

Toujours Pur

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Toujours Pur

by [mangyblackdog](#)

Summary

Someone new has come. Someone necessary to this world. Someone... someone chosen by Fate. A jaded and more bitter Harry Potter arrives in another dimension, in the middle of Black Family, politics, a new year at Hogwarts and a new family full of dysfunctional figures.

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [cywscross](#)

Time, mystical time

TOUJOURS PUR

BY

M ANGYBLACKDOG

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"Harry, please do consider it at least." Hermione bit her lip, glancing at him in concern.

Standing next to her, Ron looked worried, even harried. His face was pale with deep shadows under the eyes and his clothes were freshly transfigured-drab and grey like all of them wore after Mrs. Weasley's death.

"Look mate, it's really dangerous for you here-" Ron took over from Hermione, as she sniffled, a tear cascading through her pale face.

Their portkey glowed, a warning sign as the clock ticked on and Ron, giving up all attempts at subtlety, choked on a sob.

"Harry, please-" he begged, running a hand through his ginger hair and Harry couldn't help but let a tear wobble down his chin, as he thought of what he was about to do.

"I'm sorry," he replied as sincerely as he could, with his tear stained face visible in the dim light of Grimmauld Place.

He squeezed his best friends' hands, stepping away firmly to see both of them spinning away as the clock struck nine.

His fist closed on empty air, as he suddenly felt so achingly alone. With a sigh, he let his hand drop to his side, making his way down to the basement while thinking about how all this had gone wrong in the first place.

After defeating Voldemort, he would have thought it'd be easy, it was anything but. Most of the Death Eaters had been captured, but it had taken only a few days for the Snatchers, sympathizers and the beasts to take control again. They had their share of running the country, and didn't want to give up their privileges again. Attacking when everyone had fallen into a remnant of relaxation shouldn't have been that easy after a war, but with a third of the population on their side, taking control was no difficult feat.

The known Order members had been the first to be assassinated, starting with the Weasleys- All except from Ron and Bill were killed as a whole only weeks back. His thoughts strayed to

Ginny and her wild looks, Ginny who had taken down six people with her, until the rest had overpowered her. He shivered, thinking of her corpse, in a pool of blood-

Shaking his head, he directed himself to something that didn't make him want to cry.

The rest of the Order Members had been sent away by quick portkeys after trying to fight these murderers and coming out the worst. The last of them had been Hermione and Ron, who had badgered him persistently to come with them to Australia, but he had to decline.

It wasn't a twisted sense of duty, like Hermione thought, nor the fact that he wanted to fight them. No matter what the scared public thought, these wizards weren't his responsibility and he didn't know the way to take them down in a fight. What they lacked in skill, they made up for in brute numbers. No matter how much he striked down they could choose a new leader, and wouldn't even bat an eyelash at it.

But that didn't mean he had to play fair.

A smirk spread on his face at the thought and he pointedly didn't think of how Slytherin this plan was.

The steps down felt like they took hours for him, though it was only a few minutes. But his project would be completed today and he was so excited.

Crossing the ward line, he stepped over it, feeling the shiver that ran over him as the magic permeated into him.

The basement was roughly structured, dark with chains when Harry had found it. He had guessed correctly that it had been a dungeon, but renovating it hadn't taken more than an hour. With a few rightly placed freshening charms and transfigured tables, he now had something akin to an inventory.

On the front table were stacks of books piled upon each other, so many that Hermione would have devoured them. He felt a flash of guilt for not showing them to his bushy-haired friend but then suppressed it. This was something he needed to do himself and Hermione; even Ron would discourage him from the idea.

There were trinkets and different objects placed on the second table while the third was his special project.

Resting on the wooden tables and peppered with cushioning charms was a glistening time turner, which Harry had appropriated from Professor McGonagall, when the time turners had not been destroyed.

Harry had never considered a career in runes, but he may as well after this, because he had turned the time turner into a time machine which could as well turn time twenty years back.

He had worked three months on it and it didn't let him down, and today, well today was the day he was going to test it for the first time. This was the last time he'd see Ron or Hermione,

like they were- they could be erased from history entirely or be completely different people when he met with them again.

He wiped his sweaty hands on the navy jumper he was wearing and then double-checked the things he was supposed to have on hand.

Magically enlarged truck-check

Clothes and food-check

First aid kit-check

Potions kit-check

Polyjuice-check

Photo Album and his old Firebolt-check

Backup wands-check

He rechecked it again. Oh God he was turning into Hermione.

The thought didn't bring a chuckle like it usually would have- seeing as he wasn't sure he would ever see her again.

With a deep breath he wrapped the chain around his neck.

BOOM

The sound of the explosion jolted him out of his anxiousness, as he could hear the nearby windows shattering inwards. The ground trembled as he stood on his jelly legs.

"Kreacher!" He called out and the old house elf appeared in front of him with a popping sound.

Instead of the usual litany of insults he'd taken to expecting whenever he called the house elf, Kreacher merely bowed to him, head scraping the floor.

