

Thirty Years Later: A New Evil Rises

by AmericanStreetWitch

Revised:

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But now that peace has been shattered. Destroyed by the arrival of a Dark Witch that has hidden in the shadows and has emerged, determined to bring fear, terror and havoc in her wake. She will show the world what it truly means to be terrified.

Prologue: Death

Chapter 1 of 5

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Prologue

Moscow, Russia

Thirty Years After The Final Defeat Of Voldemort

A woman, as far as anyone looking could tell was a woman, wearing a dark red robe with a hood covering her features, stared at the scene before her. The entrance to the large brown house was just twenty feet away. It was large; about four stories high. Despite being tucked away in an isolated part of the town, the house had a Victorian look to it. Woods surrounded it and three smaller buildings were attached to the bigger one. A small narrow path leading through the woods and onto the main road was the only way to reach a town from this place. The nearest town was over an hour away.

"It looks like Potter worked hard to find a place to put the safe house," a man with dark brown skin and brown eyes murmured.

"Indeed," the woman replied, her voice soft. "Are you sure this is the place, Fox?"

"Yes. There are 14 of them in there. Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy are among them. Just like we were told."

"Good." The hooded woman turned to face the dark skinned man and twelve other men, all wearing black robes. "Hide yourselves and round them up. We have work to do."

The thirteen nodded, slipping white masks over their faces before moving toward the house.

(A few minutes later)

"Narcissa! Run!" a male voice shouted out in panic.

Narcissa had barely heard the warning for she was in her bed. She bolted upright and ran to the window. She watched in horror as men in black robes and white masks started throwing curses. She whirled away from the sight and jerked open her door, only to come face to face with one of them.

"Narcissa, I presume?" the man asked, his voice muffled due to the mask. Before she could say anything, he grabbed her arms and began dragging her down the stairs. Within minutes she was thrown into a room where twelve others were. Her husband, Lucius, hugged her to him, while the rest of the group stared as the twelve masked men pointed their wands at them.

"Damn Potter for insisting we stay here without wands," Lucius growled, his voice loud in his wife's ear.

"It was the only way we could get into the protection program," Narcissa whispered. "And I doubt he thought that any of this would happen."

One of the masked men stepped forward and pressed the tip of his wand against Lucius' temple. "Stop chattering," he snarled. "There's no point bemoaning the loss of your wand."

"Especially since wands still wouldn't have helped in this matter," another said, arrogant.

"Wolf, back away my good man. Have you checked their arms?"

"No need. The Lady told us who to look for. We found them. A group of Death Eaters hiding in Moscow.

Guess Potter couldn't figure out a more suitable place to hide them, huh?" he chuckled.

"It worked, Leopard. Potter was able to hide them for thirty years."

"We would of found them sooner, Wolf. The Lady was just biding her time." The one called Leopard turned to the other three. "Are there any more here? We have the Malfoys, the Notts, the StrangeLoves..."

"The Forressters are in America, along with the Derringers and Carringtons." one of the three spoke up. "The rest here were supporters of Voldemort, just not as well known."

"You have done well, Fox."

"What do we do now?"

"We wait. We wait for what The Lady will want."

Narcissa exchanged looks with Lucius. "*The Lady?*" she mouthed to him.

Lucius barely shook his head, his grey eyes for the first time in his life displaying concern. He didn't know who The Lady was, but from the sounds of it, she was in charge. Perhaps he could plead his case to her; give himself and the others a chance to go back to their lives.

"Oh, I wish it could be that simple, Lucius," a cold, feminine voice said softly.

Lucius stiffened and tore his eyes away from his shaking wife to now see a woman, or what he thought might be a woman. She was wearing a red robe with a hood covering her head, hiding her face. He could only make out a few tresses of black hair that escaped from the confines and thin pale hands, one of which was holding a long red wand.

"I am not going to let you go back to your lives. However peaceful it was while living under the protection of Potter and the MMIA, your life is now going to end. But you may think of it as a mercy killing. After all, for 30 years now you had to live without magic; surely a disgrace for a Malfoy?"

Lucius, knowing full well that he shouldn't rise to her bait, couldn't resist narrowing his eyes. "And what the hell do you know about a Malfoy?" he spat out. "You know nothing--"

"Silence!" the woman hissed. "You are no longer a Malfoy. You have no reign over the Malfoy name. Your son does. He is using his name for the right reasons... although he will still die when this is all over." Your death, and the death of your fellow Death Eaters will be just the beginning."

"The beginning of what?" Narcissa asked, finally speaking up. She put a hand on her husband's shoulder to keep him from saying something else that might anger the woman. Narcissa could practically smell the power radiating off her. She was dangerous. Plain and simple. Voldemort hadn't even had the kind of presence the woman had now.

"The beginning of a new reign of terror," the woman said simply. "I will show the world that what Voldemort had done will be nothing compared to what I am about to do. I will overshadow the legacy he left behind. They claim that he was the most dangerous dark wizard. He was nothing compared to me. And today will be the beginning. Today I will make them see. By the time I'm done, our people will wish Voldemort was back," she pointed her long red wand at Narcissa. You will finally be good for something, Narcissa. Your death will be the only legacy you leave. Avada Kedavra!"

The group of shivering Death Eaters stared in mute horror as the green light shot out of the wand and hit Narcissa. Life faded from her in an instant, and her body fell to the floor.

The woman turned to one of the masked men. "Wolf. Finish the rest. Leopard, Fox, you and the others prepare the bodies. We have a lot do before we are finished with this place."

With those simple words she walked out.

About An Hour Later

"Are the poles ready to rise?" Fox asked. He stared at the fourteen poles, all constructed as makeshift crosses with the lifeless bodies of the once powerful Death Eaters tied onto them.

"I still don't see the significance of these things."

"More of a statement, really," Leopard answered. "The Muggles who find them will think of the Muggle that died on the cross thousands of years ago. But to Potter it'll just be a statement in his mind. He'll know what he's going up against. Lord Voldemort never did this."

"No. He preferred stealth. Never did anything obvious," Wolf commented, joining the two. He had just finished tying Narcissa to her own makeshift cross. The others were almost done.

"You have to admit though, the man had class."

"Did he now?" the same soft feminine voice from earlier asked. Fox, Wolf, and Leopard jumped slightly. The three turned towards her. They couldn't make out her face, which wasn't unusual, but they could tell they had just angered her. "You think that Lord Voldemort had class?"

"I didn't mean it like that, My Lady," Wolf said quickly. "He just preferred to be on the sidelines and not make statements," he paused. "Well, not like this one is going to be."

She chuckled. "Well said, Wolf. Yes, Lord Voldemort had class. I'm not doing this for the Which-Dark-Witch- Or-Wizard-Had-Class Award. I'm doing this for one simple reason," she turned to the fourteen crosses lying on the ground and pointed her wand and flicked it, causing the poles to rise.

Within minutes, all of the Death Eaters that were tied to the crosses were up. The Lady then pointed her wand at the large house. "Incendio!" Once again she pointed to the Death Eaters. "Servo Ex Incendia!" A blueish sort of glow surrounded them and stayed.

Wolf turned to her. "My Lady... what would that be?" he asked cautiously as the house began burning.

"To protect them from the fire," was all she said. "We must go. Apparate to the manor. We will work on our plans to deal with the Death Eaters in America...and how to deal with Angel De Mercy."

The men stilled at the mentioning of the woman who was once considered to be Voldemort's protege. The child who was both psychic and psychotic, raised by Voldemort himself. The child whose loyalty to Voldemort was absolute. That is, until she found out the truth about her parents' death and in the end helped Harry Potter destroy the man she considered to be her father. Everyone had known that afterwards Harry Potter had taken Angel under his own protection. But no one had found out what he did with her. Wolf finally decided to speak up, clearing his throat.

"Angel De Mercy? Are you sure about this, My Lady? I mean no one knows where she is... I mean it's kind of hard to kill a psychic. She'll see it coming."

The Lady chuckled. "Oh, I don't doubt that. I don't plan on killing that psychotic killing machine. I plan on using her. That is, if I convince her to aid me in my plans. That might be a little hard but it'll be worth it. Now go."

Wolf nodded, and the men began to Disapparate. The Lady turned back to the burning house and her victims. She heard a screech in the air and looked up. She held out her arm, and a large raven landed on it. She took out a rolled up parchment and tied it around one of the raven's legs.

