Chapter 9

Pushing his plate to the side of the desk Harry once again started to work on the map trying to decide where to place the new house tree communities. He had already chosen a site not that far away from the seed tree grove, he had checked on the growth of the sapling turned mature tree after it had tapped the pool of magic deep under the earth and was very pleased to find that it was ready for habitation.

This weekend might be the best time to plant the rest of the grove Harry thought, he could get this grove off the ground and leave the rest to his new subjects. Harry stopped his thinking and sat up straight that was just wrong, thinking about those who were going to move into his lands as his subjects. Shaking his head Harry vowed never ever to allow himself to think that way again.

A knocking on the door frame to his office caused him to break out of his thoughts, looking up he noticed Saero along with Trava’in and one other he did not recognize standing there. Saero seeing Harry look up chuckled and told him, “Hiding in your office again I see.”

Motioning for them to come in Harry finished it with a wave of his hand in front of his desk thus conjuring three comfortable chairs. “Come on in, have a seat, would you like something to drink,” Harry smiled at his surprise guests.
As the trio of Lords sat down Harry called out, “Trisky.”

When the little house elf popped in the room she saw the empty plates from the finished meals and said, “Sir has finished his meal.” Then her voice scolding Trisky told him, “Sirs other guests have finished eating and are walking around out side.”

Turing around to pick up the dirty dishes Trisky let out a squeak, “Eeep.” Bowing her head several times Trisky was horrified she had an audience as she scolded her Sir for letting guests to eat at his table and not show up.

“Trisky is sorry she did not see High Ones,” She told them as she fidgeted, folding her hands in and out of her apron that she wore when cooking and cleaning in the kitchen to cover her vest to keep it clean.

Saero already used to the antics of the little ones chuckled as Harry shook his head in amusement. “Trisky could you bring my guests and I some Butter Beer,” Harry asked gently.

Trisky nodded her head before snapping her fingers at the dirty dishes and popping out.

Saero introduced the others for Harry’s benefit, “I believe you have met Trava’in Lord of the lands hidden in the forest.” At Harry’s nod Saero continued, “And on my other side is Koeh’avara Lord of the Lands hidden in the mountains.”

“Pleased to meet you,” Harry told them as he nodded his head in a polite bow.

Trisky who had popped outside the room so as to not disturb her Sirs guests almost dropped her tray as she heard who the guests were, no wonder Sir had not eaten with the others, he was waiting for the other Lord High Ones. Quietly and trying to be as inconspicuous as possible Trisky laid out the drinks in front of her Sirs Guests before leaving.

Saero then introduced the others to Harry using his full title, “And this is Mytimah Lord Na Arkenea’ghym.”
Harry was startled at the indrawn breaths of Trava’in and Koeh’avara at his name and raised a questioning eyebrow.

Seeing the questioning look Trava’in told Harry, “Sorry for that, but we have all grown up with stories about the Lord of the Ancient Mages of the Forgotten. It was a slight shock to realize we are in the lands of the Forgotten.”

Saero on the receiving end of a look that promised pain if he did not explain quickly told Harry, “No prophecy or any of that rubbish. We all grew up with the legends of the times when the Race of Elves were the only race roaming the world.”

Saero sat back as he recounted the tale, “Long ago when we were the masters of the world there were for great kingdoms. The land in the forests, the land in the mountains, the land in the valley and finally a land that was larger than the others called simply the land of the Forgotten Mages.

Over time each of the lands prospered and our race grew more plentiful.

Then we learned of other dimensions and worlds and we started to explore these worlds and lands.

As the other races started to step out of the caves and start communities the four Lords gathered for one final time.

For the other Lords had set down roots on these other worlds and prepared to leave this one.

Over time when the gift of magic was given to the race of man the first of the three Lords returned at took up his lands once again.”

“Of course we are not talking about the original Lord who had left, but one of his descendants,” Saero informed him.

“Then years later the third Lord returned, but he was a changeling, one changed by magic and he took up the title of Lord and opened his lands to the rest of us and once again our race grew and prospered,” Saero explained looking at Harry intently now, “Each time a Lord returned he brought with him new skills and knowledge that he shared freely, but he had come back to this world to heal from great sorrow.”
“And now the fourth and final Lord has returned, a changeling from a world of war with skills and knowledge unheard of,” Trava’in told him quietly.

