

Harry Potter Through the Multiverse

Chapter 10

Lord of the Rings Arc

Around the small pond, Galadriel walked. Though to call it a pond was being generous. In truth, it was little more than a spring that was being fed from the snow melt of the Misty Mountains. The statuesque elf looked down at the water's reflection but saw her own beautiful face staring back at her. The water was crystal clear, though it appeared to have a golden sheen thanks to the abundance of golden Mallorn trees circling the spring. Galadriel knelt down, not caring if her dress got dirty. Reaching out, she gently brushed the tips of her fingers along the water's surface. Ripples formed and distorted her lovely face.

This was one of her favorite places in Lorien, though most would know it as Lothlorien. The spring was close enough that she could easily visit whenever she pleased but far enough so she wouldn't be disturbed when she wanted a bit of peace. This was only one of the reasons why she visited so often. What she discovered and had kept to herself was that there was a strange, natural magic that permeated the water. Upon looking at the surface, she would sometimes see things. Things that would happen or have happened, or possibly even things that would never happen would show themselves to her on the surface of this strange water. Wanting the ability closer to home, she had used this strange water to create her mirror, however, the mirror was a poor approximation of the woodland spring.

Galadriel continued to watch as the ripples lessened before finally, the surface became still once again. In recent months, she had been spending more and more time away from Caras Galadhon and staring at the crystal pool of water. The answer why was simple. A darkness was once again spreading throughout Middle Earth, poisoning the air and land with its cruel touch. She could feel its foul tendrils caressing her skin. She could feel the ever-present evil in her dreams. There was nowhere to hide from it. The only reason why it hadn't yet polluted Lothlorien was because of her tremendous power that was enhanced by the Ring of Water, Nenya. She looked at her hand where the mithril ring looked almost golden under the canopy of the Mallorns. Glinting in the light provided by the sunbeams that were breaking through the thick foliage, was a white stone of adamant set securely on the mithril ring. No, the wretched reach of Mordor had not yet been able to grasp her woods. However, it was only a matter of time. Every day the darkness grows. Tales of orcs, goblins, and uruks had reached her ears. They were spreading like a disease across Middle Earth, reaping the fruits of men as they pleased. How many villages had been looted and plundered? How many children had been boiled and eaten, or perhaps just consumed raw? The progeny of Mordor were putrid and went against all things pure and good.

There were times when she would sit by her unknown spring and despair. Galadriel would, of course, fight until the end to keep her woods chaste and uncorrupted, but she feared it was a losing fight. The time of the elves and dwarves was coming to a close, and as long as the One

Ring existed, the mighty Sauron would continue to lay in wait, slowly gaining power. Soon it would be up to the race of men to stop the growing evil, and she was fearful that they would not be up to the task. Still, there were days when she believed in the good of men. She reminded herself that not all the elves had sailed west along the Straight Road to the realm of Valinor, and that the forges of the Dwarves still burned hot. Not all hope was lost. This thought is what kept her going day after day.

A small smile graced her beautiful face as she stared into the water's depths. Suddenly, she heard a rumble to the west. It wasn't thunder or a rock slide, both of which she had heard countless times. No, this was something else. Galadriel could sense the magic in the air shift. It felt charged, and it made her perfect skin tingle. Needing to know what was happening, she gripped the trunk of the thickest Mallorn and easily scurried up until she was able to reach the lowest branches. Within seconds, she was at the highest peak of the tree, and her head was poking out of the canopy. All around her was a sea of golden leaves rustling in the wind which was beginning to pick up, causing the thin branches to whip across one another, creating a strange crackling sound. The sun reflected off of her silver-gold locks and illuminated her eyes, making them appear to have been created out of jewel dust. Galadriel looked west to the Misty Mountains. As the name suggested, the mountain range was covered in a thick fog, and only a hint of the monstrous rocks could be seen through it. A beam of light cut through the fog, racing down from the heavens and striking the exact place where Galadriel knew Khazad-dum was located. She could make out an unseen force expanding in every direction. The tops of the trees at the edge of the woods were bent down one after another. As the force passed, they shook violently, some shedding their leaves. At a steady pace, it raced forward until it finally reached her. An earth-shattering crack like a mountain exploding made her cry out in pain. Her tree jostled and nearly bucked her off, but being light of foot, she was able to stay on. When it had passed, there was an eerie silence. It seemed that even the birds were afraid to make a noise.