"Take this to Hermione Granger," she whispered. "No reply is needed."

The raven screeched once more and flew off. She took one last look at her work, let out a loud cackling laugh and Disapparated.

Salem, Massachusetts

A tall, slender woman with long, curly, brown hair and brown eyes stared at the building in front of her and sighed with content. She had finally gotten her transfer. You would think, being second in charge of the Magical Muggle Intelligence Agency, or MMIA for short, that getting transferred to where she wanted would be easy. But no. It wasn't. It was almost as hard as getting to be second in charge. She was still trying to become first in charge, but apparently the American Wizard and Witch Council was still trying to deal with the fact that they let a woman be second in command. She had a feeling, though, it was only due to the fact that Harry Potter said he wouldn't stay in the MMIA if they wouldn't promote her.

"Enjoying the view, Vice Director Granger?" someone asked behind her. It sounded very solemn, but she could of sworn there was a hint of laughter in it. She turned and the sight she saw made her smile. A tall man with red hair, a large nose and brown eyes. He had a scar on his right cheek that tapered down and around to the back of his neck, mostly hidden by his hair.

"Ron!" she greeted happily. "When did you get transferred to Salem?"

"About the same time you did. Apparently, Harry was threatening to go back to England if I didn't get sent here either," Ron shrugged. "I guess the Council still doesn't want him to go."

"Can you blame him? Allesandra Quartermaine hasn't killed any of their members since he married Malicia. They've had 28 years of peace, and they probably think if he goes, his influence on her goes."

Ron snorted. "Harry has no influence whatsoever on Allesandra. She's just staying quiet because it suits her." He waved a hand towards the building. "So, are you ready to go in and sit in your new office, Vice Director?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Quit calling me that. Just because I happen to be one of your bosses doesn't mean you need to be so formal with me. I'm sure Harry won't."

"Harry won't give a right shit." Ron stated simply as they began walking. He stopped at the door and inserted his wand into a narrow piece of metal next to one of the doors. "I've never seen him speak kindly to authority figures. You would probably be the first."

"Agent Ron Weasley," a mechanical voice droned out. "Security clearance 7, Muggle Partner Cassidy Roland has already entered building. You can now enter." Ron took his wand back out and turned to Hermione. "Your turn."

Hermione stepped forward and slipped her wand in. A few seconds went by and the same mechanical voice spoke. "Vice Director Hermione Granger. New transfer from Austin, Texas. Security Clearance 10. Welcome to Salem, Massachusetts. You may enter." Both doors then slid open and the two quickly entered.

"So," she slipped off her brown cloak and tucked it under her arm. "How are you and Gina?" she asked, referring to his wife.

"Great. She thinks she's pregnant again and is threatening to castrate me if she is," Ron grinned. "We've got 8 kids now. Astrid and Dayna are in their last year at the Salem Academy for Witches And Wizards. Halley will be going to Hogwarts next year."

"Is Harry in yet?" Hermione asked, eager to see her friend. It had been two years since they last saw each other, even though they constantly owled each other. "How are Malicia and their kids?"

Ron's face darkened for a moment when Malicia's name was mentioned. It was well known that Ron and Malicia did not get along, hadn't gotten along since they first met and probably never would. Harry and Malicia hadn't liked each other when they met as well and had been downright hostile towards each other for a while but it eventually changed. Ron and Harry had several arguments about Harry and Malicia. At one point the two men had refused to talk to each other; Harry saying that Ron needed to accept Malicia and Ron saying he never would. It wasn't until Malicia saved his life that the men started their friendship back up and Malicia and Ron... well, they grudgingly made a truce.

"I don't know if he's in. He's been visiting Angel De Mercy a lot. She's apparently been having some visions that haven't been helping her regain her sanity. And Malicia and their kids are fine. James is in his last year and Raven's in her fourth year. You do know Malfoy is in this area, too, right? He works with the Renegades."

"Renegades?" Hermione raised an eyebrow as they passed several offices and cubicles.

Ron nodded. "Think of them as the Americanized version of the Order. Muggles, witches and wizards alike. They're in an alliance with Allesandra. Malfoy ended up marrying Savannah Dynasty remember? Malicia's best friend."

Hermione nodded. She remembered, all right. When Malfoy went on the run after what happened in their sixth year, he ended up in the hands of Isadora Malfoy, a 700-year-old vampire that could be loosely termed as his ancestor. As the vampire clans were loyal to Allesandra, they had not joined Voldemort. Isadora handed Draco over to Allesandra, and she protected him. He ended up developing a friendship with Malicia, which was one of the main reasons Ron didn't like her, and fell in love with Savannah Dynasty, a young witch that Allesandra had taken in.

With Draco marrying Savannah and being friends with Malicia, Harry and Draco had to deal with each other. They weren't exactly friends, but like Malicia and Ron, they remained civil for the sake of their wives....and children. Draco and Savannah ended up having twins, who they named Draca and Damien and they both befriended Raven, which helped in the long run once Raven was sorted into Slytherin when she entered Hogwarts.

"So he works with the Renegades? They're based in Salem, aren't they? Just what I needed," Hermione moaned. She then stopped in front of a door that had her name on it. "Well, I think we've reached my office."

"Especially since the door says 'Vice Director Hermione Granger' on it," Ron teased. "Well, I'll let you get settled in while I go find my partner. It's nice to have you here, Hermione."

Hermione smiled at her friend. "Bye, Ron." She watched her friend's retreating back for a moment and then turned back around and opened her door, entering her new office. It was nothing much to look at. The walls were sparse, a couple of plants, and the packages that she had sent beforehand were scattered all over the place. However, there was a large window which stood open with a beastly looking raven perched on the sill. It let out a loud screech, dropped a rolled up piece of parchment, let out another screech and flew off.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at that.

"Well, that was friendly," she muttered. She bent down and picked up one parcel and set it down on her desk, one of the few things in her new office, before moving to where the raven had dropped its own delivery. She picked up the rolled up parchment and frowned at the markings on it. It had the letter 'S' stamped on it in wax and the parchment itself was grey. Frowning, she broke the seal, unrolled it and began to read. After reading the first few lines, her eyes widened and she slumped against her desk.

Vice Director,

I am claiming my presence here and now to all.

The ones you protect are no longer safe.

Supporters of Voldemort can no longer hide.

The ones in Moscow are now dead.

And the ones in America will soon follow.

Potter is a fool if he thinks he can save them.

He will fail.

When he falls, I will be the one who does it.

I will succeed where Voldemort had failed.

You will all know what it means to feel fear.

Heed my warning.

For those who don't,

A terrible fate will befall them.

S

"Oh, bloody hell," Hermione whispered, the letter falling from her hands.

Chapter 1: The Beginning

Chapter 2 of 5

Revised:

It's the year 2027. 25 years have passed since the end of the Second War and the Final Fall of Lord Voldemort. Harry Potter had dedicated himself to the prevention of rising Dark Witches or Wizards. Because of his work, no other Dark Witch or Wizard has ever taken a foothold. A peace of sorts has come.

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The MMIA Main Central Building

30 Minutes Later:

Hermione sat silently in a plush black chair in the large 'plan room' of the building. She was escorted there after she found Taylor Michaud: the Director and her boss. After discussing the letter, placing calls and finally tracking down the safe house that Harry had put together, it had been confirmed that the 14 former Death Eaters were dead. Taylor and Hermione sent as many as they could to take care of the situation while Ron searched for Harry.

"So, who were the Death Eaters at the Moscow safe house?" Hermione asked, turning her chair around to face Taylor and the few others in the room.

One woman flipped through some papers. "Let's see: Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy... Shit, we're gonna have to tell Draco. Um... Adrien Carlyle, Dyna LeStrange, that would have been Bellatrix LeStrange's daughter, Hannah Killton, Lorena Nott, Aurora Goyle, Nicolas Bulstrode, Lance Demeer, Orestes and Olivia Xander, and Victor Diggory. Most of them were minor supporters of Voldemort. Not well known, but needed protection."

"Any signs of them fighting back at least?" Hermione queried.

Taylor shook his head. "No wands. Potter made it a requirement. He told them if they wanted protection they needed to give up their wands and live without magic. The Malfoys protested the loudest, and Malicia decided to just pipe up then and ask them if they'd rather deal with her mother. That shut them up."

