

“What is the meaning of this Dumbledore?” Sirius snarled, holding Dumbledore up by the collar of his robes. “What have you done with my godson?”

“I swear on my parents’ grave I didn’t do anything to Harry. Please be calm so that we may study what happened and reverse the damage.” Dumbledore pleaded.

“No, you twinkly-eyed bastard. You’ve meddled enough with our lives. I’m going to curse your head off!” Sirius roared, brandishing his wand and pressing the glowing tip into Dumbledore’s neck.

But before a spell could be fired, a stunner slammed into Sirius’ back, leaving the last Black unconscious.

Dumbledore felt his feet touch the ground, gasping for air while he rubbed his sore throat.

“Thank you, Madam Bones.” Dumbledore nodded gratefully at the newly charged interim Minister for Magic.

“Oh, don’t thank me yet. I’m merely keeping Lord Black out of prison when we could use that space for you, Dumbledore,” said Amelia Bones. “Now tell me. What have you done with Mr Potter?”

“I don’t know Amelia. I swear I’ve not done anything nefarious with Harry, and never would I do so to any child.” Dumbledore said earnestly.

“I believe Dumbledore is speaking the truth in this instance, Madam Bones. This is not Dumbledore’s doing.” said Saul Croaker, poking at the bubble of magical energy formed around a small space that used to contain Harry Potter.

“What do you mean?” asked Amelia with a frown, lowering her wand trained on Dumbledore.

“As I said, this is not a spell of Dumbledore’s doing. At least, it’s not entirely his doing. I received word from my colleagues in the Department that the Time Chamber was smashed beyond repair. It looks like the Dark Lord unleashed the Fiendfyre curse inside the premises.”

“That’s unfortunate. But what has that got to do with this spell?” Amelia nodded at her room’s slowly growing golden bubble of magical energy.

“It’s not a spell, Madam Bones. It’s an expanding tear in space-time, powered by an infinite source of magic that’ll consume this building and, in time, our whole world.” said Saul Croaker with a grave look.

“Space-time tear, you say? How can this be possible? What sort of spell could create something like this?” Damien Greengrass asked with fear shining in his eyes.

“Not a spell, Lord Greengrass.” Saul Croaker sighed. “I suspect Mr Potter was either doused in the time-sand used in Time Turners or had a malfunctioning Time Turner on his person. When Dumbledore’s portkey activated, the space occupied by Mr Potter was moved sideways in time. The question is whether he went into the past or the future.”

“What can we do to reverse this, Croaker?” Amelia asked.

“We’ll need another Time Turner, one powerful enough to reverse the damage in space-time. We can create a containment field to render the space around the anomaly in a stasis temporarily.”

“Then what are you waiting for? Let’s reverse the damage done and retrieve Harry Potter.” Amelia urged, but she got a bad feeling when Croaker remained grave.

“As I’ve said, the Dark Lord unleashed Fiendfyre in the Time Chamber. There is nothing useful left in the chamber. Depending on several factors, we’ll need to ask for aid from foreign ministries to loan a powerful Time Turner or even several Time Turners.” Croaker explained.

“It’ll be difficult to arrange for new Time Turners. They are a safely guarded secret of the Ministries...” Dumbledore started to say with a pessimistic look.

“I can have as many Time Turners you want to be arranged tonight itself.” Damien butted in, addressing Croaker. “Can you make sure Harry will return without any harm?”

“If you can ensure the delivery of the Time Turners I require, I can reverse the space-time anomaly. But Mr Potter’s safety depends on his survival in the past or the future he is currently inhabiting. I’m afraid you’ll have to make arrangements should the worst come to pass.” Croaker warned truthfully.

“We’ll cross that bridge when the time comes. You are positive that you can retrieve Mr Potter if you have a functioning Time Turner?” Amelia asked.

“Yes. I’ll need to call in my colleagues from the Department.” said Croaker.

“Then do it fast.” Amelia said before turning her attention to Lord Greengrass.

“Lord Greengrass. If you need any help...”

“I’ll need an international portkey to Dresden.” Damien said immediately.

“You’ll have it.” Amelia nodded before she went straight for the fireplace in the office, connecting it immediately with the Department of Magical Transportation.

“Perhaps I can be of some aid, my boy. I do have some connections outside Britain.” Dumbledore offered, looking imploringly at Damien.

“If I need any help, I’ll be sure to ask for it, Headmaster Dumbledore.” Damien said calmly.

