

Harry Who?

by Eileen_Prince

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In this tale, Neville experiences love, adventure, and fulfillment of destiny, but to save Harry, he may have to sacrifice it all.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Chapter 1: Harry Who?

Harry Potter sat on a patch of wet grass on the Hogwarts grounds, smiling grimly. His bright green eyes shone with tears, and a thin stream of blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth. His jet black hair was more disheveled than usual and caked with dry blood. His hands shook and his chest heaved. It was over.

The entire wizarding world had always known his name. He had been "The Boy Who Lived", but by tomorrow.... He sighed deeply. Ever since he had learned of the foul deeds committed by Lord Voldemort, he had believed that it would be he who destroyed the dark wizard. He would be the one who attained revenge. He would be the one who claimed the glory. Him. But Harry Potter would no longer be a household name. No, much of the wizarding world would, in all probability, forget that he had ever existed. He would be someone who was casually and briefly mentioned in textbooks, nothing more. He felt that his life had been torn away from him, like a rug being pulled out from under his feet. No one cared about Harry Potter. No, they had a new hero: Neville Longbottom.

After Dumbledore's funeral, Harry had stayed at the Weasley home for less than a week. Then, he, along with a select group of followers, had set about systematically destroying each and every one of the Horcruxes. It wasn't easy, to say the least, but they did it.

His first target had been Voldemort's fiendish pet snake, Nagini. Then he had moved on to a gold encrusted stool with a hidden compartment that had once belonged to Hufflepuff, a large sapphire ring in the form of a great bird that had once belonged to Ravenclaw, and, of course, the locket that had once belonged to Salazar Slytherin. It had been difficult to track that final one down. Regulus Black had stolen the locket from the Dark Lord, and in turn Mundungus Fletcher had stolen it from the Black home and sold it on the black market. Harry eventually found it, ironically enough, at Borgin and Burke's and destroyed it shortly after.

In the midst of all of this was Fleur and Bill's wedding. The ceremony was less than extravagant, to say the least, but they were afraid to attract any unwanted attention. After a short series of vows, they exchanged golden rings, kissed, and immediately set off on their honeymoon in Romania, where they would stay with Charlie. Harry remembered with a smile that Neville's gran had almost caught the bouquet, but it had been snatched from the air by a woman with spiky, bubble gum-pink hair. Tonks, for that's who the woman was, and Harry's old professor Remus Lupin were inseparable now and could often be found snogging in a corner like a couple of teenagers.

After the second-to-last Horcrux had been found (the seventh and final one remained within Lord Voldemort), Harry had decided to take a long-deserved break. He stayed in Ron's room at the Burrow with a number of other assorted members of The Order of the Phoenix as well as Neville Longbottom, whose home had recently flooded. He found himself growing comfortable, what with the good food and good company, and despite the great political turmoil that surrounded him, Harry found himself becoming incredibly happy. All of this was turned upside down, though, after a visit from Narcissa Malfoy.

She had burst in during a particularly delicious dinner at the Weasley home. Harry would never forget how she had looked, framed in the doorway. Her white-blond hair was matted and frizzed, her skin pale, and her sour expression seemed intensified. Her blue eyes blazed with anger as she spotted Harry.

"You!" she had exclaimed, extending a twisted, claw-like finger in Harry's direction, "You are to blame! It was you, you who did this to me. You ripped my family apart, and for that you must pay!" She raised her wand so that it was level with Harry's face, and before Tonks, Lupin, Mrs. Weasley, or any of the others at the table could do anything, Harry slumped onto the floor. Mrs. Weasley screamed and soon Hermione, Ginny and Neville followed suit. Neville's gran silenced him with a whack of her cane. Narcissa glanced up with a look of surprise on her cruel face, as though she hadn't noticed them before, blinded as she was with cold fury.

"Don't worry, he isn't dead." She had said coldly as Mrs. Weasley bent over Harry's seemingly lifeless form, "He has just been put under a curse of my own invention. I am the only one who knows how to undo it. If you take him or kill me, he will never be revived. Therefore, I find it in his best interest if you move." Shaking, the various Order members parted as Narcissa flicked her wand, levitating Harry, and headed out the door.

Here was where Neville had first made his way onto the charts. He had been sitting at the table that night, and immediately after the door slammed shut behind Harry and his abductor, Neville had leapt up and began formulating a plan. They had to follow them, otherwise they may never see Harry again. Narcissa was either taking him to Lord Voldemort or somewhere to exact her own personal revenge. The Dark Lord's power over many of his followers was strong, but Neville doubted that Narcissa would go to her husband's master. He explained that it had been Lord Voldemort who had initiated Draco as revenge for Lucius' shortcomings. The youngest Malfoy had faced a group of Aurors a few months previously and been killed. Narcissa was blind with rage and sadness, so much so that she would likely dare to defy even the most dangerous wizard in the world.

Therefore, Narcissa Malfoy was going to, in all probability, subject Harry to the most brutal torture imaginable as personal revenge. If he had been conscious, Harry would have known that his only hope was a bumbling round-faced boy who had never succeeded at anything, and it would have scared him shitless.