

# *Deluded Musings* *FanficAuthors.net*

## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source** **Created: Harry Potter**

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. Nor do I own any of the characters and situations associated with The Destroyer or indeed the more outgoing citizens of the small North Korean village of Sinanju . But you knew that.**

**A/N2: This is an extremely AU crossover fic that asks the question what might have happened if Petunia Dursley hadn't found a young Harry Potter sleeping on her doorstep on the morning of the 2nd of November 1981. After all, Dumbledore was a bit careless with the savior of the Wizarding World that fateful night. Further, what if Dumbledore hadn't managed to find Harry again until the summer of 1996 and then had to convince a very different 16 year old Harry to attend Hogwarts?**

### **Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

#### **Chapter 1: Created: Harry Potter**

**November 1, 1981**

**Little Whinging, Surrey , UK :**

**11:23 p.m.**

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore waited nervously in the alley between Wisteria Walk and Magnolia Crescent. He had little time before Hagrid was to appear with the boy, but this business had to be dealt with, failure to do so would be... unfortunate.

In his one hundred and thirty years Dumbledore had learned many things and made many mistakes. He hoped to deal with his latest mistake tonight before it consumed him. His attempt to circumvent Sibyll's prophecy and apply the solution that had brought down Gellert to Tom had proven to be unnecessary. He pondered for a moment the possibility of redirecting the Korean toward Tom's surviving followers, but rejected that idea after only the most minor reflection. That would be akin to fighting an ant infestation in your kitchen by burning down your house. No, he would cancel the contract and hope he could do so without bankrupting the House of Dumbledore.

“Hello School Teacher.” Dumbledore was startled by the sudden appearance of the short man to his left. “For a group who has dedicated so much time and effort to being invisible, your people seem to be going out of their way to be noticed this night. Why did you wish to speak with me? Traditionally we would not speak until payment was due for services rendered.”

How did the Korean do that? Dumbledore had gone to great lengths to cultivate his reputation for power and skill, in truth that reputation was mostly deserved. Dumbledore had been on guard, had been expecting the shorter man’s arrival, yet the small Muggle had seemed to suddenly appear out of nowhere.

“Good Evening Master Chiun. I thank you for breaking with tradition and meeting me tonight.”

The old man waved his hand dismissively. “Allowances can always be made for repeat customers. How may the House of Sinanju serve you?”

Dumbledore regarded the man in the dim light of the alley. Chiun of Sinanju was old for a Muggle, in his late 80s, and appeared to be quite frail. Appearances and reality were frequently at odds when dealing with the Masters of Sinanju. Dumbledore had no doubt in his mind that his magic would do him little good if he angered this small Muggle. “It seems that the services of your house are no longer required Master Chiun. Your target was vanquished just before Midnight yesterday.”

“Indeed?” the wizen man said quietly. “And who has stolen the rice from the mouths of the children of Sinanju? Some amateur?”

“One of his victims. In an attack last night Tom Riddle was killed when the curse he attempted to cast on a child rebounded. As of yet we are not sure if this was because the curse was cast improperly, because of something the boy’s mother did, or something the boy did himself. Riddle killed both the adults, so there are no witnesses to the event.”

Chiun nodded. “Self defense is an acceptable excuse I suppose. Why haven’t you asked the boy what happened?”

“Young Harry is only fifteen months old Master Chiun, his language skills are minimal at this point I’m afraid.”

“I see. Will you be taking credit for the death of this Dark Lord as well School Teacher?” Seeing the protest start in Dumbledore’s eyes the ancient Korean continued. “We must now discuss my fee. I left a steady job to take up this commission. The children of Sinanju must be fed.”

“I’m sure we can negotiate an appropriate fee for your time and effort Master Chiun.” Dumbledore said wondering what this was going to cost him.

“I was thinking half.” Chiun said, his eyes taking on a dangerous glint. “Yes, half would be fair.”

Dumbledore swallowed while doing the galleon to pounds conversion in his head. Half the

Korean's fee would be two hundred thousand Galleons or a million pounds sterling.

"Plus expenses." Chiun added recalling that line from the movie that had been shown on the transatlantic flight that had delivered him to Britain. Chiun liked airplanes; they along with television were the only truly redeeming bits of western technology he approved of.

"Plus expenses of course." Dumbledore said removing a pad of Gringotts drafts and a quill from his robes and scratched out the agreed upon amount, then presented the draft to the Master of Sinanju.

"The House of Sinanju thanks you for your business. Should you ever need an inconvenient Dark Lord removed in the future, please remember us." Chiun said as he tucked the draft into his kimono. Normally the Master of Sinanju would never take any payment other than Gold, but a draft on the Goblin Bank was a good as gold. The Goblins of Gringotts and the House of Sinanju had a long working relationship. "By the way, when you said that a curse 'rebounded' this of course left a body, correct?"

"No." Dumbledore's face clouded at the question. "The body was destroyed, it left only his clothing.

"I see. We of Sinanju have an old saying. 'If you don't have a body, the target isn't dead'. Just something to think about."

Dumbledore watched open mouthed as the old Muggle calmly walked away, vanishing from view after about three paces. How did he do that?

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Dumbledore appeared on the corner the cat was watching, appeared suddenly and silently.

The cat's tail twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Albus Dumbledore rummaged in his cloak, looking for something. But he did seem to realize he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known."

Finding what he was looking for in his inside pocket. He pulled out what seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop. He clicked it again — the next lamp flickered into darkness. Twelve times he clicked the Put-Outer, until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him. If anyone looked out of their window now they would not have been able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the Put-Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He didn't look at it, but after a moment he spoke to it.

“Fancy seeing you here, Professor McGonagall.”

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The reigning Master of Sinanju watched the exchange between Dumbledore and the changeling from the shadows. He heard their every word, though without context their words were almost meaningless. He filed the conversation away, just in case it ever turned out to be useful in the future.

Something was going on. Sinanju had been cheated of its rightful fees, and Chiun was going to find out why. Chiun’s decision to leave the employ of the Mad Emperor Smith had not come easily; it had been a long time indeed since the House of Sinanju had such a steady source of gold, but so many things went on that Chiun did not understand. The insult of his adopted son Remo refusing to take outside commissions was what finally caused him to leave. Dumbledore’s offer of a commission just made it easier

The pair continued their discussions for a few more moments, the changeling woman calling the inhabitants of #4 ‘the worst sort of Muggles’. Chiun knew that ‘Muggle’ was a term used by British Wizards to mean non-magical humans, but what would constitute being the ‘worst sort’? It was then that a faint sound caught his attention, a low rumble in the distance. It was several moments before either of the magic users noticed the sound as its source came nearer, and their eyes joined the Master’s as they watched a huge motorcycle fall from the sky.

This was one of the things Chiun disliked about magic users; they used their abilities to force things and people out of their natural patterns. Motorcycles should not fly, yet here was one that did.

Astride the big machine was a huge man. From his size Chiun knew that there was no way he was of main line human stock. Too small to be a European Giant, too hairy to be of Troll stock, the man had to be a hybrid of some type. In his arms he held a bundle of blankets. Chiun could clearly hear the sound of a small child’s rhythmic breathing indicating sleep.

The magic users and the gigantic man discussed the situation for a few more moments, and then laid the child still wrapped in the blankets on the doorstep of the house at #4. Chiun’s eyes widened in disbelief when Dumbledore tucked a letter into the blankets, and then stood away with his companions looking at the sleeping child. They were going to just leave a helpless toddler on the doorstep? What was wrong with these people?

Chiun remained in the shadows as the giant mounted the motorcycle and flew away, the changeling transformed back into her cat form and the tall wizard Dumbledore slowly walked away, using his silver device to relight the street lights before turning back to quietly wish the boy, this ‘Harry Potter’ luck before disappearing.

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As soon as Dumbledore was gone Chiun emerged from the shadows, and moved silently to the

door. He effortlessly lifted the sleeping child from the doorstep while taking the letter from the blankets. From the conversation between Dumbledore and the changeling, he knew that this was the child responsible for killing his target. The Master of Sinanju opened the letter and read the flowing script.

This was definitely the work of Dumbledore, many many words saying nothing. Laying the expectation to raise the boy upon the inhabitants of this house. Chiun looked upon the boy; on his forehead was a wound in a zigzag pattern. Reaching out with all of his senses Chiun could feel the evil alien energy within the wound. Was Dumbledore mad? Leaving a child with such an infection of magic, and then abandoning him on a doorstep in the dead of night? The child opened his eyes, momentarily awakened by being handled. Chiun was shocked to see a pair of jade green irises that pulsed with power before the child drifted once again back to sleep. Eyes of Jade Fire? The Master's mouth went dry.

A thought crossed the mind of the Master of Sinanju. Dare he make the attempt? His experience with Remo challenged many of his deepest beliefs; he still distinctly recalled the shock he felt when he realized that Remo was capable of learning the secrets of Sinanju. Would this boy also be capable? The addition of magic to the discipline that was Sinanju had been foretold, it could only strengthen the art, could it not?

The boy was seemingly not wanted by his own, abandoned in the night. Perhaps there was time left in Chiun's life for a third apprentice? This one without the pollution of greed that had spoiled Nuihc and without the loyalty to things outside the village of Sinanju like Remo? Might this boy be the one foretold in prophecy? The apprentice with Eyes of Jade Fire that would unite...?

“Welcome to the family, my new son. Let us return home, and find a proper Korean mage to deal with the curse upon your forehead.”

If anyone had been looking, it would have appeared to them that the Master of Sinanju and his newest apprentice suddenly faded away.

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**November 2, 1981**

**Folcroft Sanitarium**

**Rye , New York USA :**

Harold W. Smith entered his office at exactly 7 a.m., just like every other day for the last forty five years. Sitting at his desk, he pressed the button that started his computer powering up, and his secretary entered the office with his morning tea. Thanking the woman without seeing her, just as he did every other day. The woman left to return to her own desk.

The phone rang.

That detail shocked Smith out of his routine. That phone almost never rang. He picked up the receiver before it could ring a second time.

“Smith.” He said simply.

“Morning Smitty. We’ve got problems.”

Smith instantly recognized the voice, the only voice to ever come in on this line. Still he waited the two seconds for the voice analyzer to finish its work. The display clearly read ‘Remo’. “What might be the problem this time Remo?”

“It’s Chiun. He’s quit.”

“Chiun quits every few months.” Smith said starting to read through the daily correspondence that his secretary had brought in with his tea.

“This time he’s serious Smitty. He took an outside job somewhere in Europe. This morning he calls me and tells me he’s done wasting his time on me. I think he’s tired of being a trainer and wants to get back in the harness.”

“That is too bad. Well, you know what you have to do.”

There was silence on the line.

“Remo??”

“Are you suggesting that I should find Chiun and take him out?”

“You know I am Remo. Is that a problem?”

“Not if you don’t mind him killing me, and then coming after you.”

“Excuse me?” Smith quit reading the page in his hand.

“Smitty, if I was ever stupid enough to try and kill Chiun, he would snuff me in thirty seconds. There is a reason he’s the Master of Sinanju and I was the apprentice. He taught me everything I know. He didn’t teach me everything he knows.”

“Thirty seconds? Are you serious?” Remo was very good at what he did.

“Twenty eight of those seconds he would spend critiquing my technique and telling me what a disappointment I am...”

“I... see.” Smith said. His tone making it clear that he did not see. “What do you suggest?”

“That you make the payment to Sinanju though the end of the year as per his contract, keep sending my share to Sinanju, and we both pray that he and I never end up on opposite sides of the

same hit.”

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**November 15, 1981**

**Democratic People's Republic of *Korea***

**Kumgansan Mountains**

**Kumsilu Village :**

Kumsilu was the only remaining Magical purely magical village in North Korea. The Government in Pyongyang had spent most of the last 50 years making very sure of that, eliminating the Magicals as they were found. Sinanju and Kumsilu had a long history of dealing with each other, sometimes as friends, sometimes as enemies. Currently the terms were guarded.

The Master was met at the gates of the village by Chun Hei the village elder. The old woman suddenly appeared in the way of the mage, with a sudden soft pop. Chiun of course noted the sudden energy bloom of the beginning of her appearance, a skill learned by the Great Master Ko before he forged the Sword of Sinanju. It was that knowledge that had tipped the balance of power between the two villages to Sinanju.

“What do you want Sinanju?” The woman spat.

“I wish to hire the Mages of Kumsilu.” Chiun said simply.

“We are not the servants of Sinanju. We are not interested in the trinkets you offer the fools of your village.”

Chiun held her gaze, wondering for a moment just what it was he had seen in this woman when they were children. From his kimono he drew a one kilogram bar of gold and casually dropped it at the woman’s feet. “I offer gold.”

Chun Hei looked from the gold at her feet to the almond eyes of Chiun, to the bundle on his left arm. “What are you wanting from my village?”

Never letting his attention drift from the eyes of the witch, Chiun gently pulled the blankets away from the boy’s face. The Boy was awake and looking about silently. Truly this was the mark of a potential Master, he never fussed or cried. “My adopted son bears a curse. I wish you to remove it. Once you have, I suspect that you will happily do what ever you need to do to train him in your ways.”

The old woman was surprised to find the Master of Sinanju to be in the company of a white child, much less to hear him claim the child as his adopted son. She was about to scoff at his belief that she would ever train any of the village of Sinanju adopted or otherwise when she caught sight of the boy’s eyes. “Eyes of Jade Fire” she whispered.

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**November 1, 1984**

**Ontario Canada**

**Windsor Hotel:**

The only thing Remo hated more than having to go look for his targets was waiting to go look for his targets. Smith had told him he was in a stand down status, and that he should relax.

That was three days ago. A man could only hang out at the pool for so long before the boredom took over his life. Especially when he was constantly fending off women and avoiding the laughable attempts of physical violence from the unhappy men in their lives.

Now there was someone banging on his door. The banging was far too staccato to be a woman, but it still might be a jealous husband looking to take his revenge. He was still trying to decide if he was going to open the door when it popped open.

Remo was instantly on guard, only to have his jaw drop when Chiun entered the suite.

“Typical. I leave you alone for a few years and you become so slovenly you can’t properly greet your betters at the door.”

“Little Father!” The man with no past exclaimed. “You’ve come back?”

“No Remo.” The old man chuckled. “I am on my way to a contract, and I need a favor.”

“Of course Little Father, anyway I can help.”

“Good.” The old man turned back to the door. “Harry, come in here.” Remo’s eyes widened as a small boy with a shaven head, dressed in denims and a blue tee-shirt entered the room with his green eyes cast down. “Remo,” the old man continued, “I need you to look after your brother for a few days.”

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Chiun’s short explanation of the existence of the boy and his status as Chiun’s latest apprentice came amidst Chiun’s usual insults and complaints. Then the old man was gone leaving Remo with the boy.

The boy was kneeling in the corner of the room with his shaved head down as was expected in the traditions of Sinanju. If not addressed he would remain that way for hours if not longer. Remo had never been one for that sort of discipline, as Chiun had pointed out several times. The man smiled to himself. Why not corrupt the kid a bit? Chiun seemed to expect him to drop everything and take care of the kid for who knows how long, why not?

“Hey kid” Remo said in Korean. “What was your name again?”

“I am Harry Honored sir. Master Chiun calls me Harry the Barely Adequate when he writes of my training in the Book”

Remo smiled. He recalled Chiun forever writing in the Book of Sinanju, he had some interesting names in that text as well. “Don’t take it too hard Harry; you should have heard what he called me.”

“You are Remo, the Great Disappointment Honored Sir.”

“That kvetching bastard.” Remo said in English. “Great Disappointment am I?”

“That is what the Master calls you Honored Sir.” Harry said, also in English.

“You don’t need to remain in the position of supplication Harry. I’m not your master. Call me Remo”

The boy rose to his feet and regarded Remo with his vivid green eyes. “The Master said that you are my brother.”

“Since we’re both his adopted sons, I guess we are. I was a grown man when Chiun found me. How old are you?”

“I’m this many.” The boy held up four fingers. “Mistress Chun Hei tells me that I shouldn’t be able to do what I can do, but making the stones dance makes me sleepy.”

Remo spent a few moments pondering what that was supposed to mean and wondering who Chun Hei might be before he knelt down in front of the boy. “So what do you like to do for fun?”

The boy’s vivid green eyes seemed to glow for a moment and a small crooked grin appeared on his face. From the back pocket of his jeans his small hand drew a pair of throwing blades.

Remo smiled as well. This kid had possibilities.

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**July 25, 1991**

**Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**Headmaster’s Office:**

A disheveled Minerva McGonagall stormed into Albus’ office. “He isn’t there. He was never there.”

Dumbledore looked up from his paperwork, more than a little confused at her statements. “Who

isn't where Minerva?"

"Harry Potter. He isn't at his Aunt's home. I sent out his acceptance letter yesterday. I had to address it by hand; the charmed quill wouldn't work for him. I thought that it might have something to do with the enchantments you placed on him. There was no response. This morning I tried again, this time by owl. The bloody bird just sat on my desk staring at me. I then went to Little Whinging to hand deliver the letter. He isn't there. Petunia Dursley had no idea he was ever left on her door step. What have you done Albus? Where is Harry Potter?"

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**October 31, 1991**

**Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**Second Floor:**

Minerva continued her patrol in search of the troll. Her mind boggled at the thought that instead of keeping the children in the easily defensible Great Hall, Albus had sent them to their dormitories, ignoring the fact that if, as Quirrell said the Troll was in the Dungeons he had sent the Slytherins directly into the creature's path. There hadn't even been time for a head count before the children were herded out of the Great Hall. She and the Headmaster would be having words later. The loss of Harry Potter was seriously affecting the man's frame of mind.

Ascending the staircase to the second floor she turned the first corner in time to see a troll's leg disappear through a doorway. Relieved, Minerva fired off a canon blast with her wand to signal to the staff that the troll had been found. She stood waiting for the others to converge on her position so that they could together deal with the creature. When she heard the shrill scream of a young girl, the troll's bellow, and the shattering of porcelain her blood ran cold.

Bolting to the door the Scotswoman was simultaneously relieved to see the young girl who had screamed apparently unharmed cowering before the troll, and terrified to see the troll standing over her raising its club.

"Reducto!" she hit the troll squarely on the back of its tiny head, staggering the huge creature. Minerva was completely unprepared when the troll responded to the attack by swinging its huge club. The swing caught Minerva fully in the left side, shattering her ribs and throwing her into the wall with enough force to break her hip. She slid to the floor, feeling her consciousness slipping away. Fighting to maintain control she raised her wand toward the troll and transfigured the cartilage in its nose to white phosphorus. When the creature raised its club to finish her, the troll took in a final breath, triggering the phosphorus's pyrophoric properties. The entire mass of phosphorus flashed to flame. The burning mass was somewhat contained by the tough hide of the troll long enough for a thermal pulse to push inward into softer tissues. The resulting explosion reduced the creature's head to a fine mist. The troll collapsed to the floor with an echoing thud.

Her vision graying out, Minerva had enough time to feel a bit of satisfaction that she had

protected the student. The girl scrambled over to her fallen teacher. Ah, one of her lions. What was... why ...?

Oblivion claimed her.

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**November 9, 1991**

**Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**Hogwarts Kitchens:**

Fred and George Weasley entered the kitchen to find Genevieve Walker and Stewart Boardman waiting for them. Walker and Boardman were their Slytherin counterparts. The fourth year Slytherin pranksters had never been caught, except by Fred and George. There existed a grudging respect between the two pairs, though none of them would admit to it. There was also a strict détente between them. They would never prank each other. Ever. The possibility of escalation beyond everyone's control was far too real. None of the four wanted to risk that. There were far too many deserving, yet unsuspecting victims out there to take on each other.

The House Elves scurried to offer food and drink.

“How is your Head of House?” Boardman asked

“She's up and around now.” Fred said accepting a sandwich from a fawning elf. “Pomphrey's really good at her job. Makes you glad she's here really.”

“And your firstie?” Walker added. “Why was she out there on her own?”

“Scared shitless, but ok. It seems she reacted emotionally to something our younger brother said to her and wasn't at the feast to hear the warning. We've dealt with it. We've explained things to ickle Ronnie. He won't be doing that again.”

“Good.” Walker said. “No one should be getting hurt... Unless it was funny. So...” she said casually. “How far have you two gotten on the third floor? Did the puppy keep you out?”

“What? Fluffy?” George laughed. “We've spent more time with Fluffy than Hagrid has. He loves us. Surely the plant didn't slow you two down?”

“Devil's Snare? Please. That's first year stuff. It was the damned keys. We flew all over that damned room but couldn't get close to the right key.” Boardman grouched.

“Neither could we.” Fred agreed. “You'd have to be a seeker to catch the stupid thing.”

“Which is why we picked the lock” George added.

“What?” Walker asked. “I tried every unlocking charm I could find.”

“We didn’t use magic, my dear Genevieve,” George said.

“We did it the Muggle way, with tools.” Fred interjected.

“I wanted to blow it up, but my sister here was afraid we’d get caught.” George complained.

“Explosives aren’t the answer to every problem.” Fred said patiently.

“Sacrilege!”

“All right, all right. What’s beyond the door?” Walker asked, wondering, not for the first time, why she associated with these two.

“A chess set.” George said.

“A bloody huge chess set.” Fred added. “Evidently, one has to play his way across the board.”

“And?” Boardman asked impatiently.

“And we’re simply pants at chess. We spent most of three hours losing to the damned board.”

“I play.” Walker said speculatively.

“Are you proposing we call off the bet and join forces?” George asked.

“Hell no. I’m proposing that as soon as we figure a way through that damned door, we’ll pass you up.” The fourth year Slytherin Witch said with an evil grin.

“Ah. Well, you should be aware; George and I have a few ideas of our own.”

“Yes” George agreed. “To start with our younger brother is a bit of a chess savant.”

“That and we’ve found that while explosives are not the answer to all problems, the number of situations where they can’t be used effectively in some fashion is *extremely* limited,” Fred smirked.

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**January 9, 1992**

**People’s Republic of China**

**Gezhouba**

**Chang Jiang Bridge :**

Chiun kept pace with his apprentice as the blindfolded boy ran up the top most cable of the Chang Jiang Bridge. Chiun hated China and the Chinese for many reasons but he had to admit for a bridge, this was a well built one. It would take at least twenty minutes to bring it down completely. Less if he used explosives.

Harry was coming along well. The boy was at least on pace with Nuihc at the same age, and in some ways superior to Remo at the same stage of his training. The Master decided to add a bit of criticism to offset any building arrogance. "Mind your breathing." The boy's breathing was perfect, but reinforcing the wisdom of his Master never went amiss.

"Yes Master." The twelve year old said as he picked up the pace needed to stay abreast of the sound of Chiun's voice coming from the opposing cable. "Master, what is that smell?"

Chiun spared a glance down to the river far below them. Chinese industry had rendered the water an undrinkable malodorous soup. "Chinese women traditionally take their biannual bathes in the river below. Now the river smells of them." He explained.

The boy nodded, taking in Chiun's words as always. Harry then vaulted the peak of the first tower having determined the distance solely by the vibrations at his feet and the sound of the winds moving by the concrete structure.

"Not bad for a pampered white thing. Keep this up and you'll almost be equal to the average Korean."

"Thank you father." Harry said as he raced down the cable to the bridge deck.

Chiun smiled, and then tamped the emotion down. Remo had taught the boy that. Appeal to Chiun's emotions. He shook his head. The Master could have no emotions.

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**March 19, 1992**

**Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**The Room of the Flying keys:**

"Any luck?" Boardman asked as he landed from his fifth attempt to catch the key.

"No." Walker said leaning against the door. "I'm starting to think those twin Griffindorks made up that whole 'picked the lock' thing."

"Now that hurt our feelings," Fred Weasley's voice came from the Devil's Snare.

"I agree Brother Mine, Genevieve the Magnificent thinks we would lie to her... How will we go on?"

Walker's eye narrowed dangerously at the mention of her hated nickname awarded when she became the first girl in her cohort to 'develop'.

Fred smacked George on the back of his head. "I apologize for my idiot brother Miss Walker. I dropped him on his head a few too many times it seems." Sometimes George's Ron-like thoughtlessness annoyed Fred to no end. Genevieve's endowments truly were magnificent, and Fred entertained many fantasies about someday being allowed to pay an intimate homage to them at length. "Get the door for the lady, George."

George approached the door muttering about thin skinned women and brothers with active fantasy lives, pulled a pair of thin metal tools from a pocket and set to work on the locking mechanism. After a few moments the door was open.

"I propose that we forget the bet and work together on this." Fred said.

"Why?" Boardman asked. "Afraid we'll beat you?"

"My reasoning is simple. I want to know what all this is hiding more than I want ten Galleons. Also while I really don't want you two to beat us, it would literally kill me if someone else beat us both to it. George and I placed some monitoring charms on Fluffy's room. At least six other groups have made at least an attempt to get past Fuffy, and three of them have made it at least as far as the Devil's Snare. Time is running out. If we're going to do this we need to do it tonight. That means we do it together."

The Slytherins exchanged a look. "We're in." Walker said. "Let's go, I've got a game of chess to play."

Fred held up his hand. "That's one way, sure. First let's try the Weasley way."

George cackled manically, and removed the back pack he wore. He opened the pack, did something inside, and then flung the satchel through the open door. "I'd get away from the door way if I were you."

Seeing the two Weasleys press themselves against the wall beside the door, Walker and Boardman did the same on the other side. George finished counting off three seconds and... nothing happened.

"What went wrong?" Fred asked.

"I'm not sure. I'm positive I used a three second fuse." George paused hesitantly. "Unless..."

The explosion in the next room knocked them all to the floor.

"Ah." George said as soon as everyone's ears stopped ringing. "Six second fuses. Have to remember that."

"Well that was subtle." Genevieve Walker said as she stood up, dusting herself off.

“Subtlety is overrated.” George said peering into the Chess room. The board was cleared of pieces.

Boardman followed George into the room, looking at the devastation. “Well, they’ll know someone was here.”

“Nah. When we were here last, we got a bit peeved with the game and reductoed a piece or three, which made the rest of them mad and they chased us out of the room. As soon as that door closes, the room repairs it’s self.” Fred explained. “Which is why that door stays propped open until we head back out.”

The four pranksters crossed the room to the door on the far side. “I certainly hope what ever is at the end of this trail is worth the effort.” Boardman grouched.

“Ok, this is new to all of us from here on out.” Walker said at the door. “Everyone ready?”

“Go on.” George said.

Genevieve pushed the door open.

Immediately a disgusting smell filled their nostrils, causing them all to fight against gagging. Eyes watering, they saw, a large troll staring at them. The Slytherins both instantly began casting. Boardman binding the huge beasts’ legs with conjured chains, while Walker hitting the troll in the face with multiple reductos. Under this assault, the troll attempted to step backwards, and fell to the floor hitting its head hard against the stone wall behind it.

“Bloody hell.” George whispered. “You knocked it out.”

“What is it with trolls this year?” Walker wondered panting from the exertion.

They crossed the room to the next door. “Come on,” Boardman said. “Let’s get out of here, I can’t breathe.”

He pulled open the next door, the quartet hardly daring to look at what came next - but there was nothing very frightening in the next room, just a table with seven differently shaped bottles standing on it in a line.

“Now what?” Walker asked. “What do we have to do?”

They stepped over the threshold, and immediately a curtain of purple fire sprang up behind them obscuring the doorway they had just come through. At the same instant, black flames shot up over the doorway leading onward.

“We appear to be trapped in here.” Genevieve said, picking up the roll of parchment lying next to the bottles and scanning it. “*Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind, Two of us will help you, whichever you would find*, Blah blah blah. It’s a logic puzzle. We’re supposed to figure out which of these bottles hold the potion that will let us go on through the black flames.” She shook

her head and tossed the parchment back onto the table.

“Well, which one lets us go on?” George asked.

“Don’t know, don’t care.” Walker said. She was digging in her satchel. “Here it is.” She said pulling out a metallic bar about three inches thick and eight inches long. “I think it might be time to test out my project for Ancient Runes.” She placed the bar on the floor as close to the black flames as she could, then reached out and tapped it with her wand. Walker then backed away from the heat for a moment. Boardman came forward and pushed the bar toward the black flames with his foot while the twins watched completely at a loss at to what their companions were doing. As the bar of metal touched the fire a hole appeared in the sheet of flames. A hole, four feet wide and six feet high.

“A rune arch? That’s bloody brilliant” Fred observed. “We’ve been trying to build one since we read about them in one of our brother Bill’s curse breaker manuals, but haven’t managed to get one to work.”

“I brought it incase we had to deal with wards or something.” Walker said. “I wasn’t sure it would work with fire. Damn I’m good.” She opened the latest door and waved the others through to the next chamber. When they were all through, Walker reached through the doorway and pulled the metallic bar through the doorway. “We’ll need to recharge this to get back out.”

The quartet turned to survey the room. It was a large cavernous place with a single door, the one they had just come through. In the center of the room sitting on a raised platform was...

“A mirror? We had to go through all that for a mirror?” Stewart Boardman asked the room.

“There has to be something else.” George agreed looking about.

“Wait a minute.” Fred said gazing into the mirror. “This isn’t showing me my reflection. It’s showing me... something else.” He blushed a bit.

“Erised?” Genevieve read from the top of the mirror’s frame. “That’s desire backwards.” She looked into the mirror herself, and began to smile.

“The Mirror of Erised?” Boardman asked suddenly serious. “Get away from that, I’ve read about it. It’s addictive; it shows you what you want, not what is.”

“Addictive?” Fred asked still staring into the mirror.

“People have actually starved to death staring at the fantasy it shows.”

“Well, hell.” George observed. “This has been a complete waste of time.”

“Fun though.” Fred noted.

----==oooOOOooo==----

Genevieve Walker reached up to take Stewart Boardman's hand as he helped her up through the trap door to Fluffy's chamber, looking for the Cerberus she spotted the gigantic dog laying on its back while Fred and George were scratching behind the ears of each of the three huge heads telling the monstrous multiheaded mutt what a good boy he was.

The two Slytherins exited the chamber, and were followed quickly by the Gryffindor twins, both of whom were smirking.

"Alright you two." Genevieve Walker said suspiciously. "What are you up to?"

"We just left a little surprise for the next ones to try to get past Fluffy." Fred explained.

"What did you do? If someone gets hurt, they might trace it to us." Boardman said.

"No, nothing like that." George Weasley shook his head. "As long as they aren't stupid enough to try to curse or hex the Fluffster, there shouldn't be a problem at all."

"You know," Walker said in a lilting voice, "It's really too bad we couldn't have left something to let people know we beat their security."

"Well..."

"What did you do Stewart?" she asked with a glare.

"There might be a snake illusion coiled around the mirror..."

"And there might be a lion on the wall facing the mirror suggesting that the next time they make the challenges harder..." George added.

"When did you two do that?" Fred asked

"When you two were putting the Rune Arch into position for our exit..."

---===oooOOOooo===---

**May 19, 1992**

**Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**Headmaster's Office**

Dumbledore was at his desk making plans for the summer. Harry Potter had to be found. He would use his contacts in the Ministry to check for foundlings around the time Harry evidently went missing. Perhaps a deeper review of the memories of Vernon Dursley was in order. The man was dimly remembered from James and Lily's Muggle wedding.

Minerva arrived unannounced. "Albus, something horrible has happened."

Dumbledore looked up from his notes. “What is it Minerva?” he asked.

“You need to come to the third floor. Someone has been caught in your trap.”

----===oooOOOooo===----

Dumbledore arrived at the Fluffy’s room at a near run with McGonagall trailing behind. The inside of the room was horrific. In the corner was an enchanted music box, still playing its tune, but there was blood everywhere. The upper torso of Quirinus *Quirrell lay in front of the door, his broken wand still clutched in his right hand, the left most head of Hagrid’s dog was still worrying poor Quirinus’ legs, despite Hagrid’s efforts to get him to drop them.*

Minerva began checking Quirinus’ body for anything that might suggest why he had entered the room and fought with the Cerberus. This was when she discovered the disfiguration of the back of his skull. “Albus!” she called pointing out her findings.

“A sure sign of physical possession. Tom, what have you done?” the ancient wizard asked shaking his head.

“Are you certain it was Tom Riddle?” His deputy asked, appearing to be more than a little ashen in her appearance.

“Who else would it be Minerva?”

Hagrid approached with the lower portion of Quirrell’s body. “I don’ unnerstand it Perfessor Dumbledore Sir. Fluffy wouldn’t hurt a fly he wouldn’t, oh he puts on a show, but he’s a big puppy. His middle and right heads have burns and punctures as like Perfessor Quirrell was to be cursin’ at puir Fluffy.”

“Hagrid, that music box should have put Fluffy to sleep, it still plays yet the Cerberus is still awake.”

“Aye.” The gentle half giant agreed. “Strange ain’t it?” When I was trying to calm ‘im down, twer like Fluffy couldn’t hear me. Does yez think the puir pup has gone deaf?”

Dumbledore turned to face the three headed dog, his brow furrowed in concentration. “Oh my.” He said.

“What is it Albus?” McGonagall asked.

“There are silencing charms on each of the collars. What would possess Quirrell or Tom to have done that? How very odd.”

----===oooOOOooo===----

**June 19, 1992**

# **Democratic People's Republic of *Korea***

## **Kumgansan Mountains**

### **Kumsilu Village :**

Harry stood in the center of the circle of ten sixteen year olds. He was tasked to levitate a wooden sphere directly in front of his eyes and wait for instructions.

“Copper.” Master Kyoung said from outside the circle.

Harry concentrated; the ball compacted to approximately half its former size, and then changed to a dull green patina.

“Good.” The mage said. “Now porcelain.”

Again the floating ball changed size, the green of raw copper shifted to the yellowish white of bone china.

Kyoung waited the allotted time of seven seconds and called out “rubber.”

The sphere pulsed once, and then the color changed to the dirty grey of raw rubber.

Chun Hei sat upon her mat of reflection watching the exercise. Kyoung was hiding his emotions well. The Son of Chiun should not be able to do what he was doing, not at twelve years old. The boy was shifting between materials with almost no effort. It would be harder soon, after another dozen transformations, the requests for transfigurations between inanimate objects and life would begin. If the boy could do that, then Kyoung would request iron.

She drew on her pipe. Where did the boy’s strength and power come from? Was it inborn from a fortuitous choice of birth parents? What it related to his training in the arts of Sinanju? Did it have something to do with the horrible half living thing she had pulled from the wound on the boys head and destroyed that night more than a decade before? Did all of those things contribute to what she was watching?

The sphere was now smaller than a walnut and made of gold. She had noticed that he was maintaining a constant mass of the original wooden sphere. What that an accident or a conscious attempt to conserve energy by not forcing his magic to add or subtract mass?

Chun Hei allowed herself a small smile when she wondered if Chiun knew the boy could transfigure base elements to gold. She knew that the boy did not speak to Chiun about his magic, just as he did not speak to her about his knowledge of Sinanju. That was the agreement between them.

---===oooOOOooo===---

**May 8, 1993**

# Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry

## Myrtle's Toilet

Dumbledore rushed into the toilet followed by Filius Flitwick. He immediately set to searching the room. It had to be here, this was where it all began all those years ago, began with young Myrtle's death. Tom's first murder.

"Are you finding anything Albus?"

"I'm finding too much Filius; this room is literally awash in magic. Wait.. this basin... Very old... the tap..." The ancient wizard straightened up. "Parselmagic."

"Damn. I know of some Parsels among the Brethren, but the negotiations would take hours at a minimum." The Charms Master said.

"Time is of the essence Filius, if Miss Weasley is to survive we cannot take the time it would require to gain the aid of your Goblin kin. I once heard Miss Weasley's older brothers discussing situations like this. According to them and I quote 'while explosives are not the answer to all problems, the number of situations where they can't be used effectively in some fashion is extremely limited.' The old man poured his energy into a massive blasting curse. Flitwick, realizing what the Headmaster was doing shielded them both.

Following the resulting explosion, both the wizards banished the debris from the newly exposed vertical passageway.

"Filius, you stay here and guard this passage. I shall away below to confront Slytherin's pet."

"No Albus. Miss Weasley is my student as well. Not even you could stand against a basilisk and whoever opened the Chamber alone." The diminutive Charms Master hopped into the chasm and slowly floated down.

"Thank you old friend." Dumbledore breathed as he joined Flitwick in the slow descent.

----==**oooOOOooo**====--

The pair of Wizards made their way into the Chamber of Secrets, having paused only long enough for Dumbledore to blast their way through a massive doorway controlled by Parselmagic as they drew level with the last pair of pillars, a statue high as the Chamber itself came into view, standing against the back wall.

Filius had to crane his neck to look up into the giant face above: It was ancient and austere, with a long, thin beard that fell almost to the bottom of the wizard's sweeping stone robes, where two enormous gray feet stood on the smooth Chamber floor. "Slytherin." Filius breathed. It was then they notice that between the statue's feet, a small, black-robed figure with flaming-red hair lay face down

“Miss Weasley!” Dumbledore breathed, rushing to the girl and dropping to his knees.

“She won’t wake,” said a soft voice.

Dumbledore rose to his feet to confront the speaker.

A tall, black-haired boy was leaning against the nearest pillar, watching.

“Hello Tom.”

“Professor Dumbledore. How are you? The girl tells me that you’re the Head Master these days. Congratulations.”

“What have you done to her Tom?”

Riddle pointed toward the floor near the statue’s giant toes. Lying open there was a little black diary. “I suspect you know what I’ve done Professor, and you know that there is nothing you can do about it. If Professor Slughorn were still in residence, I would tell you to thank him for what I have become.” The young man made some unintelligible hissing noises.

Slytherin’s gigantic stone face was moving. Dumbledore and Flitwick both watched the statue’s mouth opening, to form a huge black hole. Something was stirring inside the statue’s mouth. Something was slithering up from its depths.

“Albus. Protect the girl and figure out how to disrupt that... Thing. I’ll deal with his little snake.” Flitwick said.

“What do you think you can do against the king of the serpents little man?” the shade of Tom Riddle asked.

“Far more than you think **boy** .” The Charms Master spat. “You have always thought you were better than you actually are... You have always relied on power instead of skill. Don’t you remember the spanking I gave you when you challenged me your 7th year? I’ll be waiting for your pet in the columns.”

Riddle watched as the dwarf disappeared among the columns. “Kill them!” He hissed to the basilisk. “The Dwarf first, then the old man.”

---===**oooOOOooo**===---

Filius could hear the giant snake coming. He drew several deep breathes to calm himself. He had always wondered how he would have fared against the creatures of old, odd that actually having the chance wasn’t as much fun as he had thought it would be.

The snout of the great snake appeared at the juncture of the passageways. Filius raised his wand. “Solaris Novae!” he chanted, then threw his left arm over his eyes.

Amazing. Even with his eyes closed he could see the bones through the skin of his arm.

---===oooOOOooo===---

The sounds of the battle between Flitwick and the basilisk carried to Dumbledore and Riddle as they faced each other. Dumbledore was casting spell after spell that passed through Riddle's shade like he wasn't even there. The sounds of the battle suddenly stopped.

"Flitwick was so brave," Riddle laughed, "and so foolish. Did he really best me in a duel in my seventh year?"

"He did. He hit you five times before you managed to clear your wand. As per usual your ego exceeded your skills."

A look of anger flashed across Riddle's face. He quickly closed the distance between himself and Dumbledore and pushed his immaterial hand inside the ancient wizard's chest. Dumbledore collapsed to the floor in agony. "And that was just my hand interrupting your internal magic. Imagine if I had squeezed your heart Dumbledore. You are nothing to me."

Ginny Weasley began to convulse on the floor. Gathering his strength, Dumbledore crawled to her, and pulled her into his arms. The ancient wizard felt the girl's life slipping away. He attempted to pour his magic into her, but it was as if she was empty, there was nothing for his magic to work on. She took a last ragged breath and lay still. Dumbledore's searching fingers could find no pulse.

"The girl is dead!" the suddenly solid dark lord exulted. "Her life force is mine! VOLDEMORT IS REBORN!"

A shaft of ice suddenly appeared to sprout from the center of Riddle's chest. A look of surprise appeared on the boy's handsome features.

And just like that, Voldemort is dead again." A badly burned Filius Flitwick said, his robes still smoking. "This time, try to stay that way."

Looking up from the dead girl Dumbledore beheld his friend with concern. "Filius?"

"For future reference, I would advise against casting 'Solaris Novae' in an enclosed space. No worries." The small man said between clinched teeth. "Poppy can fix me up. I think we should get this young woman to her family."

"This is my fault Filius."

The Charms Master picked up the diary. "Nonsense. Did you give her this diary? Of course not. The blame falls to the villain who did. Merlin help him if I find out who he is."

---===oooOOOooo===---

**July 25, 1995**

## **Republic of the Philippines**

Moving silently through the jungle, Harry could smell his targets. Meat eaters, and many of them. This was the third encampment he had found, but this was the first one with a hint of soap in its cumulative scent cloud. Soap in the jungle generally meant women, especially if they were being used by men.

Harry found his spot and settled down to wait. Darkness was an hour away. His father's instructions were concise. Find the girl, kill the leader and get her out. Kill the rest if you must, but don't be indiscriminate. Get the girl, kill the leader of the Guerillas, get out. Simple enough.

The local insects were beginning to notice him. Harry concentrated and changed the acidity of his sweat until the various crawling and flying bugs found him unpalatable. He continued to watch the small camp. The hut that held the girl was easy to spot, as was the 'leader' of the band. That fool thought he impressed his troops with colorful bits of ribbon sewn to his 'uniform' when all the idiot was doing was making himself easy to identify.

----===oooOOOooo===----

Two weeks before a stranger made his way to the village of Sinanju. Harry knew he was a stranger by not recognizing the man's face, the rest of the village reacted badly to the stranger's presence. Harry knew that there was something he was missing, and would have to pay close attention to see what it was. Word reached Chiun, and he was out of his house almost instantly to confront the stranger.

"What do you want Japanese dog?" His master spat.

"I seek the Master of Sinanju."

"I am he. Tell me what you want or die where you stand."

The stranger looked about, clearly not wanting to explain himself in public. "My daughter was kidnapped by Communist Guerillas while vacationing at a resort in the Philippines."

"So pay the ransom."

"I did. They asked for two million American dollars. I paid them. Then they demanded another four million, I paid that as well, and still they keep my daughter. Now they want ten million. It has been four months, my daughter; my only child is probably dead. I want them to pay. I will pay the ten million, but I want to pay it to you to punish them for what they have done."

"The Master of Sinanju is an assassin, not a retrieval service, nor do I accept open ended contracts." The stranger's face fell. Harry could see that Chiun was thinking about the ten million dollars. "My apprentice on the other hand could probably use the exercise. For your ten million, I will send my apprentice to find your daughter. If she is alive he will kill the leader of

the kidnapppers and bring your daughter back to you. If she is dead, he will exercise his best judgment in avenging her for you.”

---===oooOOOooo===---

Harry watched as the perimeter guard changed. These people were pathetic, having a large fire in the center of their encampment, and the so called guards spent most of their time in its light, which served the dual purposes of robbing them of their night vision and silhouetting them to anyone approaching the camp from outside.

To Harry’s left some sort of jungle cat emerged from the cover. The cat seemed surprised to see him there. The cat seemed to recognize another predator in Harry, one that the feline wanted no part of. Slowly, silently the cat backed away.

Harry returned his attention to the camp. The leader was drinking... something. The scent was unpleasant, and it affected the man’s balance. It was with grim satisfaction that Harry watched the leader enter the hut Harry had identified as probably containing the girl. Well, A girl anyway.

Harry moved through the underbrush to the closest point to his chosen hut. Harry paused for a moment. He was sure that Chiun was out there, somewhere, observing his performance. A short distance apparition to the interior of the hut was certainly within his abilities, but did his master expect his first solo job to be purely Sinanju? Harry reached a decision; he would innovate on his own time. When the guards were in the appropriate places, Harry broke cover and ghosted to the hut door. From inside the hut he heard male grunts of exertion, and sounds of female unhappiness.

Silently Harry entered the hut. In a single silent move, he drove the palm of his right hand into the nose of the leader, driving it into his brain, killing him instantly. The stroke continued on to cover the mouth of the crying girl while Harry’s left hand rolled the man off her body.

Almost before the girl realized that the leader was no longer on top of her, Harry was whispering in her ear. “Are you Higa Yoko?” Harry asked in Japanese.

The clearly terrified young woman nodded. “Your father sent me. Don’t worry; I’m taking you to him.” Harry manipulated a nerve cluster under her left arm until her eyes rolled up and the girl lost consciousness. Throwing the girl over his shoulder Harry moved to exit the hut. Waiting until once again the guards were at their optimum positions, Harry reentered the jungle carrying the girl, and the pair vanished into the night.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Harry led the girl into the safe house her father had setup in Baguio, where Chiun and the older Higa were waiting. The girl’s father scooped her into a hug and tears.

The master and apprentice left after Chiun made his pitch concerning future business. Harry waited patiently. He had done well, achieved his goal inside of the time line Chiun had assigned.

“My son.”

“Yes Father?”

“When you killed the bandit, your elbow was out of line. Your stroke was inefficient.”

“Yes Father. I’ll work on that.”

“See that you do.”

-----oooOOOooo-----

**August 23, 1996**

**Democratic People's Republic of *Korea***

**Kumgansan Mountains**

**Kumsilu Village :**

The guards at the gates of Kumsilu were expressionless when Dumbledore appeared before them.

“I wish to speak with Mistress Chun Hei.” Dumbledore said in Korean.

They gave no response, nor did they even indicate that they had heard the elder Wizard.

“I said, I wish to speak with Mistress Chun Hei.”

“They heard you Supreme Mugwump.” Dumbledore was startled to find a small woman at his left elbow. She continued in English “They would only react if you were to attempt to enter Kumsilu without permission.”

“Ah Mistress Chun Hei. Wonderful to see you again.”

The witch regarded him for a moment. “And you Supreme Mugwump. Please, follow me to my classroom so that we might talk.”

The pair passed through the gates and past many small houses. “I envy you Mistress Chun Hei. I envy that you still have time to actually teach, my time in the class room was long ago and administration consumes the bulk of my time these days.”

They had reached the largest building in the town, the Korean witch gestured for Dumbledore to precede her into the school building. “I find I define myself as a teacher Supreme Mugwump, whatever else I do be it my time with the International, exploring new magics or communing with my ancestors, teaching has always been my base.”

The building was much large inside than out. Not surprising really, since the enlargement charms

had been pioneered in Asian magical societies. Dumbledore followed the woman to a spacious room containing single individual dressed all in black facing off against an even dozen opponents clad in yellows and reds.

“Continue.” The witch said to her students in Korean, and the group exploded into activity. The witch continued on to the far end of the room where a small man in a kimono waited. Dumbledore did not recognize the man until Chun Hei gestured for him to sit.

“Master Chiun?” He asked incredulously. The old Muggle was nearing or past his century mark, but still exuded an aura of danger. “I hadn’t expected to see you here.”

“Good day School Teacher.” The Master of Sinanju never moved his eyes from the encounter on the mats. “I am here to see my son perform his exercises.”

Dumbledore again turned his attention to the combat on the mats. All of the combatants were using foci enhanced (wands and other foci) magics and wandless magics. He recognized most of the spells being used, but some...

“I had no idea your son was magical Master Chiun.”

“And what brings you to my village Supreme Mugwump?” the Korean Witch interrupted.

“I am looking for a lost lamb. A magical child lost fourteen years ago.” Dumbledore joined the others in watching the match going on. The single combatant was somehow winnowing down his competition, constantly in motion, even on occasion using what appeared to be short range apparition, flickering from place to place. Casting with a very short wand and from his empty left hand he would cast and move, move and cast. From where Dumbledore was sitting it was impossible to tell if the wanded casting was any more powerful than his wandless. This was an amazing display.

The boy closed on one of his competitors, grabbed an arm and flung the larger boy across the mat.

“Magic only Sinanju!” the Witch barked. “Penalty, two opponents revive!” She jabbed her wand at two of the fighters lying unconscious on the mat, and they roused themselves to join in on the fight.

“He is very good.” Dumbledore noted.

“He is Sinanju.” Chiun said as if that was an explanation.

“What is he doing? I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“It is called the Ribbon; it is a method for a single man to deal with a large number of attackers. Blades, guns, magic, they are all the same because men are all the same.”

By Dumbledore’s estimation the magical melee lasted slightly more than three minutes, until the young man in black was the only one standing.

“Well done Sinanju.” Chun Hei said. “Revive your classmates then come sit with your father.” She then turned her attention to Dumbledore. “You were saying?”

“I am looking for a missing magical child.”

“How does one go about losing a child Supreme Mugwump?”

“Mistakes were made,” Dumbledore paused as the fighter in black approached, “mostly by me. I have made it my purpose in life to find the boy. His well being is vital to Magical Britain.” The young met his eye as he settled to the floor silently next to his father. It took a moment to realize that he was looking deeply into the boy’s eyes and getting nothing. It wasn’t like trying to read an Occlumens, rather it was as if there was no mind behind those green eyes at all. Perplexing... Green eyes? This boy had green eyes? Dumbledore quickly glance at the boy’s forehead to see a very faint scar shaped like a lightning bolt.

He had found Harry Potter.

----===oooOOOooo===----

“And it appears that I have found him.”

“Ah, School Teachers and their senses of humor.” Chiun chuckled. “This is Harry, my adopted son. I found him abandoned on a door step on a cold November night and raised him as my own.”

“The Master neglects to mention that his apprentice was found with a most horrific curse on his brow,” Chun Hei added taking a pull on her pipe. “Some subhuman fiend attempted to use the boy as a soul jar. We removed and destroyed the partial soul, but doing so almost killed two of my best Curse Masters.” She gave Dumbledore a gimlet eye. “Only a fool would mistake a wound carrying a curse of that magnitude for a normal scratch. Only a monster would leave a child with such a curse with non-magicals. Which are you Supreme Mugwump, a fool or a monster?”

Dumbledore hesitated for a moment. “Perhaps we should discuss this in private.”

“So, you would like to discuss my son,” Chiun asked, “without my son present?”

“Well... yes.”

“My son has fulfilled his first contract School Teacher. He has fed the children of Sinanju through the exercise of his hard won skills. By the laws and traditions of my village, he is a man. If you wish to discuss his future, you will do it with his input. Harry, this is Professor Dumbledore. He is a past client.”

Dumbledore’s mind raced. Harry had killed? Harry was an assassin? He had just seen a small sample of what the boy could do. “Harry Potter is a hero in Britain. Harry I am here to offer you a position in the finest magical School in all of Europe.”

“No thank you. I am already attending what I consider to be the finest school in the world, one

that allows me to earn my living.” The boy said.

“I can assure you that Hogwarts has no equal in the world.”

Chun Hei bristled at that. Harry considered the headmasters words for a moment. “Are you a graduate of Hogwarts sir?”

“Yes I am.”

“This offers me nothing but concern. As my Headmistress pointed out either you somehow managed to negligently miss the soul fragment in my forehead, which was almost instantly found by my non magical father and removed by Mistress Chun Hei and the elders of her village at great cost, or you purposefully left me cursed. Neither of those scenarios inspires much in the way of confidence, in you or your school.” The young man said quietly.

Dumbledore thought for a moment. “Master Chiun, the Dark Lord you were contracted for in 1981 has returned.”

“I believe I mentioned at the time that if you didn’t have a body, you didn’t have a dead man.”

“There is a prophecy that says that only Harry is capable of killing the reborn Dark Lord. You mentioned that Harry has already fulfilled his first contract. I would like to hire your apprentice to terminate the Dark Lord Voldemort.”

Chiun immediately perked up. Tweaking on this arrogant foreigner was one thing, but this was business. Harry sat quietly and listened, attempting to absorb the art of negotiation.

Dumbledore left four hours later having agreed to pay the Apprentice rate for the hit and a thousand pounds sterling per week while waiting for the Dark Lord to make his appearance. Plus expenses.

----===oooOOOooo=====

**August 30, 1996**

**Heathrow Airport :**

Harry passed through customs without anyone even asking to look at his carry on bag, his only luggage. After informing the customs agent that he had ‘nothing to declare’ and having his passport stamped he move out of the customs area and immediately noticed a young woman with pink hair dressed in black boots, fishnet stockings, a short black skirt and a bright orange tee-shirt declaring allegiance to some band Harry had never heard of holding a sign labeled ‘POTTER’.

“I’m Harry Potter.” He said to the young woman.

“Wotcher, Harry! I’m Tonks. I’m to get you to the train on the first.” She looked him up and down, unconsciously licked her lips, and then smiled. “I wonder how we’ll spend the time?”

Harry smiled and started a quick review of the thirty seven steps in his head. This job might not be too bad.

---===oooOOOooo===---

# *Deluded Musings* *FanficAuthors.net*

## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source Diagon Danger**

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. Nor do I own any of the characters and situations associated with anyone named Remo Williams or indeed any of the more outgoing citizens of the small North Korean village of Sinanju . But you knew that.**

**A/N2: In which Tonks assists Harry with some of his exercises, Harry shops in Diagon Alley, and has a bit of excitement, The trip to Hogwarts is detailed and Harry becomes the first sixteen year old the Sorting Hat has ever tried to sort.**

**Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

**Chapter 2: Diagon Danger**

**August 31 1996**

**London , England , UK**

**The Tower Bridge**

**South Tower :**

His name was Harry Potter and he was trying to think up a new synonym for pointless cruelty to use to describe his Master. He had worked his way through nine of the languages he knew, and was starting on the tenth. Harry loved his father dearly, but sometimes the Master of Sinanju's assignments made no sense at all. This of course didn't mean that he wouldn't be following the instructions he had been given to the letter, after all, as Master Chiun had told him many times, his Little Father only demanded obedience, not agreement. This meant he could bitch about his assignments to his heart's content, until such time as it annoyed his master and then pain would result. Unfortunately, the amount of complaint Chiun would tolerate was usually approximately none.

That being said, even with Chiun on the other side of the world, Harry still wasn't all that sure that pain wouldn't instantly follow complaint anyway, so Harry wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

"Work on my balance!" he grumbled to himself, as he scabbled up the western face of the South Tower. As far as he could tell his balance was perfect, but that one topic was Chiun's favorites to

harp on when he couldn't think of anything else to kvetch about. "Your balance is an embarrassment to me. You will work on it during your vacation in Scotland, or I will know the reason why." Chiun went on to detail how Harry would work on his failing aspect while at the school. "Since you will be in London for two days before you leave for the school, to prevent you from falling into sloth, I require a souvenir."

"There's nothing wrong with my balance." Harry muttered as he leapt from the wall of the tower to the safety railing of the western pedestrian walkway, and breaking into a run along the top of the railing. The winds whipped past him, but he ignored them as he had been trained, and compensated as was required. Upon reaching the center of the span, he climbed to the top of the flagpole to obtain Chiun's 'souvenir'.

Holding onto the flagpole with his left foot and right knee, Harry drew the heavy shipping envelope from the pack he wore on his back, and carefully stuffed the flag he had 'liberated' from the pole into the envelope, before placing it back into the pack. Making his way back to the railing he continued his run to the North Tower.

Descending a vertical surface was immeasurably easier than ascending, Harry reached the deck of the bridge just as the bell warning that the bascules were about to lift sounded and Harry found himself facing a pair of London cops. He had been seen. That was alright, he was tasked with working on his balance and with the speed of completion of his task, not with stealth.

Feeling mildly disappointed that the pair were not wearing the stereotypical helmet of movie fame; Harry let them approach them until they were almost close enough to touch him. Neither of the constables had said a word, amazed at having seen his descent from the Northern tower. The taller of the two swallowed noisily and found his voice. "You'll be coming with us lad."

"Sorry Constable." Harry said with a wide smile. "I'd love to, but I've got a gorgeous girl waiting for me in bed just now. She should be waking up soon and be wanting round three, and I've really got to get something in the mail. Maybe next time."

The two policemen gaped as the young man spun on his heel and ran up the incline of the now open drawbridge. They continued staring as the boy vaulted an impossible gap between the two counter weighted bascules. The two police officers stared after the boy's retreating form on the far span of the drawbridge after struggling up the incline to the edge. The pair were far too amazed at the jump the boy had made to even think about using the radios on their belts to alert their fellow on the far side. This omission saved several lives.

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**August 31 1996**

**London , England , UK**

**The Savoy Hotel**

## Harry's Suite:

Nymphadora Tonks slowly woke, realizing by the smell of the linens that she was in a strange bed. An unusual, but not unknown experience. At least she hadn't taken this one back to her flat...

Wait. She sat up clutching the sheets to her breasts. She was in her base form. Why was she in her base form? She never showed anyone that. Her real appearance was for family and... Wait. This wasn't just a healthy roll in the hay, she was on Order business. She was supposed to be body guarding Harry Potter and he...

**Oh Sweet Merlin, I bedded a sixteen year old.** She looked around the room and there was no sign of Harry. **Don't Panic. Don't panic. He couldn't have been taken; any Death Eater who got that close would have killed me, even if I wasn't recognized. He's probably just down at the restaurant getting something to eat. Yeah. He's sixteen. He'll be hungry. Yeah .**

Some of the problems resolved themselves when the door opened and Harry Potter pushed a trolley laden with food into the room. "Room Service!" he said in a cheery voice.

"Harry, don't do that to me. I'm supposed to be protecting you." She said. "I can't do that if you run off without telling me."

"You were asleep Tonksie." He said simply. "Is this a particularly dangerous Hotel? Should I be worried?"

"Prat." She grouched. "Just don't go anywhere, all right?"

Tonks looked about for something to cover herself with, and then realized she was being stupid. He had already gotten a very close view of her entire body; another look at her naked form wouldn't do him any more harm than she had already done. Rising from the bed Tonks picked up her overnight bag and padded to the bath and started the shower. This had started out as such a simple assignment. Pick up Harry Potter at the airport, escort him to the Leaky Cauldron, stand guard over night, escort him to purchase his school things and put him on the train at 11 am on the first. Simple. Dumbledore had even managed to pull the strings necessary to make it an official assignment. The recent death of Madam Bones had made escorting Harry Potter of all people an important task indeed. The Danger pay and overtime was just icing on the cake.

Tonks stepped into what was easily the most decadent shower she had ever seen, with shower heads at three levels. Turning them on, she luxuriated in the water that was instantly hot.

After arriving at the airport, it had occurred to the Metamorphmagus Auror that she really didn't know what Harry Potter looked like. Looking around she noticed people at the arrival gates holding signs with surnames on them. Scooping up an abandoned drink cup from a table she quietly transfigured the cup into a 'Potter' sign, and settled into wait.

She had stood there scanning the people coming off the jet way looking for a spotty little kid, she

was unprepared for the man who walked up to her and said “I’m Harry Potter.” Clad in denim jeans and a black t-shirt with trainers, he stood a bit taller than the average Brit male at 5’11”. His black hair was long and worn pulled back into a pony tail. The muscles in his chest and arms rippled as he moved with an alluring grace of a dancer. A quick glance at the faces of a pair of young women who had followed him down the jet way told Tonks that they had enjoyed the view. His eyes were a brilliant green and seemed to pulse with power. In spite of herself, her eyes flicked to his forehead, were she could pick out the faintest outlines of the most famous scar in magical Britain. Despite knowing that he was only sixteen, Tonks was horrified when her body began to react to him.

“Wotcher, Harry!” she said, praying that her voice wasn’t giving her away. “I’m Tonks. I’m to get you to the train on the first.” She looked him up and down and found her self smiling. “I wonder how we’ll spend the time?”

Tonks escorted the young man to the Leaky Caldron. Harry took one look around and pronounced the place a ‘dump’. Tonks tried to argue, but Harry told her not to worry since it was all covered by his ‘expenses’. The young man led her from the pub and to a taxi. Once inside the cab the young man told the driver to take them to the Savoy.

Through her father, Tonks knew of the reputation and the price of this iconic London Hotel. This wasn’t what Dumbledore had told her to do, but... What had Harry meant by ‘expenses’? She was still sputtering her protests when the cab delivered them to the hotel. Harry paid the driver and received a receipt; he then pulled the young woman into the very posh lobby of the hotel.

The woman at the check in desk of the hotel, raised an eyebrow at their lack of luggage and Tonk’s mode of dress, then she started to tell them that the Savoy was not their type of hotel until she saw that jet black American Express card in Harry’s hand. The next thing Tonks knew they were being conducted to a suite. As soon as the door closed behind the bellman, Tonks found herself attacking Harry Potter.

Harry’ hand reached around her to take her left hand in his, his index finger lightly tapping on her wrist in time with her heartbeat. How had he managed to get in the shower with her? She had not heard the door open, nor had there been the tell tale displacement of air that even the most powerful wizards caused when the apparated. Turning the woman to face him for a kiss, his left hand began an odd figure eight pattern in the small of her back. Tonks broke the kiss, braced her back against the wall of the shower, and pulled him into her body.

**Damn it . Harry thought as he spider walked his left hand from her hip to the underside of her left breast. How am I supposed to practice if she never lets me get past step six ?**

It was like Remo had told him. There might be thirty seven steps, but women tended to be impatient. Oh well.

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**August 31 1996**

**London , England , UK**

**Diagon Alley:**

“I’ve got a wand.” Harry said for the ninth time.

“I’m sure you do Mr. Potter.” The ancient wizard named Ollivander said, never pausing from his fussing about with his enchanted measuring tape. “And I’m sure that whatever Wand Monger you used did his very best for you, but really. You will be attending Hogwarts. You will need a proper wand.”

“Master Suk Wi-joong is not a ‘Wand Monger’ Mr. Ollivander.” Harry said dangerously. “I saw your sign out front ‘Makers of Fine Wands since 382 BC’ yours is the upstart house, not that of Master Wi-joong. His family was making wands for centuries before yours picked up the first stick and tried waving it around.”

“Suk Wi-joong? He’s still alive?”

“He is. You will not be insulting him in my presence sir.”

“I... see. Mr. Potter, as an underage wizard, you must have a wand that is registered with the Ministry of Magic.”

“Fine.”

For the first time since she had met Harry Potter, Tonks noted that he actually acted his age. The young man stood sullenly as the Wand Maker fussed about him. Handing him wand after wand while looking for whatever it was that Ollivander looked for when he fitted a wand to a wizard. Finally the old man sighed.

“You’re making work for my gold Mr. Potter.” The old man seemed to make a decision. “Not to worry, I wonder... Oh, why not...” The Wand Maker went into the back of his small shop and returned with a dust covered box. “A most unusual combination... Holly and phoenix feather, eleven inches, nice and supple.”

Tonks watched as the young man took hold of the wand. He raised the wand above his head, brought it swishing down through the dusty air and a stream of red and gold sparks shot from the end like a roman candle, throwing dancing spots of light on to the walls.

Ollivander cried, “Oh, bravo! Yes, indeed, oh, very good. Well, well, well... how curious... how very curious...”

The old man put Holly and Phoenix feather wand back into its box and wrapped it in brown paper, still muttering, “Curious... curious...”

“Alright, I’ll bite,” Harry said sarcastically, “What’s curious?”

Fixing Harry with a stare Ollivander said “I remember every wand I’ve ever sold, Mr. Potter. Every single wand. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather is in your wand, gave another feather... just one other. It is very curious indeed that you should be destined for this wand when its brother... why, its brother gave you that scar.” The old man lightly touched the faint scar on Harry’s forehead with a long, white finger. “Thirteen-and-a-half inches. Yew and Phoenix feather. Powerful wand, very powerful, and in the wrong hands... well, if I’d known what that wand was going out into the world to do...”

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“Well, that was creepy.” Tonks had waited until Harry had paid for the wand and they were on the cobble stones outside the shop before stating the obvious.

