

# **Harry Potter and the Hufflepuff Omniverse**

By

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## **The Beginning**

*“B-blood of the enemy... forcibly taken... you will... resurrect your foe.”*

*Harry could do nothing to prevent it, he was tied too tightly... Squinting down, struggling hopelessly at the ropes binding him, he saw the shining silver dagger shaking in Wormtail's remaining hand. He felt its point penetrate the crook of his right arm and blood seeping down the sleeve of his torn robes. Wormtail, still panting with pain, rumbled in his pocket for a glass vial and held it to Harry's cut, so that a dribble of blood fell into it.*

*He staggered back to the cauldron with Harry's blood. He poured it inside. The liquid within turned, instantly, a blinding white. Wormtail, his job done, dropped to his knees beside the cauldron, then slumped sideways and lay on the ground, cradling the bleeding stump of his arm, gasping and sobbing.*

*The cauldron was simmering, sending its diamond sparks in all directions, so blindingly bright that it turned all else to velvety blackness. Nothing happened...*

*Let it have drowned. Harry thought let it have gone wrong...*

*And then, suddenly, the sparks emanating from the cauldron were extinguished. A surge of white steam billowed thickly from the cauldron instead, obliterating everything in front of Harry, so that he couldn't see Wormtail or Cedric or anything but vapor hanging in the air... Its gone wrong, he thought... it has drowned... please... please let it be dead...*

*But then, through the mist in front of him, he saw, with an icy surge of terror, the dark outline of a man, tall and skeletally thin, rising slowly from inside the cauldron.*

*“Robe me,” said the high, cold voice from behind the steam, and Wormtail, sobbing and moaning, still cradling his mutilated arm, scrambled to pick up the black robes from the ground, got to his feet, reached up, and pulled them one handed over his master's head. The thin man stepped out of the cauldron, staring at Harry... and Harry stared back into the face that had haunted his nightmares for three years. Whiter than a skull, with wide, livid scarlet eyes and a nose that was flat as a snakes with slits for nostrils...*

*Lord Voldemort had risen again.*

*Excerpt from **Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire***

### **CHAPTER ONE**

#### **Voldemort's Mistake.**

Voldemort examined his new body, rudely ignoring Harry, ignoring Wormtail, ignoring Cedric who evidently hadn't read the dailies, and was still working off the Blue pages instead of the Green pages and was slowly regaining consciousness instead of being dead. Flexing his fingers, then his hands and arms, he rotated his neck, and then flexed his entire body, stretching every extremity. Good. Now for the real test of a reborn Dark Lord: His Evil Laugh.

“Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

“Is magic not wonderful Mr. Potter?”

“Oh, are you done chewing on the scenery? Go to hell you Ham.”

“Crucio!”

“Owie! Hey cut that out! Those things sting like nobodies business!” Voldemort released the curse

and looked dumbfounded.

“What?” Harry asked. “I survived the killing curse. Why would you be surprised that a pain curse doesn’t have much effect?”

“You must have a weakness Potter; I will torture you before I unleash my evil plot device!”

“You’ve got an evil plot device?”

“I do, Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

“Now just hold on. A minute ago you were that pathetic scab covered baby thing, and now you’ve got a plot device? That doesn’t make any sense.”

“What makes sense isn’t your concern Potter! Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

“Not my concern? Are you kidding me? Look up at the mast head on this story, does it say “Tom Riddle and ... whatever? Hell no, it clearly says “Harry Potter”. I’m the Hero. You’re only the villain and even then you go against type and completely refuse to be the most interesting character in the piece. Where did you get a plot device?”

“None of your business Potter.” Voldemort growled, clearly not liking the way this situation was going.

“Ok, fine. I’m done. I’m not having anything to do with this story until it starts making sense.” Still tied to the tombstone Harry jumped and the stone turned slightly to the left, after 20 (or so) more jumps, Harry (and the tombstone) were facing away from Riddle and the readers.

“You think you can ignore me Potter?”

Harry just continued to ignore him while humming the theme to Equus

“Oh alright Potter, I ordered my Reality Ripper Turbo 5000 from Evil Inc. When he was hiding at Hogwarts as the pet rat to your friend Weasley, Pettigrew lifted Dumbledore’s wallet, I’ve got his credit cards and have been maxing them out. The Reality Ripper maxed out the Discover card. Happy now you big baby?”

“Evil Inc?” Harry jump moved his tombstone back around to face Riddle. “They’re good. All the best villains get their stuff there. Dr. Doom, Thanos, Luthor, Rainbow Brite. Alright Tom, way to go. I always knew you were a top drawer bad guy!”

Riddle blushed (not an easy thing to do when you’re a paste snake skinned guy)

“Oh, stop. Enough of this, first torture, then the Reality Ripper Turbo 5000! Let me see what you fear!” Riddle brought his wand to bear “Legilimens!”

Riddle dove into Harry’s mind, searching for the one thing that would terrify the boy. There.

“I know Potter, I know what frightens you!”

“No!”

“Yes Potter, I know your darkest fear.” He turned to his cowering minion. “Wormtail!”

“Yes Master!” Wormtail had been wondering if he was going to get any lines in this thing, or just lay on the ground bleeding from his severed hand.

“Wormtail, stop doing your Peter Lorre impression, and get me... “He paused for dramatic effect “a dozen teen aged Nymphomaniacs.”

“No!” screamed Potter, “Not a dozen, pause for dramatic effect, Teenaged Nymphomaniacs.”

“Yes Potter, a dozen, pause for dramatic effect, Teenaged Nymphomaniacs”

“Do your worst Tom! At least they won’t all have big boobies!”

“Wormtail, Make sure they all have big boobies

“No! Not the, pause for dramatic effect, teenaged Nymphomaniacs with big boobies. That’s twenty four big boobies you fiend! At least there won’t be any warm baby oil.”

“Ha! I foil you again. Wormtail, make sure there is plenty of warm baby oil.”

“Yes Master!”

“What did I tell you about that Peter Lorre impression? Stop that!”

“Damn you Tom. How am I supposed to withstand a dozen, pause for dramatic effect, big-boobied Teenaged Nymphomaniacs with warm baby oil? At least there won’t be any beer or porn videos to give them interesting ideas.”

“Wormtail, make sure there is plenty of beer and many interesting porn videos so that they all get interesting id...” Realization dawned slowly on the reborn Dark Lord and he started glaring. “Wait a minute. Since when are you frightened of porn videos?” He stared suspiciously into Harry’s eyes. “You sneaky little bastard.”

“Crap. It was the porn videos wasn’t it? Stop at the beer I told myself, but no, you were buying it hook, line, and sinker...”

“Damn you Potter. Wormtail, Set up the Reality Ripper Turbo 5000.”

“Yes Master” *yes master yes master, great lines you hack, I’ve got a bloody OBE, and my lines all turn out to be ‘yes master’. I should have gone to work in the post office like my dad, but NOOOO!*

“Stop muttering to yourself Wormtail. You’re gonna get it now Potter!”

“Oh dear, woe is me.”

“I don’t know how gullible you think I am Potter but...”

“How what?”

“How gullible. It means easily deceived or cheated.” Voldemort explained.

“Why do you feel the need to make up words? Doesn’t being a reborn Dark Lord do it for you? Why make up words like gullible?”

“Gullible is a perfectly adequate word in the English Language Potter.”

“Sure it is Tommy. Just use your plot device and get this over with before you embarrass your self some more by making us some more words. Sheesh ‘gullible’. What a feeb.”

“Damn you Potter, gullible IS a word.”

“Sure it is Tommy; it’s a word that the people who write dictionaries don’t know about.”

“Wormtail! Get me a dictionary!”

“Yes Master” *Don’t fix my arm or anything; I’m bleeding to death here.* The animagus disappeared with a crack.

“You’ll see Potter, you’ll see.”

“Sure I will Tommy. Wow. I’ve heard stories about a third year Ravenclaw named Luna Lovegood who is always talks about made up animals, but making up words is just, I don’t know, pathetic.”

Wormtail reappeared holding a huge unabridged OED. Riddle snatched it away from him and began

paging through it looking for the Gs.

“Damn it Wormtail, there’s blood all over this dictionary. Here, Gullible. Right here, See?”

He looked up into Harry’s face, Potter was grinning at him. “I think we now know just how gullible you are...”

“You little bastard.”

“Lsr sz wt” Harry mumbled.

“What?”

“Loser says what.”

Riddle screamed in fury and punched the actuation button on the Reality Ripper Turbo 5000. An electric blue beam of light lanced out and hit Harry in the chest, and the boy faded from view.

“I really hate that kid.” Riddle said looking to the sky. “I sure hope I didn’t just screw over an alternate reality version of myself.” He reflected some more. “Ah well, better him than me.”

## ***The Hall of Loyalty***

“And this,” Shift Facilitator Susan Bones was completing the New Hire Orientation tour with her new Data Archive Counselor (2nd Grade) Hermione Granger. “Is the Dimensional Interface Room, from here we monitor the minor infinity of realities under our jurisdiction.”

“And just how many realities are we talking about?”

“Like I said, a minor infinity, so many that it’s a waste of time counting them, and there are more all the time. Anyway, from here we monitor, among other things Dimensional transfers. We’ve been getting a rash of them recently; they’ve evidently gotten popular again with the Creators. You understand how our local branch of the Omniverse works?”

“DAC-2 Granger nodded. “Our realities are based upon a core work of fiction by a Creator named Rowling, that core work is based upon seven creation events, the last two of which make little sense and are not consistent with the earlier events, but then Creators work in mysterious ways.”

“That they do. But don’t blindly trust in your training all that much. The actual number of initial creation events actually number 473, most of these being variations of the ‘canon’ events with different characters, culled chapters, and editorial changes, though those became fewer in the later creation events.”

“What is the central theme of the creation events? In training we were told that we didn’t need to know that.”

