

## Chapter 17

Harry and Dora had just sat down to breakfast at the Thunderbird table when Professor Wilkinson approached them with a frown on his face.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Tonks, I need you to come with me,” he said.

Harry shared a look with Dora and shrugged at his questioning look. He hadn’t done anything to get in trouble yet this year. Taking a quick sip of the coffee he’d just poured himself, he got to his feet.

“Something wrong, professor?” Harry asked as he and Dora followed him out of the Great Hall.

“I think it would be best if I let Professor Turner explain,” he replied.

“She’s here?” Harry asked, sharing a surprised and worried glance with Dora. “I thought she was at Hogwarts.”

“She was,” Professor Wilkinson nodded.

He didn’t explain further, and Harry knew asking wouldn’t get him any answers until they got to Professor Turner’s office. Dora took his hand in hers as they silently walked the short distance to the headmistress’ office. When they got close, he could hear shouting from inside. It sounded like Sirius, but his voice was too muffled to make out what he was saying until Professor Wilkinson opened the door.

“How the hell did something like this happen?” Sirius demanded angrily.

Harry stepped inside and quickly looked around the office. Sirius was pacing back and forth agitatedly in front of the Floo while Aunt Andi looked angrier than he’d ever seen before.

Professor Turner sat at her desk, a troubled look on her face. But it was the man standing next to her, taking the brunt of Sirius' ire, that caused Harry concern. There weren't many reasons for Albus Dumbledore to visit Ilvermorny, especially when the Triwizard Tournament happening at Hogwarts.

"How could you let something like this happen!?" Sirius shouted.

"I understand your anger, Sirius, and I'm doing everything I can to find the culprit," Dumbledore replied.

"Bullshit!" Sirius yelled.

"What's going on?" Harry asked before Sirius could continue.

There was a brief moment of silence as Professor Turner, Dumbledore, and Sirius all looked at each other as if to decide who would break the bad news. Eventually, Sirius took a deep breath and crossed his arms over his chest to calm himself.

"Your name came out of the Goblet of Fire," he said heavily.

"The what?" Harry asked.

"The Goblet of Fire is an ancient magical artifact used to determine the Champions for the Triwizard Tournament," Dumbledore explained. "It creates a magically binding contract between itself and those who enter their names. Anyone chosen to compete must do so or risk losing their magic."

"What moron thought it was a good idea to use that?" Harry asked incredulously while Dora clutched his hand tightly.

“It was used for centuries,” Professor Turner said before Dumbledore could respond. “I would assume that the British Ministry of Magic simply decided not to change how the Champions are selected. However, while I’ve never studied the Goblet of Fire, it seems unlikely that it would allow someone who did not enter their name themselves to be bound to a contract.”

“Under normal circumstances, you would be correct,” Dumbledore replied. “The Goblet would normally reject such an attempt.”

“Then how did it happen?” Sirius demanded angrily.

“Someone tampered with the Goblet,” Dumbledore sighed. “Filius is examining it as we speak to determine precisely how.”

“And you believe that tampering was enough to enter Harry into a contract against his will?” Professor Turner asked.

“It seems unlikely,” Dumbledore admitted. “During my brief examination, it appeared that the culprit used a simple Confundus Charm to trick the Goblet into accepting his name. But that does not mean it would be impossible, merely difficult. I do not believe it is worth the risk to Harry’s magic to ignore the possibility that someone managed to forge a contract between him and the Goblet.”

“He’s not competing,” Sirius said firmly.

“Could you give us a couple of minutes?” Harry asked.

Sirius looked at him sharply, his eyes narrowing suspiciously. Marching over to Harry, he grabbed him roughly by the arm and dragged him over to the corner of the office, where he promptly set up a Silencing Charm.

“Tell me you did *not* enter your name,” he hissed through clenched teeth.

“Of course, I didn’t,” Harry said, rolling his eyes.

“Harry,” Sirius said warningly, his head tilting slightly to the side.

“I didn’t enter,” Harry insisted.

Sirius stared at him for a long moment before nodding his head.

