

# Waiting for Magic

*by carley9*

The fate of the magical world rests on the shoulders of a small group of people. Can they find Aurelia in time and restore magic?

## Prologue

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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### **Prologue**

The day after Voldemort's final defeat dawned bright and clear. Everyone was so thrilled that no one noticed the problem right away. It was unsurprising, however, that those of pure-blood status were the first to feel the effects. It was whispered among them that Voldemort's magic had tainted their own, and it was therefore taking them longer to recuperate. But, after a month of their magic slowly dissipating, it was eventually decided to bring the matter to the Ministry.

By that time, clerks in the Bureau of Magical Statistics had noticed a sharp decline in students eligible to attend the magical schools. There had been more Squib children born in the past month than the entire last decade combined, and, fearful, they took the findings to the newly appointed Minister of Magic. As Minister Shacklebolt perused the reports, complaints of pure-bloods losing their magic began to pour in. By the end of the second month, nearly all of Magical Britain had lost their magic, including the Minister himself.

Having exhausted all of the previous avenues, Minister Shacklebolt headed to the Department of Mysteries to see the Unspeakables on a hunch. It took several days, but something was finally found on a dusty shelf in the back. It was labeled "The Aurelian Prophecy." He wasn't able to touch the orb, but was able to search the archives to see if it was written down somewhere. He went into a small room off to the side and told the Unspeakable who worked there what he was looking for within the archives. Within a few moments, an old, yellowed piece of brittle parchment was placed into his hands. He read:

*"On the day magic sleeps, the daughter will appear.*

*Born to Aurelia's son, she will give birth to magic.*

*Following in the footsteps of Aurelia, five will follow.*

*After the birth of the first, magic will reawaken.*

*O Keeper of the Dragons, be patient.*

*She will be Aurelia, and you will know her."*

Kingsley ran a hand over his face and let loose a sigh. As he left the room and then the Hall of Prophecies, he turned to his aide and said, "Look at all of the family trees that make mention of Aurelia. Check Muggle lines as well. We can't leave any stone unturned."

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The grieving atmosphere surrounding the Burrow had finally begun to dissipate. Fred was still missed, especially with the state of magic being what it was, but there had been cause for celebration. Charlie had moved back into the Burrow and had brought a daughter with him. The little girl was the result of a brief, but passionate, encounter; the girl's mother had wanted to terminate the pregnancy, but Charlie had managed to talk her out of it.

He had met her at the preserve, where they had both working as dragon keepers. One night, after far too much alcohol, Charlie had admitted his desire for her. They had snuck off to her set of rooms on the preserve and had a one-night stand. Although Charlie wouldn't admit it—at least not out loud—after it was done, he'd felt used and felt like he had betrayed someone, but when the woman had told him she was pregnant, he knew that his child would bring joy to all those lives he or she would touch.

Molly sat in a shaded area of the lawn, cooing at her first grandchild. Drusilla had been born just after the defeat of Voldemort; Charlie had taken a Portkey back to Romania as soon as the dust had settled. He had been there as his daughter was coming into the world, surprised to see his daughter crowned with a full head of blonde hair. Still very small, Molly cuddled the girl to her, unwilling to separate from her.

Charlie stood off to the side, watching the festivities. Members of the Order were visiting, and his mother had thrown an impromptu party to welcome the newest addition to the family. Charlie watched as Hermione went to where his mother was sitting and talked to his daughter. He was astonished as she somehow convinced Molly to let her hold the baby, slowly rocking her back and forth. The curly haired woman turned toward him, their gazes locked, and for a moment it took Charlie's breath away.

A hand settled on one of his shoulders, pulling his gaze away from Hermione. He turned to see Severus standing there. They both returned their gaze to where Hermione had been, not surprised to see she had gone elsewhere. Charlie broke the silence. "I'm glad you didn't die."

A small wry smile crossed Severus's face. "I imagine you are one of the few. I don't think your sister has yet forgiven me." He turned to see Ginny and Harry cuddled together under a tree. He ran a hand through his hair. "Not that I expect her to." He turned to look at where Molly and the baby were sitting. "You know she's going to be the start of everything."

Charlie followed his gaze and then looked up to his former professor in shock. "Drusilla? But she's just an infant! She can't be Aurelia."

The dour former Headmaster's face broke out into a full-faced grin. "You have much to learn, Mr. Weasley. The timing of her birth was no coincidence. She was born within an hour of Voldemort's demise, as a new era of magic was brought forth." He stepped away from the dragon keeper to watch his face as the taciturn man repeated lines of prophecy he had been hearing in his sleep ever since he had woken from Nagini's bite.

In a low voice he said, "O Keeper of the Dragons, be patient. She will be Aurelia and you will know her."

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Prompts:

Lost Magic—Someone's lost his/her magic. How does he/she cope? & Pregnant Hermione

# Chapter One

*Chapter 2 of 2*

The fate of the magical world rests on the shoulders of a small group of people. Can they find Aurelia in time and restore magic?

