Chapter 5

Harry felt so tired when he woke up the next morning, rolling out of bed it was all he could do to make it to the shower and let the steam and hot water ease some of the aches, just able to cast a scan on his core Harry was shocked to see that it was severely depleted. Stumbling from the shower Harry went over to his dresser and opened the top drawer and took out one of his emergency pepper up potions and quickly downed it.
Seeing the potion Saero gave him last night was still untouched on the top of his dresser Harry wondered what was going on with him to cause such a drain. Feeling slightly better Harry made his way to the hospital section intent on finding out what had happened while he was sleeping. Stumbling into his office in the hospital area so he could gather some of the pre spelled crystals, if there were even any left, Harry looked up at the map showing the Runic arrays and the outline boundaries of Sanctuary and stared at it not quite comprehending what he was seeing.

Some time overnight the outer boundaries had been pushed all the way back to where the center runic arrays were located.

Sitting down at his desk and sipping an energy restore potion, which helped clear his head and gave him a little energy even if it was false, Harry contemplated how this could have happened.

Reviewing his memories of last night Harry sat there thinking back to how all of a sudden as he fell asleep exhausted. It was right about the time he was half playing around with some thoughts on expanding the boundaries of Sanctuary allowing him to have more than enough room for all the magical species that was moving into the area and able to expand the groves of house trees in blocks around the newly expanded area making many small villages.

He remembered the last part of the dream he had experienced last night showed a greatly expanded Sanctuary with people and animals living in harmony, heck even the Centaurs had a small village on the outskirts where their children and old folks lived.

It couldn’t be that could it Harry thought. Placing the empty vial down on his desk Harry slowly made his way to the hidden central chamber. Looking around making sure no one was watching Harry placed his hand on the hidden door and felt it recognize his magic and open. Walking into the room the first thing Harry noticed was that the crystal seemed larger somehow.

Walking around the crystal Harry reached out gingerly and touched it with a hand only to feel a jolt of power start to feed back into him and fill his core. Minutes later Harry felt a lot better but still was no wiser on why he was depleted in the first place or how the crystal became larger along with his lands, or even for heavens sake how the crystal was able to replenish his depleted core quickly and safely. Shaking his head and making a mental note to sit down and ask Saero about this real soon Harry left the chamber for the kitchen and breakfast, he now was ravenous.
“Good morning Trisky,” Harry smiled as the house elf placed a steaming cup of tea in front of him.

“Sir Emerald Eyes be wanting his breakfast now. Or do you want to wait a bit,” Trisky asked.

“For some reason I am starving this morning so whatever you think you have the most of,” Harry answered smiling sheepishly as his stomach started growling.

Looking at Harry in a funny way Trisky snapped her fingers laying some toast out along with jam while she went over to the stove and started to fix a huge breakfast.

Harry devoured everything that was placed in front of him until finally after the third helping he pushed his plate back with a sigh of contentment.

Trisky was wide eyed at the sheer amount of food her Sir had eaten this morning. She decided that he must have really used a lot of energy healing all those horned ones yesterday.

“Thank you Trisky. It was wonderful as it always is,” Harry told her as he picked up his cup and sipped his tea.

Having and idea as he stared at the blank wall between the two pantries across the table from him, Harry summoned a copy of the map of Sanctuary from his office and opened it up on the table.

Curious at what her Sir was doing Trisky moved closer to the table and gasped in shock as she saw how big Sanctuary now was. She was going to have to talk with the elders to let them know they were safer than ever before and had room to accept more free elves. This had been one of the discussions last night amongst the free elves. Taking in more free elves if any showed up, they had the room, but they were not sure there would be enough work for all of the new ones. Seeing how big Sanctuary was now there would be enough work for many more.

Satisfied that the map indeed showed the new boundaries and tracing some runic symbols with his magic on the edge of the paper, the pylon rings became visible on the map,
including all the new ones that had been added last night. Getting up and conjuring a frame on the wall Harry placed the map inside it before closing the front and sealing it in. Walking back to his seat Harry nodded his head in satisfaction that he would be able to see the map clearly when he is eating.

