

Of Wives and Princes

by JordanneLeigh

Salina is getting married: to a Prince.
This story is the first of many that explores a history JKR leaves to the imagination.
Right now I'm doing some major plot revisions... as will happen when you find out
one of your main characters is gay...

With Apology and Affection

Chapter 1 of 2

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It was not uncommon for a wizard to take two wives.

Salina looked to her new husband and prayed that he would love her.

Her sister Demi stood beside her, cold and beautiful as always. She was the perfect wife for a pureblood, social man. This joint marriage had been their family's last option for Salina's own marriage.

The law against joint marriages would be active at the dawning of the next day.

The Prince family had taken two wives for centuries.

This Prince was alone--his father had died but a week ago--demanding the marriage so that his son would receive inheritance.

This was why the marriage was so haphazard--so small.

By now, in pairings (or triple-ings?), each participant in the marriage would know each other well.

If things had gone according to custom, the wives would have not been siblings, either.

All those years, Salina sighed, of wishing for the day that her and Demi would be separated were now lost in the bond of marriage.

"I Do," Salina echoed her sister, at last and as expected.

Her new husband kissed Demi first, and with an almost sad look in his eye, he formally bonded her with apology and affection that neither knew how to describe.

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It was understood by all that the first night of this marriage would be awkward. No one, then, cared to ask about it. And with that, all of Salina's friends seemed to slip away in disgust. They could not giggle about her night--they did not wish to know her. Her actions (her family's choices) had just barely evaded the law. Salina understood that if

they were disgusted, they were also jealous.

The Prince, her husband, was a handsome man. If things had not been rushed--so readily contrived by their families--any other girl would have had a chance to marry Harold.

To keep up appearances, it was Demi who went with their husband to all of the formal and congratulatory events.

Salina felt hallow.

What was she?

Was this existence at all better than that of a mistress?

Was she a Broodmare?

And so, the first six months of her marriage passed in a blur. Her body touched but once--enough to keep her from seeking any other man. Enough to let her forget that he had been kind but remember that she had been second.

"Wife." He would address her--as they passed each other in hallways, when he caught her in the library, or the lab, or the gardens.

"Wife." She would address her--with a smirk that only could belong to the eldest sister--the one who got what she wanted.

The house-elves called her "Mistress"--a formality that only stung when they called Demi "Mrs. Prince."

It was a torture undesirable--a life half-lived.

Salina felt that she had forgotten how to feel--would like to believe it, too--but each day was a pain to endure. Did they really need her? What good was she alive?

Salina spent the day before her anniversary to the wedding out in the gardens, admiring the magically blooming tulips as her inheritance. She felt her husband nearby before she saw him, and waited for his greeting--waited for him to pass her by.

"Are you always this sad?"

His voice was unrecognizable without the one syllable with which she had heard from him for a year.

She turned to him, for the tulips could not catch her gaze when his eyes held the same sadness she had almost forgotten. "Always? I can scarce remember a time where I was not a ghost. Demi has always over shone me--and to some extent have I always been in shadows; that life I lived when young was only to prepare me for this fate."

"Is it fate then for you to be a ghost?" he asked, as if affronted by her words.

"I know not how to be alive," she spoke.

"Would you try?" he asked. "Would you attend the Ministry Ball with me?"

She frowned "It is not my place, nor my wish to attend a social event." The words were sharp on her mind, like lies--and she rushed to clarify, "I am not the butterfly that my sister has--"

"Let her be the Demi-fly then, and we could take you shopping."

With his humor, she somehow found her own.

"I'd rather kiss a hippogriff."

His eyes flashed--their color an expressive green--showing first hurt, surprise, and then laughter. "Then shall we have a picnic? I'll call the house-elves to--"

"The point of a picnic is not to be grand; surely you can gather some bread and honey without harm to yourself!"

"Only if you come with me, wife."

And there it was; the word had suddenly changed from something akin to a dagger, but into the softest of caresses.

She led the way, all the time smiling like a fool.

In this manner, their courtship began.

Was it possible to be pursued when already owned?

His smile was gentle, his touches brief and kind.

Moments that she had spent alone soon became great possibilities.

Demi would go shopping, and they would sit in the parlor and read.

Demi would have tea, and they would brew potions in the lab.

Demi would spend the day primping for the party, and they would meet for a picnic.

When Harold went to work, Salina would accompany him, starting the trend for secretaries within his small division.

When Harold sold their potions, she would buy more ingredients, more books, and nothing that wasn't necessary.

When Harold went to bed, Salina would join him, comfortable and smiling.

And Demi did not get jealous--she was too consumed in her own happiness to notice her sister's. On the nights that they attended lavish parties, Harold would come to bed exactly two hours after they had come home. He would kiss Salina with apology and affection that neither knew how to describe.

The moment that Salina was with child, both of them knew--and their celebration only involved them--because they could not think of any one else who needed to know.

Three months later, Demi also announced that she was with child--three months so. That news came with trepidation; the day was awkward and fearful. Salina cried in Harold's arms with apology and affection that neither knew how to describe.