“What? That the wand he matched to me shares a core with the one that tried to kill me?” Harry shrugged. “No, what was creepy is that he expected that result from the beginning, but still went through his whole routine in order to impress me.” The young man shook his head. “He’s too used to dealing with eleven year olds. People who waste my time trying to impress me only succeed in annoying me.”

“I thought you were going to pout in there.” Tonks laughed, and then laughed harder when she saw the look on the young man’s face.

“I don’t pout.” Harry said grumpily.

“Sure you don’t. Fancy an Ice?”

“No.” Harry shook his head, “though if you want...” He quit speaking causing Tonks to look at him to determine what was wrong. “I thought that you weren’t supposed to apparate into the alley?” Harry asked, with his eyes focusing on the middle of the lane.

“You’re not, why...” Tonks followed his eyes in time to see five black robed figures appear in the middle of the lane. Grabbing Harry’s arm she hauled him off the street into the nearest shop.

“Stay Here.” She ordered. Through the window she could see the Death Eaters beginning to cast into the crowded street. “Call the Aurors!” she snapped at the clerk behind the counter, then, grasping her wand Tonks exited back out into the street.

Easing up as close as possible to the nearest Death Eater, Tonks weighed her options. Being outnumbered five to one wasn’t doing much for her confidence. Normal procedures wouldn’t work here. She was going to have to take them down hard, and hope that she could last long enough for the Rapid Response team to show up and help.

“Reducto!” she murmured. Her wand bucked a bit as the Reductor curse leapt from her wand to the black robed man who had been casting the Cruciatus curse on a crowd of children. The Death Eater was blasted through the shop window, ending his attack on the children, and with any luck his life. The next closest Death Eater hadn’t noticed his fellow falling, Tonks attempted to hit him

with an Incarcerous, but missed when she was spotted by one of the others and had to dodge his incoming cutting curse.

Tonks weaved across the street to the relative safety of a doorway, trying to think of some way to take at least one of them out without exposing herself, when the door behind her opened and she heard a woman's voice.

“Crucio!”

Every pain receptor in Tonks' body started firing at once, as she found herself in a sea of agony.

And just as quickly, the pain was gone. Tonks lay on the pavement panting as her body rebelled against her conscious control. She was barely aware of her attacker stooping to pick up her wand. “Well, well, well.” The woman's voice continued in a sing song manner. “If it isn't my favorite niece. I'd heard you've carried on with your mother's shaming of the family by becoming an Auror.”

“B...b...b... Bellatrix!” Tonks ground out. Keep them focused on her. Protect the innocents. Keep them from noticing Harry. Give the Aurors a chance to respond. The four Death Eaters in the street stopped their random attacks and crowded around.

“I'm touched Nymphadora, I really am. How kind of you to remember your dear old Auntie.” The mad woman stood with her wand pointed at the fallen Auror's chest. “Ah, if only the Dark Lord had allowed me to take prisoners, we could have such fun together, you and I. Oh well, not to worry little Nymphy, you won't be lonely on the other side... I'll be sending your Mum and Dad to see you so very soon.”

This is it. Tonks thought. I'm going to die.

“Ava...”

Bellatrix's voice was cut off when someone silently apparated directly between the fallen Auror and the Dark Lord's Favorite, and two rock hard fingers were driven into the mad woman's solar plexus dropping the most feared woman in Magical Britain to her knees.

“Harry?” Tonks gasped her eyes wide as she took in the young man bursting into motion. The Four remaining Death Eaters were standing in a semi-circle around Tonks. Harry pivoted on his left foot and drove the same two fingers that had silenced Bellatrix LeStrange into the Adams apple of the first black robed terrorist. A sweep of Harry's right foot twisted the next Death Eater's head so that he was looking backwards with a loud wet crack. Harry planted his right foot and drove his left into the belly of the third Death Eater, liquefying his liver and snapping the man's spine.

All three men fell to the ground dead at the same time. The fourth terrorist stood stock still in terror of the killing machine that had moved among his mates like a scythe through grass. Even Bellatrix had fallen to this man. Trembling he extended his wand, trying to think of what to cast.

Algernon Blakeslee was the second son of a very minor pure blood family, and as such was expected to make his own way in the world. He had left Hogwarts two years before with a disappointing (for a Ravenclaw) 6 NEWTs. The only job he had found was a Ministry position as a junior assistant in the Department of Magical Sports. Passed over for promotion twice due mostly to his attitude (Algernon hated all sports and everything and everyone involved with them), he had drifted into a circle of acquaintances who got together over a few pints to complain about their lots in life, and the root of all their despair, the non-purebloods who were polluting society to the point where decent purebloods like themselves couldn't make a decent living.

This had lead to Algernon attending a meeting three weeks before with the Dark Lord, who was... well, not what Algernon had expected. The initiation of raping and killing the Muggle woman was easier than Algernon had thought it would be, then the application of the Dark Mark. That had been far worse than Algernon had anticipated. Today's mission to Diagon Alley was the third that Algernon had gone on. The first two had been so easy; no one had even tried to fight back. But today, he had watched as Bloody Bellatrix herself was dropped like a sack of potatoes, and three of his mates were dead while Algernon found himself staring into the green eyes of their killer.

"It's not so easy when they fight back is it Death Eater?" The young man spoke for the first time. "Of course how brave could you possibly be, hiding behind a mask like that. It's really sad, you know?" Then the boy moved. The Death Eater found himself looking at the stub of his wrist gushing blood, and watching his right hand falling to the ground still clutching his wand. It was as if he was dreaming. There was no pain, no sense of reality. The man with green eyes had flayed the left sleeve of the Death Eater's robes with his finger nails, leaving Blackslee's arm bare to the world.

"Thank you. I need to borrow your arm for a minute." Harry said as he placed the palm of his left hand on the Death Eater's Dark Mark. The Death Eater screamed. The pain was worse than when the Dark Lord had applied the mark in the first place. The pain continued when Harry released him and the Death Eater formerly known as Algernon Blakeslee bled out onto the cobblestones of Diagon Alley.

Harry Potter returned to where Tonks lay, still struggling to regain control of her body. Tonks watched as her lover stepped behind the gagging Bellatrix LeStrange and methodically stripped the most infamous Death Eater naked, pausing only to push his thumbs into several places on the older woman's back. Bellatrix started screaming. Harry grasped the woman by her throat and lifted her to her feet.

"Hurts don't it?" He asked the whimpering woman. "You seemed to be in charge, that's why you're still alive. I've got a message for your master. Tell him Harry Potter is coming for him. Tell him that there is no where he can hide. Tell him that every day he makes me wait will cause me to kill him that much slower." Harry lifted the woman's left hand and placed her own portkey that he had liberated from her robes into it, he then wrapped each of her fingers around it. "Oh, in case you're wondering, you will never use your arms again, but they will be causing you pain every second of the rest of your life. Bye now." The raven haired wizard touched his wand to the portkey and the woman disappeared in a shower of color.

Harry knelt by Tonks and began massaging her legs. “Nasty curse that one. You’ll be ok. We just need to get your nervous system to talk to your muscles again.” He looked up from his ministrations to see that the people in the street were beginning to crowd around. “Yes, they can be fought. You people outnumbered them at least twenty to one, but you cowered instead of defending yourself. If you killed just one of these bastards every time they made a raid, the raids would stop pretty damned fast.”

“Har... Harry.” Tonks groaned. “How did... did you do that?”

“It wasn’t that hard Tonksie.” He said in a soothing voice, moving his massage to her torso, “They were all slow and fat. Not an ounce of discipline in the lot of them.”

The crowd parted and a trio of red robed Aurors approached the carnage.

“Auror Tonks? Merlin girl, what happened here?” The tall black Auror who was evidently in charge said recognizing the woman on the ground.

“Bellatrix LeStrange got me Shack.” The young woman ground out through clenched teeth.

“Six seconds Cruciatus curse exposure.” Harry said. “Tonks blasted one of the bastards through that window over there.” He gestured toward the shop in question.

“What about the rest?” The Auror indicated the four bodies.

“Me.”

“Shack!” called one of the other Aurors. This man was kneeling beside the dead Death Eaters. “They’re all dead. We’ve got a murderer on our hands.”

“He killed them defending me Blancet!” Tonks spat. “Merlin, there’s a reason you were last in every class isn’t there?”

Kingsley Shacklebolt frowned. “Why didn’t you wait for the Aurors to show up kid?”

“What? You mean wait until you three strolled up like you just did? Tonks would be dead if I had, and who knows how many innocents in the crowd.” Harry kicked the foot of the man with his head facing the wrong way. “This one was casting the Cruciatus on a crowd of children and laughing. Was I supposed to let that happen while you lot strolled over after you finished your cup of tea?”

“Who are you boy?” The big Auror demanded.

“My name is Harry Potter.”

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**August 31 1996**

## **Malfoy Manor:**

To say that the Death Eaters guarding the Portkey return point at Malfoy manor were shocked when a naked whimpering Bellatrix LeStrange suddenly materialized in a heap in front of them would be something of an understatement. They were even more shocked when the senior Death Eater on Duty attempted to assist the Dark Lord's favorite to her feet by grasping her arm caused the most dangerous woman in Wizarding Britain to scream as if she were suffering the torments of hell.

Bellatrix's screams brought a score of Death Eaters running to find out what was wrong. Lucius Malfoy was the most senior of the new arrivals. He saw his sister-in-law's condition and levitated her off the ground. "Where is your team?" The blond man asked.

The woman just whimpered and shook her head. Possible actions to take ran through Malfoy's mind. Bellatrix had been out on a routine death and chaos strike. Kill a few people, spread some terror, show that the Ministry was powerless to stop the Dark Lord's followers, and return. Of the six that went out less than an hour before, only Bellatrix returned, and she was incoherent in agony. Malfoy went through the chain of events twice. He had nothing to do with any part of the mission; there was no way he could be blamed for its spectacular failure. Since the Dark Lord's rebirth, Voldemort had been in a foul mood. What he had done and continued to do to Crouch Junior was legendary among the Death Eaters. No one wanted to share that fate.

Bellatrix had collected herself enough to whisper an answer "Potter."

Lucius Malfoy's blood ran cold. Potter? What could a boy his son's age have possibly done to Bellatrix LeStrange? The Dark Lord's fury toward the sole remaining Potter was the stuff of myth. Delaying news, any news of Potter would be an instant painful death.

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From the darkened corner of his throne room Tom Riddle also known as The Dark Lord Voldemort looked up as Lucius Malfoy entered the room, guiding a naked Bellatrix LeStrange in a levitation charm.

"What is the meaning of this Lucius? What have you done to Bellatrix?"

The blond man bowed deeply. "My Lord. The Lady LeStrange returned from leading a squad of your followers on a raid in this condition. When I attempted to find out what happened the only thing I could get out of her was 'Potter'."

"Indeed?" The reborn Dark Lord gestured and wandlessly took control of the levitation charm from Malfoy's wand, bringing the woman closer until they were nose to nose. "Tell me Bellatrix. Tell me of Potter."

The woman struggled against the pain to speak, desperate to please her master. All she could manage was yet another whispered "Potter!"

“Very well Bella. If you cannot tell me, I will have to see for myself. This may be painful.”  
Voldemort gathered himself. “Legilimens!”

The Dark Lord was suddenly among Bellatrix’s memories, and immediately set about isolating the one he wanted. He found himself staring into the face of a young man. “You seemed to be in charge,” the boy was saying, “that’s why you’re still alive. I’ve got a message for your master. Tell him Harry Potter is coming for him. Tell him that there is no where he can hide. Tell him that every day he makes me wait will cause me to kill him that much slower.”

Voldemort pulled himself from the mind of his most dedicated follower. That boy... That arrogant boy. He would die... No. Voldemort reflected on the boy’s body. The boy’s perfect body. Young, strong, powerful... male. The boy would have to be captured alive.

“Take her to our healers Lucius.” Voldemort said idly while still making his plans. “She may still be of value to me. If they cannot repair her arms, kill her. Bellatrix is useful to me Lucius. Make sure you... motivate the healers.”

Malfoy bowed low, and moved his sister-in-law from the room. Escaping the Dark Lord’s punishments always made for a better day.

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**August 31 1996**

**Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry**

**Staff Room:**

Albus Dumbledore waited patiently for Minerva to wrap up her traditional beginning of term staff meeting. As soon as the Transfiguration Mistress finished, she nodded to the Headmaster and he rose from his seat.

“My friends” he said. “I thank you for your continued support and efforts toward educating our students. I am happy to announce that at long last I have located our missing lamb. Harry Potter is coming to Hogwarts this year.”

A murmur passed through the assembled educators.

“Are we supposed to be excited about a sixteen year old first year?” Severus Snape asked

“Mr. Potter has been taking his education at another school Severus. He will be joining his age cohort as a sixth year, though he will need to be sorted.”

“Where was he Albus?” Pomona Sprout asked.

“Korea. He has been under the tutelage of Headmistress Chun Hei of the Kumsilu School.” Once it became evident that no one on staff knew anything of the Kumsilu School, (indeed possibly

little of Korea full stop.) Albus continued. “Their curriculum covers much the same subject matter as our own, though with different emphasis. I have no doubt that Mr. Potter will be well prepared for your classes.”

The meeting over the various staff members rose to complete their preparations for the coming school year.

“Severus? Could you please stay?”

The Potions Master merely lifted an eyebrow before settling back into his seat. As soon as the last of the staff exited the room, Dumbledore raised his wand and sealed the door, and then established a privacy ward.

“What of the war Severus?”

“The Dark Lord is consolidating his position, dealing with the lesser subversive elements before making his move on the Ministry. You have achieved more than he has, he has been looking for Potter since his rebirth and has had no luck, despite torturing several of his minions to death for their failure. Potter coming here will attract his attention in very short order.”

“I expect that you are correct.” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard thoughtfully. “I am worried about your reaction to young Harry Severus. It is no secret that you loathed his father. Are you capable of dealing with the son of James Potter in an adult and professional manner?”

“I will not be allowing the boy any liberties.” Snape said.

“Harry Potter could not be any more unlike James and still be human Severus. Nor is he anything like Lily. What the boy is is very powerful, very dangerous.”

“I will teach him his place.”

Dumbledore sighed. “That is exactly what I am afraid of Severus. If you make the mistake of attempting to ‘teach him his place’ he is likely to kill you.”

Silence filled the room for a full ten count.

“Excuse me?” The Potions Master asked incredulously. “This arrogant little boy presumes to threaten me and you just allow it?”

“Severus. Harry never threatened you. He doesn’t even know you exist. The boy is powerful, very well trained and utterly ruthless. I watched him duel an even dozen opponents simultaneously.”

“A display setup to impress you no doubt.”

“I had arrived unannounced Severus. His opponents were very good. Not quite the level of the professional circuit perhaps, but easily a match for all but a select few of Voldemort’s Death

Eaters. Do you suppose you could stand against twelve opponents of that caliber?”

“No.” There was a pause while Snape reflected. “How long did he last?”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t clear my friend. He won. He was the last one standing.”

“I see...”

“You will need to rein in your traditional methods, and you will need to rein in your Slytherins. Mr. Malfoy for example. If that young man attempts to intimidate Mr. Potter, the best he can hope for is to be very badly hurt. I trust you my friend. I need you and your special talents, but the biggest mistake you could ever make would be to raise your wand to Harry Potter. It would also likely be your last.”

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**August 31 1996**

**London , England , UK**

**The Asadal Restaurant:**

The ‘interviews’ with the Aurors ended up lasting several hours. By the time Harry was finished being interviewed and Tonks had finished her reports it was after six pm. Harry had dragged Tonks out of the magical enclave, to Muggle London, and into a cab asking the Cabbie to take them to the best Korean Restaurant in London.

After twenty minutes in the cab they pulled up in front of an establishment with a sign that identified it as Asadal. Harry paid the cabbie, pocketing his receipt, and then led Tonks into the restaurant. The hostess led the pair to a table and presented them with their menus.

“I don’t know any of these dishes Harry.” Tonks said looking over the colorful menu replete with photos of the various meals.

“Well, I’m on a special diet, but I have friends that rave on this food. Do you like chicken and vegetables?”

“Yes.”

“Would you like me to order for you?”

Tonks hesitated for a moment, and then recalled how she had resisted Italian food for so long and how stupid she felt when she had finally been talked into trying it. She closed the menu. “Yes please.”

The waitress approached. Harry looked up, smiled and said in Korean. “The Lady will have the Dak Bal Gi, and I will have four ounces of plain steamed rice with four ounces of unseasoned

boiled duck.”

The waitress blinked in surprise at hearing Korean, but gamely took the order. “And to drink?”

“Beer for the lady.” The Dak bal gi was fairly spicy after all, “And tap water for me. No ice please.”

The waitress nodded and left the table.

“Ooh, very smooth Harry. Ordering in another language. Always a good way to impress the ladies. How many languages do you speak anyway?”

“Twelve. Korean, Mandarin, Japanese, English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Gobbledygook, Hebrew, Greek, and Persian.”

“That’s impressive. You actually speak Gobbledygook?”

“Yeah, that ones hard on the throat.”

“I imagine... Harry,” Tonks was still processing how he had saved her life earlier that afternoon. “That last Death Eater, you stripped off his sleeve and did something to his Dark Mark. What was it?”

“Oh, I’d heard about the marks and the various methods used to hide them. I’m sensitive to dark magic, so I got a good impression of his mark. Now I know what they feel like.”

“Feel like?”

“Yeah. If I’m within thirty feet of one, I’ll know it.”

----===**oooOOOooo**===----

“Who ordered this?” The cook asked. He had prepared thousands of meals during his time at this restaurant. ‘Four ounces of plain steamed rice with four ounces of unseasoned boiled duck’ had a ring of familiarity. He had just used the standard rice in an order just like this one two years before, and had been rewarded by a crazy white man who did something to his ear that caused the most intense pain the cook had ever known.

“White boy at table seven.” The waitress said. “He speaks Korean like a native... He’s speaks with a northern dialect.”

The cook peered out into the restaurant. No, this kid didn’t look anything like that crazy man with the ear pain... except for the wrists. Both of them had very thick wrists. And both spoke Korean with a northern accent... Better safe than sorry.

The cook set to making fresh plain steamed rice for his honored customer.

-----oooOOOooo-----

Tonks hesitantly raised the fork with a tiny sliver of the chicken to her mouth, just a taste to start. Her eyes grew wide.

“This is good.”

“Glad you like it.” Harry said lifting a small ball of rice to his own mouth. “Friends at Kumsilu always said how much they liked it.”

“Last night you had steamed rice and fish. What’s this special diet?”

“To Sinanju, food is fuel, nothing more, nothing less.” Harry shrugged. “It’s the only food I can remember, it’s all I’ve ever eaten.”

That struck Tonks as being very odd. Still, she wasn’t one to criticize how someone led their life. Next she tried some of the more unfamiliar vegetables. Marvelous! How had she missed out on this?

“So, this ‘Sinanju’, is it your religion?”

Harry smiled. “Sinanju is more a way of life.”

“Quite the sacrifice, giving up so much in the way of food.”

Harry reached across the table and caressed her wrist, sending shivers up the woman’s back. “There are certain advantages too.”

-----oooOOOooo-----

**August 31 1996**

**London , England , UK**

**The Savoy Hotel**

**Harry’s Suite:**

“Here,” Harry said turning on his side. Tonks pressed her back against his chest and snuggled into him, pulling the blankets up around them. Harry ran his hand along the dips and curves of the young woman’s side, ending with rubbing light circles on her hip. He propped his head on his other hand and looked down at her face, focusing on her profile. “Tonksie?”

“Hmm?”

“I wanted to thank you” he asked tentatively.

The Auror rolled to face him. “Thank me?”

“For helping me to acclimate. Finding my way into Wizarding Britain would have been a lot harder without your help.”

“You’re not really here to go to school are you?”

Harry hesitated. From speaking with the young woman over the last few days he knew she worked for Dumbledore on occasion. “No. I’m here to kill Voldemort.”

“That’s why you let Bellatrix go. To take a message to Voldemort.”

“Yeah.” Harry resumed the circles on her hip.

“She’s a murderer Harry. She killed dozens of people.”

“And she never will again. She’ll never hold a wand; her arms will never work for her again, though she’ll be in constant pain that no drug or potion will be able to treat. Besides,” He grinned down at her. “Voldemort doesn’t seem to be the type to take bad news without throwing a substantial temper tantrum.”

“You expect Voldemort to kill her?”

“I did a little research on the Death Eaters and their history. Not the biggest ‘people’ organization on the planet. One of the reasons they are as ineffectual as they are is Voldemort’s method of dealing with bad news. When the rank and file find out that even Voldemort’s more trusted sycophants aren’t safe from his insanity...”

The part of the Auror’s mind that dealt with strategic moves knew he was right. She pulled him down for a kiss. “You saved my life.”

“Damsel rescuing is a hobby.” He flashed that wonderful crooked smile.

“I’m hardly a damsel, even if I was in distress you prat. I’ve never seen anyone move like you do. Or anyone who can do what you do.”

“I aim to please.” Harry said waggling his eyebrows before leaning down to kiss the curve of her bare shoulder.

“Not that! Merlin aren’t you ever serious?”

“I try not to be.” His fingertips brushed the inside of her left thigh.

Tonks shuddered again, when moved to straddle him, leaning down for yet another kiss.

Damn it. Harry thought. Step five. How am I supposed to get good at this?

-----oooOOOooo-----

**September 1 1996**

**London , England , UK**

**Kings Cross Station**

**Platform 9 ¾:**

They stepped through the barrier onto platform 9 ¾. Harry looked around for a moment.

“I’m supposed to take a train?” Harry looked to Tonks for confirmation. “A *steam* train?”

“This is the Hogwarts Express.” Tonks said proudly. “What did you expect to find at Kings Cross station?”

“I don’t know, a large public floo situated so that large numbers of people could use it or something. But Tonks, it’s a *steam* train. Who still uses steam trains anyway? How the hell do they hide a huge freaking train? Why would anyone waste six or seven hours on a train when the student body could be at Hogwarts in seconds using apparition, portkeys or the Floo network?”

“Tradition I guess.” Tonks shrugged. “It’s always been this way.”

“Weird.” Harry looked down the platform at the length of the train. “So, are you coming with?”

“No. My job is finished when I deliver you to the train. You’ve got everything, your wand?”

Harry pulled his very short black wand from... somewhere. “Right here mum.”

“No, your new wand.” Tonks said, surprised that he still had his original wand. For some reason she had thought that Ollivander had exchanged his Ministry approved wand for Harry’s original.

Harry kicked his trunk lightly. “Packed away safe and sound.” He saw the look on her face. “What? Did you expect me to actually use the one with the tracking charm on it? Fat chance. I’m required to have a ministry approved wand, and I do, in my trunk.”

The Auror in her wanted to protest, but she swallowed the urge, and spread her arms. “Alright smart ass, come here.” They came together in a brief hug. “Just go ahead and get aboard, the bulk of the crowd will be hear in about fifteen minutes, and the train leaves in half an hour.”

“Is there assigned seating?” He asked

“No, sit anywhere you want after the second passenger car. The first is for any teachers using the train; the second is the Heads car and is used by the Heads and the Prefects.”

“Thanks again Tonks.” He covertly squeezed her left buttock, earning himself an ‘eep!’ from the

Metamorphmagus and climbed aboard the train with a wide smile.

----===oooOOOooo===----

Once he was aboard the train, Harry hefted the trunk onto his shoulder and ghosted down the passageway looking for an open compartment. There weren't a lot of students on the train yet, he could see through the windows that the platform was beginning to become crowded with families. Harry decided that the place where he was least likely to attract attention would be at the end of the train, so he made his way to the last car. Once there he found all five compartments to be empty, so he picked one at random and entered.

Storing his trunk in the over head baggage area, Harry looked about the small compartment, a pair of leather upholstered bench seats facing each other, a window facing the platform, on the other side a framed glass wall complete with a windowed door facing the passageway. So this was to be his home for the next six hours or so.

Harry ran through a quick set of stretches to ensure that he was ready for an extended period of minimal movement, and then settled down for the trip. Deciding that he might as well practice while he was waiting, he slowed his breathing and ceased all movement. This was one of the minor aspects of Sinanju that the Japanese thieves known as Ninja had stolen. The human eye is drawn to movement. To a casual observer Harry was for all intents and purposes invisible. It might be educational to observe the students for a while.

As the appointed time came, the train got underway with a jolt. Harry was somewhat amused that several students passed by the door to his compartment without attempting to open it. He wondered if he was generating a subconscious notice me not field, or was this just a random event?

The train had cleared the station and was moving through the city at a relatively high rate of speed. Harry was impressed with the charms work on the train because the huge machine was not attracting the slightest bit of attention from the city dwellers as it chugged its way out of town.

More people in the passage, and now they were opening the door.

"This one's empty, I'll call you for your turn when I'm done."

A young woman was shoved into the compartment followed by a tall blond man. The door was closed behind him. Harry could see a pair of large men standing in the passageway on either side of the door. Guards?

"Leave me alone Malfoy!" the girl spat. She was putting on a good face, but her terror was obvious to Harry.

"Bones, Bones, Bones. With your Aunt gone, you don't have anyone to protect you anymore. The Dark Lord has decided that you will be joining his forces now. Your family belongs to him. You've been promised to me, just like your friend Abbott."

“I’d die first.”

She was still terrified, but she actually meant that.

“Now Susan, that would be such a waste.” The blond man groped at the girl’s chest. “You won’t die until after you supply me with an heir.”

“You know...” Harry said breaking his silence. “If that’s your idea of a pickup line, your technique could use a bit of work.”

The blond man, spun toward Harry in surprise. “How did you get in here?”

Harry gestured toward the door. “I turned the latch and the door slid right open. It wasn’t very hard, why do you ask?”

Malfoy slowly drew his wand. “How did you get past Goyle and Crabbe?”

The girl’s eyes met Harry’s, silently pleading for help. “Those two large individuals outside the door? By the devious method of being in the compartment before you came in. Sneaky of me I suppose.” Harry smiled at the look on the other man’s face. “So, why do you feel the need to assault a pretty young woman like this? Compensating for a tiny winkie?”

“What?” Malfoy sputtered

“You know a miniature John Thomas, a micro phallus, microscopic wedding tackle? Do the women in your life respond to the question ‘was it good for you’ by asking ‘is it in yet?’ There has to be a reason.”

“Do you know who my father is?” the blond asked imperiously.

“Not a clue buddy. Tell you what, you get your mother and I’ll get a photo registry for the men of the Royal Navy, and we’ll see if we can’t isolate the possible candidates to a manageable number.”

“I am Draco Malfoy!” The blond screamed drawing his wand.

“Ah, named for your father then?” Harry said seemingly ignoring the wand pointed at him. “My French is a little rusty, isn’t ‘Malfoy’ French for ‘Wrong Hole’? Is that what the women of your family traditionally tell their husbands?”

Incoherent with rage the blond man thrust his wand at Harry who batted it away with his left hand, then delivered a pair of blows to the other man’s hips using each hand. Malfoy crumpled to the ground in agony.

Harry lifted him up. “That wasn’t very nice Wrong Hole. Today’s punishment for not being very nice is a broken pelvis. Raise a wand to me again and I’ll kill you. Slowly. If I even hear a rumor of you forcing yourself on a woman, any woman, I will rip your testicles off and shove them down

your throat.”

“My father...” Draco ground out through clenched teeth. “The Dark Lord will kill your entire family!”

“Too late Wrong Hole. He already did. But by all means do ask your daddy to tell his master that Harry Potter looks forward to killing them both.”

“Potter?” The blonde’s eyes went wide. Harry’s short wand appeared in his right hand and the door slid open, disrupting the silencing spell that Malfoy had placed on the compartment when he had pushed the girl in.

“Hi fellas.” Harry said to Malfoy’s guards as he shoved the whimpering man out of the compartment. “He fa down, go boom! You should probably take care of him.” Harry slid the door shut again and turned to the girl.

“Hello there. I’m Harry Potter.” He offered his hand.

“Susan Bones.” The redhead said taking his hand. “Thank you.”

“Ah,” Harry waved off her thanks. “Abusing idiots is its own reward. Are you ok?”

“Yes, thank you. Thanks to you... You’re really Harry Potter?”

“Yeah. That’s what they told me.” He sat back down in his seat and smiled slightly as Susan sat across from him. “So, what’s the story with that clown anyway?”

“Draco Malfoy. He’s the son of about the richest man in magical Britain. Everyone but the ministry knows that the Malfoys follow He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. The school won’t punish him, so he gets away with whatever he wants to do. You’ll probably end up getting punished for defending me.”

Harry shrugged. “I don’t do punishments. Would you like me to accompany you to find your friends?”

“No.” The redhead said in a very small voice. “I’d like to stay here with you.”

----===**oooOOOooo**====---

The pair quietly shared the compartment alone for almost twenty minutes before they were interrupted by the door sliding open.

“Sue? Are you alright?” A young blond woman stood in the doorway.

Susan stood and rushed to the other woman, Harry watched as they clung together.

“I’ve been looking everywhere for you; someone said that Malfoy had grabbed you.” The blond

held her friend by the shoulders. “Are you alright? Did he hurt you?”

“I’m fine Hannah. Nothing happened.”

“That’s what Sally-Anne said last year.” The Blond named Hannah said. “I know your Auntie is gone, but she had a lot of friends. We can do something about this.”

“Hannah, nothing happened.” Susan gestured toward Harry. “This is Harry Potter. He stopped Malfoy from doing anything.”

“Harry Potter?” She turned and gave Harry an appraising look. “Are you really?”

“More or less.” Harry stood and offered his hand to the girl.

“Hannah Abbott.” She said suddenly shy. “Thank you for helping my friend.”

Harry shrugged. “I did it for me mostly. I don’t like assholes, and Wrong Hole is the biggest I’ve ever met. Being of aid to a beautiful woman was just icing on the cake.”

They were interrupted by more voices from the door. “You found Susan? Thank Merlin.” The speaker was a young man of moderate height. Harry could see that while he had been on the pudgy side, his body was burning through the excess fat on its way though late adolescence. Beside him was a young woman with bushy brunette hair. Both of them were dressed in immaculate school robes with small silver badges embossed with the letter ‘P’.

“Malfoy got himself injured somehow.” The brunette observed. The Slytherins are up in arms about it.”

“Good.” All eyes in the compartment moved to Harry. “He seemed to be the type with a fair herd of sycophants. Stirring up that anthill might improve things.”

“And you are?” The brunette asked.

“Harry Potter, at your service.” He smiled at her.

“Are you really?” she gave Harry a look that suggested that she was something less than impressed. “I’ve read about you.”

“All lies.” Harry said with a smile. “Especially the good things.”

“Yes. The good things usually are.” She turned to her companion. “Neville, we’ve got to finish our patrol.”

‘Neville’ nodded. “We do.” He looked to Hannah and took her hand. “I’ll find you when I’m done. Please don’t worry. We won’t let Malfoy carry through with his threats.”

“Thank you Neville.” The blond said quietly as the door slid shut.

“I find myself wondering just what I’ve gotten myself into coming here.” Harry said looking at the girls. “There seems to be nearly a state of war going on. Those ‘P’ badges, they identify a Prefect, right?”

“Yes.” Susan said.

“And you’re more right than you know about there being a war.”

The two girls sat with Harry and explained what they knew of the situation with Voldemort. By the time Neville the Prefect returned the conversation had changed to what they had seen at Hogwarts over the last half dozen years. How school discipline had fallen away in the face of Draco Malfoy’s untouchability that had somehow extended itself to cover all of Slytherin house.

All of this going on, with students who were frightened for their very lives and the Headmaster has spent his time and political capital tracking Harry down? Harry found himself wondering just what he had gotten himself into. This wasn’t going to be a simple clean killing, was it?

---===oooOOOooo===---

The train pulled into the station and the students around Harry climbed to their feet.

“Just leave your trunk, the elves will take it where ever you get sorted.” Susan said looking toward him shyly.

“You should be in your School Robes.” The brunette (Hermione?) said in a bossy manner as Harry exited the compartment.

“I don’t like robes. I’ve read over the school rules, Robes are required for class. There is no mention of having to wear them at meals.

“You’re going to cost your house points.” She sniffed.

“I’m not in a house, and to tell you the truth, I’m not sure I would care if I was.”

Hermione felt her mouth go dry seeing the muscles in his chest ripple clearly through the black tee shirt this man claiming to be Harry Potter wore. What had she been saying?

“I’m not sure how you’re supposed to go to the castle. Second year and up ride in carriages, but you’ve never been sorted, so maybe you should ride the boats with the first years.”

“Don’t worry about it Herms.” He stepped down from the train car, and reached up to help the girl down. “Tonks said that I’d be met.”

“Don’t call me Herms!” she thundered.

“Ah, it the Mudblood angry?” A tall redhead said in a mocking voice.

“Piss off Weasley.” The young woman said with utter loathing in her voice.

“Who’s your friend Mudblood?” the man named Weasley asked.

Harry turned to the girl. “Mudblood?”

“An insulting term for Muggleborn.” She sent a glare in the Redhead’s direction.

“Really? Excuse me. Hey, Red, could we have a word?”

The tall man regarded Harry guardedly. “What do you want?”

Harry wrapped his right hand around the redhead’s throat and pushed him back against the train car lifting him so that his feet no longer touched the platform. “Red, my mother was Muggle born, and I find the term ‘Mudblood’ to be more than a little bit insulting to her memory. I’d really like for you to stop using that word, and stop offending people like my Mother and Hermione, or I might become upset with you.” Harry smiled. “Do we understand each other?”

“What’s going on here?” asked a woman’s voice with a light Scottish lilt.

“Professor McGonagall, this is Harry Potter.” The girl named Hermione said.

“Mr. Potter, I was sent to take you to the castle for your sorting. Release Mr. Weasley at once.”

“Sorry Professor,” Harry said without breaking eye contact with the Weasley boy. “Red and I are having a discussion about changes to his vocabulary that will keep him from becoming injured. I’ll be with you as soon as we’re finished. Do we have an understanding Red?”

“Yes.” Weasley gasped.

Harry dropped him. “Good, all done. I’m all yours Professor.”

“Mr. Weasley get yourself on to the carriages.” McGonagall said, never taking her eyes off of Harry. “Miss Granger, please stay.” She waited for the redhead to leave and the siding to be clear of students. “Mr. Potter I am unaccustomed to having my instructions ignored.”

“Really?” Harry fixed the woman with his own glare. “Perhaps if you spent more time doing your job you wouldn’t have had time to becoming accustomed to things.”

“Excuse me? How dare you?”

“I have been associated with this so called ‘school’ for less than six hours. I’ve seen an attempted assault, heard tales of an untouchable student and house both allowed to run rampant over the rest of the student body, of a teacher so blatantly unfair as to call into question the professionalism of the rest of the staff for allowing it to go on, and I have witness one of your students, a member of your house call one of your prefects, one of your personal representatives a ‘mudblood’ and he has done so for the last five years if your other sixth year prefect is to be believed. Yes Professor, I

dare to question if you have been doing your job.”

“I am capable of defending myself.” Hermione the Prefect hissed.

“Then do it. If you tolerate abuse of any kind, you open yourself up for more.”

“Be that as it may Mr. Potter, you are supposed to be in your robes.”

“Miss Granger said much the same thing, and was also wrong Professor. The school handbook given to me by the Headmaster himself specifically states that Robes are required to be worn in class. It makes no mention of robes being required for any other occasion. I dislike robes; as such I will not be wearing them other than those times required by the school rules.”

“Mr. Potter!”

“Yes Professor?”

“You cannot go to the Sorting Ceremony dressed like a Muggle.”

“Really?” From the back pocket of his black jeans Harry pulled out a dog eared copy of the Hogwarts Student Handbook and offered it to the older witch. “Show me where the handbook says that.”

----===oooOOOooo===----

McGonagall’s carriage arrived in front of the main entrance to the castle. Harry dismounted first, and reached up to offer the women assistance in stepping down. McGonagall accepted graciously, Hermione ignored his hand and made her own way.

Entering the castle, McGonagall shed her evening cloak and handed it to a waiting House Elf. A dark figure stepped from the shadows of the Entry Hall brandishing a wand.

Suddenly Harry was between the two women and the figure. Hermione hadn’t even seen him move, yet suddenly he was in front of her. “Death Eater” He hissed, a wand suddenly in his hand.

“Stupefy!” the dark figure called in a voice that Hermione recognized as belonging to Severus Snape.

Harry batted the stunning spell away and closed the distance between himself and Snape, driving the index finger of his left hand into Snape’s right shoulder, shattering both the clavicle and scapula. Snape’s wand clattered to the stone floor. Harry swept the man’s feet from underneath him before staring down at the man.

“How did you get into the castle Death Eater? Is your master ready to die?”

“Mr. Potter!”

“Not now Professor, I’m working.”

“Mr. Potter.” The Headmaster’s voice came from the far end of the hall. “That is Professor Snape.”

“You employ Death Eaters Headmaster? Are you sure he keeps his extra curricular activities separate from his job?”

“Mr. Potter.” McGonagall said shrilly. “You will show the Headmaster the respect he is due.”

Harry still didn’t move his attention from the fallen Snape. “I am showing the Headmaster all the respect I would show any client who didn’t tell me that he was employing some one who would attack me from the darkness Professor.”

“Albus!” Snape hissed from the floor. “This animal must be expelled. He attacked Draco Malfoy on the Express without provocation, and then attacked me the same way.”

Harry knelt beside the fallen Potions Master and took hold of the man’s left earlobe between a thumb and forefinger. Snape screamed like he was on fire. “Let’s try that again Death Eater. Who attacked who?”

“Mr. Potter I know he cast the first spell. Release him.” Harry stood away from the fallen man, who slowly attempted to collect himself. Dumbledore straightened his robes. “Professor McGonagall, the first years are waiting for you.”

Minerva worked her jaw for a moment, then seeing that Severus was struggling to his feet nodded. “We will be speaking of this following the Sorting Feast Albus.”

“I’m afraid we will.” Dumbledore sighed. “Miss Granger, would you accompany Professor Snape to the Madam Pomphrey?”

“I don’t need help from a Mudbloo...”

Harry hand whipped out and captured the man’s ear lobe again. “You know Death Eater, I really hate that word. Really really hate it. It makes me think about the kind of coward who might have attacked my mother when she attended this madhouse. You seem about the right age... did you ever call my mother a ‘mudblood’ Death Eater?”

“Mr. Potter, please?” He watched as Harry once again stepped away from Severus. “You just couldn’t do what I asked of you could you Severus? Get yourself to Poppy if you please.”

“Miss Granger.” The old wizard continued. “Would you please escort Mr. Potter to the Anteroom off the Great Hall and wait for the first years to finish sorting?”

“The one used during the Tournament sir?”

“Yes Miss Granger. Mr. Potter we need to speak following the Sorting Feast. Come to my office

immediately following the feast.”

Seeing that Harry’s angry stare was all the answer he was going to get, Dumbledore turned and entered the Great Hall.

“Well, come on then.” The girl said.

Harry followed her on a roundabout winding path that brought them to a small tastefully appointed room. Throughout the trek the various portraits all seemed to be exceptionally interested in here Harry was going and who he was with.

The girl suddenly turned to face him. “I don’t like you. You do what suits you instead of what you know you’re supposed to do. You using the rules as a weapon is offensive. You know that the spirit of the rules wants you to be in your robes, but you’re too good for that. You’re special. You’re Harry Potter. You disgust me.”

Harry’s tee shirt and jeans flowed into a complete set of Hogwarts robes. Her cinnamon eyes grew wider. “Well little girl, as long as we’re laying our cards on the table, it’s my turn. I don’t give a single solitary fuck if you like me or not. Your ‘spirit of the rules’ has resulted in the most complete bedlam I’ve ever seen in a school setting. You let yourself be called ‘Mudblood’ for five years and appear more than willing to let it go in for a sixth. I stopped that red headed moron from doing it and I stopped the Death Eater from doing it, not for you, but for my mother and all the other first generation magic users who have ever been abused by the type of mouth breathing moron you coddle with your rules. I saw a girl being assaulted. Where were you? Where were the rest of the Prefects? In a meeting instead of doing their jobs? I go where I will, I do what I will, and I answer to no one but myself, my brother and my father.”

“Your parents only had you, and they were killed.” She said quietly.

“My adopted family, the only family I can remember is still alive. Do I use the rules as a weapon? Yes I do. Stupid rules need to be abused until they are changed.”

The silence built between them. Hermione Granger’s mind raced. There were so many things she could say to refute his position... but... Was he right? Had she contributed to the situation here at the school?

“I’m sorry. I spoke out of turn.”

“Ehh.” Harry said waving a hand at her. “Don’t sweat the petty stuff, and don’t pet the sweaty stuff.” His robes flowed back into a tee shirt and pair of jeans. “Do you suppose they’ll have cod for dinner? I like cod.”

----==oooOOOooo==----

A small man came to the door leading to the Great Hall.

“Miss Granger, you can go to Gryffindor Table now.”

As the girl exited the room the man turned to Harry. "I am Filius Flitwick, Professor of Charms. I knew your parents when they attended Hogwarts. I would like to say that it is good to see their son here as well."

Harry looked at the man closely, and then bowed in the Goblin way. "I am Harry, Adopted Son of Chiun of the clan of Sinanju." He said in Gobbledygook. "This one offers the good will of his clan to you."

Flitwick grinned widely and responded in kind. "I am Filius great grandson of Arkis of the clan of Gleethorp, I thank you and your clan for its good will and offer that of my clan and myself." Switching to English the Charms Master continued. "I rarely get the opportunity to speak the Brethren's tongue Harry, thank you. They are ready for us."

Harry followed Flitwick into the Great Hall. A table full of adults, presumably the staff table was at one end of the hall, four long tables full of children ran perpendicular to the staff table. Between the staff table and the four longer tables was a small three legged stool, upon which sat an old fashioned patched hat.

Dumbledore was addressing the assembled students.

"... and he has been found. Staff and Students of Hogwarts, the Boy Who Lived is now a student at Hogwarts School of Wizardry and Witchcraft, it only remains that he be sorted to reveal what House he will call home for the next two years. Ladies and Gentlemen, Staff and Students, Harry Potter."

Harry stepped out of the shadows approaching the stool as Dumbledore indicated. There Minerva McGonagall waited for him. Audible gasps came from the assembled students when they saw what he was wearing. More than a few student craned their necks for a better view.

"Just sit on the stool and place the hat on your head."

"Sit on that stool? My knees would be on either side of my ears. I'll stand thank you." Harry reached down and picked up the hat, placing it on his head and waited.

"Oh my. A voice whispered in his ear. "I've never seen anyone like you before Mr. Potter.

"Is that a bad thing?" Harry asked.

"Not at all. After a thousand years of sorting eleven year olds, any novelty is appreciated. Oh my, you are brave aren't you... No Gryffindor wouldn't do. Their stupid bravery would annoy you to no end. And by the founders you are cunning... But Slytherin wouldn't do. Too many of the current crop mistake treachery for cunning and you would end up killing the lot of them. Hmm. You are certainly smart enough for Ravenclaw, but you don't really care all that much, and their obsessing would likely drive you to violence. You know how to work, and you are loyal to a fault... yes."

The Hat quit whispering in Harry's ear and shouted to the room. "It had better be... Hufflepuff!"

----===oooOOOooo===----

**A few thoughts:**

**Before anyone decides to start screaming 'Harry Stu' I would suggest that they review the source material for this cross. The Destroyer series is a tale of human beings pushed to be the ultimate expression of human physical ability through diet, practice and a total dedication to knowing one's body. If anything I am underpowering Harry here. The Destroyer stories tell the tales of a pair of supermen who stride the earth righting what goes wrong and making an honest buck for killing people who really need to be dead.**

## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source Hogwarts Happenings**

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. Nor do I own any of the characters and situations associated with anyone named Remo Williams or indeed any of the more outgoing citizens of the small North Korean village of Sinanju . But you knew that.**

**A/N2: In which Harry confronts the world famous cuisine of Hogwarts, Snape's past comes to the fore, Susan takes control of her sex life, the Women of Hufflepuff house ask just what was going on with the Potter boy, and Hermione happens upon Harry training.**

### **Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

#### **Chapter 3: Hogwarts Happenings**

The Hat quit whispering in Harry's ear and shouted to the room. "It had better be... Hufflepuff!"

Harry turned to Professor McGonagall and raised an eyebrow in question. She gestured toward the Hufflepuff table. Harry noted Susan Bones was sitting at this 'Hufflepuff' table and was busily making room for him with a radiant smile on her face. Harry returned her smile and took the seat at the table that she offered.

His 'sorting' into Hufflepuff house seemed to generate a bit of surprise among both the staff and students. Good. Keep them guessing. Dumbledore rose to speak to the assembled students, and while Harry attempted to follow what the old man was saying, what he said made little sense. Harry wondered for a moment if he was missing some cultural clues vital to understanding the British magical society, but glancing around at the students around him told Harry that the man was evidently speaking nonsense, further that no one seemed all that surprised by this.

Dumbledore finished his remarks and the serving platters on the tables were filled with many foods, most alien to his eyes and none that he could eat. Beef permeated almost everything, except those dishes that were pork or chicken based. Harry fought back the bile in his throat from the smell of the cooked meats. Immediately in front of Harry was a platter of some unidentifiable salt water fish, covered in some bread based coating that was orange for some reason and fried in beef fat, then slathered in beef butter. Even the available drinks were horrid concoctions high in unnecessary sugars.

All around Harry the students were eating and talking, though several had noticed Harry not eating. Evidently, Dumbledore had noticed as well. The Headmaster had approached from behind Harry and spoke quietly.

“Is there a problem with the meal Mr. Potter?”

“Only that I cannot eat this... food Headmaster.”

“Nonsense my boy, the Elves of the Hogwarts kitchens are renowned for the quality of their meals.” the old man said dismissively.

“Perhaps they are Headmaster; I however will not be eating this. I will require access to supplies so that I might prepare my own meals.”

The old man was surprised by Harry’s request, and once again attempted to probe the boy’s thoughts. Nothing. It wasn’t like attempting to look into an occluded mind, rather like the boy’s mind just wasn’t there.

“Coopa?” Dumbledore called.

There was a pop and a House Elf was standing next to the ancient wizard. “Yes Headmaster?”

“Coopa, Mr. Potter here has specific meal requirements, could you see to his needs?”

“Of course Headmaster.”

Dumbledore turned to return to the staff table, before he had taken two steps he stopped. “Mr. Potter?”

“Yes Headmaster?”

“Do not forget, I need to speak with you in my office after the feast.”

“Yes Headmaster.”

It took Harry only a few moments to outline his dietary requirements to the House Elf. The Elf effusively assured him that Harry would always sit down to an appropriate meal in the future, and popped away to prepare Harry’s rice, cod and water.

Harry turned back to the table to find he had attracted a fair amount of attention.

“You’re on a special diet?” Susan asked.

“Is it... Kosher?” The tall boy with sandy hair sitting across the table asked.

“Yes, a ‘special diet’, and no, it’s not religious. It’s more of a way of life.” Harry smiled at the Bones girl, wondering if she would be interested in a bit of practice of the thirty seven steps so

soon after almost being assaulted. Her hand was suddenly on his thigh and squeezing lightly answering the unasked question. "Please, don't let my diet keep you from your meal."

Conversation at the table was light as the Hufflepuffs resumed their meals. After fifteen minutes, Coopa Elf returned with Harry's dinner, which again attracted the attention of those sitting around him, though they seemed to be disappointed by his steamed rice and fish.

Harry consumed his meal at what was for him a leisurely pace. He then asked Susan where the Headmaster's office was, and then waited until Susan resumed speaking with her friend Hannah, before he ghosted from the Great Hall. After a few moments Susan turned back to find that Harry was gone.

How had he done that? She looked about the Great Hall trying to spot Harry. Her hand had been on his thigh... That was when she caught a glimpse of motion near one of the exits. Or she thought she did. She wondered again how he could move like that. Thinking of how he could move, her thoughts drifted... Did she dare?

---===oooOOOooo===---

Dumbledore had been one of the first outside of his tablemates to notice that Harry had left the Great Hall, but the traditions of the Welcoming Feast had to be observed. It was another twenty minutes before he managed to dismiss the students and led his deputy and Professor Sprout, the Hufflepuff Head of House to his office.

The gargoyle moved smoothly out of Dumbledore's way without the need of a password. The Headmaster headed up the moving staircase wondering why Harry Potter wasn't waiting for them at the Gargoyle, the young man certainly had had the time needed to find the office. The door opened to Dumbledore's touch and he found Harry Potter sitting in the chair in front of the Headmaster's desk, a book of Greek magic on his lap and the boy's feet on the desk.

"Mr. Potter!" The Headmaster exclaimed. "How did you get into my office?"

"You said you wanted to see me in your office Headmaster. Your sentry wouldn't let me in, I thought about pressing the issue, but decided that I would just use the window rather than damage the gargoyle."

"You used the window?" Professor Sprout asked. "This office is on the seventh floor of this tower."

"Yes it is." Harry agreed turning a page in the book. "And the window has a particularly shoddy lock."

"Mr. Potter, get your feet off the Headmaster's desk." McGonagall snapped.

The young man seemed to notice the position he was in. "Oh, sorry." He raised his feet until they hung in space an inch above the desktop.

The Deputy Headmistress glared at the new student. She knew that he would either put his feet back on the desk or lower them to the floor. Even a professional dancer would be stressing their legs to keep them suspended like that for any length of time.

“Mr. Potter.” The Headmaster began, “I cannot have you assaulting the Staff and Students here.”

“Perhaps you should be having this conversation with your Death Eater on Staff Headmaster. I was minding my own business in the company of Professor McGonagall and Prefect Granger when he stepped out of the shadows with his wand drawn and cast a stunning spell at me. I reacted to his attack and to his Dark Mark.”

“Someone on staff has a Dark Mark?” Professor Sprout breathed.

“Severus.” McGonagall confirmed still staring at Potter’s feet. They hadn’t moved since the boy had raised them off the desk.

“And you allow him around children?” The Hufflepuff Head of House hissed.

“Severus has my complete trust...”

“He doesn’t have mine Headmaster.” Harry interrupted. “Do you have any other Death Eaters on staff? If so, you should tell them that the only warning I’m giving them is what happened to this ‘Severus’.”

“That still doesn’t excuse your attack on Draco Malfoy.” Dumbledore was getting angry. “I’m afraid that I will be placing you in detention for that.”

“No.”

“What do you mean ‘no’?”

“I mean *no*. I will not be doing a *detention* for that or anything else. You forget Headmaster; I am not a student here, that the whole ‘Potter’s a student’ fiction is simply a cover you insisted upon. Draco Malfoy was starting a sexual assault on Susan Bones when I injured him. I allowed him to live because he runs at the mouth about his connection to ‘the Dark Lord’. I can use him to bait Voldemort.”

“Not a student?” McGonagall asked. This was getting ridiculous. No one could keep their legs elevated like that.

“Sexual assault?” Sprout echoed.

“Yes. Malfoy was telling Susan that Voldemort had promised Susan and her friend Hannah to Malfoy, and then he placed his hands on her. That may be acceptable to you Headmaster; however it is not acceptable to me. I gave him a chance to walk away and he drew his wand on me. I’m afraid to say that my actions would cause my father to be ashamed of me.”

“In what way?” Professor Sprout asked.

“I let the little bastard live. The Master of Sinanju takes a dim view of rapists.”

“Mr. Potter.” The old man said angrily. “You will learn to control yourself, or...”

“Headmaster, I am utterly in control. If you have problems with how I perform while under our contract, I would suggest you take it up with my father. I believe the cause of our problems is that you believe yourself to be my employer. This belief is incorrect Headmaster. I am a contractor, not an employee. You have no say in precisely how I fulfill the contract as long as the target is taken out. You contracted with the House of Sinanju that I perform a job under conditions that you laid out. That you were less than forthcoming with details, such as having one of the minions of my target in your employ, is your problem, not mine. If your pet Death Eater draws his wand on me again, I will kill him. If Draco Malfoy or any other student draws a wand on me in anger I will respond.”

“Severus Snape is no more a Death Eater than I am.”

“Headmaster that is one of them most mind-numbingly stupid thing I’ve ever heard anyone say. He wears the Dark Mark. Do you have any idea just how one goes about getting one of those things?”

That question surprised Dumbledore. “It is a mark of servitude. Severus joined them as a young man, but left to come back to the light.”

“You couldn’t be more wrong Headmaster.” Harry shook his head. “Yesterday I had an opportunity to commune with a Dark Mark.”

“That was you? The one that killed ten Death Eaters in Diagon Alley?” Professor McGonagall asked refusing to ask him how he was keeping his legs in mid air like that.

“Four Death Eaters Professor, not ten.” Harry corrected. “I came into physical contact with the Dark Mark. Do you know how that particular variant of the protean charm is sealed?”

“A protean charm is sealed in blood.” Dumbledore said dismissively.

“Oh very good Headmaster.” Sarcasm dripped from Harry’s voice. “You’ve never examined your staff Death Eater’s Mark then? Sealing the Dark Mark does in fact require blood. The blood of an innocent. To get his Mark, your Severus murdered a virgin, and if the mark I contacted is representative, raped her first. The innocent’s soul is used to bind the Mark, as her blood is used to seal it. No one stops being a Death Eater; they just transition to being a Dead Death Eater.”

The door to the Headmaster’s office burst open revealing Severus Snape who was trailed by Narcissa Malfoy.

“Headmaster, I see you have apprehended the animal that attacked my son.”

“Oh, good,” Harry said smiling, rising to his feet in a fluid motion. “The Death Eater returns for round two.”

Snape, his shoulder immobilized and right arm in a sling, fumbled for his wand with his left hand, until the Headmaster placed his hand on the Potion Master’s uninjured shoulder. “Severus...”

“I assume you have called the Aurors Dumbledore?” Narcissa asked eying Harry and his attire with an unusual level of attention.

“Good idea Headmaster.” Harry agreed. “After all, we wouldn’t want Death Eaters to be allowed to roam the castle at will, protecting the degenerate rapist offspring of other Death Eaters, would we?”

“Are you calling me a Death Eater?” the woman sniffed.

“Not at all, Draco did however identify his father as a follower of Voldemort, threatened that ‘the Dark Lord would kill my family’” Harry smiled when everyone in the room save Dumbledore flinched at the mention of the Dark Lord’s nom de guerre. “I notice that you haven’t disputed that your son is a degenerate. He was attempting to molest a young woman when I stopped him.”

The woman’s eyes narrowed. “You cannot get away with lying about my son! My Husband was never a Death Eater, that Mark was put on him while he was under the Imperius!”

“We were just discussing the Dark Mark before you came in Madam Malfoy.” The boy had an infuriating smile, and lovely eyes... “I’m sure you would be amazed to learn that among the requirements for the Mark to function is that it must be taken willingly. As far as your son goes, I’m willing to tell my story under Veritaserum, I suspect that Susan Bones would be as well. Is Draco? Or your husband for that matter?” Harry turned his attention to the glowering Potions Master. “How about you Death Eater? Are you willing to go three drops?”

“Mr. Potter.” The Headmaster said, “You cannot speak to the staff like that.”

Narcissa Malfoy stormed from the office wishing that she had truly been shocked by the revelation of what her son had attempted to do. How had the boy she gave birth to become someone who would force himself on a woman and on Susan Bones no less? Despite her words to the contrary, she had believed the raven haired boy... no man, as soon as he had spoken. Draco had succeeded far too well in becoming his father.

But it was the dynamic in the office that was the most confusing. What was going on? Potter wasn’t reacting like a student; he didn’t seem intimidated in the slightest by being in the Headmasters Office.

Narcissa had been able to read Severus’ body language since they were in school. As much as Severus had hated James Potter, the man was frightened of Potter’s son. Severus Snape, the scourge of students since he arrived at Hogwarts was afraid of a sixteen year old boy...

What was going on? And why was she imagining what that boy would look like out of those horrid Muggle clothes?

---===oooOOOooo===---

Hannah Abbott exited the dormitory's bath trying to pull a brush through her hair while simultaneously pulling her bathrobe tighter around her. As far north as the School was, the nights of September were more than a little chilly.

This was why the young woman was so surprised to find her best friend in a very short, very tight night shirt.

“Susan? You’re going to freeze in that”

Susan looked to the other girls in the dorm preparing for bed, then took hold of Hannah’s hand and pulled her out the dormitory into the hall.

“I’ve scheduled the couple’s room for tonight.”

“What? With who?”

“Harry Potter.”

“Susan!” Hannah was aghast. What had happened to her demure friend? “I know you think he saved you from Malfoy, but...”

“Hannah, I’m not trying to reward him for what he did to Malfoy. It’s just I... I want to be in control, alright? I want to be in charge of my sex life.”

“Ok, fine. I can see that I guess.” Hannah said feeling a bit jealous. She and Neville hadn’t gone that far yet. “But why Potter? Why not Justin? You and he had a good relationship last year. Or Ernie?”

“Justin and I are over. He would see making love as resurrecting our relationship. And Ernie? Hannah, he’s bent. I love him like a brother, but he has absolutely no interest in me or any other woman.” The redhead paused. “Why Harry? You’ve seen him; do I really need a better reason than that?”

“Susan...” Hannah was at a loss for something to say. “Susan, just be careful, ok?”

---===oooOOOooo===---

“I’m not sure I’m comfortable with your pretending to be a student Mr. Potter.”

The young man shrugged. “It wasn’t my idea Professor.” Harry followed his new Head of House through the maze that made up the interior of the castle. “Headmaster Dumbledore insisted. He seems to feel that I need to be here.”

“You’re going to cost Hufflepuff house points, aren’t you?”

“I have no idea.” Harry said. “What are house points?”

“House points are a scoring system used to track the achievements of a house in comparison to the others.” Sprout explained.

“Oh. Well, my teachers tell me that I’m mostly adequate in my studies, so on that basis, I guess I wouldn’t be costing you anything, unless Hogwarts has higher standards than what I’m used to.” The young man seemed to think for a moment. “In fairness, perhaps you should petition the Headmaster to have me removed from the house point competition, since I’m not really a student.”

“I’ll consider that.” The woman said as she led him down the stairs to the entrance to the Hufflepuff Common room. She paused at the entrance. “Mr. Potter?”

“Yes Professor?”

“I would like to thank you for how you defended Ms. Bones. The last few months have been hard on her.” The woman seemed like she was going to say something else, but appeared to change her mind. “Your dormitory assignment is on the notice board inside the common room. The password for this door changes periodically, and is currently ‘trust me’. The prefects will notify you of any changes. My office hours are posted on the notice board and my office is the next door down this passage on the left. Your class assignments will be handed out tomorrow at breakfast. Do you have any questions for me before I say good night?”

“No Professor, I’ll be alright.”

“I’ll be saying good night to you.”

Harry watched as the older woman walked away, then he turned to the door and said “Trust me.”

---===oooOOOooo===---

Entering the Common Room, Harry was surprised to find it almost empty. It was almost midnight, but his experience at the Kumsilu School had led him to expect that there would be something of a ‘start of term’ party going on.

Well he was in a different country after all, perhaps the British were just different, though truly he hadn’t seen all that much in the way of difference earlier, it was as Chiun had always told him, ‘People are all pretty much the same. Stupid.’

Almost empty. He caught a hint of a familiar perfume in the air. There she was. Susan Bones, dozing on the sofa. Waiting for him?

Harry knelt beside the sofa and lightly touched the redhead on her shoulder. “Susan?”

Her eyes opened sleepily. “Hey Harry. I waited for you. To welcome you to the house.”

“Thank you.” Harry smiled “Don’t you think you should get to your bed? This old couch can’t be all that comfortable.

The girl stretched, she had evidently grown a bit recently, or she was trying to send him a message by intentionally wearing some fairly tight sleepwear. Some very nice flesh was exposed by her stretching and some very nice curves were emphasized by the tight material.

“I also wanted to thank you for your help on the train today.”

“Like I told you at the time,” Harry brushed a bit of her hair from Susan’s eyes. “Abusing idiots is its own reward.”

The girl took his face in her hands and pulled him into a kiss. “Maybe it is, but I want to offer my own reward for your efforts.”

The girl stood up from the sofa and pulled Harry to his feet. “We in Hufflepuff maintain a suite just for special rewards.” She said linking her arm with his and guiding Harry toward a door. “Officially it’s a guest suite, but unofficially it’s a couple’s room.”

“But we’re not a couple.”

“We are tonight.”

---===**oooOOOooo**===---

Step four. Harry thought as he rippled the fingertips of his left hand in a figure eight pattern in the small of Susan’s back. The girl cooed and bit down on his left shoulder. So far, so good.

Step five. Harry pushed his thumb into the inside of her left knee, and then he used both hands to manipulate the nerve clusters in her armpits simultaneously. The girl moved into an intense orgasm. Back off... back off...

Step eight and nine. He started massaging the insides of both of her thighs

“HARRY! OH MERLIN HARRRY! LOVE ME LOVE ME LOVE ME!” The redhead shouted as she thrashed underneath him in her second orgasm in less than twenty seconds.

Oh hell. Harry thought as his left hand moved from her thigh to her right breast. Step ten. Maybe it was his rhythm. Maybe slowing down would make the difference... Harry lightly pinched the girl’s nipple

Susan stopped her thrashing and arched her back in yet another orgasm. Harry recognized this as signaling that the session was now over.

“oh Harry.” She moaned as she clung to him, “oh. So good. So good. Oh Harry.”

Crap! Harry thought as he rolled over on to his back, pulling the girl with him. Step ten. What was he doing wrong?

---===oooOOOooo===---

Hannah Abbott crept into the Common Room.

The room was lit only by the banked fire in the hearth, but her eyes were sufficiently adapted to the dark that she could clearly see that Susan was not on her normal sofa. So, Susan had actually done it. Actually taken a man she had only met today to bed.

The loss of her Aunt Amelia had affected Susan more than Hannah had suspected. It must be the pressure of being the last of the Bones, the last of her family. The only thing that had kept Susan from being placed into an adopted home was the fact that her 17th birthday was a few weeks away and school had been about to start..

“HARRY! OH MERLIN HARRRY! LOVE ME LOVE ME LOVE ME!” Susan’s voice rang out from the couple’s room.

What was he doing to Susan?

Hannah stared at the door to the Hufflepuff couple’s room for a moment, wondering if Harry might be convinced to teach Neville to do it to her...

---===oooOOOooo===---

Hannah woke to find Susan’s bed surrounded by the other Hufflepuff sixth year girls as well as most of the seventh years and a smattering of the fifth. Susan was sitting on the bed swinging her feet with a goofy grin plastered across her face.

“Good morning?” Hannah said. The crowd of girls turned to look at the blond for a moment then returned their attention to Susan.

“Alright Sue. Tell us about him.” Kira Peakes, a seventh year, said. “You woke up half the house last night. You owe it to us to spill the details.”

Susan giggled.

“She woke all of you up as well?” Hannah asked as she pulled on her dressing gown.

“Four bloody times,” Megan Jones noted.

“After the noises you made, I’m surprised you managed to make down to your bed.” Morag McKenzie, another 7th year, added.

“Actually I don’t remember coming back to here at all.” Susan said, still smiling. “All I remember is Wow!”

“Bloody hell.” Morag breathed.

“What did he do to you Sue?” Hannah asked.

“Wow.”

“Sue!” Morag all but shouted.

“I think he called it a Number Ten.” Susan giggled some more. “Harry kept muttering and counting up to ten. I just call it wow.”

“Orgasms by the numbers?” Kira said incredulously. “I’ve got to get me some of that!”

“Wow!” Susan agreed giggling as she rolled over onto her side.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Remo opened his mail drop box and retrieved the pair of envelopes inside, with a smile to the girl behind the counter, exited the post office.

