

Chapter 29

As Harry stepped out of the Floo into the Wolf's Den, a tall African wizard in blue robes looked up from his clipboard and gave him a respectful nod. Nodding back, he stepped to the side and waited for Narcissa and Bellatrix. Not interested in dealing with the Healers today, they left quickly and made their way outside. Several of the Werewolves working the greenhouses looked up with a wave and a smile as they walked across the lawn.

Walking past the enclosure, they made their way to the workshop on the other side of the field. The rectangular building was much larger than the front office and stood two stories tall. Stepping inside, he watched as witches and wizards – some of them Werewolves, some of them not – go about their tasks. A tall, leggy blonde sat at a bench, engraving runes into mirror frames. Next to her sat a portly, balding wizard who was levitating batches of small mirrors in and out of a red, bubbling potion. A short, curvy black witch in her forties took set the mirrors into the frames and moved them further down the line where they could be given the final enchantments before being sent off for testing.

Further down the line, he could see more people working on larger mirrors. Past that were more enchanters working on Memory Projectors, shield cloaks, and one of their newest additions, a set of palm sized stones inscribed with runes that could be buried around a property, providing it with wards more powerful than most people could cast on their own. Harry felt surreal seeing the number of people working hard on ideas he'd developed. Sure, being a Hallow sped up the process, but they were his ideas, and they were changing the world around him.

“Mr. Potter!”

Harry, shaken from his thoughts, looked to the side and smiled as Richard Popper, his Head Enchanter and manager of the workshop. Richard was a tall, handsome man in his fifties. His short, jet black hair was greying around the temple, and there was a light stubble on his strong, cleft jaw. Despite his rugged good looks, he's struggled to find work as an Enchanter because he was Muggleborn. The moment Harry had learned a man with his skill was stuck making toy brooms, he was quick to offer him a position.

“Richard,” he said, shaking his hand. “This place looks great!”

“We rearranged a bit since the last time you were here,” Richard said with an easy smile. “We hired fifteen new enchanters in the last week. Demand for our mirrors is through the roof. While we were moving things around, I decided to arrange the shop like an assembly line. It’s increased our output of Memory Projectors and hand mirrors a bit, but it’s really made a difference with the wall mirrors. Here, take a look.”

Harry and the girls followed him down the line as Richard continued to explain.

“Instead of having one line for each type of mirror, we just have one big one for all of them,” he said as they strode to the end of the potions tank, where enchanters took the large mirrors from three different racks. “The wall mirrors are soaked in the potion, and then split along the lines as needed. The one on the far left is for communications only, the one on the right is transportation only, and the middle is for the Any Mirrors.”

“Any Mirror?” Lily asked curiously.

“Mirrors that have communication and transportation enchantments, as well as entertainment, once we work out the kinks,” Richard replied.

“We’ve been working on a way to transmit images and audio through numerous mirrors from a single source,” Harry explained at the girls’ curious looks.

“Like the telly?” Lily asked excitedly.

Harry nodded while Narcissa and Bellatrix eyed them blankly. He silently vowed to show them more of the Muggle world over the Summer. Though they were more open and understanding now, he was still glad the internet hadn’t been invented yet. Bellatrix didn’t need to fall into that pit. She had enough ideas as it was. He barely suppressed a shiver when he imagined her discovering porn. He was *not* ready for her to break out the whips and chains.

“We still have a few small issues to work out before we can start broadcasting,” Richard told them.

“Can we see the Transportation Mirrors?” Narcissa asked. “We haven’t had a chance to see those yet.”

“Of course,” Richard smiled before turning away. “Hey, Emily! Can you set up a demonstration?”

“Sure,” The middle-aged, plump witch said.

Levitating two of the large mirrors just millimeters from the floor, she cast a quick series of charms on each.

“Just tap it with your wand and say test mirror two,” Emily said.

The girls looked at each other and had a silent conversation before Narcissa stepped forward.

“Test mirror two,” she said, the tip of her wand pressed to the mirror.

The surface of the mirror rippled like water, concentric rings rolling outwards before settling back down. Straightening her shoulder, Narcissa unfalteringly through the mirror and immediately stepped out of the one a few feet to the right.

“Amazing,” she said. “I didn’t feel a thing.”

“Really?” Harry asked, plastering a look of surprise across his face. “How about now?”