“Damien. Go to Level Six. Robert Skiver will help you reach Dresden.” said Amelia.

“Thank you.” said Damien before turning to leave.

But he paused halfway towards the door.

“What about Lord Black?” Damien asked hesitantly, looking at the unconscious form of Sirius lying on the floor.

“I’ll take care of that. Go.” Amelia urged the man.

She immediately contacted the Aurors and had them track down Andromeda Tonks to make sure Sirius Black remained calm. Of course, she had to go over the circumstances that led to the unconscious state of Lord Black. The expanding glowing ball of magical energy in her office at least made the whole story more believable. By the time Amelia had explained the situation to Andromeda Tonks, Croaker’s colleagues in the Department of Mysteries had gathered and started placing several wards and charms that isolated the sphere of energy.

“Do you think they can reverse what happened?” Andromeda asked worriedly.

“I do not know.” Amelia admitted. “If the Unspeakables can’t help Mr Potter return, I’ll ask for foreign aid. We are not the only Ministry of Magic in the world with knowledge over time and space.”

“Do you think they’ll help? They didn’t aid us with the Dark Lord last time.” Andromeda reminded her.

“That’s because we were led by indecisive leaders. This time, it’ll be different.” Amelia promised.

Even if she had concerns about accepting foreign aid in public for the sake of her political career, there were other avenues to receive help. The only downside was that once it got leaked to the public, it’d damage her far more than accepting aid in public. Her political opponents could launch a witch hunt against her and pin everything wrong with the Ministry on her head. This was why she had only agreed with Lady Lilith to accept aid from her mercenaries instead of hit wizards registered with foreign Ministries. If the mercenaries got exposed, she could disavow any direct involvement in their deployment. With the hit wizards, it’d be impossible to manoeuvre out of direct responsibility.

But that point was moot now. Harry Potter was now beyond space and time. If word got out that the Boy-Who-Lived went missing right after fighting Voldemort to a standstill, the public outcry would pull down her regime faster than she could blink. She’d end up losing the fight even before it began, and that could not be allowed to happen.

It was as if the whole world had gone mad in a few minutes. One moment, Harry was bringing down Fudge and helping the ascension of Amelia Bones like in one of the most significant political coups Britain had seen. But now he was in a time and place that was alien to everything he knew, and most importantly, this whole new chapter of life that opened before him was something that made all his plans useless. He had never factored in time travel into the many plans he had constructed in his mind; therefore, his mind was a blank slate.

He could only dumbly stare at the Hogwarts castle undergoing a siege like in the Middle Ages with siege engines. But strangely enough, magical attacks landed on the protective shield around the castle. He could tell because there were flashes of strange light impinging on the shield and fracturing it in places. Harry could see several large holes blown open on the barrier protecting Hogwarts.

He immediately took his wand into his hand, determined to lend a hand in protecting the school from harm, but then he hesitated.

‘If I interfere, I could destabilise the entire timeline. I should be a mute spectator and invisible to this time and its people.’ Harry decided.

But there was another danger in that decision. It left him wholly separated at an unknown time without any help. If there was any chance of returning to his own time, he needed the help of the most knowledgeable wizards and witches of this time to make it possible.

“My knowledge of magic is lacking in deciphering the secrets of time travel on my own. I’ll need help.” Harry admitted to himself while staring at Hogwarts uncertainly.

There was no telling whether the Ministry of Magic, Dumbledore or even his grandmother would succeed in helping from their side. Therefore, Harry was left with the prospect of seeking local help. Unfortunately, the best help he could think of right now was in the castle that was under siege. So,

his choices were clear. He could either turn a blind eye to the world around him and hope the Unspeakables manage to save him, or he could seek Hogwarts' help.

A woman's scream suddenly captured Harry's attention. Since he wore the Horus glasses, he could make out a woman running out of a tree line. To his surprise, he saw a stave in the woman's hand with which she threw a curse blindly over her shoulder. One of the trees suddenly came alive, its roots and branches attacking something in the forest. Harry frowned as he stared at the witch dressed in grey robes running towards his direction. The stave in her hand made Harry worry that he was too far back in the past. Magical staves had gone out of fashion in the wizarding world for centuries. So, seeing a stave-wielding witch made Harry worry that he was too far back in time.

Harry was startled when the witch fell with a cry, and he found the reason in the form of an arrow sticking out of her left knee.

'An arrow. Muggles?' Harry frowned thoughtfully, staring at the treeline with keen eyes.