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## Chapter One

Kingsley paced the floor in the library at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. As he waited for the meeting to convene, he quietly observed the group dynamic. Charlie sat near the door, listening in case his infant daughter woke up. Harry, Ginny, and Ron were sitting on a loveseat. Hermione and Snape managed to grab the only wing backed chairs and were talking quietly. Every minute or so, Ron would look at Hermione with wounded puppy eyes, which she studiously ignored. 'A lover's spat,' Kingsley thought to himself.

When the rest of the Order assembled...with the exception of Minerva, who had to deal with an irate school board...Kingsley cleared his throat. As the room quieted, he began to speak. "I'm sure you are all wondering why I called a meeting." Murmurs of assent filled the room. "A cure may have been found. An unbroken prophecy was found in the Department of Mysteries." He pulled out a piece of parchment. "This is the prophecy. I'll give you each a moment to look at it before I continue."

Slowly, one by one, all of the occupants read the parchment. Severus seemed to take the longest, following the words with his fingertips and mouthing the words. After he passed it on, he looked up, "When was the prophecy originally heard?"

Kingsley looked at his notes. "As best as the Unspeakable I talked to could estimate... 950 AD. It was found in the area of prophecies that had been fulfilled several times already. It was fulfilled the first time in 1066 AD. The last was sometime in the 1800's."

George asked, "Why is it noticed this time more than others?"

"The research suggests that previous Aurelias were already married to the men who helped them fulfill the prophecy." He cleared his throat and said, "It also was a lot easier to track the Aurelia down then. We are having a harder time locating her."

Silence filled the room as the group thought of ways to find her. Hermione shifted in her seat, "Why not look for the 'Keeper of the Dragons'?"

Charlie cleared his throat and felt a blush creep up his face. He fidgeted as everyone looked at him, then cleared his throat again, and said, "We already know who he is."

He watched as she shifted in her chair to observe him fully. He felt his pulse begin to race and his breathing speed up. Before Hermione could begin to question him, he heard Drusilla wake from her nap and he bolted from the room.

Severus let out a dry chuckle and said, "The 'we' he is referring to is Charlie and I. We are the last of a dying breed." He slowly stood, drawing out the silence for dramatic effect. "We were aware of what was going on before anyone else." He turned and pointed to Hermione. "If she hadn't saved me, we would be in a far worse situation." He performed a quick hand motion and was holding a ball of flame in his hand. As then room began talking excitedly...a few trying to work magic themselves...the ball of flame flickered out of existence. "The only reason I can do that is that I must train the new Aurelia. Charlie and I are the last to have studied the magic Aurelia practiced; all of which predates wands."

Hermione watched as Charlie returned with Drusilla, cooing at her while feeding her a bottle. She noticed a glow envelop both the child and her father. She turned to Severus and said, "Drusilla has magic as well."

Both Severus and Charlie looked a little startled. Not because of Drusilla's magic; they had both known of it since her birth. It was Hermione's ability to see it that surprised them. Charlie looked up from his daughter and said, "She was blessed with the magic that was her due as a descendant of Drusilla, an adopted daughter of Aurelia." Then he fell silent, waiting for Severus to pick up where he had left off. When his mentor remained silent, he sighed then went into the history of the Aurelians.

"Aurelia was the first person born with magic. She was ostracized and forced to live on the outskirts of her village. No one knows for certain how, but she ended up in Egypt and met a man who already had a child...one born with magic like Aurelia herself had been. She offered to show him how to control his daughter's magic. Eventually they fell in love and had five children together."

Severus scowled...unable to believe that *his student* had revealed that much of their history...but he gave the young man a break. "All witches and wizards are in some way blood kin to Aurelia; even Muggle-borns are. We are all descendants of Aurelia's six children. Pure-bloods have the greatest concentration; however, due to their inbreeding, are always the first affected when the magic sleeps and Aurelia awakens." He walked toward Charlie and put a hand upon his shoulder. "I am the last of the old order to survive. I had meant to pass on my legacy through a son, but Nagini's bite left me sterile, so I needed to find someone to take my place. The 'Keeper of the Dragons' is both literal and figurative this time. 'Dragons' are the male equivalent of Aurelia."

Harry, who had been sitting quietly and listening to everything, asked, "I take it that it has been passed onto Charlie?" When a majority of the room looked at him in shock, he explained sheepishly, "Mr. Snape said that the Keeper was both literal and figurative this time. Any one else know a dragon keeper?"

Charlie nodded and said, "Harry is right. I was chosen. My fate was cemented when Drusilla was born. It seems that this was meant to play out as it has before. Except Drusilla's mother is living this time." He shifted his daughter in his arms and continued, "According to the legends Severus told me, Drusilla's mother almost always dies in childbirth. It's either that or she abandons the child and dies a short time later."