Galadriel quickly wondered what had caused this cataclysm. It was magical in nature. Of that, she was sure. Her skin was prickling with the sensation of a new power. It was one she had never felt before. One thing was certain, she would not find the answers sitting in the tree tops. With a show of perfect grace, she dropped down through the canopy and caught herself on branch after branch until her feet hit the leaf-covered ground without a sound. Leaving the pool of water behind, she bounded through the woods on her way back home.

Halfway there, she came to a skidding stop. Something else had awoken ... something lost and dormant. It was something she had not felt since the First Age. It was hatred and terror given form. More motivated than ever, she increased her speed until finally, she made it back to the city of Caras Galadhon. Not all elves possessed the skill to feel such a creature, even with it at their doorstep, but those that could, met her just as she crossed the city's border.

"What is happening?"

"Have the agents of Mordor found their way into our woods as they have with Mirkwood?"

“What will become of us?”

Several others talked over one another. Those that spoke were young ... comparatively speaking, of course. The few that lived through the First Age and the War of Wrath knew what had awoken. The terror was beyond recognizable.

“A demon of the past has awoken again,” Celeborn, the Lord of Lothlorien and the husband of Galadriel stated. He would know better than anyone, for he had fought in the War of Wrath and survived the destruction of Beleriand. Once the war was over, the hounds of Melkor had been laid to waste, though he had long thought that perhaps at least one had escaped. It seemed that he now had his answer. “We must act quickly.”

“First, we need answers,” Galadriel stated. “The disturbance occurred in the Misty Mountains, directly above Moria. A pillar of light from beyond the blue sky struck the mountain.”

“That is what created such a sound?” Celeborn asked his wife. Galadriel nodded. “Perhaps this is what has awoken the Balrog.”

“Perhaps ...” Galadriel said, thinking of the magic that she felt before the Balrog's awakening. She continued to quietly think while her husband formed a large party. It wasn't long before they were on horseback, following the Celebrant and heading toward Nanduhirion. Partway through, Galadriel gasped, and her horse reared. Celeborn had felt it as well. The terror that the Balrog gave off suddenly ended. It did not fade as if the beast went back into hibernation. Its end was sudden and abrupt. That only meant one thing.

“Ride like the howling wind,” Celeborn cried out in his native tongue. Their party of elves did just that. Their horses tore up the ground beneath their shod hooves. Though they were fast, it still took many hours to finally break free of the forest. By then, the sun had long since set, and the temperature had dropped. Thankfully, elves were heartier than most, and a simple drop in temperature did not affect them much.

HPTTM

With chattering teeth, Harry Potter woke on the muddy banks of the Celebrant River. He blinked his eyes a few times as he tried to remember what had happened. Sitting up quickly as soon as he remembered, he looked around and saw that he was no longer in that deep abyss. The moon was nearly full and was blanketing the valley in dim light. Harry sat up and saw the glint of light reflecting off of polished metal. ‘The sword,’ he remembered. More important was the location of his wand. After a few seconds of searching, he found it laying in the mud on his opposite side. With his wand back in hand, Harry took a deep breath and immediately felt better. Grabbing the sword, he pushed himself to his feet.

As was becoming tradition with him, he took stock of his situation. He had his wand, his new sword, and ... Harry checked his pocket and found his enchanted wallet. It was a little wet but

still in perfect shape. He then checked himself out. "Perfectly healthy," he bragged. "That thing didn't stand a chance," he said, puffing his chest out.

"Perfectly healthy thanks to me," came Luna's sweet voice. Not being ready for it, Harry twitched from Luna startling him. "When I found you, you were crispier than a piece of daddy's bacon."

"Luna! Shit, you scared me!" Harry chastised her.

"Serves you right. Why did you have to fight that thing? You should have just run," she said, crossing her arms as she stepped into his field of view.

"Harry Potter runs from no man," he stated flatly.

"What about when Daphne Greengrass's husband came home and caught you bugging her? You ran like a little sissy boy," Luna giggled.

"That was different," Harry glared. "He smiled and said, 'Do me next!' Then he started taking off his pants." Luna continued to laugh at Harry's expense. Harry sighed.

