

“Sirius, are you in there?” Dumbledore asked, his voice echoing through the floo.

Sirius furrowed his brow and looked up from his book, his heart rate picking up at the thought that this might be the call he’d been waiting for.

“Albus?” he asked. “What is it?”

“I found them,” Dumbledore replied, “or I think I found them.”

“Come through,” Sirius said at once, relief flooding him.

With a flash of green fire, the aged headmaster entered through the floo, his vibrant purple robes dusting across the floor as he stepped inside. He’d looked old for as long as Sirius had known him, and yet the past decade seemed to have barely affected him, something that was true for most of them, who had found that their aging slowed down a good deal in this new, more intensely magical world.

“Where are they?” he asked, and Dumbledore sighed, peering over his half-moon glasses at him.

“I said I think found them,” he replied. “May I sit down? I’ve been on my feet all day.”

“Look on the bright side,” Sirius chuckled, gesturing to the nearest chair. “You only have a couple more months of herding cats left.”

“I would say that I’m going to miss being the Grand Warlock, but I try not to lie to my friends,” Dumbledore chuckled as he sat down, though he quickly grew more serious. “I said from the start that finding out where Harry and the others had gone was going to require us to look for truly subtle signs, and I think I found one.”

“Where was it? What was it?” Sirius asked.

“The Black Forest,” Dumbledore asked.

“Germany?” Sirius asked. “What the hell brought them there?”

“That, I cannot say,” Dumbledore replied. “Harry really didn’t tell you anything about what it was they sought?”

“No,” Sirius replied. “He’s been rather maudlin for months, and even the girls couldn’t seem to get him to snap out of it. I think it was because of the anniversary this year.”

“Ten years,” Dumbledore breathed, shaking his head. “Ten years since our world was changed forever.”

“I thought he had gotten past the worst of the guilt, but…” Sirius sighed. “It’s been two months without a word, and he’s never done that before. At least Hermione always remembers to send a message when they’ve gone off frolicking. Have you told any of the others?”

“No,” Dumbledore replied. “Out of everyone related to either Harry or his wives, you’re the most capable with a wand, and I’d rather limit the number of people I take with me.”

“Charlotte’s no slouch,” Sirius chuckled. “I’d say I’m amazed at how well she learned how to use magic, but I’ve met her daughter.”

“Merlin, I really can’t believe it’s nearly been a decade,” Dumbledore sighed. “It seemed to fly by. Of course, when you’re as busy as I’ve been, time can seem to do that.”

“You’ve earned your retirement, Albus,” Sirius said. “No one can deny that.”

“Oh, there are several bureaucrats who have tried,” Dumbledore chuckled. “I’ve spent much of the past month convincing people that the sky will remain where it is even if I let other people take the reins for me.”

“What about at Hogwarts?” Sirius asked, and the old man smiled.

“There was a time all those years ago where I began to wonder if it might not be better to step back from there,” Dumbledore replied. “Now, though, I’m sure I have some good years left in me, and I can’t think of anything I’d rather do than dedicate them to that institution that has meant so much to me throughout my life.”

“Are portkeys still acting off?” Sirius asked, sighing when Dumbledore nodded.

“The last time a magic storm impacted them like this, it was nearly impossible to get one to take you to your intended destination for a week,” the old man replied. “As it is, I expect it will be a couple more days before they get them working properly again.”

“I remember reading about some poor Italian guy who ended up in Antarctica during that,” Sirius chuckled.

“Just another aspect of our new reality, I’m afraid,” Dumbledore murmured. Patting his mokeskin pouch, he said, “Luckily for us, I have my carpet in here. Are you able to leave now?”

“Absolutely,” Sirius replied. “Thank you for this.”

“Of all the pupils who have passed through Hogwarts during my tenure there, few have ever been like Harry,” Dumbledore replied. “I am more than happy to help you search for him, especially with the summer holidays having started. Shall we?”

Sirius nodded and led him out of the manor. Living in Grimmauld Place became rather untenable after the Flood, as the event that saw Voldemort destroyed for good and their world irrevocably changed forever came to be known. The muggle world was devastated by the wave of magic that swept across the planet, and the big cities rapidly became very unpleasant to live in. Thankfully for them, it turned out that Potter Manor was still standing, and, though it required some repairs, it didn’t take them long to turn it into a proper home and relocate everything of value from the old townhouse. His mother’s portrait he’d left behind, and he’d been quite amused to learn, some months later, that muggles had broken in and burned the place down.

“It will take us a couple hours to fly to Baden-Wurtemberg,” Dumbledore said as he set the carpet down.

“Thank goodness these things were finally legalized,” Sirius chuckled, sitting down next to his old headmaster.

“It was the Flood that made it possible,” Dumbledore replied, grabbing the tassels on either side and lifting the carpet into the air. “As much as it was bribes from Nimbus and other broom companies that really convinced so many of our esteemed colleagues to go along with the ban, the argument they always used was that flying carpets were more conspicuous than brooms, being rather larger, and that they thus posed a far greater risk to the Statute of Secrecy. When the Flood did away with the Statute, they no longer had an argument to make.”

“If only it had been worth the cost,” Sirius sighed.

“Indeed,” Dumbledore murmured, looking down at rural England under them.

Potter Manor was located on a gorgeous, heavily enchanted stretch of land between London and Birmingham, and as they passed over the capital, it wasn't hard to see what Sirius meant. The sprawling metropolis had, at the time of the Flood, been in the midst of a number of construction projects that would have seen it become littered with high-rises as it entered the new millennium. All of those projects had been scrapped once the disappearance of electricity threw the world into chaos, and nearly ten years on, it bore little resemblance to the city that it had been. Greenery had worked its way back in, something that had been aided by how many of the large, no longer used buildings they'd slowly removed.

“It's starting to look more like I remember from my youth,” Dumbledore murmured.

“It's been quite the change,” Sirius sighed.

“You said that the last time you spoke to Harry he mentioned seeking one of the Olympian artifacts,” Dumbledore said. “Have you been able to remember anything else from that conversation?”

“I wish,” Sirius muttered. “As I said, aside from how maudlin Harry had seemed, everything appeared to be rather normal. I didn't pay special attention to what he said because I didn't think it would matter this much.”

He sighed at that, recalling that last day.

Sirius sighed contentedly as he walked into Potter Manor that morning, returning from his latest tryst. Well into his forties by now, he knew that he really should have at least started to consider more lasting, meaningful relationship, but he was just as much of a dog then as he'd been all his life, and he doubted that was going to change any time soon.

“You're back,” Harry commented, not looking up from the newspaper he was reading.

“I'm surprised you're already up,” Sirius murmured. “I overheard the girls talking, and it sounded like they had quite the night planned for you.”

“Oh, it's still ongoing,” Harry chuckled, and Sirius just blinked.

“You're...up there too?” he asked.

