

Koschei the Deadless

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Koschei the Deadless

by [Trickster32](#)

Summary

Koschei, the Deadless - attacked the Kingdom of Hogwarts and abducted King Voldemort's young fiancé Prince Severus on the eve of his 15th birthday.

Koschei imprisoned the young prince in an enchanted castle and trapped him in an enchanted sleep, after hiding the needle, that contains his soul inside his young prisoner. As long as Prince Severus is dreaming, he is unable to age - and the evil wizard plans to marry him - should someday a young fool stumbles over the castle and wakes his delightful prisoner.

Forcing Severus to do his bidding or have to watch via an enchanted mirror as Koschei's men massacre villages and towns in the Kingdom - the evil wizard is certain it will not be long, until the Prince will accept his offer.

Young Harry Potter, having been raised by Albus, the Wise and his wife Minerva, the lion... had by accident stumbled over the sleeping prince and fell in love with him... not knowing that he belongs to King Voldemort...

How will they be able to finally defeat Koschei, as long as his soul rests within Severus' body... and who will be marry Severus - King Voldemort or young Harry Potter?

Notes

My beta Lizzybeth74 wasn't happy with the end of this chapter, but since my muse is now willing to work on the next, it should be quite helpful to soothe some nerves.^^

https://pm1.narvii.com/6674/7288c53f00235b77476a5a2125c9f276ff90c19c_hq.jpg (Picture 1 - Koschei The Deathless)

The marking of the babe

Once upon a time, in the Kingdom of Hogwarts and in Eastern Europe, there was one name that caused fear and terror in the hearts of men — both wixen and muggle: Koschei the Deadless. Koschei was a dangerous warlock who had vowed to conquer and rule all of Europe, after Russia had already fallen to his men. His greedy eyes looked to the Kingdom of Hogwarts that was known as Britannia in Roman times, and he was cunning and ruthless enough to be a true danger for humankind.

At one point, Koschei had taken on a student — later known as *Herpo the Foul*, as his apprentice. He taught Herpo many things...one of which was how to create a horcrux. However, Koschei was no stranger to acts of betrayal and instead of teaching his student how to easily remove one's whole soul and hide it within another object or even within another living being as a horcrux, he betrayed his apprentice and only taught him a bastardised version of the ritual. The version he taught would cut the soul of the unlucky fool into pieces...increasing any madness and paranoia already present, while simultaneously slowly draining all magical powers. To kill the fool who created the horcruxes with the bastardised version of the ritual, the vessels containing the horcruxes would need to be destroyed using Fiendfyre, Basilisk venom, or the killing curse — and its creator prevented from reabsorbing the soul piece.



Koschei's own version, removed the whole soul and stored it in an object or living being of choice, while the warlock would remain immortal, at the height of his magical power, and with his sanity intact, while endangering the whole world. Committing murder was not

necessary to the creation of a horcrux, even if Koschei had claimed it to be the most important part of the ritual...and his apprentice was too arrogant to believe that his master would betray him.

There had been many rumours about the things Koschei was doing. Of course, some were even spread by Koschei himself to lure his enemies out into the open. They had even tried to place a spy — Tobias Snape...a British wizard, among his men, not knowing that Koschei had learned of the spy and his identity months prior. He had only let the spy live and escape because — through his abilities a seer, he had *seen* that Tobias Snape would, upon his return to the Kingdom of Hogwarts, save the life of a young pureblood heiress — Princess Eileen. They would fall in love — and their love would result in a unique and magical child — a submissive male bearer who would be called Prince Severus. This was the boy who had been chosen by Koschei — not only to carry his horcrux, but also to become his bride, as soon as the young prince turned 14 years old.

Koschei did not care that the young Prince would be betrothed to King Marvolo Slytherin. On the contrary, he would hide his horcrux within the little babe, and as soon as the prince was old enough Koschei would return to the British Isles with his men once more and snatch his bride.

Tobias and Eileen were to be killed on Severus' 1st birthday, as their blood was needed in a ritual that would cause numerous nightmares for his delicious prey, while also allowing Koschei to spy on Severus no matter the time of day or night. The ritual would also cause the Snape bloodline to turn into magic-hating squibs, except when they sired a child with another female of the Prince clan and took her virginity at the same time.

In the past, Koschei had successfully experimented with hiding some of his most valuable objects inside of living beings and had created variations of horcruxes. He now knew that to prevent a toddler from being overwhelmed by the dark objects and not end up as a mindless vessel, a barrier had to be crafted and the infant had to be at least twelve months old. Otherwise, death was inevitable.

Koschei's court had bowed to the warlock's decision to mark the little prince and murder his parents in cold blood, even if the nobles among them could not understand why he did not want to raise his future bride at his court, as was tradition. Instead Koschei was taking the risk that his future bride would fall in love with the young king of the Slytherin family, especially since Marvolo was only ten years older than his little prince.

No one was aware of Koschei's vision which warned that if he should try to bring the little prince to his realm too early, then a vexing Baba Yaga would succeed in separating his prey

from the ancient warlock — and even grant him an amulet that would make the young royal immune against any of Koschei's magic and trickery.

