A Nundu for A Pet Chapter 37 (The Boy Who Saved)

Hello everyone. I'm happy to publish a New Chapter of A Nundu for A Pet.

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Harry's first sensation upon waking was the gentle pressure of water against his skin. Three Royal Sea Horses hovered around him, their webbed hands weaving intricate patterns that made the water ripple with soft blue light. The healing magic felt different from anything Madam Pomfrey had ever used – cooler, more fluid, as if it were washing away his pain rather than mending it directly.

His bubble-head charm felt strange, somehow both more stable and more delicate than before. When he tried to move, a firm but gentle current pressed him back down.

"Remain still, young surface-dweller," an elderly female RSH said, her silver scales catching the healing light. "Your magic needs time to stabilize." Her movements were precise as she manipulated the healing currents around his chest. "I am Healer Wave-Song. You've been unconscious for three days."

Three days? Harry's mind felt foggy, but fragments of memory began surfacing – the battle, the Dark RSH, Crystal-Harmony's ice magic, and then... the Leviathan. He remembered its massive form rising from the depths, responding to his voice magic in ways he still didn't understand.

"The bubble-head charm," Harry managed, his throat feeling raw. "During the summoning—"

"Nearly collapsed," Wave-Song confirmed, her gill-frills twitching with concern. "Another moment of strain and it would have failed completely. At that depth, death would have been instantaneous." She gestured to one of her assistants, who adjusted the healing current around Harry's head. "Fortunately, your companion prevented that."

Harry's eyes found Itisa, who lay curled in her cat form near his bed. She looked less tense than he'd ever seen her underwater, though her tail still twitched occasionally as she watched the healers work. She met his gaze and gave a slow blink that somehow managed to convey both relief and mild exasperation at his recklessness.

"Harry!" Newt's familiar voice preceded the magizoologist's appearance through a coral archway. "Excellent timing – I was just explaining to the scholars here about various surface-world creatures that might have similar magical resonance to their own species." His eyes sparkled with academic enthusiasm. "Though I must say, none of them quite compare to what you managed with that Leviathan. Fascinating creature – hasn't been seen in these waters for at least two centuries, according to the records."

Harry tried to sit up again, and this time Wave-Song allowed it, though she maintained the healing currents around him. "Why did it answer my call?" he asked. "I didn't even know what I was doing – the words just came to me."

"That's what makes it so remarkable!" Newt pulled up a coral formation that reshaped itself into a seat. "Leviathans are notoriously selective about their interactions with magical beings. The last recorded communication was with Merlin himself, if you can believe it. Something about your voice magic must have resonated with its ancient nature." He leaned forward, curiosity evident. "Do you remember what you were thinking when it happened?"

Harry frowned, trying to recall the exact moment. "Not thinking, really. It was more like... listening. There was this melody coming from the wardstones, and my voice just... joined it."

Wave-Song's gill-frills fluttered with interest. "The wardstones sang to you? That hasn't happened since—"

"Since Prince Henri's time," Crystal-Harmony's voice came from the entrance. Harry's breath caught slightly as she entered. Something had changed about her in the three days he'd been unconscious. Her upper body appeared as it always did, but now, it felt like she wasn't hiding herself anymore.

"Princess," Wave-Song bowed slightly, her assistants following suit. "His magic has stabilized enough for conversation, but please—"

"Keep it brief, I know." Crystal-Harmony smiled, and Harry noticed she seemed more comfortable with her partially-scaled form than ever before. She sat on another coral formation near his bed. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I tried to outswim a shark," Harry admitted, drawing a small laugh from her. "But I need to know – what happened after I collapsed? The Dark RSH, the city..."

Crystal-Harmony's expression grew more serious. "The Leviathan's presence drove them back to the Obsidian Depths."

"Which is where, exactly?" Harry asked, noting how Newt leaned forward with scholarly interest.

"It was – is – the largest city of the Royal Sea Horses," Crystal-Harmony explained, her webbed fingers tracing patterns in the water absently. "Built in the deepest trenches, where the pressure would crush through all bubble spells a surface dweller could ever come up with. But it was lost to us over a century ago. Or so we thought." Her eyes held a troubled look. "No one has heard from them in all that time, and now we know why – they've been developing this corrupted magic, twisting our traditions into something dark."