The first envelope smelled of the chemically treated paper that Smitty had taken to using, once opened Remo would have less than twenty minutes to get the information contained within before it all dissolved to nothing. Of course the contents were already moot given that Smitty had called this morning and canceled the job detailed in the letter due to the target having attracted the attention of some competitors.

Another smile crossed his lips. The other envelope bore international postage from the UK. Harry. Remo recalled Chiun mentioning that the kid had taken his first commission in the UK... Harry had grown up so fast. With a flick of his wrist the envelope was shredded and Harry’s letter unfolded in his hand.

*Remo:*

*Have arrived in Scotland for my first solo contract.*

*Now the boring part starts, waiting for the target to show himself. The Client has insisted that I be inserted in his school masquerading as a student rather than going looking for this Voldemort character. This sounded simple while sitting in on Little Father’s negotiations with the client, but it has turned out to be a pain in the ass.*

*I really don’t know how you put up with all your undercover work, I really don’t.*

*Anyway I arrived in London to find that the Client had arranged a police escort for me. I kid you not. An honest to god Magical cop. It turns out that I’m some kind of celebrity here, something to do with that soul fragment that the Mages of Kumsilu pulled out of my head. Anyway they tried to put me up in a real flea bag of a hotel, but Chiun had added an expenses clause to the contract, so I backed out of the dump and took my escort to the Savoy.*

*Did I mention that my escort is a female type cop in her early to mid twenties? Or that the 'overwhelming physical attraction' thing you complain about all the time works on Witches too? I love being me.*

*Anyway after some exercises with the young lady, and getting Little Father a souvenir, I accidentally made contact with some of the target's muscle. Tonks, the female cop took one out before she got hit by some of their combat magic, so I ended up killing four of the five remaining and crippled the team leader, a psychotic piece of work named Bellatrix Lestrange, before sending her back to her boss using her own 'Portkey' magical transportation device.*

*I know, I know, you're surprised I didn't just use the Portkey myself. Believe it or not, I've learned not to just bull my way into things... and it only took you and Little Father about six years to beat that into my head. I sent the crazy woman back with a message. From what I've read of this Voldemort clown, he won't take taunting all that well and should be responding before very long.*

*That being said, I'm at the school now, and already had a run in with one of the teachers, it turns out that my Client actually knowingly employs one of the Target's people. All of Voldemort's minions are bound to him using a particularly horrible version of soul magic. The Client thinks that the marked teacher is a spy, and he clearly is, but I suspect for both sides. I also got to play with a couple of the local bullies.*

*That's my news, but I've got a question for you.*

*My question concerns the 37 Steps to Sexual Ecstasy, as I seem to be doing something wrong. Since the lessons you provided I have had the opportunity to practice with nine women, and only one of them allowed me to get beyond step eight, and she only allowed me to get to step ten, then passed out moaning my name. I tried with her three more times, varying my rhythm, and my speed of advance, but the result was the same, she passed out, once at step eight, and twice at step nine.*

*I don't understand it. I've gone over the notes that Little Father gave me, and the exercises you taught me, but so far my progress in this particular area has been stalemated. How am I supposed to master the technique if I can never finish the entire procedure?*

*I'm hoping you can offer some suggestions. I just know that Little Father isn't going to be satisfied with my progress in this. You know what he's like.*

*Anyway, that's all that's going on here, looking forward to finishing this job so that maybe we could hang out a bit.*

*- Harry*

Remo read the letter twice, and then started laughing. The boy was complaining because he was too successful in the sack. This was just too good; he was going to have to share it with Chiun. The big man picked up the phone while trying to remember which of his alias had the largest number of Sky Miles to use in making arrangements for a trip to South Korea.

-----oooOOOooo-----

Harry had been looking forward to this class since his encounter with Professor Death Eater the day before. To find out that someone so easily dealt with was supposed to teach a class in defense against anything amused the young man to no end. He intended to attend the various classes he had been assigned to as little as possible, but the Death Eater; well he was a special case.

The door to the instructor's office opened and Snape swept into the room, his robes billowing about him. The man spotted Harry sitting at the table in the back of the room and stopped in his tracks.

"Potter!" the man hissed. "How did you get in here?"

"There are no locked doors for a properly trained man" Harry said quoting Chiun.

"That's not an answer Potter."

"It's all you're going to get Death Eater."

"You're an arrogant little boy aren't you Potter?" Snape took on an evil grin. "Perhaps removing one hundred points from Hufflepuff will bring you down to Earth."

Harry shrugged. "Make it two hundred. House points don't mean a thing to me Death Eater, though it might sour your relationship with your fellow Head of House. I hear rumors that you're a real bastard in the classroom Death Eater, pathetically unbalanced toward anyone who isn't in your house. I'm not sure what is more sad, the fact that you do it, or that you are telling them that getting preferential treatment is the only way they can survive. I thought I'd come early to let you know that I won't be putting up with it. If you pull your crap with me I'll humiliate you."

"You will humiliate me?" Snape scoffed.

"I've already done it once Death Eater." Harry noted.

"You will address me properly boy."

"I thought I was Death Eater. Aren't you proud of your beliefs? The only reason you're still breathing is that Dumbledore finds some use for you. Anyway tell me, the virgin you raped to bind your Mark, did she cry? Did killing her get you all stiff again?"

His face a mask of rage, Snape stormed to the classroom door and yanked it open; there he faced the assembled Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws. Silence fell over the queue immediately.

"Inside," he said.

The students filed into the room. Evidently Harry had chosen correctly when he sat down because the Ravenclaw students made for the far side of the room, while the Hufflepuffs filled in the seats on his side of the room. Justin Finch-Fletchley took the seat to Harry's immediate right. All over

the room students began pulling their books and note taking materials from their bags.

“I have not asked you to take out your books,” said Snape, closing the door and moving to face the class from behind his desk; throughout the room copies of *Confronting the Faceless* were dropped back into bags and stowed under chairs. “I wish to speak to you, and I want your fullest attention.”

Snape’s black eyes roved over their upturned faces, lingering for a fraction of a second longer on Harry’s than anyone else’s. Harry rewarded the man’s attention with a wide grin.

“You have had five teachers in this subject so far, I believe. Naturally, these teachers will all have had their own methods and priorities. Given this confusion I am surprised so many of you scraped an O.W.L. in this subject. I shall be even more surprised if all of you manage to keep up with the N.E.W.T. work, which will be more advanced.”

“Mr. Potter!” Snape barked, “What was your OWL score in Defense Against the Dark Arts?”

“As you are well aware Professor, the Kumsilu School does not participate in the British testing system.”

“So you admit you are not qualified to be in this class...”

“However, I have the School’s top marks in combat magic. Those classes are taught by veterans of the Wars in South East Asia that coincided with Europe’s adventures with Grindelwald.”

“Ah yes, that minor conflict.” Snape said triumphantly.

“Minor conflict? I do hope you know Defense better than you know your Recent History Professor. The Asian warlords made Grindelwald seem like an overly ambitious first year.”

Snape set off around the perimeter of the chamber, speaking now in a lower voice; the students craned their necks to keep him in view. “The Dark Arts,” said Snape, “are many, varied, ever-changing, and eternal. Fighting them is like fighting a many-headed monster, which, each time a neck is severed, sprouts a head even fiercer and cleverer than before. You are fighting that which is unfixed, mutating, indestructible.”

Harry snorted.

“You find my lecture humorous Mr. Potter?” Snape asked dangerously.

“Yes I do. Any thinking person would. The Dark Arts are eternal? Indestructible? Honestly, you make me laugh. Nothing is indestructible, nothing is eternal, every man can be killed, and every idea can die. Hell, Voldemort was destroyed by a child.”

“DO NOT SPEAK HIS NAME!” Snape screamed his eyes wide. Throughout the room people quaked at the name.

“You want to teach Defense and you’re afraid of a name? Voldemort, Voldemort, Voldemort. It’s

just a name.” Harry maintained a steady eye contact with the man as if daring him to say anything. “Somehow the monster resurrected himself, probably with the help of his cowardly Death Eaters. That’s a stupid name for a group of terrorists too frightened to show their faces, wouldn’t you agree Professor?”

“Do not say that name.” Snape hissed. “If you must refer to him at all call him the Dark Lord.”

“Dark Lord? Are you kidding me? From what peerage does he get a Lordship?” Harry laughed. “You’d really have to be pathetically stupid to think this dink is some kind of ‘Lord’.”

Snape attempted to swallow his anger and restarted his lecture.

“Your defenses against practitioners of the Dark Arts,” said Snape, a little louder, “must therefore be as flexible and creative as the arts you seek to undo. These pictures” he indicated a few of the photos on the walls of the classroom, “illustrate what happens to those who suffer, for instance, the Cruciatus Curse” he waved a hand toward a witch who was clearly screaming in agony “feel the Dementor’s Kiss” a wizard lying huddled and blank-eyed, slumped against a wall “or provoke the aggression of the Inferius” a bloody mass upon ground.

“Have Inferi been seen, then?” asked a tall girl on the Ravenclaw side of the room. “Is it definite, is he using them?”

“The Dark Lord has used Inferi in the past,” said Snape, “which means you would be well-advised to assume he might use them again. Now...”

He set off again around the other side of the classroom toward his desk, and again, they watched him as he walked, his dark robes billowing behind him.

“Mr. Potter, what is the best defense against the Cruciatus?”

“Avoid being hit by the curse. The best way to do this is to kill the caster before he finishes the incantation.”

Snape seemed taken aback at Harry’s response. “An interesting answer Mr. Potter, and if the caster was some distance away, say the distance I am from you?”

“Perhaps we should say the distance your stuffed Troll head is from me?”

“Fine. The caster is starting the incantation, how do you stop him at that distance without casting the killing curse?”

There was a loud thunk in the otherwise silent classroom, Snape turned to find a galleon coin buried between the eyes of the Troll head. He hadn’t even seen the boy move.

“That would focus the caster’s attention quite effectively.” Harry said. “I thought that the Headmaster might have taken exception to my doing that to you...”

-----oooOOOooo-----

Lucius Malfoy entered the room of his families' ancestral home that the Dark Lord had claimed as his own.

The room had originally been a ball room, and then the Dark Lord had changed it to an ornate throne room from which he ruled his minions and plotted his conquest of the world. Those plots were foiled by the Potter boy and whatever it was the boy had done that Halloween night in 1981 prior to Potter's disappearance.

Lucius had protected the throne room all through the years of the Dark Lord's absence, protected it against investigations from the Ministry, the snooping of the Unspeakables, and even to the social ambitions of his wife. He knew that the Dark Lord would return, had not his master told all of the Death Eaters time and again that he was immortal?

The head of the Malfoy clan still felt shame that he had not been chosen to participate in the rebirth of the Dark Lord; he consoled himself that if he had, then the plan would not have gone so horribly wrong. Still, at least the Dark Lord had returned to them.

Once the throne had been in the center of the room, but not it sat in a darkened corner, completely in shadows and was shrouded in the mists of multiple potions designed to keep the host under control and pacified.

Lucius assumed the position of supplication that the Dark Lord demanded and waited to be recognized. Sometimes this was a long wait, but not today.

"Rise Lucius. Rise and speak."

"I bring news My Lord." Lucius said, keeping his eyes focused on the ground. Since his rebirth the Death Eaters were forbidden to look upon their Lord. "Our healers have been unable to find the cause of Bellatrix's pain. They tell me that they can find nothing wrong. We obtained the cooperation of a specialist healer from St. Mungos, who also couldn't find anything, not even while we were torturing her husband and daughters." They had also kidnapped a Muggle doctor who also found nothing, but Lucius wasn't going to tell the Dark Lord that.

"A pity. Bellatrix was useful to me, especially considering my current needs. Kill her." The raspy voice of the reborn Dark Lord still put Lucius on edge. "Was there anything else?"

"Yes My Lord. I have reports of Harry Potter."

"Speak."

"I have confirmation that Potter is indeed at Hogwarts as an unusually powerful sixth year."

"You hesitate Lucius?"

"He challenges you My Lord. Upon meeting my son he injured the boy for no reason and told him

to send you a message through me.”

“He sent a similar message through Bellatrix.” Voldemort admitted thinking out loud. “My sources in the school tell me that a Hogsmeade weekend is coming in two weeks. Have Macnair take a squad of my first line troops and capture Harry Potter. They are to kill any children not belonging to my followers. If anyone harms Potter, the fate of Bartemius Crouch Jr. will become a fond memory.”

---===oooOOOooo===---

There she was. It had taken almost half an hour to find her. Neville shook his head. Somehow it had never occurred to him to look for his fellow Gryffindor Prefect to be sitting in the courtyard between the greenhouses with a sampling of the Outcasts.

Hermione and he had formed the Outcasts quietly back in first year, out of a need they both had to have someone, anyone to talk to. Neville recalled his own painful shyness and lack of self confidence that had led him to be a complete disaster in almost every class, with the notable exception being Herbology. Hermione on the other hand was at the top of every class, even potions despite Snape actively hating her and everything about her.

The two had found each other after that horrible first Halloween at Hogwarts and Hermione’s terrifying encounter with the troll. The friendship that had blossomed back then had become the cornerstone of both of their lives with the Longbottoms introducing the Grangers to the Magical world and the Grangers returning the favor in the Muggle. Neville had never dreamed that he would ever have seen his staid grandmother riding a ‘roller coaster’ as she had when the Grangers had invited them to an amusement park the previous summer.

Gran had been hinting about starting up negotiations with the Grangers. Neville knew he was going to have to put a stop to that. He should probably also mention it to the women in his life, if they found out about it from anyone else, Hermione would kill him and Hannah would never forgive him.

“Luna,” Hermione was saying as Neville approached, “I’ll admit you were right about Harry Potter being raised in Korea, but that doesn’t mean he was being trained as an assassin by an ancient house of assassins.”

“Daddy had a full section on the secret life of Harry Potter three years ago Hermione,” Luna Lovegood sniffed. “He clearly demonstrated his skill in Diagon Alley on the 31st of August, and you yourself saw him deal with Snape for trying to hex him on the first.” The blond took on a self satisfied expression. “The sooner everyone realizes that my Daddies’ paper is the single source for accurate reporting in the world, the happier everyone will be.”

A smattering of laughter rippled through the other students as Hermione Granger’s mouth opened and closed several times without her managing to actually say anything. The Lovegood/Granger debates were always favorites amongst the Outcasts.

“All right Luna.” Millicent Bulstrode said, a half blood shorted into Slytherin house, Millie had been one of the first to join the Outcasts and in fact named the group. “If Potter is an assassin, what’s he doing here?”

“He’s obviously here because the Goblins have decided that the Dark Lord’s continued existence would be bad for business, and a bad time in business is when Minister Fudge would be most prone to making pies from captured Goblins. So the Goblins have hired Harry Potter to finish the job he started as a toddler.”

“Luna, that’s absurd! In this day and age...” Once again Hermione was at a loss for words. As funny as it was, Neville decided to rescue his fellow Prefect.

“Excuse me everyone.” He said with his now trademark smile. “Hermione, Professor McGonagall would like to speak with all the Gryffindor Prefects about the first Hogsmeade Weekend.”

“Of course Neville.” Hermione gathered her things into her book bag, and then rose to her feet. “Is the meeting in her office?”

“Yes. No hurry, it’s not until 3:30, we’ve got twenty minutes yet.”

“Excuse us everyone.” Hermione said. “A Prefect’s job is never done.”

As the pair walked away, Hermione shot her friend a sidelong glance. “Saving me from Luna again?”

“No, not really.” Neville smiled. “The meeting is coming up, and besides I wanted to talk to you. As far as Luna goes, you’ve got to remember a couple of things. She’s a ‘claw. That automatically means she’s not stupid. Secondly, her paternal line has been almost exclusively ‘claws for centuries, which means her father isn’t stupid either. Weird maybe, but not stupid.”

“But...”

“That’s why you will absolutely never win an argument with Luna. You are both highly intelligent, but you rely on solely on facts and she relies on facts and belief in her father. When facts and belief come into conflict, belief trumps facts every single time.”

“But...”

“Besides, your exchanges are lots of fun for the rest of us, but you actually get upset.”

“I know.” Hermione sighed. “It’s just that she’s so...” The bushy haired girl shook her head. “You said you wanted to talk to me?”

“Yes, I was wondering how good a sense of humor your father has.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’ve been trying to think of a way to talk to you about this since the Express. Gran has been talking about opening negotiations with your father.”

Hermione’s brow furrowed. Neville recognized her normal expression for confusion. “Negotiations for what?”

“Hermione, you have to realize that Gran is from a real traditionalist background.”

“Negotiations for what Neville?”

“A marriage contract. She told me that she couldn’t imagine me doing any better.”

Hermione was silent for a few moments. Neville knew that this was not a good sign.

“A marriage contract? Is this a joke Neville? You’ll note I’m not laughing.”

“Not a joke. She’s serious. I told her that it wouldn’t work between us, but she’s got her heart set on it.”

“I see.” Hermione said in a tone that told Neville she would soon be in the library researching this facet of Wizarding Society to within an inch of its life. “So when she told you that she couldn’t imagine you doing better was that a slap at you or a compliment toward me?”

“Definitely a compliment toward you. Gran likes you, likes that you stand up for yourself and you don’t take anything from anyone.”

“Hmm. And what has Hannah said about this?”

Neville blushed. “I haven’t exactly told her yet.”

“Do so. Soon.” Hermione ordered. “I’ll let Daddy know what your Grandmother is going to propose... Hopefully he’ll let her down gently.”

“Then again, he might think I’m a great catch and sign you up... Especially after he sees the bride price offer.”

“Neville...” Hermione growled while wondering what a bride price was and how much might be offered for her. The pair walked in silence for a few more moments. “Why did you tell your Grandmother that it wouldn’t work between us?”

“Because marrying you would be like marrying my bossy older sister.”

“Well, marrying you would be like marrying an annoying little brother.”

“We’re in agreement then?” Neville asked smiling.

“I guess.”

The pair had arrived at the door to Professor McGonagall's office. Hermione straightened her robes and glanced to Neville. "Ready?" Upon receiving his nod, she knocked on the door.

---===oooOOOooo===---

"Mischief Managed"

Hermione Granger folded the map and placed it in her book bag. The map had been a gift from the Weasley Twins when she had gotten her Prefect's badge the previous year.

*"Use it in good humor" Fred had told her.*

*"Don't be a prat with it." George agreed. "The only way you can have effective pranksters is to have an effective opposition."*

*"We're trusting you to use it to keep the kids from hurting themselves or others," Fred said having stolen her badge and was buffing it on his sleeve.*

*"But remember; let them have a little fun." George concluded as Fred pinned her newly shined badge onto Hermione's robes. "You need to have a little fun too."*

Fred and George had befriended her following the Troll incident her first year, and then had gone as far as to more or less adopted her following the death of their younger sister her second year.

This relationship between the Twins and Hermione had infuriated both Ron and Percy Weasley, though for different reasons. Ron because he still resented her for the brotherly attitude adjustment the twins had administered to him as soon as they found out that his actions had contributed to putting Hermione into the path of the Troll. Percy, well as far as Percy was concerned, Hermione was to be held at arm's length because of her friendship with the twins.

Hermione liked to think that she had honored the Twins in her application of Prefect justice using the map. She stopped the dangerous things that she had found using the Map, but she allowed many things to slide.

School had been in session for two weeks, and so far this year, Hermione usually patrolled alone, mostly because of the map, but also because there was something about her that alienated most of the other Prefects. Neville was a good friend, but he had been dating Hannah Abbott from Hufflepuff since the previous May, so more often than not those two patrolled together. But being alone suited Hermione just fine. It allowed her to keep a special eye on those that interested her.

One of her current subjects of interest was on the other side of the door in front of her. As quietly as she could she pushed the door open and stepped into the unused classroom. The room had been magically enlarged to the size of the Great Hall and was cleared of all furnishings. The floor was... was covered in some sort of... wet tissue paper? Looking down Hermione saw that her steps into the room had torn the paper under her feet.

"Good morning Prefect Granger."

Hermione looked up in time to see Harry Potter cartwheeling through the center of the room, somehow leaving the damp paper unmarred. He appeared to be dressed in blue jeans, a dark blue tee-shirt with some slogan she couldn't make out on the chest and white trainers.

“What are you doing?” She asked in amazement. “How are you doing that?”

“I am doing my morning exercises.” The raven haired man said, ending his cartwheel in a handstand. “You will have to be more specific as to what in particular you want to know how I am doing.”

Hermione watched as he moved into a one handed hand stand. She was finding it very hard to concentrate on anything beyond how his body moved, and what it might be like if he were to move his body against her own. “How are... how are you not destroying the paper on the floor?”

The young man shot her an upside down grin and raised up onto the fingertips of his left hand. “Practice. Years and years of practice. My father is of the opinion that my balance is flawed. Personally I don't see it, but the Master of Sinanju is rarely wrong. So I practice.”

He began bouncing on his fingertips, each bounce pushing him six inches off the floor, the tissue paper under his hand remained undisturbed. Hermione's mouth went very dry while watching him move. After the tenth bounce Harry flipped onto his feet. Now she could read the writing on his chest. In yellow letters a portion of the 23rd psalm was clearly displayed: ‘*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:*’ That seemed to Hermione to be an odd thing to have on a tee-shirt.

Harry's wand was suddenly in his hand, the man made several precise gestures and the damp tissue was gone, the floor was dry, and the room had reverted to its original dimensions.

“Was there something you needed Prefect Granger?”

“I was...” she swallowed trying to refocus on what she was saying. “I was doing an early morning patrol and thought I heard something in here.”

Harry cocked his head at her. “No, no you didn't. There wasn't any noise coming from in here. You didn't follow me here.” Again he waved his very short wand. “I don't seem to have any tracking charms on me, yet you knew that I was in here. That is a puzzle. I like puzzles.” Harry watched her expression change to one of guarded hostility. “Don't worry Prefect Granger; I won't look into your secrets. I've got some of my own.” Again that easy smile came to his lips. “Though I'll probably keep wondering how you found me...”

“I... I...” why wouldn't the words come around him? Why was she always so distracted?

“Well, I'd best get back to the dorm, I need to get my books and get some breakfast.”

“Goodbye.” Goodbye? Why had she said that? Why did he have her so out of control? As Harry passed through the doorway Hermione caught sight of the back of his shirt. ‘Because I'm the

meanest son of a bitch in the valley’.

What was it about that boy?

----===oooOOOooo===----

Harry was sitting on a stone fence juggling half dozen rocks of various sizes to the amusement of the local children as well as a few of the local mothers. So far the trip to Hogsmeade had turned out to be a colossal waste of time. If you didn’t want to eat toxic food, drink poisonous beverages or spend outrageous sums for books freely available in the Hogwarts library, there was damned little to do in this town. It didn’t even have a movie theater which was usually a saving grace of a western town.

“How do you do that?” a young boy Harry estimated as being around six asked.

“What? The juggling or the breathing properly?”

“The juggling dummy. Anyone can breathe.” The boy responded.

“Actually, very few people breathe properly, but the answer to both the breathing and the juggling is practice. You could learn to do both if you are willing to practice.”

“Ahh.” The boy shrugged. “I’d rather have my wand. Then I could make the rocks fly without using my hands.”

“Yes you could, but magic tends to make people weak. Why should they work when the magic will do it for them?”

“I dunno. It’s magic.”

“Yes it is.” Harry grinned at the boy. “But a man is more than his magic isn’t he?”

While the boy was pondering that question, Harry suddenly stiffened, catching each of the stones as they fell.

“What is it?” one of the mothers asked.

“Spell fire.” Harry said. “Someone just incanted the Cruciatus Curse. Get your children inside.”

One of the other women was dubious, “I didn’t hear anything.” She said. Then screams rent the air.

Harry transfigured his school robes (required for the visit to Hogsmeade) into a loose fitting shirt and pair of trousers while running toward the screams.

----===oooOOOooo===----

Walden Macnair released the Cruciatus on the screaming girl, and then bent down to lift the girl to her feet by grabbing a handful of hair. He spied the badge on the Asian girl's robes.

"Dumbledore's allowing wogs to be Heads now is he?" the big man asked. "Well the Dark Lord will be putting a stop to that. Where is Harry Potter girl?"

Cho Chang fought through the pain of the Cruciatus to focus on the man's face. "I don't know." She gasped. "I haven't seen him in town."

"Well how about that?" Macnair turned to the pair of Death Eater's behind him. "Kill a child every thirty seconds until Potter shows up." Still holding the Head girl Macnair looked around Hogsmeade Square. "Until your savior shows up, we kill children." The man smirked to himself. Sheep. Not one would raise a wand against a Death Eater. Six more of his men were in the square keeping the crowd properly cowed by judicious use of various curses.

Turning back to the Head girl, Macnair decided to have a little fun. After all, she wasn't going to survive the experience.

"Where is Harry Potter girl?" The former Ministry Official hissed as he leveled his wand to disfigure the young woman.

Something wet and horrible happened behind Macnair. He recognized the sound; he'd heard it before when he'd dispatched a large animal with his beloved axe. Sudden movement at ground level caught his attention, Macnair looked down to see the upper torsos of the pair of Death Eaters who had been guarding his back looking up at him, not yet dead, but pumping their blood to the pavement at an unstoppable rate.

"I'm right behind you Death Eater." A voice whispered into his ear. "Is it your time to die?" Harry drove his foot into the Death Eater's left leg, shattering the femur and knee. A shaft of ice flew from Harry's very short black wand to the chest of one of the masked men across the square. Harry danced away from Macnair and summoned both of the man's eyes to his left hand leaving the injured man crippled, blind, helpless, and screaming in agony on the ground.

Harry cast a sonorous on himself with a gesture. "All right gentlemen, you've just seen me kill three of your fellow travelers and cripple your leader in less than twenty seconds. I know what you're thinking. There are five of us and one of him; he just has to be exhausted after doing all that. But then you think, he's Harry Potter and he destroyed Voldemort as a toddler." On some level, Harry was actually enjoying this. He kept moving not allowing the Death Eaters to get a steady bead on him. A minor part of his mind wondered if any of these pureblood morons had ever seen a movie. "I'll make you a deal, drop your wands and surrender and I won't kill you."

"Am I tired? Or am I fresh as a daisy? You've got to ask yourselves," Harry was starting to feel ashamed of himself, but if Remo could get away with 'that's the biz sweetheart' then Harry could steal from a cinematic namesake. "Do you feel lucky? Well, do ya' Punks?"

Silence reined in the square for a moment, and then it was broken by the clatter of five wands

being dropped to the ground.

“Well don’t just stand there,” Harry said to the crowd as he summoned the Death Eater’s wands. “These bastards were torturing children. Maybe you should make sure they’re nice and cooperative for when the Aurors show up.”

“You said we would be safe if we surrendered!” shrieked one of the masked men as the first of the hexes hit him.

“No, I said *I* wouldn’t kill you.” Harry said as he pulled down the Death Eater’s own Anti-apparation wards.

----===oooOOOooo===----

“Sweet Merlin, Morgana and Maeve!”

Harry looked up from massaging Cho Chang’s back. “Auror Shacklebolt, good to see you again.”

“What the hell happened here?” The bald Auror asked staring at the bisected bodies in the street.

“They were looking for Harry.” Cho said, “They were going to kill everyone until they got him.”

“Walk me through what happened Potter.”

More than a dozen Aurors were spread throughout the square taking witness statements after several of their fellows had secured the prisoners.

“I was a couple of streets over juggling for some kids when the trouble started...” Harry described in detail everything he did from his first hearing the spell fire until the Aurors had arrived.

“Why did you blind the leader after you crippled him?”

“Wanted to make sure he got at least a measure of what he was doing to others.” Harry shrugged. “Besides, I didn’t know that the others were going to surrender and you got all bitchy with me last time when I didn’t leave you anyone to question.”

Shacklebolt wanted to dispute the characterization of ‘bitchy’ but let it slide. “And the five who surrendered? Why didn’t you protect them from the crowd?”

“You mean the crowd that they had just moments before been torturing? I wasn’t aware that I should have protected the Death Eaters. You forget I’m an alien to this culture, for all I knew it was traditional to treat Death Eaters like that.”

“Smart ass.” Shacklebolt grumbled. “All right, head on back to the castle, Dumbledore will want to speak to you no doubt.”

“No doubt. If you manage to squeeze Voldemort’s location from these idiots, let me know would

you? The sooner he's dead the sooner I can go home.”

Shacklebolt walked away shaking his head. With this many witnesses, this was promising to be a long night.

Harry turned to start the trek back to the castle. The carriages would be full carrying the frightened children back to the castle; it would probably be quicker to walk. Harry started to cross the street.

“Stop where you are Harry Potter.” Piped a young voice.

Harry turned to find a young girl with silvery blond hair, no more than ten years old staring at him with her hands on her hips.

“Why did you take so long with the Auror Harry Potter? How rude! You will come with me now.”

Harry found himself smiling at being ordered around by such a pretty little thing. “I'm sorry, I'd love to play with you, but I've got some business to take care of at the school. Maybe we can play together over the next Hogsmeade Weekend.”

The little girl stamped her foot. “I do not want to play with you fool. I am here to bring you to my mother. I warn you she will be most cross if you delay any longer.”

The possibility of a trap flickered across Harry's mind, but truly he couldn't imagine Voldemort having the guile to even dream of trying to pull this one off. “All right little general, lead me to your mother.”

---===oooOOOooo===---

Harry followed the young girl from the street into the Three Broomsticks, and then up the stairs to a meeting room on the first floor. There he found himself face to face with possibly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

“Mr. Potter.” She said gesturing for him to sit. “I am *Apolline Delacour*”

“*Madam Delacour.*” Harry nodded and continued in French. “*The young lady was most insistent that I come with her to speak with you.*”

The woman looked fondly at the young girl. “*Gabrielle can be quite forceful in her requests. When I came to Britain to see you Mr. Potter, I never expected such a show of skill.*”

Harry shrugged. “*Quite honestly, I don't understand how the Death Eaters have gotten such a reputation. They seemed to be capable of terrorizing children, but whenever someone stands up to them they seem to fall apart.*”

“*Mr. Potter, you are too modest. I have seen examples of your skill before, and recognize its*

source, although I must admit to being surprised seeing a Caucasian practicing the skills of Sinanju. My enclave in France employed Master Nuihc of Sinanju when I was but a girl. From hearing his discussions with the enclave elders I took it as an article of faith that his skills were not available to anyone not of Korean descent.”

“Master Nuihc is now known as Chiun, he is my Master and Adopted father. I am the second Apprentice of Sinanju.” Harry said with a bit of pride. “You said you came to speak with me?”

Apolline looked to her youngest daughter who was sitting quietly taking in every word. “Mr. Potter, what do you know of the Triwizard Tournament?”

“Nothing.” Harry admitted.

“Two years ago a competition was held at Hogwarts between Beauxbatons, Durmstrang, and Hogwarts, with each school being represented by a champion. My eldest daughter Fleur was the Beauxbatons champion.”

“You said ‘was’ I take it something happened?”

“There was a series of three ‘tasks’ spread over the school year. Victor Krum the Quidditch star won the first against a dragon. Cedric Diggory of Hogwarts won the second retrieving his hostage from the lake on the Hogwarts grounds.”

“I was Fleur’s hostage for that silly task.” Gabrielle said from where she sat.”

“Yes she was.” Apolline confirmed. “The final task was a hedgerow maze filled with magical traps and creatures. Fleur was the winner of this task, being the first to reach the Triwizard Cup. Some villain had made the cup into a contact portkey, and upon taking hold of her prize, my daughter vanished.”

Harry nodded. “I assume that she has not been seen again? Does your daughter share in your Veela gifts?”

Apolline stiffened. “She did. How did you know?”

“You mentioned being from an ‘enclave’. My master has had few nongovernmental contracts with the magical world. Not to mention you radiate the allure.”

“I was unaware that I was. You are sensitive indeed. It has been made known by several sources that Voldemort was reborn using Fleur’s life force and magic. My daughter’s body was never found. Originally I came to ask you to appeal to the British Ministry that they might put some effort into finding my daughter, but having seen you fight, I wish to offer you a contract.”

“For?”

“I want Voldemort dead. I wish to contract the House of Sinanju to kill the bastard that killed my daughter.”

*Harry hadn't been expecting that. He searched his memory to recall if Chiun had any rules against being paid twice for a single hit.*

*"That might be possible." Harry said, opening the negotiations, "of course Sinanju has never been a discount house..."*

**---===oooOOOooo===---**

The quiet of the village of Sinanju was broken by the sound of an ancient motor bike. The villagers identified the sound as the military official who occasionally delivered mail to the Master of Sinanju. The motorbike moved through the village at as great a speed as the terrified rider could coax from the machine.

Parking the bike outside the gate to the Master's house the man from Pyongyang made his way to the door of the house and softly knocked on the door. That door instantly swung open revealing the Master.

*"Yes?"*

The messenger swallowed. "A letter for the Master of Sinanju, delivered with the respects of the Supreme Peoples Assembly."

Chiun extended his hand. The messenger realized that he should have already taken the letter from his satchel, and fumbled for it before placing it in the hand of the old man.

*"You may go."*

The messenger all but ran to his motorbike, started the machine and once again set about getting as much speed from his machine as he could so that he might put as much distance between himself and the man he knew to be death incarnate.

Chiun watched as the man left the village, then returned to his home to read his letter. Only Remo or Harry would be writing him via the address that would go through the government at Pyongyang, and the handwriting told Chiun that the letter was from his youngest son.

*Father:*

*I hope this letter finds you well.*

*I continue to work on my balance using the exercises you outlined for me. I believe that you would classify my progress as satisfactory beyond the problem I have been working on with Remo.*

*I am writing this to report a business transaction that I have undertaken. After a minor confrontation with minions of my target during a weekend holiday in the Wizarding village of Hogsmeade I was approached by Apolline Delacour of the Nymphe en bois Veela enclave with a contract proposal. Madam Delacour witnessed my dealing with members of the Death Eater cult and recognized my approximation of the art that is Sinanju. She wishes to contract the house of*

*Sinanju to eliminate Voldemort, my current target.*

*I of course did not tell Madam Delacour that I was already contracted to deal with Voldemort, and did my best in the negotiations with her. Enclosed is a receipt for deposit of her draft for 5000 galleons into the Sinanju account at Gringotts. This is half of the agreed amount, the other half to be paid upon confirmation of the death of Voldemort. The client understands that the hit will not be made with the usual dispatch Sinanju is known for due to the restrictions on my movements, placed by a prior contract. That is the reason for the partial discount.*

*The primary client Dumbledore still insists that I remain at the school so progress is slow on the contract. As soon as I have any news to report I will write again.*

*Respectfully*

*Harry.*

Well done. Chiun thought. Well done indeed. Nothing like getting paid twice for the same job. Perhaps paying Harry a visit might be in order in a few months.

----===oooOOOooo===----

## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source Death Therapy**

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. Nor do I own any of the characters and situations associated with anyone named Remo Williams or indeed any of the more outgoing citizens of the small North Korean village of Sinanju . But you knew that.**

**A/N2: In which Harry takes his evening constitutional, and meets some Centaurs. The Centaurs have some questions, and Hagrid has some concerns. Draco wants to discuss Harry's actions on the train, and yet again fa down go boom. Pansy expresses her own concerns and in a frank exchange comes to understand Harry's position. The Outcasts observe one of Harry's exercises, and Neville contracts a hit.**

### **Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

#### **Chapter 4: Death Therapy**

A single strand of Acromantula silk stretched the sixty three feet between the two ancient oaks, thirty feet off the ground. Harry ran across the gossamer strand for the tenth time. He was in the middle of twenty wind sprints in the pitch darkness of the forbidden forest at midnight when the first arrow arced toward him. Slapping the shaft away, he instantly identified the shooter by the sound of the being's breathing and scent. A young centaur. Odd. Harry had encountered the Centaur herds of Mongolia and Siberia. They were a live and let live people, even Chuin approved of them. A second arrow flashed toward him. The 2nd Apprentice of Sinanju twisted his body slightly avoiding the projectile. Then Harry slid to a stop at the mid way point of the span, frowning in annoyance as a hand carved arrow passed through the space his body would have occupied if he hadn't stopped. An unprovoked attack by a *centaur* ?

One arrow coming at him might be an accident.

Two arrows could possibly be a mistake. Mistakes happen, Harry understood that.

Three arrows meant someone was using him for target practice. This was unacceptable. Why couldn't people just leave him alone when he was running though his exercises? Harry moved the maintaining of his balance from his conscious control to its usual instinctual level and focused on the young Centaur down in the darkness of the forest floor who was even then nocking arrow number four and taking aim on the apprentice.

“Hey! Pony-Boy!” Harry called to the Centaur as the fourth feathered shaft flew past his left ear. “Quit shooting arrows at me. You’re pissing me off.”

“You are trespassing in our forest Human!” The Centaur called as he let the fifth arrow fly.

A universal constant in Harry’s life seemed to be some asshole always seemed to be looking for trouble. Harry snatched the arrow from the air and side armed the shaft back to the Centaur. The arrow entered the being’s left loin. That particular spot was exceptionally vulnerable in a Centaur, and the young being collapsed in a heap with an anguished cry.

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A small hill rose in the middle of one of the few natural clearing in the Forbidden Forest. Atop the hill a cluster of seven centaurs gathered. The Elders of the herd assembled each night to examine the sky for minute changes. It had been this way since before the memory of the herd.

“The sky reveals much my brothers.” The oldest of the herd said.

“Aye Magorian,” the black haired centaur that stood to the Elder’s right said. “Mars is bright tonight.”

“Mars is indeed bright Bane,” the blond centaur standing to on the left of Magorian interrupted. “Venus, however is in retrograde, which counters the influence of Mars.”

“Firenze, do not presume to tell me of the meaning of the motion of the planets,” the centaur called Bane spat. “Venus’ ability to counter Mars is a gradual thing. Mars will be the dominant influence for several months yet.”

“Yeah, yeah. Mars is bright,” a new voice interrupted. “Venus is in retrograde and Uranus stinks. Who does this troublemaker belong to?”

Reacting as one, the seven centaurs nocked arrows in their bows and focused their aim on the unrecognized voice. They found a nondescript human yearling with black hair levitating an injured centaur colt with a centaur arrow buried in his left flank.

“What is it with you people?” The human asked. “This idiot attacks me for no reason, I try to return him to you so that you could see to his injuries and you’re all pointing your weapons at me. What has happened to this Herd that its automatic reaction to any rustling in the bushes is fear?”

“CHASTUS!” Bane called. “What have you done to my colt human?”

“I was minding my own business doing a few exercises in the forest. This idiot,” Harry indicated the petrified and levitated centaur, “took it upon himself to use me for target practice. I asked him to stop, he screamed something about my being in your forest, and continued to try to kill me.” Harry shrugged. “I gave him back his arrow. He didn’t seem to appreciate it.”

“You deny that this is our forest human?” the centaur known as Magorian asked.

“The herds of central Asia have no concept of the ownership of land.” Harry answered, lowering the wounded centaur to the ground. “They laugh at anyone who claims to own property beyond personal weapons and dwellings. I would have to wonder just where your herd acquired such a **human** concept.”

Magorian regarded the human yearling for a few moments, and then spoke again. “Lower your weapons.”

The majority of the elders immediately followed the instructions of their Herd Master. The exception was Bane. The black haired centaur kept his bow aimed at the human. “He injured my colt. The human’s blood will feed the pasture grasses.” He loosed his arrow.

Harry grasped the shaft of the arrow between his thumb and forefinger, canceling its forward motion with a twist of his wrist, to the amazement of the assembled centaurs.

“Like father, like son I see.” Harry said shaking his head, snapping the arrow. “I gave your idiot son a chance to leave me alone, and he kept right on being stupid. Your colt couldn’t kill me centaur, what makes you think you will do any better?”

“Bane!” Magorian spat. “I am Herd Master, you will obey!” The elder centaur glared at his subordinate until the bow was lowered. Then the old centaur turned his attention to Harry. “I am Magorian, Herd Master. Who are you Human?”

“I am Harry Potter, the 2nd Apprentice of Sinanju, Herd Master.”

“And what do you want of us Apprentice of Sinanju?” the blond centaur Firenze asked.

“I want to be left alone. I will be using this forest for training on occasion. I have no intention of interfering with your people, just as I avoid the Acromantulas as long as they leave me alone. This is why I didn’t kill this young one.” Harry gestured toward the still petrified Chastus. “I wish no ill will toward your people. I am of Sinanju, I go where I will and do what I will, subject only to the whims of my Master and my client. If any of your clan attacks me, I will respond, but I will not start trouble.”

“I will make it known to my people that you are to be avoided.” Magorian said simply.

“That’s all I ask.” Harry’s eyes met those of Bane. “You might want to make that especially clear to Bane and his colt. Something tells me that they might be slow learners. It would be most unfortunate if I was forced to kill either of them.” Harry cancelled the body bind on the young centaur, and then turned on his heel leaving the clearing, vanishing into the darkness of the forest.

“You allow him the freedom of our forest?” Bane raged.

“Silence Bane.” Magorian fixed the angry elder with a glare. “You disobeyed my order to lower your weapon. You attacked the human while I was negotiating with him. He shamed you by dismissing your attack as inconsequential. You dared to show disobedience in the face of a

possible enemy? You will be silent or you will be banished from the herd.” Magorian drew himself to his full height. “Unless you choose to challenge me?”

Bane was silent, keeping his eyes focused on the ground.

“Ronan!”

“Yes Herd Master?” the Red Centaur answered.

“Approach Hagrid. Find out what you can about that Human. Firenze, contact the Asian herds. Find out what they know about this Sinanju.”

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Harry made his way back to the castle noting before he opened the door that someone was waiting for him. Three someones to be exact. Two smelled of beef, the third beef overlaid with cologne.

Malfoy, and most likely his bookend bodyguards. Harry sighed silently. He had been expecting the blond idiot to try and get his revenge. No matter how much the idiot needed to die, Harry couldn't kill him. The tenets of Sinanju wouldn't let him kill a child. Hurt, yes. Damage, yes, but kill no. Harry had taken it upon himself to find out the Slytherin's date of birth. June fifth. Almost eight months before Harry could do the world a service. As he stepped across the threshold, Harry wondered if he could find someone willing to pay to have him do it.

Draco Malfoy stepped from the shadows. “Potter.”

Harry smiled widely. “Wrong Hole? We haven't spoken since the train, how are you doing?” The blond colored. “You should be careful Potter. You've already annoyed the Dark Lord, how long do you suppose it will be before he comes for you?”

“Not long I hope. Could you please tell your Death Eater Daddy that I really want to talk to his boss would you Wrong Hole? The sooner I kill the pretentious fraud, the sooner I can find a real challenge.”

Draco stepped up to Harry until they were nose to nose. “Don't you dare speak of my father you filthy half blood.”

Harry felt the pressure wave of the two blunt instruments approaching the back of his skull, and evaluated his choices. He could stop the attack, or remove himself from the situation. Malfoy's position decided it for him. He dropped to the floor as the pair of short wooden bats passed through the space his head would have been in and impacted squarely into Malfoy's face.

Crabbe and Goyle stood looking open mouthed at Malfoy laid out on the floor bleeding profusely from his crushed face while Harry rose from the floor level and snatched the bat from Goyle's hand.

“Guys,” Harry said. “There's nothing wrong with being muscle.” He grasped the bat on either side

of its thickest point, and casually snapped it in two. The eyes of the pair immediately widened showing Harry that he had their attention. “But you really should consider working for a smarter boss, you know? Now, I’ve already had a nice night spoiled by a couple of asshole Centaurs, so I’m not going to hurt you, this time. Attack me again, even if Wrong Hole here is screaming at you to, and I’ll kill you both. Ok? We clear?” The pair nodded dumbly. “Good. So, you probably ought to get Wrong Hole up the see the Healer, he might die, you guys pack a fair punch...”

After the black haired wizard left, Vinnie Crabbe looked to Greg Goyle and shrugged. He drew his wand and levitated the unconscious Draco from the floor, only to drop the blond when his attention wavered. Once again the pair shared a look and a shrug, and then they bent down to lift the injured boy and carry him to the Hospital Wing.

“Heh. Greg.” Vinnie said.

“Whut?” Greg answered.

“Wrong Hole.” Vinnie grinned.

“Yeah. Funny.” Greg agreed.

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“Perfessor Dumbledore!” Rubeus Hagrid called as he entered the Headmaster’s office.

“What is it Hagrid?” Dumbledore asked. This didn’t bode well. What could possibly have the normally jovial Care of Magical Creatures professor so upset?

“I was in the forest, tendin’ to the thestrals an’ Ronan o’ the Centaur Herd came to me askin’ questions about Harry Potter.”

Dumbledore blinked behind his half moon glasses. “Why does the Centaur Herd care about young Harry?”

“Ronan told me tha’ the lad was in the Forbidden Forest last night doin’ summat in the trees on Acromantula silk, when he was spotted by Chastus, tha’s Bane’s eldest colt.”

“Yes, as I recall, young Chastus shares his father’s hostility toward humans. What happened?”

“Well, accordin’ to Ronan, Chastus shot an arrow at Harry, an’ Harry shot it back, somehow woundin’ Chastus really bad. No one’s seen a bow, so they don’t know how he did tha’, Chastus is claimin’ Harry caught the arrow and *threw* it back to him. Then Harry brought Chastus to the Elder’s gatherin’ demandin’ to be left alone.”

“Interesting Hagrid. Very interesting. Should I assume that Magorian has granted young Harry’s request? What did you tell Ronan about Harry Potter?”

“Not much. Ronan was surprised tha’ he was Lily’s son. He remembered her from when he helped

her with a project when she was in school.”

That answer surprised Dumbledore. What was the normally talkative Hagrid so reticent? Normally it was a challenge to get the half giant to shut up, and here he was offering almost no information. “I’m surprised that you didn’t have more to say about the boy Hagrid.”

The large man blushed behind his bushy beard. “Well, I don’t rightly know Harry Potter, do I? I’ve been havin’ a hard time seein’ the sweet little baby I brought ter yeh in Surrey growin’ up to be the man who’s walkin’ the halls o’ Hogwarts, yeh know?”

“I don’t understand Hagrid,” the responses from the half giant continued to perplex Dumbledore. If he didn’t know better he might have thought that Hagrid was intentionally engaging in tergiversation, but that wasn’t in Hagrid’s nature. “What are you trying to tell me?”

“He scares me, alright?” Hagrid admitted. “I don’t know what it is about him, but Harry Potter scares me right out o’ me bloody mind. He has since the night he was sorted. Them eyes o’ his, the color o’ a killin’ curse they are. Like he was death himself. When I heard what he’d been doin’ in the forest, I talked ter Suragog, she’d be Aragog’s oldest. She was terrified o’ the boy. Refused to even speak o’ him. She was makin’ the whole colony pack up an’ move deeper into the forest. Tha’s when I knowed I wasn’t imaginin’ things. Anyone who could frighten a Acromantula SHOULD scare me.”

“Surely you’re exaggerating Hagrid.

“Perfesser, I’ve never feared no man, nor beast. I hate Dementers 'cause they make me feel the fear, but I don’t fear 'em 'emselves. I took one look at Harry Potter across the Great Hall an’ it was all I could do not ter soil meself. When I heard yeh say tha’ Harry would be attendin’ Hogwarts, I gathered all the pichers o’ James an’ Lily I could find, an’ made a picher album fer ter give ter Harry, but I ain’t been able to brin’ meself ter talk ter ‘im.”

“Thank you for bringing this to my attention Hagrid.” Dumbledore said. “I will investigate what young Harry was doing in the forest. Remember old friend, you have nothing to fear here at Hogwarts.”

The half giant hung his head. “I know that Perfesser. Truly I do. But knowin’ and believin’ are two different things.”

After Hagrid left his office, Dumbledore put his paperwork aside. What was Harry Potter doing in the Forbidden Forest? And what had the boy done to frighten the Acromantulas? What could anyone do to frighten an Acromantula? And he had a conflict with the centaur herd? No good could come from this... If only Tom would reveal himself so that the boy could do his duty...

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“You wanted to see me Headmaster?” Harry asked as he entered Dumbledore’s office.

Severus Snape whipped out his wand “What did you do to Draco Malfoy, you arrogant bast...”

Snape’s rant was cut short when Harry’s hand flashed out and captured the Potions Master turned Defense Against the Dark Arts instructor’s ear. The man sunk to his knees in more pain than he had ever experienced before, all thoughts of using magic against the heir of James Potter vanishing.

“Mr. Potter please release Professor Snape, and refrain from attacking the staff.” Dumbledore sighed.

“Ah, I see.” Harry said, releasing the man in a manner that caused him to slide across the floor and hit his head painfully on the fireplace hearth. “He points his wand at me, is verbally abusive, and I’m in the wrong for reminding him of his manners. Tell me Headmaster, do you have similar rules for members of your staff who aren’t murdering rapists?”

As usual, Dumbledore ignored the references to his professor’s past. “Why did you attack Draco Malfoy?”

“I didn’t.” Harry said simply before turning to leave. “Is that all?”

“Hardly Mr. Potter.” The Headmaster snapped. “Have a seat.”

Harry shrugged and waived his wand at the squashy chair the headmaster indicated, transfiguring it to a wooden straight backed office chair.

Dumbledore’s eyebrows rose to his hairline. “You demonstrate an amazing level of skill, not reflected in your Transfiguration grades Mr. Potter.”

“As I pointed out the first time I was in your office, I am not a student Headmaster. I attend classes under protest. Professor McGonagall knows her topic, I’m sure, but her processes are simultaneously overly complex and mind numbingly simplistic. I for one prefer the History of Magic, because at least in that class, one can nap. What I should be doing is looking for my target, and believe me when I tell you the idiot can’t possibly be all that hard to find. In fact I’d lay good odds he’s at the Malfoy home, given the way Wrong Hole speaks of his ‘Dark Lord’ at every opportunity.” Harry watched in amusement as Severus Snape rose painfully to his feet. “By the way Headmaster, your pet Death Eater has had his last warning, he only got two because he seems oddly important to you. If he raises his wand to me again, he dies.”

“As arrogant as your father Potter.” Snape spat.

“Not yet, but I hope to be, though it really isn’t arrogance if you can actually do it, and my father can do pretty much anything.”

“James Potter is dead.” Snape all but screamed.

“Yes he is,” Harry agreed, “but we are talking about my father.”

“Draco Malfoy is in the Hospital Wing,” Dumbledore interjected, attempting to bring the conversation back on topic. “He is claiming that you beat him with a pair of beater bats.”

“Is he? One in each hand or sequentially after the first one broke?” Harry grinned.

“What is your explanation for that boy?” Snape asked.

“Oh, I don’t know... Maybe that Draco Malfoy is a liar? I’ve made the offer of Verasitum before. It stands. How about Wrong Hole? Will he take the three drops?” Harry leaned back in his chair. “Frankly Headmaster, I’m a bit insulted that you would believe for a moment that I would bother to use a blunt instrument to do Malfoy damage. You know what I can do... and that I wouldn’t deny it. On the other hand if you’d like the memory you might learn something... And we can all find out if you’ve got a special set of rules for the children of Death Eaters, just as you do for the Death Eaters themselves.”

Harry rose from his chair. “If that’s all, I’m going to head down to breakfast. Let me know if you decide you need that memory Headmaster, though I will be quite disappointed with you if you decide to take a lying sack of shit like Malfoy’s word over mine.” Harry turned toward the door, but seemed to remember something. “Oh, and Death Eater, remember, next time you die.”

The pair of educators watched as the boy leave.

“You knew the Malfoy boy was a liar Severus, yet you still throw the accusations around. The Potter boy will kill you if you continue to antagonize him. It’s only my interference that has allowed you to survive two encounters with him.”

“You can’t possibly believe that Albus.”

“Severus,” Dumbledore said with a sigh. “By grasping your earlobe he had you utterly helpless. You had your wand out, ready to react and he took you down without the slightest effort on his part. Since the boy has returned to Britain, he has killed seven Death Eaters, crippled both Bellatrix LeStrange and Walden Macnair, and humbled you at least twice. You need to understand that he is not James Potter, he is not a practical joker, he is a killer.”

“But...” Snape was at a loss for words as he realized the truth of what he was being told.

“You had best explain the reality of the situation to young Mr. Malfoy as clearly as you can. I shudder to think what might happen if Lucius were to visit and confront Mr. Potter with his usual absolute belief in his own invulnerability. Having the head of an old line family slaughtered on the grounds would be very bad indeed.”

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Sitting at the Hufflepuff table Harry was surrounded by chattering students. After his lifetime of eating most of his meals with Chuin, usually in silence, or occasionally while listening to his father expound on some function of Sinanju, Harry was unused to speaking during meals, but

somehow he found the chatter, comforting.

That was when he sensed the attack. Some sort of spell was headed his way. Plenty of time to dodge, but doing so would put innocents in danger. Harry's perception of time sped up, and from his point of view the students around him slowed to a crawl, his attention focused on the incoming energy. It felt raw and tinged with a soul scaring bleakness.

The minute hairs on the back of his neck reacted to the energy and Harry knew the vector from which the curse... yes it was a curse, came. If he moved then the curse would hit Hannah Abbott. Hannah was a very nice girl who didn't want to help him with his research into the 37 steps. If the curse hit her it could be fatal... Decisions, decisions.

Harry grabbed the golden plate in front of him and swung it into position so that the slightly concave surface deflected the sickly yellow curse upward toward the enchanted ceiling of the Great Hall. He allowed his perceptions to slow down to a more normal speed, sound returned to him as the inhabitants of the Great Hall recognized that something was happening. Harry stepped away from the table, and started to move slowly toward the girl.

A slight young dark haired woman in Slytherin robes. She was a child, no killing. The girl cast another yellow curse at him, which Harry again deflected to the ceiling with the golden plate. A deep scratch appeared in the surface of the plate where the curses had hit it. So, she was casting a cutter then.

Harry had closed half the distance between them and the girl, her eyes wild, screeched at him. "You hurt Draco, I'll kill you, you half blood bastard."

Harry tried to remember what her name was, some flower... Rose? No. Petunia? No. A third cutter joined the first two in scaring both the plate and the ceiling; Harry batted her wand away with a slap.

"I'll have you know my parents were married." He said, deciding how he was going to deal with her. He dropped the plate, wrapping both his hands around her neck performing the technique Remo had demonstrated for him on a particularly loud and obnoxious woman in the lobby of a Miami Beach hotel. What do you know? It works on witches too.

The Great Hall went silent except for the noises made by the Slytherin girl... Posey, that was it, wasn't it? The young woman thrashed about, appearing to be in agony.

"Mr. Potter!" The Headmaster barked from his place at the Staff table. "My office, now!"

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"This is getting kind of old Headmaster," Harry said taking his seat in the chair he had transfigured that morning. "Am I going to be in here every time a Slytherin attacks me?"

Severus Snape uncharacteristically sat in the back of the office, remaining silent and regarding

Harry with a very worried look.

“Mr. Potter, what have you done to Miss Parkinson?” Minerva McGonagall asked.

“I made her feel good,” The boy shrugged. “She used a rather nasty cutting curse, and of course I’m the one being questioned. Is it because they’re all Slytherins? I’ve heard about the free rein that house has had over the last decade or so. Is it alright if I defend myself against a Ravenclaw or Gryffindor?”

“Mr. Potter please answer my question,” Minerva McGonagall said through clenched teeth. How dare this boy suggest that she had shown preferential treatment? “What have you done to Miss Parkinson?”

“Are you up on your human anatomy Professor? If not then what I did will sound like Sanskrit to you.”

If anything her lips formed an even thinner line. “I am an educated woman Mr. Potter. I believe I can understand anything you might believe you know.”

Harry shrugged. “Alright. I compressed her trigeminal nerve with my left thumb while tapping her ulnar nerve in rhythm with her heart beat with my right index finger and stoked her vagus nerve with my right thumb.”

“And that caused the pain she was in? Mr. Potter, she was in agony for at least twenty minutes before Madam Pomfrey arrived to levitate her to the Hospital Wing.”

“I thought you claimed to be able to understand what I was doing Professor, being an educated woman and all. Miss Parkinson wasn’t in any pain. What she experienced was the climactic physiological state of heightened carnal stimulation and fulfillment that will be followed by relaxation of amatorial tensions and the body’s muscles...” The boy took on an evil smirk. “In about two hours.”

“What?” Dumbledore asked. “What did you do to her?”

“I gave her a two hour orgasm. She’ll be fine. Maybe a little dehydrated, but fine.” The headmaster’s office fell into shocked silence. “So, is that all?”

“No Mr. Potter it is not. Professor Sprout, go to the Hospital Wing and inform Poppy as to what she is dealing with. Professor Snape, perhaps you should hold a house meeting and emphasize to your Slytherins that any attacks on Mr. Potter will result in immediate expulsion.” The old man paused as the pair of professors exited his office to carry out their assignments.

“I will be staying Headmaster.” Minerva McGonagall spoke up. “Mr. Potter may not truly be a student, but he is still enrolled.”

“Of course, of course.” Dumbledore nodded. “Mr. Potter, this has to stop. You are calling attention to yourself.”

“That is sort of the point Headmaster.” The boy said dismissively. “Since you won’t let me go find my target, I have to make him come to me. I have no intention of being here any longer than I have to. The sooner I get Voldemort in my sights the sooner I can move on to my next job. I have responsibilities Headmaster; your contract, paying as it does simply the Apprentice rates, won’t feed the children of Sinanju for long.”

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Harry sat up on the bed and looked down on the two sleeping naked women.

Well, so much for the theory that he might have better luck making it past step twenty with two women to divide his attention between. The Strawberry blonde, Tracey, had made it to step ten, just like Susan, his previous high mark. Daphne, the black haired beauty with the most amazing violet eyes Harry had ever seen had started screaming his name at step 13, and passed out entirely by step 14.

It was amazing how a pair of cynical young women could become mewling puppets after only six steps. Harry wondered if the cynicism was all an act in order to fit in better among the other Slytherins. Daphne was waking up. Harry looked deeply into her eyes as she woke.

“Wow. Pansy wasn’t kidding, you do have magical hands. Ooh.” She said looking down at his erection. “Is that for me?” The beauty moved down the bed and took him in her mouth. Harry closed his eyes and concentrated on controlling his reactions.

“Now this was definitely worth skipping classes this afternoon.” Tracey said as she moved to join her friend. “Share you greedy witch.”

Ok. Harry thought. Round two. Start from the basics, let’s break step 15 this time.

He reached down to start step one on both women at the same time.

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Harry rose effortlessly out of the trap door that led to the observation level of the Astronomy Tower, ignoring the protests of the two couples on either side of the landing. This was perfect. The tower was dark with the only light coming from the stars above. Harry wondered for a moment if any of the stars were unnecessarily bright. Grinning at his private joke, the 2nd apprentice of Sinanju reviewed what his senses were telling him. The tower smelled of a centuries of students meeting for supposedly clandestine trysts. The air; felt damp and tasted like the oil that was used to lubricate the telescope gimbals. Pollen particles, the last hoorah of trees and other plants shutting down for winter, danced in the minute rays of light coming from the stars in the sky. In the far side of the tower, the young Ravenclaw woman with the blond Hufflepuff man had just started her period. On the other side of the tower, the Gryffindor 7th year girl had brought her date to climax, though he had not returned the favor. Down in the courtyard at the base of the tower came the breathing and conversations of seven ... no eight students.

Harry breathed, steadily, and relaxed the centrality of his being to lower the pulse and expand what he had learned was the calm within him. The calm which the few, very few modern humans ever knew.

So Harry Potter stood silently on the rampart of the tower, taking in everything that was happening around him. He breathed deeply, then slid through the dark, in almost an imperceptible move and was on the crenellated parapet. He wore black trainers so that he could not see his feet in the dark, a black tee shirt so that a color flashing in the dark would not throw off unbalancing brightness. His trousers were black. Night moving in night.

He moved to the very edge of the parapet his toes on the very edge, getting the feel of its grip into the ancient stone. If you know the feel of objects, the feel of their mass, their movement and their strength, you could use that as your strength. That was the secret of force. To not fight it. And to not fight it was the best way to fight people when you had to.

Harry stood on the edge and gathered the where of the ground into his balance. He would have to find another place to try this exercise, because sooner or later he would be performing muscle memory instead of proper use of balance and judgment. When he had first learned the exercise Chiun had him watch a cat for a day and a half. Harry had been told to become the cat. So, Harry had spent the fifty six hours watching the cat and emulating its movements, toward the end he thought, really thought, he could become the cat. Now Harry indulged a second private little joke which signaled the start of the exercise.

"Meow," he whispered in the silent, dark night.

He stood on the edge, straight up, and allowed his body fell forward, closing his eyes. His shoes gripping the stone by pressure, head going forward, shoes flipping up, the stone adding force, body heading straight down, hair and head aiming straight at the ground like a dart dropping from a great height.

Harry fell, one second, two, three, four and his hair touched the grass of the courtyard triggering a body trunk flip, the dark form in the dark night spinning in space, his trainers coming around quick-rocket fast-arching and down steady standing on the ground.

Thump. The sound echoed against the stone of the castle broadcasting his failure to the world. He had held for the last hair-touching instant and then let the muscles take over, the muscles of a cat which shifted the body in air and put the feet on the ground. An exercise the body could do only when the mind was trained, trained to borrow the balance of another animal.

Harry Potter had heard the thump of his trainers impacting on the ground. He had not been perfect. His landing should have been silent. Little Father would be disappointed. His self recriminations were interrupted by the gasps of the eight students he had landed among.

"Bloody hell!" Came a voice he recognizes as belonging to the male 6th year Gryffindor Prefect, Neville Longbottom.

“Hello Harry Potter”

“Good evening Miss Lovegood.” Harry said, wondering just where he had gone wrong in his drop. He was more than a little ashamed that these others witnessing his failure.

“How did you do that?” Harry recognized the voice as belonging to Hermione Granger. “You can’t do that,” the brunette continued, denying the evidence of her own eyes. “It’s impossible.”

“The Dead Drop is a basic training exercise Prefect Granger.” Harry said, turning his attention to the ground, attempting to ascertain the depth of the impression his landing had left in the lawn.

“I’ve been doing it since I was nine.”

“You seem unhappy with your amazing performance Harry Potter.”

“I am Miss Lovegood. My technique was flawed. This is unacceptable.” Harry nodded to the blonde. “I must correct my deficiencies. Have a nice evening Miss Lovegood, please give my best to your father.”

“Of course Harry.”

Harry made his way to the castle entrance, heading back to the top of the Astronomy tower, this time to do it right. There wouldn’t be a sound when his trainers hit the ground

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Hermione stood stalk still, her mouth open, watching the dark haired man enter the castle. Just the way his body moved held her attention like on one ever had. Wide eyed she looked up to the top of the Astronomy tower trying to understand how he had survived the fall... What had he called it, ‘the Dead Drop’? A hand fell on her shoulder.

“Hermione lets take a walk.” Neville said quietly.

She turned her attention to her oldest friend. “Nev?”

“Yes Hermione.” Hannah said. “Let’s go for a walk.” The blond Hufflepuff took Hermione’s left hand in hers and guided the brunette away from the chattering outcasts.

“Hermione, I saw the way you were looking at Potter. Forget it; he wouldn’t be good for you.”

“Neville, it’s not like that. I was just...”

“You were looking at him like he was a steak and you hadn’t eaten for a while Hermione.” Hannah said gently. “I don’t want to speak ill of a house mate, but Harry isn’t looking for a relationship. He’s been working his way through the unattached women in Hufflepuff, and more than a few outside the house. We’ve been back six weeks and he’s had a different girl just about every night. It’s just sex. The sad part is that as far as I can tell they all come on to him.”

“I’ve heard Lavender and Parvati talking about him,” Neville interrupted. “They both plan to join the queue. To hear them tell it, he radiates an allure, like a Veela or something.”

