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Signet of South America

A Wicked Oneshot

Desolate03

Part I

Hogsmeade Cemetery -September 21, 2020

It was raining; sheets of it fell rapidly over him. It wasn't the first time that he'd sat out in the rain, but it was the first time that the chill it brought didn't affect him in the slightest.

He really couldn't remember what had happened to him.

He looked down at his hands, blood caked his broken fingernails, and the rain was slowly washing it away. His gaze turned to the ravaged mound of dirt and grass to the side of him and he shivered in dread. Broken fragments of wood littered the ground around the mound and he then turned his gaze to the tombstone behind it.

Here lies Neville Longbottom

July 30, 1980 – September 20, 2020

A hollow chuckle racked through him and then he laughed out loud. Was that all the space he was worth? Just his name and a date and - *why would they think he was dead in the first place? He was right here, as alive as anything!*

The questions were endless, but then flashes of memory crept up on him.

Drinking at the local pub.

Finding his wife, his beautiful wife Ginny, in bed with...*no!* Neville clawed at the ground as the pain and the sheer horror of the moment came to him again.

Then him stumbling in the darkness, falling over a ravenous dog – *wait what – what are you?*

The pain of his throat being bitten and torn, hearing his own screams, seeing his blood splatter along the alley walls and then him falling to the ground in a heap.

Flashing manic eyes, elongated fangs and then darkness.

Until now...

Neville blinked at the sights and sounds around him. Everything was so loud now, so much clearer than it had ever been for him before. He began to stand and then gasped as fierce hunger ricocheted off of every facet of his body. He stumbled and held himself up against a tree. His breath hissed out of him as the hunger began to gnaw at him with ruthless accuracy.

"D-Damn," He rasped out. He slowly but surely made his way towards the lights and sounds of – Hogsmeade, that's what the place was called. Memories flickered across his mind but he was on a mission, he need to eat something...anything.

His deep brown eyes glowed from within as he watched a beggar slowly make his way into a dark alley. He could smell the filth on him but underneath that, there was the sweet smell of *life*.

Neville licked his lips, and felt his teeth elongate as he stalked into the alley.

It wasn't until the beggar's body was bled dry and in a heap at his feet that the gnawing hunger inside him was silent. He looked at the dead man before him and then he backed away, the relief faded into disgust and he slid down the wall, his eyes never leaving the corpse so close to his feet and he cried.

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Paris, France

Silver blue eyes snapped open and Draco took a deep breath as he woke. The body of his consort shifted awake behind him. He sat up and looked around, his eyes narrowing and his power unfurling around him.

"Draco?" Harry murmured his voice still husky from sleep.

"Quiet love," Draco murmured, and extended his senses further passing the French border in Germany and then beyond. As he felt no difference and he was beginning to get irritated until a flicker of newly awoken power flashed within his senses and then disappeared. "Ah, a newborn."

"Someone Sired a Childe?" Harry asked and Draco nodded.

"It seems so; there was a magickal signature to it." Draco said. Harry blinked at him.

"A wizard? Witch?"

"I don't know." Draco said amused. "All I know is that there is a lot of power in one so young." Draco stretched and then rose from the bed, picking up his robe and shouldering into it as he did so.

"This has never happened before to you, has it?" Harry asked, "I know it hasn't. At least not in the last seven years that I've been with you."

"No, this has never happened before." Draco looked at his consort and then smiled. "I'm calling Soren, take your time love." He said softly, leaning over and kissing Harry hotly before walking out of the room.

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Manhattan, New York

Soren watched his consorts dance evocatively on the dance floor below him. Every so often he caught a flash of sapphire on both of them, their Signets pulsing in the glittering strobe lights. His own Signet pulsed gently against his neck and he smiled, reveling in the peace that he had felt these past seven years.

Severus and Remus were fitting in beautifully into their roles and he'd come to appreciate their varied insight. He turned to his right and a slight frown began to form as he stared in concern at his Second, Thor.

The Scandinavian was silent, ever graceful and deadly. However, Soren could feel the restless energy crackling around him. He had wondered what was going through his Second's mind for some time now, but then he smiled secretly to himself because he knew what was wrong with his Childe.

Every now and again the Vampire Council had noticed that some Seconds were not destined to stay at their Lord or Lady's side for all eternity. Sometimes their power became great enough to hold a Signet of their own.

It seemed that Thor was going to be one of those Seconds. He had become very powerful in the last few years; he rivaled Soren in strength now. Soren sighed sadly, it was time for his Childe to move on and find his own consort, he was happy for him; but that didn't mean he had to like it.

The ringing of his phone brought him out of his melancholy and he answered promptly a smile on his face. "Draco, it's been some time."

"Yes it has, how are you doing?" Draco asked warmly.

"Very well and yourself?"

"Wonderful, Hunter is a fine High Second, and he's growing increasingly indispensable. I have a question for you."

"What is it? Is something wrong?"

"Perhaps. I just felt a newborn Childe. It is odd, it's never happened before. The Childe is quite powerful, but why would he be singled out among all the others created?" Draco sounded puzzled and Soren chuckled; not much caught the High Lord unawares, especially now that he'd found his consort.

"I've heard of it happening to certain Vampire Lords before. It turned out that this newborn is destined to become a bearer of a Signet. This person is either going to be a new Lord or Lady or a Consort. Only time will tell." Draco chuckled good-naturedly for a moment.

"Well, well, seems things are changing for the better then." Draco sighed sadly, "Ever since Adrianna and Mercedes were taken from us..." Soren still could not believe that Adrianna and Mercedes were gone. Those two had ruled South America for centuries together and Adrianna had just found her Consort, when betrayal in her Court led ultimately to the deaths of them all.

Since then there had been a total of six different vampires who ruled South America and now from reports it looked like there would be a seventh. "I know, hopefully this newborn will save the future of South America."

"How is Thor? Will you let him go?" Draco never missed much did he? "Of course I don't, I am High Lord after all." Soren chuckled.

"He grows increasingly restless." Soren said quietly as he stared at his Second. "It is almost time to let him go."

"How much more time do you think he needs?" Draco asked seriously. "No one else that currently holds a Signet, besides South America, is going to let it go anytime soon. He must be ready to take the South American Signet and soon. Otherwise there won't be a continent left to rule. The factions are getting greedier and greedier and none of their leaders are on par with the power and knowledge that your Second possesses."

"I know Draco, he's almost ready. It won't be too much longer." Draco said nothing, but he seemed satisfied.

"Tell Sev and Remus that Harry and I both say hello. We expect a visit from you all soon. I am sure you have already planned for someone to take Thor's place?"

"Yes,"

"Then everything is settled then. I will talk with you later Soren."

"Goodbye." Soren murmured and then turned to face Thor. The man was looking at him now. A small smile was curving his mouth.

"Impatient isn't he?" Thor teased and Soren laughed. He approached him and laid his head against Thor's chest. This man had been a prince, and then Soren had made him his Childe, then Thor had become his Second, and now...now he was leaving him to become his equal. "Sire..." The sadness in Thor's voice and the unvoiced questions, statements, and vows that Soren knew Thor was about to make were left unsaid.

"No, Thor, it is time. I just have to let you go." Soren murmured. Thor sighed and wrapped his arms around his Sire.

"I don't think I can stay for much longer." Thor admitted. "It's getting harder and harder to take your orders and see them through."

"I understand, you crave your independence, you are chafing under the restrictions that have been set for all Seconds." Soren smiled up at him. "You will be a marvelous Lord of South America. I am very proud to be your Sire." Thor smiled and kissed him. When he stepped back and then left without saying anything more, Soren let him go.

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Brazil, South America – January 2022

Thor could feel the rage inside him boiling to the surface. The so-called Lord of South America had turned Adrianna's beautiful home into a fucking sty. He'd stepped over crack addicts and whores plying their trade as well as some pretty shady vampires. Thor moved stealthily through the house towards the throne room.

When he reached it, he slid the door open carefully and eyed those that were inside with disdain. The man's name was Jester and he was truly acting like the fool that he was named for. There was no security whatsoever and he and his hulking friends seemed to be jeering at whoever was in the middle of their circle. Thor looked around and saw nothing else that could be used as a weapon, he turned back to focus on his prize.

The Signet was dull against the Jester chest, which was something Thor had never seen before. He shrugged and stalked closer, making enough noise that went against all of his training. Jester turned towards him, as did his 'inner circle.'

The first one that came at him, received a broken neck for his trouble; it wouldn't kill him, but it would definitely slow him down. The next two received daggers in the heart, the fourth met his death when Thor sliced his head from his body and the fifth tried to run, but didn't get very far when Thor cut him down with one deadly arc of his large broadsword.