Waiting would also allow Koschei to invade the British Isles once more, as soon as his sinful prince was of age, even if the years between would be lonesome and depressing. Being able to intrude on the dreams of his little prince anytime he wished to...well that was worth any sacrifice. Having his magic draw magical portraits of his future bride in each stage from infancy to man, would be a great source of amusement for the ancient warlock.

While waiting for his little prince to come of age, his enslaved wixen and nobles would be forced to build an incredible magical palace hidden near the sea border of the Kingdom of Hogwarts, that had once separated Gryffindor and Slytherin. Koschei did not care how many wixen and muggles would lose their lives before the palace was finished, but this would be the place where he would not only hide his treasure but would also claim him on their wedding night.

Every drop of blood spilled would strengthen the power of the wards and runes — this was blood magic at its finest. At the center of the palace would be the set of chambers where Severus would be prepared to serve Koschei, not being able to reject the skeleton — as the Baba Yaga had once dubbed him for humiliating and refusing to marry the hag's daughter, who had been even uglier than a common hag. Of course, they had tried to trick him using golden apples that promised eternal youth, should they feed each other during the wedding. But no fruit would ever be able to hide the truth from the cunning warlock. And Koschei would not be tied to a hag for eternity...not for all treasures of the world.

Never would he forget how the Baba Yaga and her ugly daughter had howled and cursed him, especially after Koschei had confiscated the golden apples, and tried to kill them both. They had vowed revenge but were unable to harm him as they had not been able to retrieve his hidden horcrux. Koschei made certain that only he himself or a mortal with specific attributes could find it. His seer ability had already let him know that the only mortal who had all the correct attributes would not be born for the next three decades as long as no one interfered. The only one other than himself who could find his horcrux was small in stature, had eyes that were the same shade of green as the killing curse, messy black hair, would not like to read or study...but much preferred to be out in the woods or on a broomstick. He would be unable to dance properly and have the ability to survive deadly situations at least once a year since losing his parents to a ritual murder. This person would also be raised as a human house elf by magic-hating muggle relatives for fifteen years. The boy in question must be born on the 31st of July while a total moon eclipse would terrify the sheeple on the British Isles.

An eerie howling could be heard — not only in Russia, but also throughout the Kingdom of Hogwarts. The sound was even worse than the sounds of the wild hunt, which was obviously

a bad omen. At Snape Cottage, Eileen had finished singing her infant son to sleep and she placed him in his well-warded crib, before calling one of their trusted house elves to watch over the babe.

Tobias was restless and had begun polishing his long-sword and his wand. Icy fear had gripped his heart. The howling would not stop, and he feared what the night could bring... especially to his young wife and their little heir. He had wanted to send Eileen to her family, but she was much too stubborn for her own good and refused saying that Sevvie needed his Daddy. Eileen insisted that they would only go when Tobias left with them.

Using his magic, Koschei created two huge magical portals that would lead them to the British Isles. One of the portals would serve as a distraction and allow his giant army to terrorise the sheeple, while at the same time Koschei and his chosen elite would attack Snape Cottage. Soon he would be able to hold his little prince in his arms for the first time, and it was the perfect night for his ritual.

Using a strong Bombarda, the door to Snape Cottage was destroyed in an instant. Even though Tobias fought like a devil, he did not stand a chance against Koschei's elite. He had prayed that he would never see the evil warlock ever again, knowing all too well how Koschei dealt with traitors.

More fear gripped him as he realised that they had found his wife, and before he could stop them, his and Eileen's wands had been snapped and his sword broken. Something told him that neither he nor Eileen would survive the night.

Koschei smiled evilly and brutally grabbed Eileen's long black hair, before using Imperio on her and ordering her to bring the babe to him at once. Like a zombie, Eileen stumbled from the room and quickly returned with their precious little prince, handing him to the monster.

Tobias fruitlessly tried to break free, but against Koschei's elite, he was unable to do so. The wizard screamed as he was forced to watch them rip Eileen's clothes apart, before snapping her neck and letting her bleed out, while Koschei's spell collected the blood and everything else that he could use for his dark rituals.

"Lay her on their marital bed. After all, we are not barbarians, my friends", smirked Koschei, as he kissed the rosy cheeks of his little prince.

Sitting back on a conjured black throne, he opened Severus' shirt and non-verbally infused his horcrux over Severus' heart. It was in a protective membrane, so that it would not influence his little prince, while marking him as Koschei's property forever.

With a short nod from Koschei, they brutally tore Tobias apart. Once again, Koschei's spell collected everything that could be of use before he sent Tobias' bloody remains to the side of Eileen's dead body.

Dark eyes watched everything closely, but no screams or crying was to be heard. It was remarkable indeed. And before he could stop himself, the mad warlock conjured an amulet with his emblem on it and placed it around the infant's neck, before murmuring a spell that would make it invisible to anyone else. It would help him enter Severus' dreams and to keep an eye on his masterpiece – his living horcrux.