“A Changeling that chose his name, a name that even if you did not know it, magic must have guided you to choose a name that reflected who and what you are truly,” Koeh’avara picked up the thread of explanation.

“And after looking through your library, as incredulous as it seems, it is exactly as was chronicled as belonging to the last lord of the Forgotten Mages,” Saero spoke now, “And when you invoked the magic to take you to a new home it brought you here.”

“A place where you truly belong, among people who truly cherish you for who you are not what you can be or do for them,” Trava’in told him with passion.

“The four are once again back where they belong,” Koeh’avara proclaimed triumphantly.

Blushing slightly Harry was uncomfortable and started to say so when he was interrupted.

“Nay young Lord, magic itself allowed for your change. It knew your deepest desire to find a home for yourself, to let you rest your weary soul and to heal among those that would call you one of their own,” Saero told him passionately.

“We are better because of your arrival here, whether you do anything other than rest and relax as you care for those who enter your sanctuary, we are better for it, just because you came home,” Koeh’avara said with conviction before picking up his drink and sniffing the open bottle. Taking a sip he was very shocked, “This is good.”

Laughing at the others expression, “It’s called Butter Beer, a Wizarding drink that I am fond of.” Harry identified the beverage for them.

“As we passed the dining room I heard Amathal quizzing her guests on why you would come back so angry and ready to prepare for war?” Saero asked diplomatically, “What I want to know is how the wizards that attempted to stop you were not punished by magic for the attack.”
“Did they not know your true identity as one of the High Elf’s?” Trava’in asked troubled over the conversation he had overheard.

As Harry answered, Saero looked at the young lord intently he should be able to notice changes in the young lord’s body by now. “You did take the potion I gave you two days ago correct?” Saero asked as he tilted his head as he scanned the young lord.

Reddening slightly Harry had completely forgotten, “I completely forgot about it. I remember being so exhausted and set it on my dresser in a safe place and then promptly forgot about it.”

“Ah that explains it then,” Trava’in was relieved it was so simple and not the gift of magic breaking down.

Thinking back Saero wanted to slap himself he really did not explain fully what the potion would do, plus he should have made the young lord drink it right then. “Excuse my oversight Mytimah; I really should have done a better job of explaining what the potion would do for you,” Saero apologized.

Harry tilted his head slightly and asked, “It has other features other than making the final maturity less painful?”

Nodding his head Saero explained, “Yes, the two biggest advantages are that once taken your magic will resonate with the magic of this world. For the most part you might notice a slight increase in power, but the last changeling said it was more of a decrease in the amount of power needed to use his magic, most things did not take as much power as they used to before the potion.”

“As part of the magical bonding to this world, is the protection that you would gain if any of the other races broke the rules set down in the gift of magic our race gave them. We did not want to wake up one day and find out that those we gave the gift to had turned on us, so if any would happen to attack one of our race Magic itself will rip the gift out of their body and soul leaving them without the ability to do magic.” Saero informed Harry and then made a comparison, “Much like your system of Sanctuary is watched over by magic to ensure none who come here to be healed are harmed.”

That made sense thought Harry and he gave a nod in understanding and asked, “And the other?”
“Ah yes, because you de-aged your body to fix what was wrong, the potion will use your own magic to mature your physical body so that it once again looks like a young adult instead of the youngster you appear to be now,” Saero smiled at him knowing from reading his journal how much of a sore spot his height and size was.

“So my appearance would grow to that of a healthy young man again, how fast?” Harry asked very interested, this would solve a lot of his problems he was finding as he traveled outside his lands.

Raising his hand Saero asked for permission to run a scan, “May I?”

Harry nodded his head and waited as Saero cast a diagnostic spell to determine his health status.

“Right now you are physically the age of around twelve years old, so the potion will affect you…” Saero trailed off as he made the mental calculations in his head. “By winter solstice you should appear to have the body of a strong healthy eighteen year old. Then like the rest of the High Elf’s once you reach your twenty fifth birthday, your body will not show any further aging until you are near death just as we do.” Saero pronounced.