Jester had paled and fallen to his knees, blubbering.

He begged prettily, but all Thor could see were the dead eyes of his friends, their blood spilt in this very room all for the sake of greed and envy. And the worthless piece of shit in front of him was one of those very same greedy bastards that had made it happen. He killed Jester with no remorse or sympathy. Thor unclasped the Signet and stared at it in his hand. The citrine stone flickered to life and began to glow; its tarnished look transforming back to its original state. Thor slipped the Signet around his neck and the stone glowed even brighter.

He looked to his right and blinked as a muscular woman rolled unsteadily to her knees, gingerly holding her middle as she stared at him in disbelief. Thor crouched in front of her and gave her a thorough once over; all her injuries were superficial at best, with a good feeding she'd be healed within a day or two.

"I thought that I would never see one worthy enough to make the Signet glow again." Her accent was thick, but her English flawless.

"Yes, well, I hope that I will not prove you wrong." Thor said simply. The woman laughed and then grimaced in pain. Thor frowned in concern, "You are quite powerful; how were they able to take you down so easily?" She held up a wrist and Thor hissed in sympathy.

Limiters were the bane of a vampire's existence. Made with human technology and spelled by wizards and witches, it made most vampires as vulnerable as a human. If they had placed this on her in a fight, her vampire strength had been locked away with it. Thor took her wrist, pulling off the limiter with a harsh tug; it creaked and snapped in half. He arched an eyebrow as her power flared before settling again.

"I've been rude, my Lord, my name is Raquel Sanchez." Raquel introduced her self. Thor studied her: she was beautiful; raven black hair, caramel colored skin. Her eyes were hazel and her body was petite yet muscular. Thor stood, towering over her and he smiled.

"My name is Thor Waldemar, former Second of the Lord of North America." Raquel shook his hand and then smiled impishly.

"Former is right, you are now his equal. I live to serve my Lord." She began to bow, but a shake of his head stopped her. "My Lord?"

"I have a feeling that you would make a fine Second." Thor said warmly, "Call me Thor; I hate all that pretentious 'My Lord' bullshit." Raquel blinked at him and then laughed.

"I think we'll get along wonderfully."

"Excellent," Thor grinned and then looked over to the one vampire he hadn't killed. "Now let's clean house."

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Brazil – October 2025

Neville sighed as he woke up, the sun was nearly set and he lay in his hotel bed for a few more minutes as he came awake. Rolling out of bed, he went through the motions of getting cleaned; dressed, and then he locked the door behind him on his way out. Few paid him any attention, which was how he liked it. Neville was used to being ignored and it suited him perfectly, for the most part, although sometimes it did cut him deep.

Even in this life after death; he was still no one important to anybody else but himself

Neville walked around aimlessly, he'd never been in such a place before. The nightlife was lively, people singing and dancing. Vibrant colors hung from every store, every home, music played endlessly, and the mood seemed quite cheerful. However as he looked deeper, this place was like any other; it had its good side and then its dark.

Vampires walked closer to the darkness, most were nonchalant and nodded to him in passing, others skulked in the shadows with their human counterparts. He turned away from the alleyways and walked closer and closer to the water's edge. The scent of the Atlantic wafted over him and he smiled slightly.

His life as a vampire wasn't very exciting. He gained access to a few accounts that he had had the guts to create and hide from Ginny. All of them had been under a different name, so it had been relatively easy to gain access. He didn't need much and when he did need money, he worked odd jobs, slowly but surely getting used to being on his own just this time as a vampire.

It was so hard sometimes. He didn't know why he survived; what was so special about him? He still couldn't figure it out. He walked on lost in thought until he tripped, literally over a figure propped against a rock and went sprawling onto the ground.

The laughter that his fall evoked was feminine and Neville felt his face flush in embarrassment. He scrambled to his feet and turned to apologize and then he blinked. She was clearly Brazilian, only her eyes were hazel and that alone fascinated him. However it was the power that radiated off of her as well as the onyx jeweled choker around her neck that struck his curiosity. "I-I'm so-sorry." He mumbled. She waved a hand carelessly.

"It does not matter. You are new here to Brazil, welcome." She held out her hand, "I am Raquel Sanchez; I am the Second of South America." Neville shook her hand, his gaze dropping to her throat again just in time to see the onyx stones flash in the darkness.

"My name is Neville Longbottom, and I am...no one important." He said with a smile. Raquel's smile dimmed slightly but she shook her head smiling as she did so.

"You just do not know your worth yet. You are quite powerful and young. Who is your Sire?" Neville blinked and she frowned in concern. "The vampire who made you, where are they?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think he was insane when he bit me. Left me for dead," Neville said, shuddering as he remembered his death. "I had to dig myself out of my own coffin. I doubt I would like the guy anyway if I had gotten to know him."

Raquel nodded solemnly. "Yeah, I can see why you are the way you are now." Neville said nothing and they both stood in companionable silence. "Well, how long are you here for?"

"I don't know." Neville said confused. "I just got here." Raquel grinned and Neville backed away from her. "What?"

"Perfect, then you can come with me. I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine." She took Neville's arm and began to drag him back towards the streets as fast as her legs would carry her.

"And does this friend have a name?" He asked sarcastically. She laughed.

"Of course; his name is Thor and he is the Lord of South America."

Part II

San Paulo, Brazil – Villa of the Lord of South America

"H-He lives here?" Neville asked in awe as he took in the rolling landscape that the one-story mansion was spread across. The manicured lawns they passed led up to a stone entrance way that led to the huge double doors. On either side Neville saw the house sprawl in subtle elegance over the land.

"Yep, it looks like a one-story house; however there are two more floors underneath the ground." Raquel told him as she placed her palm against a hi-tech scanner. Neville watched the door unlock, granting her access and then she beckoned him to follow, he stepped in behind her reluctantly, but filled with curiosity. "Here hold out your arm," she said. Neville frowned but did as she asked. She quickly placed a circlet around his wrist and as soon as it snapped shut, the seam vanished into the ocean blue stone.

"What is this for?" Neville asked. Raquel smiled as she began to lead him down a long hallway. Her boots clicked along the wooden floors and she turned to him, walking backwards, as she spoke.

"The circlet is made of a stone called lapis lazuli. For some reason no one knows, but is ever grateful for, if a vampire wears it, they are able to walk in the sunlight. It's not used that often but because our Lord wants us to be able to fight regardless if it's day or night, he's pushed that everyone wears them. It does make it a lot easier to move around, but most of us still travel predominantly at night, Thor included."

"Why would you give me one?"

"I have a feeling that you will become a firm addition to our court." Raquel said with a mischievous glint in her eye. Neville frowned and she laughed pinching his cheek. "You look so adorable when you frown. If you don't mind my asking, how old were you when you changed?"

"Forty," Neville said quietly. Raquel blinked at him and then whistled low.

"Really? Well you have good genetics, because you don't look a day past thirty at the oldest!" Neville flushed in embarrassment and Raquel kept laughing and teasing him as she took him deeper and deeper into the house.

Neville was hopelessly lost by the time she brought him to a halt in front of another set of double doors. She knocked in a seeming random sequence and then the door opened on its own. Neville looked at her and then the door; Raquel winked at him. "My Lord Thor is very powerful. Come along." Raquel pushed open the door and let him precede her into the room.

It was an elegantly appointed office. The floors were hardwood and covered with a large rug. The walls were painted burnt orange in color and all the accents around the room complimented the color of the wall. His gaze settled on the large desk dominating the room, its dark wood finish contrasting nicely with the décor. But it was the man sitting behind it that kept his gaze returning to center of the room every single time. When he looked up Neville took a deep shaky breath as fear and trepidations made him want to bolt.

This vampire was extremely powerful. It was vampires like him that Neville made sure to keep far away from. His eyes were the color of the sky and his hair the color of golden wheat. He was a handsome man, breathtakingly so, with a strong jaw, straight nose, and high cheekbones and forehead. He smiled warmly at Raquel and it transformed his face. Neville swallowed; he took handsome back and slapped gorgeous in its place.

This had to be Thor, Lord of South America.

"Raquel how was patrol tonight?" He asked quietly; his voice was deep and it carried a lot of weight. Raquel bounced into the room without a care and plopped herself right onto his desk.

"I found this cutie walking along the beach, his name is Neville Longbottom and he has never been to Brazil before. I thought that I would give him the grand tour." Raquel said with a smile. Thor clucked his tongue.

"You are up to something, my girl, I can tell."

