Nightmares after the Happy Ending

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Nightmares after the Happy Ending

by Rainbowbaby31

Summary

Harry Potter won the war. He did all the hard things. He fulfilled his great destiny. He sacrificed his life and came back. He was given the greatest power and he rejected it. He proved once and for all that he was a true Gryffindor.

So why did it feel the same in his head. His scar did not hurt. But the Dursleys and Voldemort torment him in his dreams.

He knows it isn't real, he really does. He knows it is all in his head. But as Dumbledore told him at the entrance to the afterlife, that does not make it less real.

He returns to Hogwarts as a living breathing legend. No longer just the boy who lived, he is the savior of the wizarding world and all eyes are on him.

Draco Malfoy returns to Hogwarts as the only student who was once a full death eater. He may not like muggles still, but he has seen enough pain and death. He decides to use is power to heal instead and if that happens to be the best way to restore his family's destroyed reputation, who is he to complain?

Except Harry saved the world and looks like a ghost himself. That is not acceptable. Draco decides that he needs to learn to take care of himself as only a Slytherin can.

Notes

This uses characters from a world I did not create but everything that happens to them in this story came from me.

No part of this story was created with AI. I use Gemini to brainstorm and that is it. Every word was written by me.

I am posting this story to try and deal with my grief after losing my cat. This story is my attempt to find a way to heal. Though the topics are hard, I will not put any character through more than what happened in canon. This is not about dramatic angst, but healing from trauma.

Please be kind to me in the comments.

See the end of the work for more notes

"I could never die. Someone as weak as you could never kill me. I am apart of you MY Harry. I live in your very soul. I am more apart of you than even your parents or a lover. You could never escape me. No matter how many people cheer for you you will never stop being that pathetic little boy locked in a cupboard."

Harry saw Fred's death, Siruis, Remus, Snape, Dumbledore. He saw countless children die at the hands of cackling death eaters. They had no chance. Not only were they children, the stupid ministry was so scared of losing control that they crippled them by making sure that they knew almost nothing about true defense. Only those he taught himself, were effective.

He heard his mothers scream as Voldemort killed her before turning on him.

He woke panting and in a cold sweat.

He reached up to feel his scar, but it did not hurt. It never hurt again after he killed Voldemort. This was not Voldemort fucking with his head like before, this was just him torturing himself. It was almost worse to know that. He learned to stand up and oppose evil to protect his friends and even innocent strangers, but this was not evil, not really. It was just him being weak. He won. He saved the fucking world. He managed to defeat a wizard more powerful and more evil than Voldemort himself. He did not expect to survive it. His plan was to let Voldemort kill him, the last horcrux, and then he could be killed by anyone. He would be vulnerable and it had the bonus of being the same blood ward his mother cast. He willingly died to protect all of the remaining people. No dark spell would be able to touch him.

He was ready. He was so tired and he had lost so much and his parents waited for him, he knew they did. He made his peace of being nothing more than a pawn manipulated by Dumbledore all of his life. He was ready to die and he did not fear it.

Then somehow without even trying, he became the master of death itself. By becoming the master of all three hallows, he was the most powerful wizard ever to live. More powerful than even the great Merlin himself.

And it didn't matter. He was still so weak. Not the great Harry Potter, but only Boy. The kid who didn't know his own name till he had to go to school.

There was no power to fix him. He was damaged, broken and beyond repair.

He sat up and put on his glasses. He looked at his watch. He found it in his family vaults and once he learned it was his Potter grandfather's he wore it every day.

3:42 AM

Shit.

He needed to be awake in two hours to leave for the hogwarts express. He was staying with the Weasleys which was awkward after Ginny broke up with him. They still loved each other, but he was incapable of being a person. It took all his energy to get out of bed.

He could sleep on the train at least.

He got up and opened a book on advanced potions.

The sweet dream potion sounded innocuous, but was very complicated. Even for wizards, messing with a human mind was risky. The ingredients were beyond rare as well, and it was highly addictive so it was considered dangerous. Wizards who got addicted to them eventually fell into an endless sleep when they decided they preferred dreams to reality and nothing could ever wake them. Eventually they died.