Rocking the babe to sleep, Koschei summoned the only house elf that had survived. He ordered it to take the infant to his maternal grandparents and warn them from ever telling anyone what had occurred during that night. He felt that nobody should be able to stop him now. In a few years, Koschei would return to whisk his little prince away without any of those sheeple the wiser.

Meeting the young king

Chapter Summary

14 years later, it's time for Severus to accompany his family to the Royal Ball of Hogwarts. Encountering a stranger, who wants to play a game, and isn't willing to let Severus go - it's really not his day...

Chapter Notes

Three Cheers for a helpful reader, who edited a few chapters for me^^

14 years later

The night of terror, as many have called it, had been forgotten and the house elves that survived the encounter with Koschei and his minions had brought the small infant to his grandparents, who resided at Prince Hall. Nobody could make head or tail of it – why let anyone survive? Why did Koschei not harm Severus? As nobody had been able to find Koschei's mark, where he had hidden his horcrux within Severus' body a few inches above his heart. And that he was a silent and brooding boy, had been chalked up to the traumatic experiences all those years ago.

It doesn't really matter, as Severus was a very obedient and brilliant student – a true prodigy in Potions and Defense against the Dark Arts. But since the fateful night, none of the adult Princes wanted to risk anything, therefore Severus got tutored at home by carefully chosen tutors. Only few families were allowed to visit their home – the Malfoys, the Rosiers, the Blacks and the Peverells, dark families, who could keep secrets and also agreed, that a young wixen should learn to fight, not only with a wand, but with different weapons, too.

The king had even offered lessons for the sons of the nobility, for those families that swear fealty to the crown. At the age of 11 years, most of them would leave for the palace, and learn what it meant to serve the crown, the importance of the old way and magic, as well as the laws of the Kingdom. Heiresses got the chance to either go to a convent for 5-6 years, where they learn how to be a lady, how to lead an estate, and what is necessary to be a proper wife and witch.

As a third option exist the school Hogwarts, where children – be they noble, commoner, muggleborn, half-blood or purebloods were educated together, as the four founders had envisioned many decades ago.

It didn't matter in the end – the law demands that at the age of 15 – all magical heirs had to be present at court, where they had to swear their fealty to the kingdom, king and magic. Clothed in the colours of their noble houses, the crests visible, and a clear prohibition for feuds of any kind – the court wasn't the place for petty squabbles. Should you have a problem with another family, then a duel could be ordered by the king, but dare to cheat or even to intervene, and you'll face the wrath of the young king.

Severus, who had been plagued by nightmares for the past few days, didn't really want to go – not only as there would be a Royal ball, and it was expected that you had to at least stay until midnight. No, he didn't really care for etiquette, dancing or worse conversing with dunderheads. Also his grandparents had made it clear that **nobody** can learn that Severus is a submissive male bearer. It was much too dangerous.

The nightmares was an unmistakable sign that Koschei had now deemed it time to secure his *living horcrux and unknown betrothed*. Sure, there were obscure rituals he could have easily used to snatch his young prince, but Koschei enjoyed creating terror, and to remind those sheeple that he didn't know any mercy.

But still all four of them – his grandparents, his great-uncle Mathias, and Severus would be present at the ball. His only solace had been that some of his friends would be expected as well, and Augustus had graciously permitted that Severus could either flee to the Royal garden, the Astronomy tower or the library, after he had spent 1 hour socialising at the ball.

Not only had he spent hours, instead of his laboratory being tormented by the tailor for a new wardrobe, which he didn't require at all. His grandfather had not only forbidden him to use his lab until their return from the royal castle, but set an age-line, too. How dare he! Therefore Severus spent the morning on his horse, a black stallion, who he had called Salazar, and tried to get a grip on his emotions.

Sure, he had considered telling them about his nightmares, but that had been before, they had gone behind his back and prevented any access to his personal laboratory. The teenager

shivered, not knowing if it was the cool morning air or a bad feeling. No, he didn't want to go to court with his family, not for all galleons or all potions ingredients in the world.

Koschei was in an excellent mood, not only did nobody figure out that he had built his own castle at the British coast, and manage to invade now and then the dreams of his future husband. No, even better, none of those in power knew his name any longer.

“My little prince, I can't wait to have you at my side, my living horcrux, it's your destiny to bear my children. I'm looking forward to tame you and to claim, what should be mine. Even better, any protection Baba Yaga may be able to grant those sheeple is now worthless, all because of my patience. Tonight, I will ensure that they will fear me once more.”, chuckled Koschei evilly.

“Prepare everything, we will attack the Royal castle on the next new moon.”, ordered the evil warlock, which was answered with cries of joys and laughter by his army. They knew just too well that Koschei had nothing against them having their fun, as long as they did not dare to touch Koschei's prey.

After entering the palace, a royal servant informed them, that they would be greeted in alphabetical order, they're free to partake in food and drink, until their names are called, or take a stroll through the Royal gardens, as long as they're at the ornate doors leading into the audience hall, before the clock strikes 9pm.