Hermione nodded. "What about the rest of the Death Eaters? Where are they?"

"You'll have to ask Potter," one of the four in the room answered. "He created all the safe house locations. We know there's one in New Hampshire, but we don't know where. When the Death Eaters fled to America for asylum, Potter dealt with them all personally. We do know about 20 more Death Eaters are in the protection program."

"What about Angel De Mercy?"

"In one of our psychiatric hospitals. Somewhere in either Massachusetts or Maine. Can't be sure."

Hermione sighed. "Does anyone have the slightest clue who could be doing this? Who could be wiping out the former Death Eaters?"

Taylor and the four others exchanged dark looks and one of them, a woman with long brown hair, green eyes, and about 5 feet tall shuffled her feet. "We think... Well, we've been thinking it's... Well, she's been so quiet for so long--"

"So you think it's Allesandra?" a male voice answered coolly out of nowhere. The young woman who was talking started slightly, paled for a moment, and everyone turned to put a face to the voice they knew so well.

Hermione blinked hardly believing her eyes. It had been a couple years since she'd seen Harry, but apparently those two years changed him even more. His messy black hair was now resting past his shoulders, his green eyes now being framed by coke bottle lenses, his skin now tanned. He had gone through another growth spurt their last year in Hogwarts and was now taller than Ron at 6'6. Due to a newfound interest in Muggle martial arts, he was no longer skinny, and his body was muscled. Standing next to him was a woman with silver-colored hair streaked with red and black, pale skin, disconcerting purple eyes and standing at about a foot shorter than Harry. His wife, Malicia. And she looked just as pissed as him.

"Well, Catalina," he spoke up again, his voice hard. "Say it. You think Allesandra did it."

The small woman flinched. "Yes, I think Allesandra did it. She may have quieted down her attacks on the wizarding world since you and Malicia married, but she won't stay quiet forever."

Harry walked further into the room until he was standing next to Hermione's chair. He hadn't yet acknowledged his school friend, still intent on Catalina. Malicia, however, spotted Hermione. She gave her a small smile and a nod of her head. Hermione did the same.

"No, she won't stay quiet forever," Harry agreed. "But she isn't stupid enough to do something like this. She doesn't hide. She doesn't send cryptic letters. She makes sure everyone knows that it was her behind all of this. There is nothing whatsoever that links Allesandra to this, and I will not tolerate any more accusations towards Allesandra without proof."

"Sorry about that, Harry," Taylor said soothingly. He didn't want his best agent angry. He had to work twice as hard, along with the Council, to keep Harry in America. "Catalina wasn't thinking, and I'm sure she didn't mean it."

"Don't kiss my ass, Taylor. I'm staying in Salem. You got what you wanted," Harry snapped.

Out of the corner of her eye, Hermione watched as Malicia covered her own eyes with one hand as if she was trying not to see the scene in front of her. It was certainly something, an agent telling his boss basically to fuck off and get away with it; well, it wasn't something you see every day. Or perhaps if you were married to said agent, something you didn't want to see.

"Does Malfoy know yet?" Harry slid one of the seats out and sat down, stretching his long legs out.

"We sent an owl out to him. He should know soon." Hermione spoke up.

Hard green eyes turned to face her, and once they recognized the face, they softened and warmth and love came into play. Harry smiled, instantly relaxed, and Hermione couldn't help but smile back at the man who instantly looked like the boy she had befriended at school. "Hello, 'Mione," he greeted, obviously happy. "Finally come to Salem, have you?"

"As if you didn't have anything to do with it," Hermione chastised.

Harry grinned. "What's the point in being Harry Potter if you can't use your influence for your own wants and needs?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Do you want to see the letter I received?"

The light in Harry's eyes dimmed, and they hardened slightly. Hermione moved the parchment in front of him, and he silently read the words. Harry was scowling something fierce by the time he got to the last lines and the writer's signature. "S?" he spat out, tossing the letter back on the table. "Voldemort signed his letters with his name. And this one can't? What the hell are they trying to accomplish?"

"World domination?" Malicia spoke up. "To piss you off perhaps? To kill all the Death Eaters that you decided to actually protect despite them constantly trying to kill you before the fall of Voldemort? I can think of some more Harry if you--"

"Enough, Mali. I get the point." Harry slumped down into his chair. "Can this day get any worse?"

"Yes," Malicia answered. "I got an owl from Hogwarts."

Harry raised an eyebrow at that, but Hermione could tell by the look of resignation in his eyes that this was nothing new.

"Hexed each other in the hallways... or at least tried to. They ended up starting a hex riot. About twenty students joined in, trying to hex one another."

Harry shrugged. "This would be about the third time wouldn't it? What did Dyanisis say?"

"Wait a minute!" Hermione put a hand to stop Malicia from responding. "Dyanisis? As in Dyanisis Dumbledore?"

Harry nodded. "Albus' daughter. She's Headmistress at Hogwarts. She's the one that appointed Isabella Weasley, the vampire we met during the war as the D.A.D.A. professor. Now that class is held at night."

"And who did she appoint to teach Potions?"

"Rivera Snape," Harry spat out. "Apparently he had a daughter." His eyes hardened as he briefly mentioned Snape's name. Harry had seen to it that Snape had gotten what he deserved. Once captured, Snape was sent to Azkaban, but on his way there Allesandra had her own revenge. She intercepted Snape and forced five werewolves on him. Snape was dead in a matter seconds, torn to pieces. Malicia had kept that piece of information from Harry. As far as he knew, Snape had died in Azkaban. He hadn't known that Allesandra had once befriended Albus Dumbledore's mother and ended up his mentor's godmother.

Hermione pondered over that piece of information. "What is she like?"

"Like her father. Bitter and nasty. But she's a Renegade. So I have to deal with her every now and then." Harry shook his head. "So has the situation in Moscow been taken care of?"

"They want you to see the damage," Hermione said softly. "And they want you to reveal the whereabouts of the other Death Eaters and Angel De Mercy."

"Fuck. Should have known." Harry pushed back his chair and stood. "Taylor, is the site clear for me to Apparate?"

Taylor looked up from the papers he was just given. "Yes. We sent people to secure it the minute Ms Granger showed me the letter."

Harry nodded at the explanation and turned to leave. Malicia stood up, as if to follow but Harry shook his head. "No, Mali. I need you to go see Angel. See if she's had any more visions. She might be willing to talk."

"Fine. But don't expect anything. She's been going deeper and deeper into her own head the past few years," Malicia turned to Hermione. "I would say welcome to Salem, but apparently there's no use. I wish you could of received a better one."

Hermione gave the woman a half smile. "No need. I had a feeling the peace our world had was going on for too long anyway."

Harry Goes To Moscow And Then Visits Allesandra

Chapter 3 of 5

Revised:

It's the year 2027. 25 years have passed since the end of the Second War and the Final Fall of Lord Voldemort. Harry Potter had dedicated himself to the prevention of rising Dark Witches or Wizards. Because of his work, no other Dark Witch or Wizard has ever taken a foothold. A peace of sorts has come.

But now that peace has been shattered. Destroyed by the arrival of a Dark Witch that has hidden in the shadows and has emerged, determined to bring fear, terror and havoc in her wake. She will show the world what it truly means to be terrified.

Author's Note: I should mention that this story is AU due to me giving a character a sibling and the little bit of history with the Lychans and werewolves.

An Hour Later: Moscow, Russia

Harry stared at the scene before him. Sometimes he wished he didn't have a job like this. The agents had already put out the fires but seemed to have waited until he arrived before they lowered the hanging Death Eaters.

"Potter?" One of the agents, known as a Hider, jogged up to him, his cheeks flush with slight exertion. "We were told to wait until you arrived."

"I'm sure. Once you have them released from their bindings, send their bodies to Dr Kallen at the MMIA. She'll need to look over them before the Director gives the order for them to be buried. What's your name again?"

"Victor Trace, sir," the young man mumbled and then hurried over to another agent. The elder man nodded and with quick work the five Hiders brought the Death Eaters down. Harry gave the dead a wide berth, a habit he had taken to since the war. It wasn't because he was weak stomached; he wasn't. It was mainly due to his uneasiness of actually seeing someone dead. After watching Sirius, Dumbledore, and then Hagrid, Professor McGonagall and Ginny die, he became adverse to the whole thing.