Harry almost envied them, but he fought and defeated Voldemort. He would not let that bastard win. He took everything from him. The only revenge he had now was staying alive to spite him and honor the people who died so he could succeed. It did not mean he liked it, but he knew how to fight at least. So he did. He battled his own pathetic self and pushed it down so he could live another day.

He looked in the mirror. His hair was longer than it had ever been and he used a muggle hair tie to pull back the top half so he could see. His glasses were the same as ever and still held together with tape at the sides. He knew he could afford better glasses but he always forgot to do it. He was just so tired. It took all of his effort to act normal.

He shaved the stubble that he woke up with. Turned out his facial hair was as unmanageable as his other hair as well so he just shaved it off.

He used simple spell to pack all of his things. He made sure to do it silently and wandlessly. He still had nightmares about his wand breaking and being unable to protect himself. He spent the time before his final year at Hogwarts learning as many spell as he could and teaching himself to cast silently and without a wand. There was not much literature, from what he found, with enough practice, any spell could be cast silently or wandlessly, it just took enough power and focus to do either.

He felt better now that he would not be totally helpless if something else happened. He knew that the war was over. They won. They did it. He was no longer hated and despised by the entire magical community or a fugitive on the run, being hunted by literally everything. He was a goddamned war hero at only eighteen. Even ex-death eaters respected him.

No one was coming for him, he knew that. Mrs Weasley told him that everytime he would not come to dinner without his wand on him. Ron reminded him of it when he woke screaming and the house shook with the force of his magic behind his raw terror.

He knew he was behaving irrationally but he could not stop it. He made sure to think of at least three escape routes at all times no matter where he was. He stopped breathing if he thought his wand was not on him. He panicked when he saw certain faces that he killed in the war.

In his body and mind the war never ended. It was just on a short break.

Packing was accomplished in minutes and he typically brought very little with him anyways. He doubted that habit would ever stop.

He was anxious and knew it was a bad idea to go back to sleep so he spent the next few hours practicing more spells and charms silently and without a wand.

Hermione was the first awake usually but since the war ended she slept in Ron's bed with him. Harry was happy that those two finally figured out their shit and were happy together, but thinking of either of them having sex made him a little sick to his stomach. He did not envy either of them their choice in partner.

To his surprise it was George who came to get him.

"Hi-yah Harry. Please tell me you slept last night."

The young man was now twenty one as Fred would have been too. He was trying to be cheerful, but it was too brittle for Harry to buy it. It was obvious, losing his twin broke George. He was far more serious than before and it was obvious that Fred was the more social one out of the two. George was slightly more awkward without his twin. There was not a single prank either.

Harry knew Mrs. Weasley was worried but there was nothing to say. No one could understand that kind of loss and George would heal only with time and his own desire.

Harry tried to match his false levity.

"Yeah, woke up around 4 and could not sleep."

George looked concerned.

"Again Harry? Mate you need to find a way to sleep through a whole night."

"Well, it is not like I can bloody control it can I? I feel more normal when I am awake, but having Voldemort in my mind and dreams all my life means that when I sleep I forget that he is gone. I hear him again, every night. If you have an invention to cure me by all means, but if not bugger off."

George looked shocked.

Harry sighed.

"Wait... I- I did not mean that. The dreams are driving me mental and I am just..."

He paused.

"Nothing. I am sorry though. I did not mean it."

He willed George to drop it.

He walked over and touched his shoulder.

"Mate, it is ok. None of us can understand what that was like. None of us is ok, we are all just trying to live in the aftermath of the war. You are my brother Harry. As much as Ron and

Ginny are. Nothing you say would ever change that."

He pulled him up.

"Are you ready for school Harrykins?"

The old pet name made him smile.

"Yeah. I am packed and ready."

He stood.

George gave him an unwrapped box.

"Here. It is a gift for before you go back to school."

Harry opened it.

It was a leather band with buckles and a small loop.