"And your father's decision about the city?" Harry prompted, remembering the Dark RSH's threats.

"We're staying," Crystal-Harmony said firmly. "Father believes – and I agree – that relocating now would leave us too vulnerable. The Dark RSH would simply follow, and we'd be caught between their attacks and the challenges of establishing new wards." A slight smile touched her lips. "Besides, the French Ministry is already drafting new agreements that better reflect our sovereignty and Mister Newt has been talking with them for the past three days. They seem quite motivated after learning about the Dark RSH threat."

The translator translated for Newt, but Harry didn't need her to understand what the Princess was saying.

Harry nodded, then immediately regretted the movement as it made his head swim. Wave-Song made a disapproving sound and adjusted the healing currents around him.

"That's enough for now," the healer declared. "The princess can continue her visits after you've rested properly."

Crystal-Harmony rose but paused before leaving. "Harry... thank you. Not just for the Leviathan, but for everything. You showed us that different kinds of magic can work together, that being... unique... can be a strength." Her scales shimpered with what Harry realized was pride rather than uncertainty.

As she left, Harry settled back into the healing currents, his mind full of questions about the Obsidian Depths, the Dark RSH's true motives, and the strange connection he'd felt with the wardstones. But Wave-Song was right – those mysteries would have to wait until he recovered. At least Itisa seemed relaxed enough to start grooming herself, which Harry had learned was a sure sign that immediate danger had passed.

Newt remained, scribbling notes about the Leviathan encounter, occasionally muttering things like "remarkable resonance patterns" and "must compare to surface world serpent communications." Harry found the familiar academic enthusiasm oddly comforting as the healing magic slowly drew him back toward sleep.

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The Grand Council Chamber took Harry's breath away, not the first time he had been here, he had been here for the first time the Princess defended those in the land, and he was here again, but this place was beautiful still.

The bubble-head charm around him felt strange – Wave-Song had modified it somehow to better withstand the pressures of formal RSH magic.

Harry stood beside Newt, trying not to fidget in the formal robes Crystal-Harmony had insisted he wear. They'd been enchanted for underwater use, but still felt oddly clingy. Itisa sat primly at his feet, looking thoroughly unimpressed by the grandeur around them.

"Quite the gathering," Newt whispered, his eyes bright with academic interest as he observed the assembled RSH nobility.

The chamber was indeed packed. Harry recognized many of the RSH who had fought alongside them, their battle-scars now worn as badges of honor. Battle-Storm stood near the front, his scarred face proud as he surveyed the warriors under his command. Even Swift-Current, usually so disdainful of surface-dwellers, seemed different – more thoughtful, less rigid in his posture.

A ripple of movement passed through the water as King Anden entered, his trident glowing with sovereign magic. Crystal-Harmony followed, and Harry had to remind himself to maintain proper diplomatic posture. She looked every inch a princess of two worlds, her hybrid form no longer something to hide but a symbol of bridge-building between surface and sea.

"Members of the Council," King Anden's voice carried effortlessly through the water, "honored allies, we gather to forge new bonds in the face of ancient threats." His gill-frills flexed with emotion. "The attack on our city has shown us that isolation is no longer an option. The Dark RSH of the Obsidian Depths would see us weakened by division, but they have instead united us in purpose."

Swift-Current moved forward, and Harry tensed slightly, remembering past confrontations. But the warrior's face held none of its usual contempt.

"My King," Swift-Current began, his voice carrying clear authority, "I speak for many who once doubted the wisdom of surface alliances. We were wrong." His gills flickered in what Harry had learned was RSH embarrassment. "The battle proved that different magics, working in harmony, create strength greater than the sum of their parts. I formally withdraw my opposition to the surface training program."

Murmurs rippled through the chamber like underwater currents. Harry caught Crystal-Harmony's slight smile – she'd predicted this, he realized. She'd seen the change in Swift-Current during the battle.

Battle-Storm stepped forward next, his scarred face serious. "With the Council's blessing, I propose expanding our training program. Not just combat magic, but full integration of surface and sea techniques." His eyes found Harry. "The hybrid spells young Potter created during battle show the potential of such combination."