"From what we can tell, Agent Potter," one of the men, Hawkins, came up to him. "It looks to be about thirteen of them. We can do a Recantum Spell, see the situation take place if you like."

"No!" Harry said quickly. "I mean, I realize the spell is quite useful. But not right now. Let's wait till..." He waved a hand to the dead. "Let's wait until everything else is taken care of."

Hawkins eyed him steadily for a moment and then nodded. "Just thought you should know though, something about this is awfully familiar."

"You mean besides the blatant display of the Muggle Crucifixion?"

"Yes. Did you ever study American Wizarding History in Hogwarts?"

Harry screwed up his face in mock horror. "I barely survived History of Magic. Besides, I knew it was offered for the seventh years, but seeing as how I didn't go back to Hogwarts my seventh year...."

Hawkins cleared his throat. "Ah well, anyway I took it when I went to Durmstrang. A lot of the American history they taught was about some of the Dark Witches that

reigned there and their deeds. Like the Dark Witch Allana Dorria; she massacred about 300 Muggles in 1843--"

"Hawkins, I'm not here for a history lesson. So just spit out what you're trying to tell me."

"Ah well, there was this one that kind of stuck in my head. An attack on Dorria and her followers about 29 years later. You see, Dorria, and her followers were killed by another Dark Witch. Rather brutal too. About 12 of them had their heads cut off and set onto pikes. While Dorria and another 12 were killed with the killing curse, tied down to makeshift crosses, which were then raised. The buildings behind them were razed, burned down to the ground. While she, and her fellow dead, were untouched," Hawkins finished off, silently watching as Harry thought this new information through.

"Well," Harry said slowly, "minus the severed head on pikes, and this is an instant remake. Who was the Dark Witch that killed Dorria?"

Silence for a moment. "Your mother-in-law," Hawkins answered. Harry stilled and turned to stare at the man before him. Green eyes met blue. "Food for thought, huh? Oh, and there is another element missing that leaves your mother-in-law out of this."

"Oh good, and here I thought you were condemning her," Harry drawled casually. Hawkins kept himself steady.

"Allesandra always made sure that everyone knew that she did it. She never left any room for doubt. She didn't hide behind letters and people. She was up front and in the mix. And you know that. But the element that's missing? The one thing that prevents her from being tied to this? I mean, besides the severed heads." Hawkins pointed to Narcissa and the others that were being gathered, ready to be sent to the medical wing of the MMIA.

"She doesn't kill the defenseless. And that's who these people were. Without their wands they had no defense. No chance to fight back. And that is what she hates the most. Allesandra prefers you to put up a fight. She never liked anything to be easy. Allana Dorria?" Hawkins waited until Harry nodded, indicating he was still listening, even though at the moment he wished he wasn't. "She and Allesandra fought for three blood-filled days before Allesandra got the best of her."

Harry frowned. "Do you think someone is trying to frame Allesandra for this?"

"No. I think whoever did this is hoping to get Allesandra's attention. You know how much Allesandra hates competition. As far as she's concerned, she's the only Dark Witch around, and it's going to stay that way. And in getting Allesandra's attention, the person behind this also has yours...and Mali's."

"I think I need to talk to my mother-in-law."

"I think you do, mate. Before more massacres happen and people start to vocally point the finger at her."

Outskirts of Salem, Massachusetts

30 Minutes Later

Harry stared at the sprawling mansion in front of him. He had to pass through several magical barriers to even get onto the walkway up to the main part of the estate, and now that he was here, he desperately wanted to go back through them. Allesandra deeply valued her privacy, even more so than Harry did. She had her home Unplottable and Undetectable, and had created elemental barriers and physical barriers to keep intruders and unwelcome visitors at bay. Her large mansion, covering a couple acres, was surrounded by the Salem Forest, which was a lot like the Forbidden Forest at Hogwarts. It was filled with centaurs, Lychan tribes and vampire clans, not to mention dozens of other creatures. The mansion itself was headquarters for the Renegades; it was also where Malicia grew up and where she and Harry had married.

"So, Harry," a voice jerked him out of his thoughts, and he jumped about a foot. "Do you plan on entering the place, or should I go find the lady of the house and tell her that her son-in-law is rooted to the ground outside and can't enter?"

Harry turned and found himself facing Cani Luna, a 400-year-old Lychan, who was the daughter of Romulus Luna, the head of the Full Moon tribe. Harry had quickly learned the difference between Lychans and werewolves when he made the mistake of calling Cani a werewolf. A Lychan was a witch or wizard born with the amazing ability to shape shift into wolves, rather large wolves, and had the senses and abilities of them while in human form. They were considered elementalists, rather than witches or wizards, able to use the elements of water, earth and fire for their magic. The Lychans were directly responsible for the werewolf race. A couple thousand years ago, a Lychan had lost control, bit a human, and the werewolf race was born into existence. The Lychans look upon werewolves as a deranged relative they would prefer not to exist. Sort of the way Harry's aunt and uncle had treated him.

"Hello, Cani," Harry responded cautiously. He and Cani were still not on easy terms, even 26 years after the fact when he accidentally offended her.

"Actually I'm Alpha Cani. Ever since Papa stepped down from leadership and handed it to me," the Lychan said, with the tone of one expecting the right to come to her all along. "Allesandra's in the potions room. Would you like escorting? I know you haven't been here in a while."

Actually it had been 6 months since he came here, when he found out where Raven had run off too. "No, Alpha Cani. No need, I can find my way. Thank you though." After a moment Cani nodded and walked away. Harry turned back to the entrance and forced himself to walk inside. He grabbed the large black door and with some strength opened the heavy thing and entered. Once inside he was faced with four staircases going in different directions. Each one led to a separate wing. Harry had entered Allesandra's potions room on several occasions, and his memory on how to find it came with quick ease.

Quickly bounding up the spiraling black staircase, he skidded to a halt in the hall. Several doors led to rooms, but only one would lead to the room that would even make Severus Snape plead to use. Harry stared at the doors, his memory now failing him.

"Fifth door on the left," a voice hissed. Hissed. Great. Looking down Harry came face to face with Viscas, the large python that had set up residence in the home, despite Allesandra's many attempts to get rid of it. **"Fifth door on the left,"** Viscas hissed again. **"She's packing up healing creams to deliver to the potions shop down the road."**

Harry sighed. She was still dealing with the potions shop. The one run by Severa Snape and Lucinda Malfoy, the twin sisters of Lucius and Severus. Both women were vicious as hell and were part of the Renegades. But both women had helped during the war so he couldn't begrudge them much. Especially Lucinda, who was driven into a mental facility as a child because of Lucius' cruel torture. **"Thanks,"** he hissed to the snake and headed off.

Once Harry got to the door, he hesitated a moment. Every time he disturbed Allesandra from something, she never failed to threaten him, saying she would finish the job that Voldemort started, but she would succeed. To avoid another threat, Harry simply knocked.

"Enter," a cold, raspy voice called out. Opening the door slowly, Harry peered into the room, once again taken aback by the magnitude. On one side of the room there were shelves filled with vials of potions and jars of healing creams. The other side was filled with potions books, ranging from simple school type to the deadly and dangerous. And there were always nine cauldrons in the room, usually all at work. This time, only five were, as Allesandra was sitting on one of the couches that were in the center, filling up vials and jars.

Harry stared at her, still trying to come to terms that this woman was once so beautiful that she rivaled the legendary Muggle god Aphrodite. He had seen an old portrait of his mother-in-law and admitted to himself that before her quest to be immortal started, she was a beauty. At one point in time, her hair had been a startling red, even redder than that of the Weasley family. It was now so white it was whiter than snow. And it hung down to her knees. Her eyes had once been the color green, but were now black. Her skin was dark, but now pale. She remained alive for 1000 years by mixing dragon's and vampire's blood and injecting herself with it. And then she found the Amulet of Corrisa, which was named after the witch that had created it.

The amulet itself was diamond shaped and changed colors depending on Allessandra's mood. At the moment red, which meant she was in a state of content. It was hanging around her neck on a gold chain, against her red robes. That amulet was the main source of the war that had been fought between she and Voldemort. Other forces were Cassandra, her first-born child, who Voldemort had killed, and Malicia herself, who Voldemort had kidnapped and held hostage for six months after Harry's sixth year at Hogwarts.

"Is there a reason why my delightful son-in-law is here?" Allessandra's raspy voice asked, as she continued to fill her vials. "Enter, boy. And close the door."