Severus disliked this unnecessary power play quite a lot, and as soon as the servant finished his instructions, he grabbed a napkin and filled it with a few sandwiches, as well as taking a goblet with butterbeer to the nearest balcony. He needed fresh air and solitude.

Ignoring his relatives or anyone else, how he wished to be back home, instead of having to play nicely. At least the food and drink were adequate. But the young adolescent wanted nothing more than to be back in his laboratory to work on his latest ideas, instead of being social at a court full of vipers and sycophants.

He didn't know, nor did he care, that he wasn't alone on the balcony. The young king Marvolo had used a lucky opportunity to escape the sheeple and to enjoy the cool night air. Being able to see through glamours can be quite useful, as the young man in front of him reminds him of a fallen angel – a fallen angel, who he wants to keep at his side and never let go. Just being able to spend time with his angel, to make him moan in ecstasy as the king

claimed him, and introduce to him to carnal pleasures, it made Marvolo's heart sing full of joy.

The young monarch was certain that he had never encountered this angel ever before. But it doesn't matter, after tonight, he would never let him go. Seduce him and ensure that his angel will be enthralled by his King. Who knows, maybe he can even steal a kiss or two, before they get interrupted by nosy servants or sycophants.

{Good evening, my angel, and who may you be?} hissed Marvolo, not realising, that he used Parseltongue, instead of English.

Severus turned his head, surprised to see another male behind him, who spoke quite strangely.

“Why do you want to know my name? I'm not obligated to share my name with anyone at all. Nor do I even want to be here in the first place.”, sneered Severus. Not even realising, that he was able to understand the stranger without any problems.

However, Marvolo only smiled and stepped closer, cradling Severus' hand between his own and pressed a soft kiss on it, which caused a slight blush to appear on Severus' pale cheeks.

{Tell me your name, my angel. Or should I call you angel, while making you mine?} the young king teased him.

“I'm not yours. How dare you!”, screamed Severus, before the stranger silenced him with a kiss – the audacity to steal Severus' first one.

{Hush, my angel. Tell me your name. I'm excellent at keeping any secrets, and I want nothing more than to whisk you away and to explore your tempting body, my sweet angel.} hissed Marvolo, as he embraced the shocked teenager.

Stubbornly Severus shook his head, which didn't stop the stranger from caressing him, while one of his hands slowly crept lower and lower.

{So responsive, my sweet angel. I think I'll keep you. Let's check how deep this blush can go, or will you tell me your name, instead of playing coy?} smirked the young king.

“N-N-no, s-s-stop i-it”, stammered Severus.

{Let's play a game, should I figure out your name, without your help, then you'll be spending the night with me, my angel. But should you figure out my identity first, then I owe you a boon, my beautiful boy} offered Marvolo.

Biting his lip, Severus nodded. His choices were limited either way. Marvolo's eyes gleamed with joy, before dragging the baffled teenager inside. Using a secret passage to reach the private wing of the castle. It wouldn't do, someone ruining the game early on. And luckily, he had still 60 minutes, until he had to be back to fulfil his royal duties. Enough time to discover the identity of his angel, before seducing him.

It also helped quite a lot that his familiar Nagini – a rare Maledictus, used her cursed form to gather information. The Prince family had appeared surprisingly to the ball, nobody had seen them for years, and the tragic loss of two of their family members had been fuelling the gossip mills for months.

Via their shared mind link, it was much easier to discover secrets, and therefore the king couldn't hide a smile, as he learned that the Prince Family had arrived at his palace, even with an accurate description of each of them.

He now had a very good inkling, who the young man could be, as if his dark hair and eyes, and the pale skin wouldn't give it away. But where is the fun, when he didn't let his young guest sweat a bit longer?

Dragging the teenager to a loveseat near the fireplace, and summoned a blanket to cover them both, while he pulled the teenager into his lap. It felt right to keep this tempting angel in his arms, no reason to let him escape. His advisors would also want him to choose a future spouse, and Marvolo couldn't think of a better choice, as to keep his angel forever at his side.

Not many outside the Royal family did know that Marvolo had an eidetic memory, which was a huge help in ruling with wisdom and justice, and still honouring their laws, tradition and culture.

He had already surprised them by choosing Bellatrix Lestrange née Black as his personal champion and made her the leader of his army. Normally this was a spot, only reserved for pureblood males, but Bellatrix was such a fierce fighter, that even most men would wet and soil themselves in fear, the first time they encountered her on a battlefield. Since their childhood, they had treated each other like siblings, and Bellatrix had been the first to discover that Marvolo preferred his own gender, and didn't hesitate to give him helpful advice on how to win a future partner over.

Bellatrix was a true menace, no matter, if she used her wand, or a sword. She preferred to train jousting and archery during the early morning hours, and had destroyed many of the *quintains*, whenever someone of the Royal guard had made her angry. Nobody in his right mind would pick a fight with Bellatrix. Rumours had flown for years that she had been raised like a boy, because Cygnus and Drusilla Black only had daughters, but this wasn't true. Rather it was a special quirk of the Ancient and Noble House of Black to raise their sons and daughters in the Arts of Warfare, after all, you never know, when the children had to defend their homes, while the elders were away. Only a fool would dare to insult a Black, and such a fool wouldn't live long afterwards.