“In training you didn’t. Come on; let’s go to the ready room so we don’t disturb the watch standers.”

They exited the Dimensional Interface room; DAC-2 Granger was escorted to the adjoining Ready Room.

“Granger, this is your Team Facilitator, Hannah Abbott, Hannah, this is Hermione Granger, your new DAC.”

“Welcome to the team Ganger.” Hannah flashed a hand sign.

“Thank you. I dated a ‘puff or two, so I recognize your hand signs, but I was a Gryffindor.”

“Ah, well nobody’s perfect Hermione, you Grangers usually are Gryffs, but thought I’d check.”

“She was asking for the theme that link our creation events together.”

Hannah smiled. “All the newbys ask that don’t they Draco?”

“Fucking Potter” agreed the blond man wearing assault armor.

“Draco was our last newbie, and that was his first question as well. When he got the answer ‘Fucking Potter’ became his favorite profanity. In short the answer is ‘Harry Potter.’”

“Harry Potter?” She searched her memories. “Shy Ravenclaw, wears glasses, good with charms?”

“Ah, you come from one of the variant universes with someone else becoming the Boy-Who-Lived? Let me guess, Neville Longbottom?”

Hermione nodded.

“Neville gets that gig in a fraction of one percent of our monitored realities, a few very rare instances it falls to others, yourself for example. Ron Weasley occasionally, Draco once or twice.”

“Fucking Potter!” proclaimed the blond.

“Yes Draco, we know. Draco did not take well to finding out he wasn’t the center of the universe. 99 times out of 100, the Boy-Who-Lived is Harry Potter. The seven original canonical creation events were extremely popular where ever in the Omniverse they exist as fiction. That inspired the readers to become creators with what is called ‘Fan Fiction’. Each of these ‘Fan Fictions’ is a separate creation event; to make matters worse there are fan fictions that acknowledge the original creation events, and have inspired their own fan fictions. It is a nearly geometric progression.”

“So we’re all just fictional characters?”

“I don’t know about you, but I’m real enough. Let’s meet the rest of our team.” Hannah smiled. This was the fun part, ‘introducing’ people to analogs of people they already knew from their home reality. “You’ve met Draco, he’s our Group Cooperation Counselor (1st grade)”

“That means I bust heads until they do what we tell them.” The blond man grunted. “I dream of the day I get to bust the head of a Fucking Potter.”

“You aren’t anything like the Draco Malfoy I know.”

“Did he chase every skirt in the castle?”

“No.”

“Did he chase Potter?”

“No, mostly he went out of his way to annoy Neville Longbottom, and hit on Longbottom’s girlfriends, Lavender Brown and Parvarti Patil.”

The blond man looked disgusted. “Pathetic, probably just another Daddy’s boy.”

A tall brunette man approached. “Personally, I love universes where Longbottom gets the girl. Or Girls.” He extended his hand “Neville Longbottom, Team Botanist.”

“Neville means he’s the Flora Quarantine Specialist (1st Grade)”

“pfft. You ‘Puffs and your goofy titles. I’m a botanist. I do plants.” He wagged his eyebrows at Hermione “I do pretty girls too.”

“Ignore Neville, he’s harmless. His wife Hannah keeps his testicles in a jar on their mantle.” A slender strawberry blonde woman with haunting grey eyes extended her hand. “Luna Lovegood. I’m the team Psi.” She caught Hannah’s annoyed look. “Sorry Hannah, I’m the Mental Defense Specialist. In most realities my analogs tend to be a little different I’m told.”

“I didn’t know the Luna of my world very well, but she seemed nice, not odd at all.”

“Your universe must be a very odd place.” The blond woman smiled at the look of shock on this new Granger’s face. “I rather enjoy my eccentricities.”

Hermione opened her mouth to say something, when the alarms started going off.

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“We have dimensional transfer in progress.” Sounded over the announcing system. Rune clusters arced into life, and displays suddenly bloomed in mid air.

“Dimensional transfer an Other Than Natural Event. Resolving Point of Origin.”

On the display labeled PoO, the Characters RB appeared. Around her Hermione noticed that her new team mates relaxed.

“What does RB mean?”



“Officially Rowling Biblios, it defines our cluster of creation. That’s good news, which means it isn’t some weird monster from an outside creator being forced in as part of a crossover.” Neville explained.

“Officially? Does it have other meanings?”

“Well, we in the retrieval teams refer to it as ‘Rowlings Bitch’, since it normally means that the traveler is usually a Harry Potter.”

The characters FF joined RB.

“Fan Fiction, that figures. Now it will resolve down to the Author, who I am personally going to bust up if I ever get to his universe for not making me the Hero.”

“Let it go Draco, there are universes that revolve around you, you just need to find one.” Neville laughed.

The numbers 65619 joined RB-FF- on the display.

“Oh hell no.”

“What’s wrong?”

“That Creator is an idiot. We’re going to end up stuck in a morass of people acting out of character, plot holes, mangled timelines and misspellings.” Hannah looked disgusted.

“Don’t forget random and inappropriate use of Capitalization.” Luna offered.

“At least that narrows down who the jumper is with that Creator. He only uses Potter.” Draco pointed out.

“That’s good, right?” Hermione asked.

“It depends, he typically uses 4 Archetypes. The Godlike Super-Potter, The Whiny Almost Adequate Potter, the Potter with no Magical Powers, and the smart assed little kid. I hate them all, but the Whiny almost adequate Potter is the worst,” Draco explained.

“Retrieval team Prepare for insertion.”

“Mount up Troops. Come on Newbie, your first transfer is the one most likely to kill you”

“Good Pep talk Hannah!”

“Thank you Neville. Everyone with all your gear on the pads in 4 minutes.”

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Voldemort examined his new body, rudely ignoring Harry, ignoring Wormtail, ignoring Cedric who evidently hadn’t read the dailies, and was still working off the Blue pages instead of the Green pages and was slowly regaining consciousness instead of being dead. Flexing his fingers, then his hands and arms, he rotated his neck, and then flexed his entire body, stretching every extremity. Good. Now for the real test of a reborn Dark Lord: His Evil Laugh.

“Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!”

“Is magic not wonderful Mr. Potter?”

“Oh, are you done chewing on the scenery? Go to hell you Ham.”

“Crucio!”

“Owie! Hey cut that out! Those things sting like nobodies business!” Voldemort released the curse and looked dumbfounded.

“What?” Harry asked. “I survived the killing curse. Why would you be surprised that a pain curse doesn’t have much effect?”

“Hey guys!” Dimensional Transferred Harry hopped up on the tombstone across from This Universe’s tied up Harry Potter.

“What trick is this?” Voldemort screamed dramatically. “Crucio!”

“Ow! Hey he told you that stings jerk!”

“Cool, when do I get a time turner?” This Universe’s Harry asked.

“You don’t, I’m not you, I’m me from another dimension.” Explained Dimensional Transferred Harry

“Wow, another dimension, that’s even cooler than a time turner.”

“Excuse me. I’m threatening people here.” Pouted Voldemort.

“Sure you are.” Laughed Dimensional Transferred Harry

“So how is your dimension different?” asked

“My Voldemort is a tall blonde with big boobies.” Said Dimensional Transferred Harry

“I am not a woman in any dimension!” screamed Voldemort.

“Have you ever been to my dimension?”

“Well, no.”

“Then you have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“How gullible do you think I am?”

This Universe’s Harry asked “How what?”

“How gullible. It means easily deceived or cheated.” Voldemort explained.

“Why do you feel the need to make up words? Doesn’t being a reborn Dark Lord do it for you? Why make up words like gullible?”

“Gullible is a perfectly adequate word in the English Language Potter.”

“I already did this.” Dimensional Transferred Harry said. “This feeb sends Wormtail to get a dictionary, he’s a tool.”

“Who, Moldyshorts or Wormfood?”

“Both actually.”

“Moldyshorts?”

“Oh hush. So,” This Universe’s Harry asked, “What’s the real difference?”

“As best I can tell, I’m wearing blue sox.” Dimensional Transferred Harry lifted the leg of his trousers to display his blue sock. “Instead of the yellow sox you’re wearing. That and we’re about 15 minutes ahead of you.”

“Cool, I wish I’d worn my blue sox, if I had then maybe something cosmic would happen.”

“I don’t think cosmic things depend upon what color sox you’re wearing, then again, it might.”

Dimensional Transferred Harry frowned, “Has Moldyshorts here trotted out his plot device yet? I’ve lost track.”

“Hey!” This Universe’s Harry turned back to Voldemort, How could you have a Plot Device? You

were just a scabby baby thing a couple of minutes ago?"

"He got it from Evil Incorporated. We get top drawer baddies, even if he is a lame-o."

Furious at being ignored, Voldemort pressed his wand to Wormtail's Dark Mark to call his death eaters, while he was bent over to do this; Dimensional Transferred Harry pulled the waist band of Voldemort's underwear over his head.

Both Harrys broke up laughing,

"What is the meaning of this?" screamed Voldemort as his death eaters appeared around them in an oval.

"That means you got an atomic wedgie Moldi." Dimensional Transferred Harry said.

"Some people call them Melvins" explained This Universe's Harry helpfully.

Dimensional Transferred Harry turned to the Death Eaters. "What's wrong with you idiots? Can't you see the new uniform?"

Never having been allowed to question orders, the Death Eaters immediately pulled the waist bands of their own underwear over their heads. All except Lucius Malfoy of course.

"I am sorry my Lord, I cannot assume the new Uniform."

"Wow." Said This Universe's Harry "Even when he's sucking up he sounds like an arrogant prat."

"Going Commando today My Lord." Lucius lifted his robes to demonstrate.

Voldemort cringed. "Merciful Merlin Lucy, no one wants to see that."

