass vial and then pressed the tip to the side of Yaxley’s head. It took intense focus, but as he drew the tip away, a large, silvery glob came free. Depositing it in the vial, he corked it and handed it to David.

“This is all of his memories involving Voldemort and any crimes he committed,” Harry said. “If you need more, let me know now. I don’t think his memories will last for long.”

“This is more than enough,” David said, swirling the vial containing what had to be hundreds of memories.

It would take weeks, maybe months, to view all of them. As David turned to give orders to his Aurors, Harry quickly pulled a few more memories from Yaxley. The glob was much smaller - only one or two memories. He stowed it in the pocket of his robes before anyone noticed what he was doing.

It took another hour before the investigation was finally over, and the Aurors left. The girls all sat down in the parlor, looking as exhausted as Harry felt.

“Andi, do you have a place to go if you need to get out of here?” Harry asked. “Your parents aren’t going to be happy with any of you if they manage to stay out of Azkaban.”

"I could go stay with Ted," she told him. "Actually, I planned on moving in with him in a couple of days anyways. He proposed to me yesterday."

"That's great," Harry grinned as she was congratulated by her sisters.

He really hoped that Tonks would still be born. She'd been a close friend and always managed to put a smile on his face. He'd been heartbroken to see her lying in the Great Hall next to Remus.

"Harry, why don't you stay here tonight?" Narcissa asked.

Bellatrix and Andromeda looked at him hopefully.

Harry smiled, "Alright."

"Trilla," Narcissa called.

With a pop, thin, shaking House Elf popped into the room. She wrung her hands nervously, eyes fixed on the floor.

"Y-yous called, Mistress," Trilla asked.

"Get us a bottle of champagne from the cellar to celebrate and start dinner," Narcissa said.

"Y-yes, Mistress," Trilla replied.

"Wait," Harry said before she could leave. "Why are you so scared, Trilla?"

She looked over at Narcissa, who nodded before replying.

“Trilla is scared she is losing her family.”

Harry looked at her sympathetically.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “Look, Narcissa and Bellatrix are going to come live with me as soon as I find a house. Would you like to come with us?”

“Oh yes, Trilla would like that very much,” she said, nodding her head.

Smiling, Harry took out his wand. Trilla flinched and ducked her head.

“It’s alright. I’m not going to hurt you,” he assured her. “It’s just a spell to transfer your bond to Narcissa. It won’t hurt a bit.”

The girls all watched him curiously as he waved his wand in circles and muttered a long incantation. Several smoky, golden threads extended out from Trilla’s body. A few extended to the walls, but three connected her to the Black sisters. While most of the lines were identical, one was slightly bright and more solid. As Harry continued his incantation, the brightest began to dim while the one connecting Trilla to Narcissa brightened.

It was an old spell used to transfer ownership of House Elves to a different family member if they were unable to do it themselves. Mostly, it was used when someone was in a coma or prison. By the time the spell ended, Narcissa’s orders had superseded her father’s.

“There, all done,” Harry smiled.

“Thank you, master,” Trilla said, staring at him in awe. “Trilla will start dinner right away.”

With a pop, she vanished, only to return a moment later with a bottle of champagne and four glasses. Popping the cork, Harry poured out glasses for everyone.

“To Andromeda and Ted,” he said, raising his glass in a toast. “May you have a long and happy marriage.”

“And may your sex be even half as amazing as it is with Harry,” Bellatrix smirked.

“Bella,” Narcissa sighed while Andromeda smiled.

Clinking their glasses together, they drank deeply.

“You know, there’s nothing stopping you from inviting Ted over for the night,” Narcissa smirked.

Grinning, Andromeda climbed to her feet and made her way to the Floo. With a chuckle, Harry took her seat between Narcissa and Bellatrix on the couch.