“Quite a number of me are up there,” Harry replied. “I just sent one down here to check today’s paper. More horror out of...so many parts of the world. Every time I think it’s finally leveled off, another new atrocity pops up.”

“From what Hermione’s said, muggles’ history of warfare has always made ours look tame,” Sirius replied gently. “I...”

“It’s not the same and you know it,” Harry sighed, setting the paper down. “Billions have died in the last decade, Sirius, and new wars pop up all the time over their limited resources. There was a time when they could sustain everything, at least to an extent, and they can’t because of me.”

Sirius sighed and sat down, preparing to have this conversation yet again.

“You know it’s not your fault,” he said, looking at his horned godson.

“So you’ve tried to tell me,” Harry muttered.

“Even Pan didn’t know what damage he was going to cause with his little millennia-spanning scheme,” Sirius sighed. “He never could have imagined that the death of nature as he saw it would come because humans would figure out a way to sustain themselves well in the billions. It would have been unfathomable to him back then.”

“We’ve had this conversation before,” Harry said.

“And we’ll keep having it until you’ve accepted that there was no way for any of us to know what was going to happen when we went to that cave,” Sirius glared. “If it’s anyone’s fault, it’s mine for giving you that bloody flute back in the day.”

“You had no...” Harry went to say, only to roll his eyes and go silent when his godfather gave him a pointed look.

“That’s my point,” Sirius said. “Yes, fulfilling Pan’s prophecy wiped out electricity the world over and wreaked untold havoc on the world, but we didn’t know what was going to happen, and we’ve done everything we could to save who we can. Whole communities throughout the world have been built back up around people who have learned to use the magic you unwittingly gave them, and you’ve been a very big part of that process.”

“So many died, though,” Harry muttered. “Entire communities tore each other apart when the only way of life they had ever known was suddenly torn away from them. I’ve helped a lot of people, yes, as have you and my wives, but we were caught so flat-footed in the beginning and lost so much time.”

“There’s a reason why Dumbledore agreed to help cover up our involvement in it,” Sirius sighed. “None of us had any clue what we were doing or what the consequences would be. All you can do in the event of any tragedy is try to help as much as you can and hope for the best. Let’s not forget that, if Pan’s vision was to be believed, more people would have died when it all fell apart anyway. This world will continue to be able to sustain life for eons because of you; don’t lose sight of that.”

“I just wish I could go back,” Harry muttered.

“If you could, would you try to prevent it?” Sirius asked curiously.

"I couldn't," Harry sighed. "Not only was I too far along the process even before I started having sex with Hermione, but if I even tried to, it might well have allowed Voldemort to win and take power, and that would have been even worse. What I would do was push to implement the recovery plans sooner, though. The I.C.W. and the ministries wasted so much time being horrified by the implications of there suddenly being billions more first-generation magic users, and by the time they had pulled their heads out of their asses, so many had already been lost."

"Bureaucracy at its finest," Sirius muttered. "You were still a teenager, Harry, a famous one and one that people did eventually listen to, but still."

"That's my point," Harry muttered. "If I had been as capable then as I am now, so much could have been different."

"If I had just been James and Lily's secret keeper, they'd still be around today," Sirius replied, and Harry winced. "Don't dwell on what-if's, Harry. That way lies madness and with your Black blood you're rather predisposed for that as it is."

He sighed when that didn't even get Harry to crack a smile and stood up. Resting a hand on his shoulder, he said, "You're a good man, Harry, but as strong as you are, you're not omnipotent, and that's something you just need to accept."

"You're right, you're right," Harry sighed, standing up. "Oh, before I forget again, the others and I will be taking a little trip today."

"I hadn't heard of any other expeditions being planned so soon after the last one," Sirius said, confused.

"It's not that," Harry replied. "Last year Hermione came across a reference in an old tome we uncovered from the ruins of Cairo that hinted at the continued existence of an Olympian relic that we all thought was lost."

"Which one?" Sirius asked, intrigued.

"We're not entirely certain," Harry replied, "but from what we've managed to uncover in the months since, we think it might be from the first generation of them."

"One of the titans' relics?" Sirius asked. "I thought those were just myths."

"They probably existed at one point, but after Zeus and the others rebelled against them, it was thought that they destroyed all traces of the power they had wielded," Harry replied. "This could be quite the find, whatever it is. I don't expect us to be gone for longer than a month, but if we are, I'll be sure to send word to you."

"You don't want my help on this?" Sirius asked.

"I need your help here," Harry replied. "You'll stand as my proxy in the Wizengamot again, right?"

"If I must," Sirius sighed, and Harry chuckled.

"Thank you, really," he said.

“You never did explain what it was that made you think Harry and the others were in Germany of all places,” Sirius murmured as Dumbledore began to turn the carpet downward, letting them descend towards the vast forest below.

“This forest was hit by a mild wildfire some months ago,” the old man explained. “It’s growing back in, as they do, but that should be a slow process, and yet there is an area of it that has seen some most remarkable growth over the last couple months.”

“That sounds like Harry’s doing,” Sirius chuckled. “He can barely go anywhere without the local flora and fauna reacting.”

“Part of Pan’s gift,” Dumbledore smiled, bringing the carpet down into a barren area that was clearly just starting to recover from the fire. “I could see it was a little ways north of here, but I wondered if perhaps you might pick up on something.”

“Speaking of gifts,” Sirius murmured, turning into Padfoot and sniffing the air. He turned back a moment later and said, “I think they were here. The scent of their...camping still lingers on the soil.”

Dumbledore didn’t react to that, choosing instead to stuff the carpet in his mokeskin pouch and begin walking towards the bit of magically affected growth.

“What I don’t get is how an artifact belonging to one of the titans could have ended up here,” Sirius said, following him. “I didn’t think any of them survived at all, and for one to have made its way to Germany without anyone writing about it...”

“The Olympians had their faults, but they were largely just exceedingly powerful wizards and witches who enjoyed the worship of muggles,” Dumbledore explained. “Their predecessors were far worse. They enslaved people by the thousands, built fanatical cults of followers, and ruled with absolute power. It’s not impossible that the cult of one of them carried off an artifact of great power that had belonged to them and hid it away to keep it from those who overthrew them. We both recall all too well the sort of loyalty that exceedingly powerful people can inspire, even when they’re cruel and tyrannical.”

“I guess,” Sirius sighed. “I wish I had questioned Harry more about what it was they were even looking for, but...”

“They’re adults,” Dumbledore said. “You don’t question their every move because you don’t have to. Whatever they’ve found themselves tangled up in, we’ll help them however we can.”

“Harry was definitely here,” Sirius murmured as they reached the bit of strange greenery. “Anywhere where he stays for a long enough time starts to take on a wild feel to it.”

Sure enough, he was right, as not only had the trees in this isolated green island grown far more than they should have in mere months, but quite a number of animals had returned to it, drawn by a power urging them all to congregate and multiply.

“Strange,” Dumbledore said as he looked around, drawing his knotted wand and casting a few detection charms.