“Alright,” he said. “Then what did you want to talk about?”

“This doesn’t sit right with me,” Harry said. “First, Nott shows up out of nowhere, then Death Eaters show up at the World Cup, and now my name gets entered in this tournament-”

“I know,” Sirius interrupted. “Why do you think I’m trying to keep you out of this thing?”

“I don’t think you can,” Harry said.

“Look, if you’re worried about losing your magic-”

“That’s not it,” Harry cut him off. “Well, maybe a little bit. I mean, I think we should go to England and see what’s happening.”

Sirius opened his mouth to interrupt, but Harry held up his hand to stop him.

“Look, if Voldemort is behind this, we can’t keep hiding forever,” he said.

“Voldemort’s dead,” Sirius said. “How could he be behind this?”

"I'm not stupid, Sirius," Harry protested. "I know they never found a body. And even if he is dead, one of his followers might have taken over. There's just too much happening to ignore this. Wouldn't it be better if we got involved and figured out what was happening instead of sitting around and waiting?"

Sirius shook his head, "I don't like this."

"Neither do I," Harry admitted. "But I like sitting around with a target on my back even less."

"Harry, this is probably nothing," Sirius said.

"And if it isn't?" Harry asked. "Look, if it's nothing, we pack up and come home."

"You're going to leave the Tournament just like that?" Sirius asked, raising an eyebrow. "You're not going to want to see it through?"

"Marauder's honor," Harry said, raising his hand.

Snorting, Sirius turned and sighed, staring out the window for a long moment. Eventually, he straightened his shoulder and dropped the Silencing Charm before marching over to Professor Turner's desk.

"I need to take the kids home with me," he said. "We need to have a family discussion about how we're going to handle this."

"Of course," Professor Turner nodded. "I take it that includes Jenna as well?"

"Yes," Sirius replied.

“Very well,” Professor Turner said. “I’ll let her professors know not to expect her.”

Nodding, Sirius turned and made for the door. Harry noticed Dumbledore frown unhappily, but he made no move to stop them.

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A few minutes later, Harry and his entire family were sitting around their kitchen table. Quickly, Sirius filled everyone in on what they’d talked about at Ilvermorny.

“As much as I hate to say it, Harry has a point,” he admitted with a sigh. “It would be safer for all of us if we find out who’s behind this and put an end to it as soon as possible.”

Jenna glanced nervously at her mother, who reached over and rubbed her back gently. Andi looked furious, while Ted sat with a thoughtful look. Harry knew that Dora already supported his idea. She’d agreed with him when he filled her in the moment they left Professor Turner’s office.

“So, you want to take Harry back to England?” Aunt Andi asked dangerously. “So they can, what? What can anyone possibly hope to accomplish by dragging him into this tournament?”

“We don’t know,” Sirius shrugged.

“That’s why we should go,” Harry said, looking at her earnestly.

“I agree with Harry,” Dora said. “If we do nothing, they’ll just try again, and it might be a lot worse.”

Andi pursed her lips and sat back in her chair with her arm crossed over her chest.

“What are the chances that Harry’s magic is actually at stake?” Ted asked softly.

“He’s probably safe, but we can’t rule it out completely,” Sirius admitted.

“What about the government?” Ted asked. “How are they handling this?”

“Oh, they’re furious,” Sirius said. “MACUSA is raking Britain over the coals in the news for putting an American citizen in a deadly tournament against their will, and I’m sure they’ll do the same thing in the ICW.”

“So, you won’t have trouble getting time off work?”

Sirius scoffed, “Time off? My boss called me into his office first thing this morning and asked me how many agents I wanted to take to Britain with me. They want me to head the investigation.”

“Well, in that case, I think we should go,” Ted said.

Everyone turned to look at Andi, awaiting her opinion. With a huff, she pinned Harry with a piercing gaze.

“You promise me that as soon as we know your magic isn’t at risk and we find out who’s behind this, you’ll quit this tournament and come home?” she asked.

“I promise,” Harry said.