"How will we find her?" When she got a few odd looks, Hermione continued, "Well, it's not like we can go up to random women and ask, 'Are you Aurelia?'"

Kingsley pulled out several pieces of parchment. He gave each person a small sheet and said, "I need each of you to sign your name on your piece of paper and a drop of blood next to your name." As he heard a couple of groans, he said, "It's the quickest way to build your family trees to help us find her. All of the employees in the Ministry are doing it as well. One of the last bursts of magic went into this. If this doesn't work, we will have to wait until the Aurelia's magic manifests itself."

Severus very quietly, and forcefully said, "The only way for that to happen is for her to be attacked. You don't want that to happen, Kingsley. It's powerful when it manifests that way." He pulled Kingsley aside and whispered to him, "If her magic activates that way, Charlie will not be responsible for his actions. The Aurelia is fated to be with him; and neither of them knows it."

Kingsley whispered back, "Do you know who the Aurelia is?"

Severus looked back to where his pupil was slowly rocking his daughter. He felt a slight ache for the children he would not be able to have and said, "I have an idea. However, until her magic manifests I can't do anything." He turned back to Kingsley and said, "I can tell you that Charlie is most in tune with the Cassandra line. I had expected to be the one chosen, and then I was bitten and glad I had already begun to train Charlie."

"Can he do any magic?"

Severus felt a smirk cross his features and said, "The ball of fire he can make is bigger and brighter than my own. Should the Aurelia have her magic triggered in a traumatic way, she could set the town ablaze with a motion of her hand."

The room fell silent as a tingle of magic raced up their spines as the last slips of parchment had been signed. Kingsley let out a sigh of relief and turned to the room at large. "That was the completion of the magic. Your family trees will be filling out as we speak."

"Why did all of us have to fill one out?" Ron asked, motioning to his siblings and parents.

Kingsley flushed and he heard Severus snigger next to him. He looked at the heads of the Weasley clan and said, "No offense, but we had to make sure that everything was accounted for, even if it meant embarrassing you."

Molly gave a gentle smile and said, "I understand Kingsley." She grasped her husband's hand and asked, "This will trace our magical lineage as well I take it?"

Kingsley nodded. He turned to look at each individual and could see a slight glow over all of them. Browns, greens, blues, reds, and whites bled into each other as the magic ran its course. There would be a flash of purple now and then, indicating another magic source. Those that pure-blood lineage finished first, with Severus, Harry, and Hermione the last ones to finish.

"Now what do we do," Harry asked as he clutched Ginny's hand, "wait until the magic manifests itself?"

Kingsley shook his head. "I will go help those already scouring the records." He headed toward the door and said, "You go on with your day. Hopefully, before the end of today, we will know who she is."

Following his departure, nearly all of the Order members went down to the kitchen to get a bite to eat. No one seemed to notice someone slipping away to somewhere quiet. Only two others were aware of this person slipping away until magic raced up their spines followed by a loud bang that almost seemed to blow the house apart.

Both Severus and Charlie raced up the stairs. They had an idea of what caused the bang as well as the familiar feeling of Aurelian magic being used. Across the hall from the girls' bedroom, Ron lay in a heap on the floor, slightly bloodied and mumbling to himself. Severus turned to Charlie and said, "Take care of your brother. We don't know how badly he's hurt." As Charlie began to protest, Severus yelled, "Do as I say! Until she accepts you, I am still the Dragon!" He whipped around and headed into the room, making sure to shut the door behind him.

Charlie felt a magic barrier come up and knew Severus was trying to keep him from killing his own flesh and blood. He turned to Ron and said, "Let me look at you."

Ron slowly uncurled himself and mumbled somewhat incoherently, "I didn't know. She was blabbing on and on about how she might be the one. But I didn't know she could do that. I thought she was like the rest of us, but now she's different."

Charlie slowly healed his brother's wounds...something Severus insisted he learn before anything else...and carefully probed for any brain damage. When he found none, he said, "What possessed you to cause her harm? You know practically any woman could be the Aurelia." He glared at his brother and said, "She doesn't belong to you. She always knew she belonged to someone else..."

Ron slowly looked up at him and said, "You don't know who it is, do you?" He began laughing hysterically. As tears leaked down his face, he said, "This is just rich! If Snape hadn't been bit by that bloody snake, he would be the one in your position and you would just be a single dad with only a baby to show for." As his laughter subsided, he asked, "Would you still have named her for Aurelia's daughter if Snape had been the one in your shoes?"

Charlie just stared at his brother before leaving, not looking back when Severus stepped out of the room. Severus watched his young friend leave before he leaned down to the one who had started this mess. He lent a hand to the young man to help him off the floor and quietly said, "You would do better to keep such things to yourself, Mr. Weasley. Or next time, I'll let her finish." His tone turned malicious, and he said, "She was planning to eviscerate you before I calmed her down." He withdrew his hand, leaving the young man on the floor. "You should not provoke the Aurelia." He left, smirking at the look of horror in the boy's eyes.