“What is it?” Sirius asked.

“There’s something here,” Dumbledore murmured, trying to get a better feel for what he’d sensed.

“Any idea what?” Sirius asked.

“Not a one,” Dumbledore murmured, “but there is definitely more here than one would think at first gla...”

He trailed off as he spotted something, a small rock sitting between two newly grown trees that looked just slightly off. There wasn’t anything overtly off about it, as it appeared to simply be a normal rock, but Dumbledore had been around enough enchanted things in his hundred and twenty years to know when there was magic around. The more he glanced at the rock, the more he started to notice the subtle shimmering around the edge. It was barely noticeable, in truth, but as he began to unravel the charms hiding it, it became more and more obvious, as, eventually, did the symbol carved into it.

“Is that a battleaxe?” Sirius asked, and Dumbledore gasped.

“No, I don’t think so,” he replied. “I think it’s a scythe.”

“A scythe?” Sirius asked. “Given your reaction, I guess that means something.”

“It’s a symbol of the titan Cronus, father of Zeus, among others,” Dumbledore replied. “He was the greatest tyrant of his age, a wizard of incalculable power who sacrificed his own father for it, castrating him with his enchanted scythe.”

“And I thought things were bad between my old man and me back in the day,” Sirius muttered. “So whichever artifact Harry was seeking, it was presumably connected to Cronus.”

“Tell me you didn’t,” Dumbledore begged as he continued to try to unravel the enchantments on the rock.

“Didn’t what?” Sirius asked.

“Cronus was, among other things, associated deeply with time magic,” Dumbledore replied. “I fear that Harry might have known a little more about what he sought than he told you.”

“Oh no,” Sirius sighed. “You think he wants to...”

“Fix his mistake?” Dumbledore asked. “I understand that impulse all too well.”

“You know I do too,” Sirius muttered. “For fuck’s sake, Harry! If it’s anyone’s fault, it’s mine!”

“The fault lies with Pan, who died millennia ago and moved on just before the Flood happened,” Dumbledore sighed.

“It was the ten-year anniversary,” Sirius groaned. “I knew he’d been rather maudlin for a while, but I didn’t think he’d be willing to do something like this.”

“We don’t know for sure what he has done,” Dumbledore replied. “It’s possible that this truly was just a random artifact that he felt it would be better to make sure didn’t end up in the wrong hands. If he is looking to meddle with time, though.”

“It could lead to all manner of things,” Sirius muttered. “So is this rock a key of some sort?”

“I honestly don’t know,” Dumbledore replied. “The odd thing is that it seems to be heavily-enchanted yet it doesn’t look like it’s been touched in ages.”

“We know that Harry was here, though,” Sirius replied, “and I know that Hermione, at least, wouldn’t have passed over something this heavily enchanted without at least poking and prodding it.”

“And Fleur would have detected it more easily than I,” Dumbledore added, well aware of the heightened magical senses of Veela. “I fear there’s only one thing left to try.”

“What’s tha...oh, for the love of...” Sirius muttered as he saw the old man touch the rock and disappear.

Figuring he was quite possibly fucked but completely unwilling to leave so many people he cared about behind, he sent a quick Patronus message to Mimsy, the house-elf he’d gotten to replace Kreacher when he passed a couple years ago, informing her that she should send help if she didn’t hear from him in six hours and touched the rock. He was instantly drawn into it and teleported to a surprisingly well-lit tunnel, finding Dumbledore looking at one of the glowing stones sticking out of the rock wall.

“Fascinating,” the old man murmured. “Utterly fascinating.”

“It’s a glowing rock,” Sirius said. “I can’t wait to tell all my friends about it; they’ve never seen a glowing rock that big.”

“Sarcasm is unbecoming of you,” Dumbledore chuckled. “Try casting a spell for me.”

“Okay,” Sirius replied, drawing his wand. “*Lumos*. Oh, bugger.”

“Indeed,” Dumbledore said. “I felt the odd anti-magic field at once and tried casting an assortment of spells, none of which worked, yet despite that, this rock glows with magical energy.”

“This cave was unaffected by the Flood,” Sirius remarked, and Dumbledore nodded.

“It was,” he said. “Nothing I’ve touched has teleported me back, and I can’t cast spells.”

“I sent word to Mimsy explaining everything about what we had found,” Sirius replied. “If we aren’t able to contact her in six hours, she’ll send help. I can try this in the meantime.”

Dumbledore watched as Sirius took out his communication mirror and tried to call a few different people, only for it to have no effect.

“Damn it,” he muttered, putting the mirror back in his mokeskin pouch, only to pause and furrow his brow. “Wait, this thing still works.”

“The magic of mokeskin pouches comes from the skin of the moke, not any external magic,” Dumbledore pointed out. “They might be the only things that still work down here.”

“Magical things, anyway,” Sirius replied, reaching into his pouch and pulling out a pair of pistols.

“Really?” Dumbledore asked, and he chuckled.

“After Hermione figured out a way to get muggle movies off of the tapes and play them in her pensieve projector, she made us all watch these spy films that were mostly really good, and when I came across a few working copies of the gun from the series, I snagged them. Walther PPKs, they’re called.”

“Better than nothing, I suppose,” Dumbledore murmured, taking one from him. “I think I recall the basics of how these work.”

“Just don’t point it at either of us and we’ll be fine,” Sirius chuckled. “Shall we?”

“Indeed,” Dumbledore replied.

The two wizards, armed with guns, made their way through the cave, staying on their guard as they moved. Neither had fought seriously in quite a while, but they were both veterans of multiple conflicts, and some instincts, once developed, never truly atrophied. The glowing rock they had found turned out to be one of many, each of which lit up as they drew close and went out as they moved on. For whatever reason, the magic of the cave seemed to be only magic permitted in it, and Sirius wondered just what sort of state he was going to find Harry and the others in. The cave was a winding thing but not one that branched off at all, and as they came to a shimmering purple barrier, they paused and looked more closely at it.

“I’d feel a lot better about this if I could cast a few detection char...” Dumbledore went to say when Harry’s face suddenly popped out of it.

“Albus? Sirius?” he asked. “Help!”

“Harry!” Sirius exclaimed, watching in horror as he disappeared back within the purple miasma.

Dumbledore’s eyes widened, and he wondered just how he was going to even try to figure out what he was dealing with when he couldn’t use magic to detect anything.

“Just what did you wander into, Harry?” he thought to himself.

****Two months earlier****

*“Harry, look!” Hermione exclaimed, rushing over excitedly towards the stone she’d spotted.
“That’s a scythe!”*

“The cult of Cronus,” Harry rumbled, rubbing his chin.

“It’s a definite possibility,” Daphne murmured, reaching out with her wand and examining the rock for enchantments. “This thing is brimming with magic.”

“It is,” Fleur nodded. “I can feel it from here.”

