

**Release that Witch...
and Wizard?!**

Disclaimer: All characters here are at least 18. Hogwarts starts later, so by the time Harry arrives, he's 19. Cheng Yen (陈嫣) was in her mid-20s before waking up in the 21-year-old body of Garcia Wimbledon. Witches gain their first awakening upon adulthood, at 18 years of age.

Story Starts

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Chapter 2.1 -

The Boy Who

Took a Leap

-=& 1st Person POV &=-

One moment I was Apparating in to help the neighbour—I'd only just moved in a week ago—and the next I'm gagged and trussed up like a turkey.

They shrieked about devils; some dropped to their knees in prayer, others hurled names at me—warlock, beast, male witch, fiend—anything foul they could fling.

I reached for my magic—and it slipped from me, slick and treacherous, like a ball that slid from my grasp the moment I thought I had it.

The man binding me back-to-back with Anna—the neighbour I was trying, but clearly failed, to save—barked for another locket, something about a God's Stone.

I wasn't weak—at least, I didn't feel weak—but every ounce of effort I poured in slipped away, leaving me thrashing without force, like a puppet with its strings cut.

Looking back, I should've done my homework on this reality. I was too arrogant, thinking magic made me untouchable. Since the Muggles—normal folk here—already knew about magic, I didn't think there'd be any Ministry breathing down my neck for using it out in the open.

I never imagined they'd have objects to counter magic. *Dunderhead*, sneered the greasy voice of my most hated teacher in the back of my mind. Thank fuck that greaseball's dead—unlike goat-fucking Dumbledore, I should have socked that guy when he quoted Mark Twain.

Stupid. Stupid. I already knew that witches were oppressed here. Of course, they'd have ways to fight back—without them, anyone with power would've ruled or terrorised the lot.

And then it struck me—why had witches and wizards hidden themselves during the medieval ages back home? Binns had never explained, just droned about goblin rebellions until half the class fell asleep.

Now I'm stuck in this cold, damp room—ropes cutting in—Anna tied opposite me, in a separate jail cell. I told her I'd find a way, told her to get some rest, though I wasn't sure I believed it myself.

Two years since Voldemort, and I hadn't felt death breathing down my neck—till just now, when they tied a noose round it. The bastard's end was almost laughable. I shoved Gryffindor's sword through his back from under my

cloak, then skewered Nagini—his last Horcrux—once and for all. That was it. Britain free, job done.

Which is how I ended up with the Elder Wand—the one Voldemort dropped.

When the Hallows came together, they sank into me, their powers etched into my flesh and bone, bound to my soul. I doubt Dumbledore ever thought through what would happen when he was the one responsible for me acquiring the three Death's trinkets.

Now I could vanish at will, walk through wards—without detection—and drag up shades of the dead. Magic itself still took the same effort, yet I no longer needed a wand.

Anyway, after nicking Hufflepuff's cup—destroying a part of Gringotts in the process—I caught Ron and Hermione whispering that I was meant to die with Voldemort, Dumbledore's orders. The bastard was currently hiding at the time, perpetrating his death.

We knew of this because, the night of the old senile goat fucker's funeral, we were dragged to Grimmauld place and—surprise, surprise—Dumbledore's at the head table, smug as fuck, crowing about how reports of his death were “greatly exaggerated.”

Cunty fuck of a prick!

Their task was set: guide me straight into Voldemort's hands, into a one-on-one fight he'd orchestrated as the rest would play out on its own—at least that's what he thought at the time.

That night, I never felt so betrayed in my life. Thoughts of whether they were ever truly my friend, or were they planted from the start?

But no—how could eleven-year-old children have the guile to perform and fake a friendship that convincing? More likely, Dumbledore turned them later—twisted them into his ‘greater good.’

After Fiendfyre tore through the Room of Requirement—taking Ravenclaw’s diadem with it—I pulled up my cloak and legged it for the headmaster’s office. The gargoyle was gone, the door wide open.

From the Sorting Hat I pulled Gryffindor’s sword, steel gleaming. At that time, only the snake remained—the final fragment to cut away before Voldemort’s body was made mortal once more.

After defeating the Dark Lord and picking up his wand, a burst of energy ripped through me—the Hallows sinking deeper still. At that moment, Dumbledore arrived in a blaze of phoenix fire, flanked by a contingent of former Ministry officials.

I’ll never forget his face—Dumbledore, horror-struck, staring at me with Gryffindor’s sword still in my hand.

Didn’t take him long to snap out of it. Next thing I know, Dumbledore’s jabbing finger at me, shouting for my arrest—for ‘murdering a citizen of Wizarding Britain.’

I just stared back, dumbstruck, catching the bewildered looks of Hogwarts students. I even glanced behind me at the Death Eaters, still reeling from their master’s fall. Even Malfoy Sr and Jr just shrugged at each other, lost for once.

But for once, Wizarding Britain found some common sense and didn’t leap at the chance to blame me. I smirked at Dumbledore and walked off the battlefield, unhurried, before vanishing as I Apparated away.

The following two years I spent mostly in isolation—listening to my ‘best friends’ plotting my death does sour the relationship a bit. And it wasn’t just

them; finding out that most of the people I'd trusted had been planning to betray me stung all the worse.

