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# Wicked: Epilogue

A Harry Potter Fan-Fiction

Desolate03

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## Part One

### *Twelve years later...*

Ronald Weasley, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, sat in his study and thumbed through a few of his old photo albums. As he came to a moving photograph of him, his late wife Hermione, and their daughter Marissa, tears came to his bright blue eyes. It had been twelve years to the day that he had lost his wife Hermione. He could still remember when a luxury muggle car had brought her body back to him and that was it. He never saw Marissa again and the next day, after Dumbledore's death had been documented he was appointed Headmaster ahead of the Deputy Headmistress McGonagall.

A soft wind blew through the office and he frowned as he turned around. The window had been sealed shut ever since Dumbledore's death. Faux had never returned after the old wizard had died. He stood slowly and walked around the perimeter of the room, trying to find the source of the strange wind that was blowing. When he turned back towards his desk, he was startled to find a person sitting in the seat in front of the desk. The man's feet were propped against the desk, legs crossed and encased in black leather and his arms were shrouded in a long black dragon hide duster. Silvery blond locks cascaded down the back of the chair and then the man turned; silvery blue eyes watched him in amusement as the color left Ron's face.

"Good evening Headmaster Weasley." Draco drawled. Ron swallowed heavily as he stepped towards the High Lord.

"High Lord." He said warily. Draco stood fluidly, he didn't make a sound as he moved and shrugged the duster up over his shoulders as he walked towards the startled wizard.

"I have a few people who would like to see you." Draco said with a small smile. The sound of breath being drawn behind him startled Ron into turning around and what he saw made him gasp. Harry stood directly behind him clothed similarly to his Lord only in a very dark red duster. His emerald eyes glowed with faint amusement as he stared at his former friend.

"Weasley," he said and then grinned, his fangs glinting in the light, "There is someone who wants to meet you." He said and then ushered someone towards him.

"Hermione?" Ron asked fearfully at the beautifully young woman who approached him. Laughing brown eyes glinted at him and a waterfall of auburn locks cascaded down a smooth crème pale face as the woman's full lips quirked into a smirk.

"Now Father, what would make you think that? Don't you remember me?" Her speech was elegant and above board. Ron wracked his brain and then something in his heart flipped over.

"Marissa." He breathed in surprise. The woman curtseyed and then giggled.

"The High Lord and Consort have been seeing to my well-being all this time." She said lightly as she toyed with a familiar necklace around her neck. "I just graduated from Durmstang; I will be

attending Wizarding University soon with full honors and scholarships. I thought you would want to know." She turned to Harry and smiled warmly. "I'm ready to go now. Galen and I are going shopping."

"Humph, like you really need more clothes." Harry teased. Marissa laughed as she let him help her into a gold suede jacket and then turned and kissed him on the cheek.

"Yes, I need a whole new wardrobe all the stuff you and Uncle Draco bought are so last season," Marissa winked at Draco and then vanished with a soft *'pop'*. Ron just watched her go. Draco moved away from him and wrapped his arm around Harry and kissed his temple. Silver blue and emerald eyes glowed knowingly as they watched him.

"Have a good life Headmaster," Draco said softly, "and make sure that you never darken my doorstep again." He finished coolly, "Is that clear?"

"Crystal." Ron muttered.

"Come beloved, we have meetings to attend." Draco said and ushered Harry out into the night. Harry looked back and smiled sadly at Ron.

"Hope you find your way Weasely." He murmured and then both of them were gone.

Ron stood there for a moment before going back to his seat and did something he had never done in the last twelve years.

He wept.

~@~

"Do you think that he will get better?" Harry asked Draco as they walked the streets of London. Draco squeezed his waist as he sighed.

"I hope so." Draco said. "He seems to be doing a lot better job than Dumbledore. He won't step out of line."

"Of course not," Harry said wryly, "Not with you around." Draco arched a cool eyebrow.

"Absolutely right you are love." Draco said mockingly and Harry stuck out his tongue. They laughed quietly together and then walked in companionable silence until Draco smirked. "Would you like to go a scare the youngest Weasely?"

"You mean Ginny?" Harry asked. "Why, I haven't thought of her in years."

"Well, I am sure she has been cursing your name for them all." Draco said gleefully and he quickened his step. "Come along Harry; let's see what sort of mischief we can get up to." Harry sighed in exasperation but his smile said it all.

He would follow Draco anywhere.

## Part Two

Guards bowed to Thor as he made his way through the corridors. Thor merely rolled his eyes but soft laughter had him smiling as Remus came out from the shadows and watched him with flashing amber eyes. "And what is so funny Milord?"

"It would seem that you are as tired of their groveling as I am." Remus mused. Thor laughed and then both of them walked together down the hall.

"They mean well, but I haven't been a prince in thousands of years, I am merely the Second to Lord Soren, bowing to me means virtually nothing." Remus chuckled.

"Perhaps they do it because they respect you." Remus said lightly. Thor smiled down at the werewolf beside him and then sighed.

"Perhaps you need to learn how to accept their bowing before counseling me on it." Thor teased. "There are still times where I see you blush at all the running around they do for you." Remus mock glared at him but the amusement in his eyes said it all.

"Perhaps I should. Anyway how was everything in the city?"

"Dull and boring. It seems now that Lord Soren has found his Consorts that everyone decided to have a brain this time around and not cause trouble." Thor bemoaned, "Now how am I going to have fun?" Thor eyed Remus, "You and Severus have cramped my style, I happen to like taking the idiots and bashing their heads in every once in a while."

Remus laughed, "Well, I will let Severus know of your horrible predicament and see what we can do for you." His tone was exaggeratingly soothing and Thor scowled at him before continuing on his way alone. Remus shook his head as he knocked on the ornate door in front of him.

