

Cheering Charms and Lies

It has been approximately a whole week since Draco Black and Harry Potter took refuge in 12 Grimmauld Place. The week was spent, undeniably, uneventful. They had been working on all their summer reading and homework, and were currently reading through some of the Black's library books, but they hadn't talked that much due to the depressing aura.

"That's it!" Draco exclaimed while slamming his book.

"I am so tired of feeling like I live in the same house as a dementor!" He then shoved the book back in its original place. Harry, on the other hand, silently marked his page, and closed the book. He then walked up stairs to his room without muttering a word. This puzzled Draco.

"Harry! Are you ignoring me?" Then a couple minutes later, Harry emerged in the library again, this time holding his 2nd year charms textbook, and flipped some pages. He stopped on a certain page, then shoved the book in Draco's hand, while pointing his wand at the page labeled 'Cheering Charms.'

Draco was skeptical, "Are you sure a 2nd year Cheering Charm can fix... all this." He then gestured all around him. "And why are you not talking?" Harry shook his head.

"I've been in this house more than once, and a er awhile, it doesn't really give you the strength or will to socialize." Harry said rather dully. "We can try charming each other, then we can see if it works on the house." Harry suggested. Draco sat the book down, took out his wand, and said the incantation, while pointing his wand at Harry.

"Better?"

"Better."

"All right, my turn." Harry then proceeded to charm Draco.

"How do you feel?"

"I feel good." Draco said with a content smile. "Know let's see if it working on the house."

Draco pointed his wand up in the air, and yelled the incantation. But instead of making the house cheery, it broke a small piece of the ceiling. The little chunk fell down on Draco's head.

"Bollocks." Draco said as he shook the dusty debris out of his hair. The two then plopped down in their chairs again, and Harry used a simple 'Reparo' to fix the ceiling. The two then started levitating books from the shelf to them, so they could see of the Black's owned any positive books. Harry was the first to break the silence.

"Draco, The Black family was a seriously dark arts orientated family. They made the house gloomy for a reason. I don't think they'd keep a book on how to restore the house in their own library."

"Then where do you suppose we go?" Draco huffed, while putting away his books.

"How about we go to Flourish and Blotts? They are bound to have something there about making houses happy." Harry then whipped his wand out, and turned Draco in a red-eyed, red-head, and gave him a Swedish accent. Since Draco was going to keep up his red persona for school, he needed to have the Swedish accent when they went out in public, so if they met anyone from school, they would buy the story. Then lastly for Draco, Harry put a light Glamour on his wand so it looked hand made.

Then Draco gave Harry white, vella-looking hair, pale skin, and bright purple eyes.

"Draco." Harry drewed innocently, "Can you let me try out the shrinking charm on you please?"

The past couple of days, Harry wanted to look taller than Draco, so he kept on asking for Draco's permission to use a shrinking spell to make him shorter.

"Fine, but only a couple centimeters. I'm not going to be turned into a dwarf." And with Draco's confirmation, Harry shrunk him 5 centimeters. Then Draco pulled out his wand, and made Harry grow 7 centimeters. Harry looked at the difference, and smiled.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

"Now I'm 2 centimeters taller than you." Harry beamed, but Draco only rolled his eyes, and they walked to the floor, and traveled to Diagon Alley.

When the two arrived in Diagon Alley, they made their way to Flourish and Blotts. Luckily for them, there weren't many people in the store, so they got around without being questioned or talked to.

That was until, as they were making their way through the shelves, two annoying teenage girls walked up to them. One with long blonde hair, blue eyes, and one with a black bob, and brown eyes. They were both wearing muggle summer dresses, the blonde wearing a green one that reached just above the knee, and had a low neckline, and the black haired one was wearing a long blue maxi dress, with a plunging neckline. They're voices were fake and high-pitched.

"Hello, I'm Chrissie!" The blonde explained, "And I'm Serena!" the black haired one added.

"Nice to meet you, what's your names?" the asked in sync. These two were very weird.

They both looked at each other, panicked because they never really thought of names before. But before Draco could turn them down, Harry piped up.

"I'm Dragon, and right here is Philip." Harry motioned to Draco. Draco only glared at the name Harry chose. Draco then looked at the girls with slight boredom. "Sorry, but we're kind of in a rush. We need to pass by." Then Draco grabbed Harry's hand, and attempted to squeeze between the babbling girls, but Chrissie put her hand on his chest, and flashed a white grin.

"Oh my gosh, were are you from? Your accent is so hot." then Serena put her hand on Harry's chest and looked him up and down.

"Omg, Chrissie, I think Dragon's a vella." The two were really getting on Harry and Draco's nerves, but Harry knew exactly what to say to make them go away. So Harry gave them a menacing glare, and pretend growled, "Yeah I am, and if you don't remove your hands from me and my mate, you are going to lose them."

