

# **Harry Potter and the Legitimate Businessmen**

By

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Three Weeks ago:

“Let me get this straight” Stephen Granger was angry. “You want me to allow you to take my 17 year old daughter on a world tour to find the magic you need to defeat a homicidal maniac who calls himself a dark lord?”

“Yes sir.” Said Harry Potter, A.K.A. the boy who lived. This was going better than he had expected. Hermione had claimed that her father wouldn’t understand. “We should be back before the end of August.”

Hermione Granger sighed, rolling her eyes at Harry’s happiness at having ‘explained’ their plans to her father. ***You fat head Harry. I meant he wouldn’t understand why we were going, not what we were going to do. How could someone so powerful be so dim? It seems to be a characteristic most wizards share.***

“Daddy, Voldemort is going to hurt a lot of people unless Harry stops him. We’ve been through the Hogwarts and Black family Libraries three times and can’t find what Harry needs to stop him. This ‘World Tour’ is an attempt to learn new magic that isn’t known here. We plan to start in Boston and keep going until we find what he needs.”

“Your father and I understand dear. You have our blessings, go and be safe.”

“Thank you Mum, Daddy!”

The two teens grasped the Goblin provided international portkey and vanished.

“Sarah, why did you do that?”

“How is it any different than you’re taking me to Blackpool when I was 17? As I recall we didn’t leave the hotel room all week.”

“And your brothers beat me up. Hermione doesn’t have any brothers.”

“Well maybe you could hire a few of those nice Weasley boys to do it for you.”

Neither of them noticed the rat with the silver paw hiding behind the settee...

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“Going on a magical world tour to learn how to defeat me are they?”

“Her mother thinks they are going to shack up in their hotel room and make out the entire time and that this is just a way of getting rid of that annoying Weasley boy.”

“Nonsense Wormtail. Young Harry is too pure, too honest, and too good to sully himself in such a way. He reminds me of myself at that age.”

“No, young Harry is a 16 year old boy who likes girls” said Bellatrix Lestrange quietly.

“What was that Lovely Bella?”

“I said, I’m looking forward to hearing your master plan to eliminate that annoying 16 year old boy and somehow cause everyone else in the world to ignore you while you take over the world Master.”

Four hours later following many bouts of maniacal laughter, several rounds of ‘crucios’ for everyone and about 9 minutes of actual planning, a 12 man team of Death Eaters disappeared with an international portkey.

And were never seen again.

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Neither was the 12 man team sent three days later with strict instructions to report in via signaling mirror as soon as they arrived.

A week later a 50 man assault team were sent, wand out and spells on their lips. They vanished without a trace.

So alone in his almost empty throne room, Voldemort created another International Portkey and used it himself.

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He appeared in front of an older man sitting at a desk, wearing a well tailored Muggle business suit.

“Ah, Mr. Riddle, welcome to the United States. How can I help you?”

“Who are you? Are you a representative of your ridiculous Department of Magic?”

“Mr. Riddle, I don’t represent any branch of any government. I represent, shall we say, individuals with Business interests, and as their representative I have been directed to inquire as to your intentions while you are in North America.”

“I am Lord Voldemort!”

“Of course you are Mr. Riddle. Here in North America we don’t recognize hereditary titles, much less those self conferred. So you’ll excuse me if I continue to use your birth name. Your intentions sir?”

“What happened to my people?”

“The unpleasant fellows in the black robes and white masks? They refused to cooperate and were dealt with accordingly. My friend, you really should tighten up your recruitment criteria, rather than go for blood status, you should recruit for intelligence. During the autopsies many of them had some of the most alarming birth defects. Inbreeding will tell, you know.”

“You’re not a pure blood?”

“Good lord no. Mr. Riddle, as you are no doubt aware Europe used the colonies in the Americas as a dumping ground for what you call ‘squibs’ as well as second sons who could not inherit. Blood lines appeal to some deluded souls, but for the most part it isn’t a major part of our lives. We fight over different things.” The man smiled. “But we are getting off the topic at hand, what are your intentions while in North America?”

“I am here to kill Harry Potter.”

“Ah, yes.” The man referred to some papers on his desk. “Harry James Potter, currently at the Massachusetts Institute for Technology and Magic, conferring with some of our Technomages while his future wife devours the library. Fascinating couple, we expect quite a bit from them over the next few years. No, sorry we cannot allow you to approach or harm Mr. Potter.”