Her accent had faded almost completely over the past decade, and at this point, the only words that he still consistently said with a thick French accent were Harry and Hermione's names, and even that was just because she knew they both liked how it sounded.

"You think this might be what we're looking for, then?" Lavender asked.

"I do," Harry nodded, his eyes brimming with hope as he looked down by the rock and reached out with his senses to examine it while Fleur knelt down to get a closer look.

"I can't believe we might have actually found a titan's relic," Hermione breathed. "None of them have ever been found."

"I figured, from what you said, that their kids just destroyed their stuff," Lavender murmured.

"That's still possible, but Isidoros of Crete believed that their followers might have managed to save at least one or two of them," Daphne said. "If that scroll he claimed to have found in a cave in modern-day Montenegro was correct, the scythe was one such preserved relic."

"If it exists, then I'll be able to fix so much," Harry breathed, staring down at his feet, and Ginny embraced him from behind. "Preventing the Flood entirely would be a mistake, but if we had had more warning and if we'd had a better sense of how to respond to it, the Wizarding World could have saved so many more lives."

"If it exists, we'll find it," the redhead murmured, and he smiled at her soothing presence.

"I still say that blaming yourself is silly," Daphne muttered.

"It's not about blame," Harry lied, "it's about lives. So many were lost in the first year while we scrambled about unsure of how to help them, and the governments proved themselves utterly useless."

"Wouldn't be governments if they didn't," Tonks snarked.

Harry scowled at that, remember all too well what damage had been done by the incompetence of the ministries.

Nearly ten years earlier, he, his wives, and Sirius had gone on an early mission to London and were horrified by what they found.

"What in the...what is going on?" Harry asked as he looked around at the carnage.

Bodies were strewn all over the place amidst the rubble of collapsed high rises. Those collapses had happened weeks ago, he knew, the result of a terrorist attack that devastated the entire block. He hadn't been part of the group that went to try and rescue the survivors then, having been stuck in Scotland at the time, trying to help Olivander acquire as many usable wood samples as possible for the wand-making guild. With so many new wizards and witches out there, the demand for new wands far exceeded any hope of supply, but they were trying to meet it anyway. They had to.

"Apparently this entire area has been ground zero for a turf war between two local gangs," Tonks replied. "The food supply here dwindled quickly, and with transportation being slowed down so

dramatically, things got really bad really quickly. The gangs are trying to secure as many resources as possible, both to keep their own people alive and use that monopoly to secure greater control over the rest of the locals."

Harry knelt down next to the body of a young boy, his torso riddled with bullet wounds, and closed his eyes.

"Harry," Hermione breathed, reaching down and placing a hand on his shoulder, which he quickly jerked away from.

"The minister said they were working on trying to rescue the people here," Harry hissed, turning around and looking at Sirius. "Cities of this size aren't viable without electricity, not when it was so vital to everything. What the hell have they even been doing?"

"There were plans put forth to offer aid to the people here and in the other cities in exchange for them agreeing to move out, but the first team that was sent in ended up getting into a brutal fight here, and after that, the idea of sending anyone else became a bitterly debated one," Sirius replied. "The ministry's been paralyzed by said debate ever since."

"This is all my fault," Harry gasped, looking around in horror.

"Harry," Ginny went to say.

"None of this would have happened if not for what we did!" Harry exclaimed.

"None of us had any idea what was going to happen, Harry," Lavender sighed, "and besides, you said the I.C.W. had managed to figure out how to use Demeter's horn so they should be able to provide more food soon."

"Every day that they dallied on this, it let things get worse," Harry sighed. "I never should have left England."

"You know it's important that we get more wands made," Hermione murmured.

"All we can do is help who we can," Luna said softly, taking Harry's hand in hers.

"Luna is right, 'Arry," Fleur added. "Zing 'ave gotten bad 'ere but zere are still plenty of people we can 'elp."

"Yeah," Tonks sighed. "We can start by crushing the worst of the gangs here."

"Honestly, as bad as they are, creating a power vacuum amidst all this chaos might not be the best idea," Hermione sighed.

"Then where do we start?" Tonks asked.

"Let's look for survivors and try to get them somewhere safe," Harry sighed, swallowing deeply as he looked down at the dead boy again.

The horrors he'd seen that day and in countless more since weighed on him all the more as time went on. This had to work; it just had to.

"Harry?" Padma asked softly, taking one of his hands in hers to get his attention as she shook him from his reverie. "Just remember what we discussed before we came here."

"No using the scythe until we're all sure that we know how it works," Parvati added.

"Playing around with an ancient magical artifact without knowing what the hell it did is how we got into this mess in the first place," Harry muttered. "I'm smarter than that now."

"We don't doubt that, but...you've been so down all year," Susan sighed.

"It's just...the big round number got to me," Harry sighed. "Ten years since I unwittingly destroyed the world."

"You were a pawn in Pan's plot," Luna murmured, "and even he likely didn't know how great the death toll would be. If the Flood had happened in his time, before electricity was ever discovered on one would have ever died."

"Shockingly, planning for things to happen three thousand years later can lead to unforeseen complications," Hermione muttered. "If the ritual hadn't destroyed all the enriched nuclear material and nuclear waste in the world, it could have destroyed the entire planet."

"Making a Chernobyl of every nuclear power plant on Earth," Tonks nodded before shaking her head. "We did get lucky, all things considered."

"All the more reason to try to go back and force it to happen more smoothly," Harry said firmly. "If we can galvanize the magical world into action before the cities all descend into chaos, we'll be able to avoid the worst of it, I'm sure."

"Have you managed to figure anything out yet?" Luna asked, kneeling next to Fleur, who was busy examining the rock.

"This is the strangest set of enchantments I've ever seen," the Veela replied. "It's practically radiating magic yet nothing about it seems to be defensive in nature."

"So it doesn't feel like it might lash out at us at all?" Harry asked.

"It feels like a doorway of sorts," Fleur murmured. "I think we're meant to touch it, though touching a random magical artifact..."

"Not generally the best idea," Harry chuckled. "Luckily for us, I have a solution for such problems."

He barely had to exert any power at all these days to spawn clones of himself, having gotten so used to the inherent ability he gained by taking on Pan's power after the last vestiges of the ancient wizard passed on. His numerous wives all licked their lips at the sight of the second Harry, a near-Pavlovian response they had after all the orgies they'd had together, and he'd have chuckled at that if he weren't so focused on what had been his obsession for ages now. The clone ventured forth and touched the rock without hesitation, knowing that even if it killed him, the primary copy would survive and recover, and he vanished immediately.

“Shit,” Susan muttered as the other women all looked at the empty spot where Harry’s clone had just stood.

“It’s okay,” he assured them immediately, closing his eyes and focusing his consciousness on the clone’s perceptions. “He’s unharmed and...in a cave.”

“So this is a doorway,” Fleur nodded.

“Mmhmm,” Harry nodded, “and the cave seems to be rather safe. I’ll have him scout ahead a little more before we head in.”