“Trisky could you ask Tinky to meet me at he array in an hour? I am going to go into Diagon Ally to take care of a few things and I think he can help with some errands I need to do,” Harry asked looking over his shoulder.

“Trisky can do so. Is Sir Emerald Eyes be coming back for lunch or eating while on errands?” Trisky asked in return.

“Go to Gringotts and give them one more chance, teach a wizard and his snooty elves not to bother my people, set up supply lines in Hogsmeade,” Harry ticked off his errands on his finger before replying. “I think I will eat something at the Three Broomsticks. Though if you could make sure the High Ones that stayed last night eat a good lunch, they might forget to eat if no one reminds them,” Harry inferred so she wouldn’t feel put upon.

Harry smiled in return to the happily nodding Trisky before walking out the door to make a stop at his secret vaults under outpost.

Pulling several Galleons out of the trunks to double check that the date and symbol stamped in the side of the coin by the Goblins showed coins minted at least twenty years ago, Harry closed the trunk and shrunk it as small as he could which was only the size of a keepsake box. Place a feather light charm on the trunk Harry placed it under his arm and started back towards the Hospital area.

Entering the Hospital section fifteen minutes later Harry placed the trunk down on his desk near the box filled with the empty spell crystals and walked outside to check on the Unicorns. Walking around the area Harry was pleased to see so many of the herd up and walking around. Feeling a nudge from behind him when he stooped he turned around to face the mare he had worked so hard on to save yesterday. Smiling as he caressed her head Harry allowed her to rub her horn along his hand allowing her to send her thoughts to him.

“I want to thank you High One for saving me and my daughter,” The mare told him indicating the newborn behind her.
Kneeling down Harry examined the newborn and smiled when he realized she would not have any lingering effects from the poisoning. “She will be fine, no sign of any damage and there is no reason she should not grow up strong and healthy,” Harry told her as he stood up and brushed the straw off of his pants.

Placing her horn on his arm once more the mare sent, ”Thank you High One.”

Giving the mare a rub where her head met her neck, a place she could not reach on her own Harry noticed the stallions had slowly moved closer and arranged themselves in a circle. “The lands of Sanctuary extend from this point a distance that would take you five days of constant running to reach the edge. Your herds are welcome to make your home inside these lands where you will be protected,” Harry offered as he gave the mare one last rub.

Eyes widening with shock as the stallions bowed deeply, deep enough they had to go down on their front legs to accomplish it, and he heard in his mind from many voices speaking at once, “We thank you High One for giving us a home.”

Bowing slightly returning the respect given him Harry had reassured himself that everything was under control and went back to his office in the hospital area to charge as many of the spell crystals as he could before Tinky showed up.

Charging the crystals while chatting with the three Elvin healers that were staying close by just in case, while the others wandered around the outpost and grounds taking a look around, it was just shy of an hour when Tinky popped in.

Making his apologies to the healers, Harry placed several of the trays of charged crystals into the cupboard outside his office door and picked up his trunk and made his way to the array where Tinky was waiting.

Looking down at the house elf that was proudly wearing a clean and pressed vest with the Sanctuary crest over his chest, Harry had to smile as he told him before opening up a rift, “We’ll meet up at the Apparation point in Diagon Ally and Gringotts will be our first stop.”

Nodding his Tinky snapped his fingers and popped out while Harry slashed his hand down and walked through the rift that formed in front of him.
Seeing that he was unnoticed and that Tinky was waiting for him over out of the way 
Harry motioned for him to join him and started down the ally scanning the storefronts to 
see if anything caught his eye. Stopping in front of Quality Quidditch Supplies to gaze at 
the broom on display Harry was interrupted when someone screamed at him from behind 
while another grabbed his shoulder to turn him around.

“James Potter what do you think you are doing in Diagon Ally Hogsmeade weekends do 
not give you…” Mrs. Potter trailed off seeing the lads face after her husband roughly 
turned the lad around.

“Remove your hand,” Harry said coldly through gritted teeth.

“Sorry lad, you look just like my son James from behind,” Mr. Potter apologized.