"Whoa! No wonder Narcissa always looks so pissed off.. Hey Moldi, I thought Bellatrix was your only Death Eater completely without dangly bits." Dimensional Transferred Harry laughed.

"You know Moldi, maybe you should have selected you Death Eaters for smarts and not blood." This Universe's Harry joined in on the laughing at Voldemort.

Voldemort had finally had enough. "Kill them!" he barked in a high pitched girly scream.

The Death Eaters, all save one still sporting their Atomic Wedgies, drew their wands and...

There was a deafening hum, and five electric blue circles appeared in the middle of the assembled Death Eaters. Those circles expanded into five electric blue cylinders three meters tall and one across.

"What the hell is that?" screamed Voldemort.

The two Harrys exchanged looks and shrugged. In unison they screamed "I didn't do it!"

## ***Draco Cuts Loose –or- Eat Hot Leafy Death!***

There was a deafening hum, and five electric blue circles appeared in the middle of the assembled Death Eaters. Those circles expanded into five electric blue cylinders three meters tall and one across.

“What the hell is that?” screamed Voldemort.

The cylinders pulsed once, twice, three times, and then vanished in a burst of white light that left the spectators blinking at the after images burnt into their retinas.

Where the cylinders once were stood five armor clad figures. The tallest of those figures stepped forward.

“Alright you Primitive Wand Waving Screwheads, Listen up!” Draco brandished his weapon. “See this? *This* is my *boom stick!* The BFG-9000, a 12-gigawatt Phased Array Plasma Rifle. Weasley’s Wizarding Weapons’ top of the line. You can find one of your very own in the Murder and Mayhem department. That’s right; this sweet baby was made in Diagon Alley, London, Reality RB-FF-RorsBlot. Retail for about 509 Galleons. It’s got a walnut stock, cobalt blue steel, and a hair trigger. That’s right. When you want them very dead, shop smart. Shop Weasley’s Wizarding Weapons. *You got that?!*”

Hermione looked to Hannah “What the hell?”

“It’s the deal we worked out with the Weasley Brothers, we get free weapons, and they get an ad in every confrontation.”

Voldemort stood from where he had been cowering in fear. “Kill them!” he screamed to his Death Eaters while jumping up and down and pointing at the new comers in fury.

“**Let’s Rock!**” spat Draco unleashing death against the Death Eater minions.

Neville cast a handful of seeds followed by some rapid wand movements, and a breed of toxic thorn-bushes unknown in this reality burst from the ground killing a dozen Death Eaters. “**Eat Hot Leafy Death!**” He bellowed.

“Remember team, no named fatalities. You can wound the Death Eaters with names all you want, but only kill the nameless minions! Unless they’re Mary Sues, then kill them painfully!” Hannah called as she hit another of the Inner Circle with a stunner; she then cut loose with her own catch phrase “**Hufflepuffs Do It Nicer!**”

“Like the Author wouldn’t just resurrect them if we did kill them” Said Luna in a sing song voice, as she used her Psi talent against Voldemort, causing him to experience the joys of a spastic colon. “**Brainy Birds are Naughty!**”

Hermione shook her head at the banter of her team mates and got her recording equipment going, providing a record of the Retrieval Teams’ dimensional insertion. She found herself wondering if she was going to need a goofy battle catch phrase to fit in... What would be a good catch phrase for an Archivist? “**I like to watch**” she giggled to herself for the innuendo and kept the optical pickups focused on her teammates and tossing up shields to help defend the team.

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Dimensional Transferred Harry stared at the fight in amazement. Who were these clowns? They looked like people he knew, but they were *OLD*. Twenty five or six at least. Why would anyone let themselves get that old?

“Those fossils with you?” asked This Universe’s Harry. Still tied to the tombstone, he gestured with his head.

“Don’t think so. I’ve never seen anything like this. They’re killing Death Eaters though, they can’t be all bad.”

“You know, instead of sitting there, you could untie me.”

“Yeah, I could, but then I might miss some of these old guys kicking Death Eater Butt.”

“Oh come on, don’t be an ass.”

“Alright, alright.” Dimensional Transferred Harry waved his wand and the bindings fell away. This Universe’s Harry hopped up on top of the tombstone he had been tied to.

“*Accio Wand!*” The wand flew to his hand with a slap. He then conjured a tub of popcorn. “You know how to do butter? I can manage the corn, but my butter always tastes like ass.”

DT Harry drew his own wand. “Sure, no problem.” He waved his wand with a left-handed flick and a circular swish “*Lactosis Maximus!*”

“Hey good Butter, you’ve got to teach me that, it’ll drive Hermione up the wall. Her butter is worse than mine. Hey, is that dude with the big gun Draco Malfoy’s big brother?”

“Can’t be, he’s competent.”

“Competent hell, he’s kicking ass.”

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Voldemort saw that as usual when confronted with armed, trained opponents without a 300 to one advantage his Death Eaters were being slaughtered. He knew that he needed to get the hell out of there, and he needed to rescue as many of his death eaters as possible. It wasn’t that he had any affection for any of them, in fact most were completely annoying, but a Dark Lord looked awfully stupid monologing to himself. You had to have a group of sycophants to listen to you, because if you tried to monolog cold in front of the Hero without a lot of rehearsal in front of your minions you were sure to screw it up.

“Everyone regroup at Lucy’s house!” He screamed in a girly shriek that gave every dog within a kilometer a headache.

The surviving Death Eaters disappeared in a staccato of cracks, leaving behind their dead and dying.

“Team Check! Sound off.”

“Lovegood, Fine!”

“Malfoy, Fine!”

“Longbottom, Damned good looking!”

“Granger, Fine!”

“Very funny Neville. Check on Potter.”

“Which one?” Neville pointed to the pair of 14 year olds staring at them, sitting on tombstones and eating popcorn.

“Oh hell.” Said Hannah. “There are two of them?”

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“Ok, which one of you little assholes is the Potter that Dimensional Transferred here?” Draco barked out in his best Drill Instructor on the Parade Ground voice of command.

“Hey Blondie, what’s with calling us assholes?” asked This Universe’s Harry.

“Be nice” Dimensional Transferred Harry scolded. “He’s probably all sensitive about that five head he’s got going there.”

“I know you’re assholes because you just sat and watched when we were in a firefight, and we... Wait, five head?”

“Well there’s way too much skin there for it to be a fore head...” Dimensional Transferred Harry grinned.

Draco blinked. Twice. “You little bastards. To hell with continuity, I’m going to kill you both.”

“Don’t think of it as going bald; think of it as having more face to wash.” TU Harry joined in on the fun.

“Draco!”

Draco whirled around to face Hannah. “Damn it boss, these little bastards are trying to say I’m going bald.”

“Actually, I don’t think we were trying to say it, I think we said it.” Dimensional Transferred Harry piped up.

“Hey, cool, what’s this thing do?” Asked This Universe’s Harry as he fiddled with something on the backside of Draco’s armor. He came around front to show Dimensional Transferred Harry what he had found. It was then the two Harry’s noticed that Draco’s armor was frozen and the tall blond was cursing them from inside his immobilized suit.

“That’s the power pack for his armor kids.” Neville said cautiously. “Could you give it to me?”

“Are you going to give it back to him so he can move?”

“Yes I am Harry.”

“Then I’m not going to give it to you, he’s going to kill us as soon as he can move. What a jerk. I mean it’s not our fault he’s going bald...”

“I AM NOT GOING BALD!”

“And if this wasn’t supposed to be pulled out, why is it hanging out where anyone could just take hold of it?” This Universe’s Harry turned to Hannah who he had already figured out was the leader by the strategic method of hearing Draco call her ‘boss’, and gave her puppy dog eyes and managed to look about 12. “He’s scaring me. You wouldn’t let that mean bald man hurt me would you?”

Hannah deactivated her armor; it folded back into its storage pod on the back of her uniform. She knelt and pulled This Universe’s Harry into a hug. “Don’t worry sweetie, Draco won’t hurt you. None of us would let him.” He snuffled a bit and she hugged him harder. The rest of the retrieval team deactivated their own armor. Hannah stood up from TU Harry and reconnected the power pack to Draco’s armor, then glared at him for frightening the small boy as the Armor’s systems rebooted. This would take a while. Some bright boy in R&D decided to base the armor’s systems on an extremely early beta version of a Muggle OS pack called WindowsME. As a consequence it took 9 minutes to go from cold Iron to functioning suit.

“Good one, get any boob?” Dimensional Transferred Harry whispered.

“Oh Yeah, AND a real good look down the cleavage. She put my face in them... I know what \*I’m\* thinking of tonight.” This Universe’s Harry whispered back.

“You unspeakably lucky bastard. All these people look like older versions of our class mates. I think the bald dude is Malfoy, only old. And look over there, is that Hermione?”

“My god!” This Universe’s Harry whispered, “Where did THOSE come from?” He started toward the woman.

“Oh no you don’t, you had yours.” Dimensional Transferred Harry said as he put his hand on his other self’s shoulder and stopped him. “I need to get *MY* happy memory for tonight.”

As the retrieval team busied its self securing the Insertion Zone, Dimensional Transferred Harry slowly approached Hermione Granger, when she noticed him; he had a look of worship in his eyes.

“Can I help you?” she asked, taken aback at the way he was looking at her.

“No Miss, sorry if I bothered you, it’s just that you look just like my soon to be ex-girlfriend Hermione. The resemblance is amazing.”

“We come from a parallel universe, with all the same people, we’re just older. I guess you could say I sort of am your girl friend, just ten years older.”

“Whoa! So all this has already happened for you?”

“No, in my universe Neville Longbottom was the boy who lived, and he was the one kidnapped after the third task. Why do you think you and your Hermione will be breaking up?”