"If you're done?" he asked. Luna gave one last giggle before pretending to zip her mouth closed. "Anyway ... Thanks for healing me. I remember getting burned up pretty badly down in that chasm."

"You're welcome, Harry," Luna smiled, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck and kissing his cheek sweetly. "I'll always protect you." Harry smiled and hugged her back.

"Wanna give me the rundown on this new place?" he asked when they broke apart. Luna shook her finger in a classic tisk, tisk.

"You gotta figure this one out on your own. The only thing I'll say is that there are plenty of towns and villages. Just pick a direction and you'll eventually run into someone," Luna told him.

"Luckily for you, you got your magic back," she smiled. Harry spun his wand expertly between his fingers and smirked.

"Should make for an easier time," he responded.

"Be careful now, Harry. I don't like seeing you in such a state," she warned him.

"Hey! Who do you think you're talking to?" he asked, pretending to be offended. She glared at him.

"I know exactly who I'm talking to," she scoffed before disappearing from view. Harry chuckled and shook his head.

"Bye Luna," he said to the empty night. Now that she was gone, Harry looked himself over. He was muddy, wet, and very cold. Not too far away, he saw a large driftwood log a dozen or so feet away from the sloshing banks of the river. Going over there, Harry waved his wand and set the log on fire. Immediately, his body absorbed the wonderful warmth. Removing his wet and dirty clothes, he used his magic to clean and dry himself before conjuring a new set of clothes. After dressing, he sat down on the rocky bank and opened up the storage on his wallet. Thankfully, it was mostly filled with canned food from his previous adventure. Once he had filled himself on canned peaches, Harry thought about what he wanted to do.

The first step was obvious ... he needed to find a civilization of some sort. Luna said that there was plenty and that he just needed to choose a direction. There was a problem, however. As he wasn't native to this world, he had no idea about what kind of dangerous creatures he might face in the dead of night. He had already gotten a glimpse of some of the dark creatures that called this place home. Were there things out there that were even worse? He had no idea. Harry wasn't sure if traveling at night was the smartest thing. He was just pondering if he should hunker down until morning when he heard the sound of galloping horses. As quick as a flash, he waved his wand and extinguished the campfire. Harry then made himself invisible and moved further away from the water's edge. Listening closely, Harry heard the clacking of hooves getting louder and louder every second. He climbed onto a pile of three massive slabs of rock where he was relatively hidden from view. He was still able to peek over it and see what was going on.

Not long after, around a dozen pure, white horses rode up and stopped at the extinguished fire that was still smoking slightly. Riding those horses appeared to be humans, though Harry couldn't be sure. At the very least, they were human in shape, but then again, so were those disgusting creatures in the cave. He suddenly wished that he was able to keep his enhancements from before. When they stopped, two of them dismounted. The large moon was reflected in the shimmering surface of the river, and the light it provided was enough for him to see that one was a male. The other was no mystery to him. It was like she absorbed the moonlight and radiated it back at him. Tall and elegant and wearing a dress of flowing white silks, she looked around and studied her surroundings. Harry could not keep his eyes off her. Her face was beyond beauty, and her hair shone like spun starlight. Like a thousand fingers reaching out to him, her hair tossed in the wind, dancing, and fluttering. Harry was enraptured by her presence, though he was not foolish enough to make himself known. Quietly he waited, pressing himself against the cold rock as he watched.

The male studied the fire and the surrounding ground while the woman walked slowly in his direction. No sound came from her feet as she lightly stepped on the stones and sticks scattered across the ground. Her scent was caught in the wind and carried over to him. She smelled of a hundred pleasant things, most of which he could not name. One was a flower that was unknown to him. The other was a woody scent that he vaguely remembered from his past. She continued to step forward, growing ever closer to him. As she did, more of her features became clear to him.

