Harry Potter and The Force of Magic Chapter 30 (A Master of Holy Magic)

Harry

"Are you ready, Harry?" Sirius asked, the words carried in a soft whisper, his voice filled with anticipation. A gentle breeze swept across the field, causing the blades of grass to sway and dance in rhythmic harmony. The vibrant green leaves mirrored the gleaming emerald shade as they shimmered under the radiant morning sun, painting an ethereal canvas across the landscape.

They had woken up early in the morning; the sun was rising from the sky, casting a gentle golden glow over the tranquil landscape. Its rays seeped through the curtains, gently illuminating the nooks and crannies of the house, including a quaint kitchen with a large window that overlooked a lush, open field nearby. Harry, Sirius, and Nym feeling the weight of their eyelids, had risen from their beds well before their usual time. Despite their mutual dislike for early mornings, Harry had taken the initiative to alleviate their grogginess by preparing a steaming pot of homemade hot chocolate. The rich aroma of cocoa filled the air, enticing their senses as they shuffled into the kitchen. A glimpse of satisfaction crossed Harry's face as he watched Nym's eyes light up with delight upon tasting the velvety liquid he had expertly whipped up.

Harry had spent the whole second half of the third year and the summer training on his Holy Magic, reading every text and trying every spell.

Harry spent hours studying and perfecting his abilities, but as Sirius liked to put it.

'You can read all the books you want, but it will never come close to training and actual fighting.'

Harry had agreed with him, so since the summer started, he started living with Sirius; his Godfather was overjoyed that they were living together, saying he would make up for the lost years. Kreacher was displeased by Harry's presence in the house, but the young Wizard didn't really care if Kreacher wanted him there or not. The portrait of Sirius's mother hadn't really been happy upon seeing Harry; she was quick to make her feelings known quite clearly.

Harry had used a spell to silence her so she could scream all she wanted and no one would hear her. Sirius had thanked him, saying that hearing her annoying voice was torture for him.

Since he lived in Sirius's house, he had time and space to practice as much as he wanted. Sirius knew of his Holy Magic, so Harry had no reason to hide his abilities. Sirius often helped him make sense of some of the text written in the books.

Harry had made sure to keep contact with all his friends, which resulted in Sirius teasing him about his two girlfriends; despite how much he told Sirius to stop, the old dog enjoyed every bit of teasing. Hermione would talk about her summer, how many books she was reading, and how much she missed him.

In his letters, Ron talked about his family and how he wished that the fourth year would start soon; he also mentioned that he hoped the fourth year would be a normal one since in the first year, they had Professor Quirrel, in the second year they had the Basilisk. In the first half of the third year, they had Sirius Black. Harry agreed with him that a year without problems sounded good, but he had a feeling that the following year would only be worse somehow.

Nym's letters were a little different; she talked about her job as an Aurora in case Harry wanted to become one in the future. She spoke of how dangerous it was and everything else, but she also mentioned how the Ministry had taken a huge blow because of Sirius's proven innocence, saying the other countries were making fun of Fudge. But she also wrote about the increase of attacks throughout London, saying the Death Eaters had started becoming more active.

Harry knew the time was coming to fight them; he wondered when they would decide to strike in another smaller and secret letter. Tonks talked about their relationship and sent him quite a few photos, but Harry hid them from Sirius's eyes.

During July, Harry and Sirius went to Italy for vacation, and his Godfather said that the food there was incredible.

Sirius had also volunteered to train Harry in real fights. He had made sure to spend everyday training. Eventually, Harry got the hand of using Holy Magic in combat, and Sirius made sure to attack him relentlessly.

'In a real fight, you have no time to think, believe your instincts, and survive.' Sirius had told him. Eventually, Harry was able to defeat Sirius in a one-on-one fight; his Godfather laughed out loud once the fight ended, saying how much he wished James had been there to see him on with his ass on the ground, defeated by his son.

Harry and Sirius had been invited to Andromeda's house at the beginning of August. Nym had been overjoyed to spend time with Harry, and now Harry wanted to test his abilities against both Sirius and Nym at the same time.

Nym had been hesitant at first for both her and Sirius to fight Harry at the same time, but his Godfather made it clear that his godson could handle everything. She had agreed, but they wouldn't use lethal spells, only disarming ones.

They had started this over a week ago; despite his Holy Magic, fighting two strong wizards at once had proven difficult, resulting in Harry losing, but every time he fought, he got better and better and learned from every mistake he made.

Now Harry felt confident enough to fight them and come out victorious.

"Alright, Harry. Ready to lose again?" Tonks teased with a grin as she gripped her wand, as did Sirius.

"I don't know about that, I like the way I always win every night with you," Harry said with a cheeky grin. Sirius laughed out loud, feeling proud of his godson, while Tonks pressed her lips into a thin line.

