

# Through the Veil and Back Again

*by Lady Dragonsinger*

Harry discovers that even though loved ones are gone, they still watch over us.

## None

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Harry discovers that even though loved ones are gone, they still watch over us.

"Harry Potter must not look for those spells. No, he must not!"

Harry sat up in bed, a cold sweat beading on his skin. It had seemed so real, so very real. Even the voice, which was one he had not heard in a long time, seemed to be as if the speaker were right next to his bed, saying it in his ear. But that was impossible for the tiny house-elf, just like his godfather and others close to him, was on the other side of the veil. Harry knew this was impossible because no one knew he was looking for those spells at all. He had told no one, not even his beloved wife, Ginny. Harry was not sure whether the reason he had not told Ginny was because she would try to stop him or offer to help him, but either way, he would not allow it. He was not going to be stopped but he would not allow Ginny to put herself in danger, especially an unknown danger.

It had begun with an offhanded remark by Kreacher that Harry had overheard, but when he asked the house-elf about it later, Kreacher denied ever saying it. The odd part was that it was the first time the house-elf had lied to Harry since they had forged a bond between them so many years ago. This time, it was very clear that Kreacher was not lying out of disobedience but some sort of fear. Harry did not push the matter but found himself spending more and more time using the restricted section at his old school or the research department at the Ministry, both of which he now had access to thanks to his position with the Ministry.

Ginny had already arisen, and he could hear her in the kitchen as he swung his legs over the edge of the bed and stood only to find himself flailing about and trying to keep his balance before landing on his rear on the floor.

"Harry, you all right?"

"Yes, fine. It's nothing."

"Harry Potter must not search those spells."

Harry looked around the room, scrabbling to his feet and reaching for his wand as he did. No one was there, but it was then he could see the small Muggle marbles scattered on the floor that had caused him to fall. He thought it odd, as usually Rose was good about picking up her things and he couldn't remember her having them in their room. Although it seemed that lately, there was a epidemic of stuff left lying around in the path of others. The broom that had been across the stairs that Harry almost tripped on, the books that had been missing from the library stacks that he tripped over on his way out, all making for some clumsy events. Dropping his musings on the sudden rush of accidents, Harry made his way to the bathroom and turned on the shower, letting the water warm up as he stripped off his pajamas and looked in the mirror.

"Harry Potter must....." POP "..... not search those spells."

Behind him, Harry saw the familiar reflection of...

"Dobby!" he shouted before remembering his undressed state and grabbing a towel to cover his torso. "Dobby! What? How? Why?" Harry rattled the questions off in rapid fire and shock.

"Dobby knows what Harry Potter is trying to do. Dobby knows. Dobby trying to protect Harry Potter."

Harry blinked, suddenly feeling as if he were having déjà vu with the unfolding scene. If a fancy cake started flying around the room, Harry decided he was so out of there. Fortunately, that would not be the case.

"How could you know, Dobby?"

The house-elf shook his head. "Harry Potter must not try the ritual. It is hard enough for house-elf. Much harder and dangerous for Harry Potter. For any wizard. Harry Potter must stay safe. Dobby watches. We can see. Must not try it."

"I have to, Dobby," Harry insisted, not believing he was having this discussion in his bath, wearing only a towel.

"Mr. Black says no, you do not. He says he's always near and sees all you have done. He's very pleased with Harry Potter, yes, he is," Dobby said, pride in the last part clear in his voice.

Harry registered surprised at the words. He should have realized that on the other side of the veil, those there would find each other but he never really thought about it. "He does? He is?" Harry asked, his voice just a bit less forceful than it had been when he insisted he had to try the ritual.

The little house-elf nodded. "He is. Does. Harry Potter must not keep researching. Dobby will find more ways to keep him from it if he must. Even from the other side."

Harry blinked, realization dawning on him. "The marbles? The broom? The books?" he asked as the little elf nodded affirmatively for each one. Remembering the damage that had been inflicted upon his person the first time the elf ever tried to keep Harry Potter safe, the wizard sighed. Forget the danger from the ritual, the attempt to research it was obviously going to prove even more dangerous. He nodded in return. "All right, Dobby," he said sadly.

"Thank you, Harry Potter..." POP again as the elf faded to nothing. "... We will watch over you."

Harry nodded, silent as the elf vanished.

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Based on a prompt from MuseAmusant: Rumor has it that a time-forgotten house-elf ritual can help an elf reach his master beyond the Veil itself. An obsessed Harry (or the character of your choice) is determined to find out if the rumors are true.