On her forehead, she wore a metallic band styled like twisting vines. Her radiant locks flowed around her ears like a rock jutting from the middle of a golden waterfall. Harry was surprised to find that, though everything else appeared to be human, the tops of her perfect ears rose to a point. Her lips were pink and full, and they were neither turned down in a scowl nor tilted up in a playful smirk. Her face appeared blank, as though she were in deep thought. Her eyes were as gray as a storm cloud, and Harry could instinctively tell that they held as much power as one. Then, only two horse-lengths away from him, she stopped. Her head swiveled slightly, and he swore that she looked right at him. The corners of her straight lips pulled upward, and she graced him with the slightest of smiles ... or at least that was what he wished to believe. Her eyes caught his, and Harry's heart stopped. He held his breath, afraid that she really *had* seen him. But how could she, Harry asked himself. He was completely invisible to all, including himself. So he waited. After what felt like an eternity, she turned and walked away. As she made her way back to her party, he illogically found himself missing her presence. There was something about her. Just being near her made his skin tingle and his magic burn like a furnace fire.

Harry thought her a goddess, or perhaps she was an Angel like his lovely Luna. Harry didn't know. How could he know? There were some things that mortal men like him weren't supposed to know or understand. One thing he did know, however. He was going to find out more about her. He watched her talk to the man that was studying the ground. She spoke to him softly. Much too low for Harry to hear. Soon after, they mounted their steeds and continued on their journey. The divine being that captured his attention rode at the back of her party. As they left, she turned her head and caught his eyes once more. It was then that her beautiful smile became mischievous. She was tempting him. She wanted him to follow. He would not disappoint her.

HPTTM

With barely a sound, Harry apparated as close as he dared to the group. They had neared the East Gate of Moria, though they had ventured no further. The gate wasn't far from where Harry had ended up. He would watch them nearly fade into the distance, then he would apparate as close as possible. Thankfully, the sun was starting to rise, making his actions less challenging. Harry had a feeling that his choice of travel wasn't as stealthy as he had hoped. The party grew more disturbed with every jump. He thought that maybe they could sense him. Various members did look around on occasion, though they could never spot him.

Harry listened to them speak a strange language that he couldn't understand. He had to admit, the language had a pleasant ring to it. As they stood around talking, Harry got the feeling that they didn't particularly want to enter the mountain, not that he could blame them. Harry knew what awaited them inside. It actually looked as though they were waiting for something to happen. While they spoke, the lone female once again stood to the side. Harry could sense that she wanted to look his way, but for whatever reason, she didn't. After nearly an hour, they got back on their horses and turned around. Knowing that there was only one way for them to travel, Harry apparated back to his original spot and waited. This time, they didn't stop at his

temporary camp. Their horses ran by faster than any horse he had ever seen. He could see that they were following the river. It was well-known that most towns or villages were situated next to a body of water, so if his hunch was correct, he could simply follow the river and eventually find where they lived. Once they were out of sight, Harry began his journey.

Using apparition, Harry did one long hop after another. He would use his magic to levitate himself high into the air, find a suitable landing spot in the far distance, and apparate there. It didn't take long before he reached the edge of a green woodland. Lifting himself once again, Harry could see that the river formed a border of sorts along the southern side of the woodland, and though there were trees along the opposite bank, beyond that was a vast, empty flatland. Lowering himself back down, Harry removed his newly acquired sword from his storage. He didn't know what kind of beasts or monsters called these woods home, and since the group that he was following all had weapons, Harry thought it was a good idea to be prepared. Conjuring a belt and sheath, Harry placed the sword inside and attached it to his waist. It was strange that he was now more comfortable with a bladed weapon at his side after being in that zombie-infested world for so long. He just wished that he could use it in a semi-competent way. Unfortunately, he was no swordsman. Still, having it there was comforting. With his wand firmly in hand, he was as ready as he would ever be.

HPTTM

The further he went, the stranger the trees became. At first, he thought he was looking at some massive beech trees. Their bark was thin, smooth, and silver in color. When he saw the leaves, however, he instantly knew that these were not any trees that he had ever seen before. The leaves were a beautiful golden color which tinted the light that broke through the thick canopy. Harry already suspected that it was autumn, if this world even had seasons, and the color of the leaves only confirmed it to him. Of course, the crisp wind that rattled the branches was also a dead giveaway. One thing puzzled him, however. If it was autumn, why weren't the leaves falling? Looking around, he couldn't see a single fresh, golden leaf on the ground. From the harsh wind alone, dozens should be falling around him right at that moment. It was strange, he thought, and it wasn't just the leaves. The trees felt strange, almost as if they had a life of their own. He couldn't shake the feeling that they were watching him. The feeling wasn't ominous or malicious. Instead, he could feel curiosity. They were curious about the new person walking among them.