Reaching his hand through the mirror on the left, it came out of the one on the right and grabbed a handful of Narcissa's delectable bum. Squealing in shock, she spun around as Harry pulled his hand back with a chuckle.

"Sorry," he said, looking anything but with a crooked grin on his face. "I couldn't help myself."

Fighting a giggle, something Bellatrix didn't bother to hide, Lily smacked his arm lightly. Narcissa just shook her head and walked back over to stand next to him.

"You know," Bellatrix began coyly, "if you put those enchantments on the hand mirrors, you'd basically have a portable gloryhole."

Emily, who was putting the mirrors back, gasped, covering her mouth as her face went red. Richard chuckled and shook his head.

"I don't know whether to pity you, or envy you," he said to Harry.

"Probably a bit of both, I suspect," Harry smiled.

"Unfortunately, the smaller mirrors can't handle the additional magic," Richard explained. "Besides, other than your rather... unique suggestion, it would add considerable cost for very little practical benefit."

"That and we don't want people trying to enlarge the smaller mirrors," Emily said, her blush fading. "That causes all kinds of havoc with the enchantments."

"Have you decided how much you're going to sell them for?" Narcissa asked.

"Fifteen Galleons for the ones without entertainment charms, twenty-five with," Harry said, raising his hand to forestall Narcissa objection. "I know we could charge a lot more, but I've

decided to charge two Galleons a month for services. It will give us continued income and cover the maintenance costs for the system.”

In all honesty, Harry didn’t like the decision, but it was a necessary one. To fight a war and change the wizarding world for the better, he was going to money. Piles of it. Not to mention the power it would give him in the Wizengamot. Money meant power, and Harry was going to have plenty of that.

Then, there was the power he held. Once the mirrors took off, he would have access to all of the conversations and travels of anyone that used them. He couldn’t be sure the Death Eaters would use them, perhaps some of the more foolish would, but there was no real way to tell until they hit the market at the end of the month.

But the real question was, should he?

Was it worth violating the trust and privacy of the magical community, even if it was to protect them. Harry certainly wouldn’t trust the Ministry with that kind of power, but then again, didn’t they already have that with control of the Floo network? And with the rampant corruption in the government, it was likely the Death Eaters would as well. Whether or not to use his inventions in such a way had been gnawing at him for months now, and he was still no closer to making up his mind.

“That’s... a great idea, actually,” Narcissa said.

“No need to sound so surprised,” Harry smiled. “I get those on occasion.”

“Oh, you have plenty of good ideas,” Narcissa smirked. “You’re not good at realizing their full value. We could’ve made a fortune off that Lycanthropy cure. Every Ministry in the world would’ve paid out of the nose for that.”

“It’s more important to get it out as quickly as possible,” Harry replied.

“I know,” Narcissa sighed.

Harry gave her a smile and turned back to Richard.

“So, what else have you changed around here?”

~

They spent another hour checking out the workshop and dealing with a few administrative details before they left with the first working versions of the Any Mirrors and hand mirrors.

“We really need to come up with a better name,” Narcissa said as they left. “Hand mirror just sounds so mundane.”

“What about Potter Mirrors?” Lily asked.

Harry grimaced at the idea. Putting his name on his own product felt to self-aggrandizing.

“Okay, so not that,” Lily said, pursing her lips thoughtfully.

The girls tossed a few other ideas back and forth, but nothing they came up with really stood out to any of them. Setting up one of the Any Mirrors in the main office, they Flooed back to Godric’s Hollow and set another up in the living room. Harry sighed and smiled. He’s always hated the Floo, and now he was the one that was going to make it obsolete.

Harry and the girls ate a light lunch and spent a few hours redecorating the house before getting cleaned up and putting on some nice clothes. Storing a couple of Any Mirrors and a handful of hand mirrors in an expanded bag, they got ready to Floo over to Potter Manor.

“How angry is your dad?” Harry asked Lily as they waited for Narcissa to come downstairs.

“I sat down with my parents and had a long talk with them the day I got home,” Lily said. “Mom was a lot more understanding at first, but Dad’s come around the last couple of days. He’s still not happy, exactly, but I don’t think you have to worry about him trying to start a fight.”

Harry nodded and let out a sigh.

