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Кроссовер Гаррі Поттер + Веном

Связанный

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У Гаррі Поттера з'явився новий друг незадолго до початку третього року навчання в школі. Як зміниться його історія, коли до нього додається симбіот? Кроссовер Гаррі Поттера і Венома. Темний/Серий Гаррі. Пейринг: Гаррі/Тонкс/Флер.

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1. Chapter 1

A.N: Hi guys, as you should know, there was a story poll up for what my next story would be and the Harry Potter/Venom crossover wins! I was originally going to wait until I had uploaded the final chapter for reborn but I've decided to release this story early on pat-reon and am now uploading it to fanfic because reborn is taking me longer than I thought it would.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy the chapter and there will be an A.N at the

bottom that will talk more about the chapter and story, so read it and then read the A.N, thanks.

Chapter 1 - Arrival

Deep in the Hogwarts infirmary, there was a bed that was currently hosting none other than Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived, and now the two-time saviour of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and wizardry. The black-haired, green-eyed wizard had been told by the school's nurse, Madam Pomfrey, that there was no way on Earth that he was allowed to leave this bed tonight. He didn't like that fact, but honestly, he couldn't really blame her. If he had been in charge and found out that a nurse let someone who had been through what he had just been through walk away without receiving medical help then he'd definitely have to consider firing her.

As Harry lay back, he decided to busy himself by practising some magic, as there really wasn't much else to do given that the only book he had available to him was a transfiguration book that Madam Pomfrey had given him. He put his circle-shaped glass back on and took the book and skimmed through it, finding various spells with different levels of usefulness and interest to him. For example, he didn't really ever think that there would be many cases where he would want to change a cat into a cauldron, 'poor cat' he thought to himself. Nor did he want to turn an owl into opera glasses or turn a teapot into a turtle.

Thankfully there were spells that he could see the point in, the hardening spell, for example, the next time Malfoy decided to be a pest Harry would make his food as hard as stone and let the arrogant bully break his teeth, hopefully, he would talk less.

Eventually, Harry came across a spell that seemed really interesting, the 'draconifors' spell, a spell that was designed to change objects into

dragons! Well, not massive fire breathing ones, instead they were all just small transfigured ones. Still, better than nothing. Harry saw that the spell was actually a third-year spell, something that made him hesitate, only for a moment though. He was nearly at the end of his second year, he'd be a third-year soon and didn't think that there was anything wrong with getting some early practise in.

'Plus, who honestly expects a nearly thirteen-year-old Gryffindor to resist the urge to make himself dragons?' He thought to himself.

Harry took a quill that had been lying around on the desk next to him, he mentally repeated the incantation for the spell and practised the wand movements several times. Eventually, Harry was ready, he imagined the dragon he wanted. He had decided that the dragon he would try to make would be a Norwegian Ridgeback like Hagrid's dragon, Norbert, from his first year.

"Draconifors." Harry incanted, aiming his wand at the feather. Nothing happened, much to Harry's disappointment, he took a deep breath and tried again. The quill feather sprouted brown wings from the side and legs grew near the tip, but that was it. It was an odd sight, looking at a motionless feather with wings and a tail. Harry sighed before reversing it back into a normal quill, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He opened them and tried again, it took a couple of tries but eventually, he was able to get it right. "Cool." He whispered to himself as he looked at the small brown dragon in his hand, Harry gingerly raised his spare hand and stroked the dragon's back. "I love magic." He grinned. Harry stared at his new dragon, wondering if there was any possible way he could get away with turning some of his relative's things into dragons when they annoyed him.

Magic was undoubtedly the best thing in Harry's life at the moment,

which is why he felt it was a shame that he couldn't use it outside of school, even if he did understand the reasoning behind it.

Growing up in the Dursley household, he hadn't known that magic was actually real. His Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia had always done their best to stop even the barest mentioning of it, Harry could recall them refusing to let his cousin, Dudley, watch a tv show about magic, no matter how much he begged. In Harry's experience, if Dudley wanted something then he would get it, that was just the way the world worked. The sky was blue, water was wet and Dudley gets what he wants while Harry gets neglected and abused because he's a specky git. And if Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia were hesitant, then Dudley would simply ask again or at worse let some fake tears drip down his double-chinned face and they would cave.

But that was one of the few times that they hadn't, simply because they hated magic that much. In the past various weird things had happened around Harry, like the time he turned his teacher's hair blue, at the time he hadn't known that it was accidental magic. But his relatives at least knew that it was magic since they would always punish him more harshly than normal when stuff like that happened.

Eventually, though, everything changed when Hagrid forced his way through the door and told Harry all about the magical world, a world that he was a part of. Entering the magical world was an experience that Harry would never forget, providing that nobody hits him with a memory charm or anything like that. He gained a wand, the ability to do magic, and friends! Though, that didn't mean that there weren't any downsides. Malfoy and Snape were good examples, the arrogant boy could insult and attack whoever he wanted and seemed to be focused on Harry. Sure some teachers would be willing to give him detentions but most of the time

Snape overruled them and took over and Harry didn't doubt that Snape's detention wouldn't ever be worse than a simple lecture before being sent off to bed if you were Draco Malfoy, according to the Hogwarts rumour mill, Snape was Draco's godfather. Though Harry never put much stock in the rumour mill, especially this year.

Snape was a much bigger problem, the man appeared to have hated Harry from before Harry had even known about Snape's existence. Apparently, Snape had a grudge against Harry's father and that had somehow transferred to Harry, not that Harry understood why. Was it somehow his fault for not stopping whatever Harry's father had done to him, even though Harry hadn't been born at the time? Often times Snape acted like Harry's father, James, had raised Harry for the sole purpose of annoying him. Snape was seemingly unaware of the fact that Harry's father had died when Harry was roughly a year old, something that Harry doubted given that the whole wizarding world knew that, Harry suspected it was the far more likely option of Snape just purposely ignoring it because he wanted to continue his stupid little grudge and James Potter was too dead to do it.

Though the biggest problem so far had been Voldemort, the man that had murdered Harry's parents and had tried to kill him more than once since Harry's return to the wizarding world. In Harry's first year, Voldemort had possessed the defence against the dark arts teacher, Professor Quirrell. It was more than a little bit disturbing to learn that the guy who killed your parents was living on the back of your teacher's head.

Professor Quirrell-mort had tried to kill him during his first quidditch match, and once more that year when Harry and his two best friends, Hermione and Ron, tried to stop him from stealing the philosophers stone. The year ended with Harry being able to destroy Quirrell's body

thanks to his mother's protection, but Voldemort had managed to escape.

This year had been worse than last year, they had another bad defence against the dark arts teacher in Professor Lockhart, a man who seemed less than competent and spent most of his time staring at his reflection.

What made matters worse was that the famous wizard was a fraud who had simply been taking credit for other people's accomplishments and then wiping their memories. Harry had also discovered that he could speak to snakes, unfortunately, the rest of the school found out at the same time and started accusing him of being the heir of Slytherin who was attacking muggle-born students throughout the school.

Between dealing with the majority of the school hating him, Harry also had to deal with Dobby's horrible attempts to save him. Sure, Harry knew that the little house elf meant well, but trying to injure him with a bludger so he would leave the school? Really? Eventually, though Harry was able to find out the heir of Slytherin was actually an old book of Voldemort's that was possessing Ginny Weasley, Ron's little sister, and making her unleash a basilisk that had been hidden in the chamber of secrets.

One wild adventure later had ended with Lockhart being obliviated of all of his knowledge, Harry had ended up fighting the basilisk with just a sword, as one does. Fortunately, Harry had been able to kill the beast, but in doing so he had ended up being painfully stabbed in the arm by one of its teeth. Thankfully Dumbledore's phoenix, Fawkes, had been there and used his tears to neutralise the venom. Not long after that Harry had destroyed the book with the basilisk fang, and a short while later he managed to free Dobby from Lucius Malfoy, Draco's dickhead of a father and the idiot responsible for dropping the book in Ginny's possessions, thankfully ending this nightmare of a year.

Ginny was in the hospital wing with him, currently sleeping in a far corner of the room, under several potions and spells. Apparently being possessed for the majority of the year was a bad experience, who could've guessed?

"Ow!" Harry hissed when he felt something hot near his hand, he quickly pulled his hand back and saw that the miniature dragon had gotten either bored or angry at his lack of attention towards it and had unleashed a small burst of fire. Thankfully he wasn't burnt but he now had to put out the fire that was on his bedsheets, Harry raised his wand but it turned out to be unnecessary since a second later the fire vanished and the bedsheets repaired themselves. "Huh?" Harry intelligently managed.

"That brings back memories," A voice spoke, Harry's head snapped to the side and he saw Professor Dumbledore had entered the hospital wing and was walking towards him. "I remember the first time I had made a dragon, it burnt my chin. I feared that I would never grow a beard ever, though thankfully that worry has proven to be nothing more than a product of fear." Dumbledore chuckled as he stroked his waist-length beard.

"Professor Dumbledore." Harry quickly sat up, taking care to not knock his dragon onto the floor.

"No need to get up, Harry," Dumbledore said before he waved his wand and created a chair for himself, he sat next to Harry's bed. "hmm, that is an adorable dragon," He said, admiring Harry's creation. "though the skin is not perfect and the eyes could do with some work, still, a good attempt."

"Thank you, sir," Harry blushed a little. "it's my first time trying it."

"But I can guess that it won't be your last," Dumbledore smiled knowingly.

"Probably not," Harry admitted as he turned the dragon back into a quill.

"I'll probably have to do it again next year, it is a third-year spell, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is," Dumbledore nodded. "I would recommend not practising too many spells in here, Madam Pomfrey doesn't appreciate it, believe me when I say that I know that to be a fact."

"I believe you," Harry sighed, that lined up with what he knew about her.

"still, it is boring in here and I needed something to do."

"Understandable," Dumbledore hummed. "anyway, I just came in here to check on you and see if you were okay. I was going to ask Madam Pomfrey but seeing as you're awake..." Dumbledore trailed off and looked at him questioningly.

"I'm fine, sir, honest," Harry answered. "Madam Pomfrey said I have to stay here for a bit more but then I can go."

"Hmm, excellent," Dumbledore smiled. "well, if that's all, I should be off now."

"Actually, sir," Harry hesitantly spoke. "I was...I was wondering if I could ask you for something important."

"Oh?" Dumbledore raised an eyebrow and looked at Harry in a questioning manner.

"Well...I was...I was kind of hoping that I could stay at Hogwarts for the summer." Harry's voice was undeniably hopeful.

"Stay at Hogwarts?" Dumbledore frowned. "What about your relatives?"

"I doubt they'd mind," Harry muttered, Dumbledore had heard him and his frown had increased slightly.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but that's not possible," Dumbledore told him.

"Hogwarts has not allowed students to stay over the summer for hundreds of years."

"Oh," Harry disappointedly looked down, Dumbledore was about to speak again when Harry looked up with a slightly brighter look on his face.

"that's fine then, I can just stay in Diagon Alley then." He remembered hearing that the paying customers could stay in the Leaky Cauldron and he had more than enough money to pay for a room.

"Harry, I do not think you should do that," Dumbledore said. "you should go and stay with your family this summer." Dumbledore 'advised'.

"But why?" Harry frowned, staring at the old headmaster.

"It would be a good opportunity to improve relationships between yourselves," Dumbledore told him, Harry opened his mouth to protest but was cut off when Dumbledore spoke again. "also it is far safer than staying in Diagon Alley by yourself."

"Maybe, but I'd rather stay by myself." Harry took great effort to keep his voice neutral and stop himself from getting angry with Dumbledore. "I'd rather risk Diagon if I'm honest."

"And I'd rather you didn't," Dumbledore said, his voice may have sounded quite calm but the look on his face was that of a stern teacher. "and I'm sure that you will agree in saying that it would be better for you to stay at the Dursley's." Dumbledore continued staring at Harry who stared back. It was several seconds later before their staring contest was broken by Harry who looked away and looked down at his lap. "It was nice seeing you again, Harry," Dumbledore said in a soft voice, a small smile on his face as he stood up. "I hope your next year will be better than this one." He turned and calmly walked away.

Harry stared at the doors that Dumbledore had walked out of with an intensity that could have pierced through steel, he had barely noticed that his clenched fists were gripping the bedsheets hard enough to almost damage them again. Harry turned his head away and took several deep

breaths before he was able to open his hands again.

Deep in the far reaches of space, a small space shuttle plummeted down towards Earth, the outside of the ship protected those inside the ship from burning up upon re-entry, but barely given the damage the ship had received. A few minutes ago everything had been fine, but that all changed when something had crashed into their ship, damaging it enough that they were not able to stay up for long. Inside the ship were four panicking astronauts that were doing their best to try and stop the ship from crash landing and killing them all, it might have been a state of the art vehicle but there was no way that it would survive a crash if it dropped from space directly to the ground at the speed they were currently going.

"Damn it!" One of the astronauts cursed. "We need to slow down!"

"Working on it!" Another one shouted, frantically pressing buttons and pulling levers in such a way that one who had no idea how the ship operated would assume that he was pressing them randomly. "Fuck me, this is terrifying!"

"We know!" A third astronaut shouted.

"The ship's hull has been penetrated!" A fourth astronaut yelled.

"No shit!" The first one yelled out. "We're off course!"

"We got bigger problems! Like, survival!"

The astronaut, so busy with their crashing ship and arguing with each other, didn't notice that the door behind them creaked slightly open, nor did they notice black goo that sneaked into the control room.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter. I've previously said that this story will focus on Venom and Harry's relationship, and I meant that which is partly why I kept Venom's arrival to this planet short. I know nothing about space ships/shuttles and how they work so I wanted to

skip past this part (and yes, I know I could have gone for Venom riding on an asteroid as he did in Spiderman 3, but I wanted a spaceship goddamn it! Also seriously it just made more sense to me to have him arrive on a crashing spaceship, more chance of escaping then.) Besides, his arrival is not an important part of this story, all we need to know is that he wasn't there and now he is.

I know some people have suggested making him a magically created monster but I don't really like that idea so he's an alien in this fic.

Now, I won't ever claim to know more about Venom than anybody else on the planet. My knowledge of the character is limited to what I've seen from the first Venom movie, video clips of the second movie, Spiderman 3, Spiderman cartoons and bits and pieces I've heard from the internet. Also all the research I've done on the character just for this fic (you're welcome). With that being said, I'm aiming for a pretty accurate venom. He won't be pure evil, but he is more of an anti-hero.

At the time of posting this, there would be 7 chapters of this story already posted on pat-reon, if anyone is interested then go on the website and search JB21. If not then don't worry, you'll still get all of the same chapters, just at a later date.

Thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

2. Chapter 2 - Eight legs to two legs

Reviews:

ferron; : Thanks, you find me by going on the pat-reon website and then searching JB21.

Khatix: I do have a plan regarding the scar, the pairing had been decided on by a vote I had set up on pat-reon.

cerberus25041602: Yes, I know. I always found it odd that Venom in the

movies couldn't produce spikes like Riot could since I'm pretty sure he's always been able to do that.

: The only marvel character here would be Venom and maybe one or two other symbiote (not counting cameos and brief meetings/mentions with random characters that I might put in for fun)

x-kid11: Endings are a bitch to write.

RFTL80: Their relationship will be a lot similar to that in some ways.

Chapter 2 - Eight legs to two legs

A loud crashing sound was heard in the countryside as the spaceship crashed into a mostly empty field, the few cows that were in the area scattered upon hearing and seeing the large crash that had caused a fairly big crater to appear in the field. Inside of the damaged and broken ship the astronauts were scattered around, unfortunately only one of them had managed to survive.

He groaned as he lifted his face off the ground, his eyes widened to almost comical levels when he saw the rest of his crew lying around him, bleeding and with broken bones. He had no doubt that they were dead, especially given the way that their necks weren't the same shape as they were before the crash. He grunted as he forced himself to his feet, or at least he tried to before realising that he had broken his right leg.

"Damn," He looked at his leg, he was pretty sure that the bone sticking out of his leg was not normal. "now what the hell am I supposed to do?"

He wondered, shaking his head. He paused when he heard a noise behind himself, he turned and gasped when he saw a pile of black goo right next to him. "What the...AARGH!" The goo cut him off by lunging at him, he screamed as he both felt and saw the goo disappear into his body. he took several panicked breaths before looking around. "Huh? Huh, hmm...I'm...I'm alright, nothing happened." He grinned with relief,

unfortunately, his relief only lasted a few moments as shortly after he felt himself control of his body.

The astronaut gasped loudly, his body convulsed before he went limp, he fell face-first to the floor. A second later the black goo poured out of his body and slithered away, highly disappointed. The organism it had just left was an incredibly bad match, so bad that it hadn't stayed for more than a few seconds. It had stayed long enough to learn basic knowledge about this world.

Apparently, it was on a planet named Earth, populated with hundreds of different creatures, but the strongest creatures on this planet were no doubt the humans. Not physically the fastest or strongest, but they possessed a special type of cruelty and ingenuity that not all beings possessed, or at least some of them did. It decided that the best thing to do would be to keep moving, if it stayed too long then it was entirely possible for it to be captured by the humans that were no doubt going to come and investigate. It was possible that it could end with bonding, but more likely that the humans would lock it up and experiment on it.

The black goo slithered out of the crashed ship and continued moving until it left the crater and reached soft grass. It stopped for the briefest of moments before it continued moving until eventually, it came across another living being. A fairly big spider, deciding that even a small host was better than being out and exposed, the goo leapt towards the spider. The comparatively smaller creature tried its best to escape but the spider just wasn't fast enough.

The goo shrunk down and formed a second skin around the spider before taking control of the arachnid, it forced the spider to turn and then started using its control over it to make it run as fast as it could, which was a lot faster than normal thanks to the goos help. The goo had been

able to learn from the astronaut that while animals had varying degrees of intelligence, it was humans that would fit it best.

Animals were far less complex, only concerned with survival and eating and other simple needs, humans were different, more emotional. They had wants, desires, feelings, perfect feeding for a creature such as itself. They wouldn't be easy to control, but they would taste so good. It had to get to a human, if it was careful then it would eventually find a good match. For the goo, the spider was the equivalent of having a bland biscuit to tie you over when you were hungry, not great but good enough until you get some real food.

It wasn't sure how long it took, but eventually, it came near some houses. Once close enough it disappeared into the spider, reducing the chance of being caught but still controlling the spider. It wasn't long before it spotted a human, but this one didn't look like a particularly good fit. Plus her voice sounded quite annoying.

"Oh, there, there," The overweight woman cooed as she bent down and roughly petted the dog in front of her. "I'm not a big fan of leaving the countryside either, but we haven't visited my brother in ages." She was apparently talking to the dog, it was hard to frown with pincers but somehow the possessed spider had managed it. On the one hand, he wanted far away from the irritating woman with the habit of talking to animals as if they could understand her, but on the other hand, this woman said she was leaving the countryside. It was possible that she was going somewhere more populated, giving it an increased chance of finding a new host.

A minute or so later a decision was made, the goo left the spider, allowing it to fall dead. The goo moved forwards, climbing up a nearby tree, it waited until the obese woman had turned away, then it leapt

through the air and landed on the dog. The surprise the dog felt prevented it from being able to even attempt to stop it from taking over.

The goo couldn't help but feel disappointed with the dog, it had the necessary tools to allow itself to be great, yet was content with being babied by the woman and had let itself become weak.

"Ripper, are you alright?" The woman asked the dog when she noticed it hadn't followed her like normal, after a moment she saw and heard Ripper bark at her before he began following her. Dismissing what just happened, assuming that he had just gotten distracted by something, she went towards the house to collect her belongings so she could go and visit her brother and his family.

It was a very long journey later that Ripper, the possessed dog, arrived in the Dursley's house followed by the woman that owned him, though the goo inside the dog had not enjoyed the trip much. Honestly, how could one woman fuss so much over a creature that only needed food, water and some entertainment? One would have been forgiven for thinking that the dog was a newborn baby with the way that the woman was treating it. Once inside the house, the dog followed the overweight woman into the living room.

"Hello Marge," A voice said, and the possessed Ripper took the opportunity to look around the room and see what it was working with, he paid attention as Marge (the insufferable woman he was unfortunately with) began conversing with the people in the room. Greeting the woman was an obese man, even fatter than the woman, with balding hair and a large moustache. Apparently, he was the woman's brother, a man called Vernon Dursley. Along with the man was a blonde woman that would be noticeably skinny, even without standing with the two other overfed humans. The woman was called Petunia and was Vernon's wife. The third

human was sat down, watching TV without a care in the world, not even responding to Marge hugging him and fussing over him. The fat, blonde-haired boy, was the unfortunate result of coitus between Vernon and Petunia and was called 'Dudders' or 'Dudley', the goo was pretty sure that one of those was a nickname.

"You're still here, are you?" Ripper heard Marge say to someone else in a less than friendly tone. Ripper turned and saw a boy standing in the hallway outside of the room. He was dressed in clothes that seemed to be too big for him, he had rounded glasses that didn't look all that cared for, unlike the rest, he had messy black hair and bright green eyes.

"Yes." The boy said shortly.

"Don't say 'yes' in that grateful way," Marge glared at him. "you are lucky that my brother was nice enough to keep you." Ripper paid close attention to the boy as Marge continued to rant about how ungrateful the boy was. The creature possessing the dog had access to the dog's memories and could call up memories of chasing and attacking this boy when he was younger, the boy was called Harry Potter, but the Dursley family preferred to call him 'freak'. It could see the boy restraining himself as Marge continued speaking, it could see the way that the boy wanted to lash out and how he did his best to prevent himself from doing so.

'Interesting,' It thought to itself. 'the boy shows plenty of promise, who knows how many emotions he was holding back?'

"Take Marge's luggage upstairs," Vernon ordered the boy.

"Yes, Uncle Vernon." Harry obediently nodded before picking up Marge's stuff with barely a sigh. He turned and began carrying them up the stairs, 'does it have to be so bloody heavy?' he thought to himself. Harry knew that he was never going to be the strongest kid on the block, his lack of

food and living conditions at the Dursley's had seen to that, but he couldn't help but wish he was at least a little bit stronger while he carried Marge's suitcase up the stairs. 'Either I'm weaker than I thought or this suitcase is ridiculously heavy, what weighs so much in here, anyway? Her underwear?'

Soon enough Harry had gotten her suitcase into the room that the Dursley's had set up for her, or rather the room that they had forced Harry to set up for her. Harry was honestly quite tempted to just stay upstairs for the night and avoid Aunt Marge, the woman who had always hated him. Harry wasn't really sure if that was only because of what Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia had told the woman, or because of other reasons as well, but it didn't matter in the end since the hatred wasn't a one-way road because Harry was about as fond of her as he was of the rest of the Dursley's. Sadly, however, Harry knew that if he wanted to get the school permission slip to go to Hogsmead village signed then he needed to behave.

He turned around, only to freeze when he saw Ripper standing in the doorway, the dog that usually chased him or ate everything in sight was dead still, staring at him with unblinking eyes. Harry couldn't help but frown as he took a step back before realising he had, he stared at Ripper who stared back.

"What do you want?" Harry asked before his frown deepened slightly. He didn't know why he had asked that question to Ripper, perhaps his experience with Hedwig and Fawkes had changed the way he treated animals but he had to remember that Ripper wasn't as smart or kind as them. Ripper's head tilted to the side but he didn't say anything.

"Boy!" Their little staring contest was broken when Harry heard Uncle Vernon bellow. "The food isn't going to cook itself!" Harry stared at

Ripper for several more seconds before he cautiously moved forward and gingerly slipped past Ripper before heading down the stairs, with Ripper's eyes focused on his retreating back.

Ripper had paid close attention to Harry Potter as dinner went on, he noticed that his constant staring had made the boy uncomfortable so he shifted to discreet glances instead. He saw the way the boy's relatives made him work as if he was a private waiter and chef, he was pretty sure that it was not normal to treat someone Harry's age like that, at least not in this part of the world. The Dursley couple and their son seemed content with ignoring his presence, but Marge was an entirely different game and had insisted that he be in her sights at all times.

He wasn't quite sure why Marge insisted on antagonising the boy, but she did. If she didn't criticise the way that the boy worked then it was the way that the boy behaved or the way that he looked or any other number of minor and major complaints that she could come up with. The creature inside Ripper was honestly staggered that the boy hadn't reacted by now and done something, it could tell that the boy's limited patience was waning and all that would be needed was a big push.

Something that Marge was more than happy to provide.

"You see it's nothing to do with the father, it's all to do with the mother," Marge said after several minutes of complaining about Harry's father being a drunk, she eyed Harry who was carrying a plate away from the table and smirked at his back before turning back to Vernon and Petunia after taking a long sip of wine from her glass. "you see it all the time with dogs, really, I've seen it plenty of times. I've had to put a few down because of it, it's just the way it is. If there is something wrong with the bitch then there is something wrong with the pup."

"Shut up!" Everyone in the room turned to face Harry who had

apparently reached the end of his patience, having thrown a plate hard on the floor, causing it to shatter into pieces. Harry was glaring intensely at Marge, his fists shaking as if he wanted nothing more than to go over to her and punch her in the face, his breath heavy and hatred on his face.

"Shut up!"

"Right," Marge grinned as she turned to face Harry. "let me tell you something, boy, your mother was just a simple..." Marge trailed off as she suddenly felt quite weird, she looked down and her eyes widened as she saw her hand had begun bloating along with the rest of the body.

Ripper watched with fascination as Marge Dursley blew up until she looked like a balloon, the other Dursley's stared at her with horror as she began floating up into the air. Ripper looked towards Harry and watched the various emotions that cycled through his face, including anger, confusion and realisation, but the first seemed to be the most consistent one. Harry rushed out of the room while the Dursley's tried and failed miserably to stop Marge from floating away into the sky, meanwhile, the goo inside Ripper had made a choice. It wasn't sure how, but it knew that Potter was responsible for what had just happened, he had done something to Marge. Its limited knowledge of humans let it know that that was not possible, yet Potter had somehow done it.

The goo was a member of an alien species known as the Klyntar, or 'symbiotes' as they were more commonly called, a species that feed on a couple of different things, one of which was emotions. The more powerful the emotion, the better, and Potter looked like an all you could eat buffet. The symbiote was leaning towards attempting to bond with Potter before, but seeing that display had made it even more sure that that was what it wanted. It made Ripper's body move and follow Potter up the stairs, it peaked into the open door of Potter's room and saw

Potter packing after releasing a snowy-white bird out from his window with instructions to find him later. It decided that now would be the perfect time to change hosts since Potter was distracted and the rest of the Dursley's were busy with Marge, Ripper moved into the bathroom and the symbiote left the dog's body, not caring that Ripper died a second later.

The black goo made itself as short as it possibly could just as Potter had come out of his room whilst holding a trunk, the symbiote rushed out once Potter had walked past the bathroom and quickly jumped onto Potter's suitcase. They had started going down the stairs when Vernon and Petunia Dursley returned, the symbiote cursed them for their bad timing before it quickly went inside Potter's trunk through a small hole near the top.

"You bring her back! Bring her back now!" Vernon Dursley ordered Harry as soon as Harry had gotten down the bottom of the stairs.

"No, she deserves what she got and as far as I'm concerned she can float off into space!" Harry snapped, "the only problem I could see would be if she ends up blocking the planet's view of the sun." Vernon let out a bellow and was about to charge at Harry but stopped when Harry pulled out his wand and aimed it right at Vernon's neck. "No, go on, I've got over years worth of reasons to do it." Harry glared at him.

"You...you can't do magic outside the school," Vernon reminded him as he took a step back. "you've nowhere to go," Vernon added, looking somewhat confident despite the way that his face had paled.

"I don't care, wherever I go will probably be better than here." Harry turned and quickly rushed out of the house before his relatives could stop him.

Harry shook his head, cursing the name 'Dursley' as he stopped by the

local playground. He hadn't really thought of where he was going to go, he just wanted to get out of the house. He stopped, deciding he needed a moment to calm his head.

"What am I supposed to do now?" He wondered to himself, he supposed that the best option would be to stay at the Leaky Cauldron for the rest of the summer. He needed to buy his school supplies anyway, plus he didn't really mind staying in Diagon Alley. Now, there was just the question of how he was going to get there. He had some muggle money with him but he wasn't sure if it was enough for a taxi.

"Woof." Harry's head snapped towards the bushes on the other side of the road, he saw something creeping out of the bushes and instinctively raised his wand. He watched as a big dog with midnight black fur stepped out and stared at him, meanwhile the symbiote snuck out of his trunk. Harry wasn't really that fond of dogs, the only good dog that he had ever met was Hagrid's dog, Fang. Hagrid's other dog, Fluffy the giant, three-headed dog, had tried to eat him while Ripper would nearly always attack him. The dog opposite him looked a bit skinny, but that didn't mean it didn't look intimidating, especially this late at night.

The dog barked loudly just before a large bang sound was heard coming from Harry's right, Harry looked in the direction of the sound and saw a purple, massive triple-decker bus charging towards him. Harry took a step back to avoid getting run over, he felt the back of his feet connect with the curb and he tripped backwards, hissing in pain as he landed on his back and on top of a rock that dug into the spot in-between his shoulder blades. Between the pain, the bus, the massive dog and the leftover emotions from his confrontation with the Dursley's, Harry didn't quite notice the symbiote sneak into his body.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter. I felt like this chapter could

have been better but (at the time of writing) I'm not at my best since I've only had limited time to write since my wi-fi was off all day until about nine due to some housework, plus yesterday I had just finished 4 days of 12-hour shifts in a row and tomorrow I'm leaving my house at 9am to go on a 2-3 hour trip to London where I will probably spend the majority of my day. I wanted to get this chapter out today and I'll finish up quickly so I can go to sleep.

I don't know about all versions of Venom, but this version feeds on brains (like the movie and comics) but also feeds on emotions as well, but he won't be limited to just negative emotions, he'll feed on any strong emotions. Also, I like to think that his chapter and the previous ones were just stepping stones to the actual part where the story really starts, the story is about Harry and Venom's relationship, so anything before that doesn't really hold the same importance to me.

Thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

3. Chapter 3 - Hungry

Chapter 3 - Hungry.

"I am not doing that again," Harry muttered to himself after stepping off the knight bus.

Today Harry had learned about a new method of magical transport, it was called the knight bus and would apparently show up when needed to help a stranded witch or wizard. Sounds great in theory, except for the fact that the ride was the most uncomfortable thing he had ever ridden on/in, and keep in mind that he liked to fly high in the air as fast as possible. Harry wasn't sure what speeds the bus was driving at, but he was sure that it had shattered the speed limit from start to finish and the most impressive thing about it beyond the shakiness of the bus was the fact that the ride hadn't ended in a massive explosion.

Still, it got Harry where he needed to go, the Leaky Cauldron. Harry looked over his shoulder and watched as the bus took off before turning invisible. He shook his head before grabbing his trunk, he had only taken a couple of steps when the owner of the Leaky Cauldron, Tom, stepped out to greet him.

"Mr Potter," Tom smiled. "it's great to see you."

"Hi Tom," Harry smiled back as he greeted him. "I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering..."

"I'm sorry to interrupt," Tom said, cutting Harry off. "but there's somebody here to meet you, someone important. I think you should probably go and talk to him before anything else."

"Meet me?" Harry blinked. "Who is it?"

"The Minister of Magic."

It was an odd feeling, being sat in a room while the Minister of Magic stood a small distance away from you. Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic himself, didn't really look all that impressive as he stood there in his green suit. His hair was balding, he was portly and short and looked quite tired. Yet despite his appearance, the man was one of the most powerful people in the magical government, Harry could still remember the man sending Hagrid to Azkaban just to be seen doing something about the chamber, so Harry was most definitely not comfortable in Fudge's presence, despite Fudge's attempts to smile his way through the meeting. Harry could admit to himself that he wasn't entirely sure how the magical government worked, but he was pretty sure that the head of the government shouldn't pop up to visit a thirteen-year-old boy unless the reason why was very serious.

"Now, Harry, biscuits and tea?" He offered as he gestured to the tray on the table in front of Harry.

"I'm fi..." Harry trailed off mid-way through his refusal when he heard his stomach growl. "...okay, maybe one biscuit." Harry reached out and took one before taking a bite out of it, enjoying the taste leading to him taking another bite, causing the biscuit to disappear into his stomach.

"Atta boy," Fudge smiled at him as if Harry was his all-time favourite nephew. "now," Fudge's smile disappeared as he began speaking. "you should know that we at the ministry were very worried, Harry."

"Worried?" Harry repeated questioningly. Fudge stared at him for a moment, looking confused that Harry hadn't instantly understood what he meant.

"I am referring to you running away from your family's home," Fudge spoke, Harry opened his mouth to protest that those wastes of perfectly good oxygen were not his family when Fudge continued speaking.

"running away like that, might have felt good at the time. But it was very, very irresponsible, Harry. You surely realise by now that you're quite a famous lad, an important member of Magical Britain. Could you imagine how the wizarding public would react to learning that their young hero was out, gallivanting around without being cared for?

Especially given the...um... 'current situation'." Fudge coughed those last two words out like they physically pained him. Harry, though quite irritated with Fudge, wasn't unable to miss what Fudge had said.

"The current situation?" Harry asked.

"Nothing to worry about," Fudge waved his hand dismissively, though his voice had been a tad quick. "you're safe, and that's all that matters. You'll be pleased to know that your aunt was found."

"Oh." Harry wasn't sure if he had been totally able to keep the disappointment out of his voice. 'Is it bad that I sound disappointed?' He wondered. Fudge, if he noticed Harry's disappointment, didn't comment

on it.

"The 'Accidental Magic Reversal Department' had dispatched to your relative's house, it only took a short while before they were able to find your aunt. Her body was punctured and returned to normal, and her memory was modified. She's perfectly fine."

'Disappointing.' A voice said. Harry's head snapped to the side upon hearing someone speak, he looked around the room, trying to see if there was anyone else here.

"Mr Potter, are you alright?" Fudge asked in a concerned voice, Harry quickly stopped and looked at Fudge who was staring at him.

"Oh...sorry," Harry awkwardly apologized. "I...um...thought I saw a fly shoot past." Harry lamely lied, though it seemed to work as Fudge gave him an understanding look before continuing.

"Anyway, there was no harm done, you're relatives have even agreed to take you back the next summer." Fudge smiled at him.

"I'd rather not if it's all the same to you." Harry hoped he hadn't sounded offensive when he said that.

"Now, now, Harry, I'm sure the situation isn't that bad," Fudge said in a worried tone. "they are your family, after all, and I'm sure you all care for each other enough to get past this little incident." Harry opened his mouth to protest that this incident wasn't little and that there was no way he would willingly go back to those stealers of perfectly good air when Fudge continued. "Now, we just need to decide where you're going to stay in the meantime. I suggest a room here, Tom serves a delightful full English breakfast and..."

"I'm sorry to interrupt," Harry coughed. "but...what about my punishment?"

"Punishment?" Fudge looked genuinely confused.

"Yeah, you know...my punishment?" Harry trailed off, Fudge didn't appear to understand what he was saying so he decided to continue. "I don't know how things work in the magical world, but in the muggle world, if someone breaks a law then they get punished. I broke the law, so...what's my punishment?"

"We won't punish you, Harry," Fudge looked like he was resisting the urge to roll his eyes. "it was underage magic, at your age that's as natural as sneezing. It's all accidental."

"But before my second year, there was this house-elf," Harry began. "he was in my house and performed magic, I got a letter saying that if there was any more magic then I'd be expelled."

"A house...never mind, look, you don't want to be expelled, right?" Fudge asked impatiently.

"Um...no, not really." Harry shook his head.

"Then perhaps you should just be appreciative and accept the situation."

Fudge suggested, he was smiling but his voice was noticeably more firm.

Harry simply nodded in response, he was indeed grateful about this, but his limited years on Earth had caused him to be wary when it comes to good news, especially from people like Fudge. Harry shifted slightly, there was a part of him that didn't like Fudge's tone and he felt an urge to get up and do something about it. Maybe throw him around a bit, push him, yell at him, rip his throat out and...

'Where did that come from?' Harry wondered. "Um, thank you, sir," Harry nodded to Fudge who looked pleased. "if you don't mind me asking, did you have any luck in capturing Sirius Black?" Harry asked.

"You...you know about him?" Fudge's face had paled.

"I heard about him on the bus," Harry answered. "the conductor was reading a newspaper and Black's face was on it, he told me that Black

was a murderer and a big supporter of Voldemort..." Harry stopped when Fudge flinched as if he was shot.

"Don't say his name!" Fudge hissed, causing Harry to stare at him for several seconds before he regained the ability to speak.

"Sorry," Harry apologized. "but...he told me that he supported...you-know-who...and how he's the first-ever person to escape Azkaban."

"Hmm, yes," Fudge looked very uncomfortable. "it's a terrible situation but I don't believe that it'll be a problem for much longer, Azkaban's guards are doing their best to find him, I've never seen them so angry."

Fudge shivered. "Now, I'll go and get a room ready for you, while you are here I want you to stay in Diagon Alley, no wandering about in muggle London, is that understood?"

"Because of Black?" Harry asked.

"He's one of the reasons," Fudge admitted. "stay here, don't leave this building after dark and please behave."

A short while later Harry entered the room that he would be staying in for the majority of the summer, he looked around, it wasn't horrible by any stretch of the imagination. It was clean, had a bed and other furniture, it also had a window and that was pretty much all Harry really needed from a room. Though he would be lying if he said he didn't wish for a better colour scheme, all of the greys were making the room look really dull.

"Hedwig!" Harry cried out happily upon noticing that Hedwig was sitting on a perch that was positioned by the window. He rushed over to her and quickly began stroking her. "Clever girl, found me quickly, didn't you?"

Hedwig hooted in the affirmative before leaning into his touch. "Hmm, this place isn't exactly as good as Hogwarts, but it's better than the Dursley's. No cage for you here!" Harry happily said, hating having to put

Hedwig in a cage almost as much as Hedwig hated being in a cage.

Hedwig let out several loud noises that Harry took to mean that she was also incredibly happy with the situation, she playfully nibbled on his fingers as he continued bombarding her with what he felt was some well-deserved praise and affection.

It was two hours later when Harry decided to go to sleep, it took him half an hour to finally fall asleep, the events of the day had finally caught up with him. As he slept, the symbiote inside of him started thinking about its current situation.

Since bonding with this new host it had learnt about magic, or at least everything this particular human knew about magic. So far, the symbiote was quite pleased with the host, this was the best match it had ever had. The human had plenty of emotions that it could feed off, and the memories that the symbiote could access let it see how much potential the host had. The host, Harry, had already fought and survived things that most humans his age would not, he had survived things that even adult wizards wouldn't. The symbiote could detect intelligence and power within the boy and planned to make full use of it.

However, Harry wasn't without his downsides, one example would be his body. Years of running from his cousin and quidditch had made sure that Harry wasn't as bad as he could have been, the Dursley's had starved and overworked him for years, making it so that he wasn't as physically strong or fit as he could have been, thankfully that wouldn't be a problem for much longer as the symbiote could easily deal with that. Harry's personality could do with some work as well, given how messed up it had been thanks to the Dursley's and the chaotic mess that was Hogwarts and its population of students and teachers. The symbiote could detect the intelligence that the boy did his best to hide, partly due to a desire to fit

in, partly because he didn't want to upset his friends and also because of the damned Dursley's.

'Hmm, the Dursleys's have been causing a lot of problems for my host,' The symbiote thought to himself. 'maybe I can convince him to kill them, I'd be doing him and the world a favour by stopping them from being able to reproduce and spread.'

The next day Harry woke up with a deep yawn escaping his mouth, it took him several minutes before he was able to force himself to leave the comforting warmth of his bed, but eventually, he had been able to. After completing his daily ablutions he had headed downstairs to the bar where he found Tom waiting behind the bar, with a couple of people sitting at the tables nearby.

"Morning Tom." Harry politely greeted as he sat down at the bar and picked up a menu.

"Morning to yourself, Mr Potter." Tom nodded to him while cleaning the bar. "Good sleep?" He asked.

"It was good," Harry confirmed. "how about you? Did you sleep okay?"

"Not as long as I'd like," Tom said with a small chuckle. "but well enough.

Now, I suppose that you're hungry, what can I get you?"

"Hmm, well, Minister Fudge told me that you make a 'delightful' English breakfast, so I suppose I'll try that," Harry answered. "by the way, I'm sorry, but can you make it quick? I'm just really hungry today." Harry wasn't entirely sure why, but at this current point in time, he felt like he could beat Ron or maybe even Dudley in an eating contest.

"Ah, I suppose that's just natural for your age," Tom shrugged. "give me a few, Mr Potter, I'll be right back with your breakfast. And I'll see what drinks we have available at the moment."

"Drinks?" Harry blinked.

"Ones suitable for underage children, yes," Tom grinned before walking off. "I'll be back soon." He called before heading out. Meanwhile, Harry impatiently waited for Tom to come back, impatiently tapping his finger on the bar the whole time. Harry wasn't sure how long it was before Tom returned, but it felt like an eternity. As soon as Tom returned and placed Harry's breakfast down, the boy-who-lived wasted no time before digging into the delicious-looking food in front of him like it was his last meal on Earth. "Wow, you really are hungry." Tom couldn't help but stare at the boy in front of him who was doing his best impersonation of a black hole, the boy did remember his manners and tried to eat his food as politely as possible, but he was still shoving it down his mouth at a surprising rate. "That was good," Harry commented once he had finished.

"Well, I'm glad you liked it," Tom smiled at him. "I'll be sure to let the chef know and..."

"Um...is there any chance I can have it again?" Harry asked hopefully.

"You...you want another full English breakfast?" Tom blinked.

"Um...yes, yes please." Harry nodded.

"Oh...okay," Tom said after a few seconds pause. "I'll be right back."

After eating the second load of breakfast Harry retreated upstairs to his room, though he was really disconcerted by the fact that his stomach had started growling on the way up the stairs. Hadn't he had enough? He never ate this much, before it would be a big struggle for him to just eat one English breakfast, once Harry entered his room the wave of hunger intensified and he started struggling with resisting the idea to go back down and demand more food. He was pretty sure that by the end of the day the whole of Diagon Alley would be telling each other that Harry Potter was a massive eating machine.

Harry slowly walked forwards and spotted Hedwig sitting on her perch

and eyeing him with concern.

"I'm fine, Hedwig, my stomach is just messed up." Harry stopped in front of her, suddenly aware of how much he was sweating. He could feel his hair pressed against his forehead, his eyes tried to close against his will and he found it much harder to stay upright. Hedwig gave him a disbelieving hoot. "Yeah, fair enough, I'm starting to think this is probably worse than I originally..." Harry trailed off, his eyes narrowing at Hedwig, his breathing growing shallower.

"Hoot?" Hedwig looked at him questioningly.

"I...I..." Harry trailed off upon hearing the sound of wings flapping, a second later a pigeon had landed on the open windowsill. Harry's vision glazed over and his mind temporarily blanked, the next thing he felt was something scratching down the inside of his neck. "...what the..." Harry blinked his eyes repeatedly until his vision was clear enough for him to see what had happened. In his hands was the pigeon that had been on the window, except it was horrifyingly missing its head, blood squirted down from the stump where its head had originally been and slide down until it landed on his hand. He and Hedwig stared with horror at the decapitated bird, neither of them moving. "What the..." Harry paused as he realised just what had slid down his throat a few moments ago.

Dropping the bird's body like it was bad news, he rushed to the bathroom, slamming open the door and sliding down to his knees in front of the toilet. He opened the seat and was barely able to get his mouth over it in time, he gasped just before the contents of his breakfast shot out of his stomach and into the toilet, after what felt like an eternity, Harry pulled his head back, but quickly stopped when he felt the need to vomit again. He once more positioned his mouth over the toilet, but once he did so he saw the pigeon's head floating in the mix of toilet water and

vomit, seeing it staring back at him was the catalyst needed to speed up Harry's stomach evacuation.

"W...what is happening to me?" Harry gasped out once he was done, moving away from the toilet and sitting against the nearest wall, blood and vomit on his mouth plus blood on his hands caused him to close his eyes in an attempt to ignore what was happening long enough for him to think. "I can't believe I just did that, oh crap, Hedwig saw that." Harry groaned, realising that his relationship with his owl had more than likely just gotten a lot more awkward.

4. Chapter 4 - I am Venom

Reviews:

edboy4926: Thanks

fazalnuma81: Actually quite a few chapters left.

Athrium: Alright, first of all, thanks for the compliment about the story, very appreciated. Second of all, 'begging' is an over-exaggeration since I mentioned it in one sentence before telling people in the next sentence that they'd still get the same story either way. I cannot legally demand that people pay money to view my fanfic stories, what I can do is offer people the chance to view them early on pat-reon. If they do then they get early access and a couple of other benefits. My current plan is to update this story every time I post a new chapter of this story on pat-reon because I feel like my patrons actually deserve something. This isn't a seven-chapter story, I had just said that at the time there was already seven chapters up on pat-reon. I am not demanding or begging for money, but yes, if people WANT to do so then I am going to be very appreciative and happy since people in the real world do need money and if I put as much time into fanfic as I do then I'm going to see if I can make money. You talk as if I hide away stuff from those that don't pay,

but that's not true, ask any of my patrons. Any story they get is later released on this site, the only thing they get that non-patrons don't is access to some voting polls and any other future benefits I may decide upon. I'm sorry if I sound rude, that's not my intention, but please be more respectful and less judgemental in the future.

" " = Talking

' ' = Talking in head

Chapter 4 - I am Venom

It took Harry several minutes before he was able to muster up the strength to stand up, once he had gotten to both feet he staggered towards the mirror and quickly leaned on the sink underneath it so he could stay standing. He coughed violently before reaching for his toothbrush and toothpaste while mentally planning what he would do next. Firstly he would do whatever it took to get this horrible smell and taste out of his mouth, he was going to flush that toilet as many times as necessary to get rid of that head, then he would apologize to Hedwig and find a way to get rid of the pigeon body. Then he was going to brush his teeth again before trying to forget this whole experience. After pouring a larger than normal helping of toothpaste on his brush, he placed the brush in his mouth and began cleaning vigorously.

'Harry.' A deep voice spoke, Harry looked up and saw his reflection in the mirror.

"What the f..." Harry jumped back, toothbrush dropping out of his mouth and into the sink just before he ended up tripping and hitting the back of his head on the wall behind him. "Ow." Harry groaned after sliding down to the floor, one hand reaching up to massage his head while the other wiped the toothpaste off his mouth. "I didn't...I didn't actually see that, did I?" Harry wondered out loud, wondering if what he had seen in the

mirror was real. Because if it was then he was going to have to find a great way to explain why he ended up having two large teardrop-shaped eyes and massive razor-sharp teeth.

Harry slowly got to a crouching position before rising up and staring at the mirror in front of him, he breathed out a sigh of relief upon seeing that his teeth were normal and that his eyes were the usual emerald green eyes he had had for all of his life.

"What is happening to me?" Harry wondered, not for the first time today.

Ten minutes later, after continuing to brush his teeth while constantly staring at the mirror, Harry exited the bathroom and immediately felt Hedwig's gaze on him. Harry gulped as he looked between Hedwig, who was still sitting on her perch, and the headless body of the pigeon on the floor. Harry ended up having to quickly look away from the bird or else he would risk vomiting again, which meant he was now staring at Hedwig who was still staring back at him.

"Sorry girl," Harry apologized awkwardly. "I...I don't really have an explanation for what just happened, I just sort of blanked out and the next thing I knew was that I had just eaten that bird's head. I'm really sorry, I wouldn't do that to you, I promise. You know I wouldn't, right Hedwig?" Harry asked, pleading for her forgiveness. Hedwig stared at him for several painfully long seconds, looking like she was staring into his very soul and deciding if he was worthy. A moment later, Harry got his answer.

"Hoot." Hedwig leapt off her perch and flapped her wings to push herself high enough to glide onto Harry's shoulder. After landing, she faced him and affectionately nibbled on his ear until he reached up and petted her, Hedwig showed no hesitation or even worry in letting him do so.

"Thank you, Hedwig," Harry smiled brightly at her, pleased by the trust

that she had shown in him. He had just eaten another bird yet she trusted him enough to not harm her. "you're the best." Hedwig chirped in a way that Harry understood to mean 'I know that, silly'. "Now, what to do about that?" Harry wondered out loud as he stared at the bird's body.

"Hoot."

"You're right," Harry absently agreed with a nod of his head. "I wish I had someone to clean it."

"You's need cleanings?" A voice spoke, Harry jumped in shock and turned around to find a small house elf dressed in similar clothes to Tom.

"What? Who are you?" Harry blinked.

"I's be Tank," The elf answered. "Tank works here. Would sir need Tank to clean something?"

"Um...yeah, if it's not a bother." Harry stepped to the side and gestured to the bird' body.

"Oh my..." Tank trailed off and stared at the bird with wide eyes. "...what happened to birdie?"

"Um...not sure," Harry fibbed. "Hedwig just found the bird there, didn't you girl?" Hedwig quickly nodded her head.

"Oh my, maybe a cat," Tank thought out loud before shaking his head and redirecting his focus to Harry. "Tank will clean it, does sir need anything else?"

"No, thank you," Harry began but was interrupted when his stomach rumbled.

"Does sir want to eat something?"

"No!" Harry said quickly before realising that he had maybe answered just a bit too quickly. "No, sorry, I...um...I ate already." He finished with a weak smile.

"Oh...okay." Tank stared at the weird human before he vanished the

pigeon with a click of his fingers, he nodded to Harry before popping away.

"Oh fucking hell," Harry groaned before he walked over to the bed, Hedwig flew back to her perch before Harry hopped onto the bed and lied down on his back. "Hedwig," Harry spoke up several minutes later. "do you think I should see a healer or something?" Hedwig nodded and hooted to say 'yes, I do think you should see a healer, you ate a damn pigeon'. "Fair enough." Harry sat up and covered his mouth when he yawned.

'No,' A deep voice echoed in Harry's head, causing him to stop moving. 'no healers.' Harry looked around the room but didn't see anybody but Hedwig.

"Who are you?" Harry spoke up, ignoring the way Hedwig was looking at him. "I can hear you, but I can't see you, who are you? Where are you?"

'I am inside your head,' The voice replied.

"My head?" Harry blinked, one hand instinctively going to his scar.

'No, not in your head's scar, though that scar is fairly interesting by itself.'

The voice replied.

"Who are you?" Harry demanded, looking around with the hope that eventually he'd see or spot something.

'I am Venom,' The voice answered. 'and I am bonded to you.'

"What?" Harry blurted out.

'This relationship is quite beneficial to both of us,' Venom hummed. 'trust me.'

"I don't even know you!" Harry hissed. "How is this beneficial? I don't even know what or where you are!"

'I am inside of you, what I am is a 'Klyntar'.'

"A what?"

'Klyntar,' Venom repeated slowly as if talking to a small child. 'we're commonly known as a symbiote, an advanced alien species...'

"Aliens?!" Harry blinked. "Are you telling me that you're an alien?!" Harry blurted out, struggling to believe it. Magic was one thing, but aliens was a whole other ball game. Though, to be fair, he would have laughed at the idea of magic existing if asked about it a few years ago.

'Yes, now listen to me,' Venom ordered. 'despite what you may believe, this relationship benefits both of us. I need a host to survive.'

"What? You'd die without one?"

'Yes,' Venom reluctantly admitted, knowing that Harry was against needlessly causing harm to others, even those that weren't human.

'having a host keeps me alive. And I, in return, bring plenty of benefits to the table. As long as I am by your side you'll be stronger, faster and far more dangerous. Perhaps I might even have a positive effect on your magic, I've never bonded to a wizard before.'

"C...can't you just bond to someone else?" Harry asked hopefully.

'I could try,' Venom answered. 'however, doing so would risk their lives. If the host is not compatible then it's possible that they would die if I stay too long.'

"Oh..." Harry paused, not sure how to respond. "...wait, you've killed people?"

'One person, though that was accidental,' Venom replied, he quickly continued speaking when he saw that Harry looked more than ready to begin a lengthy rant. 'he was dying anyway. He was an astronaut and their ship had been in a massive crash, he barely survived and his leg was broken. If I didn't attempt to bond with him then there was every chance that he would have just died in the field by himself.'

"I...but you..."

'If I had successfully bonded to him then I would have been able to heal him,' Venom explained. 'if the bond was successful then he would have survived.'

"I...I'm sorry, but no..." Harry shook his head before standing up. "...if...if you need a host then I'll find you someone or...something...I don't know! I just want you gone!" Harry quickly walked to the door, intent on going down and asking Tom to contact someone that could help him with the fact that he apparently had an alien in his body. Harry reached for the door handle but that was about as far as he got as his entire body froze just before his fingers could wrap around the handle. "W...what's going on?!"

'You are not going to contact anyone, not yet.' Venom whispered from inside Harry's head, Harry was about to respond when suddenly his body turned around against his will and he found himself walking back to the bed despite his best efforts to do otherwise.

"Stop that! Let go of me!" Harry yelled before he threw himself on the bed, landing on his back before his body snapped into a straight position with his hands falling to his side and his legs sticking together as if he had been hit with a body bind spell. "Get off me, you stupid parasite!"

'PARASITE?!' Venom's boomed in Harry's head, causing the young wizard to wince. Harry's right arm suddenly stretched out, a second later Harry ended up slapping himself on the face, hard.

"Ow!" Harry hissed.

'Don't call me that again,' Venom growled, forcing Harry's arm back to his side. 'now listen to me, Harry. If anyone finds out about me, then I could be killed if I'm lucky, or thrown into a lab and tested on until I wish for death. And I will not allow that to happen.'

"What do you want?" Harry growled out through gritted teeth.

'You, just you,' Venom answered, not hesitating for a moment. 'that is what I want. But enough about me, because you need me a lot more than I need you.'

"What?!" Harry wasn't sure if Venom could see the look of disbelief on his face, but if he couldn't then the disbelief in his voice should get the job done. "I don't need you!"

'Don't you?' Venom asked in a slightly amused voice. 'Think about it, Harry, if I leave you then I go and find another host. I might end up accidentally killing a few potential hosts until I find the right one, perhaps I could find a truly powerful one like Albus Dumbledore, but then you would be alone. Think about it, Harry, you need help.'

"I don't need anything from you!" Harry hissed, still trying in vain to move his body.

'Then you've not been paying attention, Harry,' Venom responded. 'think about it, you spent ten years suffering at the hands of the Dursleys. All because you weren't strong enough to stop them.'

"I couldn't do anything because I was a child!" Harry argued.

'You still are by human standards,' Venom calmly replied. 'but if I was there then they wouldn't have dared raise a hand against you. Then you arrived at Hogwarts and nearly died a few times, only surviving because of stubbornness and luck. If it wasn't for your mother's sacrifice then you would be a small body in a grave and Quirrell would have gotten the stone.'

"How do you know all this?" Harry asked, his face pale.

'I am inside your head,' Venom reminded him. 'remember? All of your memories, all available to me.'

"Get out!" Harry roared, alarmed by the thought of anyone, especially an alien, accessing his mind.

'Not until you've listened to me,' Venom said with a hint of impatience, not appreciating Harry's constant interruptions. 'After your first year, you went back to the Dursley's, only to get locked up. You let poor Hedwig get forced into a cage,' Venom's voice sounded so disappointed that Harry couldn't help but wince, his gaze flitted across the room to spot Hedwig who was staring at him with concern. 'poor Hedwig. Poor, loyal and sweet Hedwig, locked up in a cage barely big enough for her to stretch her wings because you couldn't stand up to the Dursley's. She just saw you eat a bird and is still loyal enough to stick by you, but you weren't loyal enough to help her.'

"I'd die for her!" Harry snarled, desperately wishing he could move.

'Really? Yet you wouldn't help her out of the cage.'

"I couldn't do anything, I..."

'You're a wizard,' Venom cut him off. 'one that at the time had only had a year's training and couldn't use a wand, but if you had tried hard enough then you could have got her out. But you didn't. You were scared, you wouldn't have been if I was there. You had to be rescued from them by the Weasley's, then you went to school where you were nearly killed by a basilisk. After killing a fifty-foot long snake, what did you do? Let yourself get sent here again. If I hadn't found you then you'd probably go to school this year and end up back at the Dursley's again.'

"I...wait...what do you mean? That last part, about the Dursley's?" Harry asked, his voice noticeably softer than before.

'You think I'm going to let you go back there?' Disbelief covered Venom's voice. 'No, unless you're up for some revenge, we are not going there,' Venom said in a firm voice. 'no longer will you be forced to be their slave, no longer will they lock up Hedwig or you. It doesn't matter what Fudge or Dumbledore wants, you're not going back there. Do you want to

know what I think?'

"What?" Harry couldn't help but ask. Venom didn't immediately reply, but Harry felt Venom release his hold on Harry's body because a second later he was able to sit up.

'The way I see it, we can do whatever we want,' Venom spoke up. 'I don't care what you want to do. All I need is a host and to eat, that's enough for me. What do you want?'

"I...I don't know." Harry breathed out, slightly surprised by the question.

'Nobody ever asks you what you want,' Venom said knowingly. 'your friends want things, the Dursleys want things, the teacher's want things, even the ministry. But what do you want?'

"I don't know," Harry repeated with a bit of frustration.

'We have plenty of time to find out,' Venom's voice sounded somewhat soothing to Harry. 'I don't care for other's, Harry, you are my host. You're all I will ever need.' Harry stayed silent for several minutes, staring at the wall opposite him as he gathered his thoughts.

"How did you find me?" Harry asked suddenly.

'You should thank your aunt, it's probably the first useful thing the stupid bint has ever done for you,' Venom answered.

"Aunt Petunia?!"

'No, the fat one, Marge,' Venom corrected. 'I ended up in a spider's body until I managed to find her dog, Ripper.'

"You were in Ripper?" Harry gaped. "Were...were you why he wasn't growling and trying to rip my legs off?"

'You're welcome,' Venom replied, sounding as if he just brought the whole of England under Harry's control and was expecting Harry to drop to his knees to thank him. 'when I observed you through the dog's eyes, I realised that you would be a perfect host. Ripper had many memories of

attacking you, and I could see the delicious emotions pouring off you.

The fact that you're magical is just a great bonus.'

"I...emotions?" Harry asked. "You feed on emotions?"

'Yes,' Venom answered, Harry, got the impression that if he had a physical form then Venom would be nodding right now. 'that's one of the things I feed on. I feed on intense emotional energy like anger, passion, or excitement."

"Yeah, well I can't make myself experience them all the time because you're hungry." Harry pointed out.

'I also feed on brains,' Venom mentioned.

"Brains?!" Harry yelped. "You can't eat people's brains!"

'Oh, I'm strong enough to do so.' Venom chuckled.

"I'm not letting you eat people's brains!"

'Are you sure I can't convince you to...'

"No!" Harry cut him off in a firm voice.

'Spoilsport,' Venom replied, Harry couldn't help but imagine a mouth full of sharp teeth making a pouting expression. 'fine, then you'll need to find me something else to eat. I'm sure that eventually, we'll find something that can satisfy me.' Despite his words, Venom didn't think that his host would stick to his 'no eating brains' policy for long, his life was far too messed up for him to not be tempted to just deal with a few problems permanently. 'So, what's it going to be, Harry? Let me stay, let me help you and Hedwig, or make me leave, and risk me finding a host that is not as nice as you. What's it going to be?'

'Well, that's just not fair.' Harry couldn't help but think to himself.

'Perhaps not, but that's your choice.' Venom's voice cut into Harry's thoughts.

"I...fine," Harry eventually nodded, he couldn't help but feel like he was

making a deal with the devil in some ways. But overall, he couldn't help but agree with what Venom was offering. He could tell that if the alien truly wanted to hurt him right now then he could just force Harry to jump out of a window or something. He wished that he could ignore some of the other stuff that Venom had said, but he couldn't. Every school year so far he had nearly died multiple times, and then at the end of the year, he ends up being sent to the Dursley's. If anyone could use extra help, it'd be him. Besides, there wasn't a great alternative, keep Venom with him and possibly get some valuable help or risk letting him loose and into the hands of somebody like Malfoy, or worse, Voldemort.

"I'm willing to have a trial period," Harry briefly wondered if he could get away with telling people about Venom but quickly dismissed that thought upon remembering that Venom would probably stop him before he could even get a word out. "under a few conditions," Harry added.

'I'm listening,' Venom's calm voice successfully hid the excitement he felt, having a willing host was so much better than those unwilling ones. He could tell that the boy wasn't fully committed to the idea, but Venom believed that with enough time he could bring the boy on board.

"Firstly, no taking control of my body, ever again." Harry began.

'But Harry, what if you're unconscious and somebody is about to kill you?' Venom asked. 'I could take control of your body and get you to safety.' Harry paused, and considered what Venom had said.

"Fine, no taking my body unless there's an emergency or if I give permission." Harry amended.

'Fair enough, what's the next condition?'

"No harming anyone I care about," Harry said with a surprising amount of firmness. "that's not negotiable."

'Your friends and family are my friends and family,' Venom spoke in a

soft voice. 'they have nothing to fear from me.' Venom told him in an honest voice, he was fine with not harming friends and family, though if Harry suddenly decided they weren't his friends or family any more then that just meant more food for him.

"Good," Harry didn't fully believe Venom but that was better than nothing. "and no eating brains."

'Find me something I can feed on and then I won't.' Venom's voice held a hint of annoyance. 'Anything else?'

"Yeah," Harry nodded. "I don't know you, and right now, I don't trust you. But I'm willing to give you a chance, but if you make me regret it, then I will..."

'What?' Venom asked curiously. 'What will you do?'

"I'll find a way to stop you, no matter how long it takes," Harry said with plenty of conviction in his voice.

'You think that you can stop me?' Venom laughed. 'You think you stand a chance against me?'

"No," Harry answered honestly. "but then again, I didn't think I stood a chance when fighting Quirrell with Voldemort on his head, or when I fought the basilisk. Yet Quirrell became nothing but ashes and the basilisk is the one that's currently lying dead in the chamber."

'There's that inner fire,' Venom laughed again, though it wasn't the same laugh as before, that laugh had been filled with humour and mocking.

This one held approval, the kind of laugh Harry would imagine his father would have given him the first time he saw him ride a broom, though obviously a bit deeper. 'you'll make a great host. Now, we need to find something to eat.'

"Now?" Harry frowned. "I just ate a pigeon." Harry reminded him.

'Not good enough,' Venom replied. 'I need something better, and quickly.'

I haven't eaten anything tasty in a while.'

"O...kay, I'll find something then." Harry huffed, apparently he was now an intergalactic babysitter. "Sorry Hedwig," Harry looked at his faithful companion who was still staring at him. "I...um...well, there's apparently an alien inside of me," Harry explained, opting to go with blunt honesty. Hedwig stared at him as if he had just burst into dance. "yeah, hard to believe, it's somewhere on the level of finding out that there's an entire race of wizards and witches hiding in front of her eyes. Still, this alien para..."

'Call me a parasite again and you'll regret it!' Venom warned.

"This alien is apparently here to stay," Harry coughed. "so...yeah. I'm going to go to the shops and try to find him something to eat, I'll get something for you as well, promise." Harry said before he stood up and reached into his trunk and began pulling out clothes. "Wait a sec, you can see me right? So you'd see me if I started changing my clothes?" Harry frowned.

'Why would I care?' Venom asked dismissively. 'I have access to every single memory you have and you are an entirely different species, for you, it would be like watching Hedwig take off a jumper.'

"Oh...fair enough." Harry sighed, living with an alien in his head was going to take some getting used to. "I like to think that I'm taking this surprisingly well." He commented.

'Do you want a medal?' Venom asked sarcastically.

"How about a little less attitude?" Harry asked, glaring at an opposite wall since he didn't really have a face that he could glare at.

'In that case, get me something to eat,' Venom said impatiently. 'do so, and I'll start proving to you how useful I am.'

"What do you mean?" Harry frowned.

'An underfed body and weak vision, I can fix that for you.'

"What? Really?!"

'Yep, better hurry with the food.'

AN: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter.

(I don't own Harry Potter or Venom, blah blah, all rights go to their owners, blah blah, etc.)

I know that Venom wasn't completely serious in this, and that's because his personality will be a mix of the one from the films and the one from the Spectacular Spiderman cartoon. How did you guys like the Harry-Venom interaction? Was there anything you think I could do better? Was it good? Was it bad? Let me know. I know that some writers would probably make a few more chapters before introducing Harry to Venom, but I'm the sort of guy who likes to get to the good bits.

Harry and Venom's relationship is hardly perfect at this point, Harry only stopped resisting for the chance of getting stronger and because it was better than letting Venom loose and risk him trying to find another host. But to be fair, it's not the worst way that a boy could be introduced to an alien. Oh, and I just recently learned on the internet that Venom apparently can't lie, I think that's pretty interesting.

Also (at the time of writing this which was in December) I had gone to see Spiderman No Way Home yesterday. I had my covid booster jab at about 11am, then saw the film at around 12:45. Thankfully my body didn't act up until after I left the cinema, but now I'm tired and exhausted. Still, the film was great! I loved the cameos for one, the action, and MCU Spiderman's development as well. The ending surprised me as I didn't think that they would have done what they did (at least until I re-engaged my brain and actually thought about it), but I did love it! I'm not going to mention more in case I spoil it for someone, I had

unfortunately seen at least 3 major spoilers before watching the film because I was on Youtube.

Also, can anyone recommend any good spiderman fics? I'd like to read some since I hope to write a spiderman fic in the future.

Anyway, thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

5. Chapter 5 - Impressive

Chapter 5 - Impressive

'Why do you wear those clothes?' Venom complained once Harry had finished getting changed.

"If you really have access to my memories then you know why," Harry grumbled, not really that fond of his clothes either. His beige-coloured trousers needed an extremely strong belt to be held up, his blue shirt was a checkered one that Dudley had worn once before never wearing again, the bottom of his shirt reaching just above his knees.

'Because of the Dursley's, I know,' Venom growled. 'but they're not here now! Are you really going to let them decide what you wear? You're rich! Buy some new clothes!'

"I can't, if I go back and they find out that I have new clothes then..."

'You won't go back,' Venom cut in with a firm voice. 'and even if some disaster forces you to temporarily go back there then they won't take away your clothes. I won't let them! Now, when we go out, you need to buy new clothes.'

"Hmm, fine," Harry said after a few moments, realising that Venom had a point. He was rich enough, why couldn't he buy some clothes for himself. If things got really bad then he could find a way to just hide them in his school trunk, something that should be possible given that he had access to magic. "though I have yet to see anything impressive about you so I hope you understand if I have my doubts."

'Hmm, how about this?' Venom asked.

"How about...what the..." Harry trailed off as he felt his trousers and shirt get ripped into pieces and fall off his body, he had barely had a second to register what had happened when suddenly his body was covered in new clothes. His beige trousers had been replaced with black jeans, his checkered shirt was replaced with a black t-shirt and a black hooded jacket. "...whoa!" Harry couldn't help the grin that appeared on his face.

"That's cool!"

'I know,' Venom replied, sounding quite proud.

"Um...does it have to be all black?" Harry asked, looking down at his new clothes.

'I don't know, do you have to be all fussy?' Venom retorted. Harry flushed slightly, realising that he might have sounded ungrateful. He opened his mouth to apologize when suddenly his shirt changed into a white colour.

'Better?' Venom asked.

"Much," Harry nodded appreciatively. "sorry if I sounded ungrateful." He added apologetically.

'Make it up to me with food,' Venom replied.

'Fine, the only problem I see right now is that I don't think it's wise to order more food from Tom, with how much I'm eating he might get worried and call a healer. I also can't go out, I'm not technically supposed to leave this place." Harry remembered.

'Yes, you can, the Minister just said that you should stay in Diagon Alley and not leave this place at night, not that we have to listen to him. Don't you remember what I said? We can do whatever we want, if we want to go out then we'll do so.' Venom told him just before Harry's hood went up over his head. 'Watch.' Harry looked down and couldn't help but gape when he saw himself turn invisible.

"You can turn me invisible?!" Harry blurted out, an invisibility cloak was one thing, but being able to turn invisible by yourself (even if it was through an alien being that had latched onto you) was an entirely different situation.

'Impressed yet?' Venom asked in a smug voice.

"Yeah," Harry chuckled. "I'm impressed." He admitted. "So, now what? We just sneak out the door?"

'No, the window.'

"The window?" Harry blinked. "Can you fly?"

'I can make wings to glide, but we won't need to fly. Open the window then jump out.'

"I'm sorry, but did you just say 'jump out'?" Harry asked with a hint of disbelief.

'Yes, jump, now.'

"Do you know how big a drop that is?! I'll end up snapping my ankles!"

'You won't snap your ankles while I'm here, trust me. Now move.' Venom impatiently ordered.

"This is madness," Harry whispered to himself before he moved to the window. He opened it and gulped as he looked down at the three-storey drop.

'Jump, trust me.' Venom's voice echoed in Harry's head.

"If I end up in the hospital then I'm never going to let you live this down."

Harry gulped as he climbed onto the window ledge, and closed his eyes while taking a moment to curse his Gryffindor nature before allowing himself to drop and fall towards the ground. For a few seconds, he felt the wind being pushed aside by his body as gravity pulled him straight to the ground. Harry grunted as he felt his feet impact against the stoned floor beneath him. "Bloody hell!" Harry's eyes snapped open and widened

as he stared between his unharmed self, the ground and the window he had just jumped off of. "Wow, you really did make me stronger."

'Yep, now do I have to tell you to go again or should I just take control of your body and get the food myself?' Venom growled

"I would have thought than an alien as smart and strong as you could handle being patient," Harry commented before deciding to start walking down the alley he was in since he didn't want to make Venom hungry and angry enough to follow through with his threat. 'Can you hear me if I talk to you like this?' Harry thought.

'Yes, why?' Venom asked.

'So I don't have to keep speaking out loud,' Harry explained. 'I'll get weird looks if I speak out loud, besides it kind of negates the whole invisibility thing. Why do you ask? Don't you know my every thought or something like that?'

'I asked because I wasn't actively looking through your mind,' Venom explained. 'when I am, then I can know your every thought.'

'Oh, fair enough.' Harry said just before stopping once they neared the end of the alley. 'You need to turn me visible again, I can't buy anything if I'm invisible.'

'Fine.' A second later Harry found himself visible once again.

"Thanks," Harry whispered before walking out into Diagon Alley, he did his best to keep his head down and made sure to leave his hood up, hoping to not have anyone recognise him. A minute or so later he had neared a cafe, he was ready to go in and try sampling foods, hopefully, he would be able to find something that Venom approved of in there.

"Excuse me, young man," A female voice said. Harry stopped and turned around and saw a brown-haired woman in muggle clothes staring at him.

"sorry to bother you, but can you please show me where the wizard's

bank is?" She asked. "My daughter rushed off to the bank and I don't think she noticed that I was busy and hadn't followed her."

"Oh, um...sure." Harry nodded, barely a second later he winced as he heard Venom yell 'NO!' from inside his head.

"Are you alright?" The woman asked, noticing his expression.

"Yeah, sorry, just a headache. Follow me." Harry turned and began walking. 'What the hell, Venom?' He mentally asked.

'Don't help her!'

'Oh for Merlin's sake,' Harry mentally groaned. 'I'll find some damn food for you, okay? It'll take me about a minute to get her to the bank, then we can try out some new food and...'

'That's not what I meant!' Venom cut him off. 'Her emotions feel all wrong!'

'What? Her emotions?'

'I can detect emotions and her emotions are telling me that the best thing to do is let me eat her head before she hurt us!'

'You're not eating her or anyone else!' Was the first thought that came into Harry's head, it was only a second later before he registered the rest.

'Wait, what do you mean that she'll hurt us?' A second later Harry got his answer when he suddenly felt something poke him in his back, causing him to stop. He felt a body move behind him, stopping at only the barest distance needed to prevent it from touching him.

"Stay very still," He heard the woman he was helping whisper, her voice was suddenly a lot more menacing and far less friendly. "there's an alley to our right. Slowly walk into it, don't draw attention. If you try anything then I'll turn your spine into dust and escape before anyone can even call for help. Now, move." She ordered, pushing the tip of her wand deeper into his back, causing him to wince slightly.

'Well, if I die here then at least Voldemort won't get the satisfaction.'

Harry thought as he obeyed the witch, reluctantly walking into the alley with her following behind him.

'You are not going to die,' Venom told him. 'we must simply wait until we're far enough away.'

'Far enough away from what?'

'Witnesses.' Venom's voice purred in his head, causing Harry's eyes to widen slightly at the obvious anticipation he could hear.

'Venom, you're not going to kill them!'

'Why not?' Venom asked, sounding genuinely curious.

'It isn't right!' Harry protested.

'Neither is letting this woman stay healthy enough to attack other people, it would be just the same as you stopping Quirrell and the basilisk.'

'That was different,' Harry argued. 'what happened to Quirrell was an accident and I had no choice with the basilisk.'

'Perhaps, but think about it this way, would you rather know for sure that this woman wouldn't hurt anyone ever again or risk her escaping justice as Lucius Malfoy did? Because calling him innocent is the same as calling Voldemort kind.'

Harry wasn't able to respond as a moment later his attention was brought back to the present when he found himself at the end of an alleyway, surrounded by the witch and a trio of wizards that had their wands pointed at him.

"The kid's a bit small, isn't he?" One of the men asked.

"Hardly matters," Another man replied. "he's sellable."

"Sellable?" Harry dumbly repeated before glancing around. Behind him was a wall, there was a building on his left and right side. In front of him, just after the four kidnapers, was a long stretch of an alley. There was

no sign of anyone else nearby and he doubted that he would even be able to scream before they silenced and gagged him.

"Yep," The third man grinned. "there's quite a market for it." He raised his wand, the tip of it glowing. Harry instinctively took a step back but stopped when he felt something moving up his arm. His right arm raised itself without Harry even wanting it to, Harry watched as a black goo covered his hand and wrist, a goo that he could feel all the way up to his elbow. A black tendril shot out from his hand and tackled the man, slamming into him and sending him crashing into the wall behind him. The tendril released him and allowed him to slide bonelessly to the ground, the tendril then changed targets and grabbed the first of the men by the neck before smashing him into the other man, hard, taking them out of the fight.

"What the fuck?!" The witch cursed before firing a cutting curse right at Harry's neck. Harry's eyes widened in fear, thankfully he was saved when the tendril retracted and the goo disappeared from his right arm and appeared on his left, covering it from elbow to fingertips. The goo extended out of his hand and formed a human-sized shield which took the curse for him.

"What is that?!" Harry blurted out from behind the shield.

'Not what, who.' Venom corrected as the witch continued to fire spell after spell at them.

"This black stuff is you?!" Harry asked, forgetting to speak in his head.

'Part of me, here's the rest.' Venom had barely let Harry hear those words before Harry transformed.

Harry ended up being covered from head to toe in black goo, once he was fully covered his body grew. He grew taller, his muscles got bigger, going well past regular bodybuilder sizes. By the time he had stopped

growing, he stood over seven feet tall with massive muscles beyond anything that Harry felt would be possible to achieve. His fingertips and toe sharpened, his mouth stretched from ear to ear, giving him a permanent grin. His teeth were long, pointy and snowy white and matched perfectly with the long tongue that was sticking out of his mouth. The only other bits of him that weren't black were the two white and teardrop-shaped eyes.