"Well you won't know until I want you too." Raquel said with a smile and a quick peck on his cheek. "I'm going to continue my patrol. You should get to know Nev here and stop working so hard!" She pouted as she left.

"Yes Mother," Thor said gravely before winking at the petite vampire as she flipped him off and sailed out of the room.

Neville's eyes were wide from the exchange and they got wider as Thor stood up, towering over his five nine frame. Neville blinked up at him. "H-Hello," Thor smiled at him and Neville felt his heart thud against his ribcage.

"Good to meet you Neville, I assume that Raquel has already told you about me?" He asked. Neville flushed and ducked his head shyly.

"I-I know your name is Thor and that you are the Lord of South America." He looked up at him through his bangs and smiled. "She didn't get much farther than that." Thor laughed and Neville ducked his head.

"Not for lack of trying I am sure. Shall I take you on a tour of my home?" He asked Neville when the younger vampire looked up into his face again.

"You don't mind? I am sure that you have so much to do and I wouldn't want to take you away from what you were working on before." Neville said. Thor shook his head and smiled down at him.

"I was mainly finished with the work that I had to do tonight. The rest can wait until tomorrow. Come, I'd be happy to take you around. You have enchanted Raquel, and that isn't very easy to do, and I am curious to know more about you. As I am sure you are curious to know more about me."

Neville stared at Thor in wonder; what would this man think of him: Neville Longbottom, Fade-In-the-Background-Guy? He didn't think Thor could be invisible at all. His power made Neville want to crawl

and hide, but he wanted to show him around and talk. "Alright," Neville heard himself say. He was bestowed with a warm grin and Neville felt himself giving a shy smile in response.

He was so screwed.

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Thor was going to give Raquel a very large Thank-You gift. Neville Longbottom was exquisite in his opinion. Dark brown hair that fell into his deep brown eyes; his body was fit, lithe and muscular, and he seemed to be the most humble vampire Thor had ever met. Neville also seemed shy and had the tendency to try and make himself invisible. Thor watched repeatedly as the shorter vampire rounded his shoulders and tried to make his body small as possible.

That just simply will not do.

"Why do you try to hide?" Thor asked gently. Neville flushed and eyed Thor through his bangs. Thor chuckled, "there is no need for it, you are quite strong, and with a little training, you'd be even more so."

"Oh no! I am fine the way I am. I-I really am okay with me being me." Neville rushed to say. Thor frowned down at him.

"Becoming stronger doesn't change who you are, it just makes you even better than you were before." Thor said perplexed. "Why would you think that it changes you?"

"I'm just use to being- well, useless I guess. I could never do anything right; not in school, not in my marriage, not even in my death." Neville's eyes dropped to the ground. Thor frowned but said nothing, merely speaking quietly about the grounds and where they were going.

"My office is in the center of the building, this hall that we are taking leads to the east wing of the house. Raquel lives down this way as will you."

"Me?" Neville asked in surprise, "What on earth will I do here?"

"Why, become a part of my Elite, of course," Thor said with a smile. He pointed to the circlet on Neville's wrist and tapped it lightly. "This lets everyone know, that you are apart of any Lord or Lady's Inner Circle. Depending on how large their Court is the people that wear this circlet could be as few as ten to upwards of thirty people." Neville paled.

"B-But why me?"

"You'd have to ask Raquel that. She found you and chose you for a certain reason. And I am not one to doubt her choice. You are quite strong like I said before and would be an asset to me and mine." He smiled at Neville and nodded in the direction of the large ornate double doors at the end of the hall. "That is my suite, come to me if you have any troubles, no matter the time. Raquel's room is to your right, and there is an empty room across from hers. It will probably be yours."

"H-How many people do you have in your Inner Circle?" Neville asked.

"I've had to clean house recently and so my Inner Circle is quite small; I'd say roughly fifteen vampires; twelve Elite, and yourself of course, plus Raquel and I."

"What are the Elite?"

"The Elite are my bodyguards, vampires who are intelligent and deadly. Their power is unrivaled to those beneath them; you could say that they are the best of the best." Thor said it proudly and Neville flushed.

"B-But I t-told you that I am not like that; I don't want to be!" Neville bit out. Thor blinked and turned to him. He stepped closer to Neville, so close in fact that Neville's eyes widened at the heat that emanated from the large muscular frame. Neville swallowed and looked up at him.

"You have the potential to be great." Thor said quietly, "I can see it, and so could Raquel. I do not know what happened to you in your human life, but in this one you could change that. I am sure that no one has messed with you since you were turned, which is quite a surprise considering how young you are. Has anyone approached you, tried to kill you, anything?"

Neville shook his head.

"And do you know why?" Again another negative shake and Thor smiled. "It is because of your power. It revolves around you in a slow moving helix. Even untrained, people give you a wide berth because they don't want to chance you noticing them and hurting them first."

"I would never!" Neville said. "I have had too many people belittle me to ever want to do it to anyone else."

"And I am not asking you to do that. I am asking you to join my Elite, learn how to control that well of power you have, and stand up and fight against those that would go on belittling others. It is what the Signets around the world are charged to do. We police the darkness and make sure that no one in the light ever knows of its existence. In most cases we win in others, we fail. But it is good work and it makes the eternity that stretches before you, have purpose. So, what do you say?"

Neville bit his lip. A second chance to actually be someone important; not like the invisible person he was before. And this man...Neville gazed up at Thor and swallowed. For whatever reason, Thor seemed to like him and Neville truly hated to disappoint those that liked him. Perhaps he could try- "Alright, the least I can do is try."

The smile he got was breathtaking and Neville felt his insides turn to mush and he smiled back. Neville's conscience was screaming at him, but all he could do was follow Thor back towards the entrance to his home, right back into his office, where he proceeded to tell Neville in detail just what being Elite meant for real.

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San Paulo, Brazil – 2030

Neville waved at the bouncer, who gave him a grin and let him pass. People in line complained and whined but Vincent paid them no mind; just shut the door at Neville's back. The club was Thor's latest venture and as always it was a resounding success. It had opened last year and had been packed ever since.

"Nev!" He grinned as Raquel shimmied over to him and kissed both his cheeks. "It's about time you showed up, you are working too hard my friend. It's time to let loose!" Neville smiled and laughed.

"I'm surprised any work gets done the way you take off early all the time." He teased her. Raquel pouted.

"That was such a low blow *compadre*. I happen to work very hard, you hear? The boss man likes me too; it gets me a lot of leeway." She sniffed and then winked at him. Neville ushered her back through the crowd and was headed for the bar to get a drink when he noticed a powerful magical signature in the room. It was a vampire and from the power he could feel, it was a very powerful one.

"Who is here?" Neville asked. Raquel tilted her head and then smiled.

"Oh the High Lord is here with his Consort and Second. He and Thor are old friends. Come you must meet them, they are very nice and very sexy!" She gave a throaty laugh as she led him up to the VIP lounge. Neville was a bit disconcerted to meet someone who was reputed to be the most powerful vampire that had ever lived. Most of his shyness had waned in the last five years of being Elite in Thor's court. He didn't have time to be shy when people were trying to kill him.

As always the sight of Thor made his heart pound. He was stretched out on a long sofa, covered head to toe in black; black turtleneck, black trousers, and black loafers. His long hair was pulled into a braid, showing off his chiseled features, and there was a warm grin on his face. Neville really *really* had to end this fascination he had with his Lord. He'd die of embarrassment if Thor ever found out. His attention turned to the two other vampires that were sitting across from Thor and he stopped dead, causing Raquel to stumble backwards into him.

"Nev! What's your problem?" She asked. He blinked in surprise as both vampires turned to look at him and watched their eyes widen.

"Harry?" Neville gasped in surprise and his gaze swept to the platinum blond that was sitting next to him. "Malfoy?"

"Neville?" They both said in surprise. Thor looked puzzled and watched all three of them.

"You all know each other?"

"Y-yes, we went to school together at Hogwarts." Neville stammered. He couldn't believe it, of all the people in the world; he never thought he'd meet up with Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter. Raquel laughed and propelled him forward.

"Wow, how cool a reunion! Neville this is Draco High Lord of – well- everything and Lord of Europe and this is his Consort Harry. Hunter is his Second and he standing over there in the shadows!" She wiggled

her fingers at the blond vampire in the shadows and Hunter rolled his eyes and waved back. Harry took up Neville into a hug and Draco kept watching him like a curious cat.

"Neville, what a surprise!" Harry said smiling. Neville smiled back; he was happy to see Harry, and very curious as to how he'd become Consort to the most powerful vampire in the world. And speaking of said vampire, he wanted to know how Draco Malfoy had become one in the first place! "I didn't even know you had died. Last I heard you were married to Ginny."