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," Harry said, walking in further.

"Not at all. When I was alerted to your presence here, I was hoping you were coming here to tell me that my grandchildren would be coming here for Christmas. But then that changed when I received an owl from my daughter just minutes ago..." Allessandra waved a hand to the couch opposite her. "Sit." As Harry eased down, she raised her head, and her shrewd black eyes connected with his. "Has my son-in-law come to interrogate me on whether I killed a bunch of traitors to our kind?"

"I was thinking about it. Until a couple things about the murders were pointed out to me." Harry leaned back. "You must be proud, Alle. Students have to take a course on you. You should be happy that one remembers what he learned."

"Such as the fact that I don't kill the weak?" Allessandra snapped

Harry let out a rough laugh. "You? You don't kill the weak? What about the Muggle hospice? The Muggle village Garana? There are a few other places where the weak and sick lived, and you killed them."

Allessandra glared, the amulet starting to flash from black to white. Harry knew she was struggling to hold her temper. Others before him would be trembling, offering apologies. But Harry wasn't. He had a certain hold on her. Her temper didn't make him tremble like it did when he was younger. "I prefer not to remember those," she said tightly. "All historians have pointed out that I was out of my mind. Moments of insanity as you may recall. The amulet does cause them every now and then."

Harry shook his head. "Denial. One of the many things you're good at it. Want to take a guess at what else this good student learned?"

Allessandra huffed. "Not really. Would you like an alibi my dear? I can give you one." Allessandra paused and then smiled. "Well, what do you know? I actually have an alibi that says I didn't participate in a bunch of murders. May all of the historians have heart attacks."

"And what would that nice little alibi of yours be?"

"The changing of the leadership ceremony for the Full Moon Tribe," Allessandra shot out. "And don't be an impertinent little shit, boy. Don't think that by being married to my daughter things have completely changed. The effects of war may have made us confidants towards each other. But I don't particularly give a shit. You know what I'm capable of doing."

Harry scowled at the woman before him. "And you know what would happen if I was sure you were behind the attacks, don't you? You would never see Raven or James again. Or Mali. And I would take my family out of America and go back to England, where you are not allowed to enter. You know our deal, Allessandra. No shit from you and you get to stay in contact with your grandchildren."

Allessandra smiled. She leaned back into the couch and crossed her arms over her chest and let out a laugh. "You learn well, boy. Just like your father. Quick and straight to the point. You always knew what my one weakness was."

"So did Voldemort," Harry reminded her. "Your daughter is everything to you. And so is Raven and James. I love Mali more than anything, and the things you did hurt her. Hurt her to the point where she was almost willing to trade loyalties, forsake you and join the one man you hated most in this world." Harry watched her smile fade and regret and sadness fill her eyes. He had hit a nerve and knew he made his point. Malicia was once her only tie to sanity. Now Raven and James were her other ties. She would do anything to be with her family and she did. When Mali and Harry married, she made a blood vow to Harry that she would stop killing and causing terror and chaos in America. If she broke that vow, she would lose everything.

"I had nothing to do with the murders," Allessandra said quietly. "I recognized the fact that it was almost a complete re-enactment of my past. I also know that this 'S' person is planning more attacks. And since he or she seems to be determined to copy some of my acts of terror, get ready to see some sheer and utter fucking brutality. Voldemort had nothing compared to what I've done." Allessandra sighed. "Did you honestly think that after defeating Voldemort that there would be a forever peace in our world?"

"Call me an optimist," Harry said lightly. "I was hoping for my lifetime at least that I wouldn't have to deal with another psychotic mass murderer."

Allessandra smiled sadly. Her black eyes held sympathy. "There's no rest for the good, Harry. No rest for the fucking wicked either."

Draco And Angel

Chapter 4 of 5

Revised:

It's the year 2027. 25 years have passed since the end of the Second War and the Final Fall of Lord Voldemort. Harry Potter had dedicated himself to the prevention of rising Dark Witches or Wizards. Because of his work, no other Dark Witch or Wizard has ever taken a foothold. A peace of sorts has come.

But now that peace has been shattered. Destroyed by the arrival of a Dark Witch that has hidden in the shadows and has emerged, determined to bring fear, terror and havoc in her wake. She will show the world what it truly means to be terrified.

Downtown Salem

Business and Commerce Section

Unlike the Potters, who made sure their home was secluded and had no neighbours, Savannah and Draco Malfoy lived in a Muggle high rise condo. No one would suspect that, and therefore, Draco was left alone... despite the occasional haranguing from Malicia and the browbeating he got from Harry.

Savannah poured some coffee into her mug and looked out at her balcony where her brooding husband was. They had received Mali's owl an hour ago about what

happened in Moscow. Draco promptly had taken to the balcony and put a locking charm on the door.

Draco had cut himself off from his family. After Isadora had taken him in after his seventh year, she made sure of that. It was somewhat odd knowing that a vampire, of all people, was disgusted with her descendants, declaring that Lucius was not worthy of the name Malfoy and that she was going to rectify what he had done to Draco. When the war was over, Harry had tracked down the Death Eaters that fled to America and made the deal with them. Protection as long as they gave up the right to use magic.

Isabella once told Lucius that she would make it her mission to make sure Draco was to learn about what it was to be a true Malfoy and that he would never see his son again. She also informed him that out of respect for Harry she wouldn't get her revenge on the man; otherwise Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy would have met the same fate as Severus Snape.

Draco's parents never knew of his marriage or his children. And that was the main reason Draco was grieving. He had made sure they never found out, and during his last and final meeting with Lucius, he denounced his father and the things he was taught, telling him that he hoped that the death he died would be a long and miserable torture. And it was now apparent Draco was beginning to regret those words.

His values and morals may have changed, especially with the help of Savannah, but one thing that didn't... was his unique ability to just be an asshole. Draco was still an ass, and he and Harry treated each other as an annoyance and never became friends, just tolerated each other for the sake of their wives...and their daughters' friendship.

Savannah sighed, wishing she could say something, and then jumped about a foot at the sound of someone Apparating next to her. Looking to her right, she spotted Harry, who was glaring at Draco out on the balcony.

"How long has he been out there?" he asked.

"About an hour."

Harry shook his head and rapped his knuckles on the door. Turning, Draco noticed his new visitor, greeted him with a scowl, but unlocked the door, letting Harry join him.

"Well, Malfoy, you gonna stay out here all day?"

"What the hell do you want?" Draco snapped. "I'm not up for hearing your fucking shit so say what you have to say and get the fuck out."

"Manners, Draco."

"Shove it, Potter."

"What do you want, Malfoy? Condolences on the deaths of your parents? You'll get them, I'm sure. But not from me. I have no sympathy whatsoever for the people who helped in the deaths of Ginny, Molly, Arthur and McGonagall. I'm sorry for what happened, how it happened, but for the rest I don't give a shit."

"Fuck you, Potter."

"Sorry. I prefer women. Or in my current case, one woman."

Draco stayed silent for a few moments. Turning away, he leaned against the railing, and his shoulders slumped. "Will they get a Funeral Fire?"

"No," Harry answered, his voice flat and hard. "You know the law, Draco. Only the honorable get the honor of a Funeral Fire. They did nothing to deserve that honor. If you want to see your parents one last time before the MMIA buries them, then do so. You have a day."

"Harry?" Savannah's voice carried outside. Both men turned and noticed the anxious expression on her face.

"Yes, Sav?"

"I just got an urgent message from St Errina's. Angel and Mali got into it, and Mali's threatening to AK her."

Harry sighed. "Fuck." He'd forgotten the intense history that Mali and Angel had. "We'll talk later, Malfoy." And with that he Disapparated out.

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## **St Errina's Mental Wellness Facility For Wizards And Witches.**

### **Somewhere in Boston, Mass**

"Let go of me! Let me go so I can kill the fucking bitch!" were the words that Harry heard as he Apparated outside of the conference room in St Errina's. His wife's voice. Obviously the meeting hadn't gone well. He jerked open the door and took in the state of the room. He really was stupid for sending Mali to question Angel. To question a woman that helped Voldemort imprison her.

Mali was being held against a wall by one large orderly while four others were surrounding another on the bed, one injecting a needle in a thin and pale arm. The table was upended against the wall, and the chairs were scattered. Scorch marks on the wall indicated Mali's attempts to curse or hopefully hex the other woman.