"Master called,?" He creaked out in his mellowing voice and Harry grabbed the nearest chair when another explosion shook the building.

"Kreacher-what's happening?" He asked worriedly as the house elf scowled.

"Half-breeds attacking Mistress's House, shame on the filth, not fit to lick Mistress's boots, oh no-"

Harry tuned out his mad ramblings when the wards collapsed as he gasped, feeling it wash over him.

He was the controller of the House' wards, so he could feel where they are aiming now, on the keystone which held the expansion charms of the house on it. If that collapsed, Harry

would be done in- he would be squeezed like a bug once the walls closed around him.

"Kreacher- Duck!" He shouted as the sound of shoes echoed from the stairs and the green bolt of light shot out from a wand.

Unfortunately, Kreacher didn't listen to his advice, as he toppled over backwards, dead to all the world.

Harry, feeling trapped, clutched the time turner, which was still looped around his neck, spinning it around in the hope that it would work, no matter if it hadn't been entirely completed.

Another bolt of light cut through the chain, leaving it to smash on the nearby table, and Harry cursed.

The intruder laughed.

"How does it feel now, Potter?"

"You're going to die," he repeated gleefully.

But Harry wasn't listening to him as he dodged another spell and stooped low, clutching the time sand in his hands. The shards of glass impacted on his skin, blood spurting from them, but he didn't pause, trying to spin the knob of the time turner with one hand.

Not much was known about the sand that was in the time turners. Unspeakables constructed these and were fiercely protective of its secrets. A well known fact in the DoM was that time sand was made out of a variant of phoenix ashes, and it was wrapped in all kinds of protections so that human skin did not make contact with it. Harry, not knowing of this, did the only thing he could. He scooped up the sand into his hands.

The time sand slipped seamlessly through his fingers as he cursed himself, trying to cup the most of it in his hands. He could hear his heart thundering in his chest as the intruders slammed fresh bolts of magic upon the expansion wards. The shards of glass were still punctured in his hands as he fiddled with the broken time turner and the sand fizzled around him. The last thing he saw was the faded green and silver banner that was embellished with cursive that spelled

"Toujours Pur,".

And then he was gone, whirling around time and space itself.

this other world

TOUJOURS PUR

BY

MANGYBLACKDOG

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A/N : Thankyou for the reviews and comments, this meanwhile is just a filler chapter.



"-should check up on the case files and see what we can find."

"I trust you will ensure that this goes no further from Malfoy?"

"Yes Grandfather."

Harry opened his bleary eyes, instantly alert when he heard the unrecognisable voices floating towards him. He jerked around to see himself in the same place that he had been before the hurricane wind had knocked him out.

Quite peculiarly, the glass embedded in his skin had gone, and so had the time turner and the sand that stuck firmly to his arms. A second glance showed that there was something different about his body, seeming altogether flabby. He waved the concern over for later, instead taking in his surroundings. The basement seemed to have changed a lot, wooden panelling was done on the floors while sturdy tables were stacked with books that were entirely different from his own.

A chill pervaded through his heart at the thought that followed. He quickly took his miniaturised trunk out of his pocket, enlarging it with a flick of his wand and grabbing the invisibility cloak from within. The fabric was snug in his hands as the upper door opened and the sounds of someone coming through made him panic.

Grabbing the cloak, he quickly slung it over himself, and concentrated on feeling the wards of the house. Upon the assurance that he was still the master of the warding system, he focused on the tell-tale sensation of squeezing and apparated to Diagon Alley.

His breaths were ragged as he arrived, collapsing in a back alley. Crawling towards the mostly empty bin, he emptied his stomach, freshening his breath after as he did so.

"It's time to investigate." Harry told himself firmly, not bothering to wonder why his magical tolerance was so low today.

Diagon Alley was crowded with people shopping for school supplies and he was jostled and pulled when he finally got to Flourish and Blotts. Still wearing the invisibility cloak, which was pooling underneath his feet for whatever reason, Harry snatched a newspaper off the top rack, with the firm catch that comes with being a seeker.

He paled drastically when he saw the first page. Inscribed above the usual gossip reports was the date:

31st July 1990

His carefully drafted plans had always pinpointed that the best time to travel would be the start of his fourth year. If he was here now, that meant that he had a greater chance of royally screwing things over.

With a deep breath, Harry tossed the newspaper back to where it was, and scooted to the main alley, where another thought occurred to him.

Pooling off his cloak, he darted between the shabby alleys, to find a mirror or any reflective surface.

The sight that greeted him was much different than the one he'd been expecting.

At the part where Knockturn Alley had ended into the smaller lower alleys, there was a large courtyard where many people were surrounded. He could not see the branch to the seedier areas anywhere nearby, and instead a large sign declared the next alley to be "Horizont Alley,". There were more than a dozen brightly colored shops which made Diagon look like a zoo. The neatly painted signs and the aesthetic around it probably contributed a great deal.

He gazed at the place in wonder, starting from his daze only when the noticeable form of Hagrid bumped into him, crying with loud heaving sobs.