"W...what are you?" The witch gasped fearfully.

"We...are Venom." The creature said with a disturbing grin before it opened its jaw so wide that a snake would be impressed, revealing a set of horrifying teeth. The witch let out a terrified scream before firing another curse at Venom. With a speed that didn't match his size, Venom dodged it and leapt forwards, one hand grabbing the witch's wand hand. A crunching sound was barely heard before the woman's screams of pain filled up the alley. Venom purred as he shook the woman's broken hand, allowing her wand to drop harmlessly to the floor, his long tongue reached forwards and the tip touched the woman's forehead while she protested in pain, disgust and no small amount of fear. "Hmm," Venom pulled his tongue away and stared at her. "eyes, lungs, pancreas, so many snacks but so little time." Venom cooed, he was sure that even in this alley the woman's screams would have attracted attention.

"Leave me alone!" The woman cried before pulling out a knife and jamming it in Venom's shoulder, unfortunately for her, it might as well have been a toothpick given how effective it was.

"That tickles." Venom chuckled as the woman let go of the knife, her eyes widening in horror as the knife sunk into Venom's body, disappearing from view. "That was the sort of thing a brainless idiot would do, and if you're not using your brain, I'll have it."

'No! No eating heads!' Harry's voice echoed in Venom's head

"Fine." Venom growled before his mouth snapped open and bit down on the hand that the woman had used to stab him. The woman shrieked in pain as Venom dropped her, leaving her alive but with one less hand.

Venom turned and leapt upwards.

After travelling a fairly long distance away from the scene, Venom landed on top of a decently tall building. He was pretty sure that there was nobody else around so was fine with transforming back into Harry.

"What the fuck was that?!" Harry gasped, his hands moving up to feel his body, he breathed a small sigh of relief upon realising that he was back to normal. Harry spotted a few pieces of broken glass nearby, he quickly rushed forwards and picked up the biggest piece he could find. He stared at his reflection, glad to see his regular old face with his black hair and green eyes, even his glasses. His free hand rubbed at his eyes in an attempt to stave away the headache he was feeling, though it wasn't doing as good of a job as he would like. Harry removed his hand and damn near jumped out of his skin when he saw that his reflection in the glass had changed. "Bloody hell! V...Venom, is that you?" Harry asked, staring at the white-eyed and large-toothed being that had replaced his reflection.

"Correct," Venom said, nodding even though Harry hadn't. "impressive, right?"

"That's...that's one word for it." Harry agreed even though the first word that jumped into his head was 'terrifying'. He didn't really blame that witch for being so scared, he was sure that seeing Venom in person would be an even more overwhelming experience. "I...you bit that woman's hand off?" Harry remembered as he continue to goggle at Venom. Harry's right shoulder twitched, he glanced at it and saw a black

tendrils shoot out from it and move until it was in front of his face, the tip of the tendril changed and suddenly Venom's face was staring at him.

"You wouldn't let me eat her head," Venom said in a voice that was a cross between amusement and annoyance. Harry gulped, barely noticing that he had dropped the glass that he had been holding.

"The...this is what you look like?" Harry asked softly, still staring at Venom. Once he got past how scary the alien was, he could admit that Venom looked fairly impressive. His eyes, teeth, and even his tongue just screamed out 'apex predator'.

"Is that a problem?" Venom asked, sounding offended.

"No! No," Harry quickly replied. "it's just...well...a bit overwhelming.

I...honestly, you're very..."

"Impressive?" Venom guessed, purring out the word. "Intimidating? Handsome?"

"Uh...yeah, all of the above." Harry nodded, he couldn't help but think that the Venom was having a bit of an ego. "But...back to that woman..."

"Yes, I don't know why you're complaining," Venom responded. "I didn't even enjoy the taste of her."

"You ate her hand, I..."

"She stabbed me." Venom interrupted.

"It didn't even hurt you." Harry pointed out with a frown.

"Doesn't mean that I have to like it," Venom growled. "besides, what I did was a public service."

"A public service?" Harry repeated with disbelief, goggling at Venom.

"How was that a public service?"

"Think about it, Harry," Venom's tongue licked his lips. "that woman was a very bad person."

"Well, yeah," Harry conceded. "she was. But she..."

"Has probably done horrible things to many others, the same horrible things she tried to do to you," Venom spoke, his voice sounding softer than before. "if I stopped her permanently then there would have been far fewer victims in the future."

"But...but the aurors can catch her, right?" Harry asked.

"Perhaps," Venom nodded. "but we made it much easier for them, besides, it's not entirely guaranteed that they would punish them properly. We made it so that those criminals will think twice before doing anything like that again."

"We?" Harry echoed. "Why do you say 'we'? You did that, not me."

"Wrong," Venom spoke up, his mouth widening into a full-sized grin. "I couldn't have done that without you, Harry. It is 'we', Harry. Now, if you don't want me to go back and finish the job then you need to find me some more food. I'm willing to listen to you, but not if it means dying of hunger." Harry's emerald green eyes locked with Venom's milky white ones, the two simply stared at each other for several long moments before Harry let out a small huff.

"Fine, there should be a few food shops nearby, we'll experiment and see what you like."

"Excellent," Venom said in a happy voice before pulling back and disappearing back into Harry's body. 'Let's get going.' Venom's voice echoed in Harry's head.

"My life was a lot more normal before I met you." Harry groaned, but stood up anyway and decided to get moving. As far as he was concerned, it was better to just hurry up and get the alien his food.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter. I am really getting into this story, :)

By the way, which look do you guys prefer for Harry? Big and with teeth,

or small and without? I'm more for the second one, if anyone is curious then I am imagining Venom's voice being the same voice from the first Venom movie.

Thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6 -

"Oh crap!" Harry hissed before he landed on the cobbled street below, the stones he landed on cracking viciously. Harry looked back up at the three storey building he had jumped off of. "Wow." Harry breathed out before walking out of the alley, thankfully his hood was still up and decreased the chances of him getting caught. 'I swear, one day you're going to get me killed.'

'Why would I do that?' Venom asked. 'You are far too good of a match to throw away.'

'Yeah? Well, if I die then you just go and find a new host or something, right?' Harry asked.

'Yes,' Venom admitted. 'but that does not mean I would enjoy doing so. There are no guarantees that I will ever find a host that I can bond with like you, only probability.'

'Perhaps, but you still forget that normal humans don't casually jump off buildings.' Harry pointed out.

'You are right,' Venom agreed. 'normal humans do not. You, are far from normal, even before meeting me.'

'Sad part is, I can't argue against that.' Harry's sigh wasn't simply limited to being in his mind.

'Normal is overrated.'

'You sound like you're in a bad movie.' Harry told him just before stopping and looking around.

'What about that shop on your right?' Venom asked.

'Be specific,' Harry told him as he looked right. 'which shop? Wait, are you talking about that one?' Harry asked, staring right at Eeylops Owl Emporium.

'Yes, I'm up for some experimentation.'

'Not in my body, you're not.' Harry quickly sent back. 'We'll try something else,' Harry thought before looking around and spotting a stall with a man selling various sweets and chocolate. Harry couldn't help the grin that appeared on his face as he was unintentionally reminded of buying a ton of stuff on his first ride to Hogwarts. 'How about some sweets and chocolate?' Harry asked.

'Sweets? Chocolates?' Venom hummed in Harry's head. 'Buy a few, buy some animals as well, just in case.'

'I will buy some meat from the butcher's shop and...'

'No!' Venom hissed. 'It needs to be live!'

"Of for Merlin's sake." Harry groaned under his breath. 'Let's just try the sweets first, yeah?'

'Fine.'

'Chocolate, I like chocolate.' Venom declared a few minutes after the two had finished their tasting spree.

'So, brains and chocolate then,' Harry snorted. 'so very similar.'

'I like what I like,' Venom growled.

'Fair enough,' Harry replied, not wanting to get into an argument with the alien inside his head. 'so, what do you want to do now?'

'Eat more.'

'We have already eaten enough,' Harry replied. 'I suppose I can just hurry up and get my homework over with. That would stop Hermione from harping at me.'

'If boredom is an issue then you could get a job.' Venom suggested.

'A job?'

'It is my understanding that human children around your age will sometimes get jobs and begin earning money early,' Venom replied.

'I suppose it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world,' Harry took a moment to think about it. He would like a lazy summer, but he didn't really mind staying busy. Hermione could keep herself busy for days by just reading books, Ron could do the same as long as they were quidditch books but would likely just waste time sleeping and eating. Harry didn't think that he could do that, his mind was constantly active and he needed to be doing something until he was tired enough to go to sleep. 'I think Flourish and Blotts has an opening.' Harry bit back a chuckle as an image of a wide-eyed Hermione finding out he would be surrounded by books entered his mind.

'Good,' Venom said in an approving voice. 'an excellent choice, a beneficial one. You have a chance to improve greatly.'

'Improve?' Harry asked. 'What are you on about?'

'Harry, you have the opportunity to learn more about your powers, the powers that let you manipulate reality itself! And yet you prefer to goof off with Ron.'

'Excuse me, but have you forgotten that I'm a thirteen-year-old kid?'

Harry protested defensively.

'A thirteen-year-old kid who has nearly died multiple times since coming to the wizarding world, one that now has a mass murderer chasing after you.' Venom argued. 'Wouldn't it be easier for everyone involved, including those that you are trying to help, if you were the best wizard you could be?' Venom asked.

Harry almost stumbled but managed to avoid it, barely, but as he

continued working he felt his thoughts being rained down on by Venom's words. He wasn't entirely sure if the symbiote was messing with his mind or if his thought process was natural, either way, he had no choice but to think about it. On the one hand, he wanted to protest that Venom was wrong, that Harry had done as good as someone in his position could, given that he had been muggle raised and that he was still quite young. But had he?

Harry had no doubt that if Hermione felt like she was the centre of everything then she'd hit the books with a vengeance, she'd likely pass out in the library but still, it was the thought that counted. Some may believe it to be arrogant of him to believe that he was crucial to whatever was happening, but he did truly believe it. In his first year, it had been him that had been targeted by Quirrell and it had been him who had fought Quirrell. In his second year, it had been him who had killed the basilisk and he destroyed Voldemort's diary. Of course, Ron and Hermione helped, but it felt like they were more along for the ride while everything seemed to be centred around him. Heck, even this year he had an insane mass murderer chasing after him after having broken out of an unbreakable prison, meaning the man was clearly quite skilled and/or intelligent.

Did Harry really want to rely on luck? Did he not want to reduce the chances of him and his friends dying if Sirius Black attacked? Though it's not like he could actually practise during the summer, maybe he could find a way around that, and if he couldn't, then he could still learn the theoretical and practise the practical at school. That was a good idea, but he also didn't want to become like Hermione or Ron. He couldn't afford to take Ron's lazy approach to books and he couldn't bring himself to continually do Hermione's extreme approach to books, Harry honestly

wouldn't be surprised if one day that girl marry's a book. Maybe he didn't have to do either, he could find a nice middle ground. Besides he didn't have to put the same level of effort into all of his subjects, he could put most of his effort into the classes that could help him survive while putting a reasonable amount of effort into his other classes.

Harry frowned as he continued walking, every argument his mind could conjure against the idea was being shot down almost immediately. Once more he wondered if that was Venom's doing or if he was naturally coming to this himself?

"Hey! Stop!" A voice shouted. Harry stopped and turned around in time to see the crowd departing and a man running through, throwing spells behind him in a wild manner. Looking past the man, Harry could see two people dressed in auror robes chasing after him, though not firing spells beyond defensive ones, likely because they didn't want to risk harming the nearby crowd, unlike the man who was throwing out spells like they were going out of fashion.

Harry's instincts took over and in a rather Gryffindorish move (brave and stupid) tackled the man as soon as he got near, something that was made easy given that the man had only occasionally glanced forwards to make sure he didn't run into anything while putting the majority of his attention towards shooting spells at the aurors.

"Son of a bitch!" The man cursed, shoving Harry off before trying to get to his feet. He had barely got to a kneeling position before being hit with a disarming spell followed by a stunner. Harry blinked before popping up to his own feet just as the two aurors arrived. Harry took a look at the two as they tied up the man, the first was a tall man with dark skin, he looked experienced and quite intimidating. The second was a much younger woman with bright red hair that descended down to her

shoulders, a soft face that was currently glaring at the man they had just captured and bright violet eyes.

"That wasn't a very smart move, kid." The man, the oldest of the two, frowned at Harry as he spoke in a deep voice. "you shouldn't have done that, you could have gotten hurt."

"Sorry." Harry apologized, ducking his head down. He looked up again upon hearing a second voice speak.

"Ease up on him, Shack, he did us a favour." The female auror said, her hair colour shifting from a red to light pink.

"Whoa." The word had escaped Harry's mouth before he could stop himself. "What spell is that? I didn't see you use a colour changing charm? Was that time-delayed or something?"

"No spell, Hero. It's all-natural talent." The woman grinned at him. Harry couldn't help but feel his cheeks redden slightly as he stared at her.

'Quite an attractive female, isn't she?' Venom's voice echoed in his head, causing Harry's red cheeks to become much brighter. He coughed and saw the woman staring at him with a knowing look in her eye.

"You're either having some very disturbing or very flattering thoughts, I thank you if it's the latter." She winked at him.

"Trainee Tonks," The older man, apparently called 'Shack', sighed. "he did us a favour but it is still our job to catch criminals and it is dangerous for untrained civilians to tackle criminals, especially when the civilian in question isn't of age. Now, I will take the suspect away, you deal with this and report back, understood?"

"Aye-aye boss." The woman, apparently called Tonks, gave him a mock salute. Shack let out a deep sigh before he grabbed the unconscious man and disappeared with a pop. "Alright, the show's over, folks!" Tonks said loudly to the gathering crowd. "On your way, nothing to see here!" She

barked and stared until the crowd eventually began moving. "Alright, come and sit with me." Tonks gently grabbed Harry's arm and guided him to a nearby bench, once they both sat down she waved her wand around them a couple of times.

"What are you doing?" Harry asked curiously.

"Basic privacy charms," She explained before pulling out a notebook. "you didn't seem that happy with all the attention."

"You noticed that?" Harry asked in an embarrassed voice.

"Don't worry, I've got a couple of friends like that," Tonks replied. "and yeah. I'm great at reading body language, comes with the natural shape-shifting I suppose. Also, don't worry about Auror Shacklebolt, he's big and strong but he's honestly a big softy. So, what's your name?" She asked. Harry hesitated before raising a hand to his hood and gently lifting it and his hair enough for her to see his scar. "Merlin!" She blurted out as she recognised his famous scar.

"No, I'm not really that strong yet." Harry joked before lowering his hood.

"Sorry," Tonks apologized, having recovered quickly. "just got surprised.

Now, I'm just going to tap my wand on this notebook and it'll start recording everything we say, got it?"

"Is this necessary?" Harry asked.

"Yep," Tonks said shortly. "ready?" She asked and when Harry nodded she tapped the tip of her wand to the book. What followed was a quick interview where Harry explained how he had been walking and simply tackled the suspect, once it was done she tapped her wand to the book again. "Okay, that's over. Thanks a lot, Harry." She smiled at him. "You might be contacted sooner or later, but other than that you're free to enjoy your summer. I might see you around, I patrol around here with a few different aurors and we all know that you're staying here."

"Okay," Harry smiled at her before an idea came into his head.

"um...Tonks, could I ask you a hypothetical question?" He asked.

"Oh? Go on." Tonks stared at him.

"Well, let's just say that hypothetically there was an underage student that wanted to practise magic over the summer, is there any way he could do that without getting in trouble?" He asked.

"And why would this hypothetical student need to do that?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Maybe because he had a mass murderer who is coming after him after escaping an escape-proof prison, who could say?" Harry shrugged in a casual voice.

"Oh," Tonks winced. "right...well, between you and me, as long as you practise out of sight in Diagon Alley, you should be fine. The sensors can't pick you up here."

"Wait, really?"

"Yeah, too much magic makes it almost impossible to single out anyone."

She explained. "Though, you didn't hear that from me, got it?"

"I'm sorry, who are you again?" Harry asked in a mock-confused voice.

"You know," Tonks grinned at him. "I feel like this could be the start of a great friendship."

'Or a romance.' Venom whispered.

7. Chapter 7 - Meetings

Chapter 7 - Meetings

A small smile appeared on Harry's face as he said goodbye to his latest customer, the young green-eyed wizard currently found himself behind the till of the book store, Flourish and Blotts. Yesterday, after he finished his meeting with Tonks he had headed over and was able to gain a summer job here. He hadn't expected to be put on the till the first day but

he liked to think that he had adapted fairly well. The manager had shadowed him at first, but after a couple of hours, he had decided that Harry was capable of doing the job without supervision.

Nearly everyone had recognised him, he wouldn't be surprised if tons of people rushed over to the shop to get served by 'Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived'. Perhaps that was why the manager has let him sign on so quickly, he wouldn't be surprised.

"Excuse me," A voice said, Harry looked up and found a rather attractive woman staring at him. She was tall, slim, and very pale with blue eyes, long blonde hair.

"Yes Ma'am?" Harry asked in a polite voice.

"I wish to buy this book," The woman said as she placed a green book on the counter. "I would also like to have the Hogwarts third yearbook set."

"Of course, do you want some of the elective books as well?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I do," The woman nodded. "I'll have the third year books for ancient runes, care of magical creatures and..." The woman paused, a look of distaste and disapproval appeared on her face. "...divination."

"You don't like divination?" Harry asked curiously before walking over to grab the books.

"I've heard plenty of rumours and facts about the current divination teacher at Hogwarts and I find her lacking in more than one way," The woman rolled her eyes. "I am well aware that many students simply take the class for an easy grade, though I had hoped that my son would have done better than that. Besides, even under a competent teacher, it's an imprecise brand of magic that very few can actually master." She seemed to be enjoying having someone to complain to, to Harry it seemed like she had really wanted someone to listen to her.

"Really?" Harry asked, putting the elective books on the till counter.

"Oh yes," The woman sighed. "I told my son the very same thing. What electives have you chosen, Mr Potter?"

"Ah, I was kind of hoping you had missed that." Harry gestured to his scar before answering. "Well, I had chosen care of magical creatures and divination, though the last one was mostly because my friend was doing it. Is it really that bad?" Harry frowned.

"Oh, it's ghastly," The woman said quickly. "if I was you, I'd do my best to transfer out."

"Hmm, I'll give the other two a look then," Harry said thoughtfully, he was in a book store, he was pretty sure that he couldn't have picked a better place to learn about the two.

"Really?" The woman sounded mildly surprised. "You would listen to a random stranger?"

"I don't really see the point in not listening to what sounds like good advice," Harry shrugged. "besides, I haven't made any choices yet. I'm just going to take a look at them and if I like them then I'll send a letter to Professor McGonagall."

"Hmm," The woman gave him an appraising look. She opened her mouth to speak when another voice interrupted.

"What's taking so...Potter?!" A surprised voice blurted out, Harry sighed as he saw the surprised face of the school bully, Draco Malfoy.

"You...you're working in here?" Malfoy blurted out after having recovered from his shock, his lips curling up into a wide smile.

"Yeah, what about it?" Harry asked.

'Let's eat him.' Venom suggested in a soft voice, causing Harry to nearly jump. He had almost forgotten about the symbiote due to how quiet he had been.

'No, you're not eating anyone, he probably tastes horrible anyway.' Harry

sent back.

"The great Harry Potter," Draco said in a mocking voice. "fallen down to a store assistant." Draco laughed loudly.

"I've gotten a summer job, Malfoy." Harry rolled his eyes. "It's this thing that people do..."

"Oh, this is hilarious," Draco interrupted with another loud laugh. "what's the matter, Potter? Run out of money? Did Weasley steal it?"

"No, Malfoy," Harry at this point was honestly quite tempted to just let Venom out and have him put Malfoy in his place, he had no doubt that seeing Venom's bright white teeth would cause Malfoy to go even paler. Heck, he might even cause Malfoy to wet himself, Harry would pay top galleon to see that. "I'm using this job to keep busy and the money is just a good bonus."

"Hey Potter, if I give you a galleon, will you dance for me?" Draco laughed.

"Malfoy, I don't know how much you usually pay boys to do things for you, but I assure you that you don't have enough money to afford me," Harry replied in a dry voice, Draco opened his mouth to respond but paused as he realised what Harry was implying.

"How dare you?!" Draco's face turned bright red as he glared at Harry.

"If you don't want me to say things you don't like then stop saying things I don't like," Harry glared back. "you want to make fun of me? Of me? Because I have a summer job? Or is it because, unlike you, I don't plan to spend the rest of my life having 'daddy dearest' pay for everything."

"You filthy little..."

"Draco!" The woman snapped, having watched the whole exchange with eyes that had grown wider and wider the whole time. Though, they have now narrowed and aimed at Draco. "What do you think you're doing?"

She asked with a sort of forced calm.

"What?" Draco blinked. "I didn't do anything." Judging by the look on her face, that wasn't the answer she was looking for.

"Oh? Because I have a list compiled in my head."

'I have an alien in mine.' Harry thought to himself.

'Firstly, you interrupted my conversation with Mr Potter,' The woman began. "secondly, you started mocking him for having a job, thirdly you behaved quite rudely and fourthly you made a scene. Thank Merlin that there isn't anybody else here at the moment or by the end of the week the alley would be filled with rumours of the Malfoy heir thinking himself better than 'lowly shopkeepers'."

"But Mother, I..." Draco began but was quickly interrupted.

"I'm not finished, Draco." The woman, that was apparently Mrs Malfoy, cut him off. "Mr Potter has made a valid point, look at him, only thirteen years old yet he is responsible enough to start trying to earn some money instead of wasting his family's money." That comment caused Malfoy to glare at Harry, in response Harry gave him a small wave and a cheeky smile. "We will be going home now and we will be discussing your behaviour with your father."

"What?!" Draco looked horrified. "But I..."

"No excuses," She handed Harry the money before waving her wand over the books, shrinking them and sending them into her bag. "thank you for your service, Mr Potter." She nodded to him before walking away, Draco shot Harry another glare before he walked away.

"Come back anytime." Harry couldn't help but shout. Malfoy stopped, for a second it looked like he was going to do or say something, but instead he continued walking after his mother.

'Pussy.' Venom's voice interrupted Harry's thoughts, a small laugh

escaped Harry's mouth at Venom's comment about Draco, thankfully he was able to get himself under control by the time the next few customers had arrived.

Harry arrived back at the Leaky Cauldron, a small yawn escaped his lips, while his job may not have been very physical, it had been pretty tiring for a thirteen-year-old. After leaving the bookstore, Harry had gone to buy some chocolates that he promptly ate as soon as he could, something that Venom appreciated.

"I don't see why I had to lock Scabbers away in my room when your hairball is the menace that's causing all the problems around here." A familiar voice complained, causing Harry to stop just as another voice responded to the first.

"Honestly Ronald, it's not Crookshanks's fault! He's just a cat." A more feminine voice argued, Harry's lips curled into a smile as he looked across the room and saw his two best friends, the redheaded Ronald Weasley and the bushy-haired Hermione Granger. Though, Hermione was noticeably different from before, because instead of carrying a pile of books, she was carrying an orange cat that looked somewhat like a small tiger. It wasn't a particularly handsome cat, given that its flat face gave off the impression that it had run headfirst into a wall.

"Looks more like a pig with hair if you ask me." Ron snorted.

"He is not a pig, he's a cat." Hermione glared at Ron before she began whispering to her cat, apparently called Crookshanks. "Ignore the mean boy." Harry couldn't help but smile as he watched the two of them bicker, that was rather normal for him given how often the two of them would argue about the biggest and smallest of things, and right now he could do with some normalcy.

'I'm glad to have my friends with me.' Harry thought to himself.

'I'm your friend.' Venom's voice interrupted.

'Are we friends?' Harry wondered.

'Why wouldn't we be?' Venom asked, sounding curious.

'You entered my body without permission for one.' Harry rolled his eyes before he walked over to Ron and Hermione.

"Besides, your rat is old and disgusting." Hermione was saying to Ron.

"He's not disgusting! Besides, he at least doesn't go running around and chasing over people's pets." Ron argued. "He's better than that hairy mess you like."

"I'm gone for a short while and as soon as I come back I find you two at each other's throats." Harry chuckled amusedly, causing both of them to snap their attention towards him.

"Harry!" They both said cheerfully, Ron reached out and pulled him into a hug while Hermione shifted Crookshanks to one side so she could reach for a one-armed hug just as soon as Ron had let Harry go. However, she was interrupted when Crookshanks tried to swipe at Harry who just about managed to move back in time.

"Crookshanks!" Hermione said disapprovingly when the cat began hissing loudly and aggressively at Harry. "What has gotten into you?"

"I told you that the bloody thing's a menace," Ron said, shaking his head.

"Crookshanks is not a menace," Hermione glared at the redhead before looking down at her cat. "there's probably something here that's upsetting him. I'll take him back to my room, give me a minute." Without waiting for a response, she turned and headed upstairs.

"Bloody mental," Ron said in a mix of fondness and irritation, not noticing Harry's thoughtful face as he watched Crookshanks be carried away. "so," Ron turned to Harry who blinked before giving Ron his full attention. "what have you been up to?"

"Me? Nothing really." Harry shrugged.

"Right, so I suppose there wasn't anything involving you blowing up your aunt," Ron smirked.

"What? How do you know about that?" Harry frowned.

"Dad knew," Ron answered.

"How did he know?" Harry asked. Ron opened his mouth to answer but paused, a thoughtful look on his face.

"I don't know," Ron eventually admitted. "either way, what was it all about?"

"The stupid woman wouldn't shut up," Harry said irritably. "she kept insulting my parents and wouldn't stop, eventually I just lost it and she ended up floating away."

"Ha," Ron let out a small laugh, shaking his head with amusement. "you know that Hermione is going to lecture you about this."

"Ron, I won't ever last a day without expecting a lecture from her." Harry joked.

"Fair enough," Ron barked out a laugh. "Merlin knows that I do the same. Oh yeah, did you know that we had all gone to Egypt?!"

Harry ended up shaking his head with disbelief as he arrived back in his room later that evening. Ron had told him all about what the Weasley family had gotten up to in Egypt, it sounded like great fun and Harry was happy for them. But that did lead Harry to wonder how much money was spent, obviously quite a lot. Apparently, the Weasley family had won a lot of money earlier in a prize draw and had decided to spend it all on their holidays.

Harry had exchanged looks with Hermione upon hearing that, he and the muggle-born witch both non-verbally came to an agreement as they understood what the other was trying to say. They both thought it was

pretty stupid to waste all that money on a holiday when the family was so poor, but they both knew it was probably best to not express that particular opinion.

'Still, it had been nice meeting the Weasley's again.' Harry thought to himself as he plopped down onto his bed after greeting Hedwig.

'I suppose,' Venom replied. 'they're quite loud though.' Harry barely suppressed a laugh at that, Venom wasn't exactly wrong. Harry honestly couldn't imagine the Weasley's without them being loud.

'We all have our faults.' Harry pointed out.

'We do not have any faults,' Venom disagreed. 'though, with that being said, you should probably keep eating more if you want me to fix your body.'

'What?' Harry sent back.

'It'll look out of the ordinary if you are suddenly fully healed,' Venom told him. 'eat more and if anyone asks then tell them that you've had some potions, that way we'll have an excuse for why you'd look different.'

'But I don't know what potions do that.'

'You work in a book store, Harry, I'm sure you can find out,' Venom said in a patient voice. 'and while you're at it, lookup acromantulas.'

'What? Why?'

'You escaped their nest last year, they're still there and they are threats to us. We need to get rid of them or at least find a way to fight them off.'

'But they're in the forest, I don't...'

'So you'd kill a massive snake under the school but won't do anything about the massive man-eating spiders next to the school?' Venom cut him off. 'They're dangerous, Harry, to us and everyone else. They tried to eat you.'

'But I...'

'If you want then we can leave them there, hope you don't feel bad about any people they might end up killing.' Harry could have sworn that the symbiote was grinning.

'I hate you and myself.' Harry sighed.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter. I was originally going to write up a chapter for a different story and post that, but my wi-fi is acting up and I don't think I'll have time to do it tomorrow (or today since it's already past midnight where I am), so have another chapter of this!

8. Chapter 8 - Looks

Winged Seer Wolf: I was originally going to do that but then I decided against it since it felt like a lot more work when I could just use " for speech and ' for thoughts, but I'll think about it.

HowlnMadHowie: You'll have to wait and see, all I will say is that it will have similarities to Apex.

A10riddick: It is just Fleur/Tonks.

Kairan1979: I'm suprised they let acromantulas stay near the school at all.

Chapter 8 - Looks.

"Thank you for your help, Mr Potter." A woman waved as she left the shop.

"Anytime," Harry called before depositing the money she left into the till.

"what's up, Hermione?" Harry asked when he saw Hermione walk over with a pile of books and Ron behind her.

"I still can't believe you get to work here!" Hermione's voice was part jealous but also amazed.

"It's only for this summer," Harry shrugged. "I might come back next summer, but that's not been decided yet."

"Still," Hermione dumped the books on the till. "I bet it's amazing

working here. Are you allowed to read the books here?"

"Yep," Harry nodded as he began looking through all the books that Hermione had dropped. "or at least the ones that aren't age-restricted. Though I was told that if I damage any of them then I have to buy them, which is fair enough, I suppose. I've also got a small discount on any purchases now or in the future."

"That's brilliant!" Hermione gasped.

"You couldn't have got a job at the quidditch store?" Ron joked.

"What is it with you and quidditch?" Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I don't know, why are you so obsessed with books." Ron rolled his eyes.

"Books are educational, Ronald."

"Yeah, well brooms are fun."

"So are books."

"Only if you live in a library."

"Guys," Harry interrupted. "as entertaining as this is, I'd like it if you buy your books before more customers arrive." He added, causing them to both blush slightly.

"Oh, we don't get them for free?" Ron frowned.

"Not if I want to keep my job, mate." Harry chuckled. "I had asked about a friend and family discount but apparently that's a no, in the past some people had abused that and taken out far too many books." Harry and Ron both couldn't help but stare at Hermione.

"What?" She asked defensively, though the small smile on her face rather ruined it.

"Good thing, I guess." Ron grinned at Harry.

"Yeah, I can imagine the owner's face after Hermione buys every book that she can get away with." Harry grinned back.

"I have a book budget, thank you very much," Hermione sniffed, crossing

her arms.

"Let me guess, your parents set it up," Harry smirked as he began placing Hermione's books in a bag.

"How did you know?" Hermione blinked.

"Because I imagine that they would know how likely it would be for you to spend all the money you have on books." Harry chuckled.

"Very funny." Hermione gave them a false laugh, but she didn't really correct Harry either.

"Wotcher." A voice caught the attention of the three.

"Hey Tonks," Harry smiled at the approaching auror.

"Hi, Harry." Tonks grinned as she stopped at the till.

"Oh Tonks, meet Ron and Hermione, my friends at school." Harry gestured to the two. "Guys, this is Tonks, she's one of the aurors around the alley, I met her a short while ago."

"How did you two meet?" Hermione asked curiously.

"I was chasing a guy with my partner when Mister Gryffindor over here decided to tackle him for us," Tonks answered before reaching a hand over to ruffle Harry's hair.

"Gerroff." Harry amusedly swatted her hand away.

"Harry, you tackled a criminal!" Hermione turned on him. "What were you thinking?!"

"Honestly, it's one of the tamer things he's done over the year," Ron commented.

"Hush Ronald," Hermione glared at him before turning to Harry. "that was very dangerous, Harry. I can't believe that..."

'Who does she think she is?' Venom asked Harry while Hermione continued to lecture him. 'You weren't allowed to use magic, what did she expect you to do? Stand by and do nothing? Does she even know who

you are?'

'She means well.' Harry defended.

'Maybe she does, but what right does she have to lecture you? If it wasn't for you then she'd be studying books by herself when Voldemort got a body and she'd be a lifeless statue.'

"Hermione," Harry raised his voice slightly to cut the girl off. "in case you haven't remembered, me doing stuff like that is why you're still alive.

Second of all, I already got lectured by the aurors so you can probably understand why I'm not in the mood for a second lecture by a girl who is in the same year as me." By the time Harry had finished, Hermione was staring at him with a surprised look, so was Ron.

"He is right," Tonks spoke up. "we did lecture him about that already."

She frowned at Hermione.

"I'm sorry," Hermione blushed. "I didn't mean to..."

"It's fine," Harry sighed, cutting her off. "really." Hermione nodded awkwardly before dropping some money on the till and picking up her books.

"Do you two mind if I talk with Harry for a bit?" Tonks asked Ron and Hermione.

"Oh no, of course not, come on, Ronald." Hermione grabbed Ron by the wrist and dragged him off before he could respond.

"Really bossy, that one is." Tonks shook her head before turning to Harry.

"How are you?"

"Still alive," Harry shrugged. "how about you?"

"Surviving," Tonks gave him a brief smile before she pulled out her wand and waved it around the two of them.

"Privacy charms?" Harry asked.

"Yep," Tonks nodded. "there's something important I think you should

know, but I don't think I'm really supposed to tell you. Don't tell anyone I let you know, okay?"

"I won't, I promise." Harry stared into her violet eyes. "What is it?"

"It's about Sirius Black," Tonks sighed. "I think he's after you."

"Me?" Harry blinked. "Let me guess, it's because I beat his old master, right?"

"Probably part of it," Tonks confirmed. "but that's not just it. Do you know why Sirius Black was locked up in the first place?"

Harry rubbed his face as he lay down in his bed, struggling to process what he had learned. He was glad that Tonks had told him, but it was still hard to think about. Sirius Black had betrayed his parents and told Voldemort where they were hiding, and if that wasn't bad enough then you could also add in the fact that he had murdered a bunch of muggles and one of his parent's closest friends. And now he apparently wanted to finish the job. Harry had tons of thoughts going through his head right now.

'Why didn't anyone tell me? And why was it that the only person who did would risk her job to do so? Did they think that I'd run away and try to find him or something? Was not knowing somehow supposed to make him safer from the mass murderer that was chasing after him? Would anybody else have ever told him this?'

'Probably not,' Venom spoke up, reminding Harry of the alien's existence. 'but it doesn't really change things.'

'What?!' Harry asked with disbelief. 'How doesn't this change things?!'

'We knew that Black would likely be coming after you, now we just have extra motivation for why he is coming after you. And now we have extra motivation to get stronger, you will get stronger and I will still be your secret weapon against Black and any other wizard that tries to harm you.'

When Black finds us, I can eat him.' Venom offered.

Harry paused, usually he would quickly reply with a 'no, Venom, you can't eat him.' But right now, he could not help but think about it. The idea was certainly tempting since if anyone deserved to get their head eaten off by an alien then it would be Sirius Black, literally the man that guided Voldemort to killing Harry's parents. But...if Harry let Venom eat Sirius Black, then what would that say about him? Would he stop Venom from doing so again? Who else would he let Venom eat after?

'Think about it,' Venom told Harry. 'but if you don't want me to eat him then you should probably work on getting stronger. Practise your magic, make it harder for him.'

"Yeah," Harry spoke out loud. "yeah, you're right." Harry agreed before getting up and grabbing a book on the nightstand next to his bed and began looking through it. "I'll practise the freezing spell, I should probably work on my fire spells as well."

'Must you?' Venom asked. 'I don't like fire.'

'I won't be using it on you, you big baby.'

The next morning Harry let out a mighty yawn as he woke up from a rather nice sleep, he tiredly rubbed at his eyes before letting his fingers run through his hair. One brief headshake later he stood up and tossed his discarded shirt over his shoulder before he headed towards his bathroom with another yawn popping out of his mouth. He stopped in front of the sink and opened the tap, once the water was suitably cold enough he splashed some on his face repeatedly, Harry rubbed the water over his face and eyes before he looked up into the mirror. A gasp escaped Harry's lips a second later, he stared at the mirror with disbelief.

"Venom! Did you do this?!" Harry blurted out as he stared at himself.

'Yep,' Venom sounded quite proud of himself. 'you like it?'

'Like it? I love it!'

Harry couldn't help but be amazed as he stared at himself, Harry's abs looked like something out of a fitness magazine, sure they were noticeable before, but now they were even better. The small amount of fat he had on his body had been reduced, leaving him with a much leaner and much more defined body. Harry also couldn't help but notice that the majority of his scars had faded, he couldn't see any more belt marks or bruises or anything else that he had been left with thanks to the Dursley's. The only scars left were the scar where the basilisk had bitten him and the signature lightning bolt scar on his forehead. If that wasn't good enough then there was also the fact that Harry had added a couple of inches to the size of his muscles.

"This is amazing!" Harry whispered.

'Thanks, I haven't managed to heal everything yet,' Harry couldn't help but notice the thoughtful tone in Venom's voice. 'but soon.'

'Well, thanks still.' Harry sent before he realised something, his vision was perfect yet wasn't wearing his glasses. 'Venom, you fixed my eyes as well?'

'You're welcome.' Venom sent back and Harry couldn't help but imagine a grinning mouth with tons of spiky white teeth. 'Hmm, perhaps we should get you a haircut as well.'

'A haircut?' Harry frowned, looking at his wild mess of hair. 'I haven't had a haircut in years.'

'You could have another one if you wanted.'

'Hmm, I'll think about it.' Harry eventually decided.

'Fair enough, do you want to get a tattoo as well?' Venom asked.

"A tattoo?" Harry blinked. "Not likely, mate."

'It'd look cool,' Venom told him.

'I...will think about it.'

'The girls would love it.'

'I will think about it.' Harry repeated before remembering that Hermione and the Weasleys would likely be downstairs, he imagined that it was going to be a fun conversation explaining this.

"Harry, dear, what happened to you?" Mrs Weasley asked as she, Ron, and Hermione were staring at him along with the rest of the present Weasley family, all with varying degrees of shock. Harry couldn't really blame them, he did look really different.

He was taller than before, not as tall as Ron, but definitely taller than before, almost reaching Ron's height. He was also a bit more muscular but that wasn't really that noticeable given the clothes he was wearing. He supported a pair of black and white trainers, blue jeans, a white T-shirt under a black jacket and was no longer wearing his glasses. All in all, Harry felt pretty cool.

'I wonder how they would react if I told them that an alien created these clothes.' Harry thought to himself.

'You could find out,' Venom suggested in an amused tone.

"It's just some new clothes, Mrs Weasley." Harry shrugged.

"Just some...just some new clothes?!" She repeated with disbelief. "This is more than just some new clothes!"

"Blimey Harry, you shot up a bit, haven't you?" Fred - or was it George - stated, staring at Harry.

"He has, hasn't he?" George - or was it Fred - agreed.

"I had some medical potions," Harry told them, remembering the script that he and Venom had agreed upon. "that's why I've been eating a lot before. The nutrient potions made me very hungry and I needed all the food." The group stared at each other for several moments, remembering

that Harry had indeed been eating enough to rival Ronald, which had been surprising given how little the boy used to eat before.

"What about your eyes?" Hermione asked. "Where are your glasses?"

"I don't need them anymore," Harry smirked. "I can see fine now. I think it might be due to the potion, I heard some eyesight problems can be fixed over time. I'm going to go and ask Madam Pomfrey when we get back to Hogwarts."

"Are you sure?" Mr Weasley asked. "We can take you to St Mungo's hospital right now." He offered

"No, thank you, Mr Weasley." Harry politely refused. "I feel fine, honestly, I'll just check with Madam Pomfrey when we get to school. If things get worse then I'll tell you, promise."

"If you're sure." Mr Weasley didn't look particularly happy but didn't push it, thankfully.

"Blimey, guess you're no longer the runt of the group." Ron laughed.

"Ron, don't be insensitive," Hermione told him off, something that started another round of arguing from the pair. Eventually, the group all started conversing with each other, Harry suspected it was mostly a way to tune out Ron and Hermione's argument which now seemed to have moved onto their obsessions with quidditch and books.

"Percy," Harry sat down next to the eldest of the Weasley brothers here.

"can I ask you a few questions about the school's electives?" Harry asked.

"Oh?" Percy puffed his chest out slightly and stared at Harry, his eyes seemed to have grown slightly brighter. "what do you want to know?" He asked with a small smile.

"Is it possible for me to switch my electives?" Harry asked. "And do you think it's a good idea to take arithmancy and ancient runes?" He added. As much as people might have made fun of Percy, Harry knew that he

was the best person to ask when it came to school rules. Harry wouldn't be surprised if Percy read the school rulebook from start to end every day before going to sleep

"Oh yes, you can," Percy nodded. "just contact Professor McGonagall, you can switch if you ask now and you might be able to switch if you ask early in your fourth year. As for those two subjects, I highly recommend taking them. They're incredibly useful and if you do well in both then you'll have a ton of job opportunities available to you, including quite a few at the ministry."

"Hmm," Harry nodded as Percy continued to go on about the benefits of each subject. 'I am thankful for his help, but he is getting a bit too into this.' Harry thought as Percy continued talking.

9. Chapter 9 - Train ride

Chapter 9 - Train ride.

"Sweet Merlin in an underused kitchen, how long does it take for them to get ready?" Harry wondered out loud, waiting for the Weasley's to hurry up. So far, they were two for two in being late in leaving for the Hogwarts train, Harry couldn't help but wonder why they couldn't do this one thing on time, especially when the Weasley parents had made everyone pack and go sleep early the day before.

"It is getting a bit ridiculous," Hermione agreed whilst holding Crookshanks in her arms, keeping him away from Harry. She didn't really understand why Crookshanks, didn't like Harry, as far as she was aware Crookshanks had never acted so negatively towards anyone else, not even Ronald who hated him. "I do hope they speed up, we'll end up missing the train if they continue at this rate."

"We'll possibly miss the whole school year if they slow down, at least Hedwig should be there by the time we arrive."

"She doesn't like the train, does she?" Hermione asked.

"She's alright with it, I think it's more just being in a cage." Harry sighed, thinking back to his conversation yesterday with Mr Weasley. The man had taken him away from the rest of the Weasley family and had given him a soft warning about Sirius Black, though Harry couldn't help but notice that Mr Weasley had left out a lot of details like the fact that Sirius Black was a bastard who had betrayed Harry's parents and was after him.

'Did he not know or was that one of those 'keep it from him to protect him' deals?' Harry wondered.

'Most likely the second one,' Venom answered helpfully just as the Weasley's finally rushed down from upstairs.

"Right," Mr Weasley said upon spotting Harry and Hermione waiting for them. "you're both ready?" He asked.

"We were ready before most of you woke up," Harry answered honestly.

"Why are all the compartments full?" Ron complained as he, Harry and Hermione walked through the school train, searching for a place to sit.

"Well, Ronald, maybe if you had woken up and gotten ready when you were supposed to then maybe we would have been on time and could have found a great spot to sit in." Hermione gave Ron a light glare.

"It's not my fault!" Ron argued, his face turning slightly red. "Scabbers went missing, I was lucky to find him."

"Lucky?" Hermione scoffed, clearly of the belief that Scabbers would have been better left behind.

"Can you two not even wait until Hogwarts before you start fighting?"

Harry asked in an exasperated tone, lately, Harry noticed that he got irritated a lot quicker, he couldn't help but wonder why. 'Venom, is that something to do with you?' Harry accused.

'I do feed on emotions, you know,' Venom replied while Hermione and

Ron blushed slightly.

'No influencing my emotions.' Harry was well aware that in his mind he sounded like a parent telling their child that they couldn't have more sweets for the seventh time in a row.

'Spoilsport.'

"Let's just sit in here." Hermione opened a compartment door and stepped in with Harry and Ron following behind her.

"Who is he?" Ron wondered, staring at the man that was already occupying the compartment. He was sitting in the corner by the window, a blanket over his head as he leaned against the wall, clearly asleep.

"That is Professor Lupin," Hermione informed Ron as they put their stuff overhead.

"How do you know that?" Ron blinked.

"Honestly," Hermione sighed as they sat down. "it's on his suitcase, Ronald." She pointed to the suitcase placed above Professor Lupin's head.

"What do you think he teaches?" Ron asked, glancing at the man who honestly didn't look that impressive while sleeping in clothes that were clearly not new.

"Maybe defence against the dark arts," Hermione guessed. "we seem to get a new teacher for that subject every year."

"Maybe," Harry nodded. "hopefully he's a lot better than the last two."

"Yeah, though the bar isn't really all that high." Ron snorted. "Hopefully Hermione doesn't fancy this one as well."

"Shut up, Ron," Hermione gave him a mild glare. "I didn't fancy Professor Lockhart."

"Could have fooled me." Ron snorted once more and Harry couldn't help but chuckle at the look that Hermione was sending Ron. Just then the door opened to reveal Malfoy along with his two friends (bodyguards/

henchmen) Crabbe and Goyle.

"Hello Potter," Malfoy drawled with an irritating smirk on his face. "I suppose that..."

'Nope!' Venom quickly blurted out before taking control of Harry's arm and using it to close the compartment door right in front of Malfoy. The symbiote was well aware of who Malfoy was thanks to Harry's memories and wanted nothing to do with him until Harry finally agreed to let him eat the boy. The bothersome blonde boy blinked in shock before his face turned red and he opened the door again.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Potter?!" He growled. "Did you really just..." Malfoy found himself cut off as Venom made Harry close the door again.

'Can you stop doing that?!' Harry mentally hissed as Draco opened the door again.

'Why?!' Venom made Harry close it before Draco could get out a single word.

'Because I want to do it, it looks fun.'

'Oh, fair enough.' Venom sounded apologetic, the door opened once more and this time Harry was fully in control of himself as he shut the door.

Draco put his foot forwards in an attempt to stop the door, though that unfortunately just led to the door hitting him in the foot.

"Ow!" Draco hissed, pulling his foot back and pushing the door open.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Potter? Are you thick?!"

'This guy is starting to piss me off.' Venom let Harry know.

'Join the club.' Harry sent back, having already had more than enough experiences with Malfoy to last a lifetime.

"Did you get this stupidity from these pathetic creatures you call friends or was it the other way around?" Malfoy continued. "Merlin, I hope Black

just finishes you off and stops you from spreading your idiocy across the rest of the wizarding world."

'Hey, watch it, pal.' Venom warned despite the fact that Malfoy could not hear him.

"You must have gotten it from that stupid mudblood mother of yours," Malfoy glared at Harry. "a good thing she's dead, or I think that..."

'You son of a bitch!' Venom took control of Harry's body once more, a second later Harry's fist connected in-between Malfoy's legs, causing the boy's eyes to widen as he fell to the floor, curling up into a fetal position while everyone stared at Harry with shocked expressions on their face.

Harry blinked at the sight of Malfoy on the floor before he gently reached for the door and closed it once more. He turned to his friends and saw Ron staring at him with wide eyes before he noticed a similar look on Hermione's face just before she shifted into an expression that quickly let Harry know that he was going to be on the receiving end of a very long lecture.

"It's still hard to wrap my head around," Ron said near the end of the train ride. "Sirius Black is after you! I mean...he's one of the scariest guys ever!"

"Second only to Voldemort, who has also tried to off me a few times,"

Harry shrugged. "my life is basically near-death experiences at this point."

'Harry,' Venom's voice poked through into his thoughts as the three continued talking, Harry lazily kept himself in the conversation, responding with short answers whenever he had a question directed at him, while he kept most of his attention focused on Venom. 'the man, Lupin, he's not sleeping.' Harry glanced at the man and noted that the man had shifted slightly before he looked away.

'Are you sure?' Harry asked.

'Positive,' Venom replied. 'and that's not all, the rat is concerning.'

'The rat? What? You mean Scabbers?' Harry stared at the less than impressive looking rat that was lying down comfortably while resting in Ron's lap but keeping his gaze on the man in the corner.

'Its emotions, they're all wrong.'

'Wrong? What do you mean wrong?'

'Its emotions are similar to a human's emotions,' Venom answered. 'At first, I thought that I was mistaken, but the whole train ride I have consistently detected emotions that are far too similar to human emotions to be a coincidence. His emotions spike up whenever Sirius Black is mentioned, he's scared.'

'Why would a rat be afraid of Sirius Black?' Harry looked away from Scabbers in case anybody caught him staring.

'I don't know, I think that...' Venom's voice cut off so abruptly that Harry couldn't help but wonder if the symbiote had suddenly left him.

'Venom? Venom, you there?' Harry asked.

'Trouble,' Venom's voice replied. 'there is trouble coming.'

'What are you...!' Harry's thought was suddenly cut off as a wave of coldness crashed into him, he blinked and looked around the compartment and quickly realised that he wasn't just imagining it. The windows were slowly being covered in ice as a foggy mist filled the compartment, Ron and Hermione were shivering just like him. "What is that?" Harry asked just before hearing a loud noise come from outside of the train. "Something's moving out there." Harry echoed what Venom had told him in his head.

"What's going on?" Hermione asked, shaking as she did so.

"Not a clue," Harry answered honestly. "but whatever it is, I don't think it's good." A second later another loud noise was heard.

"It's on the train." Ron whimpered, holding Scabbers tightly in his hands, though the rat was too scared to even make a squeak.

'What's happening to me?' Harry asked as he felt a sudden change in his emotions, suddenly feeling like there would never ever be even a side of happiness in his life again.

'Whatever is coming is messing with your emotions!' Venom hissed, sounding very angry. 'Not on my watch!' Harry suddenly shivered as he felt his emotions return to normal, or at least normal for his standards.

'Thanks.' Harry mentally blurted out.

'You're welcome.' Harry heard Venom reply just before he felt a heavy presence making its way towards them.

Suddenly the door to the compartment opened and the first thing that Harry saw was a massive hand with long fingers, its shape made it look like a big skeleton's hand except it was covered in black and decaying flesh, the hand was attached to a skinny arm made of the same flesh and led up to a cloaked being that had its head covered by the very cloak that covered the rest of its body. It most likely didn't have legs given that nobody in the compartment could see any and that it was floating off the ground. Whatever it was, it wasn't human, even the sounds of its breathing sounded otherworldly. The creature locked its gaze onto Harry and moved its head closer to him.

As it neared, as Harry glimpsed under the hood and saw a decaying black skull that had no eyes, ears or anything else beyond a hole for a mouth, a voice pierced through his thoughts. Except that this time, it didn't belong to Venom.

'Harry!' He heard a woman's voice scream, a scream so loud that it blocked out the rest of the world. At least, it did until Harry suddenly found himself snapped back to reality and back to the creepy creature in

front of him.

'Blast it!' Venom roared in his head, having used his control to make Harry grab and aim his wand. Harry quickly realised that it had been Venom who had snapped him out of whatever had just happened, he just as quickly realised that now was not the time to question him about it and that he would be better off doing what Venom suggested. With that thought, Harry fired off the first spell that he could think of.

"Incendio!" Harry bellowed, sending a fire blast at the dementor, a part of Harry hoped that fire would be helpful given the creatures apparent love of the cold. Harry could feel Venom's unease with the use of fire but ignored that in favour of noting the creatures unease as it let out a small shriek as it glided back slightly. The creature hissed and lunged forwards, only to be slammed away by a bright white light that knocked it out of the compartment.

"Sirius Black is not here," A soft but firm voice spoke. "leave this train, now." The light brightened and the rest of the compartment watched as the dementor flew away, the light slowly died down once the dementor had left, revealing Professor Lupin standing in the middle of the compartment as he lowered his wand. "Are you all okay?" He asked the trio of students before reaching into his suit pockets.

"W...what the bloody h...hell was that?!" Ron shivered.

"A dementor, a guard of Azkaban, they were on the train looking for Sirius Black," Lupin answered as he pulled out a chocolate bar and broke it into pieces before handing them out. "eat this. It's chocolate, it'll help with the effects." He added before looking at Harry. "That was quite impressive, Mr Potter, I've never seen your age stand up to a dementor like that." He praised, looking very surprised.

"I'm...unique." Harry breathed out before he took a bite of the chocolate,

his stomach and Venom let him know how much they appreciated it.

"Thanks," Harry added appreciatively. "that's some damn nice chocolate."

"I'm glad you like it, now are you sure that you're okay?" Professor Lupin asked in a concerned voice.

"Just peachy." Harry bit into his chocolate again before he quickly ate down the rest of it. "I'm fine, honestly, though if you don't mind, I'd like to go to the toilet." Without waiting for an answer, Harry got up and walked out of the compartment. "Wow, I didn't even make it to school before getting attacked this time." He realised.

10. Chapter 10 - Bow down

bitches

Chapter 10 - Bow down, bitches.

"Honestly, dementors, I don't know what they're thinking." Madam Pomfrey's rant had stuck with Harry even until he was finally able to lie down on his bed in Gryffindor tower.

The start of this year was almost as bad as last year, it was pretty much only Venom's help that stopped it from being worst. After being exposed to a dementor, Harry had been sent to Madam Pomfrey while Hermione had gone somewhere with Professor McGonagall for some reason. After being checked over by the fussing and ranting nurse, Harry had been sent to the great hall to join everyone else in the sorting/welcoming feast where he learnt that Professor Lupin was the new defence against the dark arts teacher for this year. He had honestly just been glad that Madam Pomfrey hadn't detected Venom, perhaps she could have if she kept searching, meaning Harry had to do better than normal to avoid a trip to the hospital wing.

Harry couldn't help but notice that Draco had kept his distance from him and was glaring at him, Harry couldn't help but smile at that, something

that caused Draco's glare to grow worse. Harry was under no illusion about the fact that Draco at some point in the near future would go running to Snape who would jump at the chance to get him into trouble but recognised that there wasn't anything he could do about that now so pushed the thought out of his mind. Throughout the feast, Harry had heard people whispering about his confrontation with the dementor, it was even easier to do so with Venom boosting his hearing. He could hear that some people had a fairly accurate idea about what had happened, while others most certainly did not because Harry was fairly sure that he had not at any point headbutted a dementor.

Dumbledore had given his usual, unusual speech before giving everyone a warning about the dementor. Throughout the feast, Harry noted that Dumbledore hadn't paid any more attention to him than normal which was something Harry greatly appreciated, the last thing he wanted right now was a telling off about leaving the Dursleys.

Once Harry was in bed he waited for the maximum ten minutes needed for all of his roommates to fall asleep, once he was fairly sure they wouldn't wake up and disturb him, he started talking with Venom.

'Venom, are you there?' Harry asked.

'Yes, it's almost like I'm a part of you.' Venom's dry response earned an eye roll from Harry.

'What happened with the dementor?' Harry asked. 'You stopped my emotions from going haywire, which I appreciate, but then I heard a scream. A woman's scream, it wasn't Hermione though, I'm sure it wasn't. It felt familiar.'

'Yes, it was your mother.'

'My mother?' Harry repeated. 'That voice was my mum?'

'It was her when she died,' Venom's voice was softer than Harry had ever

remembered it being. 'she was screaming your name while being attacked.'

'How do you know?' Harry blinked, feeling his eyes growing slightly wetter.

'I have full access to your brain,' Venom answered. 'I have access to all your memories, even those you don't remember. I can give you access to every memory you have ever had since you were capable of storing memories.'

'You can show me memories of my parents?!' It took a great deal of effort for Harry to keep quiet and not jump up and down with excitement, he barely noticed the tears slipping down his face.

'Yes, but not right now.'

"What?!" Harry hissed angrily before pausing, he opened his bed curtains and quickly looked around and made sure that his roommates were still asleep. Harry breathed out a sigh of relief before closing the curtains again. 'What?!' Harry mentally hissed.

'We have other things to do first,' Venom reminded him. 'remember that we agreed to deal with the acromantula problem tonight.' Harry frowned, remembering that Venom had insisted several times on dealing with the acromantulas on the first night back at school.

'Yeah, but you can't just tell me something like that and not show me!' Harry protested.

'The sooner we get the spider problem dealt with, the sooner you can view these memories,' Venom said. 'relax, the memories are not going anywhere.'

'Fine.' Harry ground his teeth together in anger, sneaking out of his bed and walking into the bathroom.

'Good, use that anger.' Venom approved. 'We'll jump out the window, I'll

transform and...'

'About that,' Harry cut Venom off as he gently closed the door. 'are you sure that that is a good idea? You transforming, I mean.'

'What?' Venom asked in a confused voice.

'Venom,' Harry began patiently. 'even in the dead of night a seven-foot black mass of muscle and teeth will attract some form of attention either from Dumbledore, or any of the teachers and students that would tell Dumbledore or the creatures in the forest that would tell Hagrid who would tell Dumbledore. The last thing we need is Dumbledore on our tail.'

'Fine,' Venom growled. 'we'll try a different look.'

'What are you...' Harry found himself cut off as his body became covered in the usual black goo that he recognized from Venom, except this time he didn't feel his height increase, nor was he given a body bigger than Arnold Schwarzenegger. The goo covered him like it was a second skin, he turned and saw his reflection staring back at him. He was black as usual, but there were no massively sharp teeth either, just a pair of white eyes. "whoa, that's cool." Harry whispered out loud as he stared at himself, he could admit that he really liked this new look.

'I know.' Venom sounded so undeniably smug. 'We should go now.'

'Right.' Harry agreed. Venom slowly opened the bathroom door and saw the other boys were still asleep, he gently shut the door before releasing a small tendril from his arm that opened the window. Venom jumped across the room and through the open window, his tendril closing it as he passed.

Venom's body fell towards the ground, shoving wind out of his way as he allowed gravity to take over, a few seconds later a tentacle shot out from his wrist and latched onto the side of the castle. Venom used it and

swung himself upwards, gaining impressive height before letting go and attaching a new tentacle to another part of the castle and repeating the process. Venom swung around the castle, doing his best to stay away from windows or any other bright lights until he had to get away from the castle and landed in the field that he knew would lead to Hagrid's hut. After taking a moment to prepare himself, Venom turned invisible and stealthily made his way towards the forbidden forest, making sure that Hagrid was asleep as he walked past his hut.

Once he entered the forest he shot out another tentacle that latched onto a nearby tree branch and used it to swing himself up into the air before he began swinging through the forest, heading towards the acromantula nest.

'Fuck me, that's a lot of spiders.' Harry couldn't help but point out as Venom landed on a tree branch near the cluster of spiders.

'Yes,' Venom agreed. 'but we'll be fine as long as we stick to the plan.'

'I remember it,' Harry replied, thinking back to their research on acromantulas. 'I just hope that the information we learnt was accurate, if not we're fucked.'

'If not then we'll improvise,' Venom told him. 'now, are you ready?'

'Nope,' Harry answered honestly. 'but I sense there's no getting out of this.'

'I knew you were smart.' Venom grinned before leaping off the branch, he shot out a tentacle that wrapped around a tree branch and allowed him to swing forward. The tentacle retracted mid-swing and allowed him to drop down in the middle of the acromantula territory.

"Aragog!" Venom bellowed, attracting the attention of each and every acromantula there. The spiders all clicked their pincers together and hissed at the intruder, but none of them moved forwards to attack.

"Who are you?" A voice boomed, the owner of this voice being none other than Aragog, if one was scared of spiders then they would be terrified of acromantulas, but they would be petrified with fear upon seeing Aragog. He was a spider that was bigger than an elephant, he was black but there was a bit of grey mixed in, each of the eyes on his ugly, pincered head was milky white, letting Venom know that he was blind.

"We are Venom," Venom chuckled.

"Venom?" Aragog repeated, sounding like he was testing out the word.

"Why are you here? Very rarely does prey walk so willingly into my web."

"Prey?" Venom laughed. "We are not prey, we are hunters!" One acromantula moved closer to Aragog and quietly whispered something to him.

"You say we, yet you are alone." Aragog's voice sounded confused.

"We are never alone," Venom laughed once more.

"My spiders have told me that you are the only one here, do not lie to me!" Aragog hissed.

"Oh Aragog," Venom said in a mocking voice. "so old, so strong, so slow. We aren't here to mock you, no matter how much you deserve it. We are here to challenge you."

"Challenge me?!" Aragog demanded. "You dare?!"

"We do," Venom nodded. "we challenge you, Aragog, king of spiders. We challenge you for your title, when we win, we will rule the spiders."

"Only a spider may rule!" Aragog yelled.

"That's fine, we count as one." Venom rolled his shoulders, feeling the acromantulas around him getting riled up.

"You lie! Kill him!" Aragog ordered the other spiders.

"We don't lie!" Venom shouted before aiming his hand at an approaching

spider, webs shot out from the back of his hand and wrapped around the spider's leg, causing it to fall onto the floor. The other spiders stopped moving and stared. "See?! We make webs, and that's not all we can do." Venom added just as the spider managed to get free, it leapt towards Venom who jumped backwards and landed on the middle of a tree, sticking to it. "We can crawl as well," Venom pointed out before he jumped off the tree, grabbing the attacking spider by one of his legs and throwing him hard at a tree before landing. The spider crashed hard into the tree before falling down to the ground with its skull caved in. "We challenge you, old man," Venom said, pointing to Aragog. "you're weak, you're blind and you're old. Your time is done, you'd be better as a meal for all of these spiders."

"Kill him!" Aragog ordered once more.

"You nearly unleashed the basilisk!" Venom roared, causing all the spiders to flinch and hiss at him for even mentioning the name of the feared serpent.

"Liar!" Aragog shouted at him.

"I don't lie!" Venom growled. "Last year two boys came here, seeking answers, hoping to stop the basilisk! Friends of Hagrid, friends of your friend! You weren't loyal enough to spare them for the sake of your friendship with Hagrid, and you nearly cost everything. One of those boys went on to slay the monster, but nearly didn't because you ordered his death! If he hadn't then the basilisk would be loose and would kill every spider here! All because of you!" Venom pointed an accusing finger at Aragog, the rest of the spiders hissed at the mention of the basilisk before turning their attention to Aragog.

"Kill him!" Aragog commanded. None of the spiders moved, all of them staring between him and Venom.

"We're not the ones that will die tonight!" Venom leapt into the air at heights impossible for a human to jump, he arched through the air and headed towards Aragog. Venom slammed both of his fists down onto Aragog's head, causing the giant spider to fall onto the ground. Aragog tried to grab Venom with his pincers but Venom dodged in time and moved to the first of the legs on Aragog's left side and grabbed hold of it. "And this little piggy went..." Venom pulled hard and eventually the leg was pulled out of Aragog's body with a pop, the elderly spider roared in pain. Venom didn't waste time and slapped Aragog right across the face with the leg before throwing it away and hitting Aragog with a punch to his face that broke one of his pincers and sent him to near-unconsciousness.

Venom placed a hand on Aragog and suddenly he transformed, the black goo left Harry's body and crawled onto Aragog. In front of all the spiders of the forest, it spread all around Aragog's body, covering him from his head to the bottom of all of his legs. An eight leg and a second pincer, made entirely of the same goo as Venom, shot out of Aragog's body and a second later Aragog's body rose up to a standing position.

"Listen up," Harry said loudly, causing all spiders to look at him. "last year you all tried to kill me, and because of that you nearly unleashed your most feared enemy and mine. I don't want to hurt you all, but we will if we have to. From now on, we're the kings." Harry gestured between himself and Venom-Aragog. "You speak when we say, you move when we tell you to and you don't even blink without our permission. You will not tell anyone about us. If anyone has a problem then we can sort it out, you can try and expose us. But to do so, you'd have to go through us, or to be more accurate..." Harry trailed off and placed his hand on Venom-Aragog, the black goo left Aragog and transferred to

Harry, leaving Aragog once more with one pincer and seven legs as he fell to the ground. A second later Harry was back in his seven-foot and muscular Venom form, complete with long tongue and sharp teeth.

"We go through you!" Venom bellowed before turning to Aragog, Venom's jaw and teeth extended before he lunged towards the downed spider. The acromantulas hissed and flinched as Venom tore through Aragog's head and began eating his brain in front of them. Once Venom was done, he turned to face the other spiders, licking his lips and long teeth. "Bow down, bitches." Venom ordered.

The spiders hesitated, but mere seconds later they were all bowing their heads to Venom, signalling to him that he was indeed the new king. In the world of acromantulas, the strongest was the one in charge. Aragog had been the strongest for so long that nobody had challenged him, partly because of his strength and partly because he had fathered the entire lot of them. But it hadn't escaped their notice that he was old and couldn't see, despite that none of them wanted to challenge him, it would only take a single strike from him to cause serious damage to them. Yet this newcomer, one who claimed to be a spider, dealt with him easily. If that wasn't enough then it appeared to them that this new spider could also store a human inside of himself! Clearly, this wasn't a being that they should take lightly, especially with the way that he had eaten Aragog's brain.

Venom grinned just before making a nice change to his body, on the front of his chest a white patch formed, the patch grew and changed shape until there was a large white spider on the front that ranged from his chest to his stomach, the legs of the spider wrapped around the side of his body and attached itself to matching legs from a matching spider on his back.

Venom reared his head back and roared triumphantly into the air, causing all the other spiders to flinch.

A.N: And Venom finally has his signature logo! It's about time, huh? I know some people don't like the movie Venom for not having the logo but I think that 'sort' of makes sense, since that version hadn't ever met spiderman, so he wouldn't have the logo. Anyway, hope you guys liked the chapter, feel free to leave a review.

11. Chapter 11 - Bonded

Reviews:

nagiten: There are two main reasons, firstly because I wanted him to have a smaller mode, but also because I forgot.

reptoholic: It will darken up eventually, Venom can absorb abilities from any host he comes into contact with, and yes I will eventually do something about those two things (if I remember)

Enigma: Because he's not changed completely, Hermione is still his friend and he lets her lecture him.

Luizinho: Yeah, but not necessarily, we don't know how many conversations they've had about the secret keeper, it could've been discussed three times for all we know, it's entirely possible that at the time Harry was sleeping in a different room.

Chapter 11 - Buckbeak

'Harry...Harry...Harry...Harry!' Venom yelled in Harry's head as he walked to the Gryffindor table for breakfast with his friends. 'Hey...don't ignore me!'

'I am not talking to you!' Harry mentally snapped at him.

'Why?!'

'We never agreed on eating Aragog!' Harry yelled.

'I only ate his brain.' Venom argued.

'But you used my body to do so and I didn't agree to it!' Harry yelled.

'Quit your whining,' Venom said in an irritated voice. 'do you know how hard it is to survive on a diet of just chocolate? You won't let me eat human brains, so I make do with what I have and I'm the one that's eating them, not you. It was actually a lot better than I expected, I wasn't expecting it to taste so good.'

'I don't need to know.' Harry let out a groan as he sat down on the Gryffindor table.

"Are you okay?" Hermione frowned as she and Ron sat opposite him.

"Fine," Harry sighed. "just...thinking about Snape." Harry fibbed, though to be fair it was fairly believable, Snape was a cause of suffering for many students.

"Oh yeah," Ron's nose wrinkled. "he'll be gunning for you, especially since you..."

"Hit his silver boy..." One voice began.

"Right in his little boy." Another voice finished just before Fred and George sat on either side of Harry.

"Oh sweet Merlin, does everybody know about that?" Harry asked.

"Nah," The twin on the left said, Harry was going to assume that he was Fred. "not everyone."

"Just everyone at school." George, the other twin, finished. "The news hasn't really reached the muggle world yet but at the speed it's spreading..."

"Give it a week." Fred grinned.

"Wonderful." Harry rolled his eyes.

"Indeed!" George agreed wholeheartedly, ignoring Harry's tone.

"Absolutely splendid!" Fred smiled.

"Now, call us next time you're going to do something like that, we want

to take pictures." George grinned before the two got up and walked over to where the Gryffindor chasers were sitting.

"Those two are barmy," Ron said, shaking his head before turning to Harry. "still, it was pretty wonderful." Ron's eyes seemed to glaze over as the memory of Malfoy getting hit shot in between his legs.

"It was still horrible behaviour," Hermione cut in disapprovingly.

"honestly, Harry, physical violence? What on Earth got into you?"

"Don't have a..." Harry's reply was cut off by what Harry considered to be a most unwelcome interruption.

"Potter!" Snape's voice barked, Harry groaned before he turned his head and saw his most hated teacher stop next to his seat.

"I heard that you assaulted another student during the train ride, couldn't even wait until reaching the school before causing trouble." Snape glared at Harry with hatred in his eyes.

"You shouldn't listen to rumours, sir," Harry gave him an innocent smile.

"if you did then you'd probably end up believing I was the heir of Slytherin or some other nonsense."

"Fortunately, I don't listen to rumours," Snape drawled, looking very unimpressed with Harry. "however, I do listen to a student coming up to me and making a complaint."

"That... sounds like a remarkably sound method of teaching," Harry said after a short pause, not fully able to keep the surprise out of his voice.

"Indeed, now that will be twenty-five points from Gryffindor and a weeks detention with me, starting tonight." The smallest of smiles briefly appeared on Snape's face. "See me straight after classes, don't be late, Potter." Without waiting for a response, Snape turned and walked away with his cape billowing behind him.

'Dickhead.' Venom commented.

'True.' Harry agreed.

"Detention on the first day," Ron whistled. "the twins will be proud."

"I think they are," Harry replied, glancing down the table and seeing Fred and George giving him a thumbs up.

"Detention on the first day," Hermione huffed. "that's hardly anything to be proud of."

"Never said that I was." Harry rolled his eyes.

'She really needs to back off.' Venom whispered from inside Harry's head, Harry didn't respond as a moment later Professor McGonagall was walking down the table and handing out timetables.

"Mr Potter," Professor McGonagall said as she handed him his timetable.

"I have been informed that there was an incident on the train."

"Yeah, a dementor attacked us." Harry frowned, wondering why she was asking him about that when she was already told everything when she visited him in the hospital wing, a second later realization hit him. "Oh, you mean the whole Malfoy thing."

"I do," Professor McGonagall confirmed with a nod.

"Would you believe me if I said I was perfectly innocent?" Harry asked.

"Were you perfectly innocent?" She asked, raising an eyebrow. "And before you answer, I should let you know that Professor Snape has already told me Mr Malfoy's version of events."

"Bugger."

"That's what I thought, Mr Potter, that behaviour is not acceptable at Hogwarts and I do not hope to hear of it again, is that understood?" She asked, giving him a stern look.

"Yes, Professor," Harry said in a quiet voice. "it won't." Harry lowered his head, Professor McGonagall gave him a short nod before walking away.

'Why are we being told to behave when that twat bothers us nearly every

day and they don't do anything?' Venom growled.

'He never did anything to you.' Harry pointed out.

'I have your memories and I am a part of you,' Venom responded. 'what is done to you has happened to me. Therefore, we should make the little shit pay.'

'No, I'm not getting in more trouble.' Harry was perfectly content with ignoring Malfoy for the rest of the year, unfortunately, he knew that the likelihood of that happening was short, and he realized that it was very likely that Venom would soon get his wish. Harry heard a chuckle in his head, no doubt that Venom had heard his thoughts.

"So, did you two like Ancient Runes?" Ron asked as the trio reunited and walked to the care of magical creatures class.

"It was actually quite fascinating," Hermione began with a smile on her face. "it was very interesting and I think I did well. Harry didn't do too bad himself, Professor Babbling really knows her stuff. She started by explaining how different languages have different sorts of runes and what we could use runes for and..."

"It was good." Harry summed up, seeing that Ron's eyes had started glazing over as Hermione talked.

"Good," Ron nodded. "probably better than divination. Professor Trelawney is mad, with the way she keeps moaning, you'd have thought that she had had an anvil dropped on her foot. She made us look at tea leaves, which wasn't that bad in all honesty, but it got weird afterwards. Apparently, Neville is going to die."

"I beg your pardon?" Harry stared at Ron, wondering if he had heard that right.

"She predicted that he would die." Ron shrugged.

"Everyone dies at some point." Hermione scoffed.

"Yeah, but she predicted that he would die this year," Ron explained.

"Neville seems to believe her."

"Is that why I don't see him anywhere?" Harry frowned as they arrived outside Hagrid's hut, he looked around and saw that Neville was not among the students that had already arrived.

"Yeah," Ron nodded. "apparently he's been taken to Madam Pomfrey and given a calming potion."

"Honestly," Hermione shook her head with disbelief. "divination is probably the most inaccurate form of magic ever. Besides, it's not like Professor Trelawney has really shown anything to be impressed about."

"Hold on," Ron frowned. "I remember seeing you in divination, but...but then you wouldn't have been able to be in divination, they're both at the same time. You'd have to be in two places at once."

"Don't be silly, Ronald," Hermione rolled her eyes. "how could anyone be in two places at once?"

'She didn't refute his statement.' Venom noted.

'What? Do you think that Hermione is somehow able to be in two places at once?' Harry asked.

'With the number of strange things that happen in your life, we can't really afford to ignore the possibility,' Venom replied. 'just think about it.'

Harry, despite not wanting to, couldn't help but agree with Venom. His life was just a cluster of things that shouldn't be possible, including but not limited to wands, flying brooms, giant snakes, soul-sucking demons and now aliens. Was it possible that Hermione could be in two places at once? If that was true then why didn't she tell him? Surely she would have, but...he didn't tell her everything, like the fact that he had an alien living in his head, so she probably didn't tell him everything. Perhaps Venom was right, maybe she really did have a way to be in two places at

once.

"Hello everyone," Hagrid's voice brought Harry out of his thoughts. "come with me, I've got a great surprise for you." Hagrid grinned.

"This...was not what I had expected," Harry blinked as he and the class had stopped and stared at the new creature that Hagrid had brought in. It had the front legs, wings, and head of a giant eagle and the body, hind legs and tail of a horse. It was a stormy grey colour with impressive-looking amber eyes.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Hagrid smiled like a kid on Christmas eve. "Say hello to Buckbeak!" He gestured to the creature that was cleaning its wing feathers before perking up at the mention of its name.

"Hagrid, what the bloody hell is that?" Ron gulped as he stared at Buckbeak.

"Is that a griffin?" Terry Boot of Ravenclaw asked.

"No, but good guess," Hagrid replied, tossing Buckbeak a dead ferret. "if he was a griffin then he would be a mix of an eagle and a lion. This is a hippogriff, a very strong and magnificent beast. Hundreds of years ago they were seen as a symbol, only great wizards would be able to tame them, you know. Now, the first thing you have to remember about them is that they are very easily offended, you do not want to ever insult a hippogriff. It may possibly be the last thing you ever do. Now, who would like to say hello?" Hagrid looked back at the students. "Oh, well done, Harry."

"Huh?" Harry asked intelligently.

'Harry, look behind you.' Venom instructed, Harry did as Venom said and saw that the rest of the students had all taken a step back.

'Traitorous bitches!' Harry mentally seethed before turning back and staring at Buckbeak. "Right...what do I have to do?" He asked, after

taking a breath to calm himself down.

"Right, the first thing you would have to do is say 'hello'. Now, give him a nice bow, nice and low, then you wait and see if he bows back, if he does then you can go and touch him, if not...then...we'll get to that later. Go on then." Hagrid encouraged. Harry sighed before giving Buckbeak a nice and deep bow.

"It's a shame about the robes, Harry's got a cute butt." He heard a girl whisper to another student.

"Yeah, he's looking a lot better this year." Another girl replied. Harry's cheeks blushed slightly as he realised that enhanced hearing has its disadvantages as well. He chose to ignore them in favour of keeping his attention on the hippogriff a short distance away. Buckbeak let out a few sharp barks before he slowly lowered his head in his own version of a bow.