His eyes, however, widened when he saw several small creatures dressed in gleaming silver armour with wicked-looking axes in their hands.

"Goblins." Harry breathed, staring at the foot soldiers led by five mounted Goblins.

"Is that wild boars they are riding?" Harry wondered, looking at the mean-looking creatures mounted by the Goblins.

The mounted Goblins atop the boars ordered something in Gobbledegook, which made Harry remember that his modern English would probably stand out like a sore thumb. He was sure modern English was not around at a time when even Hogsmeade was absent. He was expecting Gaelic or even Scot to be the dominant language in the area. There was a chance Latin was a preferred language among some wizards and even nobles of the time. Thankfully, he had an easy remedy for the language barrier. Harry placed the All-speak charm on himself before moving towards the downed woman.

"Bind the witch in magic suppression shackles. She'll be a nice amusement for the men in our camp." a mounted Goblin ordered.

But to Harry's surprise, the woman was no damsel in distress despite the arrow sticking out of her leg. The red-haired woman slammed the butt of her stave into the ground generating a blast of magical energy. Harry hastily placed a shield before him to withstand the blasting spell. The land around tore apart under the force of the spell. It was as if someone had carved out a giant hole in the face of the earth. Most of the goblins close to the woman were blown to bits while the force of the spell smacked away the rest.

"Who're you?" the woman turned her blazing green eyes on Harry with her stave raised threateningly.

"A traveller who thought you needed help. But I seem to have misjudged the situation," said Harry, bringing down the shield with a thought while eyeing the downed Goblins warily. "Do you need any help with that arrow?"

"I do not, stranger." the woman growled, tapping her stave against the arrow, making it disappear into thin air.

But Harry noticed the woman was not healing the wound on her leg, and she was losing blood.

“May I?” Harry looked pointedly at her wound.

“You know to heal wounds made by Goblin steel?” the woman asked with a raised eyebrow.

Harry remembered a portion of a half-forgotten lesson from Professor Binns’ history class. Goblins used to coat their steel with poisons that were most harmful to wizards and witches in wars. Therefore, he understood why the woman was not treating the wound with simple healing spells that’d close the wound.

‘She must be forcibly fighting off the effects of the poison with her magic and sheer will.’ Harry mused.

“No, I won’t be able to treat the poison, but I can keep it contained in your leg and prevent it from spreading into other parts of your body. I know a spell to keep you safe until you can find a good healer to administer a proper antidote,” said Harry truthfully. “Now, may I?”

“You may.” the redhead woman said after a moment of scrutiny.

Harry bent down to get a closer look at the wound. He looked hesitantly at the woman who slowly hiked up the hem of her grey robes, allowing him to see the wound. Harry held his palm hover over the wound, trying to sense malicious magic from the wound. There was a faint echo of destructive magic in the wound that made Harry assume it was some form of a mild poison.

“There's poison, but it's non-lethal. I suppose they were trying to take you hostage.” Harry told the woman as he applied a stasis charm on the whole leg to keep it in suspended animation.

“That makes sense.” The woman muttered but didn’t elaborate.

Either the woman was someone important enough to take hostage, or the Goblins had certain nefarious intentions in capturing her alive.

“I've placed your leg in suspended animation. It'll regulate the flow of your blood, preventing the spread of the poison. I'll carry you to your destination.”

“What is your name, traveller?” the woman suddenly asked, making Harry flounder for a second.

He couldn’t use his real name because he feared changing things too much.

‘I need an alternate name that'll have the least impact on the timeline. Something that could blend in.’ Harry thought.

Suddenly, he remembered the name of one of the Five Good Emperors of the Roman Empire.

“Hadrian. My name is Hadrian.” He said, smiling at the witch while mentally patting himself on his back for a job well done.

“Only Hadrian?” the woman asked with a raised eyebrow.

‘Darn it! Family name. I need a family name that won't conflict with the future. Something unique.’ Harry fussed over in his head.

Then, an idea came to his head, and he said the first fictional family name that came to his head.

“Targaryen. Hadrian Targaryen.”

Immediately after, he said that Harry felt like he made a mistake.

“Hadrian Targaryen.” the red-headed woman slowly said, testing out his name with a thoughtful frown. “You are not from the Kingdom of Alba, are you?”

“I...”

“Rhhhhhaaaaa!”