At six months, Demi realized just how close Salina's due date matched her own--and begged to abort the child. This law, however, would not be evaded--no matter Demi's concern with her 'figure.'

Three months later, Demi bore into the world twin boys. With the ill-fate of the second, Demi was lost.

The next night, Salina gave birth to another boy.

James, Thomas, and James were the names--for neither sister would change the names for the other.

As decreed by the Prince's history--only the first son of a Prince could carry on the ancient name. In that way, Harold and Salina took on the surname of Potter--leaving Demi in memory as Mrs. Prince, her son James Prince.

No one expected Thomas to survive.

Riddle for an Answer

Chapter 2 of 2

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Salina poured all of her love into the three young boys, changing every aspect of her life.

Her reading was confined to story books, Potions were healing, and picnics were grand adventures.

Harold worked, played, and smiled with his sons--he never held back his love.

But everyone knew James Potter to be the son they cherished--the child made of love. James Prince was the son to fulfill all his duties, and Thomas was the child who killed his mother and barely lived.

And their behaviors followed in the way that they were born.

James Potter was bright and carefree. He basked in the love of his parents, did as he was asked but always sought to have his own fun. He was powerful, but not dedicated. He was the first to play a prank.

James Prince was calculating and solemn, ever trying to prove his worth. He was studious only so long as to be better than his brothers; he was the first to blame another for a mistake he had made.

Thomas Prince was quiet and violent. He often cried, and his work was done on his own terms--he rarely went outside. He did not exhibit magic, and therefore he felt vulnerable. He was the first to hit his brothers.

With three young boys growing in the house, it was a long time before they realized Thomas's total lack of magical powers. After the age of nine, they only thought him a late bloomer.

All the boys would steal their parents' wands--create a mess--and run away (chastised). The Potters let themselves believe that Thomas was smarter, and would not wave the wand about just to get into trouble.

But on the boys' eleventh birthday, Ollivander gravely refused to sell the youngest Prince a wand.

Salina looked in all directions for some answer--but mostly she prayed.

The brothers were at odds, but all of them saw Salina as their mother, and they all responded to her wish for peace.

Until the day that four letters of acceptance flew through their window.

Two for James Prince: Hogwarts and Durmstrang; Two for James Potter: Hogwarts and Beuxbatons; Thomas received none.

And James Prince rashly invoked his responsibility as a Prince, to challenge his brother's place in the Prince family.

Salina separated the three, which was all she could do to stop a killing over breakfast. When she stared across the table to her husband, she saw a different person. Maybe he was the same person she had known him to be the first year of her marriage. Maybe it was her who had changed--out of fear for a child that wasn't hers.

"Why didn't you help me stop this?" She asked, once the children were effectively banned from the room and each other.

"I cannot. My hands are tied."

Salina knew that any kind of magic could be at work on her husband, but he had never been so shuttered when she asked him a direct question. Her anger flared. "I SEE NO BONDS! He is your son, can't you do anything?"

"Wife, this is none of your concern--he is not *your* son."

Harold, her Harry, had adopted a cold persona. She wondered how he had frozen his heart so quickly. The years of love between them seemed just a passing of seasons. "Then he is my nephew! I will not stand idle and see him die! I am not of half a heart as Demi was. I have cared for Thomas, WE have loved him!" Her gestures were frantic, and Salina felt as if she had gone crazy for the world had left her behind.

"The Prince name can only be carried by a wizard, and the branching off of names is only for an extra wizard son. I gave up my name as Prince, and James has the right to control his family--he is the head of it."

"Then... I leave." Salina spoke--falling back upon the only answer before her.

"Wife--"

She could not stand to hear him address her so coldly, not after all these years. "I am Salina Delacour until I return on my own. And that will be Thomas's name if my Brother will have him."

"Yes." Harold would not look into her eyes. "Do what you must."

It was a lost cause, and they both knew that the Delacours were just as proud as the Princes.

~*~

A great dark wizard will be born

End of years, first of month

His heritage will be of scorn

A Prince and a Snake, his wretched form

Salina did not return to the home of her childhood--her brother had never cared for her, and he would not respond to a woman shamed. A sister blamed for the great Demi's death.

Salina simply traveled east, to the small town of Little Hangleton.

And here she slipped her child, devoid of memories of Princes and Potters, into the bed of a child dead. Their features were alike, a gift of the God who gave her Harold to love, and here she knew Thomas would live. He would be cared for, spoiled, from a middle child to an only child, from haunted Squib to miraculous recovery. Here, in the Riddle House.

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Salina returned with the dead body of the Muggle boy, and they treated him as a wizard who never came into his powers. They burnt his body and they freed his soul. Salina would not tell of the Riddle house. To those with magic the Riddle's young gardener was the secret keeper.

Harold did not ask, no one would--they were too relieved to see Thomas dead. No one had expected him to live. Without magic, he was meant to die.

They sent James Prince to Durmstrang, in the shadow of all the Princes before him. James Potter started his line at Hogwarts--as a Gryffindor.

Grindelwald made his first appearance four years later.