"Oh, well done, Harry!" Hagrid said proudly as Harry and Buckbeak straightened up. "Now, you walk to him and try to get him to touch you, do it nice and slowly, stop a small distance away and then let him come to you. Off you go." Harry gulped but did what Hagrid said, which was how he ended up a few feet away from Buckbeak. Buckbeak stared at him for several seconds before eventually moving forwards and pressing his head against Harry's hand.

'Oh, that's cute.' Venom thought to himself as Harry petted Buckbeak.

"I think he may let you ride him now." Hagrid smiled as he stepped next to Harry.

"What?" Harry had barely gotten the word out of his mouth before he was lifted and dropped onto Buckbeak. "Wait, Hagrid..."

"Don't pull on his feathers, he doesn't like that." Hagrid let Harry know before he gently slapped Buckbeak on the back. Buckbeak reared back

onto his two legs before charging forwards, his wings began flapping as the wind poked up, Buckbeak pushed off the ground and took off into the air while Harry remained on his back and hung on for dear life.

'This...is actually quite beautiful.' Venom commented as they soared over the Hogwarts grounds. Harry, once he was fairly sure that he wouldn't fall straight off of Buckbeak, nodded in agreement. This was far from the same feeling as when he flew on a broom, but it did feel pretty good, and the view was indeed beautiful.

"Yeah, this...this is amazing!" Harry grinned widely as he took in the view of Hogwarts from the air, taking in everything from the ancient castle to the calming presence of the lake and even the beauty of the forest.

'Maybe your world isn't as ugly as I originally thought.' Harry heard Venom admit just as Buckbeak finally landed back with the rest of the class.

"Oh, well done, Harry." Hagrid smiled as he picked Harry off of Buckbeak. "How did you like it?" He asked as he gently placed Harry on the ground.

"That was great!" Harry laughed. "I want to do it again!"

"I figured you would," Hagrid chuckled. "little thrill-seeker."

"You're not dangerous at all, are you?" A voice said, the two turned to see Draco Malfoy strutting forwards towards Buckbeak, ignoring the fact that he was doing all the stuff that Hagrid had told him not to do. "You big ugly brute." He snorted in amusement as he stopped in front of Buckbeak. Though that amusement was quickly slapped off his face as Buckbeak let out an angry shriek as he moved back and stood on his two back legs, his eagle claws rising into the air.

To Harry, it was like the world had suddenly shifted into slow motion, one moment was being his usual self, the next Buckbeak's claw was

falling down through the air and had hit Draco on his arm just before Hagrid jumped into the situation and backed Buckbeak away. Harry shook his head as he forced himself out of his shock and he saw Draco lying on the floor, holding his arm.

"It killed me! It killed me!" Draco cried out dramatically.

'That barely scratched him!' Venom complained, Harry stared at Draco's arm and he couldn't help but agree. Draco's robes may have been scratched but his arm looked perfectly fine, Buckbeak apparently hadn't made full contact during his attack. Even if Draco's arm was broken, then it would still be fixed rather quickly by Madam Pomfrey.

Harry watched as Hagrid picked up Draco and dismissed the class before he took the crying and whining boy away to the hospital wing.

'We should really hurt him,' Venom suggested. 'give him a real reason to cry.'

'I...I don't know.' Harry thought about it, and the idea was really appealing to him, but could he really do that? Just attack someone?

'Think about it, Harry, who deserves it more than Draco?' Venom purred.

12. Chapter 12 - Justice

Reviews:

Martin-di-Arcov: That does seem like something that the Harry in this story would eventually do.

Musical Dragon Rider: I do have a plan regarding the horcrux, just be patient with me.

Aeonmaster Aeroza: The only marvel characters in here apart from Venom will be a few symbiotes. Thanks for the offer but I don't think I want to add any OCs at the moment since I want to focus on the relationships between characters and I find that easier to do with less characters.

Chapter 12 - Justice

"Look at the bloody idiot," Harry hissed under his breath as he, Hermione and Ron stared at Malfoy who was currently at the Slytherin table with one of his arms in a thin cast and sling, he was dramatically telling everyone how he had barely survived a vicious attack from Buckbeak, Pansy Parkinson was hanging onto his other hand with an awed look on her face as if she truly believed every word he said even though she had been in the class with him. "he's really laying it on thick. I saw his arm, he had barely gotten scratched!"

"It's just typical, innit?" Ron shook his head. "Anything happens to Malfoy and he goes crying to 'Daddy' or Snape."

"Or both." Harry snorted.

"Hagrid's going to be in really big trouble." Hermione fretted.

"It's not even Hagrid's fault, though!" Harry protested.

"I know that, but do you think everyone will care when Draco starts crying about being attacked?" Hermione asked, tutting her teeth. "I think that'll just be the beginning of..." Hermione trailed off as she looked at a newspaper that somebody had left on the table. "...um...Harry, you should see this." She gulped before handing him the newspaper.

Harry frowned but did as she said and saw that the newspaper was reporting on a sighting of Sirius Black, he had apparently been seen in a village that was not that far from here. Which likely meant that he was heading to Hogwarts, coming for him.

'It doesn't matter,' Venom's soothing voice whispered in Harry's head. 'if he finds us, then we'll stop him. Remember, Harry, you have me by your side. You have me.'

Harry only half-listened to Ron and Hermione talking, occasionally responding when they asked him a question, his mind was more focused

on how relaxed he had become after hearing Venom's words. It wasn't like he wasn't worried at all, no, Sirius Black was still a very skilled and dangerous wizard. But with that being said he undoubtedly felt a lot safer knowing that he had Venom watching his back.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," Professor Dumbledore said the next morning at breakfast. "I'm sorry to disturb you all as you are enjoying breakfast, but I have a quick announcement to make. As you are all aware, the ministry has chosen to place dementors around the school grounds in the hopes of catching Sirius Black. However, it has also been decided to add extra protection to Hogwarts, so for the remainder of the year or at least until Sirius Black is caught, Hogwarts will be patrolled by aurors." Dumbledore gestured to the side of the hall where there were several aurors standing.

Harry, along with the rest of the students present in the hall, stared at the aurors present. Though Harry's attention was drawn to a certain auror, one with shoulder-length pink hair.

"Tonks!" Harry grinned just as Tonks spotted him. Tonks sent him a smirk and a wink before she went back to trying to look professional.

"These kind aurors will be patrolling Hogwarts day and night," Dumbledore continued. "if anyone sees anything important, please do not hesitate to contact them or any of the teachers. Thank you." Dumbledore nodded to the students before he sat down at his table.

"I'm glad that Tonks is here, it's nice to have someone on our side." Said Harry to his friends before a thoughtful look came on his face.

"What's up with you?" Ron asked.

"An idea." Harry grinned as he stared at the Slytherin table where Malfoy had his arm in a sling and was dramatically telling tales of how he 'nearly died at the hands of that massive beast'.

"Hey Tonks," Harry smiled as he and his friends spotted the pink-haired auror when they exited the great hall, "great to see you."

"Nice to see you too, Harry," Tonks smiled. "hey Ron, Hermione." She added to the other two.

"Hello, Miss Tonks." Hermione greeted politely as Ron gave her a small wave.

"Urgh, please, call me Tonks." Tonks frowned. "When I hear 'Miss Tonks' I feel like I'm in trouble."

Harry chuckled at that before speaking again. "How come you're here though? No offence, it's just that I thought that you were just a trainee."

"I am until I get at least two months more experience," Tonks sighed.

"still, they don't really expect Black to get past the dementors. We're just here as an added precaution."

"Nice," Harry nodded before taking a look around. "I was wondering if you could help us with a problem."

"What sort of problem?" Tonks asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Not a crime or anything, at least...well...actually it might be...look, we basically need your help with dealing with Malfoy."

"Malfoy?" Tonks blinked.

"Yes, well, you know how you're like this master auror with excellent shapeshifting abilities?" Harry smiled brightly at her.

"Yeah, what about it, flatterer?" Tonks gave him an amused smile.

"Well, yesterday we had our first ever care of magical creatures class with Hagrid," Harry began explaining.

"Oh, I'm glad that Hagrid's teaching, he was always nice to me." Tonks smiled. "Though, fair warning, don't ever try to eat his rock cakes."

"Your warning is far too late, but appreciated." Ron rubbed his jaw.

"Anyway, we were learning about hippogriffs." Harry continued.

"Yes, the lesson was going really well until Malfoy decided to be his usual self," Hermione commented. "He ignored what Hagrid said and just walked up to the hippogriff and insulted it to its face."

"Is he mad?!" Tonks blurted out. "That's like the first thing you're not supposed to do!"

"We know," Harry nodded. "Hagrid had told us. But Malfoy ignored what he said and did it anyway, then the hippogriff hit him. He's walking around with a sling on his arm, but I was right there and I saw that the hippogriff had barely hit him, there's no way he's got any damage that Madam Pomfrey couldn't have fixed in a couple of minutes. With the way he's going on and on about his injuries, it's obvious that he's trying to get Hagrid into trouble. We were hoping that you could help us prove that Malfoy's faking, it'd go a long way in helping out Hagrid." He gave her a hopeful look. Tonks stared between Harry, Hermione and Ron for several long moments before she let out a deep sigh.

"How come you guys aren't going to the teachers with this?" Tonks asked.

"They wouldn't believe us," Harry said simply. "we have no proof and if we tried it then Snape would just say we're trying to cause trouble."

"Look, guys, it's not that I don't want to help, I do. It's just that I am here on official business, I really shouldn't..."

"Oh, looky here," A voice drawled, the group turned to see Draco walking past them with Crabbe and Goyle. "what's the matter, Potter? Hoping to get a new job? Though given the current standards of aurors," Draco paused and gave Tonks an unimpressed look before and after leering at her. "you just might have a chance." He laughed and walked off with the other two boys dutifully following behind.

"So...that was Malfoy." Harry helpfully let her know. The group watched as indecision appeared on Tonks's face for a few moments.

"Right...fine, let's deal with that git."

'Yes! I knew I liked her.' Venom cheered.

"I bet you think you're so clever, don't you, Malfoy?" Harry said as he approached Malfoy and his two goons, all three of them were lazily leaning against a wall in an empty hallway. Harry stopped with Hermione and Ron walking stopping behind him.

'Ooh,' Venom softly hissed. 'that line was such a Malfoy thing to say.'

'Well, I am trying to act stupid here.' Harry reminded him.

"What do you mean, scar-head?" Malfoy asked with a wide grin.

"Faking that arm injury," Harry glared at him. "I bet it's not even hurt."

"Of course, it isn't," Ron nodded, looking at Malfoy like he was a huge pile of dung. "the hippogriff barely touched him."

"You shouldn't make such accusations," Malfoy said with a mock hurt look on his face. "I'm in such p...pain." He barely managed to get the line out before he was overcome with laughter. Crabbe and Goyle predictably started laughing along with him, Harry honestly wasn't sure if the two found the joke to be funny or if they were just laughing along with Malfoy because that's what they felt like they were supposed to do.

"I don't even know why you're pretending, everybody here knows you're faking," Harry growled.

"Yeah, well maybe I am," Draco smirked before he gave Harry the finger with the hand that was attached to the arm that was apparently injured.

"what are you going to do about it?"

"I can go and tell Professor McGonagall," Harry hummed thoughtfully before he quickly reached out and snatched off Malfoy's sling. "or maybe I could just break your arm so you're actually injured." Harry threatened, feeling Venom grow excited at that possibility.

"You threatening me, Potter? I would be careful, there's nobody else here

to save you." Malfoy glared pulling his wand out with the supposedly injured arm, Harry glared back but internally he was smirking.

'I told you, just get the ponce to get angry.' Harry mentally told Venom.

'And I told you we should have just eaten him.' Venom retorted.

'Is that your solution for everything?'

'Yes.'

"What are you going to do, Malfoy?" Harry snorted, and gave Malfoy an unimpressed look while Crabbe and Goyle pulled their wands out. "Going to drop your wand and run to Snape telling him that the big, bad Harry Potter broke your wrist? No, wait, let's see if you can get 'Daddy' over here as well. Maybe if you're lucky he can bring the Minister with him, after all, that's your style, isn't it? You run your mouth and annoy everyone else and then hide behind everyone else?"

"I'll show you!" Malfoy hissed as he aimed his wand at Harry along with Crabbe and Goyle. Malfoy began an incantation for his spell when he felt his wand get ripped out of his hand. Malfoy blinked as his wand along with Crabbe and Goyle's flew out of the air and into the open hand of Granger who was pointing her wand at the trio. "What do you think you're doing?! Give me my wand back, you disgusting little mudblood!"

"Mr Malfoy!" A voice boomed as Professor McGonagall walked down the hallway towards them, though Malfoy couldn't help but notice that walking alongside the deputy headmistress was Hermione Granger. His gaze snapped towards the Granger standing next to Potter.

"Polyjuice?!" He gaped at her.

"Not really," Granger smiled before she suddenly changed back into Tonks. Malfoy's face quickly shifted into a look that could be described as horrified, Tonks sent Harry a wink and a smile.

"That will be twenty-five points from Slytherin and a detention for that

horrid word," Professor McGonagall barked as she stopped in front of them along with Hermione. "now, what is going on here?!" She demanded, turning to face Tonks.

Harry couldn't help but grin as Tonks began explaining everything to Professor McGonagall.

'I feel like we should do something nice for Tonks.' Harry thought to Venom.

'Hmm, perhaps we should buy her some chocolate.' Venom suggested.

By the end of the day, Harry was in bed, a smile on his face as he thought about what had happened. Tonks hadn't held back when explaining everything to Professor McGonagall, she told the old professor everything from Malfoy not listening to Hagrid and him faking his injury and drawing his wand on all of them, it really helped that this was an auror that was explaining everything to Professor McGonagall, Harry knew she was far less likely to believe it coming from himself. Professor McGonagall had gone to Hagrid and Madam Pomfrey to confirm that Draco had indeed disobeyed orders and that his arm was perfectly fine. Needless to say, Professor McGonagall was less than pleased.

Malfoy's life would probably get a lot harder given the high amount of points that he had lost, not to mention the full month of detentions that he had to attend. There were the twenty-five points he lost for swearing, he and his goons lost fifteen each for drawing their wands on other students with the intent to harm, he had lost fifty points for disobeying instruction on how to approach a dangerous magical creature, forty points for faking an injury and Professor McGonagall was now petitioning for Malfoy to be removed from the Slytherin quidditch team since his action had caused the other three houses problems since Snape had arranged for the order of matches to be changed around due to Malfoy

being 'unable' to compete because of his injury.

All in all, it was a pretty great day if you weren't Malfoy. Harry believed that it was only Draco's father and Snape that had stopped the older Slytherins from giving Draco a well-deserved beating, either way, Slytherin house was not happy about already being in the negatives despite it still being the first week of school.

'Are we going to do something about the rat?' Venom's voice interrupted Harry's thoughts.

'What?' Harry blinked.

'The rat, the one with the stupid name, are we going to do anything about it?' Venom asked. Harry frowned before realising what Venom was talking about.

'Oh, you mean Scabbers?' Harry asked, glancing towards Ron's bed. The redhead was asleep while his rat slept in the cage that Ron kept him in.

'Yes, what are we going to do about it?' Venom asked.

'I don't know, I'm not exactly sure what there is to do about it,' Harry admitted as he closed his eyes. 'all you've told me about it is that it gives you a weird feeling and it has emotions that seem human. What are the chances that it's simply just a smart rat? Like how Hedwig's a smart owl?'

'No, it's different,' Venom insisted.

'Either way, it's not like we can actually do anything until we know,' Harry replied. 'because I'm not going to mess around with my mate's rat unless I definitely know something is wrong.'

'Hmm, fine," Venom said after a short pause.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter.

First of all, I just want to say that I am amazed at how many people are begging/asking for Harry to go full Venom and straight-up eat heads, I honestly don't know how to feel about the majority of my audience

wanting me to make a thirteen-year-old boy start to eat heads. I don't know if that says more about my audience or the people in the Harry Potter universe.

Got to be honest though, I'm just loving the fact that you guys are even remotely interested in this.

Now, to disappoint some people, Harry will not instantly go full Venom.

In my experience, Venom slowly influences his host's personality over time and gradually makes changes until the person is unrecognisable (unless that person is Eddie Brock), that's what he does with Peter Parker and it's what he's going to do with Harry. I want to write a full-blown venomised Harry just as much as you guys want to read about one, but for me, it doesn't make sense if it happens instantly.

Think about it, canon Harry was far more forgiving than any regular person would be, he tried to save Draco around the end and even forgave Snape. It doesn't make sense for me to have a character that's just as stubborn and pure as Peter Parker not put up a fight against an alien that's trying to change him. So if Venom wants Harry then he's going to have to do his best to convince Harry that his way is the right way.

Anyway, thanks for reading, and chapter 15 of this story is already up on pat-reon, if anybody is interested in joining then just go on the pat-reon website and search JB21, if not then that's fine because you'll still be able to read the same as my patrons, they just get it earlier than everybody else.

Thanks again for reading and feel free to leave a review.

13. Chapter 13 - Boggart

Reviews:

BlaszczekM: I'll put that in one of the future chapters if I can remember.

Martin-di-Arcov: Can you recommend me some agent venom comics?

StevenTLawson: Thanks for a great review, very helpful.

Katsuhito: Later in the story, I will be dedicating some time to explaining Venom's backstory and how he is like he is.

Chapter 13 -Boggart

"Hey Tonks," Harry called as he walked up to the pink-haired auror when he spotted her lazily leaning against a wall inside a school corridor. "how are you doing?"

"Alright, Harry," Tonks nodded to him before letting out a small sigh.

"fine, I suppose. So far I'm just really bored, no sign of Black or any other illegal activities, which is good. But still, I'm kind of hoping that something happens."

"I'm not," Harry admitted honestly. "I've seen far more action than I'd like. Anyway, I'm glad I found you, I got something for you." Harry smiled before he reached into his school bag and pulled out a small box of chocolates and handed them to her.

"Oh, thanks, what's this for?" Tonks smiled as she took the box from him.

"It's just my way of saying thank you, you know, for helping out with Malfoy," Harry explained. "it's been really irritating the last few years seeing him get away with nearly everything because he has his dad and Snape backing him up, I think you probably made a bigger impact against him than anybody else has."

"It was very much my pleasure," Tonks grinned as she opened the box and took one of the chocolates before popping it in her mouth, she let out an appreciative moan. "hmm, that's good, try one." She took one and tossed it to Harry who easily caught it and dropped it in his mouth.

"Hmm, that is good," Harry agreed.

'Definitely,' Venom spoke up. 'ask her for another.'

'No.' Harry refused.

'But I'm hungry!' Venom whined.

'I have more chocolates back up in my room, these ones are for Tonks.'

"I'm glad you like them," Harry said. "now, I've got to go or McGonagall will skin me for being late."

"Yeah, the old girl's not one to mess with," Tonks pretended to shiver before transforming her face into Professor McGonagall's face and imitating the Professor's voice. "Miss Tonks, if you do not wish to spend the next year in detention with me then you had better return Professor Snape's wand."

"Wait!" Harry blinked as he stared at Tonks with wide eyes. "You stole Snape's wand?!" Harry gasped and stared at her with the same reverence most wizards would reserve for Dumbledore.

"That's not the worse thing I ever did to Snape," Tonks chortled. "remind me to tell you about the pink dress incident and that time I transfigured his hair. He still blames me for both of them, he doesn't have any proof though, and he's never managed to prove it." She looked quite proud about that fact. Harry goggled at her for several long seconds before he dropped to one knee and grabbed her hand.

"Tonks, will you marry me?" Harry asked as seriously as he could manage.

"Easy there, boy wonder," Tonks laughed before she pulled him to his feet. "you're not that lucky. Now, off to class, while I go and enjoy these delicious chocolates that I've rightfully earned." She grinned before walking off with a bright smile, though the walkway was somewhat ruined when she tripped and nearly fell over, almost dropping the chocolate. "Damn it!" She hissed before turning the corner.

Eventually, Harry managed to shake himself back to reality before he walked off with a smile on his face.

'Aw, does Harry have a crush?' Venom asked.

'No, I don't, and are you teasing me?'

'A bit.' Venom admitted.

"You think you're so smart, Potter! Don't you?!" Malfoy spat angrily as he along with Crabbe and Goyle stormed over to the Gryffindor table at breakfast the next day.

"Malfoy, it's far too early in the morning for you." Harry sighed before dumping a large amount of food onto his plate.

"You think it was fun getting me into trouble?!" Malfoy demanded.

"Yes," Harry nodded simply before he began eating.

"You better watch yourself, scar-head!" Malfoy warned. "I..."

"Malfoy," Harry interrupted. "I really don't care," He said in a tired voice.

"we get it. You'll make me pay, you'll do this and that, you'll probably go and cry to Professor Snape and/or your dad, we get it. Frankly, your whole thing is so old it's gone stale."

"True," Ron snorted in amusement. "I'm surprised he hasn't told us that his father will hear about this."

"I think he was probably getting to that later." Hermione guessed in a mock-thoughtful way.

"Shut it!" Malfoy growled. "I..."

"Is there a problem here?" A voice asked, Malfoy looked to his right and saw Professor McGonagall standing next to him.

"No, Professor." Malfoy lied through gritted teeth.

"Well, in that case, I'm sure that you have no issue with returning to your seat, yes?" She asked, raising an eyebrow at him. Malfoy, for a second, looked like he was ready to argue with her, but evidently thought better of it and gave her a stiff nod before he walked off back to the Slytherin table. Professor McGonagall gave the Gryffindors a nod before she

walked off to the staff table.

"Looks like Professor McGonagall has still got it." Ron grinned.

"Yeah," Harry nodded in agreement before remembering Tonks's words.

"the old girl's not one to mess with."

"Hmm," Hermione hummed and nodded in agreement. "you two should hurry up and eat, we've got defence against the dark arts today, and I want to see how good Professor Lupin is."

"Hopefully he's better than the last two." Harry sighed.

"To be fair, mate, the bar's not that high," Ron replied.

"True," Harry hummed. "so we just got to hope that he's not completely useless or has Voldemort sticking out the back of his head."

"Or both." Ron grinned.

"Or both," Harry grinned back.

Professor Lupin had already proved himself to be far more likeable than the others by starting off with a practical lesson, having brought the class to a room where he had a boggart waiting in a cupboard for them.

Unfortunately, Snape was there when they arrived, though thankfully for Harry the man had left quickly, though not before insulting poor Neville.

"Now, can anybody tell me what a boggart looks like?" Professor Lupin asked.

"Nobody knows," Hermione's voice spoke up, startling Ron. "a boggart is a shapeshifter."

"Where did she come from?!" Ron hissed into Harry's ear. Harry didn't answer and instead stared at Hermione with narrowed eyes as she continued to explain that a boggart would shapeshift into a person's worst fears.

'Venom, she wasn't here before, was she?' Harry asked, knowing how observant his alien friend was.

'No, she just showed up a few minutes ago.'

'Curious.'

'Indeed.'

"Miss Granger is correct," Professor Lupin said with a small smile.

"boggarts are indeed terrifying, but they are not invincible. To some skilled wizards, they can be nothing more than highly frightening pests, now let's begin on how to combat these creatures. The boggart wants your fear, you need to do your best to not give him it. What a boggart really hates, what really finishes him off, is laughter. You will have to change the boggart into a form that you find funny, it can be anything, but it must be funny to you. Now, let's start with the incantation we need to repel a boggart, the incantation is 'Riddikulus'. Repeat it for me class."

He waited patiently for the class to repeat the incantation.

"This class is ridiculous." Harry heard Malfoy whisper to Crabbe and Goyle, the two gave him a small laugh in return. Harry frowned, this class had only gone on for about a little while and it was already the best class they had so far, Harry was positive that Malfoy just hated Lupin because of how the man dressed.

"Now, Neville, how about you come up here?" Professor Lupin said kindly to Neville who looked like he'd rather not move at all, still, the Gryffindor boy did do as he was told. "Now, what frightens you the most?" He asked. Neville didn't immediately answer, and instead mumbled something whilst staring down at his feet. "I'm sorry?"

"P...Professor Snape." Neville managed to look up as he answered, many students laughed at that. Harry found it amusing as well, but another part of him couldn't help but be upset by it. Neville, while clumsy and frightened of everything, was a fairly decent guy, all things considered. He didn't deserve to be terrorised, he shouldn't have to be afraid of his

teacher either, what does it say about Snape that he's literally a student's worst fear? Not for the first time, Harry couldn't help but wonder why Dumbledore had hired the man.

"Yes, Professor Snape, frightens all." Professor Lupin joked. "Why don't we make him a little less frightening?" He suggested before moving forwards and whispering something in Neville's ear, Neville stared at Professor Lupin with disbelief but eventually nodded and pulled out his wand.

Professor Lupin smiled before flicking his wand in the direction of the cupboard, a second later the boggart stepped out in the form of Snape.

'Wow, it got the big nose down perfectly.' Venom's comment almost caused Harry to laugh but thankfully he was able to restrain himself.

"R...riddikulus!" Neville yelled, jabbing his wand in fake Snape's direction. A few seconds later the Gryffindors in the class erupted with laughter when they saw Professor Snape dressed in a green dress with a red handbag and a hat with a stuffed vulture on it. Harry barely remembered that that was the same way Neville's grandmother dressed, as it was, he was too busy holding up Ron who looked like he was about to fall over with laughter. The majority of the Slytherins, especially Malfoy, were less than happy about the disrespect to the head of their house and main backer.

"Nicely done!" Professor Lupin smiled at Neville who beamed back at him. "Now go to the back of the class, the rest of you form a line and we'll take turns dealing with the boggart."

Quickly the students formed a line and each took their turn with the boggart, it was interesting to watch. The boggart turned into a variety of things such as a large snake, a zombie and even a clown. Ron ended up dealing with a spider but he was able to make it fall over by attacking roller skates to each of its legs. Eventually, though it was Harry's turn.

'Your worst fear will be a dementor,' Venom told Harry as he stepped up.

'Are you sure?' Harry asked, he'd been through a lot of stuff and fought a lot of creatures. But now, as he thought about it, he realised that Venom

was right. The dementors made him relive his worst memories, and for

someone like him, that was pure torture. 'Actually, yeah, I can see that.'

'As soon as it transforms, quickly cast your spell.' Venom advised him.

'Don't wait, do it as soon as possible.'

'Got it. What do you think I should transform it into?'

'I have one idea.' Harry felt like he could see Venom's grin, a second later

Venom let Harry know what he was thinking.

Harry took a deep breath as he finally stopped in position, the boggart

saw him and quickly transformed into a dementor. The dementor barely

had the time to move forwards when it was hit by Harry's spell and

quickly transformed.

"Um...Mr Potter," Professor Lupin said as the whole class stared at the

boggart. "you do remember the point of the lesson, right?"

"You said to turn it into something funny," Harry pointed out before

gesturing to the boggart which was now in the form of Draco Malfoy. "so

I turned it into the biggest joke I could think of." Harry finished, earning

another round of laughter from the Gryffindors while a red-faced Malfoy

tried to glare a hole into the back of Harry's head.

"Mr Potter, ten points from Gryffindor for disrespecting a classmate."

Despite Professor Lupin's words, Harry could see the small smirk on the

corner of the man's lips and was able to detect the amusement in his

voice. Harry gave him an apologetic look before he walked to the back of

the class, ignoring the death glare from Malfoy.

"What class do we have next?" Ron asked as they walked out of their

defence against the dark arts classroom.

"Charms," Hermione answered before turning her attention. "I still don't understand why you did that in class." She said disapprovingly.

"Excuse me, I seem to remember you laughing as well." Harry reminded her.

"I'm not saying it wasn't funny," Hermione defended. "but I am saying that it was..."

"Oh lay off it, Hermione," Ron interrupted. "it was bloody brilliant."

"Thanks," Harry grinned.

"Still, I don't know what got into you, Harry." Hermione persisted.

"I don't know, what's got into you?" Harry asked defensively

"What is that supposed to mean?" Hermione frowned.

"It means, why don't you tell us how you're able to take so many classes at once?" Harry raised an eyebrow. "Apparently you're taking divination which is at the same time as ancient runes, how the hell does that work? And I can't help but notice that you've been coming late to classes since we got back, very unlike you. Huh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Hermione said quickly, avoiding Harry's eyes before she rushed off.

"What the bloody hell was that about?" Ron blurted out.

"I'm wondering the exact same thing."

14. Chapter 14 - Venom in action

Reviews:

Chaos Snow Kitsune: There will be plenty more of Tonks in the future.

WhiteElfElder: "Oh come on, what's the worst that can happen?"

JustBored21 asked with an innocent expression on his face.

Appo1119: Can you give me an example, please? I think I know what you're talking about but I'd like to make sure.

FailedKeikaku: Glad you liked it.

Chapter 14 - Venom in action

The next day after classes had finished, Harry decided to head straight to his room, not really in the mood to do anything. Hermione had been avoiding him all day, likely due to their conversation yesterday, something that annoyed Harry a lot. Harry could admit that it was very irritating when Hermione always went off on him for keeping something secret from her when she was fine doing it against him, she would even huff and complain if he ever told her to wait. Harry recalled how last year Hermione had guessed that the basilisk was attacking students from the Hogwarts pipes but didn't tell Harry and Ron, instead she decided to rush off to the library to confirm her theory first. As far as Harry was concerned, it would have been a lot better if she had told them her theory first and then went off to the library, that way they could've gone with her to help her check and maybe they could've helped her avoid getting caught by the basilisk.

'Or maybe you all would've gotten caught by the basilisk.' Venom thought.

'Shut up,' Harry thought back in a tired voice as he walked to the common room on his own, Ron not being with him thanks to getting detention with the 'loveable' bat of Slytherin, Snape. Harry walked at a calm pace, alone in his own thoughts as the corridor was empty at the moment, though he stopped a second later when his enhanced hearing allowed him to hear someone say something rather interesting.

"It's a shame about Tonks." One voice said.

"I know, do you think she'll be okay?" Another voice asked. Harry walked ahead and peeked around the corner and saw a couple of aurors talking with each other. One of the aurors was female while the other was male.

"I hope so," The male auror replied. "I hope the high-ups don't give her a

hard time about it as well."

"They might," The female frowned. "do you think this will mess up her chance of graduating to a proper auror?"

"Well, it won't help matters," The male auror sighed. "I mean, getting kidnapped doesn't look good for an auror."

"What?!" Harry hissed before he ran around the corner and rushed towards the two aurors. "Excuse me," He called as he quickly stopped in front of the aurors. "did you guys say Tonks has been kidnapped?!"

"What's it to you?" The male auror frowned before the female spoke up.

"Holy quidditch, it's Harry Potter!" She blurted out, recognising his scar, a moment later the male auror also stared at him with wide eyes.

"Look, Tonks is my friend, and I want to know what happened to her!"

Harry said impatiently, he was definitely not in the mood for adults over-reacting to his scar and treating him like a celebrity. The two aurors exchanged looks before they turned to Harry.

"She was kidnapped," The female auror said in a soft voice. "during a walk around Diagon Alley, last we heard she had been taken into Knockturn Alley."

'Tonks is in danger!' Venom yelled, sounding quite distressed.

"But I wouldn't worry," The male auror said in a reassuring voice. "the aurors will get her out."

"Yeah, exactly," The female smiled. "now, you should run along, don't worry about Tonks. She'll be perfectly safe."

'I doubt it.' Venom snorted while Harry dumbly nodded and walked off.

'Do you think that Tonks will be safe?' Harry mentally asked Venom.

'No,' Venom answered bluntly. 'we should go and help her.'

'Help her? You mean dress up in black and go there?'

'Yeah, I can get a good meal or two while we're there.'

'Fine,' Harry said after a few moments of thinking. 'but you're not eating anybody's head.'

'Please!' Venom begged.

'No, but if you be good then I'll let you eat a limb or two, as long as you keep that person alive.' Harry sighed.

'Deal.' Venom agreed, he knew that this would be the best compromise he would get from Harry, at least for now.

'Good, now how the hell do we get out of the castle without getting caught?' Harry wondered.

'The chamber of secrets,' Venom replied. 'go in there and then use the pipes to sneak towards the forbidden forest. Once we get out of the pipes then we'll teleport.'

'You can teleport?' Harry asked with amazement.

'No, but you can.' Venom quickly sent Harry a memory of Harry running from Dudley's gang and suddenly appearing on top of a school roof.

'That was accidental magic,' Harry pointed out. 'I can't do that again.'

'I can make you do it again,' Venom said confidently. 'once we get into Diagon we can sneak into Knockturn then I'll be able to track her down, now, get on with it.' He said once Harry stepped into an alcove and looked around, spotting no students or teachers or even ghosts. There were a couple of paintings but thankfully they were currently sleeping at the moment. Harry nodded and a second later Venom turned him invisible.

'Let's do it.' Harry took in a deep breath before he started heading towards the chamber of secrets.

"How long do you plan to keep me here, you gormless, knobs?" Tonks said quite loudly.

"Quiet!" A voice snapped, causing Tonks to roll her eyes.

Tonks looked around the large room she was in, once more assessing her situation. She was currently tied to a wooden chair with her feet tied to the chair's front legs and her arms tied to the armrests of the chair, inside the room were nine hostiles dressed in black, one of which was a nervous-looking female that appeared to be missing a hand. A few meters behind her was a small table with a few cups of tea on it, behind that was a large window that allowed her a view of the outside but was clearly charmed so that nobody could see the inside unless these people were bigger idiots than she thought. The floor, wall and ceilings were wooden and easily breakable (unless they were charmed) so she had another way out if she could get to her wand, which was currently in the female's pocket.

"I don't like this," The female shivered. "we should finish this quickly in case...you know, 'it', comes here."

"Oh, 'it', yeah, right scary that." One of the men laughed.

"You weren't there!" The woman hissed angrily. "That bloody thing cost me my hand!" She snarled, holding up her stump wrist.

"Are you sure it wasn't just a wizard with an illusion charm?" Another asked, sighing as he did so.

"It was no illusion!" She shrieked. "I saw the thing with my own two eyes! Rose up like it was too horrible for hell and stared at me with its white eyes and sharp teeth!"

"Calm yourself," He replied. "we'll just hold up here until the aurors finish their search, when they find nothing we'll sneak the metamorph out."

"The 'metamorph' has a name, you know," Tonks spoke up. "and the correct term is 'metamorphmagus', asshole."

"Whatever." The man before he walked past Tonks to where the table was before he picked up a cup of tea and then turned around to face the

others.

"We need to leave as soon as possible," The woman insisted, shaking her head.

"Look," Another man said. "we..." Whatever he was about to say was cut off by the sound of the window smashing.

Everyone turned to face the window and saw that it had indeed been smashed as there was a massive hole in the middle of it, the man that was about to drink his tea was now lying face down on the floor, his head had made a noticeable dent in the wooden floor. But that wasn't the biggest point of interest for everybody in the room, it was instead the person that had his hand on top of the man's head, the person who had actually landed on top of the man and had one knee on his back.

This new arrival had a thin body, covered from head to toe in black except for the white spider logo that was on his front and back, not to mention the white tear-drop shaped eyes on his head. The new arrival looked around the room as his upper body swayed in a circle motion, the swaying continued for another ten seconds before his gaze stopped upon the woman.

"We remember you!" He grinned, his mouth shifting to reveal a set of razor-sharp teeth, causing the woman to let out a frightened scream as she took a step back before tripping and falling on her butt. He laughed as his teeth disappeared once more, his deep voice not helping the situation as it sent shivers straight down everybody's spines.

"Who the hell are you?" One of the men demanded, aiming a wand at him.

"Who we are?" The figure asked. "That's easy, we are Venom." He laughed before he pushed himself off the man and performed a backflip that caused him to land behind the table, he kicked the table and it flew

across the room before crashing into the man who had aimed a wand at him. The table sent him flying back and crashing into the man behind him, taking them both out. The others (with the exception of the woman who was still paralysed with fear) fired at Venom who quickly jumped up in the air, he shot out a tentacle from each arm that grabbed two of the men and pulled them into the air with him. Venom spun around and tossed the two into two others, taking out all four of them.

Venom eyed the last two, they both fired a spell at him, Venom lept over the spells and grabbed the nearest one before tossing him straight at the ceiling. Venom turned to face the last one and got hit with a spell just as the other one had fallen down from the ceiling and landed on the floor with a loud crash.

"Ow." Venom's dry voice was accompanied by a bit of black on his shoulder shifting briefly before returning to normal.

"Oh my..." The wizard who had shot him trailed off in horror. "I..." The man was cut off as Venom grabbed him by the neck and raised him in the air before viciously executing the wrestling move known as a 'choke slam', leaving the wizard knocked unconscious and likely to be in tremendous amounts of pain when he woke up, providing that his injury didn't cause death.

"And there was one left," Venom chuckled as he turned to the woman who was now recovered enough to begin reaching into her robes for a wand with her remaining hand. Unfortunately, for her, she was cut off when a tentacle from Venom grabbed her and yanked her to Venom who caught her by the neck. "naughty, naughty, very naughty girl." Venom laughed as he effortlessly held her up with one hand. "We took away a hand and you didn't learn, maybe we should take away your head instead."

'No, Venom,' Harry's voice interrupted. 'no eating heads.'

'Spoilsport.' Venom thought back.

"One more chance," Venom told her. "the next time, we eat your head."

"Oh yes!" The woman said quickly. "Please, thank you! Thank you! I...I'll change my ways! Turn a new leaf! I promise!"

"Good, good," Venom purred. "but...maybe we should give you proper motivation, just in case."

"What?! NO!" The woman barely managed to get the word out before Venom bit off her other hand, he dropped her to the floor as she rolled around, screaming in pure agony.

"Baby." Venom snorted at her behaviour before picking up a nearby wand and flicking it at her, causing the wound to become covered in bandages.

"You'll live long enough to see a healer." He told her as he tossed the wand away and walked to Tonks.

'Apparently, I can do magic when I'm in control, good to know.' Venom thought just before he stopped in front of a wide-eyed and completely shocked Tonks.

"Who the hell are you?" Tonks barely managed to get the words out of her mouth without stuttering. "What are you?"

"We are Venom," Venom told her proudly, giving her a small bow as he did so.

"But...but there's only one of you." Tonks couldn't help but point out.

"If there was only one of us then we wouldn't have said 'we', would we?"

Venom asked Tonks in a patient and logical manner.

"Is there somebody else here?" She asked in a confused voice as she looked around the room.

"No," Venom sighed before he pointed to himself. "WE are Venom." He emphasised by jabbing himself in the chest with his finger.

"I...am really stupid right now, and very confused," Tonks admitted, still staring at him with wide eyes. Venom let out a deep huff, he was about to say something before he paused and patted Tonks on the shoulder.

"Not your fault, you're in shock." He told her comfortingly. "When you get better then you'll remember how awesome we were and you'll understand."

"Probably." Tonks nodded as she agreed, not knowing what else to do.

"Good girl." Venom fingertips on his right hand sharpened before he swung his arm in her direction, Tonks flinched and closed her eyes, though a moment later she opened them when she realised that he had actually been cut the ropes that kept her tied to the chair.

"Um...thanks."

"You're welcome." He told her as he grabbed her by the arm and gently helped her up.

"Wow!" Tonks let out a deep breath as she stepped past him and looked at the destruction that he had left behind. "Are you sure that..." She trailed off when she looked back and saw that he had disappeared. A moment later she expertly expressed her thoughts through a series of well-spoken words. "What the fuck?!"

15. Chapter 15 - Tonks's saviour

Reviews:

fallendemon248: She got kidnapped 'offscreen' and she only really rolled with it because she was in shock but not too much shock since she has lived in the magical world most her life.

BMS: He doesn't think that eating either is acceptable, he just realises that eating bodyparts instead of heads is the best compromise he was going to get.

Tork01: Glad you enjoyed the story so far.

Chapter 15 - Tonks's saviour

"Now, Auror Trainee Tonks," Amelia Bones, head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement (also known as the 'DMLE' for short) said as she sat opposite Tonks with a notepad and a quill that hovered above the notepad and wrote down every word that was being said. "I have your statement but I will be asking you to repeat some parts of your story and I will be asking a few other questions, do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Tonks confirmed with a polite and professional voice as she sat with her hair in a neutral brown colour.

"Have you met your kidnappers before the abduction?" She asked, the quill continuing to write down everything that was being said.

"No, Miss Bones." Tonks shook her head.

"So you have no idea who they are?"

"Actually, I can guess who they are," Tonks admitted. "I know that the aurors have been looking for some human traffickers in knock turn alley. I think they were excited about the idea of having a metamorphmagus and selling her." Tonks finished, sounding more irritated than anything else.

"Hmm." Amelia hummed but didn't say anything more as she could see where Tonks was getting at, many people wanted to have a shapeshifter like Tonks. The idea of a woman that could transform into any person that they desire would make Tonks a far more valuable product to sell than any other regular woman. "Let's continue," She told her. "tell me about your saviour. Describe him to me."

"Okay," Tonks nodded and resisted the urge to point out that she had already done that at least twice to different people. "in height he was just a bit taller than my usual height since his chin was eye-level with me. He was covered from head to toe in what looked like black goo. He had a

logo on his front and back in the shape of a spider and he had two big white eyes on his head and that was it unless he opened his mouth, in which case the goo on his face shifted away to reveal a set of properly sharp teeth."

"Thank you," Amelia nodded appreciatively as she looked down at what was written before she looked back up to Tonks. "is this person human?"

"I'm not entirely sure," Tonks answered honestly. "he performed physical feats that were far beyond any regular human and I saw him eat that woman's hand, apparently she had met him before. He said that he remembered her."

"Yes, we have reports of her being arrested quite recently but getting off on a technicality," Madam Bones frowned. "during that time she reported a large black beast bit off her hand."

"Well, this guy wasn't that large." Tonks pointed out.

"True, but she also said that the beast could transform and had previously been disguised as a teenage boy," Madam Bones continued. "it's possible that this being is a shapeshifter."

"Maybe," Tonks hummed thoughtfully. "one more thing, Madam," She said suddenly as she remembered something. "I'm not sure if I had told you yet but the person insisted on being referred to as 'we'."

"I beg your pardon?" She asked, raising an eyebrow at Tonks.

"When I asked him about his identity, he answered that his name was 'Venom', but he didn't say 'I'm Venom'. He said 'we are Venom'. 'We are Venom'," She repeated. "every time, it's always 'we' instead of 'I'."

"And what do you think this means?" She asked curiously.

"Well, I'm not completely sure, but I do have some guesses."

"I have enough time to listen to them," She said in a dry voice before gesturing for her to continue.

"Well, my first guess is that he's actually working with someone who could be hiding behind the scenes somewhere, maybe under a few spells or something, but I don't think that's right," Tonks began. "because if he didn't want us to know about a potential second then he would say 'I' instead of 'we'. So we can rule that out unless we think that that is some weird master plan where he expected us to work it out."

"Let's put that in the 'maybe' column," Madam Bones' voice made it clear that she didn't think the last part of Tonks's sentence was right. "please, continue."

"Another theory is that maybe this guy has some problem in his mouth or brain and maybe is education and thinks that 'we' is the correct word to use," Tonks continued. "at the moment my other theories are split personalities and maybe he actually believes that there are two of him."

"Hmm, one final question, what is your opinion of this man, if it even is human?" She asked.

"Well, on the one hand, he is pretty brutal and very dangerous," Tonks answered honestly. "but on the other hand, he did come and help me out of a dangerous situation, so I am grateful for his help."

"Hmm, very well, you've already provided us with a copy of your memory of the event, correct?"

"Yes, Madam Bones," Tonks confirmed with a small nod. "I gave it to Deputy Head Scrimgeour, he should have already finished examining it now."

"Good," Madam Bones hummed as she stared at the written down notes she had. "thank you, that will be all, Auror Trainee Tonks."

"Yes, Ma'am." Tonks saluted as she stood up before she turned and walked out of the room.

Harry yawned as he walked into his bedroom and dropped face-first

down onto his bed, he was rather tired from having a day of school after saving Tonks yesterday, which included sneaking in and out of school to go and rescue Tonks. The only real good thing about today was that he and Hermione seemed to be talking again, though both had decided to not bring up Hermione's timetable again through an unspoken agreement.

'I'm glad that you didn't whine when I ate that woman's hand.' Venom spoke up.

'I don't whine,' Harry objected. 'I complain, and that's only when you eat things that I don't want to eat, like humans. Besides, the way I see it, all of it goes into your stomach, not mine, so as long as you don't kill someone I'll stay quiet.'

'Good to know,' Venom said in an amused voice. The alien was very tempted to point out that they had more than likely killed quite a few people unless those people had been able to get medical help quickly. Venom knew that Harry didn't understand how delicate humans were, when he was younger Harry had been able to sneak in some peaks at cartoons and TV shows where people would get beat up, they had coloured his perception of reality. In those shows people could get hit and be fine, in reality, every hit could risk permanent damage happening to a person's body. Venom, having spent some time in a human's body, knew exactly how they worked, Venom could tell Harry exactly how everything from his liver to his throat worked. Venom had not been 'that' gentle with those men so they had likely died from internal injuries unless help arrived in time, that woman had likely died from blood loss but if she hadn't then she'd be useless for the rest of her life unless magic was somehow able to give her both hands back. 'Tonks should be coming back soon,' Venom reminded him before experiencing Harry's emotions at

the mention of Tonks. 'you like her?'

'Yeah, of course, I like her, Tonks is fun and nice.' Harry answered without thinking. 'She's a good friend.'

'No, you like her as more than a friend,' Venom said confidently.

'What?' Harry asked intelligently as he lift his head off the pillow.

'You like Tonks, you should tell her that.'

'I don't like her like that and we are not having this conversation.' Harry decided before slamming his face right back down on the pillow.

'Poor thing, he's in denial.' Venom told himself, though Harry of course had to hear it, as evidenced by the way he groaned into his pillow.

"Hey, Tonks!" Harry smiled when he spotted Tonks the next day as he made his way to the great hall for breakfast along with Ron and Hermione.

"Wotcher Harry!" She smiled back as he stopped in front of her and pulled her into a hug, surprising not just her but also his two friends as evidenced by the shocked looks on their faces. "Oh, what's up with this?" She asked when Harry let her go.

"I was worried about you," Harry admitted. "I overheard some aurors talking about you, I then asked them and they said that you had been kidnapped."

"What?!" Hermione blurted out, "Why didn't you tell us this?!" She demanded.

'Oh right, we didn't tell them.' Venom remembered.

"Because I was too busy freaking out about it and because you weren't talking to me then," Harry replied to Hermione before turning back to Tonks. "anyway, I'm glad you're alright."

"Thanks, boy-wonder," Tonks grinned before giving Harry a brief one-armed hug, enjoying the feeling of pressing her chin into his head, she

rather liked that she was taller than him, at least she was for now. "but I'm fine, really."

"If you're sure, you want to come and eat with us?" Harry offered.

"I'd love to, but unfortunately I am at work," Tonks reminded him.

"maybe later if I get a break when you're eating."

"Great!" Harry smiled.

"Oh, does Harry have a crush?" Ron asked teasingly.

'Shut up!' Venom yelled. 'You're ruining the moment!'

"Don't tease him," Tonks told off Ron while Harry's face turned a bit red.

"Harry and I are just good friends."

'Ooof!' Venom exclaimed. 'Friend-zoned!'

"Uh, yeah, friends," Harry lamely agreed, not entirely sure why he suddenly felt a lot worse than before. "anyway, we should get going, see you later, Tonks." Harry gave her a small smile before he walked off with Ron and Hermione following behind him.

Tonks looked at the group with a sad smile on her face, she guessed that Harry had a crush on her, but unfortunately for him, she didn't really think that anything could happen between the two of them. Sure Harry was a nice boy and pretty good looking for his age, but at the moment he was still too young for her and she would catch hell if her superiors learnt that she was dating the boy who lived, not to mention what the rest of the public would think. A voice that sounded remarkably like Molly Weasley started speaking in her head, saying 'No, Harry deserved better than her and should settle down with a nice witch around his age.'. "I still can't believe that you didn't even tell us that Tonks was in danger,"

Hermione complained as they walked into the great hall and took their seats.

"Yeah, well maybe if you had been talking to me then I would have."

Harry snarked back just as plates full of food appeared. "But apparently you expect me to somehow communicate everything to you even when you're avoiding me."

"I wasn't avoiding you!" Hermione protested, her face turning a small shade of red. "Besides, even if I was..."

"Which you were." Harry nodded as if he was simply reciting a basic fact.

"Which I was not, thank you very much," Hermione continued, glaring at him as he started eating. "then that's still not a good excuse to not tell us that someone had been kidnapped." She finished in a severe tone, looking at him expectantly, clearly waiting for an apology from him.

"What would you have done?" Harry asked in an exasperated manner as he put his fork and knife down to stare at her. "I didn't know that you were an auror who could leave the castle any time she wanted so you could go and do a job that all the other actual aurors couldn't do."

"Harry, that's not the point," Hermione said in an exasperated manner of her own. "you still could have told us, you should have told us."

"Why?" Harry asked, running a hand through his hair, feeling quite irritated with Hermione at the moment.

"What do you mean 'why?! We're friends!'" She barked at him. "You're supposed to tell us important things."

"Ha, pot, kettle, black." Harry snorted while Ron sat to the side of the two of them, looking uncomfortable but ultimately doing his best to try and ignore the tension by eating a hearty breakfast.

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" She raised an eyebrow, tilting her head up in what Harry thought was her attempt to copy Professor McGonagall, unfortunately for Hermione, she was not Professor McGonagall.

'You're right,' Venom agreed. 'she has nothing on the original.'

'Yep,' Harry agreed before he continued speaking to Hermione. "I said this

is a clear case of the pot calling the kettle black, even though the pot herself is black. Which is weird on so many levels and would be even weirder if we didn't live in a world where we could probably charm pots and kettles to speak."

"Are you calling me a hypocrite?!" Hermione demanded. Harry stared at her for a moment and his expression softened at seeing the hurt look on her face.

"No, I...I'm sorry, Hermione, I didn't mean to offend." He apologised.

'No, no, no!' Venom spoke up. 'Don't apologize, stand your ground! You did nothing wrong!'

'But I don't want to hurt her and...'

'If she's hurt because you're honest then that's her problem!' Venom hissed. 'You did nothing wrong and she's trying to bite your head off! I'm the only one that does the biting here! Besides, we did nothing wrong! We were trying to save Tonks! If we were late then she could have died! You wanted Tonks to die so you could talk to the girl that was ignoring you?!'

'What?! No! But I...'

'But nothing, if you back down now then that means you were wrong to save Tonks, we weren't wrong! We were right! We saved Tonks!'

"Harry," Ron brought him back to reality by shaking his shoulder. "are you awake?" He asked, staring at him along with Hermione. "You sort of blanked out."

"I'm fine, my brain just hasn't fully woken up yet," Harry fibbed as he waved their concerns off. "anyway," He said to Hermione. "like I was saying, I don't mean to offend but you clearly have secrets of your own that you're keeping from us."

"Like how you attend more than one class at the same time." Ron nodded.

"See," Harry gestured to Ron. "even Ron noticed and we all know that he doesn't care about anything not related to food and quidditch."

"Oi!" Ron objected.

"My point is, between the two of us, you're the one keeping secrets, I'm the one who heard important information that a person - who is more my friend than yours - was kidnapped and I needed time to process it." Harry finished with a small shrug of his shoulders.

"I...suppose you might have a point." Hermione quietly conceded before she started eating, making no attempt to restart any further conversation. Harry stopped himself from sighing when he saw her obviously trying to stay quiet so to reduce the risk of the conversation going back to her own secrets.

'She insists on keeping secrets from you yet yells at you when you keep information from her,' Venom said in a thoughtful voice. 'are you sure you shouldn't get a better friend?'

'She's alright,' Harry insisted. 'I know she's got problems and she's not perfect, Merlin knows that I'm not perfect either, but she's always been there for me.'

'For all of two school years,' Venom pointed out.

'I've known her longer than I've known you.' Harry pointed out.

'Yep,' Venom agreed, not either bothering to deny that, it was a simple fact that Harry had known Hermione for longer. 'but here's the difference between me and her, I will never ever abandon you no matter what. No matter what happens, you won't ever be separated from me and even if we were, I'd try and find you, no matter what it took. She has other priorities, but you're the singular focus of my life and no matter what happens, I will be here for you.'

Harry stayed silent as he ate his breakfast, he didn't respond because he

didn't really know how to respond to that, he didn't know what to say to that heartfelt confession that had come out of nowhere and surprised him. Harry couldn't help but feel like Venom meant every word, it certainly sounded like it, it definitely felt like it. But Harry didn't know what to say, so he stayed quiet, even though a part of him couldn't help but feel a little lighter after hearing Venom's words.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter, also for those of you wanting to see a less passive Harry, you'll enjoy the next few chapters after this one. If anybody is interested in reading that straight away then you can search up JB21 on pat-reon and read the latest post of this story which is chapter 18.

Also, on a more personal note that has nothing to do with the story, the wife and I had our first major argument. Lasted a week and is pretty much resolved now, best part though...she admitted that she was the one that caused the most problems during this argument and that she started it which, after being told repeatedly by my family that I would always be in the wrong by default of being the husband, was nice to hear.

Anyway, thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

16. Chapter 16 - Harry vs Snape

Reviews:

Athrium: Don't worry, totally understood, I'm not demanding money, I'm just appreciative if you can spare some, if not then I love you all just the same (apart from a few dickheads on this site, but what can you do?)

FailedKeikaku: I'm not going to lie, that would make a good story.

the stargate time traveller: Let's be honest, if we start questioning a lot of things in Harry Potter then it all breaks apart, that's why my stories can get away with bullshit like that. XD

SixFtWookie: I only have to worry if she reads it and she's not really into

fanfiction so I should be fine, but if she ever does then I already have several escape plans in place. :)

Chapter 16 - Harry vs Snape

'What the fuck does she mean that we're 'just friends'?' Harry wondered, lying down in bed, seemingly unable to be claimed by sleep. 'It just sounds so weird, 'just friends', like, what is that supposed to mean?'

'Were you hoping for you both to be something more?' Venom asked.

'What? No.' Harry quickly answered.

'You do realise that I can access your head and know your every thought, right?' Venom asked but continued to speak. 'Don't worry, we'll win her over.'

'What the hell do you mean to win her over?' Harry frowned.

'You're in love with her.' Venom stated simply.

'No, I'm not,' Harry denied.

'Then why does it bother you if you're just friends?' Venom asked patiently.

'I... ' Harry paused as he really couldn't think of a good answer to that question, mostly because he well and truly did not know why it bothered him. '...I don't know.'

'Just blame the Dursleys,' Venom suggested. 'the bastards stunted your mental and emotional growth.'

'That's a bit offensive.' Harry thought, though he also realised that Venom may have had a point. Between his aunt and uncle, heck, even his cousin at school, Harry's interaction with people had been very limited until he had reached Hogwarts, by that point he considered the fact that he was even able to have one friend to be nothing short of an actual miracle. Not to mention that the Dursleys had never really parented him, their interactions were mostly just making him do chores and hating his

existence. 'But you might be right, who knows how I would have ended up like if not for them?' Harry added, never really one to miss the opportunity to blame something on the Dursleys, after all, they do the same to him.

'Don't worry, we can win her over.' Venom told him in a comforting tone.

'I'm not going to try and win her over,' Harry said, sighing as he did so.

'there's no way Tonks will be interested in someone like me.'

'But you're a catch!' Venom protested, causing Harry to blush slightly.

'Leave it, Venom.' Harry told him, sounding quite tired.

'Fine.' Venom grumbled, he would do as Harry requested and leave it, for now at least. Truthfully, Venom had no intention of leaving it. Harry, due to a lack of emotional education and his own stubbornness, was not willing to admit to his interest in Tonks, but Venom detected his emotions and they were far stronger when Tonks was around, much tastier as well. So, if Harry was going to be stubborn, then that meant that Venom was going to help him out, just like a good friend would do, which is why that night Harry barely got any sleep since Venom kept shoving memories of Tonks into the forefront of Harry's mind.

"Damn it," Harry softly hissed under his breath as he sat down in potions class, waiting for Snape to show up.

Harry was not in the best of moods thanks to a lack of sleep, the weird feeling's that he had no experience with and the fact that Hermione was still acting weird around him, so naturally, he was not happy to be in a classroom with a teacher who had hated his guts since before Harry had even met the man. As far as Harry knew, Snape hated him because he thought that Harry was a spoiled celebrity and because he had a grudge against Harry's father, something that Harry thought to be incredibly stupid. Harry didn't get much more time to think about his situation since

a second later, Snape walked into the room.

Harry barely stopped himself from scoffing as the door slammed shut behind him as the man's cape billowed behind him as he walked to the front, such dramatics might have seemed impressive, but when you saw it nearly every day, it got boring quickly, especially when you hated the guy doing it. The man took the register, sneering and drawling when he got to Harry's name, looking like he smelt something foul.

'Fuck you too, Snape.' Harry thought to himself, earning a chuckle from Venom.

"Today, we will be learning to make the wideye potion," Snape began, speaking slowly, stretching out his words.

'He loves to hear the sound of his own voice,' Venom commented.

"Potter," Snape said suddenly. "perhaps you can tell us something about this potion, what do you know about it?" He asked, the corners of his lips curving up slightly.

'Wants to embarrass me in front of the class, prick.' Harry thought, well aware of Snape's often-used tactic of asking questions and mocking people when they didn't know the answers, he had done it enough times to Harry over the years.

"It's a potion!" Harry answered, in an over-enthusiastic voice, earning laughter from most of his Gryffindor classmates with the exception of Hermione and Neville, the former looking disapproving while the other was far too terrified of Snape to dare laugh in the man's classroom in front of him.

"Quiet!" Snape barked at the Gryffindors who immediately quietened down, he glared at Harry who was staring back at him innocently. "It's good to see that your time at Hogwarts is not completely wasted on you, that'll be ten points from Gryffindor," Snape sniffed before turning to

speak to the rest of the classroom. "this potion prevents the user from falling asleep and may also be used to awaken someone from who has been drugged or suffering from a concussion, it is also used as an antidote for the 'Draught of Living Death'." Snape flicked his wand at the board and the recipe for the potion appeared. "Now, I think it might be time to mix up the seating arrangements." Snape stared at Harry with a look that promised the boy would not like what was about to come.

And Harry did not, the students were paired up in a seemingly random fashion even if the Gryffindors and Slytherins were kept separate, but eventually, Snape paired Harry with Neville. Now, Harry had no problem with Neville at all, except the boy couldn't make a potion to save his life. Harry doubted it was because the boy was completely incompetent, he felt it was more likely that the boy just messed up because Snape intimidated him so much that he couldn't think properly when making the potion. But that doesn't change the fact that Neville was pretty much hopeless at potions and everyone knew it.

"I'm sorry," Neville apologised when Harry sat next to him, the chubby boy looking embarrassed and apologetic. "I know that you don't want to be paired with me and..."

"It's fine," Harry cut him off. "just be careful and try and relax."

"Easy for you to say." Neville scoffed.

"Look, I'll set the workplace up, you get the ingredients and get them ready," Harry told him.

"Okay," Neville gave Harry a small nod before he walked off to get the ingredients.

'Venom,' Harry mentally communicated with his alien companion.

'Yes?' Venom asked.

'I don't normally ask for help like this, but can you please keep an eye out

so that Neville doesn't accidentally blow us up?' Harry asked.

'Gladly,' Venom replied, not wanting to risk the chance of them being burnt. 'I already have the recipe memorised.'

'You're brilliant!'

'I know.'

A few minutes later the workplace was set up and all the ingredients were ready, the two of them started working together. Harry was finding potions to be a lot easier than before for a good few reasons, mostly because of Venom. The alien symbiote was able to stop him from making a few minor mistakes and had helped him prevent Neville from making any major ones like adding more ingredients than necessary. It ended up being a lot harder when Snape came behind them and started breathing down their necks. Harry ended up with an urge to elbow the man in the neck while Neville froze up before forcing himself to continue to make the potion, he took a deep breath and was about to start stirring when Harry spoke up.

"Neville, it's three turns clockwise," Harry told him, Neville still looked incredibly nervous so Harry decided to make a circle with his finger to show Neville what direction he needed. Neville gave him a grateful look and was about to start stirring when Snape spoke up.

"Potter, Longbottom should be more than capable of following simple instructions, he does not need your handholding." Snape sniped.

"Yeah, but I don't see anything wrong in helping him," Harry replied, rolling his eyes without fear since Snape was still staring at the back of his head. "especially when we are in a potions class with something that could easily blow up. But if you're sure that it's not such a big deal then how about you stand next to him and this cauldron and stay completely silent and let him do his thing?" Harry added, Harry was kind of hoping

that Snape would say 'yes', mostly because he wanted to see a cauldron blow up in Snape's face.

"Quiet Potter!" Snape growled, grabbing Harry roughly by the shoulder and spinning him around so that they were facing each other.

'Prick!' Venom growled.

"Get your hand off me!" Harry shoved Snape's hand away, Snape's glare grew worse and he stepped closer to Harry to that he was now staring down at him with his nose barely not touching Harry's own. Harry stared back, unafraid, apparently when you have an alien symbiote on your side and have ripped apart a large acromantula, then you weren't easily intimidated, who knew? Harry would admit that there was once a point where Snape would be quite terrifying, but Harry had since then dealt with trolls, three-headed dogs, Voldemort, spiders big enough to eat people and a basilisk plus a younger version of Voldemort, and that was all before Harry had gained Venom as an ally.

"Don't speak to me like that, Potter!" Snape hissed. "I don't know what makes you think you can get away with such behaviour, but I would heavily recommend you banish those thoughts before they get you into more trouble than you already are."

'Banish me?! I'll banish you, asshole!' Venom roared.

"I didn't even do anything!" Harry hissed back. "You're the one who can't leave me alone!"

"I am your teacher and you will speak to me with the respect I deserve!"

Snape yelled at Harry, spit flying out of his mouth and landing on Harry's face, Harry quickly wiped it off with his sleeve, acting as if it would cause his death if he didn't. Snape didn't care and continued speaking.

"Though I doubt that you would know anything about respect, strutting around this castle, like you own the place, thinking yourself better than

those around you."

"Where do you even get this information?!" Harry interrupted before Snape could say more. "Who the fuck has ever seen me strut?! Besides, you of all people can't talk about 'thinking you're better than everyone else', the highlight of your bloody week is making yourself look superior to school children!"

"Silence!" Snape shouted, being louder than anybody in the classroom had ever heard him be. Everyone in the classroom flinched, except Harry who was glaring heatedly at Snape.

'Shout at us?! Shout at us?!' Venom roared angrily in Harry's mind. 'Who does he think he is?! He doesn't get to shout at us!'

"You stupid brat!" Snape snarled, grabbing Harry harshly by the arm, hard enough to hurt. "You dare to speak to me like that?! You think you're so special, Potter?! Well, you're not! You're not better than that degenerate waste of space that further ruined this world when he sired you! The two of you are nothing more than spoilt, pampered imbeciles that don't deserve to be here!"

'Spoilt?! Pampered?!' Harry repeated the words in his head, growing angrier and angrier as he did so.

'He insulted our father!' Venom's voice boomed in Harry's head.

'He insulted Dad!' Harry's rage grew, listening to Snape insult the man that had loved him enough to die for him. 'He insulted Dad!'

'How dare he?!'

'How dare he?!' Harry repeated Venom's words. 'He can't talk about Dad like that!'

'He can't!' Venom yelled out his agreement.

"You don't talk about my dad like that!" Harry shouted back.

"I'll talk about him however I wish!" Snape hissed, his hatred filled black

eyes boring into Harry's emerald green ones as he tightened his grip on Harry's arm.

"You can't let go of this fucking stupid grudge!" Harry roared in frustration and no small amount of anger. "Well, guess what?! He's dead! It may have escaped your notice but it didn't escape the notice of the rest of the wizarding world! He's dead now, he was dead yesterday, he was dead last week, last month, last year and the year before that, he was dead five years ago, he's been dead for more than ten years! GET OVER IT!" Harry snapped at him, stunning Snape and the classroom into silence. For a moment it looked like Snape was not going to say anything but a second later the man's eyes were reignited with rage.

"If you ever speak to me like that again Potter then I will cut you up and use you as potion ingredients!" Snape threatened, looking like he very much meant every word. His grip on Harry's arm had grown even tighter like he wanted to make Harry pop.

"I..." Harry stopped when he felt something in his head, something different from Venom.

'What's that?!'

'He's trying to read your mind!' Venom blurted out upon realising what Snape was doing.

'What?!'

"Get off of me!" Harry shoved Snape away, though he may have put a bit too much force into his push as Snape fell over and ended up having his shoulder crash into Draco Malfoy's legs, causing him to fall over and land on top of Snape. The whole class stared, too shocked to laugh, not that they would due to how tense the atmosphere was.

"Move!" Snape shoved Malfoy off before he quickly stood up and stared at Harry like he wanted nothing less than to kill him on the spot. Snape's

hand snaked towards his wand but he stopped when Harry had quickly brought out his own wand and was pointing at Snape, the tip of the wand glowing a bright red.

"No, go on, you were about to do something." Harry gestured for him to continue. "Go and reach for that wand, Snape, I've got three years of reasons and I won't mind another." Harry stared at him in a way that made it clear he was very ready to start blasting for the smallest of excuses.

"Harry!" Hermione spoke up. "Stop this! You can't! He's a teacher!"

"Butt out of it, Hermione." Harry didn't remove his eyes from Snape but was well aware of the fact that the majority of the Slytherin students (namely Malfoy and his gang) pulled out their wands in defence of the head of their house, meanwhile a few of the Gryffindors pulled out their own wands.

"Fifty points from Gryffindor and detention for two months!" Snape spat angrily.

'Stay in a room with him? Not likely!' Venom hissed. 'Unless we can kill him.' He added hopefully.

"Fuck your detentions, and fuck you," Harry said, his voice soft but the anger couldn't be missed. "I'm done with this class and I'm done with you."

"Get out of my classroom!" Snape bellowed, looking mad with rage.

"Gladly, dickhead." Harry grabbed his stuff with one hand while keeping his wand trained on Snape, once he was done he walked backwards out of the classroom, not trusting Snape, Draco or any of their supporters to not curse him as soon as his back was turned. Once Harry was out and the door was closed, he turned and stormed away, trying to get as far from the potions classroom as possible.

'How did that feel?' Venom asked.

'Liberating, nice,' Harry answered without thinking, it had been nice to finally stand up to Snape properly. A big part of Harry was in full-blown panic mode over what Harry had done but that part of him was slowly being drowned out by the rising anger that Harry was experiencing as he thought about what had happened and how Snape had been treating him, not just in that class, but over the last three years.

'I hate him!' Harry said, imagining himself hitting Snape with a variety of spells. 'He calls me spoilt'

'He's the one that defends Draco Malfoy!' Venom growled.

'Exactly!'

'He's the one that thinks he is better than everybody!'

'Yeah!' Harry growled as he made his way to the hospital wing, feeling his arm hurt slightly. He was positive that Snape had grabbed him hard enough to bruise him.

'I can heal it,' Venom told him, sounding confused about why Harry would go to the hospital wing.

'No,' Harry shook his head. 'I'm telling Pomfrey, I want proof of what he's done.'

'Nice,' Venom sounded very much like he approved. 'let's kill him.' He suggested.

'I'll think about it.' Harry answered honestly, he could almost feel Venom smile at his answer. 'I'm not going back to his classroom!'

'Then don't.' Venom talked as if it was something as trivial as deciding what socks to wear today.

'They'll make me go.'

'They will try,' Venom corrected him. 'we won't let them. We won't go back there.'

'You sure?'

'Yes, and if they do force us then they'll change their mind when they find Snape with no head.' Venom laughed, causing a smile to grow on Harry's face.

17. Chapter 17 - Stand your
ground

Reviews:

Sakura Lisel: Quite simply because I do have to give my patrons something in exchange for their support, they get early chapters until I am able to set up other rewards.

TheCuriousGuest: Glad you liked it, I often think that Harry's mental state gets overlooked. I know people that have issues from simply being verbally and emotionally abused, it does take a toll even without adding physical abuse into the mix.

plums: Let it be known that I had already written the next few chapters before you reviewed the previous one, also you may or may not like the next chapter.

DZ2: I believe I know the scene you're talking about, the one with Charlie.

The High Avenger: Honestly, that does sound like a good idea and thank you.

Aeonmaster Aeroza: Interesting ideas but I know nothing about kingdom heart, sorry.

Chapter 17 - Stand your ground

"I still cannot believe that Professor Snape did this to you!" Madam Pomfrey exclaimed as she looked at the rather noticeable bruise on Harry's arm.

"Can you tell the other teachers please?" Harry asked, "I think they'll

believe it if it came from you." Madam Pomfrey stared at him for a moment before she began speaking in a determined voice.

"Oh don't you worry, I will." A flick of her wand caused a camera to be summoned from her office. "Hold still." She told him before taking a picture. "Now," She waved her wand over his arm and Harry immediately felt the pain lessen. "drink this potion, wait here two minutes, I'll come back and see your arm and if it's fine then you can leave."

"Yes, Ma'am." Harry dutifully drank the potion she handed him, grimacing slightly at the taste before she took the vial back. She nodded in satisfaction before turning around and heading to her office. "He has no right to talk about my dad." Harry seethed once he was sure that there was nobody else watching.

'Yes,' Venom agreed. 'I don't know much about your father, but I know he definitely loved you.'

'Really?' Harry asked, unable to keep the interest out of his voice.

'Yes, hmm, I remember telling you that I would show you memories of your parents. We never got around to that, did we?'

'No,' Harry confirmed. 'we didn't.'

'Would you like to see one now?' Venom offered.

'Yes! Please!' Harry said quickly.

'Okay.'

Harry's eyes slowly opened, he winced as the sunlight seemed like it wanted to blind him, his whole face scrunched up in discomfort. After a short while, his eyes got used to the sunlight enough for him to be able to see what was around him. He felt warm, he was covered in a blanket, and he was also being held up by something. He blinked and stared up at the woman who was holding him with one arm, having him tucked against her while the other hand was holding up a book that she was reading with great interest.

He stared up at her, her red hair flowed down to her shoulders like a waterfall of fire, her emerald green eyes captivantly danced as they followed the words of the page she was reading. The corner of her pink lips tugged up and down as she continued reading. Harry smiled before reaching up with his little hand and grabbing onto her pretty hair and pulling it.

The woman blinked before she stopped staring at the book and stared down at Harry, realising that he was awake. Her eyes seemed to twinkle as her smile grew, she stared down at him with sunlight from the window shining in from behind her, giving her the appearance of a red-headed angel. She slowly closed the book without looking at it and placed it down.

"Hello, little man," She smiled brightly at him. "how are you? Did you enjoy your nap?" Harry's answer was a series of happy sounding noises, but not a single word. Still, she seemed to have understood as she lowered her head and kissed him on the forehead. "That's good. Any good dreams?" She asked, sounding as if she genuinely believe that he could answer.

"Lily," A voice said just before a man walked into the room, his hair was black and looked like the definition of untamable. His brown eyes were hidden behind a pair of glasses that were near identical to the ones that Harry would use for most of his life. "I fixed the pipes!" He told her proudly with a grin on his face, his brown eyes twinkling in a way that would rival Dumbledore.

"Good," Lily said with a relieved sigh. "what happened to them?"

"Padfoot messed with them." He told her with a small chuckle.

"Oh, sweet Merlin," Lily sighed, rolling her eyes. "James, you and your friends are not nearly worth all of the trouble you give me."

"Shut up," James laughed as he walked towards her. "you love us, really."

"Yes, though I am still trying to work out why," Lily said in a dry voice.

"Oh simple," James told her as he stopped in front of her and kissed her on the forehead. "you couldn't resist my natural charm." He smirked.

"Personally, I think love potions would be a more likely explanation."

"I..." James began but trailed off, a thoughtful look on his face. "hmm, why didn't I think of that?" He joked.

"James!" She slapped him on the arm.

"Ow! I was just kidding," He said, rubbing his arm but still grinning at her.

"hey buddy," He said to Harry. "how are you doing today?" He asked, leaning down so his face was right next to Harry's. Harry let out a small laugh before reaching up and trying to grab at James. "You want to come to Dada?" He cooed before reaching forwards and grabbing Harry, gently taking him away from Lily before holding him close enough that James could kiss his head.

"How are you doing lady-killer?" James said, it seemed like he had a near-permanent grin on his face.

"Lady-killer?" Lily repeated with amusement.

"Of course, look at him, he's a catch." James sounded like it was ridiculous for him to have to explain that to her. "I mean, my looks and your eyes, the girls will be tripping over themselves for him. Won't they buddy?" He asked Harry as he leaned forward and rubbed his nose against Harry's nose, but he stopped when Harry reached out and grabbed his glasses. "Oi!" James blinked before Harry tried to put the glasses in his mouth, though James quickly stopped him and took the glasses away from him. "Sorry, Harry, but that's mine." He told Harry in an apologetic voice, for a moment it looked like Harry was about to cry, but suddenly he reached out and grabbed James by the hair and started tugging. "Ow!" James exclaimed dramatically.

"Good boy, Harry," Lily smiled. "hurt the naughty man."

"No, don't hurt the naughty man!" James chuckled as he pulled Harry off his head. "Little, fighter, aren't you?" He laughed.

"Mr Potter?" A voice spoke, causing Harry to shake awake from his memory and see Madam Pomfrey staring at him with concern. "Are you

okay?" She asked.

"What?" Harry blinked before realising that there were tears dripping down his face. "Oh, oh, yeah, I'm sorry, I was just thinking about something."

"Mr Potter, I wouldn't worry about Mr Snape, I..."

"No, not that," Harry cut her off as he wiped the tears off of his face.

"Snape, he...he insulted my dad and I was thinking about him."

"Oh," Madam Pomfrey paused. "I..."

"Hello," A voice said, the pair turned to see a house elf standing by the bed. "Headmaster Dumbles wants Harry Potter to go to his office."

"Very well, thank you," Madam Pomfrey nodded to the elf who popped away. "well, Mr Potter, you're healthy enough to go. Password be 'chocolate frogs'."

"Thank you," Harry gave her a stiff nod before standing up. As he stood up she handed him a copy of the photograph she had taken.

"And if you ever want to know more about your father, then I have a few stories I could tell you." She offered, causing Harry to stare and blink at her.

"Thank you," Harry repeated, sounding a lot more grateful.

"You're welcome, dear," She smiled at him before gesturing for him to leave. He smiled back at her before he turned and walked off.

'Venom,' Harry spoke to his alien companion as he headed to the headmaster's office. 'I...thank you,' Harry said in a grateful voice, sounding as if he was thanking Venom for giving him immortality. 'that was...IS the best gift that anybody has ever given me.'

'There's plenty more to come,' Venom purred. 'I will let you see as many of those memories as you want.'

'Thanks,' A smile appeared on Harry's face as he rubbed his face in an

effort to stop more tears from coming out of his face. 'Dumbledore's probably going to tell me off.'