“Actually, the biggest surprise was Petunia,” Lily continued, taking his hand in hers. “She’s done a complete one-eighty on magic. She’s obsessed with it now. Runes, Potions, Arithmancy, anything that doesn’t use a wand, she’s studying it. I’m trying to be nice to her, now that she’s stopped being a jealous bitch, but it’s hard sometimes, knowing how she treated you.”

“She hasn’t done that yet,” Harry reminded her with a smile and a squeeze of her hand. “And now, hopefully she never will.”

“I know, but still...,” Lily sighed. “Oh, she broke up with Vernon, too. Said he complained too much about all that ‘new age rubbish’ she was interested in.”

Harry snorted.

“Good riddance,” he said. “I always thought he brought out the worst in her.”

Lily scoffed, “It wasn’t that hard the way she was acting. She wants me to take her to Diagon Alley so she can get some new books.”

“I can take you next week, if you want,” Harry offered.

While he was that interested in getting close to his aunt, she left him with enough bad memories to last several lifetimes, he was undeniably curious to see how much she’d changed.

“Cissy!” Bellatrix shouted from the top of the stairs. “Move that arse or we’re leaving without you!”

Harry smiled as she walked down the stairs in a black skirt, dark green blouse, and a casual robe draped over her shoulders. The high heeled boots she’d bought at the magical shop in town clicked with each step.

Maybe I can get Lily and Narcissa a pair like that, Harry thought.

“I’m coming!” Narcissa yelled annoyedly.

Fortunately, they didn’t have to wait much longer. Narcissa came down the stairs a moment later, looking fantastic in a simple set of deep red dress robes. They weren’t fancy or revealing, but tight enough that they showed off her amazing figure.

“Am I too under dressed?” Lily asked, looking down at her flower patterned blouse and brown skirt.

“You’re fine,” Narcissa said. “I just like to dress up.”

“Took you long enough,” Bellatrix muttered.

“Everyone ready to go?” Harry asked before the sister could start arguing.

Receiving nods all around, he handed one of the expanded bags to Narcissa.

“You two go ahead to Potter Manor while we go get Lily’s parents,” he said.

“See you there,” Bellatrix smiled.

She gave Harry and Lily each a passionate kiss before making her way to the Floo. Narcissa was a bit more reserved, kissing them each on the cheek and then following her sister. Making his way outside, Harry took Lily’s hand as they stepped into their backyard and disappeared without a sound.

A moment later, they were standing in the backyard of her parents’ house. Cynthia met them at the door with a smile.

“Hello, Harry,” she said, pulling him into a gentle, motherly hug. “How are you, deary?”

“I’m good,” Harry replied with a smile.

“Hello, Mum,” Lily said, hugging her mother as soon as she let go of Harry.

“So, what have you two been up to today?” Cynthia asked as she ushered them into the house.

“We went to the workshop at the Wolf’s Den this morning,” Lily replied. “You should see it. It’s amazing. Everyone’s going to want Harry’s new mirrors.”

“If they can do have as much as you’ve told me they can, I’m sure they will,” Cynthia smiled. “You’ll have to show me one some time.”

“I can do better than that,” Harry grinned as Gerald joined them in the kitchen.

Removing the small pouch from around his neck, he reached in up to his shoulder. Cynthia and Gerald goggled as he managed to fit his entire arm in a pouch barely the size of a grapefruit. Pulling his arm back out, he held one up one of the hand mirrors.

“This is for you,” Harry said, handing it to Cynthia. “It’s specially enchanted so you can use it by touching your finger to the surface and saying the name of the person you want to talk to. I have one of our Any Mirrors for you too. Do you have someplace I can set up a full size mirror?”

“What about the living room?” Lily asked.

“That’s the one you can travel through, right?” Gerald asked, getting a nod from his daughter. “Might be best if you put it the den. If we have guests, I’d have a devil of a time explaining how my daughter and her boyfriend just walked out of a mirror.”

Harry chuckled as they walked into the den, a room he hadn’t visited yet. Just to the right of the living room, they walked through a doorway. As Cynthia turned on the light, Harry glanced around. The den was set up like a small office. There didn’t seem to be anything special about it, until Harry spotted pictures of Lily from Hogwarts dotted around the room. Looking a bit close, he also saw her Hogwarts letter, and academic achievements framed on the wall.

“No one ever comes in here except us,” Cynthia explained. “We wanted a place where celebrate Lily’s magic instead of hiding it away.”

