

Chapter 34: A Wand Reunited

The weekend arrived with little fanfare, considering the continued excitement of the presence of the other schools.

By now, he had made it through several more of his new classes. Both of which he was still trying to get used to.

Narcissa hadn't approached him or asked that he remain after class since they had last spoken. He suspected that meant there were no new developments regarding Sirius' trial. She had said it would take some time to hear back, after all.

He debated asking to see her in turn, considering he knew that Sirius would be returning to the UK. But he still wasn't quite ready to trust her that much.

He had to quash the slight pang of disappointment that this would mean he wouldn't be able to spend more time in her presence. He may not trust her, but her beauty was undeniable. The fact that she continued to flaunt it with her tight jackets and short skirts certainly emphasised this.

If Narcissa was dressed professionally (just), then Tonks was the complete opposite, often wearing a variety of leather outfits that seemed to consist mostly of mesh and belts.

She clearly enjoyed using her metamorphmagus powers to the fullest, donning a completely different look each time he saw her. In Friday's lesson, she had gone with fiery red hair, pale skin complete with freckles and a petite figure. She could have passed as Ginny's older sister easily.

"Perhaps that was intentional, based on the wink she threw my way when I entered..."

Indeed, the only real way to know that this was even still Tonks was that her voice had remained unchanged and that her magical tattoos remained across all forms. The badger that was inked on her skin could often be seen roaming around her body, dipping in and out of sight beneath her clothes.

It would have been completely impossible to concentrate on the class, if she wasn't also a very competent teacher. She clearly knew her stuff, and was managing to make the various muggle topics interesting, even to the purebloods who had taken the course for the extra credit.

"Then again, we were discussing muggle transport. The look on Pansy's face when Tonks told her that muggles had reached space was priceless."

Harry sighed, shaking his head of these thoughts and finished the last of his breakfast. Beside him, Hermione was reading a heavy book while making notes, long since finished with her own food.

“So, you're heading to Diagon after breakfast, right? Think you'll be back before lunch?” she asked, keeping her voice low to avoid being overheard.

Harry shrugged. “Don't know, I should be. I'm not planning on going anywhere but Ollivander's.”

Hermione chewed on her quill. “Well, we can cover you. But if you're not back by dinner, I'm raising alarm bells, you hear?”

Harry chuckled, getting up from the table and giving her a brief hug from behind. “Of course. Assume I'm in a ditch in Knockturn Alley if so.”

He dodged her attempt to smack him, before making his way out into the grounds.

There were several ways he knew of to sneak out of Hogwarts. But by far the most reliable was the one under the whomping willow.

He wound his way onto the grounds, crossing the bridge and heading towards the edge of the forest where the massive tree resided.

He couldn't help a small smile coming into his face as he neared the large, slowly swaying mass of branches. He stopped just outside of its reach...a fact the tree seemed to realise as the swaying stopped. Harry felt as if the tree was watching him.

“I don't suppose you're any more relaxed about people approaching now, are you?” He called out. He knew the tree had some sort of limited sentience. It had to, to be able to whomp, right?

As he watched a pigeon fly in the general vicinity of the tree, only to become nothing more than a puff of feathers when it made the mistake of getting too near one of the long whip-like branches. He shuddered slightly.

“Ok...definitely not more relaxed. Fine” He drew his wand, casting a quick “*Imobolus*” in order to hold the tree in place as he climbed down into the hole at its roots.

Making his way along the tunnel towards the shrieking shack, he felt the subtle moment where the magic in the air lightened as he crossed the edge of the Hogwarts grounds...and hence, the wards.

“*Convenient. I won't even need to reach the Shrieking Shack*” With a quick thought and a turn on the heel...he disappeared with a sharp crack.

He reappeared in the designated apparition point within Diagon Alley. While the alley was not technically warded against apparition, it was considered rude to simply pop up in the middle of the street.

As the apparition point was just to the left of the entrance from the “Leaky Cauldron”, it would be a short walk along the street to Ollivander’s. Thankfully, assuming that a wand was no more expensive than the last time he had come, Harry had sufficient Galleons on his person already without having to swing by Gringotts first.

Taking a moment to ensure his fringe was covering his scar and keeping his head down, he stepped out into the street.

Diagon wasn’t very busy this time in the morning, so navigating the few individuals that were out without being recognized proved easy enough.