So this was the grandparents he never met Harry thought, “Apology not accepted. Next 
time you accost some one in the street you should make sure you have the right person.”

“The least you could have done was check my reflection in the window which would 
have saved us both a lot of trouble.” Harry spat out as he stepped away from the 
storefront and moved towards Gringotts shaking his head wondering why the Potters 
would assume their son would sneak away to Diagon Ally, he must have done it before 
he concluded.

“Harold did you think that boy looked a little young to be traveling about by himself?” 
Mrs. Potter was ashamed at her screaming.

“We can always follow him and that weirdly dressed elf that seems to be with him, to see 
what he is up to,” Harold told his wife as he took hold of her arm to continue down the 
street.

Approaching Gringotts, Harry noticed a small goblin scanning the crowd off to one side 
of the doors. Seeing the goblin freeze when he looked his way, he had been spotted, and 
then the Goblin made several motions to one of the guards before rushing down the steps 
heading towards him, Harry wondered if he should find another way to do business in the 
Wizarding world. After all how hard would it be to buy up businesses with cold hard 
cash.
Griphook spotting the High One and a strangely dressed house elf walking towards the bank pointed out to the guards the approaching High One and ordered the guards to tell the managers that the High One had returned before running down the steps and the few meters needed to approach the High One.

Falling prostrate on the ground Griphook told the ground fearfully, “All respects High One, if it pleases you the Horde leader wishes to know if the death of Toothrock will be enough to save the rest of our race from your wrath of our insult.”

Stopping in front of the goblin that had thrown itself face down on the street Harry had to wonder if coming here was such a good idea. Glancing around to see several shocked stares as shoppers had stopped to see the commotion Harry groaned and hissed out, “Get up, on your feet before you cause more of a scene.”

Griphook afraid now for his very life stood up quickly and tried to control his shaking due to fear, and failed miserably.

“That Goblin is terrified of the boy and he hasn’t done anything to him…Quick get Dumbledore and tell him the boy that frightens the goblins is here in the Ally right now, while I try to head off any Aurors that show up,” Harold whispered to his wife moving closer to the boy to see if he could hear what was being said.

Sighing Harry tried to calm the young Goblin, “I do not wish or want for the death of any Goblin. While Toothrock made me mad and it still angers me that he was so surly and rude, the most I would wish for him is to suffer some demeaning chore instead of the prestige of being an account manager.”

Nodding his head as he tried to bow also Griphook would have been a sight of great comedy, if it were not for the fact he was shaking in so much fear, “As you command High One.”

Sighing yet again, Harry thought out loud before taking the few steps needed to turn and walk away, thus bringing him closer to the bank steps as he sidestepped the young Gobblin. “I think it is going to be too much for Gringotts to handle my account. You all are so afraid of me you can not even think about making profit.”
Glathrock who had slowly made his way down the stairs and hidden from sight so he would be able to listen to what the High One had to say stopped in wonder at the thought of one of the High Ones wanting to do business with his people. Stepping out into the street Glathrock bowed deeply in respect and held it exposing his neck in the tradition of those being judged, “High One if that is truly your wish we shall do as you ask. Please follow me into one of the offices so we can set up a vault for you.”

Still wondering if this was a mistake Harry followed the Horde Leader into Gringotts while calling up his magic so he could unleash it with a thought. Doing his best to ignore all the Goblins that stopped waiting on customers as they jumped off their stools to run to the front of their counters so they could bow to him as he walked by, Harry thought at this rate the secret that the High Ones were walking amongst the wizards again would soon be out.

Walking into an office that did not have a desk in it and had several old looking Goblins standing around the edge Harry notched his power reserve up a couple of notches as he was not sure what was going on. Directing Tinky to place the trunk on the floor in front of him Harry tapped it with a finger causing it expand and the lid to pop open showing the gold inside.

Glathrock seeing that the chest was larger than before croaked out, “We saved the paperwork from before, may it please you to tell me how much you wish to deposit today?”

Thinking for a moment Harry answered offhandedly, “You will have to double check of course, but I think this is one of the smaller trunks so somewhere around fifteen million Galleons give or take.”

