

"I meant to ask this earlier. What is that strange thing on your nose?" Rowena asked, an inquisitive frown on her face while looking at the glasses on Harry's face.

"Oh, this? It helps me see more accurately. I have trouble seeing with clarity, you see." said Harry, tapping the glasses on his nose.

"You are blind without these glasses?" Rowena asked curiously.

"I'm not blind. I have poor eyesight, and these glasses improve my vision. That's all." Harry explained.

"I see. You are not from around here at all, are you?" said Rowena.

Harry merely smiled at Rowena instead of dignifying that with a response that'd undoubtedly land him in a heap of trouble. Instead, Harry diverted the conversation to a more relevant topic as he carried the Hogwarts Founder into the castle.

"Why are the Goblins attacking the castle? Why were you even so far away from the castle?" Harry asked, taking an unfamiliar flight of stairs that led to a giant oak door.

"The Goblin King Sabretooth wants to carve out a kingdom of his own in this place. Hogwarts will pose a threat to his plans if we educate the wizards and witches to fight back."

"Shouldn't they see the Muggles as more of a threat than wizards and witches? After all, there are more of them than us." Harry pointed out.

"I take it you've never encountered the Goblins before. They are not exactly the brightest bunch. All they want is a good fight, and whenever a new king is crowned, they'll launch an assault on wizarding settlements." Rowena said with a huff.

"I see." Harry nodded.

With a flick of his wand, he unlocked the door. He could hear the locks coming undone one by one on the other side.

"I was sent to negotiate with King Sabretooth. It was a desperate attempt to stop the bloodshed, but I suppose it was a wasted effort from the start expecting such bull-headed creatures to see reason." said Rowena, a look of disgust on her unblemished face.

"Sometimes, war is the only path to peace." said Harry, opening the doors wide with his magic.

"Wise words, stranger. Now, who are you?"

Harry was immediately on the business end of a long stave with a glowing crystal at the tip. A bearded, bulky man was holding the stave, glaring at him threateningly.

"Enough, Godric. He saved me from the Goblins. I owe him, and I can vouch for him." Rowena said immediately, pushing the stave away from Harry's face.

"Is he a...?"

"Yes, Godric. He is a wizard. Now, can we please go? I need Helga's aid." Rowena said in an annoyed manner.

"Are you injured?" Godric asked in concern.

"A Goblin arrow struck her leg. I've placed her leg in stasis. The poison will be slow to spread, but she'll need the antidote before the wound is healed." said Harry, struggling to keep a straight face standing before Godric Gryffindor.

"Come inside. I'll lead you to Helga." Godric let them inside while tapping his staff on the floor.

Harry could feel the raw power of magical energy from the illustrious Hogwarts Founder even though the spell was merely to lock the door.

"You are finely attuned to magic, aren't you?" Rowena asked, staring at his face with discerning eyes.

Harry didn't say anything and focused on following Godric inside the castle.

"Your mastery over magic is almost uncanny for a young wizard. I don't believe I've seen anyone so eloquently bend lightning to their will." Rowena commented.

"Lightning!" Godric looked at Harry with an impressed look.

"Yes, Godric. He used a lightning spell to kill the Goblins attacking us."

"Impressive!" Godric nodded in a respectful manner. "You look a tad younger. What's your name, and how old are you?"

"I'm Hadrian Targaryen, and I'm sixteen years old." Harry lied through his teeth with ease.

While the conventional times were pretty much lax on age restrictions, he didn't know how the Founders viewed the world during this time. The Founders were portrayed as the prime movers of the wizarding community of Scotland during this era. So, they must've had a standard in accepting students. According to the Ministry of Magic, the age of majority under normal conditions for a wizard or a witch was seventeen. Unfortunately, he was aware his body didn't have the physique close to an ordinary seventeen-year-old boy, nor did he have substantial facial hair to pass off as older than he looked. Therefore, he hedged his bets on passing off as a sixteen-year-old. Going by the lack of reaction from the two Founders, he supposed he nailed it.

"Lightning spells at such a young age." Godric looked appreciatively at Harry. "You must've had quite a skilled master."

Harry didn't vocally respond to the comment, poised to dig into his past. Therefore, he merely nodded while thinking up more lies for short-term use until he properly grasped the situation in Hogwarts.

But Harry didn't get the time to cook up a false story in his head on the fly as his senses went haywire, making him stop walking. It was as if his entire being screamed at him with such urgency as if he was about to die.

"What the hell?" Harry muttered confusedly as the feeling slipped away from his senses.