In a few scant minutes, he found himself standing outside of the familiar storefront. He paused, unsure quite how to start this conversation.

“How do I ask Olivander for another wand? Should I come clean, or just make something up about my old wand? A freak whomping willow accident perhaps? It was what happened to Ron after all...”

So caught up in his thoughts, he didn’t notice the window on the second floor opening up. Nor the aged individual that poked his head out to peer curiously down at the front of the shop.

“You know, Mr. Potter...the store is open. You need only walk inside if you require my services.”

Harry flinched slightly, knocked out of his thoughts. He looked up into the pale grey eyes of Garrick himself. “Er...of course. I’ll be right in” he chuckled, scratching the back of his head.

Ollivander nodded before disappearing from sight. Harry sighed. *“Guess there’s no avoiding this now.”*

Stepping into the small space in front of the counter, he looked around the shelves still lined with numerous boxes within the shop.

Ollivander stepped out from behind a corner towards the back of the shop, striding towards him with a tilt to his head. “Harry Potter...I was not expecting to see you again in this shop until you graduated. I do hope your wand is treating you well?”

Harry hesitated. “Er...about that. I may have...misplaced it?”

Ollivander reached the counter between them, frowning and looking him up and down. His eyes focused on his wrist where his holster wand sat.

“Misplaced, you say? Funny. I could swear that you still have a wand upon your person...but it’s different. Not the original ash and dragon heartstring you left my shop with four years ago.”

Harry blinked. *"Wait, what? Ash and dragon heartstring? That wasn't my wand, was it..."* He palmed the Elder Wand in his hand. *"So much for keeping this secret though..."*

Harry drew the wand, keeping the tip towards the floor. The moment Garrick's eyes landed on the pale wood and distinctive design, his usual smile dropped off his face to be replaced by a sharp focus.

"That is not the wand I sold you. Different indeed." He looked back up to Harry's face, his eyes boring into his as if seeing him in a new light. "You are aware of what that wand is?"

Harry nodded firmly.

"And you can cast with it? It doesn't...resist?" Harry responded by turning and summoning several origami birds from the tip that flew around the room before bursting into sparkles.

Garrick smiled briefly at the display before frowning once more. "I will not ask how you came to be in possession of that wand. I don't honestly want to know. Though, I had never thought I'd ever lay eyes on the true Peverall wand..."

Harry gripped the wand tightly, before reluctantly holding the wand out towards him, handle first.

Garrick lifted a hand up, ghosting it over the wand without actually touching it, before shaking his head and lowering his hand once more.

"I do not wish to take it, thank you. Seeing it is already sufficient." He tore his eyes away from the Elder wand, looking back up at Harry's eyes.

"If you are not here to ask me about this wand, why are you here? You said your original was misplaced. Can I assume it has something to do with you being in possession of that wand?"

Harry shrugged, returning the Elder wand to his holster. "Something like that."

Garrick tutted, before turning towards his various shelves. "Well, that won't do. We can't have you ill equipped, not with the tournament on. And wielding your other wand in a public setting may be...unwise."

He then seemingly pulled a box out of the shelf at random. Removing the wand, he offered it to Harry, handle first. "Rosewood and dragon heartstring, 11 and a quarter inches. Let's see if you still favour such a core."

Immediately after grasping the handle the vase to the left of the counter cracked ominously, the water leaking out over the side onto the floor.

“...Perhaps not.”

What proceeded was an hour's worth of failed attempts. Some spectacular in the effect caused, others simply feeling dead to the touch and remaining inert.

Garrick, much like he had the first time Harry had gotten his wand, seemed to grow more excited with each failed attempt rather than disappointed.

“A tricky customer, eh? Should've expected so, the last wand took a while to find as well. Hmm...I wonder...”

He moved off towards the far shelves, looking back at him speculatively while reaching for another box. He brought it forwards, almost tentatively.

“I had thought this wand may have chosen you last time, but it did not. Now though...perhaps now things have changed.” He opened the box...and Harry's eyes widened

There, laying in the velvet lining, was a very familiar wand.

“Holly wood and...” Garrick started, before Harry reached his hand forwards before he even finished. Warmth ran up his arm as he touched the handle, and he couldn't help but smile.

“...Phoenix feather core...” Harry whispered, finishing Garrick's description before he could.

Garrick smiled. “Yes. 11 inches. Well?”