'Don't let him,' Venom replied 'remember, you did nothing wrong. Snape was the one that targeted you, he was the one that was insulting your father.'

Harry's eyes narrowed slightly as an image of James Potter smiling alongside Lily Potter passed through his mind, Harry's head rose up slightly and his walk was suddenly a lot more determined. Harry couldn't help but agree with Venom, he had done nothing wrong in that classroom besides exist apparently, Snape was the one that was bullying him and Neville. Not to mention that Snape was the one who insisted on insulting Harry and his father. It wasn't that long before Harry arrived outside of the headmaster's office.

"Chocolate frogs," Harry told the gargoyle the password he was given and the gargoyle moved out of the way, allowing him to go up to Dumbledore's office.

"Enter." Harry heard Dumbledore's voice call for him before he could knock.

'Show off.' Venom commented as Harry entered the office to find Dumbledore sitting at his desk with Professor McGonagall standing next to him.

"Ah, Mr Potter, take a seat," Dumbledore said as warmly as ever, gesturing to the seat opposite himself.

"Sir, Ma'am." Harry greeted Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall before sitting down in the chair.

"Now, Mr Potter, we've heard some concerning things about you from Professor Snape." Professor McGonagall began.

"Of course." Harry snorted. "Let me guess, he's told you both about how

I'm a disruptive menace and he made it out like I'm the one who did everything wrong."

"That is what we are here to discuss," Professor Dumbledore began. "now, we would like you in your own words to tell us what had happened."

"Fine," Harry sighed. "when the class started, Snape suddenly asked me a question about a potion I didn't know about and I gave him a sarcastic response."

"Why would you do that?" Professor McGonagall asked with a small frown on her face.

"Because if I don't know the answer then he'd make fun of me like he always does," Harry answered honestly. "he's been doing that from my first lesson in my first year. He asks a question and if you don't know the answer then he makes fun of you and insults you." Professor McGonagall and Dumbledore exchanged looks.

"Mr Potter, surely you must be exaggerating." Dumbledore began. "I..."

"I am aware of the meaning of 'exaggerating' and I assure you that I am not," Harry cut him off. "he does that every lesson, every single one. If I get a question right then he asks another and another until I get one wrong. Ask Hermione, Ron or any of the other Gryffindors if you don't believe me. Anyway, after that, he paired me with Neville. I like Neville, but he's not the greatest in potions. It's because he can't concentrate since he's way too scared of Snape."

"Professor Snape, Harry," Dumbledor corrected him. "also, I doubt that young Mr Longbottom is actually afraid of Professor Snape."

"In that case, you can do me a favour," Harry said with a humourless smirk. "you go and ask Professor Lupin about his lesson with the boggart and ask him what form Neville's boggart took." Harry watched as Professor McGonagall and Dumbledore exchanged looks, the former

looking a little disturbed. "Anyway, then Neville and I start working but then we suddenly feel Snape breathing down our necks in a way that would probably make even most adults uncomfortable. Neville starts getting more nervous and I had to quickly stop him from making a mistake. Snape then tells me off for doing so, I point out that there's nothing wrong with helping a fellow student and that if he's sure that it's not a big deal then he can stand right next to Neville in complete silence and not stop him from making any mistakes. I don't know about you two, but I've seen my fair share of potion accidents and wanted to avoid another. Snape then grabbed me by the shoulder and made me look at him, I pushed his arm off of me and he then started yelling at me and complaining about me, saying that I was strutting around the castle like I owned the place. He said I thought I was better than everyone else. I demanded to know where he was getting this information from and I pointed out that it was hypocritical of him to do so when he regularly tries to show his superiority by making himself look superior to the students." Harry glanced toward Professor McGonagall and saw that she had been looking more disturbed than before.

"Harry, you should not be speaking to Professor Snape like that."

Dumbledore, looking as calm as ever, emphasised Snape's title.

"Perhaps not, but Snape shouldn't be talking to me the way that he was," Harry argued, still not using Snape's title. "He insulted me straight after, you know, called me a 'stupid brat'. But he wasn't done there, because he insulted my father as well. He called him a 'degenerate waste of space', and said he ruined the world even more by giving birth to me. He called us both spoilt imbeciles that don't belong in Hogwarts."

"He did what?!" Professor McGonagall gasped in shock.

"Minerva," Dumbledore spoke up. "stay calm."

"He had grabbed my arm when he was insulting me and my family," Harry continued. "he kept squeezing harder and harder as we kept talking. I snapped at him, yelled at him and told him that my father was dead and that he needed to get over it. He squeezed my arm harder and threatened to cut me up into potion ingredients. He actually damaged my arm," Harry paused to pull out the photo of his arm that Madam Pomfrey had given him, he handed it to the two teachers in front of him. "Madam Pomfrey has the original picture, she was the one who took it."

"Oh my." Minerva mouthed as she stared at the picture, Dumbledore stared at it for a moment but showed no reaction beyond a slight twitch in his right eye.

"You can go and ask Madam Pomfrey if you don't believe me." Harry took the photo back and stuffed it into his pockets. "While we were arguing, I felt Snape try to read my mind."

"What?!" Professor McGonagall blurted out while Dumbledore showed his biggest reaction so far by having his eyes widen dramatically.

"I felt him try to read my mind, so I pushed him off me and I..." Harry paused, not entirely sure how to phrase the next part. Thankfully, Venom came through and whispered an answer into his ear. "...I accidentally sent him flying onto the floor. I didn't mean to, I think I might have pushed too hard or used accidental magic." Harry hoped they brought that, it was better than explaining his enhanced strength thanks to the alien living in his body. Besides, he had already exhibited accidental magic earlier this year so it wasn't too much of a stretch.

"Mr Potter, are you sure that Professor Snape was trying to read your mind?" Professor McGonagall asked in a serious voice.

"Positive," Harry nodded.

"Mr Potter," Dumbledore spoke up. "forgive me, but I find your tale

unlikely to be true."

"Albus?!" Professor McGonagall looked at him with disbelief, as did Harry.

"I mean no offence to you, Mr Potter," Dumbledore continued. "but the ability to defend one's mind from intrusions or to even detect them is not an easy thing to achieve, especially for one so young." Harry was about to respond but stopped when he heard Venom speak into his head again.

Harry, after a moment, decided to go with Venom's response instead of the one that he had originally been planning to use.

"Perhaps, but you forgot one very important thing," Harry said with a small smirk.

"And what is that?" Dumbledore asked, raising a single, bushy eyebrow, causing Harry to gesture to himself.

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry said simply "I've literally stopped the biggest threat to the wizarding world twice, three times if you count the diary, and I killed a basilisk all before I even reached my third year of schooling. Let's not mention that I am famously known for surviving a situation that nobody could live through when I was a year old, by all logic, being able to defend my mind is quite tame in comparison, no?"

Harry asked, tilting his head slightly. Dumbledore frowned and stared at him calculatingly, a stare that Harry did not like or appreciate.

"In that case, you would not mind if I tested your mental defences?"

Dumbledore inquired.

"Albus?!" The shock and disbelief were evident in her voice. "You know that it is illegal to look through another person's mind! Especially a student!"

"It is only illegal if done without permission," Dumbledore corrected her, however, that was as far as he got before Harry spoke up.

"I'm not letting you or anyone enter my mind," Harry spoke in a firm voice, resisting the urge to glare at Dumbledore. "I don't care if it's you, Snape or my best friends, my mind is off-limits."

'Unless you're me!' Venom said proudly.

"Anyway," Harry continued. "Snape was about to draw his wand on me but I pulled mine out first and aimed it at him."

"You aimed your wand at Professor Snape?" Dumbledore asked in a disapproving voice.

"He looked like he was going to try and kill me," Harry said defensively.

"he told me I had detention, I swore at him and refused. He told me to go away and I did. I'm done with that class and I'm done with Snape."

"Mr Potter, potions is a required class until you have completed your owl exams," Dumbledore informed him. "I'm afraid that you will have to continue to attend the class. Do not worry about Professor Snape, I will investigate and speak to him about his behaviour towards you." Harry stared at Dumbledore with disbelief.

'I just say that the guy bullies me, insults me and my dead father, hurts my arm and tries to read my mind and all that happens to Snape is a talking to?' He asked Venom with disbelief.

'That's some bullshit.' Venom accurately summed up Harry's thoughts.

"Unfortunately, for you, Professor Snape's punishment still stands."

Dumbledore interrupted Harry's mental conversation. "I understand how you feel towards Professor Snape but you are still a student and are not allowed to insult or even push a teacher. Now, why don't you head back to your common room? I'm sure you have plenty of homework left to do."

Dumbledore finished with a twinkle in his eye.

Harry stared at Dumbledore for a few moments before he spoke, what would come out of Harry's mouth was something that he would never

expect himself to be saying to Dumbledore. Last year he wouldn't have even been able to imagine saying this to Dumbledore. But now, the word escaped his mouth before he could even register himself saying it.

"No." And just like that, a deathly silence filled the room.

"No?" Dumbledore asked in a confused voice.

"I'm not doing that detention and I'm not going back to that class," Harry spoke up, he took a deep breath before he continued. "I don't care if I have to hire a private tutor or self-study, I am not going back to that class as long as Snape is teaching it. And I am not doing that detention, I am not being punished for defending myself and my father, nor am I willing to spend another moment of my life alone with Snape."

"Mr Potter," Dumbledore said, the twinkle in his eye had dimmed, Professor McGonagall stared at Harry in a way that made it look like she had never seen him before. "I was not requesting."

"I'm sorry, but I'm still refusing," Harry soldiered on despite the fact that a great part of him was warning him to stop. He wasn't sure if it was the alien symbiote inside of him, his stupid Gryffindor courage or the fact that he felt like he was on a roll, but either way, he ignored the first part of himself and continued. "I am not going anywhere near Snape again. No detentions and no class."

"Mr Potter, if you're not willing to listen to my instructions and are refusing detentions then I may have to resort to a more harsh punishment," Dumbledore warned.

"What punishment?" Harry asked, feeling his heart beat faster.

"If you do not attend Professor Snape's class and detentions then I'm afraid I will have to suspend you for two weeks." If Harry's heart had been beating fast before then it was practically racing now.

'They're going to suspend me?!' He mentally screamed. 'I don't want to

leave Hogwarts!'

'Calm down.' Venom told him.

'Don't tell me to calm down!' Harry snapped. 'He's going to suspend me! I...'

'Calm down!' Venom repeated loudly, 'They're not going to suspend you. Dumbledore won't make you leave the school when he knows that Sirius Black is out and looking for you, besides, even if he goes through with it then it's just two weeks. We can survive that long, we could even have fun outside of school if we wanted.'

'But I...'

'Stand your ground.' Venom encouraged him, forcing a picture of a smiling James and Lily Potter into Harry's head, it seemed to work a treat as all of a sudden Harry's resolve was reinforced to the point that it could hold up a building.

"Fine," Harry said, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Good," Dumbledore smiled, the twinkle in his eye coming back in full force. "I'm glad you've seen reason, I understand that this is difficult for you but..."

"I'll go and pack my things," Harry cut Dumbledore off as he stood up.

"Excuse me?" Dumbledore blinked, staring at him along with Professor McGonagall who was still too shocked to say anything.

"You want me to go back to Snape's class and attend detention, I don't want to do that, so I guess one of us has to be disappointed then." Harry shrugged. "I'll leave Hogwarts first thing tomorrow morning, I can leave on my own, you won't need somebody to escort me. Professor." He nodded to Professor McGonagall and then offered Dumbledore a stiff nod before he turned and began leaving. His hand had barely touched the door handle when Dumbledore called out for him.

"Mr Potter! Where are you going?" Dumbledore asked, Harry, turned back around and saw genuine confusion on the old man's face.

"You said you'd suspend me if I refuse, I'm refusing, therefore I'm suspended, right?" Harry asked.

"Harry, did you forget that there's a killer on the loose?" Dumbledore asked.

"I'm not the one who said I'd kick someone out of the school," Harry reminded him. "you're the one who brought up suspension."

"I...might have been a bit harsh," Dumbledore said without a hint of his signature twinkle in his eyes. "please, Mr Potter, sit down, let's talk about this."

"Hmm," Harry grunted. "there's nothing to discuss. I don't accept your punishments and I'm not going to be forced into suffering through them because of Snape."

"Mr Potter," Professor McGonagall spoke up, finally regaining her voice.

"you will not be punished or suspended today but we may talk to you again about this later, for now, go back to your common room. I have a lot to discuss with the headmaster." She aimed a harsh glare at Dumbledore.

"Now, Minerva," Dumbledore had barely begun protesting before Harry had left the room as quick as possible, he rushed down the stairs and quickly headed back to his common room.

'Told you that you'd be fine.' Venom's voice filled Harry's head.

'Yeah, you were right,' Harry admitted. 'I did good, right?'

'You did great.'

18. Chapter 18 - Stag

DZ2: It could happen, you never know. Well...I know but I'm the exception here.

jeffs87: Yeah, I'd also noticed how my previous Harry's seem to be basically untouchable and I wanted to fix that.

AliceOne3: Just blame it on racism, that's what I always do.

Aeonmaster Aeroza: Good ideas and good luck with your stories.

GhostFang GF: Maybe we'll find out :)

Jack1nTheBox: You think that the proud British people would simply let the boy-who-lived transfer to France of all places? Mate, you must be barking. (P.S. No offence, that's just a joke)

Chapter 18 - Stag

"So, Potter," Harry heard Malfoy drawl when he ended up being unfortunate enough to walk into a hallway where he found Malfoy along with his two bodyguards, Crabbe and Goyle, leaning against a wall, Harry honestly wouldn't be surprised if the three idiots had been waiting for him here, nor would he have been surprised if they honestly had just leaned against the wall because they thought it looked cool. "Have you been expelled yet?" Malfoy chortled. "Or did the great Albus Dumbledore sweep in to save his pet mental project?"

"Shut up, Malfoy, you overly-expensive bi-curious disaster," Harry said in a bored and tired voice as he walked past the trio, barely acknowledging their existence since he really was not in the mood for any of their usual antics.

"What?" Malfoy blinked before registering what Harry had just said. "Oi, Potter! Get back here!" He demanded just before Harry turned the corner, Malfoy growled and drew his wand along with Crabbe and Goyle. "You stupid half-blood brat!" Malfoy yelled as the trio ran after him, they turned the corner and stopped dead in their tracks when they saw Tonks standing there with one hand on her hip and the other holding her wand while Harry stood behind her and was giving the trio the finger while

moving it left to right with exaggerated slowness to properly make sure he got all of them.

"So, is there a problem here?" Tonks asked in a casual voice as she stared down the trio, looking quite unimpressed.

"No." Malfoy managed to get out through gritted teeth as Harry continued to wave at the three with his middle finger while Tonks appeared to be blissfully unaware of what was happening behind her.

"Really?" Tonks drawled out. "That's why you're running through the hallway, shouting out insults?" She raised one perfect pink eyebrow to express her incredulity. Malfoy glared at the two of them before performing a passable imitation of Snape by turning on his feet and storming away while Crabbe and Goyle rushed off after him. "Put your hand down now." Tonks rolled her eyes before turning to Harry to find him standing there innocently with his hands behind his back.

"So, thanks for that, Tonks," Harry said appreciatively. "I really wasn't in the mood to deal with him today."

"No sweat, Boy Wonder," Tonks waved him off. "And from what I've heard, you've already had a pretty hectic morning. The rumour mill around here is so strong that even us patrolling aurors are hearing about it, I heard about what apparently happened from another auror who apparently overheard it from a couple of Gryffindor girls in your year. Did you really insult Snape, knock him down, point a wand at him, refuse his detention and leave?" Tonks asked, staring at him with disbelief.

"Well, when you put it like that it sounds ridiculous," Harry sighed. "But yeah, pretty much."

"Wow, and you thought I was cool." Tonks grinned. "What happened after that anyway?" She asked.

"I had been called to Professor Dumbledore's office, he tried to make me

accept Snape's punishment but I refused." Harry let out a deep sigh as he ran a hand through his hair. "I told him I'm not going to any detention with Snape and I'm not taking any more classes with him."

"Wow," Tonks blinked repeatedly before looking at Harry, starting from his toes and going up and finishing at his face. "Gryffindor indeed."

"Thanks," Harry snorted. "Dumbledore then threatened to suspend me if I didn't fall back in line."

"He what?!" Tonks blurted out.

"Yep." Harry nodded.

"He actually said that?"

"Yep." Harry nodded.

"Is he insane?!"

"Yep." Harry nodded.

"Do you have any words left in your vocabulary besides 'yep'?" Tonks asked in an exasperated voice.

"Yep." Harry nodded, grinning slightly.

"Harry, there is an actual, infamous mass murderer on the loose," Tonks spoke in a serious voice. "and according to the information available, you're the one he is after. Sending you out of the school is basically a massive gamble on your life."

"He was trying to scare me," Harry explained with a sigh. "I wasn't about to fall in line so I said that I'd start packing my things, funnily enough, that's when he remembered that Sirius Black is on the loose and I was told that I wouldn't be suspended. He was hoping I'd be scared enough to do what he wants."

"So what happened after that?" Tonks asked, looking less than pleased about the fact that Dumbledore thought to even threaten Harry with suspension while Sirius Black was out and about.

"I was told to leave, I think McGonagall and him are currently arguing about me and Snape, I guess I'll find out what their decision about me will be tomorrow," Harry explained before an angry expression appeared on his face. "I bet it won't be worse than whatever Snape's punishment will be."

'You should tell Tonks.' Venom suggested. 'Tell her everything Snape did.'

'Why?'

'She's law enforcement,' Venom pointed out. 'just try and see what she says.'

'Fine.'

"Um...Tonks," Harry began. "I'd like to ask you something, mind reading is illegal, right?"

"Yeah, why do you ask?" Tonks stared at Harry with narrowed eyes.

"I heard it from Professor McGonagall when I told her and Dumbledore that Snape tried to read my mind."

"He what?!" Tonks blurted out, her eyes and hair turning a very villainously vivid and angry shade of red. "That's definitely illegal!"

"I told Dumbledore and he thinks I'm lying," Harry growled, the old headmaster always seemed to believe him unless it came to Snape or the Dursleys. "after everything I accused Snape of, he basically said that he would give Snape nothing more than a talking to. I want more than that, I want to press charges against him." Tonks's hair slowly changed from red to a soft brown, her eyes changed to a similar colour.

"Harry, you do realise that Snape has Dumbledore's backing and that means that Snape will be defended by him in a court of law?" Tonks asked in a soft voice. "Dumbledore has a lot of power, he's Chief Warlock and Supreme Mugwump, not to mention the amount of goodwill he still has from defeating Grindelwald and running Hogwarts, not to mention

his pretty squeaky clean public reputation."

"So what? You're saying you won't do anything?!" Harry blurted out with disbelief.

"Of course, I'm not saying that!" Tonks looked offended for a moment before her hair and eyes turned back to the usual pink and violet colour she liked. "But I am warning you that it won't be easy and I can't offer you any guarantees about what happens. Also, if you want my opinion, I think at this point you won't be able to do more than harm some reputations, but if that's what you're sure you want to do then just let me know and I'll send in a report right away."

"It is." Harry nodded after a very brief mental conference with Venom.

"If you're sure," Tonks nodded before pulling out a notepad and quill.

"we'll start with your statement and then we can go from there, is that alright with you?" She asked.

"It's perfect, honestly, I...thank you, Tonks," Harry said, his voice softening slightly. "I don't know if I've said it before but I am really appreciative of the way you've been treating me. Everyone around here always acts like I'm some dense kid who doesn't know how the world works or some spoilt celebrity, I'm glad you're not like that."

"Judge with your own eyes," Tonks recited with a small shrug of her shoulders. "it's a lesson that my parents and my auror mentor taught me, you haven't acted dense or spoilt around me so I won't treat you that way. Besides, as the female metamorph, trust me when I say that I don't like expectations and pre-formed beliefs any more than you do."

"Thanks," Harry smiled at her. "and for what it's worth, just let me know if someone gives you grief over the shape-shifting thing, and I'll deck them for you." He added, earning a small laugh from Tonks.

'That's it, Harry,' Venom purred. 'keep going, make her like you until

we're finally able to obliterate that friendship wall that is stopping our relationship from progressing to its natural conclusion.'

'Venom, be quiet, please,' Harry told Venom without breaking his concentration on the conversation he was having with Tonks, something that was pretty easy given that he had plenty of experience in dealing with the symbiote.

"The hero of Gryffindor!" Harry heard the Weasley twins yell out those particular words the very second he entered the common room. He was barely aware of the common room entrance closing behind him as he was a bit distracted by all the balloons, party poppers, the banner with his name on it and the Gryffindors that were all cheering for him. "Defeater of dark lords, saviour of damsels and destroyer of greasy dungeon bats, Harry Potter!" The twins said as they walked over and patted him proudly on the back before hoisting him up on their shoulders and walking around a lap of the common room before dropping him back down just as the Gryffindor chasers took turns kissing him on the cheek. What happened after that would be an hour-long event of cheering, celebrations, questions and hero-worshipping from the majority of the Gryffindors. By the end of it, Harry had a bit of a headache from all of the social interaction but was overall pretty happy, unlike a certain bushy-haired Gryffindor.

'Why doesn't she shut up?' Venom complained.

The trio were currently sitting outside on a bench in the Hogwart courtyard, Ron was speed rushing through some homework that would be due in their class which was in twenty minutes. Harry, on the other hand, had a book open in one hand and his wand in the other.

Meanwhile, Hermione was sitting in between the two, naturally with a book in her hands, except this time she was ignoring the book in favour

of participating in what Harry believed to be her other life-long love, lecturing him.

"...It doesn't matter if Professor Snape was insulting you, that's not a good reason to be so rude to a teacher," Hermione continued, showing no signs that she was ready to end her rant which was now nearing the five-minute mark. "I know you said he tried to read your mind, Harry, but Dumbledore clearly doesn't think that he would do that so I..."

'Harry,' Venom spoke into his head. 'please, for the love of Merlin, heck, even just to show appreciation to me for all I've done, shut her up. Or else I will eat her head, right now.'

"Hermione," Harry interrupted her in a tired voice. "if you don't stop lecturing me then I promise I will straighten your hair." He warned.

"What?" Hermione blinked.

"What happened with Snape has happened, stop lecturing me about it and let me concentrate on this spell." Harry rolled his eyes before he tried to cast his spell again. "Expecto patronum." Harry softly intoned the incantation for the spell he was working on, a second later a white and small misty shield poured out of the tip, it was about the size of a knight's shield and only lasted a couple of seconds, earning the attention of many passing students.

'Not good enough.' Venom told Harry who mentally grunted in agreement.

"What was that?" Ron asked, having looked up from his homework in time to see the spell.

"Patronus charm," Harry sighed, the patronus charm being an extremely difficult charm designed to primarily fight against dementors along with a few other dark creatures. It used the caster's emotion to create a shield that would protect them against the dementors, though if one had truly

mastered the spell then their shield would take the form of an animal guardian.

"Harry, that's a Newt level charm." Hermione pointed out.

"Why on Earth are you learning a spell that's for seventh-year students?"

Ron stared at Harry as if the boy had just gone mad and demanded to only be fed hazelnuts for the rest of the year.

"I have to agree with Ronald, you shouldn't be focusing on that spell yet,"

Hermione spoke up. "you're just a third year."

"Yeah," Ron agreed.

"I don't like dementors but I do like magic, so that natural conclusion is to learn magic to defend myself against dementors, thank you." Harry rolled his eyes before he decided to put his attention back to the spell while ignoring whatever Hermione and Ron were saying.

'The spell wants a powerful emotion,' Harry said to Venom. 'I've tried the first time by thinking about the time I rode a broom, then the time I came to Hogwarts.'

'How about we just skip to your best memory?' Venom suggested.

'Are you going to show me a new memory?' Harry asked excitedly.

'No, we have class soon, you don't have time for new memories, I'll show you a new one later, use the last one I gave you.'

'Hmm.' Harry was a little disappointed in not being given a new memory right now but was modified by the fact that he'd get some more later.

Harry took in a deep breath before thinking about his memory of waking up in his mother's lap, his mother loving spending time with him along with his father. James Potter, according to Snape was an arrogant, strutting toe-rag, but to Harry, he would always be the man who stared at him as if he was the most precious thing in the world.

"Expecto patronum," Harry whispered the incantation, a second later

Hermione, Ron and everyone else in the courtyard stopped talking.

Everyone apart from Harry had to cover their eyes when a bright white light eclipsed all, the light slowly died down until visibility was once again an option and standing in front of Harry was a glowing, misty, white stag that towered over him. Harry gulped before standing up, he still wasn't taller than the stag. "Amazing." Harry breathed out before reaching a hand up to touch it, the stag lowered its head for Harry. A part of Harry knew that he shouldn't be able to touch the stag and that his hand would go right through it, and that was right since Harry's fingers had barely not gone into the stag's skull, but Harry felt like he could still feel it, he felt like this was not a piece of magic, but a real and very beautiful animal.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed but eventually, the stag started fading away, much to Harry's disappointment, after it was gone, Harry let out a deep sigh before realising that the whole courtyard was staring at him. He also couldn't help but notice that Professor Flitwick was part of the crowd and was staring at him with a dropped jaw.

'My, aren't we the popular ones?' Venom asked.

19. Chapter 19 - Snape's free

Reviews:

Aeonmaster Aeroza: I actually wouldn't want to see a cat-girl Hermione, mostly because those very words reminded me of how she looked in the second film and that wasn't attractive to me at any age in my life.

DZ2: The problem with the written word is that it can't always convey what emotions a person is feeling so I'm not entirely sure if you're genuinely confused or not about the threat but either way, I'll explain it.

It's literally just a joke I came up with off the top of my head, essentially it means that Harry would straight her curly hair, implying that she likes

her hair to be curly. In my defence, I had been tired when I had come up with that joke.

Frydaddy: There will be some more symbiotes eventually but I'm not saying which ones.

Chapter 19 - Snape's free.

"Merlin's beard! Sweet Merlin's beard!" Professor Flitwick squeaked as he rushed forwards and stopped in front of Harry while the crowd around them began whispering to each other. "A fully-fledged corporeal patronus!" He gasped as he stared up at Harry. "I'm very impressed with you, Mr Potter! Excellent work! Take fifty points for Gryffindor!" He said with a bright smile on his face.

"Oh...thank you, sir." Harry blushed slightly, running a hand through the back of his hair as the whispers continued to grow louder.

"It's absolutely marvellous! Who taught you that spell?" Professor Flitwick asked curiously, staring at Harry like he was a difficult puzzle.

"Um...nobody, sir. I learnt it myself," Harry answered. "I'm not a fan of the dementors around here and I wanted to learn how to do it."

"Amazing!" Professor Flitwick smiled wider than Harry had ever seen the man smile. "Take another twenty points!"

"Um...thanks." Harry smiled at him, not really knowing what else to say.

"Oh goodness, your mother would be proud!" Professor Flitwick continued, a wide grin on his face. "She was the best student I had ever taught when it comes to charms and even she wasn't able to accomplish what you had just done. How would you feel about attending a few extra lessons with me?" He asked hopefully. Harry blinked and stared at him, not noticing the gaping look from Ron or the jealous one from Hermione.

The next morning Harry rolled his eyes as he sat down at breakfast, the Hogwarts school rumour mill had been running overtime in its attempt to

make sure that everyone knew everything about what had happened recently with Harry. By now, Harry was sure that the whole school knew about his confrontation with Snape and that everyone had heard about him being able to cast a patronus. Harry was able to hear whispers from all four tables as his breakfast appeared in front of him.

"You know," He began, speaking to Ron and Hermione who had sat opposite him. "I'd like it if just once I was able to last a whole week without being talked about."

"Not likely to happen," Ron grunted, a hint of irritation in his voice. "You fought with Snape and then made a big show in front of everyone with that spell." Harry wasn't sure if it was just his imagination that had picked up on the jealousy in Ron's voice or if it was actually there, but either way, he decided to try and cut it off before it could get worse.

"I didn't mean to do that," Harry defended. "I thought that I'd practise the spell, I never figured that it'd create a massive stag that'd cause everyone to look at me." Harry ran a hand through his hair which for some reason caused several nearby girls to let out dreamy sighs, something which caused Harry to quickly stop and lower his hand.

"It doesn't matter if you like it or not, you're going to be fairly popular for the next few weeks," Hermione commented, sounding less than pleased as she ate breakfast with one hand while her other hand held a book that she was reading.

"I think that..." Harry paused when he noticed the book was a charms book, one that was very familiar to Harry as it was the one that he had learnt the patronus charm from. "Hermione, isn't that the book I checked out from the library?" He asked with a frown.

"Yes." Hermione didn't even bother looking at him as she continued reading the book.

"Well, why do you have it?" Harry's frown grew bigger.

"I wanted to try and learn the patronus charm," Hermione absently explained as she continued to read through the book.

'I had left that book on my bed, didn't I?' Harry asked Venom.

'Yes, yes, you did.' Venom growled. 'Meaning she took it, you really know how to choose your friends.'

Ignoring Venom's last remark, Harry reached forwards and snatched the book out of Hermione's hands. The bushy-haired girl blinked and stared at Harry with disbelief, as was Ron who thought that getting between Hermione and a book was a lot like getting in between a dog and its dinner.

"What are you doing?" Hermione asked in an irritated voice.

"Hermione, I had left this in my room on my bed, why is it in your hands?" Harry asked, sounding just as irritated.

"Because I wanted to read it and..."

"That is not a good excuse," Harry cut her off.

"Harry James Potter, I..."

"Hermione Jean Granger," Harry cut her off before she could start on what would likely be a long rant. "you've constantly since we've met harped on Ron and me about our manners, the way we conduct ourselves, dress, eat, our language and so much more. Therefore, I am sure that you'll understand why I find it more than irritating and quite hypocritical for you to think that it is in any way acceptable for you, a girl, to walk up into the boy's dorm and then take something from your friend without permission." Harry wasn't entirely sure if it was just his words or also the chiding tone that he was using but either way, he seemed to be getting to Hermione based on how the girl was turning red. "I had only gone up when you were having a shower to see how long you

were taking," Hermione began, though her voice was much quieter than before. "I wanted to see what was taking so long and then I saw your book and..."

"I don't care," Harry interrupted. "I'm the one that checked this out of the library so if anything happens to this book then it'll be me who gets in trouble, either way, you shouldn't have taken something from me without permission. Now, in the civilised world if we want something then we ask for it, now, do you want this book?" Harry asked, holding up the book.

"Y...yes please." Hermione's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Then ask for it, politely and nicely," Harry told her. Hermione stared at him for a few moments before she opened her mouth.

"Harry, may I please borrow that book?" She asked.

"See, that wasn't so hard." Harry rolled his eyes before he handed her the book.

"Thank you," Hermione gave him a brief nod before deciding to continue eating breakfast and reading in the hopes that the awkwardness of the situation would die down. Harry held back a snort before he also started eating, Ron blinked for a few seconds before joining them, leaving the whole trio to eat in awkward silence. Harry had barely finished his food when all of a sudden a group of people walked into the great hall. Harry noted that Tonks was one of them, he also saw a man that he remembered as Auror Shacklebolt, there were also a couple of other aurors that Harry didn't recognise. He watched as the group walked up to the teacher's table, Tonks making sure to wink at Harry and give him a small smile as she passed. "What's going on?" Hermione frowned, looking up from her book to see what was happening.

"Something very good, hopefully," Harry whispered to himself.

"Good morning," Dumbledore stood up as the aurors stopped in front of

the table. "How may I help you?" He asked curiously.

"Forgive me, Professor Dumbledore, but we are here on official business," Auror Shacklebolt said before turning his attention to Snape who was glaring at the aurors for interrupting his breakfast. "Professor Snape, I am placing you under arrest on suspicion of illegal legilimency on a minor." His words quickly caused the majority of the students to start talking to each other about what they had just heard.

"What?!" Snape snapped as he quickly stood up, causing everyone to become silent, Snape glared at the aurors before turning his attention to Harry who was watching with a lazy smile. "Potter!" Snape barked.

"Yo." Harry gave him a small wave.

"You arrogant little brat! You dare to..."

"That's enough!" Tonks said in a firm voice, interrupting Snape.

"Don't speak to me like that!" Snape hissed at Tonks. "Don't forget that only a few years ago you were just a pink-haired menace here and..."

"That might be true but right now I am standing here in my full capacity as an auror," Tonks cut Snape off, glaring at him as her hair turned red.

"And I feel like it's my duty as an auror and a person with common sense to tell you that when you're accused of a crime as horrible as mind-reading then the last thing you should do is start insulting the aurors and the one that claims to be a victim, especially in a hall full of witnesses.

For somebody so smart, you seem to be unable to think things through."

Tonks was very tempted to smile as she saw Snape grow increasingly red at her words.

"I..." The potions teacher began but was quickly interrupted by Dumbledore.

"Enough, Severus," He said in a firm voice before turning to Shacklebolt and speaking in a softer voice. "now, is this really necessary? I'm sure

that this is all a big misunderstanding."

"Perhaps, but orders are orders and we have to follow procedure,"

Shacklebolt said in an apologetic voice as he pulled out a pair of magical impression handcuffs, causing Snape to blanch as he not only saw the handcuffs but also the group of aurors that looked more than ready to attack him if he resisted arrest, it probably didn't help his situation that most of them were former students of his.

'We probably shouldn't laugh at this, but I really want to.' Harry mentally told Venom.

'Let's find somewhere private, then we can laugh our asses off.'

'Good idea.'

"Oh, you have got to be fucking kidding me!" Harry blurted out in sync with Venom.

It had been three days since Snape had been taken away by the aurors, and a lot had happened within that time. Firstly, Harry was once again held as a hero by everyone who hated Snape (the majority of the school), though Hermione was incredibly annoyed with him over it, unsurprisingly. Dumbledore had also been called to meet with the aurors since he could potentially be charged with assisting Snape since he didn't report the incident, Harry himself had been called in once to give a statement before being allowed to return to school.

While Snape was gone, Harry had continued practising spells and had been taking extra lessons with Professor Flitwick who was beyond happy with the progress that Harry was making. Harry had also noticed that Hermione was trying desperately to get the patronus charm to work but wasn't really able to get more than a bit of mist. Harry had offered to help but the stubborn girl seemed intent on doing it by herself.

Right now, Harry was in the owlery, having gone up to visit Hedwig who

was now currently perched on Harry's shoulder. Venom had also decided to greet her, which was why a black tentacle with Venom's head on the end of it had emerged out of Harry's back. All seemed nice until Harry and Venom (plus Hedwig) had looked down and saw Professor Dumbledore and Snape arrive on the grounds.

"The bastard got off," Harry growled, remembering Tonks's warning that this might happen.

"Dumbledore saved him," Venom growled alongside Harry before turning to Hedwig. "Do you see the bullshit that we have to deal with?" Hedwig gave an affirmative and sympathetic hoot as she nodded her head before letting out another hoot. "You're right, we deserve better than this." Harry wasn't sure if Venom honestly could understand Hedwig but decided he didn't really want to think about it at the moment.

"I hate him." Harry glared down to where Snape was talking with Dumbledore.

"Same." Venom agreed.

"Hoot." Hedwig hooted before letting out a chirping noise.

"That's illegal." Venom told her.

"He's going to be a nightmare now," Harry whispered. "no matter what Dumbledore says, I'm not going back to his class."

"He didn't teach much anyway," Venom pointed out. "we'll learn a lot better on our own."

"Yeah," Harry nodded, Snape's teaching method honestly seemed to be limited to writing the instructions and then insulting anyone who doesn't get them right so Harry wouldn't exactly argue with Venom's last comment. "let's get out of here."

"Fine," Venom nodded before turning to Hedwig just as another black tentacle popped out of Harry's back. "bye Hedwig." The second tentacle

waved at her before both tentacles retreated into Harry.

"I'm glad you two are getting along," Harry gave Hedwig a small smile before he gently and carefully picked her up and placed her back on a perch. "take care of yourself girl." He earned an affectionate nip of his fingers with that comment, causing him to laugh and give Hedwig one last owl treat before walking off.

A.N: Hi guys, small chapter today but the next one will be longer, I swear to Zeus. Though, I don't believe in Zeus so do with that what you will.

Thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

20. Chapter 20 - innocent?

Chapter 20 - Innocent?

"Excellent work, Mr Potter!" Professor Flitwick cheered, bouncing with joy. "Masterfully done! A brilliant example of the summoning charm."

"Thank you, Sir." Harry grinned as he stared at the book that he had just caught, the charm's teacher's energy was infectious and Harry couldn't help but find himself enjoying learning under him. Which wasn't all that hard since Harry had slowly started to feel better given that he had not been forced to return to Snape's class, apparently Professor McGonagall had agreed to him getting a private tutor, and Snape since returning had been doing his best to avoid Harry, limiting himself to nothing more than a hate-filled glare. Harry wasn't sure how long Snape would be able to last without antagonising him but Harry was willing to enjoy it while it lasted.

As of right now, Harry was currently in one of the extra lessons that Professor Flitwick had agreed to give Harry, Harry found himself really enjoying these lessons since they were all pretty much practical. Harry didn't know if that was because Professor Flitwick realised that he would prefer practical lessons or because he didn't really want to add more

homework onto Harry's already growing pile, either way, Harry wasn't going to complain.

Harry tossed the book into the air before pointing his wand at it. "Accio."

Harry cast the summoning spell and the book didn't drop to the ground and instead flew towards him, letting him catch it again with his spare hand.

"I'm very impressed with you, Mr Potter, that's a fourth-year spell,"

Professor Flitwick told him. "Now, you've done as I asked and learned the banishing charm theory, yes?" Professor Flitwick asked, giving Harry a questioning look.

"Yes, Sir." Harry nodded respectfully. "It's the opposite of the summoning charm and it sends something flying away, basically it just blasts stuff away." Harry summed up.

"It's a simplified explanation but you do at least seem to understand what you're talking about," Professor Flitwick hummed. "Can you please tell me the incantation for the spell?"

"Yes, Sir, it's 'depulso'," Harry answered.

"Excellent, now, let's try it out." Professor Flitwick suggested before flicking his wand several times, one of the walls became padded before a small desk was brought in front of it. "Please try and banish the desk at the wall."

"Okay, Sir." Harry nodded before he aimed his wand at the desk.

"Depulso." Harry cast the spell but unfortunately for him, nothing happened.

"Don't be discouraged, you'll get it," Professor Flitwick encouraged him.

"Try again."

"Okay." Harry took a deep breath. "Depulso." A spell shot out from his wand and struck the desk, pushing it forwards slightly.

"Very good, very good," Professor Flitwick praised. "Now, try again, Mr Potter. Just a touch more power to it, if you don't mind."

"A bit more power," Harry hummed. "got it." Harry aimed his wand at the desk once more. "Depulso." Harry cast the spell again, this time with more power. The result was not at all like what Harry expected would happen, once Harry's spell connected with the desk he ended up shooting it straight into the wall at an impressive speed that Harry was positive would have resulted in the desk shattering against the wall if not for all of Professor Flitwick's protective spells that were put in place. Still, despite the spells in place, Harry could still hear the impact of the crash and even felt the vibrations from it. "Whoa."

'That was awesome!' Venom's voice said and Harry couldn't help but picture a Chesire grin filled with tons of sharp teeth. 'Do it again! Find Snape or Draco and do it again!' Venom encouraged.

"I think you might have put in a bit too much power." Professor Flitwick commented in a slow voice.

"Really?" Harry asked, not totally able to keep all of the sarcasm out of his voice.

"Just a tad, yes," Professor Flitwick nodded, either not noticing or ignoring Harry's sarcasm.

"And then that old bat just starts predicting my death," Ron rolled his eyes.

The group were currently sitting outside in the courtyard, Ron was sitting on the floor with Hermione, the former was holding a quidditch book in his hands while Hermione was reading through the charm book that Harry had allowed her to borrow. Meanwhile, Harry was lazily lying down on the bench next to them with his head resting on one hand while the other held up a book on transfiguration that he was reading through.

"Again?" Harry snorted as he used his thumb to turn the page.

"Yeah, again," Ron said, ranting about his latest experience in the divination classroom. "I like the class, it's really easy and according to old Trewlany, I can read tea leaves with the best of them. But sweet Merlin, it's getting really old listening to her predict people's deaths. Even Neville isn't afraid of it anymore."

"That bad, huh?" Harry laughed, remembering the other students' reactions after leaving their first divination classroom, apparently, the teacher had predicted that Neville would die and everyone had stared at the chubby Gryffindor like they thought that he would collapse at any moment. Neville had been the worst though and had flinched at everything, small or big, he had damn near wet himself that day when he turned a corner and nearly ran into a first-year girl. "You know, it's not too late for you to change classes and join Hermione and me in one of our classes," Harry suggested.

"Are you joking?" Ron blurted out, staring at Harry as if Harry had just suggested he ask Snape to supervise Ron getting circumcised.

"Personally, I think that's a wonderful idea," Hermione spoke up, finally looking up from the book in her hands.

"Yeah, you would." Ron snorted.

"I'm serious, ancient runes and arithmancy are both very fascinating and interesting topics, not to mention that they are both far more useful than divination," Hermione said, all in one breath.

"Harry?" Ron asked his other friend.

"Arithmancy is a lot of math," Harry said with a small sigh. "It's not particularly exciting and it does drag on a bit at times, but it's not terrible, just a brainy sort of subject."

"No wonder you like it," Ron commented to Hermione who rolled her

eyes.

"Runes is great though," Harry continue with a small shrug of his shoulders. "I mean, it's not always interesting but for the most part it's fun. You get to learn a lot of the history involved in the runes as well, our last class had us looking at Norse runes. If you had to change into one of our classes then I'd recommend that one."

"I don't know," Ron sniffed. "Personally, I think I'd rather just stick with divination. I mean, listening to some crazy woman fail at predicting your death seems worth it for an easy grade."

"That's up to you, mate." Harry had barely gotten his sentence out of his mouth before Hermione started arguing that Ron was being lazy which prompted Ron to start arguing about her. Harry rolled his eyes and chose to not get involved and instead focus on his book, or at least he did until he heard a giggle. His gaze shifted to his left and he saw a trio of Gryffindor girls from the year below him, including Ron's little sister, Ginny. The girls were all whispering to each other as they walked, though Harry couldn't help but notice that their gaze kept shifting to him.

'Wink at them.' Venom suddenly ordered.

'I beg your pardon?' Harry asked.

'Wink at the girls,' Venom told him.

'No.'

'Do it.'

'No.'

'You'll look cool.'

'I don't know about...'

'Wink at them with your stupid face.' Venom commanded.

Harry mentally sighed before doing as Venom said, when all the girls

stared at him he winked at them and sent them a flirtatious smile or at least it was a smile that was as flirtatious as a thirteen-year-old boy with no experience in flirting could manage. Fortunately, for Harry, it appeared to do the trick as the two other Gryffindor girls began giggling louder while Ginny's blush had become nearly as red as her hair. Harry watched as the trio of girls turned a corner and disappeared from view. 'I am not going to lie, that went better than I thought it would.' Harry told Venom as he gave himself a mental pat on the back for successfully managing to flirt, though he did pause and consider the fact that he had flirted with Tonks before, or at least had had a few interactions that felt like flirting.

Harry was interrupted before he could think more about it, he felt his body shift and experience had just told him that one of Venom's tentacles had popped out of his body. Harry barely had time to think about it before he felt the tentacle retract and just before it had fully retracted he felt it change direction and slide up his clothes until it poked out of his sleeve with a piece of parchment.

'Look,' Venom told Harry who stared at the parchment and quickly realised it was Hermione's timetable, Harry was about to protest when he saw that many of Hermione's lessons were scheduled at the same time just like Harry had thought.

'She's taking every elective there is, except for divination.' Harry knew that Hermione had dropped divination since she really didn't like the subject and according to Ron, she hadn't been that fond of the classroom or teacher either.

'Weird, isn't it?' Venom commented.

'Sneak her timetable back before she realises it's gone,' Harry told Venom, knowing that the alien symbiote had most definitely already memorised

the entire thing. Venom did as Harry had said and the tentacle pulled itself out of Harry's sleeve before quickly and discreetly placing the timetable back into Hermione's pocket as she continued arguing with Ron. 'How is she doing that?' Harry wondered. 'If it was a mistake on her timetable then Hermione definitely would have gone to Professor McGonagall and had it fixed.'

'But she's also apparently been showing up in every class,' Venom said, beating Harry by a second. Harry nodded along, he remembered Hermione complaining about divination and Ron commenting about her being in the class, but that wasn't possible since ancient runes had been happening at the same time and Harry was positive that Hermione had been in ancient runes with him at the time. Plus he recalled hearing Hermione complain about how outdated the muggle studies class was. 'I have a theory.'

'What is it?' Harry asked.

'What's been different about Hermione this year?' Venom asked before sending an image of the necklace that Hermione had been wearing this year.

'What do you think about it?' Harry asked, recalling that it seemed to have spinning parts and a sand clock without Venom's help, it was a pretty weird looking necklace.

'Perhaps it's a magical object, maybe it lets her clone herself,' Venom guessed. 'Or maybe something that could be much worse, or much better.'

'As in?' Harry asked impatiently.

'Time travel.'

'Time travel?' Harry repeated, not entirely able to stop himself from sounding disbelieving. Though he immediately chastised himself for it, after all, it was only a few years ago that levitating objects with a stick

was out of the realm of possibility for him.

'It's obviously time travel, the thing has a little clock in it,' Venom said, referencing the sand glass.

'It's possible, I suppose, but we can't really be sure, can we?' Harry frowned.

'There's one way to check.' Venom lightly commented.

'Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?' Harry asked.

'Since I know what you're thinking, yes, yes I am.' Venom confirmed.

'You want to steal it?' Harry asked with disbelief.

'You read my mind, Harry.'

'You're in my mind, Venom, and no, I'm not stealing from my friend.'

Harry refused.

'I figured you'd say that, so how about I offer you something in exchange for doing it?' Venom asked in a casual voice.

'Like what?' Harry asked, not even bothering to keep the interest out of his voice. Venom, quite frankly, had an unfair advantage as he could tell what was going on in Harry's brain so Harry wouldn't bother pretending.

'Like uncovering the mystery of Sirius Black.' Venom purred.

'What mystery?' Harry asked, sounding quite confused. 'What does the guy that got my parents killed have to do with Hermione's ridiculous timetable and that necklace?'

'Well, I am not sure but I do think it just might be possible that Sirius Black didn't betray your parents,' Venom told Harry, causing the young wizard to suddenly snap up to a sitting position, interrupting Ron and Hermione's argument.

"Are you okay, mate?" Ron blinked as he and Hermione stared at Harry.

"No, no, I...I'm not feeling well," Harry fibbed as he stood up.

"Do you need to go to Madam Pomfrey?" Hermione frowned.

"No, I...just have...to go...I...I have diarrhoea." Harry lied as he began walking away.

"Diarrhoea?" Ron blinked.

"Explosive diarrhoea." Harry clarified as he got farther away.

"Are you sure you don't want to go to Madam Pomfrey?" Hermione called.

"Nah, I'll just go find a corner in Malfoy's room," Harry called back before he got out of their sight, Harry quickly decided to walk to the owlery since he was positive that nobody would be there right now. 'That's not the kind of sentence you just drop on a person.' He mentally hissed at Venom.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter. Before anyone asks, Venom does not have a memory of Peter becoming the secret keeper or anything like that. You'll find out why he has doubts in the next chapter. Anyway, thanks for reading hope you liked it.

Youtube account: JB21

Tiktok account: jb21q

Pat-reon account: JB21

21. Chapter 21 - What the F

Reviews:

Redpanda1224: Harry's random sassy comments are awesome.

Won't Venom have the memory of Peter coming in and taking Voldemorts wand and Snape doing the "my poor Lily" scene and was about to AK baby Harry.

JB21: Good point and I have a way around that which I will reveal in a future chapter.

nad4.35: u can't just drop a cliffhanger like that! lol. thanks for writing.

til next time.

JB21: Mate, I drop cliffhangers like they're going out of value. I got every type of cliffhanger from the funny to the frustrating.

Procrastinatey: Read through all 20 chapters in one sitting, such a refreshing idea and the dialogue between characters feels natural and fun. Was really excited to see how recently this was updated as well.

Can't wait to see what you do with the story awesome work

JB21: Thanks, glad you enjoyed it

Azure Sky Dance: Binged read thru 20 chapters, and enjoyed all of it.

Maybe have Harry flirt with Fleur or the other way around in the next year forcing Tonks to initially get possessive of him. You're getting a follower for this story

JB21: A follower?! I love having one on those!

Chapter 21 - What the f...

Baby Harry laughed loudly as the curly-haired man blew a raspberry against Harry's stomach, Harry's hands feebly slapped at the man's head, only serving to amuse the man even more and prompt him to do it again, earning some more laughter from Harry.

"You like that, don't you?" The curly-haired man grinned as he held Harry up in the air, the man rubbed his nose against Harry's before pretending to bite down on it while making a biting noise that caused Harry to laugh again.

"Sirius," A woman's voice - Harry's mother's voice - called. "Pass him here, it's time for his milk," Lily told Sirius as she walked over and looked at Sirius expectantly.

"But we were playing, weren't we, Pup?" Sirius protested, looking to Harry for support. Harry giggled and clapped his hands together several times before he tried to reach out and grab Sirius's hair, though Sirius managed to pull his head back just in time for Harry to miss.

"You can play later, besides, that's all you do." Lily rolled her eyes as she

gently took Harry away from Sirius and held him in her arms. "Now, let's get you all nice and fed, yeah?" She asked before kissing Harry on the forehead.

"Do we have any firewhiskey in the kitchen?" Sirius asked hopefully.

"You are not drinking firewhiskey in this house with Harry around." Lily glared at him, narrowing her eyes.

"Why?" Sirius pouted. "It's not like he'll remember it." He argued, only to shrink back under a look from Lily that clearly warned him that he would be suffering extreme amounts of pain if he disobeyed her order. "Okay, okay, fine," He said quickly, holding his hands up in surrender. "No drinking in front of the kid, I swear."

"That's better," Lily's face softened but she still stared at him with narrowed eyes, as if she expected him to pull out some firewhiskey the second she looked away. "now, how long did you say James would be?"

"I don't know," Sirius answered honestly with a small shrug of his shoulders.

"It depends on ole Crouch, he's running all the aurors ragged. I had a two-hour meeting with him the day before yesterday. So, if James's telling Crouch he wants to leave the auror force to stay here then he's probably still getting shouted at. Say what you want about the bloke but he does seem determined to stop Volde..."

"Don't say his name!" Lily hissed quickly.

"What? It's fine," Sirius said dismissively. "We're under a fidelius charm and..."

"The charm is not foolproof and it can be broken with enough magic and the right minds," Lily cut in. "If you say his name then it'll be the magic of the charm against the magic of his taboo, if the charm holds out then it'll at the very least narrow our location down for them, understand? The charm works best when people don't know about it. Got it?"

"Right," Sirius gulped slightly. "Sorry, Lily."

"Next time, don't question the charms mistress." She smirked at him.

"I bow to your superiority, oh mighty mistress," Sirius said actually bowing to her. Lily let out an amused noise and picked up a milk bottle before the two of them sat down on a sofa.

"So, how's Remus doing?" Lily asked as she put the nipple of the bottle into Harry's mouth.

"I haven't seen him for a while," Sirius admitted. "Firstly, because old Dumbledore sent him to go and try and get the wolf packs on our sides."

"I've told Dumbledore so many times to stop sending Remus to the wolves," Lily huffed. "The wolf packs have already joined you-know-who and those that haven't won't break their neutrality for anything that Dumbledore is willing to offer. I swear, that man never listens to anyone."

"I know," Sirius agreed. "If he did listen to other people then his clothes might not be so bright. Anyway, Remus got back a few days ago, but apparently, he had to go to several meetings with family members to discuss the state of his family. He's the last remaining member of the family that was born a Lupin, but he's also a werewolf, so he's basically screwed over by the state of things."

"That's horrible," Lily frowned before brightening slightly. "Wait, did he go on that date I tried to set him up with?" She smiled, thinking about the date she planned for Remus to go on with one of her friends.

"No, no he did not." Sirius rolled his eyes.

"What? Why not?" Lily demanded, not raising her voice because of Harry who was happily drinking from his milk bottle.

"The usual excuse." Sirius snorted.

"I can't, I'm a werewolf." Lily and Sirius recited at the same time, both doing their own impression of Remus.

"Honestly, why would it have mattered? Her aunty was a werewolf, she wouldn't have cared, I told him that." Lily complained.

"Hey, don't shoot the messenger." Sirius raised his hands in surrender. "But I

do agree with you, I actually once spent the night with a werewolf myself. Let me tell you, she was nowhere near as hairy as one might expect, well...apart from..."

"Ah!" Lily said sharply before gesturing to Harry. "Finish that sentence at your own peril."

"Fine," Sirius sighed, in his opinion, Lily was just being dramatic, it's not like Harry would remember any of this. "anyway, how are things going with your sister?" He asked.

"Not great," A sad look appeared on Lily's face. "We haven't talked in ages, I told her she has a nephew and she just complained that there was another 'freak' in the world."

"If you ask me, Lily, your sister is the real freak here."

"Why?" Lily frowned. "Because she's a muggle?"

"Because she's an absolute bit..." Sirius paused as he remembered that Harry was still here and Lily apparently had rules about that. "She's a B-I-T-C-H with one of those upside-down 'i' thingies at the end."

"You mean an exclamation mark?" Lily said with a light laugh.

"Yeah. one of those," Sirius said dismissively. "You of all people know that I got no problems with muggles and whatever, but your sister...I mean...sweet Merlin, how the hell are the two of you related? She's worse than you in literally every way possible."

"She's not that bad," Lily said half-heartedly.

"Yeah, she is," Sirius insisted. "I mean, look at her. She falls short on looks, personality, and everything in-between."

"I know, but she's still my family, Sirius." Lily protested.

"Yeah," Sirius let out a deep breath. "We don't always get to choose our family, do we?" He raised a hand and stroked the top of Harry's head. "But, for what it's worth, we can make new families. Look at me, I had nothing, my

mother rules our house and hates me for not being a pureblood prince, my brother's too busy trying to impress her, my father barely cares about me and my cousins have either run away or got married to more prats I want nothing to do with. But they're not my family, not really, the only way we're related is by blood. James, little Harry here and you, you three are my family." He finished by giving her a warm smile.

Harry opened his eyes and found himself sitting on his bed in the Gryffindor boy's room, he opened his bed curtains and looked around, not seeing anyone. He took a deep breath before he closed the curtains and lay back down on the bed.

'Hardly the sort of behaviour that one would expect from a death eater,' Venom commented. 'There are many more memories of him and your parents, I've watched them repeatedly and have seen no signs of deception from him.'

'Maybe...maybe he's a good actor.' Harry ran a hand through his hair, not knowing what to think.

'No,' Venom insisted. 'I'm sure he wasn't acting.'

'You don't think it was him?' Harry asked.

'I'm saying that it's possible it might not be,' Venom explained. 'Though, I could be wrong.'

'So, keep our guard up but don't act rashly?' Harry summed up.

'Basically, yeah.' Venom agreed.

'Sirius and my Mum were talking about a guy called 'Remus Lupin', what are the odds of it not being the new defence against the dark arts teacher?' Harry asked, rubbing his eyes as he did so.

'It is him,' Venom replied. 'I've seen a couple of other memories that have him in it.'

'I wonder why he didn't talk to me about it,' Harry sighed.

'Might have been because of the last memory we have of him talking to your mother.' Venom guessed.

'What memory? What happened?' Harry asked quickly.

'I can show you, but you might not like it.' Venom warned.

'Show me.' Harry told him without hesitation.

'If you insist.'

"Remus, it's been too long." Lily smiled brightly as she pulled Remus into a one-armed hug while holding Harry in the other arm. "I haven't seen you in ages," Lily added as Remus closed the door behind him.

"Sorry about that," Remus apologised as he took off his trench coat and hung it up on the coat rack by the door. "I've had a hectic few weeks to say the least," He told her as the pair walked into the living room and sat down after Lily gently placed Harry in his play-cot, leaving him to enjoy the myriad of toys in there with him. "how's Harry been doing?" He asked once Lily had sat down next to him.

"Oh, he's just brilliant," Lily smiled brightly, looking as if Remus had just asked her about her favourite topic in the world. "He rarely ever cries and he's learning things quite quickly for his age." She told Remus, looking quite proud.

"Obviously, he gets his intelligence from me, and not his neanderthal of a father," Lily added before staring in Harry's direction. "Isn't that right, sweetie?" She cooed at him. Harry, not really knowing what was going on, simply smiled and clapped his hands. "That's right." Lily smiled at him before turning back to Remus who was giving her his own smile. "Anyway, how have things been going with the wolf packs?" She asked.

"Not that good, I'm afraid, not that good at all." Remus let out a deep sigh as he ran one hand over his face. "The majority of the packs have declared their loyalty to You-know-who, though luckily there are some packs out there that haven't joined them, unfortunately, they are few and far between, not to

mention that I haven't been able to convince any of them to join our side of the war."

"Oh wow, such a shame, wonder why nobody predicted that." Lily deadpanned before shaking her head. "I told Dumbledore countless times that sending you wouldn't do any good."

"I thought it would," Remus admitted. "I mean, Albus Dumbledore was asking for their help, that would've gotten a lot of people to at least consider the idea."

"Remus, those wolves weren't like you," Lily replied in a soft voice. "The 'great, Albus Dumbledore' didn't take them into Hogwarts and give them the opportunity to have a good education, most of them didn't really even see the point in it. They figured that they wouldn't get jobs anyway."

"Yeah, but once we win the war then surely things will get better," Remus replied. "Besides, what does that have to do with anything?"

"It means that they didn't grow up like other people, hearing about how good of a person Dumbledore is. As far as they're concerned, he's just another rich, old man who hadn't helped them," Lily explained. "Or at least that's what I'm guessing. Either way, Dumbledore should have listened to me, I told him to waste less time on the werewolves."

"Anyway, how's James and Sirius doing?" Remus asked, deciding to change the subject.

"Sirius is fine I suppose, he's still pretty much just a man-child, but he's been proving himself to be a good godfather." Lily shrugged. "I'll admit that I had my doubts about him but James apparently knew what he was doing when he appointed Sirius as our backup. Sirius comes here as often as he can, normally at least once a week. Though he does mix it up just in case. As for James, he's still a man-child as well, but he's definitely improved from school. Still, things aren't exactly perfect anymore."

"What do you mean?" Remus asked, leaning forward slightly to give her his full attention.

"Well, I think we're both just stressed, you know?" Lily sighed. "I mean, between the war and raising Harry and barely ever leaving the house, we're all getting a bit frustrated. I mean, James goes out once a month now, he can't stand staying inside for so long. I think he just finds a forest and transforms into his stag form before running around, at least that's my guess."

"I don't see why James is complaining," Remus lightly commented as he scooted slightly closer to Lily. "If I was James, and you were my wife, I don't think I'd ever want to leave."

"You'd get tired of me eventually," Lily laughed, her cheeks slightly red from Remus's comment.

"Unlikely," Remus said with a small shake of his head. "You're perfect, Lily, just the way you are."

"I'm really not," Lily blushed, dipping her head slightly.

"Yes, you are, Lily." Remus insisted. "I mean, look at you, you have a brilliant mind and you are undoubtedly one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my life."

"You're being really flattering right now," Lily commented, looking up to stare at him. "Is there something you're after?" She asked suspiciously, wondering if Remus was trying to butter her up for an apology for something. That was exactly the sort of thing that the Marauders (James and his little gang of friends) would do.

"W...well, there is one thing." Remus gulped.

"What?" Lily asked curiously. Remus didn't respond, not straight away, instead, he simply leaned his head forwards, bringing himself closer to Lily.

"Remus?" Lily froze in shock as Remus's lips neared her own, they were only a centimetre from touching when Lily quickly pulled her head back.

Remus opened his eyes and found himself staring directly into Lily's beautiful emerald green orbs, and given the way they were blazing with anger, he could not help but feel like he had just gotten himself into serious trouble. That feeling was proven right when Lily had slapped him across the face, hard.

"I...I can't believe you!" Lily yelled before pushing him back.

"Lily, I'm...I'm sorry but I..."

"Sorry?! Sorry?!" Lily shrieked before she shoved him again, causing him to fall off the sofa. Thankfully for him, he was able to avoid going on the floor and instead was able to simply stand up. Unfortunately, for him, Lily stood up as well, looking at him with more anger than he had ever seen her direct at him. "What the hell was that?!" She demanded to know.

"I'm...I...I wasn't thinking and..."

"Clearly not!" Lily snapped out her agreement.

"It's just...you said that you and James were having a hard time and..."

"Just because my husband and I argue, it doesn't mean that he's not my husband!" Lily hissed. "I'm not the type of girl who cheats on her husband and it's offensive to me that you'd even consider that I would."

"I..."

"James is your friend!" Lily cut him off. "And you tried to kiss his wife?!"

"I'm sorry, Lily, it's just..."

"Leave!" Lily hissed, pulling out her wand, causing Remus to pale slightly.

"Now, Lily," He began. "I think that..."

"Remus, I won't ask again, leave this house, now!" She ordered, Remus gulped before sending her an apologetic look. He very wisely nodded his head before doing as she said, leaving the house. "I can't believe him!" Lily rolled in frustration before turning and seeing Harry stare at her with wide eyes.

"What the fuck?!" Harry demanded as he snapped awake.

Reviews:

souping: Thanks for pointing that out, that should be fixed now.

Athrium: You mean the chapter that showed some history of various important characters and sets up stuff for future chapters did nothing?

A10riddick: Damn near everyone does.

ShashankBhatt: I have absolutely no problem with the actress, she's brilliant in the role and I don't know much about her outside of Harry Potter. My main problems are with the character, check chapter 26 of my damaged raven story and read the author notes to find out why.

Chapter 22 - One door opens

'Where the bloody hell is he?' Harry mentally cursed as he walked down the halls of Hogwarts, trying to find one Remus Lupin, unfortunately, he was not able to find the teacher in his classroom or office or the great hall and now Harry was intent on walking through the whole school if necessary to find him.

'What are we going to do when we find him?' Venom asked.

'Not a clue,' Harry admitted honestly. 'I just need answers. Like where the fuck has this guy been all of my life and what the fuck was he thinking when he tried to kiss my mother, and then I'll either walk away or punch him...or both.' Harry told Venom just before they turned around a corner and spotted Malfoy walking in their direction along with Crabbe and Goyle.

"Oh great, it's Potter." Malfoy sighed, looking as if he had just stepped in cow dung. "I suppose it's bad enough that you have to stay in this castle, but do I really have to..."

"Get fucked, you gormless, limp-wristed, idle sod!" Harry impatiently cut off Malfoy as he walked past him and turned a corner before the blonde could respond, Harry was in no mood to listen to Malfoy's crap.

It was a minute later when Harry eventually found Professor Lupin, Harry had turned the corner and found himself staring at Lupin who was chatting with Tonks who Harry noticed was smiling up at the older man. 'That's our Tonks! You womanising bastard!' Venom indignantly roared in Harry's head.

Harry did his best to ignore Venom and walked over to Tonk and Lupin who both appeared to be discussing their jobs, Lupin was currently telling Tonks about a class he had earlier involving some first-year Gryffindors and Slytherins and how he had to do his best to prevent them from trying to hex each other. Lupin had trailed off when he and Tonks noticed had noticed Harry approaching.

"Wotcher Harry," Tonks greeted him with a smile.

"Hey Tonks," Harry greeted her warmly before turning to Professor Lupin.

"Sir, I need to talk to you." He told the older man in a neutral voice.

"Does this have something to do with class?" Professor Lupin asked curiously. "I should let you know that I'm expecting great things from you, Mr Potter, I imagine most of your teachers do as well. Producing a patronus charm at your age is nothing short of extraordinary." He complimented.

"Yeah," Tonks quickly agreed. "I know plenty of aurors that can't do the spell, a few of the aurors around here told some of the other aurors and eventually word began spreading. I've heard that a ton of aurors are actually quite jealous because of you, they didn't like getting showed up by someone who is still a Hogwarts student." She finished and grinned at him.

"Thanks," Harry gave her a brief smile before turning back to Lupin. "And no, what I want to talk to you about doesn't have anything to do with class or school or anything like that."

"Oh?" Professor Lupin asked, looking confused. "Then what did you want to talk to me about?" He asked.

"I need to talk to you about some private business between the two of us," Harry began. "I have questions and you have the answers I need for those questions."

"I must confess, Mr Potter, that I don't really know what you're talking about." Professor Lupin frowned. "What private business do we need to discuss?"

"You can't think of anything?" Harry asked incredulously. "What about the fact that you knew my parents and didn't say anything?" He asked, earning a surprised look from Tonks and a shocked look from Lupin.

"Harry," Lupin began. "I..."

"Or how about the fact that you acted as if we've never known each other before?" Harry pressed on. "Oh, and here's a big one, how about we talk about why you tried to get my mother to cheat on my father with you?"

"H...how did you know that?" Lupin stuttered, looking a bit paler than before while Tonks stared in between the two of them.

"My mother left diaries," Harry lied. "and don't change the subject. You've got answers and I want to hear them."

"I...fine," Lupin let out a deep sigh. "I understand, are you willing to wait until after your next lesson with me before I give you those answers?" He asked, suddenly looking a lot more tired.

"Fine," Harry answered after a few moments of thinking. "But if I don't get my answers then..."

"You will," Professor Lupin cut him off. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go and prepare for my next class." He told them and walked away before anyone could respond.

"Well...that was awkward." Tonks helpfully commented once Lupin was

gone.

"Sorry about that," Harry apologised to her, running a hand over the back of his head. "I was kind of hoping to catch him alone." He admitted.

"Don't worry, I've seen far more awkward things than that," Tonks said dismissively. "I once was working on this case with old Shackbolt and we both caught a guy who had cheated on his wife with her mother-in-law and just as we burst into the door we found his wife and her mother-in-law catching him with his sister-in-law."

"That's a lot of laws," Harry commented.

"Almost as many as he broke," Tonks shrugged. "Anyway, like I was saying, that's nowhere near the most awkward thing I've ever witnessed. I hope you get the answers you're looking for." She added.

"Me too," Harry said, smiling at her. "So, how are you?"

"Fine, mostly," Tonks gave him another small shrug. "Still going through my daily routine, the kidnapping thing was quite annoying." She added, earning an amused snort from Harry. "What?"

"It's just the way you're so casual about being kidnapped," Harry explained with a smile on his face. "It made me imagine how Hermione would react."

"What do you mean?" Tonks asked in a confused voice.

"Whenever I joke about my near-death experiences she gets upset," Harry began explaining. "Like if I say 'it's a shame that bludger didn't kill me, I could've gotten off from doing homework,' she'd get angry with me for joking about what is 'clearly no-joking matter'."

"She's quite uptight, isn't she?" Tonks spoke carefully, not wanting to offend Harry.

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "She does have her good qualities, really, but yeah. She's not perfect."

"Not like us, eh?" Tonks grinned as she playfully nudged him.

"Yeah, exactly," Harry laughed. "We're both pure pinnacles of perfection."

"Ooh, nice alliteration," Tonks gave him a slow clap.

"Thanks, spent quite a lot of time with Professor McGonagall, picked it up from her." Harry grinned.

"Oh, she was always good at that," Tonks grinned. "I once heard her call a boy a 'bullying, bad-mouthed baboon'."

"You ever hear her call someone a 'petty, petulant piece of porcupine droppings'?" Harry asked.

"Once," Tonks answered. "Right before she called one girl a 'venomous little vicious viper'."

'What's wrong with being 'Venomous'?' Venom questioned.

"What did the Slytherin girl do?" Harry asked, ignoring Venom with practised ease.

"Oh no, it was a Hufflepuff," Tonks told him.

"Huh? Well, guess I'll go and reexamine my personal biases," Harry said after a short pause. "Though in my defence it was more because you had said 'viper' than anything else. Anyway, what did she do?" Harry asked again.

"Cheated on a test and got caught, twice, blames somebody else both times," Tonks told him whilst shaking her head. "Wasn't really smart enough to fool a ten-year-old teacher, let alone a pissed-off older one who had just spent the last hour undoing some idiot's attempt to turn himself into a dragon."

"Turn himself into a dragon?" Harry blinked.

"Yeah, ended up with scales instead of skin and fire kept shooting out from both ends," Tonks said, her lips twisting as she tried to not laugh as the memories she possessed of the event shot through her head.

"Normally it wouldn't have taken her so long to undo it but he had tried a combination of spells and a potion to do it."

"Wow," Harry shook his head with disbelief. "Are you kidding me?" He asked.

"Nope," Tonks shook her head, popping the 'p'. "Professor McGonagall was furious with him, contacted his mother, the next morning Mrs Weasley sends a howler that ends up deafening half the school."

"Wait, Mrs Weasley?" Harry blinked. "This was one of Ron's brothers?"

"Charlie Weasley," Tonks answered. "The boy was obsessed with dragons, still is, last I heard he left the country to work on a dragon reserve."

"Yeah, Ron told me about him," Harry replied. "Still, that's a bit obsessive, don't you think?"

"A bit more than a bit," Tonks snorted. "He and I actually used to date before."

"Oh?" Harry shifted slightly. "Really?" He asked, for some reason his opinion of Charlie Weasley dropped down even lower.

"Yeah, but he was adamant about going to the dragon reserve, so it didn't really work out," Tonks added while Venom sent images to Harry's head, images that were pretty much Charlie's head getting bitten off. "Between you and me, it's why I do my best to avoid the older Weasleys, it's a bit awkward with past history and it doesn't help that his mother always tries to convince me to get back together with him."

"Wait, Mrs Weasley wants you to leave Britain and go to a dragon reserve?" Harry asked in a confused voice.

"Oh no," Tonks shook her head. "She wants him to move back to good old Britain and get a nice job at the ministry, then he gets back together with me," Tonks answered, rolling her eyes.

'Fat chance!' Venom hissed.

"Hmm," Harry hummed, not knowing what else to say.

"Anyway, I've got to go continue my rounds around the school," Tonks said. "I'll see you later, Harry."

"Yeah, sure," Harry quickly agreed. "I'll see you later, Tonks," Harry called as she began walking away.

'You two would make definitely some very powerful offspring.' Venom commented.

'Shut it.'

"They'll definitely win the next match though," Harry commented to Ron as the two sat together in the defence against the dark arts classroom, waiting for Professor Lupin to arrive. Nearly all the students, bar the judgemental ones like Malfoy, enjoyed Professor Lupin's lessons as the man was not only knowledgeable and capable but also allowed the class to participate in practical lessons while also seeming to love his job, making him a step up from the previous two teachers they had had on the subject.

Harry, on the other hand, had been looking forward to it for those same reasons but also for another, after the lesson was finished he would corner Professor Lupin and one way or another he would get the man to reveal what he knew about Harry's parents and have him answer Harry's questions, like what the hell that man was thinking when he tried to kiss Lily Potter.

"No way on Earth, mate," Ron shook his head and stared at Harry like he was trying to explain basic addition to a particularly dim three-year-old.

"The Chudley Cannons will slaughter the Falmouth Falcons, their defence has gotten a lot better this year."

"Ron, you say that about every team they face against," Harry pointed out, resisting the urge to roll his eyes at the redhead's stubbornness.

While Harry did not know anywhere near the same amount as Ron when it came to quidditch teams thanks to living in the muggle world most of his life and returning there when he wasn't at Hogwarts, especially when Ron was his main source of information on the subject outside of a few magazines, he did know enough to know that the Cannons were not the 'gods of quidditch' that Ron seemed to believe them to be. The team lost far more matches than they won and could never seem to hold a decent player for a good enough amount of time. Still, despite all of this, Ron would never waver from his firm belief that they were indeed the best quidditch team ever to grace the world. Harry was honestly not sure if he should be more impressed by Ron's loyalty or annoyed by Ron's lack of connection to reality. He wondered if all sports fans were like this, he knew that his roommate, Dean Thomas, would be more than willing to argue against anyone who disagrees with him on who the best football team was.

"I wonder where Professor Lupin is," A voice commented, the two turned their heads to the side and saw Hermione sitting at the desk next to them.

"When did she get here?!" Ron hissed with disbelief to Harry who narrowed his eyes slightly at Hermione. Neither of the two boys got to say or do anything more as the next second the door to the classroom snapped open and the whole class went quiet, Harry's eyes widened near instantly. He only knew one teacher who opened doors like that and he sincerely hoped that the person who opened that door was not the same one. Unfortunately for the young wizard, he wasn't as lucky as he would have liked.

"Quiet." Barked Professor Snape as he stormed to the front of the classroom, his cloak billowing behind him, the pale-skinned man made

an abrupt stop at the front of the classroom before turning to face the classroom. "Turn to page three-hundred and ninety-four." He told them without any preamble, the majority of the students quickly opened their books and began searching for the page that Snape had demanded.

"Where's Professor Lupin?" Harry asked, having not even reached for the book on his desk.

"That's hardly any of your business, is it, Potter?" Snape sneered at Harry.

"Needless to say, he's not here right now, is he? He finds himself unable to teach this class today, for one reason or another, therefore it falls upon my shoulders to waste an hour of my life trying to install a small amount of knowledge into that thing in your head that you claim is a brian, all I ask in return is that you try your best to not be an irritant for me, is that too much to ask?"

"You could have just said you don't know," Harry told him in a bored tone, quite used to Snape's long-worded insults.

"Turn to page three-hundred and ninety-four," Snape ordered as he glared at him.

'I'll turn you upside down in a second, mate.' Venom threatened, even though he knew Snape couldn't hear him.

"If it's all the same to you, sir, I think I'll excuse myself." He told Snape.

Harry had barely stood up and picked up his school bag when Snape had decided to 'calmly' respond to him.

"Sit down you arrogant brat!" Snape barked loudly, causing many nearby to flinch.

"I left your lessons for many reasons and thank you for demonstrating one of them," Harry pulled out his wand and flicked it. "Pack." Harry cast the packing spell, and his book along with his quill and pot of ink shot off the desk and into his bag. He mentally thanked Professor Flitwick

before deciding to finish his conversation with Snape. "I'm not doing any detentions or classes with you, and I've already informed Professor McGonagall of that fact. Now, if you don't mind, I'll leave the classroom." After having said his piece, Harry turned around and walked towards the door, he had barely reached it when a spell flew over his head and hit the door, Harry heard the sound of the door locked before he let out a deep sigh and turned back around to see Snape holding his wand and glaring at him.

"Get back in your seat, Potter," Snape growled. "Now."

"No," Harry pointed his wand at the door. "Alohamora." Harry cast the unlocking spell and was pleased to hear the door unlock. Unfortunately, it was then hit by another spell, Harry ignored the temptation to growl and cast the unlocking spell again, only this time it didn't open the door.

"You might think you know everything, Potter, but you don't," Snape told him with a hint of amusement in his voice. "Now get back to your seat or..."

"Or what?" Harry asked.

"Or I'll make you." Snape threatened.

