

The Prince's Tale

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The Prince's Tale

by [paintingtheworldgray](#)

Summary

The one where Louis is Snape and Harry is Lily. Things are different than the original story because this has a happy ending and yeah...just give it a chance? The other boys are not mentioned, I am sorry.

Notes

I got this idea from the song, "The Prince's Tale" by The Butterbeer Experience, they are a WROCK band. You should check them out if you like music written about Harry Potter...yeah...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Louis had first saw him, when he was ten years old, Louis watched the boy swinging with a girl (who looked older than the boy, not that this was important to this story but it was important for another story). Louis had watched the boy from the bushes of the park for weeks, watched as the boy brought a dead flower back to life, watched as the boy did magically things. Louis knew, of course, that magic was real; he was a wizard after all. His mother was a witch but his real father was a muggle, they had fought constantly until Troy (Louis's father) finally left and divorced Louis's mother. Louis spent most of his time at the park, watching the muggle children interact in their happy families, the way Louis wished his family would have been. Sure, Louis now had a new dad, a wizard and had two sisters (both will be witches, if one is not a squib that is). Louis liked to watch the curly haired boy the most though, especially when the boy would do magic and scare his older sister, who would then drag the boy home to tattle on him. One day, while Louis was watching from the bushes, he saw the older sister on the swing but he didn't see the boy. "How come you are always hiding behind this bush?" Louis nearly jumped out of his skin, turning to see the boy with curly brown hair smiling at him, his green eyes wide with curiosity as he looked Louis over. "Your kind of weird looking but I think that cool, I'm Harry!" Louis took in Harry's muggle clothing and his own robes, Louis's mother still dressed him after all, didn't want him to bring shame to the Tomlinson family and all (Louis had been given his stepfather's name, so no one would know he was a half-blood and his own mother's greatest regret). Louis realized he still hadn't answered the boy, so he stood up and dusted himself off, he offered his hand to Harry.

"I am Louis Tomlinson and I just so happen to love this bush; it has been very nice to me, providing shade and such." Louis knew he sounded stupid, who thought all that about a bush? But Harry was just so pretty and smelled so nice, it was hard not to like him and get all jumbled, even Louis's ten year old brain knew this. Harry shook Louis's hand happily, before letting it drop but his touch, made Louis say something stupid again. "I'm a wizard too."

"I'm not a wizard, don't even play pretend wizard anymore, Gemma says only babies play pretend after they are five." Harry was so sure of himself, nodding his head as he looked over to where his older sister was still sitting, Louis was slightly angry. Did this boy really not know that wizards were real? Even Louis's idiot of a real father knew they were real, knew that magic happened, wasn't this common knowledge to muggles? Louis signed dramatically, Louis was very dramatic or so his mother told him when he threw fits about not wanting to go to fancy parties and such (Louis's stepfather was well off and highly appreciated in the wizarding world, not that Louis really cared). "Though, between you and me, some weird stuff happens to me sometimes. Like I can will things to happen with my mind, make cups float to me, bring a flower back to life, stuff like that. Gemma screams at me and calls me a freak, then tattles to my mum but I never get in trouble, mum always thinks Gemma is lying."

"Harry, you're a wizard, like a real one. I am one too, I can prove it too, follow me." Louis grabbed Harry's hand and took off running into the dense woods that surrounds one area of the park, only dropping Harry's hand once they stopped moving, he didn't want to lose Harry after all. "Watch what I can do, my mum says I have talent that I better put to good use, like joining the Ministry or something." Louis picked up a leaf off of the ground and placed it on his palm, closing his eyes he focused on the leaf and before long, he heard Harry gasp.

When Louis opened up his eyes, he saw not only the leaf that had been in his hand but a bunch of other leafs floating around him and Harry. Once Louis's focus dropped though as did the leaves but they had already done their job, they had proved that Harry was special and that Louis had been telling the truth all along. "See, we are wizards and when we turn eleven, we will get a letter inviting us to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." Harry was staring at Louis, his green eyes once again opened wide with curiosity, Louis just felt rather smug about it all (Honestly, he felt like his was on top of the world).