"It is a wand holster Harry. I know how important it is to you so this is spelled so that once paired your wand will always stay here. It cannot fall out and if you drop it or are disarmed, it will be summoned right back to this holster. You will never be wandless again mate."

Harry was a eighteen, he was a grown man, a war hero, the most powerful wizard to ever live and the bloody master of death. He would not cry.

"Thanks George. It's brilliant. I love it. Seriously man."

George smiled a uncharacteristically shy smile.

"Aurors have them usually. I figured that with you being a danger magnet like you are, you could use one too. Working on it and then spelling it correctly was a nice project. Fred would have probably had even better ideas but it turned out better than I thought."

Harry strapped the band onto his forearm and slid his wand inside it.

"Do I need to do anything else?"

George shook his head.

"No that is it. As long as you don't physically take it out, it is paired. Just use a wandless accio to summon it to your hand instead of taking it out."

He looked like he remembered something.

"Wait can you do any wandless spells yet?"

Harry shrugged and summoned his wand to his hand.

George grinned. "I should have known better than to underestimate the Chosen One."

"I am not the Chosen One anymore, now I am just Harry."

"Mate, that is what makes you brilliant. No one else could have done what you did. You were the chosen one because you are Harry. No one else could have done it. It had to be you."

Harry turned red.

"Mum's making breakfast. Head on down to eat. I'll load your trunk downstairs. You will be apparating to the Platform this year. It is bloody faster I promise you."

Harry learned to apparate, but he still hated it and much preferred to fly instead.

"Thanks mate."

Mrs. Weasley had cooked up a storm and Harry sat down at the table to eat toast, eggs, sausages, and some grilled tomatoes. Harry still was used to being starved by the Dursleys so he contented himself to dipping pieces of his toast in the runny part of the egg and eating the tomatoes. He knew if he tried the sausage he would get very ill. Still the food was filling enough to quiet the pangs of hunger he often forgot. He sipped his cup of tea with milk and sugar and let himself nibble slowly.

Ron came down next.

"Morning Mate."

"Morning."

Ron shoved a whole sausage inside his mouth before grabbing a second one.

"Where's Hermione?"

"She is making sure everything is packed and we did not forget anything. She still has a whole library in that bloody bag of hers along with what seems to be an entire potions still and apothecary."

"Life on the road was hard for both of us. I don't blame her."

Ron got quiet as he remembered leaving them alone to fend for themselves.

"Sorry Mate."

"It's ok. I get it. Really. It would drive anyone mental."

Ginny walked down next.

She turned red but nodded at him. Things were awkward after their break up.

Hermione came down next.

"Morning Harry. All packed?"

"Yeah. Did it this morning. I don't really have much so it was pretty easy."

She looked like she was going to say something but Ron walked up with a plate of food and kissed her cheek.

"Come eat Mione. Harry is fine."

She let herself be distracted by her new boyfriend.

Now that everyone had come of age they all took turns apparating to the application platform in Platform 9 and 3/4.

He loaded his trunk and found a compartment with as little fuss as he could.

Finally onboard he let himself fall back asleep.

He woke a few hours later when the trolley came by and bought a couple pasties for a snack. They were warm and flaky and tasted like childhood.

He still remembered being eleven and buying the whole trolley for him and Ron. The memory made him smile. It was the first time he remembered feeling full.

He patted his arm where his wand was still holstered. George was amazing. He loved knowing he could never lose his wand again.

Ron and Hermione were in another compartment probably making out or worse. He envied them that connection. He loved Ginny but it had never been like that with her. He loved her but he did not crave her. He never really fell in love with her and more than anyone she deserved that on a partner. He was so broken by the Durselys and the war that he did not think anyone would be good for him. Or he would be good for anyone.

The door opened.

To his surprise Malloy walked in, tall, slender, golden and shining.

"Mind if I sit here Chosen One."

His trademark smirk was pasted on his face.

Harry did not have the energy to engage. He was too tired. Of all of it.

He shrugged "Its a free country."

Malfoy looked at him and the smug look dropped for a bit.

"Thanks to you."

"We all fought. At the end, so did you."