The boy looked so very embarrassed; it was all she could do to keep herself from scooping him up into a hug. “It’s kinda embarrassing. She told me that if I won the third task, she wanted to... well she wanted to do stuff. She said that she would make me a man.” The boy suddenly became very interested in his shoes. “She’s dated a lot, you know older guys and all, but me, I’m all awkward and have no idea what to do. As soon as I don’t ... you know, make her happy, I’m sure she’s gonna dump me for one of the older guys who know how to do that stuff.”

“Do you really think she’d do that?”

“Oh yeah. She dumped a 6th year last month because she said he couldn’t make her...” Harry faked a blush. “Well, you know. It’s just that Hermione has been my friend since first year, and she’s finally started to notice me and...” Fake tears started to run down his cheek.

“Oh Harry!” The brunette pulled him into a hug; the difference between their heights put his face directly into her cleavage. For a second he forgot how sad he was acting, and her hug started to loosen, so he started the body language for sobbing and it tightened up again, pushing his nose between her breasts.

*Nice perfume.* He thought. She held him close for another 20 seconds.

“He’s playing you.” Luna Lovegood approached the pair. “Faking sadness so that he can get his face between your boobs.”

“What?”

“The little perv just wanted you to hug him, so he gave you a sob story about how a version of you was treating him badly.” Luna smiled. “From his memories, his Hermione is as chaste as you recall yourself being at that age.”

Hermione pushed him away from her. “You little jerk.”

“Why would I do something like that?” Dimensional Transferred Harry sniffed, trying to get back in her good graces.

“Because you’re a disgusting little perv.” Luna suggested. She leaned in closer and whispered in his ear “If you’d have tried it on me, you might have gotten lucky. I like disgusting little pervs.”

He immediately turned to her, his eyes wide.

“Of course it’s too late now. I’m no one’s second choice...”

“Alright, alright.” Hannah spoke up deciding that it was time to retake control of the situation.

“Which of you two is the one who dimensionally transferred her?”

The two Harrys looked at each other, and then pointed at each other. “He is!” they said in unison.

“Wonderful. Luna?”

“It’s the little perv who was pawing Hermione. The one with blue socks.”

An armored hand descended on Dimensional Transferred Harry’s shoulder. “You’re with me Potter.” Growled Draco.

“No way man. This isn’t one of THOSE stories. I like girls!”

“You little bastard!” The look on Draco’s face pushed Neville over the edge; he fell to the ground laughing.

“Isr sz wt” Dimensional Transferred Harry mumbled.

“What?”

“Loser says what?” Both Harrys started laughing, and Neville was grinning widely as he picked himself up.

Draco started raging. Hannah decided to head off a murder. “Neville you take charge of young Mr. Potter for his own safety.”

Removing the boy from Draco’s clutches, still chuckling, Neville led him to the where the retrieval team would be porting from. The rest of the retrieval team gathered around the pair.

“I wouldn’t bother telling anyone about this” Hannah called to This Universe’s Harry. No one will believe you.”

The deafening hum returned, and five electric blue circles once again appeared, one under each of the retrieval team. Those circles again grew into five electric blue cylinders three meters tall and one across. The cylinders pulsed once, twice, three times, and then vanished in a burst of white light.

The raven haired boy left alone in the field shook his head in wonder. No, no one would ever believe him. He wasn’t sure HE believed him. He walked over to where Cedric lay, still trying to come out of the effects of the stunners.

Harry grabbed hold of Cedric’s shirt and surveyed the scene. Scorch marks everywhere, the withering remains of some plant or other, a couple dozen dead Death Eaters, at least a dozen more too badly wounded to escape. No one was going to believe what actually happened. If he didn’t say anything other than report that Voldemort had been reborn, then those who came here to investigate would find all this death and destruction and his legend would grow even larger. Great. He wondered for a moment if he could foist the credit off on Cedric... Probably not. Oh well. Maybe this would catch the attention of some of the girls... Come to think about it, Hermione was pretty cute, and he’s just seen what a hottie she would become... He was going to have to give that some thought.

“Accio Cup!”

He felt he portkey cup slap into his hand that felt that familiar hook behind his navel...



## ***Mistakes are made –or- What do you mean ‘Erased’?***

Six figures began to materialize on the transport pads of Transfer Station Seven of the Hall of Loyalty. Sue Bones stood at parade rest waiting, like she always did for the return of one of her teams. Five people left, six were in the process of returning, all indications of a good mission.

Given whom the creator of the mission target reality was, Sue had made sure that one of the Collective’s Potter Analogues was standing by. A nice enough man from a universe without magic and without a ‘boy who lived’, this particular ‘Harry Potter’ worked as a research librarian in the logistics section. Bones paused for a moment to wonder why anyone could create a universe like that. It must have been a very short story.

The transport sequence was complete and the Shift Facilitator was relieved to see that all of her people had made it back, seemingly in one piece. But *something* was wrong: Draco seemed angrier than normal, and Neville seemed to be quite amused, even the new girl, Granger was staring at the Potter they had retrieved (just a kid, how had he managed a transport that young?) with undisguised loathing.

Something told Bones that this wasn’t going to be a quiet shift.

“Ok, THAT was seriously cool. Can we do it again?”

“In won’t be right away Harry, we’ll do it again when we return you to your home universe. There will be a bit of a wait until the runes recharge.” Hannah Abbott told him in her best ‘big sister’ voice. She looked up at the mission clock on the wall by the door. “About eight hours.”

The exchange she had just witnessed surprised Bones, Hannah didn’t like kids, hadn’t thought much of them when she was one. She was practically cuddling this one.

“That’s cool.” The boy hopped off the pad that he had shared with Neville Longbottom, who was still grinning far too much for Sue’s comfort. Whenever this particular Neville Longbottom was this amused, someone else was probably very unhappy. The rest of the team dismounted the pads and placed their gear onto charging stations. The Potter boy looked around the Transfer Station in wide eyed wonder, it was then he spotted Sue Bones. “Whoa! Hello Bonesy. You grew up nice!”

Sue was a bit surprised. No one had called her ‘Bonesy’ for years. “Hello Harry. Has the retrieval team explained that we aren’t the people you know?”

“Yeah, dimensional variances and all that, more or less the same people, just at least 10 years older. I’m cool. So, you guys are going to send me home? How about fitting me out with some of those cool guns so I can deal with Tommy?”

“We can’t do that Harry, we can’t introduce outside influences to an established reality.”

“Oh for Roddenberry’s sake, not the Prime Directive. Come on, that’s just a way for people lacking the balls to take risks to hide from doing the right thing.”

“Prime Directive?”

“That’s a term from a series of television shows popular in most realities.” The man standing next to Susan straightened his glasses and continued. “It was a show about the Captains and Crews of several starships and a space station. The Prime Directive prevented them from directly affecting cultures below a certain point of development based on the fear of what that influence might do to their normal development. It was pretty much a catch all plot device to either show how brave the Captain was to do the right thing despite the rules, or to allow the Captain to do nothing, secure in his moral superiority.”

“Yeah, what he said.” The boy looked up at her with puppy dog eyes. “Come on Bonesy, you know you want to...”

“Watch out for him, he’s a disgusting little perv.” Hermione Granger said bumping Harry as she passed.

“She only says that because it’s true.” Luna explained as she passed.

The rest of the team filed out of the room. Draco muttering ‘fucking Potter’ as he passed, and Neville chuckling. Hannah stood by to make her report.

“I’m sorry Harry, but I can’t arm you with weapons unknown to your universe.” Susan said as gently as she could.

“But I’m the Hero of the story, I need an edge!” Harry whined.

“While the hero of the story is indeed Harry Potter, that doesn’t mean that you are the hero.” The Research Librarian said. “After all, it could be me.”

Fourteen Year old Harry fixed his older dimensional counterpart with a stare. “You’re kidding me. You’re me?”

“In a manner of speaking.”

“So, how’d we do? Hot babe girlfriend?”

The older Harry looked at his younger self with disgust. “Hardly. I am focused on my career and don’t have time for...”

“Oh hell no!” The fourteen year old turned to Susan. “Please, I’m begging you, if it ever looks like I’d rather have a career than a girlfriend, kill me.”

“Granger would do it happily.” Hannah suggested helpfully.

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Hannah led the fourteen year old Harry back to her retrieval team’s ready room. “Harry I need you to stay here so that I can make my after action reports, ok?”

“I guess.” The boy said eyeing Draco suspiciously. “He won’t try to kill me will he?”

“Draco won’t hurt you.” The Tall blond said with a smile.

“Are you sure? I mean bald guys are notorious for their unreasoning violent rages.”

“You little...”

“Draco!” The man went back to cleaning his weapons, mumbling under his breath about ‘fucking Potter’. “Why don’t you just hang out with Luna and Neville? I’d appreciate it if you didn’t make Draco any more angry than absolutely necessary.”

“I’ll be good.” He said with an innocent expression. Hannah, he saw, was buying his act. Good. He crossed the room to where Luna and Neville were lounging. “I’m supposed to stay with you guys.”

Neville looked up from his herbology magazine. “Good to have you here Mate... Are you planning on picking on Draco anymore today?”

“I guess not, unless he deserves it. It’s just when I see him I just remember what a dick he was.”

“Draco isn’t the young man who was abusive to you Harry.” Luna said. In fact he comes from a reality where you never existed, a reality where he was among the resistance to the Dark Lord Dumbledore.”

“Dark Lord Dumbledore?” Harry’s brow furrowed. “Yeah, I can see that, manipulative old Bastard.”

“There are several realities where Dumbledore is a Dark Lord and a few where you are as well.” Luna said. “Though you are the first Harry I’ve encountered who is a disgusting little perv...”

“I’m only fourteen, give me a chance. With enough time, I’ll grow up to be a disgusting big perv.”

Luna raised an eyebrow. “You didn’t let me finish, you are the only Harry Potter what I’ve discovered who is a disgusting little perv while still being a virgin.”

“Hey!” Harry protested.