Eyes widening and then a smile crept across Harry’s face and he called out for Toby.

Once the house elf had appeared with a pop he looked around and let his eyes widen slightly as he took in the other high ones but did not let his awe show too much. “Sir Emerald Eyes has a need for Toby.” Toby said very formally with a slight bow, feeling the need to show he was a respectful elf.

“Thank you Toby, I was hoping you could do a small favor for me?” Harry paused giving the house elf a chance to nod his head. “On top of my dresser is a small bottle, its purple in color and should be the only bottle in the basket that sits on top of my dresser. Could you bring it to me?” Harry asked with a smile.

Nodding his head Toby prepared to leave but stopped when the other High One spoke.
“Toby before you go I have something you need to return to the private library,” Saero told the little one as he pulled a red leather journal from his inner vest pocket and handed it over.

Eyes widening as he noticed the book from two days ago Toby clutched it to his chest pride showing in his posture for being the only one other than his Sir allowed to go in the private library. Snapping his fingers he left with a softer popping noise than any of the other house elves, and was back a few seconds later.

Handing the bottle he was asked to retrieve to Harry he bowed slightly and told him, “The journal has been placed back in its shelf in your private library Sir Emerald Eyes.”

“Thank you Toby, you’re the greatest,” Harry told the house elf, amused to see how his words had pleased him.

A very embarrassed house elf left the room by snapping his fingers.

Unscrewing the cap Harry sniffed it and not smelling anything lifted the bottle to his lips and downed it in go. Setting the bottle down Harry sat back in the chair and noticed some tingling in his body that was not unpleasant just different.

The others watched as Harry started to glow slightly as his core came into the visual range and seemed like it was reaching out to gather the magic of this world to make it part of itself.

Saero who had read Harry’s journal already knew how powerful he was back in his old world so he was not surprised like the other two on how large his magical core was. When Harry’s core became visible it extended almost a full half meter outside his body, now as his core reached out to the magic of this world to make itself part of it, it enlarged half again as large as it was before starting to glow brighter, the color now a white so intense it shimmered. So much magic was roiling around in the room wanting to join with Harry that his body actually started to grow taller.

A few minutes later the glow started to fade as the magic that had joined with Harry began became less visible, almost as if it had been compressed as it disappeared from view.
Harry smiled as his magic settle down once again and he felt different, changed somehow. Mentally scanning his core for damage he was slightly shocked to see it had enlarged to the extent it had and wondered what Saero would consider a major increase. Blushing when his stomach grumbled in hunger Harry had not felt hunger pangs like this in almost twenty years.

Laughing Saero called out for Harry’s head cook, “Trisky could you come here please.”

 Appearing in the room Trisky looked around to see who had called her.

Alerted by the popping noise Saero turned and addressed the house elf that had appeared behind him, “Trisky, Mytimah has gone through a growth spurt just now and is in need of a large meal.”

Harry’s stomach chose that moment to let it be know it wanted food and grumbled loudly causing Harry to blush and the others to laugh.

 Looking at her Sir she noticed right away he was a good bit taller than a little bit ago and nodded her head and told him before leaving, “Trisky is bringing desert for high Ones and large meal for Sir.”

Not even a full minute later a large helping of roast beef with all the fixing appeared on Harry’s desk as the map floated off to the side and a large chocolate cake with plates and a few more bottles of Butter Beer appeared on the desk closer to the other edge of the desk. Not able to stop himself Harry grabbed up his fork and started to eat. Taking a moment to chew the tender beef Harry motioned for the others to help themselves to the cake, intent on filling the empty hole where his stomach used to be.

After finishing half of the plate of food, which had enough food for three Harry told them, “Sorry about that, I don’t know what came over me, I had just finished supper when you stopped by so I should not have been able to eat so much so soon.”

“That’s perfectly understandable young Lord, you did suddenly grow a good twelve centimeters in a few minutes, and your body needs the fuel to recover,” Trava’in told him as he passed over a large slice of cake.
Taking the cake Harry was not sure he could eat another bite, but dug in once he had swallowed the first bite and his body felt the rush of sugar hit his tongue.