“There are no male Veela.” Hermione responded automatically.

“No there aren’t, but I’ve felt the attraction he gives off.” Hannah said. “I don’t think it’s intentional, but he does it. One on one, he’s the sweetest boy I’ve ever met. But when he hooks up, it’s just sex. He would sleep with you, but there wouldn’t be any love in it Hermione, just sex.” If Susan was any example, mind blowing sex, but Hannah didn’t see fit to mention that.

Hermione reflected on that. “It’s just that he’s so... Would ‘just sex’ really be all that bad?”

“If you really believed that, you could have your choice of the sixth and seventh year Ravenclaw men for the last year.” Hannah suggested. “And more than a few ‘Puffs.’”

“You saw what he did to Parkinson.” Neville noted.

“Yeah.” The brunette nodded.

“I thought he was killing her.” Hannah noted. “I mean she’s a hateful bitch, but the way she was thrashing about...”

“Hermione,” Neville interrupted. “Just don’t. Ok? Just stay away from him. You deserve better than what Harry Potter is willing to offer.”

“But he’s just so...”

“Hermione,” Hannah stopped outside the entrance to the castle, put her hands on her friend’s shoulders and looked her straight in the eye. “You will do what you want to do. If you choose to join the queue at Harry’s bed, well, it’s your life. But I think we both know that it isn’t what you really want.”

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Hermione Granger reflected on the conversation with Hannah and Neville while she went through her evening routine. Hannah was right, she didn’t want ‘just sex’. Neville was right; she should avoid the enigma that was Harry Potter.

She regarded herself in the full length mirror of the sixth year Gryffindor girl’s bath. She was seventeen now, an adult in the eyes of the magical world, and she was pleased with the way her body had filled out. Not a beauty by any extent of the imagination, but an attractive young woman none the less.

What did Harry see when he looked at her? He was always so formal with his way of addressing her as ‘Prefect Granger’.

Why had she opened her mouth at first night back? How would he treat her if she had been

pleasant and not such a bitch?

She was doing it again. Thinking about Harry Potter. It was bloody hard not to. The image of Pansy Parkinson flailing about on the floor of the Great Hall after she drew her wand on the Boy Who Lived haunted her so. Parkinson had been screaming at Potter about injuring Draco Malfoy, and had cast a sickly yellow curse after yellow curse at him. Potter had used a plate to deflect the curses and made his way to Pansy and with hands moving so quickly as to have them appear to blur, grasped the back of Pansy's neck before allowing her to fall to the stone floor.

At first it appeared that Pansy was dying, thrashing about almost to the point of convulsions, making noises that Hermione could barely believe, and actually foaming at the mouth.

Potter had, of course, been taken away by the Headmaster, Professor Sprout, Professor McGonagall, and a strangely cowed Professor Snape, disappearing into the Headmasters office for what everyone assumed would be an expulsion, only to appear at Transfiguration fifteen minutes late with Professor McGonagall, not appearing to have been punished in anyway.

Pansy returned from the Hospital Wing in time for the evening meal, oddly... changed, the Slytherin spent the meal sending wistful looks toward the Hufflepuff table. When Harry rose from the table she approached him, as the entire school looked on. Pansy placed her right hand against his chest and spoke in low tones that did not carry. Harry smiled and shook his head, then left the Great Hall to evidently do whatever it was one did to prepare to jump off the Astronomy tower. Pansy Parkinson, the queen bitch of Slytherin watched him leave, and then fell to her knees and burst into tears.

Ok, this was getting her nowhere. Hermione ran a brush through her hair for a few moments and then exited the bath, returning to the dormitory.

Nodding to Lavender and Parvati, she climbed into her bed and pulled the drapes closed before erecting a silencing charm on the bed. Hesitating for a moment she pulled the map from the book bag at the foot of her bed. Touching her wand to the parchment she intoned "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

Watching as the map drew itself, Hermione looked for Harry. Not in his dorm. Not in his common room, and not, she felt a pang of relief that she refused to admit to herself, in the Hufflepuff 'couples room'. Where was he? Her eyes flew over the parchment looking for the moving legend that would identify Harry Potter. There, in the dungeons, in the long passage outside the Potions classroom. He was moving along the passage... And he was gone, only to reappear a distance down the passageway, perhaps five meters from his starting point, smoothly picking up where his movement had stopped, he disappeared again, only to reappear further down the passage yet again.

That wasn't possible. He appeared to be doing a short range apparition, but you couldn't do that in the castle. It wasn't possible.

Hermione touched her wand to the parchment. "Mischief Managed." It wasn't possible. He couldn't do that. Hermione thought as she returned the map to its storage place. But it wasn't

possible to survive a jump from the Astronomy tower either. How did he...

Hermione lay back in her bed, pulling the blankets to her chin, her mind racing. Who was this 'Harry Potter'? None of her books had prepared her for what he was turning out to be. Her mind drifted to how he moved yet again, the muscles of his chest rippling in movement.

Almost without her knowledge her hands drifted down and she was touching herself, her eyes closed as a familiar face filled her mind, she almost felt that muscular chest against her own, her nipples hard, his hands touching her body... No... too fast... too fast...

Hermione arched her back as her orgasm hit her hard. Through clenched teeth she whispered "Harry!"

---===oooOOOooo===---

In late October Neville found Luna in her usual spot, sitting with her back against the Whomping Willow, giggling quietly as the tree tickled her with its smallest limbs. Neville knew from bitter experience that if Luna was with the tree, then her dorm mates were being bitches again.

"Good afternoon Luna"

"Oh, hello Neville." The blonde said happily. "How are you today?"

"I'm fine Luna. Have the Ravenclaws been treating you badly again?" It was Luna's third year that the outcasts had discovered how Luna was treated by her housemates. This knowledge had led to a few spirited discussions, and an incident or two of outright violence. Somehow Neville never did manage to feel all that guilty about breaking Stephen Cornfoot's nose for calling Luna a 'Raving Lunatic' who could probably use a good fuck to straighten her out.

"I do not understand why they insist on being so difficult." Luna sighed, and then she brightened. "For some reason they all leave me alone when I sit here."

"It's good that you have a place that's all your own." Neville looked cautiously at the tree. "Would your friend mind if I were to join you?"

"Oh, I'm sure it won't be a problem Neville." Neville was rewarded with one of Luna's dazzling smiles before she turned to the tree. "Salix, this is my friend Neville. Would you mind if he were to join me?"

Neville resisted the urge to giggle at Luna communing with the tree.

"Salix says you can come in Neville." Luna patted the ground next to her. "Do come and sit."

Neville made his way to Luna's side, sitting gingerly on the damp grass.

"So what do you want to know about Harry Potter Neville?"

That startled the scion of the Longbottom family. “How did you know I wanted to know about Harry?”

“You’ve been paying attention to me when I talk about him. You’ve had a look on your face for a while, like you’ve been trying to decide about something. I’ve heard from Daddy that you’ve formally assumed the position of Heir of the House Longbottom, and have announced your intention to assume the full responsibilities of the Head of your family when you achieve your majority. Today you’re here with a serious look on your face. You want to know about Harry.”

Neville sighed. With all of her strange beliefs and claims of fantastic creatures it was easy to forget just how intelligent the young witch was. How observant she could be.

“Yes. I need to know if the stories you’ve been telling about Harry are true. Has he really been raised by a Korean assassin to be an assassin?”

“He has. You’ve seen him Neville, that ‘Dead Drop’ he did right in front of us. I know you were off on a picnic with Hannah during the attack at Hogsmeade, but you must have heard what he did to the Death Eaters stupid enough to be looking for him. Harry is death, plain and simple. And as hard as it might be to believe, his father is even more dangerous.”

“He will actually kill people for money?”

“He will. He does.” Luna said confidently. “I haven’t confirmed it with him, but I believe that is why he’s here, to deal with Mr. Who.”

“Mr. Who?” the very confused Scion of the Longbottom family asked.

“Well, I hardly know him well enough to call him ‘You Know’.”

“Oh... Of course.” Neville had learned a long time before to never question Luna and her ideas. “Have you any idea what Harry charges?”

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“Tell me what you know of the boy Severus.”

Snape kept his eyes focused on the slate flooring. The Death Eaters were forbidden to look upon their Dark Lord now. “He is... powerful My Lord.”

“Explain yourself Severus.”

“I have witnessed the boy perform transfiguration far beyond N.E.W.T. level work, seemingly without effort or concentration, both wanded and wandlessly. He rarely uses the incantations. Flitwick has told me that the boy’s use of charms is equally as effortless.”

“And his work in your class Severus?”

“He has bested my every test. I believe him to be far more powerful than I.” Snape said, and then suddenly realizing what he had said, hastily continued. “He is of course nothing before your power.”

“Of course.” Voldemort nodded. “Have you discovered what he did to Bellatrix or Macnair?”

“The boy uses some form of Muggle fighting technique as well as his magic.”

“That would explain his physique.” Voldemort pondered for a moment. “What weapon did he use on the pair he cut in half in the Hogsmeade raid?”

“His hands My Lord.” Snape said. “He only used his hands.” The door to Voldemort’s sanctuary opened and Lucius Malfoy entered, bowing deeply.”

“Ah, Lucius. How goes the preparations?”

“Everything is ready My Lord.”

The blond man said. “Four trolls are ready, and Srach has agreed to join in the attack with two of his best.”

Lucius hesitated for a moment. “My Lord, I request a boon.”

“What is it Lucius?” Voldemort asked dangerously. “The boy has injured my son twice now. I request to lead the mission to capture him for your pleasure.”

There was several moments of silence in the chamber. “Very well Lucius, you may lead my Death Eaters in this task. Be aware however, should you fail, the penalty will be severe.”

“Of course My Lord,” the blond man said, managing to sound secure in his own power while groveling before his master.

“And if Potter is damaged in any permanent way, your punishment will be legendary.”

Lucius swallowed at that warning. “As it should be My Lord.”

“Go and prepare. Send your wife to me. I require her assistance.” Lucius backed from the chamber, bowing as he went.

“Severus, I want you observing this attack. If Potter appears to be escaping, you will prevent him from doing so. Am I understood?”

“Of course My Lord.”

Snape exited the room in much the same way Lucius Malfoy had. No, Dumbledore wasn’t going to know of this meeting. This was perfect. The arrogant spawn of James Potter die, and Lucius Malfoy would receive the blame from both sides. Just perfect. Severus Snape would have the last

laugh.

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“Good morning Harry.”

Harry looked up from the book he was reading. “Good morning Neville. Are you staying in today? I thought everyone had left for Hogsmeade for Christmas shopping.” Harry had been told that the last weekend before the Christmas break was always a busy one in Hogsmeade.

“I was just heading out, and wondered if you’d like to come along.”

“I don’t really care for Hogsmeade Neville.” Harry shrugged. “Not much to do there that isn’t expensive, toxic, pointless or a combination of the three. My family doesn’t celebrate Christmas, so there’s no real point.”

“I was hoping that you’d come along so that we could talk, and perhaps do a little business.” Neville said quietly. “You could ride down to town with me, then come right back...”

Harry’s head perked up at the word ‘business’. He stood from the bench he was sitting on. “That sounds very mysterious and interesting. Alright, a carriage ride might be in order after all.”

Neville eyed Harry’s usual out of class attire. “You’ll want to grab a cloak. We picked up a couple of feet of snow last night.

Harry looked down at his jeans and dark blue tee-shirt bearing the legend ‘Travel the world, meet interesting people... and kill them for the right price’ A gift from Remo for his 16th birthday. Chuin had not approved. “Nah, I’m good. Let’s go.”

The pair made their way to the Entrance Hall and found an empty carriage waiting. The carriage began moving as soon as they had taken their seats.

“So...” Neville began hesitantly. “Luna has been telling us that you are trained as an assassin, and your shirt seems to bear that out.”

“I am.” Harry said simply.

“Back in August, you killed several Death Eaters in an attack at Diagon Alley.”

“I did.” Harry agreed, wondering where this was going.

“But you allowed Bellatrix LeStrange to live. I was wondering why.”

Harry examined the Gryffindor prefect closely. “I wanted to send someone a message, and she appeared to be the leader of her group of incompetents.”

“She is the evil bitch who lead the group that tortured my parents to insanity.” Neville said. “I

truly wish you had killed her.”

“If it helps I crippled her. She had been casting a crucio on a friend of mine, so I crushed her brachial plexus and several nerve bundles. I made sure she would never hold a wand again, and would be in constant pain for the rest of her life.”

“They’d just take her to a healer.”

“No healer on the planet could fix that Neville. If Voldemort lives up to his reputation, he’s killed her himself by now. He isn’t supposed to have much patience with broken tools.”

“That leaves the rest of her team from the attack on my parents.” Neville said. “Barty Crouch Jr. died in Azkaban, but the LeStrange brothers are still alive. I’ve got a Gringotts draft for twenty thousand Galleons in my pocket. I want Rabastan and Rodolphus LeStrange dead, and I’m willing to pay you five thousand galleons apiece.”

The carriage passed through the Gates of Hogwarts. “And the other ten thousand?” Harry asked.

“Ultimately Voldemort is responsible for everything that has happened to my family and my friends. I want him dead as well. Twenty thousand for the three.”

Harry thought about Longbottom’s request. Getting paid three times for the same job. That had to be a good thing. Besides if these LeStranges were as dedicated as rumor had they were, Harry would end up killing them anyway when they got between him and Voldemort.

From his jeans pocket Harry withdrew a tiny scrap of parchment. With a wave of his wand, the scrap expanded to a full sized roll, with a Sinanju contract inscribed upon it. Harry extended the contract and a conjured quill to the Heir of the Longbottom family. “Fill in the targets, the amount offered and sign at the bottom by the X. As soon as I have your draft, I’m in your employ. However, you should know I’m already on a job, and yours will have to wait until I complete this one.” Harry frowned. “My first client has restrictions on me that are slowing me down on his job. But I should be able to complete his and your hits by the end of June.”

“I don’t care how long it takes as long as they are dead.” Neville said as he signed the contract with something of a flourish, and then extended his hand. “Our parents, our birth parents I mean, were friends”

“Were they?”

“Yes, they were all Gryffindors and in the same cohort.” Neville hesitated for a moment. “Our birth families have been allies for centuries. If things had gone differently, you and I might have been childhood friends.”

“Honestly, all I know of the Potters is what Gringotts has told me.” Harry said putting the contract away until he could mail it to his father. “The Goblins are good allies, but realistically all they care about humans is their bank balances and if they make their payments on time.”

Neville hesitated again. “Has Dumbledore told you about the prophecy?”

“Prophecy? No.”

“I think you should know. Last year the Death Eaters broke into the Ministry of Magic in order to get at a prophecy sphere. They were charmed so that only those the prophecy was about could remove them from their shelves. That was how it was confirmed that Voldemort had returned, as he was seen when he retrieved the sphere.”

“So it was a prophecy about Voldemort?”

“Voldemort and the one destined to vanquish him.” Neville had spent the entire summer forcing himself to call the Dark Lord by his name. Now he was glad he had so that he didn’t embarrass himself in front of Harry Potter. “The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches ... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies ... And the Dark Lord will mark him as equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not ... And either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives.” Neville recited.

“Well that doesn’t say much does it?” Harry asked

“Dumbledore believes it refers to you, That the scar that Voldemort gave you is how you were marked, though it could also refer to me because you and I were the only magical children born in late July whose parents also defied Voldemort three times, though I’m damned if I could tell you how he supposedly marked me. Anyway after Voldemort got the prophecy last June, Dumbledore took me aside and showed me the prophecy.”

“Hmm.” Harry hummed. “Still sounds awfully vague to me. I’ve never really believed in prophecies. My father puts great stock in them, but all the ones I’ve been aware of seemed to have a lot of people working very hard to ensure they come true.”

Neville shrugged. “I put up with Divination for a year, and then moved on to Ancient Runes. At least in that class a symbol means the same thing every time. Anyway, maybe ‘the power the Dark Lord knows not’ is your fighting style.”

“Maybe.” Harry agreed.

The carriage pulled to a stop at the Hogsmeade drop off point. Neville opened the door and prepared to exit before turning. “Are you sure you don’t want to come into town for a bit?”

Harry hesitated, and then nodded. “Why not?” His clothing flowed to the required school uniform. Neville shook his head.

“That’s amazing. You do that so effortlessly.”

“Practice” Harry shrugged.

“But you’re not cold?” Neville gestured at the falling snow.

“No. Why should I be?”

“But Harry, it’s freezing out here.”

“Yes it is.” Harry agreed. “About negative three Celcius. The weather might be cold, but my body isn’t. Your body is a heat furnace, all you have to do is learn to control it and you will never be cold again.”

“That’s all eh?” Neville asked laughing.

“Pretty much.”

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Twenty minutes later Harry and Neville were sitting in the Three Broomsticks following a short and for Neville, fairly expensive, stop at a local jewelry store.

Neville had ordered a butterbeer while Harry had asked for, and gotten a glass of water.

“Neville Franklin Longbottom!” The use of all three of his names had Neville looking for the speaker. He found her via Harry pointing at the raging brunette who was stomping toward the table the young men shared.

“Something wrong Hermione?” He asked, wondering what he had done to earn the use of all three of his names.

“You were supposed to have words with your grandmother.” She said hotly as she sat down. “She approached my father yesterday and tried to negotiate a marriage contract.”

“Oh hell.” He said. “I did tell Gran no and that you weren’t interested. She just told me that we were too young to know what we wanted, but I thought she’d gone off the idea. Are you parents angry?”

“She offered Daddy Half a Million Pounds. Half a Million! He says he’s thinking about it. When I get home I am going to give him something to think about I assure you!”

“Half a million pounds?” Neville asked. “How much is that in real money?”

“One hundred thousand Galleons.” Harry said, earning himself an odd look from both of the 6th year Gryffindor prefects. “What? The exchange rate is pegged at 5 Pounds Sterling to the Galleon. It’s been that way since the goblins quit making Galleons out of gold in the early 1830s.”

“What do you mean they quit making Galleons out of gold?” Neville asked.

“Everyone knows that Galleons are gold.” Hermione agreed.

“Then ‘everyone’ are idiots.” Harry said dismissively, fishing a galleon coin from a pocket, and

held it up. “This coin weighs exactly 31.1034768 grams, that’s one troy ounce. Gold closed yesterday at 369 US Dollars to the troy ounce, or 198.38 Pounds Sterling. That means that if this Galleon is made of gold, its exchange rate should be just short of 200 Pounds Sterling. Since the exchange rate is pegged to 5 Pounds, that means that the most gold that this coin could contain is less than .78 of a gram. The Goblins are a mercantile race, business is in their blood. There is no way in hell they would bankrupt themselves to keep the Wizards on the gold standard. This coin is charmed to look and feel like gold, but it isn’t gold.”

“Not gold?” Neville asked, shocked at the revelation.

“How do you know the closing price of gold?” Hermione asked. “Or the exchange rate of the Dollar to Sterling?”

Harry shrugged. “It’s my business to know. My father’s work involves international currency. He mostly deals in bullion, but you have to know the exchange rates to price your services properly.” Harry looked up from the table. “Hello Tonksie.”

“Hello Harry. I had some time off, and heard that there was a Hogsmeade weekend this week, I thought I’d stop by and see if you were doing anything. And here I find you holding a finance class.” The woman with the pink hair grinned.

“This is Tonksie.” Harry said to his tablemates. “Tonksie, this is Neville Longbottom and Hermione Granger, they’re the sixth year Gryffindor Prefects.”

“What are you doing hanging out with the Lions Harry? I heard you were a ‘Puff.”

“I’ve gotten to know people from all the houses Tonksie.” He looked into the woman’s eyes. “And how have you been?”

“Insanely busy, between pulling double shifts and odd jobs for the Headmaster I haven’t had much time to myself since August. So, could we go somewhere private and finish that conversation we were having back in August?”

“Sure.” Harry stood from the table. “Neville, Prefect Granger, I’ll see you two back at the castle.”

Hermione stared as the pink haired woman led Harry to the stairs leading to the upper level where the private rooms were. Neville looked at his friend, deeply concerned.

“Do you know who that was?” Neville asked.

“*Tonksie* , Harry said.” Hermione responded bitterly.

“That’s Nymphadora Tonks, the Metamorphamagus Auror.”

Wonderful. How could she compete with that?

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“Welcome to Prestwick Mr. Davis.” The customs official said as she examined the man’s passport. “Are you visiting the UK on business or pleasure?”

“Pleasure.” The man said. “Visiting my younger brother at the school he attends here.”

“How nice.” The young woman named Kirstie Walker said as she stamped the passport. There was something about this man... She suddenly realized that she couldn’t remember her boyfriend’s name, and that her mouth was very dry. This ‘Remo Davis’ was a very attractive man, dark hair and eyes, he moved like a dancer, all muscle and grace. “It’s a bit cold out today, we got two feet of snow last night. You might want to get your jacket from your luggage before you head outside to the taxi queue.” She said, feeling a little stupid for stating the obvious as she offered the man his passport.

“Thank you.” The man said with a smile as he collected his passport.

The young woman noted his very thick wrists and unconsciously licked her lips. “Are you familiar with the area? I could probably find the time to give you a tour sometime ...”

“Thank you for the offer, but I’ll only be in this area long enough to get my rental car before I head up north to my younger brother’s school.” The man smiled again as he lifted his case effortlessly. “Maybe on my return trip.”

“Thank you Mr. Davis. Have a pleasant stay.” Kirstie called after him as he exited the customs area. This earned her some odd looks from her coworkers.

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## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source Killing Time**

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. Nor do I own any of the characters and situations associated with anyone named Remo Williams or indeed any of the more outgoing citizens of the small North Korean village of Sinanju . But you knew that.**

**A/N2: in which Harry has a small reunion with his adopted brother, demonstrates 'The Ribbon' to the Magical world, and laments lost opportunities. Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape make some very large (and very final) mistakes. The Aurors find that they have no interest in anything to do with Harry Potter, and a portion of a contract is fulfilled. On the lighter side, the Outsiders learn a little about how the world works.**

**A/N3: This chapter is dedicated to Brian McCrary, also known as fenriswolf who passed away while this chapter was being written. His reviews and suggestions have taken my brittle efforts and produced better stories. I would ask everyone who reads and enjoys this story to raise a glass of what ever they choose to partake in memory of this talented writer of fan fiction who was always willing to help a newcomer. Here's to you Brian, I wish we could have met in person.**

### **Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

#### **Chapter 5: Killing Time**

Remo Williams parked his rental car on the grassy shoulder of the tiny one lane road. He stood from the car and examined the admittedly imposing forest that stood perhaps a dozen yards from the road. Detecting nothing that could pose much of a threat, the big man started making his way among the trees. From everything his senses were telling him, this was the spot Harry had described in his letters as being the closest point to the magical village near his school.

Remo paused. Something was going on... For some reason he wanted to return to the car and go... somewhere. Some sort of... compulsion? No matter, Remo told his senses to ignore the distraction and it vanished.

The Earthly avatar of Shiva made his way through perhaps a half mile of the dense dark forest before it thinned out to a picturesque meadow. Perhaps a quarter mile into the meadow was what appeared to be the ruins of an ancient town, and beyond that on a hill, the ruins of a medieval

castle. This he expected. Harry had told him of the illusions that the magicals used to keep people away from the village and school.

Remo fell back to one of the first lessons Chiun had taught him so long before. ‘Everything that exists vibrates, master the vibrations and you master the world.’ The big man focused his eyes, willing himself to find the pattern in the illusion and see past it. A faint smile twitched at the corners of his mouth when a castle suddenly appeared to him, with what appeared to be an 18th century village in the foreground.

His smile fell away when he spotted what was approaching the village from the point where the forest came closest. If not for his adventures with Chiun he wouldn’t believe what he was seeing. Seven man-sized shapes wearing black cloaks, accompanying the men were seven huge... things. Was this part of the war in the magical world Harry wrote about? And if so, which side were they on?

Remo ghosted across the open meadow toward the town.

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Step eighteen. Harry lightly pressed the first knuckle of his left hand into the woman’s brachiocephalic artery on the right side of her face, just forward of her earlobe until her eyes started to flutter.

Step nineteen. Releasing the pressure on the artery, Harry paused for a two count, then pressed his lips against the center of her right clavicle and applied three pounds of suction. The pink haired woman’s hands reached to take hold of his buttocks and pull him deeper into herself. She bucked against him, her body searching for its release.

Breaking the kiss, Harry couldn’t help grinning, this was great. He wasn’t sure what had changed, but he was playing the woman’s body like an instrument. He was on the cusp of step twenty, and was actually beginning to believe that he would actually finish the exercise. Harry he rolled over, taking the woman with him. Step twenty. Using his right hand he begin lightly tapping at the top of her gluteal cleft. Three taps, stroke, three taps, stroke, tap, stroke, tap, and stroke... repeat that pattern seven times and then...

A thunderous crash shook the entire building, panicked screams came from the pub below and a cry of “Morsmordre!” reached Harry’s ears. The distraction pushed the woman over the edge. She shuddered into an intense orgasm, losing consciousness in the process.

“Son of a Bitch!” Harry all but screamed as he slapped the mattress in frustration. Gently rolling the woman off his body, he rose from the bed and began to dress, muttering to himself as he did

so. “I was on step twenty. Step freaking twenty.”

“Har’y?” The pink haired woman murmured from the bed as she began to come around, “Where are you going?”

The building shook again when another booming crash sounded accompanied by more screaming, this time more from pain than fear.

“I’ll be back Tonksie,” Harry smiled. “I’ve just got to go kill someone.”

The Auror struggled against her own body trying to sit up in the bed. “Har’y?” she slurred as she watched the Boy-Who-Lived leap through the open window.

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Slesrok of clan Sootsjar raised his club again and began the swing that he knew would bring the Squishies’ wood cave down, then something small and light landed on his back. The Troll howled his protest when his favorite club fell from his fingers and his arms wouldn’t work any more. Slesrok screamed his anger at his arms until he remembered the small thing on his back.

The troll wheeled in place attempting to see whatever it was on his back. A Squishy? But how did a Squishy get on his back? This one was muttering something that sounded like Stlptw-tee. Slesrok was about to kill the Squishy for saying that about Slesrok’s mother when the Squishy took hold of Slesrok’s head in both his small hands and suddenly Slesrok could see his own butt, That was different. The ground rose up to Slesrok’s face, but the troll only knew oblivion before the two met.

----===oooOOOooo=====

Hermione Granger huddled on the cobblestones, her throat raw from screaming. She had tried to protect a group of third years from a trio of masked Death Eaters who was casting the Cruciatus curse on them, only to have Neville Longbottom push her out of the way and take the bulk of the curses himself. She had only caught the edge of one of the curses and thought that she was going to die. Trembling she fumbled for her wand so as to protect the younger students as best she could. She looked up at the first startled gasp to see the Death Eater in the center of the trio staring down at the wrist of his wand hand, which was spraying blood at an astounding rate. The hand that had once been attached to that wrist was lying on the ground, still grasping the Wizard’s wand. The bleeding wizard pitched forward on to the ground and was very still.

The bushy haired witch’s eyes widened as she watched Harry Potter seemingly dance between the surviving Death Eaters, Harry’s right hand appeared to float in front of the face of the shorter of

the two dark wizards, his fingers seemed to braid themselves, then suddenly flicked out touching the man's mask where his nose was hidden. The man's head exploded in a shower of gore that was mostly contained by the hood of his robes.

Simultaneously Harry's left hand seemed to slap the other Death Eater's chest. The man flew bodily across the street, impacting into the wall of the Three Broomsticks. The man slid to the ground, leaving a trail of blood on the wall.

"Prefect Granger," Harry said, pulling the girl to her feet. "Take the children and find cover."

"Neville, take the 3rd years. I'm staying to help Harry." The bushy haired witch pulled her wand, trying to ignore the trembling of her right arm and turned back to Harry. "I'm not afraid of Death Eaters Harry."

"You may not be but I am, Prefect Granger. There are things I need to do and you would be in my way. Move." Harry hissed, pushing the 6th year prefect toward a shaking Neville Longbottom. "Neville, get them all out of here." He paused to make sure that the young man who hired the assassins of Sinanju to avenge his parents was conducting the small group away before returning his attention to the fight.

The four surviving Death Eaters noticed what Harry had done to their fellows. As the raven haired wizard-assassin looked about the village square for his next target, he saw a man in a black cloak and white mask point a wand in his direction. Automatically Harry did not respond to this man. As he had been trained to do, he first checked—in an instant—the entire pattern he was in. Other wands came out. The three surviving Trolls hefted their clubs and rampaged in his direction. Perfect. He had them right where he wanted them.

Harry would work it left to right. Not bothering to feint, he was into a large man who was swishing his wand and starting the incantation for the Cruciatius curse. The wand never cast the curse. It was jammed up into the man's solar plexus, taking part of a lung with it. The Death Eater vomited his lungs, and Harry continued to work right so that his being in the correct pattern prevented the center and left from getting him without cursing into their own allies.

A townswoman screamed. A uniformed Auror dove for cover, catching a wayward Avada Kedavra curse in the back. Two young children, appearing to be brother and sister, no more than five, huddled together against a store front. Harry frowned; he would have to work the line of attack away from the children. But if he could not, whoever might have cast the spells that injured the youngsters would not die quickly.

The right side was too bunched. Amateurs. Harry thumbed the side of a head and interior-attacked a tall thin Death Eater. The fool held his wand too close to his body, as though the man were using a knife at close quarters. The man's head caved in due to an elbow shot to his left temple and Harry was moving back toward the center, ducking under a club that swung into his arc of power to come up under it when the club passed over his head. Harry felt it brush his hair.

Double layer. Harry finished the troll wielding the club, taking off the creature's testicles with a

hip thrust. Harry spun back to where the second level of spell fire came from, another curse narrowly missing him from the center. He was now in cross fire. A very stupid move on his part.

---===oooOOOooo===---

From his vantage point, Remo's mouth formed a thin line as he saw the predicament his adopted younger brother had gotten himself into. It was the presence of the two little kids too terrified to move that had force Harry slightly out of pattern for the Ribbon

Should he interfere? Harry wouldn't appreciate his meddling, that much was certain. No, the boy was experiencing difficulties, but was not yet in real danger. Remo decided that he would wait.

Harry had killed four of the seven black cloaked men, and two of the four 12 foot tall things. Remo found himself wondering if Harry knew about the three really huge things waiting just outside the village, and if the boy knew how to deal with them.

The big man crossed his arms against his chest. He would let this play out, but God help any one who actually managed to hurt the Harry. He returned the focus of his attention to the black cloak that hadn't come to the village with the others, but was creeping up, trying to get close to the action without being seen. The hook nosed man's attempts at stealth were laughable, and Remo was certain that Harry had spotted him, though the boy didn't seem to be paying this individual much attention.

Did this mean that the newcomer was not one of the bad guys? Or was he just so incompetent that Harry wasn't worried by his presence? Remo would be watching the man.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Harry quickly put a post between himself and center left, taking that line into right side of the street, whence the second-level spell fire came.

They were attacking from the inside of shops, using the storefronts as cover. One Death Eater cast from the doorway of a shop called 'Madam Puddifoot's' shouting "Avada Kedavra!" at the top of his lungs. The spell cast properly, but Death Eater was shocked to find the end of his wand was suddenly in his mouth when the spell expressed itself. Harry's body wove and jerk-ran into a free space that suddenly had a cutting curse in it, taking chunk of flesh from Harry's right side. A minor wound.

Without thinking, Harry moved. His body reacted as it had been taught to react in the painful, pressing hours of training, reacted as Chiun had taught it despite Harry's silent protests, despite Harry's conscious begging for surcease, despite the long hours and high temperatures.

His body reacted as it had been taught and no other way. The Ribbon was for the defense against multiple attacks. It was not only the only defense, but against this combination it was invincible. Back toward the center he moved, keeping lines of fire within the ambush itself. He did not kill his attackers anymore because that would remove them from the equation, and the Ribbon

depended upon the attackers to destroy themselves, like using the lack of coordination inherent to any group against itself.

With incredible, balanced speed, Harry spun his ribbon in the three-layered defense. Spell fire all but stopped when he was among the trolls, the trolls tempered their attacks when he was among the wizards. Wild spells. Hesitant swings of the two remaining clubs. Harry was no longer the center of the attack, he was part of it.

A fifth Death Eater fell to a crushing blow from a troll's club. The two remaining trolls died from Avada Kedavras from the tall Death Eater holding a cane as well as his wand.

Harry grinned and turned to face the sole Death Eater still in the street. The man suddenly realized that he was the last of the Death Eaters still standing. The man cast Sonorus on himself.

**“Srach Now!”**

The ground literally trembled. Harry reached out with his senses to evaluate the new threat. A grotesque misshapen head reared over a second story building.

Giants. Three of them.

Ok, new plan. Harry scooped up a four foot piece of metal from a collapsed building and started moving toward the three hulking creatures. The chunk of metal pulsed in a blue light, then twisted and contorted until it became a sword, eight feet long fluted at the central ridge with a jeweled pommel and cross guard. Almost as an afterthought Harry cast a stunner at the Death Eater with the cane.

Lucius Malfoy managed a moment of surprise when the stunner crashed through his shield like it wasn't there before he crumpled nervelessly to the ground.

----===oooOOOooo===----

Remo's eyebrows rose almost to his hair line. How had the boy gotten the Sword of Sinanju? Where had it come from? It had looked like the boy had scooped up a length of copper pipe, but suddenly it was...

What that an example of the boy's hocus pocus?

Harry had never actually demonstrated his 'magic' around Remo, but there was that one time that Harry had been with him when Remo had found himself going to an emergency meeting with Smitty.

Whatever Harry had done while Remo was out of the room managed to freak Smitty out for most of a month, something that Remo had never actually managed to do. Interesting. He was going to have to talk to Harry about that.

----===oooOOOooo===----

Closing on the giants Harry dodged a massive club, easily five times larger than those that had been used by the Trolls. Rounding on the first of the enormous creatures, Harry swung his sword to slice into the creature's legs, just over each ankle, severing both Achilles' tendons. The first giant crumpled to the ground, doing even more damage to itself.

Few people truly understand how hazardous it is for a large creature to fall. The giant's impact with the ground probably caused more damage than Harry's use of the sword had.

A second club smashed into the ground. Harry never broke step, running up the length of the club and onto the arm of the giant, swing his sword so as to lop off the giant's head.

Srach Kinslayer watched in amazement as the tiny wizard killed the second of his warriors and without magic. This wasn't supposed to happen. The Dark Wizards had promised Srach that he and his warriors would be allowed to destroy the village and kill as many little magic users as they wanted... but so far the only ones to die were his giants.

The Gurg lost track of the fast moving wizard, until he felt something skittering up his back, then nothing until blinding pain blossomed from the base of his skull.

----==ooOoo==----

In spite of himself Severus Snape was impressed by the display put on by James Potter's spawn. He had never even heard of anyone surviving trying to attack a giant alone with a sword. Yet the boy had when he attacked the lead giant's legs.

Still, there were still two of the huge beasts attacking. There was no way that the boy could possibly...

The Potions Master turned Defense Against the Dark Arts professor's mouth hung open when he watched Potter run up the club of the second giant and lopping off the creature's head with a single slashing stroke of the sword. Impossible. That was comparable to cutting down a 200 year old Oak with a single stroke. What had the boy done?

Shaking his head in disbelief Snape made his way to a bit of cover near the stunned body of Lucius Malfoy. When the boy died he would revive the fallen Death Eater so that they could together return to the Dark Lord and report Malfoy's failure.

If the boy's luck held out, Snape would kill him when he returned to Malfoy.

Either way Snape won. The smile that thought created died when he watched Potter climb the largest of the giant's back and drive his oversized sword into the giant's neck at the base of the massive skull to the hilt, leaping lightly to the ground as the giant fell. The boy had killed five Death Eaters and four trolls without using any magic at all, and had disposed of three giants with only a conjured sword.

This was not possible. Not possible at all. He felt his pulse speed as Potter left the fallen giants

were they lay, stopping only to put the first beast out of his misery. The boy made his way back to the fallen Lucius Malfoy.

Snape pulled his wand and took careful aim. "Ava..."

"Is there any particular reason that you are pointing your stick at my little brother?" an American accented voice asked.

Snape whirled and slashed at the voice with his wand incanting "Sectumsempra!"

Once again Snape gaped as he watched the dark haired man dodge his spell by doing little more than twisting the trunk of his body.

"That wasn't nice. Not nice at all." The man said as his right hand flicked out and touched Snape's nose, driving it deep into the wizard's brain. "That's the biz, sweetheart."

----==ooOooOoo==----

Consciousness returned to Lucius Malfoy. He was suddenly staring into a pair of eyes the color of a killing curse. Lucius found himself wishing that his mask was still on. The mask wouldn't have protected him in the slightest, but at least the terror the boy's visage evoked would not have been quite so apparent in his face.

"Hello Mr. Malfoy. Didn't little Draco tell you that I wanted to speak to your boss, not you?"

"The Dark Lord will..."

"Yeah, yeah. The Dark Lord will," The boy said dismissively. "Your inbred idiot of a son keeps telling me what the Dark Lord will do, but the coward never seems to man up enough to actually meet me. He keeps sending incompetents like you instead. If I didn't know better, I'd think he was avoiding me."

Malfoy swallowed. At times like this he found it useful to fall back onto behavior that had worked in the past. "Just turn me over to the Aurors boy, so that I can explain that I was once again put under the Imperius curse."

The boy actually laughed at him. "I'm sorry, were you under the impression that I'm a cop? I don't turn people over to the Aurors, Death Eater. I fix it so that weak minded fools like you are immune to the Imperius and pretty much every other curse, by killing them. But first..." the boy's smile grew wider, "we're going to have a little talk."

Anger clouded Lucius' mind. How dare this... half-blood speak to him like this? "I will tell you nothing."

"Actually," Potter said as he grasped the Head of House Malfoy's left earlobe. "You're going to tell me everything you know."

-----oooOOOooo-----

The rapidly cooling corpse of the elder Malfoy slumped to the ground ceasing to be a member of Voldemort's inner circle while simultaneously advancing his son to the Head of House Malfoy. Harry was satisfied with the information he had extracted from the man before allowing him to die, even if a disturbing amount of that information was about hair care and cane maintenance for some reason. Still, confirmation that Voldemort was at the Malfoy Family's ancestral manor house was useful, assuming that he could get 'permission' to go after his target. If nothing else he had good news for Neville Longbottom.

"Hello Remo," the boy said before turning to face his brother. "Any particular reason for you killing Snape?"

"Hey Little Sister. The dink with the beak? When I saw he was pointing his stick at you, it seemed the polite thing to do, covering your back after you left it exposed."

Harry shrugged, "I knew you were there, and that Little Father would give you hell if anything happened to me."

"Yeah, he probably would. You always were his favorite, 'Barely Adequate'. He tells me you're getting paid twice for a single hit." The big man bent over to examine the wound on Harry's left side. "You got tagged pretty good. Chiun's gonna give you grief for that."

"I'm getting paid three times, oh 'Great Disappointment'. I picked up another commission this morning." Harry looked down at the wound on his side. "Nasty. Yeah, I know. Little Father's gonna bitch at me for pulling the line of attack away from the kids, completely ignoring the fact that he would have done the same thing."

"Other than getting tagged."

"Other than that, yeah."

"And your elbow was out of line when you popped the one in the head." Remo pointed out in that helpful manner known to elder brothers' world wide. "You've got blood on your sleeve. Little Father hates that."

"You love this, I can tell," Harry said crossing his arms across his chest.

"You started this fight angry Little Sister, you know better than that," Remo pointed out.

Harry blushed, "I know, but I was on step 20 Remo. Step 20!"

"Seriously?" Despite wanting to abuse Harry, Remo was impressed. He had only made it to step twenty four or five times. "Not bad kid."

"Half way through 20 and getting ready for step 21 when that damned troll starts beating on the walls," Harry said disgustedly. "Do you know how long that takes?"

“Still, step 20’s nothing to sneeze at. Troll huh? So that’s what it was. What were the really big things?”

“Giants. European Giants. A bit on the puny side when compared with Asian or South American Giants.” Harry’s head snapped up. “Incoming.”

“Yeah.” Remo agreed, and both of the Apprentices of Sinanju went on guard.

A dozen Aurors arrived via apparition with a rippling crack. Harry spotted a familiar face and waved smiling. “Auror Shacklebolt! Good to see you again.”

The bald Auror stood looking at the carnage that filled the streets, and then addressed his men. “Everyone keep your eyes open in case there are any more Death Eaters in the village. Gillman, you and Watts, start the canvas for witnesses. Pennyworth, start your triage, the rest of you, secure my crime scene.” Shacklebolt turned to face Harry as the Aurors fanned out to carry out their orders. “What is it with you kid? Can’t you come to Hogsmeade without carnage?”

“I was minding my own business in the Three Broomsticks when a Troll started beating on the building with his club.” Harry pointed out. “Are the Aurors on record as to wanting me to ignore Death Eaters and their allies killing people?”

The Auror ignored the jibe instead choosing to notice Remo for the first time. “And who are you?”

“Remo Davis.” Remo said, remembering his alias.

“My adopted older brother.” Harry volunteered. “He’s visiting for the weekend.”

“Muggle?” Shacklebolt asked. “How did you get here?”

Remo’s answer was interrupted by Harry suddenly becoming alert. “Expecting reinforcements Auror Shacklebolt?”

“What?”

Harry pointed to where Albus Dumbledore and Minerva McGonagall appeared with their wands drawn in front of the Three Broomsticks with a soft crack. Shacklebolt turned to face Harry. “How the hell did you know they were coming? How did you do that?”

Harry shrugged. “Trade secret.”

“Kingsley!” Dumbledore called as he strode to Harry and the Auror at a pace that was nearly a run. “What happened here?”

“I’m still trying to find out Headmaster.” The Auror said quietly. “It appears that Mr. Potter interrupted another Death Eater attack.”

McGonagall looked about incredulously. “Dinnae be ridiculous, Six men, four trolls and three giants?” In her excitement her normal gentle burr had become much thicker. “How can ye be blaming Mr. Potter?”

“Minerva...” Dumbledore said, placing his hand on his deputy’s shoulder.

“I’m not blaming anyone. We’re still trying to determine precisely what has happened Minerva.” Shacklebolt said quietly.

“It was me. Except for him.” Harry gestured toward the body of Severus Snape that one of the Aurors was taking photos of. “My brother Remo popped him when he was about to curse me in the back.”

“Severus?” Dumbledore said faintly before wheeling on Remo. “Why?”

The big man stood with his arms crossed, a faint smile on his lips. “The dink was pointing his stick at my little brother’s back, he was saying ‘Ava...’ something when I interrupted him, then he slashed his stick at me and some other light came out of it.”

Dumbledore knew that if Harry referred to this man as his ‘brother’ then this stranger was also of Sinanju. The old man could see the questions in Kingsley Shacklebolt’s eyes, but was saved from having to explain just how an apparently unarmed Muggle might have killed a fully trained Wizard who still had his wand in his hand by the arrival of the Rubeus Hagrid at a dead run, clutching an oversized crossbow in his massive hands. The half giant stopped a few meters short of the assembled group to stare open mouthed at the fallen Gurg, before shaking himself and approaching the Headmaster.

“Perfesser Dumbledore! I came as quick as I could as soon as I heard about giants in ‘ogsmeade.” The half giant said, his eyes straying back to the fallen Gurg. “That’s Srach Kinslayer!”

Seeing that he was getting blank looks from the Headmaster and the assembled Aurors. “Srach is... was the most feared giant amongst the clans in Europe. Killed twenty other giants to become Gurg, includin’ ‘is own father an’ both ‘is brothers, ‘e did. Tha’s how ‘e got the name.”

“Well, Hagrid,” Dumbledore said, not really understanding what had his Care of Magical Creatures professor so excited, after all the danger was over. “No one will have to worry about him any longer. His reign of terror is over now.”

“Perfesser,” Hagrid said, shaking his head causing his massive beard to fly about. “‘e didn’t do tha’ killin’ over a period o’ time. ‘e did it in a day. Against other giants who could fight back. Now someone’s killed ‘im and two of his worst? I need to let the clans know who did it.”

The assembled group turned to face Harry, seeing the young sixth year for the first time, Hagrid paled.

“What?” Harry said when everyone started looking at him. “I just flanked him. Giants are

powerful, but not very fast. The trolls were more of a challenge.”

Hagrid swallowed, and seemed to steel himself. “Mr. Potter, on behalf o' the clans, I thank yeh for... for what yeh've done.”

Harry shrugged, “Any chance anyone had a bounty on his head?”

Ignoring the looks of horror on the faces of the professors and the Aurors, Remo laughed before reaching out and slapping Harry on the back. “Good one Little Sister. You're thinking like an assassin.”

Upon seeing Remo, Hagrid's black eyes went suddenly wide and his mouth opened and closed several times with no sound coming forth. The group looked at him, not understanding his reaction to the Muggle Man. A horrible stench filled the air, before the half giant turned and ran toward the gates of Hogwarts as if the hound of hell were nipping at his heels.

Remo turned to Harry. “Did he just shit his pants?”

Harry just shrugged. These British wizards were a weird bunch.

“So,” Shacklebolt said, attempting to get his investigation back on track. “You didn't leave any suspects for me to interrogate, again.”

“Oh,” Harry replied. “I knew I forgot something.” He bent at the waist, his left hand flicking out into the ornamental shrubbery at the side of the street, emerging holding a squirming rat. “This one changed as soon as he saw his side was losing. He hung around though, I'm guessing to report what happened back to his master.” Harry shook the rat vigorously. “Change back now Death Eater.”

Harry ignored the stares he was getting from the assembled group. “Now Death Eater, before I crush your spine.”

“An animagus?” Shacklebolt asked as the rat morphed into a badly injured man.

“Peter Pettigrew.” Minerva breathed. “That means...” she covered her mouth with her left hand.

“You don't understand.” The man identified as Pettigrew said attempting to escape Harry's grip. “Harry, don't you remember me? Harry, you look so much like James. I...”

“Shut up Pettigrew,” Shacklebolt said. “Gibbons! Get over here. I want animagic inhibitors on this man; you escort him to a holding cell and stand outside of it until I relieve you. If he escapes, you might as well head to Azkaban because that's where you'll be transferred.”

---===oooOOOooo===---

Minerva McGonagall clutched the tumbler in both hands digesting what her old friend and mentor had just told her. She raised the amber liquid to her lips and swallowed the entire contents of the

glass in a single gulp.

“So,” she said as she slid the now empty glass in front of the Headmaster and gestured for a refill. “You’re telling me, that because you decided to leave Lily and James’ son, the wee bairn who I bounced on my knee, on a door step in the middle of the night, he was taken by an assassin that you hired to kill You-Know-Who...”

“Really Minerva, to fear a mere name...” The ancient wizard interrupted.

“Do Not,” the woman shouted, before calming herself and continuing. “Do not presume to lecture me tonight Albus Dumbledore. We are discussing your failures tonight, not mine. Because of your arrogance, that sweet child is now himself an amoral assassin, ignorant of his parents and our culture and who thinks nothing of killing people. Because you left him alone in the dark of the night, exposed to the elements, where any villain could come along and spirit him away, he is a killer. The blood he sheds is on your hands Albus. Yours and mine because I allowed you to just leave him in the dark that horrible night.”

“Harry is hardly amoral,” Dumbledore said quietly. “His efforts today demonstrate that. None of the Death Eaters or dark creatures he... dealt with was covered by his contract, yet he placed himself in harms way to protect his fellow students and the citizens of Hogsmeade.”

“His contract. I’d almost forgotten that you had to hire Lily’s son to get him to come to Hogwarts,” She drained her second glass. “Fill it this time.” She said shoving it in front of the Headmaster.

“Minerva, you need to trust me. Despite the fact that nothing has been going the way I wanted it to, Mr. Potter is... well, he has hurt Voldemort more than anyone else since early in his first rise to power.” He poured two fingers of Ogden’s finest into the glass, then after seeing the look on Minerva’s face, filled the glass to the rim, then he slid Minerva’s drink back in front of her. This didn’t bode well. When Minerva dove this deep into her cups, it usually meant that Dumbledore’s flaws were about to be discussed at length.

“But at what cost Albus? What cost? And what about Sirius Black?”

A knock on the door interrupted Minerva. Dumbledore recognized the potential of saving himself from the wrath of his Transfiguration Mistress. “Come in Hagrid,” he said.

Minerva shot him another frosty glare. One day she would discover how he did that.

“You wanted ter see me Perfesser?” The half giant asked from the doorway.

“Come in Hagrid. Come in.” One of the chairs expanded to fit the huge man, and a large tankard of some kind of beverage appeared on the table next to the chair. “Minerva and I were worried about you, the way you reacted to the deaths of the giants involved in the attack...”

“T’weren’t that Perfesser,” Hagrid said, settling into the engorged chair. “Finding out that Srach

is dead was good news.” The huge man leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his eyes focused on the floor between his boots. “T’were that dark eyed bloke what was with ‘arry Potter.”

“I don’t understand, Mr. Davis never said a word to you Hagrid,” Minerva said quietly, trying to understand her friend’s concerns.

Hagrid shook his head. “Yeh don’t unnerstan Min. I told the Perfesser about how Harry Potter scares me right out o’ me bloody mind. I dunno what it is about him, but he terrifies me. Them eyes o’ ‘is, the color o’ a killin’ curse they are. I thought it was like ‘e was death ‘imself. ‘e’s scared the acromantula’s inter movin’ deeper into the forest, the centaurs are askin’ about ‘im, and ‘e’s killed I dunno how many Death Eaters, and now Trolls and the worst of the Giants.” The half giant paused to take a long pull from the tankard. “Not even usin’ magic, was ‘e? ‘e killed three giants wit’ a bloody great sword ‘e did. That alone made me want to be leavin’ and visit the clans all by its self. But ‘e killed Srach. I had to let ‘im know that the clans twern’t gonna hold no grudge agin ‘im, you know? So I tried to remember why th’ hat put me inter Gyffindor, sucked up me fear and tried to thank ‘im.”

“That explains why you’ve distanced yourself from young Potter this year Hagrid, but it doesn’t explain what happened to you this afternoon,” Minerva asked, wondering to herself what it was costing Hagrid to reveal his personal fears like this. What was it about Mr. Davis that caused you to react like that?”

“When ‘arry asked if ‘e might be gettin’ paid for killing the Kinslayer, I was as ‘orrified as the rest o’ ye’s. Then the dark eyed bloke laughed and slapped ‘arry on the back. Until then I never noticed ‘im.” He took another draw on the tankard, emptying it. Dumbledore waved his wand from where he was sitting and the tankard refilled. “Thank ye Perfesser. That man... Davis ye called ‘im. What ever ‘arry Potter is, Davis is worse. Ten times, mebbe, a hunerd times worse.”

That confirmed to Dumbledore’s satisfaction that this ‘adopted brother’ Harry had been with was also of Sinanju... That could complicate things.

“It is my understanding that Mr. Davis will be leaving this evening Hagrid, so you won’t be subjected to what ever you sense about him much longer. I wonder where young Harry might be. Minerva, perhaps you should contact Pomona to find out if Mr. Potter has returned to the castle.”

“‘e hasn’t Perfesser,” Hagrid said. “I saw the two of ‘em when I was comin’ here to answer yer note. They’re in the clearin’ betwixt ma ‘ouse and the forest.”

“Were they? I wonder what they were doing,” The ancient wizard asked rhetorically.

“I didn’t get close enough to find out whut they was doin’ exactly, but it looked to me like they wuz... well, they wuz dancin’.”

----===oooOOOooo=====

Harry feinted with his right hand, while driving his left into his opponent’s eyes. The feint was

ignored, and his actual attack turned aside with casual effort.

“Too slow Little Sister,” Remo laughed. As usual the laughter annoyed Harry, which, again as usual caused him to go all out in his attempt to sweep Remo’s feet.

As usual that failed too.

“Was your cop girlfriend pissed when you told her you were going to play with me for the rest of the day?” Remo asked as he executed the stroke that had ended their last sparing session the year before, feinting with taking the stance that indicated preparing for a kick while plunging three fingers of his left hand into the boy’s solar plexis.

He was moderately surprised and very pleased when his stroke didn’t find its target. Lord but the boy was learning fast. Harry moved inside the older man’s guard and delivered his elbow to the nerve cluster just below Remo’s left shoulder blade, deadening the arm, removing Remo’s fine control of that appendage.

“No, she apologized to me because the fight in town lead to her getting a recall to duty,” He grinned at the older man. “Did you really think I’d fall for the same thing you did last time?”

“Not really,” Remo said with a grin as he manipulated his left arm to restore full functionality to the limb. “But I had to try. How’s your side?” he asked slapping Harry on top of the spot on his side that had taken a Death Eater’s cutting curse.

“Bastard,” Harry said once again attacking at the larger man’s eyes. His attack thwarted, Harry threw himself backwards to avoid Remo’s counter, and the two apprentices of Sinanju faced each other from a distance of twelve feet. “You’re going down old man.”

“Ok, now you’re just being mean,” Remo laughed striking an exaggerated kung fu pose, which made Harry smile as the younger man launched his next attack. The Golden Triangle required that he cross his right foot with his right at the ankle. Pushing off from the ground his lower body spun violently to the left, with the upper portion of his torso following the spin. Chiun loved teaching this move because of the number of times his apprentices fell while learning it.

His left hand flashing, Remo caught Harry’s right foot and left hand and held them together, slamming Harry to the ground face first, placing all of his weight on to Harry’s back.

“Ok, who’s the master?” Remo asked in a conversational tone.

“Get off me you asshole,” Harry grunted, flailing with his free arm and leg attempting to counter Remo’s hold.

“Once Chiun retires,” Remo said, avoiding the reverse head butt Harry attempted. “I think I’ll have you say ‘Remo is better than me’ whenever you come into my presence. That has such a nice ring to it.” He tightened his hold on Harry’s arm and leg. “Why don’t you try it out, just to see what it sounds like?”

“Remo is an asshat,” Harry ground out between clenched teeth. “Chiun’s already tried retirement. He didn’t like it, and has no intention of ever doing it again. He’s likely to outlive us both.”

“True enough,” Remo said, releasing Harry’s limbs and rolling off his younger brother. “You’re getting better all the time kid.” The first Apprentice said as he leaned back against the nearest tree.

“Thanks Remo,” Harry said moving to a sitting position. “I totally meant that asshat comment by the way. I wish you could stay longer.”

“Ah, Smitty has a gig coming up, of course it may turn out to be a false alarm like most of my alerts, but there you go.” A broad smile crossed Remo’s face. “Seriously though, you are far and away better than I was at the same point in my training. You’ve made Chiun very proud; last I heard he’s promoted your performance from ‘Mostly Adequate’ to ‘Adequate’.”

“Coming from Little Father, that’s high praise.”

“Tell me about it. Ok, time to explain this hocus pocus of yours. How did you get the Sword of Sinanju?”

Harry blushed, “That wasn’t really the Sword. I transfigured a hunk of copper pipe into a replica of the sword”

“Transfigured?” Remo asked.

“Yeah, that’s the using of magic to change something from one thing to another,” Harry paused before conjuring a pair of drinking glasses filled with water. “Unless you pour a buttload of energy into it, a conjuring is a temporary thing. These glasses will last about an hour or so, and then fade to nothing. The water I summoned here from the moisture in the air.”

“So that last giant has a couple feet of copper pipe stuck down its spinal column?” Remo asked.

“No, it’s still a sword. Conjuring is when you make something from nothing. I changed the pipe to a sword by changing the copper to steel and the other materials that make up the sword. That’s permanent, unless another magic user changes it to something else. Transfiguration is easier than conjuring, because you’re not making something from nothing. I did have to put extra energy into increasing the mass. I did that by taking various chunks of debris in the streets to add to the mass of the blade.”

“So you just... made a sword by thinking about it?”

Harry shrugged. “Pretty much. Chiun’s let me get to know the real Sword of Sinanju really well. If you want to transfigure something, you have to *know* it, you know? It’s made of really good steel, which is hard to transfigure, but worth the effort. The really hard part is getting the edge of the blade to come out right. The first time I did it, the blade came out all rounded. Good for

bludgeoning someone, but lousy for a sword. Chiun and Mistress Chun Hei both drilled me until I could make a sharp blade every time.”

“I can see how that would be handy,” Remo said, not mentioning that those of Sinanju rarely used weapons of any sort. “So, what was with that huge guy? The one with the shits?”

“I have no idea. I’m told his size is accounted for by his being a half giant.”

Several seconds of silence passed between the two men while that idea sunk in. “Half giant?” Remo asked finally. “You mean some magical biker babe strapped on one of those twenty foot tall monsters? And then had a kid?”

“Actually according to the story, his father was human and mother a giant,” Harry corrected his brother.

“In some ways, that’s better and in others worse.” A grin spread across Remo’s face. “You’d need a hell of a lot more than 37 steps.”

“I’m sure you’d manage Remo, according to Chiun you’ve always liked a huge rack.” Harry dodged the thrown pinecone and continued. “Anyway, he’s on staff at the school, teaches something to do with animals, but unlike most of the other teachers, he hasn’t made the first attempt to speak with me, which suits me fine.”

Remo picked up one of the conjured glasses, and sipped. His eyebrows rose in surprise. “Good water. Real good water. Why would all the teachers want to speak with you?”

“It seems that I’m something of a legend here. They tell me that my target actually tried to kill me when I was less than two years old.” Harry said, repeating what he had managed to learn of the story behind his first two years. “The idiot calls himself a ‘Dark Lord’ if you can believe it. Anyway, the story goes that he attacked my home and killed my birth parents because of a prophecy that said I would have the power to kill him, and he wasn’t going to wait until I had it. When he tried to kill me, he supposedly used what’s called the ‘Killing Curse’ an unstoppable, unblockable, kills every time it’s used murder spell. The story claims that his killing curse somehow bounced off me and destroyed his body, leaving me with a curse scar and a blown up house.”

“You don’t sound convinced,” Remo pointed out.

Harry shrugged again. “The story makes no sense. There was exactly one survivor, me. I was too young to tell anyone what happened, but it’s a story ‘everyone’ knows. If you ask me someone is selling something.”

Remo contemplated Harry’s point for a moment and could see no flaws in his reasoning. “Ok, so if the guy that tried to kill you was killed, why has someone taken a contract out on him?”

“Not killed, his body was destroyed. Sort like that Gordon robot you played with a few times. Only instead of sending a piece of its intellect to another computer network to rebuild itself, Voldemort was cast out of his body as a wraith for a decade or so. Two years ago he managed to get reborn or something somehow. Long story short, there’s a prophecy that says only I can kill him.”

“Killing’s not a problem. Why are you still here?”

“The client is the old guy with the beard and glasses from earlier. He’s got some weird fixation on my killing the idiot here on the grounds of the school, I don’t know why. So here I sit, trying to provoke Voldemort to come to me, which doesn’t seem to be working. That blond idiot with the cane today told me that Voldemort is at his home, or was anyway. Probably long gone by now, but here I am, bidding my time until he actually shows up here so that I can put on a show for the old man.”

“I don’t know why I’m surprised, after all of Chiun’s stories about crazy clients,” Remo laughed. “What are those other contracts for?”

“Mostly Voldemort. People keep coming to me and offering money to kill the idiot.” Harry shook his head. “I’m not turning it down, that’s for sure. I partially fulfilled a contract today with two of the Death Eaters I killed. Neville will be happy about that.”

Remo raised his eyebrows, “Neville? Are you sure it’s a good idea to be that familiar with your clients Harry?”

“I don’t know,” Harry said with a smirk. “Maybe we should ask Smitty.”

“You got me there, kid,” Remo laughed.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Tom Riddle glared at the cowering woman who knelt before him.

“Explain to me how this boy defeated my forces so easily,” He asked.

“I do not know, My Lord. I observed from a distance, as you commanded,” She said her voice quavering. “The attack started as planned: the trolls beginning the attack and your mark cast into the sky to draw in the defenders. The Potter boy was in the Three Broomsticks, and leaped from a window to attack one of the trolls.”

“He attacked a troll? What magic did he use?” Voldemort tried to ignore the scurrying house elves working to make the dining hall of Parkinson Manor suitable for his use.

Pansy Parkinson swallowed. Draco had never told her how terrifying the reborn Dark Lord was, nor what he might demand of her in his new form. Keeping her eyes fixed to the floor at the Dark Lord’s feet she answered. “He didn’t seem to be using any magic at all. He attacked the Troll physically and killed the beast by twisting its neck completely around. From there he attacked

three of your marked followers who were busy torturing the Blood Traitor Longbottom and the Mudblood Granger. He killed them, again without any apparent magic.”

“Potter killed a troll and three of my Death Eaters without magic? What injuries did he receive?”

“None, my Lord. I watched as he ushered Longbottom and Granger away with a small crowd of third years. By then the rest of your followers had discovered him and were attacking. Potter moved in among them, and...” she hesitated.

“What happened, girl?” The Dark Lord hissed.

“He used them to kill each other. Lucius Malfoy cast the killing curses that killed two of the three remaining trolls; the trolls killed Rodolphus LeStrange and injured Peter Pettigrew badly. After Pettigrew was injured he disappeared. I can’t explain it, one second he was there, then he was gone. By that time only Lucius Malfoy was still standing. He called for the giants. Potter had been hit by a cutting curse during the fight, but still hadn’t drawn his wand.”

“Look at me girl.” Riddle hissed. Slowly Pansy raised her head to lock eyes with what the Dark Lord had become, terror filling her soul. “I need to see what you saw girl. Legilimens!”

Riddle dove into the terrified girl’s mind. He ignored fear, her childish affection for Draco Malfoy and her attraction to Harry Potter, searching for her memories of the early afternoon attack on Hogsmeade.

In spite of himself he was amazed at how the boy moved, and how everywhere he moved Riddle’s minions died. He saw Pettigrew take a glancing blow from a troll’s club then begin his transformation to a rat. Riddle was impressed with the speed of the transformation; it wasn’t surprising the girl missed it. Riddle was amazed with the ease with which Potter had killed the three giants. Some small part of his mind asking if he could have done so as easily... No, no doubts, never any doubts he chastised himself.

Riddle contemplated abandoning his idea of taking Potter’s body for his own. It would be far simpler to escape his current prison by taking the body of another young wizard... but the sheer physical power of the Potter boy intrigued him. To have that at his command...

From her vantage point on the upper floor of Gladrags with sight and aural enhancing charms, Pansy had witnessed everything, even the death of Severus Snape at the hands of an unknown man who moved like Potter did. A frown crossed Riddle’s face when he realized that Malfoy had broken under whatever torture that Potter was using against him and told the boy every secret that he knew. Riddle was slightly consoled in realizing that his reflexive move from the Malfoy estate had been a wise move.

Both Potter and the unknown man reacted to an incoming portkey before any hint of the incoming travelers was evident. This was disturbing. In all his years he had never heard of anyone who could detect an incoming portkey. Riddle continued to observe Pansy’s memories of the afternoon. After a short conversation with the lead Auror who appeared to be unusually

competent, the boy and his unknown companion both reacted to Dumbledore and McGonagall apparating in front of the Three Broomsticks.

This was seriously disturbing. Potter and the stranger who Potter had identified as his Muggle brother both were able to discern when two different types of magical transportation were happening, before the travelers actually arrived.

Riddle pulled himself from the girl's mind after he watched the capture of Peter Pettigrew. He would need to consider what he had learned today. But first...

“Flint!”

The young man looked up from where he knelt, careful to not look directly at his Lord. “Yes My Lord?”

“Potter has a Muggle brother who is leaving Britain in the morning. That filthy Muggle dared kill one who bares my mark? Take a squad to Heathrow Airport tomorrow morning and bring him to me. Look at me boy.”