“Don’t take it so badly Harry” The blond said while ignoring Neville’s chuckles. “Many women find that type of virtue to be attractive.”

Harry slumped in to his chair, mumbling to himself. “Don’t mistake lack of opportunity for virtue.” He missed Luna’s smile that plainly showed she heard his every word.

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After only an hour of depressingly bored sighs and minor destruction in the ready room, Neville agreed to take Harry on a tour of the facility. Harry was surprised that Neville had given in so easily, he had expected to need to do his full three hour sigh fest to get his way. In one of the off watch recreation rooms Harry found himself entranced by a vivacious young woman of about 17 years. Dressed in little more than a very short miniskirt and a sports bra the young woman with the short black hair was a veritable whirlwind of activity causing her ‘assets’ to bounce in a manner that seemed hypnotic to Harry.

“Wow.”

Neville’s smile got wider than it had been all day. “Would you like to meet her Harry?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“Well come on then.” The big blond man said. “Hey Minnie!”

The young woman spotted the mismatched pair and rushed over. “Aye Mr. Longbottom? How can I help ye?”

“Minnie, this is Harry Potter, he thought he recognized you.”

“Och, I know a Harry Potter, but he wasn’t you lad. He was a time traveling rogue who broke my puir heart when he left me to return to his own time.” The girl sighed wistfully then she looked him up and down. “Ye’d be an analog of my Harry I take it?”

Harry was far too busy watching her chest rise and fall with each breath to answer, so Neville came to his aid.

“He is Minnie. He’s almost done with his fourth year.”

“Och, it’ll be two years afore yer of any use to me lad.” Minnie reached out and lifted his eyes to meet hers with a single finger under his chin. “I might have to look you up then, to see if the skills and stamina of my Harry is common to all the Potter men.” The young woman leaned forward and kissed Harry on his forehead. “I’d best be getting back to my mates. An apprentice’s job is never done.” She skipped away from the Harry and Neville.

“Wow.” Harry said. “Screw going home. I want to go where she’s from.”

“Yeah, Minnie McGonagall is quite popular with most of the young men here.” Neville said.

“McGonagall?” Harry asked paling.

Neville nodded, stifling his laughter.

“You bastard. You let me stare a Professor McGonagall’s chest.”

“Yeah. I love my job.”

Harry shook his head. “Why would you do that? Was the Harry of your world a dick to you?”

“Merlin, no Harry. The Harry Potter I grew up with is my very best mate, has been since 6th year. Hell, he was the best man at my wedding. I let you drool all over Minnie because your reaction was funny.” Neville guided the boy out of the rec room and into the hall.

“Funny? Making me look like an ass is funny?”

Neville fought down the grin. “Is it funny when you abuse Draco?”

“Well, yeah, but he’s a dick.”

“No he’s...” A conflicted look passed over Neville’s face. “Ok, yeah he is. But he’s working with the rest of us toward a common good, which means that despite wanting to kill you slowly, he’d save your life if he had to. Probably.”

Harry nodded and kept walking down the hallway. “So, what your saying is I should lay off Draco?”

“Merlin’s Balls NO!” Neville put his hand on Harry shoulder. “Mate, you whaling on Draco like you’ve been doing has made my week. I’m just explaining that you aren’t exempt from being messed with.” Neville opened a door and guided Harry into the room. “This is one of the research labs. The Continuum is always working toward making thing easier for their insertion teams. You might like the Department head here.”

“Harry!” A woman’s voice cried out.

Harry tried to turn to face the woman who had called his name, but before he could he found himself swept into a bone crushing hug, with his face crushed into a massive bosom.

“Harry! You’ve come back! You’ve come back for me! You haven’t changed a bit, I’m missed you so much!” The woman babbled.

Air was rapidly becoming an issue. Who the hell was this? Trying to remove himself from the embrace, Harry managed to pull his head away from the woman’s chest, and caught sight of a wisp of red hair before he was once again pulled into the abyss between the woman’s breasts.

“Mrs. Weasley?” Harry gasped out.

“Harry? Don’t you recognize me?” The woman pushed Harry away from her body, but kept her hands on his shoulders. “It’s me... Ginny.”

“This isn’t your Harry Ms. Weasley.” Neville said, stepping between the horrified boy and the slightly psychotic woman. “Mr. Potter here is a dimensional traveler that we are returning to his home reality as soon as we can. He hasn’t finished his fourth year yet. He just knows Ginny Weasley as Ron’s little sister.”

“But... He and I we were...”

A tall ethereal blond approached and laid her hand on Ginny Weasley’s shoulder. “You know he isn’t your Harry Ginny. Go on back to your office. I need your report on the tracking Rune sets by the end of the week.”

The Weasley woman’s shoulders slumped. Then she nodded and turned away exiting the room through a doorway.

“What the hell was that about?” Harry asked, still wide eyed and almost on the edge of panic. “Why was Ron’s little sister like that?” He then looked up into the eyes of the blond and blinked in recognition. “Fleur?” This morning when he had seen Fleur Delacour she had been 17 years old; at least forty years had passed for the part Veela. If anything she was even more devastatingly beautiful, but the sudden aging was disconcerting.

“Yes Harry. It seems that we are fated to always be separated by age, but I would never again mistake you for a ‘Little boy’. How are you?”

Harry slumped into a chair at one of the work benches. “Very very confused. What was going on with Ginny? Why did she react like that?”

“Ah, my sister-in-law took the disappearance of the Harry of our reality very badly. She is brilliant with the Runes and the Arithmancy, but when it comes to you and your memory, she is still a young girl.”

“What? Why?”

“We haven’t explained much about what we do here Harry, nor what it has to do with you.” Neville said quietly.

“No, you haven’t and I suspect that I’m not going to like what you’re going to tell me am I?”

“In about a third of all monitored realities, you marry Ginny Weasley.” Fleur said.

All the blood drained from Harry’s face. “Really? Why?”

“Presumably because you loved her.” Fleur said gently.

“Don’t look at me.” Neville said grinning like a madman. “In my home reality you married Daphne Greengrass.”

“What? Daphne? Really?”

“Yeah... Well actually, it was more you kidnapped her from her betrothal ceremony before the Wizengamot, and bribed the Goblins into saying that you two were married, but yeah, you two had a quiet Muggle Civil ceremony after people quit paying attention to you.”

“Me and Daphne Greengrass? Wow.” Several perverted thoughts ran through his head.

“Calm down stud.” Neville nudged the boy. “She wasn’t interested until you had finished off Voldemort, filled out appropriately, started seventh year and turned down the Marriage Contract her father sent you.”

“What? That’s dumb, who came up with that?”

“The same creator that came up with you and your story kiddo.”

“In my reality you vanished the day after my wedding. That Pig Voldemort and all of his Death Eaters were found dead over the next month. Everyone knows that it was our realities Harry Potter who saved us all, but you were never seen again. My husband and I celebrate our anniversary and the next day we mourn your loss.”

“You said Ginny was your sister in law?”

“Yes.”

“Bill or Charlie?”

“Excuse me?” The platinum blond asked.

“Which Weasley did you marry? Bill or Charlie?”

“No, I would never marry either of those adrenaline junkies.” She put her hands on her hips, “Seriously Harry, could you see me exploring an Egyptian tomb or living on a Dragon preserve?”

“No, I guess not...” Harry’s eyes went wide. “Not Percy?”

“No, not Percy. Harry do you truly not know? You were the best man at my wedding.” She smiled.

“My wedding to Ronald.”

“Ron.”

“Yes Harry.”

“Ron Weasley.”

“Yes Harry.”

“Ok, that makes perfect sense. Ron gets the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen to fall in love with him, and I get his little sister.”

Fleur took Harry on an extended tour of her research labs, demonstrating various objects and explaining others. Neither Fleur Weasley nor Neville Longbottom noticed when Harry swiped a prototype off one of the test benches and slipped it into a pocket.

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Susan Bones met Hannah’s team as they assembled in front of the transport pads of Transfer Station Seven. Harry was still in Neville’s custody, and hadn’t caused anymore trouble. The young Gryffindor had decided that maintaining a low profile for the rest of his stay would probably be his best plan.

“I guess this is it then Harry.” Susan said. “The transfer Rune sets are fully charged, we can get you back home. Hannah and her team will get you back where you started, and make sure that you’re safely found. Then they’ll have to obliviate your memories of all this I’m afraid.”

“No way. I need to remember this, I found out some important things.”

“It’s necessary for the integrity of the Omniverse Harry, I’m sorry.”

“Shift Facilitator.” One of the transfer mages said. “There’s a problem.”

“What is it?” Susan asked approaching to examine the reading herself.

“The origin reality is gone.” The man looked up. It appears to be an Erasure.”

“An Erasure?” Harry asked. “What does that mean?”

“We’re checking Harry.” Susan said.

Fleur Weasley rushed in. “An Erasure?” Her elegant fingers started dancing over the Rune clusters. “Merde’! The entire reality is gone, all forks, all branches, even the reality where Harry was picked up from.”

“WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?” Harry shouted in an effort to get anyone to pay attention to him, and maybe answer his questions.

“It means,” Susan said. “That the creator of that bit of the Omniverse had scrapped the entire story line. It’s a full erasure.”

“But what does that mean?” Harry asked.

Neville knelt down next to the boy. “It means that everyone and everything you know is gone. For all

intents and purposes none of it ever existed.”

“Damn.” Harry sat down. There weren’t all that many people that he had cared about back home, but to have all of them so utterly gone...

“What should we do?” Susan asked Fleur.

“We need to convene a meeting of the Department Heads” the French Witch said. “We’ve never had anyone from a deleted reality off plain before; no one has even considered it. There are no protocols in place for this situation.”

“What about the boy?”

Fleur Weasley looked over at the young man who was the image of the young man who had saved her sister’ life all those years ago. “I would recommend placing him in stasis until it can be decided what to do with him.”