Andi stared at him for a long moment before nodding. Sighing, Sirius dropped his head into his hands, scratched the top of his head, and then looked up at Marlene.

“I’ll understand if you want to stay here,” he said sadly.

“They already know I’m still alive,” Marlene shrugged and looked at Jenna. “I’d feel safer being near you, but what about Jenna? Will she be able to go to Hogwarts?”

“If they want Harry there, they’ll accept her,” Sirius said.

“What about you, sweetheart?” Marlene asked her daughter. “You’ll be safe at Ilvermorny, but I’d feel better if you were with us.”

“I want to go with you,” she said softly.

Smiling, Sirius patted her shoulder and turned to look around the table.

“Well, I guess that settles it then,” he sighed. “We’re going back to Britain.”

“I’ll have to make a few calls and make sure my clients are taken care of,” Ted said, getting to his feet. “It’s a good thing we kept the house in Dorset. We can add a couple of extra rooms if we need to.”

“I’ll get started packing,” Andi said. “When do we leave?”

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Fleur joined the students from all three schools as they marched out onto the front lawn of Hogwarts to await the arrival of the third Triwizard Champion. Surprisingly, the Ilvermorny contingent was just as excited as everyone else. She would have thought they would have been upset to lose the opportunity to compete to a fourth year, but Harry had such support from his classmates that they supported him wholeheartedly.



Privately, Fleur was glad Harry had managed to get himself involved. Whether through his own actions or not, she didn't care. The enigmatic young man intrigued her, and she was quickly starting to think of him as a friend. She was looking forward to competing against him again.

"Do you think he'll come on one of his brooms?" a tall, gangly redhead asked behind her.

"Don't be foolish, Ron," a girl with bushy brown hair scoffed. "I'm sure he'll just Apparate or Portkey."

"Do you think he'll sign my books?" an excitable boy asked, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

Smiling to herself, Fleur listened to the wild speculation around her silently. They waited for a few more minutes before five figures appeared outside the front gate of Hogwarts. The excitement rose as they approached but turned to confusion when they got close. There was an older man with long, dark hair and a goatee, a short brunette, a younger woman, a tall black man with a bald head and a serious face, and an older woman with long, curly black hair and a striking face. More importantly, none of them was Harry.

"Mr. Black, Mrs. Tonks," McGonagall said as she and Dumbledore greeted the group. "Welcome back to Hogwarts. Ms. McKinnon, it does my old heart good to see you alive and well. We'd feared the worst when you disappeared."

"It's good to see you too, Minerva," the short brunette smiled. "This is my daughter, Jenna."

"A pleasure to meet you," Dumbledore smiled. "I hope you enjoy your time here at Hogwarts. Pardon my rudeness, but it appears you're two students short."

"Oh, Harry and Dora will be along in a minute," Sirius smiled. "They had to pick up something from home. This is Frank, by the way; he'll be assisting me with the investigation."

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said, shaking the man’s hand. “I’m sure Alastor will be glad to have your help.”

“Moody’s here?” Sirius asked, cocking an eyebrow.

“He’s taken up the post for Defense Against the Dark Arts this year,” Dumbledore replied. “I’m afraid we’ve had as little luck keeping a professor as we did when you were a student.”

“Huh,” Sirius said.

Suddenly, their conversation was interrupted by a loud rumble of thunder. Looking up at the sky, Fleur frowned at the wall of dark clouds approaching the school and pulled her robes tightly around her body.

“Why does that boy always have to make an entrance?” Mrs. Tonks asked before turning to Professor McGonagall. “Minerva, I apologize in advance for the trouble Harry and my daughter cause while they’re here.”

Professor McGonagall raised an eyebrow questioningly, but someone shouted before Mrs. Tonks could say anything else.

“Look!”

Fleur strained her eyes as she looked at the cloud. When a flash of lightning lit up the sky, she noticed the black speck flying in front of it.

“No way,” one of the Weasley twins breathed.

“Is that a motorcycle?” the other asked.

Sharing a look, they grinned.