*I still do not understand why you knock darling.* A cool voice drawled in his mind. Remus smiled and opened the door. Severus was sitting behind the large dark oak desk, his head tilted to the side as he wrote something down. Tonight he had on a dark blue silk shirt and black leather pants and black dragon hide boots that went to his knees. His silk black hair cascaded down one side of his pale crème face in a thick plait that fell to his waist. Remus sat down in front of him and waited until those bottomless black eyes gazed up at him before speaking.

"I never want to interrupt what you are doing." Remus said quietly. Severus scoffed and then moved towards him gracefully.

"You would never interrupt me from something important, because nothing takes priority over you or Soren when either of you walks in." Severus kissed Remus softly. Remus hummed happily and as they parted he let his elegant fingers dance over the blue sapphire Consort Signet that adorned Severus' pale throat, it pulsed gently under his fingers. Severus watched him in amusement, before he too,

reached out and touched an identical Consort Signet around Remus' neck and watched as it pulsed under his fingers.

"Who would have thought, it would all come to this?" Remus murmured. Severus eyed him in question. "I mean, when you and I came here with Soren it was mostly because of the bond that made us all a triumvirate like Alex, Lucien, and Galen. But who would have thought that instead of there being only one Consort Signet to the North American Lord that there were two and both of them just happened to come to life the moment we stepped into these halls?" Remus explained.

He still couldn't get over the fact that he was where he was. Soren's estate could rival Draco's. It was spread out over at least three acres by itself, but the thousands of acres it sat on were Soren's as well. It was beautiful and the moment Remus stepped through the halls twelve years ago a feeling of rightness had come over him that had never faded; he was supposed to be here. And as he looked up into Severus' eyes he knew that he didn't want be anywhere else.

~@~

Soren waited until the chauffeur hurriedly opened his door before stepping out into cool night breeze at the steps of his home. He was in a foul mood; it seemed that there would be some unrest in the coming months at least from within his Court. According to Thor, all of his subjects across the continent were actually behaving themselves for a change, which for him was one headache that he didn't have to worry about.

"Milord, how goes things?" Soren smiled as Thor stepped out of the darkness.

"It seems one lord of the lower nobility was having an affair with a higher lord." Soren rolled his eyes, "Of course the spouse of the higher lord found out and went to kill the lower lord, but only killed the lower lord's spouse instead, who happened to be the family friend and daughter of one of our largest contracts."

"It's these times that make me supremely glad that I am the Second and you are the Lord." Thor said with amusement. Soren glared at him and he laughed. "Carry on, so what happened?"

"It turns out that the lower lord was afraid of what his Sire would do to him if he found out that he was gay, so his very best friend said that she would marry him. They'd been married for a few centuries and had grown to love each other more than they had when they hatched up this plan; however she was gay and so was he so both of them had lovers on the side. It was a very well working relationship until this damn woman got jealous after five hundred years of being a court slut herself and killed the poor girl. Now the father of the deceased is calling for her head; the lower lord is in mourning; and the higher lord is divorcing the banshee, planning to give her over to the father in a show of good faith, and petitioning to be wedded to the lower lord, who has been his lover for the past few centuries."

"Sounds messy."

"It sounds like insanity. I've no idea what to do, but let all of them have their way, but then that would leave two dead noble vampire spouses and a slew of controversy." Soren snapped. "It's just a

huge mess that could have been taken care of otherwise with talks and negotiations.” Thor looked down at Soren and chuckled.

“Perhaps you should just let it rest for the night. It’s nothing that can’t wait. Severus and Remus are in the suite, have a nice rest of the night Milord.” Thor winked and vanished out of sight.

Soren stared after him for all of thirty seconds before making his way to their suite. As he opened the doors the soft laughter that trickled from the bed made him pause as the feeling of homecoming swept over him, as it always did, in the presence of his Consorts.

“Had a rough night?” Remus asked as he came into view. The werewolf was combing his fingers through Severus’ long hair as said Vampire was sprawled out over his legs. Amber eyes flashed as Soren retold them what he’d told Thor. Severus began ranting about the incompetence of fools and Remus just shook his head and calmly said, “It can all wait till tomorrow.” Then Soren was kissing Remus and Severus was working on their clothes before all three tumbled into the bed together and nothing more was said for a while.

~@~

*Happy?* Soren asked them both much later as the three of them finally settled into sleep.

*Very much so,* Severus murmured back as he wrapped his arms around Soren from the back, pulling him close. Remus snuggled to Soren’s front and caressed Severus’ arms.

*Marissa graduated last month; she is demanding her yearly visit of us.*

*Doesn’t she always?* Severus quipped back. *Anyway we have to go and make sure Draco and Harry aren’t causing havoc.*

*Once a professor always a professor,* Remus said laughing and Soren sighed.

*I love both of you very much, but can we please get some sleep?*

*Yes, Soren,* They both chorused, Soren just chuckled in exasperation and the three of them fell into a deep sleep.

~@~

“So everything is going well over there?” Draco asked. Thor held the phone to his ear and chuckled.

“Everything is going extremely well, I believe you should be seeing them very soon.” Thor said.

“Ahh, yes, Marissa has been demanding their yearly visit. And it looks like they are in for a treat. Vincent and Demias are coming by as well.”

“A house full of chaos in your future, eh, Draco?”

“Tell me about it.” Draco scoffed, but then the timbre of his voice changed. “I’ll be right there love.” Thor knew he was talking to Harry. “Well, I have to go.”

“Same here, dawn approaches.”

“Ahh, well, sleep well. And I’m glad everything worked out...for all of us actually.” Draco mused. Thor chuckled.

“It all worked out well, Your Excellency, good night.”

“Night,” Draco said before hanging up the phone. Thor placed the phone in the cradle and went to bed.