

Chapter 24

Harry woke up with his eyelids feeling heavy and his mind groggy. Finding himself in an unfamiliar room, he tried to sit up quickly. A stabbing pain in his stomach caused him to gasp and fall back on the pillows with a groan. It was then that he noticed he was shirtless with white bandages wrapped around his stomach.

“Oh, good,” a voice said from the doorway. “How do you feel?”

Looking over, Harry blinked as Dorea stepped into the room. Slowly, his memories of the night before started coming back to him.

“Like I’ve been run over by a herd of Hippogriffs,” he grumbled.

“That’s not far off,” Dorea smiled. “I managed to mend your shoulder fine, but your other injuries will take more time to heal. That Piercing Hex hit your liver and one of your kidneys, and whatever hit your hip not only broke the bone but tore two of your tendons. Both of them were dark magic. I managed to heal the worst of it, but it’ll take a week or two for the bruising and soreness to go away.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Grimacing, he sat up and eased his legs over the side of the bed. Dorea sighed and shook her head.

“You’re as stubborn as your grandfather,” she said.

Harry smiled, “It must run in the fam...ly.”

The words registered in his mind, and he sighed.

“How did you find out?” he asked softly.

“I ran a lineage test on your blood after I finished healing you,” Dorea said, sitting in the chair next to the bed. “While I was as happy as Charlus to find another member of the family, I’m not nearly as trusting. If you’re going to be able to come through our wards, then I need to know exactly who you are. I do not take chances with my family.”

Harry nodded in understanding. In her place, he would’ve done the same.

“I take it you’re a time traveler,” Dorea said.

Harry blinked at that and stared at her in surprise.

“I don’t see any other way James could have a son that older than him,” she said, her lips quirking up in a smile.

With a small, brief smile, Harry sighed and ran his hand through his hair.

“Is Charlus here?” he asked.

“No. He’s at the Ministry,” Dorea replied.

Harry nodded, “Well, it’s a bit of a long story.”

Dorea sat back in the chair and crossed her legs.

“I’ve got time,” she told him.

Taking a deep breath, Harry told her the truth about everything. Dorea stayed silent as he spoke, the only indication of her emotions showing in the small narrowing of her eyes and the pursing of her lips.

“Do Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix know about this?” she asked after he’d finished.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Lily knew before we even started dating, and I told Narcissa and Bellatrix shortly after that.”

“And James?” Dorea asked.

“No,” Harry answered, shaking his head. “I don’t think he’s quite ready to hear the truth just yet. If I told him now, he’d just hate me for taking Lily from him.”

Dorea pursed her lips thoughtfully.

“I wish I could argue with you, but you’re probably right,” she admitted. “But you said he’s supposed to grow up this Summer?”

“That’s only because you and Charlus were killed, and I don’t plan on letting that happen,” Harry said firmly.

“Do you know what happened?” Dorea asked.

“Not exactly,” Harry said. “I know Voldemort was behind it, and I never heard of Potter Manor, so I assume he attacked you here.”

Dorea’s eyes flashed angrily.

"Dumbledore never told you about Potter Manor?" she asked dangerously.

Harry snorted, "Dumbledore didn't tell me about a lot of things."

"Well, then it's a good thing you're here," Dorea said. "Knowing about your family is important, especially for magicals."

Harry smiled as she reached out and took his hand. A moment later, there was a light knock before the door opened. Charlus peeked in and smiled at the two of them.

"Ah, Harry, it's good to see you up," he said happily, stepping into the bedroom. "I take it you and Dorea have had time to talk?"

"We did," Dorea nodded as Harry looked at them curiously.

"And?" Charlus asked expectantly.

Dorea sighed, a smile twitching at the corners of her lips.

"You were right," she said.

"I knew it!" Charlus cheered before turning to Harry. "So, time travel, eh? That must be one hell of a story."

"Oh, you don't know the half of it," Dorea said. "It seems our grandson attracts more trouble than the last ten generations of Potters combined."

"I can't wait to hear it," Charlus smiled. "But, for now."

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a scroll.

“Any objections?” he asked, looking at his wife.

Dorea looked over at Harry and smiled softly.

“No,” she said, squeezing his hand.

“Excellent!” Charlus beamed.

Harry looked at Charlus curiously when he handed him the scroll. Untying the leather thong keeping it close, he unfurled the scroll and stared at the title.

Record of Adoption and Inclusion into the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter

“Adoption?” Harry croaked.

“Charlus wanted to make it official as soon as we learned the truth,” Dorea said. “Welcome to the family, Harry.”