"You'll force me to do something in front of this class full of witnesses when you know that we're supposed to stay away from each other, have fun with that." Harry snorted before he turned back to the door. Harry muttered some nonsense under his breath, barely making it loud enough to be heard as he waved his wand over the door and pretended to cast a spell. As far as he was concerned it was better for them to believe that what he would do next was in fact a result of magic and not pure physical strength increased via alien. Harry flicked his arm out and his fist connected with the door, breaking off a small portion of the door, and causing it to swing open. "Finite Incantatem." Harry calmly cast the

counterspell on the door, ignoring the shocked reactions from the others. He figured that casting the spell to end spells on the door would help sell the idea of it being magical instead of pure physical strength, besides it also helped him since it would provide an explanation if Snape or anyone else didn't find any spell of his on the door.

"Potter!" Snape spoke loudly once he recovered from his shock. "You damaged school property."

"Yeah, well you have magic, don't you?" Harry retorted. "Fixing it should be easy for you, you can ask Hermione if you need help," Harry added and walked out of the room before Snape could respond.

23. Chapter 23 - Drugs

Review:

BlaszczeM: A slight spoiler: There isn't going to be much violence until after the third year.

Fallen Gluttonous Angel: He gets darker and darker as the chapters go on, you'll see noticeable differences by the time he's in his fourth year.

iamshinydragonmist: No, I hate those with a passion. Despite, what some people might think about me, I'm not against a good Hermione pairing and I can actually enjoy a well written one, but I'm not touching the Hermione-Snape pairing any more than I am the Draco-Harry or Harry-Severus pairing.

Chapter 23 - Drugs

"Enter," Called Professor Dumbledore as he sat behind his desk, organising a few papers while Fawkes was perched on his stand while cleaning his feathers. Soon the door opened and in walked none other than Rubeus Hagrid, the gentle half-giant walked over to Professor Dumbledore's desk.

"Professor Dumbledore, sir," He greeted Dumbledore warmly and

respectfully with a nod of his head.

"Good afternoon, Hagrid," Dumbledore smiled as he flicked his wand and enlarged the chair in front of his desk for Hagrid to sit in before he strengthened it to be able to withstand his weight.

"Thank you," Hagrid said in a grateful voice as he sat down.

"I suppose I should be calling you 'Professor Hagrid' now, shouldn't I?"

Dumbledore asked, his blue eyes twinkling brightly while Hagrid blushed.

"Just Hagrid will do, Professor Dumbledore." Hagrid insisted.

"As you wish, Hagrid," Dumbledore inclined his head in agreement.

"Now, not that I am displeased to see you, but I must ask, why have you come to my office today? Is now not normally the time you would spend in the forbidden forest?" He asked, well aware of Hagrid's love of venturing into the forest.

"That's actually why I am here now, sir," Hagrid confessed, his voice and expression turning slightly more serious.

"Oh," Professor Dumbledore looked at him curiously. "Do go on, Hagrid."

Dumbledore gestured for him to continue.

"Yes, well," Hagrid coughed lightly before continuing to speak. "It's

usually around this time of year that I go to visit Aragog in the forest.

Now, normally I get through the forest without any problems. Stop and

chat to the centaurs, go say hello to a few magical creatures and so on

before I reach the spider's nest. Now, when I get there, his children let me

in and guide me to him. But this time, they didn't."

"Why not, Hagrid?" Asked Dumbledore with a small frown.

"They only ever really let me in because of Aragog," Hagrid confessed.

"When I got there, they told me that Aragog was no longer in charge."

"No longer in charge?" Professor Dumbledore repeated. "Do correct me if

I'm wrong but the only way that should happen is if there is a new king."

"Aye," Hagrid confirmed with a nod. "And that'll only happen if Aragog died or stepped down."

"Which do you believe happened?" Dumbledore asked.

"I hope it's not the first one," Hagrid admitted in a grim tone that made it clear he knew which one was more likely. "I plan to ask the centaurs tomorrow, they might know something."

"Hmm," Dumbledore hummed thoughtfully. "I'm sorry, but why did you not ask the centaurs today?" He asked.

"Because I was too busy getting chased out of the forest," Hagrid said in a hurt voice. "The older spiders remembered me and gave me one warning to stay out of their nest, said that since Aragog wasn't around, they were no longer obligated to spare me. The youngest ones did try and eat me, had to send a few warning shots from my crossbow when I booked it out of there. Poor Fang was with me, he's scared senseless."

"That is definitely disturbing," Dumbledore sighed. "Do you know who the new king of the spider is?" He asked hopefully.

"No, they wouldn't tell me, they sounded right scared of him," Hagrid admitted.

"This is concerning," Dumbledore began but was quickly interrupted by the sound of footsteps coming out of his door.

"Dumbledore," Professor McGonagall walked in followed by Snape. "We need to talk, now." She told him in a no-nonsense tone of voice.

"Forgive me, Hagrid," Dumbledore sighed. "Please, come back to me tomorrow after your talk with the centaurs."

"Right you are, sir." Hagrid nodded to him before standing up.

"Professors." He nodded to the other two teachers before he walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Now, may you both please tell me what has happened?" Dumbledore asked.

"Headmaster, I demand that you punish that boy at once!" Snape spoke up first.

"By which, I suppose you mean Harry Potter." Dumbledore guessed.

'Really, who else would it be?' He thought.

"Of course, he means Harry Potter," snapped Professor McGonagall. "The man's obsessed with tormenting the boy!"

"I treat Potter no less than he deserves!" Snape glared at her.

"Don't you dare give me that look, Severus!" Professor McGonagall hissed.

"I was teaching at this school long before you had made your first potion!

Don't for a moment believe that I will hesitate to put you in your place simply because you've somehow become a teacher! And that boy deserves the same level of respect as all students at this institution! No more and no less!"

"Enough," Dumbledore interrupted in a gentle but firm voice. "Now, please explain to me what has happened."

"Lupin was not able to teach his class so I had taken over," Snape began explaining. "As soon as I got in, the Potter boy insisted on causing trouble and tried to walk out of my class! When I demanded that he stay, the boy broke the door and then demanded that I fix it! He's out of control!"

"A beautifully half-painted picture, Severus," Professor McGonagall cut in.

"But don't worry, I'm more than willing to fill out the rest."

"What do you mean, Minerva?" Dumbledore asked.

"Straight after leaving Severus's class, Mr Potter had come straight to me and explained what had happened," Professor McGonagall replied. "He told me that Severus had insulted him when he asked where Professor Lupin was and that when Mr Potter tried to leave he had repeatedly

prevented him from doing so and even threatened to force him back into his seat if he didn't sit down despite Snape knowing that he was not supposed to have any contact with him."

"You're supporting the brat's attempt to gain attention? Why am I not surprised?" Snape snorted.

"Please," Scoffed Minerva. "The boy could sacrifice all that he has while doing a truly selfless deed without anyone knowing and you'd still claim that he did it for purely selfish reasons. It amuses me that you seem so ready to label Mr Potter as an attention-seeker when it's well known that Draco Malfoy, your favourite student, is quite happy to throw his father's name around whenever possible."

"That is not the same thing!"

"How isn't it?!"

"Enough," Dumbledore said in a slightly louder voice than before.

"Minerva, thank you for your time, you may go now. I would like to talk with Severus."

"Hmm," Professor McGonagall sniffed. "I hope that your talk yields some results, there are only so many times that the aurors can be called to a school before parents start pulling out their children." With her piece being said, she turned and walked away with her head held high.

"Severus," Dumbledore gestured Snape to sit down, Snape took out his wand and reverted Hagrid's seat back to normal before he did so. "I have an important question I need you to answer for me."

"What is it?" Snape sniffed.

"Are you, perhaps, an idiot?" Dumbledore asked in a seemingly humourless voice.

"What?! Snape blurted out in an offended voice.

"Ah, my mistake, I believe I was incorrect, the answer is clearly obvious.

You simply worship me as a god."

"What are you talking about?!" Demanded Snape.

"Severus, you do see me as a god, do you not?"

"Of course not!" Snapped Snape.

"Then why do you believe me to be omnipotent?" Asked Dumbledore.

"I do not! I..."

"You don't yet you continue to act out," Dumbledore cut him off. "Tell me, do you truly believe that no matter what, I will always be able to keep you out of jail and within this school? Because let me make it quite clear now, my power is in fact quite limited. If you continue acting out enough then I may be unable to prevent Azkaban from being your new home."

"Is this some sort of joke?!" Snape stared at Dumbledore with disbelief.

"Severus, did you believe that it was a simple matter to prevent you from going to Azkaban?" Questioned Dumbledore. "Attempting to read the mind of anyone, including and especially a minor, is a serious crime."

"You do it all the time!" Protested Snape.

"Says who?" Dumbledore shrugged. "Either way, I had to call in quite a few valuable favours to get you out of that particular predicament. And even then that has also cost us a valuable bit of not just your reputation, but also mine and the school's reputation. This cannot continue."

"But Potter was..."

"You were told to stay away from the boy, were you not?" Dumbledore interrupted. "Yet you still decided to force him to stay in his class?"

"I was trying to teach him a valuable lesson that could end up saving his life, is that not what you want for your precious little golden boy?" Snape sneered, earning an unamused look from Dumbledore.

"I will not waste any more time on this subject, believe it or not, I do

have other things that need to be done. You will stop this behaviour and stay away from the boy." Dumbledore ordered as he shook his head.

'Honestly, if he wasn't valuable, he would have been fired long ago.'

Thought Dumbledore.

"This thing between you and Professor Snape is really getting out of control," Hermione commented as the trio of friends sat together at the Gryffindor table.

"Not my fault," Harry shrugged. "I've never done anything wrong...in my life...ever." Harry's words, for one reason or another, earned eye rolls and various amounts of disbelief from his friends, he wasn't sure why.

"Besides, I'd be perfectly content with the guy leaving me alone, not that he seems capable of that." Harry finished bitterly.

"I know, he's probably the only person in this school that hates you more than Malfoy," Ron spoke up.

"I rank him as equal to or slightly above Voldemort." Harry's response earned a shiver from Ron and Hermione.

'Why the hell is she shivering? She's muggle-raised.' Venom pointed out.

"Harry, Professor Snape doesn't hate you as much as you-know-who," Hermione said with a small shake of her head.

"Who are you trying to convince?" Snorted Harry. "That guy hates me more than Malfoy hates you."

"Ignore him," Ron suggested. "It's not like anyone likes him anyway."

Harry was about to open his mouth to agree with Ron when suddenly they were interrupted by the Weasley twins sitting on either side of Harry.

"Hello, Harry," The two twins said at the same time as they each wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "How's our handsome Gryffindor champion doing?" They asked in unison.

"I will not object but I would like to know why I have been given those titles?" Harry asked in an amused voice.

"You're the one Gryffindor who stands up to Snape, you're clearly the Gryffindor champion." The twin on Harry's left spoke first.

"And second of all, you're becoming quite the looker according to some of the stuff we've heard from the girls around school." The second twin grinned at Harry.

Harry blinked at them before he heard a giggle and looked behind himself to see a couple of Ravenclaw girls giggling and turning their heads away to try and hide the fact that they had been staring at him, one of which was the Ravenclaw seeker, Cho Chang, a rather attractive Asian girl.

'She's not Tonks!' Protested Venom who forced Harry's head back around so he could continue talking with the Weasley twins instead of having those ridiculous ideas about being with girls that weren't Tonks.

"Anyway, we heard about your Hogsmead predicament," The twins spoke together, causing Harry to frown. Unfortunately, Harry was not able to bring a signed copy of his Hogsmead form to Professor McGonagall since the Dursleys did not sign his form before he left the house due to them being - as Venom had quite aptly named them - bitches. Harry had begged but Professor McGonagall refused, she was apologetic about it but wasn't going to be moved.

"Yeah, we figured that you'd probably use that special cloak of yours to sneak off to Hogsmead." The twins continued.

"He wouldn't do that." Hermione objected, earning a look from the twins that clearly said they didn't believe that.

"First of all, yes, second of all, how the hell do you two know about that?" Harry blinked.

"Oh, Ron told us." They easily answered, causing Harry's head to snap towards Ron who was blushing slightly.

"Are you functional?" Blinked Harry. "You told people about that? It's supposed to be a secret. Who else have you told?"

"Nobody!" Ron's face turned redder.

"He's told us and Ginny," The twins continued. "Anyway, we've got something that will help you. Call it a present."

"How come he gets a present and not me?" Ron frowned.

"When you end up saving sisters and standing up to Snape then you'll get a present as well." The twins replied before they stood up. "Now, great champion, follow us."

"You expect the great champion to walk like a common peasant?" Harry said with mock superiority.

"Oh, he's right," The twin on the left said.

"Indeed, Brother, on three." The twin on the right said.

"One."

"Two."

"Two and a half."

"Two and three quarters."

"Two and a half of three quarters."

"Two and three-quarters of three quarters."

"And now!" They said together before they both grabbed Harry and picked him up out of his seat before they began carrying him out of the hall on their shoulders.

"Blimey, you've gotten heavier." They told a highly amused Harry who dropped onto the ground as soon as they got out of the hall.

"Thanks," Harry said appreciatively before the twins walked with him to an empty alcove. "So, what did you want to give me?" He asked.

"This." The twin that Harry was pretty sure was Fred pulled out what looked to be a bit of parchment.

"What's this supposed to be?" Harry frowned.

"That right there is the secret to our success," George replied. "Nicked it from Filch in our first year." He added proudly.

"That was fun." Fred smiled.

"Yep," George agreed. "We didn't really want to give it up but we figured you'd need it more than us, plus you can consider this as a thank you from us."

"For you know...standing up to Snape and saving our sister." Fred shrugged. "Anyway, just say 'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good' when you tap it with your wand." He instructed Harry who frowned before doing as Fred said, suddenly the map started changing and Harry's eyes widened as he read what was written on there.

Messrs Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot, and Prongs
Purveyors of Aids to Magical Mischief-Makers
are proud to present

THE MARAUDER'S MAP

"It's a map of all of Hogwarts," Fred explained.

"Look see, shows you where everybody is." George added while pointing to a set of walking footprints approaching their direction that were labelled as 'Severus Snape'. "Shows everyone in the castle."

"Where they are and where they're moving, every day at any time," Fred added before frowning. "Are you okay, Harry? You're awfully quiet."

"This...this belonged to my dad." Harry breathed out, remembering a memory that Venom had shown him where his father had tried to get a baby Harry to say 'Prongs'. "He was Prongs."

"Whoa!" The twins breathed, staring at Harry as if he was their new

personal hero. "We've got the heir to the marauders right here!" They grinned at each other before remembering that Snape was approaching. "Quick, if you want to deactivate it then just tap your wand to it and say 'mischief managed' or anybody can read it." Harry looked at the map and saw that Snape was getting closer so he quickly did as the twins said before popping the map into his pockets just before Snape arrived and caught the three of them standing together.

"What are you three miscreants doing?" Snape glared at them.

"Drugs." Harry dryly replied while raising an eyebrow at Snape in a way that made it clear he was waiting for Snape to say something that would get him in trouble again. Snape glared at Harry for a few moments before he turned and stormed away, his cape billowing behind him.

"You...you don't actually have drugs, do you?" Fred asked once Snape was gone.

"No, not really."

"Bloody tease," George muttered under his breath.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter.

Many of you pointed out in the last chapter that I had said that a man had cheated with his girlfriend's mother-in-law, basically his own mother.

Now, originally that was a simple mistake by me and I was going to change that but then I stopped and thought about it and remembered that this is magical Britain where damn near everyone is related and suddenly it fits perfectly so I don't really need to change it, do I?

Think about it, Harry through the Black family is distantly related to the Weasley's and the Malfoy's while also being related to Voldemort through the Peverell family, plus there's also the fact that the Dumbledoress also lived in Godric's hollow so it's possible that Harry's distantly related to him too.

Anyway, thanks for reading, hope you liked the chapter, feel free to leave a review.

Pat-reon - JB21

Tiktok - jb21q

Youtube - JB21

24. Chapter 24 - complicated

Reviews:

DarkCitadel: I actually haven't thought about Venom using it while it's in his body.

SixFtWookie: Thanks for pointing that out.

Appo1119: I've thought about giving a lot of characters symbiote, including Hagrid and Mrs Norris.

fallendemon248: I haven't decided on that yet, because on the one hand it makes sense, but on the other hand I doubt it registers every non-human thing in the castle. Does it register all the cats and plants?

scyfly: Not really, in canon McGonagall probably just thought that Snape was a strict teacher, but in this story Harry has come to her with stories of physical abuse, mind rape and so on. Let's be honest, if Professor McGonagall had witnessed canon Harry's mind lessons then she would have likely intervened even if it was with Dumbledore's backing.

SHWAT: Thanks.

Chapter 24 - Complicated

"Mr Potter?" Professor Lupin asked when Harry walked into his office.

"I seem to recall that we were supposed to have a talk," Harry reminded him as he closed the door behind him. "I recall that we were supposed to talk after your lesson, but you didn't show up."

"Ah, right," Realization appeared in Professor Lupin's eyes. "My apologies, I forgot to inform you that I had a prior engagement that night."

"It's alright, I was angry at first before I remembered that that night had a full moon," Harry explained, perhaps taking more pleasure than he should have in the way that Professor Lupin's face paled.

"I beg your pardon?" Professor Lupin blinked. "I...I'm not entirely sure what you mean."

"And I am entirely sure that you are entirely sure about what I mean," Harry replied as he walked forwards and stopped in front of Professor Lupin's desk. "I mean, it's rather obvious by now, isn't it?"

"I really don't know what you mean," Professor Lupin insisted. "I think that perhaps you and I should just go and..."

"I know that you're a werewolf," Harry interrupted him with a long sigh, feeling that this conversation probably wouldn't go so good if the man was already going to start lying to him.

"H...How did you know?" Professor Lupin gulped slightly as he stared at him.

"My mother had written it in one of her diaries," Harry shrugged, lying with more ease than he was comfortable with.

'Is it a bad thing that I am a good liar?' He asked Venom.

'Nah, just means that you're creative.' Venom reassured him.

"Oh," Professor Lupin let out a deep sigh. "I suppose that makes sense, Lily always did write down notes about everything." He muttered to himself before speaking to Harry. "Please, don't tell anyone, if you do then I could lose my job and..."

"Relax, I won't tell anyone, I promise," Harry told him in an honest voice before he paused as a thought came to him. "Unless you intentionally try to harm me, in which case, all bets are off."

"I guess that that's fair enough," Professor Lupin ran a hand through his hair.

"Where were you?" Harry asked sharply before Professor Lupin could say anymore. "I've been in the magical world for a few years now and haven't even heard of you, you never came to visit me or even send me a letter in the muggle world. You were apparently one of the best friends of my parents, what the hell happened? Why did you leave?" Harry asked quickly.

"It's sort of a long story," Professor Lupin let out a deep breath. "You see, Harry, the war had been going on for what had honestly felt like decades. We were all tired and miserable, even if we were able to convince ourselves otherwise, or at least most of us were. It was a horrible time, nobody knew who we could trust, in fact, I believe that my friends were even beginning to suspect me due to my rather... 'furry' nature. I had been out of the country when I received news that your father and mother died," Professor Lupin paused and took in a deep breath before he continued. "It was a miracle that you had lived and I was glad, of course, but I was in no state to look after you. My friends were all dead, brought to their deaths by a traitor who I had truly believed to be my friend, most of my blood family was dead and I was more than a little depressed. Not to mention that I wouldn't have been able to get guardianship of you anyway, it's hard enough for a regular werewolf to get guardianship over anyone, never mind a known friend of Sirius Black getting custody of the boy-who-lived.

I had spoken with Dumbledore, he had told me that you would be safe at your relative's house and that they would look after you and care for you. I figured that was better than having you being looked after by me."

"Better for you or me?" Harry asked in a quiet voice.

"Both," Professor Lupin answered with a small nod of his head. "I was not ready for that responsibility, nor was I capable of handling it, and this

way you wouldn't have your childhood messed up by me. This way you've been able to at least live a fairly normal life in the muggle world." Professor Lupin had looked down at that moment and therefore did not see Harry's body stiffen at that last comment. "And I am glad that so far it has worked out, you know, I'm sorry I wasn't there for you, I wanted to be, really. But...it's all worked out, you're happy and healthy, aren't you? And you've lived a good life, yes?" Lupin asked, looking up at him and seeing a blank expression on his face.

"I see," Harry whispered before he turned and walked to the door.

"Harry?" Lupin asked, looking confused and shocked.

"Thank you for your talk, I'll be going now," Harry spoke in a bland tone before making his way out of the classroom, once he was out he quickly began walking down, idly dodging any students that were walking in the opposite direction. He kept walking and walking until a few minutes later he found himself in the owlery.

Harry walked to the guard rail and placed his hands on it to support himself, he bowed his head, letting out a very deep breath. He heard the flap of a pair of wings and suddenly felt something land on his right shoulder, without looking he already knew that it was Hedwig, he was proven right when she affectionately nipped at his ear before rubbing her head against him. Harry's back tingled before he felt something move, and a second later a tentacle with Venom's head on the end had popped out. Venom allowed his head to hover just slightly above Harry's left shoulder.

"He left us." Venom growled slightly.

"He had his reasons, I suppose." Harry sighed, closing his eyes.

"Perhaps, but that doesn't mean he couldn't have done more." Venom stated as he moved forwards and stopped so he was now facing Harry. "If

he couldn't look after you then why didn't he send letters? Why didn't he visit at least once? Where was he when we came back to the wizarding world? He wasn't there!" Venom hissed, leaning his head closer to Harry. "He clearly didn't think we were worth the effort, he can act all he wants but he doesn't care for us."

"No," Harry said after a moment. "He doesn't." Harry agreed, Venom had made some very good points in Harry's opinion. What had stopped Lupin from sending presents or letters or even visiting? The man had taken Dumbledore's word for it and left him to the Dursleys. Best of all, Lupin was apparently under the impression that Harry had lived a happy and healthy life, as far as Harry was concerned, Lupin was only under the impression because he hadn't cared enough for Harry to ask.

"Don't worry, Harry," Venom spoke up, breaking Harry from his thoughts.

"No matter what happens, you will always have me. There will always be 'us'."

"Us." Harry softly repeated. "I...I like that." He couldn't help but admit it, he rather did like the feeling of always having at least one constant in his life. Sure he had Hedwig, but there was only so much interaction one could get from an owl, even one as intelligent as her. As for Venom, he might be an alien with an obsession for eating brains and flesh, but beggars can't be choosers as the saying goes. Harry was about to say more when Venom suddenly whipped himself back into Harry's body.

"Harry," A voice called follows by the sound of light footsteps, a second later Tonks walked into the owlery. "Are you alright?" She asked gently.

"I'm fine, what are you doing here?" He asked. "Do you need to send a letter?" He guessed.

"Not really," Tonks shook her head. "I was here because I had seen you walking like a man with a purpose to somewhere and I followed after

you. Figured that the worst-case scenario was that Black had somehow got a hold of you and was bringing you to him."

"Could he even do that?" Harry blinked.

"Harry, he was reportedly the right-hand man of you-know-who," Tonks pointed out. "Trust me, he is not to be underestimated. All of the information I have available to me stated that he was a pretty powerful wizard even in school. We don't really know what he's capable of."

"Fair enough," Harry sighed. "Well, as you can see, Black's not here."

Harry gestured around himself.

"No, just a bunch of owls, including this cutie," Tonks smiled as she walked over to Harry. "What is she called?" Tonks asked, staring at Harry's owl.

"Her name's Hedwig, the smartest owl here," Harry declared proudly, Hedwig puffed her chest out while a few of the other owls made various noises in protest. "Yeah, that's right, I said it," Harry told them.

"Nice to meet you, Hedwig!" Tonks smiled brightly before gently raising a hand and petting Hedwig who happily leaned into her touch. "Anyway," Tonks said to Harry as she continued petting Hedwig. "What's up with you?"

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"You looked pretty upset earlier," Tonks shrugged. "What happened? Did your girlfriend cheat on you or something?"

"I don't have a girlfriend," Harry blinked.

"Oh, so that rumour about you and Hermione?" Tonks gave him a questioning look.

"Very much not true, thank you," Harry said in a dry voice as he shook his head, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. "Hermione and I are just friends."

"Oh, don't like the bushy hair?" Tonks guessed.

"It's nothing to do with her looks, she just isn't my type, to be honest."

Harry shrugged slightly, being careful to not shake Hedwig much. It was the honest truth since Harry heavily suspected that he and Hermione would end up in a lot of arguments if they got together. Hermione was the sort that always liked to be in charge, and while Harry didn't mind that at times, he knew it wasn't something he'd want in a partner. Harry liked to think of himself as fairly independent and the last thing he wanted was to be bossed around for the rest of his life, he had enough of that from Aunt Petunia, thank you very much. "Our personalities are just a bit too different."

"Oh, okay, fair enough. So if it's not girl troubles then what is it?" Tonks asked.

"It's nothing important," Harry said dismissively, the slightly annoyed look on Tonks's face told him how well he had done in trying to get her to drop it.

"Really?" She drawled in an unimpressed voice. Hedwig, at that moment, decided to cuff him on the back of his head with her wing, letting him know what she thought he should do.

"You've turned my owl against me," Harry sent Tonks a mock glare.

"Great minds just think alike," Tonks smirked. "Now, what happened?"

"Lupin," Harry sighed. "I went and had that talk with him."

"Oh," Tonks's eyes lit up with understanding. "I'm guessing it didn't go well."

"Not really, no," Harry shook his head, he bit his bottom lip before continuing. "I asked him, I asked him why he didn't come for me. I wanted to know, why wasn't I living with him? Why hadn't I seen him again before this year? And he told me, I didn't really like his answer. I

had to get out of there, I actually forgot to ask some of the other questions I had." Harry frowned, remembering that he hadn't asked Lupin about what that man had been trying to do with Harry's mum.

"What did he say?" Tonks asked softly.

"He gave me his reasons for staying away, they all sounded nice," Harry let out a small breath as he stared at the floor. "Really nice. He couldn't because he wasn't capable, he couldn't because he wasn't allowed and so on and so forth. They sounded great, really, they did."

"Then what's the problem?" Tonks asked.

"What was stopping him from coming to visit me? He couldn't take time to see me once a year?" Harry asked, his jaw tightening. "He couldn't send me a goddamn letter? What was stopping him from coming to see me once I came back to the wizarding world?"

"Have you thought about asking him about this?" Tonks asked him gently. "Maybe he has a reason."

"Maybe he does," Harry picked Hedwig up and gently placed her on a perch. "But I don't want to hear them, because as far as I'm concerned, it's all just a bunch of excuses. A long time ago I learnt a very important lesson and this is just another example of it."

"What lesson would that be?" Tonks frowned.

"You can't count on anyone," Harry told her honestly before he gave her a short nod and started walking away, only to stop when Tonks grabbed his wrist.

"You're wrong, Harry," Tonks told him, her voice confident but soft. "Your life will get better, Harry, just have a little faith. You just got to believe that it'll get better."

"And what if it doesn't?" Asked Harry, staring at her attentively.

"Then you make it get better, be yourself and do what you have to do,"

She said before she pulled him into a hug. "It'll be alright, you'll see."

"Um...thanks, Tonks." Harry gulped before awkwardly patting her on the back.

'Hmm, maybe there is one person we can count on.' Venom hummed thoughtfully as Tonks continued to hug Harry.

"So," Tonks said as she let go of him. "If you don't mind me asking, why does not living with Lupin upset you? What's wrong with where you're staying?"

"I don't know, what's wrong with where you're staying?" Harry asked, taking a step back.

"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it," Tonks blinked.

"I never said there was anything wrong with where I was staying, either." Harry shrugged before he walked past her. "I'll see you later, Tonks." He called without looking back.

"Boy," Tonks let out a small huff before turning to Hedwig. "Your master is a complicated one, isn't he?" She asked. Hedwig hooted in agreement while nodding her head.

A.N: Sorry I'm late with the upload, there's a problem with my laptop, I'm not entirely sure it's fixed, but it's working enough for today that I can write for you guys. Thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

Pat-reon - JB21

Tiktok - jb21q

Youtube - JB21 (I'd put a link but for some reason, I can't. If you can't find it then search my latest video: 'Harry Potter - What's up Danger?')

25. Chapter 25 - Reunion

Reviews:

kishinokurobi: It is appreciated and I do plan to make future lengths longer.

scryfall: Honestly, you're not wrong.

Procrastinatey: I do agree with you, but for my stories, I put him in a negative light when I want to bash him and then I use your arguments along with several others when I don't. Same with any character, like with Dumbledore, I can make him evil or I can make him nice. It really just depends on the writer's story and desires. Remus and McGonagall are two characters that I can go back and forth on easily.

fallendemon248: If someone yells all the time then eventually their yells lose effectiveness, when the nice guy gets angry then everybody notices.

RevDorothyL: Thank you, that's the entire point. Superman, Spiderman, Batman, all have someone they're dependent on some level that keeps them on the straight and narrow, in this story Harry's dependence shifts to Venom (who doesn't really do that) as he's the one constant in Harry's life. As for the second part, yeah, Dumbledore's power is vast but limited.

Dabossicansuckme: Your wish will be granted (if I can remember it).

Chapter 25 - Reunion.

'Remind me to do something nice for the Weasley twins,' Harry thought to Venom as the pair walked around Hogsmead under Harry's invisibility cloak. Harry was well aware that Venom could turn them invisible but Harry had chosen to use his cloak instead since that way Venom didn't have to worry about putting in the effort to keep him invisible, not to mention that Venom could turn him invisible in case something happened to his cloak.

'This place is beautiful.' Venom complimented as Harry carefully walked around, trying not to bump into anyone.

'You're definitely right about that.' Harry smirked as he looked around.

The whole place looked like a winter wonderland, with snow covering the footpaths and roofs of the various buildings around him. The people

here looked happy, really happy and as if there was nothing wrong with the world, and Harry couldn't help but smile as he walked around. 'This, this Venom, this is what I've been missing my whole life. I could have been coming here all the time, but instead, I spend my summer with a bunch of idiots that spend all of their time trying and pretending to be normal.' He thought bitterly.

'Not next summer,' Venom said in a firm voice.

'Hopefully not,' Harry nodded his head slightly. 'Dumbledore will make a fuss about it.'

'Then I'll just eat his brains,' Venom said simply as if that solved all of the problems in Harry's world. Harry couldn't help but smile in amusement, he knew that Venom's approach might not be the best one to go with but the fact that he cared enough to come up with a solution was a good enough reason for Harry to be happy.

'Thanks, now, let's go and find a place that sells a lot of chocolate.' Harry decided.

'Yay!' Venom cheered.

"Now, Mr Potter, try it again." Professor Flitwick said as he gestured to the trio of wooden training dummies that were standing opposite Harry.

"Right," Harry nodded before aiming his wand at the dummy that was standing on the left side. "Incarcerous!" He yelled and a couple of ropes shot out from his wand and quickly wrapped around the dummy, Harry then quickly aimed his wand at the next dummy. "Reducio!" He yelled, a spell shot out from his wand and turned the dummy from six feet to about one foot. Harry then turned his wand to the last dummy.

"Reducto!" A beam shot out from his wand and connected with the dummy, obliterating it into dust.

"Marvellous!" Cheered Professor Flitwick while clapping his hands as he

bounced up and down in joy. "Marvellous! Truly marvellous! That last one was truly a powerful curse for someone your age! Well done, Mr Potter."

"Thank you, Professor," Harry said, blushing slightly. He couldn't help but wonder how Hermione would react to hearing him receive praise like this from a teacher, especially one as well-liked and respected as Professor Flitwick.

'Let's be honest, she would probably be jealous.' Venom commented.

"You keep going at this pace and you'll even outstrip your own mother at charms," Professor Flitwick grinned. "And that is not an easy task to accomplish, let me assure you. I, well and truly, believe that she would be proud of you right now."

"That means a lot, thank you," Harry smiled at him. "So, is there anything else you want to teach me before I go?" Harry asked, knowing that their time was pretty much up.

"Not today," Professor Flitwick shook his head. "But I do look forward to teaching you more during our next lesson."

"I'll happily be there." Harry nodded. "See you later, Professor." Harry gave him a wave before he walked out of the classroom and started walking down the hallways, intending to go to the Gryffindor common room. He had just turned a corner when he saw Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil walking towards him from the opposite direction.

"Hi Harry," He heard them say as they giggled while walking past him.

'We look good,' Venom said in a way that made it all too easy to imagine him grinning.

'To be fair, I think we do.' Harry agreed as he looked down at himself, he was wearing a pair of white trainers with a few black stripes on them, he also wore black jeans and a grey shirt under an open dark red jacket. He

was truly starting to enjoy being able to buy and own his own clothes.

After a few minutes of walking, Harry was able to get to Gryffindor tower and enter his room, once he was inside he saw it was empty, meaning that he had the room to himself. He closed the door behind him before he went over to his bed and sat on it, closing the curtains as he did so.

"Pass me the map, please." Harry politely requested, a second later a black tentacle that was attached to Venom's head emerged from Harry's right shoulder and Harry found himself staring at Venom.

"Since you asked so politely," Venom grinned at him before a second tentacle shot out and handed Harry the marauders map.

"Thanks," Harry said appreciatively, he still found it a bit hard to wrap his mind around the fact that the alien that was currently living in his body had the ability to store things in what were basically pockets, but honestly, after nearly three years of magic, he could get over it.

"You're welcome," Venom replied pleasantly. "Hmm, James Potter must have been smarter than we have originally thought." He commented as he stared at the map.

"True," Harry agreed. "I know he was a transfiguration genius and a good chaser and a prankster, but not much about his school life apart from that."

"Hmm, we don't know how much of this was him and how much was done by the other three." Venom pointed out.

"Still, it's amazing either way." Harry shrugged before staring at the map, he began looking around, trying to find Hermione and Ron. "The twins are at the great hall, Dumbledore's pacing in his office, Snape's in his classroom, probably thinking of ways to torment me."

"Dickhead."

"Yep," Harry nodded. "It would be really cool if we could figure out a way

to..." Harry paused and trailed off as he noticed something on the map.

"..umm...Venom?"

"Yes?"

"I can't help but notice something weird." Harry quietly spoke before gesturing to a part of the map that showed the school grounds, the part he was specifically gesturing to showed Hermione and Ron. It looked like they were running based on how fast they were moving on the map, though the weird part was when he saw the two names that were with the two.

Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew.

"What are the chances of this being wrong?" Harry asked, already parting his curtains and standing up.

"We can't risk it." Venom replied, taking the map and absorbing it back into himself just as Harry picked up his broomstick.

"Fair point." Harry opened the window just as Venom retracted back into Harry's body. Harry leapt out of the window without a hint of fear and allowed himself to freefall downwards for several seconds before he climbed on his broom and flew off in the direction where Hermione and Ron were supposed to be.

Pushing the broomstick to the max allowed Harry to quickly cover the necessary ground he needed to fly over to get there. Eventually, he managed to spot Hermione running across the grassy grounds, chasing after Ron who was screaming out loud as a massive black dog was dragging him away by his foot. Harry couldn't help but notice that the dog was dragging Ron towards the whooping willow, the Hogwarts tree that was infamous for attacking anyone that goes too close.

'Why the fuck do we even have a deadly tree at a school?!' Venom couldn't help but ask.

'Take it up with Dumbledore.' Harry mentally responded before pulling his wand out just as Ron was dragged inside a hole in the tree and casting a freezing spell on it to stop the tree as it raised one of its branches so it could attack Hermione.

"Harry?!" Hermione gasped as Harry landed next to her and shrunk his broom.

"The one and only," Harry confirmed.

"But you're not the only Harry, there are plenty of people that are called..."

"Don't ruin a good line, Hermione,"

"What are you even doing here?" She asked.

"I go to school here," Harry shrugged.

"Harry Potter, that is not what I meant and you know it." Hermione huffed just as Harry walked towards the entrance.

"Come on, I don't know how long my freezing spell will hold." He added as he slipped inside and walked down a couple of stone steps while Hermione followed after. "Well, that'll be fun," Harry muttered sarcastically as he stared at the long and dark tunnel in front of him.

"What had happened anyway?" He asked.

"I don't know," Hermione replied. "One moment Ronald and I were walking back from Hagrid's house, we were talking..."

"You mean arguing?"

"When all of a sudden his stupid rat started acting all weird," She continued talking as if Harry had not interrupted. "And then the rat actually bit him."

"Scabbers bit Ron?"

"Yeah, he looked desperate to get away, nearly managed it as well but Ron quickly caught him, then the dog appeared," Hermione shivered. "It

just started attacking Ron and grabbed him and pulled him down here."

"Wherever here is." Harry rubbed his eyes.

"Where do you think this leads to?" Hermione asked as they both cautiously walked down it.

"It is my sincerest hope that it'll lead to a bunch of good chocolate but I know that I'm not that lucky," Harry sighed.

"Harry, do you realise what building this is?" Hermione asked when they finally exited the tunnel and found themselves inside what looked to be a house that hadn't been cared for in years. It was covered in layers and layers of dust with various spiders and insects all around the place. The furniture all looked like a stiff breeze could knock them over and there were several footprints leading up the stairs. "This is the shrieking shack! The most haunted building in all of England!"

"They can't be any worse than Peeves or the literally 'bloody' Bloody Baron," Harry responded before claiming up the stairs with Hermione following after him. Harry followed the footsteps until he found an open door and saw Ron inside a room, sitting on an old and damaged bed whilst tightly holding Scabbers in his hand. "Ron!" Harry and Hermione rushed in.

'No, wait!' Venom tried to stop Harry but it was too late since Harry had already entered the room and was now standing in front of Ron. 'Danger, behind you.'

"It's a trap, he's the dog, he's an animagus!" Ron blurted out just before two disarming spells shot toward Harry and Hermione from behind. Hermione's wand was ripped out of her hand but Harry was much quicker, not to mention the fact that he had the added bonus of Venom's assistance, and was able to step to the side and avoid the spell which crashed harmlessly into the wall behind Ron. Harry quickly turned

around and aimed his wand at the man standing by the broken door that they had walked past.

The person in front of Harry looked far more like a corpse than a regular person, he wore a pair of heavy-looking black shoes along with a grey prisoner uniform that was slightly ripped at the chest, allowing Harry to see his tattooed, pale and incredibly skinny body. His face was quite skinny and looked more like a skull that had just had a layer of skin attached to it. His beard and hair looked wild and messy while his teeth were yellow and his eyes looked unhinged and crazy.

"Manners, Sirius," Harry said in a surprisingly calm yet disapproving voice. "We've not seen each other in years and the first thing you do is try and attack me?" He tutted while shaking his head at Sirius.

"Sirius Black?" Hermione grew pale and took a step back.

"Please!" Ron begged. "Just let us go! We haven't done anything to you!"

Scabbers made a fair amount of noise as well as he struggled to escape Ron's grip.

But it appeared as if Sirius Black was not remotely interested in listening to either Ron or Hermione as he stared at Harry like he was the only other person in the whole room. Sirius's eyes had widened slightly, he breathed in and his lips parted just enough to let a fresh batch of oxygen into his body as he exhaled

"H...Harry? Harry? Is that you?" He asked in a raspy voice as he lowered his wand, the whole room going silent instantly, even Scabbers didn't so much as dare make even the tiniest of squeaks.

"Yeah, Sirius, it's me," Harry gulped slightly as he stared at Sirius.

"You look...like James...look just like James...spitting image of him,"

Sirius whispered to himself as he continued staring at Harry, though everyone could still hear what he was saying. "L...Like

James...but...Lily...James...like James but with Lily...Lily's eyes. Green eyes...James with green eyes...James with Lily's eyes...Prongs had sex...Lily and James...Harry?" He stared at Harry, tears forming out of the corner of his eyes.

"He's barking mad!" Ron hissed to Harry and Hermione, the latter of which couldn't help but nod her head in agreement.

"Why are you here, Sirius?" Harry asked, not taking his eyes off the escaped prisoner.

"Rat...all they could find was a finger...escaped...stupid!" Sirius shook his head before slapping his forehead a few times as if trying to restart his brain. Meanwhile, Harry's own eyes widened with disbelief before he looked at Scabbers and noticed that the rat was missing a toe.

'But then that means...' Venom trailed off and allowed Harry to fill in the gaps.

A second later Harry rushed forwards toward Sirius, Ron and Hermione had barely sucked in their breaths while Sirius hadn't even had time to raise the wand he had stolen from Ron. Sirius had just about managed to close his eyes before Harry pulled him into a hug.

"It's good to see you again, Sirius," Harry whispered. Slowly, Sirius raised his own arms and returned the hug.

"What the bloody hell is going on?!" Ron blurted out.

Pat-reon: JB21

Tiktok: jb21q

Youtube: search my latest video: Harry Potter AMV - What's Up Danger?

26. Chapter 26

Reviews:

Chapter 26 - Kill him?

"Damn," Harry said once he let go of Sirius. "Look at you, we're going to

need to clean you up, you look like shit."

"You try and stay good-looking in Azkaban," Sirius mumbled before staring at Harry with a hopeful expression. "You know? You...you know the truth?" He looked as if he couldn't believe it.

"Yeah, I know," Harry confirmed with a small nod of his head. "We...I worked it out."

"Harry, what's going on?!" Hermione demanded. "Get away from him!"

"Sorry Hermione, but we've got business we need to attend to," Harry shook his head before turning around and aiming his wand in Ron's direction.

"What are you doing?!" Ron blurted out, backing up in fear.

"Give us the rat, Ron," Harry calmly ordered. "Hand him over."

"What?! You're mental! Both of you!" Ron accused, holding his pet protectively to his chest.

"Give it, now!" Sirius growled, staring at it murderously.

"Ron, it's not a real rat," Harry tried to explain.

"Yes, it is!" Ron stared at him with disbelief. "Scabbers is a real rat! He was Percy's rat and now he's mine! He's been in my family for..."

"Twelve years!" Sirius cut him off. "That's a curiously long life for a common garden rat, don't you think so? Huh? Besides, the little bastard is missing a toe, isn't he?!"

"So what?!" Ron asked as his rat started squeaking again.

"Ron, all they can find from Peter Pettigrew was a finger," Harry pointed out.

"You're trying to say that Ron's little rat is Peter Pettigrew?!" Hermione blurted out with disbelief.

"I don't know if you remember, Hermione, but the deputy headmistress of our school can turn into a cat," Harry reminded her. "And Sirius over here

can turn into a dog,"

"He's an animagus?" Hermione asked, realising what Harry was trying to say. She took a step back and stared at Ron's rat.

"He's not!" Ron said stubbornly. "There's no way that he's an animagus! He's a rat! My family's rat! My rat!"

"Well, there's a sure way to prove it, isn't there?" Sirius growled, stalking forward with murderous intent, raising a wand that Harry recognised as Ron's.

'Incoming, Lupin.' Venom told Harry.

"Hold on, wait a sec," Harry said, flicking his wand and yanking Sirius a couple of steps back just before the door opened and Professor Lupin burst in.

"Expelliarmus!" Lupin yelled, easily disarming Sirius with a picture-perfect disarming spell, causing Ron's wand to fly to the floor.

"Well, well, Sirius," Lupin commented, staring at Sirius warily. "You're looking rather ragged, aren't you?" He asked lightly.

"We can't all look as pretty as you, Remus," Sirius said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. "The dementors weren't very willing to share their beauty products with me."

"Expelliarmus," Harry quickly cast his own disarming spell, removing Lupin's wand from his hand, causing it to land in Sirius's waiting hands.

"Nice one, James!" Sirius grinned before staring down at the wand in his hands, Harry glanced at Sirius who apparently hadn't realised what he had just called Harry.

"Harry, what are you doing?!" Demanded Lupin. "Get away from him! He's dangerous!"

"Not for me," Harry replied. "You're a little late to the party, Professor, you've missed quite a bit."

"They've gone mental!" Ron yelled.

"Not that bit!" Harry snapped at him before turning his attention back to Professor Lupin. "I have reason to believe that Sirius is innocent."

"Are you joking?!" Lupin looked at him like he was crazy.

"I saw Pettigrew on the map," Harry told him.

"What map?" Hermione asked.

"You found the map?" Sirius grinned.

"That's not possible," Lupin said in a slow voice. "You can't have done."

"The map never lies," Sirius said smugly.

"Pettigrew was missing a finger, right?" Harry asked suddenly. "That's what the reports said, they all said that Sirius blew him up whilst leaving nothing but a finger."

"I wouldn't have left just a finger, I would have obliterated the bastard!"

Sirius stated in an offended voice, causing Scabber's protests to grow louder.

"Sirius is an animagus," Harry continued on as if Sirius hadn't spoken at all. "Which means that Pettigrew could be one as well, right?"

"He was," Lupin confirmed, staring at Harry with an odd expression on his face. "He could turn into a rat."

"Count the toes on that rat," Harry pointed to Scabbers. Lupin stared at the rat and didn't seem to look much at the toes since Scabbers now appeared to be trying to hide them behind Ron's hands, and instead stared at the rat.

"Wormy?" Lupin asked softly, taking a few steps forward.

"I knew that you would recognise him as easily as I can," Sirius spoke up as he aimed his wand at the rat. "Come on out, Peter, come out my little, squeaky friend. Come out!"

"Expelliarmus!" Once again Sirius was hit by a disarming spell and the

wand flew out of his hand, landing on the floor along with Ron's and Hermione's, the group all turned to see none other than Snape standing in the doorway. "Vengeance is sweet," Drawled Snape with plenty of satisfaction in his voice.

By this point, both Harry and Sirius, in an almost scary level of synchronisation, threw their hands up into the air with exasperation and walked over to opposite corners of the room, shaking their heads and mumbling curses words under their breaths.

"I told Dumbledore that you were in league with an old friend, and now, here's the proof," Snape monologued to Lupin.

"Severus, please, don't be a fool," Lupin began.

"Can't really help it, can he? It's a habit by now," Sirius commented as he walked back over to Lupin while Harry let out an amused snort at Sirius's comment.

"Sirius, be quiet!" Lupin hissed.

"Be quiet yourself, Remus!"

"Ah, and look at you two, quarrelling like an old, married couple," Snape sneered.

"Snivellus," Sirius glared at him. "Why don't you have a shower then go along and play with your chemistry set?" That was as far as Sirius managed to get before Snape moved forwards and pressed the tip of his wand into Sirius's neck.

"I could do it, Black, don't for a moment think I don't want to," Snape spoke in a cold and quiet voice. "But why deny the dementors?" He asked, causing Sirius to look scared for the first time. "Is that fear, Black? Are you perhaps in the need of some new underwear? I'm not sure why you're scared, I'm sure they'll treat you with the utmost respect, they're so longing to see you. I believe that you're to receive the dementor's kiss, I

can only imagine what that must be like. It's said to be nearly unbearable to witness but I'll do my best."

"Snape," Harry spoke up from his corner. "We have reason to believe that Sirius is innocent, I found out that..."

"Silence, Potter," Snape cut him off, glaring at him. "I am in no mood to listen to you."

"Nor am I in one that would allow me to tolerate you," Harry glared right back at him. "Just listen to me, I..."

"I do not have time to listen to your babbling!" Snape hissed, cutting him off once again.

"For Merlin's sake! Just once in your life, don't be a dick and listen to me!" Harry snapped. "He's innocent, it was Pettigrew that..."

"Don't you dare talk to me like that boy!" Snape snapped back at him.

"I see the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, eh?" Sirius asked in an amused voice.

"Enough out of you, Black!" Snape snarled, staring at him with hatred in his eyes. "I will not be dissuaded from making sure that you receive the justice that you so rightfully deserve, I..."

"Expelliarmus!" Harry cast, having reached the end of his patience.

Unfortunately, for Snape, Harry put a bit more power than necessary into his spell, causing Snape's wand to shoot out of his hand while Snape flew backwards and crashed into the wall behind him, proving a theory that Harry had had ever since his first year of Hogwarts, an old and damaged wall when combined with a thrown Snape results in a big hole in the wall.

"Whoa!" Sirius stared at Harry like he was an angel descended from heaven.

"Harry, you attacked a teacher!" Hermione blurted out.

"I dusted one in my first year, Hermione, keep up. Besides, it was Snape,"

Harry said defensively before turning his attention back to Ron's rat.

"Now, shall we deal with him?"

"Yes," Sirius said quickly, picking up Ron's wand before tossing Lupin his own wand. "Shall we?" He asked Remus who stared at Sirius for several seconds before giving him a nod.

"Give him to us, Ron," Harry ordered.

"You're all mental!" Ron accused.

"I've waited twelve years for this, I'm not waiting for a second more!"

Hissed Sirius before he walked over to Ron and ripped Scabbers from Ron's hand, grabbing him roughly by the scruff of his neck.

"Scabbers!" Ron screamed, unable to get up due to his leg being damaged from Sirius's bite. "Leave him alone!" He cried but was ultimately ignored as Sirius tossed Scabbers into the air before Lupin hit him with a spell.

Everyone watched as Scabbers transformed in mid-air, a dull thud was heard as a man landed on the floor.

"Hi Peter," Sirius said with a toothy grin that looked like it caused Sirius discomfort to perform.

"You don't look creepy at all," Harry commented as Peter quickly got up to his feet, allowing Harry a good look at the man. Peter was dressed in a black suit with white stripes and a black button shirt, he was small and round. His two front teeth were as long, just like an actual rat, his skin and hair looked uncared for, and he was also noticeably balding. He looked like the very definition of scruffy and shifty, his fingernails were long and sharp and he was noticeably missing a finger.

"Remus? S...Sirius?" Peter asked, staring back and forth between them.

"My...my old friends..." He stuttered before holding his arms out as if expecting a big hug, though he quickly lowered his hands when he saw

the frosty looks he was getting from both of his friends. "I...it's good to see you both, really..." He continued whilst looking around the room.

"...T...truly, it's been so long and...Harry!" He yelled suddenly, staring at Harry like he was his salvation. "Look at you!" He smiled widely as he slowly walked over to Harry, faltering slightly when Harry aimed his wand at him. "You look so much like your father, like James, we were the best of friends, he and I, we..."

"How dare you speak to Harry?!" Sirius hissed furiously at Peter, looking like he had never seen or heard anything so horribly offensive in his entire life. Peter squeaked before he took several steps away from Harry who stared at Sirius. Seeing the look on his face, Harry was suddenly a lot less surprised that a lot of people thought that Sirius was a murderer because right now he definitely looked like one. "How dare you talk about James in front of him?!"

"Peter," Lupin spoke up, also aiming his wand at Pettigrew. "You sold James and Lily to Voldemort, didn't you?!" He accused.

"I didn't want to!" Cried Peter before he suddenly turned and started kneeling in front of Ron, grabbing him by his arm. "Ron, please help me, I was your rat! I was a good friend! Please Ron, I..."

"Get away from me!" Yelled Ron, looking disgusted and horrified. "You were in my house all this time!"

"Not creepy at all," Harry muttered, repeating his earlier comment. "Get away from him!" He told Pettigrew.

"I'm not doing anything!" Peter squeaked, quickly rising to his feet and stepping away from Ron when he spotted Hermione. "Dear girl," He began, walking towards her while she backed up. "Sweet girl, please help me, I..." He paused when Harry stepped in front of Hermione and cast a stinging hex on Peter's chest, causing him to yelp and back up.

"You're really starting to piss me off," Harry growled.

"Harry, I..."

"Don't talk to him!" Sirius yelled, rushing forwards and clocking Peter across the face with a vicious right hook that knocked the man down to the floor, Peter whimpered in pain before he rolled across the floor and quickly jumped to his feet, he rushed towards the exit, only to be blocked by Remus. Remus and Sirius moved forwards, causing Peter to turn and run before hiding behind a broken piano, Remus and Sirius quickly reacted and stood on either side of the piano.

"Please!" Begged Peter. "The dark lord, you have no idea what powers he possesses! We were losing! Dumbledore was costing us the war! We wouldn't have won under his leadership, he...it was a losing battle. And the dark lord, he...I couldn't say no to him. Do you have any idea what he would have done to me?! Ask yourself, what would you have done? What would you have done?!"

"I would have died!" Barked Sirius with no hesitation in his voice. "I would have died rather than betray my friends!"

"Big words, Sirius, but wasn't it you who betrayed Remus?!" Accused Peter. "You all suspected him of being the traitor, didn't you?! They did!" He quickly turned his attention to Remus. "Remus, you were the nicest to me, please, believe me! They thought you were a traitor!"

"Yeah, we did and that's one of my greatest regrets!" Snarled Sirius.

"And...Sirius was the one that sent Snape to you on the full moon!" Peter reminded Remus. "Remember, if you had killed him then you would have been put down, the ministry would have killed you."

"What is he on about?!" Ron blurted out.

"Ron," Hermione spoke softly. "Professor Lupin is a werewolf,"

"What?!" Ron's eyes went wide and stared at Lupin like he was the actual

murderer.

"How long have you known?" Lupin asked her.

"Ever since Snape set an essay on werewolves," Hermione answered.

"Well done, Hermione," Lupin complimented her before turning his attention back to Peter. "As for you, whatever Sirius might have done pales in comparison to what you did. You got James and Lily killed!"

Peter squeaked before he quickly ducked down and crawled under the piano before running towards the door, only to stop when Harry blocked his way.

"You were going somewhere?" Harry asked innocently, tilting his head slightly.

"Harry, listen to me, your dad would have spared me, he would have shown me...argh!" Peter yelped when a stinging hex hit him in his neck, causing him to stumble back.

"You don't mention him!" Harry hissed.

'We need to kill him!' Venom growled in Harry's head. 'Kill him! He's responsible for all of our suffering! He sent Voldemort to our house, he got our parents killed! Kill him!'

"Exactly!" Sirius snarled before sending a bone breaker into the back of Peter's knee, causing the plump man to fall to the floor in pain. "You should have realised Peter that if Voldemort didn't kill you then we would!"

"No," Harry spoke softly. "He's mine. He killed my parents, I decide his fate." Harry stepped forwards and aimed his wand at Peter.

'Kill him,' Venom's voice filled Harry's head. 'Kill him, do it, kill him.'

"Harry, no!" Yelled Hermione. "You can't kill him! Hand him off to the proper authorities! They'll punish him."

"What can they do to make up for what he did?!" Snarled Harry, his body

shaking with rage.

"Harry, please, this isn't you! Don't kill him!" Hermione pleaded. "If you do then you'll just end up going to Azkaban! B...Besides, without him, we can't free Sirius!" Hermione reminded him. "We need him alive!"

'We need him alive,' Harry mentally repeated. 'Venom, she said we need him alive. Should I kill him? No, no, killing is wrong, I can't,'

'You already did, remember Quirrell?' Venom reminded him.

'That's different,' Harry half-heartedly protested before staring at Pettigrew. 'I want to kill him, want to kill him, I want to kill him, Venom, I want to kill him. But...Sirius needs him alive. We need him alive. What do I do Venom?' Harry asked, feeling confused. Venom was silent for a moment, though for Harry it felt like a lifetime.

'Keep him alive,' Venom eventually answered, not entirely happy with it but realising the benefits of freeing Sirius. 'Don't worry, we'll get him next time.' He added reassuringly, hoping to cheer Harry up.

"You have no idea how much I want to kill you," Harry glared at Pettigrew. "But today is not that day."

"Harry, this man..." Sirius began.

"I know, Sirius, I know," Harry sighed. "But we need him alive, we'll take him to the castle."

"B...Bless you, boy," Peter snivelled. "Bless you, I..."

"Don't be too happy," Harry cut him off. "I said we'll take you to the castle, after that, the dementors can have you," Harry told Pettigrew who barely was able to be shocked before Harry hit him with a body bind, causing Peter's arms to snap to his body while his legs snapped painfully together, causing Peter to scream out in pain when he felt his broken leg slam into his other one.

"Let's go," Harry said, sounding tired, not noticing the looks that

Hermione and Ron were sending him. "I'll take Pettigrew out. Sirius, you can help Ron out. Lupin, you should stay here, today's a full moon. The last thing we need is you transforming on us."

"What about Snape?" Hermione spoke up, her voice noticeably more quiet than usual, gesturing to the hole in the wall.

"What about him?" Harry asked in an uncaring voice.

A.N: Hi guys, hope you enjoyed the chapter, for those who might be upset that Peter's alive, all I'm going to say is that the story isn't done yet. Anyway, thanks for reading and feel free to leave a review.

27. Chapter 27

Reviews:

Chapter 27 -

"Still think we should have left him," Sirius commented, causing Harry to let out an amused snort as they finally made their way out of the whooping willow.

Harry was levitating Peter while Sirius was helping Ron walk (which was fair given that Sirius was the one that caused his injury), meanwhile, Hermione was in the back, levitating Snape. Harry and Sirius had both been happy to suggest leaving Snape in the shrieking shack with Lupin, but Hermione wasn't in the mood for jokes. Harry was only half joking about it, unlike Sirius.

"Now, to the school," Harry said after they shut up the entrance.

"Beautiful," Sirius whispered upon seeing Hogwarts lit up in the night sky. "Just like how I remembered it."

"The view is pretty nice," Harry nodded.

'I agree,' Venom commented.

"Ow!" Ron hissed as they continued walking along.

"Sorry about the bite," Sirius apologised. "I reckon that stings a bit, eh?"

"A bit? A bit?!" Ron repeated with disbelief. "You nearly tore my bloody leg off!"

"I was going for the rat," Sirius began explaining. "Though, things are a bit different when you're a dog," He added before turning to Harry. "You know, James had suggested a few times that I make the change permanent. I thought about it, the tail I could live with, but the fleas, they're murder." He finished, shaking his head while Harry looked undoubtedly amused.

"Uurgh." Snape groaned as he started waking up, only for Harry to hit him with a body bind spell which unintentionally caused Hermione to drop him.

"Harry!" She complained.

"Hermione, you can't just drop teachers like that," Harry scolded her in a fake-disappointed voice. "Shame on you." He said, causing Sirius to start laughing.

"Why did you hit him with a body bind?" Hermione asked, staring between Harry and Snape.

"Because he's a flight risk," Harry said defensively. "and mostly because I can since he's unconscious enough for me to get away with it."

"Fair." Snorted Sirius.

"Anyway, let's get going before the dementors come along," Harry said, stopping Hermione from arguing more. Reluctantly, the girl kept quiet and levitated Snape again before they started walking towards the castle just as the atmosphere suddenly started to get a lot colder.

"Dementors!" Sirius froze and started staring around frantically as everyone suddenly started feeling horrible. No less than a few seconds later, Harry and the others saw the dementors coming for them.

"I got this," Harry said, cancelling his spell, causing Peter to land harshly

on the floor and let out a pained grunt as he did so. "Expecto Patronum!" Harry yelled, aiming his wand into the air. A bright, blue and white flash shot out from his wand before his Patronus shot out. The dementors got closer before Harry's charm collided with them and started sending them back. Harry wasn't sure how many dementors there were but it felt like a ridiculous amount.

'No creepy flying bitches are going to get the better of us,' Venom growled. 'Put in more power.'

Harry growled before he forced more power into his Patronus shield, his shield pulsed before it expanded massively, forcing the dementors farther back until they decided that their best option was to flee.

Once the dementors were far enough gone, Harry cancelled his spell, leaving him panting and staring at the others who were, in turn, staring back at him. Hermione and Ron were looking at him with wide eyes along with the now awake Snape and Peter Pettigrew while Sirius was staring at him with awe.

"Was that Prongs?" He breathed out.

"I think it was," Harry laughed lightly.

"Harry!" A voice called, Harry turned around and saw Headmaster Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall rushing towards them. The two elderly teachers stopped in front of them and stared at all of them with disbelief.

"What happened?" Professor Dumbledore asked, his eyes narrowed.

"It's a long story." Harry sighed.

"I remember the last time I was here," Sirius said with a fond smile as he sat in a bed in Hogwart's hospital wing while Harry sat in a chair next to him, a few beds down Ron was in a bed with his leg in a cast with Hermione sitting next to him while Peter was laid unconscious in the bed

opposite Sirius. "I had a broken arm treated, it had gotten hit by a beater bat when I was playing quidditch."

"You were on the house team?" Harry asked inquisitively.

"Oh yeah," Sirius said with a small chuckle. "I was a beater," He added with a grin. "We were playing against Slytherin and their beater decided to take a swing at me when the referee wasn't looking, I got my own back later during the game and broke his nose."

"Were you any good?" Harry asked after a brief laugh.

"One of the best, if I do say so myself, though I wasn't really the star player," Sirius smirked. "That was your old man, he was one of the best chasers that Gryffindor had ever seen and was one heck of a captain."

"I'm a seeker," Harry informed him. "Haven't lost a game since my first year."

"First year?" Blinked Sirius. "They let you play in your first year?"

"I'm an exception to a lot of rules." Harry shrugged just before the doors to the hospital wing opened, allowing in Minister Fudge along with a couple of aurors. Also with them was Snape who Harry couldn't help but notice was supporting a neck brace.

"Aurors, seize him!" Minister Fudge yelled upon seeing Sirius. The aurors immediately pulled out their wands and aimed them at Sirius.

"Ah, ah!" Harry said sharply, raising his wand and aiming it at the aurors as he stood up and faced them, keeping himself between them and Sirius.

"Good evening, gentlemen, I think there might be a misunderstanding here."

"It's as I told you, Minister," Snape said, rubbing his neck. "Black has confounded the boy."

"Clearly," Minister Fudge said in agreement, staring at Harry with pity.

"Look, Sirius is innocent," Harry began. "I know it's hard to believe but..."

"Just what kind of spell do you have on him, Black?!" One of the aurors demanded.

"I haven't put him under any spell!" Sirius growled.

"He's right, he hasn't," Harry continued. "He didn't kill anyone, he..."

"Black's probably got him under the imperius curse," The other auror guessed. Harry growled, he sensed that Venom was getting more than a little annoyed and truthfully he was also getting more than a little pissed off by their inability to listen to him.

"Don't waste time and get him!" Barked Fudge. Harry took a deep breath before he decided to put an end to this with a little help from Venom.

"Enough!" Harry's venom-enhanced voice boomed in the ears of everyone, causing them all to stop dead in their tracks. Harry took in another deep breath before he started speaking in his normal voice. "Now, if you all would open your eyes, please look at exhibit A." Harry gestured to the unconscious body of Peter Pettigrew.

"What?!" Both the aurors blurted out.

"T...that's Peter Pettigrew!" Fudge gasped.

"Indeed, it is," Another voice said just before Professor Dumbledore entered the hospital wing along with Professor McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey. "I find it very curious that he's alive, don't you?" Dumbledore asked in a conversational voice. "However, before we move onto that question, I would like to ask, why did you come straight here without first meeting me? I do believe that I had asked you to come to my office first."

"When I arrived in Hogwarts, your potions master told me how Black had confounded Harry Potter to attack him and that they were in the hospital wing." Fudge explained.

"Did he?" Dumbledore asked, staring at Snape who looked furious.

"How would he know?" Harry snorted, drawing everyone's attention back to him. "He was absent and unconscious through most of it."

"Potter, if I am wrong then that means you knowingly attacked a teacher," Snape pointed out, glaring at Harry.

"I attacked you because you were about to feed an innocent man to the dementors," Harry glared right back at him.

"There is nothing innocent about him!" Spat Snape.

"High praise coming from a death eater parasite!" Sirius snapped at him.

'Parasite?!' Venom's voice echoed in Harry's head.

'He's talking about Snape, not you,' Harry pointed out.

'I still don't like that word, but fine,' Venom growled.

"Sir," Hermione spoke up, addressing Minister Fudge. "Ron and I had heard everything, Pettigrew admitted that he was the one that betrayed Harry's parents and that he was working for you-know-who."

"He was the one who killed all those muggles as well," Sirius grunted.

"When I confronted him about his betrayal, he shot a spell at a gas line, causing the whole street to blow up. Little rat cut off his finger and made a break for it."

"Why wasn't any of this revealed at your trial?!" Fudge demanded to know.

"I never got a trial!" Snarled Sirius. "Old Barty decided to just toss me in and throw away the key!"

"I...I can't believe that," Fudge said, shaking his head. "Barty Crouch gave everyone a trial, including his own son for Merlin's sake!"

"Well, clearly not everyone," Harry said, gesturing between Peter and Sirius. "Think about it, if Sirius didn't get a trial then how many other people didn't?"

"That is indeed a cause for concern," Professor McGonagall spoke up

before she turned to Fudge. "And what do you propose to do about this?"

"I...um..."

"Minister," Dumbledore spoke up. "Do you not agree that it's necessary to make sure that the ministry makes sure that everyone in Azkaban has received a trial?"

"But...I..."

"I understand that it'll be difficult, but I'm sure that the public would be much more happy whilst knowing that their beloved Minister is doing his best to right the wrongs of his predecessors." Dumbledore smiled kindly at him with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I...well...you're right!" Fudge quickly agreed. "Yes, I should do my best to fix the mistakes of the previous administration."

"And make sure that Sirius gets a trial," Harry added.

"Um...yes, yes," Fudge nodded his head. "Aurors, take him and Peter to a holding cell where they will await a trial for the crimes that they have been accused of."

"Yes, Minister Fudge." The aurors nodded before making their way toward Sirius and Peter.

"Be gentle with Mr Black," Madam Pomfrey instructed them. "He still needs to recover."

"And I suppose it shouldn't have to be said," Harry spoke up. "But I do think it's best if Sirius doesn't have any contact with any dementors while he's waiting for his trial."

"No, he won't," Fudge quickly nodded his head. "I promise you, Mr Potter, he'll be looked after perfectly until his trial. Also, speaking of the dementors, what happened to the ones around Hogwarts?" He asked Dumbledore.

"Ah, they all tried to attack Mr Black before a patronus drove them off,"

Dumbledore explained.

"A single patronus?!" Fudge blurted out. "Drove off all of those dementors? Whose patronus?"

"Why, it was young Harry's," Dumbledore smiled. Instantly, Fudge and his aurors all stared at Harry who gave them a bland smile and a small wave.

"That's my godson," Sirius said proudly before the aurors started taking him and Peter away.

"What of Potter?!" Snape demanded once Sirius was gone along with the aurors, Peter and Fudge. "He attacked me! He attacked a teacher!"

"A teacher? Who?" Harry asked innocently.

"I demand that he be punished!" Snape hissed, already furious that Black was not being thrown to the dementors, and was now even angrier about the possibility of Harry not being punished.

"You go right ahead and punish me," Harry replied. "The second you do, I'll file a complaint with the ministry about your lies regarding Sirius."

"I did not..."

"Your lies that could have resulted in a man's soul being sucked out," Harry cut him off.

"No less than Black deserves!" Snarled Snape, not noticing the disturbed looks on Professor McGonagall and Madam Pomfrey's faces.

"Why don't we feed you to the dementors since it seems to me that you have even less purpose being alive than him?!" Harry hissed. "The only thing you do is make life difficult for everyone else."

"Shut it!" Snape pulled out his wand.

"Bring it!" Growled Harry before the two aimed their wands at each other.

"Enough!" Dumbledore's magically amplified voice boomed, causing nearly everyone to flinch. "Lower your wands, now." He ordered.

Snape and Harry continued glaring at each other for a few moments before Snape shot Harry a hate-filled glare and spun around before storming out of the room, Harry growled before lowering his wand.

"Fucking man-child," Harry whispered under his breath.

'We should kill him,' Venom told Harry. 'Harry, we should kill him.'

28. Chapter 28

Reviews:

Chapter 28 - New teacher

A low growl escaped Harry's lips as he sat alone at the Gryffindor table for breakfast. Ron was eating breakfast in the hospital wing and Madam Pomfrey said she would not allow visitors until later. Hermione had finished her breakfast rather quickly and had all but run out of the hall, giving him some reason about forgetting something in her room.

The most significant cause of Harry's irritation was that he did not know about what was happening with the whole Sirius Black situation.

Hopefully, the man was currently being trialled and would soon be released, but then again Sirius shouldn't have even been in Azkaban in the first place, if the Ministry could mess things up that bad once then they could mess things up that bad again.

"Mr Potter," A voice said, breaking Harry out of his thoughts. Harry looked up and saw Professor McGonagall holding a note in her hand.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

"Just thinking, Professor," Harry answered truthfully after swallowing a mouthful of cereal. "How may I help you?" He asked curiously. Professor McGonagall stared at him for a moment before handing him the note.

"This note," She began. "Contains the time and place for your potions classes, starting today, I would like you to attend and then inform me if you find your new tutor agreeable. If you do then I can change your

timetable for you."

"Oh, thank you," Harry gave her a slight nod.

"Are you well, Mr Potter?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm fine, Professor," He assured her. "I'm just feeling a bit tired, it's been a trying couple of days." He added with a small shrug.

"I see," She frowned. "If you do end up feeling unwell then please do not hesitate to go to Madam Pomfrey, I am well aware of your desire to not stay in the hospital wing longer than necessary but your health is far more important, is that understood?"

'His health is perfectly monitored, thank you very much,' Venom snarked.

"Yes, Professor," Harry nodded, expertly ignoring Venom's comment.

"Good, I shall leave you be, remember that you have my class later today and I do hope that you have completed your homework."

"For you," Harry began just before she started walking away. "Always."

He grinned at her. Her lips twitched slightly with amusement before she turned and walked away.

'She loves us!' Venom said proudly.

'Yep,' Harry mentally agreed.

'So, it's supposed to be here.' Harry frowned as he entered an empty classroom on the seventh floor, he double-checked his note and confirmed that he was supposed to be there.

He looked around the classroom and found all the desks were pushed to the sides of the room with the exception of one which was in the middle, there was a teacher's desk at the end of the classroom with a blackboard next to it. The fact that they were high up where light and air could come through the windows was already an improvement as far as Harry was concerned.

"One moment," A feminine voice called from behind a door that lead to a

room that was likely a storage cupboard. A couple of moments later the door opened and Harry's new tutor walked out.

She was a very attractive woman who wore a decently expensive set of green wizarding robes, she was roughly in her thirties judging by her face. Long and silky brown hair gently flowed down to slightly past her shoulders, matching her brown eyes.

"Hello," She greeted him with a small smile. "It's nice to meet you," She added before gesturing for him to sit in his seat.

"Hello, have we met before?" He asked curiously as he moved to his seat.

"You look familiar." He added as he sat down.

"Well, I've met your parents once or twice, but I don't think we've ever met personally." She explained patiently. "Though, I do owe you a lot of thanks."

"You do?" Harry blinked.

"Yes, after all, you helped get my cousin a trial," She could help but grin.

"Your cousin? Wait, Sirius?" He blinked.

"Yes, my name is Andromeda, formerly of the house of Black," She began explaining. "Though I don't really belong to that house anymore."

"How come?" Harry couldn't help but ask.

"I was kicked out for marrying a muggle-born," She said with a small sigh.

"Oh right," Harry frowned. "I'm sorry."

"Thank you, but it's alright, I've found a new family, I have a loving husband and a lovely daughter. I think you might know her, her name is Nymphadora."

"I do?" Harry took a moment to think. "I don't know any Nymphadoras."

"You don't?" She frowned. "But she's mentioned that you've talked a few times already this year."

"Doesn't ring any bells, sorry," Harry said apologetically.

"I really must have a word with that girl," She muttered before shaking her head. "Anyway, let's talk about this session before we continue.

During this session, you will address me as Mrs or Professor Tonks and I think that it will be best if..."

"Wait a sec," Harry cut her off. "Did you just say that your last name is Tonks?"

"Yes, why?" She asked.

"Is your daughter by any chance a pink-haired auror?"

"Yes, why?"

'The creator?!' Venom gasped inside Harry's head.

"Her first name is Nymphadora?" Harry uttered, more to himself and Venom. "You learn something new every day, I suppose."

"She didn't tell you her first name?" She asked in an exasperated voice.

"She didn't," Harry shook his head before pausing. "Though, in one of our talks, she did mention that she was related to Sirius Black so that's my bad for forgetting that. Sorry."

"I really need to talk with that girl," Andromeda huffed. "I have told her over and over again that there is nothing wrong with a name like Nymphadora, it's a perfectly good name." She ranted.

"It's better than Harry," Harry grunted in agreement.

"Exactly!" Andromeda quickly agreed, happy to have somebody join her side. "No offence," She added quickly.

"None taken."

"Anyway, let's get started with the lesson, now, obviously I don't think I need to teach you the safety basics, do I?" She asked rhetorically.

"I...um...actually think it would be helpful if you did," Harry suggested, causing Andromeda to look at him like he had just proclaimed that

Voldemort himself was taking a whizz in a nearby bathroom on his way here.

"Has your previous teacher not taught you basic safety procedures?" She asked in a horrified voice.

"Um...no, not really," Harry confessed.

"He hasn't taught you basic safety in a lesson where you're working with stuff that can blow up?!" Andromeda all but shrieked with disbelief.

"That would be an accurate summary of events, yes," Harry simply nodded.

"And your teacher was Severus Snape?" She asked with narrowed eyes.

"Yep." Harry confirmed, popping the 'p'.

"What a colossal..." Andromeda stopped and trailed off when she realised Harry was still in the room. She took a deep breath before she went behind the desk and started writing something.

"If I may, what are you doing?" Harry asked.

"Writing some notes to send to the school board," Andromeda answered quietly. After a few moments, she left her writing and walked around her desk before stopping in front of Harry. "Okay, for this lesson, I'm going to simply start with going over some basic things that will stop you from getting injured, burnt, etcetera."

'Burn prevention?' Venom perked up.

"Excellent job, Harry!" Mrs Tonks praised him an hour later.

After having Harry go through how to stay safe in the classroom, she started him to work on a simple first-year potion known as the 'Wiggenweld Potion', a powerful healing potion that can be used to heal injuries or reverse the effects of a sleeping draught. During the lesson, Harry had not had Venom help him out as he had wanted to try it himself and get a feel for how Andromeda would act if he had made a

mistake. At one point Harry did make a mistake that, while fairly minor, would have resulted in Snape vanishing his potion and failing him for the class. Mrs Tonks decided not to do that and actually explained to him what he had done wrong along with how to prevent it in the future and even an explanation on how to correct it if he had done it again.

"Now," Mrs Tonks hummed as she examined the vial that she had poured his potion in. "I'll admit that it's not the best potion I've ever seen but it is fairly impressive, especially given what you've told me about your previous teacher."

"Oh, thank you," Harry smiled, blushing slightly due to her praise.

"Now, that's it for this lesson," Andromeda said, giving him a warm smile.

"I hope you enjoyed it."

"I did," Harry confirmed as he stood up. "And I look forward to having more lessons with you. It's surprisingly nice to learn potions when you don't have a big, greasy bat looming over you." He added with a grin.

"I imagine so," Andromeda chuckled for a moment before she took on a serious expression. "And I will be complaining to Professor Dumbledore about him, if half the things you have told me about him are true then he has no business teaching a potions class, nor should he be allowed anywhere near someone your age."

"I wouldn't bother," Harry said, shaking his head slightly.

"And why not?" She asked, raising an eyebrow questioningly.

"I told Tonks about some of the stuff that Snape had done to me," Harry began.

"You mean Nymphadora?" Andromeda asked, giving him a flat look.

"Yep, Nymphadora," Harry repeated obediently. "She warned me it wouldn't do much good, but I still wanted to go through with it so she took it to her boss and got Snape arrested, for a little while at least."