"I was," Neville, said, "I had a run in with a rouge vampire and he killed me." He shrugged it off, but to this day he couldn't be in small spaces. It felt too much like a coffin to him. Harry winced in sympathy.

"Bloody hell, that's a horrible way to get turned." Draco snorted.

"Love, you were knifed in the back by Hermione Weasley, and then you were turned. And even I was turned under gruesome circumstances. I think the only one in the room who didn't have it bad is Thor." Draco turned to him and smirked. "His master was quite blunt about the whole thing though."

Thor laughed, "This is true. Well, I am glad that you have found old friends among our own kind Neville. I am sure you'd want to speak with them?" Neville did, and he nodded to Thor as he smiled. Thor stood up with a wink, he brushed against Neville as he did so and his Signet flared. Thor blinked, as did Neville; that had never happened before. Raquel looked at the both through narrowed eyes; her mouth was curved into a smirk. Harry and Draco, both, smiled at each other and Hunter said nothing. Thor was the first to recover and whispered in Neville's ear, "see you later," before he dragged a squawking Raquel after him.

When the door closed behind them, Neville chuckled and turned back to Harry and Draco. "Raquel mother hens the both of us, if Thor hadn't dragged her out she'd have grilled you on anything and everything you know about me."

"It is really good to see you." Harry said with a smile. He turned to Draco and wrapped his arm around Draco's small waist. "I'd say we have a lot to catch up on." Draco smiled at Harry and nodded in Neville's direction.

"I believe we do. Neville, when were you made?" Draco asked, sitting down with Harry on their previously vacated love seat. Neville sat on the edge of the long sofa in front of them and frowned.

"September 2015, why do you ask?" He was curious. Recognition flashed across Draco's face and he chuckled.

"Interesting. I believe you were the newborn that I sensed when I woke that night." Draco told him. "It had never happened before."

"Do you know why it happened now?" Neville asked. Draco smiled at him serenely and nodded his head.

"Yes, I can see it now, but you are not ready. I will tell you what you want to know, but only when you are ready." Draco murmured. Neville blinked but he'd learned that some things were better left until later. "So, can you tell us how Ginny has been, at least up until the point of your...rebirth?"

Neville shrugged, "She's well I imagine. We hadn't been married long, perhaps ten years or so. I was never what she wanted. I guess she just settled for someone." Neville lowered his gaze to the floor as he thought of his loveless marriage. He had loved Ginny to begin with, but as the years went on, and the affairs started, he forgot what there was to love about her. "She had a series of affairs, and I began to stay away from home far more often than being there and then, well, I am here now."

"That must have been hard for you." Harry said quietly, sadness lurking in his tone. Neville sighed and nodded. He looked up through his bangs at Harry and gave him a bitter smile.

"Compared to you, everyone was second best in her eyes." Neville told him. "It was something she complained about quite regularly. I could never understand how she and the rest of the Wizarding World could be so cruel to you after all you had done, and then turn around and yearn for more of you." He eyed their entwined hands and then shook his head. "It doesn't matter now though. You have found happiness with Draco and in this world, I am very happy for you." Harry blushed but nodded and grinned at him.

"Thanks," He said and then frowned. "Does she know you are still alive?" Neville shook his head, but paused as he thought of the disarray in which he'd left his grave site.

"I am not sure, I-I had to dig myself out of my grave." Neville admitted quietly. Rage flashed within Draco's gaze, his aura swelling with his anger. Harry placed a hand on his knee, murmuring in his ear, and the swell of power faded.

"Go on Neville, Draco isn't angry with you, just with the injustice that was done *to* you."

"I may have left the grave site in disarray; I wasn't thinking clearly, I was so hungry that first time. Afterwards I just ran. I had put some money away into different accounts and I tapped into one of them. Anytime I needed work, I worked, that is, until I came here." He looked between Draco and Harry. "Why do you ask?"

"She may still be your wife if it comes to light that you are still alive." Draco said with a frown, "and Ginny may also still have access to your Longbottom accounts."

"Well she would, I gave her everything in my will on the event of my death." Neville said. Harry arched a brow.

"Yes, but you aren't dead. You were changed into a vampire, but you are not dead. If she is still saying that you are then that means all the money that she's been spending will have to be paid back to you. Either that or you could go and ask for a divorce and just let her keep everything that she has already taken away from you."

"I see," Neville murmured. He shrugged, "Is it cowardly of me that I don't want to go back to see her; to finish this?" He asked. Draco's eyes soften and shook his head.

"It is not cowardly, but it is something you should do. I know that Thor pays his Elite well, and if it is found out that you are indeed still alive, Ginny may feel entitled to some of it. I would take care of it as

soon as you are willing to. Perhaps," his eyes took on a mischievous gleam, "you should take Thor along with you. I am sure he could ah- expedite the process a bit."

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San Paulo, Brazil – Villa of the Lord of South America

"Did you have a good time tonight?" Thor asked Neville as they walked towards his office.

"Yes, it was wonderful to see Draco and Harry again. I had wondered what had become of them both." Neville said with a soft smile. "I hadn't seen Draco since he was eighteen and Harry, well; the Wizarding society in Britain can be a fickle beast. After they took all they could from him they left him for dead. I can't say that I am too proud of myself and my people for what we did to him, but it's good to see him so happy."

"And you?" Thor asked as he motioned for Neville to sit in the leather chair in front of his desk. "Are you happy?"

"Of course, why wouldn't I be?" Neville asked surprised. Thor blinked at him and then smiled.

"You could be miserable for all I know. You keep yourself so busy." Thor teased. Neville flushed but grinned.

"I have never regretted my decision to stay here." He told Thor, "The five years that have past have been the best in my life. I understand now what you were saying about becoming stronger not changing who I am." He paused but gazed at Thor solemnly, "I thank you for that."

"I did it for purely selfish reasons." Thor said with a wink and a grin. "I didn't want you to leave. And Raquel would've chased you down anyway, so what choice did you really have?" Neville laughed at that and Thor smiled back.

They had become close after a fashion, but Thor could still sense Neville holding himself back. He gave so much to the others, and yet with Thor, he was always so distant. Thor sighed as he watched the younger man gaze into the fireplace. He wanted Neville; practically from the first night he'd set eyes on him and every night after. However, Thor would never force anyone into a relationship that didn't want it and though Neville was kind to him, he'd never gotten the vibe that Neville wanted more.

"Is something wrong Thor?" Neville asked in concern. Thor arched a brow and Neville smiled, "you sighed; you never do that unless something is on your mind." Thor shook his head and smiled.

"I'm fine; don't worry about me." Neville nodded and bit his lip, staring at Thor as he did so. "Is there something you else you wanted to ask me?"

"Uh, yeah- that is- well- *fuck!*" Neville rolled his eyes and spoke quickly. "Would you mind coming back to England with me? I need to make sure that Ginny is not entitled to any money that I have made throughout these last five years. Well- " Neville paused, "It's more like tell her that I am alive, then make

sure that she can't get any of my money, and *then* ask for a divorce." Thor stared at him so long that Neville began to squirm under the scrutiny. "Well?"

Thor laughed as he looked into Neville's pouting face, but then he nodded. "It would be my pleasure." Neville grinned and then stood up, bowing slightly.

"Thank you Thor, you don't know how much this means to me." He rambled before making a hasty exit, as if Thor would change his mind.

Thor shook his head and then sat back in his chair, deep thought. He wondered about Neville's life before he became a vampire. Neville had never spoken much about his past; this would be a good trip to find out who he was before he was turned.

Thor smiled; he couldn't wait.

Part III

15 km north of Hogsmeade, Wizarding England

Neville stared, his heart bleeding, at the dilapidated figure of his old home. His grandmother would roll in her grave if she saw the place like this. He picked his way through the tall weeds and pushed open the broken door. He felt Thor's presence behind him, but even that did not lighten his heart.

"It seems she took everything of value." Neville said bitterly, "Ginny was always good at that; spotting the most expensive things and coveting them."

"Neville," Thor began, but Neville shook his head. He walked through the house, some memories were better than others, but he loved this old place. Silently, he led Thor through his childhood home and then back out the front door.

"She'll probably be in Hogsmeade, at Three Broomsticks. It's a local pub," Neville told him quietly. Thor said nothing, merely watched him with those beautiful blue eyes. Neville sighed heavily and began walking towards Hogsmeade. Thor stopped him and turned him around. "What is it?"

Thor frowned down into Neville's solemn face and said angrily, "Why did you marry this woman, if this is how she's always been?" Neville blinked and smiled sadly.