Sitting back in the chair groaning at how full he was, to the laughter of the others, “I hope that doesn’t happen to often, if it does Trisky is going to be convinced I need to eat more,” Harry whispered.

“You might have a few more growth spurts like that one, but for the most part they will not leave you wanting to eat everything in the cool room,” Saero told him while laughing.

“I am sure you can come up with a convincing story to tell your delightful Trisky, though feel free to send any leftovers my way, I will be more than happy to help you out,” Koeh’avara told him as he wondered if he could eat another slice.

“As much as I enjoy eating your food and Trisky’s wonderful cooking we came here tonight so we could take a look at one of the other arrays, so those that want to visit do not constantly end up in the healer hall. Once we get a mind picture of what can be seen from the array we can pass the visualization on to those that wish to come here and not bother the healers,” Saero informed him of the purpose of their visit.

Shuddering Trava’in leaned forward, “You don’t want to get on the bad side of the healers and need their treatment; they refuse to let you leave without putting you through so many embarrassing things.”

Chuckling Saero said, “I see Amathal has taken over and is arranging things to her liking.”

Pouting Harry told him, “I blame you for that to. First I lose control of my own kitchen and now my own hospital.”

Shaking his head Harry told them causing them to break out in laughter, “When the scholars get here I refuse to let them near my library. “

Groaning as he stood up and his clothes were way too tight and pants way too short Harry gave out a relieved sigh when he waved his hand causing his clothes to enlarge enough so he could move. “This could be expensive on the clothing budget.” Harry muttered as he motioned the others to follow him, “Let me show you where the other array is then.”
Leading the other High Elf Lords out one of the side halls that led to the courtyard Harry led them through a side gate that came out the other side of the gardens near the waterfall.

Looking at the waterfall and the gorge it cascaded its way down the sidewall into Trava’in whispered in awe, “This place is beautiful, truly a treasure.”

“I have spent many a night healing from my wounds sitting near the edge looking over this spot, remembering those who gave their lives in the fight,” Harry said sadly lost in memories. Shaking himself out of his memories Harry told them, “But you don’t want to hear me talk about such dark times. The array is over this way.”

“Mytimah, it is not a matter of whether we wish to listen to you recount the dark times in your past. It is more to the point of, if you wish to speak of such things we will listen no matter what you need to recount.”

Letting some of the pain he was feeling at the memories he had gotten lost in Harry whispered back full of emotion, “Thank you.” Gathering his control once more Harry stopped when they neared the array near the picnic area.

“This is perfect.” Trava’in told him as he stepped into the middle of the array and gazed around, “I should be able to pass this view along without a problem.”

Joining Trava’in in the center of the array Koeh’avara whispered as he gazed across the gorge to the caves in the opposite cliff wall, “Truly a wonder, indeed.”

Letting her gaze follow the pointing antics of the young men as they walked back towards the healers hall, Amathal noticed who they young ones were pointing at. Close enough to be heard and noticed Amathal called out as she dropped into a deep curtsey that had her almost kneeling before standing back up, “Good evening my Lords.”

Turning around towards the voice Harry noticed the group surrounding Amathal and brushing up against his pocket he felt the potion he had designed for Remus of his world and pulled it out while motioning for her to come over. “Good evening Amathal,” Harry told her before addressing the others, “And good evening to you Potter, Black and Lupin families.”
After a chorus of returned good evening accompanied by much bowing and scraping Harry held out the silver shimmering potion, “I meant to give this to you earlier; this is the potion that will inscribe the runic symbols on young Remus’s bones.”

“Thank you my Lord, I did brush up on your notes in preparation for administering the potion and was wondering whether I would have to track you down for it,” Amathal smiled letting him know she meant it in jest.

“Well seeing how you have taken over my own healing hall I might as well hand this over gracefully,” Harry smirked, thinking of ways to get even.

Back to the others knowing they could not see Amathal curtseyed again and made a face as if she was blowing a raspberry at him and replied, “I live to serve my Lord.”

Breaking out in laughter Harry told her, “Off with you, much more of this you will need a bed in your own hall.” Shaking his head in laughter Harry turned back to his guests and let Amathal gather hers and move off.