“”Like Hell.” Harry said standing up. “Just put me in a different reality, any of them, I don’t care. I’m not going into storage like a box of clothing that doesn’t fit anyone anymore.”

“We can’t do that Harry,” Susan tried to explain. “Having you out of your proper reality for an extended period of time could corrupt the entire Omniverse.”

Harry recognized the signs. He was inconvenient again. They were going to store him away just like the Dursleys did in that damned cupboard, only this time it was for ever. His hand sought out the tool he had stolen from Fleur’s research labs.

*“It’s a personal transporter Harry.” She had said when she had shown it to him. “It’s powered by the Wizard’s own magic. The only problem we’re having is the targeting; we haven’t found a way to have it take someone to a specified place.”*

*“But how do you get them back?”*

*“We have scrying crystals that can locate people within the realities, and then send a team to retrieve them. We think that these will end up being emergency egress tools for insertion teams, a way to get out of untenable situations.”*

*“That’s really interesting.” Harry lied. He had already decided to swipe the silly thing if he could, that way if Voldemort got to be too dangerous he had an emergency exit available. “How long does it take to locate your lost people with those scrying crystals?”*

*“Oh about an hour.” She had said in an offhanded manner before directing his attention to the next of her toys, a new way to resolve the primary ‘character’ of a reality.*

Harry quietly pulled the small device from his pocket and smiled. The green light that surrounded the actuator was lit. That meant that the device was fully charged and ready to jump.

No one was paying any attention to Harry, he smiled as he pushed the button with his thumb and the universe disappeared around him.

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**Hogwarts**

**Gryffindor Heads Suite**

**Head Boy’s Bed Chamber:**

**May 24th 11:45 pm**

Hermione had purposefully stayed away from Harry all day. She knew that he was looking for her, but

she needed the space to think. The common room was empty; she stood at the door to his bedchamber. She quietly entered and eased the door closed behind her. She could hear his deep rhythmic breathing and knew he was asleep. She removed her clothing as her eyes adjusted to the dim moon light. He lay on his back, his left arm over his eyes, quiet snores coming from his open mouth.

Naked she slid into the bed beside him, then pushed the blankets and sheet to the foot of the bed and straddled him.

“Hermione? What?”

“You listen to me you selfish ass. You have been teasing me with this damned ring for nine months now. Tomorrow you’re going to go off and do the stupid thing you do and probably get your self killed. You know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I love you...’

“Of course I do, I...”

“You shut the hell up. I’m not finished. I’ll tell you when you can talk again. I know you love me. The only thing that keeps us from being married is a fucking ceremony. FINE. I HERMIONE TAKE YOU HARRY TO BE MY HUSBAND DESPITE YOU BEING AN INSUFFERABLY NOBLE OLD FASHIONED FATHEAD WHO DOESN’T KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN SHE’S SITTING ON YOU. IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH, FOR RICHER FOR POORER UNTIL DEATH DO US PART.” Hermione suddenly realized she was screaming. She needed to calm down.

She looked into his eyes, tears streaming. “Now you talk.”

“I Harry take you Hermione to be my wife despite the fact that I don’t deserve you in any way and never will. In sickness and in health, for richer, for poorer until death do us part.” He smiled that crooked smile that she loved so much. “Do I get to kiss the bride?”

“You get to make love to the bride, or I’m going to sit on top of you and cry all night Mr. Potter.”

He pulled her down for the kiss. But before their lips touched the room filled with a blinding electric blue light.

Blinking the spots from their eyes the two young lovers heard rather than saw that there was someone in the room with them.

“HA! It worked. Excellent.” There was a pause. “Hermione?”

The bushy haired woman’s eyes cleared enough to see... Harry? In his Triwizard uniform?

“Harry, buddy!” the younger Potter said. “Good on you mate. Hermione is fine now and she only gets better over the next decade at least.”

“Uh, ok.” The powerless Potter said, trying desperately to figure out what was going on.

“But stay the hell away from Ginny Weasley. I have seen the future and she is fucking huge! Trust me on this one.”

“Ok...” the man with no magic said.

“Ok, I’ve gotta run.” The younger Harry said reaching across the bed to slap Hermione on her bum.

“Oh, if five people show up, people who look like older versions of your classmates, I was never here, ok?”

The pair of young lovers stared at the door that had closed behind the boy.

“Was that... me?”

“I... I think so.” Hermione said hesitantly. “Did you do any time traveling during the Triwizard?”



“I don’t think so. I was never like that... was I?”

“Not around me anyway.” She frowned for a moment chewing her lower lip. “It’s possible that that didn’t happen. It could be our pent up emotions.”

“The Goblins have a word for that Hermione, ‘Kreintostph’.”

“Wow. I need to learn more about Goblin culture, it would be interesting to learn their views on mental health.”

“Kreintostph roughly translates to ‘dragon crap’. It’s the goblin equivalent of ‘bullshit’.” Harry grinned up at her. “It occurs to me that I don’t really care about a younger version of myself running around the castle, no matter how much of a potty mouth he may be, and I won’t care as long as you’re in bed with me. We’ve got tonight, and tomorrow we might die. Come here.”

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The hum woke the pair from the light doze that they had fallen into following their first bout of lovemaking. Another flash of electric blue light had them focusing on five armor clad figures. The shortest of those figures shined a light onto the bed that the pair shared. Harry wrapped an arm around Hermione in a protective gesture.

“Hermione Jean Granger!” the armored figure shrieked. “What do you think you’re going in that bed young lady?”

“Mum?”

“You had better be very glad I’m not your mother young lady! Oh my god, you’re naked.”

“Stand down Granger.” One of the others barked. She approached the bed coming into the light.

“Hannah?” Hermione asked.

“Look, this is too hard to explain, just trust me when I say we don’t mean any harm to you or your story. We are after Harry Potter.” The team leader noticed how the young man in the bed stiffened.

“Oh, not you Harry, a younger Harry, about fourteen, in his Triwizard Uniform.”

“He went that way.” Harry said pointing at the door. We didn’t see which way he went, and frankly we didn’t care.”

“Good on you Harry” one of the other armor clad people said with a thumbs up gesture.

“Neville? What the hell is going on?”

“We don’t have the time to explain.” Hannah said. “Luna, start scrying for the boy. Everyone cloak and let’s go.”

Harry and Hermione watched open mouthed as the quintet shimmered into invisibility, and from the sound of things exited the room with the only sound being a muttered ‘Fucking Potter.’

Hermione looked to Harry and clung to him tighter. “Why did that woman call me ‘Hermione Jean’?”

“I don’t know, seemed odd to me too.”

“I don’t know anyone with the middle name of ‘Jean’, I’m Hermione Jane.”

“I know. I think that we shouldn’t talk about any of this. It might get us locked up.”

“Yeah.” The Brunette agreed.

## ***Fixing what went wrong***

*“We won!” yelled Ron, bounding into sight and brandishing the silver Cup at Harry. “We won! Four hundred and fifty to a hundred and forty! We won!”*

*Harry looked around; there was Ginny running toward him; she had a hard, blazing look in her face as she threw her arms around him. And without thinking, without planning it, without worrying about the fact that fifty people were watching, Harry kissed her.*

*After several long moments — or it might have been half an hour — or possibly several sunlit days — they broke apart. The room had gone very quiet. Then several people wolf-whistled and there was an outbreak of nervous giggling. Harry looked over the top of Ginny’s head to see*

*Dean Thomas holding a shattered glass in his hand, and Romilda Vane looking as though she might throw something. Hermione was beaming, but Harry’s eyes sought Ron. At last he found him, still clutching the Cup and wearing an expression appropriate to having been clubbed over the head. For a fraction of a second they looked at each other, then Ron gave a tiny jerk of the head that Harry understood to mean, Well — if you must.*

*The creature in his chest roaring in triumph, he grinned down at Ginny.*

—  
*excerpt from “Harry Potter and the Half Blood Prince” Chapter 24*

Only to be smacked on the side of his head with a rolled up newspaper.

“No!” another smack of the newspaper, “No! Bad Harry, bad!”

The excitement died in his chest and Harry started looking for whoever it was that insisted on hitting him. Looking down he found his assailant... A younger version of himself... wearing his Triwizard robes?

“Wha?” he asked intelligently.

“Step away from the Ginger Girl!”

"Harry?" Ginny gasped looking back and forth between the two aspects of Harry Potter with an incredulous look on her face.

"You!" the younger Harry said while poking her in the chest with his rolled up newspaper and pushing her away. "Back away from the hero. Sure, you're hot now, but I've seen the future Toots, and I can't let you to that to me... him... us."

Ginny froze in place with a shocked look on her face. Little Harry thought she was hot? What did she do in the future that caused him to...

"What?" the older Harry asked. "What did she do? And how did you get here?"

"Look mate, you've seen Molly, right?" the fourteen year old asked. When his older self nodded the dimensional traveller continued. "Take Molly, add about another 10 stone over the next twenty years and stir in a heaping helping of crazy. THAT'S what she does."

The younger Harry suddenly found a wand pointed between his eyes.

"Who are you really?" Hermione Granger hissed, a look of fury on her face.

"Hermione!" he exclaimed happily, while slipping in side her guard to wrap the bushy haired girl in a hug. "I was so worried that you might be completely different," the boy murmured from between her breasts. "Nice perfume," he continued when he looked up grinning into her very confused eyes.

"Harry, buddy, mate," the younger Harry said while reaching out to grab a handful of his older aspect's robes and pulling him closer. "Hermione is the girl. Seriously. I've been in a dozen different universes, and it's almost always Hermione. How could it not be? She's smarter than us, she's always there for us, she has amazing breasts, and it turns out she's almost always kinky as hell," he pulled both the older students closer and continued in a stage whisper. "The last world I was on, she used a time turner and blindfolds to replicate herself six times so that she could have an intimate non cheating orgy with you... And with herself. 'Really advanced masturbation' she called it."