Glad that he was not holding a quill Watchblock who had started the paperwork before slowly picked up the quill and started to fill out the partially completed forms at the small side table he was sitting at.

Glathrock was very shocked and motioned for several goblins to start counting the gold while trying to let his brain catch up with events.

Seeing that the Goblin was at a loss on what to say Harry took pity on him, “There are times that it will be more prudent to make my purchases through an agent.”
Sitting back and staring at the old Goblins standing as still as statues around the room Harry told them, “I fully expect to be charged your normal best customer service fees and account fees as you invest my gold.”

“One of the first things I want you to do is buy a controlling interest in the Wizarding Herald. After that I am sure there are other business and properties that could be added to the portfolio that would make a tidy profit,” Harry told them. “If more gold is needed let me know, but I fully expect that when this initial deposit is put to work it should be self sustaining after a short period.”

“Fifteen million three hundred and eighty four thousand Galleon is the final count sirs,” One of the younger tellers told the assembly.

Standing up as he really wanted to be some where else as the whole situation was creeping him out. Goblins were supposed to be surly uncooperative people that hated anything to do with wizards, these Goblins that were so afraid of him or of giving insult and acted like frightened children was just wrong.

Touching Tinky’s shoulder to direct him towards the door Harry had an idea on how to break the fear that had a hold of the Goblins, though it also had just as much of a chance of backfiring spectacularly, “Are you familiar with house elf ally?”

Blinking in overload Glathrock slowly answered, “Yes High One we are, it is a place wizards send their kept slaves to buy supplies, out of sight of polite society, or so they think.”

Facing the door so his back was to the Goblins Harry replied at the slight dig, “House elves and wizards are an uncomfortable mix. If it was not for the fact that half of the elves that are owned were truly treated fairly and with consideration and of that half, half again are treated like family, I would consider doing something drastic.”

“It is the other half that is not treated fairly that bothers me. What truly angers me, is the portion that are treated no better than objects to torture for fun,” Harry let his anger increase his aura of power to the point it could physically be felt by the Goblins in the room. ‘There is a wizard that controls half the house elves that work in that ally. He took offense at my employee’s dress and treated them harshly and refuses to let the others sell to any who proudly were the crest of Sanctuary,” Harry turned his head so his anger could be clearly seen.
“I want him bought out, I want him gone. Make a lesson of him if you have to, as no one insults my people, even if they are free house elves. And I assure you only the best work for me and carry the crest of Sanctuary proudly upon their breast,” Harry stared at the cringing Goblins, knowing that if they thought about it he was showing them revenge Goblin style.

Gulping Glathrock asked meekly, “How long do we have?”

“How quickly do I want this wizard out on the streets?” Harry countered and when he saw the nod of the Horde leader’s head he said as he turned and started to walk away. “You have seven days, after that if I have to come deal with the problem. Well let’s just say it will not be a pleasant experience for any involved.”

Glathrock looked around the room now that the High One had left and noticed the other Horde leaders were finally showing the fear and discomfort he was feeling. Looking down at the top of the table he noticed the glistening gold vault key and paled in fright as he realized he had not handed over the key to the High Ones Vault. Grabbing the key up and running out of the room and down the hall in an attempt to catch the High One before he left the bank, Glathrock was relieved to see he had not yet made it to the lobby.

“Please High One you forgot your key,” Glathrock stopped the powerful being with his call.

Stopping when he heard something about forgetting his key Harry turned and waited for the Goblin to catch up with him.

Panting as it had been to long since he had to do anything physical Glathrock held up the golden key so the High One could take it.

Shaking his head Harry decided to throw the Goblin for a loop, “No, Wizards use keys to gain access to their gold. I have no use for a key. Those who will come here at my orders will not have use for a key that can so easily be lost requiring me to come back here and have another made.”

“Tinky proudly wears the Crest of Sanctuary, reach out and gently place a finger on it and you will feel the magic that is bound in the crest,” Harry ordered.
Seeing the shocked expression cross the Goblins face as he did what he had ordered Harry finished with, “This crest cannot be counterfeited; any that comes into any Gringotts branch with this crest shall be given access to the Sanctuary vault we just opened.”