“Wicked,” they said in unison.

Fleur grinned as she watched Harry fly closer, and then she made out Tonks on the back, her purple hair whipping in the wind. As he began to descend, a massive grey and white Thunderbird burst from the cloud and followed him. The students around her gasped in shock, and though she knew he had one, even Fleur was struck by just how large and majestic it looked.

Landing on the dirt road just outside the front gate, Harry drove the motorcycle up to the school and stopped next to Sirius. A moment later, the Thunderbird landed behind Harry, spread out her wings, and cried loudly.

“Sorry I’m late,” Harry smiled, climbing off the bike and holding out his hand to help Tonks dismount. “Levina stopped to snack on a sheep on the way here.”

“Please tell me you weren’t seen,” Mrs. Tonks sighed.

“Course not,” Harry said, waving away the concern. “I used wards, and yes, I left some money behind to pay for it.”

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Tonks, welcome to Hogwarts,” Dumbledore said, smiling. “And what a magnificent creature. What’s her name?”

“Levina,” Harry said. “I hope you don’t mind if she stays. She’s gotten used to going to school with me, and I don’t think I could get her to stay home if I wanted to.”

“Oh, that won’t be a problem,” Dumbledore said. “I’m sure Hagrid will be happy to have her on the grounds.”

A loud, musical cry interrupted the conversation, and everyone looked up as the headmaster's Phoenix flew down from the castle and landed on the handlebars of the motorcycle, facing the towering Thunderbird. They stared at each other and cocked their heads in opposite directions. A moment later, the Phoenix took to the air, pecked the Thunderbird lightly on the top of the head, chirped, and then took off in the opposite direction.

"I apologize," Dumbledore said. "Fawkes had his burning day not too long ago. I'm afraid he's going through his adolescent phase."

Clacking her beak, Levina flew after Fawkes. For such a large bird, she was surprisingly agile. In a few seconds, she'd caught up to the Phoenix and playfully tugged at his tail feathers with her beak. Then, she turned around, and the Phoenix chased the Thunderbird. The students watched as the two mythical birds disappeared around the side of the castle.

"What are they doing?" Mrs. Tonks asked.

"Playing tag," Harry shrugged.

Dumbledore chuckled, his eye twinkling, and then made a gesture toward the castle.

"Shall we head inside?" he asked.

Sirius nodded, and the group walked past the students and up to the castle. As they passed her, Harry and Dora noticed Fleur and gave her a friendly wave. Fleur waved back and then followed the rest of her classmates as they returned to the Great Hall.

"Is he always like that?" one of the older Hogwarts students asked an Ilvermorny student.

"This?" the boy scoffed. "This is nothing. Harry's just getting started."

Shaking her head, Fleur sat down with her friends while Harry was soundly welcomed by his Ilvermorny classmates. They made eye contact as she looked at him, and he waved her over. Hesitating for just a moment, she made an excuse to her friends and moved over to the Gryffindor table to join him.

“Hey, Fleur,” Harry smiled. “Good to see you again.”

“Bonjour, ‘Arry, Tonks,” Fleur said, smiling at the other girl as she possessively clutched Harry’s arm.

“Hey,” Tonks said. “So, who’s the Hogwarts Champion?”

“Cedric Diggory,” Fleur replied, looking over her shoulder and pointing to the handsome young man at the Hufflepuff table.

“Hey, Cedric!” Harry yelled.

The entire hall came to a standstill as they watched him curiously, but Harry ignored the attention he received. He waved Cedric over the same way he had with Fleur. As the Hufflepuff got to his feet, the hall returned to normal. Harry stood as Cedric approached and shook his hand across the table.

“Hey, I’m Harry,” he said with a smile.

“Cedric Diggory,” Cedric responded in kind before taking a seat. “Welcome to Hogwarts. That was a heck of an entrance you made.”

“Well, I’d hate to disappoint,” Harry grinned. “This is my girlfriend, Tonks, and this is Jenna.”

“Pleasure,” Cedric said, nodding to them politely.