"I was surprised and honored that she picked me after all the boys she'd been seen with. I- I was sure I could make her change." Neville sighed, "But nothing changed."

Thor said nothing once more, but he pulled Neville closer. "Thor,"

"Hold on tight," Thor murmured in his ear. Neville nodded and closed his eyes. He'd heard of this power; it was like when he used to apparate as a wizard. However, this technique could be used with merely a thought instead of a spell. He felt the cold against his skin one moment, and then the next it was the warmth of standing beside a roaring fire. Neville stepped back and gazed around the room. Many were watching them with wary eyes but when one pair in particular landed on him, they widened.

"Neville?" The voice was sultry and cold. Neville turned and smiled.

"Hello Ginny."

Thor stared at the beautiful woman who was raking her eyes all over Neville as if he were a prized possession. She didn't gush about him being alive, she didn't shower him with kisses; she merely stared at him, her eyes cool and calculating.

"You were dead Neville." Ginny said. Neville flinched away from her and rubbed the back of his neck. Thor watched the confident man he knew disappear; now he stood as he'd been five years ago, shoulders hunched forward, eyes downcast, and very insecure.

"I-I was attacked by a rogue vampire." He explained quietly. "He changed me. I woke up a few days later." Ginny clucked her tongue as she tossed her flaming red hair behind her.

"And you didn't come home?" She asked raising a well-manicured brow. "I was so distraught over your death you know." She pouted. "How could you?" Thor gritted his teeth, seething at the accusations she was making against Neville.

"G-Ginny I-I," Neville stammered, but with a cutting glare from his wife he fell silent. Thor wasn't having it.

"When a person is changed, it is a very traumatic experience, Lady Longbottom." He said between clenched teeth. "And being turned by a rogue vampire is no walk in the park." She raised her gaze to his, but not before he watched her eyes linger over him in frank appraisal.

"And who might you be?" She practically purred.

"This is Thor; he is Lord of South America." Neville murmured, "I work for him." Ginny laughed as she placed a hand on Thor's chest. Thor could practically see the greed in her eyes.

"Of course you work for him. Neville, you know you would never amount to anything like your Lord here." Ginny smirked, "But I should thank you darling, you left me very comfortable indeed with your will." Shame and anger flashed through Neville's eyes.

"About that Ginny, why is our home is such a sorry state?"

"Oh Neville, you know I never like that house. After you died, why, I just couldn't bear to be there any longer. I'm in a very chic, *exclusive* flat in London now." Ginny told him with a petulant pout. Neville stared at her with wide eyes.

"I gave you everything and you still think of it as paltry?" Neville breathed, "Everything I gave you was of the utmost quality! What more could you have possible asked for?" Neville snapped at her. Ginny stepped back at the stark anger on his face but then scowled.

"You knew I always wanted to move into that neighborhood!"

"Ginny we couldn't afford it!"

"But I *wanted* it!" She shrieked like the shrew she was. "You said that I could have everything that I wanted and I wanted to be there in the thick of all the parties and the –"

"Ginny," Neville said softly, "Was it so much to ask that you be happy with what I could give you? I gave you a good life."

"It wasn't good enough! And then you went and got yourself killed before you could take that promotion at your job!" Neville went ashen; Thor stepped in front of him and glared at Ginny so harshly she stumbled backwards away from him.

"Listen you sniveling bitch; *no one* asks to be ripped to shreds by a raving lunatic!" Thor snapped. "I can't believe he even put up with you for so many years. Furthermore, I'd think you'd be a bit more surprised to see him, like these other humans," Thor waved his hand negligently towards some of the other patrons who were still staring at Neville in awe. "Why are you not more surprised that he is alive and well?" Ginny's eyes hardened even more and she sneered.

"Let's just say that I have a bit more knowledge of vampires than most people. When they told me Neville had been mauled by some kind of animal and the beast nearly ripped his neck out, I started having suspicions, but what was done was done. Neville was dead for all the world could tell and they didn't think he'd be coming back." She sniffed and then glared at her husband. "Then I went to the cemetery a few days after the funeral and found it destroyed. I grew more suspicious then, but that very day a beggar's body was found in the alley, drained of all his blood and that's when I knew; that Neville must have been attacked by a vampire and he'd risen and fed.

"It didn't matter by then, because the will had gone into effect, I was sole custodian of everything. Neville may be weak, but he is very thorough. He made sure that I was taken care of in the event of his death." Ginny smiled. "I had no reason to track him down. It makes me wonder why he's come here after all this time."

"It has nothing to do with you anymore," Thor said, disgust evident in his voice. "Sign these papers and we'll be out of your way." Thor handed her a sheaf of papers and Ginny stared at them briefly scanning them, before she signed her name with a flourish. Thor smiled, and then gently took hold of Neville's arm. "Come, we can leave now." He murmured. Neville said nothing but let himself be guided out of Three Broomsticks. Ginny didn't follow them and Thor knew that she'd be pissed when she realized she'd effectively divorced herself from Neville and any of the substantial sums of money he'd made as a vampire for the last five years.

They walked aimlessly, the cold not touching them, as it began to snow in the little town. Thor was worried about Neville. He seemed to curl in on himself in that place, in a way that sent a chill down Thor's spine. He finally grabbed the shorter man and stared into his eyes. "Neville, snap out of it." Neville blinked owlishly at him and then smiled tiredly.

"I'm sorry; I didn't mean to ignore you." Neville murmured. Thor snorted.

"I am not upset about that. I am worried about you. Are you okay?"

"No, but I will be." Neville told him, strength seeping back into his voice. "I should've known that she wouldn't care about what happened to me, as long as she got the money that she was always wanting."

"Why did you leave her everything?" Neville blushed.

"I was still in love with her at the time. And I never changed my will, even after I knew she'd begun sleeping around. I was too depressed and I was – am still a meek person when it comes down to it. I didn't want to have a confrontation with her, so I left it the same. It didn't occur to me until you said something that she may still be able to get the money that I've been making these last few years."

Neville sighed a bit sadly, " I knew that had made a mistake in marrying her a year or so into the marriage; but I just couldn't seem to let her go. People treated me differently; I wasn't as invisible when I was with her. But look at what good it did me anyway. We argued over money all the time." He laughed bitterly, "If it had been up to her she wouldn't have been able to afford *any* of the luxury she has now if it hadn't been for me."

"People like that wouldn't understand that some sacrifices have to be made in order to reach that luxury that she now has. And she sacrificed you to get it. She can't touch you any longer Neville, we've just seen to that." Thor told him solemnly. Neville gave him a small smile and then blushed.

"Thank you for standing up for me." He murmured shyly, "No one has ever done that for me before." Thor merely smiled and then to Neville's surprise, kissed him gently. Neville shivered and inched closer towards Thor as the kiss continued. Thor's tongue licked his lips lightly and Neville parted his lips as he gasped. The kiss turned from sweet to hot in a span of seconds. Thor dominated his senses, his tongue twisted with Neville's own and Neville moaned, his grip around Thor's waist tightening as the larger man pulled him even closer.

It was lucky that vampires didn't need to breathe, because he would've passed out from lack of oxygen *ages* ago when Thor finally retreated. Neville panted and stared up at the Lord with wide eyes.

"The people you use to hang around were blind and stupid not to stand up for someone like you." Thor growled, "And I don't want you thanking me for something as simple as that."

"W-What could I thank you for then?" Neville breathed. Thor leaned down and nipped his throat; Neville arched into him, air hissing between his teeth.

"You could thank me for – well nothing really." Thor said with a low chuckle. "My interest in you is purely selfish, I want you by my side Neville and anything that I do, I do it to make you stay there. So don't thank me at all. I am a selfish man and I'm use to getting my way."

Neville laughed and then laid his head against Thor's chest, hearing the slow beat of his heart as he did so. "You are more than a man, selfish or otherwise." He teased then frowned as he thought of something. "What were the papers you made her sign?"

"Ah – I knew you'd ask about that sooner rather than later." Thor smiled as he looped an arm around Neville's small waist, guiding him towards the edge of town where a luxury sedan was waiting for them. "The papers are pretty straightforward; Ginny just signed away her rights to any of the money you've made this past five years, as well as divorced you, and relinquished the rights she had to the money in your wizarding vaults."

Neville gaped at him. "How the bloody hell did you manage to get paperwork to do that?" Thor kissed him gently against his temple.

"Because I am the Lord of South America and the friend to the High Lord himself; between the two of us I doubt anyone could stop Draco and I when we have it in our minds to protect someone." Neville said nothing to him but climbed into the back of the car easily enough. He turned to Thor and opened his

mouth, probably to thank him again, but thought better of it and just looked at him, a small shy smile lighting up his face.