She was sure that Harry had become too dangerous with his words. "For that, you will be cold tonight, Mister Potter." Tonks threatened with a slight smile of amusement, but despite how mean she tried to appear, it seemed Harry saw right through her.

"Me, cold tonight. Impossible. Last time I checked, you are the one carvi-" "Take this!" Tonks forcefully interrupted any words Harry had intended to utter, her wand expertly casting a spell that summoned a colossal rock hurtling through the air, set on a direct trajectory toward Harry.

"Protego." Unlike Sirius and Tonks's shields, Harry's shield was always gold, and his eyes always turned golden-red whenever he fought. The rock was obliterated the moment it touched Harry's shield.

Tonks expected the rocks to fall down. Instead, Harry shouted out a spell. "Impetum Defensionis." The obliterated rocks had turned into a hundred small rocks, now floating above Harry, like a weapon he was just waiting for the right moment to command.

"Draco Incendio," Sirius shouted, his voice filled with determination and intensity. A burst of fiery flames erupted from the tip of his wand, hurtling towards Harry with astonishing speed. Transforming into a magnificent creature, the flames morphed into the shape of a fearsome dragon, its elongated neck stretching out as it soared through the air, aiming directly at its intended target. As the Dragon drew closer, its jaw opened wide, and the grass beneath it ignited in a blaze of red and gold. The intense heat radiating from the Dragon's presence engulfed the surroundings, causing the air to sizzle and shimmer.

Sirius expected Harry to try to use an anti-spell, but the moment the fire dragon collided with Harry's shield, the entire thing collapsed; the fire spread around him, making the little rocks floating around Harry turn yellow like melted rocks.

"Let's see how you can escape this," Harry said as he did another spell. Suddenly, Harry hurtled the floating burning rocks toward Tonks with an alarming speed. Reacting swiftly, Tonks summoned her magical shield, bracing herself for the impending impact. To her surprise, the rocks abruptly halted right before colliding with her shield. They swirled around her protective barrier, their fiery glow illuminating the area, resembling a mesmerizing dance of elemental forces. Tonks, caught off guard by the sudden intensity, felt a suffocating wave of heat engulf her body, causing beads of sweat to form on her forehead and trickle down her tense face. Gasping for air, she tried to steady her trembling breaths, her heart pounding in her chest, all the while desperately trying to maintain her shield against the relentless assault.

"Tenebris Flamma," Sirius shouted with a fierce determination, his wand held high. A magnificent burst of black flames erupted in response, spreading ferociously towards Harry. Despite Harry's valiant efforts to shield himself, the intensity of the flames proved overwhelming, ruthlessly shattering his protective barrier and leaving him with no choice but to hastily retreat.

As Harry hastily retreated, the floating burning rocks gradually lost their fiery glow, descending one after another. Each rock returned to its original state as smoke trailed behind.

Tonks breathed easily as the heat disappeared; she dropped her shield, and her eyes found Harry protecting himself from a barrage of Sirius's attacks.

"Petrificus Totalus." But instead of Harry being snapped into a fixed position, not being able to move a finger. She watched as the spell was deflected by itself, even though she was sure she heard no spell being cast by him.

"Yggdrasil: Draco." The moment Harry said those words. Brilliant, golden small lights materialized out of thin air, illuminating the entire field in a breathtaking display. The sheer quantity of these radiant lights was so overwhelming that they transformed the surroundings into a majestic sea of shimmering gold. Tonks instinctively shielded her eyes from the dazzling radiance, causing her to blink involuntarily in an attempt to protect her vision from being temporarily blinded.

In the blink of an eye, all the lights came together in a single point, creating a magnificent Dragon composed entirely of shimmering golden lights with every gleaming scale and sinew of its body exuding an uncanny lifelike quality. The creature captured the attention of both Tonks and Sirius. With an intense gaze, the Dragon locked eyes with them. The Dragon swiftly unfurled its expansive wings in a protective gesture, cocooning Harry within its towering form. A surge of golden flames erupted from the Dragon's mighty jaws, hurtling toward Tonks and Sirius.

"Protego." The fire ravaged the grass surrounding the field with its voracious appetite, devouring everything in its path. As the flames engulfed the trees, their once towering presence was reduced to a chaotic dance of falling timber, crackling and popping in the scorching inferno. Embers, glowing like fiery fairies, danced and twirled through the air, carried by the billowing smoke that blanketed the landscape in an eerie haze. The fire proved powerless against the shields.

"Okay, enough, game-" Tonks stopped mid-sentence. Suddenly, the Dragon burst into thousands of golden lights; the fire disappeared right away, and the golden lights descended upon the ground, turning into a fog that grew larger and thicker; soon enough, Tonks couldn't see anything around her. She called out for Sirius; it seemed Harry was playing Hide and Seek now. She was ready to use a spell to clear the fog.