"I-I don't know whether to believe YOU or to believe what Gemma has been telling me all along, maybe I really am crazy." Harry's eyebrows were pitched together, making him look complete adorable, if Louis was being honest with himself. It was a tad chilly outside, even in his sweater and robe, but it was November after all.

"Listen, my birthday is in December, the 24th to be accurate. I'll get my letter then, whenever your birthday is, that's when you will get your letter...but if you want, after I get mine, I can show it to you, so you know what to look for." Harry was unsure if he should believe the boy with bright blue eyes and weird clothing, but Louis looked so seriously, like he believed every word he had spoken, so Harry nods his head.

Louis is at Harry's house on the day of Harry's birthday, they had become best friends, attached at the hip (even though Gemma did not love Louis one bit, she continually called him a freak, which was a little insulting). They were cuddled in Harry's bed, when they heard Anne's shout (she was Harry's mum), they both bolted out of bed and ran down the stairs, to see a brown screeching owl sitting on the dining room table. In the owl's beak was an envelope with a red seal, Louis nudged a scared Harry forward, who (carefully) grabbed the letter from the owl. While Harry was reading that the envelope was in fact addressed to him, the owl flew out the window that his mother had opened to allow the smoke out (she had burned the first cake she was baking for Harry, not that she told either boy until years later). "Dear Mr. Styles, We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted into Hogwarts School of...Louis, you weren't lying, I am a wizard! Mum, I am a wizard!" That night, shortly after Louis's mum came over and explained everything to a very confused Anne, Harry had sent an owl back to the school stating he would be attending come September 1st (He had to borrow Louis's snow owl, whose name was Ted, original he knows). Anne was so proud to have a wizard in the family and she wanted to tell everyone she knew, but she couldn't, muggles were on a need to know basis or they would try to use witches and wizards for their own personal gain.

August 29th, the Styles family and the Tomlinson's made their way into the heart of London, heading to Diagon Alley (after they had rented rooms at the Leaky Cauldron for the next four days). First stop was, unfortunately, to Gringotts to get some of the muggle money turned over to the currency wizard use. Then, they were off to Olivander's, where Louis and Harry were to get their first (and hopefully, last wands), both boys were excited. Louis's wand was eleven inches, cherry wood with a Veela hair for a core, Louis was excited when Olivander handed it over to him. Harry's was a thirteen inch, holly wood with unicorn hair, not that he knew what any of that meant, he was just happy to have a wand. They finished up their shopping trip, buying everything they needed, plus getting Harry his own owl (it was a small barn owl that he named Dusty, because of its feathers but it was a better name than Ted).

Louis bought candy from one of the shops and shared it with Harry and Gemma (who didn't even want to be there, surrounded by all the freaks as she calls them).

On September 1st, both boys' trunks were backed and they were kissing their families goodbye before they got onto the train at King's Cross, waving out the window as the train pulled away. They changed into their robes about halfway through the journey, excited about the feel of the new robes, happy about going through this all together. The sorting ceremony quickly ending their fun, both boys thought they would be in the same house, they almost would have betted on it. That was until, Harry was sorted into Gryffindor and Louis was a Slytherin, rival houses for two best friends. The boys tried to not let it affect their friendship; they worked really hard at it but all Harry's house friends, made fun of Louis constantly. Before long, the boys were only friends when they could sneak around and on holidays, Harry would stick up for Louis whenever he could but it wasn't enough. Three years later it was almost like the boys had never knew each other or that's how it felt to Louis as he watched Harry interact with Nick Grimshaw and Ed Sheeran (the two people that made Louis's life a living hell). Louis was fifteen, smarter than he had been at ten but no wiser about his feelings for Harry. He knew that Harry was beautiful, anyone with eyes could see that but that didn't mean that Louis was going to do anything about it.