Thor said nothing as well, just tapped the privacy window to tell the chauffeur they were ready and sat back, enjoying the pleasant hum of Neville's power as the younger vampire curled up against him.

Thor knew that Ginny would wreak havoc once she figured it out, but right now he didn't care.

Sometimes, it was really good to be a Lord of the Vampire Council; really good.

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Neville still couldn't quite get use to the luxury that Thor lived in. They had been driven into muggle London and were now being showed their Presidential Suite at Savoy, a Fairmont Hotel that dripped exclusivity and old money.

Thor tipped the bellboy and then turned to Neville eyeing him intently. The kiss they had shared was seared into Neville's memory and that look brought it to the forefront of his thoughts now. He'd never been the object of that much ardor *ever*. It made him wonder what would happen if – Neville felt his face flush.

Thor's lips curved into a seductive smirk and his blue eyes took on a knowing light as if he knew what line of thought Neville's brain was running on. "Would you like to go out?" Thor asked him. Neville looked down on the nightlife of London and felt excitement run through him.

"Can we?" Neville asked. Thor picked up their jackets, so they could blend in– it *was* cold after all– and gestured to the door.

"The night awaits, let's see if we can't find some dinner and then meet up with a few people I'd like you to meet." Neville was curious now.

"Whom do you want me to meet?"

"My Sire and his Consorts," Thor said as he placed his hand at the small of Neville's back. "They are in town, just visiting, and I told them we'd be here. I think you actually may know his Consorts. They are Severus Snape and Remus Lupin."

"Really?" Neville squeaked; the world they lived in seemed to be getting smaller and smaller. "Severus was my Potions Professor and Remus taught Defense Against the Dark Arts. I didn't know they were both vampires now!"

"Well only Severus is a vampire, Remus is still only a werewolf." Thor told him as they stepped into the elevator.

"This world keeps getting smaller and smaller." Neville muttered. Thor laughed good-naturedly and they stood in companionable silence and when the elevator stopped on the main floor they got off together. Immediately Neville picked up a large well of power in the room. It nearly made him stumble to a halt,

but Thor kept a hand at the small of his back that kept him moving in the direction he least wanted to go.

"They will not bite – unless you ask them to." He said a grin tugging at his lips. Neville glared at him but said nothing. He had to do a double take before recognizing Severus or Remus. Both of them looked vastly different from when he'd last seen them. Severus' hair touched the small of his back and looked healthy and thick. The air of disdain was no longer cloaking him and he looked content, happy even. Remus looked like a new sickle. His skin was glowing with health his hair was cut short and styled in a way that looked like he'd just gotten out of bed, but in a good way. They were seated together on a love seat, talking with a man who rivaled Thor with his good looks.

"Ah, Thor, it's been too long." The man said his voice deep and filled with love and affection. He stood and gave Thor a kiss to each cheek before kissing him thoroughly on the mouth. Severus and Remus both smiled contentedly and Neville wondered who Thor was to his man to have him react so strongly.

"Sire, it's good to see you." Thor said laughing. Ah – Neville thought, that explains it. It also explains why Severus and Remus weren't spitting mad. "I'd like you to meet Neville." Neville turned and finally got a good look at the man and nearly swallowed his tongue. He was bloody gorgeous; blood red hair fell to his waist and his eyes were the color of the greenest grass. What Thor saw in him Neville would never know when the Lord was used to looking at such perfection.

"It's good to meet you Neville. My name is Soren and I believe you already know my Consorts, Severus and Remus. Thor hasn't been able to stop talking about you." Soren said with a grin before he kissed Neville on the lips. Neville gasped; this vampire was very old and very powerful. Soren pulled back and Neville gave him a hesitant smile.

"It's good to meet you." He murmured and then he noticed Severus and Remus had come up behind their Lord.

"Neville Longbottom?" Severus asked with an arch of an eyebrow. "I never would've guessed it. You are quite powerful." He smirked faintly, "It's good to see you."

Severus Snape had just said it was good to see him? Neville blinked at the man and then stammered a greeting in return. Remus had no qualms and hugged him tightly. Neville could feel that he had also become very powerful. "It's good to see you Nev, how have you been? What have you been up to? How on earth did you -?"

"Easy my love," Soren said with a laugh, pulling Remus away from him and kissing his temple. "We have plenty of time to figure out how all this came to be, but why don't we go to our club and have dinner hmm?" Remus blushed.

"Yes, Soren," He said meekly, but mischief flickered in his eyes. Neville had never seen Remus so playful before.

Thor got his attention by tangling their fingers together as they led the group out into the cold streets of London. Neville looked down at their tangled fingers and a feeling of rightness flowed through him. He didn't know what it meant; all he knew was that whatever this was between Thor and him, felt right.

And he wasn't about to let it go.

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Ginny's Apartment – Wizarding England

Ginny took a long drag off her cigarette as her other hand shook, reading over the document again. They'd played her for a fool. She couldn't believe she'd been so stupid as to not read over the entire document before she'd signed it. She'd thought it would be harmless enough, just to placate that gorgeous man with Neville.

She should've known better.

The paperwork had basically said she'd revoked all her rights when it came to the amount of money Neville had been making in the 5 years he'd been a vampire. It was a lot of money; enough to make Ginny nearly salivate at it all. The next thing it did was divorce her from Neville and *she'd signed it!*

It was unbelievable. She thought after Draco and Harry paid her a visit all those years ago and scared the living daylights out of her; that she'd learned her lesson. Draco had sued her for all the galleons she'd had back then, leaving her worse off than when she'd been living at home, just because she and her family had hurt his *precious* Consort.

After that she'd been furious and looking for a way to recoup her losses. Enter Neville Longbottom. He was cute, she'd give him that. He'd been dull, boring, too shy for her taste, but he'd built himself a tidy little fortune, and surprisingly he'd been good in bed. She'd married him as soon as she could and lived well in the interim years. It hadn't taken her long to tire of him, and his sensible little life. She's wanted everything money could offer and he just didn't see life the way she did.

Looking at him this evening had been a shock. His cute looks had been amplified by his rebirth as a vampire. Though she still thought his companion Thor had over shadowed him, Neville had become gorgeous and powerful and his power has been intoxicating. It made her burn with humiliation even more now when she thought of the way Thor had duped her. No, it wasn't necessarily his fault, but he was the one who'd thrust the papers in her face and hadn't seem to give them the time of day, lulling her into a false sense of security.

He'd pay dearly if Ginny had anything to say about it. She took another long drag from her cigarette; yes, that gorgeous Lord would pay.

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San Paulo, Brazil – One week later

Neville curled into Thor's body as the larger vampire traced patterns over Neville's neck. It had been a good visit with Soren, Severus, and Remus. Neville couldn't remember a time where he felt as cherished and happy as he had last week. They'd returned from London three days ago and of course life resumed a hectic pace for them both. They hadn't had anytime together until Raquel pushed Neville into Thor's

office, slammed the door and then yelled that if anyone interrupted the Lord, she'd string the offender up on the house by his balls.

Needlessly to say, no one bothered them.

Thor had guided him to the sofa, sat down, and pulled Neville into his lap. "How have you been?" Thor murmured in his ear quietly. Neville smiled dreamily.

"Good, pretty busy but a good busy. Raquel has filled me in with all the gossip that's been going around." Thor snorted and Neville chuckled, "and how have you been?"

"Missing you," Thor murmured. Neville blushed and Thor grinned. "Work is work, I was Soren's Second for centuries, and being a Lord myself is no different other than the fact that there is more paperwork."

"How old is Soren?" Neville asked.

"A couple thousand years old easily; after a while the years blend together." Thor murmured. Neville turned slightly and looked into Thor's eyes.

"And how old are you?" Neville asked. Thor seemed to look inward for a moment and then shrugged.

"A little younger than Soren; I say that I am Scandinavian because it is the easiest thing to tell people, but that terminology wasn't used until the early 1800s, but I predate that, it was somewhere close to the 1st century AD. Yes, I think that was the earliest the origins of the term Scandinavia were founded."

"Merlin," Neville murmured in awe. The things Thor had done the things he'd *seen*. "Aren't you tired?" Neville murmured in concern. Thor kissed Neville's knuckles.

"There were times that I was very tired of this life. I was a prince and Soren had come to our land in search of someone to be his companion. At the time none of us knew what he was, we just thought he was an odd man. It wasn't until I saw him one night that I truly realized what he was. He told me of all that he'd seen, the wonders of the world, and then he gave me a choice. I decided to take it."