Harry felt his face heat up slightly as dozens of RSH turned to look at him. He still wasn't entirely sure how he'd managed to combine the magics – it had been pure instinct in the moment.

King Anden raised his trident, commanding attention. "We face an enemy that remembers what we have forgotten. The Obsidian Depths holds secrets of our past, corrupted by a century of darkness. But we too have found new strength." He gestured to his daughter. "Crystal-Harmony, demonstrate for the Council the power of embraced difference."

She moved to the center of the chamber, and Harry felt a surge of pride as she began her demonstration. Ice magic spiraled around her in complex patterns, but now it was clearly enhanced by traditional RSH water-shaping. The two magics danced together, drawing gasps of appreciation from even the most conservative Council members.

"The French Ministry," King Anden continued once Crystal-Harmony returned to her place, "has pledged full alliance with Abyssantica. Their representative, Madam Lefebvre, brings terms that respect our sovereignty while ensuring mutual protection." He turned to Harry. "But we also owe a personal debt to Harry Potter, who risked his life to defend our city."

Harry started to demur, but King Anden wasn't finished. "You called a Leviathan to our aid – something not done in centuries. You created new magic to protect our people. You showed us that strength comes in many forms." The King's eyes held genuine warmth. "Know that from this day forward, you have the friendship of Abyssantica. Should you ever need our aid, you need only call."

"I... thank you, Your Majesty," Harry managed, bowing as Crystal-Harmony had taught him. "Though honestly, I'm still not entirely sure how I managed the Leviathan bit."

A ripple of appreciative laughter passed through the chamber, breaking some of the ceremony's tension. Even King Anden's gill-frills twitched with amusement.

"Sometimes the oldest magics choose their own moments," the King said. "But the Dark RSH will return. They revealed too much of their power to simply retreat forever. When that day comes, we will face them together – surface and sea, traditional and new, united in purpose."

The ceremony continued with various formal declarations and magical bindings, but Harry found himself watching the assembled RSH. He saw how they looked at Crystal-Harmony with new respect, how even the most traditional members seemed to be reconsidering their old prejudices. Whatever the Obsidian Depths was planning, they'd inadvertently sparked exactly the kind of change they'd hoped to prevent.

Itisa bumped her head against his leg, and Harry smiled down at her. She'd known from the start that this underwater adventure would be important, though he doubted even she had predicted just how much would change. As King Anden concluded the ceremony with a traditional water-blessing, Harry couldn't help but wonder what other changes these new alliances would bring.

The Royal Gardens

Crystal-Harmony found him near a bed of color-changing sea flowers. As she approached, Harry noticed the now-familiar transformation – her scales smoothly receding from her upper body, leaving her looking more human than RSH. He'd learned this happened unconsciously when she was comfortable around someone, though he pretended not to notice her slight blush when their eyes met.

"I hoped you'd come here," she said, her voice carrying that musical quality that emerged when she was relaxed. "Father suggested I might find you admiring the night-blooming coral."

"It's beautiful," Harry replied, watching as patterns of light danced through the garden. Itisa prowled nearby, occasionally batting at passing fish with decidedly un-catlike grace. "Though I still can't tell if the coral is actually glowing or if it's reflecting the city's light."

"Both, actually." Crystal-Harmony moved closer, her fingers trailing through the water in a way that created tiny ice crystals that caught the light. "The coral resonates with magical currents, amplifying and reflecting them. It's similar to how your voice magic harmonized with our wardstones."

The mention of magic seemed to remind her of something. She reached into a small pouch woven from shimmering underwater plants and withdrew a crystal that seemed to contain living light.

"I want you to have this," she said, her voice softer now. The crystal hung from a chain that Harry recognized as being crafted from the same material as RSH royal jewelry.

"Crystal-Harmony, I can't—" Harry started, but King Anden's voice interrupted him.

"You can, and you should." The King emerged from behind a towering coral formation. "That crystal contains pure Aqualis – not the corrupted version the Dark RSH wielded. Aqualis is our most sacred treasure, and this crystal you are holding, is Pure Aqualis. Harry Potter, as King of Abyssantica. I thank you for your service. You helped my people. That means a lot to me and everyone here. *You saved us, Harry Potter."*

Harry carefully accepted the necklace, feeling a subtle warmth pulse through his hand. "What exactly is it? I mean, I know it's powerful, but..."