Louis spent most of his time in the library or in the Slytherin dormitory or out in the courtyard, always with his Potions text book and studying every chance he gets (Louis really wanted to get into Advance Potions next year, it was his favourite class and he was really good at it). Louis was in the middle of writing an essay about the many uses of wolfbane and its benefits for wizard kind, when he was being lifted up into the air, his book, essay and quill falling to the ground as Louis was dangling in the air. Louis was upside down looking at a laughing Nick and Ed, both chuckling loudly as Louis wiggled around, trying to get to his own wand. He couldn't get to it though; he had put it in his bag, thinking he would not need it. Louis continued to struggle not giving up, in hopes that he would magically be able to get to his wand. "Grimmy, Ed, what the hell do you think you are doing?" Louis waked as Harry busted his way through the crowd, shoving both Nick and Ed as he spoke, "Let Louis down this instant, seriously, what the hell did he ever do to you?" Harry wiped out his wand and said a spell that made Louis fall to the ground, Louis then scrambled to his belongings. He packed up and put his wand into his pocket, before Louis walked away, he dared one look at Harry, to see the boy now talking with Nick and Ed. Louis cracked, his brain fried and his heart broke, that's why he turned complete around. Stared intently at Harry, whom turned after feeling eyes on his back, meeting Louis's gaze with the same curiosity as when he was ten.

"I didn't need your bloody help, Mudblood, I could have done it all by myself." Louis then turned, leaving without looking back, today was the last day he was going to have feelings for Harry Styles. Today was the last day, he was to stare at the green eyed boy at dinner or while they past each other in the hallways. If Harry could be friends with those terrible Gryffindors, then he was no friend of Louis Tomlinson, nor will he ever be. Louis was not going to feel bad about it later, while he was in the Slytherin common room that was located in the dungeon, he absolutely would not. Okay, maybe Louis felt bad about it, he was pretty sure he was in love with curly haired boy he use to know. Not the boy, who openly hung out with terrible people, people that tortured your once best friend. That's not how you treat people you once cared about and sure, calling someone mudblood was not nice either but

Louis was hurt, it was justified in his mind. Louis, eventually, sent Harry an owl, thinking it was the best way to get his thoughts across. Telling him that he was sorry about calling him a mudblood and how he did not mean it, but he doesn't think they should be friends anymore. Telling Harry not to come to his house over the summer, not to respond back to the letter, it was best for both of them.

Two years later, Louis was approached by a man, who called himself Lord Voldemort. He wanted Louis to join him, saying Louis had a great mind and it was not going to be put to good use doing anything else. Voldemort praised Louis, told Louis things he always wanted to hear; things that not even Louis's own mother would tell him. Voldemort wanted to a revolution, wanted Louis to be his right hand man and after all those wonderful things he told Louis, why would he ever turn it down? Louis graduated Hogwarts and began to help Voldemort out with whatever he needed, killing muggles and muggle lovers. Louis turned into a terrible person; he became a murderer and was disgusted with himself, even more so when his mother asked him to never come around again. She didn't want him to corrupt his little sisters, tell them horrible lies about muggles, mudbloods and half-bloods. His mother then reminded him that he himself was a half-blood, he was half muggle, he was killing his own kind but at that point...he was too far gone. He was filled with hatred, especially after he heard that Harry Styles (Louis's first and only real love, not that he would say if you asked him) was dating and living with Nick Grimshaw, it made Louis's skin crawl.

For years, Louis did everything Voldemort asked, followed every single one of his directions. Until one was given that Louis just couldn't do, no matter how much over the years he wanted to, Louis knew it was time to get help. After being given the instructions, Louis requested a meeting with Dumbledore, the only person that would listen to Louis. "Professor Dumbledore, after I tell you what I have to tell you, I will then need your protection and I will do anything to help you as long as you help me." Dumbledore nodded his head and waved his hand, waiting for Louis to talk but Louis was nervous, very nervous. "Voldemort plans on killing Harry Styles and Nick Grimshaw because there was a prophecy that said something about a child with Harry will be the downfall of Voldemort. I need you to help me save them, both of them; I don't care as long as Harry is safe and happy."