“I-” Harry choked on his words, his eyes burning as he held back tears. “I don’t know what to say. Thank you.”

Sitting next to him on the bed, Dorea wrapped her arms around his shoulders and hugged him tightly while Charlus patted his back.

“Welcome home, son,” he said.

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A short while later, with the help of a cane, Harry limped his way to the kitchen where a few Order members, including Moody, Kingsley, Elizabeth, and Jenna, were having lunch.

“You look like shite, lad,” Moody grunted.

“Alastor,” Dorea scolded.

“Good to see you too, Moody,” Harry smiled as Charlus helped him into a chair. “Thanks for the save last night.”

“He saves an entire Quidditch stadium of people and thanks us,” Jenna said, shaking her head.

“You made the front page again,” Kingsley said, sliding a copy of the Daily Prophet across the table.

Sighing, Harry picked it up and gave it a glance.

“Well, at least this time, I’m below the fold,” he said, pushing it away. “What happened at Azkaban?”

“We got lucky,” Moody grunted. “You-Know-Who’s whole plan was to sneak in with a small group of Death Eaters and send off the Dementors. He didn’t expect any resistance. A handful of Aurors on his side managed to free some of the prisoners, but they didn’t get much. Just a few from minimum security. The only known Death Eaters released were recaptured except for Greyback, who drowned.”

“Good riddance,” Elizabeth muttered.

“Good,” Harry said, sighing in relief. “Did we lose any Aurors?”

“Eight killed, fourteen injured,” Kingsley replied.

“That seems like a lot,” Harry frowned.

“That bastard Crouch ordered us to capture You-Know-Who when he tried to retreat,” Moody spat.

Harry rubbed his face and growled in frustration.

“Please tell me he lost his job for that,” he said.

Moody grunted negatively.

“We can call him before the Wizengamot to answer for that,” Charlus said. “It’ll be difficult. He has a lot of support, but it could be done.”

Harry nodded just as Dorea set a bowl of soup and a grilled cheese sandwich in front of him.

“Try and stick to foods that are gentle on your stomach for a few days,” she told him. “That curse did a lot of damage to your intestines.”

“Thanks, Dorea,” he said, smiling gratefully. “Did the Dementors return to Azkaban?”

“Oh, they did,” Elizabeth smirked. “Scared the hell out of the Aurors that were there when they did.”

"Let's just hope they stay there this time," Jenna said.

"They will," Moody smirked. "They're terrified of Potter."

Harry snorted as he dipped his sandwich in his soup. As he took a bit, he heard the Floo flare to life in the other room. A few seconds later, Connie walked into the kitchen tiredly. Spotting Harry, she smiled and kissed him on the cheek.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Sore, but I'll be fine," he said.

"Do you feel up to going back to Hogwarts today?" Connie asked.

"Yeah," Harry nodded.

"Good," she nodded. "Your girlfriends are worried about you. Lily cornered me in the Entrance Hall when she saw me."

"You make sure he goes straight to the Hospital Wing," Dorea said sternly. "He needs more rest before he tries to get himself killed again."

"I don't *try*," Harry muttered.

"It's the Potter curse," Charlus grinned. "Were magnets for trouble and headstrong witches."

"Those are the same thing," Moody grumbled, which earned him a smack on the arm from Dorea.

"And you, young man," she said, turning to Harry. "I expect you and the girls to visit this Summer. I want to meet this Lily after all I've heard about her, and it's been years since I've seen Bellatrix and Narcissa."

"I will," Harry smiled.

"Do you want some help at the Wolf's Den tomorrow?" Charlus asked.

"Bugger, is it the full moon already?" Harry asked.

Connie nodded, and Harry sighed.

"I'd tell you not to go if I thought you would listen," Dorea said. "But since I know you won't, we'll just have to go to make sure you don't overexert yourself."

"You really don't have to," Harry told her.

"That's what family's for," Charlus said, patting his shoulder.

After Harry had finished his lunch, he stood painfully and made his way gingerly to the Floo. His hip ached every time he put his weight on it, and his abdomen hurt with every breath.

"Urgh, I am not looking forward to Flooing," he grumbled.

"I'll go with you," Dorea said. "I should tell Madam Pomfrey about your injuries anyways."

The fireplace enlarged itself as Harry approached it with Connie on his left and Dorea on his right. Grabbing a fistful of powder, Dorea threw it into the flames.

“Hogwarts Hospital Wing!” she yelled.