"Aqualis is life given form," King Anden explained, his gill-frills moving in what Harry now recognized as deep thought. "It forms naturally where magical currents intersect with the ocean's oldest memories. In its pure state, it can enhance any form of magic, bridge different magical traditions, even heal wounds that resist normal treatment."

The King's expression grew more serious. "The Dark RSH proved it can be corrupted, turned to darkness. But pure Aqualis?" He gestured at the crystal in Harry's hand. "It's one of the most powerful magical substances in the world because it adapts to the wielder's need and intent. Something tells me you may need that capability in the future."

Harry slipped the necklace over his head, feeling the crystal settle against his chest. Even through his robes, he could sense it harmonizing with his own magic.

"It suits you," Crystal-Harmony said quietly, and Harry noticed her scales shimmer slightly with emotion. She moved her hands in a complex pattern, and suddenly the water around them filled with tiny ice crystals that caught the light like diamonds. "I've been practicing. Watch."

She demonstrated her new control by swimming down and touching the surface. From it, something started growing, following her hand. Harry watched as what appeared to be an ice tree formed. "Mister Newt showed me a few things one can find in the surface. He tells me this one is a tree, so I hope I did it right, " she said with hopeful eyes after she was done.

"It looks incredible," Harry said right away. Touching the tree made of ice, its surface was strangely warm, and once he touched it, the tree pulsed with a blue light from within, slowly the tree started growing, until it was ten meters tall, illuminating the garden with a blue light, and in the trunk of this ice tree, the name *Harry Potter, The Savior of Abyssantica* carved itself into the surface.

"All thanks to you, Harry," Harmony said with a flushed face.

Harry felt his own face warm slightly at the implicit meaning. "You've mastered it completely," he said admiringly. "Just like Battle-Storm said you would."

She created another pattern of ice crystals, these forming into the shape of a miniature Leviathan. "You showed me that being different isn't a weakness. It's just... another kind of strength."

King Anden cleared his throat softly. "I'll give you two a moment to say goodbye properly." He turned to Harry. "Remember, young Potter – Abyssantica's aid is yours should you ever need it. Something tells me our paths will cross again." With a knowing smile, he glided away through the garden.

Left alone, Harry and Crystal-Harmony watched the bioluminescent anemones dance in the currents. The Aqualis crystal pulsed warmly against his chest, almost like a second heartbeat.

"You'll come back?" she asked, trying to keep her voice light despite the emotion Harry could hear beneath it.

"Try to stop me," Harry grinned. "Someone has to help Battle-Storm test all those new hybrid spells we created. Besides," he gestured at the crystal, "I need to learn how to use this properly."

Crystal-Harmony smiled, and for a moment the water around them seemed to sing. She moved closer, and Harry found himself noticing how the garden's light played across her features, highlighting both her human and RSH aspects in ways that seemed perfectly natural now.

"Until next time then, Harry Potter," she said softly, creating one final ice pattern – a perfect miniature of the wardstone chamber where their adventure had begun.

"Until next time, Princess," Harry replied, matching her formal tone before breaking into a smile that made her laugh.

As he prepared to leave, Itisa padding smugly beside him, Harry touched the Aqualis crystal once more – he had a feeling this underwater realm would play a larger part in his future than anyone could have predicted.

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One Week Later

The farewell ceremony transformed Abyssantica's upper levels into a spectacular display of light and magic. Thousands of RSH gathered along the coral terraces and floating platforms, their scales catching and reflecting the bioluminescence until the water itself seemed to sparkle. Even the most conservative nobles had turned out to bid farewell to the surface dwellers who had helped save their city.

"Your guides to the surface," King Anden announced, gesturing to two sleek RSH warriors, Swift-Tide and Wave-Runner, both known for their speed in open water. "They'll ensure your safe passage through the pressure changes."

Harry nodded, adjusting his bubble-head charm one final time. Beside him, Newt was practically vibrating with excitement, no doubt already planning how to document everything they'd seen. Madam Lefebvre, their translator, looked both relieved and somewhat wistful about returning to the surface.