"Well, I can tell that I arrived in time," Harry drawled.

His words had the effect he wanted. They always did. Mali stopped struggling against the orderly, who had then let her go. Angel's yells had stopped, and silence echoed in the room. "Get out," he said to the orderlies, who instantly obeyed, leaving the room as Harry crossed over to his wife. Anger was rolling off her in waves, but she stayed still. Standing in front of her, blocking everything out, he tipped a finger under her chin and tilted her head up, making her angry purple eyes meet his.

He kissed her lips briefly. "I'm sorry. I forgot."

Mali's anger lessened as she accepted his apology. "Doesn't matter," she murmured.

An eyebrow raised. "On the contrary it does." He placed another kiss, a little longer. "I'll make it up to you later."

This time he got a smile. "Promise?"

He smiled back. "Definitely."

"Will you take the PDAs out of the room please?" a female voice interrupted another kiss in the making. Angel was annoyed, but her voice was faint. Whatever they injected her with it was working, and Harry didn't have much time left.

"Wait for me outside," Harry told Mali, who nodded and quickly walked out, closing the door behind her. Harry stared at the wall in front of him for a moment and then turned. Grabbing a chair, he set it down a foot away from Angel and then sat down.

Angel De Mercy. The psychic from hell. Voldemort's protégé and psychotic to a spectacular degree. Only about ten years older than Harry. It was once said that her loyalty to Voldemort could never be shaken. The story about her was told that when she was five, her parents were murdered, killed during a magic fight between Order of the Phoenix and Death Eaters. Voldemort had stepped in and saved the young girl who's exposure to the rough magic damaged her mentally and physically. She ended up

allergic to magic, and while able to cast it, she just couldn't have it cast on her. As she got older the effects of it got worse. A simple Stunning Spell could kill her today.

Voldemort raised her, and when he was first defeated by Harry, she was raised by Lucius and Snape. As she grew up she suffered from her visions, her gift made her see the past, present and future as soon as she touched something. She became violent and suffered periods of delusions and insanity as she got older. When Voldemort returned she became even worse, literally a weapon at his own hand. She was also the only one who could give him shit and live to tell about it.

What Voldemort didn't count on was her gift to center on him. After a vicious battle with Hagrid, who she killed and the effort nearly killed her, she received visions of her past and found out the truth. Voldemort had killed her parents after they refused to give their gifted daughter to him. As a result, Angel's deadly intentions were no longer focused on Harry, who had barely survived the last meeting he had with her, and turned squarely on Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

She killed Bellatrix and sent her head to Harry. Then she killed the werewolf who bit Remus and sent his head to Remus. She quietly and methodically killed as many as she could, letting Voldemort think that the Order was picking off his loyal followers, never once thinking that Angel was the cause. How could he? He thought her loyalty to him was absolute. Angel made a truce with Harry one night, and during the final battle showed her true colors to Voldemort, killing Nagini and then destroying the last three Horcruxes, leaving Harry free and clear to destroy his enemy.

She delivered a blow of irony to her surrogate father, stabbing him literally in the back and telling him to have fun in hell while he can because when she got there she would spend eternity making his life a living nightmare. Harry was then able to do what he was fated to do. After the dust cleared and Harry had then taken responsibility to Angel, at first having the Order take care of her. But her debilitating dementia had proved it difficult so he placed her in St. Errina's. Where she had remained for three decades.

And at this moment she was lying in a makeshift bed, her empty golden brown eyes staring up at the ceiling. She hadn't changed much, except that her strawberry-blonde hair now had streaks of grey in it. Her skin was still pale, and she was thin to the point of malnutrition. Harry leaned back in his chair. "So, had a spat with Mali?"

"Just playing a little game. She couldn't take it."

"And what game would that be?"

"Remember The Past."

"Oh, yes, I'm sure she enjoyed that."

"She started it. Couldn't hold back the nasty comments of delusion."

Harry chuckled. Angel often reminded him of Raven, determined to make people see her point of view.

"I suppose you brought up her six month imprisonment."

"Yes. Touch a nerve right there. Still doesn't talk about it I take it?"

"Very little."

"Not surprised. Voldemort did his damndest to break her and switch loyalties. Another month or so he would of succeeded. Nearly turned her against her mother."

Nearly? He did. It took years to repair the damage that Voldemort had created between Allesandra and Malicia. Thanks to his revelations, the things he revealed to the girl about her mother, and due to him telling her that Allesandra has been given an ultimatum to get her back, Malicia had thoroughly resented her mother. When Remus and the Order rescued Mali from her imprisonment with the help of a Renegade who had infiltrated the Death Eaters, Mali had refused to have anything to do with her mother after she forced her to confirm what Voldemort had told her. It wasn't until she had given birth to Harry's son, James Sirius Remus Potter, that she had fully forgiven her mother.

"We need to talk, Angel."

"About Moscow," the psychic stated simply, still not looking away from the ceiling. "Death. Rage all around. Anger," she sighed. "Too many dreams. Too much all around."

"Can you tell me what you see?"

"There'll be more, Harry Potter. More death and destruction. She wants the world to fear her, more than Voldemort."

Harry sat up. "She? S is a woman?"

Angel didn't bother to confirm it. She was too far gone to realize he was there. Her eyes never blinked as the words escaped. "A thirst for revenge. A thirst for blood. A vengeance far more bloody than of Quartermaine."

"Is she connected to Allesandra?"

"A child who lost everything resolved to make sure she would never lose again. Allesandra Quartermaine had taken vengeance for her parents' deaths. And then went on a path of self destruction. She and the new one have one thing in common. Vengeance. She will kill again. More traitors will die, the rebels will fall..."

"Rebels..." Harry murmured. "The Renegades. She'll attack the Renegades."

Angel sighed, waves of weariness rolling off her body as she slowly returned to reality. Her eyes, eyes that had seen too much in this world, connected with his. "You're in danger, Harry," she said quietly. She reached out and touched his knee. "She will come for you... and your family."

"Will she succeed?" Harry asked quickly before Angel ran out of energy completely.

"No... after many battles... she will fall. But many lives... many lives will fall before her... One will lose her innocence and change." Angel closed her eyes. "So tired, Harry Potter... need to rest."

Harry stared helplessly as Angel succumbed to the affects of the drug and slept. Before he left, he placed a blanket on her and smoothed her hair back. She reminded him often of a young child, and he wondered what her life would of been like if she hadn't met Voldemort.

"I'm sorry for everything, Angel. I wish you had an easier life," Harry whispered before leaving.

# Home And Hogwarts

Chapter 5 of 5

Revised:

It's the year 2027. 25 years have passed since the end of the Second War and the Final Fall of Lord Voldemort. Harry Potter had dedicated himself to the prevention of rising Dark Witches or Wizards. Because of his work, no other Dark Witch or Wizard has ever taken a foothold. A peace of sorts has come.

But now that peace has been shattered. Destroyed by the arrival of a Dark Witch that has hidden in the shadows and has emerged, determined to bring fear, terror and havoc in her wake. She will show the world what it truly means to be terrified.

## Nightfall, Potter Residence

Harry stepped out of his car and closed the door, looking around at his home and land. After he and Mali married, Alessandra presented them with this secluded place, about an hour away from Alessandra's. Surrounded by woods, it was a large farmhouse, once a favorite retreat of Alessandra's. About three stories high, it had four bedrooms, a potions lab, a large library, and a kitchen that Harry loved since he taken to cooking, something Mali was quite glad to give Harry since she couldn't cook worth a damn.

Along with the farmhouse were a large balcony and a wrap around porch. There was a small storage unit beneath the porch that contained all of Raven's winter sports equipment. Raven had taken a liking to the winter sports that Muggles tended to indulge in. She excelled at skating, skiing, snowboarding, and ice hockey. Then again, Harry had to admit when Raven put her mind to something, she usually excelled at it. And as soon as his two children came home, he would release the spell that was keeping the lake from being frozen and let the snow come down.

It was now past midnight. Harry had stayed at the MMIA for hours with Hermione and Ron, working out a way to try and protect the last remaining Death Eaters. Although Harry had created the protection program mainly for the remaining Death Eaters, it had been used to hide other witches and wizards who were afraid of the ones they were ratting out to the Agency. He had sent out agents to the safe houses, ten for each one of them, and then decided that he had done what he could. He couldn't get the witches and wizards out now. There was no place to put them until he had worked out new hiding places. They would have to stay put.