Glashrock nodded his head and gripping the key walked back to the council chambers to pass along to the Horde council the High Ones requirements. Glancing at his colleagues as the walked around the room muttering to themselves he passed along the orders the High One had given about access to the vault. “The tales of our forefathers do not do justice to the sheer amount of power the High Ones wield.” One of the other Horde Leaders spoke out loud still feeling the effects of the magic the High One called up in his anger.

“Seven days.” One of the others spoke out, “We have seven days to use his gold to punish the foolish wizard that insulted one of his people.”

Glashrock motioned for Watchblock to start writing, “It is time to start coming up with ideas.”

Harry thought that maybe just maybe the Goblins could be worked with and they might begin to lose a little of their fear, though he still needed to find out how it came about in the first place. Placing his hand on Tinky’s shoulder as he walked out of the bank into the sunshine Harry asked, “Tinky how about an ice cream? Have you ever had one before?”

Tinky shook his head no as he walked next to his Sir mind racing with how his Sir had said only the best wore his crest, and he smiled happily knowing he was wearing that crest right now.

Spotting Dumbledore and Mr. Potter walking towards the bank in deep discussion Harry moved off to the side hoping they would not see him and he could enjoy his trip to the ally. Passing the two he let out a breath of relief when they did not see him, too soon really as once he was past them Harold spotted him.

Walking into Fortescue’s ice cream parlor Harry steered Tinky up to the counter, “What type of ice cream do you want Tinky?”
“Lad we don’t…” the proprietor trailed off noticing Dumbledore’s frantic motions to stop what he was saying.

“Tinky never has eaten ice cream before Sir Emerald Eyes,” Tinky replied nervously.

“Well then what types of fruit do you like?” Harry asked thinking about his own Sunday he was going to order.

“Tinky likes Strawberry’s,” Tinky told him with a bounce of excitement.

Smiling Harry faced the counter and ordered while placing some coins on the counter, “A chocolate double brownie Sunday with all the toppings and a strawberry Sunday with extra Strawberry’s.”

“Grab us a seat over near the window Tinky,” Harry told him waiting for his Sundays to be finished.

Without turning his head to the two wizards standing behind him Harry calmly started, “Mr. Potter I hope I do not have to add you to the list of stalkers like the Headmaster here.”

Mr. Potter blinked in surprise, and not sure how to reply to that accusation he asked, “Stalkers?”

Grabbing the two Sunday’s and a couple of spoons Harry walked over to the table Tinky had chosen and placed the Sunday’s on the table so he could sit down. Ignoring the two hovering men for a moment Harry motioned for Tinky to try out his Sunday while taking a spoonful of his own.

“It seems Mr. Potter that lately any time I step out into the Wizarding world you’re esteemed Headmaster shows up and follows me around like a lost puppy trying to find answers to the mystery he has built up around me. The problem is I think he enjoys his games too much and has forgotten that sometimes it is best to simply ask simple questions to get the answers one wants,” Harry said between mouthfuls not making eye contact, content to enjoy his sundae.
Harold looked over to Albus to see his reaction and saw him wince at the truthfulness of the lad’s words. “Mind if I sit down and join you lad?” Harold asked as he pointed to the empty seat.

Motioning to the empty chair Harry told him, “Not at all.” But he had to frown when the headmaster sat down also without asking.

“Rumors are running rampant inside Gringotts about how large a deposit was made there today. Not to mention that I find it curious over that little scene with the Goblins in the ally a short while ago,” Albus told him.

“I believe the sum was over fifteen million Galleons,” Albus hinted.

Harry had no idea how extensive the headmasters spy’s truly were, if he could find out what happened inside Gringotts when he was not even in the ally, not only that but the information was pretty close to the truth. Harry’s eyes narrowed as he made note to mention to the Goblins that their supposed confidentiality was not so confidential after all.

Albus tried another way seeing as the boy was not rising to the occasion so to speak, “I wonder how a boy your age would get his hands on such a large sum?”