Harry didn't need to cast anything fancy to know this was the one. It might be a different wand to his own, technically. Yet it felt the same. It was like reuniting with a long lost friend.

“*It feels...right.*” The wand pulsed a light at its tip, as if in agreement. Harry actually chuckled lightly.

“Yes, this one. How much?”

Garrick snorted. “Normally, first time Hogwarts students get a subsidiary of sorts from the Ministry. All first wands are 10 galleons, regardless of components. Secondary wands are more expensive, and vary.”

He looked down at the ticket on the box, turning it away from Harry's line of sight. “However. I feel this is not truly your second wand, is it?”

Harry froze, glancing up at Garrick's gaze before avoiding his eyes and looking back down towards the wand. “*What is it with people being mysterious and knowing too much, dammit. Am I just bad at hiding it?*”

“Yes. I believe this will be 10 galleons. The same as it would have been had this wand chosen you the first time. I'm just glad it found its home.” Garrick finished, seemingly letting the matter drop.

Harry sighed in relief, before grabbing his pouch and retrieving the required coins. Passing them over, Garrick happily deposited them into his till.

“Well then, is that all, Mr. Potter?” he asked.

Harry shook his head. “Yes, that is all. Thank you, Ollivander.” Harry stepped back and, after giving a final wave of farewell, walked out into the alley.

Garrick watched him leave with the same knowing smile upon his face.

“Yes, I do believe we will see great things from you, Mr. Potter. I only hope they are better things than what that wand's brother was forced to accomplish. And on that matter...”

Garrick flicked his wrist, drawing his own ancient wand from its place. *“Such a shame after finally seeing it with my own eyes. But this is for the best.”*

He then placed his wand to his own temple, focusing intently.

“Obliviate!”

Outside the shop, Harry took a deep breath to calm his nerves

“Well, that was awkward. Still, it could've gone a lot worse.” He shrugged, before starting to head back towards the apparition point of the Alley.

“Huh...he didn't even mention about this wand having a brother this time. I wonder if he had already mentioned it to the younger me...”

As he walked towards the Leaky Cauldron, he was knocked out of his thoughts by someone calling his name.

“Harry? Is that you?”

He winced, wondering who it was that had recognized him. *“So much for getting in and out undisturbed...”*

As he turned, his eyebrows raised slightly at the sight in front of him.

With a voluptuous figure that was very apparent as it fought the confines of the tight dress containing it as well as the light brown curls that framed her round face as she bounced towards him (literally, her breasts were almost falling out of the top of her dress), Daisy Brown was an unmistakable sight.

He may have only met her once earlier in the year, but the sweater she had been wearing had definitely made an impression on him!

"It is you! Oh, are you skiving off school? You naughty boy!" she exclaimed with a delighted giggle, stepping towards him. The high heels she wore gave her stride an extra sway in her hips that definitely drew his eye.

In one hand she was holding a paper bag while her other held a cup of steaming coffee. Her hands had noticeable long fake nails upon them in a bright red colour that matched her lipstick.

Harry put a small smirk on his face. "Today's a Saturday. I'm not skiving anything, just...exploring on my day off. It's not a crime, after all."

Daisy stopped just in front of him, her eyes roaming his figure briefly. "No, I suppose it's not. Almost a shame, I quite like a bad boy."

Harry looked at her over his glasses. "Even if I'm not being bad right now, it doesn't mean I don't know how to be..."

Daisy bit her lip and fluttered her eyelashes. "Now that's what I like to hear. Actually, you being here is like, super convenient. The sweaters you ordered arrived, and I was about to owl you to ask how you wanted me to get them delivered. Figured you wouldn't want them arriving in the morning and being seen by the recipients."

She turned and started striding down the street, in the direction of "Frivolous Dress Order". The hem of her dress was fighting to contain the curve of her ass just as much as it was her cleavage.

"I was just grabbing lunch, but I can always open a little earlier...what do you say? Come and grab them quick? I might even have a way you could earn a discount..." She threw a look over her shoulder, smirking when she saw his eyes were looking lower than her face.

"I can tell you like that idea!" She eyed his trousers, before laughing and turning back to look ahead as she continued to strut down the alley.

Harry briefly glanced towards the direction of the apparition point, before looking back towards the retreating form of Daisy.

"I've only been about an hour, I'm sure Hermione won't panic if I'm a little bit longer." Shrugging, he moved to follow Daisy towards her shop.