Marcus Flint made eye contact with the Dark Lord and was immediately rewarded with a blinding headache as Riddle put an image of Remo Davis directly into his mind.

“Fail me Flint, and your life is forfeit. Narcissa!”

“Yes My Lord?” Narcissa Malfoy answered, hoping against hope that the Dark Lord would not once again be making use of her.

“Return to your home, and await the Aurors who will be coming to tell you that you are now a widow. You know nothing of me beyond the horror stories Lucius told you of being imperioused into my service. Your son will be home in a week, you must prepare the new Lord Malfoy to take his father's place in my service.”

A widow? Lucius had died? “Of course, My Lord.” Narcissa said, backing out of the room. She had to think of a way to protect Draco from his father's mistakes, and dare she hope, free herself.

“Everyone else, get out.” He reached down and took hold of Pansy Parkinson's hair with his left hand. “Not you Pansy. We have to arrange to get you back to Hogwarts before curfew. But first, you are in the perfect position to provide your next service to me.”

Pansy fought the scream that threatened to escape her lips as her head was forced down. She found herself thinking about Potter and his wonderful hands as the Dark Lord used her for his pleasure.

----==ooOoo==----

“Are you sure you're alright?” Millie Bulstrode asked for the fifth time. “You both look like crap.”

“We’re as good as can be expected Millie.” Hermione said, her hands shaking from the residual effects of the Cruciatus curse. “The hospital wing is full of people in really bad shape. Madam Pomfrey gave us potions to take through the night.”

“Yeah.” Neville said through chattering teeth. “It c...c...could be a lot w..w..w..worse.”

“If there’s worse, I don’t want to see it.” Hannah said pulling Neville into a hug.

The outsiders were gathered in one of the unused classrooms in the Charms wing. With permission of Professor Flitwick they had over the years furnished the room in transfigured chairs and sofas. Whenever a common room upgraded its furnishing the outsiders were usually there to take the discarded pieces away, painstakingly repairing each item, so that they both fine tuned their skills and provided themselves with a place where they could relax as a group.

“Harry was magnificent during his fight.” Luna said. “Even though I knew roughly what he was capable of, actually seeing it was... breath taking.”

“You saw what happened?” Colin Creevey asked. “As soon as I saw people in Death Eater’s masks I ran.” The fifth year looked to the floor. “Some Gryffindor I turned out to be.”

“Y..Y..You did the r..r..right thing Colin. B..b..being brave d..d..doesn’t mean you rush i..i..n to a f..f..fight you can’t win.” Neville forced out. “I..i..if it weren’t for the little ones, H..h..hermione and I..I w..w..would have beat you back to the castle.”

“Right.” Colin said doubtfully.

“Hell Colin.” Millie said smacking the smaller boy’s arm, almost knocking him out of his chair. “I’m not scared o’ nothing, and those Death Eaters had me running for cover. I saw what Potter was doing and I still can’t believe it.”

“It’s just training and discipline.” Harry said entering the room.

“Hello Harry,” Luna said with a broad smile. “Your performance was glorious today.”

“Thank you Ms. Lovegood,” Harry said with a slight bow. “I do wish people would learn to fight back against them though.”

“Most people don’t have the power needed to fight back successfully,” Hermione Grange noted. “Besides you made me leave.”

Harry shrugged. “Completely different situation Prefect Granger. The Death Eaters had setup an ambush, I needed room to move and spin a ribbon, you would have been in my way. If the citizens of Hogsmeade had attacked the Death Eaters before that ambush was set, the Death Eaters would never have stood a chance against the numerical odds they faced. As far as power goes, can the average third year at Hogwarts levitate a ten pound mass to a height of say... five meters??”

“Of c...c...course.” Neville forced out.

Harry's brow furrowed observing Neville's and to a lesser extent Hermione's tremors. "Imagine what a ten pound mass dropped from five meters would do to a Death Eater's skull. Didn't the School Healer do anything about your exposure to the Cruciatus curse?"

"She gave us potions." Hermione explained. "The ward was reserved for people who were injured, were we're only in pain. She said it will fade in a day or so and we'll regain our fine muscle control."

"Amazing," Harry said kneeling next to Neville. "Let me try something."

Not waiting for permission Harry took hold of Neville's left wrist and slid back the left sleeve of the Prefect's robe. He ground the first knuckle of his right hand into the Brachialis muscle seeking out the Olecranon nerve. His left hand went down the back of Neville's shirt until he reached the fifth vertebrae. Harry pinched the nerve clusters on either side of the vertebrae while maintaining the pressure on the nerve in the Prefect's arm until Neville made a loud squeak.

"Miss Lovegood?" Harry asked. "Could you massage Neville's back for a few moments, like this?"

"Of course Harry." The fifth year said, beginning to mimic the movements on Neville's back.

Harry turned to Hermione. "Your turn Prefect Granger."

Hermione's eyes went wide, "you aren't touching me like that."

"No, Hermione," Neville said, his voice full of relief and awe. "Let him. Whatever it is he did, it worked, I feel great. No shakes, no pain at all."

Hermione hesitated for a moment, then shrugged out of her robe and offered her bared arm to Harry. She shivered when his hand reached down the back of her blouse and tried not to think about how her body was reacting to him. She felt the pressure build within her until she too emitted a loud squeak. Then the sudden bliss of an absence of pain, followed by the sensation of Potter massaging her back.

"My apologies Prefect Granger," he said quietly in her ear so that only she could hear him. "To gain access to the nerve clusters on your back, I needed to unhook you bra."

He had... She hadn't even felt it.

"How did you do that?" She asked. "Take away the pain and shakes I mean. Madam Pomfrey said that there was nothing to be done except wait it out."

Harry shrugged. "Pressure point techniques are common in a lot of Asian cultures. The West seems to largely ignore them."

Hermione shuddered when he removed his hands from her back and moved to stand before Neville.

“Client Longbottom, I am before you to report partial completion of your contract.”

Neville appeared to be startled by this. “So soon? We only agreed this morning.”

Harry smiled and dug in his satchel, withdrawing a canvas bag far too large to have fit in the small case. “The Lestrangle Brothers.”

Neville accepted the bag hesitantly, then opened it and peeked inside. He paled a bit, and then took another look. The Scion of House Longbottom steeled his expression. “Well done. The House of Longbottom thanks you for your quick efficient service.”

Harry nodded his thanks for the kind words of a client. The assembled outcasts looked on, trying to figure out what was going on.

“However,” Neville continued, “The House of Longbottom also wishes he had waited twenty four hours or so and saved himself ten thousand Galleons.”

Harry smiled enigmatically and sat on one of the vacant chairs.

Hermione looked between Harry, Neville and the bag still sitting in Neville’s lap. “Wait. That bag... it’s got the heads of Rabastan and Rodolphus Lestrangle in it?”

“What’s in the bag isn’t important,” Neville said quietly, placing the bag on the floor beside his chair. “What’s important is that the bastards won’t be hurting anyone else, ever again.”

Silence filled the room for several seconds, until Hermione broke it.

“The hell it doesn’t matter what’s in the bag. If there are heads in that bag...”

“Are you really an assassin like Luna says Harry?” Colin Creevey asked, interrupting Hermione who was well on her way to hysterics.

Harry nodded. “The House of Sinanju, established 3987 BC, accept no substitutes. Miss Lovegood and her father visited my home village three years ago as part of his investigative series on my ‘disappearance’. My father granted him a full interview with me, and gave permission to tell of my life and training.”

“So the Quibbler was right?” Millie Bulstrode asked the room.

“In this one instance.” Hermione said, still eyeing the bag that had the potential of containing a pair of heads. “There are so many other insanely impossible ideas from that magazine...”

“Like what?” Luna asked sounding uncharacteristically insulted.

“Like there being an emperor of the United States. The US is a Constitutional Republic, with a president.” The bushy haired prefect said dismissively.

“The United States does have an emperor,” Harry said quietly. “I’ve met him. His name’s Smith.”

“Emperor Smith?” Hermione asked incredulously. “That’s ridiculous, you aren’t even confusing him with a President, there’s never been one named Smith.”

“My father calls him ‘Mad Emperor Smith’,” Harry said. “My brother calls him ‘Smitty’. He prefers to be called Dr. Smith, but he’s really an emperor, he orders people killed all the time.” Harry leaned forward and lowered his voice conspiratorially. “Magic freaks him out.”

----===oooOOOooo=====

Baitullah Mahsud had worked in the Department of Janitorial Services at Heathrow airport for four years, ever since leaving school with three A levels and absolutely no ambition. His father the doctor, routinely chastised him for both his job and his lack of direction.

Baitullah opined that honest work was honest work, and none of it should be disparaged. His father quit speaking to Baitullah when the young man pointed out that a single competent janitor did more to keep disease at bay than ten doctors. That little victory still made Baitullah smile.

Baitullah was at peace with his life. He had found the majesty in a properly maintained departure lounge. He was proud that when something went wrong, he was the one called to fix it, be it the messes left behind by sick children or in one tragic day, the residue of an old woman who had quietly died while waiting for her flight.

This is why he found it exceptionally odd to be facing a tall black man wearing some sort of ceremonial robe, not terribly different than the one his brother, the solicitor, wore in court, except that Kingsley Shackbolt’s robe was blood red rather than black, and there was no silly powdered wig atop the tall man’s head. Baitullah was trying to explain how it was he came to find seven men dressed in robes similar to the one worn by this man Shackbolt. only they were all black, all seven stuffed into a single fifty five gallon trash drum.

Mr. Shackbolt seemed to be very interested in the seven polished sticks Baitullah had found on top of the drum, along with the note that didn’t make any sense at all. Then Shackbolt produced his own polished stick.

----===oooOOOooo=====

Baitullah Mahsud checked his watch, and his eyebrows rose almost to his hairline. Half an hour until the end of his shift? How had that happened? He hurriedly checked to make sure all of his checklists were completed for the day.

They were. Baitullah, smiled to himself. For the first time he truly believed the saying, ‘Time flies when you’re having fun.’

----===oooOOOooo=====

Kingsley Shacklebolt examined the note and the wands left by the seven dead Death Eaters.

*Dear Dark Lord Funny French name:*

*Your troops are pathetic. Don't try it again.*

*You really don't want to get me angry at you. You belong to Harry. He's just going to kill you. Me, I'd make you suffer. And you really don't want to make our father angry with you, trust me on this.*

*After hearing Harry speak of his three encounters with your people, I find myself wondering if you're really in this for the conquest...*

- *Remo*

Kinsley shook his head. What the hell did this mean anyway? And how was Harry Potter's adopted Muggle brother involved?

----===oooOOOooo===----

## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source Scorched Earth**

**A/N: I do not own Harry Potter. Nor any of the other characters or situations associated with Harry Potter. Nor do I own any of the characters and situations associated with anyone named Remo Williams or indeed any of the more outgoing citizens of the small North Korean village of Sinanju . But you knew that.**

**A/N2: in which Harry plays a small joke on the Slytherins... and the Headmaster. Minister of Magic Fudge reacts to the loss of his sugar daddy... uh, good friend Lucius, while Draco demands revenge. Harry explains his position so that even Fudge can understand it, Voldemort has a tantrum when he finds out what Harry's big brother wrote about him, and attempts to give Harry a furry little problem, and Harry finds he's crushing on the most beautiful girl he's ever seen.**

### **Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

#### **Chapter 6: Scorched Earth**

Harry waited in the shadows outside the unusually bare stretch of damp stone wall. He shook his head at the blinkered thinking of these British wizards. In a school where almost every inch of wall space was covered in semi-sentient portraits, landscapes, suits of armor, and tapestries, they actually thought that hiding something in a bare stretch of wall was clever. Why not just put up a neon sign that flashed 'Nothing to see here, move along'?

It was a real pain having to wait for someone to open the door. Oh, he could have forced the issue, but that seemed to be a poor plan stealth wise. Indeed he has amused himself over the last hour of waiting by tweaking several of the more aggressive wards around the entry way. It seemed that someone involved in setting up the ward scheme used Serpent speech as an integral part of the entries defenses. The ability to use Serpent speech was fairly rare, which meant that the wards in question had likely never been maintained in any significant way. Which was probably why they had been so easy to redirect. Where before they formed a lethal barrier to anyone attempting to enter the hidden doorway without the current password being used, now it would vanish the knickers of any witch passing through the portal password used or not. The second apprentice smirked to himself. Said knickers would reappear at random intervals on top of the Headmaster's desk... That should inspire a bit of excitement.

Finally the prefect showed up from her midnight patrol. The young woman leaned forward and

whispered 'The Greatest of the Founders', then she waited while the hidden door revealed itself and opened.

The young woman gasped when she felt her underpants disappear as she passed through the doorway. Harry used her momentary distraction to slip past her, aided by the dim light of the corridor. Distracted people made mistakes, a lesson his father had repeated over and over, a lesson that Harry had taken to heart.

The Slytherin common room was a long, low room with rough stone walls draped in tapestries showing the life of the house's founder, Salazar Slytherin. The ceiling had round, greenish lamps hanging from chains. A fire was crackling under an elaborately carved mantelpiece around which several Slytherins students were silhouetted around it in high-backed chairs, seemingly studying.

"Which of you prats pranked the door?" the Prefect shouted from the entry way. Harry pressed himself against the wall in the shadow of a support stanchion as the irate witch entered the room. Every head in the room turned her way to deny responsibility for any prank.

None of the faces revealed in the dim light belonged to his target. Excellent. The common room had four doors that allowed one to leave. One led to the passage out of the dungeon dormitory, the other three must lead somewhere... interesting.

The door to the left of the massive mantel bore the label '**Severus Snape, Head of House**'. So, the Death Eater's private office or perhaps even his personal quarters. Interesting Harry mused, making a mental note to attempt to explore the space in the next couple of days to see what if anything interesting left behind by the coward, for now he had other priorities. That left the pair of doorways on the right of the hearth.

Harry pondered the wisdom of just selecting a door at random, then a lesson he recalled from his first solo adventure in the *Philippines* came to mind. He let the scents of the room make his decisions. The first door has a musty smell, while the second smelled of soap and various flowers.

Using the still ranting prefect's distraction to his advantage, Harry made his way through the second door, only to be confronted by a maze of passages. With a small sigh Harry set off in search of his quarry.

He caught her scent in the fifth room he checked. Four beds, three with their draperies closed. The bed closest to the door was empty, a sleepy giggle drifted from the one on the opposite wall. Harry recognized Daphne Greengrass' giggle, followed by the sigh of satisfaction he had come to know from Tracey Davis.

He smiled to himself. That answered a question he had wondered about when the pair of them had come to him together. The third bed had someone snoring in it. A quiet snore, but deep. Probably the girl named Millie who hung out with Neville Longbottom and Granger. Harry hesitated, he had always been wary of approaching this particular girl, she was just so... so... *beautiful* ...

Business before pleasure he told himself, toeing off his shoes and sliding into the fourth bed, his

balance such that the mattress didn't even shift as his weight was added to that of the bed's inhabitant.

Harry willed his night vision to full strength. Yep, there she was. He reached over and took her left hand in his and began tapping on the insides of her wrists with his index fingers in time with her pulse. After the tenth tap, the girl moaned deep in her throat.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Pansy Parkinson was in the midst of what was possibly the worst nightmare of her life. Once again the Dark Lord was taking her face and forcing her to...

Suddenly the dream changed. The Dark Lord was gone, replaced by Harry Potter. He was standing bare chested in the Common Room, holding out his arms to her. She felt her self go very wet and rushed to him. Part of her mind was terrified that no matter how she ran he would never get any closer, but no, she leaped into his arms and her nose filled with his scent.

Pansy opened her eyes. She was overwhelmed with her own arousal and she grinding her arse into... someone? Who was in her bed?

"Hello Pansy." His voice was suddenly all around her. "I was hoping we might... talk."

"What are you doing here? You can't be here. I'm still dreaming." She rolled over to face him, pulling her wand from under her pillow. "Lumos!"

A soft blue glow filled the interior of the four poster, she blinked as her vision adjusted to the light and she found a smiling Harry Potter laying next to her. His left hand tracing a figure eight pattern in the small of her back.

"I saw you watching me when I was working in Hogsmeade this afternoon." Potter said as she fought for her breath, "and I saw you portkey away. Did you tell Voldemort about what you saw I could do?"

"I...I... don't... uhh." The girl shuddered into a small orgasm.

"Not so fast Pansy." Harry said pinching a nerve cluster behind his left knee. "We've got all night... unless you want me to stop."

"No! Don't stop."

"Ok," Harry said as he moved on to the cluster inside her right armpit. The girl's eyes began to flutter. "So was Voldemort impressed?"

"He wants... wants... wants you captured alive." She gasped.

"It's always good to be wanted."

“I want you,” Pansy wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him closer. “Get out of those clothes.”

“In a minute. Where is he?”

“Where is who?”

“Where is Voldemort now? Is he still at the Malfoy’s”

“No...” Pansy ground herself against him. “He’s somewhere else... I don’t know where, I went by portkey, and they returned me the same way... Do me Potter. Do me now.”

“What’s your job now? Are you supposed to kill me?”

“Oh Merlin,” she exclaimed tearing at his belt. “If you don’t get those clothes off and fuck me, I will kill you, you half blood bastard.”

“You are such a sweet talker Pansy.” Harry laughed as he kicked off his jeans.

----==oooOOOooo==----

Two hours later, after reaching step nine twice and twelve once Harry emerged from Pansy’s bed and snagged his shoes from the floor, considering what he had learned. Voldemort was interested in him far more than he should be, Harry had been quite surprised to learn of the Dark Lord’s anger that his people had tried to kill Harry in Hogsmeade.

What was that about? That most certainly wasn’t a rational response to someone threatening to kill you all the while working his way through your minions. But then, one really shouldn’t expect rationality from a megalomaniac who believed he was entitled to rule the world. At least they were good for business.

Pansy had no idea where the dark dink was hiding now. Maybe poking around the Malfoy house during the Christmas break would offer some ideas as to where the bad guys had run off to. If nothing else it would be fun to mess with Wrong Hole a bit... Harry smiled and started for the door when the drapes on the bed next to Pansy’s were suddenly pulled open.

“Potter? What the hell are you doing here?”

“Hey Millie,” Harry said, more than a little embarrassed to have been found.

“Well,” the big girl asked. “What are you doing here?”

“I came to see you.” Harry lied, knowing that there was no way a babe like this would fall for that. She had to be used to being hit on all the time.

“To see me?” she asked in a very quiet voice.

“Yeah,” he said, reaching out to take her hand in his. “Would you like to go somewhere and, you know, talk?”

The girl blinked in the darkness of the dorm room. Then she pulled Harry into the bed, closing drapes behind him.

---===oooOOOooo===---

A fifth fireball manifested in Voldemort’s right hand, before flying across the chamber to immolate the Death Eater who had brought this insult to his lord while all of his assembled followers waited in silence dreading the next display of rage that might snuff out their lives as easily as it had those of the five smoldering corpses that littered the floor of the chamber. The man born Tom Riddle forced himself to calm down. He looked again at the letter that his Ministry spies had stolen from the DMLE’s evidence lockup.

*Dear Dark Lord Funny French name:*

*Your troops are pathetic. Don’t try it again.*

*You really don’t want to get me angry at you. You belong to Harry. He’s just going to kill you. Me, I’d make you suffer. And you really don’t want to make our father angry with you, trust me on this.*

*After hearing Harry speak of his three encounters with your people, I find myself wondering if you’re really in this for the conquest...*

- *Remo*

Voldemort ignored the House Elves scurrying about, repairing the fire damage, removing the bodies of the dead and disposing of the feathers and the other trash in the room while he pondered how this might have happened.

How did a Muggle survive an attack by seven fully qualified wizards? And what did the Muggle mean by warning Voldemort off from angering a Muggle old enough to be a grown man’s father? The Dark Lord shuffled through the parchments from the DMLE. His eyes settling on the report of the last spells cast by the wands of his fallen men. The time stamps on the report showed a flurry of casting in the final seconds of the Death Eater’s lives. Bludgeoning hexes, Curses of every kind, Cutters, a flame whip, and more than fifteen killing curses, and still they died.

He pondered the note saying that the forensic wizards had absolutely no idea how one would go about stuffing seven men into a single oil drum. There was no spell to do so, and while the Muggle might be able to do it with their machines, no such mechanisms were available at the Aerodrome where the attack occurred.

Between the memories of the Parkinson girl and the report from the DMLE, Voldemort had to acknowledge what he had known since he had seen in Bellatrix’s memories of the boy destroying

his raiding party in Diagon Alley. The boy had a physical edge that magic alone could not counter. The speed at which he moved, the techniques he employed, Potter's absolute belief that he was unbeatable. All of that set the boy apart from anyone Voldemort's Death Eaters had ever faced. This left the Dark Lord with a single option.

“Get me Greyback.”

----===oooOOOooo===----

It was a very angry group of female Slytherins that arrived at breakfast the next day. Even Crabbe and Goyle, a pair of young men not noted for the wisdom needed to come in out of the rain, seemed to understand at a visceral level that antagonizing the girls this morning would turn out to be a very large mistake. Several Slytherin boys had already found that "antagonizing" could be construed to mean smiling, talking, laughing, or looking at the girls. The girls sat uncomfortably at one end of the Slytherin table. Some had lost several pairs of knickers that morning, trying to avoid the curse on the door.

In short, the ladies of Slytherin were not amused.

From the Hufflepuff table, Harry concentrated on not smiling while he observed the young women, many 'going commando' for the first time. It appeared that Wrong Hole had made some comment or other that the Women of Slytherin had taken exception to, his face and hair was showing signs of recently receiving multiple hexes, and the arrogant little waste of flesh seemed to have picked up a tic from somewhere.

All in all, Harry deemed this a very good joke to play on one of the houses that seemed to take themselves far too seriously. Now he only had to come up with something for the Gryffs. He smiled to himself when he spotted Millie; the girl was seemingly unconcerned about her lack of underwear. From his vantage he could see that she was more than a little distracted. As long as his hit allowed it, he might find a way to visit the Slytherin dorms a little more often...

The distraction caused by the discomfort of the Slytherin women muted the school's reaction to the announcement of the loss of Severus Snape when he was described as being an 'unfortunate victim' of the combined Troll/Giant/Death Eater attack on Hogsmeade.

It wasn't until Dumbledore described Snape's passing as 'heroic' Harry lost all decorum and began laughing.

----===oooOOOooo===----

“Something is going on with the Slytherins Albus.” McGonagall said as they made their way to the Headmaster's office.

“Yes, I noticed. I rather suspect that it has to do with the Severus' untimely passing.” The Headmaster said as he waited for the gargoyle outside the door to his office to move aside.

“I’m not sure exactly what is going on Albus,” Filius Flitwick said as he followed his fellow educators up the moving staircase to the office. “I think we need to determine if the attacks on Hogsmeade and our students are happening for no other reason than Mr. Potter is in attendance at Hogwarts.”

“While finding Harry might well be a major motivation for Voldemort, we must recall his reign of terror began before Harry ever returned to Britain...” the Headmaster stopped in the doorway to his office, his mouth open in shock.

“What’s wrong Albus?” Pomona Sprout asked from behind him.

Minerva McGonagall pushed past the Headmaster who seemed to be frozen in shock, and then turned back to the stunned man. “Albus, why is there a pile of girl’s knickers on your desk?”

The other two Heads of House entered the office and boggled at the sight.

“Is there something you need to tell us Albus?” Filius asked with a huge grin.

“I swear Filius, I don’t know anything about this.”

“Well it’s obviously a prank,” Minerva observed.

“No, really?” Pomona asked sarcastically. She picked up one of the pairs of underpants. “Hello Kitty?”

“Well, yes,” Dumbledore said, conjuring a container and using his wand levitating the unmentionables into it. From his manner one would think that he didn’t want to touch any of the articles of clothing. “The Purpose of this meeting was originally to welcome Aurora Sinistra to the post of Slytherin Head of House, though she seems to have been delayed by whatever is bothering the Slytherins this morning.”

“I’m here, I’m here.” Aurora Sinistra said as she entered the Headmaster’s office. “Some prankster has caused the Slytherin’s girls underpants to vanish.”

Slowly the three senior heads of house turned to look at the Headmaster. Oblivious to this, Aurora continued.

“It’s localized at the door to the dormitory, passing through the doorway from the dungeons to the common room causes the underpants the girl is wearing, or any on her person to vanish.” Aurora shook her head. “Why this had to happen the day I became Head of House, I’ll never know. I checked the door the best I could, but as I’m sure you recall Filius, Charms was never my best subject. I was hoping that you might find the time to come by and take a look at the doorway for me.”

“I’d be happy to Aurora,” Filius Flitwick said happily, “It will be interesting to see...”

There was the sound of a chiming bell, and a pair of red silk panties suddenly appeared over the Headmaster's desk, only to fall to the surface of the desk between the headmaster's hands. The four senior members looked from the frilly undergarment to the face of the newest head of house.

"Albus..." Aurora Sinistra asked in a brittle tone, "Is there any particular reason that my knickers that vanished in that charmed doorway only twenty minutes ago to suddenly appear in your office?"

"I... I... uh..." The Headmaster stuttered, while Minerva hid her grin behind her hand, Pomona turned away and Filius fell from his chair choking with laughter.

"Is this some sort of sick initiation for the post of Head of House?"

"No, no, no... No," Dumbledore answered. "What appears to be happening is when the young ladies... unmentionables vanish, they evidently reappear... here after some period of time. Whoever the prankster is, he, she or they have pranked me as well as the ladies of Slytherin house."

Filius picked himself off the floor, and offered Aurora the conjured container that held the under things that had been found on the Headmaster's desk when they had arrived. "My apologies, Aurora, Albus for my laughter... It's just that the looks on your faces were just so..." Giggles threatened to silence him again, but the Charms Master fought the urge. "The young ladies unmentionables are contained here. Why don't we go see what I can do to remove the prank from your doorway?"

As the somewhat mollified head of Slytherin and the giggling head of Ravenclaw left the Headmaster's office, Minerva McGonagall found herself wondering what kind of pureblood elitist Slytherin would be wearing Hello Kitty grundies.

----==**oooOOOooo**====--

Dumbledore suddenly sat up straight in his chair, as if startled.

"What is it Albus?" Pomona asked, having seen this reaction from the Headmaster before. "Is someone coming?"

"More than a dozen wizards just entered the Wards..." the old man said as he concentrated on what the castle was telling him. "Hogwarts recognizes them as being from the Ministry." The old man rose from his desk. "I should be seeing what it is they need I suppose. Would you ladies care to accompany me?"

"What could the Ministry want?" Minerva asked as she rose from her own chair.

"Who knows?" Pomona answered as the trio left the Headmaster's office.

----==**oooOOOooo**====--

The entry door opened and Cornelius Fudge strode in, accompanied by a dozen Aurors. The Minister of Magic was somewhat surprised to find The Headmaster, his assistant and Pomona Sprout waiting for him.

“Cornelius!” Dumbledore said smiling. “What a pleasant surprise. What brings you to our school on this cold Sunday morning?”

“Ministry business Albus,” Fudge answered imperiously. “We are here to arrest Harry Potter. Where is he?”

The old man shrugged, his ice blue eyes twinkling. “This time of day? Likely in his common room, or perhaps exploring the castle. What might you be arresting my student for Cornelius?”

“The Murder of Lucius Malfoy.”

“That murderous Death Eater was directing the Giants attack on Hogsmeade,” McGonagall spat. “If young Harry did kill the man he did us a public service.”

“Indeed this seems odd Cornelius,” Dumbledore interjected. “I was present when Auror Shackbolt performed the Priori Incantum on Lucius’ wand. The man cast at least six unforgivables”

“Lucius was obviously under the Imperius. We can’t have fine upstanding Purebloods like Lucius Malfoy be killed in the streets by half bloods now can we?” The Minister asked. “Potter, Albus, I want him brought here now, or I’ll send my Aurors to get him.”

“Ye cannae do this!” Minerva protested.

“Madam McGonagall, I’ll remind you that I am the Minister of Magic. I can do anything I want to do.”

Dumbledore’s shoulders slumped. This couldn’t possibly end well.

----==**oooOOOooo**==----

”You wanted to see me Headmaster?” Harry asked as he entered the Great Hall.

Something was going on. Harry had noticed the presence of thirteen adults he didn’t know before he set foot in the Great Hall as well as an odd set of wards that seemed to be causing the students he was passing to forget that the Great Hall was there. Interesting. It wasn’t hard to pick up on McGonagall and Sprout’s alarm. That meant Harry was ready when the red robed man with short wiry grey hair lunged from just inside the door attempting to grab Harry’s arm.

*“Try not to kill cops unless it’s absolutely necessary .”* Remo had told him many times. *“I used to be a cop, and most of them, well, they’re assholes, but they’re at least trying, you know ?”*

That’s why Harry only shattered the Auror’s right forearm, instead of killing him.

“Trying to grab someone like that strikes me as being a bit rude,” Harry said as he allowed John Dawlish to fall to the floor in agony. Harry surveyed the room. Dumbledore, McGonagall and Sprout were by the Head’s table seemingly being ‘guarded’ by a pair of red robed Aurors... One of which had a Dark Mark. Dumbledore was doing his serene, nothing bothers me thing, while both McGonagall and Sprout were very worried. Nine other Aurors were scattered about the Great Hall, the House tables missing, with their wands out and at the ready. Standing next to Shackbolt was a fat man in green robes nervously turning a green bowler hat in his hands.

“Harry James Potter!” the fat man bellowed. “You are under arrest for the Murder of Lucius Malfoy and other Purebloods to be named when they are finally identified. We will be adding assault on Auror Dawlish to those charges.”

“Really? And who are you? Some shill bought and paid for by Malfoy? I know you don’t have a tattoo on your arm... Though he does.” Harry said pointing to the Auror to guarding Dumbledore.

“Preposterous. I will be adding the slander of Auror Selwynn to your charges. I am Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic! Aurors, do your duty.”

The eleven Auror still standing drew their wands.

“No.” Harry said.

A look of shock washed across the face of the Minister. This... boy was refusing the will of the Minister of Magic? “What do you mean ‘No’ boy?”

“I mean you can’t arrest me.”

“And why not?” The tall black Auror standing next the Minister asked.

“A question easily answered Auror Shackbolt,” Harry said with a grin. “You didn’t bring enough Aurors.”

“Not enough?” Fudge sputtered, “What makes you think twelve Aurors aren’t enough to arrest you?”

“Seven Death Eaters, four trolls, and three giants, one survivor, and he only made it because Auror Shackbolt gets whiney if I don’t leave him someone to question.” Harry moved casually into the center of the room while the assembled Aurors encircled him. Idiots. These clowns are as stupid as the Death Eaters. “I don’t want to fight your Aurors. Killing them would annoy my older brother. He used to be a policeman, that’s what the Muggles call their Aurors.”

“Mr. Potter, please stand down. We all know you’re capable but you are still subject to the law.” Kingsley Shackbolt said hesitantly.

“Nope,” the boy took a ready stance. “I am Sinanju, and Sinanju is not imprisoned, ever, by anyone. The only way to take me is to kill me.”

“If that is what must be done.” Fudge screamed. “Aurors, take him down!”

The eleven Aurors cast stunners as one. As they were doing so, Harry collapsed himself to the floor of the Great Hall allowing the red bursts of energies to pass over him to hit the Auror on the opposite side of the caster. Seven red robed bodies fell to the ground.

“Well, that was fun,” Harry rose from the floor and ghost stepped to just behind Fudge. Wrapping an arm around the neck of the fat man the boy whispered in the Minister’s ear.

“Aurors! Stand down! Stand down now!” the Minister screamed in the face of the four surviving wands being pointed at him.

“I knew we could come to an understanding Minister,” Harry said stepping away from the man.

“What do you want?”

“Well Minister,” Harry bent down and pulled the left arm of the still stunned Auror Selwynn shredding the sleeve of his uniform, exposing the writhing snake and skull of the Dark Mark tattoo. “It seems to me that you are having a little Dark Lord problem. For the right price, I’ll take care of that for you.”

“You expect to be paid? Why should I pay you to fight him when he keeps sending his Death Eaters after you?”

“You’ve no reason at all Minister,” Harry admitted. “You know, the Daily Prophet has been after me for an interview since I tangled with the Death Eaters in Diagon Alley, they’d probably be willing to pay me for a chance to tell my story.”

“You can’t do that!” Fudge shouted.

“Sure I can, free press and all that. I wonder if they’d be interested in what Lucius Malfoy told me before he died.”

“Fine,” the Minister acquiesced. “How much?”

Dumbledore choked when Harry mentioned a figure.

Fudge signed the contract and issued a Gringotts draft for the amount agreed from the Ministry accounts, then stormed from the castle in the company of the bulk of his revived protective detail, including the still stunned and now under arrest Selwynn, leaving Shackbolt to finish with the clean up.

“Harry, there was no need to do that.”

“On the contrary Headmaster, it was completely necessary. The Minister was angry at the loss of his principle source of extra-ministry income. He had to be shown that his past could rise up and bite him if he wasn’t very careful.”

“But there was no need to defy the Minister like that Mr. Potter, you wouldn’t have been detained long.” Shacklebolt said quietly, confirming Harry’s suspicion that Shacklebolt was at very least coordinating efforts with the Headmaster.

“There was Auror Shacklebolt, I cannot stress that enough. Had I allowed him to have you arrest and confine me, my doing so would have doomed your entire ministry. My father would never have let that insult stand.”

“But what could one Muggle do?” Shacklebolt asked.

“You’ve seen what I can do? In comparison to Chiun of Sinanju, I am less than nothing. In fifty years I will only be approaching what he can do. Angering my father is the fastest road to suicide known.”

“What was it you told the Minister that changed his mind Harry?”

“Oh, Vault 1483. That’s the vault Malfoy told me he had been using to funnel money to Minister Fudge.”

“And you used that information to extort money from the Minister?” Dumbledore asked in a disapproving manner.

“Don't worry Headmaster; you are still my primary client. The children of Sinanju are hungry. Your requirements for the assassination of Voldemort delay me unnecessarily." Harry shrugged. "I can hardly be blamed for wanting to keep their parents from having to return the children to the sea by recouping what the time I am spending here is costing my village when the opportunity presents itself." He looked into the twinkling eyes of the confused Headmaster. "Come now, Headmaster, do you care nothing for the children? Is it because they are humble villagers, far away, and not English?”

---===oooOOOooo===---

Fenrir Greyback entered the throne room of the Dark Lord’s newest headquarter. This would be the first time the Supreme Alpha of the British packs had been in the presence of the Dark Lord since his rebirth, and after hearing the stories told by the marked Death Eaters, it wasn’t something the werewolf was looking forward to.

As soon as he crossed the threshold his senses were assaulted by the evidence that what the Death Eaters had reported was true. He began to regret how close it was to the full moon. His senses were heightened almost to their absolute maximum. This wasn’t going to be easy.

Remembering that he wasn’t supposed to look directly at Voldemort he announced himself. “You called for me my Lord?”

“Yes Greyback, I did. I have a task for you.”

“How may the pack be of service to you my Lord?”

“There is a boy attending Hogwarts, one Harry Potter.”

“Potter? The Boy Who Lived?”

“Yes...” Voldemort answered drawing out the ‘s’ in the word as if he were a snake. The Dark Lord stopped in mid word and pinched the bridge of his nose. Greyback waited in silence for several seconds before chancing a glance toward Voldemort.

“***Ordure ! rends moi mon corps, charogne !***” Voldemort suddenly slurred, before blinking twice and continuing as if he hadn’t uttered the oddly accented words. Was that French? Or Italian? How odd. “He has proven too talented for my Death Eaters to deal with. I require you to capture the boy and bring him to me. My Potions Masters will provide you with all the Wolfsbane you require. The boy is not to be infected with your curse, nor is he to be damaged too badly.”

“I understand my Lord. The moon is full in three days. Is that soon enough?”

“***Petite bite, éjaculateur précoce. Je suis sure que Potter en a une plus grosse, bande mou !***” once again the unfamiliar words came from the mouth of the Dark Lord. Voldemort shook his head, and then continued. “Yes... Three days to the full moon. Do not fail me Greyback. Leave now. Tell the guard that I require my potions.”

---===oooOOOooo===---

Susan Bones watched sullenly as the last of the students filed out the Entry Hall to leave for the Christmas Holiday. Hannah Abbott had asked that she come to the Abbott home for the Holidays, but Susan wasn’t sure she would be fit company for a family gathering. This would be the first Christmas since the murder of her Aunt and Susan strongly suspected that she was likely to spend Christmas day in tears.

She sighed as the last of her friends disappeared out the door, and turned to make her way back to the Hufflepuff dorms. She expected this to be a lonely two weeks, as Professor Sprout had told her that she had been the only ‘Puff to submit a request to stay in the castle over the holidays to that point.

“Hello Susan.”

She turned to find Harry Potter sitting on one of the benches that lined the long entry Hall reading a book. “Harry? Are you spending the holidays here?”

“Yeah. It’s funny, this sort of snuck up on me, my family doesn’t celebrate Christmas, so I didn’t really expect anything to happen here. Silly of me I guess.”

“I thought I was going to be alone in the dorm for the entire two weeks.” She sat down next to him on the bench. “I’m glad you’re staying.”

“I’m glad you’re glad,” Harry smiled. “I won’t be around the whole time; I’ve got a field trip or two to take care of, but most of the time I’ll be at your disposal.”

“Field trip?” she asked.

“Just a few things to take care of off the grounds, nothing important. Feel like getting lunch?”

The redhead smiled. “Professor Sprout told me that breakfast and lunch would be served in the Common Room.”

“Well then,” Harry closed his book and holding it under his arm rose to his feet and offered the girl his arm. “Shall we?”

Susan stood and took his arm. “It’s always nice to dine with a gentleman.”

-----oooOOOooo-----

“A moonlit walk around the grounds? Miss Bones, if I didn’t know better, I would think you were trying to seduce me.”

The redhead smacked his arm. “Prat. Why aren’t you cold?” bundled against the below freezing weather she marveled at his tee-shirt. “Your breath isn’t even fogging.”

“Why should I be cold? The local temperature is a fact of nature. Your body is part of nature. If you let your body do what it’s supposed to do, the body will take care of itself.”

Susan shook her head. “You are so weird.” Extending her hands she looked up and started turning slowly in a circle. “I love this time of year, the air is so clear, it’s like you can see every star in the universe.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed.

“What is it?”

“You’ve got a beetle on your hat.” Harry carefully plucked the insect from Susan’s knit hat, the tiny creature struggling in his grasp. “Weird. I wouldn’t have thought that a beetle would still be active this far north at these temperatures.” With a flick of his wrist the insect was flung away from the pair, where it fell to the ground and lay still as if stunned.

“Thanks, I hate bugs,” the redhead said, looking Harry in the eye. “So, I’ve told you what I like about winter, tell me what you like about this time of year.”

“I like it that it isn’t snowing just now. Fresh snow makes footing more slightly less sure.”

“You are such a romantic.”

“I know.” His voice dropped, “Susan, we’re being watched.”

The girl stiffened a bit, but covered it well. “Well don’t be thinking that this little walk is going to let you get lucky Mr. Potter.” She said conversationally before continuing. “Where are they?”

How many?" she asked in the same low tones he had used to warn her as her wand dropped into her hand. Susan had spent far too much time with the protective detail assigned to her due to her Aunt Amelia's place in the Government not to know how to react to strangers watching her from the shadows.

Harry reached out and took hold of her cloak, pulling her to him. "Seven." He whispered his lips a fraction of an inch from hers, "two in the bushes behind me, five more in the shadows of the tree line."

She mimed breaking the kiss, and hugged him close while looking over his shoulder. "Are you sure? I don't see anything."

"They're there. Weres."

The girl stiffened. Harry could tell she was terrified of werewolves.

"Let's head inside." He said loud enough to be heard by the watchers.

"Maybe you will be getting lucky" Susan said in the same tone, her trembling left hand latching onto his right.

The closer of the two werewolves moved. Like shadowy lightning it launched from the murky recesses of the overgrown bush toward the couple. The creature's first step from the bushes crushing the stunned beetle under its clawed foot. With fangs bared and a jungle roar, the creature flew at the exposed throats of the helpless boy and girl.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Though he maintained a rough approximation of the outward appearance of a man, the leaping creature possessed the strength and speed of a wild beast. It moved on instinct and rage. The animal ruled the creature's senses, not the human buried deep inside its mind.

At the last moment, it soared past Harry in a blur, its head tipped to one side. The alpha had forbidden any real harm from befalling the male meat, but nothing was said of the female. Sharp teeth sought the neck of Susan Bones.

In spite of herself, the girl shrieked in terror, and Harry moved to place himself between her and the attacking beast, shoving the terrified Hufflepuff roughly to the side. His strong arm extended, Harry's right hand lashed out. A sure stroke behind the ear separated bone from bone. Flesh and muscle split apart before the boy's fingernails. Harry did what appeared to be a pirouette and the creature flew past, wind whistling through the empty space where a moment before its jaw had been. The severed jaw dropped to the ground and the shocked animal tumbled to the ground, scrambling to right itself. A long tongue flapped in empty air. The creature whimpered in pain and confusion. Harry sent a hard heel into the animal's forehead. The creature that was a grotesque fusion of man and beast collapsed into oblivion.

The second attacker launched herself for Harry's chest in an all consuming rage. The death of her mate driving the Alpha's orders from her mind. A primitive urge compelled her to knock the prey down. Ease the kill.

But while these people that disease had twisted into animals attacked on primal instinct, their prey was much more than a mere boy. He was Sinanju, trained from his earliest memories toward the very peak of mental and physical perfection. When the hurtling shebeast was an inch away from ramming Harry's chest, he moved. He fell backwards, avoiding the blow, his lower spine bending at an impossible angle until his back was parallel to the ground. His startled attacker flew over.

The creature slammed against a nearby tree, snarling confusion. She was back up in an instant. Twisting with remarkable speed, she launched herself on powerful legs back toward Harry. But this time, the instant before she could make contact with her prey, the creature suddenly stopped. Something was different, something was wrong. She landed in an alert crouch, sniffing the air suspiciously.

A new scent wafted to her nose, carried on eddies of still air. Fresh blood. Her sharp eyes located the source.

Two yards away, Harry held up one hand. A single drop of crimson glistened in the moon light on the index fingernail. Harry flicked it off. Slowly lowering his hand, he used the same finger to point at the were's stomach.

At the same instant, the woman turned beast felt a strange yawning sensation in her belly.

The creature glanced down just in time to see the meaty sacks of her own internal organs spilling from a razor slit in her abdomen. She was still staring down in utter incomprehension as Harry sunk a trainer toe into her downturned forehead. The beast joined her mate in death.

"Okay, here's the deal," Harry said to the five remaining werewolves. "I've had experience with your kind before, this attack is too organized for a pack just out on a run for the full moon. That means at very least your Alpha is doped up on the Bane. You don't have to die tonight; I don't get paid by the body. But that doesn't mean I won't snuff you if you push me. Now, you're not getting out of here, so why don't you be nice puppies and take a nap until the moon goes down and the nice Aurors can come to take care of you?"

The harshness of Greyback's features melted into a malevolent, fang baring snarl.

"Who says we want to be 'nice puppies'?" The Alpha growled from a throat no longer suited for human speech. "Besides..." Slowly Greyback raised his hand. Around him the four remaining werewolves became even more alert. "You're fast, meat," he said. "But there are five of us and only one of you."

This time it was Harry who smiled. "Bad Dog. Don't make me get a rolled up newspaper."

But even as Harry spoke he saw the slight nod from Greyback. The creatures behind him took the

cue. A symphony of furious growls rolled up from five throats as the animals launched from the foliage.

Unlike Greyback, the four lesser werewolves didn't recognize that the male of the two frail humans standing stock-still as anything other than an easy meal. After all, humans were puny, humans were weak.

This particular human was also apparently no longer there.

The five leaping creatures landed in the precise spot where dinner had stood only to find that the boy was gone. Curious growls rumbled up five throats.

When the nearby voice came, sounding like the voice of death itself, the creatures jumped in fear. "An Apprentice to the Master of Sinanju is not an easy target is he?"

The pack wheeled. Harry was there, already moving.

The boy grabbed two creatures by the scruffs of their necks and slammed them together hard enough that their skulls merged in a meaty thump.

"We didn't have to do this. I asked nicely," complained Harry, who was suddenly among the pack. An elbow found a soft belly, driving intestines into lungs and heart. With a violent expulsion of vile breath, the third creature joined the first pair in death.

"That's five for the great white hunter," Harry said.

Panicked now, Greyback and his final follower both attacked blindly. Jaws snapped viciously, teeth eager to tear flesh. Claws slashed.

They chomped down on empty air. Their claws shredded nothing.

And while their teeth clicked futilely and their bellies grumbled disappointment, the final two creatures felt a sudden jolting pressure to their chests.

They didn't see Harry's hands shoot out. They didn't even feel the flat of his hands impacting on their heaving chests. They only knew that one moment they had been charging; the next they were airborne.

Howling in rage, the last pair impacted into the tree. Greyback felt his spine snap and everything below his waist go numb. He was only mildly concerned when his sole remaining follower slumped unmoving to the ground.

The boy was suddenly standing over the Alpha's writhing body. Two quick thrusts of his right hand shattered the Alpha's shoulders, and then he put both hands to the creature's neck, crushing a nerve cluster under the second vertebrae.

Greyback's eyes were wide as he lost all control of his body.

Harry returned to where Susan Bones lay sobbing and knelt beside her. “Hey, come on Susie, everything’s going to be ok.”

“I was so frightened. I thought I was going to die and you... You were joking with them.” The girl sobbed, a bit of anger replacing the terror in her mind. “You... you Great White Lunkhead.”

Harry took the redhead’s hands in his own. “You can yell at me about my inappropriate sense of humor later Susie.” He stood, pulling the girl to her feet. “Right now, I need you to run to the castle and let the staff know about the Weres on the grounds, Ok? I don’t think there are any left out here, but the cops should be called.”

“Cops?” Susan asked.

“Aurors. Call the Aurors, ok?”

The girl nodded, then flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. “You saved me again.”

“Damsels in Distress are a specialty of mine,” Harry said with a grin. He turned her around and smacked her on her butt. “Now, go. Get help.”

Susan nodded and took off for the castle at a run. Harry watched in appreciation as she ran. Susan wasn’t a beauty, she didn’t hold a candle to Millie Bulstrode, but the little redhead was definitely cute. The second apprentice of Sinanju smiled to himself, and then turned back to his captive. Conjuring a rolled up newspaper, Harry smacked the surviving werewolf on the snout.

“Bad Dog!”

---===oooOOOooo===---

“Alright Susie, I’ve got your statement. If you want we can talk now. Just us.”

The redhead lost the battle to hold in her tears. “He was joking with them Tonks, they wanted to kill us... or worse, turn us, and he was joking with them.”

“I know Sue, I know.” The pink haired Auror said, stoking the still frightened girl’s hair. “I’ve seen Harry... well I guess, fight isn’t really the right word. Calling it a fight implies the other side has a chance, I’ve seen him do what he does and he frightened me.”

“You’ve seen him?” Susan asked the woman who had been her favorite member of her protective detail.

“Oh yeah. When he came back to Britain, I was assigned as his protective detail until I got him on the train. We were in Diagon, getting his supplies with Bellatrix LeStrange and a raiding party of Death Eaters apparated in. I shoved Harry into a shop and tried to fight them alone. Bellatrix got behind me and crucioed me good. She was going to kill me when Harry got between us and wiped out Bellatrix and the Death Eaters.”

Susan smiled, "I'm glad it's not just me he keeps rescuing."

"Yeah," Tonks agreed conjuring a damp cloth and wiping Susan's face clean. "That was embarrassing as hell, to have the one I was supposed to be protecting, protecting me. But that's not the worst part."

"What was?"

"I sort of seduced him the night before." The Auror said with a blush.

"Tonks!"

"I know Susie, believe me I know. I'm old enough to be his slightly older sister very hot best friend," Tonks shook her head. "I should have known better. We made love twice the night he arrived, and then again in the morning. Then he saved my life, and even though I knew I shouldn't, we made love all night long the night before I put him on the train."

"The seven years difference in your age isn't that much Tonks."

"That's not all." Tonks knew she was babbling, but she and Susie had told each other everything when Tonks had been her body guard. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about him. Last weekend before the Death Eater attack, I came to Hogsmeade to find Harry. We were making love when the Trolls attacked."

"Harry is good, isn't he?" Susan asked with a small grin.

"Yeah," Tonks said dreamily, before realizing what Susan had just said. "Wait, you and Harry?"

"Yeah," It was Susan's turn to blush. "Draco Malfoy tried to rape me on the Express, and Harry stopped him. I wanted to prove to myself that I was in control of my sex life, so, I... well I sort of seduced Harry that night. So he went from you to me."

"So it's not us. He's the slut."

"Pretty much." Susan's smile grew larger. "It's funny, Harry's had a lot of the unattached girls here at school and everyone tells everyone that they had a fantastic time, but none of us are... in love with him. Except maybe Pansy Parkinson. She's got it bad." Susan looked about the Common Room as if to confirm that they were alone. "I've even noticed Professor Vector looking at Harry..."

"So I'm supposed to feel better because I'm not the only child molesting pervert running around disguised as an authority figure?"

"Or see yourself in good company."

Tonks stood from the sofa and straightened her robes. I'm going to need to check in with Shack. Take care of yourself Susan. Write me if you need anything. Go easy on Harry, he may be a sex

god, but he's still only male."

"He saved my life again, the very least I could do is show him how grateful I am."

-----oooOOOooo-----

Boxing day, Harry mused to himself, surely must be the oddest name for any holiday in the world.

Harry was standing outside the gates to Malfoy Manor, examining the warding scheme in use on this day after Christmas. The Malfoys must have paid a great deal for this scheme, and then insulted the Warder for some reason. This was the only explanation Harry could come up with to explain the very obvious flaw in what were otherwise the finest wards Harry had ever seen.

Finding this place was child's play. All that had been required was to gain entry into Severus Snape's office and find his address book. For a supposed spy the man had had not sense of operational security. After finding the apparition coordinates for the Malfoy estate, Harry promptly ignored them and appeared with a soft crack a mile to the south east of the nominal official apparition point.

No sense in making it easy for a welcoming party.

Covering the mile took less than three minutes and now Harry was at the gates. It was time for a decision. Should he trigger the flaw in the wards, setting up a cascade failure in the scheme and possibly causing damage to the Manor house, or should he simply ring the bell?

Decisions, decision.

He reached out and took hold of the bell cord, giving it two soft pulls.

A small elf appeared with a Pop. "Welcome to Malfoy Manor," the little being said with a bow. "How can Dobby be helping youse?"

"Harry Potter to see Mrs. Malfoy."

"For what reason does you want to see the Mistress?"

"I am a class mate of young Draco, and I'd like to offer my condolences for the passing of Mr. Malfoy." Harry offered.

"Does Harry Potter have a card for Mistress?" the Elf asked.

"No, I do not."

"Proper Wizards announce theyself with a card." The Elf huffed as he popped away.

Harry waited two minutes, and was almost to the point where he was going to collapse the wards when the gate opened allowing him passage. He smiled to himself, evidently he was expected to

walk the quarter mile to the front door.

---===oooOOOooo===---

When Harry reached the door it was opened by the same elf who had questioned him at the gate to the estate. Framed in the now open doorway was Narcissa Malfoy, clad in stylish cream colored robes, the woman offered a disdainful glare.

“And why are you here Mr. Potter? I’m told that you personally executed my husband.”

“I killed him, certainly Mrs. Malfoy, but it was hardly an execution. He chose to follow the wrong man, and ultimately chose to attack the wrong man.” Harry offered the woman a smile. “And while I’m sure your grief is real, I notice that you don’t seem to be mourning too intensely.”

“The depths of my grief are hardly your business boy.” The woman huffed.

“Mrs. Malfoy, I am asking for nothing more than a chance to speak with you. May I come in?”

“And if I say no, you’ll kill me?”

“Goodness no. My father would have my head for such a thing, I would simply do damage to your fine home until I gained entry.” Again he smiled at the woman.

“Won’t you come in then?” Dobby, tea for two if you please.”

“Yes, Mist...”

“Uh, Dobby?” Harry asked interrupting the elf. “Just water for me please. Plain water, room temperature.”

The elf’s eyes flicked to his mistress who nodded. Dobby popped away.

Narcissa lead Harry to the Manor’s sitting room, and once seated herself on a leather wingback chair, gestured for Harry to sit on the sofa.

“So Mr. Potter...” Narcissa asked as Dobby served her tea and Harry’s water. “What was it you wanted enough to threaten violence?”

“Simply put, I want Voldemort. Waiting for him to come to me has gotten old, I know he was here, your husband told me he was, but he isn’t any longer. I believe that you know where he is. I would like you to tell me.”

“And why would I tell you, supposing I knew?”

“I can think of many reasons. First and foremost is that you are a mother and you love your son.”

“Are you threatening Draco?” the regal woman asked in a chilled tone.

“Not at all. Draco and I have had disagreements and he has paid for his arrogance with me. Our disagreements came from his mouth attempting to write cheques his wand couldn't cash. The reason that you will protect your son is what your husband told me before he died. He told me that in killing him I had won nothing because his son would take his place... I don't really believe that you want that for Draco.”

“The Dark Lord would kill me.”

“He's already killing you Mrs. Malfoy. He's been doing something to you, I can see it in how your school your features when you speak of him.” Harry picked up the glass of water the Elf had delivered and lifted it to his lips, and then paused.

“Oh, nice try Mrs. Malfoy. What did you have your elf spike this with? What ever it is it has only the slightest hint of a scent.” Harry placed the glass back on the tea tray.

“The man who killed my husband comes to our home, of course I took precautions,” the woman said quietly. “What will you do now?”

Harry shrugged. “Just what I was doing before. I want Voldemort. You need Voldemort killed so that his evil doesn't infect your son any more than it has. You have what I want, I can do what you need. I believe we can have a working arrangement... As long as I don't drink the water.” That same smile crossed his lips.

Narcissa leaned forward, allowing her visitor a clear look at her cleavage. “Perhaps there is a way to ensure a more binding agreement...”

Harry took the woman's right hand in his own, and began tapping his index finger on the center of her wrist in time with her heartbeat. “Why Mrs. Malfoy... are you trying to seduce me?”

---===**oooOOOooo**===---

Step three... oh come on! Harry thought as Narcissa Malfoy shuddered into her first orgasm.

“What... Uhh... What are you doing to me?” she gasped as she rode the wave of her body's response to Harry's ministrations.

“That's just a small orgasm Narcissa,” Harry said as he moved to step four. He should have suspected something when she had been surprised that he wanted to see her naked. Lucius evidently never had. It seemed he hadn't done other things either.

“So good... so good... so good... so good...” Narcissa murmured as she molded her body to him.

Oh that wasn't good. He wasn't going to break double digits this time. Step six...

Narcissa convulsed under him and screamed her way through another orgasm. This confused Harry, he had barely touched her, so how was it possible that Lucius had never...

“Mother?”

Harry turned his attention to the door where Draco was standing with his mouth hanging open. Sparing a glance to Narcissa he found that she had passed out in his arms.

“Hello Draco.” Harry said to the staring boy.

“Potter? What are you?”

“Don’t worry Draco, you won’t have to call me ‘Father’ right away. We’ll work into it.”

“You bastard!” Draco fumbled for his wand.

“Oh, shut up.” Harry tossed a wandless stunner across the room, dropping the Slytherin where he stood. Then he levitated the boy out of the bedroom and closed the door.

Harry returned his attention to Narcissa who was only now rousing. “Coming back to us?”

“What are you doing to me?” she gasped.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“NO!”

“Ok, let’s try that again.” Step one.

---===**oooOOOooo**===---

Twelve days into the new year Remo Williams was at his latest assignment. Upstairs had determined that a terrorist cell was planning an attack to coincide with the Vice President’s visit to the US Embassy in Rome.

Smitty had sent him an elaborate plan for locating the terrorist staging area, but Remo had lost those document a few moments after receiving them, so he fell back on his normal method of finding his targets. He got into a cab, handed the driver a large wad of bills and asked to be taken to the crazy men with all the guns in the world.

Rome being the city it is, it only took three tries to find the right group of crazy men with all the guns in the world.

In a dark warehouse filled with weapons and explosives Remo watched as the thirty seven men discussed their plans in a language the Earthly avatar of Shiva did not understand. The walls were covered with charts and diagrams of every kind. It didn’t take long for Remo to realize that like all meetings, only the one doing the speaking was even the slightest bit interested in what was being said, and the rest just wanted to be allowed to go and do their jobs.

It was at that exact moment that Remo became aware that Chiun was in the building.

It wasn't any special Sinanju skill, he simply heard the sniff.

Remo knew that sniff. He had heard it for more than two decades whenever Remo's elbow moved a fraction of a centimeter out of alignment in a strike. Whenever a hit took any longer than absolutely necessary. Whenever a beautiful woman showed any interest in Remo. Whenever Remo did anything at all that Chiun found the slightest fault with.

No one on Earth could pack as much disgust and disappointment into a single sniff as Chiun could, he spent his spare time hanging out with Jewish grandmothers in Florida working on improving the technique.

Remo decided then and there he was tired of the man he thought of as his father looking down on him like this. Tonight he would show Chiun exactly what he was capable of!

The next sixty seven seconds was a demonstration in the perfection of Sinanju technique as Remo carefully and precisely waltzed through the mass of terrorists, weaving through their number back and forth, dealing delayed death strikes as he went.

The enemy crowed as they managed to get into position finally. There would be no escape for the crazy man who had wandered in slapping and poking the Warriors of Truth! As the thirty-seven men trained their weapons on Remo and prepared to pull their triggers, they suddenly all dropped dead at once.

Again, Remo heard a sniff behind him, but it wasn't the sniff of disgust he was used to hearing, this one was a sniff of The Master of Sinanju holding back tears of joy!

His proud smile vanished when as he turned around, Remo discovered that Chiun didn't appear to have paid the slightest attention to his performance. The old man was reading a letter.

"Little Father?" Remo asked, wondering what could have made Chiun so happy.

"It is your brother. He has managed to get paid four times for one hit! And he collected a bounty on seven werebeasts." Chiun crowed.

Remo found himself blinking at that. "Good for Harry. What did you think of my performance here then?"

"Yes, I noticed your work," the Master of Sinanju said distractedly, still gazing at the letter. "Your start was rather sloppy and the end rather showy, but on the whole I'd rate it as..."

Remo leaned forward intently. "Yes, Little Father?"

"Adequate," Chiun announced and turned and walked away without a second glance.

Remo heard the word adequate echo in his head for several seconds, before bursting out in a broad smile. "Adequate"

“Adequate for a fat clumsy white thing, yes.” The old man added from the darkness.

“Adequate,” Remo said the word again, as if relishing the entire concept. “Yes! I swear I could walk on water right now!”

“No, as clumsy as you are, you would be required to run to keep your footing,” Chiun called back as he disappeared into the night.

Remo just smiled. Chiun called him adequate. He must have impressed the old man; Chiun had never been so lavish with his praise before.

----===oooOOOooo===----

**A/N: the last:**

**It has been pointed out to me by several of my Pre-readers that they didn't understand why Harry thought Millie was such a babe. One needs to bear in mind that beauty is a cultural thing, and that Harry was raised in a culture very different than ours. The Great and Powerful Ed Becerra explained it best: *“He was raised in Korea, in a peasant village, by a father who considers "beauty" to be how well a woman can work in a field, keep a home, and raise children in a land where starvation is a constant specter. By those standards, the current model of Western beauty would be a twig who couldn't do ANYTHING useful. Whereas a woman who could one-punch a water buffalo would be a goddess.”* So, yeah, Harry's going to be nursing a bit of a crush on Millie for the rest of this story... Which isn't going to prevent him from doing his job.**

**Many thanks to Meteoricshipwards on the Caer Azkaban newsgroup for his suggestion that was the kernel of the ‘reaction of the Slytherin girls’ scene, and to Ubereng also on Caer Azkaban for his suggestion for using the Ministry's contract on Voldemort to abuse Dumbledore, just a little bit... ‘it's for the children!’, and the final scene where Chiun rubs Remo's face in Harry's salesmanship was mostly written by dogbertcarroll also of Caer Azkaban and slightly modified by me. I only steal from the best.**

**Horace Nihil (and honest to god French speaking French type person from France ) was kind enough to proved me with some interesting French phrases for this chapter.**

## Harry Potter and the Sun Source Profit Motive

### Chapter 7: Profit Motive

Harry woke suddenly from his normally sound, if watchful sleep.

How very odd, he thought as he concentrated for a moment on what time it was. His internal rhythms told him it was 4:27 a.m., Only two hours after he had gotten to bed given Susan's fixation on the entire concept of a 'new' year. Harry personally hadn't noticed anything different about the turning of the calendar, but it made the girl happy, so he went along.

He was alone in the dorm room, his body compensating for the January chill of the castle without his having to consciously think about it. But...

His mouth tasted of salt. Little Father had predicted that one day he would wake from a sound sleep and that his mouth would taste of salt.

Harry rose from the bed and went to the dormitory's shower room. At the sink he opened the spigot and let the water run for a few moments, and then stuck his mouth to the tap and filled it.

Sloshing the water around his mouth, he returned to his darkened dorm room as he contemplated what was happening to his body. Chiun had warned him...

*Eight months earlier, Harry had woken from a sound sleep in his father's home. Something was wrong; something had caused him to wake almost four minutes early. Harry made his way to his father's sleeping quarters. There he found, reclined on his favorite mat, Chiun, the Master of Sinanju, his father's black robes reaching from his toes to the wisps of white hair that crowned his head .*

*One did not wake the Master of Sinanju without reason , especially not his apprentice , so Harry silently knelt next to his father's sleeping mat to wait for the chance to report this feeling of oddness.*

*Truth be told, Harry was never really quite sure when Chiun was actually sleeping or in one of his fifty-nine stages of relaxation, sleep only being the fifty-second. Someday, Chiun had promised , Harry would achieve these same stages, even though he was only a white.*

***“What is the problem my son?” Chiun asked having given no indication that he was awake.***

***“I am sorry for disturbing you Master. I woke suddenly with a feeling of... of absence,” Harry reported dutifully. Yes, a feeling of absence. That described what he was feeling.***

***“That is wonderful news. It means that you are coming of age. Sometime in the next year you will finish your progression to adulthood and will finally be ready for your true training.”***

***Harry had been allowed to read from the Book of Sinanju since he learned the art of the written word. Now that Chiun had made the suggestion, Harry made the association of how he was feeling with the progression of apprentices from the past. “Do you truly believe that I can become a true practitioner of Sinanju Master? So many apprentices of the past have failed to make this progression before.”***

***“Ah my son, it is true that many have failed to complete this step of their lives, but you, young Harry have an advantage that none of those failed apprentices ever had. Your advantage is that you are being trained by me, because the Master of Sinanju can work wonders with nothing, the nothing being you .***

***"Thank you for your confidence, Little Father," Harry had said with a smile.***

***That was when Chiun had warned him of the coming Night of the Salt . On that night, Chiun had said, Harry would doubt himself and his abilities and would be likely to attempt to do something foolish to prove to himself that his skills and training were valid. This was both dangerous and a sign of growth. "But in your case, there will be a problem."***

***"What problem, Master ?"***

***"How will you be able to tell when you do something foolish, since much like your brother , almost everything else you do is foolish," Chiun had said, and thought that this was amazingly funny, so funny he repeated it for days and attributed the fact that Harry did not appreciate the witticism to Harry's typical white man's lack of a sense of humor.***

***Despite being more than ninety years old, Chiun told Harry that he clearly remembered his own night of the salt when he was sixteen years old, almost a final rite of puberty. It was another sign of the body becoming something else, he explained.***

***"What will I become?" Harry asked.***

***But Chiun did not answer his pupil, for as he pointed out, a young man who lacked a sense of humor also surely lacked wisdom.***

***So, just as Chiun had foretold, despite his mouth still being filled with water, he tasted the salt as if someone had emptied a shaker of it into his mouth. Harry went back to the bathroom and spat out the water. His entire life he had been changing. Harry had realized very early that he was different, that he could do more than any of his playmates, either in the alleys of Sinanju or in the***

classrooms of Kumsilu, he was always the odd one out. And always his elders expected that he would be capable of even more. He had accepted this as what his life would be, and look forward to the day when he would take his place as a provider for both his villages.