“Have you seen any further signs that point to the Cult of Cronus?” Hermione asked.

“Not yet,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “All I’ve seen so far is a bunch of glowing rocks sticking out of the cave wall at regular points.”

“We won’t need to light our own way then,” Luna smiled.

Harry directed his clone to continue onward, exploring more of the cave. It seemed to be rather straightforward, if not straight. The singular tunnel didn’t appear to branch off at all but simply wound around in a gentle spiral, reaching further and further into the earth as it went. It reminded him a little of the cave wherein he’d unwittingly brought Pan’s plan to fruition nearly a decade ago, something that set him on edge, but it was only a fleeting comparison and as his clone ventured further and further in, running into no danger at all, he finally decided that he’s seen enough.

“It seems safe,” he declared. “I’ll have the clone continue onward ahead of us so we don’t run into any surprises, but from what I’ve seen so far, I think we’re good to go.”

“Okay,” Luna nodded, touching the rock and teleporting into the cave as the others all chuckled.

“She’s always the first one,” Hermione sighed as she moved to join her.

A moment later they were all inside the cave with the doe-eyed blonde, who was examining one of the glowing rocks closely.

“These are really neat,” she said. “They have to be ancient, if this cave really used by the Cult of Cronus so long ago, and yet the enchantments on them haven’t withered at all in all this time.”

“It wouldn’t shock me if Cronus’ scythe turned out to be what was powering them,” Hermione replied. “I’ve been studying the Aegis for years now and still haven’t figured out how on Earth those enchantments were woven into it.”

“I’m surprised the I.C.W. hasn’t asked for it back yet,” Susan murmured, and the brunette chuckled.

“It’s just about the least dangerous of them, so letting me study it isn’t all that much of a risk, and if I could figure out how Athena made it back in the day, it could revolutionize our understanding of enchanting,” Hermione said, drawing her wand. “Let me just check quickly to see if the light coming from these rocks seems at all famil...”

She trailed off, going pale, and Harry noticed her distress at once.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Lumos,” Hermione cast. “Lumos!”

“Oh, shit,” Daphne muttered, drawing her wand and trying to cast a few spells.

They all did the same and quickly learned that none of them could use magic.

“I can’t apparate,” Ginny breathed. “Harry...”

“It’s okay,” Harry said. “I left a clone back in England, and he’ll be able to alert Sirius and the...agh!”

“Harry!” they all exclaimed together as he staggered back, clutching his chest.

“Oh, damn it,” Harry muttered, swallowing thickly as he looked at them. “So you know how we needed new fire cap mushrooms?”

“Yeah,” Susan replied as the others all looked at him warily, most of them feeling a sense of dread as they figured they knew what had just happened.

“And you know how if fire cap mushrooms come in contact with certain types of natural gases, they can explode?” Harry asked. “Well, guess what just happened to result from a slight cave-in while my clone was foraging inside the cave we go to for them.”

“Fuck me,” Tonks muttered. “Do you have any others out there?”

“I do not,” Harry sighed, pulling out his two-way mirror and calling for Sirius just on the off chance that it might work. When it didn’t, he said, “I’m afraid we’re stuck here, at least for the moment.”

“You didn’t feel the anti-magic field inside here?” Daphne asked, annoyed.

“Even I didn’t,” Fleur replied. “It’s been so long since we’ve felt anything like that that I didn’t recognize it at all.”

“This place was protected even from the Flood,” Hermione breathed. “I have no idea how that’s even possible.”

“What are we going to do?” Parvati asked.

“The enchantments on the cave haven’t affected our mokeskin pouches, which means that we have several months’ worth of preserved food and water to sustain us,” Harry assured her, pulling a few things out of his to demonstrate. “Sirius will start to worry when he doesn’t hear from us in a few weeks, and there will be enough clues for him to find us, especially if he reaches out to Dumbledore, so worst-case scenario, we’ll have to wait to be rescued.”

“What if Sirius and whoever he brings with him ends up falling into this trap like we did?” Daphne scowled.

“Knowing that we’ve gone missing, he wouldn’t be stupid enough to take no precautions at all before touching anything around here,” Harry said.

“That’s true,” Tonks sighed. “My cousin is many things, but stupid isn’t one of them.”

“In the meantime, we can just explore the cave,” Ginny said. “If the scythe really is powering the enchantments here, then maybe finding it will be the key to getting us out.”

“Has your clone found anything so far?” Susan asked.

“He just reached a barrier, actually,” Harry replied. “We should join him.”

Convinced that they weren’t in any immediate danger, Harry and his wives continued onward, quickly reaching the clone, who vanished immediately, returning into him.

“Are you okay?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” Harry replied. “Losing one of them always hurts, but it’s happened often enough at this point that I’m relatively used to it.”

The first time he’d lost one of them had been during one of his first missions to rescue people left destitute by the destruction of the modern world. London had already fallen apart and devolved into gang violence as numerous groups banded together to salvage what they could of their lives. One of them got their hands on a stash of explosives, and one of Harry’s clones had walked into a trap he didn’t sense until it was too late. The feeling of his chest being torn open had taken his breath away, and he’d fallen to his knees, and while it was no less unpleasant now, his tolerance for pain had improved.

His leading theory for just what had managed to kill Pan was that he lost a number of them at once when he fought whatever it was that he’d gone to fight. Hermione and Daphne had tried to figure that one out years ago and even managed to track down a spot in Mexico where there were still traces of Pan’s power, but other than confirming that he’d managed to take whatever killed him down with him, they hadn’t been able to determine much else, and that mystery was likely to remain unsolved for good.

“There’s definitely something down here,” Fleur murmured as they continued down along the path.

“I sense it too,” Harry nodded. “Whatever it is, it’s old and very powerful.”

“Does it feel hostile?” Daphne asked.

“No,” Harry replied. “It feels...neutral, more than anything.”

“I haven’t come across a single bug so far,” Lavender smiled, “so that’s something.”

“You know I’d protect you from any big bad bugs, baby,” Parvati purred, hugging her from behind, and the blonde sighed dramatically.

“My heroine,” she said, and the two burst into giggles, making Daphne roll her eyes.

“Come now love,” Susan whispered, wrapping an arm around her waist. “You know that they’re cute.”

“That, I can’t deny, but this is hardly the time,” Daphne whispered back, making the redhead chuckle fondly.

They quickly reached the barrier that the clone had found, and he vanished immediately, returning to Harry, who reached out to get a feel for what they were dealing with.

“A forcefield of some sort,” Hermione said, watching as Harry pressed his hand against it.

“The area beyond it is also pitch black,” Luna murmured.

“Or the barrier is keeping us from seeing it,” Ginny said, and the blonde nodded.

“Normally, I’d start by casting detection charms on it and then begin the work of unraveling whatever it is, but without magic, I have no idea where to even begin,” Fleur huffed.

“Hmm, this feels...familiar,” Harry said, and they all looked at him in surprise.