Leaving the lords behind Amathal steered her guests back towards the healing hall.

“Not to sound ill mannered, but who were those others with the Lord of these lands?” Harold asked, before asking another question right on top of the first, “And what in Merlin’s name is the name of your Lord if you don’t mind? Calling him hey you would seem very ill advised.”

Laughing as she entered the doorway to the barn section of the healing hall Amathal told them, “Those four are the four Lords of the realm, the rulers of the four kingdoms.”

Passing through the shimmering curtain designed to keep insects out of the rest of the healer’s hall Amathal added, “As far as what name can be used to address my Lord, you may use his title, Lord Na Arkenea’ghymn.”

Pointing towards the bed Amathal ordered, “Remove your top Remus and lay down on your stomach.”
After several tries to pronounce the name Harold finally interrupted after seeing the others had no success either, “Unfortunately we cannot pronounce the name without butchering it to the point we might offer insult, at least without more practice.”

Chuckling softly as she prepared to administer the potion Amathal told them, “The house elves also do not seem to be able to pronounce our names either, so at his request they call him Sir Emerald Eyes, which is a partial translation of his name.”

Turning her attention back to Remus she started to explain what she was about to do so he would not panic, “I want you to relax as much as possible I will explain step by step what I’m doing so you know what is going on.” Hearing his mumbled reply Amathal started, “Alright, the first thing I am going to do is to levitate you so that your head hangs down exposing the back of your neck.”

After Remus was floating a half meter above the bed Amathal told him as she placed her hand on the back of his neck with a antiseptic cloth, “Right now I’m numbing you neck while cleaning it, I need to make a small cut along your neck to be able to pour the potion into it.” Sliding her nail across the back of his neck opening an incision where her finger moved she sent a burst of magic down her finger keeping the wound from bleeding.

“Alright the hard part is done, now I am going to pour the potion in to the incision slowly before healing the cut. After that you will feel a burst of heat that will not get too uncomfortable, more like the discomfort caused by a mild sunburn as my magic activates the potion and it inscribes the runes on your vertebrae,” Amathal told him as she started to pour the potion into the incision.

Not really feeling anything but a gentle heat and numbness from his neck he did not realize that it was almost done.

Closing the incision and placing her glowing hand over the spot, Amathal started to push her magic into the area as she picked up the chant that was written in the journal.

Remus felt warm which quickly changed to a mild burning as the chant picked up. He was staring to get uncomfortable as his skin tingled and seemed to move as he found himself back on the bed curled up. With a loud gasp Remus transformed into a large wolf that was larger than the large gray wolf of old. Growling menacingly hackles rising in agitation at the sounds of terror that was coming from behind the glowing two legs, Remus snapped his jaws at them when he felt a sudden pain from his nose.
THWAP

Holding the rolled newspaper up in case she needed to whack him again Amathal yelled at the boy sternly, “REMUS LUPIN…SIT DOWN NOW.”

Remus in shock whined as he promptly laid down and covered his nose with a paw to protect it.

“A little quiet would be helpful,” Amathal practically sneered at the group behind her. Setting the newspaper down on the edge of the bed she heard the snickers coming from behind her.

“Did you see that she hit him on the nose like she was scolding a puppy for having an accident inside on the rug.” James got out before breaking down in laughter holding on to the laughing Sirius to keep from falling down.

“Once the runes are inscribed it forces a true change for the first time, and sometimes it takes a little motivation for the brain to overrule instinct,” Amathal held back her own laughter as she told them that.

“He doesn’t look like a werewolf,” Orion said as he approached the bed. “Remus do you understand me?” Orion asked as he thought of the possibilities.

Lifting his head up Remus nodded his head before glancing over and glaring at the paper at the foot of the bed. Sitting up slowly carefully keeping an eye on the healer in case she had another newspaper somewhere Remus sat up and looked his new body over. Tail wagging hard enough to drag the sheets to the floor Amathal laughed with the happy mood that was rolling off Remus.