Stepping forward as one, they were swept into the Floo system. Harry was glad both of them were there when they landed. The jarring stop made him grimace in pain, and his hip gave out. If it wasn’t for Connie and Dorea catching him, he would’ve ended up on the floor. Suddenly, he felt weightless as he was lifted into the air and started drifting toward one of the beds.

“I wondered how long it would take for you to end up here,” Madam Pomfrey sighed, setting him down softly on a bed. “It’s good to see you again, Dorea.”

“You too, Poppy,” Dorea smiled. “I patched him as best I could, but he’s going to be sore for a few days.”

Nodding, Pomfrey bustled around the bed, waving her wand.

“I heard about what happened over the Wireless,” she said. “Your injuries aren’t as bad as I’d thought they’d be.”

“The Wireless?” Harry asked.

“The announcer at the Quidditch game gave a play-by-play of the whole thing,” Connie told him. “Half the country was probably listening.”

Harry groaned and closed his eyes. Smiling sympathetically, Connie patted him on the shoulder.

“I’m going to go let the girls know you’re here,” she said.

“Thanks,” Harry said.

“Well, you’re pretty beat up,” Pomfrey said before turning to Dorea. “When’s the last time he had a pain potion?”

“Early this morning,” she replied. “I didn’t want to give him anything before he came here in case you wanted to change his treatment.”

“Unfortunately, there’s not much else I can do,” Pomfrey said.

Turning, she walked over to the potion’s cabinet and pulled out a vial filled with a thick, purple liquid. Walking back to the bed, she pushed it into his hand.

“Drink,” she ordered.

Sighing, Harry pulled the cork free and down the potion with a grimace. A moment later, he sighed in relief as his aches and pains dulled to a bearable level.

“Thanks, Poppy,” Harry smiled.

Suddenly, the doors to the Hospital Wing banged open. Lily jogged towards his bed with Bellatrix right behind her and Narcissa following at a more moderate pace. Skidding to a halt, Lily leaned over and hugged him gently.

“I’m so glad you’re alright,” she said tearfully.

Walking around to the other side, Bellatrix kicked off her shoes and climbed into the bed with him.

“Bella,” Narcissa scolded with a sigh.

Harry smiled, and Lily chuckled wetly as Bellatrix curled up against his side and rested her head on his chest. Stroking her curly black hair, he kissed the top of her head.

“Professor Lsughorn said you healed him,” Narcissa said, looking at Dorea.

“I did,” Dorea nodded.

“Thank you,” Narcissa said gratefully.

Smiling, Dorea stepped forward and hugged her. Narcissa hesitated for a moment before lifting her arms and hugging her back. Harry grinned and laid back on his pillows.

“How bad were you hurt?” Lily asked.

“Pretty badly,” Dorea replied before Harry could. “He had a lacerated shoulder, broken hip, two torn tendons, and a puncture wound to his abdomen that managed to hit his liver, one of his kidneys, and his large intestine. He’ll be bruised and sore for a few days, but he should be fine after that.”

Blinking back tears, Lily turned and hugged Harry tightly.

“I’m fine,” he assured her.

“I know,” Lily said. “I just don’t like seeing you get hurt. Listening to what you were going through on the Wireless was horrible.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, kissing her forehead.

The door to the Hospital Wing opened again, and a crowd of people poured in. Amelia, Alice, Drocas, Mary, Marlene, Molly, and Arthur all entered, followed by Professor McGonagall.

“What are you all doing here?” Madam Pomfrey asked, fists perched on her hips.

“I told them they could visit for a few minutes,” McGonagall said. “They were all quite worried about him.”

“Fine, but just a few minutes,” Pomfrey said sternly. “He needs his rest.”

Smiling, the girls and Arthur raced over to check on Harry.

“And I thought James was the lady’s man in the family,” Dorea smirked.

“Oh, so you’re related?” Marlene asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said, looking at Dorea, who nodded encouragingly. “Actually, Dorea and Charlus adopted me legally.”

The girls squealed, congratulating him as they took turns hugging him. Lily moved to give them a bit more room, but Bellatrix remained attached to his side. True to her word, after just a few minutes, Professor McGonagall started to usher everyone except for Lily, Bellatrix, and Narcissa out of the Infirmary.

“Do you mind if I see James for a minute?” Dorea asked.

“Not at all,” Professor McGonagall said.

Smiling, Dorea gave Harry a hug.

“You girls take good care of him,” she said.

“Oh, we will,” Bellatrix purred.

“Mrs. Potter,” Lily said. “Thank you for letting us know Harry was alright last night. I don’t think I’d have been able to sleep if you hadn’t.”