When he looked at the Founders, he saw Godric and Rowena signalled at him to remain silent. Harry gripped the Holly wand, feeling the tension in the air. He slowed his breathing rapidly while occluding his mind to sharpen his focus. He could see some sort of danger afoot in the area, but it was as if the danger was also expert at hiding from his senses. Suddenly, a section of the roof collapsed, forcing Harry to back-pedal. But from the ceiling, a giant golden head of a vicious-looking lion emerged, and it promptly roared. The force of the roar forced Harry to his knees while his ears started ringing, and all over his body, he felt as if miniature blades were spearing into his bones.

A rush of warmth suddenly enveloped him, making Harry gasp as if he was breathing for the first time.

"It's the roar of a Chimera. You managed to stay conscious without a magical shield in between." Rowena commented randomly; her staff churning out a warm golden glowing shield that allowed Harry to regain his wits from the attack.

"This is not the time and place to study and observe magic, Rowena." Godric Gryffindor grunted.

"I shielded my mind." said Harry, pointing his wand at the most fearsome creature in the magical world right after an adult Nundu and Thunderbird.

"A shield around your mind? That's a brilliant piece of magic." Rowena said, straining a little as her shield flickered as the Chimera launched another roar.

This time, Harry acted on instinct and put up a shield. He could feel tiny needles of energy pushing against the shield he created, desperately trying to breach the barrier. His eyes widened as his senses screamed at him, warning of another impending danger. Pouring more power into his shield, Harry braced for the next attack. It came in the form of a golden snake, opening its mouth and spitting out bright gold fire.

'Of course. A Chimera has a snake as its tail.' Harry thought.

The snake blasted more fire at Godric and Rowena, forcing them to defend themselves from the onslaught.

'A Chimera has six eyes because it has three heads. Therefore, attacking a Chimera and forgetting the defence is futile. The solution is to create a blind spot.' Harry thought.

Harry windlessly performed *Serpensortia* and cast an enlarging charm on the snake in quick order.

"~~\$\$~~Attack the Chimera. Kill it.~~\$\$~~" Harry ordered in parseltongue.

The enormous cobra lunged into action, which was enough to distract the tail of the Chimera, giving some breathing room for Harry as Godric and Rowena were appropriately distracting the lion and goat heads of the beast. Harry allowed his shield and used a spell targeting the snake head.

"Suffusio."

A torrent of water jumped from the tip of his wand and smashed into the Chimera. But it hardly damaged the beast, which was to be expected. However, he followed it up with a spell that made the Chimera regret not escaping when it had the chance.

"Pruine Ventus."

Gales of frosty wind bellowed out of his wand, turning the water he used earlier into ice. The Chimera's movements became sluggish as frost formed all over its body. Harry could see the lion-head was almost entirely frozen dead as it had stopped moving altogether, but the snake-head managed to burn away the snake he conjured. But before the snake head could burn away the frost, Godric removed the snake head with his sword out of nowhere. When Harry blinked again, Godric had stabbed his sword through the goat head of the Chimera with the tip of the blade protruding from its frosted lion head.

To Harry's relief, the monstrous form of Chimera fell dead with a distinct thud that shook the floor.

“A young wizard proficient in elemental magic and conjuring with the ability to speak to snakes.” Godric muttered, a shadow falling on his face as he scrutinised Harry with his brown eyes. “Are you an illegitimate child of Salazar?”

Harry gaped at the founder of his House for a moment, but he was spared from saying anything when he saw Rowena Ravenclaw collapse.

“Arresto Momentum.”

Rowena’s fall was arrested by the slowing charm he cast. The spell probably helped save the Founder from getting a nasty concussion.

“She needs Helga’s help.” said Godric, taking the fallen staff from the ground.

Harry applied the levitation charm on Rowena that floated her prone body in mid-air.

“Then let’s go fast. If the wards have been breached, it’ll be better to fight as a group.” said Harry, which earned him a strange look from Godric.

“Follow me.” said Godric, running ahead with Harry closely following with Rowena floating alongside.

Harry found it all surreal that he was walking amongst the Hogwarts founders, and by the looks of the incomplete corridors, classrooms, and sculptures, he had a feeling Hogwarts was still under construction. Strangely enough, he wished Hermione was with him in this adventure. Her expertise in the written history of the Founders’ era would’ve been immensely useful for him. But that was spilt milk under the bridge. He hoped the Ministry and his family back home had better luck reversing his time travel problem. With the godforsaken siege going on against Hogwarts, his first priority was to survive the siege and, along the way, befriend the Founders so that they’d later be amicable to help him return to his time.

“You are telling me that my grandson is lost within the folds of time somewhere in the past or the future.” Perenelle said, keeping her voice deadly cold, devoid of a hint of emotion.