Dumbledore managed to get him out." Harry scowled. "I doubt any complaint that you could make would work well enough to make him get rid of Snape."

"Well, even if it won't accomplish anything, I will still tell Professor Dumbledore exactly how I feel." Andromeda huffed.

"Good luck," Harry snorted.

"Your mother was a few years younger than me," Andromeda told Harry as he escorted her out of the classroom and towards the Hogwarts entrance. "Our old potions teacher, Professor Slughorn, immediately took a liking to her. She was undoubtedly his favourite pupil, something that rubbed quite a lot of people the wrong way."

"How come?" Harry asked. "Because she was a muggleborn?" He guessed.

"Mostly," Andromeda nodded. "There were plenty of purebloods that thought they deserved recognition because of their names and family history, especially in Slytherin house, but even in the other houses. Yet Professor Slughorn, who was quite a popular and influential man, seemed to favour a first-year, muggleborn, Gryffindor of all people."

"Hmm," Harry couldn't help but smile. "He sounds smart."

"He's a Slytherin," Andromeda grinned. "Just because a few loud people give it a bad reputation doesn't change the fact that it's the house of the ambitious and cunning, obviously a little intelligence is expected."

"I should introduce you to Malfoy's goons." Harry chuckled.

"Lucius's spawn?" Andromeda sniffed. "Let me guess, he hangs around with Crabbe and Goyle's children?"

"That is correct," Harry smirked. "You've met their parents?"

"I've met Lucius more times than I would like," Andromeda sighed. "He always had Crabbe and Goyle following after him like lost puppies."

"Hey, did Lucius ever threaten anyone with his father?" Harry asked

suddenly.

"How did you know?" Andromeda blinked.

"Because it's Draco's signature line," Harry explained. "Look at him the wrong way and he'll tell you all about how his father will hear about this.

It got old before the end of my first year." Harry finished with a shrug.

"Apparently the apple falls right under the tree when it comes to those three idiots, they're human versions of headaches," Harry added just as they turned a corner and nearly bumped into someone. "Oh sorry, I...hey Tonks." Harry blinked upon seeing the pink-haired auror.

"Harry, Mum?" Tonks blinked.

'And me!' Venom added.

"What are you doing here together?" She couldn't help but ask.

"I'm Harry's new tutor for potions," Andromeda explained.

"Really?" Tonks asked.

"Yep," Harry nodded. "She's way better than Snape, not that was hard. She has him beat on everything from personality to teaching ability. Also helps that she's far better looking." Harry added while giving Andromeda an exaggerated wink.

"Calm yourself, heart-breaker," Andromeda said in an amused voice.

"Unfortunately, for you, I am still married."

"Drats, foiled." Harry mock-pouted.

"As for you," Andromeda turned to Tonks. "Why was young Harry unaware of what your first name was?"

"Oh, Merlin," Tonks groaned. "Tell me that you didn't tell him, please."

"Hi Nymphadora," Harry said in a dry voice as he gave her a single wave.

"Don't call me that," Tonks glared at him.

"What's wrong with it?" Andromeda rolled her eyes. "It's a perfectly nice name,"

"Mother," Tonks now turned her glare to Andromeda. "You named your daughter, a young girl with the ability to shapeshift, 'Nymphadora'. Nymph-a-Dora. And then you sent me into a school full of jealous girls and stupid boys that were supposed to prepare me for a world full of jealous women and stupid men with a lot more power and influence. You can't see what's wrong with the name because you're too bloody stubborn about it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a job to do." Tonks sniffed before she walked past the two of them and stormed away.

"Um...well, this was lovely," Harry told Andromeda, breaking the awkward silence. "I'm going to go and try and talk with Tonks, I'll see you at our next lesson." He added before he turned and walked after Tonks, only slowing long enough to give Andromeda a small wave.

A couple of seconds later Harry was able to find Tonks who was walking down a hallway with red hair and a frustrated look on her face, Harry easily managed to catch up to her and started walking alongside Tonks. Tonks blinked upon seeing Harry and stared at him for several seconds. "What?" She asked in an irritated voice.

"I'm sorry I called you...the forbidden name," Harry said simply. "Your mother had told me about it and I didn't know that it was that big of a deal for you, so once again, I'm sorry." He was pleased to see that his words at least had some effect on Tonks as her look softened and her hair slowly began changing back to her usual pink.

"I'm not angry with you, Harry," Tonks sighed. "Just annoyed with my Mum. I've told her time and time again that I hate my name, but she insists on calling me it."

"For what it's worth, I like your name," Harry told her honestly. "It's pretty and unique," He added with a shrug.

"Thanks, I suppose, but that doesn't mean I like it."

"What about a compromise?" Harry suggested. "Why don't you call yourself a shortened version of your name, like 'Nym' or 'Dora'?"

"My dad already called me 'Dora'," Tonks told him.

"So, should I call you 'Nym' then?" Harry asked.

"I'll think about it," She gave him a soft smile. "But 'Tonks' for now, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," Harry smiled. "Anyway, I think that..."

"Auror Tonks!" The two stopped and turned around to find one of the castle's patrolling aurors running up towards them. "Come with me, quickly," He ordered. "There's a mess with Black at the Ministry that needs to be dealt with, boss wants all aurors back there, now."

"What happened?" Tonks frowned.

"Somehow Black got killed," He answered, shocking both Harry and Tonks to their cores. "We have to go, now."

"Harry," Tonks turned to him and placed a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, I don't have time now but I promise I'll be back, okay?" She gave him a small squeeze before she turned and followed after the auror.

"S...Sirius is dead?" Harry whispered words echoed across the silent hallway. 'I just...Sirius is dead.'

'He was our way out of the Dursleys, and our godfather!' Venom growled.

'He loved me,' Harry thought to himself as he fought against the tears that threatened to spill out his eyes. 'He was family. He loved Mum, he loved Dad, he loved us. He shouldn't have been in Azkaban and now he's dead. I barely knew him.'

'Someone needs to pay!' Venom roared. 'We'll find them and I'll eat their heads!'

'Wait!' Harry said suddenly, wiping his tears. 'I have an idea!'

Hermione let out a small groan as she stretched out her body after

standing up, she realised that she was still in the hospital wing and had likely fallen asleep while looking after Ronald who was still asleep. Not that that surprised Hermione, she knew that the boy was well capable of sleeping through the castle collapsing if he wasn't shaken awake.

Hermione stood up and stretched her back a little since the chair she had fallen asleep in wasn't that comfortable.

Whilst stretching she quickly realised something, her hands quickly snapped up to reach around her neck, she quickly paled with horror, her eyes widened so much that they looked like they were about to pop out of her skull. She let out a short and sharp breath before she fell backwards into her chair as if she had been punched in the gut. Her whole body shook with panic, she checked once more and gulped when she had confirmed to herself that her time turner was missing.

29. Chapter 29

Chapter 29 -

"Where are you taking me?" Sirius asked when the two aurors that were assigned to escort him started taking him in a direction that wasn't heading towards the ministry cells. At the moment Sirius's hands were handcuffed behind his back in the standard magical handcuffs used by the DMLE. "Do you two speak?" He asked in an irritated voice, the guards had not said a word to him since they had started dragging him to who knows where.

"Quiet Black," One of the aurors grunted.

"It's Sirius, actually," Sirius told them just before they pulled him into a nearby room. As soon as Sirius entered the room he found it to be nearly completely empty besides the single chair at one end of the room. Sitting in the chair was a man that Sirius rather easily recognised, he was a couple of years older than Sirius, his hair was well-kept and combed, his

face clean-shaven and as ugly as Sirius remembered it to be. There was also the scar that ran down the left side of the man's face, Sirius's lips curved up slightly since he remembered that he was the one that had given him that scar during the last war. "Hello Nott," Sirius greeted, sounding less than pleased to see him. "Long time no see."

"Not long enough," Nott glared at him. "I must admit, I was surprised to hear that you had escaped Azkaban, quite impressive. Especially for the black sheep of the Black family."

"I'm no sheep, I'm a proud lion," Sirius smirked. "I think the only sheep here would be the one who bowed his head and followed a madman's words."

"He would have rid the world of mudbloods and kept us purebloods in our rightful places," Nott growled. "Would have kept imbeciles like you from ruining our world."

"The only problems I see in this world are people like you!" Sirius hissed. "I saw you during the war! You were never under the imperius curse and we both know it! Nobody was controlling you!"

"True," Nott chuckled as he stood up, pulling out his wand. "But here's the thing, with the right amount of money, nobody cares. They still don't.

There's no proof of your claims and even if there were, you were too busy hiding away from the dementors to tell anyone about it. You see, Black, I still owe you for this..." Nott gestured to his scar. "And quite frankly, I can't risk you being out and about. Boys." He clicked his fingers and the two aurors aimed their wands at Sirius.

"Great," Sirius said in a disgusted voice. "You two should be proud of yourselves."

"Quiet Black," One of the aurors growled, the tip of his wand glowing green. He was about to say more but was cut off when Venom hopped

down from the ceiling and smashed his fists into the aurors heads, sending them both down to the ground.

"What the fuck?!" Sirius and Nott both blurted out upon seeing Venom, he was currently in his smaller form with just his spider logo and a pair of white eyes on his head.

"Hello," Venom's deep voice echoed across the room as he moved forwards on all fours, Sirius quickly stepped back and Venom moved past him and towards Nott. "We would advise you to give up, that is if you know what's good for you."

"What the hell are you?! You freak!" Nott aimed his wand at him.

"We? We are Venom!" Venom said proudly as he stood up on his legs.

"You're dead!" Nott hissed. "Avada Kedavra!" His killing curse shot towards Venom who leapt out of the way before he rushed towards Nott. Nott was barely able to blink before Venom reached him, Venom's face changed and suddenly a big mouth with a large row of teeth appeared, a few inches from Nott's face. "No!" Nott yelled just before Venom's head lunged forwards.

"Oh shit!" Sirius blurted out upon seeing Venom eat Nott's head. "Holy shit."

"Hmm, nutritious," Venom gave Sirius a toothy grin before his mouth changed back to black goo. "You're welcome." He told Sirius before turning invisible.

Sirius blinked and started looking around the room, he saw Nott's headless body before he stared at the two aurors, he was pretty sure that the two of them were dead, at least that was what he was guessing based on the dents on their heads. It was about a minute later before Sirius was able to put his thoughts into words.

"What the fuck?!"

"What the hell was that?!" Harry yelled once he was alone with Venom in the chamber of secrets, having snuck in through the entrance from the forbidden forest. "You just killed the three of them!" He growled as he started pacing up and down while Venom's head was in front of him thanks to a black tentacle that had grown out of Harry's back.

"We had no choice, Harry," Venom told him, sounding very calm and patient.

"What the hell do you mean?" Harry growled, glaring at Venom. "We could have knocked them all out!"

"No, we couldn't have," Venom snorted. "There were three of them and only one Sirius, if the three were left alive they would still be able to go after Sirius. They could've told everyone that Sirius had attacked them. And they wouldn't have gone to jail anyway." Venom added, causing Harry to stop pacing and stare at him.

"Yes, they would've," He said in a confused voice.

"No, they wouldn't, you remember what they said?" Venom asked. "If they got caught then Nott would've just brought his way out of a sentence. Power is important, Harry, and in this world, it's the rich with power. If he got out then he would've gone for Sirius again and if Sirius is gone then we get sent back to the Dursleys, you don't want that, do you?"

Venom asked innocently, leaning his head forward so he was right in Harry's face.

As Harry stared into Venom's white eyes, he couldn't help but think about his words. Truthfully, Harry wasn't happy about Venom killing anyone but he did understand why he did it. Those aurors were corrupt, who could tell how many people they had screwed over and killed? Did he really want them alive and ruining the lives of the people they're supposed to protect? As for Nott, Venom was right, he was just another

rich asshole like Lucius Malfoy. Both of them undoubtedly should be in prison, yet they get to go home every night to their expensive mansions. "Fine," Harry said after a few moments. "You're right, I don't like it, but I get it. Still, I would like it if we both agree in the future before we kill anyone."

"Deal, though I do hope that we get to eat more people," Venom grinned. "Are you okay, Harry?"

Harry looked up from his breakfast and saw Oliver Wood, his quidditch captain, staring at him. If he was being honest then Harry would have said that he was less than okay for a variety of reasons, the first of which was the fact that he had no idea what was happening with the whole Sirius situation. Part of Harry was wondering if he or Venom would get caught for what they did in the ministry, though he found that to be unlikely given that they were in and out pretty quickly. Truth be told, he was mostly worried about what would happen with Sirius.

Another reason for Harry's bad mood was because of Hermione, whenever Harry had gone to see Ron in the hospital wing he would find Ron to be okay but in a bit of a bad mood, understandable given that he was bedridden and in pain. But Hermione, for some reason was treating him like he was a complete stranger and would barely talk to him. More often than not she would find one reason or the other to leave the room when he entered, which was quite irritating.

"Harry?" Oliver spoke again, snapping Harry out of his thoughts. "You okay?" He asked again.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," Harry said quickly. "Sorry, Oliver, I'm just tired."

"Hmm, if you're sure, just wanted to let you know that I've booked the pitch for tomorrow morning," Oliver grinned at him. "I want you to be there bright and early,"

"Our usual training time?" Harry asked, biting back a sigh. He still didn't understand why Oliver thought it was necessary to be there at five in the morning.

"No," Oliver said, his tone dropping slightly as he looked miserable for some reason. "The girls said they weren't going to keep coming if we kept waking up so early." Harry paused and looked down the end of the Gryffindor table where he saw the three Gryffindor chasers sitting together.

"Yo girls," Harry called out to them. "Love you," He said appreciatively.

The girls stared at him and then at Oliver, it didn't take them long to piece together what had happened.

"You're welcome," The three said at the same time whilst smiling at him, causing Oliver to huff before he walked away whilst muttering about lazy teammates.

Harry had barely let out a chuckle when a letter dropped in front of him, he looked up and saw an owl flying away. Harry frowned before he took the letter and opened it. Once it was open he found out that it was a letter from Tonks. The letter basically stated that Sirius was safe and alive and that she would let him know once she had more information.

'All in all, I'd say we did pretty good.' Venom told Harry.

'Yeah,' Harry smiled. 'Yeah, we did very good,'

"Excellent work, Harry," Andromeda praised him as he finished his latest potion.

"Thank you, Mrs Tonks," Harry smiled as she started bottling his potion.

"It is well deserved," She told him. "You're doing especially well given your lack of proper instruction in this subject."

"You had that talk with Dumbledore yet?" Harry couldn't help but ask.

"What? Oh yes," She huffed as she waved her wand to clean up the

workstation. "That man, honestly, is so stubborn that sometimes I wonder if he was secretly born from my family. I told him about everything you told me about Snape."

"I bet he insisted you call him Professor Snape," Harry snorted.

"He did," Andromeda rolled her eyes. "I had also talked with my daughter earlier and mentioned her complaints as well. All I got was a few platitudes and him telling me that he trusts Snape and has no time to waste listening to baseless rumours."

"Not even surprised," Harry said with a small shake of his head. "I really think that unless Snape kills somebody in front of him, Dumbledore won't do anything about him."

"I fear that you're right," Andromeda sighed. "It's just a shame that so many others have to suffer because of one old man's refusal to see reality."

"Yeah," Harry couldn't help but agree. "Anyway, it's not my problem anymore. I'm glad that I have you as my tutor, you're awesome!"

"Thank you," She said, blushing slightly. "Now, since we're done, I think that you can go and enjoy the rest of your day."

"Thank you, I'll see you at our next lesson." Harry gathered his things and gave her a small nod before he headed out the door. He was only a few steps outside the room when he spotted Professor McGonagall walking towards him.

"Ah, Mr Potter," She said upon reaching him. "I just wanted to let you know that the headmaster has received word from the ministry regarding Mr Black's trial, it has been speeded up and will be happening in two days."

"Two days, Professor?" Harry asked.

"Yes, apparently there was an attempt on Mr Black's life," Professor

McGonagall told him. "He is unharmed," She added quickly. "But it has been decided to speed up his trial so the chances of this happening again are reduced. There will be a short investigation into this incident before Mr Black is taken to court. Now, you and Mr Weasley and Miss Granger will be allowed to leave the school at eight along with Professor Lupin, I will also be attending this meeting. Expect to see the headmaster there as well. I don't want you to worry, all you'll have to do is be honest and tell them what happened, is that understood, Mr Potter?"

"Perfectly," Harry quickly nodded.

"Good," Professor McGonagall gave him a small smile. "I understand that this has been a rather trying time for you, but it is nearly over, Mr Potter. Now, if you have any concerns then I want you to come and speak to me, my door is always open for you."

"Got it, thank you, Professor." Harry smiled at her before he started walking away, waiting until he was far enough away before he dropped the smile.

'Nearly over,' Harry mentally repeated. 'I doubt it. If it's not one thing here then it's another, I doubt it'll ever be over.'

'Who can say for sure?' Venom asked. 'Either way, we'll be able to deal with it.' Venom said confidently.

'What makes you say that?' Harry wondered.

'We have each other,' Venom answered. 'That's all we need. Besides, this relationship of ours is even better than I anticipated it would be.'

'What is that supposed to mean?' Harry asked.

'I don't know if it's your magic, but I can feel us getting stronger,' Venom said happily enough that Harry couldn't help but imagine Venom's grin.

30. Chapter 30

Reviews:

Chaos Snow Kitsune: Yeah, I'm looking forward to writing Fleur and Tonks's interactions with Harry.

WhiteElfElder: Himself and therefore them.

kishinokurobi: That is the canon way, but I'm going to go for something different in this fic.

Ezra Troup: I love hearing/reading that line.

UnlawfulGentleman: Thanks for your honest review. I don't think I'd ever say I am a great writer and actually mean it, a large part of why I am on Fanfiction is so I can improve my skills by listening to criticism and then writing stories like Apex and my older stories and using them to improve myself. I'm glad you're enjoying the story, I can't promise to keep it amazing all the time but I do have some interesting ideas planned for this story.

Chapter 30 -

'This is taking too long,' Venom said impatiently as Harry finished up his breakfast.

'It's not like there's much I can do about it,' Harry mentally replied before sipping down the last of his juice.

The pair had been waiting for the last half hour for Professor McGonagall to come and collect them so they could go to Sirius's trial, but as of yet, the transfiguration professor hadn't yet arrived, meaning that Harry had simply eaten some more food to pass the time. One irritating thing that Harry had to deal with was the fact that it had gotten out that Sirius Black was having a trial and that Harry was somehow involved, most people didn't really know what had happened which was why most of them assumed that Sirius had tried to kill Harry, meaning that Harry had to put up with people staring at him more than usual.

'Let's go and find her,' Venom suggested.

'Might as well,' Harry agreed, not wanting to eat more. He got up and had only taken a few steps from the Gryffindor table when he found his way blocked by Malfoy and his ever-following friends, Crabbe and Goyle.

"So, Potter," Drawled Malfoy. "A bit nervous, are you? I mean, standing in front of the whole Wizengamot in a room with Sirius Black? I imagine that that's quite frightening for you."

"Do you truly have nothing better to do in the morning than come and bother me?" Harry asked in an unimpressed voice.

"Oh sorry, I didn't mean to be a bother," Draco said in a mocking voice.

"Tell me, Potter, are you scared that Black might go and finish the job?"

"Let me ask you something, Draco," Harry began. "I once heard that a wise man starts his morning in the company of good men so that he may learn from them and improve himself, have you ever heard of that?"

"Yeah," Draco nodded, looking confused. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"It's just that I have a different opinion," Harry said before he gave Draco a long stare. "In my case, I like to start my morning chatting with a total dickhead to remind me that I'm the best." Harry looked at Draco like he was a particularly bothersome bug before he walked past him and his friends, he had barely gotten out of the hall when he saw Professor McGonagall approaching.

"Ah, there you are, Mr Potter," She said as she walked up to him. "Forgive me, I would have been here sooner but I was delayed since I had to help fix the Weasley twin's latest mess."

"Ah," Harry nodded in understanding. "What was it this time? Exploding toilet seats? Startled wallpaper?"

"Angry doors," Professor McGonagall huffed. "The door to Professor Snape's classroom would start yelling some rather unflattering words

every single time it was opened, I believed that at one point it referred to Professor Snape as an 'ungodly poster for stranger danger,'." She finished, Harry barely suppressed a snort and gave her a look that quite clearly asked if she was trying to make him laugh.

Harry sat in the stands, nervously waiting for Sirius's trial to reach its conclusion. Having never had any experience in a courtroom, Harry wasn't sure if this was a very long trial but it certainly felt like it.

Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic himself, had personally chosen to oversee this trial, most likely simply for the publicity that came with it, but Harry didn't much care as long as Fudge didn't actively go out of his way to hinder the trial.

Several witnesses, including Sirius along with Harry and his friends, had testified about what they knew, though Harry did have to alter his testimony slightly to hide some things like the fact that he had a powerful alien living rent-free in his head. Thankfully, Venom had helped him keep track of what he had said so he didn't make any mistakes. The best witness of the bunch was Peter Pettigrew, the very fact that he was alive punched a big hole in the theory of Sirius being a mass murderer that had killed him. Not to mention the fact that Pettigrew was declared legally dead meant that he didn't have the same rights as a living man and truth serum was allowed to be used without his permission.

Peter had ended up singing like a canary and had confessed his every crime in front of the whole courtroom. At that point, Harry couldn't have seen any possible way for Sirius to not be declared innocent, but that didn't mean he expected the case to be a done deal. Until he heard the words coming out of Fudge's mouth, Sirius wasn't free.

"Mr Black," Fudge said, doing his best to sound powerful and important, looking down at Sirius who was tied with chains in a chair in the centre

of the courtroom. "This courtroom has reached a conclusion, on the charges of betraying the Potters, terrorism, mass murder, dark magic and aiding the dark lord we refer to as 'He-who-must-not-be-named', you are innocent." Fudge announced. Sirius stared at him with shock on his face, unable to believe his good luck.

"Yes!" Harry cheered loudly, his voice heard amongst all the loud noise coming from the rest of the crowd.

"You will receive compensation for those unfortunate years you have wrongfully spent in Azkaban," Fudge continued after the crowd's noise had died down long enough for him to be heard. "You will not be charged with escaping Azkaban since you technically should not have been there in the first place. The trial has also revealed that you are an illegal animagus, usually, that would result in a fine and a few years at Azkaban. But in this case, I think that since you've spent far longer in Azkaban than you should have if you were charged with that crime, that we will allow this to go unpunished providing you register yourself within the next month. I believe that this is all, this court is adjourned." He finished by banging his hammer on his gavel.

Harry grinned before quickly jumping the stands and running up to Sirius as soon as he had been released from his chains. The two quickly pulled each other into a big hug in front of the courtroom, ignoring the camera flashes and gossiping crowds around them.

"I'm free," Sirius whispered into Harry's neck, tears dripping down his eyes. "I'm free."

"Someone looks happy," Andromeda noted after the end of another potions lesson.

"I might be," Harry grinned at her. "But I don't think I'm the only one, I saw you smiling for most of the lesson."

"My favourite cousin just got declared innocent, yeah, I'm happy."

Andromeda easily admitted. "In fact, I'm going to go and visit him in St Mungo's after I leave here." She added with a smile. "Do you want me to pass on a message?" She asked.

Harry adopted a thoughtful look as he thought about if there was anything he wanted to tell Sirius, he hadn't seen the man since the trial yesterday. After the trial had finished, Sirius had been shipped straight to the wizarding hospital which was fairly understandable given that he had spent more than a healthy amount of time in Azkaban and on the run.

"Perhaps you could tell him to make sure he takes a bath," Harry suggested with a small smile. "He didn't really smell great last time we met."

"I can imagine," Andromeda chuckled. "Though to be fair, he never did smell great, when he was your age he would just absolutely coat himself in beauty products and they left quite a big impression on a person's sense of smell."

"Can't be worse than Malfoy," Harry shrugged. "Honestly, with all of the products he puts into his hair, I expect him to be hairless by the time he's thirty." He added just as the door opened and Tonks entered the room.

"Wotcher Harry, hi Mum," She greeted the two of them.

"Hello sweetie," Andromeda greeted her.

"Hi Tonks," Harry said with a small wave.

'Tonksie!' Venom cheered in Harry's head.

"Not that I don't feel honoured to be in your presence, but what are you doing here?" Harry asked curiously.

"Did you hear that, Mum?" Tonks asked Andromeda in an amused voice.

"The boy-who-lived is 'honoured' to be in my presence, shame I don't get that sort of respect at home, eh?"

"Maybe you would get it if I didn't have to magically repair everything you bump into," Andromeda said in a thoughtful voice. "Who can say for sure?"

"Whatever," Tonks rolled her eyes before she turned her attention back to Harry so she could answer his question. "I'm here because my shift has finished so Mum and I are going to go and see Sirius. You want me to pass a message to him?"

"Your mother already asked that question, but the offer is appreciated," Harry replied as he packed his stuff away. "Anyway, I'll leave you two lovely ladies alone, see you later." He gave them a small wave before he walked out of the room and headed back to the Gryffindor common room.

After several minutes of peaceful and uninterrupted walking, he managed to enter the common room which at this point was fairly empty with the exception of Ron and Hermione who were moving about all over the place, clearly looking for something judging by the way they were looking around, moving everything and then moving it back.

"What's going on guys?" Harry asked the two, causing them to stop their search and look at him.

"Harry," Hermione spoke up, for a few moments she looked hesitant before she overcame whatever was stopping her speaking. "Ron and I are looking for something,"

"I can see that," Harry said in a dry voice. "What is it that you're looking for?" He asked, despite having a fairly good idea.

"My necklace," Hermione answered, looking quite worried. "It's gold and it has a little sand clock in it, I can't find it anywhere. It's really important." She told him before looking around and continuing to search. 'I feel like we should give it back to her,' Harry told Venom.

'I don't,' Venom replied, sounding as honest as ever.

'I just feel bad,' Harry admitted.

'I understand that but let's be honest, we're going to use it in a far better way than she would,' Venom argued. 'She had the power to control time and used it to attend extra lessons, we'd use it to do superhero stuff and important shit. Think about it, with our track record, who knows when we'll need it again?'

'Fair point,' Harry mentally sighed. 'I might as well at least try and help them out.'

"Have you tried summoning it?" Harry asked Hermione.

"We couldn't find anybody who knows the summoning spell," Ron grunted whilst looking under a chair. "Just have to wait for them to come back."

"Let me try," Harry said, pulling out his wand.

"You know the summoning spell?" Hermione couldn't help but ask.

"Yep," Harry nodded. "Accio," He said the incantation whilst performing the correct wand movement, but made sure to not actually put any magic into it. He waited for several seconds. "I don't think it's in the common room," He said to Hermione.

"I think it's far more likely that you just didn't do the spell right,"

Hermione argued before going back to searching, missing the offended look on Harry's face. Harry opened his mouth to speak when Colin Creevey walked into the room.

"Harry!" The boy said excitedly. "Professor Dumbledore wants to talk to you in his office."

"About what?" Harry frowned.

"I don't know," The boy said, still smiling as if he was permanently happy.

"Right, thanks Colin, give me a sec." Harry grunted as he walked up into

his dorm room so he could put his stuff away. 'What do you think he wants?'

'Not a clue,' Venom answered. 'Maybe he found something important he wants to share with us, either way, I'll be on guard.'

"You wanted to see me, Professor?" Harry asked as he sat opposite Dumbledore in the old man's office.

"Indeed, I did," Dumbledore confirmed with a small nod of his head.

"Firstly, I'd like to ask how your lessons with Mrs Tonk have been going."

"She's been brilliant," Harry said with a small smile. "She explains the subject really well, she makes sure I know the theory and she also does a great job in helping me out with the practical portion."

"Ah, so it's safe to say that you're enjoying her lessons?" Dumbledore asked thoughtfully whilst stroking his long beard.

"Yeah," Harry nodded before he narrowed his eyes ever so slightly. "It's amazing what one can do with a competent and professional teacher," He said, unable to resist the temptation to throw a verbal jab to Headmaster about his pet potion's master.

"Hmm," Dumbledore hummed, acting as if he had no idea that Harry was referring to Snape. "And how are Miss Granger and Mr Weasley doing? I can imagine that the incident with Mr Black and Mr Pettigrew had left quite an impression."

"To be honest, we haven't really talked much since it happened," Harry responded, wondering when Dumbledore would get to the real reason why this meeting was taking place.

"Ah, well, I would advise making some time for them, a good pair of friends are as valuable as any Gringotts vault." Dumbledore smiled.

"I don't think we should tell the goblins that," Harry said, half-joking.

"No, I suppose not," Dumbledore chuckled.

"Sir, I am sorry if I seem a bit blunt but why exactly am I here?" Harry asked, he watched as the smile on Dumbledore's face vanished near instantly, as if taken away by magic.

"I am sorry to say, Harry, but this is going to be a hard conversation, for both of us," Dumbledore said with a heavy sigh. "I understand that since Sirius is free, you plan to go and live with him."

"That is my plan, yes," Harry said quickly and dryly, staring at Dumbledore with narrowed eyes.

"I am afraid that that is not possible, Harry," Dumbledore said apologetically. "Sirius, though innocent, has spent a large period of time in Azkaban, even with his secret animagus form, it is doubtful that he's in a sound enough state of mind to look after a child."

"Then I'll look after him and help him out," Harry said simply.

"Harry, the adults are the ones that are supposed to do the helping," Dumbledore replied.

"The majority of my life says differently," Harry muttered, not caring if Dumbledore heard it or not. "If I can't stay with Sirius then I'll just spend my summers in Diagon Alley and visit him occasionally." He decided.

"Harry, why not stay with your family?" Dumbledore asked, sounding curious.

"What family?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"The Dursley's," Dumbledore answered, sounding like he wasn't sure why such obvious knowledge should have to be voiced out loud.

"They are not my family, my desire to be away from them is, as you put it earlier, as valuable as any Gringotts vault."

'Nice one,' Venom complimented him.

'Thanks,'

"Harry, I understand that your relationship with them is not the best but I

really do think that all you need to do is put in a bit of effort into mending bridges," Dumbledore began, he either didn't notice or didn't care for the instant rage that appeared on Harry's face. "Now, I understand that this is hard for you but you must return to the Dursley's for the summer, I think that..."

'He still wants me to go to the damn Dursley's!' Harry mentally hissed, feeling royally pissed off.

'Fuck this guy,' Venom said bluntly. 'Remember one thing, Harry, we do whatever we want.'

31. Chapter 31

Reviews:

Selenity84: I love prisoner of Azkaban but even as a dumb kid I thought that giving anyone in school a time turner is stupid.

Chaos Snow Kitsune: Read the below chapter, lol.

kishinokurobi: It will have consequences, just not instant ones.

EMachado04: Fair point but in this one there is a story reason behind it, basically Harry's trust of people is dwindling down to the point that the only person he really trusts (apart from love interests) is Venom.

Chapter 31 -

"What are you doing, Harry?" Ron asked, the trio sitting in the common room. Ron was munching on a chocolate Frog as Hermione began reading through Ron's homework while Harry was writing something on a piece of parchment.

"I'm writing a letter to my relatives," Harry revealed.

"You don't usually write to them," Hermione frowned as she looked up from Ron's homework.

"Well, usually they pick me up from the station but I wanted to try something different this year," Harry confessed.

"What are you telling them?" Ron asked with half of a chocolate frog moving in his mouth.

"Honestly, Ronald, swallow your food," Hermione sighed.

"I basically told them 'Get bent, you judgemental pricks, don't bother picking me up. You're failures in every conceivable metric, don't bother picking me up since I don't plan to see you assholes ever again, at least until you die, then I'm going to laugh during your funerals'." Harry answered, reading his letter out loud. He looked up at the shocked expressions on the faces of his friends. "What do you guys think? Too subtle?" He asked.

'Needs more swear words,' Venom answered.

"Harry, I know you don't like your family but is it really necessary to talk to them like that?" Hermione asked, being the first to regain her ability to speak.

"Well, it's a lot like a toilet really," Harry replied with a thoughtful expression. "I could just find a hole and magic away my waste, but I'd prefer to use a toilet. I could speak to them nicely, but I'd much prefer to openly express my opinions of them."

"But if they don't pick you up then what are you going to do during the holidays?" Ron asked.

"Simple, I'm going to head to Diagon Alley and stay there for a while until Sirius is allowed to look after me," Harry shrugged. "And if he isn't able to look after me before I go back to school then it won't really matter since I'll only be staying there a few weeks. I could work in the book store again," He added in a thoughtful voice.

"Harry, you can't stay on your own for all those weeks," Hermione protested.

"Why not?" Harry asked. "Diagon Alley is perfectly safe, it's familiar, I

know how to get in and out of there. I know the people there, I can get a job to keep me busy as well, and I don't have to deal with the stinking Dursleys as an added bonus."

"Mum would throw a fit if I tried staying there on my own," Ron said.

"Somehow I don't think my mother is going to be doing much complaining," Harry said, placing his parchment into an envelope.

"Harry, I really don't think that this is a good idea," Hermione spoke up.

"You're not old enough to stay out there on your own."

"I was old enough to fight the most feared dark lord of all time and I was old enough to kill a basilisk and fight off dementors, I think I can handle lasting a few weeks in a shopping area without dying." Harry rolled his eyes before turning and walking out of the common room. He kept walking until eventually he reached the owlery, he entered and walked in. "Hi Hedwig," He greeted his snowy owl before she leapt off her perch and flew towards him, landing on his outstretched arm. "How's my favourite girl doing?" He asked, stroking her back. Hedwig let out a small hoot as a black tentacle shot out from Harry's back and closed the door behind him. The tip of the tentacle shifted into Venom's head and moved towards Hedwig.

"Hello Hedwig," Venom greeted her, rubbing his head against hers.

Hedwig gave Venom an affectionate hoot before she looked questioningly at the letter in Harry's hand.

"It's a letter for the Dursley's," Harry explained, Hedwig gave him a questioning look. "Yeah, I know, us too, but this is me basically telling them to get lost." He added.

"We're not going back there anymore!" Venom grinned while Harry started tying the letter to Hedwig's leg.

"Drop off this letter, steal some of their food for yourself and come

straight back," Harry told her. Hedwig nodded to show her understanding before she flapped her wings and took off, flying out of the owlery.

"Don't forget to poop in their food!" Venom yelled after her.

"That is excellent work, Harry, that is absolutely marvellous!" Andromeda praised him in their latest potions class as she looked at the navy blue potion he had produced for her.

"Thank you," Harry said, feeling somewhat embarrassed by her praise. "I did my best."

"And your best looks good enough to be used at St Mungo's hospital," She told him with a bright smile on her face. "You've improved so much this year, you should be extremely proud of yourself."

"Thanks," Harry smiled. "Will you be teaching me again next year?" He asked hopefully.

"Of course, as long as you still want me to," Andromeda replied as she placed his potion into two vials that she put into her bag. "I think I'll give the rest of this to Madam Pomfrey," She added. "She could do with having more of it in the hospital wing. So, are you looking forward to your holidays?" She asked.

"Yeah, I'm going to spend it in Diagon Alley," He revealed.

"Oh, why?" She asked.

"My family and I don't get along," He said simply. "It's better for all of us this way."

"Where will you be staying?" She frowned.

"The Leaky Cauldron," Harry answered. "I stayed there last summer, and I was able to get a job at the book store to keep me busy. I'm hoping to basically do the same thing this summer."

"Well..." Andromeda paused, a thoughtful look on her face. "Maybe you don't have to, you could stay at my house this summer if you want." She

offered.

"Mrs Tonks, I don't want to impose and..."

"Nonsense," She said, waving him off. "It would be an absolute pleasure to have you. Not to mention, I think that my dear Nymphadora would enjoy having your company for the holidays." She added, hoping to sweeten the offer.

"Umm...I'll think about it," Harry coughed as he stood up.

"That's good, let me know if you want to come, if you decide to come during your holidays then send me a letter and I'll come and fetch you."

She smiled at him.

"Okay, thank you." Harry nodded to her before he turned and walked out of the door.

'I think we should take her offer,' Venom spoke up.

'Why should we?' Harry asked.

'Why not?' Venom countered.

'That's a fair point,' Harry admitted. 'But I'm not sure.'

'Why not? We can spend the holiday with Tonks!'

'Isn't that going to be a bit awkward?' Harry asked.

'Nah, we can win her over her.' Venom stated confidently.

"And that is the end of today's lesson," Professor McGonagall said, sitting behind her desk. The students all stood up and began packing their things away so they could leave. "Mr Potter, stay behind please." She told him.

'What does she want with me?' Harry wondered, directing his mental question to Venom.

'Maybe she wants to give you an award,' Venom said optimistically.

"Yes, Professor?" Harry asked after all the students had left, walking to Professor McGonagall's desk and stopping it in front of it. "Have I done something wrong?" He asked.

"Have you?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Depends on who you ask, I suppose," Harry said with a small smile. "But I was referring to my behaviour during this lesson."

"Your behaviour was perfectly fine and your work was far above adequate, I'm quite happy with the improvements you've made this year, and I am hoping to see more of it for next year." She responded. "But that is not what I wish to talk to you about. The headmaster wishes to talk to you," She said as she stood up. "Follow me, Mr Potter." She told him before walking past her desk and out of the classroom with Harry quickly following behind her.

"Um...Professor," Harry spoke up. "Did the headmaster mention why he wanted to speak to me?" He asked.

"He did not," She answered. "Though he did mention it being related to whatever you both had discussed the last time you talked." She added.

"Right," Harry said quietly, not saying another word until they reached the statue that lead to Dumbledore's office. "So, what's the password this time?"

"Hubba Bubba," Professor McGonagall said, looking as if it pained her to say that password out loud. "It's apparently a variation of muggle chewing gum," She told Harry as the statue started moving out of the way to reveal a staircase.

"I'm familiar with it," Harry told her before he walked up the stairs, not remotely surprised that Professor McGonagall didn't follow him up.

"Come in," Dumbledore's voice called out before Harry could even raise his hand to knock on the door.

'Show off,' Venom said, causing Harry to have to suppress a snort as he opened the door and walked in. Dumbledore was sat behind his desk as expected, Harry walked over and stopped in front of him.

"You wanted to see me, Professor?" Harry asked.

"Yes, do sit down, Harry," Dumbledore said, gesturing to the chair opposite his desk. Harry gave him a small nod and sat down. "Harry, do you recall our last conversation?" He asked.

"You mean the one where you basically told me to stay at the Dursleys for the summer?" Harry asked rhetorically.

"That very one, yes," Dumbledore nodded. "I thought that would be the end of it, but it has come to my notice that you are intending to continue with your plan to stay in Diagon Alley." He said, looking disappointed in Harry. Harry's eyes narrowed at Dumbledore. It didn't take long for Harry to work out what had happened.

"Hermione told you, didn't she?" Harry scowled.

"Now, Harry, please do not be angry with Miss Granger, she is acting out of concern for you." Dumbledore told him. "And I share her concerns, Diagon Alley is hardly a safe place for you to stay for the summer."

"As opposed to what? Here?" Harry snorted. "Where Draco Malfoy regularly tried to curse me in the back, trolls break in, teachers try to obliviate and kill me and I have to fight basilisks and dementors?"

"Those are unfortunate circumstances," Dumbledore said, shifting slightly in his seat. "But the fact remains is that with those exceptions, Hogwarts is the safest place in Britain. And if we may stick to the topic at hand, if you stay in Diagon Alley you will be defenceless."

"I can take care of myself," Harry replied. "I always have done and I always will do."

"I'm aware of your accomplishments, Harry, but it doesn't change the fact that you are still quite young. There are many things in this world that you don't know, and it is not safe for you to stay there on your own."

"Fine," Harry said through gritted teeth. "I know someone who is willing

to let me stay at her house for the summer, I'll stay there then." He

"And who might this be?" Dumbledore asked, raising one of his bushy eyebrows.

"Why would you like to know, Professor?" Harry asked, making his voice sound curious.

"I am merely concerned with your safety, Harry," Dumbledore answered easily.

"What about the other students? I doubt that you go around checking where they spend the summer."

"That is true," Dumbledore nodded, not even bothering to deny it. "But you are no ordinary student, are you, Harry? There are many forces in this world that want you gone, and I am doing my best to keep you safe."

"So how am I safer in the Dursley's house?" Harry growled. "That's a muggle family in the muggle world, at least in Diagon I could have other witches and wizards around me that could contact the aurors and I could have access to the floo network."

"Harry," Dumbledore sighed deeply. "There are wards placed in the Dursley's house, special ones. When your mother, Lily, sacrificed herself for you, she protected you. That was why Voldemort could not touch you when you confronted him in your first year. I was able to tap into those protections to create wards, the wards require you to stay with a blood relative of your mother's for them to be recharged. And seeing that the only one you have available to you is your aunt, you must stay with her. You need to stay with her at least for a few weeks every summer to keep the ward active and up, if you don't it could break. So long as this ward is up, Voldemort cannot truly harm you." He finished, staring intently at Harry.

"That explains a lot," Harry said thoughtfully. "That's why you always

want me to go and stay there."

"Yes," Dumbledore said, looking somewhat relieved that Harry appeared to understand him. "It's why I must insist that you change your decision and stay at the Dursley's home for at least a few weeks, I..."

"No," Harry interrupted him.

"I beg your pardon?" Dumbledore asked, looking confused.

"I appreciate your concern, Headmaster, but at the end of the day, this is my life and I plan to live it as I see fit." Harry told him. "I'm not staying with the Dursleys again, and that's final."

"But Harry, you are..."

"You are not my guardian, Professor," Harry cut him off. "You have no authority over me outside of school, and I will stay where I want." He said, standing up.

"But you'll be in danger, Voldemort is still out there and..."

"And when he comes for me, I'll be waiting," Harry smirked.

'We will be waiting,' Venom corrected him, his voice filled with anticipation and Harry could very easily picture Venom's wide, toothy grin.

"Goodbye Professor," Harry nodded to him before turning and walking away, ignoring Dumbledore calling after him. 'We should probably go and let Andromeda know that we're accepting her offer,' Harry told Venom, thinking about how staying at Andromeda's house could reduce a lot of arguments against him not going to the Dursleys.

'Maybe we should do something about the Dursleys,' Venom suggested, causing Harry to stop in his tracks as soon as he had got down the bottom of the stairs.

'I'm listening.'

Reviews:

Mando-Vet: Read below.

Kingz T. Infinity

ElementalMaster16: More Tonks is always good news.

Chapter 32 -

"Right," Harry said, sitting up in his bed that night after making sure that his dorm mates were sleeping. He took the time turner out and remembered the plan that he and Venom had come up with. He took it and turned it three times, closing his eyes as he did so. He opened them a few seconds later and looked around, the room that had been a few seconds ago dark, was now filled with sunlight. "Tempus," He said, checking out the time using his wand. "Great," He grinned. "Right now there's another me in class with Professor McGonagall."

'Let's get moving then,' Venom suggested.

'Wait,' Harry replied. 'I need you to promise me something,'

'What?'

'I don't know what you're going to do to Uncle Venom and Aunt Petunia and frankly I don't care anymore,' Harry said bluntly, completely honest. He no longer held any interest in the safety of those two, nor was he going to stop Venom from harming them. He knew that his alien friend restrained himself constantly for Harry's sake, and Harry was most definitely appreciative of that fact. But now, he was going to give him a chance to unleash himself. 'But I need you to do two things for me. First of all, don't eat them,'

'Why not?!' Venom demanded, sounding a lot like a pouting child.

'Because they're disgusting and I don't want them inside of me or you or however you eating works,' Harry said bluntly. 'Secondly, if Dudley is there, then I want you to not hurt him...at least too much.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yeah,' Harry mentally replied whilst letting out a deep breath. 'It's not all his fault, he's at least partly the way he is because of his parents. I'm hoping that he has a chance to change,'

'And what if he doesn't?' Venom asked curiously.

'Then he's not my problem,' Harry said, giving a mental shrug. 'After today, I want nothing to do with any of them.'

'Very well,' Venom agreed before Harry stood up, a second later he was being enveloped by black goo until he stood covered in black with white tear shaped eyes and a white spider on his chest and back. "Let's go hunting."

"Pet," Vernon Dursley called his wife from his favourite place on Earth, his chair in the living room. "Can you get me something to drink?"

"In a minute Vernon," She called as she walked out from the kitchen. "I just need to get something from upstairs." She told him before she made her way up the stairs, rubbing her hands against the hem of her apron. As she got to the top floor she went into her room, looking for the book she had left up here yesterday.

"Found it," She said in a pleased voice as she picked it up. She always enjoyed her time when the freak was at school, she loved it, having her family home without any of his freakishness disturbing her. It was bad enough for her that her freak of a sister had such unnaturalness, but then the stupid bitch had to get herself blown up and pass it to her son.

"Petunia." A deep voice echoed into her ears, she quickly turned around and saw nobody behind her.

"Vernon?" She asked loudly.

"Petunia." The voice spoke again.

"Who is that?" She asked sharply, her gaze moving all around the room.

"Petunia,"

"Who is that?!" She snapped before freezing. "Boy? Boy! Is this more of your freakishness?" She demanded. "You can't do your freakishness outside of school! You shouldn't even be here!" A creaking sound pulled her attention to the door being pulled all the way open, despite nobody touching it. At least nobody she could see. "I knew it, it is you!" She accused. "I'm not afraid of you, freak!" She spat out. "Nor was I afraid of your silly little mother! You do not frighten me!" She said, walking out of the room and looked around the hallway when she heard a few footsteps, she turned in time to see the loft ceiling door open. "What is all this supposed to be?!" She demanded just as the stair ladders descended down. "Fine, I'll play your game." She said with the air of a mother dealing with an unruly child.

She let out a loud huff before she climbed up the stairs, once she got to the top she let out a second huff and slapped the dust of her clothes. She rolled her eyes and moved towards where she knew the light switch to be, she pressed it and waited for a moment, only for the light to not come in. Her frown increased and she tried again, getting the same results as last time.

"Blasted light," She growled for a second, only to be interrupted by a deep chuckle from behind her. She looked around and saw nothing, she turned back around and paused when she noticed something. Just there, just in the corner of the attic, seemingly hanging in thin air was a pair of thin, tear-dropped shaped white eyes.

"Boo," She heard before the eyes suddenly disappeared, she stood there, frozen with fear.

"Boy," She said, her voice noticeably shakier than before. "You had better stop this."

"Stop what?" That deep voice spoke from behind her, she snapped towards the source of the voice and was greeted with a razor sharp row of pointy white teeth smiling at her. A loud shriek escaped her lips as she took a step back and fell on her butt, she looked up and saw that the teeth were gone. A sound to her left brought her gaze to the loft door and she was able to see it close, seemingly on its own.

"S...stop this!" She stuttered as she shakily got up to her feet. "I know it's you! S...top it! Stop it!"

"Or what?" That deep voice asked in an amused tone, her response died in her mouth as she was just about able to see a figure descend down from the ceiling, hanging upside down from what looked like a large black rope. Her gaze took in the figure's spider logo and white eyes.

"What are you going to do, Aunt Petunia?" Venom asked in an amused tone.

"Why...why are you doing this?!" She demanded, glaring at him despite how scared she was.

"Why are we doing this?" Venom asked before the right side of his face disappeared to reveal Harry's face. "Maybe because we're finally ready to be free of you." They said before the black goo recovered Harry's face, his face changed and a set of sharp teeth appeared. "Goodbye, Aunt Petunia." Venom growled.

"Petunia!" Vernon called impatiently. "Get me something to drink!" He huffed before turning his attention back to his TV. A few seconds later he was pleased to hear her walking down the stairs, even if her steps did sound somewhat heavier than usual. As he listened to the news reporter on the TV, he was able to hear her go into the kitchen.

"Stupid news," Vernon rolled his eyes. "Who cares what some hippies in America are doing? Get on with the real news!" He yelled at the TV

before shaking his head. "Honestly, sometimes I think this country is just going down the drain. Really, I do. You've got hard working and decent folks like us Pet, and then you have all these gypsies, hippies, drug taking wastrels, not to mention all these foreign people that are flooding in. I swear, sometimes I think my company is taking its workers directly from Pakistan. Oh, and don't get me started on the freak and his society of weirdoes." He ranted as he heard her walk into the room, he extended his hand without looking and felt a glass being placed in his hand, he grabbed it with a good grip. "Thank you Pet," He grunted before bringing the drink to his lips, he took a few sips before instantly spitting it out, coughing hard. "What the hell was that?!" He croaked, coughing violently.

"Bleach," A deep voice answered. Vernon's eyes widened, he turned his head and saw that it was not his wife standing in front of him. Instead there was someone that was covered head to toe in black, he had white eyes and a logo of some spider on his chest, but he also happened to have some blood splattered across the logo. Vernon didn't get a chance to say anything since the figure grabbed him by the neck with one hand, quickly finding it hard to breath, his hands came up and tried to push away Venom's arms, but had no success in doing so. "This has been a long time coming." Venom growled before growing in size into his regular. tall form, including sharp teeth.

"Why? Why are you doing this?" Vernon gasped as he was lifted into the air by the neck.

"Because, Uncle Vernon," Venom said before his face disappeared to reveal Harry's face. "This is vengeance," Harry growled before Venom's face covered his. "And we are Venom."

"Getting in here is surprisingly easy," Venom whispered as he climbed the

outside of Gryffindor tower, keeping himself invisible just in case.

'We should count ourselves lucky,' Harry's voice whispered in Venom's head. 'Let's get in quick, I don't want to take any chances.'

'Right,' Venom mentally agreed before reaching the window for Harry's dorm. He peaked in in time to see an earlier version of Harry vanishing.

'We've got good timing,' Venom commented before quietly opening the window and sneaking in. Venom quickly disappeared back inside of Harry, leaving the young Gryffindor in his sleeping clothes and allowing him to sneak into his bed with his roommates being none the wiser.

'Harry,' Venom spoke up as Harry let his head hit the pillow. 'Are you okay?' He asked, knowing that Harry might be disturbed by their earlier actions.

'At first I felt horrible,' Harry admitted. 'Then I remembered everything they did to me, how they treated me. They're not my family, they were my jailors. And...I know I should feel bad, but can I be honest?'

'Always,' Venom replied, speaking softly, as if whispering.

'I just don't care about them anymore, they can't hurt me anymore.' Harry said simply.

'What about Dudley?'

'I'm sad that he lost his parents,' Harry admitted. 'But he's still alive, he can keep going on. Except now he might have a bit more sympathy for orphans,' Harry added, feeling a bit sadistic as he remembered all the times that Dudley had mocked him because of his dead parents. 'Besides, I reckon it'll be good for him. Without his precious 'Mummy and Daddy' watching his back, he'll soon have to learn to start watching where he throws his weight. Either way, I don't care what happens to him anymore. I've been more than kind enough to him, considering all he did to me. They're not my family, they never were. But that's alright, because

now I've got family.'

'Who?' Venom asked, sounding curious.

'I'm talking about you, dumbass.' Harry said with a silly smile before he closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep, Venom didn't say another word for the rest of the night.

"Hi Harry," Hermione said as she sat opposite him at breakfast with Ron on her right. "Sleep well?" She asked.

"Was decent," Harry grunted before continuing to eat.

"Oh," Hermione said before forcing a smile onto her face. "So, you got any plans for the holiday?" She asked.

"I did," Harry said, glaring at her. "But now unfortunately the headmaster is insisting I change my plans," He added, not wanting to point out that the Dumbledore's 'suggestion' meant diddly squat to him right now.

"Oh, Harry," Hermione sighed, not taking long to realise that he knew she had told the headmaster about his plans. "I'm sorry but I was only doing what I thought was best."

"Yes, you're right," Harry snorted. "What us common mortals think doesn't matter if Hermione Granger thinks otherwise. I told you repeatedly that I am perfectly safe in Diagon Alley!"

"What if someone tried to kidnap you there?!" She argued. "Or worse? What if someone tries to kill you?!"

"I would be surrounded by other witches and wizards and I would be able to use the floo networks to get away or get help from any of the number of aurors walking around, that's what." Harry replied, continuing to glare.

"You had no right to interfere in my plans."

"I was doing it to protect you!"

"You had no right!" Harry hissed. "You and the headmaster will both be disappointed because I am not going to those stupid pricks."

"But Harry you must!" Hermione blurted out. "Tell him Ron!" She slapped Ron on the arm.

"Um..." Ron froze for a second before he opened his mouth. "Look...Harry, I don't really like the Dursley's either mate. But...if Hermione and Professor Dumbledore say it's safe then..."

"Oh yeah?" Harry cut him off. "What if the two of them decide that the safest thing for you is for you to never sit on a broom again? Huh? What if they both decide that for your safety you are going to have to go and live with Snape? Are you going to do it?" He asked Ron whose cheeks turned red. "That's what I thought," Harry said after it was clear that Ron wasn't going to say anymore.

"But Harry," Hermione spoke up. "Professor Dumbledore believes that you have to go there, if he believes it then..."

"He isn't my guardian so I don't care," Harry told her bluntly. "He's a school headmaster, nothing more. In the muggle world, the best teacher in the world couldn't tell me where to live, and I'm pretty sure the wizarding world works the same way. I'm telling you right now, no force on Earth is going to make me go back to the Dursley's."

"So...you're going to be staying in Diagon again?" Ron asked awkwardly.

"No, I've made alternative arrangements."

"What?" Hermione blinked. "Where are you staying then?"

"You see I would like to tell you, Hermione, but I can't really take the risk of you running off and telling Dumbledore so sorry, but you can't find out." Harry replied as he stood up and picked up his plate. "If you'll excuse me." He told them before walking away.

'Well, that went well.' Venom commented.

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Youtube: [JB21](#)

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33. Chapter 33

Reviews:

J4C00B0: I'd have to double check but I swear he doubted Voldemort was dead from the start. If that was the case then he should have at least been trying his absolute best to lock up every death eater around while he could.

dabrakadabra: I wanted to build up to it with some ups and downs instead of an instant 'I hate you' and them breaking up.

noru2k: Totally agree.

.3950: Sorry, no idea what you mean. Is that something that's actually happened?

ReignVS: Dumbledore wouldn't send Harry to Dudley and Marge because that would firstly mean revealing magic to Marge, also because Harry most certainly would not let him, especially after Petunia and Vernon.

Chapter 33 -

Harry let out a sigh as he leaned back against his seat on the Hogwarts express, staring out the window, enjoying the beautiful views that were passing him by. So far it seemed like that was his best option to pass the time as he wasn't really enjoying the company he was getting from Hermione and Ron. Ron had initially tried to keep the conversation going by challenging Harry to a game of chess but he didn't seem to understand the idea of Harry not wanting to play chess the entire ride, eventually the red head had settled into eating while reading a quidditch magazine of some sort, or at least he had done for a while. As for Hermione, she had originally started the ride by immersing herself into a few books but eventually she had put them down and was now trying her best to talk to him, what that actually meant was that she was trying her best to justify

her actions to him.

"And I really was only trying to do what I thought was best for you!"

Hermione said, seeming desperate for him to believe her.

"I believe you Hermione, but you still betrayed my trust and tried to send me back to my own personal hell." Harry grunted as he stood up. "If you'll excuse me, I need to get some air." He said before walking out of the compartment. "I was only doing what I thought was best." He muttered in a passable imitation of Hermione's voice as he walked to the toilets.

'Why on Earth does she think she knows better than us?' Venom growled.

'She is pretty smart,' Harry admitted.

'She's also a thirteen year old girl,' Venom reminded him. 'Let's not forget last year as well, Miss Brains was too busy fawning over Lockhart to realise how much of an idiot he was.'

'True,' Harry agreed, thinking back on his second year, for as much as Hermione liked to accuse Harry and Ron for being idiots, she was hardly the perfect example of intelligence when she refused to admit that Lockhart was a fraud. 'Either way, it doesn't matter.'

'You're right, because now nobody tells us what to do.'

'Nobody,' Harry repeated before noticing Malfoy sitting in a compartment with Crabbe, Goyle and Parkinson, the four hadn't appeared to have noticed him. Harry, not being in the mood for another yearly train visit from Malfoy, pulled his wand out and cast several locking charms on the door before walking past, he was pretty sure that none of them would know how to counter his spells since the spells he had used weren't taught until fourth year, one of the benefits of having Venom on his side was that his learning ability had improved vastly. He was already pretty smart, but with Venom he was never able to forget anything and was

able to learn much faster than before.

'How long before you think they realise that the door's locked?' Venom chuckled.

'Hopefully whenever Draco needs the toilet,' Harry grinned while Venom started laughing loudly in his head. As Harry walked down the train he spotted a tall boy standing and talking with a small, younger girl. Harry would guess that the boy was a year or two older than him. The girl on the other hand, looked like she was a bit younger than Harry. She had straggly, waist-length dirty-blond hair, a dreamy look on her face.

"Are you serious?" The older boy snorted derisively, staring down at her like she was something that he wanted to scrape off of his shoes.

"Oh yes, the Crumple-Horned Snorkack is definitely real. " The girl said in an airy voice as she looked straight up at the boy, either not noticing or caring about the way he was looking at her. "My father and I are sure of it, we're going camping this year to try and find them."

"She had to have gotten her crazy from somewhere," The boy muttered to himself before looking down at the silver necklace the girl was wearing.

"That's a nice necklace," He said in a conversational voice.

"Oh thank you," The girl managed to get out before the boy reached for it, she quickly took a step back. "Please don't touch it," She said quickly.

"Why not?" The boy scoffed, continuing to reach.

"Hey," Harry called, causing the boy to stop. "Back off of her." He said as he stopped next to them.

"Get lost, Potter." The boy rolled his eyes before turning his attention back to Luna, he moved forwards but didn't get to do anything as Harry stopped in front of him and stood between him and the girl.

"Take one more step and you're not going to like how this ends," Harry warned him.

"Oh really, and what are you going to do?" The boy asked challengingly.

Harry narrowed his eyes and moved even closer, staring directly into the other's boys eyes.

"Do you really want to find out?" He asked in a low voice that seemed to echo slightly. The older boy stared at him for a moment before mumbling something under his breath.

"Better watch yourself, Potter." He whispered before turning and walking away.

"You okay?" Harry asked the younger girl.

"Hmm, I am, thank you, Harry Potter." She said with a dreamy smile, her head swaying from side to side.

"What's your name?" Harry asked.

"Luna Lovegood, though everyone calls me 'Looney'." She answered honestly.

"Right...well...I'm going to stick with Luna." Harry said after a moment.

"If you prefer," Luna shrugged, sounding quite unbothered by his decision to use her real name. "Anyway, I'll be going back to my compartment now. Goodbye Harry Potter." She said, waving at him before turning around and skipping down the train, humming as she did so.

'You humans are so weird,' Venom told Harry.

'Trust me, I know.'

"Mrs Tonks," Harry said as he approached Andromeda on the train station after giving his goodbye's to Hermione and Ron. "Hello, it's good to see you."

"You too," She smiled at him. "Where's your owl?" She asked curiously, noticing that Harry only seemed to have his trunk and an empty owl cage.

"Oh, Hedwig isn't really a big fan of staying in a cage for a long time,

especially on the train ride so I let her fly instead." Harry explained.

"Where is she going then?" Andromeda asked.

"Wherever we're going," Harry shrugged.

"She knows where we're going?"

"She'll find us," Harry said confidently without a shred of doubt. "She can always find me." He added proudly.

'She's smart like that.' Venom said, equally as proud.

"Oh," Andromeda blinked. "If you're sure. Anyway, follow me to the apparition point. I don't think you've ever apparated before."

"Not really," Harry fibbed as he followed after her.

"So, you lied to me," Andromeda said once the pair landed in her back garden, the words escaping from her mouth not even a second after Harry took in the grass and wooden fences surrounding him.

"Huh?" Harry asked unintelligently.

"You said that you never apparated before, if that was the case then you would have at the very least been struggling to keep your food in your stomach, you look mildly uncomfortable at best and I reckon that's only because I'm the one that did it." She said with a small smirk. "You're not a bad liar though." She complimented him.

"Sorry, Mrs Tonks," Harry apologised. "I just...well...I did it once by accident when I was still in primary school and I've done it a few times since."

"You shouldn't be doing that, it's dangerous," Andromeda sighed. "You could end up splinching yourself."

"What's that mean?" Harry asked curiously.

"It means you leave part of yourself behind, the first time I tried it I ended up leaving behind a toenail which wasn't too bad in comparison to others, some people end up in hospital because they've lost entire limbs."

"Whoa," Harry blinked. "That doesn't sound great, but I think I've got it worked down, Mrs Tonks. I've done it plenty of times with no problems."

"Still, I'd prefer it if you don't do it again until you've had lessons,"

Andromeda sighed.

"Umm...Miss Tonks, won't the neighbours notice if we apparate into the back garden?" Harry asked, noticing the neighbouring houses.

"They will not, we have plenty of wards and spells all around the house.

We can set off a small explosion in the living room and they wouldn't even hear it, trust me, Nymphadora has done so multiple times." She added with a shrug before she walked into the house.

"Oh, umm...is Tonks here?" Harry asked as he walked into the house after her.

"She should be, unless she's doing overtime at work." Andromeda answered as she guided him to the living room.

"Mum," A familiar voice called. A few seconds later Tonks walked into the room, Harry's eyes widened immediately as he took in Tonks who had apparently just come out of the shower given that she was seemingly wearing nothing besides a long towel that she had wrapped around her chest, her pink hair was still a bit wet and was clinging to her back.

'Don't stare dumbass!' Venom hissed into the head of Harry whose cheeks had turned red, the young wizard quickly ducked his head before turning around, suddenly finding the wallpaper to be very interesting.

"There you are. Mum, have you seen..." Tonks paused and trailed off as she finally noticed that there was somebody else in the room.

"Nymphadora," Andromeda spoke in an amused tone. "You remember Harry, don't you?"

"Harry, what are you doing here?" Tonks blurted out in a confused voice.

"Umm...trying to not look at the moment." He answered honestly.

"Huh?" Tonks blinked before taking a second to remember that the only thing protecting her modesty at the moment was a white towel. "Oh," She said intelligently before stepping back. "I think it's best if I get changed."

"Probably," Andromeda agreed in a dry voice. Tonks sent her mother a small nod before turning around and rushing out of the room.

"Well, that was a perfect amount of awkward, wasn't it?" Harry asked.

"Anyway, where is Mr Tonks?" He asked.

"Oh, he's currently at work, you'll be seeing him later this evening."

Andromeda answered. "Anyway, let's get on with the house tour."

"So, Mum," Tonks asked as they sat by the dinner table with a plate of chicken pasta each. "Why is Harry here? Not that I'm complaining," She said, adding the last part to Harry who was sitting opposite her.

"Let's just say that his relatives were unable to look after him so I offered him the chance to stay with us for the summer, I hope that's not a problem?" Andromeda said, giving Tonks a questioning look.

"If it is then I will be perfectly fine staying somewhere else," Harry quickly cut in.

"No, it's not a problem." Tonks said quickly, not wanting Harry to think she didn't want him here.

"Are you sure? Because I honestly don't mind if you want me to..."

"Harry, I promise you that it's fine, I'm just surprised that you're here to be honest." Tonks replied. "Though, truth be told, I am glad that you're away from those relatives of yours. I can tell that you don't like them."

"If you met them then you wouldn't like them either," Harry snorted. "I honestly am surprised that other muggles like them."

"Harry," Tonks said, in a slow voice. "I...well...I just wanted to let you know that if your relatives have ever done anything to really hurt you then you can tell me, you can tell us. If you want then I can have charges

set against them, could probably get them sent to jail.

"Hmm," Harry hummed, a thoughtful look on his face. He obviously wasn't going to admit that the Dursley's were done but knew that he had to at least act like he thought that they were still alive. "Can I think about it?" He asked in a quiet voice.

"Of course," Tonks smiled at him before bringing a forkful of pasta into her mouth. "Hmm!" She moaned appreciatively. "That's good."

"Congratulations." Andromeda told Harry before turning to Tonks who looked confused. "It was Harry who cooked this up for us."

"Oh, really?" Tonks asked Harry.

"It was nothing," He said dismissively. "It's just a little thank you for letting me stay here."

"Harry, if you keep cooking like this then we're keeping you here for life."

Tonks grinned before putting another forkful of pasta in her mouth.

"A bit early for a marriage proposal, don't you think?" Andromeda asked in an amused voice, resulting in Tonks choking on her food.

"Evening," A voice said just as a brown haired man in a blue suit walked into the room. "Rough day at the office and...oh...you must be Harry." He said, upon noticing Harry sitting at the table.

"Um...yes, Sir," Harry said quickly as he stood up and extended his hand.

"I'm Harry, Harry Potter."

"Pleasure to meet you, I'm Ted, and I know exactly who you are," The man grinned. "You'd be my wife's favourite student."

"Oh," Harry blinked, having been expecting something about him being the boy-who-lived. "Umm...does she have many students?"

"Not really, though I have had a few over the years, and I must say that you are by far my absolute favourite." Andromeda smiled warmly.

"High praise," Ted said, playfully nudging Harry. "Please, Mr Potter, sit

down. No need to stand for me." He said while walking around the table to plant a kiss on his wife's forehead and then ruffling Tonks's hair before sitting down opposite Andromeda. "Please, sit." He said, gesturing Harry to sit down.

"Thank you, Mr Tonks." Harry said as he sat down.

"Please, call me Ted." Ted told him while Andromeda got up to go and get a plate for Ted.

"Thanks, please call me Harry, when people call me ;Mr Potter' it makes me feel like I'm in trouble."

"Do you often get into trouble?" Ted asked, sounding more curious than judging.

"Not on purpose," Harry answered before frowning. "Mostly anyway. For the most part I just try to get through my school year as quietly as possible."

"I often find myself wishing that others tried that," Ted said, shooting an amused look at Tonks who maturely stuck her tongue out at him.

"So, can I ask what you do, Ted?" Harry asked whilst taking a bite of pasta.

"I'm a lawyer," Ted answered. "The company I work at mostly works in the muggle world but they also operate in the magical one." He added just as Andromeda placed a plate full of pasta in front of him. "Thanks dear," He said before taking a forkful of it and eating it. "Hmm, that's brilliant."

"You'll have to thank Harry for that," Andromeda smiled as she made her way back to her seat. "He's the one that made it."

"You made this?" Ted asked Harry with an surprised look on his face.

"Yes, I did," Harry nodded. Ted stared at him for a moment before he turned to Tonks.

"Marry this boy," He whispered to her.

'Impressive,' Venom said inside of Harry's head. 'You have managed to impress both the mother and the father, we're one step closer to claiming Tonks as our own.' He added, causing Harry to blush alongside Tonks.

34. Chapter 34

Reviews:

WhiteElfElder: Doesn't know what he's getting into.

Okami2312: That was my same strategy with my wife (except I don't cook).

The Deck Master: A brotherly relationship is a large part of what I was going for.

Ran: Glad you like it, I'm also an OCC Harmony shipper. Glad you like the story.

Shrike: When I finish a few more stories then I will put a vote up, if the story wins the vote then I write it.

Chapter 34 -

'Did you sleep good?' Venom asked Harry once he woke up.

'Not bad,' Harry answered as he yawned, he rubbed at his eyes before forcing himself out of bed.

He stood up and stretched a little before looking at himself in a full length mirror, standing there in just a pair of grey knee-length shorts. He took a moment to admire his abs and muscles before Venom appeared right next to him in his mirror reflection, towering over him in his big form but leaning down so his head was next to Harry's. Mirror Venom grinned at him before placing a large hand on his reflection's back, Venom's black goo spread over his reflection's upper body and created a black shirt for him. Harry looked down and saw that the real Venom had done the exact same since he was now wearing a black shirt.

'Thanks.' Harry said appreciatively.

'You're welcome.' Mirror Venom said.

Harry nodded at the reflections before he made his way out of the guest bedroom and to the bathroom down the hall, he yawned once more before quietly opening the door and finding a rather odd but definitely interesting sight. Tonks was in the bathroom, dressed in black shorts and a white tank top, her pink hair was now red and flowing all the way down to her lower back. She held her toothbrush in front of her mouth like it was a microphone, her eyes were closed as she stood in front of the sink and mirror. She was silently dancing, her hips swaying in every direction as her arms appeared to be moving randomly.

Harry stared at her for a moment before slowly entering and closing the door behind him, he silently walked forwards and stopped behind her, not that she appeared to notice, it seemed that she was lost in her own world, listening to imaginary music. Harry couldn't help but stare past Tonks's shoulder at her reflection, a smile appeared on Harry's face.

'She's beautiful.' He thought to himself.

'I like her,' Venom said simply.

Not really knowing what he was thinking, Harry started moving side to side, moving his hips just like Tonks was. Slowly, Harry ended up dancing along with her, not that she appeared to notice. It was about a minute later when Tonks finally opened her eyes, her gaze locked with the mirror and she saw Harry dancing behind her. Tonks quickly yelped and turned around before jumping, her back hitting the top of the sink.

"Harry?" She gasped, one hand going up and resting on top of her chest as her hair suddenly turned white. "Damn it, don't scare me like that."

"Sorry," Harry grinned impishly. "I just didn't want to interrupt, you looked like you were enjoying yourself."

"How long were you dancing there?" Tonks said, once her heart rate had calmed down enough.

"About a minute or two," Harry admitted. "By the way, your situational awareness is rather poor considering your choice of profession."

"Shut it," Tonks replied without any real heat in her voice, her hair going into shoulder length pink. "What are you doing in here anyway?"

"Well, it was my understanding that this was the bathroom and that it would be locked if somebody was using it and well...it wasn't locked."

Harry shrugged.

"Right," Tonks sighed. "Well, I'm done in here anyway, so I'll let you get on with it." She told him before making her way towards the door.

"Thanks Tonks, hey maybe I can make you some breakfast as an apology?" Harry suggested, causing her to stop at the door and look at him.

"Breakfast, huh?" She asked, her lips curling up in a happy smile.

"I make a mean omelette," Harry said in a casual voice.

"Deal, I'll be waiting for you downstairs." She grinned before making her way out of the bathroom, closing the door behind her. A black tentacle shot out of Harry's back and locked the door for him before retracting itself back inside of him. Harry let out a happy sigh before he used the toilet to empty his bladder. Once done with that he made his way to the sink and cleaned his hands before picking up his toothbrush. As he began cleaning his teeth, a black tentacle popped out of each of his shoulders, the tips heading up to his hair.

'You've got to look your best,' Venom fussed over him as he began adjusting his hair for him.

'Thanks,' Harry thought back, idly wondering if this was what it would be like to have a mother living inside of you.

"You know, Harry," Tonks said, sitting opposite him at breakfast. "If all else fails, then you could at least work in some restaurant or something because your food is delicious." She said after finishing her own breakfast.

"Thanks," Harry smiled, nearly finished with his own. "I'm glad it meets your high standards of approval."

"You should be, if I was rich enough then I would've hired you as my full time cook."

"Cooking for you guys is the least I can do," Harry shrugged. "I offered to do chores while I was here but your mother shot me down, something about not allowing any guests to do chores."

"There's not really much chores to do anyway," Tonks informed him.

"Sometimes we do things by hand just so we don't get lazy, but for the most part we'll just magic away all the dust and grime."

"Hmm, benefits of living in a magical household I guess," Harry said just as a knocking sound was heard from the front door.

"I'll get it," Andromeda's voice called before either of them could get up.

"Wonder who that is," Tonks frowned. "It's rather early for visitors,"

"Maybe its just your neighbours or something," Harry replied. "By the way, where's your dad?"

"Work," She sighed. "Unfortunately, money does indeed make the world go around."

"I once heard that it's the root of all evil,"

"Anything that can force a man or woman to get out of bed before seven is indeed extremely evil," Tonks agreed.

"You can't just show up unannounced!" The two heard Andromeda say.

"She doesn't sound pleased," Harry couldn't help but notice.

"Wait, you can't just come in like that!" She said, Harry and Tonks both

pulled out their wands just before none other than Albus Dumbledore walked into the kitchen.

"Hmm, hello Professor," Harry said, trying to sound polite but unable to keep the annoyance out of his voice. Truthfully, he was expecting the old man to show up but he was more than a bit annoyed that the guy couldn't at least wait a week.

"Dumbledore!" Andromeda snapped as she followed behind him. "I do not know what you are teaching in your school or what you were taught while in school, but I feel like I should remind you that entering someone's house without permission is not what we call good manners!"

"Harry," Dumbledore said in a serious voice, ignoring Mrs Tonks in favour of staring directly at him. "I have some important news that I must inform you of."

"I am eating breakfast," Harry pointed out.

"I'm sorry, but this is important." Dumbledore insisted. "May we please have the room?" He said to Andromeda and Tonks, though it was worded as a question, it clearly was not.

"Anything you want to say to me you can say in front of them," Harry said before either woman could respond.

"Harry, what I am about to reveal to you is very important information that cannot be spread about and..."

"I trust them," Harry said, cutting Dumbledore off. "Completely," He added when Dumbledore opened his mouth to object.

"Very well," Dumbledore said with a deep sigh before he walked over to the table and pulled out a chair at the head of the table where Ted would usually sit. He sat down in it and faced Harry. "Now, I am sorry to inform you of this but..."

"Before we continue," Harry interrupted him. "Don't you think you have

something to do first?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I beg your pardon?" Dumbledore asked.

"Professor Dumbledore, you very rudely entered this house without Mrs Tonks permission and you ignored her when she spoke to you," Harry pointed out. "You are the headmaster of Hogwarts, and quite frankly, you should be setting a better example." He said, before sitting back in his seat and giving Dumbledore a pointed look.

'The balls on this guy!' Tonks thought to herself as she looked back and forth between Harry and Dumbledore. She couldn't ever recall any student standing up to Dumbledore, everyone from the muggleborn to the purebloods respected him or at the very least pretended to in front of him. Even in the ministry, not many would openly call out Dumbledore, it just wasn't done. The only people she could think of that would stand up to him that weren't death eaters were probably her boss, Amelia Bones and her mother, plus Mad-Eye Moody, but that was it. She could certainly see why Harry was qualified enough to be a Gryffindor.

"You are right," Dumbledore admitted, sounding quite tired. He turned to face Andromeda who was standing with her arms crossed and giving him an unimpressed look. "You have my utmost apologies, Mrs Tonks."

"If anything like this ever happens again then I will be reporting the matter directly to the ministry," She warned him. Despite her seriousness, both of them knew that would just be a huge waste of time.

"Once again, I am sorry," Dumbledore said sincerely before turning his attention back to Harry. "Firstly, I would like to ask why you did not return to the Dursley's for the summer."

"Because I don't want to," Harry said bluntly. "I am tired of living there and I'm tired of asking you to help me get away when all you seem to do is want to force me back there. Well, you know what? I don't care what

you say, I'm not going back there. If I can't stay here or in the Leaky Cauldron and have to stay homeless for the rest of the summer then so be it." Harry said emphatically. "I am not going back there."

'Nicely done,' Venom complimented him.

"Mr Potter, I cannot think of a delicate way to say this." Dumbledore said in a grave voice. "You will not and cannot go back to the Dursley's, not now, not ever."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Harry frowned, looking convincingly confused. It was much easier to do so with the help of Venom adjusting his facial muscles for him.