“You can sense what we’re dealing with here?” Daphne asked. “Even Fleur seems stumped.”

“It reminds me of how the flute felt and how the aegis feels,” Harry replied. “We’ll probably never know how the Olympians and the Titans became as powerful as they did, but whatever they did, it seems that it gave them all a similar magical signature.”

“I wonder if it will respond to you,” Hermione breathed. “The Aegis certainly seemed to recognize the hand of one empowered by one of their own.”

“Pan wasn’t a Titan, though,” Padma reminded them.

“The two groups fought bitterly,” Daphne nodded. “It might respond to you, Harry, but not in any way that we’d like, particularly with our magic suppressed as it is.”

“You’re right,” Harry sighed. “I guess we could go back and try to see if there’s anything on the walls we missed.”

“Perhaps those weird glowing rocks contain power we can make use of...somehow,” Lavender suggested.

“I have a beater’s bat in here in case we want to try smashing one and seeing what happens,” Ginny murmured, gesturing to her mokeskin pouch.

“Let’s see if there are any other things we could do before we start smashing random things,” Harry chuckled.

“But smashing things can be so much fun,” Tonks grinned.

“Uh, guys,” Lavender murmured.

“If you must smash something, I’m always available, mon amour,” Fleur purred.

“Guys!” Lavender exclaimed.

“What is...oh, shit,” Harry breathed as he looked over at where she was staring and saw the barrier turn purple and begin to shimmer.

Before any of them could react, they were pulled hard into it and slipped through into the chamber beyond. It turned out that the barrier had been obscuring their view of it, and it wasn't nearly as dark as it had appeared, but unlike the tunnel, which had been lit by those odd glowing rocks, there was only one light source in there. The room was round, perfectly so, with completely unadorned cave walls. The only thing that was of any interest was the raised, glowing dais in the center, which glowed with a strange golden light. Floating above it, suspended in the air, was a simple scythe, but though it looked rather ordinary, they all knew at once that it was anything but.

“Cronus' scythe,” Hermione breathed. “It really is here. I mean, the theory was sound but...”

“This is the first titanic artifact ever confirmed to still exist,” Daphne breathed. “The power this thing must hold.”

“So do we just...take it?” Lavender asked.

“I highly doubt it will be that simple,” Fleur murmured.

“What the hell just happened?” Tonks asked. “One minute we were stuck out there, and then...”

“I think the scythe recognized Pan's power within me,” Harry replied, walking up to it.

“I still think that's probably not a good thing,” Susan muttered, tentatively pushing against the shimmering purple barrier. “We're stuck in here.”

“If the power Cronus imbued in this gave it any sentience, than you're likely right, but if it didn't and we're just dealing with an extraordinarily powerful relic, perhaps feeling like Pan will be enough,” Harry replied, drawing his wand and testing out whether he could cast spells inside the chamber.

When that failed, he pocketed it again and reached out slowly towards the scythe, checking to see if anything would stop him. Like with the doorway, there appeared to be a barrier around it, but where that had felt solid from the start, this felt more malleable, like it was possible to find a way around it.

“Harry?” Fleur asked.

“There's something here but it's not like what's blocking the door,” Harry replied, closing his eyes and focusing on the wild power within him. “I'm going to try to see if flaring my power tricks it into recognizing me as belonging here.”

“Is that wise?” Padma asked.

“It hasn't felt hostile yet, and I'm reasonably sure that the scythe is what's powering the barrier as I expected,” Harry replied. “If I can take it, I should be able to use it to help us escape from here.”

“Just be careful,” Hermione fretted, looking over as Ginny wrapped an arm around her.

Harry took a slow, deep breath, focusing on what power he could access. His magic was suppressed by the strange nature of the cave, but it couldn't suppress that wild nature that Pan had

given him. He might not have been able to cast spells, but he could channel that, and as he pressed his hand against the barrier, he did so.

However the Olympians and their predecessors had attained the great power that they'd possessed, they'd managed extraordinary things in their time and been utterly unique. He hoped that Cronus' lingering magic would recognize that uniqueness in him and, as he felt the barrier give way, coming to feel less like a solid wall and more like thick mud that he could push through, he grinned, thinking that it was working. Further and further he went, until his fingers were less than an inch from the shaft of the scythe, but just as the tips pressed against the heavily enchanted wood, he was flung across the room.

"Harry!" his wives all exclaimed in unison as they watched him land hard, though as Harry rushed to his feet, seeming unhurt, a few of them managed to turn their attention back to the scythe, and they all paled at the sight of it.

"Merde," Fleur spat as she watched it start to glow the same golden shade as the dais under it, and before she could even ask Harry if he had any idea what was going on, he grunted and fell to his knees.

"Harry, are you alright?" Lavender asked, rushing over to him, only to gasp as she felt a wave of pure lust course through her body.

When Harry looked up at her, his green eyes were nearly black with desire, and she moaned when he pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply.

"Harry, this is hardly the ti..." Hermione went to say, only to go silent as clones of him began to appear, each one looking to one of them.

They had long since been changed by Harry's touch, becoming sex-obsessed nymphs just like the ones who had followed the original Pan back in the day, and despite their situation, all it took was a look into his lust-darkened eyes to make them all soaking wet. Within seconds, they were all passionately making out with one of the clones, their concerns rapidly fleeing them, though Hermione managed to retain enough of her wits to get out one question.

"What's going on?" she asked, moaning when her clone of Harry started peppering her neck with kisses.

"It turned...my nature...against me," he grunted, his hands making short work of her clothes. "Just need to get my head straight, and I'll be able to think of something."

"Well, in that case," Hermione purred, tearing off his belt.

As she got his pants down, his cock sprang out, just as long and gloriously thick as ever, and she practically drooled at the sight of it. Wanting nothing more than to sink to her knees and worship him, she was about to do just that when a sudden squeal from her right drew her attention.

Lavender, already impaled on his shaft in the air and desperately clinging to his broad shoulders, threw her head back, screaming, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Yes!"

Fleur was on her hands and knees, any concern over being fucked in a dirty cave driven from her mind by the sheer extent of her desire, while Tonks, right next to her, was holding her hand. The

clones behind them pushed forward, eliciting pleased screams from both of them as they were filled completely by their massive cocks.

Parvati and Padma were both being held in the air, their backs to their respective Harry's chest as they clung to each other. Hermione watched the twins kiss passionately, their arms wrapped around each other as Harry's clones began to fuck them and smiled. There was a time when she'd have thought that wrong in some way, but incestuous displays like that had been the norm with the twins for so long that, far from being fazed by them these days, she honestly found it beautiful.

Luna was screaming her head off as her Harry held her against the cave wall, driving his cock into her dripping quim with long, rough thrusts, while Ginny, next to her, was in the exact same position. The redhead already looked completely overwhelmed, which remained normal for them all, and grabbed Luna's hand as they both flailed around, the pair of them smiling widely as they caught each other's eyes.