It was quite possible, that his advisors would send Bellatrix after him, as she knows him best, after Nagini – but well the strong bond between wizard and familiar had surprised most of the court, after Nagini had saved the young king from a cowardly assassination attempt. The Maledictus curse was purely evil, and Marvolo had vowed to do his utmost, that one day he would be able to break this curse, so that Nagini will be having the chance to find her own happiness, no matter how long it'll take.

Adroitly positioned the teenager in such a way, that he was already half-way seated on Marvolo's lap, before he had been able to voice a protest. Smirking, the young king did use the lucky opportunity to caress the lithe body.

{Stay exactly where you are, my angel. Let's take an educated guess, who you could be. I only know one family who had been absent over a decade from the Royal court. A family, who had experienced a tragic event, that cost 2 lives and probably traumatised the sole survivor, no matter how little he had been at the time. A boy, who according to rumours has dark eyes, dark hair and pale skin – and his name is Severus Prince.} whispered Marvolo into his guest's ear.

Severus gasped shocked, but didn't deny it at all. How could he have figured it out? Still the older male spoke again {I had an inkling, since I have met you, and I was right. Stay with me, my angel, and I can give the world to you. You have won my heart, without even trying, and it's time to honour our agreement, don't you agree?}

Severus nodded, unable to speak, as the older male once more stole a kiss from him. Red eyes, since when were they red, twinkled full of joy, as he lost himself in those mesmerising eyes.

{You won't regret it, my sweet angel. Stay with me, and I'll give you everything you could ask of me.} promised him Marvolo as he scented the teenager. Having won their bet, he would have at least one night, but this wasn't enough.

Alas, Marvolo had been right, not even 15 minutes later, Bellatrix interrupted their date, and addressed him politely:

"My king, it's time to greet your guests. And who is this young man? Something you want to share with the class, Marvolo?"

"You're the king?", exclaimed Severus, trying to jump up, but not being able to, due to Marvolo's strong arms, still holding him.

"Was this necessary, Bella? We had such a nice time, and now you have scared my special guest of honour.", growled the king.

"Did you need to ask, my king? Better not let them waiting or should I call Nagini to talk some sense into your stubborn skull?", replied Bellatrix calmly.

"Not necessary, we'll be coming shortly.", informed her Marvolo.

{Hush, my prince. Yes, I'm King Marvolo I – or as you may know better "Voldemort" - it's the name, when I fight to protect my realm against invaders. You can call me Marvolo, my sweet angel. And I meant it, from the bottom of my heart. Stay with me, become my consort,

and I'll do my best to fulfil all of your wishes. My angel, do you know what you have done to me? You have not only claimed my heart, since I have spied you earlier outside, but you made me feel complete.}

"I don't know, Mar- Marvolo. I'm nothing special, you could choose someone much better to be at your side.", replied Severus shyly, while trying to be honest with the king.

{I can't imagine someone else ruling beside me, as my equal. Please, stay with me and accept my hand in marriage. I promise on my magic, my blood, my life and my honour, that I will not sleep with you, until our wedding night. I'll be ready to wait, and to ease you into your new role, my prince. But I need you, you're making me feel alive.} explained Marvolo to his young lover.

"I need to ask my grandparents for advice, before I can make such a decision, my king. Please, it's not that you do not make my blood sing. I do not want to break your heart, but I have promised my grandfather to always ask him first. Maybe you can call them, before we have to go to the Royal Ball.", suggested Severus shyly.

"Of course, it will be done. I will do my best to ensure that your family will accept my offer." smiled Marvolo as he magically cleaned their outfits, before leading Severus via some secret passages to a minor audience room.

Sending out a servant to fetch the Prince family, he guided Severus over to a small divan, where he should rest, until his family would appear. Severus obeyed the instructions without any objections, so much had happened within such a short time span. To imagine that the king was interested in him – and not just for a single night, but that he wants to marry him, and to take his objections into account, it made the young teenager's head spin.

He couldn't even imagine how his family would react to this information. Knowing just too well that his grandfather had preached again and again, that Severus needs to be careful, due to his rare ability as a male bearer. However his family also feared that someday the unknown murderer of his parents would return and go after Severus, and who could blame them, after all, it had been 14 years, and their killer was still free.

Nobody had even bothered to share with the young Prince heir the truth about his father's past. That he had dared to spy on one of the most dangerous warlocks in the Western

Hemisphere or that Koschei had already started to build his own castle at the British coast was not known to most of the citizens in the Kingdom of Hogwarts.

Lord Prince isn't amused

Chapter Summary

It's time to meet Severus' family...

Chapter Notes

An unedited chapter - as an Easter treat for all of my readers^^

Nagini had switched to her human form, it did hurt like hell, and it costs a lot of her magic, but for her king it was just another small sacrifice. Even if she could do to it only once during a week, and it will only make the blood curse stronger. Some sacrifices are worth the price.