Malfoy looked at him and sat down close to him.

"I did, thanks by the way for speaking at mom and I's trials."

"It was the least I could do. You are a complete prat and a total git, but you had as little choice in what happened sixth year as I did. We were both kids pulled into a war that preempted our existence. I may want to deck you a bit, but I would not wish the dementors on you and not your mum. She lied to him and gave me a chance to finally kill him. You don't owe me anything, I did what I needed to do and I owed your mother so I repaid it. We are square."

"We aren't though. You may not care for the old traditions but I do. You owed my mother a debt and that has been paid, but you did not owe me one. I was not imperiused. I knew what I did and in the end Hogwarts fell because of me, Azkaban is what I deserved. We are not friends, you saved your greatest enemy. I owe you a blood debt Potter and that means something to me."

Harry laughed

"You were never my greatest enemy Draco. Greatest annoyance maybe."

To his surprise Malfoy laughed.

"Is that all I was to you? I thought I was an enemy at least."

"Sorry Malfoy, to be fair you had stiff competition for my greatest enemy."

He looked confused.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Voldemort was in my head. He hunted me like I was prey and killed many people I loved or his followers did."

Draco paled.

"Merlin I never really thought of that."

He shivered.

"How are you sane Potter?" He asked seriously.

Harry laughed bitterly.

"Who said I was? A sane person does not just hand themselves over to their greatest enemy knowing that they will be killed."

Draco looked curious. He sat forward on his seat like he was eager. It kind of reminded him of Hermione.

"Yeah, I never understood that. Why did you do that and why didn't it work?"

"It did work."

Draco laughed like he told a joke. When Harry never joined him he stopped.

"You can't be serious. You are here, obviously he didn't kill you."

"He did. I was in the afterlife for a bit, or the entrance I think. I came back."

"You really died Potter?"

"I did. I chose to. It was in the prophecy. Neither can live while the other one lives. I can't go into it, but to kill Voldemort I had to die first and he had to kill me himself."

Now Crack looked even more like Hermione than before.

"Please telmissed.I promise I won't tell a soul. I owe you my life. I am not your enemy any more."

"I can't. I wish I could, but what he did dies with him. It has to so we never have another like him."

"I'll swear an unbreakable vow."

"What?"

"I'll swear an unbreakable vow never to repeat what you tell me. Please Potter, it was maddening to have the other death eaters talk around me. I just want to understand how he died."

"Alright but it has to be now."

Draco nodded and it was almost cute.

Draco held out his hand.

"Grab my hand Potter."

He did.

"I Draco Malfoy, swear upon my magic to Never repeat what Harrison James Potter will tell me to another living soul."

"Swear never to communicate it in any way shape or form nor use the knowledge for any reason whatsoever."

Draco looked at him with approval.

He repeated it.

A golden thread of magic wove around their clasped hands and glowed before settling in their skin.

Draco grinned.

"You would have made a decent Slytherin. That was a good catch that most griffindors would have missed."

What the hell. In for a penny...

"I was supposed to be in slytherin actually."

Draco looked shocked.

"What?"

"The sorting hat wanted to put me in Slytherin at first. It only put me in Griffindor after I begged it not to."

Draco looked shocked.

"But you are the perfect Griffindor. Dumbles literal golden boy. Why did you ask to go somewhere else?"

"Well, you see I had just learned I was a wizard and magic existed, I met this really cool bloke on the train and I liked him, then this oily little git insulted him, plus I learned that the man who murdered my parents and tried to kill me went there. I thought it was for evil wizards after that."

Draco laughed.

"Potter, you avoided Slytherin because I was an ass to the Weasel?"

"Yeah. You were a prick about it and when you told me that some families were better than others it reminded me of the Dursleys."

"What is a Dursley?"

"My Mum's relatives. They thought like that about other muggles and I always hated it. You reminded me of my cousin so I made sure to avoid you if I could."

"Then why didn't you? You were always in my way stopping me."

"Because you were an ass and a bully. I hate bullies, still do. No one seemed to try to stop you so I did."

Draco studied him.