“Pocket change,” Harry replied flippantly while thinking that after pillaging most of the wealth he could get his hands on in his own world and bringing through with him to this one that trunk could indeed be called pocket change.

Harold’s eyes bulged at the sheer amount of gold this lad calls pocket change.

And Albus of course interpreted it in another fashion all together, “Would you tell me about this Sanctuary I have been hearing about?”

Finished with his Sunday Harry conjured two wet towels to clean his face and handed one to Tinky without using a wand.

Albus froze at the wand-less conjuration done so casually by this boy, such power.
Harry knew what he had done would drive home that he was powerful and hopefully not to be messed with to the headmaster, “I can tell you some things, others I will not.”

“The Lands that are Sanctuary are a place where any creature may roam without fear of being attacked; deliberate violence against others is not tolerated and automatically dealt with,” Harry told them as he smiled at the expression of enjoyment on Tinky’s face.

“Sounds like a paradise,” Harold Potter said thinking about how safe it would be to raise a family there.

“Can you tell me how one goes about visiting such a wonderful spot?” Albus asked eager to finally get to see where the lad lived, and maybe get him sent to his school.

Sighing Harry was growing weary of the headmasters fishing expedition and glared at him, “If you would use what is between your ears for its intended purpose instead of holding up a hat, you would realize you already know how to visit Sanctuary.”

Noticing Tinky had finished and was cleaning up his hands and face Harry stood up while conjuring a stream full of fish in the corner and fishing pole appeared in Albus’s hands.

Standing up and motioning Tinky it was time to leave Harry turned and face the shocked Headmaster, “I did not come here today to be hounded by a meddling old man on a fishing trip for answers in riddle like questions. I have told you before Headmaster to kindly not play your games with me.”

“They are unwelcome and really annoy me,” Harry threw as his parting shot before walking out the door.

“Albus are you sure it is wise to keep playing your games when the lad clearly has made it clear he wants no part of them?” Harold asked as he stood up to follow the lad.

Catching up with Harry near the Apparation point Harold was joined by his wife and called out, “Please don’t lump me in the same boat as the Headmaster lad. I would apologize for Albus’s behavior, but it is not my place to do so.”
Nodding his head at the truth in the man’s words Harry had to ask, “Very true Mr. Potter I do have to ask though why you followed me out, surely it was not to offer an apology that was not yours to give?”

Surprised at the forthright attitude of the young lad Harold replied, “To tell the truth I want to find out some answers for myself. I have seen how the Goblins fear you, which does shock me, and for some reason Albus seems to have fixated on you that frankly confuses me.” Being blunt Harold told him, “I need answers on whether you pose a threat to the Wizarding world and my family. And would like to sit down somewhere and get the answers to those questions. ”

Pleased by the man’s bluntness Harry shook his head sadly before letting a small smile cross his face. The fear of the unknown drives so many people he thought. “I can assure you I do not pose a threat to your family unless attacked first. And as far as the Wizarding world goes, all I want is to be left alone as I visit from time to time.”

Staring intently into Mr. Potters eyes Harry asked, “Is it too much to ask to be left alone, as long as I harm no one, what is the harm in letting me go about my way.”

Feeling the truth behind the lad’s words Harold answered, “No it is not too much to ask, and I am sorry lad for my blunt words.”

Smiling Harry told him, “I do not mind, you will find you have a better chance to get an answer out of me by speaking plainly then fishing around like the Headmaster.”

Glancing around Harold saw the Headmaster was still seated in the ice cream shop that was not like him at all, he should have followed him out trying to hear the answers to his questions, “It seems you had an effect on Albus after all as he is still sitting down contemplating your words.”

Laughing Harry shook his head, “Not really, I was so tired of his endless fishing trips that I spelled him in place, he can not leave his seat until he actually catches a fish, maybe then he will be satisfied.”

Breaking out in laughter at the lad’s audacity of getting one over on the most powerful wizard in the world Harold asked, “What next then lad?”
Shrugging his shoulder Harry moved away slightly to put a little more space between them, “Seeing that my errands are done here in London, I am off to make sure the shops in Hogsmeade can handle my business.” Slashing his hand down Harry shocked the witch and wizard as he disappeared into the rift that formed in front of them.