“You’re welcome, dear,” Dorea smiled. “I remember the days when Charlus was an Auror and the sleepless nights I had waiting to hear if he was alright.”

With a quick goodbye, Dorea followed Professor McGonagall and the rest of the Gryffindor girls out of the Hospital Wing.

“If you three promise to behave and make sure he doesn’t stress himself, I’ll let you stay. Any funny business, and you’re out,” Madam Pomfrey said sternly.

“We will,” Lily promised. “Thanks, Madam Pomfrey.”

“Well, I’ve got exams to prepare,” Connie said. “I’ll come visit after dinner.”

“Hey, Connie,” Harry called as she turned to leave. “Thanks for having my back.”

“Anytime, Har,” Connie smiled.

Laying back on his pillows, Harry felt his eyes begin to droop.

Madam Pomfrey kept Harry in the Infirmary overnight before reluctantly agreeing to release him in the morning. While his body was still sore, moving didn't hurt nearly as much as it had the day before. When he hobbled his way to the Great Hall for breakfast, he was greeted by a standing ovation. It felt like every single member of the DA came up to wish him well.

In the middle of breakfast, when the morning post arrived, an owl landed in front of Harry.

"Who's that from?" Lily asked.

"It's from Dorea," Harry replied. "She wants me to bring James to the Wolf's Den tonight."

"Why?" Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, "She didn't say."

Lily sighed and pouted cutely.

"Can I at least hex him if he does anything stupid?" she asked.

Harry chuckled and rubbed her back soothingly.

"You know, I should ask Dumbledore if Remus can come with us, too," he said thoughtfully.

"That's a good idea," Lily agreed.

Gingerly climbing to his feet, Harry walked up to the Head Table.

“Good morning, Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall said. “I take it you received a letter from Mrs. Potter, as well?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “I’d like to take Remus, too, if that’s alright.”

“And why is that?” she asked quietly.

“I thought it would be good for him to see it,” Harry told her. “You know, in case he needs to visit over the Summer.”

Pursing her lips, Professor McGonagall turned to Dumbledore, who nodded.

“Very well,” she said. “However, I will not be able to attend this evening. I have final exams to prepare. Messers Potter and Lupin will be your responsibility.”

Harry sighed and leaned heavily on his cane.

“Not that’s just unfair,” he grumbled.

The teachers at the table chuckled, and even Professor McGonagall cracked a smile.

“Now you know how we’ve felt for the past six years,” she said.

Harry smiled. He really wasn’t worried about James acting out with his parents there.

“Will you be coming tonight, Connie – er, I mean Professor Hammer,” he corrected at a stern glare from McGonagall.

“Of course,” Connie smiled.

“Well, at least there’ll be one person there that can give him detention,” Harry smirked.

Professor Flitwick scoffed, “Like that’s ever deterred him before.”

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After dinner, Harry, Lily, Bellatrix, Narcissa, James, and Remus met Connie in her office.

“I still don’t see why Sirius couldn’t come,” James complained.

“Because we’d like to keep the buildings standing,” Bellatrix said snarkily.

“We’re not that bad,” James said, rolling his eyes.

“Tell that to Madam Rosmerta,” Connie smirked.

James grinned crookedly and shrugged his shoulders.

“It was only one wall,” he said.

Shaking his head, Harry made his way to the Floo.

“Wolf’s Den,” he said, tossing a handful of powder into the flames.

Stepping through the Floo, Harry focused on landing as softly as possible. Despite his best efforts, he still hit the floor roughly, sending a shock of intense pain through his hip. With a grimace, he stumbled out of the way and leaned heavily on the wall.

"My goodness, are you alright, dear?" Maggie asked worriedly.

"M'fine," Harry hissed through gritted teeth.

"Oh, come here and sit down, you stubborn man," she said.

Grabbing his arm, Maggie hustled him over to a chair before he could protest. Sighing, Harry sat down and flexed his leg just as the others started coming through the Floo.

"Are you alright?" Narcissa asked, rushing over to him.

"Yeah, just landed a little hard," he said, taking the glass of water Maggie offered him.

"You really should've taken the night off after what you went through," she told him sternly.

"I'm fine," Harry said.

Once everyone was through, he set down his glass of water and stood.

"Thanks, Maggie," he smiled.

"You're welcome," she said. "Just take it easy tonight. You don't always have to do everything yourself, dear."

Pulling him into a hug, she greeted the girls and bustled her way back into the office.