"So tell me."

"Tell you what?"

He rolled his eyes.

"About how you are alive to argue with me after being killed by the Dark Lord."

"Oh."

He waved his hand and cast a strong privacy charm.

"Potter did you just wandlessly and silently cast a Privacy Charm?"

"Yeah?"

"Can you do others?"

"Other privacy charms?"

"No! other silent and wandless spells."

"Oh yeah. A few. It was hard feeling powerless after my wand broke and having to use other wands when I was on the run last year. I did not have much to do so I worked on learning to case as many spells and charms silent and wandless as I could. So far I can do Protego, Stunning, My Patronus, Wingardium, The Shield Charm, Expelliarmus, Summoning of course. I think that is it."

Draco looked shocked.

"Is that odd or something?"

He threw his hands up.

"Merlin even when I like you, you are bloody infuriating. Yes you Swot! It is bloody odd, I doubt even Dumbles could have cast that many spells either silently or wandlessly. You are so powerful it is unfair. No wonder you are the fucking Chosen One. No one else could have killed him."

"Nah. It did have to be me, but that is not why. Even if I am what you say, I was only a 17 year old sixth year hogwarts dropout against the most powerful dark wizard of our time."

"Then why? Why did it have to be you and how did you kill him."

"I sort of made him kill himself really."

"That is not an answer! Come on I swore an unbreakable vow for this. Cut the dodging and just tell me already!"

Harry laughed.

"For a Slytherin you are oddly impatient."

"For a Griffindor you are really good at dodging a question."

"Ah but I already told you that I am not a real Griffindor. I was supposed to be Slytherin,"

He was having fun teasing his old nemesis. Draco was actually kind of cute all frustrated like this.

He looked like he was thinking something over.

"You really are a Slytherin aren't you. Somehow you are both."

"We are all a little bit of everything I think. I am loyal and the hat said I had a decent mind as well."

He looked at him in surprise.

"Look Draco. I am not dodging the question it is just not easy to answer."

He ran his fingers through his tied up hair.

"Did your father ever tell you why Voldemort was so hard to kill? How it looked like he was dead but kept coming back like a cockroach?"

No. I wanted to know, but he never told me. What does that have to do with anything?"

"Have you heard of a horcrux?"

Draco looked like Hermione did when she found an answer.

"Of course! It makes sense."

"Yes, well he had more than one. That spell is dangerous not just to the person killed but to the caster. It splits a soul. The night he first disappeared, he did not only kill my mom. She was smart and knew she could not survive so she sacrificed herself to save me."

Draco nodded. "A blood ward. That is very old magic. A type of dark magic even. How did a mu-muggle born witch know it?"

"I never got a chance to ask, but she was married to my dad who was best friends with Sirius. I assume that might have something to do with it."

"Merlin she was brilliant. It is not simply letting yourself get killed, she had to prepare and cast her magic around you intentionally. It is impressive."

Harry felt warm. It was nice to hear someone talk about his mum being powerful and talented.

"Thanks, well it worked. Any magic cast at me would rebound on Voldemort."

"That is how you lived."

"Yes. He cast Avada like usual and it rebounded. The first one to defeat him was never me, it was my mum."

"Yes! Now that makes sense."

"Well by that time his soul was so fractured that it split again. My scar is in the shape of the wand movement for Avada because that is what he used to try and kill me. His soul split and sought out the most magical thing in the room to attach to."

Draco looked horrified.

"But..."

Harry nodded. "Yeah, it was me. That is why I am a parselmouth like he was. I was his last Horcrux. I did not know as a kid but I suspected something more as I got older. I saw through his eyes sometimes, he could take over me for a bit too. I could feel what he felt and I dreamt of him murdering muggles and wizards alike."

"Did Dumbledore know?"

"He did, he sent Hermione and I hunting the remaining horcruxes and I figured out that day that I had to die for him to be killed. I was not trying to be a hero. He had to kill me. No one else would have been able to. I found my mums spell and cast it myself before. I could not kill him but I could make it so everyone else could have. I came back and dueled him, by then he figured out that the Elder wand did not respond to him. He might have been insanely powerful with a legendary wand, but it did not matter when his spells rebounded off of all of us. I disarmed him and Neville stabbed him with the sword of Griffindor."