Thor smiled in memory, "I have yet to regret my decision, but the years began to wear on both of us. It was the reason Soren wanted a companion, someone that would always be there. He is my Sire, he was my lover, and it was just him and I for centuries, until the Signets started being found and the Council was formed. Being a Lord or Lady gave many something to do, when the weight of time would begin to slowly turn them insane. When Soren discovered the Signet of North America, and it chose him, he made me his Second and we began anew in America."

"When did that happen?"

"Oh a few centuries ago. The North American Signet is fairly young as is the South American and Australia; a few hundred years for all of them I'd suspect, but all the Lord and Ladies ruling had been there many years before they found their purpose." Thor said.

"Fascinating," Neville murmured. Thor kissed his temple. The citrine stone of Thor's Signet began to pulse again as Neville brushed his fingers against it. It glowed brightly one – twice – and then faded to a mellow glow as it always did. Neville frowned. "I wonder why it does that."

"I asked Soren and Draco about it. Both of them smiled enigmatically like they are want to do and said we'd figure it out soon enough." Thor murmured. "I'm not too worried about it."

"What happens when it pulses continuously?" Neville asked.

"Then I have found my Consort and he or she will rule with me." Thor told him gently. Neville's stomach dropped at the thought of Thor finding his consort. He wanted the man to himself. "Do not worry Neville, I haven't found them yet. Sometimes it takes years – the previous Lady of South America hadn't found her consort for centuries, he hadn't been born yet and when he was, they were slaughtered."

"Oh no, that's so sad." Neville said softly.

"Their deaths were avenged. It is why I am now Lord. It was time for me to leave Soren's side and this was the only logical place for me to come. None of the other Lords or Ladies have been unseated. We are now more careful then every after what happened nearly a decade ago." Neville tipped his head back against Thor's shoulder.

"I'm glad I met you." Neville blurted out. He felt himself flush as Thor smiled gently at him.

"I'm glad as well." Thor murmured before he kissed Neville once and then again a little deeper, before moving his lips to caress Neville's jaw, then nip his earlobe before running his tongue down Neville's throat. Neville moaned as heat seared up his spine. "I want you Neville." He growled in Neville's ear. Neville shuddered.

"I've never been with a man before." Neville admitted. "But there is something about you," Neville murmured against Thor's skin.

"Well then, I'll make sure not to disappoint you." Thor told him.

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Neville gripped the headboard of Thor's humongous king-sized bed until it groaned under the strain. Thor chuckled as he continued to prepare him. Neville gasped as Thor rubbed his prostate again and again. Neville rode Thor's three fingers, his muscles contracting rhythmically. "Now, please, now!" Neville moaned. Thor licked the sweat pooling at the base of his spine. Neville felt the man behind him smile. "Thor," He groaned.

"You aren't ready yet." He said, "almost but not quite, and I'm not going to hurt you because you want to rush." Neville felt his body tremble yet again as his prostate was rubbed once more. He felt like he was going to burst. Thor had taken his time preparing him, kissing him until he was mindless, giving him a blowjob that nearly sent Neville over the edge, before he guided Neville to his knees and placed his hands on the headboard and told him to keep them there.

Now here they were and Neville didn't think he could last much longer. Thor moved away and Neville felt bereft as his fingers slipped out of him. Thor placed a hand on his back and Neville felt something that was a lot larger than Thor's fingers behind him. "Now, don't force yourself, just move slowly." Thor pressed in slowly and Neville tried to remain relaxed. When he tensed Thor stopped until he was ready for more, it was a slow process but when Thor was finally seated fully inside Neville's body, Neville trembled as he tried to remain still. "Breathe," Thor murmured, his voice was shaky now, and Neville felt a thrill go through him that he could get under Thor's skin as well. "Ready?"

"Yeah," Neville said.

The first stroke scrapped against Neville's insides, the second burned, the third flowed through him like lightening and Neville gasped at the pleasure. Thor moaned behind him and sped up his thrusts. Neville moaned, gasped, and moved in perfect rhythm with Thor. Thor pulled Neville back against him, molding to his back. Neville cried out as the new position drove Thor's cock deeper inside of him, rubbing his prostate directly. He reached behind him and grabbed Thor's hair, burying his hand in it as he brought Thor's head down to kiss him. This other hand clamped on top of the arm Thor had around his middle and they moved together perfectly.

"Merlin, don't stop." Neville gasped into Thor's mouth, "Never stop." Thor said nothing, just kept their rhythm going until they were too far-gone to care. The rush hit Neville and he cried out as he climaxed; his muscles clenching tightly around the cock buried inside him. Thor groaned and found his own release. Neville was dimly aware of Thor slipping out of him and then gently laying him on the bed, before disappearing into the bathroom.

A warm cloth moved against his skin, cleaning him. Neville murmured something and blinked as Thor lay down in the bed after cleaning himself. Neville immediately threw his leg over Thor's thigh, his arm wrapped around Thor's washboard abs, and he laid his head in the curve of Thor's neck; sighing happily. "How was it?" Thor asked with a soft chuckle. Neville hummed happily.

"You are going to be a hard act to follow." He murmured, kissing the skin directly underneath him. "It was incredible."

"I'm glad." Thor murmured sleepily. Neville could feel the sun coming up and he felt it drag him into sleep but before falling asleep he heard Thor murmur, "It was pretty incredible for me as well." Neville smiled to himself, relaxing completely for the first time in years, and fell asleep.

Part IV

Paris, France – Two months later

Draco stood in his office facing the windows, watching the rain pour down on his city. He'd been in an odd mood all day. He'd been paranoid about everything and very much afraid for his Consort. Draco hadn't been this fearful since the day he watched the light die in Harry's eyes when Granger had shoved a dagger through his heart.

But everything was fine. Harry was fine, he was fine, and his territory was quiet. Soren had told him that he would come into more power, as he grew older, and one of the gifts the Lords and Ladies were gifted with was premonition. Sometimes it was a full-blown vision, and at other times, it was just the impression that something was wrong.

Draco picked up his phone and called every single one of the Lords and Ladies around the world.

When he was done, a chill seeped down his spine; Thor hadn't answered the phone. Draco called his cell; still no answer. He reached for Harry through their bond and pulled. Minutes later Harry came through the door, his green eyes flashing in concern.

"Draco what's wrong?"

"Thor isn't answering his phone. I'm worried that something has happened to him." Draco said. Harry said nothing, but his concern was evident. Thor always answered his phone, even coming out of his sleep sometimes.

"Have you been in touch with Raquel?" Harry asked and Draco shook his head. He picked up the phone again and dialed, after waiting a few moments he shook his head. Harry turned to the door and within a few moments, Hunter stepped through. "Hunter, get a plane ready for us."

"As you will it Sire, what is happening?" Hunter asked even while he snapped out orders over the phone.

"South America may be in trouble."

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Neville snapped the neck of his attacker and then immediately turned searching for Raquel. The situation was under control but Neville knew it would worsen. Word had gotten around that the Lord of South American had gone missing. It seemed every crook in South America crawled out of their collective holes to cause problems. "Raquel?"

"I have everything in control; this one wants to talk with you." She said planting her booted foot into the back of the vampire on the ground. The man groaned in agony and then tried to shrink away as Neville approached him.

Neville sank onto his haunches and looked at the man with hard eyes. "You had something to say to me? So talk," He snapped. The man swallowed hard.

"Word has it that a witch is the reason behind his Lordship's disappearance. I-I might know where he be at, for the right – *fuck!*" The man screamed in pain struggling uselessly against the wooden bladed dagger sticking out of the middle of his hand. Neville's gloved hand slowly and carefully sank the blade deeper.

"You were saying?" He asked coldly. Neville knew he should be nicer, but his patience was wearing very thin. Thor had been missing for nearly a week. There wasn't a trace of his power signature to be found, which meant either he was dead, or it was being blocked somehow. Neville, Raquel, and the rest of Thor's Elite still believed him to be alive; they refused to believe anything else.

"Okay, okay, okay!" The vagabond gasped. "Red-headed bitch has been gloating around the city, saying stuff about his lordship. Boasted about warding off his power signature! I swear that's all I know!" He cried. Neville froze. Ginny. It had to be her.

"Did she say where she was keeping him?" Neville asked. The guy shook his head.

"N-No!"

"I think you're lying." Neville said silkily and he pinned the man's other hand down with his second blade.

"FUCK!" The man was crying earnestly now. Raquel held him still as Neville continued to stare him down.

"I don't like liars. Where is he? Where did she leave him?"