Mrs. Potter turned to her husband and said, “It’s a Hogsmeade weekend maybe we should follow him to make sure nothing happens.”

Still in shock at the magic the lad casually used Harold nodded his head.

Harry stepped out into the street closest to Esmeralda’s grocers and walked into the store.

Seeing one of the nicer young lads visiting her store Esmeralda called out, “Welcome back lad always a pleasure to see you come through the door.”

“Unlike these hooligans,” she muttered before adding, “Be right with you once I take care of this lot.”

Shaking her apron as she finished the sale and showed the troublemakers out the door Esmeralda walked over to see how she could help the lad out today, “There now I have a free moment, what can we do for you today lad?”

“I wanted to ask if you had any problems with house elves coming into the store to make rather large purchases for me when I can’t get away,” Harry told her as he watched her expression. “There have been problems with some of the merchants in Diagon Alley not wanting to allow my employee’s to purchase supplies because they don’t like how they are dressed.”

A little taken aback at the lad’s words Esmeralda glanced down at the house elf standing at his side dressed smartly in a vest with a crest on it.

Shaking her head at the stupidity of some people Esmeralda told him, “I don’t take kindly to those who abuse others for their own twisted pleasure.”

“I am not really set up to handle this sort of thing, but if you were to leave me a list and pick up the supplies the next day I think I can handle your business,” Esmeralda told him
as she thought about it tapping a finger on her chin. The couple of times the lad had been in the store he had been polite and he did spend quite a bit of gold so she added, “Tell you what lad, any supplies you need whether it be food or not I will order in for you so your elves don’t have to put up with that nonsense.”

Grateful at the witch’s answer Harry’s smile lit up the room, “That’s great. Tinky do you have the list.”

Smile on his face Tinky handed the list to the witch.

Looking the list over Esmeralda walked behind the counter adding totals up in her head, “Right then, I can have everything ready for you to pick up around noon Monday for the non food items and you can pick the food up later this afternoon. Say after three.”

Taking his trunk out and passing it over, “That would be wonderful ma’am. Tinky will be back to pick it up later on then. He will bring payment with him of course, and I am not sure who will stop by on Monday for the supplies, but they will be wearing a vest like Tinky’s with this crest on it,” Harry told her pointing to the crest.

“Glad for the business lad, now off with you while I gather this up,” Esmeralda made shooing motions towards Harry.

Walking outside the store beaming, he was happy that at least someone in the Wizarding world was worth dealing with, Harry told Tinky, “Why don’t you go back home, you know where the household money is kept so make sure you let all the other house elves know where we will be doing our shopping from now on.”

Tinky nodded his head smiling as he snapped his fingers and popped back towards the array and the first part of the journey home.

Having a feeling that once the Headmaster finally made it out of the ice cream shop he would be hounded further Harry decided to walk around Hogsmeade and enjoy what would probably be one of the last times he could do so unfettered. Really not hungry Harry decided to skip the Three Broomsticks as he rounded the corner onto the main street. Sidestepping several running third years as they ran screaming merrily through the street on their way to Honey Dukes, Harry walked around taking in the atmosphere of a Hogsmeade weekend without the overshadowing of war.
Lost in thought Harry did not notice the laughing twosome until one of them bounced off of him. Reaching down to help the young man up Harry hesitated slightly when he noticed it was a young James Potter. A hesitation that was long enough to let his hair shift exposing his ears.

Not realizing what had just happened Harry pulled James up of the ground, “There you go, are you hurt?”

Mr. And Mrs. Potter had watched in horror as their only son, not paying attention, ran right into the lad that had just put Albus in his place without breaking a sweat. Running over they were relieved to hear the lad was not mad over the accident.

Sirius Black on the other hand was turning to tease Prongs over not paying attention; he froze at the boy’s ears peaking out of the waist long hair as he leaned over to help James up off the ground.

Both excited and fearful at seeing one of the legends that made up his bedtime stories as he grew up Sirius dropped to his knees and bowed his head, “My most humblest apologies High One for not paying attention to where we were going.”