"Kenodiastma." The words were heard all around the fog surrounding them as if the fog itself was speaking to them. Suddenly, Tonks sank to her knees, and an invisible hand gripped her throat. She tried to speak, but no words came out. She tried to cast a spell, but she couldn't talk; she sank further, as she tried to, but no words, as the grip around her throat tightened...

Suddenly, the hand was no longer there. Tonks gasped loudly as she took the deepest breath she had ever taken in her life. The air had never tasted sweeter; looking up, she saw Harry standing near her and Sirius, who was breathing just as deeply as her. Their wands were on Harry's hands, and the fog had cleared away.

She hadn't even felt him taking their wands away. After several more deep breaths, Tonks found the strength to speak. "What was that?" She rasped, still feeling weak on her knees; her lungs still felt empty somehow.

"It's a new spell I'm trying to master. It's called 'Kenodiastma'. It creates an Empty Space."

"Empty Space?" Sirius questioned as he rubbed his throat; he still took deep breaths as he stood up on his feet; he felt like he was choking on nothing, and despite trying everything, he couldn't breathe.

"Yes, it's a spell that creates a small empty space around the head of the attacker, with no oxygen to breathe, and for the majority of the wizards, they need to say the spell before being able to use it; when you can't breathe, you can't talk," Harry explained, knowing the spell wouldn't work as well against powerful wizards; he was certain that even Sirius and Tonks would be able to escape it if they knew what the spell was doing to them.

"Holy shit, Harry. You know you should probably warn us before using a spell like that. I was really worried." Tonks said breathlessly, her face still a little red from not breathing; her words caused Harry to look apologetic.

"I'm sorry-" "No worries, Harry. Don't bother your little head with what Nymphadora says, she's just jealous that you were able to beat both of us." Sirius says teasingly, while Tonks's hair turns red upon hearing her full name; she glares at Sirius with rage for using her full name, knowing she hates her name.

"I'm not jealous. I didn't even know what was even happening." Tonks quickly defended herself, still holding her head high. "And don't call me that." Tonks spat the words with venom, glaring at Sirius, who seemed to be enjoying her frustration as he gave Harry a side hug.

"Does that mean I can call you, Nym?" Sirius asked teasingly, the wide grin not leaving his face. At this point, Tonks knew he was just making fun of her.

"No, you can't call me that."

"What about me? Can I call you *Nym?"* Harry asked teasingly while flashing one of his adorable smiles that made him both cute and handsome.

Damn it, Harry, Tonks cursed under her breath with a groan; Harry sometimes knew how to play with her; it made her both frustrated and thrilled; she loved the way he would often just talk in a very demanding way; it made her excited. The way his deep voice made her weak in her knees.

"Yes, Harry you can. But not you, Sirius." Tonks answered with a cheeky grin towards her first cousin.

"Ohh, you hurt me, Tonks. See, Harry, my family holds no love for me." Sirius said dramatically while holding his heart as if it was hurting. Tonks rolled her eyes at his childish antics while Harry snickered, enjoying the time together.

Eventually, they started fighting again, but despite Tobks and Sirius knowing of his new spell, they found it difficult to see it coming since, unlike other spells, it was very quiet, and Harry still managed to beat both of them three more times without using the new spell, to make it clear that he was better than them now.

"You know, you should teach me one of your spells, Harry," Tonks suggested teasingly as they walked back to the house. Harry gave her a small kiss on the lips; she wanted more, but the bloody tease pulled away before winking at her.

"No worries, Nym. I can teach you a few things." Harry promised, his arm around her beautiful waist, keeping her close to him. But he knew he couldn't teach her any real Holy Spells since they were impossible to cast unless someone could use Holy Magic.

"Harry, have you thought of advancing Kenodiastma, perhaps make it so that the temperature increases instead?" Sirius eventually asked as they walked inside the house; as expected, Andromeda was already awake, preparing food for them.

"Good Morning," they greeted her. Harry sat down in the common room, with Tonks sitting beside him. It wasn't really a secret anymore that Harry and Tonks had a thing, but Sirius was the only one who knew about Hermione also being part of the couple.

"Yes, Sirius. I tried to expand the empty space, but casting the spell is difficult, I have tried to increase the pressure, but I can't increase it enough." Sirius listened as Harry explained more about his spell. He told him that simply casting the spells was difficult and creating a larger empty space was too difficult.

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Harry and Sirius stayed at the Tonks until Ron invited Harry to his house to stay. Sirius had decided to tag along since he would stay there only for a few days.

Upon entering Weasley's house, Harry was greeted by everyone, including his best mate. "Harry!" Ron greeted as they both shook their hands, but their little reunion was interrupted by a certain Bushy Hair Girl.