So he was becoming what Chiun predicted he would become. In the way of Sinanju, an assassin was not something you did, but something you were.

Now there was salt in his mouth.

From everything he had been told, this made him the second white man ever to achieve that stage. Not that Harry really knew what it meant to be 'white', other than as a rule, Chiun wasn't fond of them. Of course Chiun wasn't overly fond of Blacks, Amerinds, Asians other than Koreans, South Koreans, and most North Koreans either. In fact, if one wasn't from Sinanju, Remo, Harry himself, or one of the ladies that Chiun associated with on the boardwalk of Miami Beach, Chiun wasn't particularly fond of pretty much anyone.

Harry smiled to himself as he recalled the look on Chiun's face when at the age of nine Harry had repeated the rumor he had learned from his playmate Yeon-ul while working in the village plots and asked if it was true that the vagina of a white women opened side to side instead of front to back like a proper Korean woman and if they truly did have teeth down there.

This brought about the most clinical explanation of human female anatomy ever given to any apprentice of Sinanju.

Harry gulped another mouthful of water from the still running tap and slobbered it around. True to Chiun's word, Harry found himself wondering if he had actually changed in any way at all. That was when he realized that Chiun had been right, again. To hell with it he decided. He was going outside.

He spat the water into the sink and exited the shower room. Harry dressed quickly and exited the dorm, pausing for a moment to leave a note for Susan in the common room, before leaving the castle heading for the ward line. As soon as he crossed the wards, he apparated with a soft pop.

Harry felt the need to go out into the world and do... *something* . But, he swore to himself, however he spent his day, he wasn't going to be doing something foolish.

---===oooOOOooo===---

It was noon before Harry found anything that sparked his interest. After discovering that there was very little to do in the early morning hours of New Years day, he had taken to opening his senses to the world and apparating to population centers in the hope of finding something interesting, and preferably not too terribly foolish, to do.

For the longest time it appeared to be very unlikely that he was going to find anything. The principle function of people out and about before 9 am seemed to be waiting in line for stores to open in the hopes of scoring a 'bargain'.

Things began to look up around noon when Harry happened across an amateur boxing tournament in the oddly named village of Little Whinging in the county of Surrey. Harry paid the four pounds for his ticket and entered the exhibit hall to watch the bouts.

Harry had always found the method of combat employed by people not of Sinanju to be interesting. He had to concentrate on ignoring the flaws in the technique shown, it was fun to watch the amateurs flailing away at each other, completely unaware of their inadequacies.

Just before the third bout started a thin woman and a massively fat man took their places in the seats next to Harry. The man's breath stank of beef and alcohol so Harry modified his breathing to minimize his exposure to the toxins.

"My boy Dudley is in the next fight," the man said. "We're in for a hell of a fight."

The boxers entered the ring while Harry was wondering just why the fat man felt the need to tell him that his son was one of the fighters, when the boy's resemblance to the man was more than evident.

This 'Dudley' was a large kid in white trunks with closely cropped blond hair. His opponent was a shorter boy in blue trunks who appeared to be fighting up a weight class and was now beginning to regret it. The pair met at the center of the ring for the referee's instructions, and then tapped gloves and returned to their respective corners to await the signal to begin.

"Kick his ass Dudley!" the fat man screamed before turning to Harry and continuing in a conversational tone of voice. "My Dudley could box every fighter here, one after another, and come out the uncontested winner."

Harry watched as Dudley's opponent moved to press his first attack, throwing a series of jabs testing the larger kid's defenses. It turned out that this 'Dudley' didn't really have much in the way of actual defenses. He just used his bulk to absorb the other fighter's blows. In doing so he allowed the other boy to get close enough so that he could make his own move.

Dudley suddenly leaned forward and head butted his opponent, following that move with a powerful, if slow, right hook. The smaller fighter was laid out on the canvass.

"That's it Dudley! Give him the old 'One, Two'!" The fat man screamed as his son was roughly pushed into his corner and the referee issued a warning prior to slowly beginning the fallen boxer's ten count.

Harry's mouth formed a thin line. He didn't like cheaters. In actual combat there were no rules, survival being the key objective, but in a stylized match with rules and technique? Taking a cheap shot was worse than unforgivable.

The fallen fighter struggled to his feet by the count of seven, shaking his head to clear it, and then nodded when the referee seemingly asked if he was able to continue.

This set the tone for the bout. The smaller boxer went down two more times in the first round, and five times in the second. Harry found himself rooting for the underdog in the face of the fact that the kid was slow and clumsy, noticeably more so than his competitor, but he steadfastly refused to quit getting up off the mat time after time. The fact that ‘Dudley’ seemingly couldn’t resist taking dirty shots when he thought he could get away with it didn’t endear the larger fighter to Harry, nor did the loud mouth connected to the fat man.

Harry could clearly see this ‘Dudley’s’ weaknesses, and it almost hurt to watch the pummeling the smaller boy was taking. When the smaller fighter was sitting in his corner before the third and final round of his bout, Harry rose from his seat and approached the boy.

The boy’s trainer was furiously working on the boxer trying to close a cut over the boy’s left eye. “You’ve got to keep your guard up. You’re getting killed out there. I should just throw the towel in.”

“No!” the boxer said. “I’m seeing this through.”

“Hey bud,” Harry said softly. “You’re getting your ass beat out there.”

The boxer slowly turned his battered face to look at Harry. “Really?” he said sarcastically, “here I thought I was wearing him down.”

“If you don’t mind a little advice?”

Both the trainer and the boxer turned to stare at the young man with the dancer’s build. What was this kid up to?

“Pop him twice in the left shoulder. Your gloves are pretty wide, so hitting the exact point shouldn’t be a problem, just hit him twice in the left shoulder inside of a second and a half, then a jab to the solar plexus.”

“Why?”

“Because he’s a cheap shot artist, and his loud mouthed old man is annoying the hell out of me,” Harry explained. “Remember two taps on the left shoulder, then a jab to the solar plexus. You’ll enjoy what happens then.”

Harry returned to his seat as the bell signaling the next round sounded.

“What did you say to him?” the fat man asked, no longer paying attention to the fight.

Harry raised an eyebrow, “what business is it of yours what I say to anyone?”

The fat man’s face turned a very odd shade of red. “I asked you a question boy, what did you say to him?”

“I might have suggested that he should be careful in the ring,” Harry said as the fight restarted and

the smaller boxer landed a punch to Dudley's left shoulder, followed quickly by another.

"Why?" the fat man demanded totally missing the soft blow landed to his son's belly.

"I simply mentioned the possibility that Dudley was likely to ask him home for a threesome with you." Harry answered as Dudley sank to his knees and began vomiting everything that was in his upper digestive tract while simultaneously everything in his lower digestive tract exited through the other orifice. It turned out that the white trunks he wore had been a poor choice.

The fat man had yet to notice his son's predicament and swung a meaty arm toward Harry's face. Harry ducked under the fleshy mass and with his left hand, tapped the front of the fat man's left shoulder twice, and followed by Harry's right thumb plunging into the man's corpulent belly.

The audience was awarded with the sight of Dudley's father on the floor outside the ring emulating his son's digestive system problems.

Harry caught the eye of the distraught wife and mother sitting on the other side of the heaving man and smiled. "It might be something they ate."

---===**oooOOOooo**===---

It was just after two in the afternoon when Harry happened upon a small air show. This offered him a chance to see some amazingly restored WWII aircraft close up. Chiun had shown Harry the wonder of Western aircraft, their elegance, and the near perfection of their design for passing through the air. The better models cut through the air so very well... they were almost Sinanju in their precision.

The planes he was paying homage to today, of course, did not approach the perfection of present day aircraft, but they were the source of what flew today, and perhaps most importantly most of them were British.

Harry smiled to himself as he moved effortlessly through the crowd garnering odd looks on occasion when it was noticed that despite the temperature hovering just under freezing he was clad in denim jeans and a black tee-shirt. He really had no memories linking him to Britain, but still, the idea that his ancestors rode these fragile things in defense of their homes and families stirred a bit of pride in the second apprentice of Sinanju.

The highlight of the show was a Skydiving demonstration. The announcement drew the attention of the crowd from the crazy teen that didn't seem to feel the need to dress appropriately for the weather and didn't seem to care to the sky. From a plane high above the airfield fifteen tiny dots fell.

Harry had always wanted to try that... at least until his father had shown him the proper way to do it. The Sinanju method was one of skill and precision. The Sinanju method was faster and far stealthier, negating the need for the huge colorful canopy.

That being said, the hanging from a parachute looked to be a whole lot more fun.

The sky filled with colorful rectangles as the multiple canopies bloomed, slowing the descent of the divers... all but one. A single red speck continued to fall, and was quite clearly growing larger. The crowd realized what was happening and silence spread among them.

"Maybe it's a special display," a woman offered. It was clear from the sound of her voice that she didn't really believe that. As the falling form plummeted downward, Harry concentrated and it began to take on a more human shape, arms and legs spread, attempting to slow himself as much as possible, the falling man knew that he was dead.

A thin stream of what looked like fluid snaked out of the skydiver's back and streamed above him for long seconds as the man fell.

"Open it," a man in the crowd shouted. "Open the parachute!"

"He may have thought of that himself," Harry suggested dryly, drawing the crowd's attention back to his presence and earning a few nasty looks for his trouble. Why did people always seem to make stupid suggestions?

It didn't matter. Harry reflected. This person was going to die. If Chiun was there then he might be able... But Harry couldn't... He wasn't good enough... Harry didn't have the skills...

***"The Night of the Salt will cause you to doubt yourself and your skills," Chiun's words came unbidden to Harry's mind. "This doubt will resolve its self in one of three ways Young One. You will either be correct to doubt your skills and your journey to become one with Sinanju will be over, or you will find yourself deciding to test yourself some foolish way and die. The third possibility is that you will find yourself deciding to test yourself in some foolish way and survive, perhaps even triumph. It is this possibility that leads to the purity of Sinanju."***

Harry continued to track the falling skydiver while considering what his father had told him. Was this the point where he needed to make his choice? Had he travelled down the path to Sinanju as far as he could go?

Was he done?

Harry made his decision. He had never shied away from taking chances. His father had put most of a decade and a half into training him and shaping him into what he was. It was time to see if he had what it took. The Book of Sinanju was full of stories of Apprentices who failed to take the final step. Harry would take that step.

If it killed him, so be it.

Harry forced himself into peak, calculating if there was any way that he might help the falling man... no, falling woman he realized as he focused his eyes on the falling form. Perhaps he could cast a cushioning charm? No. The woman had by now reached her terminal velocity; over 55

meters per second, landing on any surface at such a speed would reduce her internal organs to mush. A massive wind? No, that would only change the angle at which the woman would hit something solid. The falling woman was still too far away to levitate, and even if she wasn't the effect of the spell on her body would be similar to hitting the ground.

Magic had its limitations. That only left direct intervention. That left Sinanju.

Harry broke from the crowd and ran instinctively with the woman, following her trajectory. The falling woman was close enough to hear now. She had removed her helmet and was screaming. In her panic she had abandoned her attempt toward slowing herself and was falling end over end.

*"Find your center,"* Chiun's voice said quietly, inside Harry's mind. His father's criticism of Harry was for practice, for the endless exercises Harry was expected to perform. If he did them perfectly, Chiun still found something to criticize because Sinanju taught that perfection did not grow from praise. And perfection one time was not enough. Through the fifteen years of Harry's training, his father had made him repeat the exercises again and again, until they were perfect, after they were perfect, and after they had been perfect every time, because he knew that when it became necessary for Harry to use his skills, perfection was required. The first time.

Harry was balanced on the balls of his feet, shifting his weight as his eyes followed the falling body. Then, when the skydiver was a hundred feet above ground, Harry closed his eyes.

Chiun had taught him that the way of Sinanju was to make one's body one with its surroundings, to feel the space around objects rather than see those objects. It was how the Masters of Sinanju had been able to move, silently, through the ages of man's civilization, without disturbing even the dry leaves beneath their feet, and how they controlled their senses and involuntary functions. They were their environment.

And now Harry, behind his eyes, became the air parting for the panicked figure that fell through it, became the woman herself, with her jerking muscles and the terror that tore through her, making her balance erratic, pushing his senses to their very limits he even became the crowd, horrified at what they were witnessing, yet still oddly excited by the prospect of watching another's violent death. Harry was all of these things, and so when he began his slow, crouching spin upward, preparing for the spring that would propel him off the ground and bring him back again, his eyes were closed, his muscles relaxed, his mind unthinking, fully concentrating, open yet filled. He sprang out of the coil in perfect balance, seeming to lift off the ground spinning like a top. Intercepting the skydiver a full fifteen feet above the ground, Harry encircled her with both arms and carried her into his spin, breaking her downward momentum into a rotation. Still revolving, Harry settled them both softly on the tarmac, leaving only two circles where his feet had touched.

Not bothering with the buckles and releases Harry tore the woman's parachute from her body by shearing the straps with one swift incision from the fingernail of his index finger. In less than a second the parachute was in Harry's hands and the woman lay on the ground staring up in amazement. Her underwear was soiled, but her body was whole without even any broken bones.

"I... I can't believe it," she said from where she lay on the ground.

"Hey," Harry said with a crooked grin, "Here's your problem... The drogue got hung up on the release pin. Weird, wouldn't have thought that would happen. That'll show you I guess, always have your reserve chute when you jump."

"You...you saved my life."

"Don't worry about it. We both got lucky." Harry glanced at the crowd that was just then starting to react to what they had seen, "I've gotta go."

The woman watched as the good looking young man in a Tee-shirt moved away from her without appearing to move. There was nothing exceptional about him except for how he wasn't dressed for the weather and for his wrists, which were unusually thick. "Wait!" She called. "How can I thank you?"

Harry turned back to face her and winked. "No need. I had my Night of the Salt last night, and I really needed to do something foolish. Tradition, you know?"

The woman watched as the man in the Tee-shirt vanished without a sound, before laying back to stare at the sky as the rescue services finally arrived. As the paramedic began checking her for injury the woman came to the only reasonable explanation for what she had just experienced.

She had been saved from certain death by an Angel.

---===oooOOOooo===---

"A sky diver was saved from certain death today," the news presenter informed the nation in his most serious tones.

"If this hadn't happened in front of so many witnesses, I would have thought it to be a hoax" his perky female associate interjected.

***Damned Yank influences*** . Ozzie Granger groused to himself as he turned the page of his newspaper. Time was when a news presenter presented the news and there weren't any phony forced banter involved.

"Indeed," the male have of the news team agreed. "Mavis Phillips, twenty nine, of Leeds, was participating in a skydiving demonstration when her parachute didn't open. For her explanation for her survival we go to Martin Frasier."

"Her parachute didn't open?" Sharon Granger asked the room. "How could anyone possibly survive that?"

"I can think of a few ways using magic," her daughter Hermione answered, "but..."

"Thank you David," the new voice on the television rang out, "I'm with Mavis Phillips who survived her four thousand foot fall unharmed. Mavis, why don't you explain what happened?"

“We were going to do a formation and I was going to film it,” the woman said. “What’s why I wasn’t wearing my reserve chute. When my main didn’t open, I knew I was dead.” The woman with the short black hair paused for a moment to collect her thoughts.

Ozzie Granger lowered his paper and exchanged a look with his wife. The woman seemed awfully healthy for someone whose parachute had failed four thousand feet above the ground.

“I screamed and prayed the whole way down, and just before I hit the ground, an Angel saved me.”

“Yes an Angel,” the reporter interrupted. “Unfortunately our ITN cameras were out of position to record the incident but we have obtained several instances of amateur videos of the event.”

The screen resolved to show a single dot among a field of colorful canopies. A single dot that was obviously falling faster than those connected to the rectangular parachutes. It was clear that the pilot chute had deployed but had not pulled the main canopy from the pack.

"Open it," a voice could be clearly heard on the recording. "Open the parachute!"

"He may have thought of that himself," another voice answered him, causing Hermione to suddenly lean forward and pay closer attention.

“That’s Harry’s voice.” She whispered, barely able to contain herself.

“Harry?” Sharon asked. “The boy you said jumped off one of the castle’s towers? Well, now we know how she survived.”

“How much trouble will your friend get into with the Statute of Secrecy people for magicing up a rescue? With it being broadcast and on who knows how many video cameras I can’t imagine they’ll be able to hush this up,” Ozzie agreed.

They watched as the camera’s perspective shifted from the falling sky diver to a muscular young man breaking away from the crowd, running out onto the tarmac, seemingly tracking the falling figure with his eyes.

“What’s that fool doing?” a voice from the crowd asked.

The camera operator’s attention shifted again to the falling figure in red, and then back down to the young man on the runway, who was now pulling his body into a tight crouch. The view of the camera expanded as the operator worked his zoom function; suddenly both the falling sky diver and the crouching boy were in frame at the same time.

And the young man launched himself upwards spinning like a child’s toy top. The Grangers (and the rest of the nation) watched in open mouthed amazement as the pair met and the man pulled the falling figure into his twirling rotation before landing lightly on his feet, still holding the sky diver.

Hermione Granger’s mouth went dry. She cursed her own body as it betrayed her by responding

physically to the sheer presence of the man, even when she was watching him on a television screen. Seeking to hide her reaction from her parents, she sprang to her feet pointing at the screen of the television set. “He can’t do that. That’s not possible.”

“Hermione,” Sharon said pulling her eyes from the replay of Harry Potter’s amazing rescue of the sky diver to look at her daughter. “Why are you so upset? You said you could think of a few magical ways to save someone falling like that.”

“No Mum, you don’t understand. That wasn’t magic... Magic won’t let you fly, not like that, and even if it did, any wizard that tried to do that would still have to overcome the momentum the falling person had build up, which would probably end up killing them both. No that was Harry Bloody Potter doing the impossible AGAIN.” She returned her attention to the midair rescue being shown from another angle. “He can’t do that! No one can run on wet tissue paper without marking it, no one can apparate on Hogwarts grounds, no one can leap off the Astronomy Tower and walk away from it like nothing happened, and no one can do THAT!” she pointed at the screen which showed Harry Potter landing lightly on his feet holding a terrified sky diver from yet another angle.

The elder Grangers exchanged a look. What had gotten into Hermione?

---===oooOOOooo===---

Harry entered the castle to find a commotion coming from the Great Hall. Having just returned from his New Years Day tour of Britain, Harry had intended to go directly to the Hufflepuff dorms to write a letter to his father reporting the passing of his Night of the Salt, but the shrieks of terror heard from the Great Hall caught his attention.

“Calm down everyone!” Dumbledore’s voice drifted through the open door. “There is no danger.”

“That’s Sirius Black!” Professor Sprout all but screamed.

“This is indeed Sirius Black,” Dumbledore agreed. “He was wrongly convicted and has been cleared of all wrong doing in the deaths of James and Lily Potter. He is a free man.”

His interest mildly piqued by the mention of his birth parents, Harry entered the Great Hall to find the Headmaster facing a majority of the staff defending a well dressed, if somewhat disheveled man.

“Mr. Black was freed from Azkaban due to evidence uncovered by his Godson,” Dumbledore continued not yet noticing that Harry had entered the room. “Obviously, he would like to meet young Harry. I haven’t been able to find him, have any of you seen Mr. Potter today?”

“I’m right here Headmaster,” Harry said from the man’s immediate left. “Did you need something?”

Not for the first time Dumbledore experienced a feeling of dread not unlike the one Chiun of

Sinanju inspired when he would just appear next to someone. “Harry,” he said trying to hide his discomfort with the boy, “I’d like you to meet Sirius Black, your godfather.”

“Harry?” the emaciated man said pleadingly.

“How you doing?” Harry asked, wonder just who this man was and what a godfather might be.

“It is due to your efforts that Sirius is free from prison, Harry.” Dumbledore interjected.

“Really?” Harry asked, wondering now what the point of this meeting might be. “What did I do? Did Shackbolt manage to get one of the Death Eaters I gave to him for questioning to give up evidence that cleared him? Good thing I didn’t kill them then I guess. Will dinner be at the normal time?”

“Harry,” Sirius said plaintively. “It’s me, Padfoot.”

Harry cocked his head at the phrase ‘Padfoot’. That was familiar somehow...

“Harry, Sirius is your Godfather,” the Headmaster explained.

“You said that Headmaster, but I don’t know what a ‘godfather’ is beyond a couple of movies I’ve seen, and Mr. Black doesn’t look anything like Brando.”

“Harry,” Dumbledore said quietly while Black looked even more stricken than before, “Your Godfather is the person your parents appointed to look out for you if anything was to happen to you.”

“Ah,” Harry nodded. “My father tells me he found me abandoned on a doorstep on a cold November night.”

“Your father?” Black asked faintly.

“Chiun of Sinanju.” Harry nodded. “He found me and raised me to what I am now through love, patience and training.” Harry paused for a moment in reflection. “I suppose I should thank you Mr. Black. If you had been more diligent about your responsibilities as a Godfather, I would never have met my father. If you will excuse me, I would like to clean up before dinner.”

Nodding to the headmaster and the assembled professors Harry exited the Great Hall. He had almost reached the staircase when the voice of Sirius Black reached him. “Abandoned on a doorstep?” the man shouted. “I put him into Hagrid’s arms because Hagrid said that he would take Harry to you Dumbledore! What the hell was he doing on a doorstep in the middle of the night?”

Harry smiled a bit at that, and then lost his smile to contemplation. All through his life he had seen that his father had been somewhat dismissive of his employers (who Chiun tended to address as ‘Emperor’ regardless of their actual status), but Harry had found that he was starting to actively dislike Albus Dumbledore and his attempts at manipulation.

He was going to have to think about what he was going to do about that.

---===oooOOOooo===---

The train rocked in that familiar way that had almost become part of the school experience. In a shrouded private compartment, Draco Malfoy sat contemplating his lot in life while fingering his father's cane. It had taken a considerable number of galleons to get that damned wand maker to modify Draco's wand to accept its new place in the cane, but it was worth it.

Draco Malfoy was not a happy young man. For a year that had started with such promise, everything had fallen to shit so very quickly. The new head of the Malfoy family realized that it had all started to go wrong when he had turned around to find Harry Potter staring at him on the train on September first.

First Potter had given him that horrible nickname that the Bone's girl had repeated to everyone she spoke with. After the death of his father, he even heard it in the Slytherin common room.

The injuries he had received at the hands of that insufferable half blood were almost too much to live with. If the bastard had at least used his wand, Draco told himself, at least there would be honor in losing to a more powerful mage, but no. Potter had used his hands, and then another time Potter had suckered Goyle and Crabbe into hitting Draco in the face with their beater's bats.

While Draco was incapacitated, the Hufflepuff had somehow seduced Pansy away from her pledge to the Malfoy family. Then on the Hogsmeade weekend when Draco had been warned to stay away from the town, that blasted half blood had killed Draco's father.

That was unthinkable, but true. Far too many witnesses felt the need to tell the fallen Prince of Slytherin just what they had seen, of how Lucius Malfoy could be heard pleading for the release of death.

Draco had been stricken by the loss of his father, but he had known that the Dark Lord would avenge his favorite follower, that Potter would die slowly and painfully.

That was when Draco discovered that without his Godfather and Defender, his personal power at Hogwarts had practically vanished.

But the Dark Lord seemingly ignored the deaths of Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape and had carried on making plans that no one understood. Still, Draco knew it was only a matter of time before Potter got just what was coming to him, and Draco would return to his previous status at the school.

Then... then that Potter bastard had debased Draco's mother in his father's bed. And she had enjoyed what the half blood had done to her! After he had recovered from Potter's attack on his person on Boxing Day, she had been insufferably happy; Draco had even caught her singing in her study.

The fact that she would betray his father in such a... carnal way, with his murderer, infuriated Draco to no end.

Potter had to die. He had to die at Draco's hand.

The Dark Lord had forbid anyone from harming Potter, for the Dark Lord's reasons. But as any British wizard knew, Hogwarts could be a dangerous place. Accidents happened all the time.

It would be terribly sad when Harry Potter had his accident. Terribly, terribly sad.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Four cars behind the one housing Draco's private compartment, in the open car that the Outsiders had claimed as their own, the post holiday greetings and stories of time with family had finally run out. There were a few seconds of silence before Colin Creevey broke it with his question.

"Did anyone else see what happened with the skydiver New Years day? Was that Harry Potter?"

"Yes it was." Hermione spat. "Doing something that is physically impossible. Again."

Neville regarded his closest friend curiously. "What's going on there Hermione? What's a sky diver?"

"A skydiver is someone who jumps out of an airplane," Colin explained. Noting the blank looks from the Purebloods and Wizard raised around him, he continued. "An airplane is a flying machine. They fly very fast and very high, faster and higher than any broom. A skydiver is someone who jumps from an airplane in flight with what's called a parachute to slow their fall."

Hermione had been rooting around in her book bag. She produced a length of string and a pencil, removing a handkerchief from her pocket she quickly tied the string to each of the corners of the handkerchief, and then tied the loose ends to the pencil. "They work like this:" she said tossing the assembly in the middle of the compartment.

"People do that?" Neville asked horrified.

Remembering Neville's disastrous first flying lesson, Hermione fought against her smile as she retrieved her handkerchief. "They do. It's a sort of sport for some people."

"That's insane!" Millicent Bulstrode said shaking her head. "What did Potter do?"

"During a group jump, one of the skydiver's parachute didn't open. She was four thousand feet up and in free fall..." Colin said, bouncing in his seat with excitement. The bulk of the Outcasts smiled. Colin's greatest disappointment upon arriving at Hogwarts was the fact that Harry Potter wasn't there. Now that he was the Muggle Born's fanboy aspect had come to the fore.

"And Harry caught her with while flying on a broom?" Hannah asked.

“Of course not, that would at least make sense and be in some small way possible,” Hermione huffed, her arms folded across her chest. “No, that wouldn’t work for Harry Bloody Potter. He had to do something utterly impossible.”

That perked the Outsiders up. They had, after all, witnessed a bit of Potter doing the impossible more than once. “What did he do?” Neville asked.

“He got underneath her as she was falling,” Colin explained, “and just before she hit the ground, he jumped up, straight up almost twenty feet in the air, and caught her.”

“What?” Millicent asked doing the math in her head. She blinked when she got the answer and wondered if she slipped a decimal point. “She’d have been moving more than 100 miles per hour if she fell from four thousand feet! If he tried to catch her the inertia should have splattered them both. What magic did he use?”

“None,” Hermione said. “I watched the videos of the event at least a dozen times. He didn’t cast a bloody thing. He jumped more or less straight up, spinning, and when he caught the woman, he pulled her falling momentum into his spin.”

“Harry landed on his feet,” Colin nodded agreeing with Hermione, “with the woman in his arms. He laid her down on the ground, looked at her parachute for a second or two, talked to her a bit, and then just walked out of the frame of the videos. Afterwards, no one could find him and the woman was telling everyone that she had been saved by an angel.”

There was several seconds of silence in the compartment while those raised in the Magical world digested the story.

“And he didn’t use any magic?” Neville asked, “none at all?”

Hermione shook her head. “That’s probably the reason that none of you had heard about it. It’s been in the Muggle news since it happened on New Years day. They keep playing the video loop over and over and experts try and tell everyone that what they are seeing couldn’t possibly have happened despite the evidence in front of them. If the news is to be believed, the Muggle government even has a commission working on trying to determine the meaning of the words on Potter’s tee-shirt.”

Neville grinned. Harry’s tee-shirts had become nearly legendary at the school in the four months he had been attending. “What did it say?”

“I appear to be perfect,” Colin recited, “But deep down inside, I really am.”

----==ooOooOoo==----

Remo answered the phone on the first ring.

“Goldstein,” He said, remembering his cover name for a change. At least he thought it was his cover name. It was something-stein.

“Remo,” a lemony voice came over the handset without any preamble, “have you been watching the news?”

“You bet,” Remo answered happily. “Man those Japanese Beetles are doing a number on the local fruit trees aren’t they?”

“Japanese...” The tone of the voice told Remo that he had managed to mess with Smitty. He tallied another point on the ‘Remo vs. Smitty’ running scoreboard. “Remo, please? Have you seen what Chiun’s new apprentice has done in front of video cameras?”

“Yeah, the kid saved that girl, so what?”

“Remo...”

“Look Smitty,” the first Apprentice of Sinanju said, “Chiun’s not part of the organization anymore, and Harry never was. I don’t control either of them and I’m not silly enough to try. You should just be glad these sort of things don’t happen more often.”

“What do you mean?”

“Chiun’s been talking about advertising in order to promote more business for years.”

Remo smiled at the choking sounds coming over the phone line and added another point to his scoreboard. “Look Smitty, the pictures of Harry doing his thing is just the latest distraction for the sheep of the world. In a week or so some idiot celebrity will do something outrageous and no one will remember the kid that saved a falling woman. Don’t panic, just wait and it will go away on its own.”

“I hope you’re right Remo. I hope you’re right.”

There was a click and the dial tone started blaring from the handset.

Remo replaced the handset on the receiver. The whole thing with Harry was a bit out of character for the kid. Not that Harry was averse to helping people, it’s just that Chiun had instilled more than a little bit of his mercenary heart into the boy. He wondered if the girl in question was in some way important to...

Wait. The boy was sixteen now... Harry had probably had his Night of the Salt, and the saving the Skydiver was the stupid thing he did to test himself. He smiled and admired his younger brother’s technique with a sense of pride as it replayed in his mind. Very nice. Of course Remo’s ‘foolish thing’ had been an open tryout with a football team.

He pulled up his mental ‘Remo vs. Harry’ score board and awarded the boy a point, and then after a bit of thought, awarded himself two. After all, his ‘foolish thing’ had been substantially cooler.

---===oooOOOooo===---

The Dark Lord Voldemort stood in the fog of potions vapors and inhaled deeply. The thrice damned host was building immunity to the affects of the mists, and the loss of Severus Snape and his skill at tweaking the potions he brewed meant that the host would eventually resist her subjugation completely, but for now he had no other way of controlling her. Time for a test.

He crossed to the mirror that hung on the wall. There. Perfect. The skin of his new face was blotchy, the hair hung in his eyes as greasy as that of Severus Snape before his death. As linked to this body as the Veela girl was, perhaps a physical disfigurement would drive her deeper into unconsciousness. A scar perhaps? He raised a cursed blade to his forehead and hissed as a long slash cut its way from there to the left cheek.

Waving his wand, he cast an imperfect healing charm, and the open wound sealed its self leaving a thick scar. He examined the results of his work in the mirror. Not quite the beauty anymore are you? He asked the unconscious host. A smile slowly crept onto his face.

Yes. The body was the key. A Veela's magic is utterly linked to her body. As long as he bent the body to his will, the host would remain docile and subdued.

A slice at the corners of his mouth, followed by the same healing charm desecrated the formerly perfect face even more. Voldemort began laughing.

Until he realized what he was doing. The constant battle with the host coupled with the potions mist was starting to affect his mind. He needed the replacement fully human body, needed it badly... but he was Voldemort! He deserved the best. He deserved Potter's body.

And he would have it.

Voldemort strode from his chamber to the private room at the rear of his personal chamber.

"My Lord, mercy please?" a familiar voice whispered pleadingly from the far wall.

The Dark Lord stopped to take in the sight of his greatest punishment. A smile grew on his face as he watched the conjured eagle use its beak to slice into the belly of the the Death Eater who had failed him beyond the failures of all the others. Barty Crouch hung on the wall, his arms spread in a gruesome approximation of the painting of Christ's crucifixion that Riddle remembered hanging in the dining hall of the orphanage where his childhood was wasted.

The man screamed as the bird tore his flesh asunder searching for the liver it craved. "Master, please... Forgive your most faithful servant."

"Most faithful? Come now Barty," Voldemort was annoyed that despite the host being subdued, his voice was coming out of this body in a seductive breathiness. "Would my 'most faithful' servant have delivered a body to his master that was only partially human? Would he have delivered a female?"

Crouch's body healed almost instantly, forcing the conjured bird to have to rip his body open for

each bite. Voldemort laughed. “Prometheus only defied the gods, so his daily punishment was deemed to be enough.” He took Crouch’s face in his left hand and turned it to face his master. “You failed me Barty, so your punishment is continuous and eternal.”

“Master? Please?” Crouch pleaded weakly before the eagle ripped his belly open again, then the man screamed.

Voldemort began laughing at the plight of his former minion.

~**You are sick, charogne !**~ that hated voice echoed in his mind, ~**taking pleasure in the pain of another, even an enculé de ta mère like him!**. She had taken to screaming at him in English as soon as she realized that he didn’t understand her French. His vision blurred as he felt the body’s magic pulse. His hands flew to his face, searching for the scars. Not finding them he left Crouch to his torment and ran back to the mirror.

He found that his hair had returned to its silvery sheen, his skin cleared and the long slashes were completely healed as if they had never happened.

~**You didn’t really think it would be that easy did you ?**~ the hated voice said in his mind. ~**You know nothing of Veela, charogne. The magic is not tied to the body; the body is tied to the magic! Get out of my body now, or I swear by Ladon’s ninety-third fang, I will make you wish you had !**~

Voldemort returned to the silvery mist, breathing deeply to restart the slumber of the host. “Rowle!” he called.

The door to Voldemort’s chamber slammed open as the Death Eater responded to his master’s call. The man approached to within ten feet of Voldemort, and then threw himself to the cold stone floor, always being careful to avoid eye contact. “Yes Master?”

“Look at me Thorfinn,” the host said exercising her control for the moment. “Tell me, what do you think of this body?” she bent at the waist meeting the startled Death Eater’s eyes. “Would you like to touch me Thorfinn?” she carressed the back of his neck with their shared left hand as Voldemort fought to regain control of the body. “Would you like to taste me Thorfinn? I could be so very good to you...”

Thorfinn Rowle wet his lips and nodded, forgetting for the moment that to look upon the Dark Lord was death, forgetting what had happened to the last two Death Eaters to fall under the thrall of the host. This woman was sex, she was all he wanted, and she was all he knew. With a trembling hand he reached out daring to try and touch the dream that was Fleur Delacour.

“Avada Kedavra!” Voldemort screamed as he regained control of the body, his wand in his hand instantly. He stood panting looking down at the lifeless body of the Death Eater who forgot his place.

~ **What fun !** ~, the girl’s voice rang in his head. ~ **That makes how many charogne? Three of**

**your idiots I've made you kill? How long can you keep this up before you run out of slaves?**

~

“Damn you girl! When I'm free of you I will kill you slowly!” Voldemort raged. “Avery!”

“My Lord?” the Death Eater answered from the door, not daring to enter.

“Get me another Potions Master,” Voldemort demanded. “A woman this time. Get her now. And tell Rookwood that he has two days to come up with a plan to capture Potter or he dies.”

“Yes my Lord! At once.”

~ **Your idiots are terrified of being in the same room as you charogne,** ~ the girl laughed in his mind. ~ **Between the Potter boy and me, how many do you have left?** ~

Voldemort's scream of rage echoed throughout his lair.

---===oooOOOooo===---

Three weeks into the term, Draco Malfoy sat in the Great Hall staring at Harry Potter's back. It had taken the entire three weeks to put his plan into action. It had also taken almost five thousand galleons. Specialized ward stones had been smuggled into the castle, and then carefully placed for maximum effect. In the time Potter had been at the school, the natural balance had been upset. The purebloods were no longer given the respect they deserved, the Mudbloods and lower classes had forgotten their places due to the interference of Potter.

Even with his diminished standing in the house, it hadn't been that difficult to garner the aid of members of the old families. Tonight everything was in place, outside the castle a January storm raged; inside no one expected a thing. Draco had his people stationed where they needed to be, and they were ready with the charms they would need to be free to operate when the darkness came.

There were some problems, of course. Crabbe and Goyle, who could usually be counted on for a bit of mayhem, refused to act against Potter. They offered no reasons for this refusal; in fact they refused to discuss it in any way. No amount of threats or cajoling would change their minds, so Draco selected other volunteers while loudly making note of their cowardice.

Still, it wasn't hard to find volunteers willing to show Potter the error of his ways. Draco's volunteers came from every house, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor and even Hufflepuff. It seemed that far too many women had taken to making insulting comparisons of Potter's sexual competence and that of their boyfriends.

Among the legends generated about The Boy Who Lived prior to his coming to Hogwarts was the promise that he would unite the houses. And he had, united the men of the castle against him. That thought amused Draco to no end.

The plan was utterly simple. The specialized wards would engage at Malfoy's signal,

extinguishing every source of light in the castle, from the floating candles in the Great Hall to the fires in the common rooms. In addition, the wards would inhibit all known charms and spells that would produce a constant light. The wards would only last a quarter hour at most, but that would be more than enough. Each of the volunteers would have charmed spectacles that would allow them to see, and tonight lessons would be taught, both to Potter and certain mouthy Mudbloods.

Draco did his level best not to giggle, when he touched his wand to the messenger stone and incanted the activation phrase to start the night's festivities.

To most people in the castle, it was light, then suddenly blackness, blackness as dark as a coal mine at midnight. In the Great Hall the candles all went out. In the hallways the wall sconces extinguished. In the common rooms, the fires in the hearths died and suddenly the only lights in the castle were the few stars that shown through the storm clouds in the Great Hall's enchanted ceiling.

"What?" asked a voice from the vicinity of the Ravenclaw table.

"The lights have gone out!" someone responded, feeling the need to state the obvious

And then frightened voices sounded throughout the castle. Someone suddenly started laughing.

The laughter did not come from Harry. He had not been plunged into sudden darkness. The lights did not go out for him in a split second.

For him there had been a flutter of light and then it died, as the candles over the Hufflepuff table in the Great Hall flared, and then it was a slowly gave up. All of this was quite obvious if your mind and body rhythms were attuned to the world around you. It was only an illusion that there was sudden darkness.

People helped this illusion, Harry knew.

They were suddenly engrossed in conversations about the darkness, tuning out other senses to concentrate on their words, and they only tuned back the senses when the conversations lagged. Or they were drinking sugar infused liquids, or had loaded their stomachs with so much red meat that their nervous systems devoted all energies to laboriously processing it in an intestine designed for fruits and grains and nuts, and in a bloodstream that had ancient memories of the sea and could absorb quite well those special nutrients that came from fish. But never hooved meat.

So, to them, it was dark and he had seen it coming and someone shrieked because she was afraid. And someone else laughed because he was happy. This was obviously no accident, this was an ambush, a trap. It was aimed at him, but there would be other targets if opportunities presented themselves.

And only one man in the entire castle understood what was happening, because he alone had reawakened to his senses.

He knew that a pair of young men were running up behind him. It was not strange to listen for that or to know where their hands were and that one had a beater's bat he was trying to slam down on Harry or that another had a blade. They moved their bodies that way.

How did Harry know? He just knew. Like he knew his head was on his shoulders and that the ground was down. Like he knew he could slow-catch the force of the bat and readjust the boy's momentum to send him down into the stone floor with enough force that he would crack his own ribs on collision, so he did, and was rewarded with the sound of a falling body followed by a groan of pain.

The blade was simpler. Harry decided to use force.

"You're going to hurt yourself playing with your knife like that," Harry said softly.

He clasped the young man's hand around the knife, paralyzing the muscles that controlled the hand so it could not let go and pressed it to the man's left thigh, and feeling the blade had a sharpness to it he very slowly brought it up to where he felt the thigh muscle throb against it, carefully missing the artery.

"Oh, God," Darius Macnair said as he suddenly came to believe that he was going to die. The youngest son of the Ministry of Magic's Executioner of Dangerous Creatures had not expected anything like this. He had accompanied his father on more than a few revels, his knife complementing his father's axe, and no one had ever given him trouble.

Sure, he'd been caught that one time, but then he only spent a night in a holding cell as a donation was made to the Minister's re-election campaign and it was explained that he was under the Imperius.

After all, he hadn't been wearing Death Eater robes, or casting unforgivable. He just appeared to be a simple student out for a night of fun who found himself controlled by a dark wizard.

So what was this great pain he felt in his leg?

He hadn't even waited when he got Draco's signal. He knew that Chambers the Ravenclaw was brassed off at Potter because Chamber's girl friend had gone to the Hufflepuff and come away with a blissful expression, and that Chambers wanted to show Potter just how good he was with his Beater's bat, because that's what Chambers was ready to do while the lights were on.

Under the cover of darkness they closed in on Potter at the same time. It was beautiful, double beautiful. Wham. Potter should have been a sitting duck, there was no way the Hufflepuff could possibly have known they were coming for him. But he had.

Potter hardly moved. Macnair felt him not move. Macnair made out that Chambers fell onto the stone floor like he had been dropped off the astronomy tower. And then Potter spoke to him very softly and Potter had Macnair's hand in his and Macnair couldn't even let go of the knife. And the blade punctured Macnair's leg and Macnair slammed desperately at his own right hand with his

left trying to get the knife out of it so it wouldn't tear into his leg any more than it had, but it felt like someone had cast a heating charm on the knife and that heat kept getting hotter and Macnair couldn't let go.

If he could have, MacNair would have bitten his hand off at the wrist just to let go.

It hurt that bad.

Macnair's blood flowed out of his leg, pouring out now very fast, all over the place, and he finally was able to let go of the knife because Potter suddenly stood up from the table, then it dawned on the young man, in the final clarity before his consciousness fled because of a loss of blood, that Potter, the guy he had planned to stick, had countered the sneak attack without rising from his place at the table or even turning to face his attackers.

The castle was dark and Harry moved on. There was some blood on his left thumb and he flicked it off.

The problem with the people in the castle, he knew, was the darkness. Relying on your senses instead of magical means to produce artificial light was the natural way. And suddenly people who did not even breathe properly found themselves having to use muscles they had never used before, atrophied muscles like those used to hear and see and feel. He himself had been trained with great pain and great wisdom to learn how to revive the dormant skills of man, the talents that had once made man competitive with the wild animals but now had turned this new species into walking corpses. The spear itself had made the human animal dependent on an outside thing, and not until the dawn of history in a fishing village on the west Korea bay did any man regain the pace and skill that reawakened what man could be.

The skill was called Sinanju, after the village in which it was created.

Only the Masters of Sinanju knew these techniques.

Only two white men had ever been so honored.

Harry was one of those two white men. And he was troubled.

Not because people were as people had been since before Babylon, but because he was now different.

There was a right and there was a wrong and what was Harry doing that was right?

Nothing, he told himself. He was doing nothing of any real value at all. Hearing a commotion, Harry exited the Great Hall, walking slowly and thinking. Small groups of students had begun to run about, seemingly looking for something or someone.

This was obviously a second ambush, but not one intended for him. There was at least one other intended victim this dark night.

"Get 'im. Get 'im," a young woman shouted from the midst of a small crowd of six. Someone had been backup against the wall by the group, and was struggling to maintain his footing in the dark.

"Get the Mudblood!," the girl shouted again. She had a beater's bat in her hand.

Harry moved, edging through bodies like a bowling ball through pins, glancing his own force against the stationary mass of those in front him. The movement itself was like an unbroken, uninterrupted run and there was a wand pointing at his belly, and the man facing off the crowd shouted the incantation as Harry flipped the wand upwards and the spell flare went off above his head.

The crowd hushed for a moment. Someone up front tried to run away. But when they saw the spell had been fired harmlessly and that the man wasn't going to kill, they charged again.

But the man turned and swung a fist Harry and then the crowd.

Harry avoided the wild slow arch of punch, and then worked the edge of the crowd toward the middle, until the man realized Harry was on his side. Then Harry took the center. In a few moments, he had a small barrier made of groaning people in front of the trapped man.

"Thanks," the man said. Harry recognized the voice of his housemate Justin somebody. "Who are you? Why did you help me?"

"Because I'm lucky," Harry answered.

"Harry?" Justin asked. "I don't understand."

Harry shrugged in the darkness. "This is a good thing. This is a very good thing to help someone. It feels good. I'm lucky."

"That's pretty dangerous doing good," his fellow Hufflepuff said. "I almost hexed you and I almost broke your nose, and you've probably annoyed these blood fanatics. They're dangerous."

"Nah," said Harry. "They're garbage." He waved his hand at the groaning pile of students.

"Even garbage can kill. You can get smothered by garbage." Finch-Fletchley pointed out. "My eyes have adjusted well enough to more or less see what you were doing, you move slowly. I've never seen anyone fight like that."

"No reason you should have," Harry noted.

"What's that style called?" Justin asked. "It's not like karate. And it's nothing like tae kwan do either. My father taught me some of that. You were doing something like that, but it's not the same."

"I know," Harry said. "It only looks slow but it's really faster, what I do."

"It like a dance, but you're very still about it."

"That's a good description. It is a dance, in a way. Your target is your partner."

In the darkness of the castle, Harry could see the confusion on the face of Justin Finch-Fletchley, and sighed. He had tried to explain Sinanju before to other people, but no one ever understood, not even his childhood friends in Sinanju, nor his classmates at the Kumsilu School. He silently left his fellow Hufflepuff to return to the Great Hall.

Well now, Harry said to himself. The common feature of all the troublemakers tonight were the charmed glasses they all wore. One thing about groups like this is that they tend to be led by individuals who fancied themselves to be Generals.

Generals don't do the fighting, the plan and supervise the battles... so, find someone wearing the charmed glasses that wasn't part of the attack...

Ah, Harry thought as he slid into a seat next to Draco Malfoy and slung an arm around the blonde's shoulders, startling the boy.

"Draco, Draco, Draco," Harry said with a sigh as the lights in the castle came back on. "Your mother and I had such high hopes for you..."

# *Deluded Musings* *FanficAuthors.net*

## **Harry Potter and the Sun Source The Last War**

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*"Draco, Draco, Draco," Harry said shaking his head with a sigh as the lights in the castle came back on. "Your mother and I had such high hopes for you..."*

*\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_*

Ron Weasley had been making his way from the Gryffindor tower to the Great Hall when the lights went out. One of the advantages of having a pair of unrepentant pranksters for older brothers was that after spending a lifetime under their loving ministrations, very little could surprise you.

Like when the lights go out. Ron immediately drew his wand and attempted to cast 'Lumos'. Nothing.

A small part of his mind wanted to congratulate whoever had pulled this one off, because the blackout was so utterly complete. One moment he had been bathed in the normal enchanted gas lights of the castle, the next they were all out and not even star light was coming in through the windows. Utter pitch blackness filled the castle and the refusal of any lighting spell to function soon caused shrieks of terror came from every direction as fear of the dark is a basic human phobia.

The larger part of his mind wanted to ask 'Is that all you've got?' The twins would never have been satisfied with simple darkness, there would have been something grabbing you from nowhere or odd sounds that caused your imagination to take flight. It was obvious that despite the quality of the darkness spell, this was the work of amateurs.

Ron's right hand grasped the staircase's banister, and he continued his descent to the main floor. The twins had done this darkness thing repeatedly when they were first years. He and Ginny had quickly learned to live in the dark. A twinge of longing passed through him at the thought of his lost sister before he set that feeling aside to concentrate on the here and now. There was only one way to counter the twins, really. You had to just ignore their antics until they got bored and move on to another way of entertaining themselves. Their abuse of Ron had fallen off markedly with the loss of Ginny when they started to expend most of their energies into making him and themselves laugh.

Ron reached the main floor and oriented himself toward the Great Hall. From his left came a ragged female sob. The youngest Weasley hesitated, then altered his orientation and made his way to the crying girl.

"Are you alright?" He asked.

"Who's there?" the fearful voice asked.

"Ron Weasley, sixth year Gryffindor." He answered. "Who are you?"

"Oh Ron, it's Romilda. Romilda Vane. What's going on?"

Ron hesitated for a moment, and then knelt down to sit next to Romilda in the darkness. "I'm guessing a prank. All the lights in the castle appear to have gone out. The best my brothers ever managed with this whole 'plunge the world into darkness' prank was half an hour. We'll just sit here and wait for it to wear off."

The girl wrapped herself around Ron's left arm and clung to him in the darkness. She was shivering in her terror of the dark, so the part of Ron that was fighting to be more of an adult disengaged her from his arm and pulled her onto his lap, rocking her gently. This was how he imagined he would have tried to comfort Ginny. They sat there in silence for several moments.

"Ron, can I ask you a question?"

"Well," Ron answered reflecting that this girl was fairly cuddly for a fourth year, not sisterly at all, "You can ask. I don't know if I'll answer you, but you can ask."

"It's really nice of you to sit with me here in the dark, but I was wondering, I mean, you're being so nice and all, but everyone knows how you feel about.... What I mean is, I'm not a pure blood... My Mum's Mum is a Muggleborn."

Ron's brow furrowed in the dark. Why did she think that mattered to him? "Ok... Why do you think that would matter to me?"

He could almost hear her blush in the darkness. "You are usually so... short with everyone and the way you're always so mean to Hermione Granger and her friends?" she asked. "It's not just me, everyone wonders why you do that."

Ron sighed. "It's not something I'm really proud of Romi."

The girl seemed to move even closer to him, "but why did you do it?"

"First year," Ron sighed again. Why was he talking to this girl? "Granger was the bossiest little buck toothed bitch anyone had ever heard of. She would correct you in class right in front of everyone. She did to me in Charms class one day and I laid into her after class, pointing out that no one liked her and I told her what a know it all bitch she was."

"Oh," Romilda said quietly.

"I was an ass, I knew it as I was doing it, but god she got on my nerves. Anyway, she ran off crying and hid in one of the girls toilets. She was still there when a troll got into the castle, and somehow found her alone in that toilet."

"How horrible."

"Yeah," Ron agreed nodding in the dark. "She was rescued by Professor McGonagall before the troll could hurt her too badly, though the Professor got badly hurt doing it. My brother's decided that it was my fault and they beat me up a bit. I stayed away from her for the rest of first year. She started hanging out with Neville and a few other oddballs after the Christmas Hols, and everything quieted down. Second year my sister Ginny started school, and Granger started hanging out with her and the twins as well as her little collection of misfits, then Ginny died."

"I'd heard about that," Romilda said, leaning into him.

"The twins started inviting Granger over to our house over that summer. Everyone made such a fuss over her. It was like she was taking Ginny's place..." His voice cracked a bit. "Well, not with me she didn't. That was when I started calling her 'Mudblood'... because I knew it got under her skin."

"So, you're not really a purist?"

"Me? Nah, I just do that to bug Granger, because she's still a pushy bint," Ron hesitated. "I'm trying to stop, I really am, but she just bugs the hell out of me."

"Do I bug you? I mean you're being so nice sitting here with me, but I know that I..."

"You're not bothering me at all Romi," Ron said. "This is kind of nice."

No, this girl wasn't sisterly at all.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Lumos!" Millicent said again.

"Flagrate!" Neville cast.

Neither spell did anything about the utter darkness the Outsiders found themselves in.

"I recall the Weasley twins saying something about doing something like this as a prank." Hermione said.

"Oh, this is no prank Mudblood." a new voice said.

"Who's there?" Neville demanded just before a savage blow to his stomach doubled him over.

"Who told you you could talk Blood Traitor?" yet another unidentified voice said.

Instantly the Outsiders were on guard, not that it made any difference, there was a wet thunk and Millicent could be heard moaning in pain.

*Oh hell!* Colin Creevey thought. *They're going to kill us... they can see and we...* He stood stock still as that thought came to him. *They can see .*

The Muggle born student raised his camera. He had paid a lot of money for this camera. It hadn't been easy to find one with no electronics. He hit the shutter button and the flash bulb made it's traditional light. After so long in the darkness the sudden flash was painful to all of the Outcasts, but if the Outcasts were dazzled by the sudden light, their attackers were paralysed in agony when their charmed spectacles amplified the flash to the point they felt as if someone had driven a spike into each eye.

The screams of the Blood bigots were music to young Colin's ears as he fished in his pockets for another bulb. Anything worth doing was worth over doing was one of his mottoes. Another flash showed four seventh year Slytherins clawing at their eyes connected the screams with bodies on the floor.

"Good job Colin." Neville said. "Let's help our friends here."

There was the sound of multiple impacts on bodies, and the screams faded to whimpers.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The Outsiders entered the Great Hall surrounding Neville as he levitated the four Seventh years up to the Staff table. Dumbledore still sat staring at the confusion that reigned in the Great Hall while his staff attempted to quell the disturbances and the nurse fussing over the boy who had somehow stabbed himself..

Upon reaching the staff table, Neville canceled his levitation charm allowing the four to fall to the stone floor with a thump.

"Mr. Longbottom, what is the meaning of this?"

"These four attacked us in the dark." Neville said simply. "It wasn't a mistake, it wasn't an accident. It was premeditated assault. They were prepared for the sudden darkness with charmed spectacles that allowed them to see. They knew what they were doing and they used weapons to do it."

Dumbledore was shocked at the events of the evening, how had things gotten to this point? Was the presence of Harry Potter causing all this?

"Thank you for bringing this to my attention Mr. Longbottom," The Headmaster said. "There will be a staff meeting to determine the appropriate punishments for their actions. Rest assured that their detentions will be unpleasant."

"Detentions?" Hermione Granger asked. "You will be assigning them detentions?"

"Well, yes..."

"Won ob dem hit me in da fas wi a bea's ba," Millicent Bulstrode ground out through an obviously broken jaw. "and dey ge deinsons?"

"Yes Miss Bulstrode. I'm sorry if you were accidental hurt during this prank, but there is no reason to over react."

"What is going on Headmaster?" Minerva McGonagall asked as she rushed up to the table.

Neville exchanged a look with Hermione and sighed. As one they reached to the lapels of their robes. Albus Dumbledore was surprised when two metal badges bounced onto his plate.

"You'll be needing some new prefects," Neville said as he straightened his robes. "If a premeditated assault on someone is a 'prank' I for one want nothing to do with the office."

"Nor do I," Granger agreed. "Professor McGonagall, I will be withdrawing from Hogwarts upon the completion of this school year. There are other schools I can complete my education at, schools that do not tolerate assault. Please consider this my official notice."

Hannah Abbot's prefect badge joined the other two and the three set to guiding Millicent to where Madam Pomfrey was tending to students injured in the black out.

Albus found himself on the receiving end of yet another of Minerva's glares. Averting his eyes from those of his Deputy, the Headmaster looked at the chaos that infested the Great Hall. Then it dawned on him. Where was Harry Potter?

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"So Wronghole, were is Voldemort?" Harry asked in a conversational tone. He waited a few moments before deciding that the blond Slytherin wasn't polite enough to to stop screaming long enough to answer the question.

Typical. You'd think no one had ever hung Malfoy by his leg from the side of the West tower, just inches from the eaves. Harry pressed his back into the stone of the tower to counter the thrashing of the new head of House Malfoy. Come to think about it, Malfoy probably hadn't ever been hung by his leg from the side of a tower before.

It was sometimes hard for Harry to remember just how different his upbringing was.

"If you'd calm down you'd get to see the great view from up here," Harry said reasonably.

"How..." Draco was a bit hoarse from all the screaming, "how are you doing this?"

"Doing what?" Harry asked innocently, while wondering if Chiun would grant him an exception so that he could ice this waste of flesh and save a lot of people a lot of trouble in the future. Probably not, he decided. No money in it.

"CLIMBING THE FUCKING WALL!" the now sobbing boy screamed.

"What this?," Harry asked. "It's not that hard. You've leaned against the wall before haven't you?"

"NOT 100 FEET OFF THE GROUND!"

"100 feet? I think you need to get your eyes checked Wronghole, we're only," Harry looked down making a quick calculation, "79 feet 9 inches from the ground. Get a grip. Climbing the wall is easy, you just lean into it. An old stone tower like this is easier to climb than a staircase."

"What do you want?" the boy rasped.

"I want to know where Voldemort is," a sudden stain spread from the crotch of the upside down boy's trousers. "Damn Wronghole, show a little class won't you? I mean, seriously, Voldemort might kill you if you tell me, but I definitely will if you don't."

"I don't know!" Draco exclaimed as his fear drove him to tears, "I swear, I don't know."

**Well, hell.** Harry thought. The little bastard was telling the truth. "Hey, look!" Harry said gesturing with the hand that held the Malfoy heir. "The giant squid is playing with something."

"Stop it! Get me down! Please, get me down," the blond pleaded.

"I'll tell you what Wronghole. As much fun as your mom was in the sack, I'm getting tired of having to put up with you, so here's what's going to happen. In the morning you're going to discover that the stress of tonight's black out turned out to be just too much for your fragile little inbred mind, so you're going to withdraw from Hogwarts."

"Withdraw? But I can't." the Slytherin babbled.

"Of course you can. Tomorrow. If you don't, you'll die. If I ever see you again, you'll die," Harry raised Malfoy until the two were looking eye to eye. "If you take the Dark Mark, I'll know

instantly, and you'll die. Slowly. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes," Draco nodded through his tears. "I understand. Please, please let me down."

"Down?" Harry laughed. "Nah, down is boring. You're going up in the world Wronghole."

With a flick of his wrist Harry tossed the once again screaming Slytherin up over the eaves and onto the slate roof of the West Tower. Draco felt himself starting to slide downward, and forced himself to fight through his fear and scramble to the very top of the tower where he wrapped himself around the lightning rod.

"Remember what I said Wronghole," Harry's voice came from under the eaves. "Tomorrow, you're withdrawing. Or dying, your choice."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

In an action formed more from habit than any conscious decision, as soon as she pulled the drapes closed around her bed, Hermione cast a silencing charm on the interior of her bed and pulled the Marauder's Map from her book bag.

"I solemnly swear that I am up to no good." she said as her wand was pressed against the enchanted parchment.

*Why am I doing this?* she wondered as the map drew itself upon the parchment. *Why am I bothering with this? I'm not a prefect any longer, and I'm never going to be Head Girl.* Her mouth set into a firm line as she began her habitual scan of the map for inappropriate behavior.

The part of her mind dedicated to evaluating her performance focused on her actions when the lights went out. As soon as that horrible voice spoke in the darkness she had almost been paralysed with fear. She heard Neville and Millie being attacked, and had no idea of how to respond. She stood stock still in the darkness waiting for the rescue that she knew was coming.

It was only after Colin had saved them all with his camera flash that she regained a sense of bearing in the situation... Only after the danger was over could she contribute to the defenses that the Outsiders mounted while they waited for the darkness to end. It wasn't until now she realized what she had been expecting, and Hermione was surprised at herself for her mindless expectation of rescue.

She had fully expected Harry Potter to show up and save her, to rescue her like one of the bare chested heroes of those horrid romance novels her mother so enjoyed. He would rescue her and she would reward him, and he would take her in his arms and then he would...

Hermione shook her head to clear those thoughts. She started to shut down the map's enchantments when Harry's name caught her eye, high in the West Tower... along with Draco Malfoy.

What would those two be doing in the West Tower this time of night? Surely there was nothing

that could cause them both to need to use one of the school's post owls. Her brow furrowed as she notice that there was something... off about how their names were shown... The pair didn't appear to be inside the boundaries of the tower, rather, it was as if they were... outside. But that was impossible, there were no windows in that area, in order for them to be outside, they would have to be...

Climbing the sheer wall.

***"The Dead Drop is a basic training exercise Prefect Granger."*** Harry had said that night when he had suddenly plummeted into the midst of the Outsiders. ***"I've been doing it since I was nine."***

Could he climb a sheer wall? The map suggested that he could, evidently while carrying Draco Malfoy. The two names bobbed together for a few moments before Malfoy's suddenly shifted from the level they shared, before skittering quickly to the center of the tower... above the highest floor? Had Harry *thrown* the Slytherin onto the tower's roof? After a short pause, Harry's name was plummeting downward, not in an uncontrolled fall, but in an intentional dive, arriving in the court yard under the West Tower and smoothly moving away.

He had thrown Malfoy up on to the roof. How had he done that? It just wasn't possible.

Hermione sighed. *It's time*, she told herself, *time to acknowledge that sometimes Harry Potter just does the bloody impossible and be done with it.*

Someone should go and get Draco Malfoy off the roof of the West Tower. Hermione methodically folded the map and touched her wand to it. "Mischief Managed."

Someone else. After all, that was a prefect's job.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Damn it Albus," McGonagall swore slamming her fist down on the Headmaster's desktop. "It's spread. Every one of my Prefects has resigned in the last half hour."

"And all but two of mine," Filius Flitwick added. "Ms Cho has chosen to remain at her post as Head Girl out of a sense of duty, but she is quite frankly torn on that point. It is an open secret that someone declared an open season on the Muggleborn in the castle tonight, and that Mr. Potter was also a target."

"All of my Prefects have resigned as well," Pomona Sprout said quietly from where she was sitting, sipping at a cup of tea.

"I have nineteen injured students spending the night in the ward," Poppy Pomfrey noted. "Nine injured Muggleborn are in my beds tonight, as well as ten half or purebloods, all of whom where injured defending a Muggleborn friend, the worst injury being Millicent Bulstrode's broken jaw."

"Only one of the Slytherin Prefects has resigned, mostly out of her personal friendship with Ms. Bulstrode," Aurora Sinestra reported. "Though there is a bit of discontent within the house for

how this situation has been handled. Even among the Purist faction among my students, there is a feeling that those who have assaulted other students have been dealt with rather gently."

"Even among the Purists?" Minerva asked incredulously.

"Just because you are protective of your privileged position in society doesn't mean that the bulk of the Purists want any harm to befall the half bloods and Muggleborn," Aurora responded in a tone that suggested she was explaining something self evident. "The lower classes are necessary after all. No prospective head of a great house wants to be a shop keeper, but they all like to shop. It is only the idiot fanatics who want to kill people. The majority of the Purist families would happily employ and promote a talented Muggleborn like Mr. Finch-Fletchley or Mr. Creevy if doing so improved the family's bottom line."

"So, you can see my plans are working," Dumbledore intoned from behind his desk. "The houses are starting to unite."

"Uniting against your bloody incomprehensible methods of discipline." Minerva noted.

"Expelling these children would lose them to the light forever," Albus said in way of explanation. "And what message would that send?"

"That actions have consequences perhaps?" Flitwick asked. "There will be an in house investigation Albus, and I can assure you that any Ravenclaw who participated in the assault on fellow students will not be enjoying life for the foreseeable future."

"Hufflepuff will be doing so as well, and in the mean time," Pomona added, "you have alienated at least four heirs to seats on the Board of Governors, and your inactions have directly cost us a young woman who was in my opinion our very best candidate for Head Girl next year, and very likely cost Magical Britain her input as well. How many more of our best and brightest can we afford to ship to North America or Australia?"

"I believe you are all worrying too much," Albus said dismissively, unaware of how much he was infuriating his staff. "Tomorrow, I would like you to evaluate your students. If you still believe that your current prefects are the best for the position, then I expect you to speak with them individually and convince them to continue on in the position. If they are not the best choices, or they are not willing, replace them."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Millicent lay in the bed with her eyes closed. The school nurse had pronounce the damage done to her jaw to be 'horrific' and decided that the only cure was to vanish the damaged bone and regrow replacements. Skelgrow was horrible stuff.

One of the first lessons she had learned as a Slytherin was to never show weakness. Millicent was very glad that there was no one else in the darkened Hospital ward awake enough to see her tears. Madam Pomfrey had told her that the Skelgrow would do its trick in 'only' seven hours. Two

down, five to go.