Damien could feel pinpricks on the back of his neck as he felt the tension in the room.

“I’m afraid so, my lady. Croaker believes the battle in the Department of Mysteries must have left a stray damaged Time Turner on Harry’s person. So, when Dumbledore gave Harry the Portkey, it...”

“I gave you a simple task, Damien. Do you remember what the task was?” Perenelle asked coolly, cutting off the explanation Damien was making.

“You ordered us to keep Harry safe from Dumbledore, my lady.” Damien muttered, keeping his head bowed low.

“And is he?”

“No, my lady.”

“You became blinded by power that was nearly in your grasp. You forgot your duty in your haste to consume the factions inside the Wizengamot.” Perenelle accused.

“My lady, Harry fought the Dark Lord to a standstill and even cut off the man’s arm from his shoulders. When I met Harry, I only looked for injuries from the battle, but he never sustained any. It was a misjudgement on my part, but Croaker assures me that he can bring back Harry if he can gain access to a powerful Time Turner.”

“We’ll see, Damien. You’ll have as many Time Turners as the Unspeakables in Britain want. But if they can’t rescue my grandson, I’ll be coming for you. Keep that in mind.” Perenelle warned.

Within half an hour, Perenelle arranged the Time Turners from the German Ministry. Of course, she didn’t hand over the Time Turners alone. She also had the most competent authority in Time Turners sent to Britain to ensure her grandson safely escaped the time anomaly.

“I warned you something like this could happen to the boy. Magic herself does not wish for what you intend to happen. She will fight you every step of the way.” Nicholas whispered from the shadows.

Perenelle scoffed before lighting the chimney with fire that chased away the darkness in her room, revealing her husband.

“Perhaps it’s the will of magic to fade into nothingness like the elder races. But I won’t allow that to transpire. Wizards and witches are the inheritors of this world, not the Muggles. As Antonich Peverell dreamed, the Hallows will become one, and the Muggles will face judgment when the clock strikes Millennium, no matter the hurdles that come my way. This is inevitable.” Perenelle said firmly.

She could hear a deep sigh let out by her husband.

“I do not like the path you’ve taken, Perenelle. But I won’t stop you since you have given me time to try my hand at uniting our worlds. Sadly, I failed.” Nicholas shook his head. “However, I advise you to inform the child what you intend for him soon.”

“He has an inkling.” Perenelle said with a scoff. “The only reason he has yet to give me access to the Chamber was because he wanted to find out what I wanted in the first place. Why do you think I let him take his merry time?”

“Still, it’ll be better if he hears it from your mouth.”

“Hmm.” Perenelle grunted.

She supposed it was time for her grandson to at least understand his destiny.

‘As soon as he returns, a talk will be necessary.’ Perenelle mused.

‘Helga Hufflepuff must be the most powerful healer in the history of the world.’ Harry mused.

He could not think of any sorcerer with the power and skill to draw out poisons from blood and healing wounds using wandless magic. Harry strongly suspected Helga Hufflepuff had a unique magical ability that helped her heal this fast. Otherwise, her capabilities didn’t make much sense.

Harry watched quietly as Lady Hufflepuff held her hand against the wounded leg of Rowena. Her hand remained on the leg for less than a minute, but the skin was unblemished when she took back her hand. The arrow wound on the leg had closed up, leaving not even a scar. The most impressive

part was that Lady Hufflepuff did not even use potions to counteract the poison in Rowena's bloodstream. Instead, she drew it out with magic like it was a walk in the park.

"I take it you're suitably impressed by Helga's skill as a healer?" Rowena asked with a grin as she sat up on her bed.

"I've never heard of a sorcerer capable of drawing out poisons without the aid of a foci like a wand or a staff. You must be the most gifted healer in the world." Harry admitted, staring at the auburn-haired witch with wide eyes.

"I have what you'd call the skill to enchant anything I touch with my magic. So long as my skin is in contact, I can reverse any damage done at the expense of my magic." Lady Hufflepuff explained.

"I've never heard of such an ability manifesting in anyone." Harry said honestly, already in awe of the woman.

"Neither has any one of us until we met Helga." Godric said.

Harry was the next patient on Lady Hufflepuff's list. The older witch placed both hands on either side of his head. He could feel a pulse of energy passing through his body as Lady Hufflepuff began healing him from the injuries he sustained from battling the Chimera. One by one, his joints started to click back in place, and the strain Harry was feeling on his shoulders eased as Helga Hufflepuff's magic enveloped him from head to toe.