The older Potter aspect was shocked, "Hermione?"

"I would never..." she sputtered. "That wouldn't even work... the restrictions on time/space..."

"Oh, it worked alright, you kinky witch. I've never seen a happier Harry than that one. Hell, one of you found me and decided that I was a time traveler too and was about to answer all my dreams when that damned retrieval squad showed up. If it weren't for that, I'd still be there."

"Retrieval squad?" Ron asked, partially disappointed that his moment in the sun had been diverted by the arrival of this... little Harry, but mostly curious just what the hell was going on. "What's going on?"

"Oh, hello Ronald," the younger Harry said coldly.

"What?" the redhead asked in confusion. "What did I do?"

"What did you do?" the dimensional traveller asked incredulously. "Oh, nothing much, you just bagged Fleur and dumped your massive little crazy sister on me, you twat!"

"Harry, language!" Hermione exclaimed automatically.

"WHAT?" Ginny screeched.

"Fleur? And me?" Ron asked getting a dreamy look for a moment before sobering. "You're mental, Fleur is engaged to Bill."

"Yeah, like she would ever waste her time on an adrenaline junky like Bill," the boy scoffed. "And even if she is engaged to Bill, given the opportunity you'd snap her up in a second."

"Well, yeah," the redhead agreed as his imagination began filling in the blanks.

"What is going on in here?" Minerva McGonagall asked as she entered the common room. "It's far too quiet in here considering that you just won the Quidditch cup!" Bitter experience had taught the Deputy Headmistress that a quiet common room was on about to cause trouble.

Then the Scotswoman spotted the pair of Potters.

"Mr. Potter?"

"I don't know what's going on here Professor!" the older Harry protested, "but I had nothing to do with it."

"Oh no," the younger Potter broke in while backing away from his Head of House with a look of panic in his eyes, "You're not getting me again."

"Who are you? And why are you dressed like that?" Minerva asked.

"No, no, no," Harry repeated his hands up as a defense against the older woman. "It took me weeks to forget you bouncing your boobies in my face! You just stay away from me."

Immediately a look of revulsion rolled through the common room as each Gryffindor suddenly got a mental image of their Head of House's boobies bouncing.

"He says he's a version of Harry, Professor," Hermione volunteered hesitantly, trying to drive that image from her mind. "He's made comments about the future and other universes. I think he might be a dimensional traveller."

"See?" The younger Harry said nudging his older aspect. "I told you she was smart. And don't forget kinky! Forget the ginger, go Team Bushy!"

Hermione wheeled on the younger version of her best friend, a look of fury in her eye. "Team Bushy?"

"Eep!" the 14 year old squeaked before moving to hide behind his older aspect.

"I think," Minerva said in an attempt to regain control of the situation, "that we might be best served by bringing this to the Headmaster's attention."

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It was an odd parade that made its way from the Gryffindor common room to the Headmaster's office. Led by a clearly confused Minerva McGonagall, it consisted of an equally confused Hermione Granger, a lividly angry Ginny Weasley, a blissfully distracted Ron Weasley and not one but two Harry Potters.

One would think that attending a magical school where strange and wondrous things happen all the time would immunized the student body from being shocked by what they saw in the hallways of the school. This theory was quickly dashed by the appearance of two Harry Potters.

Of course the situation wasn't made any easier by the younger Harry's running commentary as they made their way to the Headmaster's office.

"... yeah, so my entire reality was erased," the Dimensional traveler explained bringing the assembled Gryffindors up to date with his story. "They said that the creator had probably gotten bored with it, and that it happened a lot. Anyway, the 'Puffs were going to put me into stasis to keep me from ending the universe or something, but as far as I could see, that was just another version of being shipped off to the Dursleys... Oh hi Daphne! Looking good!"

The Greengrass girl had been passing by in the hallway with her friend Tracey Davis and the pair had been studiously ignoring the parade of Gryffindors when the young boy actually spoke to her and in such a familiar way. She stopped in her tracks and stared at him.

"Hey Harry," the imp continued. "If Hermione doesn't do it for you, I have in on good authority that Daphne is an absolute minx in the sack."

Daphne gaped at the younger boy's receding back for a second before going for her wand only to be stopped by her friend Tracey.

"Calm down and listen," she hissed. "We might learn something important."

"Who the hell told you that?" Her classmate asked his younger self having stopped dead in the middle of the hall.

"Neville Longbottom," the smaller Potter replied. "Oh, not yours. One I met in another universe. He told me that he was your best mate since sixth year, and that you and Daphne got together after you killed Voldemort, then you turned down a marriage contract for her, seduced her by dazzling her with the Muggle world and ended up kidnapping her from a betrothal ceremony in front of the Wizengamot," younger Harry shrugged. "Nev said that she found that to be romantic or something. Then there was the universe where you and Daphne killed Voldemort and a bunch of his Deeters together when no one else would help you, and then she helped you fake your death so you could get away from a certain manipulative old coot as well as all the fan boys and girls. Either way, she's got a great ass, a fantastic rack, and sometimes she's willing to dress up like Laura Croft!."

Daphne watched as the larger boy slapped the back of his smaller aspect's head. "You are so full of it. Where do you come up with this stuff? Laura Croft? As it." and the pair restarted their trek to the Headmaster's office.

"Other universes?" Tracey asked incredulously. "Is the younger one supposed to be a dimensional traveler? I never believed that sort of thing actually happened."

"Hmm..." Daphne murmured. "Me and Potter?"

"Oh please, as if," Tracey scoffed derisively. "You'd have to kill the Weaslette first."

"Or maybe Granger from the way the little one was talking," Daphne said as the pair restarted their journey to the Library." After perhaps 10 more paces the girl began musing aloud. "Perhaps I need to find out if Daddy intends to send out any marriage contracts for me. I wonder who Laura Croft is..."

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"Please wait here while I find out if the Headmaster has time to speak with you," Minerva said as the gargoyle shifted out of her way and she started up the moving staircase.

"Right," Younger Harry snarked as soon as the door closed behind her. "Because dimensional travelers are so

common as to be ignored."

"You need to show more respect, Harry" Hermione scolded. "Professor McGonagall deserves your respect."

"Yeah?" Harry grumped. "She didn't flash you when she was seventeen, did she?"

Hermione glared at the younger version of her friend and wondered just how this one had turned out so different from her own Harry... well, not 'her' Harry. Not really. The Harry she knew would never... would he?.

The four Hogwarts students and the dimensional traveller took seat on the bench on the wall across the hall from the Headmaster's gargoyle. "So," Hermione began, no longer able to contain her curiosity, "How many worlds have you been on?"

"Well, there was my first one, Voldemort used a plot device to send me away..."

"A plot device?" Ron asked confusedly.

"Yeah, a 'Reality Ripper'. He got it from Evil Inc. I always knew I rated a top drawer bad guy even if he is a bit lame. Then I was on the second world that appeared to be identical except that Harry was wearing yellow socks instead of my favorite blue pair and they were about fifteen minutes behind my original world."

"I hardly think that something as inconsequential as the color of some-one's stockings could possibly define a universe," Hermione said shaking her head.

"Maybe," young Harry said with a shrug, "Maybe not. I wasn't there all that long. Those were the only differences I saw. Same author and everything."

"Same author?" Ginny asked in spite of wanting to hate this boy.

"Oh, yeah, didn't you know? We're all just characters in someones story. I'm what they call 'Off the Page'. Anyway, then the Collective's Retrieval Team showed up and killed a lot of Death Eaters, but just the ones with no names, and they grabbed me and took me to their home reality, so that would be my third world."

"Wait. You're saying that we're all fictional characters?" the older aspect of Harry Potter asked.

"Well, yeah. How else would all this make the bit of sense? I mean seriously, the way the Dursley's treated us and no one ever noticed? Not one of our primary teachers ever noticed that Dudders had top drawer things and we always looked like we shopped out of a skip? The way we had a reputation in the Neighborhood for being a hoodlum in the face of Dudley's public stupidity in front of witnesses? Or the way that Quirrell was killed and no one investigated? How about Hermione given an uber dangerous device like a time turner, just so she could take extra third year classes. Or the way that Hermione was the only one to figure out that the creature petrifying people was a basilisk? What was wrong with the adults in this castle? For that matter the way we kept hearing the basilisk in the pipes, then when we find the damned thing it's forty feet long and eight foot thick? I've never seen a pipe that size have you? Or how about the way everyone was so worried about Sirius, but no one thought to warn us to be on the look out for a big black dog, not even Moonie? Or hell..."

"Language Harry!" Hermione admonished.

"Fine," the younger boy sighed. "How about how all the Muggleborns suddenly disappear from all records at the age of 11? No government agency ever thought to ask just where all these kids fell off the map to? None of it makes a lick of sense, so we have to be fictional."

"Alright, we're fictional," Hermione hesitantly agreed hoping she wasn't feeding his delusion. "What is this 'Collective' you mentioned?"

"The Hufflepuffs. They've gotten together across all the universes to keep everything running."

"The Hufflepuffs?" Ginny asked incredulously. "Seriously? The Hufflepuffs?"

"What about the Hufflepuffs Ginny?" Susan Bones asked as she approached the group with Hannah Abbott in tow as usual. She spotted the younger Harry. "Hello," she said sweetly, "and where did you come from?"

Hermione had always like the Bones girl, and found her interest in Harry to be amusing. The girl was obviously nursing a crush, always asking about Harry, where he was, what he was thinking about, what adventures he might be...

"This is Harry's delusional dimensional twin," Ginny answered. Hermione couldn't help but notice that the younger Harry was all but cowering in the face of Susan Bones, the most gentle of the Hufflepuffs. The look of terror on the boy's face... Why would he be frightened of Sue?