Crystal-Harmony moved forward, and Harry noticed the assembled crowd watching with unveiled interest as she approached him. Her control over her transformation was perfect now, but her upper body remained stubbornly human-like as she drew near.

"The currents guide you safely," she said formally, then broke into a more natural smile. "And don't take too long to come back. Battle-Storm already has plans for new training exercises."

Before Harry could respond, she darted forward and pressed a quick kiss to his cheek. Harry felt his face heat up as several young RSH nobles chittered in what was definitely their version of delighted gossip.

"I'll be back," Harry promised, touching the Aqualis crystal that hung beneath his robes. He pretended not to notice the tears in Crystal-Harmony's eyes, or how they seemed to freeze into perfect spheres of ice before dissolving into the current.

The journey to the surface began with a spectacular send-off. Every RSH in attendance created light patterns in the water, their magic combining into a living tapestry that surrounded the departing group. Harry caught glimpses of Battle-Storm's proud nod, Swift-Current's respectful salute, and King Anden's knowing smile as their guides began leading them upward.

The ascent had to be gradual, their RSH guides explained, to allow their bodies to adjust to the changing pressure. They moved through layers of progressively warmer water, each transition carefully managed by Swift-Tide and Wave-Runner's magic.

"Fascinating adaptation of pressure-regulation spells," Newt commented somewhere around the ten-minute mark, his naturalist's curiosity apparently immune to physical discomfort. "Much more elegant than our surface decompression charms."

Harry found his thoughts drifting back to Abyssantica as they climbed. When he looked down, he could still see Crystal-Harmony's figure growing smaller below them.

The second hour brought them into shallower waters where sunlight actually penetrated. Fish became more numerous and colorful, though none showed the magical properties of their deeper-dwelling cousins. Itisa, still in her cat form, seemed to grow more alert as they neared the surface, occasionally batting at passing fish through Harry's bubble-head charm.

Finally, they broke through into the warm Mediterranean air. A group of French wizards waited on a nearby beach, their wands raised to help guide them to shore. Harry's bubble-head charm dissolved as soon as he lifted his head above water, and the first breath of surface air felt strange in his lungs.

"Careful now," one of the French wizards called out in heavily accented English. "Ze transition can be... challenging."

Harry didn't understand what he meant until he tried to stand in the shallow water. His legs, so adapted to swimming over the past weeks, immediately gave out. He toppled sideways, only to be caught by Newt, who was chuckling knowingly.

"Happens every time," the magizoologist said cheerfully, helping Harry sit on the warm sand. "Spend enough time moving like a fish, your legs forget how to be legs. Give it a few days – you'll be right as rain."

Looking down at his jellylike legs, Harry couldn't help but laugh. After everything they'd faced in Abyssantica – Dark RSH, corrupted magic, ancient sea creatures – it was his own legs that finally defeated him.

Their RSH guides waved farewell from the shallows, their scales gleaming in the Mediterranean sun before they disappeared beneath the waves. Harry touched the Aqualis crystal again, feeling its cool pulse against his skin.

"Well then," Newt said brightly, somehow managing to stay upright despite his own wobbly legs, he turned to look at Harry and spoke in a quiet voice, making sure no one else could hear them, "shall we discuss how we're going to write up this little expedition for the Ministry? Though I suppose we might want to leave out the bit about your cat being a...super cat – lots of tedious paperwork there."

Itisa, who had somehow avoided getting wet entirely, gave Newt a look that seemed to say she'd like to see them try to file paperwork about her. Harry just smiled, watching the waves and thinking of a city deep below, where a princess who could create ice in tropical waters was probably already planning his next visit.

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Three days after their return from Abyssantica, Harry was still getting used to the peculiarities of land-based locomotion. The French Ministry's guest apartment was spacious and comfortable, but he'd mapped out its dimensions more by what he could grab for support than by actual steps.

Itisa lounged on a windowsill, watching his wobbly progress across the room with what Harry swore was barely contained amusement. When his legs did a particularly good impression of seaweed in a current, she made a sound suspiciously like a snicker.

"Oh, you think this is funny, do you?" Harry asked her, gripping the back of a chair for balance. "I don't see you having any trouble adjusting."