"Mr Potter, it has recently come to my notice that the Dursley's have fallen victim to an unfortunate attack," Dumbledore began to explain.

"What kind of attack?" Tonks asked.

"Did they both get heart attacks or something?" Harry asked in a quiet voice.

"No, no they did not," Dumbledore shook his head. "It was a very different cause of death, I'm afraid. The muggle authorities believe it to be some sort of animal, as do the magical ones, truth be told. Though they obviously have different opinions on what sort of animal."

Dumbledore answered, looking Harry directly in the eye. "It is my unfortunate duty, Mr Potter, to inform you that your uncle and aunt have perished in the attack."

"What? You're saying they're dead?" Harry said with disbelief in his voice, playing his part well.

'Ha!' Venom laughed in his head.

"Yes, they are." Dumbledore confirmed.

'Ha!' Venom laughed again.

"Fortunately, your cousin was not there. Sadly, he was later found and his

memory was modified so he has no knowledge of the wizarding world as is standard procedure in cases like this." He said in a disapproving voice before shaking his head and putting his attention back onto Harry. "Your cousin is aware that you used to live with him but no longer remembers that you have magic. This was done since it was determined that he was a risk to the statue of secrecy, given that he kept blaming the whole thing on the magical world." Dumbledore added, choosing not to point out that Dudley's exact words were 'This is all the Freak's fault!'.

"So, Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon are dead?" Harry asked once again in a slow voice.

"Yes, it is a shame that we don't know what exactly did it," Dumbledore replied, sounding disappointed with himself.

"I did it! I did it!" Venom said gleefully.

"Well..." Harry sighed. "It's about time."

"What?" Dumbledore blurted out as everyone in the room stared at Harry with wide eyes.

"I mean, they bloody took their time, didn't they?" He asked rhetorically.

"I thought that Uncle Vernon at least would have bit the bullet years ago, the guy's overweight as fuck. Where the hell was his heart attack?"

"Mr Potter, this is a serious matter!"

"I know, the dickheads should have died years ago." Harry said in a disappointed voice.

"Harry, they're your family!" Dumbledore said, a pleading tone in his voice.

"They are no family of mine," Harry said firmly. "They were horrible people and I'm glad they're gone." He said, meaning every single word. "I really don't get you, Dumbledore. Did you think that every time I begged you to let me stay in Hogwarts was because of the fun of it? That I just

wanted to be different? You want to ignore what's in front of you because you want to live in your pretty little world where everyone plays happy families? Then that's your problem, not mine. They were a blight on this world and I'm just upset that they didn't die sooner. Heck, if I ever find whatever killed them then I'd reward it with a big fat bar of chocolate."

'Oh shit, really?' Venom asked hopefully.

'Yeah, later though,' Harry confirmed.

"You truly don't feel anything for them?" Dumbledore asked, sounding almost defeated.

"Unlike your favourite member of Hogwarts, I don't waste time holding grudges against the dead." Harry shrugged. "I will hate them forever, but now they're dead and not my problem. So," Harry said calmly. "Is that all, Professor?"

"I..." Dumbledore continued staring at him for several moments, apparently at a loss for words. "...Well, there is the matter of where you will be staying for..."

"Respectfully, Sir, that is not your concern," Harry cut him off once again.

"For this summer, I will be staying here. Maybe even for next summer, if not then I can stay in Diagon Alley, either way it'll just be like this until Sirius is well enough to take me in."

"Very well," Dumbledore said with a deep sigh, something that surprised Harry as he expected the old man to fight him on the issue and force him to stay somewhere else. "If you are sure." He added as he stood up. "I shall see myself out." He told them all before he began walking away, deep in thought. 'It can't be, can it?' He thought to himself.

"Are you okay?" Tonks asked once Dumbledore was gone.

"Never been better," Harry said simply before returning his attention back to his food.

35. Chapter 35

Reviews:

Dragoul Mayol: There will be some other symbiote, I haven't decided on carnage yet.

RealOverlord76: Pretty much, Venom's only care at the moment is Harry and those that Harry likes.

JettShay: Yes, you can.

Chapter 35 -

"Urrgh!" Tonks groaned as she entered the house, she closed the door behind her before promptly dropping her red auror robe onto the floor behind her. "Damn to the fiery pits of hell whichever idiot thought of paperwork."

"Hi Tonks," Harry said in a casual voice as he walked down the stairs.

"Rough day at the office, huh?" He asked as he bent down and picked up her robe before putting it on a hanger for her.

"Don't ask, I don't want to talk about it." Tonks moaned as she walked past him, Harry had barely started following after her when she started talking about it. "I had to run after five separate criminals only to find out at the end of my shift that the first guy was let go by one of the senior aurors. Oh, and did you know that the third guy that I had chased was the head boy in school when I was a fourth year? He tried to talk me out of charging him, claiming we were mates."

"I sincerely hope that didn't work," Harry said as they entered the kitchen and Tonks slumped down on a chair at the table.

"It did not," Tonks confirmed, rolling her shoulders. "Mostly because I remember him giving me detention a couple of times."

"What a dick,"

"Yep," Tonks agreed, rolling her shoulders. "Then when I got back to the

ministry I got into an argument with this absolute bitch called Umbridge!

I don't know if you met her but she's such an absolute bitch. She's just a complete total, unfathomably stupid and grotesque..."

"Bitch?" Harry guessed as he made his way to the fridge.

"Exactly!" Tonks said happily, glad that somebody understood her. "A horrible stupid one, yes!"

"What were you arguing about?" Harry asked curiously.

"She tried complaining about my hair being pink," Tonks snorted. "Which is completely and utterly ridiculous, do you know why that's ridiculous?"

"Nope, enlighten me," Harry asked as he reached for something inside the fridge.

"She's dressed head to toe in pink!" Tonks growled. "She's even got a fucking pink bow on her stupid pink hat! I'd argue that I'm doing more for the colour than she is. She's ruining it! She ruining pink! Even I'm starting to hate it because of her!"

"Well, we can't have that," Harry frowned as he pulled out a tub of ice cream. "Why don't you just discreetly hit her with a colour changing charm or something?" He asked.

"I promise you that if I am ever going to hit her with a spell then it won't be something as harmless as a colour changing charm." Tonks huffed.

"After dealing with her crap, I had to do tons of paperwork. Who the hell invented paperwork?!"

"You poor soul," Harry said sympathetically as he walked over and placed the tub full of ice cream in front of Tonks before dropping a spoon in it.

"Enjoy," He told her.

"Ice cream? For me?" She asked, peering up at Harry like he was angel sent down from the heavens.

"You deserve it for working so hard," Harry said in a warm voice, patting

her on the shoulder.

"You're the best," She grinned before taking her spoon and going to town on ice cream in front of her.

"You've discovered her weakness, I see," Andromeda said as she walked into the kitchen. "Daughter of mine, you do remember that ice cream is not something I want you eating all the time."

"It's my treat," Tonks said in a smug voice after swallowing a spoonful of ice cream. "Because I've been working hard," She grinned. "I'm a good girl." She said in a childish voice.

"Yes, you are," Harry said affectionately, playing along and ruffling her hair.

"Anyway," Andromeda turned her attention to Harry. "You're a quidditch fan, are you not?"

"I like to play if that's what you mean," Harry replied.

"Well, Sirius has sent you a little present," Andromeda smiled before pulling out a collection of tickets. "He's brought tickets for the quidditch world cup!" She said, ignoring Tonks spitting out her ice cream in shock.

"So, you want to go?"

"Umm...yeah...sure," Harry said in an amazed voice.

"Sirius is now officially my favourite relative!" Tonks said in an excited voice. "I've got to go! I've got to go!" She said, jumping to her feet. "Need to book time off work as soon as possible before some other pricks take up the holidays for that day!" She said before running out the kitchen, leaving her ice cream on the table.

"She likes quidditch," Andromeda shrugged.

"Yes, I can see that," Harry said dryly just before Tonks rushed back into the room to snatch up her ice cream.

"Nearly forgot this," She said by way of an explanation before running

back out, knocking over a vase on her way out and absently repairing it with a flick of her wand.

"She's a wild one," Andromeda shrugged.

"Yes, I can see that," Harry said dryly.

The day of the quidditch world cup, Harry had risen early to get ready.

He had dressed in black trainers with white stripes, black jeans, a white shirt and a black jacket, all of which was thanks to Venom who had

provided these clothes for him. Andromeda was dressed in casual grey

robes while Ted had chosen to wear a matching muggle suit, Harry

wasn't sure why the man wanted to wear a suit to quidditch, but

eventually just figured out that Ted liked suits, or at least liked the way

that Andromeda looked at him when he was in a suit. As for Tonks, she

wore knee-high black boots with a knee length skirt that was blood red in

colour. Along with this she wore a deep blue shirt and a short black

jacket. She had put on star shaped earring, wore her favourite neckless

with little bronze balls hanging off of it, and had her hair shoulder length

and bright pink.

Harry and Tonks had both been very excited to head to the world cup,

Tonks had been a fan of quidditch her whole life and had even played

beater in school, while Harry was simply happy to go see his first ever

quidditch game outside of school. It had been a bit awkward for Harry

when Ron had sent him a letter, inviting him to the world cup.

Apparently Mr Weasley was friends with someone who had been able to

get the whole family tickets and they had gotten extra tickets for Harry

and Hermione. Harry had felt bad sending a letter saying that he was

already going there anyway, though a quick talk with Venom had made

him feel better. After all, it was hardly his fault that he had a godfather

who had already got him a ticket.

Once everyone was ready, they had all decided to apparate there instead of taking a portkey. Ted and Andromeda had apparated themselves there, while Tonks had grabbed Harry's arms and had apparated him to the apparition point which ended up being an open grass field. Though the landing was hardly perfect, Harry wasn't sure how it happened but he had somehow ended up on his back with Tonks landing on top of him.

"Ow," Harry said, slowly and dryly as he sent an amused look to Tonks.

"Comfy landing?" He asked.

"Peachy," She said after shaking her head. "You make a nice landing pad."

"Nymphadora, you had better be taking that boy to dinner and a movie if you plan to stay on him any longer." Andromeda's voice cut in.

"I wouldn't object to either option," Harry whispered into Tonks's ear before she could move.

'Your flirting skills have improved,' Venom said proudly.

Tonks blushed a bright red, the roots of her turned red briefly before she was able to get it under control and revert it back to pink. She got up and offered Harry a hand, pulling him to his feet so they could both see Tonks's parents staring at them with amusement, along with one Sirius Black.

"I'm so proud of you, Pup," Sirius said, wiping an imaginary tear from his eye. "So young and you've already got ladies falling for you," He said with all the airs of a proud mother.

"Shut it," Harry barked out a laugh before rushing forwards and pulling Sirius into a tight hug that the older man was happy to return. "It's good to see you, Padfoot." He whispered into the man's shoulder.

"You too, Pup," Sirius sighed before they let go. "You're looking much better than last time I saw you."

"You're one to talk," Harry snorted, looking at Sirius who was looking

much more fuller than before and less like a skeleton. "They finally feeding you, huh?"

"Yeah," Sirius grinned. "Potions and stuffing me with as much food as possible seems to work."

"Hi Sirius!" Tonks smiled as she walked up to them. "Been a while."

"Hi Tonks," Sirius said warmly before pulling her into a hug. "Has my godson been looking after you?" He whispered teasingly into her ear.

"Git," She whispered back before pushing him off. "Thanks for the tickets, Sirius."

"Oh, it was no problem at all," Sirius said dismissively. "The Ministry gave them to me as a gift, along with my other compensations. Your tickets didn't cost me a single coin."

"Nah, just twelve years of your life," Tonks pointed out.

"I'm glad the three of you are getting along, shall we be going now?"

Andromeda said.

"Right, lets," Sirius agreed just as the group started walking. "So, who are you rooting for?" He asked Tonks and Harry.

"Ireland and Bulgaria are playing, right?" Harry asked.

"Yep," Sirius nodded.

"Ireland!" Tonks said quickly. "What about you, Harry?"

"I don't know much about either team but I have to go with Ireland,"

Harry said, not wanting to point out that he was only choosing that one because Tonks had chosen it.

"Great, I know that there will be some merchants and stalls selling stuff so we can probably buy some Ireland gear." Sirius replied.

"Bulgaria all the way," Ted spoke up.

"I wouldn't know, haven't much kept up with modern quidditch teams,"

Sirius said, the reason why went unsaid.

"Are you mad, Dad?" Tonks replied. "The only thing Bulgaria has is a good seeker."

"The best seeker in the world actually," Ted pointed out. "Victor Krum also happens to be the youngest professional seeker in the world, I might add."

"Whatever," Tonks said dismissively. "Unless he catches the snitch very quickly then Bulgaria will lose, Ireland's chasers are far better."

"We'll see Dora, we'll see." Ted said confidently.

The group soon arrived outside of a red, muggle looking tent. Harry watched as each one of the group walked in one by one, yet the tent showed no outward signs of getting overcrowded. Harry was somewhat confused but it didn't take him long to work out what was happening. He slowly walked in and found that he had guessed right, the tent was enlarged on the inside. Inside were several sofas, chairs, a small kitchen, a table, and a few beds as well.

'I love magic,' Harry thought with a grin.

'Same,' Venom agreed.

"How far up are we going?" Harry asked as he, Sirius and the Tonks family made their way up the stairs of the quidditch stadium. Harry had an Ireland scarf wrapped around his neck, while Sirius and Tonks had chosen to have a large matching hat along with an Irish scarf, Tonks had even split her hair into pigtails with the left side being green and the right side being white. Meanwhile Andromeda wore a Bulgarian scarf, mostly out of support for Ted who was wearing a matching hat and scarf.

"We're going straight to the Minister's box," Sirius half-yelled due to the loud noises coming from hundreds of people in the stadium. "Old Fudge himself will be there, along with probably a few other very important people. It's why Andi made me promise to be on my best behaviour."

Sirius said with a pout.

"Me too," Tonks frowned before giving Harry a questioning look.

"She didn't say nothing to me," Harry replied to her non-verbal question.

"How come Sirius and I get told to behave and not Harry?" Tonks asked her mother.

"Because Sirius could barely behave if his life depended on it,"

Andromeda answered.

"Fair," Sirius agreed.

"What about me?" Tonks demanded.

"I trust Harry to behave more than I trust you to behave," Andromeda said simply.

"But I'm your daughter," Tonks protested.

"Exactly, I know who you are and how you behave." Andromeda nodded.

"Harry in the limited time I've known him has always been very respectful and polite."

"I am a very well behaved boy," Harry said proudly.

'Ahem, Dursleys.' Venom said with a fake cough.

'That was your idea,' Harry reminded him just as they finally reached the door that lead to their seats. Once they entered the box, the first thing they saw was Minister Fudge talking with several other important looking people. Everyone in the room quickly stopped to look at them.

"Ah, there you are," Fudge immediately disengaged from his conversation in favour of rushing over to them. "It is good to see you, Mr Black, Mr Potter." He smiled greeting them like they were his favourite relatives.

"Ah, and who are these fine people with you?"

"This is my cousin, Andromeda and her husband, Ted Tonks." Sirius introduced the two. "And this is their daughter," He added with a small smile on his face. "Nymphadora." He grinned at Tonks who looked ready

to punch him in front of the Minister himself.

"She's an auror, actually," Harry quickly added. "A very good one as well."

"Oh, well that's good to hear," Fudge smiled brightly at Tonks, Tonks opened her mouth to speak but didn't get a chance to as Fudge had quickly turned his attention back to Sirius and Harry. "Now, come along, I'd like you to meet my guests. These are Ministers from other countries." He told them before walking back to where he was previously standing and immediately started talking with them.

'Politicians,' Harry and Venom thought to themselves, both sounding quite disgusted.

A.N: Hey guys, I was going to write more for this chapter but I've got limited time to work on it since I'm job-hunting alongside my other responsibilities and I didn't want to waste too long on one chapter. So the Malfoys and Weasleys joining the gang in the Minister's box will have to wait until the next chapter.

Anyway, thanks for reading, feel free to leave a review.

Pat-reon: Google JB21 and I should be the first link that pops up.

Youtube: JB21

Tiktok: jb21q

36. Chapter 36

Reviews:

fallendemon248: Husband material was exactly what I was going for.

Arctic Wolf Fury : Thanks.

a84665051: Yep, but Venom can apparently turn invisible without the cloak so he's already that.

Chapter 36 -

"What are you doing here?" A voice blurted out. Harry and the Tonks family turned around to find Ron, Hermione and the Weasley family

standing in the doorway, complete with two new redheads.

"Hey guys," Harry greeted them, unable to totally hide the surprise in his voice. "How'd you get up here?" He asked curiously.

"I'm friends with Ludo Bagman, he'll be commentating on the match," Mr Weasley explained with a smile. "He was able to get us all tickets. We weren't expecting to see you up here, Harry. Ron told me that you'd had already had tickets for the world cup, didn't think you'd be up here as well."

"Ah, well the ministry is hoping to get in Sirius's good books," Harry explained before turning to Sirius. "Sirius, you remember Ron and Hermione. The other redheads here are Ron's family. The youngest is Ginny, then we have Ron's older brothers, the twins that go by Fred and George, most of the time. That's Percy Weasley, and I'm presuming that these other two are the brothers that Ron has told me about."

"That we are," The oldest one grinned, supporting a dragon fang earring and long hair pulled into a ponytail. "I'm Bill, and this is my brother, Charlie." He added, placing his hand on the other redhead who was much shorter but also much more muscular.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mr Potter," Charlie smiled. "We've heard a lot about you."

"Good things, I hope," Harry chuckled before turning to face Ron and Hermione as Sirius began greeting the rest of the Weasleys. "Good to see you both, how've you been?"

"Alright, I suppose," Ron replied. "What about you?"

"Fantastic," Harry smiled brightly. "The Tonks family is brilliant, they've been really nice to me."

"I guess they're the ones that you've been staying with for the summer," Hermione said in a quiet voice.

"Is that a problem?" Harry asked stiffly.

"No," She said with a small shake of her head. "I just...I wanted to apologize, I...I didn't mean to go behind your back. I just...was doing what I thought was best, what I was best for you. I'm really sorry, Harry."

"It's fine," Harry sighed. "I don't want to spend a lot of time arguing about it anyway. We're here to watch quidditch."

"Yes," Ron said with relief. "Harry's right, we're here for quidditch, the best sport in the world."

"I like cricket," Hermione said with a small smile.

"Merlin, you're boring," Harry said with mock disgust.

"Oh great, the riff-raff are here." A voice complained.

The trio turned to see the Malfoy family walk into the box, dressed in high-priced clothes. The Weasley family along with Ted, Tonks and Hermione immediately stiffened. Those born outside of Britain didn't show much reaction due to not knowing who they were, Fudge smiled as if his best friend had come in and Sirius briefly sent a glare at Lucius before his gaze shifted to Narcissa, as did Andromeda's. Harry, on the other hand, had chosen a very different reaction.

"Mrs Malfoy, a pleasure to see you again," He said in a happy voice as he walked over.

"Mr Potter?" Mrs Malfoy blinked as Harry took her hand and placed a gentle kiss on her knuckles.

"How wonderful to see you again, I must say that you've gotten even more radiant than before," Harry said, smiling up at her, earning an amused expression from her while Lucius simply looked annoyed with Harry.

"Oi! Get off!" Draco said, slapping Harry's hand out.

"Draco!" Mrs Malfoy immediately scolded him. "That is very rude

behaviour."

"But Mother, I..."

"No excuses, apologize at once to Mr Potter." She ordered him.

"What?!" Draco blurted out, looking horrified at the very idea of apologizing to anyone, especially Potter.

"You heard me," She replied, she saw Draco open his mouth to argue and decided to cut him off. "It is not too late for you to miss the cup, young man." She warned him, a horrified Draco stared at her for a very long couple of seconds before looking hopefully at his father.

"Do as your mother says, Draco," Lucius told him stiffly. An ugly expression appeared on Draco's face before he turned to Harry who had to wipe a shit-eating grin off of his own face.

"I am...terribly sorry about my behaviour," Draco said, sounding as if he was in pain.

"As well as you should be," Harry said in a solemn voice. "Draco, you represent your family. The famed Malfoy family, as its heir, you should be more aware of your actions. Don't worry, you have time to learn."

Harry said, comfortingly patting Draco on the arm.

"Thanks for the advice," Draco said through gritted teeth.

"Oh, you're welcome," Harry said cheerily, causing Tonks to snort.

"Cissy," Andromeda spoke up, causing Mrs Malfoy to look at her.

"Andromeda," She said in a neutral tone. "It's good to see you again,"

"You as well," Andromeda nodded.

"Right, well, we should probably get back to our seats," Tonks interjected, wrapping an arm around Harry's shoulders before leading him to their seats while the others quickly followed suit and headed to their own seats, pointedly ignoring each other. "Did you really have to try and piss off little Draco?" Tonks whispered to Harry as the two sat down together.

"Of course," Harry said immediately. "I've tried to stay away from the smug little bastard for years now, but he keeps chasing after me. So, might as well get my fun in."

"Fair enough," Tonks sighed. "Let's just try to stop hexes from flying."

"I can always just punch the bastard," Harry whispered, earning a giggle from Tonks that caused Harry to smile. "I reckon I could get away with it too, his mother loves me."

"How'd that even happen?" Tonks whispered back in amazement.

"Hit her with the old Potter charm, didn't I?" Harry grinned.

"The old Potter charm," She repeated mockingly. "Has that ever worked on anyone?"

"Worked on your mum well enough for her to let me in her house, didn't it?" Harry retorted.

"Do you reckon your Potter charm would work well on me?" She asked flirtatiously, batting her eyes at him in an exaggerated manner.

"I can always try," Harry whispered, leaning forward so his lips were only a few inches away from Tonks's. His emerald orbs stared into her currently violet ones for several seconds, the noises around them became barely noticeable.

"It won't work," Tonks said, leaning back, her face slightly red for a brief moment before her skin turned back to her usual complexion.

"We'll see," Harry laughed before sitting back in his seat.

'Masterfully done,' Venom said in Harry's head.

'Thanks,' Harry mentally replied.

'With that being said, I would like to divert your attention to something else.' Venom told him before he forced Harry's head to look towards his left. Harry looked down and saw that near the Weasleys was a house elf, a female one by the looks of it, sitting and covering her eyes, looking

quite frightened of something. 'See that empty chair next to her?' Venom asked.

'What about it?' Harry replied.

'I sensed someone there,'

'What? Who?'

'I don't know,' Venom admitted. 'Maybe a pervert. Let's find out!' He said mischievously, a picture of his big toothy grin appeared in Harry's head.

'Venom, what are you doing?'

'Don't worry about it, talk to Tonks.' Venom ordered, forcing Harry's head to look towards Tonks.

'I hate when you do that,' Harry complained before turning to Tonks.

"You ever been to a world cup before?"

"Nah, not really," Tonks answered with a small shake of her head. "Dad wanted to take me once,"

"That was the football world cup," Andromeda pointed out, she and Ted had sat down on the two seats next to Tonks. "And I remember that you didn't want to go."

"Of course I didn't," Tonks snorted. "Football is boring."

"How are you my daughter?!" An offended Ted blurted out.

"What? It is! Oh, look, we're going to kick a ball around a field! Let's fill up a stadium full of people so they can watch that."

"Isn't that what quidditch is?" Ted argued.

"Quidditch, I'll have you know, is a high-paced, action filled game that takes place high in the sky and involves a variety of players doing different things and plenty more bloodshed." Tonks responded whilst rolling her eyes.

"This isn't the first time they've had this argument," Andromeda told Harry with a sigh.

"Hmm," Harry nodded but didn't say much as he was more focused on what Venom was doing. While the two Tonks family members had been talking, the symbiote had sent a tentacle out from the back of Harry's foot and sent it crawling under the seats to the seat where the invisible person was. It stopped upon feeling something, something that felt quite soft, the tentacle grabbed it and pulled.

A few seconds later the entire box was filled with chaotic shouting as an invisibility cloak landed on the floor, revealing a skinny brown haired man that had been hiding amongst them. Harry and Tonks were the first to draw their wands, Harry because of his enhanced body and knowledge that something could have happened while Tonks was simply highly trained, the two of them shot out stunners at the man and had knocked him out immediately. The poor house elf started crying so Harry quickly stunned her as well, knowing that house elves can be fairly dangerous when they wish to be.

"So, that was a bit awkward, wasn't it?" Harry asked out loud before turning to Minister Fudge. "I hope that this little incident of me using magic whilst underage will be forgiven given the circumstances,"

"W...what?" Minister Fudge blurted out before catching onto what Harry was saying. "Oh, yes, yes, of course, but who is that? It's...galloping gargoyles! That's Barty Crouch junior!"

"As in the son of the asshole who sent me to Azkaban without a trial?!" Sirius demanded.

"The exact same," Ted said with a frown on his face. "But last I heard, his son was supposed to be dead in Azkaban."

"He looks remarkably well for a dead man," Tonks couldn't help but comment before hitting the fallen man with a couple of binding spells.

"My dear Minister," Harry leapt over his seat and rushed towards Fudge,

wrapping his arm around the man's shoulder. "I must thank you deeply,"

He told him in a sincere voice, causing everyone to look at him.

"W...what? Thank me?" Fudge repeated dumbly.

"Of course, you see this lovely woman here?" Harry gestured to Tonks who looked surprised at suddenly being the centre of attention. "She's one of your aurors, I've been staying with her and her family for the summer and she's taught me quite a few things. Ministry approved, of course, and in case you didn't notice, she and I were the fastest ones to react to this new threat." He smiled proudly. "I simply must thank you for making sure Magical Britain is armed with such fine and outstanding aurors, I feel much better knowing that our lives are protected by people like her. I must say, I do hope that Miss Tonks will be rewarded heavily. I mean, here she is, off duty, and still doing her duty. Defending not just myself, but also her family, friends, the Malfoys, the Foreign Ministers and even you." Harry said as he patted Fudge on the back. "I just think it would send a really bad message if she wasn't rewarded, you know?" He whispered into the Minister's ear.

"Ah, yes, yes, of course," Fudge immediately nodded before turning to Tonks. "Well done, Auror, I shall have a talk with Miss Bones and we'll see to getting you appropriately rewarded."

"Oh, thank you," Tonks said in a quiet voice.

"Now, what to do with this mess?" Fudge wondered as he walked over and began examining Barty Crouch Junior.

"You're welcome," Harry told Tonks as he walked over.

"You didn't have to do that for me," Tonks smiled and pulled him into a tight hug.

"Potter charm, never fails," Harry grinned, Tonks pulled back and playfully punched him in the arm.

"Ireland won, Ireland won!" Tonks cheered later that night as she danced around their tent.

After the chaotic event where Barty Crouch Junior was found, there had been a delay in the world cup, but it eventually continued. First, there was the introduction of the teams and their mascots, Bulgaria had Veelas for mascots. Tonks had explained to Harry that they were essentially people that weren't really considered humans by most people. They had an avian form apparently and had the ability to produce fire, but they were most famous for having an allure that attracted men which inspired people to believe that they stole men from wives and made them their slaves.

It was at least somewhat true as Harry had witnessed nearly all the men there react in some way or another, some cheered loudly while others started showing off their muscles, including the referee of the match. Ron had nearly jumped out of the box but was held back by his family, Harry had even seen Mrs Tonks tug on Mr Tonks's ear to snap him out of it. Sirius didn't react much, thought that could be because of his experiences in Azkaban. Harry himself had felt a sudden urge to start showing off but had been able to quickly squash it down, thankfully before he could embarrass himself as Ron had, and Harry hadn't even needed Venom's help for it. The fact that he had done it had managed to impress Tonks, which Harry considered a bonus.

Eventually, after a pretty exciting quidditch match, Ireland had won. Victor Krum, the star Bulgarian seeker, had caught the snitch but the Ireland chasers had racked up enough points that they still won. A fact that Tonks was happy to cheer about in the face of her father who had been positive that Bulgaria would win. Which is why currently she was dancing around a fire in the middle of the tent, waving around an Irish

flag to some very loud and cheery Irish music. Ted had his face in his hands as his wife patted him on the back, meanwhile, Sirius and Harry were clapping to the beat of the music. Though Venom did insist that Harry be a respectable distance away from the fire.

"Go Tonksie!" Laughed Harry as the pink-haired auror continued dancing, seemingly having the time of her life. Sirius let out a loud whistle before he and Harry looked at each other with massive grins.

"Tonks! Tonks! Tonks! Tonks!" The two started cheering and clapping in sync as Tonks started dancing even faster. "Tonks! Tonks! Tonks! Tonks! Tonks! To...what the fuck?!" The two blurted out when they felt the whole tent shake.

"What the hell was that?" Tonks frowned, dropping the flag onto a nearby bed as she pulled out her wand.

"Let's find out," Sirius said as everyone stood up and pulled out their wands. They all rushed out of the tent and saw absolute chaos, tents were on fire and people were running in every direction. "Shit!" He gasped out upon seeing what looked to be a large group of death eaters walking around, shooting spells at everyone and everything. Eventually, the group of wizards started chasing several people into the nearby forest.

"Let's fight," Harry growled, his wand glowing.

'Fuck yeah!' Venom cheered.

"Are you mad? No!" Sirius quickly cut him off. "We're getting out of here, now!"

"Listen to him, Harry," Tonks said when she saw Harry looked like he was about to argue.

"Fine," Harry said through gritted teeth before they all started turning and rushing away, trying to get to the apparition point.

'Fuck that,' Venom said. 'Slow down, sneak away, let's hunt.' He

whispered to Harry. Harry allowed himself to slow down slightly, once he was sure that none of the Tonks or Sirius was looking he rushed away and into snuck through the chaos and into the nearby forest before hiding behind a tree. 'Are you ready?'

'Ready,' Harry replied before his body ended up being covered in a familiar black goo, leaving him all in black with a white spider logo on his chest and back and two white tear-dropped shaped eyes.

"Let's hunt," Venom said in his deep voice. "Tonight's special: Death Eaters."

"This is great," A death eater grinned as he hit a woman with a killing curse.

"I know!" A second death eater laughed. "I haven't done this in ages." He grinned before hitting the woman's husband with a blasting curse to the head.

"Lucius chickened out," A third said, hitting the downed husband with a killing curse, just to be sure. "Shame about that." The trio of death eaters continued walking until they found a young boy, snivelling and sobbing on the floor, having fell and bruised his knee. "Look at this little one, didn't we just take care of his mommy and daddy?"

"I reckon so," The second death eater smirked under his mask.

"Let's make it a full set," The first death eater suggested, aiming his wand at the boy.

"No!" The boy cried, covering his head with his arms. He stayed there, curled in a ball, shaking widely, waiting for the inevitable. He waited and waited, then he waited some more, then he waited again. Wait, why was he waiting so much? The boy opened his eyes and peaked his head out of his arms and his eyes widened instantly upon seeing Venom crouching next to the bodies of the three death eaters, death eaters that Venom had

positioned in such a way that the boy could not see their missing heads.

"Hello, don't worry, you're safe." Venom told him, crawling towards him on all fours.

"Are...are you a monster?" The boy whispered nervously, crawling backwards until he ended up backing into a tree. Venom crawled forwards and stopped a couple of inches away from the boy.

"Do we look like a monster?" Venom asked the boy in a curious voice.

"A...little bit," The boy gulped.

"Are you a good boy?" Venom whispered to him.

"Yes, yes!" The boy quickly nodded. "I'm very good!"

"Then for you, we're not a monster, we are a hero!" Venom said proudly.

"W...who is we?" The boy asked, still shaking.

"Don't worry about it, come on, let's get you to safety." Venom slowly reached out and gently picked up the young boy, ignoring the way he flinched and how scared he seemed to be. "We are Venom" Venom told him before a tentacle shot out from Venom's back and grabbed onto a tree, pulling them into the air.

"We should probably stop soon," One death eater said to his travelling companion. "The aurors will be here any moment," He added as they walked through the forest.

"One more victim, then we'll stop." The other death eater insisted. "I just want to have one more dead body." He told his friend, a few seconds later a black knife shot through the air and pierced straight into the neck of the first death eater. "What the hell?!"

"Wish granted," A deep voice boomed. The remaining death eater turned around in time to see Venom leap at him with a large mouth filled with very, very sharp teeth.

"I cannot believe this! We caught Veelas!"

Fleur Delacour, a young seventeen-year-old veela, glared up at the men around her as she protectively held her sister, Gabrielle. The two had joined their mother and father in attending the world cup, Fleur truly had no interest in quidditch but still knew that this was an unmissable event, though she mostly attended in order to please her younger sister who had begged her to come. The family had been enjoying a small walk when suddenly these horrible men started attacking, the next few minutes had been a blur for the young veela but somehow she and her sister had gotten separated and ended up running through the forest. They had gotten quite far when suddenly the ground under them exploded, sending them both backwards.

The landing had been rough for her, but even worse for young Gabrielle who had ended up hurting her ankle. In what seemed like no time, they were surrounded by at least ten men wearing black cloaks, tall hats and skull masks. Fleur pulled out her wand and quickly covered her sister with her own body. She knew there wasn't much hope, there was only so much she could do against ten fully trained wizards, especially when she was also trying to protect her sister.

"They'd sell quite nice," One death eater said thoughtfully.

"Let's sample the merchandise first," One of them said, grinning under his mask before he aimed his wand at a tensed Fleur. He opened his mouth to cast a spell when he heard something move from behind him, before he could look back he felt something grab him by the collar of his robes. He felt himself be yanked into the air, he felt his whole world spin violently and the next thing he felt was himself smashing violently against a nearby tree.

Venom landed on the side of a separate and took a moment to stare at his work, he hadn't been gentle with that death eater, that death eater was

now currently a mashed-up disaster on the floor, his blood covering the tree and the ground surrounding him. Venom turned his attention back to the nine death eaters that remained.

"Boo," Venom said before they all started shooting at him. Venom leapt off his tree, he spun in mid-air before throwing three knives out of his arm, each knife pierced into a separate neck before he landed on another tree and leapt into the upper halves of the trees, hiding behind leaves and woods before turning himself invisible.

"What the hell was that?!" One of the remaining death eaters blurted out.

"I don't know but kill it!" Another death eater hissed just before two pairs of tentacles grabbed them both from behind and pulled them past the girls and into the darkness of the forest.

"The hell is that?!" A death eater demanded before throwing a killing curse in the general direction where he believed Venom to be.

"We..." Venom's voice boomed, echoing into each and every ear there.

"...are Venom." A roar was heard as Venom dropped in from above, grabbing two death eaters by their heads and slamming them hard enough onto the ground the crack their heads open. The remaining death eaters quickly aimed their wands at him when Fleur jumped in and shot a powerful blasting curse at them, one death eater barely jumped out of the way but the other was not as fortunate and found himself flying into a tree before collapsing down onto the ground.

"Bitch!" The remaining death eater cursed before sending a killing curse at Fleur who froze, not at all used to have an unforgivable being sent at her.

"No!" Venom yelled before shooting out a tentacle towards Fleur. The tentacle just about managed to reach them before the spell did, the green spell clashed against Venom's black tentacle.

And did absolutely nothing.

"Impossible!" The death eater gasped as Venom retracted his tentacle.

"Hmm, that's interesting." Venom whispered before suddenly leaping towards the remaining death eater.

Fleur was unable to see what was happening due to Venom's body being in the way, but she was sure that she heard what sounded like a very large bite before she saw some blood spill from the death eater. She covered her frightened sister's eyes as Venom stood up and stepped back from the headless corpse to stare at her.

"You're welcome," He told her whilst giving her an exaggerated bow before he jumped straight up into the trees and out of sight.

"Putain de merde!" Fleur cursed in French.

A.N: I don't know if I got the French right but according to what I googled, it should roughly mean 'Fucking shit!'.

37. Chapter 37

Reviews:

The Hallowed Man: I have a few cousins who love football so I'm happy to annoy them with that when possible.

ArachnidHiveMind: Thanks for pointing that out.

Lord Chronus: Thanks :)

Chapter 37 -

"Guys!" Tonks called out loudly. "There he is!" She pointed to Harry who was running towards her, Sirius and her parents.

"Where the hell did you guys go?" Harry said, panting lightly. "I spent ages trying to find you all."

"Are you hurt?" Sirius asked quickly, rushing forward to pull Harry into a hug.

"Um...I'm fine," Harry said awkwardly, patting the older man on the hand

before Tonks ripped Sirius off of him so that she could pull him into a hug of her own.

"You scared the crap out of us!" Tonks hissed as she hugged him tightly.

"Sorry, Tonks," Harry said apologetically, hugging her back.

"We need to get out of here," Ted said quickly. "The atmosphere here is horrible at best, we should go."

"Ted's right," Andromeda agreed just as Tonks and Harry finally let go of each other. "Let's get out of here."

'All in all, that was a pretty fun night,' Venom said in Harry's head as the emerald-eyed teenager sat alone in the room the Tonks had let him stay in, not in the mood to go to sleep. They had only gotten back two hours ago, the events of the World Cup made it hard for Harry to even consider going to sleep.

'It was a bit, shame the death eaters had to try and ruin it.' Harry said with a mental snort.

'I'm glad they did,' Venom said before a black tentacle shot out of his right knee and faced him before the tip of the tentacle shifted into Venom's face. "Because now we ruined them!" Venom hissed with a sadistic grin.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," Harry said quietly, a small smile on his own face. "We saved a lot of people."

"Like world-class heroes," Venom said proudly. "And I got to eat a lot of people!" He added cheerfully.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," Harry said amusedly as he stood up, Venom retracted his tentacle self back into Harry. "I'm going to go drink some water." Harry decided, feeling quite thirsty. The young teen walked out of the door and headed downstairs into the kitchen, only to come to a stop as he found Tonks sitting at a table with a tub of ice cream in front

of her. "Lo Tonks, you alright?" Harry asked as he walked over to the kitchen sink and poured himself a glass.

"Fine," Tonks said with a small sigh. "Just not in the mood to sleep, to be honest."

"Same," Harry said before gulping down a few mouthfuls of water. "Bit irritating, isn't it? The fact that we can't even go to enjoy the World Cup without some idiots trying to ruin things. I suppose that's usual for me, isn't it?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Tonks asked before eating a spoonful of chocolate ice cream.

"Well," Harry began after putting the glass down and walking over next to Tonks. "There was my first year of life which was great apparently, but then promptly ruined by he whose name is too stupid to mention, then I come into the wizarding world and that's ruined by a bunch of idiotic idiots at school and more of Voldemort's followers," Harry added, ignoring Tonks's slight flinch. "Nearly every year something happens, I'd really like at least just one normal school year."

"Normal?" Tonks scoffed amusedly. "In Hogwarts? Fat chance of that."

"A guy can hope," Harry shrugged. "Do you know anything about what happened at the World Cup?" He asked in an interested voice.

"Not much so far," Tonks admitted in a disappointed voice. "I contacted a friend of mine who was working security, she hasn't been able to learn a lot. But apparently, the official statement from the Ministry is that a bunch of drunk idiots went crazy and dressed up as Death Eaters in order to cause chaos."

"Instead of it just being the Death Eaters?" Harry asked with disbelief.

"That's apparently the official statement," Tonks shrugged in a 'what can you do?' sort of manner. "There's not really much we can do right now

other than investigate. Apparently, from what I've heard, a few of those idiots ended up dead."

"Really?" Harry asked in an interested voice, he could practically feel Venom puff up with pride.

"Yeah, some of them looked like they were mauled by some animal," Tonks confessed. "She told me that quite a few of them were missing their heads entirely, making it a lot harder to identify the bodies."

"Whoa," Harry blinked. "Sounds like something dangerous was on the loose that night."

'Damn straight,' Venom agreed quickly and quite happily.

"What was it?" Harry asked. "Any ideas?"

"To be honest, I don't know," Tonks said in a frustrated voice. "At first I thought it could be a werewolf, but it's not a full moon. There's only one werewolf who could achieve results like that without a full moon, Fenrir Greyback, he used to work for you-know-who. He's overly fond of turning kids into wolves, and he's wanted in damn near everywhere, dead or alive. But that doesn't make sense either, he shouldn't even be in the country right now. Last I heard, he was on the run somewhere in Canada. So, it's probably not him either. So what then? An acromantula? An escaped dragon? A giant cat?"

"Maybe a three headed dog or a giant basilisk," Harry added. "Still, whatever it is, I don't fancy its chances much."

"Why not?" Tonks asked curiously.

"Because grandmaster auror Tonks is on the case!" Harry said dramatically, gesturing to her grandly. "When Tonks is on the job, come hell or high water, the job gets done."

"Darn tooting straight!" Tonks laughed at his antics for a moment, before sobering up. "It's not possible," She whispered to herself.

"Tonks?" Harry asked, sounding concerned. "Earth to Tonks? Are you okay?"

"I have an idea about one thing that could have done it," Tonks frowned thoughtfully.

"Oh?" Harry asked in an interested voice. "What is it?"

"When I was kidnapped, I was rescued by this guy," Tonks said, swallowing another spoonful of ice cream. "He was covered from head to toe in what I reckon was some sort of shape-shifting goo, he had a white spider logo on his front and back and he had these attention-drawing white eyes."

'My eyes are undoubtedly my best features,' Venom said proudly.

"When he rescued me, he killed most of the kidnappers," Tonks began.

"Wait? Really?" Harry frowned, pretty sure they hadn't killed anyone.

"Oh yeah," Tonks nodded her head. "Most of them died due to what was basically blunt force trauma, getting hit and thrown around by something with above human strength."

"Oh," Harry said quietly as he thought about what he had just been told.

On the one hand, it was a bit bothersome that they had unintentionally - was it intentional on Venom's part? - killed some people, but on the other hand, it wasn't like these people were that nice. Besides, they had tried to kidnap him and Tonks, so Harry found his pity well to be surprisingly dry.

"Yeah," Tonks continued. "And one of them, a woman, had apparently run into him before. This woman had been missing one of her hands, then this guy grabs the woman, threatens her and then eats her other hand. Eats it! Like it was a chocolate bar!"

'She didn't taste as nice as chocolate,' Venom complained.

"According to what I had heard, the reason she had already lost a hand in

the first place was because of the same person," Tonks said, still going on. "I don't even know if this person is human. But who or whatever he is, he can clearly eat people. And there were Death Eaters there without heads, so maybe it might be possible that he was there and he had attacked some of them. But then that leaves the question of why he was there and what motive did he have to attack those curse-happy sons of stupid bitches?"

"Proposition," Harry replied in a thoughtful voice. "Those Death Eater parasites with minuscule brains were going out to kill, torture and ruin the lives of everyone there. Conclusion: He was definitely going to eat their heads."

"A hero complex?" Tonks said curiously, thinking the idea over. "I suppose it could work, he seemed happy to try and help me out after he dealt with those kidnapping dickheads. Then he vanished when I wasn't looking, quite rudely, I might add."

'It was a bit rude,' Harry thought.

'Yeah, but it was cool though.' Venom said instantly.

"I should go and talk to my boss about it," Tonks hummed. "I'm not due for work for another day, so I'll send her an owl. Until then, I'm going to eat my stress away!" She declared happily before digging into her ice cream with gusto. "There's one more tub in there if you want." She added in-between mouthfuls.

"How gracious of you," Harry laughed before he got up to retrieve the ice cream, a few moments later he sat back down with an ice cream tub in one hand and a spoon in the other. "To ice cream," Harry smiled at her.

"To ice cream!" Tonks grinned before they both ate a big spoonful, Tonks quickly dropped her spoon and both hands came up to grab her head.

"Ow, ow, ow! Brain Freeze! Fuck!" She blurted out with her hair turning a

deep blue, causing Harry to laugh.

'This summer went by far too fast for my liking,' Harry thought to himself along with Venom as he arrived on Platform Nine and Three Quarters along with Sirius and the Tonks family.

'I know, we were enjoying ourselves, weren't we?' Venom agreed.

'We were,' Harry replied. 'Our next summer should hopefully be just as good.'

"You alright, Kiddo?" Sirius asked, pulling Harry out of his mental conversation.

"Hmm? Oh, fine, I guess." Harry hummed. "Just thinking about the school year, hopefully, this year will be a quiet one. No dementors, no weird monsters that shouldn't be there,"

"No criminals escaping Azkaban as well," Tonks added hopefully, sending a cheeky grin to Sirius who happily laughed at her joke.

"Hopefully," Harry grinned.

"Well, I for one am hoping to see your potions work this year,"

Andromeda said with a smile. "I'll meet you in Hogwarts soon, okay Harry?"

"I'm looking forward to your lessons," Harry said, giving her a bright smile. "You're a much better teacher than Snape, much better looking as well." He added with a cheeky grin.

"True," Ted nodded without hesitation, pulling Andromeda into a side hug and kissing her forehead, causing the woman to blush slightly while Sirius chuckled at the two.

"Oi, can both of you stop flirting with my mother?" Tonks complained to Ted and Harry.

"Well, I was going to flirt with you but your father is right there, have some shame, Tonks," Harry said in a mock-disapproving voice.

"You're a barrel of laughs, you git," Tonks said dryly before she pulled him into a hug. "Okay, look after yourself, alright?" She whispered into his ear.

"I will," Harry whispered back as he returned the hug.

'I'll help,' Venom said enthusiastically.

"Okay, see you soon, Pup." Sirius pulled him into a hug once Tonks had let go of him. "Feel free to write to me whenever you want, no matter what it's about. Girls, brooms, pranks for Snape, you name it. I'm here for you."

"Thanks, Sirius," Harry said in an appreciative voice once Sirius had let go of him. He did truly appreciate the man's desire to be in his life, though he couldn't help but feel like it was a bit too late. Harry just didn't feel like he needed Sirius as much as he might have before meeting Venom. Still, he was glad that Sirius was here now, it meant that he had an alternative place to stay, someone who was connected to his parents and a new member of his family. The man was family, even if Harry didn't need him as much anymore.

"Alright, see you guys," Harry said, before walking onto the train, waving goodbye to the group, the four of them happily waving back at him.

Harry walked down the train until he was able to find an empty compartment, he easily lifted his trunk up and placed it on the overhead rack. He was prepared to sit down and relax when he suddenly heard a rather loud voice.

"What are you on about, Loony?" A female voice scoffed.

"Loony?" Harry repeated before walking out of the compartment and looking down the train, he saw Luna backed against the train wall, as a lanky girl that looked like she was in her third year towered over her, pointing a wand at Luna's face. Most of the other students seemed

content to ignore what was going on, not doing more than looking at the two. "Oi," Harry said as he walked over to the two of them. "What's going on?"

"Not much of your business, is it, Potter?" The third year scoffed.

"Actually, it is," Harry said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Why?"

"Because I said so," Harry answered, resisting the urge to roll his eyes.

"Now, back off of her,"

"Or what?" The third year said challengingly, looking like she thought Harry was as intimidating as an injured insect, or at least she did until Harry took a step forward, and glared down at her with a look that promised pain.

"Or I'm going to knock your teeth out of your skull," Harry said in a low voice, barely above a whisper.

"You...you can't do that..." The girl stuttered. "...I'm a girl." Harry narrowed his eyes at her and leaned forwards, looking down and locking his gaze with her.

"I'm an equal-opportunity face-puncher." He growled. "Now," Harry reached out and gently grabbed Luna by the arm. "Luna," Harry said with a clear emphasis on her name. "Will be coming with me now, unless you have any objections to that?" He asked Luna.

"Not really," Luna said in an airy voice, a small smile on her face.

"Good," Harry smiled at her before turning to the other girl. "Now, piss off."

"I'm going to tell on you!" The third year glared at him. "I'll report you for bullying."

"Before or after I report you for bullying?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow and an unimpressed look on his face. "Because in case you

hadn't noticed, you're hardly innocent here." The girl simply growled before storming away.

'Just say the word and I can make her disappear,' Venom offered.

'I will think about it.'

38. Chapter 38

Reviews:

fallendemon248: We all need a bit more of that in our lives.

ArachnidHiveMind: I use to write the comments in as well, but then I got complaints from people saying that I was trying to pad up the length of the chapter.

comodo50: Yes, it is.

Chapter 38 -

"Luna," Harry asked as he sat opposite Luna. "Does that happen often?"

He asked.

"Does what happen often?" Luna asked back, smiling dreamily as she pulled out what appeared to be a magazine of some sort named 'The Quibbler'.

"Do people bother and threaten you? Point their wands at you? Insult you?" Harry asked as calmly as he could.

"Only once every few weeks," Luna said with a small shrug of her shoulders, speaking as if it was one of the most common things in the world. "For the most part, they like to leave me alone." She added before turning her magazine upside down and starting to read it. Harry took a second to process what she was doing before deciding that he was not going to comment on it.

"Have you ever told anyone? Like Professor Flitwick or somebody?"

"Oh, no, I don't want to bother him," Luna explained calmly.

"Luna, they're bullying you, you do realise that, right? It's kind of his job

to stop that." Harry replied.

"Oh, no, it's not bullying," Luna told him patiently, looking up from her magazine to smile at him. "One of the older Ravenclaws told me in my first year that it's just the way that the Ravenclaw house works," She explained patiently before going back to her magazine.

'Venom,' Harry mentally started communicating with his alien bestie. 'I am going to inform Professor Flitwick of this, and if nothing happens on his end...'

'Then I can eat them?' Venom asked hopefully.

'No, but you can scare the shit out of them.' Harry replied. 'We'll keep eating them as a potential backup plan if things get too out of control.'

Harry added just as the compartment doors opened, Hermione and Ron both walked in.

"Harry, there you are," Hermione said, dropping into the seat next to him.

"We were looking for you."

"Loony, what are you doing here?" Ron blinked, staring at the blonde girl.

"Wait, you know her?" Harry asked, narrowing his eyes slightly.

"Yeah," Ron nodded. "She lives near our house."

"Then you should know her name is 'Luna', not 'Loony'." Harry glared at him.

"Oh, it's okay, Harry Potter," Luna told Harry, still reading her magazine.

"Everyone calls me that, I think it's a nickname."

"It's not a good one or a nice one," Harry told her firmly before shifting his gaze back to Ron. "Don't you think you should apologize to Luna?" He 'suggested'.

"Oh, um...sorry, Luna," The redhead said half-heartedly before plopping down into his seat and pulling out a pair of chocolate frogs. "You want one?" He offered Harry. Harry glared at him for a few more seconds for

his weak excuse for an apology but stopped in favour of taking a chocolate frog.

"Luna, if anyone calls you 'Loony' again then please let me know," Harry told her before opening his packet.

"Okay, Harry," Luna chirped.

'She is adorable,' Venom commented just as the doors to the compartment opened to reveal Draco Malfoy along with his ever-present friends/bodyguard.

"So, Scarhead, enjoy yourself at the world cup?" Draco sneered at Harry before turning to Ron. "I bet you must have enjoyed it Weasel-bee, did you have to sell your house for those tickets? Nah, your little hovel probably wouldn't sell for half a ticket."

"Piss off, Malfoy!" Ron growled while Hermione held him down in case he decided to get up and fight.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" Harry asked in a bored voice.

'We should eat him,' Venom suggested.

'No, the prick's covered in hair gel and who knows how many other products, it would upset your stomach.' Harry told him.

"Just wanted to see if you'd enter," Draco said in a conversational voice.

"I imagine a show-off like you couldn't resist the opportunity."

"Enter what?" Harry raised an eyebrow.

"You don't know?" Draco laughed. "Well, not surprising really. It's just a benefit of being a Malfoy. My father has access to all the knowledge that the ministry does, of course, still, I'm surprised that you don't know."

"Okay, you're boring me now, are you going to tell us or what?" Harry rolled his eyes.

"Hmm, I'm thinking about it," Draco said in a smug voice before pretending to hum. "Hmm, should I or should I not? That's a difficult

question."

"Alright, you know what? Bollocks to this." Harry declared.

"Language, Harry," Hermione said automatically, as she was prone to do with any word that she considered bad.

"You're boring and you're irritating and I don't want to hear from you anymore," Harry said as he pulled out his wand. "Oh, and for the record, the only thing I intend to enter this year is your mother," Harry added before flicking his wand, causing the door to slam shut in Draco's face before Harry cast a locking charm on it.

"His mother?!" Ron chortled. "That was bloody brilliant!"

"Language, Ron," Hermione told him before turning to Harry as Draco struggled to open the door. "And that was really crass, Harry." She said disapprovingly.

"What? His mother is hot as hell," Harry said defensively.

"I heard that!" Draco shouted from outside the compartment.

"Like I give a fuck!" Harry shouted back.

"Harry, language!" Hermione hissed.

"Besides, if that prick won't shut his mouth then I shouldn't have to."

Harry continued, ignoring Hermione.

"I'll get you for this, Scarface!" Draco yelled, slamming on the door.

"You couldn't get a golden snitch if its wings were ripped off, you sorry excuse for a wizard!" Harry yelled back. "Now, tell your mum I said 'hi' and get lost!"

"Watch your back, Potter!" Malfoy yelled before storming away with his two minions following after him.

'I'm already doing that, asshole!' Venom growled.

"He's quite an irritated person, isn't he?" Luna asked, not removing her gaze from her magazine. "Must be all the chicky-chicky-boom-boom

leapers in his nose."

Eventually, Harry found himself sitting in the great hall, sitting at the Gryffindor table along with Hermione and Ron. He looked around, seeing that the students were mostly focused on discussing the attack at the world cup, the situation was no different at the Gryffindor table.

"Ma and I were there, you know," Seamus Finnigan was telling everyone.

"We had gone home straight after the cup, luckily enough, we could have been in the attack if we hadn't."

"I never went," Neville said, sounding somewhat glum yet also relieved about it. "Gran didn't let me."

"We were there," Ron said, seeming almost proud about the fact, likely just liking the fact that he had a story to tell. "Dad woke us up midway through the night and all we could hear was all the explosions going off."

"It was terrifying," Hermione confirmed, a shiver going through her body.

"Once we got out of the tent, we could hear screams and all we saw was just a lot of people running around in a panic, but then we spotted the death eaters and we quickly ran."

"What about you, Harry?" Parvati Patil asked, sitting alongside her best friend Lavender Brown. The two gossip queens looked more than happy to listen to as many stories as possible.

"I was in a separate tent," Harry shrugged. "I was staying with my godfather and some of his family. We were awake when it happened, after that it was pretty much the same. Went out, saw chaos and then we booked it to safety."

"It's mad, ain't it?" Dean Thomas spoke up. "Wonder why the hell they'd do that?"

"Scare people, I guess," Harry replied in a thoughtful voice. "Maybe it was just a bunch of drunk idiots having what they thought counted as a

laugh."

"Well, either way, we should be safe at Hogwarts," Hermione replied, hoping to liven up the atmosphere.

"Yeah, because nothing dangerous ever happens at Hogwarts." Harry snorted just as Professor McGonagall walked in with the new first years.

Harry half-paid attention to the sorting, clapping lightly whenever a Gryffindor was sorted. After a while, it had eventually finished and Professor Dumbledore stood up from his seat at the teacher's table.

"Good evening, good evening, welcome, welcome one and all to Hogwarts. It's a pleasure to see our old students and to greet our new students. Now, I always have believed that there is a time and place for speeches, and fortunately, this is not one of them. Let the feast, begin." He smiled before clapping his hands, large quantities of food and drinks appeared on all four house tables and the students promptly began digging in.

"I've always wondered how he does that," Lavender said to her other Gryffindor classmates. "Does he conjure the food or something?"

"Without a wand?!" Parvati gaped at her.

"I know he's quite powerful but even Professor Dumbledore couldn't possibly conjure such various and large amounts of food with a simple clap of his hands," Hermione cut in. "Besides, nobody can produce food out of thin air," said Hermione. "No one can, not even Professor Dumbledore or Professor McGonagall. Food is actually the first of the five Principal Exceptions to Gamp's Law of Elemental Transfiguration and..."

"He didn't conjure it, basically," Harry cut in for the benefit of the two girls that were starting to look a bit glassy-eyed.

"It's probably just the house elves," Neville spoke up.

"House elves?!" Hermione gasped, her gaze quickly shifting to Neville

who shrunk slightly under the intensity that she was staring at him with.

"Um...yeah, the whole castle is cleaned and looked after by house elves, they make all of the food as well," Neville explained quietly. Hermione let out a disgusted noise before pushing her plate away from her.

"What's up with you?" Ron blinked before biting down on a chicken leg.

"It's slave labour!" Hermione said, revolted by the high-quality food in front of her. "I refuse to eat another crumb of it."

"Yeah, because that will all of a sudden make things perfectly fine for the house elves, won't it?" Harry asked with a roll of his eyes. "Hermione, are you really going to starve yourself? What is that going to accomplish? Besides, you're the one who trusts Dumbledore so much. I highly doubt the old geezer would be happy to let the house elves be treated like slaves."

"Well, I..." Hermione paused for a second, a mental war briefly happened inside of her head. "...No, I'm not going to take another bite until I'm sure that all of the house elves are treated with human decency."

"They aren't human though," Seamus pointed out, only to earn himself an intense glare from one Hermione Jean Granger. The rest of the Gryffindors wisely chose to move on from that particular topic and continued eating.

"Attention please," Professor McGonagall called after everyone had finished eating. Everyone looked to the front of the hall and saw Professor Dumbledore standing in front of the owl podium.

"Now, that I trust that everyone has filled their stomachs up," Professor Dumbledore began. "Welcome back everyone to another year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Now, I know that you all most likely want nothing more than to return to your nice and warm beds, however, I would like to remind you of my earlier greeting. There is a time and

place for speeches, and this is it. I will do my best to be brief. Now, I have several announcements for you all. All students should be aware that the Forbidden Forest is exactly as the name suggests, forbidden." He paused, his gaze sweeping over the room, resting on the Gryffindor table a tad longer than the others. "Any student from third year and above may attend Hogwarts's trips to Hogsmead, providing they have parental permission, of course. Our caretaker, Mr Filch, has asked me to remind you that the list of banned items is posted on the door to his office and has now reached fifty-nine. He has also asked that all students please clean their shoes before walking back into the castle. Now, I have some sad news for you all. This year, quidditch has been cancelled."

"What?!" The Weasley twins yelled loudly along with Gryffindor's new captain, Angelina Johnson, and they weren't the only ones as many students began protesting loudly about it.

"Silence," Dumbledore said loudly and firmly, causing the students to quieten down. "There is a reason for this, believe it or not. This year, Hogwarts has been selected to host the legendary, 'Triwizard Tournament'." Dumbledore's announcement caused a whole new set of noise to erupt from the students. "Yes, yes," Dumbledore spoke again, the students quickly quietened down so they could hear his every word. "I..." A loud thunder crack interrupted him as the night sky above them suddenly started pouring down bits of rain while loud lightning filled the air, at least it did until a spell shot into it, fixing it. Everyone looked towards the person who had shot the spell.

The man's face looked like it was roughly carved from wood, it was covered with scars, and a chunk of his nose was missing, he also had dark grey, grizzled hair and was missing a tiny bit of his left ear. One of his legs was missing and in its place was a wooden leg with a clawed foot.

His eyes, however, were his most shocking feature, one was small and dark while the other was a vivid, electric blue magical eye that moved around independently from his normal eye. The man limped to the teacher's table, a walking cane in one hand.

"Allow me to introduce to you all, our newest Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Alastor Moody," Dumbledore said brightly, nobody clapped as a stony silence filled the hall while Professor Moody sat down.

"That's Mad-Eye Moody," Ron whispered excitedly as the new arrival cast several detection charms on his food. "He's an auror, a legendary one. Dad told me half the cells in Azkaban are filled because of him."

"Show off," Harry whispered back jokingly.

"Now, as I was saying, this year Hogwarts will be hosting the Triwizard Tournament." Dumbledore continued.

"You're joking!" The Weasley twins shouted.

"I assure you, that I am not, Mr and Mr Weasley," Dumbledore replied with a wide smile. "Though over the summer I did hear a rather interesting joke from an old friend of mine. An Irish leprechaun, a Mexican troll and an Ethiopian hag walk into a Scottish bar and..."

"Albus!" Professor McGonagall interrupted loudly, shooting him a disapproving look.

"Oh, sorry," Dumbledore said sheepishly before turning his attention back to his students. "Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, the Triwizard tournament is an ancient tournament that has gone back hundreds of years. It involved three competing schools selecting a champion each and then the three champions would undergo a series of tasks until one had won and was declared a Triwizard winner. The original tournament was cancelled due to the unfortunate death toll."

"Deah toll?" Hermione gasped.

"But luckily, this tournament should be much safer," Dumbledore said.

"The purpose of this tournament is to improve international relationships between our magical communities whilst also giving each school a fresh and healthy dose of competition. We will be competing against the schools Beauxbaton and Durmstrang, they will be arriving a few days before Halloween. The champion selection will take place preciously on Halloween night, an impartial judge will be brought in to decide on a worthy champion from each school to compete in the tournament. The winner of this tournament will earn not just the Triwizard Cup, but also have their name in the history books and a whopping thousand galleons added to their bank accounts. Now, I know that many of you are eager to participate, but I have some unfortunate news for some of you. Due to safety concerns, those in charge of the tournament, including myself, have decided that the competition will only be available to those that are seventeen or over." A large number of boos and protests rose up from various students that were not old enough to compete.

"That's rubbish!" The Weasley Twins yelled.

"This rule was made for your safety which I'm sure you will agree is worth more than a thousand galleons," Dumbledore spoke over the crowd. "Now, I will personally make sure that no student under seventeen will be able to compete so please do not waste your time trying to enter. Now, off to bed with you all, a good night's sleep is just as important as any magic you may learn here. Cheerio everyone." He said, waving at everybody.

"Could you imagine competing for that?" Ron said with a dreamy look in his eyes as all of the Gryffindors stood up to leave.

"Knowing my luck, I probably will." Harry moaned.

39. Chapter 39

Reviews:

TimeTraveller-1900: Even in real life a lot of kids don't say anything.

inarduisfidelis: Harry still has the time-turner, that will be coming into play later on in the story as I actually have an interesting idea for it.

BMS:I'd tell you the joke but it's been banned worldwide by the fun police, so no can do I'm afraid.

Chapter 39 -

Harry lay in his bed calmly staring at the ceiling above him whilst his roommates had fallen asleep, it appeared that everyone in Gryffindor's house wanted nothing more than to discuss the Triwizard tournament. When Harry and the others finally got into Gryffindor Tower, the whole place was immediately drowned in noise. The older years all talked about how they would enter the tournament and how it would obviously be a Gryffindor representing the school, meanwhile, the majority of the Gryffindors started to moan and complain about the age limit that had been placed on the tournament.

Ron, in particular, had been very loud about it, feeling he had a pretty good chance at winning. On the other hand, Hermione was stuck between worrying about apparently being the only person who heard the part about people dying in the tournament and worrying about what she believed to be a horrific reveal about house elves. All of Harry's roommates had been excited about the tournament, even Neville was looking forward to watching it.

But Harry wasn't excited, not at all. Past experience told him that if something could go wrong then it was likely to go wrong. In his first year of school, he had nearly been killed by a curse on his broom, a troll, a three-headed dog and a possessed teacher. In his second year, he had to

survive enthusiastically unintentionally near manslaughter by a crazy house elf whilst also dealing with a cowardly fraud, an evil book and a giant snake that could kill with a single look. In his third year, he had to deal with soul-sucking demons, werewolves, an escaped prisoner and a dickhead disguised as a rat. Meaning, Harry was not liking his chances of a quiet year, not to mention the fact that nearly everything goes wrong on Halloween and that's when the selection process would take place.

'Don't worry, we'll be fine.' Venom reassured him.

'Doesn't mean it won't be annoying,' Harry replied irritably. 'Something's bound to go wrong. I know it.'

'You need a distraction,' Venom decided suddenly. 'It's been a while since we last saw the spiders, let's go visit them.'

'And do what?' Harry asked.

'Maintain our dominance over them,' Venom answered in a voice that made it clear he was surprised that Harry hadn't immediately understood.

'You know what...I could do with a distraction.' Harry agreed, pushing his covers off of him before he got out of bed. A second later his body was covered in a familiar black goo, leaving him in his 'slim' Venom look.

'Ready whenever you are.' Harry said.

Venom leapt out of the nearest open window and dove downwards, relishing in the feeling of the wind. A large tentacle shot out of his arm and grabbed onto the side of the castle, allowing him to swing away from it. Venom released it at the highest point of the swing, his goo form shifted and soon he had a pair of squirrel-like wings attached from his wrists to his hip. Venom glided away from the castle and towards the direction of the Forbidden Forest, he gently landed outside of the castle and retracted his glider wings and turned himself invisible before making the rest of the way on foot.

Once he had entered the forest he had allowed himself to become visible again as he leapt into the air and began swinging through the trees, after a short while he had managed to reach the acromantula's nest. The spiders all bowed their heads to him as he passed them before landing in the centre of the nest.

"Your kings have returned," Venom announced, each and every spider giving him their full attention. "We still run this place, we still rule you all. Let any spider who challenges us, step forward." He said challengingly, looking around at the spiders. After a few moments when none of the spiders moved, he continued speaking. "Tell us, what news do you all have for us?"

"My king," One spider hesitantly crawled forwards. "The centaurs, we are at war with them, they shoot us with their pointed sticks, killing us spiders, young and elderly alike."

"Centaur," Venom repeated thoughtfully. "Send some spiders to them, we shall arrange for a meeting."

"A meeting?" The spider repeated.

"A peace meeting," Venom replied. "We shall give them a chance to end this without bloodshed. Is there anything else to report?"

"No, my king," The spider answered with a small bow.

"Hmm, report to me if anything changes," Venom grunted. "And from now on you shall all refer to us as 'kings'."

"Yes, may we ask what you plan to do now, my kings?" Another spider spoke up.

"Are you aware of the creature that Slytherin held in his secret chamber?" Venom asked, looking around at all of the spiders around him. "The very enemy of spider kind, a basilisk!" Venom growled dramatically, and the spiders all immediately began hissing. "My other half killed it!" Venom

roared proudly, his face retracting to reveal Harry's.

"You're welcome!" Harry grinned before Venom's face covered his once more.

"We have removed your biggest predator," Venom growled at the spider that had spoken up. "Don't you dare question us!"

"I apologize," The spider said quickly, crawling backwards fearfully.

"What we do is not your concern!" Venom yelled. "Continue as you have, contact us when the centaurs have responded," Venom growled before leaping in the air and swinging away.

'We can't fight the centaurs!' Harry hissed.

"I know," Venom growled. "That's why we'll try to arrange a peace meeting with them. The spiders are too valuable a resource."

'They're a problem,' Harry replied. 'I don't trust them, they could turn on us at any time.'

"We're their kings!" Venom argued.

'So was Aragog, not to mention the fact that they're a danger to the rest of the forest.'

"What do you suggest then?" Venom asked, realising that Harry had a point.

'We need to find a way to get them out of the forest and somewhere else,' Harry said. 'It'd be even better if we could do it legally, acromantula silk makes a ton of money.'

"Hmm," Venom hummed appreciatively as he landed and stuck to the side of a large tree. "We like money." He whispered as if only realising that fact.

'Yeah, we do,' Harry agreed.

"Fine," Venom said after a few moments. "We'll add it to our to-do list."

'Next time we go out at night we should make sure to prepare a pepper-

up potion beforehand,' Harry thought as he covered a yawn whilst sitting down at the Gryffindor table for breakfast.

'You could just let me take over while you sleep,' Venom pointed out.

'Nah, you might end up eating someone you shouldn't.' Harry yawned once more before piling some food onto his plate.

"Are you okay, Harry?" Ron asked suddenly. "You look pretty tired, mate."

"Didn't sleep well," Harry shrugged. "I blame Snape."

"What did Professor Snape do?" Hermione blinked.

"I don't really know to be honest," Harry admitted.

"Then why are you blaming him?" She couldn't help but ask.

"Because if he wants to blame everything on me then I can do the same with him," Harry declared before his gaze caught Professor Flitwick sitting at the teacher's table and conversing with Professor McGonagall, the rest of the teachers weren't there with the exception of Professor Sprout who had walked off to go chat with someone at the Hufflepuff table. "Excuse me, I'll be back in a moment," Harry said, standing up.

"Where are you going?" Ron blinked.

"I'm going to go talk to Professor Flitwick," He told them before walking straight to the teacher's table.

"And then I told Miss Goldstein that I..." Professor Flitwick's voice trailed off as he saw Harry approaching.

"Can I help you, Mr Potter?" Professor McGonagall asked.

"I was hoping to talk to you and Professor Flitwick, if that's alright, Professor?" Harry asked.

"What is this about?" Professor McGonagall raised an eyebrow. Harry opened his mouth to respond but was quickly interrupted.

"Potter!" Snape said, walking up to them. "What are you doing here? Get

back to your seat!"

"I am opening the chamber of secrets!" Harry said sarcastically. "What do you think I'm doing?" He asked whilst gesturing between himself and the two teachers in front of him.

"Mr Potter," Professor McGonagall said in a firm voice. "Speak respectfully to Professor Snape," She told him, earning a smirk from Snape that only lasted a brief moment before the Scottish witch turned her attention to him. "As for you, Severus, you should remember that Professor Flitwick and I have been teaching at this establishment since before you were born, if Mr Potter was doing anything that he shouldn't be doing then we would have handled it ourselves. We don't require your assistance right now so please feel free to leave us and eat your breakfast." Snape stared at her with narrowed eyes for a moment before turning and walking off, his cape billowing behind him.

"That's the guy that I have to call 'Professor'?" Harry couldn't help but ask.

"Nobody said you had to like it," Professor Flitwick shrugged. "Now, Mr Potter, what can we do for you?"

"I wanted to talk to you both about Luna Lovegood," Harry started. "She's a Ravenclaw and I suspect that her fellow Ravenclaws are bullying her."

"And why is that?" Professor Flitwick frowned, looking quite upset.

"On the train, I saw a girl older than her threatening her and when I asked Luna, she said it was something that happened every few weeks. The older Ravenclaws told her that it was normal, she didn't want to bother you." He told Professor Flitwick.

"Really?" Professor Flitwick asked slowly, an odd tone filled the usually cheery man's voice as he stared at the Ravenclaw table. "Thank you for bringing this to my attention," He said, not pulling his eyes away from

the Ravenclaw table.

"Thank you, Mr Potter," Professor McGonagall told him in a soft voice.

"Take twenty points to Gryffindor."

"Thank you, Professor," Harry nodded respectfully. "Before I go, I wanted to let you know that Mrs Tonks has asked me to inform you that she'll be in tomorrow on time for my lessons, she asked me to tell you early in case her owl hadn't arrived yet."

"I received it this morning, but thank you for informing me." She nodded to him before he turned around and walked back to his table.

"What was that about?" Hermione asked as soon as he had sat down.

"Was talking to them about my potions lessons and about the Ravenclaws bullying Luna," Harry answered honestly.

"Somebody is bullying Luna?" A feminine voice asked, Harry looked to his right and saw Ginny was now staring at him questioningly. Harry was somewhat surprised that the shy girl had finally managed to speak to him without blushing but ignored it and pressed on.

"A few people in her house," Harry told her. "I told Professor Flitwick about it."

"Thanks," Ginny frowned before staring at the Ravenclaw table and spotting Luna slowly slurping up a spoonful of cereal whilst also drumming her fingers on the table.

"Are you two friends or something?" Harry asked curiously.

"We are," Ginny nodded. "We haven't talked as much since school started but she does live close to our house. I'm going to go talk to her." Ginny decided before standing up and heading over to the Ravenclaw table.

"What have people been saying about Loony anyway?" Ron asked before tossing a bit of bacon into his mouth.

"Doing things like calling her 'Loony'," Harry said with a mild glare before

he noticed Hermione's plate was empty. "Still not eating, huh?" He asked whilst resisting the urge to roll his eyes.

"I'm not eating another spoon of anything made from slave labour!"

Hermione said stubbornly, crossing her arms.

"Well, if you're okay with your grades being lowered then that's up to you." Harry shrugged in a relaxed manner before he continued eating.

"What do you mean?!" Hermione said quickly, her eyes widening.

"Well," Harry took a moment to swallow his food. "Food is essential for the physical well-being of your body, right? And if you don't have a sufficient amount of food then that could make things harder on your body, making you more irritable and tired and if you become more of those things then your studying will be affected. Then your grades will naturally go down. But if you think starving yourself for this cause is worth it then have at it." Harry told her in a casual voice before he focused on eating. Hermione didn't eat for the rest of breakfast, though her stomach did rumble quite a bit.

'I bet you she eats something before the day ends.' Venom told Harry.

'Nah,' Harry said confidently. 'She'll at least last the day due to pure stubbornness before breaking tomorrow when she decides to come up with a better alternative than starving herself.'

"Anyway, I'll see you guys in class," Harry said as he stood up and started walking away only to be interrupted by Malfoy and his two bodyguards, Crabbe and Goyle.

"So Potter," Malfoy drawled as he stopped in front of him. "Good morning?"

"Fan-fucking-tastic now that you're here," Harry said sarcastically.

"You know what's interesting?" Malfoy smirked.

"Your mother's hips," Harry told him with a straight face before shoving

Draco in the shoulder as he pushed past him and walked out of the hall.

'Venom,' Harry mentally called to his alien companion.

'Yeah?'

'There is a high chance that one day I am going to let you eat him,' Harry informed him. 'Do what you will with that knowledge.'

40. Chapter 40

Reviews:

Okami2312: That is one of my favourite things about the fandom as well.

ulttoanova: In my head I just imagined an alien trying to process how humans work, going 'wait, money is exchanged for valuable things, I want valuable things!'

fallendemon248: To be fair, that attraction is shared by the vast majority of the fandom.

shirousagi87: Not really a harem, it's just Tonks and Fleur.

Fire turtle: I haven't watched RWBY

ZealJD: Agreed.

Chapter 40 -

"So, Hermione, can't help but notice that you're eating," Harry commented the next day at breakfast. "What happened to your hunger strike?" He asked Hermione who took a moment to swallow the bit of food in her mouth.

"I've decided that my 'hunger strike' as you called it, is not effective enough," Hermione replied. "So, I am going to fill my stomach up and then I'm going to start getting to work on forming a club."

"What club?" Ron asked, a bit of sausage hanging out of his mouth.

"Ron, please swallow your food first." Hermione groaned. "Anyway, I'm going to start a club, I've already made one badge for it and I'm going to make some more when I have the time." She said pulling out a blue

badge.

"What the hell is this supposed to mean?" Harry asked, looking at the green letters on the badge.

"Well, I was going to put 'Stop the Outrageous Abuse of Our Fellow Magical Creatures and Campaign for a Change in Their Legal Status', but it wouldn't fit."

"Really?" Harry asked sarcastically.

"So, I changed the name." Continued Hermione, ignoring Harry for the moment. "I am calling it the 'Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare',"

"Is that why the badge spells 'spew'?" Ron frowned.

"S.P.E.W for short," Hermione told him, taking the badge and proudly pinning it against her robes. "I'll make both of your badges as soon as I can."

"Oh," Ron blinked, staring at the badge on Hermione's robes like it would jump out at him.

"What?" Harry blinked. "Why are you making those badges for us?"

"Because you're going to join me," Hermione said in an 'it's so obvious, I'm surprised I have to tell you' voice.