"Oh? How can you call him delusional Ginny?" Sue reached out and pinched the dimensional traveler's left cheek. "He's so cute, you just want to lock him away somewhere so that he'd be safe."

Lock him away somewhere? That was practically what the boy had said that the Collective of Hufflepuffs wanted to do with him... Hermione's brow furrowed. What an odd coincidence. Young Harry desperately dug into a pocket to extract... something. Hermione couldn't see what it was, but there was a red flashing light in the boy's hand and a look of... fear on his face when he saw that light.

What was going on?

"He keeps saying silly things like Harry and I shouldn't be together, and that there is a 'Hufflepuff Collective' that rules the universe."

Susan's musical laugh filled the hallway. "Now, that's funny," she said while maintaining eye contact with the dimensional traveler. "There isn't a Hufflepuff Collective Cutie," she said while lightly smacking his face, "ask anyone."

Of course, Hermione reflected, that's just what a member of a secret organization would say... wait?

"Oh, he's just being silly," Hannah suggested. "Come on Sue, we've got things to do."

"We do," Susan confirmed. "See you all later, especially you Cutie," she squeezed the younger Harry's knee before standing, linking arms with Hannah and walking away.

"What's wrong Harry?" Hermione asked the pale boy.

"I've got to get out of here," the dimensional traveler said his eyes flicking between whatever it was that was flashing a red light in his left hand and the two departing Hufflepuffs. "The Hufflepuffs," he whispered, "they control everything."

Hermione followed the boy's gaze to see that Susan had stopped at the end of the hall and was had once again locked eyes with the dimensional traveler. The voluptuous redhead was pointing at her own eyes with her index and middle fingers of her right hand before rotating her wrist so that those fingers were now pointing directly into the eyes of the younger Harry in a clear indication that she intended to be watching him.

What the hell?

Hermione's attention was diverted to Minerva McGonagall when the elder witch reappeared at the door to the Headmaster's office.

"The Headmaster will see you all now." she said simply.

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"It's him," Hannah observed.

"Yeah," Susan confirmed. "He's in the primary creation event and talking to people. This isn't good. Find Professor Sprout so she can let the Collective know."

-----oooOOOooo-----

"Well," the Headmaster said as he watched the students trooping into his office. "I can't recall ever having two of the same person in my office at the same time." Albus waved his hand and enough seating for everyone appeared. "Please, everyone have a seat. Would anyone care for a lemon drop?"

After the offer was universally declined Albus focused his gaze on the younger Potter. "So, why would a dimensional traveler visit our reality? And how did you manage to become a traveler at such a young age?"

The boy fidgeted in his seat, "I'm not here for any particular reason, my transport device selected this reality at random. I just arrived in the Common Room to find a potential crime against nature taking place, and I stepped in to stop it."

"Crime against nature?" Dumbledore asked.

"He means Harry was kissing me," Ginny interjected with a scowl. "He's got some crazy idea that Harry and I shouldn't be together."

"I've seen the future Red," the younger Harry sniffed, "and with your brother bagging a Veela and sticking me with you, it ain't pretty. Look, this is fun and all, but the Hufflepuffs have seen me, that means that I've got to get out of here."

Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling madly as they usually did when he was trying mightily to figure out what was going on. Deciding to ignore the entire 'brother bagging a Veela' idea, the Headmaster focused on the dimensional traveler's concern about Hufflepuff house.

"What do you mean that the Hufflepuffs have seen you?"

"The Hufflepuffs control the universe," the younger Harry explained. "Actually, they control all the universes. They want to put me into stasis because I was off page when my reality was erased, but I'm not letting anyone do that to me again, not after what you did to me with the Dursleys."

The Headmaster's office went silent as every sentence in the room tried to digest what the dimensional traveler had just suggested. The silence built until it was broken with a question that they all wanted to ask.



"What," the Sorting Hat asked from its storage shelf, "the hell are you talking about?"

"The Hufflepuffs," younger Harry whispered. "They control every aspect of our lives, they decide who lives and who dies, and they enforce the canon!" He paused and licked his lips, "They control EVERYTHING."

Further discussion was made impossible when the office was suddenly subjected to an intense glare of electric blue light.

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Almost everyone in the room was shocked by the appearances of five electric blue columns of light that suddenly appeared and began pulsing. Fourteen year old Harry Potter had, of course, seen it before and as a result wasn't shocked in the slightest. It terrified him, but it didn't shock him.

A sense of relief from that worry manifested when he looked into his hand and found that his magic had finally charged the personal transport device and the light around the actuator was now a nice bright green. Perfect.

With his right elbow he nudged his older aspect.

"I'm outta here. In a minute you'll see what I was talking about when I told you how unbelievably hot Hermione is going to turn out... of course Luna and Hannah are pretty hot too.. Make sure you give Malfoy shit for losing his hair," the boy said with a wink before pushed in thumb onto the button and vanished from the Universe.

Where the cylinders once were stood five armor clad figures. The tallest of those figures stepped forward.

"Alright you Primitive Wand Waving Screwheads, Listen up!" The armored man said while brandished his weapon. "See this? *This* is my *boom stick!* The BFG-9000, a 12-gigawatt Phased Array Plasma Rifle. Weasley's Wizarding Weapons' top of the line,. You can find one of your very own in the Murder and Mayhem department. That's right; this sweet baby was made in Diagon Alley, London, reality 392. It retails for about 509 Galleons. It's got a walnut stock, cobalt blue steel, and a hair trigger. That's right. When you want them very dead, shop smart. Shop Weasley's Wizarding Weapons. *You got that?*"

"Bloody Hell!" McGonagall gasped at the sight of five strangers suddenly standing in the Headmaster's office, and feeling more than a little faint. "The Weasley twins branched into weapons?"

"We don't want to hurt anyone unnecessarily," one of the women said stepping forward. "We're looking for Harry Potter."

Harry swallowed, and then stood up from his chair. "I'm Harry Potter."

"Not you," the big armored man said dismissively. "The runner, a Harry Potter from another universe."

"Malfoy?" Harry asked staring into the older man's face. "What happened to you? You're so old... and bald."

"I am twenty seven years old Potter, and I AM NOT BALD!" the armored man screamed, pushing the barrel of his weapon into Harry's face.

The door to the Headmaster's office opened and Pomona Sprout entered, followed by Susan and Hannah.

"Good, I'm not too late."

"I think we may be," the armored woman acting as the transported groups' leader said. "Your report had the Dimensional Traveler in this office, but when we arrived he wasn't here."

"Pomona?" Dumbledore asked incredulously. The fact that his subordinate ignored him just added to his shock. Dumbledore started putting together rumors he had heard, but had previously discounted. It seemed the only answer.

One of the armored people deactivated her armor revealing a woman of almost ethereal beauty. "We are too late, he is not here. His counter part saw him activate his transport device and vanish."

"Luna?" Hermione asked.

"Not the Luna you know my dear," the woman said with a smile.

The remaining two armored people deactivated their armor as well, causing the students to boggle when they were revealed to be Hermione Granger and Neville Longbottom.

"I had heard the rumors Pomona, but I never really believed them.," Dumbledore said in an attempt to regain control of the situation. "I honestly can't say I ever expected the Hufflepuff Collective."

"No one expects the Hufflepuff Collective," Sprout responded. "Our weapons are Teamwork and Cooperation!"

"Teamwork and Cooperation?" the older Hermione Granger asked.

"They're pretty much the same thing," the younger aspect of the Smartest witch of her generation pointed out.

"How about Cooperation and Hard Work?" Neville asked.

"And well thought out plans?" the younger Hannah added.

"Surprise is also useful," Susan pointed out. "As is ruthless efficiency."

"The Weapons and Armor are good too," Draco noted.

"Fine," Sprout sighed. "Amongst our weaponry are such diverse elements as cooperation, hard work, well thought out plans, surprise, ruthless efficiency, Weasley Wizarding Weapons, and Creevy-Tech Armor, not to mention a healthy round of obliviations!" the Hufflepuff head of house said as she whipped her wand out pointing it at the face of a very surprised Albus Dumbledore.

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Albus Dumbledore blinked and looked up from the sheet of parchment he had was writing on, more than a little surprised to find his deputy and four students sitting in his office looking at him quizzically.

"I'm sorry," he said, trying to remember what he had been doing. "Did we have a meeting?"

"I was under the impression you had called us to your office Headmaster," Minerva said, not sounding terribly convinced of what she was saying.

"That sounds like something I would do," Albus admitted, "but I can't seem to recall what the meeting might have been about."

"That sounds like you too," Ron said happily, only to be surprised by the angry glares of his head of house and housemates. "What?"

"Well, I'm sure whatever it was, it will come back to me and I'll reschedule out meeting at that time.

The students all recognized a dismissal when they heard one and made to leave the Headmaster's office.

"Oh, Mr. Potter, have you given any thought to the assignment I gave you concerning Professor Slughorn?"

"Yes sir," Harry responded, surprised when an idea that was sure to crack the closed mouthed Potions Master wide open came to mind. "I have an idea that ought to work. I'll be trying it tonight."

"Good, good." the old man nodded. "I'll be seeing you afterwards then."

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From Harry's perspective everyone in the Headmaster's office vanished as soon as he had actuated the Personal Transport device.

It took him several seconds to realize that this was caused by his translating into the Headmaster's office of another universe rather than the others leaving. That was when he knew that there was something wrong, because every flat surface in the office was covered with dust. No one had been in here in months, maybe years.

Even the portraits were still. They looked like... normal paintings. The only light in the room came from the windows behind the Headmaster's desk.

Harry surveyed his surroundings. Fawke's perch was empty, the fireplace cold and obviously hadn't been cleaned for a while. The door to the stairs was open.

This couldn't possibly be good. Where was everyone? The silence in the castle was so utterly complete that all he could hear was his own breathing and the beating of his own heart.

What kind of story was he in now?