Smiling, Harry took the pouch from around his neck and set it on the floor. He stuck both hands inside and grunted as he pulled out the large, decorative mirror. Gerald came over and helped him lift it out of the bag until he could use his magic to levitate it over to the blank stretch of wall. Fixing it in place with a Permanent Sticking Charm, Harry showed them how to use it.

“Like your hand mirror, this one is specially enchanted to work with touch instead of a wand,” he told them. “You just need to press a finger to the surface and say the name of the household you want to talk to, or travel to. You know the Wolf’s Den, my new place is Twelve Godric Lane, and we’ll be using this to go to Potter Manor.”

“It’s so much better than the Floo or Apparating,” Lily smiled. “It’s like just stepping from one room to another.”

“We’re also working on a way to broadcast news and entertainment like a telly,” Harry said. “I’ll show you how to do that once we get it up and running.”

“So, you’re basically the phone company, television station, and public transport all rolled into one,” Gerald said, shaking his head. “I’m not sure whether I should be impressed, or hate you on principle.”

“Dad!” Lily yelled while Harry chuckled.

“Ready to give it a try?” Harry asked.

“As I’ll ever be,” Cynthia said.

Smiling, Harry touched the tip of his wand to the surface of the mirror.

“Potter Manor,” he called out.

The glass rippled like water before settling down into the image of a large room where The Potters and the Black sisters were seated and talking to each other. Poor James looked thoroughly miserable.

“Oh, Hello, Harry,” Dorea smiled when she spotted him.

“Hi, Dorea, is it alright if we come through?” Harry asked.

“Of course,” she smiled.

Harry stepped to the side and motioned the others forward.

“Lily, you go first,” he said.

Lily stepped through into Potter Manor and greeted Dorea with a hug. Gerald went next, looking back at the mirror in amazement. Harry helped Cynthia step through before doing the same himself. Once he was in Potter Manor, he tapped the mirror with his wand, causing the reflection to still and return to normal.

“That’s incredible,” Cynthia breathed. “I didn’t feel a thing.”

“Harry’s going to change the face of the Wizarding World with these inventions of his,” Charlus smiled. “What’s the range on these?”

“We haven’t tested the outside limit yet, but theoretically, it’s unlimited,” Harry replied.

“No more international Floo,” Charlus grinned boyishly. “Thank Merlin for that.”

“I have to sell them to other countries first,” Harry told him.

“Oh, I’m sure you will,” he said, his enthusiasm undeterred. “The Minister has already had several inquiries about them from other Ministers. I suspect some of those Healers you have over there are sending owls about more than just the cure.”

“How is the cure going?” Dorea asked.

“Good,” Harry said as he and the Evans’ took seats. “Once this test is over, we’ll be able to spread it worldwide.”

“Are you sure it’ll work?” James asked. “Everyone knows Remus is a Werewolf now. If it doesn’t, they’ll never let him back into Hogwarts.”

"I took care of that before I asked him to take part," Harry told him. "We've installed a golden cage in the dungeons. Even if, for some reason, it doesn't work, Remus isn't getting expelled. And there's no reason it shouldn't. I've had the best Healers in the world pouring over our work for the last week and not one of them can find a flaw. It'll work. Trust me."

With a small pop, a House Elf popped into the room with a tray of snacks and a pot of tea floating in front of them. Cynthia jumped in her seat, clutching Gerald's hand as they both stared at the odd creature with wide, bulging eyes.

"This is Mipsy, one of our House Elves," Dorea explained with a smile.

"Hellos, sirs and miss," Mipsy said with a curtsy. "Can Mipsy bes getting you anything?"

"No, thank you, Mipsy," Dorea said, smiling kindly.

With another curtsy, Mipsy vanished with a *pop*.

"Cynthia, Gerald, I'm sure you must have questions about the Wizarding World that Lily hasn't been able to answer yet," Charlus said, directing teacups to everyone.

Lily's parents shared a look Harry couldn't quite read.

"Well, we'd really like to know more about your government and Voldemort fellow," Gerald said, glancing at his daughter. "Lily's been reluctant to tell us much about this Dark Lord."

Lily blushed while Dorea chuckled. As the conversation continued around him, Harry sat back and took Lily's hand in his, a soft smile on his face. For once, he wasn't an outsider being welcomed into some other family. This was his family. His real family. It wasn't quite the way he envisioned it when he was a child, sleeping in the cupboard under the stairs, but he wouldn't change it for the world.