"Fucking hell, I'll never get used to you, I swear!" Daphne moaned, her arms wrapped around Susan as the two of them lay on their sides, each one with a clone of Harry behind them.

"He's just...so good," the redhead whimpered, clinging to her longtime girlfriend as they got fucked together.

"One big happy, if strange, family," Hermione said quietly, rising to her feet when Harry gestured for her to.

"Thanks to you," he murmured, and she smiled, only to gasp when he picked her up like she was nothing.

He'd grown quite strong already when he first started manifesting Pan's powers all those years ago and between completing that process and the training he'd done since, he'd grown even stronger and more deliciously muscular. Hermione adored how easily he could pick her up, as she knew they all did, and between her intense attraction to him and the sexual aura that he had, by the time she felt her back press against the cave wall next to Luna, she was leaking onto the ground below.

"Fuck, yes!" she shrieked when he entered her in one smooth motion, filling her up as only he could.

"I'll never...oh yes, right there...be able to thank you enough for bringing me in as you did," Luna moaned and Hermione laughed, reaching out and taking her hand.

"No thanks needed," Hermione sighed, smiling lovely at her only to cry out as Harry started to move.

As they'd suspected back when Harry obtained Pan's full power, years of being fucked by him did eventually give them some resistance to the very thing that had pushed Hermione to start bring in other girls to help satisfy him. None of them still came from the first thrust or two from him anymore, having developed a degree of stamina, and the trade off for it taking longer was that they actually came even harder, much to their joy. As Harry started thrusting up into her hard, kneading her supple breasts, she tried to hold back as long as she could, knowing that it would make thing better but after less than a minute, the pleasure proved too much and she squealed in pleasure, cumming so hard she squirted.

The others were all screaming too, lost in the throes of ecstasy, and Harry, his consciousness split among his many forms, found amidst their pleasure a moment of focus. The scythe had turned his wild nature against him, rendering him little more than a rutting beast, and yet as his wives came around his cocks, it seemed to falter for a moment. He took advantage of that to look over at it through the nearest clone and saw the shimmering barrier flash out of existence for a moment.

“Curious,” he thought to himself, groaning as the scythe’s magic reasserted itself.

“Don’t stop!” Tonks shrieked, cumming hard. “Don’t fucking stop!”

“ARRY!” Fleur squealed, squirting all over his balls as her orgasm hit her like a freight train.

“Oh, God!” Hermione wailed.

“Yes, yes, YES!” Ginny screamed.

Luna, Parvati, and Padma let out wordless shrieks, too exhausted to even form words as they came yet again, while Lavender just sobbed into her hands, her pleasure nearly enough to drive her mad. Each woman was on her hands and knees, the simplest position for them, given everything, as clones of Harry rutted them like wild animals. They’d been like this for months, the scythe affording them only a few breaks a day. Their supplies were running dangerously low, their hygiene having suffered as they were forced to bathe only with what they’d stuffed into their mokeskin pouches, and they were beginning to wonder if they were ever going to be rescued, but those concerns only occurred to them when their minds returned to them, which wasn’t all that often.

The clones all came in unison, painting their inner walls white with seed, and as happened every time any of them orgasmed, the shimmering barrier around the scythe flashed in and out of existence. The one copy that had stayed out of the orgy took the opportunity to try something they hadn’t yet and threw a rock at it, only to shout out in despair as he, just missed and the barrier returned.

“Fuck!” Harry shouted, feeling his cock grow painfully hard again.

“Sirius is here!” another clone announced and he looked at him in shock, having been so focused on the scythe that he’d closed himself off from the others.

“What?” Hermione asked.

“It’s true,” the one inside her said. “He and Albus are outside the barrier.”

“That’s good...right?” Lavender asked.

“Well, it means that they’re trapped down here with us,” Ginny muttered. “Hopefully they were smarter than us and told people where they were first.”

“Did they seem to have anything on them?” Daphne asked.

“They looked like they were wielding pistols for some bizarre reason,” Harry replied, and Hermione gasped.

“If you grab one of them the next time the barrier gets interrupted, you could shoot the scythe the time after that,” she said, and Harry sighed.

“Hermione that would...” he went to say when Tonks growled and turned around to glare at him.

“Free us,” she scowled before softening. “I know what else it would mean, but...we’re fucked down here, and it’s not just us that we have to think about. I know how much you wanted the scythe, but...we need to be realis...oh, fuck, no.”

They all groaned in annoyance as much as arousal as the wave of lust hit again. They had been trapped in this cycle for months now, taking advantage of what longer breaks the scythe turned Harry’s power against them again to eat and sleep, and it was starting to get dire for numerous reasons.

“Damn it,” he sighed, his every clone staring down at the ground in defeat. Destroying the scythe would very likely end this nightmare but it would also destroy the greatest chance they had to try to undo at least some of the damage that had been done by the Flood. Taking a deep breath, he let it go and said, “Alright, I’ll do it.”

His wives all started crying out in pleasure as the clones behind them began fucking them again. If they were normal women, it would have become too much for them ages ago but Harry’s power had rubbed off on them and as nymphs they were far more durable, at least when it came to sex. He made his way over to the barrier, trying to ignore the way his cock was throbbing with need and waited, knowing that he’d have only a moment to pull this off. When they all screamed in orgasm, the barrier began to cut in and out and he reached through the small hole that opened up every time this happened. It wasn’t enough to escape through, but it was enough for his arm.

“Your gun, now!” he shouted, and Sirius handed it over without a word.

Whipping around as fast as he could, he aimed at the scythe and pulled the trigger, only to blink in confusion when nothing happened.

“Oh, fuck, tell me this thing’s loaded,” he muttered.

“Check...the safety,” Tonks panted as she came down from her latest high and he did so, swearing when he realized it was on.

“One more time,” he said, and his wives all nodded, each one desperately hoping that that was true.

They all started rocking back against their respective Harry harder, chasing a peak in a way they hadn’t ever needed to, and despite how many times they’d all cum that day, much less since this all started, his innate power made it easy for them to start building towards their next orgasms quickly. Their pleased cries and moans were usually music to his ears, but he forced himself that time to tune them out, focusing entirely on the object in front of him.

The enchantments on it were meant to trap them there; that much was clear, and it had only done anything else when it recognized Pan’s power within him. Using his own nature to lock him in the endless breeding cycle he and the others had been in since this started was an admittedly inspired way to keep them from trying all that hard to deal with it but it had a downside as well. Every time that he or his wives came, the energy they released affected it for just a moment, making it seemingly vulnerable, and he’d been trying everything he could think of since to get at it or knock it

off of the dais. Nothing had worked so far, but this, he hoped, would make all the difference, even if he was going to be forced to destroy the damn thing.

“YES!” Hermione squealed, cumming barely a second before the others joined her, and Harry didn’t hesitate to fire the shot.