Turning around towards the voice behind him, wanting to catch a glimpse of the younger version of his godfather in this world, Harry did not quite register what was said until he practically stumbled over the kneeling boy next to him and saw the looks of understanding on the faces of the Potters standing behind Sirius.

Groaning as he really did not want his secret to get out this way Harry shook his head settling his long hair back over his ears, ‘I really did not want anyone finding out about me.’

“Stand up Sirius, before you cause more attention my way,” Harry sighed in frustration and then kicked himself for using Sirius’s name without thought.

Jumping to his feet in shock at being called by name Sirius kept his head bowed not daring to meet the eyes of the High One standing in front of him, “I will not divulge your secret High One.”
Why me Harry thought as he stared at the shocked expression on the Potters faces before glancing back to see what James face held. Seeing James nodding his head in agreement Harry told them, “Fine, why don’t the two of you continue with your day while I talk to the two behind you.”

James throwing his parents an almost pleading look moved around Harry and grabbed onto Padfoot and pulled him out of the way and moved off to this side just far enough away not to hear the conversation but close enough to see his parents.

Not bothering to take his eyes off the Potters as Sirius was pulled away, Harry waited to see if they would say anything.

Before the silence could get any more uncomfortable Blinky popped in, “Blinky is sorry for disturbing Sir Emerald Eye’s relaxation, but Sir…” Blinky trailed off as he looked confused before saying, “Blinky does not know how to say High Ones name, he is being the one from the other morning Lord of Hidden valley.”

“Tell him I will be there in a few minutes Blinky and escort him to the library please,” Harry told the house elf without taking his eyes off the Potters.

After Blinky had popped away Harry hissed out, “Your word…Your word you will not mention who I am to anyone until I decide the time is right.”

Being stared down by a being lost to legend brought to life Harold nodded his head before seeing the lads stare intensify and spoke the words out loud, “I swear.”

“You have my word also,” Mrs. Potter quickly followed her husband’s lead.

Staring a moment longer than necessary Harry nodded his head in acceptance, before walking away. “Mr. Potter if you would, walk with me please.”

Giving her husband a pleading look as if to say don’t go Mrs. Potter sighed in resignation as her husband followed the High Elf down the street.

Moving over to his Mother for comfort James hoped his father would be alright.
Walking along the lane towards the Shrieking shack and the forest Harry looked over at the man who would have been his grandfather back in his world if he had not been killed by Voldemort’s men. “Relax Mr. Potter I remind you of my words in Diagon Ally, I mean you or yours no harm. I just wish to ask your opinion.”

Sighing in relief Harold started to relax as they passed the shrieking shack and entered the forest, “What would you like my opinion on?”

“I would like to know how you feel the Wizarding world will react to our presence amongst you once again, and if you think your leaders will try to press us into fighting your war for you?” Harry got to the point, “Your Headmaster already leans in that direction and he does not even know my secret as you now do.”

Harry had stopped outside the array at this point and faced the elder Potter.

Harold thought for a moment so much of what he had heard and seen made sense now, knowing this young appearing lad was one of the High Ones, “To be honest I have no clue how the ministry will react.”

Knowing that they had been followed by the others, Harry called out, “You might as well come out from behind those trees.”

Twirling around at Harry’s words Harold was surprised to see his wife, son and his son’s best friend looking sheepish at being caught.

Wanting to laugh at their expressions Harry told them as he stepped into the circle, “This curiosity you all exhibit is entertaining at times. As long as it does not go as far as your Headmaster is taking it, to the point that is very annoying.”

“Can you give me a couple of days to do some discrete checking before I get back to you with an opinion?” Harold asked holding out hope that he would be able to meet with him again.

Tilting his head in thought Harry answered, “That is acceptable. When you have made an informed opinion come back to this place and step into the circle and call out for Sanctuary and you will find yourself in my lands.”
“Cysti,” Harry called out before vanishing.

Gathering up his wife and his son and Sirius Harold started them back towards Hogsmeade while telling the boys, “Remember, not a word about this to another soul. You gave your word to a being of power, I shudder to think what would happen if you broke that vow.”