"Sorry did you say the Elder wand?"

"Oh yeah. While I was looking for the horcruxes, I found out he was obsessed with the deathly hallows. At the end after I defeated him, I took the elder wand, repaired my own wand, broke it and tossed it off a cliff."

"Merlin Potter! You could look for the cloak and stone and be the master of death."

Harry felt his face turn red.

"Actually."

He pulled out his cloak.

"No, you only need to have the stone and you are the master of death itself."

"See, Dumbledore found it, so um technically I am. He said it was always meant to be me. The cloak was always mine and my dad's before me, apparently I am the Peverell Heir in addition to the Potter Heir. They told me at Gringotts. Apparently Dumbledore knew and bound them never to tell unless Voldemort died and I lived."

"You are the Last Peverell?"

"Apparently"

"Which brother?"

"Ignotus the 3rd Peverell. We did not take the cloak, it is a Potter heirloom. That is why I have the only invisibility cloak that never grows weaker."

"You are the master of death?"

"I was. I doubt that I am after I broke that bloody wand."

Draco shook his head.

"No, you still are. It is the elder wand, I doubt it is that easy to be rid of it."

"Well that is it. Now you know. I am not really anything special at all. I was just possessed by Voldemort and was lucky enough to accidentally get the hallows. It is luck really."

He waited for the judgement and laughter.

"Bullshit."

"What?"

"Bullshit Potter. There is nothing ordinary about you and there never has been. You are a Slytherin with the heart of a Griffindor. There has never been anyone like you. You killed a Basilisk at only 12, survived a duel with the Dark Lord at only 14, beat my father everytime you faced him, evaded the ministry to live as a fugitive while destroying Horcruxes, broke into Gringotts and Mastered death itself. The Dark Lord had nothing to do with any of that, it was always you. You defeated death itself. Your power is your own and always has been."

He looked at him.

"No wonder you look like shit."

"Thanks Draco."

"No, I am not messing with you right now. You don't look ugly. Long hair suits you extremely well, but you seem tired. When I say you look like shit I mean you don't look like you are taking care of yourself. I doubt you are sleeping and do you eat at all? You look like you just left Azkaban. You have the same haunted look about you."

"It is just hard to sleep. I hear his voice. It tells me that the war is not over that I could never win, then I have to watch a parade of every person who died because of me. I can barely sleep for a few hours at a time, if I am lucky."

"Hot Chocolate."

"What."

"Before you go to sleep, make a cup of hot chocolate. The chocolate banishes negativity and the warm milk helps to make you want to sleep."

Anything else.

"Yes, stir it clock wise with your wand and incant 'tranquilae' Three times should be enough. Make sure you clear your mind before falling asleep, otherwise it will just show you a bunch of what you thought of last. I can't promise it will fix the issue entirely, but it will definitely make it better."

"How do you know this?"

"Why do you think I work so hard at potions? I am not only a suckup. I want to be a healer, that is what my Newts are focusing on. Father hated it, wanted me to go into politics, but I think after the war, having a Malfoy who is a healer will go father to restore our reputation than anything else could."

"I think that is brilliant Draco. You would make an amazing healer."

"You think? Yeah, now that you aren't being a prat to me I can definitely picture it."

He turned red again and it was very cute.

"You are kind of cute now too."

Draco nearly choked.

"Um... So what do you want to do?"

"Auror" He rattled off the usual answer but he felt nothing when he said it. There was no dread or excitement, it just was.

"Hmmm, I don't think so. I can't see you doing that?"

"Why not good enough now that you know me killing Voldy was just a lucky fluke."

"No it is the opposite. You defeated the most powerful dark wizard in recent history, you will never top that, it will be boring to try. You fought other dark wizards, the death-eaters were some of the most intelligent and powerful. You might as well be a rat catcher if you want to chase that all your life. Leave it to Granger and the Weasel."