"She seems nice," Remus said.

"Maggie's great," Harry smiled. "Come on, I'll show you around."

Narcissa wrapped her arm around his waist as they made their way outside. Charlus and Dorea were already there, along with David Bones.

"Dad!" James yelled.

Jogging ahead, he hugged Charlus tightly.

"Good to see you too, son," Charlus chuckled.

"Why were you at that Quidditch game?" James asked. "Did it have anything to do with the Order? And did you really adopt Harry?"

"Slow down," Charlus said. "Yes, we really adopted Harry. Yes, it had to do with the Order. And no, I can't tell you about it."

"But Harry was there," James whined. "Why does he get to fight, and I don't?"

"Harry's situation is different," Charlus told him. "You heard what he did. No one else, not even Dumbledore, could've held off that amount of Dementors for as long as he did. Hundreds, maybe even thousands of people, would've died if he hadn't been there. Including me."

"Is that why you adopted him?" James asked.

Charlus sighed, "Come on, son. Let's take a walk."

Wrapping his arms around James' shoulders, they walked away, talking quietly.

"I'm sorry, Harry," Dorea said. "I'm sure he'll come around."

"It's alright," Harry smiled. "I know how frustrating it is being kept in the dark."

"James' situation is different than yours," Dorea said.

"Yeah, but that doesn't make it any less frustrating," Harry pointed out. "How are you, David?"

"Tired," David smiled. "The whole department is working overtime to find the prisoners that escaped."

"Any luck so far?" Harry asked.

"No," David replied, shaking his head. "It's a bit worrying, actually. It's like they just up and vanished."

Harry frowned thoughtfully.

"I'd bet they're with Vol – You-Know-Who," he said. "He probably didn't give them much of a choice."

"Hmm, you're probably right," David said, tilting his head in agreement.

"Good evening, everyone," Frank said as he joined them.

"Evening, Frank," Harry said. "This is Remus. He'll be staying here tonight and likely this Summer, as well."

"Ah, nice to meet you, lad," Frank smiled.

Remus nodded, shuffling nervously.

"Relax, Remus," Lily told him. "No one here is going to think any less of you for being a Werewolf."

"Everyone that works here is either a Werewolf themselves or they have a close relative that is," Connie said.

"Precisely," Frank nodded. "How about I give you a tour?"

Nervously, Remus looked over at Harry. Smiling, he patted him on the shoulder and gave him a gentle shove.

"Come on, lad," Frank said, clapping him on the back. "You'll like it here."

Walking over to the picnic table set up near the enclosure, Harry and the others sat and talked while people began to show up. James and Charlus joined them after an hour of walking around the grounds. Neither of them mentioned what they had talked about, but James was much quieter and more thoughtful than usual.

About an hour before moonrise, Agatha, Sylvia, Amanda, Andromeda, and Adriana all showed up within a few minutes of each other. Sylvia and Amanda rushed over to Harry and hugged him tightly. Amanda refused to let go, hugging herself to his chest and climbing into his lap. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

“Why do you have to make it so hard to be mad at you?” Sylvia sighed.

“Sorry,” Harry smiled and shrugged.

Shaking her head, Sylvia smiled and kissed him on the lips. Across from them, Dorea cleared her throat and gave him a pointed look.

“Oh, right,” Harry said. “This is Charlus and Dorea Potter. Charlus, Dorea, this is my mistress, Sylvia, and her daughter, Amanda.”

“Hello,” Sylvia said while Amanda waved shyly.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Dorea smiled.

“The Potters officially adopted me when they found out we’re related,” Harry explained to Sylvia.

“Oh, Harry. That’s wonderful!” Sylvia beamed.

“And that makes you part of the family, too. Both of you,” Charlus said, glancing from Sylvia to Amanda.

“Thank you,” Sylvia said while Harry smiled gratefully.

“That’s a cute dog,” Dorea smiled as Amanda’s stuffed Krup squirmed free of her grip and hopped onto the table. “What’s his name?”

“Alfie,” Amanda said softly. “Harry gave him to me. He keeps the bad wizards away.”

“Really?” Dorea asked.

“Yeah, he gets really big and bites them in the boy bits,” Amanda said.

Everyone at the table giggled and chuckled. They talked for a little while longer before heading inside to get Amanda and Adriana settled for the night. Dorea and Charlus were very interested when they saw the gold cages, and Agatha explained how they worked.

“I wish I could stay in one of those,” Remus said wistfully.

“We should have a couple more build by the time Summer starts,” Harry told him.