"Hey babe, I just heard you were here."

Millicent opened her eyes to find Harry Potter standing over her bed. "arri?"

"Shh," he said taking her hand in his.

She was instantly aware that he was stronger than she was, an unusual realization for her. She was at least twice his mass, but he...

"You'll just hurt yourself some more if you try to talk," Harry pointed out. "I'm going to have to find out what dead man hurt you and explain to him the error of his ways."

"Noh!" she forced out. "Mine!"

A small grin formed on his face. "Alright, he's yours. You're hurting aren't you?" Harry asked as he gently brushed her tears from her cheek.

"Yeh," talking without moving her jaw was hard. Any movement on top of the Skelgrow was agony.

"There isn't a whole lot I can do about pain in your face... The pressure points are limited, but I can put you to sleep for ten hours or so," Harry gently brushed her hair from her eyes.

Millicent tried to force all the gratitude she felt for that offer into her eyes. "Peese?"

"I'll see you when you wake up," Harry said with a gentle smile as he released her hand and reached for her neck.

An easy oblivion enveloped Millicent as she slid into a sound dreamless sleep.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry ghosted from the Hospital Wing more than a little annoyed that Millie wouldn't let him teach a lesson to whatever mouth breathing moron that had hurt her. Still he could appreciate her desire to mete out her own retribution to anyone who would strike her from the dark, but still...

Could she be taught to see? Remo had shown that age wasn't a real barrier... not really, but could he do that to Millie? Could a woman learn the secrets of Sinanju? Would Chiun approve? Could Millie dedicate herself to the village? To him?

*Stop it*, he told himself as he approached the portrait that guarded the entrance to the Gryffindor tower. *Stop thinking of the long term. You've got years before your training is even near complete. Years before you can even think about a wife.*

Harry sighed as he cast the charm that would hide him from the sentient paint work. If only Millie

wasn't so... beautiful. Drawing his wand, he set to work.

The distraction at the doorway to the Slytherin dorms had worked perfectly. The charm to vanish the girl's underpants to the Headmaster's office had been one of his better ideas. It allowed him entrance to one of the more secure portions of the castle almost at will. That charm was dormant now, having resisted Flitwick's attempts at unravelling it until the Charms Master had poured enough energy into it to cause the conditional wards to charge. Now the distraction was asleep until one of the triggering conditions was met, then it would return in full force.

But this one would be a masterpiece. The Gryffs were as annoying in their own way as the Slytherins ever thought about being. This little distraction would go a long way toward bringing a bit of humility to the house of Lions. This one had been done to the door to his own room at the Kumsilu School when he was seven. It had taken him most of five minutes to defeat it, but that was done through a judicious application of the skills of Sinanju rather than any magic. After he learned the trick Harry had felt rather stupid for the way he had gone through the wall rather than defeating the magic being used against him.

Still, each of the jokers in question were treated to a large mass of ice water materializing over their beds that night when 'rule one' was reinforced to the student body of the Kumsilu School. 'Rule one' was rather simple after all, one does not annoy an apprentice of Sinanju unless one is a Master of Sinanju.

Harry layered on the last of the charms that would make up his distraction. Like the Slytherin access this one would hit with full force immediately, and would, after the application of enough magic attempting to crack it, go dormant, waiting for the next time the proper conditions were in place to activate again.

He smiled in the darkness of the hallway. Also like the Slytherin distraction, no one could ever completely remove it unless they found someone capable of Serpent speech. Stepping back to observe his work Harry reflected that this was why if you were going to hire an assassin you should really keep him busy. All this waiting around for the target to magically appear had given him time to think up ways to amuse himself. Two down, one to go.

Some one was coming...

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Aurora Sinestra had been fifteen years old in 1981 when Harry Potter defeated He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and she had been surprised by the sense of relief she felt that November morning when she discovered that she actually did have a future after all.

It had been a very sullen Slytherin common room that day, as the assembled house expressed regret at the passing of the Dark Lord with differing levels of sincerity. Aurora hid her relief with the best of them, and that night atop the Astronomy Tower mouthed a little prayer for the young boy who had somehow lived when the Dark Lord had not.

She then put Harry Potter and Dark Lords completely out of her mind and concentrated on her studies. A mere nine years later and she was back at Hogwarts with her brand new Mastery in Astronomy and a contract to teach. And so, her life settled into a comfortable pattern. For ten months out of the year the young woman lived an almost chaste existence, allowing herself to slip into hedonism during her two months of down time each summer.

Of course the first thing she noticed upon her return was the almost total lack of discipline in the hallways of the school. Minerva McGonagall (and what a shock it was to call her Minerva) explained that the Headmaster was allowing Severus Snape his head with the Slytherins because Dumbledore feared losing them to the darkness.

To Aurora it seemed that Dumbledore spent all his time away from the school. Looking for someone it seemed. Looking for Harry Potter perhaps?

Now that Potter boy suddenly appeared at Hogwarts, seemingly trailing chaos were ever he went. Students were tortured in Hogsmeade, and Death Eaters were killed... by Harry Potter. She had been in Hogsmeade when the Death Eaters and Trolls and Giants had attacked a second time, watching in opened mouth amazement when the boy had danced among the Death Eaters and Trolls leaving bodies in his wake. She had even heard insane rumors of the boy fighting giants.

Fighting giants? Preposterous.

It was with the unexplained death of Severus Snape in that incident and her elevation to Head of Slytherin house that cause her to start paying more attention to what was being said in the Staff room about the Potter boy. Minerva was constantly complaining about Potter not really being a student, while Pomona and repeatedly made it clear she was glad the boy wasn't subject to the House Points system.

Aurora herself had decided to emulate Filius Flitwick and not discuss the boy in any way, her reasoning being that she didn't see any profit in revealing just how little she knew about the mysterious teen.

The previous evening's black out had the castle on edge. Her position as the Astronomy professor made her a natural for the 2am tour of the castle, and this morning she had found more students out of bounds than any months worth of rounds normally produced. This year couldn't possibly be over too soon.

She turned the corner onto the long hallway that ran the length of the castle one floor below the entrance to the Gryffindor dormitories, her footsteps echoing in the near silence. That was when she discovered someone walking alongside her.

"Good morning Professor," Harry Potter said.

His footsteps were completely silent, where had he come from? "What are you doing out of bounds Mr. Potter?"

"Just looking to expand my horizons Professor," the boy said casually. She had never been this close to him before... how was it he was so... "There are certain exercises that I perform each night while the castle sleeps."

Aurora used all of her Slytherin training to maintain her expression. What was he doing to her? If she wasn't certain that she hadn't eaten or drunk anything since dinner she would have sworn that she had been exposed to a lust potion. "You should return to your dorm Mr. Potter." Why did she so want to run her fingers through his hair?

"I was hoping that you might be willing to help me with a bit of personal research Professor," Potter said conversationally. "It appears to be a fairly simple procedure, but I keep getting bogged down somewhere less than half way through the steps."

Aurora was busy chastising herself for having these thoughts about a student and couldn't stop herself from asking, "what would you need me to do?"

"Oh," Potter said as he took her hand and started tapping his index finger against her wrist, "not much really, just monitor my progress and give me feedback on my technique..."

Aurora pushed the young man against the wall and molded herself to his body, covering his mouth with her own. She knew she would regret her actions in the morning, but just now she couldn't bring herself to care.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Dean Thomas grabbed his book bag and followed Seamus through the door way from the Gryffindor common room to the hallway beyond... and ran right into Seamus' back when the Irishman stopped dead in his tracks, entering the common room.

"What the hell?" Seamus asked.

"What just happened?" Dean responded.

"I dunno," Seamus looked around in a confused manner. "Weird."

"In or out," Katie Bell said as she shouldered past the pair. "You're blocking traffic." The seventh year exited the common room through the doorway, only to find herself reentering.

"What did you two do the the doorway?" she asked.

"Nothing," Dean protested, "we tried to leave just like you did and ended up coming back through the door."

Katie turned back to the doorway and examined it closely. She extended her left and through the portal with no indication that anything was wrong, and then stepped through the door again.

And was suddenly entering common room again.

"Bloody Hell!"

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Minerva McGonagall raised an eyebrow at the scene unfolding before her. A panic stricken and quite bedraggled Draco Malfoy was standing before the Staff table explaining to a very relaxed Aurora Sinestra that he was withdrawing from Hogwarts.

Aurora didn't really seem to care all that much that one of her students was withdrawing, nor had she been overly concerned when Rolanda Hooch had brought young Malfoy into the Great Hall reporting that she had found the young fool sitting atop the West Tower crying his eyes out. Malfoy had no explanation for how he came to be on the roof of the West tower, only that he wished to withdraw from school that very day.

As the Malfoy boy all but ran from the Great Hall, screaming for all to hear that he was packing his things and would be leaving forthwith, Aurora stretched languidly and sighed as if she were content with the entire world..

"Isn't it a wonderful morning?" she asked.

Minerva bit her tongue while wondering what had gotten into her normally staid younger colleague. Still she had her own problems. This morning she needed to convince her former prefects that they should take up their badges again, even though she whole-heartedly agreed with their reasoning for resigning.

That was when she noticed that the Gryffindor table was empty. The entire table.

She had never once witnessed a breakfast service that the entire house had avoided before.

What was going on? Was this another protest against the lack of punishment Albus had handed out the previous night?

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Hermione Granger sat primly in front of her Head of House's desk, politely waiting for the offer that she knew that she was going to decline.

*A very bad night had led to a chaotic morning when she found that she and the rest of the Gryffindors were trapped in their dormitory. Hermione had spent most of half an hour attempting to defeat what ever trap that was set upon the door way before Professor McGonagall had entered looking to find out what had happened to her entire house.*

*Then of course, the Transfiguration Mistress found herself to be as trapped as her students. For the next four hours, McGonagall, the bulk of the 7th years and a few of the 6th years worked to free themselves and their housemates from the tower, to no avail. Finally as a group, they collapsed in the common room with several stomachs loudly protesting having missed both breakfast and lunch.*

"You lot are useless," a very young voice piped up from along the wall. "You're thinking too much."

Hermione had raised her weary head to look for the speaker and found a dark haired first year standing glaring at her elders with her fists on her hips. What was the girl's name?

"Miss Wright, there is no need to panic, we will solve the puzzle." Professor McGonagall said in a tired voice.

"That's where you're making your mistake," the girl protested. "This isn't a puzzle, it's a riddle."

Hermione blinked. She remembered the girl now, Marigold Wright, a Muggleborn witch with a penchant for bad puns and joke books... Surely the girl hadn't...

"What do you mean, 'it's a riddle'?" Professor McGonagall had asked.

"If someone was looking to seal us in, they would have blocked off the door somehow, moved a wall or just bricked us off, but they didn't. That makes this a riddle." She crossed to the doorway and turned to face the common room. "There's an old Muggle riddle that goes, 'What is the easiest way to leave somewhere without anyone noticing?'"

Her question was met with silence, so the first year continued. "Make it look like you're coming in when you're going out." She backed into the doorway, and kept going.

From out in the hallway her voice came through the open portal. "I am so glad that worked, I was worried that I was going to look like an idiot. You just have to back out."

It was now half an hour before dinner and Hermione had been called to McGonagall's office to be asked to take on the responsibilities of the 6th year prefect again.

"Miss Granger," McGonagall began, "I would like to thank you again for your calming influence this morning during the unpleasantness in the common room."

"Thank you Professor. Has anyone determined who is responsible?"

"No, though we are still looking into it. It's possible that this is an act of revenge for a similar prank on the Slytherin dorms."

That struck Hermione as unlikely. If the Slytherins had anyone capable of such things surely someone would have noticed by now. The only examples she could think of were those two rivals of the Twins, and they had left school the previous year. "So you wanted to speak with me Professor?"

"Yes Miss Granger," McGonagall reached across her desk and placed a familiar badge before the bushy haired girl. "I would like you to agree to take up your office again."

"I cannot do that Professor."

"And I understand your reasoning Miss Granger," McGonagall said quietly, "truly I do. But the fact remains that there are no better candidates for the position. Your housemates need you to do this."

"Professor, the Headmaster's policies have made the position a joke. Seven prefects were attacked during the black out. Seven prefects specifically targets, three of them hurt badly enough to warrant overnight stays in the Hospital Wing, and those who were caught making the attacks were given detentions. As Neville told the Headmaster when we surrendered our badges, he needs new prefects." The brunette met the gaze of the older woman with her eyes blazing. "I am not a target, and I will not be a target. The problem with discipline at this school has been getting progressively worse every year I've been here. At one point I thought that I could make a difference, but the Headmaster has quite graphically demonstrated how he views my worth to this school with his response to how we were attacked. I am done Professor."

"Miss Granger... Hermione," McGonagall sighed, "nothing you are saying surprises me in the slightest, and I quite agree with you on most of it. As much as I hope that Headmaster Dumbledore knows what he is doing, quite often I find myself wondering if I'm not fooling myself. Albus Dumbledore is a great man, but even great men have blind spots, and in inability to see anyone in less than the best light is one of Albus'. More times than I can count I have found myself wondering why I stay here at Hogwarts."

"And why do you?" Hermione asked forgetting for the moment that she was going to refuse to engage in any discussion.

"During the war, the war with Grindelwald, my husband was killed in a random act of terror. We had been married less than a year, and the man I had loved since I was eleven was suddenly gone... Tea?" McGonagall asked producing a tea service from seemingly nowhere.

"Please."

"I was something of a prodigy in transfiguration, as you might guess," the older woman said pouring two cups of dark steaming liquid. "Sugar?"

"Just a splash of milk please," Hermione answered.

"Rather than go into mourning like a proper young witch who had lost her husband, I joined the Valkyrie Squadron. The Valkyries were..."

"An aerial unit composed entirely of young witches," Hermione supplied, "they were instrumental in supporting the RAF in the Battle of Britain and throughout the war. After the war the survivors formed the core of the first Hollyhead Harpies team."

Minerva smiled not at all surprised that the young woman knew the history and aftermath of her war, "Yes, I was offered a position as lead chaser, but instead I came here."

"Why?"

"In 1944, my flight was assigned to provide air cover for the British Magical Expeditionary Force. Specifically we were under the command of Albus Dumbledore. I knew Albus of course from my time at Hogwarts, but I had a rather hard time reconciling the rather scattered professor I knew from school with the focused clean shaven commander in the field I found in France."

"Clean shaven?" Hermione asked incredulously. "Seriously?"

"Quite," Minerva confirmed. "We spent most of 18 months with the BMEF. Missions every day and most nights, the fighting was horrific. By the time we started the final assault on Grindelwald's fortress, most of our brooms were destroyed and more than half of Dumbledore's men were either dead or too injured to continue, so my girls and I picked up our wands and joined in on the attack."

McGonagall got a far away look as she fell into her memories. "The room to room in a huge castle, at least three times the size of Hogwarts. In a firefight I had ended up separated from the others, but I knew my duty and I was clearing and sealing each room I came to, until I found a huge ornate door that bore the mark of Grindelwald. The plan was clear, if any of us found the bastard, we were to wait for the others before we tried to take him on, but I hadn't seen anyone on our team for most of half an hour, so I opened the door."

"You took on Grindelwald?" Hermione gasped.

"No, I opened the door and found the mountain troll that guarded the entrance to Grindelwald's inner sanctum. The creature crushed my legs with a single swipe of his club. The pain was worse than anything I'd ever experienced. But I laid there watching as the troll raised his club again and I knew I would be joining my Murdo Alec. Then as I watched the Troll stiffen and make a little shriek, the creature stood there for a moment before it started to collapse on top of me, and I found my self summoned across the room into the arms of Albus Dumbledore."

"So Professor Dumbledore saved you from the troll that attacked you..."

"And I saved you from the troll that attacked you back in your first year," Minerva smiled. "I suppose I enjoyed the similarity of the situations. Albus applied a battlefield nerve block on me to relieve the pain, and told me that he would return momentarily. He then stood up and entered Grindelwald's last refuge, looking for all the world like one of the heroes of old." An odd look appeared on the older woman's face. "It was odd though, I could have sworn I saw a small man in a gold brocade robe float through the door just before Albus entered, but I was in a lot of pain and must have been imagining things."

"I woke up in a magical field hospital, with new legs growing and my spine being held in place by some of the most interesting and painful spells. Albus arrived to tell me that the war was over, and that out of some misplaced gratitude he had been named to the post of Hogwarts Headmaster. That would mean that he needed a Transfiguration Professor. Albus had quite literally saved my life, how could I have said no?"

"So, you came to Hogwarts because Professor Dumbledore saved you from a troll, and you want

me to take up being a prefect again because you saved me from a troll? Really Professor? Stooping to emotional blackmail?"

"I don't know Miss Granger," Minerva said, her smile growing larger. "Is it working?"

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Neville looked up from his dinner when Hermione arrived at the Gryffindor table.

"I don't see a badge, so she didn't manage to talk you into taking it back?"

"No, she didn't," Hermione said, reaching out to fill her plate, "though not through lack of trying. She told me a story about how she's here because the Headmaster saved her from a troll during the war with Grindelwald and tried to guilt me into taking the badge back because she saved me."

"Good girl," Neville laughed. "I was afraid that she'd use your natural inclination to do the right thing and your admiration for her against you."

"Oh, she tried. There was a time when being a prefect was almost the most important thing in my life, and I've been proud of sharing that responsibility with you Nev. I've dreamed of being Head Girl since the first day of first year. But this year the cost has become too high."

"Well," Lavender interjected from her place beside Neville, "she can forget about asking me, and Parvati isn't interested either."

"And I'm not taking Nev's place either," Dean said from where he sat two places beyond Lavender, "I doubt Seamus would be interested, and Ron's grades pretty much exclude him. I'm guessing we're going to be the year without prefects."

"Darn," Neville said sarcastically, "all of us getting a full nights sleep every night, how will the school survive?"

"Over the years I have found that when it counts the prefects get no support from the staff," Hermione pointed out. "Whether it be all the times that Snape made a mockery of the house points system, the way the Slytherins have been forgiven and allowed any number of excesses, any of the times that any of the prefects were hexed in the back while on our nightly rounds or the outright premeditated attack on so many of us last night. I've had enough. I don't know who they're going to get to replace us, but none of that is my problem any longer."

Neville nodded and checked his watch. "Well, it's time for me to report to McGonagall's office to tell her I'm not interested in wearing her badge any more either." The large man smiled. "I got a letter from Gran, it seems that McGonagall has already reported our defiance to her. Poor Gran, she doesn't know whether to be disappointed in me for my refusal to be the Headmaster's puppet, or proud of me for precisely the same reason."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Well, I have managed to replace the Ravenclaw prefects that resigned," Flitwick reported hesitantly, "though it wasn't easy."

Dumbledore nodded, "and you Aurora?"

"Hmm?" the very distracted Head of Slytherin house asked.

"Albus was asking if you've replaced your prefect that resigned," Sprout supplied.

"Oh, yes, Miss Davis took back her badge once Miss Bulstrode was out of the Hospital Wing, swearing revenge on those who hurt her friend." Aurora said airily. "It was sad that anyone could be so upset on such a wonderful day..."

The three other heads of house regarded their new colleague with concern, while the Headmaster carried on as if he hadn't noticed anything. "Pomona?"

"None of my former prefects would even entertain the idea of returning to their duties. Once that became clear I began interviewing replacements. Unfortunately, my badgers acted true to form and in an act of solidarity with my former prefects no one was willing to take on the position."

"And the Gryffindor prefects also refuse to take their badges back, and no one in the house is willing to take on the responsibility, not out of any loyalty," Minerva said, "but because, as Miss Patil so eloquently put it 'wearing a Gryffindor prefect badge makes you a target, and one that gets no respect or support from the staff.'"

"Surely she doesn't really believe that," Albus said in a shocked tone.

"Albus, students were attacked with deadly force and you responded by assigning those who did the attacking to detentions," Filius pointed out. "Of course they believe that the prefects aren't respected or supported by the staff, because its true. In your quest to protect the worst of our students from their own actions, you don't respect the students who are doing their best to follow and enforce the rules and sadly, the rest of us follow your lead."

"So for the first time in living memory, we have no Hufflepuff or Gryffindor prefects," Minerva sighed in defeat. "Obviously the patrols of the castle that they were doing still need to be done. I will be scheduling the staff to cover the deficit. I'm sorry, but there is no other way."

"I will of course support you all in anyway I can," Albus said, his eyes twinkling madly.

"Too right you will," Minerva huffed. "Because you've got the 2am to 4 am shift tonight."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Voldemort glowered at the former Unspeakable who knelt before him while knocking back the potion to keep his host subdued. This new potion as still effective, but the damned Veela was starting to burn through it. He wasn't sure how much longer it would last..

"Is everything ready Rookwood?"

"Yes my Lord, a full horde from the Legion of Dasyus stands by for your order." Rookwood responded studiously keeping his eyes averted from the reborn Dark Lord.

"And this will work?"

"I believe so Master. The boy should have no defense against the horde, and they will do him no physical harm. You have said, you only need his body."

Voldemort considered this for a moment before deciding. "The order is given Rookwood. If this is successful you will be honored beyond all of my followers. If your plan fails, you would be well advised to feed yourself to the horde."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The first thought that went through the mind of Elizabeth the Second, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Queen, and Defender of the Faith, when she opened her eyes to find a man standing at the foot of her bed, was ***Oh God, not again*** .

But only for a moment, because her memory brought to mind the name of this man, someone she never thought she would see again since her father had insisted that she meet him back during the dark final days of the Second World War. No, this small Asian man was no Michael Fagen who had somehow penetrated her security back in 1981, no this was possibly the most dangerous man in the world, who she doubted the very best of security would have slowed down in any way at all.

"Good morning Great Empress," the tiny man said bowing at the hip. "Your Empire is under threat, and the House of Sinanju is here to offer our services once again as we did for your father before you."

Elizabeth gathered her wits about her. A threat to the Empire? She stopped herself from smiling, she hadn't thought of her domain as an Empire for some time. "And good morning to you Master Nuihc. We are unaware of any overt threat to our domain. What is this threat of which you speak?"

"I am now known as Chiun, oh great Empress of the English speaking world. The threat, much like the one when your father reigned, comes from your magical subjects."

Elizabeth's eyebrows rose toward her hairline. "We had a meeting with the Queen's Wizard just last week Master... Chiun, we were assured by Minister Fudge that all was well within our magical realm."

The ancient man seemed to consider his words carefully. "The history of the House of Sinanju is replete with tales of mighty Emperors lead astray by their advisers. In 1944 I was contacted by the wizard Albus Dumbledore to deal with the wizard Grindelwald. The House of Sinanju does not work for just anyone with money, we are the assassins of Empires. That is why I approached

your father. The House of Sinanju had delivered services for the throne of Britain in the past, and your father recognized the dangers offered by the wizard Grindelwald and commissioned the assassination of that Dark Wizard, with you present to learn how the great houses of the world sometimes must do things. The deed was done and Albus Dumbledore became known as the man who killed Grindelwald," the assassin shrugged. "The House of Sinanju has never done much business with the Wand Wizards of Britain, the loss of advertising that came from the school teacher claiming my kill was of no consequence. The Emperor of the Britain knew the truth."

Chiun paused for a moment to allow Elizabeth to digest what she was being told.

"We had long wondered how it was that Albus Dumbledore managed to defeat the Dark Wizard in the face of your commission. Now that we know, our next meeting will require an explanation."

"The Wizard Dumbledore has much to explain to his Great and Powerful Empress. In 1981 he contacted me again, this time to deal with another Dark Wizard, one called 'Voldemort'. I arrived in Britain intending to contact you for your royal commission as I did with your father, when Voldemort was defeated by a child. Defeated, but not destroyed. Since the wizard Dumbledore decided to cancel the contract there was no reason to disturb a great Empress with such trivia, so I collected my deposit and moved on to my next commission. Last August he approached me again when the Wizard Voldemort had once again become too much for your Ministry of Magic to handle. By this time I had become tired of dealing with the school teacher and wasn't interested in his offer, however he became interested in my apprentice, so the job became a training exercise."

"Are we to understand that your apprentice is operating among our magical citizens?"

"Yes Empress, in as much as this was not an assassination by myself, I saw it as little more than the wizard Dumbledore hiring the services of my apprentice for a few weeks. My apprentice is also my adopted son, and he has the talent of magic so he can blend in at the wizard Dumbledore's school. Unfortunately, due to restrictions on my son's movements required by the school teacher, his assignment has dragged on for months, which is unacceptable. This is why I am within your most honored presence to ask if you might be willing to offer a royal commission on the head of the dark wizard Voldemort before he has his way with anymore of your citizens."

"Because our Royal commission would remove the restrictions levied by Albus Dumbledore?" Elizabeth asked.

"Exactly," Chiun confirmed. "This is why I prefer dealing with the Great Powers of the world. Your understanding is almost instinctual."

"This 'Voldemort' is killing our citizens?"

"He is," Chiun nodded.

"Then you have our commission Master Chiun. We must protect our citizens."

"It goes without saying oh Honored Empress, that the protection of innocents is always the first

desire for the House of Sinanju," the ancient assassin allowed himself a brief smile. "Of course our special rate for repeat customers will apply."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

**Bored, bored, bored.** Harry thought as he made his way along the edge of the Forbidden Forest leaving no tracks in the snow. The Centaurs didn't want to play, the acromantulas were deeper in the forest than Harry really wanted to go, no werewolves, no Death Eaters, even Malfoy was gone.

He never really thought he'd miss Malfoy, but he did. How sad was that?

Tonksie was off somewhere working, Susan was studying with her friend Hannah, Aurora Sinestra seemed to have become somewhat... addicted to the 37 steps. They had hooked up two nights in a row, the first time Harry had managed step 19 twice, but the second night only steps 16 and 14 which frustrated him to no end. Then she started seeking him out during the day. Pansy was still in love with him, and Millie, well, Millie had gotten upset with him when she found out about the Astronomy Professor, no matter how many times Harry explained that he was simply performing an exercise, she still got angry.

There was no understanding women.

A scream rang out. Harry's attention immediately focused on where the scream had originated from. Two more screams came from the same area. The point of origin was around the greenhouses, but that area was occluded by an odd fog.

The weather didn't seem right for fog, but he put that out of his mind and started toward the screams.

Entering the fog bank was... odd, it was almost an ice fog, he notices as the first few ice crystals melted in contact with his skin. He moved silently deeper into the mist and was shocked to find that his breath was fogging, as if it were adding to the fog. He was cold.

He had never been cold for as long as he could remember. Cold and... apprehensive?

He knew his breathing had increased to an unhealthy rate, as had his heart rate. He concentrated and consciously slowed his metabolism down. What was going on?

**"Lily, take Harry and go! It's him! Go! Run! I'll hold him off!"**

Harry spun in place searching out the source of the screaming man. His breathing and heart rate both spiked again, and he started to shiver in the cold. What was happening to him?

**"Not Harry, not Harry, please not Harry!"** a woman's voice was all around him. Harry's senses searched for the speaker. Who were these people, and why were they calling his name?

**"Stand aside, you silly girl... stand aside, now."** A man's voice? Who was that?

***"Not Harry, please no, take me, kill me instead --"***

***"This is my last warning --"***

***"Not Harry! Please ... have mercy ... have mercy ... Not Harry! Not Harry! Please -- I'll do anything ..."***

***"Stand aside. Stand aside, girl!"***

Where were these people? Who were they?

***"Your posture is abominable,"*** Chiun's voice rang out. ***"Mind your breathing, if you cannot control something as simple as your breathing, you will never amount to anything!"***

"Father?" Harry called, shocked at the disgust in his father's voice.

***"Keep your elbow in line. You are spoiling the elegance of the stroke!"***

"Father? Where are you?" Harry spun in place looking in vain for his master.

***"You don't really believe the Master thinks of you as his son do you?"*** Harry recognized Ho-Sook's voice from his childhood in Sinanju. ***"You are just a hobby round eye, soon he will tire of you and send you back to where he found you!"***

"No," Harry whispered shaking his head, tears streaming, and freezing on his cheeks. "No, my father loves me, he has trained me. I've had my night of the salt, I am Sinanju."

***"You're a foreigner round eye."*** the little girl's voice rang out. ***"You aren't Sinanju, you aren't even Korean, you're nothing. No, worse, you're just a freak the Master is playing with until you start to bore him."***

Harry sank to his knees, his heart racing and his breathing completely out of control. His shivering was costing him the control of his body. He fell forward, face first into the snow and lay there fighting to breathe.

He felt a hand grab onto his hair and pull his face from the snow, pulling his head back, and there was... something in front of his face, but all Harry could see was the disapproving faces of the people of Sinanju.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

# Deluded Musings FanficAuthors.net

## Harry Potter and the Sun Source Dementor Blood

*"You don't really believe the Master thinks of you as his son do you?" Harry recognized Ho-Sook's voice from his childhood in Sinanju. "You are just a hobby round eye, soon he will tire of you and send you back to where he found you!"*

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\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Professor McGonagall!"

Minerva turned to find Cho Chang running up to her. The transfiguration instructor wondered what might have gotten the Head Girl so excited. "Calm yourself Miss Chang. What is the problem?"

"Dementors!" the girl gasped, out of breath from her run. "Dementors by the Greenhouses. A class of second years is trapped there with Professor Sprout!"

Dementors on the grounds of Hogwarts? Minerva put her left hand to her breast. Of all times for Albus to be in London for one of his political meetings. "Miss Chang, get all the students you can into the castle. I can't impose lockdown until they are all inside."

The Head Girl nodded and rushed out to perform her duties. Minerva pressed her wand against the Hogwarts Crest next to the door of her office. "All Staff," she said clearly. "Danger to the

students. Meet me in the Entry Hall."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The Horde was suddenly scattered when... something moved through them.

The First had been about to consume the essence of the One, when without warning the horde was thrown about as if they were caught in one of the savage storms of their former island home. Once stability returned to the horde, the One was gone.

Utterly gone. The flavor of his essence had seemingly vanished from their presence. This was... perplexing. Still, their hunger burned. The horde milled about for several minutes before a decision was made. The magical aspects of pain were beginning to make themselves known to the horde, but not in any way that would force retreat. Still, before the horde could fight their way through the aspects to begin their hunt for the One anew, they would need to feed. A closer, easier meal presented itself. As one, the nine demons turned and began their stalking approach toward the knot of fifteen isolated children and a single adult in silence, the terror their aura inspired stealing way the voices of their soon to be victims.

These were not the One they were to seek out, somehow that One had escaped them when they had him in their midst, but these whimpering children would feed the Horde nicely, once sated the hunt for the One would begin anew. The nine paused, savoring the flavor of the terror that radiated from the children.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

There was a sensation of motion. A faint sensation, almost imperceptible. Harry's mind began to clear, the screams of terror and accusations of not being good enough started to fade.

He was being carried Harry realized. He opened his eyes and saw the snow covered ground moving under him at a rapid clip. A flash of red fabric momentarily appeared in his line of vision, Harry associated that particular hue of red with his father's preferred traveling robes.

"Father?" he whispered.

Harry was gently lowered to the ground, then a pair of sharp blows across his cheeks brought him to the barest beginnings of focus.

"My Son," Chiun of Sinanju said quietly, "Center your mind."

"Father?" Harry asked, his mind withdrawing further from the fear.

"You are no longer dreaming while awake My Son. You need to focus, you need to regain your self control."

Harry concentrated and found his body to be utterly out of synch with the world. That hadn't happened since he had learned to walk. First he focused on his breathing pulling in the back into

his normal rhythm.

"Expecto Patronum!"

A flash of silver accompanied the shouted incantation, but the sum of Harry's concentration was focused on regaining control of his body.

Filius Flitwick scrambled to Harry's side, while he stared open mouthed at the old man. "Oh... my. You are Chiun of Sinanju?"

"I am," Harry's father answered, while watching his son's recovery.

"Was he kissed?"

Harry's father seemed confused by the smaller man's question until Harry suddenly sat up.

"What happened to me Professor?" Harry asked, shaking his head to clear it of the images that still echoed in his mind.

"Dementors are on the grounds," Flitwick spat as if the mere name was simply too vile to have within his mouth. "Horrible things. Demonic emotivores. They thrive on fear, but they feed on happiness and will consume your soul through mouth to mouth contact if allowed, leaving a mindless still living husk. There is an entire second year Herbology class trapped in one of the green houses."

"I have never heard of such things," Chiun said quietly. "This knowledge must be added to the Book of Sinanju. What are their weaknesses?"

Flitwick glanced over at the others of the staff that had gathered to attempt to drive off the dementors. Dumbledore hadn't responded, of all the times for him to be away from the school, they needed his power. "They are immortal and unkillable. They are vulnerable to the Patronus charm, but that only drives them off, it doesn't do them any permanent harm."

"They are solid enough," Chiun mused. "Perhaps they cannot be killed, but they can certainly be damaged..."

"Father, no." Harry said rising to his feet in a fluid motion. "I'm the one who has brought shame to Sinanju by being taken out so easily. It is my responsibility to face them."

"My son," Chiun said gently, "you are not yet at the stage of your training that will allow you to function under a state of nirvana. The demons had no idea I was there when I retrieved you. I cannot see them, but they stand out against the world."

Harry's expression hardened, Chiun could not protect him, not now. The shame he felt would not allow it. "Professor, you said that they thrive on fear and feed on happiness. How do they feel about anger?"

"What? Mr. Potter, no one can get angry in the presence of a dementor, the very presence of the creatures cause blood chilling fear."

"Father, I can do this." Harry said pleadingly.

"I think perhaps you need to do this my son, or you will forever doubt your skills," the Master of Sinanju thought for a moment. "Do you know this preposterous charm?"

"No Father I don't, but I can learn it," He turned to the Charms Professor. "I'm going after the dementors, you and the staff circle around and get the kids out of there. But before I can do that, teach me the patronus."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The First noticed something the rest of the Horde had not. A new emotion had been introduced to the mix, souring the flavor of the children's terror. This wasn't the terror that sustained the Horde, nor was it that tantalizing happiness that each of the Horde craved, and consumed greedily when found. This was something else, something focused, something strong. This was an emotion that the horde had never encountered before. This new emotion... it... caused pain.

As the rest of the Horde became aware of the new emotion that was building in intensity by the second, the First began the search for the source. This new feeling could not be allowed to spoil the meal that the Horde craved. The Horde could not communicate in the way of men, but the concerns of the First were immediately known to the entire group of demons and they began searching for the intruding unfamiliar emotion that had grown so intense so as to overwhelm the ability of the Horde to sense the terror of the children entirely.

The Third suddenly found the source of the unknown emotion, and just as suddenly the Horde awareness flared with... terror? How was that possible? The Horde didn't know terror, it inspired terror, it consumed terror. The Nine were shocked into immobility, for in a split second they had become the Eight.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Filius Flitwick stopped dead in his tracks, his mouth open in an odd combination of horror and amazement as the fog cleared revealing Harry Potter standing toe to toe with the black floating cloak of a dementor.

Too fast to see, Potter's hands flashed about the emotivore and a shredded cloak fluttered to the ground exposing the seemingly diseased skeletal form of a dementor. A single stroke from the boy severed the demon's head from it's neck, then Harry set about dismantling the rest of the body.

Filius could clearly see the jaw of the demon still trying to work as its body belatedly attempted to flee even as parts were ripped off of its frame and crushed in the boy's hands, Harry's young face a mask of rage.

Nothing had prepared him for seeing Harry Potter in action. After the boy's first encounter with the Death Eaters in Hogsmeade Filius had contacted family among the Brethren to ask about Potter and his 'House of Sinanju'. Filius had been told in no uncertain terms that under no circumstances should anyone from Sinanju be annoyed in any way, that the House of Sinanju had a credit rating on par with Ragnok himself and that Gringotts would place any bet for the House of Sinanju in any endeavour, but never under any circumstances would they offer odds against that Muggle House in any of the betting parlors.

Filius had been surprised by the first point, shocked by the second and utterly flabbergasted by the third. Goblins bet on everything, from both sides. The idea that the bank wouldn't even contemplate a bet against a Muggle house...

Now he was beginning to understand. Potter crushed the still moving demon skull under his heel before vanishing into the diminishing fog in search of his next target. Filius shook himself and restarted his search for the trapped students.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Chiun stood impassively, his arms behind his back, observing his son's performance. The rage the boy was maintaining was effecting his performance, though the boy was still cutting through the demons like a hot knife through butter. Only three remained standing, and Harry was closing on one of those.

He would have to schedule a few training sessions to ensure the boy wasn't picking up any bad habits from this situation before unleashing him on the target, the Master of Sinanju thought to himself. Also he planned to drill the boy on his appallingly poor technique when he rescued the silly woman who jumped from a perfectly good aircraft with a bed sheet strapped to her back. Chiun shook his head, when he had arrived to find the boy face down in the snow with a crowd of demons surrounding him Chiun had thought for a moment that he had lost his youngest son...

This combination of Sinanju and Magic was far too important to lose. Perhaps he should do something about that.

The teacher with goblin blood had found his wayward students and had returned them to the castle, guiding the sobbing, panic stricken children through a path that avoided the demons and what Harry was doing to them, and had sent them in the company of some older students to the school nurse before joining the rest of the staff in acting as a wall between the demons and the school. Chiun approved. The small man knew his business, and went about it in an efficient manner, as one should.

The assembled staff had quit casting their silver animal spells and along with a small crowd of students they were watching in amazement when they saw through the clearing fog what Harry was doing.

"Excuse me, sir?"

Chiun turned to face the young girl who had approached him, "yes?" he asked taking in her bland Caucasian features. White women, he thought, how did they contend with their hair?

"I'm Hermione Granger sir," she said affecting something of a bow, "the Deputy Headmistress asked that I help get the students back into the castle and suggested that I offer you the safety of our hospitality while she and the rest of the staff deal with whatever Harry Potter leaves of the dementors."

"And why would you think that I would need the safety of your hospitality?" He asked gently.

"Professor McGonagall suggested that you might be a muggle sir, and Harry Potter has a tendency to do some extremely dangerous things," she hesitated for a moment as an expression of extreme frustration crossed her features, "impossible things. Like fighting dementors."

Chiun's eyebrows lifted, "my son doing the impossible? Ridiculous, he is at least two years of training away from doing impossible things"

Her eyes went wider, "your... son?"

Forgetting the girl, Chiun spun back watch Harry, he was down to a single demon and something... odd was happening.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry crushed the 8th demon's ribcage between his hands, his senses searching for any other targets. There had to be one, he could still feel a tickle of their aura through the rage he had allowed to fill his mind. The last of the fog cleared away, revealing the lone surviving dementor, the creature no longer capable of the camouflage now that it was alone.

Spotting the remaining demon standing fifty meters away, Harry dropped the bones fragments of his latest victim, and began his slow stalk of the last of the demons.

His anger at what the dementors had done to him continued to build. Not that they had nearly killed him. Death was, after all, part of life, a most intimate part of an assassin's life. Harry knew that his life could end at any time due to carelessness on his part, due to his skills not being as sharp as they should be, due to bad luck, or due to an opponent better than he was.

The dementor demons had clearly taken him by surprise and for that moment in time they had been better than he was. That was the chance he took when he officially became an apprentice to the Master of Sinanju. No, what angered Harry, what drove the fury that was his defense against the soul suckers, was the fact that they had embarrassed him in front of Chiun. In front of his Master. In front of his father.

As Harry had taken the dementors quite literally apart he hadn't really been focusing on anything beyond finding and eliminating each of the creatures as threats. As Flitwick had said, these things were immortal, and Harry wasn't killing them, but their influence was much reduced as they were

broken into progressively smaller pieces. Now he faced a single foe, the creature Harry somehow knew was the leader of the others. This was the one responsible for his humiliation in front of his father. This was the one that had shamed him.

This was the one who was going to get special treatment.

In his two minute drill of the patronus charm with Flitwick Harry had barely managed a silver mist, not the corporeal animal shapes that several of the staff were trying to use against the demons. Still, the Charms Master seemed to be quite excited that he had managed that much in such a short period of time.

Flitwick had been emphatic that even a mist could drive off one of the demons if it was applied correctly.

The dementor that remained seemed to realize that it was the sole survivor of its group, and made to escape, but the creature's speed was limited to a fast walk, so Harry easily cut it off before it could leave. As he had with the others, Harry stripped the demon of its cloak, so that he could better see the unfamiliar weak-points. Then, palming his wand, Harry thrust his right hand into the creature's ribcage.

Feeling the eldritch energies that animated the demon crawling all over his forearm, Harry pulled the creature closer to him. He closed his eyes and delved deep into his memories for something happy. Ah, that was it. Harry focused on the first time his father told him that he was of Sinanju and whispered, "Expecto Patronum."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

For the first time in its existence, the First was alone, alone without the awareness of a horde to comfort and guide it. The First could still sense the rest of the horde at some level, but the group awareness was gone.

The One was back. The Horde had been hunting the One, but somehow that had changed. Now the One was hunting the Horde, picking them off one by one. The Third had been the first to slip away, then the Ninth, then the Sixth and Seventh in rapid succession, followed by the Fifth, Second and the Eighth. Then there had been a pause while the panicked Fourth had filled their diminished group consciousness with terror, terror that had no flavor, for it was the fear of their own kind, and suddenly the Fourth was gone.

The First was alone. Now the essence of the One was all around the First and the demon felt impacts around its form. Then there was pain in the center of its being when something alien invaded the energies that sustained the First in this world.

Then something new happened, the One had placed one of the aspects of pain into the First's body.

It was inside the first, and it was feeding on the Energies of the Horde. The aspect of pain was growing!

The dementor tipped its head back, its sightless eyes pointed to the sky, and for the first time in the history of creation, a dementor screamed.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The scream surprised Harry. He had been unaware that the creatures could make any sound at all. His surprise turned to shock when... something started to pull his arm into the dementor. Reflecting that being physically sucked into a demon couldn't possibly be a good thing, Harry jerked his arm and wand free of the screaming demon and slowly backed away from the creature.

Three bolts of silver... something erupted from the screaming demon's mouth and eyes, then a larger gush of energy came from the gaping hole that Harry's arm had left in the creature's chest.

Harry immediately came to the realization that being somewhere else was probably a really good idea, since the Castle wards prevented apparation, he spun on his heel and began running away from the demonic fountain of silver magic as fast as he could.

Still the dementor screamed.

Harry was most of twenty meters from the screaming dementor when the creature began to pulse with the silver magic and a rapidly expanding silver dome started to spread from where the creature stood. Harry glanced over his shoulder at the growing bubble easily calculated that it was overtaking him. He didn't like making his abilities known, but he didn't think he had much of a choice. Throwing caution to the winds he concentrated and ghost stepped. He reappeared five meters from where he had been without breaking stride, and saw that the dome was still advancing on him at a rapid clip. Ghost step, Ghost step, Ghost step, after his fourth reappearance the expanding dome was inches from his back, and Harry disappeared again.

The dome pulsed again and bloomed beyond the point where Harry should have reappeared. The screaming had stopped and the staff and few students that remained were shocked by the sudden silence. Harry Potter flashed into existence in front of the staff, falling to his knees in seeming exhaustion as the silver dome disappeared with an audible 'pop', leaving behind a bowl shaped crater in the earth fifty meters across and twenty five meters deep in the center.

The staff alternated their disbelieving stares between the hole in the ground and Harry Potter. After several seconds Filius Flitwick broke the silence. "Are you alright Mr. Potter?"

Harry turned from the hole to face the Charms Master. "An important safety tip for your Patronus Charm presentation Professor, one should never cast that charm *inside* a dementor. Bad things happen when you do."

A short distance away Chiun of Sinanju turned to the young woman at his side. "It appears that I was mistaken and you were correct Miss Granger," the old man said quietly. "It seems that my son has started doing impossible things ahead of schedule."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"I must admit Master Chiun," Dumbledore said from behind his desk, "I am surprised that you have come to visit young Harry at this time. I'm sure that your business has you busy in other parts of the world."

"Normally you would be correct School Teacher," the Master of Sinanju answered easily. "However, I am concerned by the amount of time this contract has been taking. The constraints you placed upon my apprentice have become unacceptable."

"I'm not sure I understand," the Headmaster said hesitantly.

"A simple elimination should not have taken five months. The restrictions you have placed upon my son are starting to make the House of Sinanju look bad," the old man said folding his hands on his lap. "As soon as I realized that you were unlikely to relent and allow my apprentice to do his job in an expeditious manner, I took my understanding of the situation to your Empress."

"My... Empress?"

"Yes, Elizabeth the Second, Empress of the British Empire."

Dumbledore's eyes went wide. "The Muggle Queen knows about Voldemort?"

"Of course she does," Chiun said quietly. "The House of Sinanju works for Empires, not for school teachers. Her father authorized me to take your original contract in 1944, and your Empress would have been notified prior to my taking your contract in 1981. Since you declared your dark wizard vanquished and paid the cancellation fee, I saw no reason to bother her. When you just wanted to hire my apprentice, the same applied, since after all, you were not hiring the Master of Sinanju. However the interminable delays involved in my apprentice's assignment changed all that. Your Empress was quite concerned about the threat to her magical realm."

"I was unaware that the Court of St. James had employed your house..." Dumbledore said, still trying to process the change in his world view.

"Oh, yes. We have had many profitable exchanges with the several families that have ruled Britain. Though I was surprised to find that your Empress was under the impression you had terminated the Wizard Grindelwald saying that you yourself had told her it was your doing."

"I will explain to Her Majesty at our next meeting..."

"I'm sure you will," Chiun said graciously. "In the mean time I will be spending a week or so bringing my son to his peak of performance from the appalling sloth he had fallen into at this school. Then he will execute his first Royal warrant."

Dumbledore nodded. At least the Potter boy was still going to make the attempt, though he had to wonder just how much the old Korean's meddling was going to end up costing the House of Dumbledore. "There are sections of the castle that, as a Muggle, you would have difficulty entering," the Headmaster said. "Well, not difficulty, but let us say that in an attempt to avoid

property damage, I could assign you a guide to assist you in your day to day activities. I was thinking Miss Chang, our Head Girl would be an excellent candidate."

"Chang? You would saddle me with a Chinese thief?"

Dumbledore was taken aback at the vitriol in the man's voice. "I assure you Master Chiun, Miss Chang is..."

"Unacceptable," Chiun said in a tone that suggested the topic was not open for discussion. "I've not the time to keep her from infecting my son with several horrible Chinese diseases and maintaining a constant inventory of my belongings. That girl that tried to keep me 'safe'... Miss Granger... she will do as a guide."

Every time he dealt with the Master of Sinanju Dumbledore came off feeling like a small child, despite being more than four decades the Korean's senior. As he nodded his agreement, he found himself wondering just how he was going to talk Miss Granger into it.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"The look on your face tells me that I am not going to be happy Rookwood," Voldemort said as he tipped back the potion vial. "Did those damned demons kill the boy?"

"My Lord," the former unspeakable stammered. "I... I don't know how, but the boy killed the dementors."

"WHAT?" The Dark Lord sat up in his throne.

"A full horde, nine dementors, were dispatched from the Legion of Dasyus, as per your orders. I don't yet know what the boy did, but my sources within the Ministry tell me that there is now a huge crater on the grounds of Hogwarts and Dasyus itself told me that the horde that was sent no longer exists."

"That isn't possible. If anyone was capable of killing dementors it would be me," an all too familiar pain started to bloom between Voldemort's eyes. He viciously clamped down on his defenses against the girl. The potions weren't working anymore.

"The dementors are in an uproar My Lord," Rookwood continued from where he knelt on the stone floor, knowing he was a dead man.. "They were as surprised as I that they could be killed. Dasyus refuses to have anything to do with the boy." Indeed the entire legion of dementors had returned to the safety of the island of Azkaban, but Rookwood wasn't going to tell Voldemort that.

"What magic does the boy know? To destroy dementors? How is that even possible?" The knife like pain between his eyes was worse than ever. "Thurkell!" he called.

"My Lord?" the woman answered entering the room from her potions lab carrying a steaming flagon, "do you need your dose?"

"Of course I need my dose you idiot," Voldemort spat. "Why else would I call you?"

A wry smile creased the woman's lips. "I believe this will make you happy My Lord, I've only just completed it. My test show that it is ten times the strength of that swill Snape made for you. This should keep the Veela pacified for weeks." She bowed before Voldemort and offered the flagon.

Voldemort's right arm swung up, wand in hand, "Reducto!" The Potions Mistress' head exploded into a fine red mist, the potion container fell to the stone floor, shattering and spilling the potion.

"You aren't getting rid of me that easily Charogne," the girl's voice mocked him while she had momentary control of the body they shared. "Potions Mistresses are so hard to come by aren't they? How long do you suppose before you can replace her?"

Through force of will Voldemort wrested control from the girl. "Rookwood!" He screamed, his wand pointing at the kneeling man. He wanted to kill the former unspeakable so very badly, but his followers were so few in number that he didn't dare waste one just yet. "Find me another Potions Mistress. Find her now, or you will die horribly!"

Rookwood, recognizing that getting out of the Dark Lord's presence was quite probably a good idea, exited the room bowing the whole way.

**~ So Potter can kill dementors can he? ~** the girls accursed voice echoed in his mind. **~ Anyone who can do that can probably pull you out of my body Charogne. Then I will have to reward him, even if he is English.~**

"I will take his body for my own and I will see you dead bitch!" Voldemort screamed in impotent fury.

**~ Of course you will Charogne, of course you will. After all, you've been doing so well against him so far haven't you? ~**

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Outside the castle, the sun shone for the first time in weeks, not that Harry could see it. He felt it well enough as the February sun warmed his skin where it touched him.

Harry himself was stripped to the waist and blindfolded, carefully balanced upon a wooden rod, two meters long and five centimeters thick. Harry then balanced the rod on top of a large rubber ball, which was itself balanced on top of a smaller rubber ball, while making both balls bounce. The hard part of this exercise, Harry reflected, was getting the lower ball to bounce in rhythm with the larger ball. Of course Chiun throwing things at him didn't help much.

"Pathetic," the old man called from his place in front of his youngest adopted son. "I leave you alone for five months, with specific instructions to maintain your training and you become... this. Lazy and fat, just like all the whites," Chiun punctuated his statement by tossing a pair of

throwing knives toward his apprentice.

Harry felt the two blades cleave through the air toward him, sensing immediately that neither were going to come close to hitting him, he concentrated on his breathing and maintaining both the bounce and his balance. The first of the blades flew through the space his hand was coming to occupy, so Harry's reflexes snatched it from the air without his having to decide to do so. This action imparted enough of the knife's kinetic energy to cause Harry upper torso to turn ninety degrees to his right. The second blade hit the far left end of the wooden rod Harry was balanced on, and the energy imparted caused the rod to turn ninety degrees to the left.

Harry fought to keep a smile from appearing on his lips while he kept the two balls bouncing in synch. This particular exercise was a lot of fun, but he had to be careful to never let Chiun know he was enjoying himself, otherwise the old man would go out of his way to come up with a less productive, but more unpleasant exercise to replace it with.

Now the exercise called for more blades, coming closer with each set. Of course Harry knew that the biggest mistake he could make would be to think he could anticipate what his father might do next.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Mr. Chiun?" Hermione Granger called as she rounded the corner to the secluded area that the old Korean had claimed for 'exercising' his son. "Professor Dumbledore said that you asked that I act as your gui..." the girl stopped dead in her tracks, her eyes wide and mouth open as she took in the sight of a shirtless, blindfolded Harry Potter standing on a pole balanced upon a pair of bouncing red rubber balls.

"Ah, Miss Granger," the old man said as he threw something at Harry. whatever it was hit the end of the pole Potter was standing on causing it to mushroom until the rod split, leaving the portion still balanced upon the bouncing balls only 2/3rds as long as it had been. "Thank you for coming. You Headmaster is of the opinion that I will be needing a guide, and between us we agreed that you would be a suitable candidate."

Hermione closed her mouth and forced herself to stop staring at the half naked Harry Potter. "Issneun gihoeleul jusyeoseo gamsahabnida. nan nae choeseon-eul dahagessseubnida." Hermione responded carefully with the phrase she had spent three hours practicing the phonetic pronunciation of with Su Li of Ravenclaw. Who knew that 'thank you for the opportunity, I will do my best' could be such a mouthful?

The ancient Korean smiled. "Your accent is horrendous, as if you trusted a Chinese to teach you a civilized language, but I thank you for both the attempt and your intent. I believe however, that I speak English well enough to make your butchering of my mother language unnecessary."

"I'm so sorry" she said with a blush.

"Relax Miss Granger, I was teasing you. So few of your countrymen would even make the attempt, and I appreciate the hospitality, I truly do."

"How does he..." she asked gesturing toward Harry.

"Poorly, and with abysmal balance," the old man said, as he kicked an even smaller rubber ball toward his son. The ball skidded to a stop underneath the other two balls while they were at the apex of their bounce. Harry smoothly incorporated that third ball into his balance, and it joined in with the bouncing exercise.

"Do not be so proud of your self for succeeding at such a minor exercise," Chiun barked in Korean. "I saw the evidence of your sloppy execution at the scene of your catching the falling woman."

"I didn't take her mass into account for my landing," Harry explained as a stone tossed by his father caused the middle ball to be knocked away in mid bounce.

"Leaving marks on the pavement like a flat footed elephant," Chiun huffed. "Pathetic. I have spent the final years of my life trying to bring you into the purity of Sinanju and this is how you perform?"

"Final years?" Harry laughed. "When has mere age ever finished a Master of Sinanju?"

Hermione glanced back and forth between the old man and Harry Potter as they carried on their conversation in a language she didn't understand and barely recognized as being Korean. The old man's tone was dismissive while Potter's was conciliatory and warm.

That this an actual family dynamic she was witnessing?

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"I thank you for honoring me with your presence Master Chiun" Filius said in the formal way of the Brethren.

The Master of Sinanju nodded magnanimously. "It is unusual for me to meet anyone with a real interest in the History of Sinanju."

The small man shrugged. "I am usually taken to be a dwarf, but your son identified me as having goblin heritage within seconds of meeting me, and he spoke to me in the Brethren's tongue. That caught my attention and my interest. Then young Harry was involved in routing a Death Eater invasion of Hogsmeade. That made me check with relatives among the Brethren concerning your House. You have quite the reputation with the Goblin Nation."

Chiun smiled, "The House of Sinanju has been dealing with the Goblin Nation for centuries. Doing business with beings who understand the importance of bills being paid in full and on time is always a refreshing change."

"In exchange for telling me the history of your house, it seems only fair that I tell you of your son's adventures here at Hogwarts. I've yet to meet a parent who wasn't interested in how their children behave when out of the parent's sight."

Chiun's eyes sparkled with interest. "That seems fair. What can you tell me of my son?"

"Harry is inordinately polite and cooperative, unless he is pushed. Then he can be quite forceful in his pursuit of what he considers 'the right thing'."

Chiun nodded, "he has always been like that, I have had an inordinate amount of difficulty in getting him not to try and rescue every stray that crosses his path."

"Indeed?" Filius laughed. "Such an act was his introduction to the students of Hogwarts. Harry prevented an attempted sexual assault on the Hogwarts Express, punishing the attacker severely."

"And for free," Chiun sighed, what was he going to do with the boy? Still, he should get some useful information out of this meeting. "What can you tell me about the demons my son fought on the grounds?"

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"You wanted to speak with me father?" Harry asked as he knelt before the Master of Sinanju.

"Yes," Chiun responded with a sigh, "it is about your friend, the Bulstrode girl."

Harry shot a glance toward Hermione Granger who was standing to the side and pretending not to listen to the conversation between father and son. Harry was relatively sure that she didn't speak Korean, but she definitely caught the name 'Bulstrode'.

"Yes Father?"

"Harry..." Chiun hesitated.

What the hell? Harry thought, Chiun never hesitates.

"My son," the old man continued, "I never thought that you were the type to throw yourself at the first pretty face that came along."

Harry kept his face impassive, though his feelings about this topic was clear in the tension his body showed. Chiun sighed. The young always thought they knew everything, even when they knew they didn't.

"It is not that she isn't pleasant enough, because she is. It is not that she isn't pretty enough, for she is almost Korean in her beauty. As strong as she is, she could easily bear you many children and tend to your house and fields. The question is, do you really see her leaving the lands of her family for Korea? Or do you propose staying here?"

"I don't know," Harry admitted, "I hadn't really though it though that far."

"I have noticed her... annoyance at your practicing the 37 Steps.

"I know," Harry said shaking his head. "I've tried to tell her that I was just practicing an exercise, but that just made her more angry."

"There is no understanding women," the Master of Sinanju said in sympathy for his son's confusion. "We can learn the rhythms of their bodies, but their minds will forever remain a mystery."

"But father..."

"Harry, let me try and explain; I was not much older than you when I took my wife."

Harry blinked. "I had no idea that you had ever married father."

The old man waved his hand. "It was long before you were born. We married in a grand spectacle in the traditions of the village. My wife was of course young and beautiful, much as your Millicent is, and we were very happy."

Harry nodded in appreciation of Chiun's story in ways that Remo had never done. Chiun loved his eldest son, but the boy lacked any real interest in the history of Sinanju.

"I would travel to ply my trade and return home to my beautiful Bo-Bae, and we were happy." The old man paused to allow his son to absorb the information he was being given. "It wasn't long before Bo-Bae began telling me of her *feelings* . And we were happy."

"Feelings?" Harry echoed weakly.

"Indeed," Chiun confirmed. "And before too long, my gentle flower began offering me her *suggestions* . And we were happy."

Chiun hid his smile at Harry sudden pallor. His son was well aware of how much Chiun appreciated suggestions.

After four years of wedded bliss, her mother Jin moved into our home, and Bo-Bae's suggestions became *opinions* that were soon joined by Jin's. And we were happy."

"Happy," Harry echoed again.

"Yes, we were very happy. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, so very very happy."

"Oh," Harry said, taking in his father's wisdom, and beginning to understand.

"And then one day after forty years of blissful happiness, when I was out on a job, Bo-Bae went

for a walk along the coast and slipped on a wet stone. She fell and struck her head, knocking herself unconscious, and she sadly drowned in a tidal pool," the old man said shaking his head at the memory, before brightening, "and everything was alright again."

Harry sat in silence for several moments, and then spoke. "I think I understand Father."

Chiun smiled and settled into one of his levels of relaxation. A father's work is never done.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Although he would never admit it, Harry was getting bored with this exercise. In the five days since his father had arrived at Hogwarts, he had brought Harry to the highest level of preparedness the boy had ever known. His blood was practically boiling for the chance to go out in the world and demonstrate what he could do.

Harry was bored beyond description with the china plates flying at his head, the ones with the pastoral scenes that seemed to float in front of his eyes, the ones with the image of Buckingham Palace in a faded powder blue that came zipping in, sometimes with a curve or a dip or a hop, and the plain white ones with the gold trim that sometimes came straight for the cranium with enough speed to crack his skull.

Harry's left hand seemed to float up and gently touch most of the plates. Some of the plates he did not bother to block, and in the plates that were not blocked was the skill he was reminding his muscles and nerves to perform. Skill was not muscle but timing, and timing was merely being in unity, making and then keeping his perceptions in tune with reality.

This act of keeping the death plates from harming him reminded him of a simple lesson long ago when the Master of Sinanju had used slow bamboo spears that had at the time looked so fast that Harry had stood in terror as they came at him.

But these plates came five times as fast, just slightly slower than a 9 millimeter bullet. They whacked into the castle wall behind him, tearing gashes into the ancient stone blocks. But the lesson he had learned from the bamboo staves was still the lesson now. Do not defend where you are not, but only that which is valuable to you. The hooking, dipping plates would only harm him if he went at the plates themselves, instead of staying within the zone of his body, and merely protecting it from the plates' intrusion.

The last plate came horizontal at his eyes, seemed to hang for a moment, then arched above his right ear and rose cracking into the wall with an echoing crash.

"Home run," said the hurler of the plates, whose joy, unmitigated and mounting, was in making Harry's life hell. Standing behind Chiun, the hurler of plates, was Hermione Granger, Neville Longbottom and Hannah Abbott, all panting from the exertion of conjuring the plates that Chiun had been throwing with such abandon.

"It's not a home run, Little Father. The pitcher doesn't get home runs. The batter gets home runs,"

Harry explained. Remo had made a point of taking Harry to a few baseball games. Harry didn't really see the point of watching fat men waddle around the bases, but it made Remo happy.

"You change the rules on me because I am Korean and not expected to know. I am being cheated of home run," said Chiun, and he folded his long delicate fingers over each other so that his golden robe with the white butterflies settled in repose. Even his wispy ancient beard seemed to rest triumphant. Harry suddenly realized that Chiun was speaking English for his audience and that Harry had fallen into one of the Master's little traps. The Master of Sinanju was going to make much of catching his pupil in an injustice and savor the boy's humiliation in front of the three English students.

"If I were white, it would be a home run," said Chiun. "You whites are all alike. You and your brother gang up on me to rob me of the simple joys in life."

"Little Father, we were exercising. I was, anyway. We weren't playing baseball," Harry pointed out, refusing to buy into the entire situation.

"You wouldn't play with a Korean. Like your Little League. I understand. You whites are all alike. Bigoted. Yet, I maintain myself above your pettiness."

"Little Father, I grew up in Korea, all the games I've ever played were taught to me by you or the other children of Sinanju. The only reason I know anything at all about baseball is because Remo took me to a few games."

"Harry Potter!" Granger barked from where she stood, still breathing hard from the effort involved in creating more than two hundred china plates with an image of Buckingham Palace on them. "Show some respect to your father."

Son of a Bitch! Why did he care what this fuzzy headed girl thought about him? "Miss Granger," Harry said calmly, "perhaps you aren't familiar with the rules of baseball, but just as in cricket, only the batter can score runs. We weren't playing baseball, we weren't even using a ball of any kind much less a bat." Harry gave his father a dirty look which the old man blissfully ignored.

"None of that matters!" she declared as she purposefully strode toward him, taking Harry by the arm and leading him a short distance away. "He is your father. If he says the sky is orange, you should smile and agree." The girl looked furtively back toward Chiun before leaning very close to Harry and whispering in his ear, "You have to make allowances for the elderly, as they are easily confused."

Harry shot his only glance at his father and saw that Chiun had heard her whisper as clearly as if she had been speaking directly to him. Further it was obvious that Chiun agreed with the sentiment, but didn't understand just who the girl was referring to when she was speaking of the elderly.

Harry sighed. Chiun had done it again. Despite a demonstration only moments before that showed beyond a doubt just how dangerous the Master of Sinanju could be, Chiun had managed to

convince his audience that he was a feeble old man.

"Miss Granger," Harry said gently. "Look at the wall."

He waited patiently while the girl examined the residue of his exercise session. The shards of china that remained of the shattered plates were starting to crumble to dust as the short term conjuring started to fade, and at the deep cratering of the stone wall that had been caused by the repeated impacts of the porcelain disks.

"Stone, broken and cratered by the impact of porcelain, Miss Granger. Think about that. This is an example of the ability of the Master of Sinanju working at perhaps one third the force he is capable of,"

"One quarter," Chiun corrected his apprentice. "You are not yet ready for one third my efforts"

"Fine," Harry sighed again. "One quarter of what he was capable of. My father is bar none, the most capable man in the world, he is not elderly, he is not feeble and he most specifically does not need anyone to 'make allowances' for him. He makes allowances for the rest of us."

"I am forever afflicted by unappreciative children," Chiun interjected. "I give and I give, but it's never enough."

Instantly the Granger girl was glaring at Harry, and the Abbott girl soon joined her.

Harry just looked to the sky. Why did he even try?

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Caradoc Wilkes had run the ferry to Azkaban Island for forty years. It was a thankless job, but it had been his family's responsibility since his great grandfather Octavius had purchased the ferry from the ministry during the early 1800s in one of the early privatization plans.