"Oh than what do you suggest?" Harry was frustrated, the idea of still having to fight to hide, it made him feel cold. He was so bloody tired, he did not want to only catch dark wizards his whole life.

"You might go pro with quidditch. I saw your first trial in the triwizard tournament, you fly even better than Krum. You would be brilliant as a pro."

"Thanks, but flying is the one thing I do that is for me. When I fly I am entirely myself. I do it for the simple joy of it, I don't want it to be a job, a thing I stress about."

"Well you deserve more than being a rat catcher. I promise you that."

"Yeah. I know. The wizarding world deserves more and all that."

"Bugger the world. You have done enough. You deserve more than to keep living for a world that barely deserves it. I remember our fifth year too. The children of the death-eaters knew you were telling the truth the whole time. What the ministry and Fudge did to you? It is a miracle you kept trying. Aren't you tired of being Dumbles perfect golden boy?"

"I was never that. I was his pawn. He manipulated my whole life not to save me, but to make sure I died at the right time and willingly. I was nothing more to him than a perfect blood sacrifice."

"Exactly! So bugger the world. You did more than enough, you need to live for yourself now."

What would that even look like? He did not know if he had the energy to try.

"You learned so much but in Slytherin we know that no one will take care of us, so we learn to care for ourselves. That is why you should have been with us this whole time. I will teach you how to live like a Slytherin you also need to be taught how to live like a pureblood."

"You mean better than muggleborns and the Weasleys? Thanks but no thanks."

"No! That is not what I meant. I mean that as a double heir you have duities, you have power, not just magical but political power. You need to learn how to run a House, how to employ and take care of house elves, they rely on our magic to stay alive and sane. You need to learn your family magic and what you need to do to serve it. The Weasels are blood traitors not just for Arthurs horrible obsession with Muggles, it is because they don't serve their Family Magic anymore. They turned their backs on our culture. If they disagreed with us then they should have used their power to fight us, not let it go to rot. They celebrate, Halloween and christmas like muggles not Yule and Samhain like Wizards. They don't share their magic, they horde it."

"I am not a pureblood though? I am a half blood like him."

"He was a half blood? Interesting. You are a pureblood heir. That is what I am speaking to. You have duities to Magic to honor her gifts, and since you have so many, there is much to do."

"I thought you wanted me to live for myself?"

"You do, but that does not mean turning your back on thousands of years of tradition. Our traditions do not chain us down to the past, they support us. Your potter Manor has house elves waiting on you as the heir to return. When you go home and claim your title, they will thank you by taking care of you."

He looked at him.

"Did you know that it is the elves who chose us?"

"What?"

"Yeah, something happened that makes their magic unstable without an anchor. To save them we anchor them in our family magics it helps, but they still have far too much, they serve us as a way to use it so it does not build up too much. That is why giving them clothes hurts them, it is a rejection of their choice of who to serve. We don't give them clothes but that was not to control them, it is the reverse. The Lord of the House traditionally gives them fine fabric to make their own clothes. It is a symbol that they serve us willingly but retain their autonomy."

"Why don't they teach us this in Hogwarts. I know about every stupid battle with the bloody Goblins, but I didn't know about house elves?"

"Most have forgotten over the years. The bond with the elves is tainted. My father was not a lord who protected his house, he was a cruel master who believed we all served him. I was happy when Dobby was freed."

"But how was he ok after he was freed?"

"He became a Hogwarts elf. There is enough magic at Hogwarts to keep every elf alive if they wanted."

Oh.

"Can you teach me? I don't want to hurt my family's elves. I never knew about any of this.I have just been trying to stay alive you know?"

"Then don't you think it is time for you to live?"

End Notes

I started this randomly, but this is a world I began to enjoy visiting when I was stressed or needed a break.

I never intended to share this, it was just for me, but I lost my cat of cancer two days ago. The emptiness is so heavy at times it is harder to breathe.

I named this account after him.
My precious Baby Boy who crossed the rainbow bridge on Halloween.

Run free with Headwig my sweet Baby. You will always be with me.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!