“Probably three,” Narcissa added. “That deal you made with Greengrass has really helped out profits. Once we get the Enchanting shop up and running, we should be able to start making larger ones.”

“Enchanting shop?” Dorea asked excitedly.

“Harry has some really great ideas for magical items,” Lily replied. “Just the Memory projector alone is incredible, but he’s also come up with cloaks that shield you from low-level curses and hexes, and we’re working on using mirrors to communicate and travel.”

“Impressive,” Charlus said.

“I had a lot of help,” Harry shrugged. “Narcissa makes sure we actually make money, and Lily, Bellatrix, and a few of the Werewolves here help turn my ideas into something real.”

“Adriana,” Agatha called. “With your permission, I’d like to conduct a new experiment tonight.”

"What kind of experiment?" Adriana asked suspiciously.

"Nothing extreme," Agatha said. "I just want to see if you still have an adverse reaction to silver inside the cage. All I need you to do is take this Sickle and touch it to your arm after the moon rises. I have burn cream, so the discomfort should only last a few moments."

Adriana sighed and took the dragon hide sack Agatha was holding out to her.

"Fine," she grumbled.

"Come on, Remus, it's time to get ready," Lily said before turning to Harry. "You stay here and rest. I can see you wincing."

"I'm fine," Harry said.

Suddenly, something hit the back of his knees, and he fell into a chair. Before he could try to get up, Bellatrix plopped herself down in his lap.

"Bella," Harry sighed.

"Listen to your ladies, Harry," Charlus smirked. "It makes life a lot easier if you just agree."

Sighing, Harry waved his wand, turning the hard, wooden chair into a comfortable wingback. Grinning, Bellatrix wiggled in his lap and rested her head on his shoulder.

"We'll come back once everything is settled," Lily said.

Leaning over Bellatrix, she gave him a kiss. As she pulled away, Bellatrix pulled her down for a kiss of her own. Lily pulled back with a giggle before Narcissa took her place and kissed him as well.

“Don’t even think about it,” she said, glaring at her sister.

Bellatrix smirked impishly. With a final wave, they all walked back upstairs.

“Are you going to punish me later?” Bellatrix whispered breathily.

“Count on it,” Harry growled.

Smirking, she leaned in and nuzzled the side of his neck like a cat. They sat like that for a while, talking with the others in the room as the night passed slowly. Meanwhile, Agatha took another blood sample from Adriana and asked her to test the Sickle against her skin. Using the Dragon Hide sack to hold the coin, she pressed it against her arm briefly and hissed.

“Son of a-”

“Language!” Sylvia cried.

Amanda giggled, and Adriana stuck her tongue out. Harry wondered if it had always been pierced and he hadn’t noticed or if it was new. Putting the coin back into the sack, she carefully took out the jar of burn cream and rubbed it against her arm.

“Agatha, you need to see this,” Andromeda said urgently.

Looking at her curiously, Agatha walked over to the small golden cage they used for testing. When Andromeda waved her wand, she gasped.

"Incredible," she breathed.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"Come take a look," Agatha said, waving him over.

Bellatrix stood and helped Harry to his feet. He hobbled over to Agatha as she looked at two blood samples. One outside of the testing cage and the other inside.

"Look at this," she said, waving her wand.

A bubble appeared above the glass slide holding the blood sample, magnifying its appearance. Amongst the red blood cells, many of them had black, spiky dots attached to them like a parasite. She picked up a syringe filled with a silver liquid and put a tiny drop on the sample. Harry watched through the Magnifying Charm as microscopic silver flakes landed on the black dots, causing them to shrivel. Over the course of a couple of minutes, the black dots that survived began to multiply rapidly.

"This is why Lycanthropy has been so hard to cure," Agatha said. "We know how to kill the Curse, but the amount of silver needed to destroy all of it would kill a werewolf long before the Curse was completely destroyed."

"Those black dots are a Curse?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Agatha nodded. "It looks like an illness or a parasite, but it isn't. What your seeing is some kind of physical manifestation of magic. Unfortunately, we really don't know how something like this came about. Now, look at this."

Moving over to the testing cage, Agatha repeated the process. Harry watched the Curse shrivel and die, but this time, the surviving ones didn't multiply.

“So, what, the gold prevents the Curse from replicating itself?” Harry asked.

“Exactly,” Agatha beamed. “Without the ability to replicate, we can take our time and destroy the Curse of days or even weeks, giving the patient time to heal in between treatments. The process would be long and painful, possibly excruciating, but it could work. We could cure Lycanthropy.”