Just that statement made the two girls snatch their hands away, as if the two were on fire. Then Harry grabbed onto Draco's hand again, and dragged them downstairs so they could just ask the store owner were they could find the books they were looking for. Draco was stunned.

"How in the bloody hell did you do that?!" Draco whisper-shouted. Harry only flashed him a grin.

"The ministry only has a limited authority over the Vela kind. Since Vela's have their own council, the Vela Council makes decision about prosecution of other Vela. When a Vela finds their mate, they become aggressive and rash. Many Vela are known to have killed people just because they looked at their mate the wrong way. Any competent witch or wizard would take a warning from a Vela as a mercy from Death himself." Harry concluded. Draco just mouthed 'wow.' and they continued to the store desk. When they got to the store clerk, he greeted them.

"Hello boys, what can I do for you?" Harry was the first to talk.

"We moved into this really old house, and its just surrounded by dark magic and negative feelings. Do you know where we could find a book that could purify the house somehow?" The store clerk smiled.

"I think I have exactly what you need, come with me." And he started walking towards some shelves in the back that were filled with old books. Draco flicked his eyes to him and Harry's hands, still clasped together. Draco cleared him throat, gaining Harry's attention. He flicked his eyes at their hands, which made Harry realize, and he let go, blushing furiously.

The store clerk seemed to look around, before he slide a heavy book out, and handed it to Draco.

"Here you go, last one I got. It is based solely on purifying and purging practically anything that gives o any negative aura. For a house surrounded by dark magic, though, I highly recommend Love Remedy, which you can find on page 497." Then the 3 walked back to Harry, paid for the book, and went on with their day. Harry had an idea though.

"Philip." he said, which thankfully got Draco's attention. "Can we visit Weasleys Wizards Wheezes? I want to check up on Gred and Forge." Draco nodded, and they headed to the giant, colorful store.

Fortunately, the store wasn't too crowded, and Harry found the two mischievous twins talking to a little girl. The two waited until the twins were done talking to her, when Harry tapped on their shoulders. They first smiled wide, and started twin talking.

"Hello there."

"What can we do for you two?"

"You want candies to get you out of class?"

"Or prank presents to give to your friends?"

"Oh George, I think these two maybe want to tell us what they want."

"You're probably right, Fred, so-"

"What can we help you with?" They concluded in sync.

Harry and Draco looked at them both, before bursting out in laughter. Then Harry brought their shoulders down a little, and whispered, "It's me, Harry. I put on a Glamour. Can we talk in private?" He looked at the twins, before they ushered the two in another room with leather seats and bean bags. When the door closed, Harry removed his Glamour, to reveal his true self. Draco looked nervous.

"Harry, you're underage. The ministry will track you!" Draco scolded Harry, but Harry pushed it o .

"There is so much magic in this place, they wouldn't know who did it, or even what spell was used. I'll be fine." The twins looked at each other in confusion, but still enveloped Harry in a big hug, and laughed.

"So what are you doing out here in the wizarding world?" Fred asked. "Are you staying with mum and dad?"

Harry just shook his head. "No, I escaped and moved to the Black Manor. We put up some strong wards to keep Dumble-de out, and a lot of others. But don't worry, the entire Weasley family was keyed into the wards and floor system." Harry smiled. "But don't tell anyone where I am." Harry added.

"We won't tell, right Gred?"

"You're correct, Forge? I just wish we could have seen Harry. I haven't talked to him in so long!" George emphasized dramatically. Then Fred grabbed George in a tight hug, fake crying, and saying "Oh how I wish I could have seen Harry! Hadn't even written us a letter-"

Before the twins could continue ranting, Harry stopped them, "Yeah, yeah. Ok, I get it. I didn't owl you, but I did come all the way here to see you, so you better start talking about everything and the whole family." Harry playfully scolded, before cracking into a smile.

Draco and Harry sat together on a dual couch, while the twins sat on another dual couch across from them. Fred started.

"Well business is good. A bit on the low down since Voldemort kind of resurfaced, but other than that, everything is great." Fred then looked to George, and he started.

"Everyone at home seems well, they were a little worried to have not gotten a letter from you, especially Ron and Hermione. Its was weird. They said they had to wait for you to owl them first, so they knew it was safe to owl. Something about your muggle family not liking owls. Anyways-"

"Who is this?" The twins asked in sync, while looking at Draco. Harry then smiled nervously.

"Um, this is Philip Black. He is my twice-removed, long lost, cousin, from Sweden. No one knew he existed until I came across him on my way to the Black manor." Draco just waved his hand.

"Hello." Draco nervously smiled.

George was curious, "Really? You are related?" Harry butted in, "Very distantly, but mostly by marriage."