"Now tell me, Mr. Tomlinson, why the sudden change in your demeanor? You are a Death Eater; you have killed people for way less, just because you are given the demand. Why do you not want this kill to happen? Why are trying to protect some mudblood and his lover?" Louis glared at his once Headmaster, who he felt was currently making fun of him but he wasn't sure.

"I am in love with the mudblood, have been since we were ten years old and I would rather like for nothing to happen to him. So, if you could please look past what I once was and help me save something I care about a lot, I will be forever in your debt." Dumbledore promised to help Louis, if Louis would become a spy for him, help take Voldemort down before he hurts anyone else. Louis agrees, he promises to do anything as long as Harry was safe and okay. Dumbledore forced Louis to travel with him to get Harry and Nick, to make it seem more real or something, Louis is not sure, he is nervous. They took brooms and headed to Godric's Hollow, the place where Harry was now living with Nick, it churned Louis's stomach. They walked up to the door and knocked, the door opened to show Harry, with a shocked look on his face.

“Professor Dumbledore? Louis? What’s going on, what are you doing here?” Harry had that look of curiosity on his face again, the one that made Louis’s heart speed up and made his stomach twist in knots. “How rude of me, come in, come in. Let’s have a seat and I will get Nick, he is in his office, I’ll be back shortly.” Louis sat stiffly on a couch, looking at the pretty empty house with little to no photos, it was weird almost. Even the house Louis lived in had pictures (ones of his family, ones with Harry in them, ones with a few of the other Death Eaters, it made it feel homey), why didn’t Harry and Nick have pictures? Harry and Nick walked in, both of them sitting on the loveseat, neither of them smiling, “So, why are you here?”

“Mr. Tomlinson came to me and told me something disturbing,” Nick might have mumbled something about like, ‘was it something about himself?’ but Louis wasn’t sure, it still made Louis was to kill him on the spot. “Voldemort plans on killing the both of you because, according to a prophecy, a child that will belong to Harry will be the downfall of Voldemort. Louis was very upset upon hearing this and ran start to me, relishing his ties to the Death Eaters, to help save you both. Louis will be a spy for me, he will pretend to be working with Voldemort and all he ask, is for both of you to be safe. So, this whole deal depends on if you are going accept my help.”

“The take down of Voldemort is resting on Tomlinson’s shoulders? I guess the entire wizarding world is doomed then, huh? I mean, he could never do anything special while we were at Hogwarts...” It was Nick that spoke, glaring a little at Louis, since he has always hated Louis and his weird ways. Louis didn’t care as long as they both agreed and Harry was safe, Nick could say a million mean things to Louis as long as Harry was safe. “I mean, are you seriously going to trust a dirty Death Eater? He is a murder; he deserves to be in Azkaban, not getting a free pass because he has a soft spot for Harry.”

“Nick, shut up, this is not your bloody decision. You are always saying terrible things about Louis, it doesn’t matter what he has done if he is willing to make up for it now.” Harry said while smacking Nick in the arm angrily, seeming mad but that was just from Louis’s point of view, which was slightly biased (seeing the fact Louis is still in love with Harry). “Louis is willing to give up a lot to help me, to make sure I am not hurt, I think that is very brave. You need to grow up, Nick, we are no longer at Hogwarts and your silly house rivalries mean nothing now.” Nick turned to glare at Harry, Louis just looked down at his hands, they were dirty and had cuts all over them. “I will take the protection, should I go pack a bag or trunk?” Dumbledore nodded his head and Harry stood up, leaving the room to pack up the important things, Louis just sat there not saying anything.

“You think this is going to make him love you? You think he is just going to forgive you for calling him a mudblood? Do you think this will make up for hurting him, ditching him, writing him that terrible letter?” Louis’s head snapped up to look at Nick, how did Nick know about the letter, about what it said? That was a private letter; no one else should have read it but Harry. Louis didn’t say anything, just stared at Nick; he was practiced in staying silent. Louis was also great at silent spells, he was amazing at them, had to be for being a Death Eater (can’t let people know you are trying to kill them, that would cause a nasty battle). Dumbledore just kept pulling candy out of his pocket and eating it, not caring about a thing, until Harry made his way back down the stairs with a trunk. “Harry, you aren’t seriously

going through with this. This is Louis Tomlinson we are talking about; you can't trust him with a coin, let alone your life."