Opening the door, he walked inside, dropping his bag and throwing his long overcoat on the couch. He headed straight for the kitchen, stopping in front of the table to see a couple of letters that Trouble, Hedwig's offspring, had delivered earlier. Taking a soda out of the fridge, he sat down and read them. One was from Raven, telling him that she beat James and Gryffindor in Quidditch. Nothing unusual in that. Ever since Raven joined the Slytherin team in her first year, Slytherin had beaten Gryffindor. Every year James never failed to complain bitterly about it. Raven also told him about the hexing incident, saying James didn't mean to and that everything was fine. As usual, she was protecting her arse of an older brother.

Harry sighed. James and Raven used to get along. Until she entered Hogwarts his third year. Then that friendly brother and sister rivalry turned into downright hostility and animosity. Damien Malfoy, one of two people that Raven was closest to at Hogwarts, constantly argued with James over his treatment of his sister. Apparently, James couldn't handle his sister being sorted into Slytherin, then being put on the Slytherin team as Seeker. What he hated even more was losing to her, for Raven was like Harry in Quidditch. But no matter how much James acted up, Raven protected him.

Now in his last year, it had appeared that James and Raven had cooled their hostility, but it looked as if the truce hadn't lasted long. It didn't help when accusations were made that Harry favored his daughter over his son. Looking back, Harry could see that the accusations seemed to have some merit. Raven got his Firebolt 6000 when she made the Slytherin Quidditch team and then his father's Invisibility Cloak on her fourteenth birthday. Harry gave her the cloak because even though it had hurt to tell James, Raven showed more responsibility than his son did.

He supposed he favored Raven because he saw more of him in Raven. She was determined not to follow the rules and buck authority just like he did. She refused to wallow in his shadow and take for granted that she was Harry Potter's daughter. Princess Potter, the *Daily Prophet* dubbed when she was born and which she instantly hated. James, though, was somewhat like his namesake. And he willingly stayed in his father's shadow and accepted the nickname Prince Potter. Harry wasn't surprised when his daughter was sorted into Slytherin. He was surprised at his son's reaction though. So he guessed it was true: He was lenient when it came to Raven, hard when it came to James. At least he didn't spoil them to the point they were the size of orca whales, had nicknames like Diddydums, and were disrespectful.

Harry set Raven's letter down and recognized his son's untidy scrawl on another letter. It was probably filled with accusations, lambasting his sister and asking if he could stay at Hogwarts for Christmas. Mali never let him, although Harry wanted to at least let his son have his way once. He'd have to talk to her about it soon. Standing up, he headed towards the master bedroom. He entered and took in a quick visual. As usual, Mali's clothes were on a heap in the floor; she was a dedicated slob. She was in bed already fast asleep. He quietly walked into the bathroom to take a shower, casting a Silencing Charm to prevent her from waking. She had the same habit that Ginny did, kicking anyone's ass that woke her when she wasn't ready.

Harry leaned his against the tile, letting the hot water pour over his tired body. Ginny. Many had accused him of turning to Mali on a rebound, saying that he was trying to replace Ginny with Mali. Harry scoffed and turned away from those who did. He had broken things off with Ginny after Dumbledore died, unable to handle the thought of them hurting her, and they still had. They still hadn't gotten back together, not for the lack of trying on Ginny's part. But she had died, during one of most nasty battles that have ever taken place, while Harry was being distracted by Angel and Voldemort.

Harry stopped the washcloth at the middle of his chest, touching the long scar that ran down the middle of him. He had nearly died that night at the hands of Angel. That woman and her love for knives. As much as he hated to admit it, if it hadn't been for the late Severus Snape, who came out of nowhere, hitting her with a Stunning Spell that had almost killed her, Harry would have been dead, and Voldemort would still be around. It was during his recovery when he finally found out about Ginny.

Harry had refused to talk to anyone for weeks after she died, only forced out of his seclusion because Mali told him to stop being an ass and accept that fact that people died in a war. She also told him that she wasn't trying to be nice to him on purpose. Harry smiled as he remembered Mali bitching him out for hiding from the world. Talk about the pot calling the kettle black. Mali was quite good at hiding. The two of them hadn't gotten along when they'd first met, but the hostility had changed over the space of a year. Harry had started using Mali as a confidante and, within a year after that, fell in love with her.

He knew that she wasn't Ginny. Ginny would always be his first. But he loved Mali. His love for Mali nearly destroyed his friendship with Ron due to his friend's inability to get along with Malicia. Ron had refused to accept Malicia, and if it hadn't been for Hermione, the two boys might have never repaired their friendship. Alessandra had her own opinion on Harry's romance with her daughter. She had simply taken him aside one day and told him that if he ever hurt Malicia, she would kill him.

Turning off the water, Harry stepped out and dried himself. He shook his head, dislodging the memories and returning to the present. Deciding not to bother with a towel, he stepped out of the bathroom and walked towards the bed. He drew back the blankets covering his wife and smiled at the sight in front of him.

Nude. On her stomach, arms under her pillow, Mali's body never failed to make his cock salute. Even after having two children. Eyes traveling up her body, he quickly paused at the scar on her right arm that went from her wrist to her elbow. It was a reminder of her time when she was held hostage by Lord Voldemort, and he still didn't know to this day what or who had done it. She refused to talk about it. Gently placing his hands on her side, he rolled her over, getting nothing but a soft sigh as he ran his hands down her firm legs.

Eyes on her breasts, still as gorgeous and large as ever, he straddled her waist. Leaning forward, he kissed her mouth, his hands sliding up until they cupped her breasts. That finally woke her up, and her eyes slowly opened, sleep still etched in them, but arousal coming into play.

"Harry?"

"That better not be a question," he growled.

"No..."

"I said I would make it up to you, didn't I?" Harry started trailing kisses down her neck, pausing at the juncture between her neck and shoulder. She sighed, and he felt her hands on his back, then moving upward into his hair. He felt her shift slightly and then curl one leg around his waist.

"Yes, you did."