“How do you propose to stop me?”

“Really Mr. Riddle, you are stopped. My principles are reviewing this interview as we speak, if you are lucky you will be allowed to return to the UK, if not you will join your people on the autopsy table in our in house morgue.”

Voldemort went for his wand. And found that it was missing.

The man behind the desk gestured toward a shield bubble on his desktop, there was Voldemort’s wand.

“A short history lesson if you will Mr. Riddle. There have been magic users in North America since the first people came to this continent, yet there has never been a ‘Dark Lord’ or anything like that ilk here,

and when ever one of your European or Asian brothers come here to conquer they are quickly swallowed up and disappear. Have you ever wondered why that is?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"The reasoning is quite simple. Dark Lords create heroes. Your Mr. Potter for instance. Some fool seer makes some incoherent mumblings about a child born as the seventh month dies and you attack him. If you hadn't he would be a normal 16 year old boy trying to get into his girl friends pants instead of doing all he can to be able to kill you, much to the frustration of said girlfriend. So, you kill him. Unfortunately he has inspired followers who swear vengeance on you. Each of them inspires followers, it is a geometric progression, and eventually one of the followers of the followers gets lucky and takes you out."

The man removed his eyeglasses and cleaned them with a piece of cloth. In short it was observed that you 'Dark Lords' are just plain bad for business. You cause disruptions, which reduce profit."

A small pop was heard and a piece of paper appeared over the desk. The man in the Muggle suit snatched it out of the air and read it.

"I'm sorry Mr. Riddle, but you have been evaluated as being a threat to the bottom line, and as such must be neutralized."

"You fool, you cannot kill me, I am immortal."

"Ah yes, your 'horocruxes'. A team of our psi actives have gotten the locations of those artifacts and neutralization teams have been sent to find them." On his elaborate desk console a light came on. "And they are gone. Excuse me for a moment." He reached to the console and pushed a switch "Becky?"

"Yes Mr. Lawrence?"

"Have accounting cut the standard 'Excellent work' 15 percent bonus checks for the psi and neutralization teams on the Potter Account."

"Certainly Mr. Lawrence."

"Thank you Becky."

"Good girl that Becky, came to us straight out of Salem, never missed a day. Unusual to see that level of dedication from one so young." He looked up to Voldemort again, and smiled. "But you don't really care about that do you. I've enjoyed our little talk, but I've got some goblins coming in to discuss their dental plan."

"So what happens now? You turn me over to your crime boss?"

"Crime Boss? Mr. Riddle you misunderstand. I don't represent organized crime; I work for New York Life and Casualty in their Department of Magical Policies. When Mr. Potter purchased his International Portkey from our Representative at Gringotts London, he checked the box indicating he desired Travel Insurance. This is all just part of the package."

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Hastily throwing on one of the hotel chain's courtesy robes, Harry padded across the room to answer the knock.

"Mr. Potter?" asked the well dressed young woman. "May I come in? This is a business matter about your Gringotts trip package."

"Certainly, come in" He showed her into the suites sitting room.

“Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger,” she nodded to a similarly dressed Hermione who has at the door to the suites bedroom. I am Stacy Goodling from New York Life and Casualty; I am here to speak to you about your travel insurance policy you purchased as part of your Gringotts International Portkey.”

“Yes Ms. Goodling?”

“I’ve been asked to inform you that 98 Death Eaters who were sent to do you harm have been intercepted and neutralized, as well as one “ She stopped to read her paperwork, ““Dark Lord Voldemort’ who has also been neutralized. Unfortunately this is the limit of the original policy, and if you would like us to extend coverage to counter any other attacks we will need to add a rider to the policy.”

“You’ve taken care of Voldemort?”

“Yes, he and his ‘horocruxes’ were disposed of by 9:37 this morning, Eastern Standard Time.”

“Yes I’d like the rider.”

“Excellent.” She pulled some papers out of her brief case. “Sign here, Initial here, and your thumbprint here.” She smiled again. “New York Life and Casualty thanks you for your business. I hope the remainder of your trip is enjoyable.”

“Thank you Ms Goodling.” And Harry showed her to the door.

Hermione flew into his arms. “It’s over. It’s really over.”

He kissed her, moving his hand inside her now open robe. “Now we can to what your dad thinks we’ve been doing.”

She smacked him on the arm.

“What was that for?”

“You said that buying the insurance would be a waste of money!”