"If Louis wanted me dead, he wouldn't have brought Dumbledore with him nor would he have been adamant for my life. You can either come with us or stay here, but know that if you stay here, you're choosing to not be with me anymore. Because this would mean that you cannot look past the outside of people to look at the inside, which is not something, I want to attach myself to." Surprisingly enough, Nick did not leave with them, he did yell a lot about how Harry never cared about him. It made Harry so mad that he practically destroyed Nick's house, blowing things up and such (shattered lamps, broke the china cupboards, all along that line). Harry grabs his broom and rides back to Hogwarts with Dumbledore and Louis. Dumbledore gave them a room together in an abandoned corridor on the fifth floor: it had two beds, cabinets, a window and two desks. They were to eat in the Great Hall with all of the students, seeing as Louis was to be the Potions teacher and Harry was going to help out with Charms. They were given robes, the password into the Perfect's bathroom and then they were left completely alone. Louis having to write a letter to Voldemort, explaining he got the job at Hogwarts. "Why did you want to save me, Louis? Why?"

"Do I need to have a reason?"

"Yeah, you kind of do, Louis."

"I...Harry, I never meant to call you a mudblood, you have to believe me. I was just so pissed off that you would save me, then just go and talk to Nick and Ed, like they were your friends...I was supposed to be your best friend, I told you what you were, I loved you since I was fucking ten years old. Then I just had to sit there and watch you get taken away from me by some bully Gryffindor...It was the worse feeling in the world, not even killing someone felt like that..." Louis laid himself down on the bed he claimed, staring up at the ceiling that was cobweb free, something he was not use to seeing, his own house was rather creepy (it had creaks in the windows, holes through the walls, cobwebs everywhere). "I was so much in love with you that it caused me physical pain to see you with people, who made my life hell. I wasn't like regular Slytherins, not at first because I loved you and wanted you to love me back, but then...Then you were just like them, hanging out with them, allowing them to be mean to other students and I thought, 'Well, maybe Harry never cared about me at all. Maybe, it was just because I told him what he was, made him feel like not a freak.' I broke Harry, Nick and Ed would shove me into walls, use jinxes on me, call me a FREAK." Louis took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves or he might end up screaming, or well, crying. "Voldemort, he made me feel wanted again, much like how being with you did. He said I was special, that I was worth something and no matter how wrong I knew it was, I wanted to be something for once. My mother was never proud of me, she didn't even want me after my father left her, I wasn't a pure-blood after all. My step-father hated me, I wasn't his son and I always did everything wrong in his eyes. My little sisters loved me but I feel like they had to, I was their older brother after all and now, they hate me for what I have done. My best friend and the love of my life, well, he fell in love with the guy to tormented me every day at Hogwarts. Voldemort made all that disappear; he wanted me because I was talented."

"YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH ME!?" Harry screamed as he started to throw things as Louis, hardly too because it was painful, not that Louis showed it or anything. "Since we

were ten years old and you never thought of saying anything to me? Louis, I was in love with you too. I thought it was obvious, you fucker, I made it obvious. I would walk around naked all the time-”

“I just thought you liked to be naked, how was I supposed to know that was you flirting or whatever? That’s not obvious!”

“I saved you from Grimmy and Ed because I didn’t want you to get hurt, I sat with you in the Great Hall a bunch of times, do you know how brave you have to be to do that? Sometimes, I think that is why I was put into Gryffindor because I was brave enough to be friends with the Half-Blood Prince.” Louis’s head snap to look at Harry, how did Harry know that name, Louis only used that name in his Advance Potions class during his sixth year. “You should see your face, Louis; it’s like the best thing I have ever seen. During my seventh year, I took AP for fun and got your old text book, it was obvious who it once belonged too. It was your handwriting, your way of wording things, plus it talked about pretty green eyes and such, which makes sense now.” Louis wasn’t sure what to do at this point, they had both loved each other, did they still love each other? Louis still loved Harry, Louis doesn’t think he could ever not love Harry, it seems impossible to Louis. It all came down to Harry: Harry, who had been living with another man for the last couple years; that had to be a sign he did love Louis anymore. “...You saved me because you are still in love with me, you were even willing to save Nick because I was with him?” Louis nodded his head, rolling over on his bed so his back was facing Harry, not wanting to talk anymore.