She knew, where the other 3 Prince family members are, and due to her special status, it'll be quite easy to bring them to the secret meeting, without the rest of the court any wiser. Marvolo may be a few steps nearer to find his happiness, but the Prince clan was known for their temper, it will be a sight to behold, and Nagini was looking forward to the show.

Politely introducing herself to the trio, she informed them about the secret meeting, before escorting them on the quickest way to Marvolo and Severus. No need to share any information, when a quick glance will tell everything, and at times her young monarch needs to learn a bit humility.

Bellatrix knowing her king just too well had been playing chaperone, much to Marvolo's displeasure. He wasn't able to steal any more kisses or even holding hands with the young Prince heir, as anytime, he just got one step too close to the divan, a wandless stinging hex hit him on his bum.

Severus had been blushing, but tried to hide his laughter, it was quite amusing, and he could need a small reprieve, before his family appears on the scene. He just hoped, that they weren't too angry with him. At least the king didn't know about him being a male bearer, yet. Or he wouldn't let him go!

“What’s the meaning of this?”, hissed Lord Prince annoyed. He had noticed the blushing on his grandson’s face, as well as his bitten and swollen lips.

“Lord Prince, it’s a pleasure to meet you.”, began Marvolo.

Augustus Prince just sneered at the slightly older wixen, before focusing his whole attention again on his young grandson.

“Excuse me, grandfather. I’ve made a mistake, and I’ve lost a bet, which I’m honour bound to fulfil.”, tried Severus to explain.

“What did you promise, Severus?”, inquired Honoria.

“May I interrupt Mylady? I did offer a bet to your grandson, should I figure out his identity without any help, then he would spend the night as my guest. Although, I have to admit, I had already been quite certain about his identity, after meeting him outside.”, interrupted Marvolo the interrogation.

“And who are you?”, sneered Mathias displeased. “Someone, who takes advantage of a young noble scion, just because you’re bored?”

“Not at all, Sir. It seems that fate wanted us to meet, and my blood sings, whenever I’m near my beautiful shy fallen angel. Therefore I would like to ask for his hand, and vow on my magic, my honour and my life, that I will always treat him with respect, love and adoration.”, replied Marvolo calmly.

“You got to be kidding!”, sneered Lord Prince, who had placed Severus behind his back, as he didn’t want the unknown stranger anywhere near his innocent grandson.

“I’m serious, Lord Prince. Please consider it. I’m willing to face any test you may have in mind, just to prove myself worthy.”, answered Marvolo politely.

“The audacity, just because you dared to take advantage of my grandson. Forget it. Mathias, prepare everything for our departure. It seems we shouldn’t spend any more time in this castle.”, decided Lord Prince.

“Aren’t you interested, who I am?”, asked Marvolo perplexed?

“Not at all, not even if you’re the king would I’ve changed my mind. Severus, you’re grounded, and will write at least 2 essays for me, after we return home.”, sneered Lord Prince.

“But Sire, I did lose the bet, and I gave my word. I never break my word. Please, Sire, I beg you.”, pleaded Severus.

Honoria however did connect the dots, could it be, that the young wixen in front of her was the king? She knew her husband’s temper, and also his ability to hold a grudge. She had been much more diplomatic, and it seems, that it was needed to allow both families to come to a compromise.

“My Lord Husband, let’s not do something unwise. I will figure out, what they try to keep from us. But we also made this voyage, so that Severus will be able to meet other Potions Master, let Mathias accompany him, that should deter any wandering hands.”, suggested Lady Prince, as she wiped away Severus’ tears.

“Fine, so be it. I still do not like it, but as you wish, my Lady wife. You will not be leaving Mathias’ side, without his explicit permission, and we will talk later under 4 eyes!”, growled Lord Prince.

Severus bowed graciously, before following his Great-Uncle and his grandfather to their guest quarters. Knowing just too well, that both will check him over thoroughly, before they’ve met again in the Audience Hall.

Honoria waited until her family were gone, before turning around and smirking at the trio. Marvolo shuddered, this didn’t bode well for him. However, he knew, that this was his only chance to keep his fallen angel.

“Tsk, tsk, do you really think, that this is a behaviour, that’s worthy for a king, your Majesty?”, began Honoria. “Men, some of you are really only able to think with your little head. Let’s made it clear, that should you even consider to pursue my grandson, it will not be easy, and my Lord husband is able to hold a grudge for a long time. We’re extremely protective about young Severus, and titles doesn’t impress any of us.”

Marvolo stared speechless at Lady Prince, how did she figure it out? His jaw dropped, as she suddenly started to scold him in Parseltongue, while Nagini and Bellatrix are shaking for laughter. This was grand entertainment for the female duo, and they’d warned him, that his behaviour will have dire consequences.

Interlude – Baba Yaga, the Marauders & a muggleborn princess

Chapter Summary

It's time to visit the Gryffindor Kingdom during this interlude...

Chapter Notes

A/N: Yes, it had been quite some time, what should I say my muse wasn't interested in this fairy tale adaption, but now he's eager to give you a few more stories...