Making two runs a day, every day for forty years had led Wilkes to believe that he had seen everything that was ever likely to happen on this stretch of the coast, a belief he had firmly trusted in until this morning when an old man in a bright yellow flowered robe and a young boy in denim trousers and a light Cotton vest showed up at the dock and asked to be taken to Azkaban.

Wilkes tried to explain that non ministry personnel weren't allowed on Azkaban. This seemed to cause the old man to sniff and the boy to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"You're bringing grief into my life." the boy said. "Could you please just take us to Azkaban? I'll make it worth your while."

Wilkes again tried to explain to the boy, who despite how he was dressed didn't seem to notice the 14 degree weather of late February, that it would more than his job was worth to take them to the island. The the boy reached out and pinched Wilkes' left shoulder.

The Ferry Master was more than a little surprised when the entire universe exploded in to red hot pain.

After an eternity, the pain vanished as quickly as it had started and Wilkes found himself kneeling on the deck of his own ferryboat panting like he had run for miles.

It was then the boy suggested that things like that might keep happening until he got the boat underway to take them to Azkaban.

The ferry was free of it's moorings and heading out to sea faster than it had ever done before. Caradoc Wilkes had discovered that he was a highly motivated man.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Can you wait here?" the boy in the cotton vest asked. "We'd really appreciate it."

Caradoc Wilkes nodded energetically from his place at his ferry's wheel. There was no force on earth that would move him on this spot until the boy who caused pain told him he that could move.

"What is this?" a red cloaked Auror asked with his wand extended and ready. "Who are you?"

"We're just here to have a word with your Dementors," Harry explained. "We won't be a minute."

"You are not authorized to be here," the man in the read cloak said. "Damn it Wilkes, you know that you..." the Auror's voice died when the man fell unconscious to the wooden pier.

"Are all the magical police as tiresome as this one?" Chiun asked as he stepped over the prone body.

"Pretty much," Harry answered, while marveling at his father's speed. He had been expecting Chiun to deal with the Auror, and had been watching, but still he hadn't been able to see the old man move.. "Lots of rules and lots of assumptions. They yell a lot if you don't leave anyone to question."

"Hmm," Chiun nodded. "Much like police everywhere. His associates approach."

The pair stopped where the pier met the shoreline and waited. In moments the two Sinanju adepts were surrounded by red robed prison guards.

"Who are you?" the oldest of the guardians of Azkaban demanded.

"You are Warden Hooper?" Harry asked politely.

"I am," the grey haired man responded suspiciously.

"Hi there, how ya doin'?" Harry asked with a large smile. "I'm Harry Potter, and this is Chiun, the

Master of Sinanju..."

"Chiun the Magnificent," his father corrected him.

"Uh, yeah. Chiun the Magnificent, the Master of Sinanju. And this," Harry said producing a roll of parchment, "is permission for us to interview the Dementors of Azkaban."

"What?" the warden demanded snatching the parchment away.

"Signed, you will note, by the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot," Harry pointed out helpfully. "Maybe you could get your people to lower their wands before they hurt themselves?"

Looking up from the document, Hooper nodded to his senior Auror. "You want to speak with the Dementors? They've only just returned from where ever they ran off to. They won't tell us where they went or why they returned."

"You're short nine aren't you?" the boy asked.

"We are... How did you know? We've to search parties out looking for them."

"You can stop looking," Harry said. "They aren't coming back, and there's nothing left for your search parties to find."

"Impossible!" the warden rumbled.

"Maybe," Harry grinned. "But your Dementors all scurried back here missing nine of their number, and I'm still here."

"We will speak with the Demons now," Chiun said pointedly.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Three Dementors drifted into the stone chamber, coming to a rest at the far side of the room. The Warden, Harry, Chiun and a small balding man took up their places by the door. In the center of chamber a raised ritual platform stood waiting.

"I'm not doing it," the small man said. "My contract with the Ministry is for a single session a month, lasting no longer than half an hour. The interrogations when the Dementors returned took more than four hours. You people have no idea just how torturous it is to be in Communion with those things."

"Look Peasegood, this," the Warden said waiving the roll of parchment in the smaller man's face, "is an order from the head of the Wizengamot."

"And I," the man responded, "don't care. I'm not doing it."

Harry glanced toward his father, who nodded. Harry then withdrew a coin pouch from his pocket

and held it out to the older man. "Other than the Warden, we're all business men here Mr. Peasegood. Would one hundred Galleons make the effort worth the discomfort?"

"One hundred?" Peasegood gasped while pocketing the offered pouch. "Too bloody right!"

Arnold Peasegood climbed atop the ritual platform, sat on the stone bench and closed his eyes. After a short pause the man began chanting in a language that Harry didn't understand. The chant went on for almost two minutes and then stopped. The small man was bathed in a yellowish light, and when Peasegood opened his eyes they shone with a blue-white light. The possessed man locked eyes with Harry.

**§ YOU ARE THE ONE ! §**

"No," Harry disagreed before pointing at an impassive Chiun. "He is the one. I'm just his apprentice."

**§ YOU ARE THE ONE THAT EXTINGUISHED THE HORDE OF NINE! §** Peasegood insisted in a hollow echoing voice. **§ WE HAVE BEEN SINCE THE BEGINNING, UNENDING, UNCHANGING, UNCHALLENGED UNTIL THE MAGIC USERS LEARNED TO CONTROL US AND USE US FOR THEIR OWN ENDS. NEVER BEFORE HAVE ANY OF US BEEN EXTINGUISHED NOT EVEN WHEN WE FOUGHT EACH OTHER. HOW HAVE YOU DONE THIS? WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW ? §**

"How is unimportant," Harry said with a shake of his head. "And what I do now depends on you. Your 'Horde of Nine' was hunting me, they laid a trap for me and ended up trapping themselves. I want to know why."

The three demons on the far side of the room seemed to confer for a second before Peasegood responded from his place on the ritual platform. **§ WE RECEIVED AN EMISSARY FROM THE DARK ONE OF MAGIC, WE WERE PROMISED A FEEDING SUCH AS HAS NOT BEEN ALLOWED SINCE THE TIME OF THE DECEIVER MERLIN. WE LEFT THIS ISLAND TO ENTER INTO THE DARK ONE 'S SERVICE. WE SERVED HIM FAITHFULLY FOR A FULL TURN OF THE SEASONS. THEN HIS EMISSARY CAME TO US AND PROMISED MORE FREEDOM TO FEED IF WE WERE TO CAPTURE AND CONSUME THE ONE . YOU. THE HORDE OF NINE WAS SENT TO DO THIS, YOU WERE PREY. BUT THEN THE HORDE OF NINE KNEW FEAR AND WERE EXTINGUISHED. THIS ALLOWED THE LEGION TO KNOW FEAR. WE LEFT THE SERVICE OF THE DARK ONE OF MAGIC AND RETURNED HERE TO THIS ISLAND. §**

"Who was this emissary?" Harry asked. "I want to find the Dark One."

**§ WE KNOW HIM AS ROOKWOOD. §**

"Augustus Rookwood," the Warden suggested. "A former unspeakable. He's disappeared since the reappearance of the Dark Lord." The Warden then addressed Peasegood. "Was Rookwood capable of speaking with you directly?"

**§ NO. AMONG THE DARK ONE OF MAGIC'S FOLLOWERS IS A SENSITIVE NAMED ROWLE. HE ACTED AS THE CONDUIT BETWEEN ROOKWOOD AND THE LEGION.**  
**§**

"That would be Thorfinn Rowle. A marked Death Eater who claimed the Imperus Defense. He still has his place in society and his seat on the Wizengamot." the Warden said.

"Were you in contact with any other of the Death Eaters?" Harry asked.

**§ NO, §** the demon responded through Peasegood, and then seemed to hesitate for a moment. **§ WHAT HAPPENS NOW ? DO YOU EXTINGUISH US? §**

"Listen to this Demon," Chiun said, speaking for the first time since entering the stone chamber. "You are abominations who have been allowed to roam free far too long. Your kind dared attack the House of Sinanju. The ones who conducted the attack were dealt with, but know this; if any of your kind ever leave this island again, we will end you."

**§ WE HEAR AND UNDERSTAND. §** The three demons floated from the chamber, leaving behind a shaking Arnold Peasegood.

"Mr. Peasegood?" Harry asked. "I'm going to need a receipt."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Excellent work Harry," Dumbledore effused. "I will contact the Aurors to have Rowle arrested immediately."

"No, you won't Headmaster," Harry said shaking his head. "He's too important. At best he'd just have himself obliviated and we'd lose him as a route to Voldemort, at worst he disappears and Voldemort knows I'm looking for him."

"My son will interview him personally," Chiun said quietly from where he sat. "It should be a simple matter for Harry to determine if the man was a willing tool, or and unwilling dupe."

"Now Father?"

Chiun seemed to consider the situation for a moment. "Yes. Perform well, I may be watching."

"Yes Father," Harry smiled as he exited the Headmaster's office.

"He's going to kill Rowle isn't he?" Dumbledore asked.

"After he finds out what he needs to know. You hired an assassin School Teacher," Chiun said lightly. "What did you expect?"

"I don't really know, I suppose that I expected him to exhibit the sense of humor of his father tempered by the gentle intelligence of his mother," the wizard sighed.

"And why would you suppose that two people Harry has had no exposure to would guide my son's personality is any way at all School Teacher?"

"So after he gets the information from Rowle, he's going after Voldemort?"

"Yes. It is time to end this. Harry has wasted enough time here," Chiun rose from his chair in a smooth fluid motion. "It is time for me to retire for the evening. Miss Granger should be waiting for me outside your door."

Dumbledore sat at his desk and watched as the Master of Sinanju exited his office. Could the Potter boy actually win against Tom? Could anyone win without Albus' help?

Where had it all gone wrong?

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"I believe that Harry and I will be leaving very soon Miss Granger," Chiun said as he followed the young woman up the fifth flight of stairs, still matching her step for step. "I would like to thank you for your efforts on my behalf."

"Master Chiun," Hermione replied with a laugh. "You never needed me after the first hour. Much like your son you have the most amazing sense of direction I've ever seen."

"Yet in all of my wanderings, you always seem to find me. You are an interesting young woman Miss Granger."

"What I don't understand is how you manage to get past the magical doorways," Hermione noted. "For someone who supposedly has no magic, you certainly know how to get along without it."

"A lifetime of discipline and training Miss Granger. I understand that you are leaving this school at the end of the term."

"I am," she said sadly. "I have loved my time here, but the since the Headmaster refuses to hold some of the students responsible for their behavior, my staying here has become impossible."

"It is important to have standards," the old man agreed. "That means that you will have a fair amount of free time over the next year."

"Well, I will need to research whatever school I end up going to..."

"Perhaps you could spend the year working for me,"

Hermione blinked. "Working for you? But Master Chiun, what could I possibly do for you that would be worth your money?"

They had reached the guest quarters where Chiun had been provided with a room. The door opened at his touch and he paused in the doorway. "My son is the first magical to be taught the

secrets of Sinanju. I took him in as an experiment to see what his talents would add to the sum that is Sinanju. I have been quite pleased with his progress and his performance, though I would ask that you not tell him this."

Hermione nodded. "I've noticed how close the two of you are, though you both pretend not to be in your own ways. But how does a job for me work into your family situation."

"Harry's encounter with the emotion demons almost lost him to Sinanju. It became clear to me that I was risking more than my son by allowing him to work. I was also risking the prospect of establishing a line of magical practitioners of Sinanju. So I propose that you bear Harry's son. Adding the potential of your mind to Harry's work ethic would produce possibly the most powerful future Master of Sinanju in all of the House's history. I am willing to pay one hundred thousand pounds sterling for a healthy male child."

Hermione's mouth worked for several seconds, but no sound passed her lips, until she managed to gasp, "One hundred thousand pounds?"

"Fine. I am willing to go to one hundred fifty thousand. Let me know in the morning."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

An elf answered the door.

"Good evening," said Harry. "I'm from the Minister Fudge's Reelection Campaign and I would like to speak with Mr. Rowle."

"Is Master Rowle being expecting you?" the little being asked.

"No," Harry admitted, "but our business will only take a few moments."

"You will be waiting here, Clots will see if Master Rowle is at home."

"Thank you," said Harry said with a smile.

The elf, in starched white pillow case, returned with apologies that Mr. Rowle was unavailable.

"It will just take a minute. I'm really in a rush," said Harry, gliding around the elf who could have sworn she had a hand out there to stop him. She watched the visitor seem to slip through it as she stood there, hand upraised in empty air her magic touching nothing.

Thorfinn Rowle was having dinner with his family. He was poised with a forkful of blueberry pie when Harry entered the somewhat overfurnished dining room.

"I'm awfully sorry to bother you," Harry apologized. "This will only take a minute. Finish your pie. Go ahead. Don't let me bother you."

Rowle, a massive man with the strong rocklike face of a Roman legionnaire, put down his fork.

"Go ahead, finish it," said Harry. "I've heard good things about blueberry pie."

"May I ask who you are?"

"Odoriferous Crotchsniff from Minister Fudge's Reelection Campaign. It will only take a minute. I really don't have more than a minute for you anyhow." If this clown could have a funny name, so could he.

"You can Floo call my secretary in the morning. I am eating now."

"Go ahead, finish it," Harry said helpfully. "I can wait."

Thorfinn Rowle wiped his mouth with the fine white linen napkin, excused himself from the table, receiving scarcely a nod of recognition from his wife and children. "I will give you one minute," said Rowle heavily. "But I think I should warn you that you are not doing yourself any good by interrupting my supper."

Harry merely nodded. He did not have time for polite chitchat. Rowle led Harry into a book-lined den.

"All right. What was your name? What are you here for? What's your immediate superior's name? I told you, you didn't do yourself any good by interrupting my supper. I know Cornelius wouldn't have sent you at this hour."

"His name's Chiun, but don't worry about calling. That's not why I'm here. You see, you're connected to someone I want to speak with, so I'm here to find him through you."

"I beg your pardon," said Rowle.

"C'mon. I don't have all night," said Harry.

"That's right," said Rowle. "That's very right. You don't have all night at all. Now why don't you do yourself a very big favor and leave."

"I take it that's one of your subtle threats?" Harry asked with a smile.

Rowle shrugged his shoulders. He estimated that he could snap this boy in two if he had to, but why should he have to? He merely needed to call for the Aurors and have the foolish child arrested for trespassing. Then when the boy was released in his own recognizance, he would prove that the courts were too lenient by just disappearing. Perhaps in the Lake District.

Rowle's self assurance was somewhat shaken by a searing, biting pain in his right shoulder. It felt like a hot iron was being pressed into the joint. His mouth opened to scream but there was no sound. Just the pain and his visitor's forefinger and thumb where the pain was. Rowle could neither move nor speak. This was worse, far worse than the Dark Lord's Cruciatus! Rowle had been exposed to that curse more times than he cared to remember, but he had always been able to scream. This was infinitely worse!

He fell back onto his desk, like a child in a body bind, helpless.

"All right, this is how *I* do subtle," said the visitor. "Pay attention now, this is pain."

The shoulder felt as if hot needles pricked the socket But the visitor's fingers hardly moved.

"And this is an absence of pain."

Rowle felt a relief so blessed he almost cried.

"You can have an absence of pain, or this,"

The hot needles again.

"This goes away when I find out where Voldemort is." the boy said quietly.

Rowle tried to speak but he had no voice.

"I didn't hear you."

Rowle tried to scream but he couldn't.

"You've got to speak up."

Didn't this boy realize that he couldn't speak? The boy was a loony and Rowle's shoulder felt as if it were coming out of the socket and Rowle would say anything, tell anything, if only his voice would cooperate. He felt the pain shift to his chest and suddenly his vocal cords were free but he could hardly breathe.

Hoarsely he babbled about the Parkinson's home. But his crazy visitor wouldn't believe him, just kept saying that it wasn't true.

"My god, I swear it's true. The Dark Lord lives in the Parkinson's Ballroom. I swear it. My god, please believe me, it's true. Please. The entrance is behind a portrait of Morgan Le Fey. Believe me."

"I do," Harry said. And then the pain was magnificently, gloriously, joyously gone and a sudden night descended on Thorfinn Rowle, who encountered the ultimate penalty for following the wrong leader.

Harry put the body in a lounging chair, closed Rowle's eyes, and left the room, jamming the lock as he did so, more from force of habit than any other reason. He knew that the blocked doorway would mean nothing to a magical, but it was as he was taught, so he did it without thought. Returning to the dining room, Harry expressed regrets to the Rowle family that he could not stay for dessert, and told Mrs. Rowle her husband would be busy for a while and should not be disturbed.

Harry left the Rowle mansion with a deep feeling of satisfaction for a job well done. It was time to finish this.

\_\_\_*---oooOOooo---*\_\_\_

# Deluded Musings FanficAuthors.net

## Harry Potter and the Sun Source The End

*"A lifetime of discipline and training Miss Granger." The Master of Sinanju explained. "I understand that you are leaving this school at the end of the term."*

*"I am," she said sadly. "I have loved my time here, but since the Headmaster refuses to hold some of the students responsible for their behavior, my staying here has become impossible."*

*"It is important to have standards," the old man agreed. "That means that you will have a fair amount of free time over the next year."*

*"Well, I will need to research whatever school I end up going to..."*

*"Perhaps you could spend the year working for me,"*

*Hermione blinked. "Working for you? But Master Chiun, what could I possibly do for you that would be worth your money?"*

*They had reached the guest quarters where Chiun had been provided with a room. The door opened at his touch and he paused in the doorway. "My son is the first magical to be taught the secrets of Sinanju. I took him in as an experiment to see what his talents would add to the sum that is Sinanju. I have been quite pleased with his progress and his performance, though I would ask that you not tell him this."*

*Hermione nodded. "I've noticed how close the two of you are, though you both pretend not to be in your own ways. But how does a job for me work into your family situation."*

*"Harry's encounter with the emotion demons almost lost him to Sinanju. It became clear to me that I was risking more than my son by allowing him to work. I was also risking the prospect of establishing a line of magical practitioners of Sinanju. Therefore, I propose that you bear Harry's son. Adding the potential of your mind to Harry's work ethic would quite possibly produce the most powerful future Master of Sinanju in all of the House's history. I am willing to pay one hundred thousand pounds sterling for a healthy male child."*

*Hermione's mouth worked for several seconds, but no sound passed her lips, until she managed to gasp, "One hundred thousand pounds?"*

*"Fine. I am willing to go to one hundred fifty thousand. Let me know in the morning."*

Hermione stood staring at the closed door for almost thirty seconds before she raised her hand to knock. The door opened before her knuckle had struck the wood, as if the old man knew she was going to knock and had prevented her from doing so.

"Yes Miss Granger? Have you reached your decision already?"

"Master Chiun," she began hesitantly, not wanting to hurt the old man's feelings, "I don't really believe that Harry and I know each other well enough to entertain the idea of a marriage."

The old man's wispy eyebrows arched toward his hairline. "Marriage? Oh, no Miss Granger, you misunderstood me, I am not proposing a marriage between you and my son, rather I simply want a healthy male child from the pair of you."

"What?" she asked.

"Oh, no, a marriage between the two of you would most certainly be interesting, and more than likely entertaining to me as well as Harry's older brother, however, I could not do that to my son."

"What?" Hermione repeated.

"Forgive me Miss Granger," the old man said, clearly enjoying himself. "But you seem to be a young lady of strong *feelings* ."

"Well.... Yes I am," she admitted.

"And given time, those feelings would lead you to making *suggestions* would they not?"

"Well, if I could possibly be of help," Hermione answered wondering what the ancient man was talking about.

"And no doubt, given time, you would form firm *opinions* , would you not?" Chiun asked.

"Yes sir, I always have."

"And your mother... is she still living?"

"Yes sir, she is," Hermione said becoming more confused with each question asked of her.

"Well there you have it. No, Harry has done nothing to deserve such a fate, especially since there is no guarantee that you would start taking strolls along the beach just after high tide, is there?"

"Well..." what the hell was this old man going on about? "No sir, I've never really enjoyed walking along the beach, I prefer reading, so it's not really likely that I will start doing anything like that in the future."

"So," the old man smiled, "you can see that my son hasn't done anything to deserve marriage to you, though I'm sure you would both be very happy. Day after day, month after month and year after year. Happy. Just consider my offer for a healthy male child, would you? Sleep on it and let me know in the morning."

Chiun closed the door, leaving Hermione standing there wondering if she had just been insulted.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry flashed into being at the gates of Malfoy Manor just as the moon was rising. The second apprentice of Sinanju was more than slightly annoyed with himself. In his excitement at finally being allowed to do his job, he had entirely forgotten to ask Rowle just where the Parkinson estate might be.

Going back was problematic, not only because Rowle was dead, but because his widow and children would probably take offense.

Bother.

Returning to Hogwarts so ask Pansy where her home was would likely bring his mistake to his father's attention. Still, Harry had at least one other contact among the Moneyed set of Magical Britain, so there probably was not any harm in asking Narcissa. She would know where the Parkinson estate was, surely.

Harry reached out and took hold of the bell cord, giving it two soft pulls.

A small elf appeared with a Pop. "Welcome to Malfoy Manor," the small being said, bowing. "How can Dobby be helping youse?"

"Harry Potter to see Mrs. Malfoy."

"Youse still has no card for Dobby to give to Mistress?" Dobby asked, blinking his huge eyes.

"Sorry," Harry smiled. "Still no card."

"Dobby will announce youse," the elf said with a sigh before starting to mutter about how 'proper wizards do things' and vanishing with a pop.

The gate opened almost immediately, allowing him passage. Harry continued to smile as he made his way to the front door.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

When Harry reached the door, it was opened by Dobby, a disapproving look on the elf's face.

Framed in the now open doorway was Narcissa Malfoy, clad in a near transparent wisp of blue silk rather than the stylish cream-colored robes she had worn before. The woman offered Harry a

hopeful smile.

"Harry, I was hoping you would come back for me."

"Hello Narcissa. I was wondering if you could tell me where the Parkinson family lives?"

The blond woman took Harry by the arm and led him into the house, bypassing the Manor's sitting room and going directly to the stairs leading up to her suite. "And why would you want to know where those horrible people live?"

"Oh," Harry said, seeing no reason to lie, "I'm on my way to kill Voldemort."

"How exciting," she purred while pulling him into her bedchamber.

"Uh, yeah, so, where do the Parkinson's live?" Harry asked wondering if he should not have gone to Hogwarts and asked Pansy after all.

"Oh, Harry," Narcissa said reclining on her bed. "I could just tell you, but where is the fun in that? I have something you want, and you have something I need..." she looked at him with heavily lidded eyes. "Come convince me to tell you what you want to know, just like last time."

Harry sighed and once again started pulling his clothing off. Pansy would probably have made the same demand, he reflected. First Aurora and now Narcissa... Were all older witches so clingy?

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Hermione Granger rampaged into the classroom the Outsiders had claimed as their own, throwing her book-bag to the floor, and then herself onto her favorite chair.

"Problem Hermione?" Neville asked.

"Nothing," the brunette said in a manner that left no one in the room doubting that she was being something less than truthful.

"So, what did Harry do?" Luna asked.

"Potter didn't do anything. I don't think he's even in the castle."

"He's not," Millicent said, looking up from her book. "He came by to tell me he was leaving the castle 'to kill Voldemort' and that we needed to talk when he got back."

"His father," Hermione hissed, "seems to think I'm a broodmare. He just offered me one hundred fifty thousand pounds to produce a 'healthy male child'. Nothing else, just produce a child."

"What?" Millicent asked with a look of distress on her face, "but Harry said... We were..."

"We warned you about Harry," Hannah pointed out from her place on Neville's lap. "He's just here

for his job."

"I know, I know. I'm pretty sure Harry doesn't know a thing about this. It's his father," Hermione said, seeing how her revelation was hurting Millie. "He said that when he found Harry being attacked by the Dementors it reminded him that in his line of work, Harry could be killed at any time. Harry is the first of his family to have magic, and Master Chiun thinks that bringing Harry's son into the clan as a magic user would ensure that magic would be around for at least another generation."

"But..." Millicent asked, "why not... me?"

"I don't know," Hermione said. "Master Chiun complimented my intellect and study habits, maybe that's it."

"Of course, it doesn't really matter," Millie huffed. "Harry goes out of his way to 'practice his technique' with practically every witch in the castle. I don't know why I'm even surprised that he wants a baby with you."

"Millie, Harry doesn't want to have a baby with me," Hermione blushed before continuing. "He doesn't even like me. I made a horribly bad first impression."

"Well, if it's not you, then it will likely be one of the Ravenclaws," Millicent hung her head. "Are you on the list Luna?"

"Oh, no," the blonde said with a shake of her head. "When my father interviewed him in his home village, Daddy extracted a promise from Harry to always treat me with the utmost of respect and reverence... That's Daddy talk for 'don't touch my daughter'."

"And Harry went along with that?" Hermione asked.

"Well, yes, and so did I, we did it with an Unbreakable Vow. It was very dramatic. Harry is spectacularly powerful." The blonde noticed how the rest of the Outcasts were staring at her over her casual announcement of having made an Unbreakable Vow. "What? I was twelve and my only exposure to wizards my own age to that point had been Ronald Weasley, so I can be excused for still being in the 'Boys are Icky' stage, and Harry was 13 and all arms and legs. If I'd known what a tasty biscuit he was going to grow up to be I might have kicked up more of a fuss..."

"Oh yeah," Colin said with a wistful expression, "Harry does have a spectacular arse..."

The Outsiders launched into an in depth discussion of the Potter scion's physical attributes while a horrified Neville Longbottom eased himself out of the room as stealthily as he could, privately reflecting that he really needed to find a few more straight male friends.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry pulled on his shirt, standing from the bed to tuck the tails into his trousers. "Thanks for the information Narcissa," He smiled down at his most recent bed partner. Narcissa had made it to

step six this time, a new record for her. "I don't know what I'd have done without you."

"My pleasure Harry," the woman said while stretching languidly. "I do hope that's the right house."

Harry froze. "What do you mean 'right house'?"

"Well, they have four you know," she seemed to contemplate matters for a moment. "I'm sure it's the right house. You go on now."

"Why don't you tell me where the other houses are Narcissa?"

"Now Harry," she purred, "you know we set up a rate of exchange. One address, one of those wonderful orgasm filled sessions of yours. If you want three more addresses..."

Harry toed off his shoes while allowing his trousers to fall the floor and sighed. As he returned to the blonde woman's arms, he wondered if these things ever happened to Remo.

He did not end up leaving the Malfoy estate until sun rise.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Master," the minion said quietly, keeping his eyes focused on the floor. "I bring news. Thorfinn Rowle is dead."

"I am well aware of that, seeing how I killed him myself," the Dark Lord responded.

"I'm sorry Master, but not the Spanish Potions Master," the cowering minion said, wishing he was anywhere but here seeming to be correcting his master. "His cousin My Lord, one of your representatives on the Wizengamot. His wife reports that he was visited by a representative of Cornelius Fudge prior to being found dead."

"Fudge had one of my followers killed?" The dark lord thundered. "What dead man dared do such a thing?"

"Lady Rowle identified the villain as Odoriferous Crotchsniff from Minister Fudge's Reelection Campaign, Master."

"Odoriferous Crotchsniff must die!" Voldemort declared before breaking into girlish laughter.

"Odoriferous Crotchsniff?" The dark lord asked with a most feminine giggle. "Really?"

"Damn you girl!" Voldemort screamed. "I will kill every one you have ever cared about!"

The minion started backing from the room hoping that his raving master would be too tied up in his argument with himself to notice. He was not fast enough.

"You, boy!" The Dark Lord screamed. "Stay where you are! I have need of you!"

Voldemort swept across the room, and cupped the boy's jaw in his left hand. "Yes... You will do. You will do nicely!"

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The door was locked, both physically and by charm.

Harry was starting to suspect that the Parkinson family was far from the most trusting family around. He made a quiet lap around the rather impressive manor house and found all the entrances to be similarly protected.

How to do this... For a few moments, he contemplated entering through the roof... no one put all that much protection into his or her roof, it should be easy... But, was the easy way really what he was looking for? He recalled a technique Remo had used once, something that Harry had always wanted to try on his own. Since there did not appear to be anyone at home...

With the index finger of his left hand, Harry began softly tapping on the oaken door, slowly building in the intensity of the tap. After thirty seconds, he added a tap with the index finger of his right hand, just slightly out of rhythm with his left. Over the next minute, the intensity of the tapping continued to build while the rhythm never varied. The door started to vibrate in its jam, and Harry stopped the tapping with both hands and placed the palm of his right hand firmly against the center of the door.

Wood splintered and metal shrieked as the oaken door instantly stopped its vibrations, but the metal parts of the hinges and locking mechanisms did not. With a light push, the door fell into the manor's entry hall with a loud bang.

The noise did not bring anyone running in defense of the manor house, so Harry immediately knew that this was a dry hole.

***Well, one down***, Harry thought as he began a search of the house. He was positive that there was no one home, but his father would expect an efficient search anyway. One never knew when one would need to return to a building on another contract. ***Isn't it always the way?*** Harry asked himself, ***the guy you need to kill is always in the last place you look.***

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Master Chiun," Hermione Granger began hesitantly, still not sure of the proper way of responding to the old man's offer. "I do not believe that I can accept your offer in good faith. I cannot imagine myself giving birth to a child and not being his or her mother. Since you were so clear on your plans not having your son and me be together, I assume that you only wish me to give the child to you in exchange for your money. I could never do such a thing."

The old man nodded magnanimously. "I suspected that might be your answer Miss Granger, you

are, after all, a product of your culture."

Again, Hermione suspected that she had just been insulted, but she did not pursue that thought. "Harry has begun something of a relationship with Millicent Bulstrode," she ventured, still feeling more than a little guilty over how she had ended up interjected into Millie's romance with Potter. "Perhaps she..."

"Ah, the beauty," Chiun sighed. "It is never good for a man to tie himself to such a woman, for her beauty will cloud his judgment and cause him distraction when he should be focused."

"Of course..." Hermione said cautiously, wondering what sort of society would hold Millie up as a beauty... Millie was a sweet girl, but seriously...

"I fear my son would want to establish a more permanent relationship with Miss Bulstrode if I were to permit such a bonding," the old man mused, more to himself than to Hermione. "His life will be one of roaming the world plying his trade. It would be unfair to both of them. His long absences would lead her into loneliness and temptation, and her beauty would lead to many opportunities to stray..."

"I don't really think..." Hermione said trying to change the subject before she learned more about the old man than she really wanted to know.

"Of course you don't," Chiun sighed as he walked away, already plotting a different way to get his magical child, "that is the curse of your gender."

Hermione stood opened mouthed, staring at the old man's back as he glided away. There was no mistaking it that time; she had most definitely been insulted.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"The Ritual My Lord?" Billius Morely asked.

"Yes," Voldemort commanded as he fought to keep the Veela from emerging. "I need it soon. Today. Now."

"And the sacrifice?" Morely asked.

The Dark Lord looked purposefully at his minion who stood at the door, nearly delirious with pride that his Master told him he would stand in a place of honor among the Death Eaters.

"Ah," Morely murmured. "Young. Healthy."

"And far too stupid to put up much of a fight during the possession," Voldemort nodded. "In short, the perfect candidate. For the short term anyway, once I have defeated Potter, it is his body I will wear in my conquest of the world."

"The ritual will be ready within the hour My Lord," Morely promised.

“Soon girl,” Voldemort said to himself as he watched his Runesmaster hurry away to his preparations, “Soon you will pay for your insults and resistance. I will let you live long enough to see everyone you love tortured to death... Oh, you will pay!”

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry popped back into reality at the second house and surveyed his surroundings. His eyebrows rose a bit. He had spotted movement through the windows. Someone was home!

The presence of someone in the house would necessitate a change of tactics, Harry decided. If Voldemort was here, there was no sense in announcing his entrance like some kind of movie cop. Harry ghost stepped through the perimeter wards and approached the house. This one was smaller than the first, but still large for a single family. Harry looked up the wall. Four stories high, brick. Yes, this time he would enter through the roof.

Harry pressed his left hand against the brick wall and leaned into the surface to gain traction. His right knee pressed into the wall and he began his ascent. As he passed a second floor window, he began contemplating his entrance to the house. A glance at the window told him that the owners of the house took some level of security seriously; they actually had wards protecting the windows above the ground floor. But then, they were probably expecting someone approaching on a broom.

Brooms, Harry smiled to himself as he passed the third floor heading toward the roof. Why not just paint a bull’s-eye on your back? Even the fastest brooms were slow compared to the forces that could be raised against them.

Harry’s musings were interrupted when he reached the eaves of the manor house. Making a horizontal move from one vertical position to another always took some concentration. Pausing to ensure his breathing was in rhythm with his body’s functions, Harry’s left hand shot out taking hold of the closest slate roofing tile and using that motion, flipped his body out and over the overhang, landing silently on his toes atop the roof.

Harry paused again, making sure that no one had noticed his ascent, and then he surveyed the roof for the easiest point of access. There. A slate tile, lifted slightly out of position. Someone had not been concerned about home maintenance. That would be his point of entry.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Dagbert Perkins was a worried wizard.

Life as a Death Eater was most specifically NOT turning out the way he had imagined it. And not in a good way either.

The young wizard, only two years out of Hogwarts, tossed and turned in his bed, trying to get comfortable. It was not working. He was to join in on a raid in a few hours and had been unable to get any sleep.

Fear did that.

His first job in the service of the Dark Lord was as an attendant to the Dementors. Dagbert had thought at one point that he could get used to anything, no matter how unpleasant. The former Ravenclaw had been most dismayed to learn that no one ever 'got used' to exposure to Dementors.

Then the minor demons were suddenly gone, and memories of the punishment for their desertion still haunted the Death Eater's dreams.

Now Perkins and was one of a dozen Death Eaters assigned to maintain this house, in case the Dark Lord ever needed to abandon his current headquarters. Why would the Dark Lord ever need to abandon his headquarters? He had just fled his established place at the Malfoy estate, and now plans were in place to abandon the second choice?

Perkins knew the Dark Lord routinely examined the thoughts of his followers. What would happen if his master ever discovered these unworthy thoughts?

Perkins turned a corner into the darkened hallway he was patrolling and felt a pair of hands grab onto his shoulders. Before he could call out, he was pulled into a small cupboard.

"Hi there," a voice said from the darkness. "I'm looking for your boss. I was hoping you could help me."

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Voldemort looked at the wand in his hand and expressed his will. As the fire whip manifested, the Dark Lord laughed. A new body. A body without a woman's voice yammering in his mind. It was time. Time to end this. First, the girl had to pay for how she had defied him.

He turned his attention to the girl chained to the wall in front of him. "I'm free of you now," Voldemort proclaimed as he swung the fire whip through the air between them, causing the flaming strands to wrap around the flawless body.

"Where are your taunts girl? Where is your arrogance?" He asked as he struck her again. She did not cry out until the third strike. Voldemort smiled, and fought to assert his will over the magic. He did not want to kill her, not yet. "Don't worry girl, you don't die today. No, you don't die until everyone you've ever loved is tortured to death in front of you."

The Dark Lord caught a movement at the edge of his peripheral vision. He stopped his motion with the whip and turned in time to see one of his Death Eaters crumple to the ground, his head lolling free, his mask askew, showing the blood gushing from the man's mouth.

A gasp of surprise echoed throughout the room as his Death Eaters were suddenly on guard, their wands in their hands as they rallied to defend their master against whatever had caused one of their own to fall.

Silence reigned in the chamber for several seconds before the twelve masked Death Eaters all

collapsed, seemingly for no reason and began emulating their fallen comrade.

“Damn it,” A voice said from immediately behind Voldemort’s left ear. “He was the third one. I always have problems with synchronizing the third one. He always dies early. It spoils the surprise and the whole dramatic effect.”

The Dark Lord whirled to face the speaker, raising his wand to the ready, and was shocked to find he was looking into the amused face of Harry Potter. Potter was so close that Voldemort’s wand extended past his body. Nimble fingers plucked the wand from the Dark Lord’s hand, snapping the yew and phoenix feather with casual ease.

“Hi there,” the boy said, still smiling. “My name’s Harry, and I’ll be your assassin tonight.”

“Potter,” Voldemort hissed.

“You’ve heard of me?” the boy laughed. “Excellent, then this shouldn’t take long at all. Let’s get you out of this cloak so I can see what I’m working with.”

The boy’s hands flowed over the Dark Lord’s upper body; shredding the heavy cloak Voldemort had covered himself with upon his latest rebirth. As the heavy fabric fell away, the boy’s expression darkened. “Malfoy?” he asked. “You’ve possessed Draco Malfoy? You bastard! Do you have any idea what you’ve done? You asshole!”

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

“Hello Neville,” Hermione said as she seated herself at the base of the tree. This was the spot that she and Neville had staked out as their own in the spring of their first year. Whenever one of them wanted to speak privately with the other this is where they would meet.

“I’m glad you could make it. Gran is a bit put out with me, but she understands.”

“Understands what?” the brunette asked.

“The need to get out of here,” Neville grinned as he extended a large packet of parchment to his friend.

Hermione frowned as she broke the wax seals and opened the package. “Neville,” she said quietly, “this is an acceptance letter to Beauxbatons.”

“It is,” he agreed. “I’ve got one just like it, and so does Hannah.”

“I was planning on spending next year researching what school to finish at,” she pointed out.

“And waste a year. Beauxbatons is a world class school, one that could use a little of that old fashioned Granger shaking up. You speak French, you’ll be running the place before Christmas. Madam Maxime jumped at the chance to steal away Hogwarts’ top student.”

“Neville,” Hermione said in a quiet dangerous tone, “why does this say my tuition is already paid?”

“Oh, you noticed that did you?”

“Yes,” she answered in that ‘tell me before I hurt you’ tone he had come to know over the years.

“Well, you speak French, as I noted before. Hannah speaks French, and I, well I don’t. I figure I’m going to need quite a bit of help to survive amongst the Frenchies. So I thought I’d hire myself a pair of translators to keep me from hurting myself.”

“Neville...”

“Hermione, let me do this for you. You forget I’ve spent a fair amount of time with your father, and I know he’s just been able to cover Hogwarts’ tuition each year, and probably wouldn’t be able to cover the extra 30 percent the Beauxbatons charges. I on the other hand can cover it without any strain on my finances at all. If it truly bothers you, you can pay me back after we leave school and get established in your career.”

“Neville...”

“Hermione, you accepted a timid little fat boy when no one else would. If not for you, I doubt I’d have ever had the courage to speak to Hannah, much less ask her out, and I’d still be spending every living moment not at this school hiding in my green house at home.” Neville reached out and took her hand. “You are the big sister I always needed and wanted. For all the help you’ve given me, let me give you some help this time, alright?”

Hermione looked deeply into his eyes for a moment. “This,” she said gesturing with the parchment, “will be a loan, with interest, a payment schedule and penalties.”

“Whatever you want Hermione. My solicitor will draw up the documents.”

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

The boy’s reaction puzzled Voldemort. “I have all the boy’s memories of you,” the Dark Lord whispered as he stealthily reached for his backup wand still secured in the sleeve of the shirt he wore. “This level of concern for his survival is perplexing.”

“What?” the Potter boy asked distractedly as he shredded the sleeve in question and destroyed the wand before Voldemort would even put his fingers on it. “Have you got any idea how much people were going to be willing to pay me to kill him in a few years? The bastard you’re wearing now was a walking goldmine for my village,” the boy moved back a pace and examined the Dark Lord carefully. “Now I’ve got to kill him for free.”

“You might kill this body, but you cannot kill me!” Voldemort declared.

“What? You mean your soul jars?” Potter asked as he drove a thumb into the Dark Lord’s left

armpit, causing him to fall to the stone floor in agony. “Nah, that’s not a surprise. I’ve known about them since the elders of Kumsilu pulled the soul fragment out of my head. Well, not really, I mean I was only two at the time, but as soon as they started teaching me magic. Besides, a soul jar isn’t really immortality.”

“What do you mean?” Voldemort gasped as he struggled to his knees.

“Well, like most things in life, this is best explained by a story,” the boy said, lifting the Dark Lord to his feet, only to drive a thumb into the blond’s right arm pit, again sending the man to the floor in spasms of agony. “In 2723 BC Pharaoh Banetjer of the second Kingdom had a problem with an influential priest named Ni-Ruab. Ni-Ruab was too important for Banetjer to just have his official forces to deal with so he contracted the hit out to the House of Sinanju. Master Pha the younger traveled to Egypt, that land having been discovered by his Grandfather Pha the Elder, and dealt with the foolish priest. The contract fulfilled, Banetjer made his payment and Pha the younger returned to Sinanju. At this time, it was a long journey, many weeks in length. Once Pha the Younger arrived in Sinanju he received notice that Ni-Ruab had risen from his grave and was again terrorizing the Banetjer’s people.”

Potter paused for a moment and drove his thumbs into either side of Voldemort’s groin, throwing the Dark Lord into agony once again. “Off topic for a minute, who is the girl?” he asked gesturing to the young woman still chained to the wall.

“Fr...Fr... French school girl.” Voldemort panted, willing to do anything to avoid the agony of what Potter was doing to him. “Used for my resurrection.”

“You possessed her?” Potter asked glancing at the chained woman as he hauled the Dark Lord to his feet. “Why is she still alive? You were threatening her.”

“Not human,” Voldemort gasped. “Veela.”

“That’s Fleur Delacour?” Potter asked incredulously before a smile spread across his face. “You’re forgiven for possessing Malfoy. This is much better.”

“What do you mean?”

“The Delacour family paid me a metric buttload of money to kill you, because they blamed you for killing their daughter,” Potter explained. “Imagine what they will pay me when I deliver their lost daughter to them whole and alive? Back to my story then. Pha the younger returned to Abydos and found someone wearing Ni-Ruab’s death mask attempting to overthrow his rightful Pharaoh, this person wearing Ni-Ruab’s mask had memories of how Master Pha the younger had killed the original Ni-Ruab and thought that gave him a chance against a Master of Sinanju. He died of course, but Master Pha was puzzled by the whole incident, so he decided to stick around for a while, taking a smaller commission in Bagdad. Once Master Pha returned to Abydos, he found yet another Ni-Ruab attempting rebellion.”

“Master Pha took this as a direct insult to the purity of Sinanju, so this time rather than killing the

renegade priest, he took the man captive to learn what was happening.” Potter casually crushed the former Malfoy’s sternum and waited for the screaming to stop. “What Master Pha discovered is that Ni-Ruab was using soul jars. The priest would simply possess one of his followers and start up again whenever the body he was using was killed. It turns out that for a soul jar to work, the soul fragment must tether itself to the body via one of six points on the body. You strike me as the type of person to have more than one soul jar, just in case someone found one of them, and lots of magicals have taken this path since the time of Master Pha.”

“It doesn’t matter how many soul jars you have, there are only six anchor points, and I’ve closed five of them.”

“Damn you Potter!” The Dark Lord gasped.

“Yeah, I get that a whole lot,” the boy said with a smile. “I’ll leave you with a little something to reflect on in your next existence. I would strongly advise you not to return this time. If you were to do so, my father would be angry with me for fouling up a fairly simple exercise and make my life a living hell. Once he got through with me, he would snuff you himself. You see, Chiun believes that when Sinanju kills you, you stay dead.”

With a flick of his wrist, Potter drove the knuckle of his right index finger into the ridge of bone between Voldemort’s eyes, crushing the final point of linkage and driving the bone into the possessed body’s brain.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry approached the unconscious girl; surveying the damage Voldemort’s firewhip had done to her body. Not good. He would need to get her to medical attention if she was to recover any time soon. Those burns were horrific.

Given time, her magic would deal with the injuries, but there would be quite a bit of pain in the meantime, and even witches were susceptible to infection. Drawing his wand, Harry vanished the chains securing the woman to the wall, and then levitated her to a nearby table. Satisfied that she was not likely to hurt herself, Harry left the former Dark Lord’s chambers to search for something to be used to stabilize the injured witch.

Clean sheets came from a storage cupboard on the second floor, but the real prize of the search was the crock of sunflower oil found in the kitchen.

Returning to the girl, Harry carefully coated her burns with the oil, charming it to pull the heat from her wounds. Carefully wrapping the girl in the sheet, he exited the manor house and apparated to the gates of Hogwarts.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

“You’re back.”

“I am, Ms. Granger,” Harry nodded to the young woman. “Have you seen Millie?”

“She should be out with Professor Hagrid’s class,” Colin Creevy suggested. “Did you do it? Is... is...”

“Is You-Know-Who dead?” Neville Longbottom asked.

“Yes,” Harry confirmed. “And the Delacour girl he had kidnapped for his resurrection is still alive. She was kind of messed up, but the School Nurse seems to have her injuries in hand.”

A palpable wave of relief washed over the residents of the room.

Hermione glanced at the other Outsiders in the room and murmured. “I think we need to talk about a few things.”

“Do we?” The annoyingly cheerful boy asked.

“Your father offered me one hundred and fifty thousand pounds to have your child,” she explained.

Harry blinked. He certainly had not been expecting that. “I see. Ok, I’ve got time now, have you got a place in mind?”

“What?” Hermione sputtered.

“He wants a boy, right?” Harry asked reviewing the steps needed to ensure a male child. “Where are you in your fertility cycle? Were you planning on using a potion to speed up conception?”

“I told him no!” she shouted.

Silence filled the room for several seconds.

“You told my father ‘no’?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Yes,” the brunette confirmed.

“Oh, I get it, you’re making a joke,” Harry laughed. “Ok, when is the best time to get together for the conception?”

Hermione stood up and stomped her left foot at Potter. “I am not joking. I told him no.”

Potter crossed the room and placing his hands upon her shoulders turned her around several times, his eyes scanning her entire body.

“What are you doing?” She demanded while struggling in his grip.

“You aren’t injured,” Harry said in a distracted tone. “Are you *sure* you told him no?”

"Yes," she responded testily.

"You told my father no," Harry demanded. "Chiun of Sinanju. You told him no, and he understood you?"

"Yes."

"Wow," Harry said, sinking into the chair that Hermione had vacated. "You told him no?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know that was even possible," Harry said in amazement.

"Of course it's possible," Hermione huffed.

"Wow," Harry repeated. "So, no conception?"

"No," the brunette confirmed. "See? I can say it to you as well."

"Ok," Harry nodded. "Good..." He started nodding to himself. "Ok, you said no to Chiun of Sinanju and he just accepted it?"

"Yes," Hermione said, becoming more annoyed by the moment. "I told him no, he insulted me saying I am a product of my society, and dismissed me."

"Ok," Harry nodded again. "You just said no?"

"Yes," the girl all but screamed. "I bloody well said No, alright?"

"Yes. You told Chiun of Sinanju no, and survived," Harry said to himself, no longer paying much attention to those in the room, until he looked up into Hermione's eyes with an expression of wonder on his face. "What was it like?"

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Hello Millie," Harry said as he entered the room that he had come to think of as 'theirs' to find the girl standing alone staring out the window.

"Harry," she said in a very quiet voice. "So you've actually done it? Voldemort is dead?"

"Yes," He admitted. "The hit wasn't all that hard, really. The problem was finding the idiot."

"So, you'll be going then?"

"In a couple of days, yeah," Harry nodded. "I need to collect my wages from the people who hired me, and then my father has another job lined up, real money this time. We're going somewhere in the Middle East."

"So this is goodbye?" she asked still facing away from him.

"It has to be Millie, as much as I wish it didn't."

"Why? Why can't you stay?" the large girl turned to face him, tear streaming down her face.

"And do what?" Harry asked. "I'm an assassin Millie; I only know how to do three things. Train, hunt people, and kill them."

"I could come with you," the girls said wistfully.

Harry frowned, more than a little ashamed of himself and his actions concerning this wonderful girl. He had not wanted to hurt her, but it was very clear that he had. "You can't Millie. I live and work mostly in the Muggle world. Could you actually give up your magic to live the life of a camp follower?"

Millicent Bulstrode turned back to the window. "Alright then. You came to say goodbye. You've said goodbye. You can go now."

"Millie," Harry said plaintively. This was not the way he had wanted things to go between them. Why did it have to be so hard?

"Just go," she thundered as she pushed past him to leave the room.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

"Did you see her?" a whispered voice asked.

"How could I not see her?" another responded. "They said she was with the Dark Lord for two years. I wonder what she was doing for him?"

"What do you think a Veela was doing for him?" the first laughed.

Fleur lay in the hospital bed pretending to sleep. She was being left alone for once without her mother or the school nurse hovering and making her life unbearable. So of course, now the gossiping fools of this damned school would seek her out. It had been bad during that thrice damned tournament, but now the things they were accusing her of...

"I remember her from the Triwizard Tournament two years ago," yet another voice whispered from beyond the privacy screen. "Always so snooty and full of herself, and the awful way she treated Roger..."

"Oh, Roger," the first voice whispered. "He was just so... perfect before she got her hooks into him. He was never quite the same again..."

Roger Davies had made the mistake of trying to touch her breasts uninvited. Prior to that incident, she had almost decided to take him back to her room on the carriage and see what kind of stamina

he had. His clumsy grab at her breasts had caused her to hit him with her full allure, leaving him groping himself for several hours in search of a release that would not come.

Fleur lay still, giving no sign that she had heard the whispers. It was a struggle not to react to the little bitches, a struggle made no easier by the burning need in her loins. It had been so long, and the charogne had not been diligent about the needs of the body he had usurped. The nurse had promised that she would be released in time for lunch. Fleur was ravenous, but not for food. Perhaps she should keep her promise to the charogne and sate her needs with the Potter boy...

She should probably reward him properly anyway.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Harry made his way toward the Great Hall, the sooner he found his father the sooner they could be out of this castle.

“You! Englishman!”

He appeared to be the only one in the general vicinity so Harry turned to see who was calling for him. Ah, the French girl. “Korean actually,” He corrected her gently.

“Whatever. I do not remember much after the ritual that removed the charogne from my body. I do know that he and his followers were frightened of you, and that my mother tells me that you saved me.”

Harry bowed slightly. “I was tasked with ending his life. Finding you alive was a happy accident.”

“Hmm,” the girl said. “The whole time you were killing the charogne’s people I tormented him as often as I could. I promised him that should you kill him, I would reward you, even though you are an Englishman.”

“I’m Korean,” Harry corrected her again. “And your family has already rewarded me handsomely.”

“As if there is a difference. You are not French,” The girl said with an airy wave of her left hand.

Harry fought against smiling at having finally met someone who shared his father’s ‘you are a foreigner, you don’t count’ opinion of the world.

“I,” the young woman continued, “intend to reward you as only a Veela can.”

“Well, thanks,” Harry said smiling widely. “But I have to go. My father and I have appointments to keep.”

His declining her offer seemingly shocked the girl. “In the short time I have been in this horrible castle, I have heard many stories of your prowess... and you refuse *me* ? No man refuses a Veela, we are passion. We are sex.” With her left hand, she gathered a fist full of Harry tee shirt. “Come

with me. You will be rewarded whether you like it or not!”

This was a first. He had encountered a few aggressive women since coming to Hogwarts, but he had never been accosted like this... Oh, what the hell? If Veela were everything their reputations claimed they were, maybe he would finally finish the exercise.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

Fleur sealed the door behind the Potter boy and smiled as she covertly cast an amplification charm on the door. The sounds of her conquest over Potter would be heard through out this horrid castle.

This should shut those gossiping harridans up. They would know without a doubt that no man could conquer a Veela.

“So, here we are...” She said, unleashing her allure. She carefully held her power back of course, if she reduced the boy to a drooling comatose state that would serve no purpose after all.

“Yeah,” the boy said pulling his shirt off. “There’s a technique I’m working on. It has thirty seven steps, but I’ve never made it past 20.”

“You have a technique?” Fleur asked with a smile, while disrobing as well. She was a bit surprised to find herself very interested in his physique. “How interesting.”

“Yeah,” the boy said allowing his trousers to pool at his feet before stepping out of them. “But I’ve been having some real problems completing it. Do you mind if I practice?”

This boy was nothing if not amusing. Did he actually imagine that he would be making any decisions once she started? She pushed her allure to approximately half her maximum. “Oh, of course, anything for you...”

He smiled, Fleur was somewhat shocked that he was seemingly unaffected by her allure. He reached out and pulled her naked body against his own. His left hand began tracing an odd figure eight pattern in the small of her back. “This is step one,” he said simply.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

“This is step one,” echoed throughout the Great Hall.

“My daughter is showing off again,” Apolline Delacour said in an apologetic tone to Minerva McGonagall who was sitting next to her for the midday meal.

“You mean, they are... With Potter?”

“Yes,” the amazingly beautiful woman said, reaching for her goblet of wine. “He is an marvelously virile young man,” the Veela paused for a moment. “Pardon me, I forget that so few know much of the Veela. We are an extremely carnal people. We need it to survive. That Voldemort creature did not understand the body he had possessed, but the monster knew that his

sexual desires had risen to previously unimagined levels. Rather than do what he needed to do, he attempted to satiate himself using women. This gave the body the monster shared with my daughter enough to survive, but nowhere enough to flourish. Essentially, my daughter is a starving woman. To regain her full health, Fleur will need to couple with three, perhaps as many as five young men over the next two days.”

"Comment fais-tu ça?" Fleur's voice echoed in the Hall. "c'est boooon!" she moaned.

“And this,” Potter's voice responded, “Is step two.”

“UUHH!” the young woman moaned. “Je te veux! S'il te plait, j'ai envie de toi! Mets-la moi...bien profond...remplis-moi!”

Everyone in the Great Hall had stopped eating by this time. “The poor girl must have really been suffering,” Madam Delacour noted. “Losing control like that. Perhaps she is worried the boy will not last.”

“No,” the high-pitched voice of Chiun of Sinanju spoke up, an expression of shame upon his features. “Sadly it is my son who is showing off. He has not taken into account the effect of the Thirty Seven Steps of Female Ecstasy might have on as sexual a being as a Veela. My apologies Madam Delacour.”

“Are you alright?” Potter asked.

"Mon bel amour, comme tu as une belle queue!"

“Thanks,” Potter laughed. “Step three.”

There was a short pause until Fleur's gasp echoed through the castle. "Bravo, la Queue!" she screamed. “Gonflée, gorge-toi, fais ton chemin et mon bonheur!”

“Easy,” Potter said. “You're going to need to slow down or...”

“Ca c'est du peu comme j'aime ! Vas-y, défonce-moi !

“Ok,” the boy muttered. “Let's just slow down a bit, ok?”

“Fais marcher ta bite et enfonce-la moi jusqu'aux couilles, ouvre moi à fond!” Then the girl screamed incoherently.

“So, ready to keep going?” He asked.

"Oui," she panted. “Oui plus profound!”

“Ok, step four.”

Again the girl screamed.

“Fleur?” Potter’s voice asked. “Fleur?”

Silence was his only answer.

“You have got to be kidding me!” The boy exclaimed. “Step four? Step freaking four? God damn it!”

Apolline Delacour raised a sculpted eyebrow for a moment, and then patted her mouth with a napkin. Nodding to McGonagall, she rose from the table and exited the Great Hall.

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

In the silence that followed Potter exclamation, few people took notice when Millie Bulstrode ran from the Great Hall with tears in her eyes, nor did anyone notice similar reactions from Pansy Parkinson and Aurora Sinestra.

Hermione Granger sat quietly at the Gryffindor table trying to understand what she was feeling and fighting against the urge to hunt down the French Witch and do something evil to her for what she had demanded of Harry...

“Oi, Hermione,” Luna called from the Ravenclaw table.

Hermione looked up and caught her zany friend’s eye.

“You said no, huh?” the somewhat spacy blonde asked with an evil grin.

“Luna!” Hermione protested, a blush flooding her face.

“Madam Delacour?” Harry’s voice started again.

“Mr. Potter,” the woman’s cultured voice rang out. “I have come to apologize to you, it seems my daughter felt the need to publicize your affair, she cast a charm that amplified the sound from this room and broadcast it throughout the castle.”

“You mean... You mean my father heard all that?”

“Indeed.”

“Oh, crap.”

“Mr. Potter,” the woman’s voice fully carried the smile on her lips. “There is no reason for you to feel shame for my daughter’s actions.”

“What?” Harry asked. “No, not that. My father will be disappointed that I couldn’t complete the exercise.”

Hermione shot a glance toward the Staff table where Master Chiun sat shaking his head sadly.

There was short pause before Harry spoke again. “Madam Delacour?”

“I find I must uphold the honor of the Veela flocks,” the woman’s voice was deeper now, radiating sex.

Hermione looked about the Great Hall to see how others were reacting to what was happening. Most of the girls were flushed, and most of the boys seemed to be having difficulties sitting still. “Show me your steps.”

“Oh, ok.” Harry responded. “That amplifying charm is off, right?”

“But of course,” Apolline lied.

“Ok,” Potter said. “This is step one.”

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

“I have never been so embarrassed in my life.” Chiun sniffed.

“Father, I had no idea that she put that broadcast charm on the room,” Harry grinned as the father and son pair of assassins left Hogwarts castle for the last time. “Hell, I have no idea *why* she would do something like that.”

“The looks all those young cows were giving you, you are just like your brother, only interest in the udders.”

“Her mother came to me remember. I didn’t go looking for her, and she lied to me. Besides, you would think that a person practically made of sexual magic would last longer than step twelve.”

“They are too used to being in control of the act,” Chiun pointed out in his extolling the wisdom of Sinanju voice. “Not being in control is like an aphrodisiac to them.”

“There is that,” Harry admitted.

“Every single one of them wanted you, except the one I wanted to want you,” the old man kvetched.

“Yeah, she told you ‘No’.”

“You did nothing to convince her.” Chiun said accusingly.

“By the time I knew about it, she had already said no. I didn’t believe her at first when she told me. She wasn’t injured or anything. I didn’t think that was possible.”

“Of course it is possible,” Chiun said in an offended tone. “You make me sound like some kind of dangerous monster rather than the man of peace that I am.”

“Man of peace,” Harry scoffed. “More like the most dangerous man alive. And none of that changes the fact that she told you no. And survived.”

“She did,” Chiun admitted. “She was a young woman with whom I had attempted a business negotiation; it was only polite to accept her refusal as it was offered. You on the other hand are my apprentice. You don’t have that protection.”

“I figured as much,” the boy paused for a moment, and then he grinned again. “Did you see Dumbledore’s face when I gave him my expense report?”

“Truly, that is the most wonderful addition to our standard contract since Master Van the Unloved added the unfaithful client clause,” the old man agreed as the pair passed through the school’s gates.

“We’re outside the wards now Father, where too?”

“Heathrow,” the old man said simply. “An assassin’s work is never done, and we have a living to earn.”

\_\_\_---oooOOOooo---\_\_\_

## **A Thoughtful Review Of Harry Potter and the Sun Source**

### ***Don't Read This Pile of Ox Droppings***

**This is an improper story, which one could expect from an improper person, such as the fat lazy hack currently hunched over his keyboard.**

**So of course, it was decided that the only review of this example of white centric idiocy that really matters would not be published until after the end of the so-called story.**

**In all these chapters of this epic tale of lies and dishonesty, not one properly colored person has been allowed to write a single word. Not one. Only this fat lazy white man is to blame for the lies you have been reading. These pages, littered as they are with his inanities, exaggerations and the deliberate ignoring of persons of the proper color, are wasted. However, that is not surprising considering that the foolish white idiot who scribbled these falsehoods tends to favor his own ilk.**

### ***Dedications to the Dead. White Dead***

**Back in the fifth of what could be laughingly called 'chapters' honor was offered to a dead man. Yes, one of the chapters was dedicated to a dead man who was evidently masquerading as some sort of wolf, but not one properly colored person, living or dead, has been so honored. Where is the justice in this?**

### ***Why I Don't Care***

**It does not matter that I, Chiun, Master of Sinanju, who has made Sapir, Murphy, and the seemingly endless parade of ghost writers, hacks, and editors from the original series of books rich beyond their wildest imaginings. It does not matter that I have delivered to the scribbler of this particular heresy most of his ideas for what has become one of his most popular wastes of time. It does not matter that I, the gentle flower of humanity, has never been so honored.**

**Nor has any other properly colored person been so honored, not even a Japanese or Thai, let alone a Korean or anyone from north of the 38th Parallel. I do not mind. Having dealt with ungrateful writers for most of fifty years, I am well accustomed to basic ingratitude.**

**I do not want a dedication.**

### *A Simple Demand*

**What I do want is to review this final chapter of twaddle, always on guard against anti-Koreanism, virulent anti-Koreanism, that this fat white fool has routinely allowed to slip its ugly tentacles into these very pages that should honor the House of Sinanju, on the beautiful West Korea Bay, sometimes described as cold and bleak and rocky by those infected with anti-Koreanism.**

### *Blot Not Korean*

**For this, the final chapter of this collection of lies about the gentle beauty that is Sinanju, a trio of names was submitted to me for evaluation of their worthiness of being the subject of the Writer's Dedication. Those names are Rorschach's Blot, Bobmin357 and Doghead13.**

**The first is clear. A foolish person, known for the messes he makes and is therefore called Blot. On top of his apparent general messiness, I understand that he is supposedly a 'guy on vacation' whatever that means.**

**The second is confusing even to me, even when I parse the name carefully. To a white, to Bob is to pop up and down in a mindless manner, while 'min' has no real meaning in English, though it might be an oblique reference to Min, the Egyptian fertility god. The 357 is obvious if you understand the white mind, a reference to an unnecessarily large pistol. Therefore, this 'Bobmin357' is a person who desires to shoot an Egyptian fertility god while said god is hopping in place. Madness, but that is the white race for you.**

**The third reference is some sort of survivor of the Dynastic Egyptians. Those people had several living gods, which inexplicably had the heads of animals on the bodies of men. At one time, there were many of these unusual beings, but then one of them hired Master Pha the Elder to deal with a usurper and stiffed Pha out of his honest wage. Pha must have missed this Doghead person. Sloppy of him.**

**Precisely why the fat lazy white scribbler would want to dedicate his work to a surviving ancient Egyptian god is a mystery, even to one such as I, who is quite used to the insane**

workings of the lazy white mind and my vast knowledge of the absurd white cultural naming systems.

### *Why They Are to Blame*

The fat lazy white who consistently understates my overall importance to this story claims that these three purported 'writers' inspired him to add his so called 'work' to the universe that seemingly worships my youngest apprentice, and as such he wished to dedicate the completion of this collection of lies to them. Blot for the inspiration to actually make his scribblings available to the public at large, Bobmin357 for carping like a fishwife until the fat one started producing works of a 'more reasonable length', and Doghead13 because of some incident he reported that involved my tour guide at Hogwarts being spanked with a codfish, making the lazy scribbler laugh as he rarely had before.

- I am still at a loss to explain just how such a thing could be humorous, or how an abomination with the head of a dog (or would that be the heads of thirteen dogs?) could be thought to be a 'writer'.

### *Published?*

The list of dedications came with a note that someone called Jim Bernheimer had helped bring Clell65619 into the world of an actual published author of an original story, somehow validating all the other pathetic scribbling this fool has wasted his time producing over his long and wasted non-Korean life.

Moreover, this brings up one of the many problems of so-called Western World. Many of you have suffered from junk mail, useless information that causes you to waste your time reading it. That note about the lazy white fool being a published author was junk information. There are few things less important in this world than the writers of short stories not about Korea and that wonderful village on the West Korea Bay, and I have neither time nor inclination to ferret them out.

However, on reflection, I think the truffle season in the Loir Valley might be slightly less important than Clell65619's career as a writer.

Then again, there are people who like truffles. As far as I know, no one really likes Clell65619 or his pathetic stories.

In my awesome magnificence,

I am, with moderate tolerance for you and your continued existence,

Chiun, Master of Sinanju.