

Kreacher's Second Chance

by Slytherin Head

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He had always thought he was a great house-elf. Always there when his masters needed him, obeying every one of their commands and even fulfilling the punishments they set out for him when he was a bad elf. He never once thought that there was a better life than the one he had before his Mistress died, and the noble house of Black became nothing but a shell of its former glory.

He would live the remainder of his days in the house, and once he was dead, well, he hoped someone would put his head on to the wall next to his ancestors. He didn't want to be the last of his line to not have the honor of being on the wall.

Kreacher knew that the oldest and remaining sons of the Blacks would have been more than happy to have chopped his head off. He never liked the oldest of the Black boys. His master, Regulus, was kind and the perfect son while his master, Sirius, was everything his name was not. He placed shame in the house of Black when the Sorting Hat sorted him in Gryffindor, and when news of his arrest was leaked, well, Kreacher was just glad his Mistress had passed through the Veil already.

He never thought that once again, he would have a master who would bring him pride at serving him. That is, until Harry Potter became his new master.

The day the old wizard Dumbledore had told him he belonged to the Potter boy, that had been the most tragic day indeed for Kreacher. He could already see it: the Potter boy would treat him just like his old master, Sirius, did. He would call him names and kick him around the house. He would wish him death and a painful one at that. He was just lucky the boy was in school, or he might take a leaf out of the Weasleys' book and place pranks for him all around the house. He still had marks from their last prank that he found shortly after Christmas.

But he was wrong about the boy. He wasn't sent to live in the house of Black and forgotten. The boy had sent him to work at Hogwarts, where there was always something to do. He still thought the boy was a rotten brat, but the more time he spent around the looney Dobby, the more he heard about how great the Potter boy was. He didn't want freedom like Dobby, but he wanted a kind master.

When the boy had asked him to follow the Malfoy heir, Kreacher began to think that he was right and that the boy was rotten. No one with the proper upbringing would spy on someone with such noble blood as a Malfoy.

It wasn't till after the Headmaster's death that Kreacher began to see the Potter boy in a different light. When he had told him that they knew of the Horcruxes and wanted to finish the job his master, Regulus, had started, Kreacher had hope again. His master had sent him to find the one who had stolen the necklace, and he had found him. He even hit Mundugus in the head with a frying pan for not giving his master the information he wanted.

Afterward, as they spent their time in Grimmauld Place devising their plans to take the necklace back, Kreacher made sure the house was kept clean and that his master and his friends had food to eat. Kreacher was even beginning to warm up to the Mudblood.

He had been there in the hallway awaiting his master's return from the Ministry when out of nowhere, four people appeared. He had quickly sent a hex at the man holding

on to the Mudblood and helped them escape. The man who he had hexed had looked at him and tried to question Kreacher. But the old elf clicked his fingers and took refuge within Hogwarts.

He, along with the Hogwarts house-elves, kept an ear on the news. Everyone was hoping to hear news about Harry Potter. When days passed and no one had heard anything about him, the rest of the elves began to lose hope. Kreacher and Dobby, on the other hand, took that as good news. It meant that Harry Potter was still alive and that he was still fighting again the monster that called himself Voldemort.

When the day of the battle came, Kreacher gathered the house-elves, telling them to take hold of anything that could be used as weapons. He told them that any who did not wish to die should leave immediately. Turning his back, he was pleased when he didn't hear anyone popping out of the castle.

Fixing his locket, he held tightly to the pan in his hand and ran out the doors ready to defend his masters.

After the battle, he had given the elves that had died a funeral. He didn't think taking their heads and nailing them to the walls was something his master would approve of. He had ordered the rest to help those in need, and he had gone to the kitchens to do the only thing he could think of to help his master: he made him a sandwich.

Nineteen years later

"James, Al! Hurry up you two or we'll miss the train!"

Kreacher looked on from his small chair near the fire as his master's family rushed to catch the Hogwarts Express. It was the same as it had been the year before, and he knew it would be the same scene as the years passed.

Getting up from his chair, he walked to where the trunks were and moved them away from the stairs. It wouldn't do if one of the young masters fell and broke a leg.

"Kreacher! Don't worry about it. I don't want you to overwork," Harry said. He took out his wand and with a flick, all of the trunks were sent to the car. "Are you sure you want to go and work with the other house-elves at Hogwarts? I mean, you can stay here with Winky, where there's less things to clean and you don't have to deal with eight-hundred screaming kids."

Kreacher simply smiled and nodded his head. Even if he was nearing his time, he would make sure that he served all three of the young masters as he should have treated their father the moment Kreacher met him.

For him, it was his second chance at life.