There is a reason, why nobody in their right mind should even consider to end up on Baba Yaga's bad side

Picture 1: <https://www.fantasywelt.de/media/image/product/113554/md/baba-yaga.jpg>

Picture 2:

https://www.artmajeur.com/medias/standard/c/h/chepkasovaart/artwork/13063577_.jpg

Picture 3:

<https://mf.b37mrtl.ru/rbthmedia/images/2022.10/article/633ae8dae956a3582d6f3c1e.jpg>

FYI Lily & Petunia had been raised since infancy by King Albus and his Queen Minerva. Their parents died as their coach had been attacked by a band of robbers in the remote forest area of the Gryffindor Kingdom. It had been rumoured that the leader of the robbers had been the cursed werewolf shifter Fenrir Greyback. Greyback had often attacked the children of the nobility and of anyone, who belongs to the royal advisors of King Albus, as he was in a deadly feud with the King and had planned to take over.

James Potter was the godson of the king, who had been attended with his best friends (Peter Pettigrew, Remus Lupin & Sirius Black) the Hogwarts school for magic and wizardry. However after their graduation the quartet did disappear without a trace, only some blood and rags had been found and 4 broken wands.

Many credits to Labgasod for her wonderful idea how a wixen can be turned into a Dementor. I'll just adjusting it a bit for my fairy tale. Do not make any deals with Baby Yaga, you can only lose!

Lily and the Marauders are at least 4-5 years older than Severus in this story!

Gryffindor Princess Lily was known everywhere on the British Isles, that forms the Kingdom of Hogwarts as a fiery and fierce witch. She wouldn't stand for injustice and had no love for bullies. Due to their royal status, after being adopted by King Albus and Queen Minerva after the tragic death of their parents, Lily and Petunia got raised as princesses in the royal palace. They had the best tutors and were taught everything they need to learn in regards to successfully reigning Gryffindor someday.

Petunia had fallen in love with a rich merchant son – Duke Vernon Dursley, and asked her royal guardians to let her marry the duke, she would even be willing to give up any claims on the throne. Her adoptive mother hugged her and declared, that this wouldn't be necessary, however, since the Duke had been a squib, it's possible that some of her own children could also be born as squibs. Therefore Petunia had to agree, that any magical children that will be come from her marriage with Duke Vernon will be raised in the royal palace, as it's tradition to hold custody for magical orphans and muggle-born children in their kingdom.

Queen Minerva had noticed how uncomfortable Duke Vernon had been around magic, this would require more research and maybe even questioning the muggle with a special truth serum. Their Potions Master had managed to adjusted the traditional truth serum to be used on muggles, without any deadly side-effects. The old version could only be used without causing harm on purebloods, half-bloods and muggle-born wixen. Squibs and Muggles would die after suffering terrible seizures and then explode in many tiny bits.

Needless to say, there had been numerous dark and even light wixen, who had used this to torture their muggle peasants, who had no way to escape their wixen overlords, and unfortunately, not many had dared to stand up against those who abused potions for such terrifying results.

After asking for time to think it over, Vernon did finally agree to their conditions, he wasn't keen to raise magical offspring, and why should he wanted to reign over a magical kingdom? He was satisfied with being responsible for a dukedom, and now that Petunia had agreed to marry him, he couldn't be any happier. The only magic he would ever approved would be to keep his wife and future children safe, otherwise magic had no part in his life.

James had also lost his parents at a young age, sure, they had already been quite old (80-90 years) as he had been born, but it was still a shock for him. He was therefore raised at the royal court, before it was time for him to go to Hogwarts, where he encountered the other Marauders. The four boys were viewing each other as brothers. And before the first term was over, they'd discovered that Remus had been a young werewolf, and did their best to keep his secret.

It was Peter, who had the glorious idea to protect Remus' secret, they would all claim to be disciples of the ***Moon goddess Selene***, and that their religion demands them to spend the three nights of the full moon in seclusion to honour their goddess. Surprisingly they got away with it, too – although it probably helped that Headmaster Lockhart was such a gullible fool, who was easily misled, and eagerly accepting bribes. Which was the reason, why the real work had to be done by the deputy headmaster, the four heads of houses and the senior staff members.

The quartet had organised magical craftsmen to build them a special cottage deep within the Forbidden Forest and warded a large area — 50-200 yards — to the teeth, so that nobody can stumble over their hideout, and they wouldn't lack prey or fresh water. The house elves also keep their cottage well stocked. Naturally, they rarely stayed in the dorms, except during study times, but whenever the weekend arrive did they set off to their cottage.

It was this place, where they all managed to master advanced magic – the Patronus charm, the animagus transformation just to name a few, and even created their first maps of the school and the grounds of the school. Here could they just be themselves, not having to hide behind masks, and being away from the school helped them to gain a better control over their temper. James dreamed from someday winning Princess Lily's heart. She had told him harshly off for making fun of one of the castle's servants, and Aunt Minerva hadn't been amused either. It had meant months of cleaning all stables without magic, being forbidden from playing Quidditch, riding on his broom or even going hunting. Needless to say, James had learned his lesson.