"Hagrid?" Harry called in relief that there was someone he recognized here.

Over the din of the people, Hagrid didn't hear him, but Harry could hear Hagrid distinctly as he howled loudly.

"-Wonderful people, James and Lily. And little 'Arry, could fit into my fist, he could."

Harry felt a chill descend into his heart as Hagrid blubbered on, and his brain worked overdrive to connect the dots. Trying to look as small as possible, he edged closer to the group of bustling people, now and then making out words like 'The Boy Who Lived' and 'Harry Potter'.

Finally, he dove from the crowds to the front of the fountain everyone was gazing at. It was a lovely thing, made out of white marble, the kind of ornament that Malfoy would probably have in his home.

Next to the fountain was a figure he recognized as very well, sculpted in gold.

From the messy hair to the lightning bolt scar, everything about the statue was identical to him. The plaque above it glistened and caught Harry's eye.

'In loving memory of Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived.

1980 – 1987'

Harry froze. He closed his eyes and tried to breathe. This wasn't supposed to happen at all. The device was to travel through time, not to travel through worlds. Had this Harry died because he had travelled in time?. But he had been dead for two years.

He opened his eyes and pinched himself. Hard.

Nope, not a dream.

Trying to get all thoughts of other things out of his head, he peered into the fountain making sure to observe his reflection. A scrawny boy of about nine years stared back at him, green eyes glistening.

"I'm absolutely fucked." Harry said through gritted teeth.



After a nap of half an hour in the cozy hovel named "The Wizard's Wardrobe" in the so-called Horizont Alley, Harry could see things with a clearer eye.

The owner of the place, a lovely woman who named herself Madam Rooove, was very delighted with the little orphan act Harry had perfected. A particularly well placed glamour meant that he didn't worry about anyone distinguishing him from the normal bunch of scrawny kids without guardians.

Right now, he was sitting cross-legged on his comfortable bed, with newspapers scattered around him and thick tomes piled all over each other.

Apparently this world's Harry Potter had died from a severe case of pneumonia when he was seven years old. Something had caused his accidental magic to go haywire, prompting the Obliviators to arrive at the Dursleys house. Instead of a muggleborn kid, they had found him, noticeably abused and deathly ill.

It had made all the headlines in various newspapers, and Professor Dumbledore had been removed from his two honorary positions because of the backlash. Unfortunately, his other self hadn't survived the night, even the Healers at St.Mungo couldn't do anything for him, as he was much weakened from near starvations and neglect. The public had been devastated about the news and The Dursleys had apparently faced torture from furious citizens until they were sent to prison for child abuse cases.

Harry didn't particularly feel sorry for them, anyway.

After that major event, most of the changes had been minor, backlashes of the resultant. Harry stifled a large yawn, making to pick up another Daily Prophet Copy.

His eyes grew alert, as soon as he saw what it was about.

1st August 1981

*The sky is alight with lights and celebrations as most of us rejoice the end of the fearsome era of the Dark Lord known as Lord V***.*

As many of us celebrate the Boy-Who-Lived, this journalist meanwhile wonders about the events of the previous day.

After a series of conversations with various figures, I now have a detailed copy of events that transpired in the Dark Lord's defeat.

*Last night, the Dark Lord V*** attempted to gain access to the Potter House to assassinate its last members. Unfortunately he was successful in this regard as both Lord James, and Lady Lily Potter (may they rest in peace) were murdered by use of the illegal killing curse (see page 14 for more details).*

After that, it is proclaimed that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named tried to murder their infant son, and the last of the line of House Potter, Harry Potter, but the curse backfired on him and today Mr. Potter is regarded as an influential figure that is credited for destroying You-Know-Who. (For more details of the studies behind the backlash, see page 12)

But the question I ask is, What was the role of Sirius Black in this?

Sirius Black, as you all know was arrested on the same night for the murder of eleven muggles and one wizarding citizen with the name of Peter Pettigrew. The late Pettigrew was presented with an Order of Merlin, Second Class for his honourable bravery.

Before being arrested, one thing that all of the Department's Hitwizards agreed on was that he laughed maniacally, and declared that He, Sirius Black had killed the Potters.

This could not have been correct, as we know that You-Know-Who killed the Potters' personally himself.

So I delved deeper in, to investigate this unusual series of events.

What I found chilled me to the bone. It seems that Sirius Black was a close companion of the late James Potter. After playing double agent for some time, he was tired of his job and so he gave entry to the Dark Lord, since he was keyed in the wards.

Such a horrifying story, is it not? I stand in firm denial to the request of the Black Family who have asked for a second trial to be held for the assassin. A person who can kill thirteen people and assist in the murders of his close friends does not, in my opinion, deserve a trial to be exonerated because of a bag of gold.

So, Sirius had gone to Azkaban here too. Harry's brow furrowed in thought. He wanted an adult, someone to confide in, and who better than Sirius?

His lips curved in the semblance of a smirk.

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