

## Chapter Seven

### The Auror's Deal

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or anything Harry Potter related. This site is free for everyone. I created this site purely as a way to continue on with the story from my point of view in relation to what I feel happened next. Some of the content is based on research while some others are based on my imagination. Please disregard any grammar mistakes, if you would like to be used as an editor, please contact me with revisions to chapters, this has been written with the intent of pure fun!

Harry awoke from his dream to the smell of something delicious and the sound of clattering pots and pans. He stretched his arms above his head and scooped up his glasses from his nightstand. He had the best dream that he could think of since before the battle. He felt the load, a heavy weight lift from him. But something was bothering him. Why now? Why now was he able to sleep peacefully, when before his dreams tormented him with scenes from the battle? He couldn't explain it, but he knew that it had something to do with the sudden appearance of Marla. She knew about magic that Harry had never seen wizards use before. She knew magic that he had never learned about in Hogwarts. He needed to figure out how she learned it all. A series of questions ran through Harry's mind. Why did Kingsley send her of all people to meet him here at 12 Grimmauld Place. Kingsley could have sent for anyone from the Order, anyone that Harry already knew. Instead he sent for Marla, a girl barely older than Harry, who knew very little about Harry or the battle of Hogwarts, or even about Hogwarts itself, the most famous wizarding school in the

world. Or at least Harry thought it was the most famous in the world. More questions Harry didn't have the answers to.

So what was he sure of, Harry knew that Marla had planned to coattail him for some mission to find her father, a man who had come to Britain and had vanished. Harry needed to know what Marla wanted from him exactly. He didn't know if he could do very much for her, but the more he thought about it, there was plenty that she could do for him by means of his training. Perhaps there was a good reason for her to be here after all.

Harry dressed quickly and headed downstairs to the kitchen. The smell of fresh baked bread and grilled meat engulfed his lungs. When Harry surveyed the kitchen he saw Myla and Kreacher playing tough-of-war with a cooking pot.

"I...can...do...it...myself!" Myla exclaimed trying to take possession of the pot.

"Let Kreecher cook....for...Harry Potter!" Kreacher demanded.

"No...let...me...finish," demanded Marla gripping the pot tightly.

"If you insist," said Kreacher catching a glimpse of Harry's appearance and letting go of the pot.

Marla barrel rolled backwards, the pot in her hands hit the ground with a loud "CLANK!" her dog, who had been sitting idly watching the scene ran to her side and began to bark loudly.

"I knew there was a reason I didn't like house elves," said Marla from the floor.

“Smell’s good.” Harry said, grabbing a plate from the counter. He examined spread before him, toasted bread, grilled meats, scrambled eggs butter and jam, and began to scoop up a stacks of eggs and toasted bread. “You made this yourself?” Harry asked between chews of bread to Marla who was still laid out on the ground near the table, her curly hair tossed across her face.

“I thought I would let you sleep in,” said Marla collecting herself and taking a seat. “Your kitchen was bone dry so I went to the local market to pickup a few things.”

Harry hadn’t thought of it, but buying groceries and important items that he would need to live on his own was definitely on his list of things to do.

“Must have cost you a small fortune,” said Harry surveying the kitchen, which was now fully stocked with yummy things for him to eat. He dug in his pockets and pulled out several golden coins.

“Take this,” said Harry, placing the coins in front of Marla. “I’m going to have to start learning to do these types of things on my own.”

Marla picked up the coins and examined them from both sides. “Your money doesn’t really do it for me,” Marla said looking at the imprint of the witch on one side. “It helps that you have a house elf, who by the way fought me tooth and nail to make breakfast.” Marla threw the pot that she had fought Kreacher for randomly behind her. Kreacher caught it without reaction.

“Give your gold to him,” said Marla, who now tossed Harry’s gold behind her. Kreacher caught it instinctually. “I’m sure he will keep track of all your affairs and have this place looking brand new again.”

Harry agreed and gave Kreacher several additional gold coins. "Let me know if you need more," said Harry. "Thank you, Harry Potter." Kreacher said with a bow before exiting the room.

"Consider this a truce," said Marla taking a plate of her own and scooping up some toast "for what I did to you last night."

"How did you do it?" asked Harry. "How were you able to put a charm on me without a wand or a potion?"

"There's magic beyond all of this you know," said Marla taking several bites. "Magic beyond Hogwarts and your wizarding villages here in Britain. You've been exposed to just a small window of what's really out there."

"So how do I go about learning some of it," said Harry, finally saying what has been on his mind this whole time. "How do I begin training as an Auror or Aocitee or whatever it's called."

Marla dropped her fork and looked at Harry dead in his face. "Let's get a few things straight. I am an Aucite, one of very few; my dad being the best there is and ever was. Very different from an Auror, how so?" Marla asked after seeing the confused look on Harry's face. "Well first of all Aucites deal with magic from all over the world. We are a global system in charge of keeping the whole world safe from dark forces. No Voldemort was not the first wizard to form a dark army and cause major damage to the wizarding community, nor will he be the last. We seek these wizards, witches and creatures out and try to stop them before they gain too much power. Aurors and similar systems are in charge of keeping your cities and communities safe. Aucites work very closely with Aurors

because there are so few of us out there; Aurors are the first line of defense.”

Harry took a moment to take it all in. “So Aucites are in charge of protecting the entire wizarding world.”

“Yes the wizarding world, the elf world, the troll world.” Marla went on. “We are neutral, our primary job is helping to keep the balance between the magical world and the non-magical world, make sense yet?”

“Yes it does,” said Harry. “ So then I want to be an Aucite.”

Marla laughed outright and began to eat her eggs again.

“That’s not how it works,” Myla began. “You don’t decide to become an Aucite, you are selected, usually at birth. Most Aucites have parents or great grandparents who were once Aucites.”

“Who selects them?” asked Harry.

“I’m not sure,” Marla began; Harry could tell that she was giving it great thought. “I was selected by my dad at birth.”

Harry thought for a moment “If I can’t become an Aucite, how do I go about becoming an Auror here in Britain?”

Marla gave him a smirk. “You don’t have to do anything Harry,” Marla began. “Kinsley is giving free passes to anyone who participated in the battle of Hogwarts and survived. If you want to become an Auror all you have to do is tell Kingsley and you are in.”

Harry took several more scoops of eggs. There was something bothering him about all of this.

“So why don’t you send word today and let Kingsley know that you want to be an Auror?” Marla asked, surveying him as he ate his breakfast.

“I’m not ready,” said Harry.

“What makes you think that?” asked Marla.

“You know things that I don’t know yet,” Harry began. “You can use magic without a wand, and know about jinxes on animals, and how to mix potions so that you can heal yourself.”

“So,” Myla began. “When you start as an Auror at the Ministry you will pick it up quick enough.”

“No,” Harry said, looking Marla square in her eyes. “I want you to train me, teach me everything you know.”

Marla began to laugh again. “Harry, to teach you everything I know would take years, and I don’t have years to give way, I barley have days. I have to find out what happened to my Dad.”

“So let’s make a deal then.” Harry continued. “I’ll go along with everything involved with finding your Dad here in Britain, if along the way you teach me what I need to know to become an Auror.”

Harry stuck his hand out to shake with Marla’s who surveyed him with caution.

“Oh, all right,” said Marla taking his hand. “But you won’t learn everything, I’ll show you as much as I can while I’m here and then you are on your own to figure everything out.”

“Deal,” said Harry with determination. They were both on a mission now, Harry to figure out all that he could about being an Auror and Marla on a mission to find out what happened to her father. Harry knew without saying a word that he was in for yet another adventure.