"Cool. So how come the Black family tree doesn't show you? We've been to the manor enough times to at least remember the recent Black relatives, and you weren't there." Draco looked at Harry for help.

"Well, by long-lost, I meant the only person who knew he was real was his mother, Narcissa Malfoy, who, at the time, was Narcissa Black, and his father, Lucius Malfoy." Harry paused before continuing.

"Narcissa and Lucius were on a honeymoon in Sweden, when Narcissa gave birth to him. Thankfully, they found a local nurse to help them. They weren't around any family members, so they decided to keep him a secret from his family, and when they returned, they were going to present their new heir. The thing was, as the weeks went by, he still hadn't shown any signs of magic. Usually by now, wizards use accidental magic, but he never did. The nurse declared him a squib. Narcissa was heartbroken, and Lucius was furious. So he obliterated Narcissa, and gave the baby to the nurse. Then Lucius obliterated himself from any memories he had of Philip." Draco was shocked. Harry either just thought that up, or he had already planned out his persona. But Draco knew the rest from there on, so he stopped Harry, and he continued.

"The nurse liked to take in witch, wizard, and squib children. She waited until we turned 10 before she started teaching us magic. She said she still remembered all the spells, charms, and potions she learned from her mother. But she never taught us history. We lived in a house on the countryside, next to a magical forest, and we didn't have any neighbors. She really was an extraordinary witch. She had made all of our wands by hand. She said the forest had all the ingredients she needed to make a wand. The wands were always a little crooked since she only used an knife. Anyways, she passed away a couple months ago, so I was helping my older brothers get the children into safe homes. Sadly, though, I was helping my older brothers get any memory of magic, before we gave them to muggle families. And the rest we found homes for. Then I started traveling around, earned small money here and there by doing odd jobs, then I bumped into Harry, here." Draco looked at Harry and winked slightly so Harry knew to play along. Draco then continued. "I saw him walking down the street, I tried to get his attention, but he didn't hear me. Then I stepped on the lawn, and this black, apartment mansion-type building appeared. He grabbed me, and dragged me into the house. We talked, I told him my name, and he told me to come with him. We then flooded over to this bank you people call Gringotts and I got a blood test. Apparently I was a Black. Then he o erred me a meal, and a place to sleep. He was really nice to me. And now we're here." Draco concluded. He smiled to himself.

'If I could come up with a lie o the top of my head like that, this year will be a piece of cake.' he thought to himself.

The twins stared at him in awe. They spoke.

"So what should we tell the family?" Fred asked Harry.

"Yeah" George butted in. "What should we tell mum and dad? And certainly the order member are going hysterical looking for you. They deserve to know something."

Harry sighed. "I'm going to send out a lot of letters, and one to Dumble-de. I'm going to tell them that I'm living with a family member, and that's it." Harry concluded.

"What about dear old Philp here?" The twins looked at Draco. "What are you gonna do with him?"

"That's the harder part." Harry slouched in his chair. "I need to set up a meeting with Dumble-dick about getting him admitted to Hogwarts. He's going to have to take some exams, but no doubt he'll get in. I just need to get him caught up in history."

George looked at Harry. "What's the hard part?"

"Getting through the whole meeting without Dumble-fuck asking questions about where I was, or using Legilimency on me to figure out where I live." The twins looked shocked.

"You don't think-"

"No he wouldn't-"

"Couldn't-"

"Use Legilimency-"

"On students!"

When the twins were done, Harry answered. "Dumble-do has used Legilimency on me before, it feels like a slight pressure on the forehead."

"Wow, Harry, that's sick." Draco added.

"Yeah."

All four of them sat there in silence, before Draco broke it.

"Harry, I think we should get back, its getting dark outside." And sure enough, there wasn't much light outside. All four stood up, and Harry gave hugs and goodbyes, while Draco just awkwardly shook their hands.

"You can use our private floo if you want." George piped up.

"Yeah, we wouldn't want you to get into any trouble out there" Fred smiled.

"Thanks Gred, Forge." Harry and Draco then stood in the fireplace, saying their final goodbyes, and they flooded to 12 Grimmauld Place.

When the two were gone, Fred and George turned to each other.

"There's something going on between them, I just know it."

"Yeah," Fred agreed. "Something is definitely up."

The twins then walked out of their private o ice, and joined the laughing crowd of people in the store.

"How in the bloody hell did you come up with a story like that!" Draco exclaimed.

Harry only started laughing. "I have absolutely no idea where the whole story came from! I just knew who your parents were, so I thought I could add the obliviate thing so it would be credible if any one were to ask them directly."

Harry released Draco of his Glamours. They ate dinner, and Draco still piled Harry's plate with extra food. When that was done, they both retired for the night in their own rooms.