Giving him a moment to be petted by his parents and friends and listening to the others exclaim at the difference between Remus and a werewolf Amathal broke it up wanting to bring Remus back to his normal form. “Ok listen up Remus, just like the Animagus transformation you need to remember and concentrate on feeling your body as it was when you are in human form,” Amathal instructed him.
Seeing he was not really listening to her as he was to intent on playing in this new form Amathal stepped forward and caught his muzzle with her hand and pulled his face around to look in his eyes. “Play time is over Remus, now it is time to return to human form. Concentrate on the feeling of moving your fingers as you pick up something you dropped on the floor visualize what you look like and push yourself into it.” Amathal slowly and calmly instructed him.

Letting go as the muzzle started to retract as Remus turned back into his normal form she smiled as he yelled out in glee. “Did you see it…Did you see I am a normal wolf,” Remus yelled out in glee as he bounced off the bed and started to bounce around the room with his friends.

Laughing at the young man Amathal conjured a robe and caught his attention by saying, “Yes you did very well, but I don’t think you should be flashing the room with your bits.”

Mortified with embarrassment Remus pulled James and Sirius around in front of him to block him from view, as he turned so red she could swear she could feel the heat from his embarrassment all the way over where she was standing.

Laughing Amathal threw the robe to Remus and sat down on the bed and held her side laughing.

Catching her breath she stood up, “Remus I want you to spend one more night here in the healer’s hall and then we will find a room for you to move into while staying here to learn how to use magic properly.”

“After everything I have heard would it be possible to include another in your lessons,” Orion Black asked carefully.

Looking at the pleading expression on his sons face Harold spoke up, “I think you will find that all three boys really want to do this, though if truth be told I think we would all benefit from learning to connect with our magic properly.” Harold said as he watched the three boy’s heads bowed together more than likely planning something.

Having said good bye to the other Lords Harry was in a good mood as he walked back towards the healing hall. Harry snorted in amusement, it was not enough that he was kicked out of his own hospital but they had to go and change its name too.
Walking in through the side door Harry saw Misty stocking the shelves with bandages and supplies while Itsy was healing an owl, which reminded him that Hedwig still had not returned from seeking a mate. He had noticed yesterday that not only had Hedwig healed from their jaunt back in time she had become younger to and gave all the signs of being broody. So after lunch he took her outside and told her to go find a nice owl as her mate, maybe then she would leave him in peace. With a squawk of indignation and a gentle nip of his ear Hedwig launched herself and he remembered she seemed to be glowing with the need to mate.

Harry walked into the healing hall just as Amathal said, “I do not see any reason that at your age you cannot learn to connect with your magic, but I would need to find acceptable masters and get my Lords permission first.”

“Get my permission for what?” Harry asked as he passed through the shimmering field.

Turning towards the voice Harold noticed that the lad that was lord of this land had walked in and he looked older somehow.

“Lord Emerald Eyes we wish for your permission for our sons to join Remus as he learns to control his magic and if you would consider it we would be grateful for the chance to learn also,” Orion asked him formally.

Harry stared at them intently as he gauged their sincerity. Seeing that they were starting to fidget slightly under his stare he said, “If the boys truly wish to learn and will put forth the effort needed without complaint then I have no problem with them joining the classes, though it might be several days before the scholars are settled in and ready to begin teaching novices.”

Smiling as both James and Sirius who had been watching the conversation closely started to jump around shouting in joy Harry asked, “The rest of you wish to learn also, why?”

“Besides the joy of being able to do magic without a wand, to protect ourselves and our family,” Orion was quick to answer. Not wanting to flinch under the intense stare from those green eyes Orion placed a hand on his wives arm in comfort before saying. “Several years ago that upstart calling himself a dark lord had one of his men torture my youngest son to death when I hesitated to accept his so gracious offer to join him,” Orion spat out with venom.
Harry faced Mr. Potter and stared at him until the man answered him.

Swallowing nervously Harold started his explanation, “Several days ago you asked my opinion and I told you I needed to think about it, do some research. Our government has become corrupt and our leaders of the light tarnished.” Harold told him, “The system is broken and I really do not know what to say that would point to a way to fix it. After watching the way the headmaster has acted around you I have to agree that he is stalking you, attempting to control you. I am not sure for what purpose but it bothers me.”