"I'll take a pass on that for now," Harry replied slowly, eyeing the badge with barely concealed distaste.

"What?!" Hermione shrieked, causing a few nearby Gryffindors to stare at them. Hermione sent them apologetic looks before turning her attention back to Harry. "What do you mean you're not going to join?! You can't actually support slavery!"

"I support slavery as much as I would support Snape in winning this year's Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile' award," Harry responded with a roll of his eyes.

"Hey, it could be his year!" The Weasley twins called from a short

distance down the table.

"Then what's the problem?!" Hermione demanded angrily. "Why aren't you joining?"

"Because we barely know anything about house elves," Harry pointed out.

"We don't know how they work, how they operate, what their needs and wants are."

"Harry, you remember Dobby! He was horribly mistreated, not to mention Mr Crouch. I heard that he had an elf as well, one that he treated horribly!"

"That's because they're both dickheads," Harry said bluntly. "We don't know that all house-elves are treated the same. I don't know about you but if I'm going to start supporting a cause then I'm at least going to do my research first."

'Yeah, because we're not dumbasses,' Venom agreed.

"I mean, look at my mother," Harry continued. "She was a muggleborn like you, I bet she probably found out about house elves at one point too. I reckon if she herself didn't start a group to save them then there was probably a good reason."

"Or maybe I'm the only one who can be bothered to do anything!"

Hermione huffed before standing up, she stopped and stared at him deeply for several seconds. "You've changed a lot, Harry." She told him before storming off.

"What's her problem?" Ron blinked.

"Not a clue," Harry sighed before taking a drink.

'Maybe it's her time of the month,' Venom commented, causing Harry to spit his drink out.

"I can't wait, I heard from Fred and George that Moody's great," Ron told Harry as the trio walked over to the Defence Against the Dark Arts class

along with the other Gryffindors. "And those two rarely ever compliment teachers." He couldn't help but add.

"True," Harry nodded at that.

"He's a real one, you know," Ron said excitedly. "Someone who's actually seen and done things."

"I know," Harry said patiently, Ron had said the same thing at least twice in the last five minutes. "Tonks had told me all about him, apparently he was her main trainer."

"Whoa, really?!" Ron gasped.

"Yeah," Harry confirmed with a small nod. "According to her, he really earned the 'mad' part of his nickname. Would hex the trainees randomly, and keep yelling about 'constant vigilance'. Tonks told me that one time he reversed the knees on one auror because he got too relaxed when he went to the bathroom."

"Wicked!" Ron breathed out in an awed voice.

"Honestly, Ronald, I hardly see how getting your knees reversed is wicked." Hermione huffed, quickly walking past them and into the classroom, having walked a short distance behind them the whole time.

"You two really need to sort things out between the two of you," Ron whispered to Harry.

"Why should I?" Harry questioned with a roll of his eyes. "All I said was I'm not going to join her club without doing the proper research, if she doesn't like that then that's up to her. I did nothing wrong." He added as they walked into the class and took their seats a couple of desks behind Hermione who was sitting at the front.

Soon the class was filled up with many chattering students, shortly after Professor Moody walked into the room, walking fairly fast for a man with a peg leg and a cane.

"Shut your traps," He said without taking a moment to even look at his students. He walked to the front as all of the students straightened up and sat still in their seats. "I'm here because Dumbledore asked me to be," He growled as he walked over to the blackboard and began writing on it while his fake eye began spinning in seemingly random directions. "End of discussion, like me or hate me, you got a year with me and I've got a year with you before I can go back into my cosy little retirement. So be damn well sure that I plan to make the most of it - Miss Brown, that magazine had better be gone before I transfigure it into a woodpecker!" He barked without turning back. Lavender Brown gulped before quickly putting away the magazine that she had been trying to show Parvati Patil. "I understand your first teacher in this subject taught you a bit of theory, your next teacher taught you how to preen and your last teacher mostly taught you about defending yourselves against dark creatures like boggarts and the likes. I will be teaching you primarily about curses along with other things such as not putting your chewing gum under your desk, Mr. Finngan!"

"Blimey!" Seamus exclaimed. "Old codger can see anything." He blurted out before a bit of chalk hit him right in the neck.

"And hear across classrooms!" Moody spat before summoning the chalk back to himself, he gestured to what he had written on the board, 'THE UNFORGIVABLE CURSES'. "Can anyone tell me about these?" He asked, staring around the classroom. "You," He grunted at Hermione when she raised her hand.

"The unforgivable curses are three horrible spells that have been forbidden by the Ministry of Magic," Hermione said with a slight shake of her voice. "The use of any one of them would result in a life sentence in Azkaban. They're cruel and sadistic spells, Sir. I don't think we should be

learning about them in school."

"Then feel free to learn them out of class when someone attacks you with them!" Moody barked. "Now, can anyone tell me the name of an unforgivable curse? Huh? Go on, don't be shy." He waited as a few students hesitantly raised their hands. "You, Malfoy!" He pointed to Draco.

"The imperius curse," Draco answered in a lazy drawl, a small smirk on his pale face.

"Ah yes, you probably learnt about that from your father, I reckon. Yes, he'd know all about that, wouldn't he?" Moody said, mockingly mimicking Draco's drawl, wiping the smirk off of the Malfoy heir. "The imperius curse is a highly dangerous curse that allows the witch or wizard to take control of their victim's minds, forcing them to do whatever they want. Once under the control of this curse, the victim would happily jump off the highest tower in this castle if ordered to do so. Scores of witches and wizards in the last war claimed that they were acting under the influence of the curse, the hard part was discovering the difference between the honest ones and the liars. Personally, I don't think we've always made the right call on that front." He made a point to stare at Malfoy who was glaring at him. "Now, who can tell me another? You," He pointed to Neville.

"T...the cruciatus curse," Neville said, his voice shakier than Harry could ever recall hearing it.

"Correct," Moody grunted. "The curse would cause a victim to be flooded with unimaginable pain, pain worse than any other method of torture. I've experienced it a couple of times myself, and each time I felt myself wishing for death instead. I can tell you now, that only the strongest of witches and wizards could last more than a few seconds under it." He

said, giving Neville a subtle nod before turning his attention back to the rest of the classroom. "Can anyone tell me the final curse? Huh?"

"The...killing curse," Hermione said quietly, just loud enough to be heard.

"Aye, correct Miss Granger," Moody nodded. "Instant death if you're hit."

'Unless you're us,' Venom said proudly.

"There's only one known survivor and he happens to be in this room,"

Moody said, both of his eyes focusing on Harry for a brief moment. "Now, I've gotten special permission from Dumbledore to perform a little test on you all. In order to train you how to resist it, I will be putting you all under the imperius curse." He said, earning many loud gasps and shocked looks."

"But Sir, you can't!" Hermione cried out. "That's horrible!"

"Would you rather find out what it's like in a classroom or later when you're forced to kill your own family?!" Moody snapped at her. "I've seen untrained wizards and witches taking out their closest friends and families, only to wake up and cry when they realise what they did! If you don't want to be part of this lesson and learn it in a controlled environment then you know where the door is!" Hermione stared at him for several moments, looking indecisive before shortly nodding her head and staying still. "That's what I thought, now, let's begin."

Not even a minute after he had said that, Moody had started having the students line up to be put under the imperius curse. For many students, it was a humbling and scary experience as they watched and experienced the total power of the imperius curse. Moody had made Seamus comb his hair, he had made Lavender sing the Hogwarts motto, Parvati ended up cleaning Moody's desk for him, Dean slapped Seamus for messing up his hair not long after combing it, Ron was forced to do a cartwheel, Hermione had torn up a book (much to her horror when she was released

from the curse) and Malfoy had been forced to do thirty push-ups, which Harry estimated to be about twenty-five more than Malfoy could do. By the end of it, Malfoy was a red-faced and sweaty mess who was helped back to his seat by the ever-loyal Crabbe and Goyle all while muttering about how his father would hear about this.

"Tell him, I dare you." Was Moody's response before Harry was called up.

'This'll be fun,' Venom told Harry.

"You ready, Potter?" Moody asked, aiming his wand at Harry.

"Whenever you are, Sir." Harry nodded.

"That's the spirit boy, imperio!" He cast the spell, it hit Harry who froze as he was hit with the spell. 'Jump on the desk,' A voice told him.

'Fuck off, this is my yard!' Venom growled back instantly, severing the connection between Harry and the voice. Harry blinked before shaking his head and turning to a shocked Moody. "I didn't like it." He frowned, looking like he had smelt something horrible.

"Merlin's groggy nutsack!" Moody chuckled, looking absolutely delighted.

"See that everyone, Potter broke it! Damn instantly broke it! Well done, lad! Fifty points to Gryffindor!" He laughed, Harry gave him a small bow before walking back to his seat.

"That was wicked, Harry!" Ron whispered as soon as Harry had sat down.

"How'd you do it?" Hermione whisper-shouted from her desk.

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry smirked with a small shrug of his shoulders.

Hermione glared at him heatedly before turning around in her seat and ignoring him.

"Wow," Ron breathed out as all of the Hogwarts students sat at their house tables, waiting on the arrival of the other schools. "It's hard to believe, we're actually going to be able to see the Triwizard tournament."

"Yeah, it should be cool." Harry nodded.

"I suppose it is interesting," Hermione said quietly.

Harry resisted the urge to sigh, in the days building up to today, Hermione had barely spoken to him, and whenever she had it was with short sentences. The girl was upset with him for not joining her club, which so far consisted of her, Ron, the two Creevy brothers, a first-year Gryffindor girl and Neville Longbottom. Though Harry suspected that his two dormmates only joined out of fear of what she would do if they didn't.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Dumbledore called out. "Prepare yourselves, the schools will be arriving shortly."

41. Chapter 41

Reviews:

Siggimondo: I like you're line about violence, I might just use it (if I can remember it when writing). Also, what is a TTS program if you don't me asking?

KidChaos69: Honestly, the real reason my fics aren't far, far more brutal and highly rated is because I also post them on pat-reon and they have guidelines about what I'm allowed to write. I once got a warning from them for posting a practice chapter of an evil Harry story where the evil Harry implied forcing himself on Narcissa Malfoy. The other reason I don't go full blast is because it's possible that in the future some of my family might end up reading my work and then that'd just be awkward.

Trol la la lol: Personally, when I write them I am hearing Venom's voice from the live action film.

valexto: The 'I like money' line is something I just say whenever talking about money for laughs to be honest and I just wanted to put it in the story. But in the story universe, yeah, Venom realises money gets him chocolate and can make Harry happy which gives him nice emotions to

feed on.

Dragoul Mayol: I'll think about it, but at the moment I'm more planning for a brother-sisterly relationship.

Mewtwo-TheLoneShadow: Agreed.

Chapter 41 -

"Hey, how'd you reckon the schools are going to get here?" Harry whispered to Ron.

"I dunno, actually," The redheaded boy frowned thoughtfully. "I don't reckon they'd use portkeys."

"Wouldn't work on Hogwarts grounds anyway," Hermione cut in.

"Maybe they can apparate in here," Ron continued. "Depends if the legal age is the same over there."

"You can't apparate into Hogwarts," Harry told him, narrowly beating Hermione.

"Maybe they're all going to fly here then," Ron guessed, feeling pretty confident with his answer.

"Honestly, Ronald, I doubt that." Hermione scoffed, rolling her eyes.

"There are way too many things that could go wrong with so many students flying across such long distances, including but certainly not limited to the muggles seeing them."

"Invisibility boosters," Harry reminded her. "That's what Ron's dad did with his flying car, would've probably worked too if the charm wasn't faulty."

"Yeah," Ron quickly agreed. "I..."

"Look!" A first-year Gryffindor yelled, everyone soon started looking out of the windows to see what appeared to be perhaps a dozen gigantic horses that were the size of elephants, each equipped with their own pair of wings, flying through the air whilst pulling along a gigantic, powder-

blue, horse-drawn carriage that was seemingly the size of a large house.

They flew closer and closer before suddenly landing outside of the school.

"Guess they did fly here after all," Ron said snidely to Hermione.

"You were talking about flying on brooms and you know it!" Hermione glared at him.

"Ladies and gentlemen of Hogwarts," Dumbledore's voice cut off any response that Ron might have had, saving Harry and the rest of the Gryffindors from listening to another argument between the two. "I would like you all to please join me in welcoming our visiting school from France, the lovely ladies and gentlemen of Beauxbatons Academy of Magic and their esteemed headmistress, Madam Olympe Maxime." The doors opened to reveal several boys and girls dressed in light blue robes, walking in front of them was most definitely the largest woman that Harry had ever seen, taller than even Hagrid. She supported short black hair that ended around the middle of her neck, bright silver earrings and was covered with various different bits of shiny jewellery which seemed to match the sparkly dress that she was wearing, to top off the look she also had a large black fur coat that covered her upper body.

"Whoa," Ron breathed out. "They don't make them like that at Hogwarts," He said, staring at the Beauxbaton girls, not noticing the offended looks from the girls in hearing distance. "Whoa, check out that girl!" He hissed to Harry. "She's gotta be a veela!" He whispered in an awed voice.

"Huh?" Harry said intelligently before turning his attention to the girl that Ron had pointed to. Harry's first thought was that the blue-eyed, blonde girl was undoubtedly the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life. Tonks's beauty was unique, whilst this girl's beauty appeared to be more along the lines of perfection, looking like she had stepped out of

the dreams of every teenage boy. The second thought that Harry had was one of recognition, recognising the girl from the quidditch World Cup, mostly remembering Venom saving her from a bunch of death eaters.

'You're welcome,' Venom said as if it was no big deal.

"She's alright, I guess," Harry said, turning his attention away as the new arrivals began walking towards Dumbledore.

"Alright?!" Ron, Seamus and Dean repeated dumbly as if they couldn't believe what he had just said.

"She's beauty incarnate," Seamus said reverently.

"I've dreamt about girls that don't look as nice as her," Dean added unashamedly.

"I hope she likes redheads," Ron whispered hopefully as they walked past, the redhead took a moment to 'discreetly' stare at the backsides of the girls while patting down a few stray tufts of hair.

"Oh honestly," Hermione huffed, pulling everyone's attention to her.

"That girl is not that good-looking." She said, looking quite annoyed with the attention that the male population of Hogwarts seemed intent on giving her.

"Hermione, she's a veela," Ron said with an air of authority. "She's got to be," He said, staring in her direction whilst licking his lips.

"She is very pretty," Neville quietly agreed, shifting slightly in his seat, feeling torn between wanting to look at her and wanting to look away.

"Harry didn't react to her," Ginny pointed out, sitting nearby with her friends.

"I have self-control, thank you very much," Harry replied before sending a lopsided grin to Ginny and her friends. "Besides, the girls at Hogwarts are more than good enough for me." He added with a wink, earning a giggle from the girls, their faces going red as they started whispering amongst

each other. If Ron had not been so busy trying to stare at the French girls then he might have not appreciated Harry flirting with his sister, however, he was a bit too busy gaping at the girls to notice.

'Nice,' Venom said approvingly.

"Madam Maxime, it is good to see you again," Dumbledore said, greeting the French headmistress, she extended her hand and Dumbledore, tall as he was, leaned up to kiss her knuckles.

"It is good to see you too, Dumbley-door," Maxime smiled brightly at him, speaking in a heavy French accent.

"Please, have your students sit wherever they like, I'm sure they must be tired," Dumbledore said pleasantly.

"Of course," She replied, gesturing the students to go. "I'd like to ask about our transport, my abraxan horses will need a particularly strong hand to manage them."

"In that case, I'm happy to introduce you to Professor Hagrid,"

Dumbledore smiled brightly, gesturing to Hagrid who had a light blush on his face. "He will be more than capable of caring for them." He told Madam Maxime who looked somewhat doubtful about that.

Meanwhile, the Beauxbaton girls and boys had chosen to sit down at the Ravenclaw table, perhaps because they were the table with the blue house logo. Either way, Harry was glad that he had his back to them as he didn't fancy staring at the French girl from earlier. He didn't think the chances of her recognising him were high given that he had been all 'venom-ised' at the time, but he would still prefer to not stare at her, he'd probably look like a pervert, a bit like how Ron was looking at the moment.

"Lucky gits," Ron said jealously, staring over his shoulders.

"And now, let us please welcome our friends from the north,"

Dumbledore spoke once more. "Let us please give a warm Hogwarts welcome to Headmaster Karkaroff and the Durmstrang Insitute!" The doors to the hall opened once more to allow in a man that was apparently the visiting school's headmaster, the man was tall and thin just like Dumbledore. He had an unctuously cheerful demeanour which included a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, which were blue and remained cold and unmoving. His weak chin was not completely covered by his goatee, which ended with a small curl. His teeth were yellow and he was dressed in sleek, silver furs. Following behind him were several students dressed in fur cloaks, fur hats, and blood-red robes.

"Merlin's stubby testicles!" Ron blurted out in a voice filled with shock and awe, looking even more excited than when he had seen the Beauxbaton girls. "Guys! Look! Look! It's Victor Krum!" He whispered - it was a very large shout, actually, - to the other Gryffindors. Harry followed his gaze and spotted Krum, a burly boy with a small goatee, Harry recognised him as the seeker from the Bulgarian team at the Quidditch World Cup, the boy was arguably the best seeker in the world. 'Poor guy,' Harry thought to himself as the boy looked quite uncomfortable with all the attention he was getting, especially after Ron's 'quiet' outburst. As the Durmstrang students walked forwards, Harry couldn't help but notice that Krum had managed to put a few students in between him and the Gryffindor table.

"Dumbledore!" The Durmstrang headmaster said cheerfully as he greeted Dumbledore with an enthusiastic hug.

"Igor," Dumbledore smiled back, returning the brief hug. "It's good to see you," He said pleasantly. "Please, take a seat wherever you wish."

"Sit here! Sit here!" Ron yelled happily but was ignored when all of the Durmstrang students headed over to the Slytherin table. "What?" Ron

asked in a quiet voice as he watched them sit down, his expression shifted into one of disbelief when he spotted Krum sitting next to Malfoy. Ron quickly looked away, not wanting to risk seeing Malfoy's gloating face.

"I'm not going to lie, this kind of feels like the start of a bad romance story," Harry commented, gesturing between Ron and Krum, earning a few laughs from nearby Gryffindors.

"Oi!" Ron protested. "It's not like that."

"You brought a poster and like two figures of him at the World Cup," Harry pointed out.

"It was a two-for-one offer, asshole!"

"Language, Ron," Hermione said, automatically.

"And now that we are all here, we should probably begin with a few announcements." Dumbledore declared. "I, however, would much rather prefer if we eat first. Enjoy everyone." He clapped his hands and suddenly the tables were all filled with food, prompting the students to begin eating.

"Hmm, hey, what's all this?" Ron blinked as he stared at a few dishes that were definitely not your normal English dishes.

"I recognise a few of these, they're French dishes," Hermione said thoughtfully.

"Dumbledore probably mixed in these dishes for the other students," Harry guessed. "Maybe also so that we could try it."

"No thank you," Ron sniffed, putting a few chicken wings onto his plate.

"I'm happy with nice and traditional British food."

"With how happy you are, I'm surprised that you're not the same size as Crabbe and Goyle," Harry replied in an amused manner.

"I've got a few years before my food catches up with me, thank you very

much," Ron said, sending him the finger before they all started eating.

Harry was at least willing to try the foreign dishes, some he liked, others he didn't, and some were okay. Venom cared very little for anything that wasn't brains or chocolate.

About ten minutes into eating, Harry felt slightly odd all of a sudden like there was something tingling at the back of his head, he looked up and noticed that the Gryffindor boys had gone glassy-eyed and were each suffering from various degrees of dropped jaws. The girls, on the other hand, were supporting either neutral or downright hostile looks.

'We got company,' Venom told him a few seconds before Harry felt a tap on his shoulder. The young wizard turned around in his seat and found himself staring straight into a pair of bright blue eyes, the girl from before was standing in front of him, the one that Ron was sure was a veela, the one that he had rescued from the world cup. He gave her a questioning look, she stared at him for a moment before she opened her mouth to speak.

"Are you done with the bouillabaisse?" She asked, in an accented voice that sent pleasurable shivers into the bodies of the nearby boys. Harry could admit to himself that it didn't really matter if the girl was veela or not, she was ridiculously attractive. Still, he refused to allow himself to act like the other boys.

"Yeah!" Ron said quickly. "It was brilliant!"

"You never tried any of it," Hermione muttered.

"Would that be this one?" Harry asked, pointing to one of the dishes.

"Non, that one," She gestured to what appeared to be a soup of some kind.

"You can have it," Harry said, picking it up and holding it out for her.

"Merci beaucoup," She nodded to him as she took it from her, her fingers

brushing against his as she took it. "Have we met before?" She asked suddenly.

"I don't believe so, Miss..." Harry trailed off, giving her a questioning look.

"Delacour," She answered. "Je m'appelle Fleur Delacour."

"Pleasure to meet you," Harry said, having learnt at least enough French from school to understand that she was introducing herself.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Gem Apples," Ron said with an overly friendly smile, causing her to stare at him, her face scrunching up slightly before she turned back to Harry.

"Au revoir," She said to him before she turned and walked away with enviable grace, Harry quickly turned away, not wanting to be accused of trying to stare at her back, not that the other boys had the same problem, looking like the imperius curse itself was compelling them to look.

"She seemed alright, I guess," Harry shrugged before going back to his food.

42. Chapter 42

Reviews:

Selenity84: Agree completely about the goblet, I actually have a plan regarding that to make it at least a little bit more realistic.

mind liger: I like Ginny but nobody ever really votes for her when I put up a poll to decide character pairings.

WhiteElfElder: Both.

RavenclawTeacher9346 : I think you did spell it right, and thanks.

Okami2312: Just a lack of time to be honest.

Chapter 42 -

"Hey, look up there," Harry gestured up to the staff table where the foreign headmasters were sitting on either side of Dumbledore, sitting

next to them also happened to be none other than Percy Weasley.

"Percy?" Ron gaped. "What the hell is he doing here?"

"Probably something related to the tournament, I guess," Harry hummed thoughtfully.

"Well, he does work in the Ministry of Magic now, doesn't he?" Hermione spoke up. "Maybe he's a representative or something."

"I guess we'll find out soon," Harry said, noticing that Dumbledore looked ready to make another speech.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," Dumbledore stood up and spoke once everyone had finished eating. "I am glad that we all have been gifted the great privilege of having full stomachs, now, in regards to the tournament. The Triwizard tournament, as you all know, is a prestigious event, a major part of wizarding history. Each school will select a champion to represent them in the tournament, the three champions shall compete in three tasks, and the winner will be the champion who manages to get his or her hand on the Triwizard Cup." At this moment the doors to the hall opened and the caretaker, Filch, began dragging in something on a cart, bringing it all the way to the centre of the hall.

Whatever it was, it was big and covered in a massive grey tarp. "Thank you, Mr Filch," Dumbledore thanked the old caretaker before addressing the rest of the hall. "In the spirit of the Triwizard Tournament, we have chosen to use the same judge that has selected every single Triwizard tournament champion since the very beginning of the tournament. Ladies and gentlemen, please allow me to introduce you to 'The Goblet of Fire'," With a flick of his wand, Dumbledore removed the tarp, revealing what appeared to be a giant wooden goblet with blue flames coming out of the edges. "Any student of age can submit their name into the goblet, doing so indicates one's willingness to enter the tournament, and if you are

selected then there is no backing out, so please choose carefully about entering. Aspiring champions have twenty-four hours in which to put their names forward. The goblet will make its decision tomorrow night on Halloween."

"I hate Halloween," Harry mumbled under his breath.

"The goblet will return the names of the three it has judged most worthy to represent their schools. The goblet will be placed in the entrance hall tonight, where it will be freely accessible to all those wishing to compete.

To ensure that no underage student yields to temptation," said

Dumbledore, "I will be drawing an Age Line around the Goblet of Fire once it has been placed in the entrance hall. Nobody under the age of seventeen will be able to cross this line. Finally, I wish to once more

impress upon any of you who wish to enter this, if you are chosen a

binding magical contract will compel you to compete. There is no

backing out, choose wisely. Now, allow me to please introduce you all to

Ludo Bagman, the head of the 'Department of Magical Games and

Sports'." Dumbledore gestured to Ludo who was sitting next to Professor

Flitwick, the ex-quidditch player who gave everyone a cheery wave. "He

has been instrumental in bringing back this tournament, and will serve as

a judge during the tasks along with myself, Headmaster Karkaroff,

Madam Maxime and the representative from the Ministry of Magic, Percy

Weasley." He gestured to Percy, the redhead proudly puffed out his chest,

though he did look somewhat disappointed when the hall didn't applaud

him. "Now, I will allow you all to go to enjoy a good night's rest, I

personally find that a good night's sleep is far more enjoyable than any

energy potion one can make."

"He's probably never tried any of the good stuff," Harry heard one of the

Weasley twins whisper to the other, Harry was incredibly tempted to ask

them what exactly the 'good stuff' was but decided that he probably didn't want to know.

"Ah, and one more thing before you leave," Dumbledore quickly added.

"Due to the unfortunate incident at the quidditch World Cup, the ministry has decided that some extra security was needed. Therefore, starting tomorrow morning, we shall have several of our great country's finest aurors joining us here in Hogwarts. The aurors will be here for all of our protection, and they shall be doing their best not to interfere in your day or disrupt your education. Now, off to bed all of you."

'Hey,' Venom said as Harry started standing up. 'Maybe they'll send Tonks again,'

'That'd be great,' Harry grinned as he thought about it.

"Why are you smiling?" A voice interrupted, and Harry turned to see Ron and Hermione staring at him questioningly. Harry - well aware that he couldn't really admit that he was talking to the voice in his head, at least without sounding crazy - worked his incredibly advanced intellect to the max to think up the most appropriate answer he could possibly have thought of.

"I was thinking about boobs,"

"Hmm," Harry let out a small yawn as he walked over to the owlery, intending to go see Hedwig. He had quickly grown tired of the atmosphere in the Gryffindor common room, all anybody could talk about was the tournament and the visiting schools. The conversations usually ranged from the French girls' butts to the tournament to Victor Krum being here to the French girls' breasts to the Gryffindor girls complaining about all the attention the boys were giving to the French girls' butts and breasts. It was exhausting.

It didn't take long for him to reach the owlery, and after climbing up the

stairs he was about to enter it when he heard a familiar feminine voice.

"Come here, please," The accented voice rang in his ears just before he stepped into the room and saw that girl that he had met yesterday, the one that he and Venom had saved. 'Fleur Delacour' if he remembered right. The girl currently had her back to him as she was reaching up with owl treats in her hand as she tried to coax down a specific owl. Harry took a moment to appreciate the quite frankly beautiful sight in front of him - her school uniform seemed to really suit her - before coughing and clearing his throat, causing her to realise that she was no longer alone. "I am not interrupting anything, am I?" Harry asked quietly as he slowly walked over.

"Non," She said with a slight shake of her head. "I am merely trying to call this owl over," She said, gesturing to Hedwig who was perched up high and staring down at Fleur with an unimpressed look. "I was not able to bring my family owl with me, and all of my school's owls are currently in use."

"All these owls around us and you want to call down that specific one?"

Harry asked whilst gesturing to all the other owls in the room. "Why? If you want to send a letter then you could use any of them,"

"Yes," Fleur nodded. "But that owl is the prettiest one here, and I know that my sister would like to see her."

"Ah, well let me help you out with that," Harry said before he whistled, a second later Hedwig had flown over and landed on the perch nearest to him. "Hey girl, how are you doing today?" Harry asked, reaching his hand out to stroke her head, smiling when she leaned into his touch.

"This is your owl?" She realised.

"Yeah, her name is Hedwig," Harry said with a small smile. "And she is indeed the prettiest owl here," His smile became even wider when

Hedwig's chest puffed out and she let out a happy chirp. "Yes, you are.

Yes, you are," Harry added affectionately as he continued to pet her.

"Hello Hedwig," Fleur said, leaning her hand forward to offer Hedwig the owl treats she had.

"She never takes letters from anyone apart from me," Harry explained to Fleur as Hedwig ate up the treats in front of her. "May I?" Harry asked, holding out a hand. Fleur stared at him for a moment before reaching a hand into the side of her uniform and pulling a letter out of a pocket that Harry had not previously seen.

"Thank you," She said, handing the letter to Harry.

"Hedwig, it's a bit of a long trip, you rested?" Harry asked his beloved owl. Hedwig lightly nipped him on the fingers, a clear reprimand for him even considering the idea that she was ever not ready to deliver a letter.

"My sincere apologies," Harry said with a smile before tying the letter to Hedwig's leg. "Whenever you're ready," Harry told her, Hedwig chirped before taking flight and flying out of the owlery. "She's the best," Harry instantly told Fleur who simply nodded at that.

"She is a wonderful owl, if a bit picky," Fleur agreed. "We met at the feast, you and I,"

"Indeed we did, Miss Delacour, right?" Harry asked.

"Or Miss 'Gem Apples' if you prefer," Fleur said, the beautiful blonde looked somewhat torn between amusement and annoyance.

"I'm sorry for that," Harry apologised, not entirely sure why he felt like saying sorry when he had not done anything wrong, perhaps it was because Ron was his friend. "He is a bit much at times, but he has his good moments."

"I'm sure," Fleur said dryly. "Excuse me now, I need to return to the Beauxbaton carriage."

"I'm leaving as well, actually," Harry told her, she paused and stared questioningly at him. "Well, I had only come up here to spend some time with Hedwig." He admitted.

"Oh, I'm sorry for..."

"It's fine," Harry waved her off before turning around and heading to the door with her following after him. "She enjoys the exercise, I hardly ever have any letters for her to send during the school year."

"Do you not send any letters to friends or family?" She asked curiously.

"I don't have any outside of school," Harry shrugged.

'I'm your friend!' Venom pointed out quickly.

'Yeah, and you're not outside of school, you're in my head,' Harry reminded him.

"What about you?" Harry asked Fleur. "Do you have many friends or family?"

"Non," Fleur said with a slight shake of her head, enjoying this conversation so far. It was not often that she could simply talk to a boy like this. "I have my parents and my sœur...I mean...sister," She said, stumbling slightly over her words.

"Lucky," Harry told her before a frown appeared on his face. "I'm sorry, I never introduced myself, I am..."

"Harry Potter, I know," She cut him off, looking slightly amused. "Even in France, we have heard of you," She added.

"Ah," Harry said simply. "What gave me away? My scar?" He asked knowingly.

"Non, your pretty eyes, the legend of them has travelled across the entire continent," Fleur said matter-of-factly causing Harry to nearly stumble as he looked at her with a shocked expression.

"Um...I..."

"Though it was mostly you're scar," She added with a small smirk.

"Ha ha," Harry gave her a fake laugh. "You're hilarious," He rolled his eyes.

"Oui, I am hilarious," Fleur said with a pleased expression. "Most people don't seem to realise that," She added in a disappointed voice. "The fact that you do already puts you as an above-average intellect."

'With my help, we'll become above an above average-intellect!' Venom declared suddenly.

"Thanks," Harry said simply, ignoring the voice in his head with ease. "So, are you going to be entering the tournament?" He asked curiously.

"Oui, of course, I will," Fleur replied, daintily brushing a stray strand of hair out of her face. "I am the best hope my school has of winning this tournament."

"Well, you're certainly confident," Harry commented, somewhat impressed by how the girl had just said that like it was a given fact that everyone above the age of three should understand.

"Of course," Fleur nodded. "I have trained far too hard and for far too long to be anything less, approaching anything without confidence is - how you say? - dumb luck. I know my capabilities and I will not pretend to be anything less than what I am."

"It's not fun, is it?" Harry said sadly. "Pretending, I mean," He added when she gave him a questioning look. "Pretending to be something that you're not, it's never fun, is it?"

"Non, nor is it necessary," She told him. "Be whoever you are, to be anything less is a shame for you."

"Hmm, that's some sound advice," Harry nodded to her. "I think that..."

"Wotcher!" A voice called, stopping the two of them. The two turned around and Harry saw Tonks steadily jogging towards them, dressed in

her auror robes while keeping her now green hair at shoulder length.

"Tonks!" Harry grinned. "Long time no see, eh?"

"Been ages," Tonks laughed as she stopped in front of them and pulled Harry into a strong hug, pulling away several seconds later. "Anyway, surprise!" She said loudly before gesturing to herself. "One ace metamorphic auror in the flesh, for your protection of course."

"I've never felt safer," Harry said in an amused voice.

"Hi," Tonks turned to Fleur. "Nice to meet you, who are you though?"

"Fleur, this is Tonks, she's an auror and a good friend of mine," Harry told Fleur before turning to Tonks. "Tonks, this is Fleur Delacour, she's from Beauxbaton and apparently she's the next winner of the Triwizard tournament."

"Oh, well, lucky you then," Tonks said before her hair turned to match the same colour as Fleur's, Fleur stared at her unblinkingly for several seconds before speaking.

"Are you aware that you're hair has changed colour?" Fleur asked slowly.

"Hmm, oh yeah," Tonks nodded simply.

"Hmm," Fleur simply nodded at that before turning to Harry. "I shall perhaps see you later, Mr Potter," She told him before walking away.

"Huh? Wonder what's her problem?" Tonks frowned.

43. Chapter 43

Reviews:

Dzerx: In fairness, she wouldn't have known if it was a school owl, she simply wanted to use the prettiest owl in the place.

fallendemon248: Full respect for the TFS reference.

noru2k: I have started going on Ao3 to find stories recently, unfortunately, it's all mostly just smut and lemons which I'm not interested in.

ChronoMitsurugi: Beautiful goddess or shapeshifter who can kick ass, neither are bad choices.

Writing Warrior: I've played the game two times already, and will be using some of it as influence for the story. Though there will be no other marvel characters in this story apart from a symbiote or two.

waytodawn0: I've not noticed any problems, hope everything is working now and you can read the chapters.

Chapter 43 -

"Excellent, Harry," Andromeda smiled brightly as she stared over his shoulder while he stirred his potion, after a few more seconds of stirring his hands reached for the area where he had set up his ingredients. He had to admit that potions were far easier when one actually had the time to sort and organise their ingredients before immediately jumping in on making the potion. He took a handful of lily flower leaves and gently dropped them into his sea-green potion before stirring eight times in an anti-clockwise motion while Andromeda stood behind him, waiting patiently and watching him like a hawk. It was much less unpleasant than when Snape did it, mostly because he knew Andromeda was genuinely trying to make sure that Harry could make a decent potion while Snape was clearly waiting and hoping that Harry would make a mistake of some kind so he could pounce on him. Admittedly, it also helped that Andromeda looked and smelled far better than Snape ever could. "And I think you're done now," Andromeda told him, Harry stopped and looked at his potion, seeing that it was now the appropriate shade of forest green required.

"That doesn't look half bad," Harry said, looking up at her for approval.

Andromeda stared at his potion for a moment before turning to him and giving him a nod.

"Agreed, I reckon if that had been graded then you would have probably got an 'exceeds expectation' grade," She told him. "Now, what do you think you could have done to make it even better?"

"I think if I had stirred a bit slower on the second stage it would look better and if I had added a bit more wyvern toe-nail powder then it would have been made faster," Harry guessed. "Am I right?"

"You are indeed correct," Andromeda nodded. "Well, I suppose that's all for today. I'll see you tomorrow, Harry."

"Thanks," Harry nodded. "Are you going to be staying to see the tournament selection?"

"Not really," Andromeda shook her head. "It's not really my cup of tea, truth be told. I'd much rather be at home with a warm cup of hot chocolate and a pleasant book."

"Fair enough," Harry said. 'Yes, I'll get you some hot chocolate,' He mentally added to Venom before the alien symbiote could speak.

'Excellent,' Venom replied.

"Well, have fun, enjoy your chocolate and your book," Harry told her before making his way to the exit, once he got outside he ended up nearly bumping into Tonks. "Oh, hi Tonks," Harry smiled. "If you're here to see your mum then she's free now,"

"Swell," Tonks grinned. "How's the potion lessons going?"

"Not bad," Harry shrugged.

"He's a right sight better at it than you are, Nymphadora," Andromeda called in from the still-open door.

"Don't call me that name," Tonks groaned.

"It's your name," Andromeda reminded her.

"That's your fault!" Tonks argued.

"Harry likes it!" Andromeda pointed out.

"Harry's a weird little git!" Tonks shot back before turning to Harry. "No offence," She added quickly and apologetically.

"It's alright," Harry coughed. "I am tempted to be sad about it, but I have just the thing to keep me happy."

"Oh yeah, what's that?" Tonks asked curiously, Harry smiled at her before leaning forward and whispering into her ear.

"A normal name, Nymphadora." He grinned before pulling back and quickly walking off. "Have fun!"

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't!"

"It's rubbish that we can't enter," Ron complained to Harry just before the tournament selection ceremony started.

Many students from all three schools had placed their names in with the hopes of being selected as the next Triwizard champion, though none of the underage students had tried to enter. At least not since Fred and George's failed attempt to get past the age line with an ageing potion, their plan seemed to have worked for all of five seconds before they were booted out of the line with large grey beards. The aurors had descended down on them not even a second later and the two had been brought straight to Professor McGonagall and Dumbledore. After a rather lengthy lecture from both teachers and aurors, the two were then finally let go. Right now, all of the students and teachers are in the great halls. Some additional benches had been placed all around the walls of the hall for the additional students while the Goblet of Fire was placed in the middle of the great hall. Harry along with most of the Gryffindors in his year were sitting at the bench on the right side of the hall. There were several aurors scattered all around the hall, Harry spotted Tonks by the side chamber at the back of the hall.

"I don't know mate, you can wait till you're of age, hopefully, they will have another tournament then," Harry replied, trying to cheer Ron up.

The redhead had been upset all day at the fact that he couldn't enter.

"Wait, but we're in our fourth year, if they do it three years from now then I should be in my seventh year," Ron said thoughtfully. "Unless they're a bit late, then it'll start in the year after."

"Well, there's not much you can do about that," Harry shrugged.

"Unless I fail a year and get held back," Ron said in a hopeful voice.

"Ronald Weasley!" Hermione blurted out from behind them. "You most certainly will not be failing a year just for a tournament!"

"But Hermione, I could win a thousand galleons!" Ron whined.

"If you get a good job then you can make many thousands!" Hermione argued, glaring at him.

"Good jobs do equal fixed income," Harry added helpfully, causing Ron to send him a betrayed look.

"Exactly," Hermione sniffed. "You could get a nice job working at the Ministry," She told Ron.

"Yeah, I could make a few galleons listening to 'Perfect Percy' prattle on about his pretty cauldron thickness regulations," Ron snorted. Hermione opened her mouth with a retort at the ready and was about to lay into him when Dumbledore walked into the centre of the hall. Every pair of eyes in the hall focused on the elderly headmaster who stood with a pleased smile on his face.

"Greetings everyone," Dumbledore said pleasantly, his voice booming throughout the hall. "I am thankful for the patience that you have all shown today, but now, your wait is finally over. Now, is the time where we decide who will be our next Triwizard champion!" He paused as many around the hall began clapping and allowed them to clap for a moment

before he continued speaking. "Very soon, the Goblet of Fire will choose a champion for each school, these champions will then head to the side chamber behind me and when the time comes they will represent their school in three different tasks, and the winner of these tasks will go home with not just a place in the history books, but also a whopping one thousand galleon prize and the Triwizard cup!" He told them earning some very loud cheers. "Quiet down, quiet down," He said gently, gesturing them to be quiet. "It is time for the Goblet of Fire to make its decision." He announced.

Suddenly the flames of the goblet flared a bright red, burping out a small piece of parchment that was a bit charred on the sides. The paper rested in the air for a brief moment before floating down into Dumbledore's outstretched hand. Dumbledore stared at the paper for a moment before looking down at the name that was written on it.

"For Beauxbaton Academy," Dumbledore announced, everyone hanging on his every word. "Fleur Delacour!"

"Blimey!" Ron whispered to Harry, his gaze quickly being pulled towards where the French school was sitting.

At once a large portion of Beauxbaton girls burst into tears due to not being chosen whilst the great majority of the hall - especially the male population - began cheering wildly for the stunning French beauty.

Though many girls like Hermione had simply huffed and rolled their eyes. Fleur stood up from her seat gracefully, a small smile on her face, seeming as unsurprised as one could be in this situation as she walked over to Dumbledore, ignoring the eyes gazing at her from all around the hall. She politely took the parchment from him before walking to the side chamber, as she did she took a glance around the hall and spotted Harry who gave her a quick thumbs up. She gave him the briefest of smiles

before she turned her focus back to the side chamber and noticed that Tonks was standing at the entrance.

"Wotcher!" Tonks smiled when Fleur approached. "Congrats!" She smiled brightly at Fleur who stared for a moment at the pink-haired auror.

"Thank you," Fleur nodded appreciatively at her before she walked into the chamber.

"Well, that went better than our last meeting," Tonks said to herself, sounding quite pleased.

"And now," Professor Dumbledore continued. "We move on to our next champion," He waited patiently as a second champion's name was spat out of the Goblet of Fire. "And now for the champion that will represent the great school of Durmstrang," Dumbledore took a moment to read the name. "It's none other than Victor Krum!" He announced, earning a monstrous amount of cheers from all three schools, not unexpected given how popular quidditch was in the wizarding world. Though none had cheered louder than Krum's headmaster, Karkaroff, even though Ron had come close.

"Who else would it be?" Ron had laughed as Victor Krum stood up, his face looking as gruff as usual. The surly-faced quidditch champion walked over to Dumbledore and took the parchment from the headmaster with barely a nod.

"We move on to the third and final contestant," Dumbledore said once Krum had left and the cheering had died down.

"Who do you reckon it'll be?" Ron whispered to Harry.

"I'm hoping Angelina to be honest," Harry whispered back, though he was heard by Angelina who was sitting a short distance away.

"Thanks, Harry," Angelina smiled at him.

"You're welcome," Harry smiled back. The Goblet of Fire flared once more

before a third name popped out and floated down into Dumbledore's waiting hands.

"The champion of Hogwarts is..." Dumbledore paused dramatically.

"Cedric Diggory!" Cheers filled the hall, but none as loud as the cheers that came from Hufflepuff as Cedric Diggory stood up with a bright smile and walked to Dumbledore, happily taking his parchment from him before heading off to the chamber.

"Damn it!" Angelina groaned in a disappointed voice.

"Sorry Angelina," Harry said sincerely. "But look on the bright side, at least you're still better looking than Diggory." He added with a small grin.

"Hmm, yeah, I suppose I do at least have that going on for me," She hummed, trying not to look too bummed out.

"Good luck, good luck to all of our champions! Now that the champions have been chosen, I'd like to inform you of..." Dumbledore trailed off as the Goblet of Fire flared up once more.

"What's going on?" Harry whispered to his friends.

"I don't know," Hermione frowned, staring at the goblet like it was a difficult puzzle. A fourth piece of parchment shot out and floated down towards a stunned Dumbledore who seemed to catch it without realising that he had done so. The old headmaster blinked before reading the parchment, his eyes widening as he did so. Dumbledore mumbled something under his breath before finally looking up.

"Harry Potter," Dumbledore said quietly, his voice still easily heard throughout the deathly silent hall. "Harry Potter!" Dumbledore called once more and every pair of eyes all shifted towards Harry.

'What the fuck?!' Venom blurted out in Harry's head.

"That's some bullshit!" Harry protested loudly.

'What the fuck?!' Venom repeated.

"Mr Potter," Dumbledore coughed. "Please, please come and collect your name and then head to the side chamber."

"I didn't enter," Harry said, not moving an inch.

"Harry!" Hermione hissed at him from her seat behind him whilst Ron was glaring at him. "Go!" She said, trying to nudge him out of his seat, but he wasn't budging.

"You go!" Harry hissed back before turning to Dumbledore. "I didn't enter my name, end of story."

"Yeah right," Draco called from across the hall. "You can never pass up a chance to gain attention, can you Potter?"

"Oh, I just know that the guy wearing that much hair gel did not just complain about someone trying to gain attention," Harry replied. "Zip it, Malfoy, nobody's talking to you." He told Draco whose face turned a Weasley shade of red.

"That's quite enough out of both of you," Dumbledore cut in sternly, cutting off Malfoy's response.

"I didn't enter my name into the tournament," Harry told Dumbledore.

"I believe you, Mr. Potter," Dumbledore nodded to him. "Nonetheless, I would still like you to please head to the side chamber so we can discuss this."

"That's some bullshit," Harry muttered under his breath as he stood up and began walking to Dumbledore, feeling a great many judgemental scared directed at him.

'This'll be just like the second year,' Venom told Harry. 'Remember the chamber of secrets rumours?'

'Once again, bullshit.' Harry mentally replied as he took a piece of parchment from Dumbledore.

'Though this isn't like your second year, you've got me now,' Venom

reminded him.

'You're right, I do,' Harry mentally grinned.

"Please head to the side chamber, Harry," Dumbledore said, speaking in a quiet voice.

"Give me a moment," Harry told him before speaking out loud to the rest of the hall. "Remember my second year?" He asked out loud. "When all of you thought that I was the heir of Slytherin and that I was going around petrifying people? Remember that?" Nobody responded to him, though many people were whispering amongst themselves.

"Harry," Dumbledore tried to speak but Harry quickly continued.

"You were wrong about me then and you're wrong about me now," Harry told them. "But this isn't like my second year, try to mess with me this time and I'll whoop all your asses!"

"Mr Potter!" Dumbledore said sharply.

"Sir?" Harry asked innocently before walking off towards the chamber.

"Harry, you alright?" Tonks asked him in a concerned voice as soon as he got close enough.

"I've been worse," Harry grunted before walking into the side chamber.

'You know, we haven't used that time turner in a while,' He told Venom.

'I was thinking the exact same thing,' Venom agreed.

44. Chapter 44

Reviews:

Okami2312: Good, means I've got you hooked.

Muhammad Sulaiman Sanwari: What is chatGPT? I've heard the name but I don't know much about it, is it one of those AI websites?

Shadeymankey: Not yet.

Maelstrom15: I read that one ages ago so I don't remember much of it, will probably have to read it again.

Silverdragonstar: I never heard about a five-hour limit, given that it's a clock I would assume the limit would be twenty-four hours.

Arkham Inmate: Yes, both games do give me ideas.

Chapter 44 -

"Harry?" Cedric blurted out as soon as Harry had entered the chamber, Cedric along with the other champions looked quite confused by his presence.

"Do they want us back in the hall?" Fleur asked.

"What's going on?" Cedric spoke once more.

"Some bullshit, that's what," Harry huffed as he took a step next to a pillar and leaned against it, crossing his arms. "Some cunt tossed my name into the Goblet of Fire, and now apparently they want me to compete."

"What?!" Cedric blinked, looking as stunned as the other champions.

"But that cannot be!" Fleur protested. "This is the Triwizard tournament! 'Tri' for 'triple' and 'triple' means three, does it not?!" She asked the other two champions, both of whom nodded in agreement.

"Exactly!" Harry said happily, giving her a grateful look. "Tell everyone else that, they appear to have forgotten. I already told them all that I hadn't entered."

'It's true, I've been watching him all day,' Venom added in, even though only Harry could hear him. It was at that moment that Dumbledore entered the room, followed by the other tournament judges, Tonks and Kingsley Shacklebolt (One of the other aurors that had been assigned to Hogwarts), Professor Moody, Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape.

"Harry!" Dumbledore said, quickly stopping in front of him. "Why did you do that?"

"I told you already, I hadn't entered."

"Not that," Dumbledore said, dismissing his response with an agitated wave. "I'm referring to you threatening your fellow students."

"You threatened everyone?" Krum blinked, looking minutely shocked.

"They don't listen when you are nice," Harry shrugged. "I'm not having another year of getting unfairly accused of something I didn't do. I'm also not about to pull another miracle out of my ass just to prove people wrong."

"You could have brought your concerns to me or your other teachers," Dumbledore told Harry, gesturing to Professor McGonagall.

"You didn't do anything in my second year, why would I expect this year to be different?" Harry asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Dumbly-door," Madam Maxime spoke up. "We have important things to discuss right now, like how this boy is entered in the tournament."

"Madam Maxime," Fleur quickly cut in. "He cannot compete, there are already three champions. This is the Triwizard tournament! 'Tri' for 'triple' and 'triple' means three, does it not?!"

"Thank you," Harry told her, sending her an amused look at her for knowingly repeating the exact same words. "She's right," He told the rest.

"There are already three champions, and I didn't enter. So do me a favour and please just allow me to go back to my seat in the great hall, I don't want anything to do with this tournament," Harry said in a firm voice.

"Well...of course he is lying," Madam Maxime accused.

"You can't wear that much makeup and accuse me of being the one who is dishonest," Harry snorted, earning a furious glare from Madam Maxime.

'Ha!' Venom laughed.

"Mr Potter! Behave yourself!" Professor McGonagall admonished him.

"Did you put your name in the Goblet of Fire, Harry?" Dumbledore asked

calmly, staring right at Harry.

"No, I bloody did not, as I've stated repeatedly," Harry told Dumbledore who stared back at Dumbledore, Harry couldn't help but wonder for a moment if Dumbledore was going to try to read his mind just like Snape had tried before. Though thankfully for both of them that never happened, Dumbledore looked away and turned to the others.

"I don't at this point in time have any reason to doubt Mr Potter," Dumbledore stated.

"It's a bit suspicious, don't you think?" Karkaroff spoke up, glaring at Dumbledore. "That Hogwarts happens to have two champions, easier chances at getting a victory, isn't that right, Dumbledore?"

"My dear Igor, I can't help but feel like you are implying something," Dumbledore said patiently.

"I am, Dumbledore," Karkaroff hissed. "You helped him enter his name into this tournament, did you not?!"

"Right, because that makes all the sense," Harry scoffed. "Putting a fourth year into a tournament as a backup when he could just put a seventh year instead. With brains like that, I can't help but fear for the educational standards at Durmstrang." Harry said in a mock-thoughtful voice, he glanced at Krum and saw that the older student looked more amused than anything else. The same thing couldn't be said about the Durmstrang headmaster who had turned an almost purple shade of anger.

"Mr Potter, I will not tell you to behave again," Professor McGonagall said warningly.

"Fine, I'm sorry, Professor, I'm just a little bit bothered right now about unfounded accusations," Harry sent a glare around the room before turning back to Professor McGonagall. "I am sincerely sorry, Professor McGonagall."

"How did this boy's name come into the Goblet of Fire?" Karkaroff demanded to know.

"Do not blame Dumbledore," Snape spoke up in a silky voice, "Potter has been breaking rules from the moment he entered this school,"

"Professor, you can't demand me to behave and let him get away with bad-mouthing me," Harry protested to Professor McGonagall.

'Why is he even here?' Venom wondered.

"And why is he even here?" Harry asked the room at large. "He's just a potions teacher, I'm not even in his house, he has nothing to do with this."

"Silence Potter!" Snape glared at him.

"Or what?" Harry asked challengingly. "Going to read my mind again?"

He asked as loud as he could get without shouting. "Had better watch out for that," Harry told the others. "Look him in the eye long enough and he'll try and read your every thought." He warned the others.

"How dare you?!" Snape hissed furiously, taking a step forward only to stop when he saw Tonks, Shacklebolt and Moody all pull their wands out and aim them at him.

"I wouldn't do that if I was you," Tonks said warningly. "You seem to have a bad history with Harry, I personally think it's best if you leave the room. I don't believe your presence is necessary here,"

"Aye," Moody agreed. "The last thing we need is an instigating little rat like you here."

"Alastor!" Dumbledore said sharply before turning to Snape. "Severus, please leave the room," He requested in a tired voice.

"Headmaster, you can't be serious!" Snape protested.

"This is the quality of your school, Dumbly-Door?!" Madam Maxime butted in.

"Oh for Merlin's sake!" Professor McGonagall cut in. "Severus leave this room now, your presence is not required here." She ordered Snape, Snape stared between her and Dumbledore for a moment before sending a sneer at everyone. He spun on his foot and stormed off, his robes billowing behind him. "And Mr Potter, you will be receiving a detention for your behaviour tonight."

"Yes, Ma'am," Harry nodded stiffly.

"Now," Dumbledore cut in. "Let's decide what to do about Mr Potter, calmly, please."

"Headmaster," Percy Weasley spoke up, holding a book in his hands. "I've been reading through the tournament rules, and I believe that Mr Potter must compete. The goblet of fire constitutes a magically binding contract, Mr Potter has to compete. At least, that's what I've gotten so far, I really wish Mr Crouch was here. He knew the book off by heart, he did."

"So, what you're saying is that I got no choice in the matter, I have to compete?" Harry said in an irritated voice.

"I believe so," Percy frowned. "I'll continue looking at the rules to see if we can find a way to get you out, but for now, yes, you have to compete."

"This is bull," Harry grunted as he walked towards the common room, the other students had already left by the time he had gotten out of the hall.

Tonks had been tasked to escort himself and Cedric back to their common rooms. Once they had dropped off Cedric, they both started walking to the Gryffindor common room.

'We've been set up,' Venom agreed.

"For what it's worth, Harry, I believe you," Tonks spoke up. "I don't think you entered your name into the tournament."

"Thanks, Tonks," Harry said appreciatively. "But I know that a lot of people in the school won't feel the same way."

"I mean...you did tell them all to their faces that you didn't so maybe it won't be that bad," Tonks said hopefully.

"I doubt it," Harry snorted. "In my second year, they thought that I was the heir to Slytherin even though my mother was a muggleborn, I'm not putting much hope on them. Anyway, thanks, Tonks," Harry said as they arrived in the corridor, leading them towards the Gryffindor common room. "I'm glad you believe me, it means a lot."

"Don't worry, Harry," Tonks said, patting him on the shoulder. "We'll get you out of this tournament, but if we can't then I'm sure you'll win it."

"That's the plan," Harry grinned at her, giving her a wave before walking towards the portrait. The Fat Lady appeared to be asleep, as did every other portrait nearby. Harry looked back and saw that Tonks had already left. He took in a deep breath before turning around and walking away.

'We got to do something about this,' He mentally told Venom. 'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' He asked as he slid into a nearby classroom.

'Oh yeah,' Venom said slowly, gleefully, Harry could easily picture his wide grin. A second later a tentacle shot out of Harry's elbow and dropped a time turner into his hand before retracting itself back into him.

'I think last evening should do it,'

'Let's go,' Harry nodded before placing the time turner around his neck and turning it just as Venom covered his body in his signature black goo, leaving him in his sleek black with white eyes form, complete with a spider logo.

"That's fun," Venom whispered once they found themselves back in time. He turned himself invisible before leaping up to the ceiling and crawling along it.

It didn't take the pair long before they reached the great hall, Venom shot two tentacles out that grabbed the doors and pulled them open with

barely a grunt before sneaking in and closing them after him. He spotted the Goblet of Fire, sitting innocently in its place. Venom grunted before leaping up and through the enchanted sky with ease and landing on the rafters above.

"And now, we wait," Venom said, keeping his gaze fixed on the goblet as his invisibility cut out.

'Neither of us can be classified as the patient type,' Harry couldn't help but point out.

'What do you want to do while we wait?' Venom asked. 'Do you want to play twenty questions?'

'Why would we do that?' Harry couldn't help but ask.

'So we can get to know each other better,' Venom answered. 'You know all about me, so I thought we'd make it even,'

'You're in my head, you know everything there is to know about me,'

Harry reminded him.

'I could have pretended not to know,'

An hour or so later, Harry had learnt that for some reason or the other, Venom was not a fan of geese and for a completely different reason hated wolverines. Before he could discover why, the doors to the great hall opened and Igor Karkaroff walked in.

"Dick-head, spotted," Venom softly whispered as he watched Karkaroff nervously walk up to the Goblet of Fire, looking in every direction he could as he did so. Though Venom couldn't help but note that the man didn't look up. "Nobody ever suspects attacks from above," Venom tutted disappointedly before seeing Karkaroff pull out a piece of parchment.

'That looks like it has your name on it,'

'Why would Karkaroff want to put me in the tournament?' Harry couldn't help but wonder.

'Let's find out, violently,' Venom suggested before leaping down towards Karkaroff, landing between him and the Goblet of Fire, causing Karkaroff to jump and stumbled backwards, falling on his butt and cursing in his native language.

"What the...who are you?!" Kararoff cried out.

"We are Venom," Venom answered with a grin before sending out a tentacle that wrapped around Karkaroff's legs and pulled him closer.

"Get off me!" Karkaroff yelled before sending a cutting curse right at Venom, the curse cut into his shoulder but was repaired nearly immediately. A second tentacle shot out and knocked the wand out of his hand before wrapping it around his arms and body.

"Why were you trying to put Harry Potter's name into the Goblet of Fire?" Venom asked, holding him up in the air.

"I...I wasn't..." Karkaroff denied it, he let out a cry as Venom's tentacles squeezed him.

"You want to keep lying?" Venom hissed.

"I...I was ordered to do it...if I don't...he'll kill me!" Karkaroff blurted out in a pained voice.

"Who?" Venom growled.

"We...we don't speak his name," Karkaroff groaned.

"Voldemort," Venom realised. "Where is he? Tell me!" Venom ordered, tightening his grip on Karkaroff.

"I can't say!" Karakaroff cried out. "You'll both kill me but he'll make it much more painful! So if you're going to kill me then do it!"

"Fair enough," Venom growled, ready to move forward and rip his head off when a sizzling noise echoed throughout the hall. Venom looked to his left in time to see what appeared to be a large, jagged cut hanging in the middle of the air. Inside the cut appeared to be a swirling black and

grey mass of clouds that were constantly moving.

"What are you doing?!" Kararof shrieked fearfully.

"Quiet," Venom flicked his hand and covered Kararoff's mouth with his goo before dropping the bound and gagged man on the floor. "This isn't us," He whispered as he took a step forward.

'What the hell is that?' Harry asked.

Venom was about to answer when all of a sudden something shot out of the cut, charging towards Venom. Venom found himself lifted high up into the air before being slammed straight into the wall behind him, denting it. Holding him in place by his neck, was a creature that at first glance could be mistaken for a dementor. It was all black, seemingly floating with horrid black skin, but it didn't take long to realise that this wasn't a dementor. Much smaller and definitely faster than a dementor, there wasn't the cold or fearful aura that came with it either. There was no cloak either, just the same horrid black skin. Its face may have appeared faceless at first, but a closer look revealed it did in fact have eyes, but every part of its eye was so black that it looked like part of its skull. Complete with this was a set of blunt, grey teeth.

"KLYNTAR!" The creature hissed. "WIZARD! TOGETHER! DESTROYING THE TIMELINE!"

"Get off!" Venom roared and kicked the thing hard, sending it flying back while he crawled up the wall in time to see two more of the same creatures flying out of the cut.

"DESTROYING THE TIMELINE!" The creatures hissed as one as they accusingly pointed their long, ugly fingers at Venom. "DESTROY THE DESTROYER!"

'Harry,' Venom mentally spoke up.

'Um...yeah?' Harry asked, more focused on the weird floating monsters in

front of them.

"Multiple dickheads, spotted."

A.N: Hi guys, hope you liked the chapter. Should let anyone who's interested know that this story is already on 47 chapters, if anyone wants to quickly read the remaining chapters and read future chapters early then join my pat-reon, my name on the website is simply JB21. Also, I've been getting a lot of messages on the fanfiction website and I hadn't had time to respond to them and they've just ended up building up. So I'll get to them as soon as I can. Thank you, hope you all enjoyed the chapter.

45. Chapter 45

Reviews:

YeTianshi: Harry doesn't know the rules of time travel, Hermione did but she obviously hasn't explained them to Harry so he no idea what would happen if he did interfere in the timeline.

Khatix: They're not so much there as to force him into the tournament as they are to prevent him from changing the timeline, there are other ways for him to get out of the tournament.

Chaos Snow Kitsune: Happens to me all the time.

Nicholas: A few ideas but I don't know when I'll write that fic, depends on the polls.

Chapter 45 -

'What the fuck is that?!' Harry blurted out. 'The fuck are they? The fuck?!

"I don't know," Venom growled. "What are you?!" He roared at the flying creatures.

"Time Wraiths!" They answered before charging at him, Venom leapt over the first one and hit the second one into the third before grabbing the first with a tentacle and tossing him at the other two. Venom had barely landed on the floor when four more time wraiths shot out of the

cut and grabbed him, throwing him high up into the air, he slammed right into the ceiling before bouncing off it towards the wraiths, several tentacles shot out and knocked the four out of the air before Venom swung forwards and landed on the teacher's table.

"What do you want with us?!" Venom demanded.

"You're trying to change the timeline!" Another wraith hissed as it stormed out of the cut and glared at Venom before another one flew out and spoke.

"The timeline was already changed when Sirius Black survived!" It growled as its fallen brethren rose up while a few more popped out of the cut. "One more change and the timeline will collapse! The universe will fall to ash!" Half of Venom's face was pulled back to reveal half of Harry's face.

"Wait," Harry said quickly. "But Hermione used the time turner all the time and..."

"The girl did not actively change the timeline!" One hissed as five more popped out of the cut.

"She did not interfere in the past!" Another shrieked.

"You're actively changing things! Intentionally!" A different wraith roared.

"Those who travel in time cannot change the timeline, they will destroy the loop! It cannot be allowed!" One wraith cried.

"Alright, wait," Harry quickly said when another three popped out. "How can we resolve this peacefully without the whole universe going into flames?"

"I don't like flames," Venom grunted.

"You're irresponsible! Give us the time turner!" One of them hissed.

"And then you will fix your mess! The timeline must go as intended!"

A different one snarled. "What has been written cannot be changed!"

"Fine, we'll give it back," Harry said.

"Must we?!" Venom complained.

"It's that or the universe collapses," Harry pointed out.

"But...we live here!" Venom said indignantly.

"Exactly," Harry said before the time turner popped out of the goo on his hand. "Damn," He sighed before tossing the time turner to the wraiths.

One wraith caught it and appeared to be glaring at Venom and Harry while another went over to Karkaroff and placed a hand on his forehead, causing his eyes to briefly turn a milky white.

"What are you doing to him?" Venom asked, sounding more curious than anything.

"Altering his memory!" A wraith snapped at them.

"Leave now!" Another screamed. "Do not ever try to change the timeline again!"

"Or we will come for you!" A different wraith growled. Venom and Harry stared at them for a moment before Venom completely covered Harry's face.

"Love you too," Venom said sarcastically before jumping up into the air swinging out of the owl window at the top of the hall and swinging his way to the nearby courtyard, quickly turning invisible upon landing.

"What the hell was that all about?"

'Apparently, we pissed off some supernatural forces in charge of making sure the universe doesn't collapse, not bad for a day's work.' Harry said inside of Venom's head as Venom made his way towards Gryffindor tower.

"We lost the time turner, that was a very valuable resource," Venom growled.

'Better we lose it than destroy the universe,' Harry replied. 'Still, at least we know who put my name in the goblet.'

"Yes, but why?" Venom wondered. "Why would Voldemort want you in the tournament? There are simpler ways to kill you,"

'He must have something planned,' Harry sighed. 'What do you think we should do?'

"Play along, find him, kill him...viciously," Venom answered bluntly as they heard footsteps, they quickly stepped to the side as Tonks walked by, having just left the Gryffindor corridor after dropping off past Harry (or...future...Harry...the timeline's complicated). 'Hmm,' Venom hummed thoughtfully as he watched Tonks walk past. 'Her wide hips would aid her when she births your children,' Venom noted clinically.

'Venom, kindly shut the fuck up please,' Harry begged as they rounded the corner just before past Harry disappeared out of view. Venom's goo slowly slid out of view, leaving Harry who took in a deep breath.

"Let's get this over with," Harry whispered to himself before walking up to the sleeping Fat Lady portrait. "Balderdash," Harry said.

"Hmm...sure," The portrait said sleepily before opening, allowing Harry to enter the common room. As soon as he got in he saw all of the Gryffindors staring at him. "Yeah, what?" Harry asked defensively.

"You really didn't enter your name?" One of the Gryffindors asked.

"I didn't enter, I've got better things to do than risk my life for a tournament that I didn't know about before this year," Harry snorted. "I don't need any more fame, I'm the bloody boy who lived. I'm not interested in the tournament, in fact, I was hoping Angelina would be the one who would enter and win," Harry added, gesturing to Angelina who was sitting in a corner, looking somewhat surprised yet also grateful for Harry's words. "Either way, Diggory is the real Hogwarts champion, I'm

just entered against my will, providing they don't find a way to get me out of the tournament. So, if you'll excuse me, I've had a long night and I'd like to go to sleep." Harry said and quickly walked up the stairs and into his room where he found Ron waiting for him.

"So," Ron said as he was sitting in his bed. "Enjoyed your party, did you?" He asked in an odd tone.

"Party? What party?"

"The twins said they might have a party for you being the new champion," Ron said shortly.

"Well, they didn't, I came in and I told everyone I didn't enter and then I came up here," Harry replied before heading over to his own bed.

"You didn't enter?"

"No, I didn't," Harry answered firmly as he stood next to the bed.

"Look, you don't have to lie to me," Ron said, forcing a smile on his face.

"Just wish you would've told me, how'd you do it? Did you use your invisibility cloak?"

"How is a cloak going to help me get across an age line?" Harry couldn't help but ask. Truth be told, he hadn't used that cloak in ages, when you have a powerful alien that can turn you invisible then you don't bother with carrying a cloak around all the time. "It'd only make me invisible, the age line wouldn't be able to see me anyway, it checks my age."

"Alright, well how did you do it then?" Ron huffed, his ears turning red.

"I didn't," Harry repeated, feeling very annoyed. "I've got better things to do than enter a tournament."

"Like what?"

"Like enjoying a peaceful year for once!" Harry glared at him. "I was hoping for one year without possessed teachers and ancient monsters and escaped prisoners! I was hoping for one school year where I'm not in

danger. What the hell would I have gained from entering the tournament anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ron said sarcastically as he got up from his bed.

"Maybe the thousand galleons and eternal glory, who wouldn't want that?" He asked as he walked over to Harry and stood right in front of him.

"First off, I'm rich enough, I don't need an extra thousand,"

"Oh joy," Ron muttered.

"Secondly, you can't even name a winner of the tournament. Go right ahead, tell me one right now without looking it up," Harry said, his glare increasing. "Can you, huh?"

"How did you get in?" Ron asked, ignoring Harry's question.

"Did you hit your head or something? Did you get something in your ear?"

Activate your hearing and listen very carefully," Harry growled.

"I...didn't...enter." He said slowly. "Stop being stupid."

"That's me, isn't it?" Ron glared at him. "Harry Potter's stupid friend?"

'You should consider yourself lucky,' Venom growled.

"I don't know, but you're doing a good job at acting like it," Harry told him. "Get it through your thick skull, I didn't enter." Harry rolled his eyes, about to turn away.

"Piss off," Ron muttered, only to be pushed a couple of steps back.

"What the hell did you just say to me?!" Harry demanded.

"Don't push me!" Ron rushed forward and pushed Harry who only took a step back before he shoved Ron with one hand, causing the red-head to stumble back and land on his bed.

"Or what?" Harry asked, challengingly. Ron let out a yell before charging at Harry who sidestepped and grabbed Ron by his hair before pulling him back and throwing him back on his bed. "Careful Ron, I'm not little Harry

Potter anymore."

"You're a dick is what you are!" Ron shouted as he stood up.

"And you're pathetic!" Harry shouted back. "You're my friend! You're supposed to have my back!"

"Why would I have the back of a liar and a cheater?!"

"Fuck...you!" Harry hissed just as his roommates walked in.

"What's going on?" Dean asked.

"He's mad is what's going on!" Ron said angrily as he stood up and pointed at Harry. "He pushed me!"

"Shut your mouth!" Harry snapped at him. "You're the turncoat! You're the one guy who was supposed to have my back and now you're accusing me of entering a tournament I couldn't care less about."

"You did enter!"

"I didn't, you gormless prat!" Harry glared.

"Why the fuck should I believe you?!"

"Fine! Don't believe me then!" Harry stared at him intently. "I don't give second chances these days, so you had better decide good and proper how you want to act now."

"Piss off!" Ron snapped at him.

"Fine, don't come running back to me later."

'Traitor!' Venom snarled in Harry's head. 'Backstabbing parasite!'

'Agreed,' Harry said coldly.

The following day an irritated Harry Potter descended the stairs into the Gryffindor common room, finding it to be mostly empty with the exception of Hermione and a small group of first years sitting in the far corner. Hermione was reading a book while sitting in her favourite chair as usual. However, she did look up when she saw Harry approach.

"Harry," She said as he sat down on the chair next to her. "I heard that

you and Ron got into a fight yesterday."

"Git," Harry scoffed. "He kept accusing me of entering the tournament and not telling him."

"Did you enter?" Hermione asked.

"What do you think?" Harry rolled his eyes. "I already told everyone I didn't. Wait...you think I entered?!"

"Honestly, you might have," Hermione said, her voice quiet yet oddly determined.

"What the hell, Hermione?!" Harry demanded. "Why on Earth do you think I entered?!"

"You've been acting different, Harry," Hermione said, her gaze locked on him. "You're more aggressive and argumentative. You accused Professor Snape of reading your mind and pointed your wand at him, not to mention what you did to him in the Shrieking Shack."

"So? He did read my mind! Or at least he tried to!"

"That's the thing, Harry, I read up on the mind arts and it is an incredibly hard-to-learn subject, not taught at Hogwarts and frowned upon by the ministry for anyone who isn't an auror or at least the level of a department head. Meaning, that Snape likely doesn't know how to read your mind and there's no way you should be able to defend yourself against him even if he did, not that I think he did. Dumbledore himself spoke up for him."

"Dumbledore's not a god, Hermione, he can be wrong!" Harry argued.

"You know full well that Dumbledore has brushed off any and all complaints about Snape from the students."

"What about the school governors and the ministry?" Hermione countered. "They let him stay on, meaning they didn't think so either." Harry couldn't help but stare at her, for all of Hermione's book

intelligence, she wasn't that smart when it came to things like this. She - like many others in the wizarding world - didn't like things that went against her worldview. In her mind, teachers were to be respected and obeyed with obvious exceptions like those with dark lord's hanging off the back of their heads. Meaning Hermione didn't believe that Dumbledore had used his massively powerful influence to get Snape free and able to keep his job. No, Snape was a vile human being but he was a teacher that Dumbledore defended, meaning as far as she was concerned, he couldn't be that bad. Harry knew better than to argue that point, she wouldn't believe him.

"What does that have to do with the goblet?" Harry asked tightly.

"You've become different," Hermione said sadly. "The Harry that I know would never have entered his name. But you...I don't even know who you are anymore. You refused to join the Society for the Promotion of E..."

"Wait, you're accusing me of cheating into a nationwide tournament because I refused to join your little elf club?!" Harry asked disbelievingly.

"The Harry I know would never have supported slave labour!" Hermione glared at him.

"I'm supporting slave labour?! No! What I'm refusing to do is jump into a club designed to change the lives of other creatures without doing proper research, something you should be bloody proud of, to be honest. How many elves do you even know personally?!" Harry glared back before he realised that the first years were staring at them. "Scram now!" He ordered and they quickly ran off.

"That's what I'm talking about!" Hermione said accusingly as the first years left. "You're more angry and violent."

"I am..."

"You were going to kill Sirius Black, Harry!" She cut in.

"I thought he was responsible for the deaths of my parents!" Harry snapped.

"That doesn't matter!" Hermione said fiercely. "A couple of years ago you would never have even considered that."

"Really? Because when I was a first year I turned a man to dust, Hermione! Remember that? You know, when I saved the world from Voldemort, again!" Harry growled.

'I told you that you should have gotten a better friend!' Venom roared in his head. 'Traitors! Traitors! All of them! Disloyal! Parasites!'

"You've changed, Harry and I don't think that..." Hermione began before Harry cut her off.

"Yeah, you know what, I have changed!" Harry said sharply. "I have changed and if you were my real friend then you would have accepted me as I am. I've changed, but you definitely have not!"

'Get rid of her! Disloyal! Untrustworthy! We need better!' Venom hissed.

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Hermione demanded, only to jump in shock when Harry leapt off of his chair and slammed his hands on the armrests of her chair, leaning his head down so he was looking her right in the eye.

"You are still the same annoying little first year that I met on the train," Harry said, softly and slowly, barely louder than a whisper. "You kept chasing after me and Ron that year, hoping to find friendship even though all you were good for was nagging and telling us what to do like you were our mum. You're not my mother, she was a brilliant and selfless woman. You and Ronald are irritating little parasites that hate anything that doesn't fit your perfect little world. For years...years...I thought that I needed you. Both of you. But that's not the case anymore, I don't need Ron and I don't need you. And once I'm gone, how long do you think it'll

be before Ron stops keeping you around? Without me, that spares up more time for you to do what you do best, nag and nag and lecture until he gets too tired of you. Think about it, I was his best friend and he threw me away, how long do you think you have?"

"H...Harry..." Hermione said quietly, her eyes brimming with tears.

"...Why are you..."

"We are tired of you, we are sick of you," Harry glared at her as if she were an annoying bug.

"You...you don't mean that...you and Ron are my..."

"I was your friend!" Harry hissed. "But I do not stay friends with people who call me a liar! My parents trusted Pettigrew and he betrayed them! I will not make the same mistake with my friends! You're loyal or you're not my friend. 'A friend is one that knows you as you are, understands where you have been, accepts what you have become, and still, gently allows you to grow.' That's a Shakespeare quote in case you didn't know. I changed and you didn't like it and instead of sticking by me, you want to accuse me? No, you and Ron are perfect for each other. I don't need both of you anymore and I don't want either of you now." Harry scowled as he turned and stormed out of the common room.

'Traitors!' Venom snarled.

'They accuse me!' Harry responded angrily. 'Ron...I saved his sister! He was housing Pettigrew! He owes me! And this is how he does it?! And Hermione! I jumped on the troll for her! Ron was only there because I brought him there! I was the one who got her friends! I killed the basilisk! I stopped Voldemort a grand fucking total of three times if we include the diary and they still dare to accuse me?! Betray me?!'

'We can't trust anyone!' Venom told him just as they rounded the corner and nearly bumped into Tonks.

"Harry!" Tonks blurted out before quickly pulling him into a hug. "Damn, I've been looking for you! Are you okay?!"

'Well, maybe one,' Venom amended as Tonks let go of Harry.

"You look angry, what happened?" Tonks asked, sounding concerned.

"Hermione and Ron accused me of entering my name into the tournament," Harry told her with a scowl on his face.

"What?! Why?!" Tonks squawked.

"Beats me," Harry huffed. "Ron just wouldn't believe me and Hermione says it's because I'm not the same Harry that I used to be. Apparently, she wants me to act just like I did when I was a first year."

"What the..." Tonks shook her head and trailed off. "Forget them, we need to think up a way to keep you safe in the tournament."

"I appreciate your concern, Tonks," Harry couldn't help but smile at her.

"But I think I'll be fine."

'I guarantee it,' Venom added.

A.N: For the record, I'm going to try and avoid the Harry Potter method of time travel in the future, I can keep up with the Avengers Endgame time travel far easier, either way I hope I got it right enough. Also, the time wraiths are based off of the time wraiths from Flash, but this is not a DC crossover as well, they're just the base of the idea.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

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