Hitting it square in the center, he sighed when he saw it break in two. Years of work and desperate hope went up in smoke before his eyes but it had to be done. The next moment, he felt the barriers disappear and summoned his wand so he could blanket the room in darkness.

“Guys are you...bloody hell,” Sirius muttered as the smells from the chamber reached him.

“Give us a few minutes to clean up,” Harry called out, banishing his clones. “If you could make sure we can apparate I’d appreciate it.”

“Thank bloody goodness,” Lavender sighed, curling up on her side.

“I love sex, but I think I’m going to need at least a day without it,” Fleur added, and they all scoffed.

“A day, really?” Daphne snarked.

“Hey, for a Veela that is a long time,” Fleur replied and Tonks laughed, hugging her from behind as well as she could.

“I’m sorry about the scythe, Harry,” Luna murmured, taking his hand, and he sighed.

“So am I,” Harry replied, moving the pieces into his moleskin pouch just on the offhand chance that something could be done with it, though he honestly doubted it.

They all began casting cleaning charms on themselves and changed into the emergency robes that they generally kept in their pouches just in case. Clothing hadn’t exactly been something they needed over the past several months so they hadn’t bothered, meaning that they all had something completely untouched to change into. Once they were presentable, they apparated back to the surface and found Sirius and Dumbledore waiting for them.

“Are you okay?” his godfather asked, looking around at all of them.

“We’re exhausted but otherwise, yes,” Hermione replied.

“I am going to slip into a warm bath and might not come out for a full afternoon,” Lavender muttered.

“That might not be the best idea, Lav,” Parvati said, and the blonde sighed.

“What happened?” Dumbledore asked.

“We found Cronus’ scythe, but it was stuck in a chamber where it alone had much power, and we ended up trapped,” Harry replied, pulling the pieces out of his pouch to show off.

“Merlin,” Dumbledore breathed, staring down at it in shock. “It’s...”

“I don’t feel anything coming from it now,” Harry sighed.

“Studying it may still prove fruitful, but I doubt we’ll be able to use it for much,” Daphne murmured.

“Thank goodness you two got here when you did,” Susan murmured. “We had nearly run out of supplies.”

“Out of supplies?” Sirius asked, confused. “You keep six months, worth of supplies on you any time you go out like this.”

“Yeah, and we were in there for nearly six months,” Padma said, making Sirius and Dumbledore look at each other in confusion.

“You were gone for two months,” the Black lord said.

“What?” Fleur asked. “I know we went through five and a half months of...”

“Given what sort of magic Cronus specialized in, I suspect that time moved down there a little differently than it did out here,” Dumbledore theorized, and they all looked at each other in surprise.

“Well, at least we didn’t miss Yule,” Ginny smiled.

“Harry?” Luna asked, seeing him look down at the scythe’s blade.

“Sorry,” Harry replied, shoving it back in his pouch. “Sorry for all of this.”

“None of us blame you, baby,” Lavender cooed softly, hugging his arm. “We know you were just trying to do something good.”

“This as the one thing that I thought might help me,” Harry said and Dumbledore sighed.

“I know a little something about living with regrets, Harry,” the ancient wizard said. “I understand what you were trying to do, and I understand why, but we don’t generally get to just undo our mistakes.”

“I just wanted to save more of them,” Harry muttered.

“You did everything that you could, and you did help countless people find new lives in this truly magical world,” Sirius said. “It’s like I said when the Flood first happened. You could either tell everyone the truth and hand yourself over to be torn apart by an angry mob, which wouldn’t accomplish anything; wash your hands of it entirely since it wasn’t something you set out to do, which you’re too good a person to do; or try to help out where you could.”

“The world still needs help adjusting to our new reality,” Hermione said softly. Taking his hand and bringing it to her belly, she added, “We’re going to need you a great deal more now too.”

“Wait, you’re...” Sirius spluttered, his eyes going wide as saucers as the others all pulled their voluminous robes taut against their swollen bellies.

“We couldn’t cast contraception charms,” Tonks explained.

“This is another reason why we knew that it had to be more than two months for us down there,” Susan added.

“Within another decade, everyone will have gotten used to Magical Earth,” Dumbledore said softly. “Within a generation, every child and young adult will have known nothing else, and within a century, few will ever recall that there was a point when the world wasn’t flooded with magic. You did everything that you reasonably could to help mitigate the fallout from the Flood.”

“Which luckily didn’t include actual fallout,” Hermione murmured.

“Our children will be among those who never knew the world before it was flooded with magic,” Ginny smiled.

“Life will prosper and time will go on,” Luna added.

“And we’ll go on doing as we did before, trying to help people navigate it,” Susan smiled.

“Now, if we can get going, I really want to floo my parents and let them know both that we’re alright and about the news,” Hermione beamed, and Harry smiled as the others all grew instantly excited about telling their families.

“Congratulations, all of you,” Sirius breathed as the initial shock wore off.

“Yes, congratulations,” Dumbledore added.

“Thank you, and thank you for coming to rescue us...again,” Tonks sighed.

“Shall we be off?” Parvati asked, and Harry nodded, looking at the rock one last time.

With Cronus’ scythe perhaps he would have been able to go back and fix things, at least a little, but with it broken and seemingly powerless he wondered if it wasn’t time to give up on that dream. In unwittingly fulfilling Pan’s plan all those years ago he’d caused untold damage and while he could have put the blame on Sirius for unwittingly setting him down the path, or Pan himself for setting it in motion, he’d never been able to shake the guilt he felt for it.

He’d done all that he could in the years since to help rescue the muggles who were suddenly plunged into a world they didn’t understand and saved countless lives, but he’d never thought it was enough. As he looked around at his pregnant wives, though, knowing that inside each of them lay at least one little son or daughter who was going to need him soon, he considered what his immediate future was going to look like.

“I’ll never stop trying to fix the mess I made, but Dumbledore is likely right about the fact that, within another few years, most people will have adjusted,” he thought to himself. *“My wives need me, and my children soon will, and with the scythe gone, perhaps it’s finally time to take Sirius’ advice and admit that I actually have limitations.”*

He took a deep breath and wrapped an arm around Hermione as he gestured for the others to join them.

“Let’s go home,” he said softly, and they sighed in relief.

The entire party apparated back to Potter Manor, looking to put the entire episode behind them and start preparing for the next chapter of their lives.

Dumbledore's words would turn out to be prophetic, as within the following decade, the chaos that erupted when Pan's ritual flooded the world with magic finally died down. Possessing magic now, the people of the Earth managed to build new lives for themselves, made easier by it, once those who had already had the gift managed to teach them how. There were terrible losses, of course, and those who lived through those difficult two decades never forgot the hardships that came from the sudden disaster, but their descendants, growing up in a world of magic, never understood how it could have been anything but a blessing.

Harry and his wives lived long, fruitful lives and when his life finally came to an end, and he lay surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, he passed knowing that he had done all that he could and that, at the very least, Pan's apocalyptic vision was never allowed to come to pass.