“It bothers me to the point I am pulling James out of Hogwarts and am grateful that you are going to allow the boys to continue their studies here,” Harold’s voice was now almost a whisper.

Stepping forward Harry told him, “You do realize the headmaster is not going to allow you to remove James as a student, don’t you?”

Realizing for the first time that back in his own world the reason his grandparents might have been targeted was for this very thing Harry told him, “Once you formally pull James out of Hogwarts, the headmaster and the ministry lose all control over Hogwarts and the grounds, making yourself a target for both of them. You know that right?”

Nodding his head sadly Harold was not all that surprised that the High One knew so much about the Wizarding world, he finally said, “How can I in good conscious allow my son to spend his formative years away from me with a man that not only have I lost respect for but fear who he would sacrifice in this insane dream of the greater good he has adopted the past year or so.” Staring at Harry pleading Harold said, “I need to learn this so I can save my family from the danger we face.”

Harry glanced out of the corner of his eye towards James who was looking at his father in shock and then he looked fearful as he started to realize and take in what his father had just said. Leaving his friends behind, he walked over to his father and stepped between him and his mother wanting comfort as he realized that the monster was real and had a name and would be coming for his father.

Harry nodded his head wishing that someone had stood with his grandfather back in his world, if this is what happened he now knew why he was always kept in the dark about his family. “So be it,” Harry said as he pointed to the floor.
Once the man had kneeled on the floor Harry stepped forward and said, “Harold potter scion of the Potter line you kneel before me of your own free will.” Gods above Harry thought here he was breaking the vow he made earlier just so he could protect those that would be his family in this world if things had turned out differently

“You seek to become a subject and citizen of my lands and as such would become a subject of the fourth kingdom,” Magic started to gather at his words.

“Do you vow to protect those in need, to protect those who can not protect themselves and bind your line to those of the fourth kingdom from now until the end of time?” Harry asked his voice echoing through the room with power.

Orion Black who had watched what was going on and seeing where it was going quickly knelt next to his colleague as the magic started to build.

Both men spoke a vow from deep in their hearts, the need to protect their families foremost in their mind, “I vow to bind my line to your kingdom from now until the end of time, protecting those in need.”

Magic was almost overpowering in the room as it had built to such a level waiting for something to happen.

“As you vow to protect those in need, so do I vow to protect you and yours in your time of need. SO MOTE IT BE.” Harry’s voiced boomed as the magic impaled both men leaving them panting on the floor.

Amathal was quick to jump down to check on the two exhausted men as they swayed on the floor.

Harry stared at the two thinking that was a surprising turn of events, noticing that James and Sirius were wobbling slightly as well as their mothers Harry walked over to the potion cupboard and pulled four vials of energy stabilizer out of the rack and passed one to each of the boys and then to each of their mothers.

“Drink up it will help,” Harry urged them.
Amathal having put the two to bed ran her hand over their chests and smiled as she told the group, ‘They’ll be fine in another hour or so, they just exhausted their core when the magic accepted their vows. They will be up and around full of energy tomorrow morning.’

“I extend the hospitality of my home to you for the night, and will send Tinky up to Hogwarts to collect the boy’s belongings. After this startling revelation I think it would be best if Remus joined the other two trouble makers in guest quarters, to give your husband’s time to recuperate without young whispers keeping them up all night,” Harry smiled at them.

Summoning a leather choker covered in runes Harry handed it to Remus, “Put this on, it will keep you from accidentally transforming while asleep.”

Sirius chuckled as Remus snapped the collar on, snickering that it looked like a dog collar.

Chuckling Harry escorted the group out of the healer’s hall and towards the guest quarters set up in the house tree out behind the barn. Placing his hand on the tree trunk while pointing out the knot, Harry surprised them all when the trunk opened into a doorway. “Each level has a dwelling with three bedrooms and such, and you will have to tap the knot with your wand until you learn to control your magic to open the doors. Feel free to make yourselves at home as no one is currently staying in this tree,” Harry told them.

“If you need help finding the dining room in the morning just call for Tinky and ask for his help. Sleep well.” Harry told them as he left them to go back to his office to think about what had happened.

Edited by Scott