Itisa's response was to stretch lazily in a patch of sunlight. But Harry caught the glint in her eye that meant she was definitely laughing at him.

The past three days had been an exercise in humility. The first day had been the worst – his legs kept trying to move in swimming motions, as if they hadn't quite gotten the message that they were back on land. He'd needed help just to reach the bathroom, something Newt had assured him was perfectly normal after extended periods underwater.

"Happened to me after my first deep-sea expedition," Newt had said cheerfully while helping Harry avoid another collision with a doorframe. "Spent three weeks studying Gillyweed colonies off the coast of Greece. Took me nearly a week to walk properly again. Though I did discover some fascinating applications for..."

The second day had brought the triumph of independent bathroom visits, though Harry suspected the French house-elves had been secretly tasked with keeping him from falling. He'd caught glimpses of them hovering anxiously whenever he made his wobbly way to the bathroom.

Now, on day three, he could walk unassisted, but still needed regular rests. His muscles seemed to remember their proper function, only to suddenly forget mid-step, leading to some undignified stumbles that Itisa clearly found entertaining.

The Aqualis crystal hung cool against his chest, occasionally pulsing with what felt like the echo of underwater currents. Sometimes, late at night, he thought he could hear it singing faintly, reminiscent of the wardstones' ancient melody.

The apartment door opened, admitting a rather frazzled-looking Newt Scamander. His case was clutched in one hand, several scrolls tucked under his arm, and his bow tie was even more askew than usual.

"How was today's meeting?" Harry asked, successfully making it to a comfortable armchair without incident.

"Ah, well..." Newt set his case down carefully. "Good news, actually! King Anden has signed the new agreements. The French Ministry is quite pleased – Minister Delacour practically glowed when the magical seals took effect."

"So it's official then? Peace between surface and sea?"

"Indeed!" Newt brightened considerably. "The RSH get their sovereignty properly recognized, France gets their shipping lanes protected from the Dark RSH, and everyone's happy. Well, except perhaps the more conservative elements in both governments, but they'll adapt." He began sorting through his scrolls. "The underwater mapping alone will be invaluable for magical creature conservation..."

Harry found his thoughts drifting to Crystal-Harmony. He wondered how she was handling the aftermath of everything – the battle, the new alliances, her public embrace of her hybrid nature. He'd promised to visit again, but between his current physical state and the political complications, he had no idea when that might be possible.

"Oh!" Newt's exclamation pulled Harry from his reverie. "Nearly forgot the other bit of news. Minister Delacour is hosting a ball in four days' time. Sort of a formal celebration of the new alliance. He's quite insistent that we attend – mentioned his family will be there, along with various other political figures and..."

Harry's groan was loud enough to make Itisa open one eye.

"I take it formal events aren't your favorite?" Newt asked sympathetically.

"I've never even been to a proper wizarding ball," Harry admitted, thinking of all the formal events he'd missed growing up with the Dursleys, but even the last three years with the Tonks weren't exactly filled with balls and parties, so he figured his lack of experience was normal. "At least I can blame any stumbling on post-underwater wobbliness."

"That's the spirit!" Newt said brightly. "Though you might want to practice walking in formal robes before then. The French are rather particular about their social events."

Harry slumped further into his chair. "Will there be reporters?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. Can't have a historic peace agreement without proper documentation. Though I suspect they'll be more interested in the political implications than your dancing ability." Newt paused thoughtfully. "Probably."

Itisa made a sound that was definitely laughter this time.

"Laugh all you want," Harry told her, "but you'll have to stay in cat form the entire time. No sneaking off to terrorize any pureblood politicians who annoy you."

The look she gave him clearly communicated that she made no such promises.

"Perhaps we should practice your formal walking," Newt suggested, eyeing Harry's still-unsteady posture. "Minister Delacour mentioned something about a traditional opening dance..."

This time, Harry was trying to stand up when Newt told him about the dance; this was followed by his legs choosing that exact moment to forget how knees worked. As he caught himself on the chair arm, he found himself almost missing the simpler challenges of underwater combat. At least Dark RSH didn't expect you to know proper ballroom etiquette.

The Aqualis crystal pulsed once, almost like it was laughing too.