"You are inflicted with a curse of a dark nature. Right here." Lady Hufflepuff said, sweeping the bangs covering his forehead to the side as she stared at the lightning bolt scar etched on his skin.

"I know. Unfortunately for you, that one is beyond even your abilities, Lady Hufflepuff." said Harry.

"I'll be the judge of that." said Helga Hufflepuff after staring at him for a few seconds with her onyx eyes.

Her eyes scrunched together in concentration as she tried to undo the curse clinging to the scar. Despite strenuous efforts on her part, the curse remained whole and bound to the scar.

"As I said, this is beyond your abilities. You should focus on your other patients." Harry advised, removing her hands from his head while standing up from the bed he was sitting on.

"There is no curse, poison or wound that I can't undo." said Lady Hufflepuff, becoming flustered as she stared at his scar.

"Except this one." Harry smiled at the older witch. "I thank you for healing me."

"I'll need to study this curse more closely."

"Not now, Helga." Godric said firmly before turning his sights on Harry.

"Hadrian Targaryen. I know this is much to ask from a traveller, but we are severely outnumbered and outmanoeuvred. Your skill in magic is commendable from what I saw while battling the Chimera. Will you help Hogwarts in defending families and children from this war?" Godric asked seriously.

"I'd be honoured to fight alongside you all." said Harry, making the illustrious founder of his house grin.

"Very good. Welcome to Hogwarts." Godric patted on Harry's shoulder appreciatively.

“Thank you, Hadrian.” said Rowena. “It’s time you met another one of our friends, Salazar Slytherin. He oversees the castle’s defences.”

“It’s entirely possible you might know him or even related to him by blood. After all, you are both Parseltongue.” said Godric.

“That doesn’t mean they are related. There must be many wizards and witches with that ability...” Rowena argued.

Harry remained silent as Godric and Rowena argued back and forth as his mind was otherwise engaged. Out of all the Founders, he knew Salazar Slytherin far better. While the Slytherin never left any memoirs, several of his works survived in the Chamber. Therefore, he knew the land upon which Hogwarts was built was the ancestral land of the Slytherin family for generations. The Chamber only held his writings on magical fields of study that he found interesting. But from those writings, Harry could understand Salazar Slytherin was a wizard of extraordinary calibre. Throughout his century-long life, the man managed to gift many great magical discoveries that empowered wizardkind in the future. Most of them were in the field of potions, rituals, and charms.

But what interested him most was how Slytherin developed all those potions and rituals. He was sure beyond doubt Parseltongue was involved in the process as it had a deep connection to Old Magic. Unfortunately, he had no concrete proof or details on the processes involved. Salazar had almost as if painstakingly done everything in his power to keep all information about Parseltongue from his written works that survived in the Chamber. Or it could be that future descendants of Salazar took the works based on Parseltongue out of the Chamber.

There was also the interesting fact that the hollow earth theory was a reality and deeply connected to those carrying Peverell blood. If his stay during the Founders’ era were to be extended, Harry intended to learn everything he needed to know about Elysium from Salazar Slytherin himself. At least, he hoped he could convince the wizard to share those details.

And Harry finally saw the illustrious Founder of Hogwarts watching over the battlefield from a tower. Salazar Slytherin was as tall as Godric Gryffindor, but the wizard had no hair on his head. Slytherin was dressed in dark robes while holding a staff with a snake head at one end.

“Salazar.”

“Godric. Rowena.” Slytherin acknowledged without taking his eyes from the battlefield. “I take it the Goblins refused our peace proposal.”

“They want war.” said Rowena.

“We’ll give them one that they’ll never forget.” Slytherin said darkly before pointing a finger at Harry. “But tell me, who’s this guest you’ve brought inside Hogwarts?”

“My name is Hadrian Targaryen. I came across this battlefield and found Rowena injured near the forest. If you’ll have me, I’ll lend you my power to win this war.”

Slytherin said nothing and merely observed Harry with keen onyx eyes.

“Hmm. We’ll see whether you are useful or just another one of those useless rabble cowering inside my castle.” Slytherin said harshly before turning his sights on the enemy ahead.

Harry didn’t react to the barb, nor did he feel slighted the least bit as he understood why Slytherin said that. He had seen many wizards and witches hiding inside the castle without doing anything

worth their while to defend the castle. He also remembered most witches and wizards were weak morons hardly able to defend against even muggles of this era.

Instead, he focused on the Goblin army arrayed outside Hogwarts. He supposed it'd be interesting to fight against Goblins as he had only read about Goblin wars in books. The chance to engage the Goblins in a battle was something he looked forward to. After all, he had always wanted to test some spells, and the Goblins were giving him the opportunity. He was not going to waste it.