A Goblin warrior roared A Goblin warrior roared, swinging a wicked-looking axe aiming for Harry’s head from behind. On instinct, Harry dived, pulling the witch with him. They rolled under the wild swing of the axe, and Harry quickly followed it up with the gouging curse.

“Defodio.”

Harry’s aim was true as the gouging spell struck right between the eyes of the Goblin. A straight cylindrical hole was punched through the head of the Goblin, making it keel over dead with blood pooling beneath it.

“Filthy human!”

“Scum!”

More Goblins poured out of the forest with warcry on their lips and weapons in their hands.

“No.” Harry said, placing his hand on the redhead woman’s shoulder when she brandished her stave to perform a spell. “The poison could spread fast if you weaken yourself magically. Let me deal with this.”

A line of Goblins stayed back close to the treeline and chose to release a sea of arrows high into the sky.

“Magical shields won’t work. Their arrows can breach our shields.” the woman warned him immediately.

“Don’t worry. My spell is designed to combat Goblin Steel.” said Harry.

The advantage of time travel was that he had the edge when it came to certain spells that became sophisticated enough over the passage of time.

“Indomitus.”

A golden sphere of magical energy swirled into existence around Harry and the woman. The enchanted steel of the Goblins harmlessly impinged on the shield and was consequently repelled away in quick order. Cancelling the shield, Harry immediately launched a spell in his arsenal that had the scope to take out multiple opponents with precision.

“Tonitruum Fulminata.”

A ray of pale white lightning blasted out of the tip of his wand before branching off into hundreds of miniature lightning bolts. The Goblins and their armour were no match for the power of lightning. Thousands of volts of lightning energy arced through the Goblin warriors in an instant. With no magical defence, their bodies fried instantly under the onslaught of his lightning spell, turning them into charred corpses within minutes.

“You’ll suffer for this human! After this, there’ll be no peace but only war and death between us.”

A Goblin groaned from the ground who had miraculously survived. Because of the lack of burn marks on the Goblin's body, Harry assumed the Goblin was a survivor of the witch's spell.

"That was a mistake. You could've lived had you remained silent." Harry said coolly.

He conjured a metal spike and banished it straight into the Goblin's head, silencing the creature forever.

"We must leave this place and seek refuge inside the walls of Hogwarts. More of them will be coming towards us." the red-haired witch warned Harry, heaving herself over using her stave as a crutch.

"I'll carry you to the castle. It'll be better if you're not moving that leg." said Harry.

When he was sure the woman was not showing any protest, Harry gathered her up bridal style and slowly walked towards the castle.

"Forgive me for not asking. What's your name?" Harry asked the beautiful woman in his arms.

"I'm Rowena Ravenclaw."

Harry had to exercise all his willpower to not react in sheer surprise. He looked closely at the face of the woman in his arms, and she didn't look anything remotely similar to Helena Ravenclaw. There was also the possibility that the woman was lying. But he couldn't think of any reason for someone to impersonate Rowena Ravenclaw, least of all before him. The fact that he was carrying Rowena Ravenclaw made him silent throughout the rest of their journey. His mind was whirling with possibilities and the dangers of discovery as well. Ravenclaw was a beautiful woman but renowned for an even more beautiful mind. This was the same mind that birthed the Room of Requirement and the enchanted ceiling of Hogwarts. A single misstep by him could jeopardise the entire future. Therefore, he felt it was better to keep his silence and think things through while he had the time.

The closer he got to Hogwarts, the sounds of the bombardment became more pronounced. At least, the siege's sounds had the effect of distracting Rowena Ravenclaw from scrutinising him further.

"Stop here!" Rowena suddenly spoke up. "We are at the edge of the wards. I must open the wards to grant you entry within its protection."

Harry nodded and carefully set Rowena on her good leg. She leaned on her stave and carefully moved a few feet forward.

"Tell me, Hadrian Targaryen? Why have you come to Hogwarts?" Rowena suddenly asked. "I ask because I want to know whether you are a threat."

"I seek the greatest treasure known to man in Hogwarts. Knowledge! If you're willing to share that, then allow me entry." said Harry.

Rowena remained contemplative for a moment before tapping the wards with her stave.

"You are welcome to share the hearth of Hogwarts Hadrian Targaryen."

The wards and barriers surrounding Hogwarts flickered into existence near Rowena.

"Come," Rowena said before stepping inside the ward.

Harry took a deep breath, gathering himself before he followed Rowena Ravenclaw into the protection of Hogwarts. He hoped he was not going to screw things up.