“I have my first Potions class tomorrow, so I need to go to bed, Harry. Goodnight, I’ll see you tomorrow at breakfast and maybe, you could visit me in between classes.” Louis fell asleep almost instantly, it was another trade he learned from his Death Eaters, he had to learn how to sleep anywhere (and lightly too, so no one can come up and kill you in your sleep). Louis woke up the next morning, headed towards the Perfect’s bathroom to get ready for his first day of teaching, though he got a big surprise once he muttered the password. “Fizzing Whizbees.” The door opened and Louis walked in, only to see a very naked and wet Harry Styles getting out of the tub (which honestly, was more of a swimming pool), Louis just stood in his place. Harry didn’t notice Louis’s presence until Louis dropped his bag full of bathroom stuff all over the floor, Harry turning to look at Louis, not even trying to cover himself up. Louis scrambled to pick up his stuff, moving over to a sink to brush his teeth and get ready, his eyes never leaving the reflection of Harry in the mirror. After Louis washed his face, he dressed in his robes and left.

“Wait, Louis, let’s head to the Great Hall together.” Harry said walking up to Louis, wrapping an arm around the shorter boy (yes, Louis is shorter than Harry, skinner too) as Harry practically pulled Louis to the Great Hall. After breakfast, Louis had two classes, which went okay. The students thought he was scary, he was an ex-Death Eater after all, that made Louis scary in the children’s mind. He had lunch but hid from Harry, not knowing how Louis was supposed to act around Harry anymore. He told Harry he loved him, was still in love with him and Harry had said nothing back to Louis. After lunch, Louis had three classes and that was about it. “Louis, you’ve been avoiding me.” Louis jumped and knocked over the Potion he had been working on (he wanted to go over the Potions the students were making to morning, brushing up on his skills, in case they needed help), turning to see Harry sitting at

one of the desk. "I think it is rather rude too, Professor Tomlinson, I think I should be your favourite student."

"Harry, what are you doing here? Don't you have to help Flitwick with lesson plans or something?"

"Louis, I was trying to flirt with you...seriously..."

"You were trying to do whatnow? Did you say fart with me?"

"Flirt, Louis, flirt. As in the thing someone does when they fancy another human being."

Louis stared at Harry, maybe, he was dreaming. He could have accidentally swallowed some potion, that could be making his greatest fantasy happen in a dream, then again, that is what dreams were. Maybe, he died? Maybe, Voldemort found out he was playing double spy and killed Louis without Louis knowing, that was a very Voldemort thing to do? Harry started to laugh, loudly, before he got up from his seat and moved towards Louis. "Hey, stop looking so confused, babe. I've always liked you, Louis, ever since you told me you liked that bush. Can I tell you a secret?" Louis nodded his head; a little flabbergasted that Harry had fancied him, back when they were ten. "I was never dating, Nick, ever. We just made it look like we were dating, his parents were always on his case about dating and shit, but Nick is asexual, he doesn't want to date anyone."

"You were never REALLY dating, Grimshaw...Never?"

"Louis, I thought you were supposed to be smart, why do I feel like I am forced to repeat myself with you? Yes, I was never really dating, Nick, it was all fake. I only ever wanted to date one person and that is you, Louis. Every since we were ten and you made all those leaves float around us, back when we would share a bed and confuse our mothers. I've always loved you."

"Always."

End Notes

THAT IS RIGHT! I ended it with Snape's last word, boom, be amazed! Be Shocked! Be Enchanted! Realize that I, Paintingtheworldgray, have an unhealthy obsession with Harry Potter and One Direction.

Comments and kudos are always welcomed. :) <3

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