Harry continued to walk for hours, lost in his own thoughts. He could feel the magic all around him. In some places, it was thin, almost like swimming through a frothy stream. In other places, it was thick like trying to run through waist-deep water. It reminded him of the wards at Hogwarts, only this magic was wild and natural. As he followed the river, he noticed that the trail had moved into the woods. He wasn't sure when the trail had shifted. He was too wrapped up in his thoughts to notice. Harry decided to do something different. Instead of following the river, he decided to follow the flow of magic radiating throughout the woods. He wasn't worried about getting lost. He could simply use the Four-Point Spell to figure out which way was south and follow his wand back to the river. With that decided, he turned left and headed northeast.

It wasn't easy to follow the trail of magic. At times, it was more like pockets of thick magic that he was forced to find before moving on to the next one. He was glad to see animals that he recognized. He saw small songbirds chirping out their notes before flying away as he stepped on a half-rotted twig. He sat fat, little squirrels tumbling over each other as they fought over an acorn, and even once, he saw a massive stag in the distance. Its rack was as wide as he was tall. It was only there a second before disappearing into the brush. Before long, the sun was waning and darkness was creeping up on him. Harry could feel the temperature dropping, and he knew that it would soon be cold once again. His eyes were getting heavy as he had spent a very long day hiking over rocks and trudging through the woods. He would need to find a place to sleep for the night.

He eventually found the perfect spot. There was a small, moonlit pool of perfectly still water that was surrounded by a patch of thick, spongy moss. The little grove was surrounded by a circle of densely-packed golden trees that would hopefully keep him from being spotted. Magic hung heavy in the air, and it felt inviting. Harry sat down on the soft moss and sighed. His back was aching, and his feet hurt from walking all day. He dug back into his wallet, pulled out a pack of beef jerky, and hungrily ate most of it. After downing a bottle of water, he tossed his trash back into his wallet. 'I'll clean it out later,' he thought, pulling out an empty glass jar. Just as Hermione had done so long ago, Harry waved his wand and shot blue fire into the jar. The Bluebell Flames burned merrily in the jar. Harry smiled, remembering his friend. He placed his hand over the flames and let them tickle his fingers. It hadn't been that long since he had last seen her, but it felt like a lifetime ago. Hopefully, he would see her again.

"Your fire intrigues me, Neth Gollor," came the soft, honeyed voice of a woman. Harry gasped and jumped, accidentally knocking the jar of flames into the pool of water. As the jar sunk into the shallow pool, the flames never stopped burning. "Now, even more so," she added with a tinge of humor. Harry got to his feet and turned around. Standing before him was the woman he had been following. Her radiant beauty was even harder to look upon now that he was so close. On her striking face was the same mischievous smile that she had bestowed upon him as she rode away. Harry suddenly realized something.

"You speak my language," he said. It wasn't a question.

"I speak Westron," she nodded slightly as she walked closer, her hands together. Westron was what they called English in this world, Harry guessed.

"And you saw me by the river? You can see through my concealment spells," Harry asked her. Again, she nodded.

"Very little goes unnoticed by me, especially in my woods. I felt you ..." she told him softly, walking even closer. "I feel you now ..." Galadriel said, meeting his eyes. "Your magic is a beacon to me. It calls out, deafening amongst the sprawling silence. I would know you in the darkest night or in the deepest fathoms of the sea."

By then, she was face-to-face with him. Reaching out, she placed her hand on his cheek and closed her eyes. Harry shuddered as her perfect fingers gently crawled along his burning skin. Unable to stop himself, he placed his hands on her slim waist. She didn't pull away as they lowered and rested on her flared hips. Her forehead touched his, and he could hear her breathing heavily. After a few moments, she was able to pull herself together, and she stepped back, his hands slipping from her body.

"Forgive me. I have forgotten myself," she said softly. "I am Galadriel, the Lady of the Woods."

"I am Harry Potter," he said, still trying to control himself. Galadriel smiled sweetly and took his hand.

"Come, Neth Gollor. It is late, and my home is not far," her velvety voice tickled his ears. As she led him from the grove, neither saw the vision of the two of them making passionate love playing over and over on the surface of the water.