Other than the day they handed me the Order of Merlin, First Class, I wasn't seen in public. Not openly, anyway. The cloak—now part of me—kept me hidden, unless I needed to show up to buy something.

I could've stolen whatever I wanted—no one would've known—but I was above that. Besides, it would've only fed Dumbledore's smear campaign once found out.

In that time, my defeat of the Dark Lord earned me gratitude, while Dumbledore's accusations were dismissed as the rambling of a senile old coot.

"...!"

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Nice one, Potter—you bloody dunderhead. Why didn't you use the cloak when you Apparated to Anna?

Not like I could've known about this so-called God's Stone—nothing like it had ever existed in the Wizarding World. At least, not that I knew of. Well, we did have Nurmengard, but that was more of a suck-you-off sort of magic, not this strange interference I felt from the Stone.

Merlin's balls, I'm horny. I should have just manned up and asked either Luna, Tori—or hell, even Pansy—to tag along. While I lived in isolation, it wasn't really technically isolation per sé. Call it... selective company.

Neville dropped by once in a while, though rarely—he was swamped with duties as head of the Longbottom House. By the end of the first year after Voldemort's fall, he was betrothed to both Hannah and Susan.

Hannah came through the Longbottom line, while Susan made him consort to the Bones family so she could carry on her legacy. They were plenty busy in my final year of that reality.

As for Pansy... I found her one night in Knockturn Alley, on the verge of whoring herself out.

During the Battle of Hogwarts, she'd stood in favour of handing over my former friends—as I was well hidden beneath my invisibility cloak at that time—when Voldemort offered to spare the school.

Afterwards, her family lost everything—Death Eater sympathisers, her father with the Dark Mark on his forearm. Out of pity—or maybe my overinflated hero complex—I hired her as my 'attendant' for a week.

Of course, I didn't take advantage of her, nor did I ask for her to attend to my needs, much to her initial frustrations. It was just an excuse to get her off the streets. I gave her a room at Grimmauld Place, which I'd recently renovated after taking control of the wards.

Quite satisfyingly, I took control of the wards as well—kept the Golden Fried Turkeys on the list, but transferred them under the banned list. Anyone attempting to Apparate receives a nasty electric shock.

Neville, ever the responsible one, warned me that if I set targeted, potentially lethal wards, I had to register them with the Ministry, along with the list of banned witches and wizards. I also had to do my due diligence and warn said people on the list—so as an act of malicious compliance, I took out a tiny notice buried in the Daily Prophet under the Gobstone League Results.

First week in Grimmauld, and a few of the old crowd tried to Apparate in—straight into my wards and got themselves fried. Since the wards were

registered, Aurors were alerted the moment they went off, swooping in to haul the idiots away and issue fines.

Where was I? Oh yeah—the goblins. I'd already squared things with them after the Gringotts break-in fiasco. Cost me a hefty fine—my portion only, mind you, though I tossed in thirty sickles each towards Ron and Hermione's fines—and half the future proceeds of Sleekeazy's Hair Potion for the next century. Apparently, one of my granduncles invented the bloody stuff.

By the end of the week, I helped her get a job at Gringotts and let her stay indefinitely. That first night after work, she 'thanked' me—with carpet burns on her knees. After that... let's just say that we were 'very' casual.

Next would've been Luna and Tori—yeah, I was on that train of thought—but another idea struck me.

Maybe I could still summon it?

“...”

Damn it—I almost had it, just for a heartbeat. Again, I centred myself, reaching into the dark. The God's Stone pulsed there—saturated, heavy with magic—yet unstable, flickering at uneven intervals.

“...!”

Once more it flared, the Stone's swollen field of magic pulsing, then faltering, flickering out like the last light of a dying candle. If I could just manifest the cloak in between the—damn it.

Failed again, but I think it's doable, like snatching something behind an electric fan that changes speed every turn, blades stuttering faster, then slower. Timing wouldn't really help me. I'll just have to get lucky.

Out of nowhere, someone appeared before me. A hooded figure; cloak drawn tight, curves clear beneath. Even in the dark, with my blurred vision—my glasses had been taken—her eyes gleamed a striking violet.

Her hood fell, and moonlight through the cell bars revealed her face—golden hair spilling over blurred noble features: high cheekbones, an oval-shaped face, a delicate nose, a sharp jawline.

Her fingers rose to her lips, the universal command for silence. Then she gestured to the door beyond, where the guards surely stood.

I glanced at Anna—still asleep—then nodded at the figure. From her bosom drew a folded paper—no, two sheets.

I looked her in the eye, then very deliberately let my gaze dip—cleavage, papers, back to her face—and raised a brow, all sarcasm.

“Ever heard of pockets?” I whispered. She went pink—at least I assumed so—spluttering as she slapped a hand over her mouth.

She then slipped from sight, then reappeared within my cell, papers held at chest height. Moonlight didn’t help much—without glasses, everything written was still a blur.

Then came the sound—footsteps, growing louder, many together.

The blonde vanished again, but not before whispering, "I'm here to free you both."

Anna stirred at the clamour rising from her nap as another entered—a black-haired beauty, regal in bearing, with her retinue at her back.

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END

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