Unfortunately, the quartet hadn't known that the clearing, where they had decided to build their cottage had once been gifted to ***Baba Yaga***. Neither Remus, nor any of the other teenagers had even consider to present gifts to appease whoever owned this clearing, and that would have grave consequences.



Baba Yaga had been absent for many centuries, she preferred the vast land of Russia as her hunting grounds, but now and then did she visit the British Isles to check on her own believers, and to stir up trouble for those, who had been foolishly enough to dare claiming her land for themselves.

She was patient, always had been, and could hold grudges for a very long time. Did those stupid wixen believes, that she would let them getting away with such impolite behaviour. It was a nice cottage, but they do not even have put up a shrine for her, the audacity! Scenting the air, she realised that all four of them had an animal form, and one of them was a cursed werewolf. Excellent, let's see how they would like to be locked permanently into their animal forms.

“Foolish mortal wixen, you dare to settle on my land, no shrine, no attempt to gain my goodwill! For that you will pay! I'll be not only locking you into your animal forms. None

of you will remember your mortal lives, and wolf, grim and stag will feel the urge to mate as often as possible with other of their kind. The rat will be the only one, who will remember now and then, that you were once human!”, thundered Baba Yaga, while her tusks made them shiver even more.

“Listen well, before the night is over you will be running swiftly like the wind to the Gryffindor Kingdom, where you will dwell and suffer. I’ve heard that the King enjoys venison quite a lot. But I’m not merciless. Should you manage to find the well of truth, and be able to save Princess Lily from Greyback’s clutches, then your curse will be gone, and you, young Lupin will no longer be a werewolf, but like your companions a true animagus. Be gone, before I set my wild hounds on you!”

Wormtail had settled between Prong’s horns, he was used to it during their full moon romps, and the quartet run as if the demons of hell were on their heels.

Baba Yaga cackled as she danced madly around the fire, the summoned wands of the Marauders did she break, and 4 vials with their blood got added to her collection. She always kept some sort of trophy from her numerous victims, no reason to change it now.

Hm, maybe she should pay a visit to the idiotic Lockhart, after all, it was time to remind him, that he had a bargain with Baba Yaga, and soon it’ll be time to pay the piper, or he’ll be turned into a Dementor. Ah, it was always a joy to find some narcissistic wixen, who would do anything, *just to be the fairest of them all!* Dear **Ekrizdis** had been such an eager student, willing to do everything to please his harsh mistress, even willing to give up his immortal souls, just to satisfy Baba Yaga. He was the only one who had learned from her how to create Dementors and to chain them to a certain area, as well using them to conquer his own fiefdom on the British isles.

She could also admit that she was keen to sneak a peek on the young Submissive Male Bearer, who had turned into Koschei’s latest obsession. She was looking forward to stir up even more trouble for the British Isles, because sooner or later Koschei – the old skeleton, will not be able to restrain himself any longer, and then let’s see how far those mortal – be they muggle or wixen are willing to go, just to get their freedom and their peace back.

At the Royal court in Gryffindor grief had hit them hard. Princess Lily had slowly fallen in love with James, and didn’t want to believe him to be dead. It did also not help that somehow threatening letters and notes had somehow found a way into her rooms. She couldn’t even show them anyone, as they did immediately turned blank after the poisonous quill had spilled its poison.

She didn't want to believe that she will never see any of the Marauders again, and she knew that her adopted parents also didn't want to give up hope. However, King Albus had put down his foot and forbid Lily to travel with a group of soldiers to Hogwarts and investigate on her own. If any investigation will take place, then King Albus would send one of his trusted commanders to do it!

Grudgingly Lily agreed to hold her feet still, no matter how difficult it be. But it did help that Petunia wrote home, that she was expecting her first child – the healer confirmed it would be a healthy baby, even if the healer had been disappointed to tell the expecting mother, that he will probably be a squib. Petunia didn't care, as long as their little sunshine would be a healthy and strong boy, there was no need for him to have magic. They had already chosen a name for their firstborn heir – ***Dudley Robert Henry Dursley*** – he would be named after his two muggle grandfathers, and King Albus had already declare that his birthday would become a public holiday in the Gryffindor Kingdom. He may not be part of the royal succession, but he was still their grandchild, and he wanted to celebrate this happy news with his subjects.

Far away in the Forest of Dean howled Greyback's pack at the full moon, the mad shifter had enjoyed to terrify the princess, and he had already given order to move closer and closer to the Royal forest and to the palace of the Gryffindor Kingdom. After all, what better way to become King, when you can force the only heiress into your bed? He was looking forward to breaking the princess, and force her to submit to any of his wishes, no matter what he may demand of her.

They had dared to grant his wayward cub sanctuary, after he killed the Lupins, he had sent his pack out to look everywhere for the little boy, but without any success. The audacity to hide him at the royal palace. And to add insult to injury to allow him to gain a magical education, as if he was a normal wixen. For that he will ensure that his pack will soon flood the streets of the kingdom and the rivers with blood. Why shouldn't he become King? At least he's much stronger and dangerous than any other of those wixen nobles!

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