"I missed you, Harry!" Hermione's voice echoed with pure joy as she embraced him tightly, unable to contain her excitement at seeing him again. Her lips instinctively sought his, drawing him into a passionate kiss. However, the reality of their surroundings quickly brought them back to their senses, and they abruptly broke apart, their faces flushed with embarrassment. The

intensity of their emotions had momentarily overshadowed any concern for their public display of affection.

"Hermione, you disappointed me, girl. I thought you were going to ride-" Ginny's words were interrupted by Hermione, who silenced her with a wand wave. Ginny grinned evilly at her friend whose cheeks had turned red like blood; Harry chuckled in amusement; being with them felt like a second home.

After staying for three days, they all went to the Quidditch World Cup; on the way there, they met Cedric and his father, who was quite eager to boast about his son.

Later - Harry

People were screaming all around them while running with his friends to safety. Someone had slammed against him, and by the time he stood on his feet, Hermione and Ron were gone; he didn't know where they went, but he needed to do something else right now.

His green eyes turned golden-red as he unsheathed his wand. Near him were seven bastards playing with four people, throwing them around the ground, playing with their bodies like they were toys.

"Flóga Aímatos!" Harry's voice reverberated as he released a resounding shout that echoed through the air. A torrent of crimson flames, akin to molten lava, surged forward, finding its mark on one of the Death Eaters. The man's anguished cry pierced the air as the scorching heat consumed him, stripping away his skin with terrifying ease, leaving only bare bones exposed. As the flames dissipated, wisps of smoke gracefully rose from the lifeless corpse. Unfazed by the grisly aftermath, Harry boldly advanced towards the remaining six Death Eaters.

"Avada Kedavra!" One shouted right away, pointing their wand towards Harry. A burst of green magic rushed towards him, but he quickly used it.

"Humano Accio!" One of the alive Death Eaters suddenly was in front of Harry like a shield, taking the killing curse instead. Reacting swiftly, propelling the motionless body forward with a powerful force akin to a projectile. With a resounding impact, the lifeless form collided violently against one of the remaining Death Eaters, causing him to emit a piercing cry of agony.

"Maxima Kenodiastma." Upon saying that spell, a wave of ethereal energy materialized into a semi-invisible sphere of air enveloping the remaining five death eaters. Helpless, they dropped to their knees, mouths agape, yet eerie silence reigned as no screams escaped their rigid vocal cords. Their eyes mirrored sheer terror, wild and untamed, as the invisible vortex mercilessly expelled the very air from their lungs. The unmistakable signs of agony etched across their features were intensified by the sudden disappearance of their corpulent forms as if someone had instantaneously drained their bodies of almost all their excess fat. Inevitably, their lifeless bodies crumpled to the ground.

Harry found himself smiling at the sight; that's what they all deserved. People like them had killed his parents; people like them tortured people and didn't care. Well, he would make them feel what these poor people had felt. The power he felt whenever he used Holy Magic, when his eyes were gold, and the power rushed through his veins. Sometimes, Harry didn't want to leave. *Why should I?* Harry asked himself. The power, having so many things under his control. It felt Right. It felt Good.

Suddenly, he heard someone shouting in French near him.

"Ne fais pas de mal à ma sœur."

Harry rushed without thought, and he saw a Deatheater bursting in flames, his screams being drowned by the many other screams around them; he collapsed on the ground, his corpse still burning; upon getting closer, he saw one of the Veela he had seen before, behind her was a little girl.

"Où est maman?"

"I will tear your heart out!" One shouted, pointing his wand at the Veela, but before Harry could use his magic to kill him, the Veela let out a burst of golden flames that engulfed the man, who started screaming in pain.

"Qui es-tu?" Harry didn't know what she was saying as she turned to face him, but he quickly raised his hands as she pointed her wand at him to show he was friendly.

"I'm not an enemy." Harry shouted but quickly saw three more Death Eaters pointing their wands at them.

"Yggdrasil: Light!" Harry shouted as hundreds of tiny golden lights formed in front of Harry and the two girls, forming a giant shield, while the others rained down on the Death Eaters, whose eyes burned yellow with madness. They all held their heads as they screamed until they all collapsed on the ground. Their eyes had turned entirely yellow like gold, but they were all dead.

"Quel était ce sort?" The Veela asked warily, still keeping the little girl behind her. Harry knew she was still a little wary of him, but he could tell she seemed less tense.

"I don't know what you are saying, but my name is Harry Potter. We need to leave." Harry said, almost in a commanding way; upon hearing his name, the two Veelas looked shocked, but the one who seemed older than him seemed to regain her composure faster.

"My name iz Fleur Delacour, and Zis is my sister, Gabrielle. Follow uz."

Every Like and Review is appreciated. I hope you all enjoyed this Chapter.