"Well then," he paused and moved his hands down to settle at the warm, soft juncture between her legs, "let me make it up to you."

~~~~~ An Hour Later ~~~~~

The bed shifted and then dipped. Malicia opened her eyes to see her husband bend down to the floor and pick up his robe. She watched quietly as he opened the sliding doors that led out to their private porch and sat down on a chaise lounge. It was obvious that previous events from today were on his mind. Knowing from experience that he preferred to be alone with his thoughts, she reached down for the comforter, drew it over her body and closed her eyes, letting herself fall back asleep.

The Next Day, Hogwarts School of Magic, Potions Class

"Malfoy, wake Potter up."

"Are you crazy? She hates it when anyone wakes her up."

"Well, someone needs to before Professor Snape wanders her way over here, and you KNOW she will, and finds one of her students asleep."

"Well then you wake up Raven if you think it's so bloody fucking important."

"Language, Draca!"

"Stuff it, Weasley."

"I am so NOT going to get into trouble for this. I should have known better than to make myself partners with you and Raven."

"I was wondering why, Weasley. Why aren't you with the other Gryffindors?"

"Raven issued the invitation, and I took it. Now I know why she did it. Just so she can sleep. Come on, wake Raven up. She'll get into trouble."

A snort. "Like you care."

Draca Malfoy and Regina Weasley stared at each other for a full minute before Regina finally looked away, muttering to herself as she stirred the potion the three of them were making. As usual, Draca was cutting up the ingredients, and as usual, Raven was asleep, resting her head on her textbooks.

Raven Potter was always asleep. Or at least asleep when she got the chance. The only time she didn't sleep was during meals or Transfiguration and Charms class. It was well known that Raven Potter was NOT a favorite among the professors.

What people didn't know, and what the Slytherins did, was that Raven had a Quick Quotes Quill. It took all the notes she needed during class, and she also had an enchanted Muggle tape recorder, enchanted so it could work through the magic in this place, and had every one of her classes recorded. It was during the night that she did her homework, studied, and of course wandered around the castle with her father's Invisibility Cloak.

Draca looked away from her sleeping friend and picked up the beetle eyes she had finished sorting. "Ready for them?"

The Weasley girl looked down at her notes... actually Raven's notes that the quill had taken during the lecture. "Yeah. Now is good." She looked up and paled as Professor Snape started walking down the aisles, now obviously checking the work of the students.

Draca was starting to pale a bit too as she added the beetle eyes. Professor Severus Snape was bitter, rude, nasty as hell, but damn, she was so cool. She didn't resemble her father much, except for the black hair (minus the grease) and the cold, black eyes. She had her mother's Italian features mainly, including the copper skin. But her attitude was exactly like the infamous Severus Snape's was: nasty.

But that was where the similarities ended. Where her father favored the Slytherins, she did not. She tolerated them like she tolerated everyone else. It was quickly learned that if you wanted to survive with Professor Snape, you had to do your work and keep your mouth shut. The only time the professor had acted out of character was when she had Raven put on the Quidditch team the first year the girl was there. And that was mainly due to the fact that Raven had pulled a Wronski Feint in front of her.

"Weasley, wake Raven up," Draca said urgently.

Reggie frowned. "Oh, now you want her to wake up. Well, guess what? No."

"Damn it, Weasley, wake her up."

"No. Let her get into trouble for once. Merlin, she always sleeps through class. I'd like for her to get caught once."

"Weasley, if you don't wake her up--"

"How about I wake her up?" a silky, feminine voice said. Standing right beside her.

'Shit,' Draca moaned inside her head. She looked up to see Professor Snape move in the front of the cauldron, take a book out of Raven's bag, and open it... It was her Potions book. "So, Miss Potter, a quick question: What does a bezoar do?" And with that final word, she slammed the book shut... right next to Raven's ear, who instantly jumped up and was now wide awake.

"It cures poisons," Raven gasped out, her sleepy green eyes quickly coming into focus. "Bezoars need to be shoved down someone's throat to cure a poison if ingested." Draca handed the girl her glasses, and she slipped them on.

Regina and Draca stared at the girl in between them, potion now forgotten. Raven Potter was sound asleep, but still was able to answer the question that was asked before she was woken up. Even Professor Snape looked surprised.

"Well, perhaps you do pay attention, Ms Potter," she said softly. She set the book down. "Ten points for answering the question. But twenty points will be lost for falling asleep. Be grateful it isn't more."

She turned to Draca. "And ten points will be lost from you for failing to wake her the moment she fell asleep. Twenty points from Gryffindor for your inability to act as well, Ms Weasley." She looked down at the ruined potion in their cauldron. "I don't see the need to take points for this. You've had enough taken."

~~~~~2 Hours Later~~~~~

"Ms Potter?"

Raven stopped as Professor Snape called her name. Class was over, and she was on her way to lunch before the professor stopped her. Draca shot her a look and Raven sighed.

"Go on. Don't bother waiting for me." Draca nodded and headed upstairs as Raven wandered over to her professor's desk.

"So." Professor Snape leaned back in her chair, her black eyes showing nothing of what she was feeling. "If it wasn't for the fact you play on the Quidditch team, Ms Potter, I would be forcing you to sit a detention Saturday. As it is, I don't approve of my students, or for any of my students from my House, falling asleep in class. But at least it appears my class isn't the only one."

Raven colored at the thought of the other professors talking about her. "I'm sorry, Professor. It's not the class itself..."

"Oh, I should hope not. I hate to think of my subject being in the same league as History of Magic." The Professor smiled, sort of... If you call a forced moving of the lips upward smiling. Raven shifted her weight onto the other foot. "How long have you had trouble sleeping?"

Raven shrugged. "Since I was little. Always up at night. Dad called me a night owl."

"Do I need to give you daily access to a sleeping potion to ensure you sleep at night? Or do you find that you would rather break the rules and wander around the school after curfew?"

Raven stared at her Head of House for a full minute. Was she trying to get her to admit to that? Not for the first time, she wondered if Professor Snape could read minds.

"I don't do that," she said slowly. "It's just..." Raven sighed. "I get all my work done at night when the common room is empty, and there's no distractions."

"Then I suggest you find another way to do your work. And I will be making sure you get daily doses of a sleeping potion so that you will be in your bed," the professor said firmly. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal." Raven gritted through her teeth. Sometimes she hated the fucking bitch.

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Severa Snape watched as Raven Potter's green eyes darkened and her skin flushed red. She was pissing the girl off. Not unusual. She and Ms Potter seemed to have a daily battle of pushing each other's buttons.

"Can I go?"

Severa raised an eyebrow at the poorly concealed hostility and barely politely asked question. She wondered what life would have been like for Raven if her father Severus was still head of the House of Slytherin. "Certainly."

~~~~~Great Hall~~~~~

"Looks like you won't be able to wander around anymore," Draca stated, reaching for her goblet as Raven finished ranting.

"Good," her brother stated, sitting down across from them. Draca took a closer look at her brother. His cheeks were pink, and his eyes angry. "You won't get off the Quidditch team then if you don't get fucking caught sneaking around the halls." He slammed his books on the table.

Raven narrowed her eyes at Damien's rare display of temper and then rounded herself, looking directly at the Gryffindor table. Lorena Granger was there, talking to Regina's older brother Sebastien. Also at the table were Farrah Longbottom, George Weasley's twins Vivian and Cristy Weasley, Fred Weasley's twin daughters, Jade and Janna Weasley, and several others. And of course, holding court was her arse of a brother who was looking quite pleased with himself.

Raven turned to Damien. "What did James do now?"

Damien shook his head. "Don't want to talk about it."

"What did he do?"

"You're going to defend him no matter what I tell you anyway, Raven, so drop it."

"Damien..."

"Just... Drop it, Raven," Damien sighed. "Save it for the Quidditch match and make sure you catch the Snitch for my sake before he does. All right?"

"Hey, Damien, have you heard?" Another Slytherin sat down

"Heard what?" he grumbled, ripping his roll in half.

"About your grandparents' murder?"

Silence. The Slytherin table stopped eating completely, and Raven choked on her pumpkin juice. The Ravenclaws, whose table was closest, went silent as well. Damien and Draca stared at the Slytherin girl in disbelief. She just raised an eyebrow and tossed him the *Daily Prophet*.

Damien opened it up, and there they all saw: DEATH EATERS IN HIDING: MURDERED!!!!!!

"What the fuck?!" Damien yelled. "MURDERED!"

Well, everyone definitely heard that. Students everywhere were grabbing *Daily Prophets* and opening them up. Raven leaned closer to read the smaller articles.

"The bodies of Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy, as well as some other former Death Eaters that have gone into hiding," Raven read aloud, the entire Slytherin table listening, "were found dead at the safe house that Harry Potter, the One Who Defeated You-Know-Who, had installed for them in Moscow, Russia. Their bodies were found tied to makeshift crosses while the safe house and woods burned around them. The MMIA, the AWC and Harry Potter himself could not be reached for comment, but the work of this grisly scene has the same trademarks that Allesandra Quartermaine herself has made on some of her most vicious and infamous massacres..." Raven quieted down after that.

"They're blaming Grandma for this?" She sat down, shock going through her. "Why?"

"Because they have no one else to blame," Draca said matter-of-factly. "Raven, it's not her. She wouldn't jeopardize herself like this. She knows what would happen if your dad even suspected she was behind this. She didn't do it."

"Then... someone's framing her?"

Raven looked sick at that thought, and Draca worried for a moment her friend might blow chunks right there. Loud, angry curses were suddenly heard, and Draca turned towards the Gryffindor table where James had just finished reading the articles and was obviously pissed. He looked angry. And she knew why. Raven and James loved their grandmother and took any insult or nasty remark made their way about her personally. They understood that their grandmother had a rather... bloody history with their world, but they didn't care. At the moment all they cared about was that someone was slinging mud on Allesandra's name.

Draca watched as James threw the *Daily Prophet* on the floor and stormed out of the Great Hall, Granger, Longbottom, and the several Weasleys following. Draca turned back to her friend, whose green eyes normally had a look of mischief or planning in them. Now they held worry. Even the Headmistress Dumbledore and other professors were watching what was unfolding with narrow eyes and tight lips. The Transfiguration teacher, Professor Korrinth, the late Professor McGonagall's daughter, didn't look particularly thrilled as she read the article herself.

"Yes," Draca said firmly, turning her attention back to Raven. "Yes, whoever did this is trying to frame her."

Raven slumped down into her chair. "But why?" she whispered.

Damien and Draca exchanged looks. Draca sighed. "Because they can."