"She'll kill me if I tell you man, fucking kill me!" Neville tapped the edges of both daggers and then pointed at the sky that was getting lighter by the minute.

"If you don't tell me what I want to know then I will leave you here to turn to dust, do you understand me?" Neville snapped.

"By the docks! Near the end of the first row, she left him in a place where she knew the sun would be strongest when rising." The man curled in on himself and refused to meet Neville's gaze again. "She put limiters on him, well- had some thugs do it. One fucking powerful dude the Lord is; killed ten of 'em before they finally got them on him."

"Dispatch the Elite," Neville told Raquel. Raquel nodded grimly as she used her com-link to get in contact with everyone. Neville stood up looking down at the man on the ground. He could feel the rage inside of him nearly boil over. He was so furious with his ex-wife and the world in general. He'd found something so good with Thor and now after a week of fruitless searching – he may die anyway if they didn't get to him in time.

"Sire," Raquel murmured in his ear. "Draco and Harry have just touched down at the airport. What do you want us to do?" Neville blinked at her in surprise.

"Why are you asking me?" Neville asked. Raquel looked at him, a small smile on her face.

"We've been deferring to you all week and now you ask that question?" She teased. Neville gave her a confused grin.

"I've been pre-occupied. You meet Draco; take five of the Elite with you and I'll take the rest to the docks. Let's go, dawn approaches." Raquel nodded and vanished.

"B-But w-what about m-me?" The man wailed at his feet. Neville glanced at him and then turned away.

"I never said that I wouldn't leave you here." Neville said simply. "Regardless of if you had spilled your guts or not. Enjoy the sunrise."

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Thor heard the door open and he sat still as stone far back in the corner. He eyed the woman before him and snorted. He should've known Ginny Longbottom wouldn't take no for an answer. He was still smarting from the surprise attack that was launched against him. He was a fool to have thought that she wouldn't go against him. Killing ten of the vampires she'd gotten to assist her was the only thing that soothed his wounded pride.

His stomach cramped as the delicious smell of her blood wafted through the room. His eyes dropped down to the limiters on his wrist and he grimaced. He hated feeling helpless and being like this, was definitely not his idea of fun. Ginny was a smart woman; she had him warded in his room good and tight. He couldn't go far in any direction and he didn't have the strength to break the limiters in his current state; he was too hungry and without feeding he was as weak as a newborn vampire.

"Good Morning Thor," She said with a small smile.

"Good Morn," he murmured; he also hated the fact that she'd put him in a room by the docks –in full view of the sunrise. She'd moved him purposely; he looked down at his bare wrist and grimaced. He'd have to get a wizard to shield the lapis lazuli wristlets in the future. It had been the first thing Ginny had destroyed. She grew tired of hearing him say that he wouldn't retract what he'd made her sign. "You will not find the paperwork, and you will not be able to get back what you voluntarily gave away." She frowned but then smiled.

"It's of no importance now, because if he doesn't find you in time, you will turn to dust anyway. I've heard a few rumors that you two have been quite the item in the last couple of months." She arched an eyebrow. "I didn't even know that Neville liked sleeping with men." She said it petulantly. Thor arched an eyebrow.

"He likes sleeping with me just fine," he murmured. Ginny flushed.

"I think anyone would be happy to sleep with you Thor. You'd just better hope that he gets here before the sun rises." She said flippantly and flounced back out the door. Thor leaned against the wall, closing his eyes against the ache in his stomach and his situation.

Hurry Nev. He thought. Please hurry.

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Hurry Nev. He heard. *Please hurry.* Neville's head shot up and he looked to his left. That thought had been as clear as day. That meant Thor had to be close by. "Stop," Neville said and stood quietly. He went on instinct and retraced his steps. "This way, check the shelters closest to the rays of the sun." Neville took a deep breath as he let his fatigue sink to the back of his mind for now. The sun was approaching fast and although the lapis lazuli protected them, he still felt uneasy being out during the day.

"Sire, this building is...different from the rest." An Elite agent called out. Neville made his way toward the building and he grinned as he could feel the wards on it.

"This is it."

Thor watched as the shadows in the room shifted as the sunrise approached. He inched even further into the darkness around him. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw a flash of black outside of the window. He frowned; who was that? An instant later he heard the metal of the door groan under an unknown pressure. He stood up, a grin on his face as he recognized the sound of boots kicking in the door. When the door finally gave way, Neville appeared with a smile on his face. He was within Thor's arms and kissing him in the next minute.

"Thought I wouldn't find you," Neville murmured. He released Thor long enough to practically shove another lapis lazuli wristlet in his hands and then ripped off the limiters around Thor's wrist. Thor sighed as he felt his power uncurl around him. "Are you okay?"

"Just very hungry," Thor murmured. "Glad to see you. Where is Ginny?"

"Over there." Neville said and pointed to a corner of the room. Members of his Elite bracketed Ginny. "You need to feed."

Thor looked at Ginny and his teeth elongated. "Yes." He smiled at her and Ginny paled.

"Draco and Harry are here and have been told the situation. They want her to be tried." Neville said. Thor nodded and snatched Ginny's wrist quickly licking her skin before biting down hard. Ginny cried out in pain and one of the Elite slapped his hand over her mouth to stifle her cries. Thor drank his fill and then touched Ginny's temple putting her into a deep sleep.

Sunlight blazed through the room, Thor shielded his eyes from it and smirked.

"Let's get out of this fucking place."

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The next day

Neville woke up and then groaned burying his face into Thor's hair. Thor chuckled and rubbed the small of his back. "Time to get up, you know Draco will come in here and get us out of bed if he thinks we are taking too long."

"But I don't want to." Neville murmured as he sluggishly rolled on top of Thor, straddled his thighs, and then finally pushed himself into a sitting position. Thor looked up at him with an amused expression. Neville looked down on him with a smile and then his gaze fixated on the citrine Signet along Thor's throat. He brushed his fingers along the slumbering stone; it blazed to life, steadily pulsing under his fingers. Neville gasped in surprise and Thor smiled gently. "B-but, how is this possible? I've touched the Signet plenty of times."

"You were not ready before." A voice drawled from the doorway. Neville turned and looked at the High Lord as he sauntered toward them, an ancient looking box in his hands. "You were too timid, and had low self-esteem. To carry a Signet is to carry the weight of enormous responsibility on your shoulders. You were not strong enough to carry it five years ago, not even two months ago, but now, you are ready." Draco said with a smile and lifted the lid of the box. A smaller Signet lay in the bed of black velvet; it was an exact replica of Thor's. Neville let his fingers fall along the intricate design and watched as the stone came to life. "Once you don this Signet you will be forever tied to this land and the man lying under you." Draco's eyes glowed with mischief and pride. "What will you choose?"

Neville turned away from Draco and looked down into Thor's eyes; and he knew his answer was yes. "What is your choice beloved?" Thor murmured. Neville leaned down and kissed him gently, whispering his acceptance against his lips.

"I choose you; always you."

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Ten years later...

Ginny Weasley-Longbottom cursed vampires to the ends of the earth. She hunched over her bucket of water, rung out the rag and stood, her back creaking. She grimaced at her broken nails and callused hands. Ginny made it to the doorway and threw out the dirty water. People were laughing, shouting, and walking down the streets of London as if they didn't have a care in the world. Ginny sneered at the all.

She turned to go back inside, but a familiar laugh made her pause. She looked down the street as two gorgeous men approached her and she blinked in surprise. It was Neville, but he was like he'd never been with her.

He wore an expensive wool trench coat, black slacks and a deep blue shirt, the collar was open and her gaze fell to the Signet at his throat. He looked like a confident and happy Consort. Thor was at his side and he looked up and his gentle smile faded into a smug one.

"Evening Ginny," Thor said. Neville turned to her and he smiled politely.

"Evening Ginny, how have you been?"

"Fucking miserable; Draco and Harry snapped my wand and threw me in the gutter, said I needed to learn a lesson in humility."

"I see you still haven't learned anything." Thor mused and Neville shook his head sadly. "Come along darling, we're to meet Soren at the club."

"Bye Ginny." Neville said sadly. Thor put a hand on his back and led him back up the street. Ginny snorted at them both.

Good riddance.

"Do you think she will ever learn?" Neville asked. Thor shook his head sadly.

"I think some people are just never reached; but are you glad you saw her?"

"Yes – it reminded me how far I've come. I'm glad that I went to South America because I met you." Neville grinned. Thor laughed.

"Lucky for me."

"Lucky for both of us," Neville said confidently. Thor kissed him hard.

"Lucky for both of us," He agreed.

The End