“Well, well, if it isn’t the great Harry Potter.”

Fleur frowned at the Slytherin boy standing behind Harry and slightly to the left. She’d quickly learned to avoid anyone from the house of snakes after hearing many of them make disparaging remarks about her heritage. The boy had slicked-back blonde hair and a sneer on his pale face, while a girl with a rather unfortunate nose stood beside him. Glancing at Fleur, his pale grey eye clouded over momentarily before he shook his head and turned back to Harry.

“Yep,” Harry said, looking at the boy. “And you are?”

“Malfoy, Draco Malfoy,” he said, puffing out his chest with self-importance.

“Look, Malfoy, it’s nice to meet you and all that, but I’d like to finish my dinner before I start signing autographs,” Harry said.

Tonks, Jenna, Fleur, and Cedric, stifled their laughter as the boy’s cheek turned pink with anger.

“I’m not here for an autograph,” Malfoy spat, straightening his robes as he got his anger under control. “I just came here to give you some advice.”

“Oh, by all means,” Harry said, turning away and beginning to load food on his plate.

“I know you come from America, but things are different here in Britain. Some families are more important than others. You wouldn’t want to be seen with the wrong sort,” he said, glancing at a girl with bushy brown hair and her nose buried in a book. “I can help you there.”

“I don’t buy into that blood purity bull shit if that’s what you’re talking about,” Harry said dismissively.

“Clearly,” Malfoy sneered, his mask of civility dropping as he glanced from Fleur to Tonks and Jenna and wrinkled his nose.

“Finished?” Harry asked disinterestedly before completely ignoring him without waiting for an answer.

Malfoy fumed silently, and as he opened his mouth to speak, Fleur knew without a doubt that the next words out of his mouth would be a mistake.

“I’m surprised you had the courage to come back to Britain, you know,” Malfoy said, trying and failing to sound casual. “It would be a pity if you lost your family twice.”

Suddenly, Harry’s elbow flew back and hit Malfoy hard in the stomach. The wind was knocked from his lungs, and his eyes bulged as he doubled over in pain. Before he could even try to inhale, Harry grabbed his hanging green tie and yank down. Malfoy’s face met the solid wood table with a tremendous thud, and he slumped to the floor, his hand clutching his bleeding nose.

“Potter!” Professor Snape shouted.

Fleur blinked as she watched Snape, the headmasters, and Harry’s family descend from the head table. Glancing at her, Harry winked before turning to face the furious Potions Professor.

“One hundred points from Gryffindor and a month’s detention,” he spat, his dark eyes glittering maliciously.

“I’m not a Gryffindor,” Harry said, looking confused.

Snape puffed up his chest, ready to respond angrily, when Professor Turner hobbled to the front.

“Please explain, Mr. Potter,” she said, leaning on her staff.

“This guy came over here and made some spiel about Pureblood families being more important and then threatened my family,” Harry said.

“It’s true, professor,” Cedric added. “He said it would be a pity if Harry lost his family twice.”

“I see,” Dumbledore said, patting Snape’s shoulder as the man seethed silently. “How would you handle this at Ilvermorny, Esmerelda?”

“A week’s detention for both,” Professor Turner replied.

“I find that acceptable,” Dumbledore nodded. “Severus, perhaps you should take Mr. Malfoy to see Madam Pomfrey.”

Snape practically shook as he restrained himself from responding angrily, then spun on his heel, his cloak billowing.

“Malfoy, come!” he barked.

Without waiting for his students, he marched out of the Great Hall. The girl that had come with Malfoy helped him to his feet and helped him stagger after him.

“Mr. Potter, the next time a student threatens you, I advise you to tell one of the professors instead of taking matters into your own hands,” Professor McGonagall said firmly.

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry said.



Shaking his head and rolling his eyes, Sirius turned and walked back to the Head Table, and the rest of the professors followed after him a moment later.

“Five minutes, Harry,” Tonks sighed. “We’ve been here five minutes. That’s a record, even for you.”

“Yeah, but it was worth it,” Harry grinned.