

Fate will link your life with mine

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Heavenly Ways Masters and Guardians. Two sets of beings that protect and defend the world. Mortal enemies sworn to kill each other. When the two worlds collide due to one child everything will change. Only the Slytherin heir can control the Guardians. One will try to defy his destiny.

A mistake part 1

A/N in response to Ulktante's challenge. The first chapter will be pulled from the first few chapters his challenge. Ulkante thank you for giving me permission to do this.

Lily's POV

Lily stormed through a small unnamed village on the Welsh coast. Her green eyes were almost sparking with her anger, her fists clenched, her warm cloak billowing behind her.

It was the beginning of November, and she just needed to be away from Potter Manor for a time.

She loved James, she truly did. Dearly. But sometimes he could be such an obnoxious prat!

She had understood when he had asked her to stop taking the contraceptive potions after they had married. His parents had struggled to conceive, and that he feared the same would happen to them if they were to wait was not something she could just dismiss. To argue that she had wanted to get her Charms Mastery, work, live before they became parents, felt petty. As she had agreed to marry the last of the Potters, she had agreed to become a mother, because James would need an heir.

So she had argued that the war against Voldemort – she refused to call him by those ridiculous monikers in her own head – was not a good time to have a child. Argued that as long as they were actively fighting they could not risk her becoming pregnant.

But that had not worked in her favour.

James had argued back, that they could both be killed or maimed in the fights, that they might be hit by something rendering them infertile, that they should live life to the fullest because they could not know when it would end.

By now they had escaped Voldemort himself more than once, got in several skirmishes with the Death Eaters, and still they were trying to conceive. Lily had to admit that it seemed they would have to struggle to have a child just as James' parents had had to fight for years.

And that had been the reason that they had had a row only half an hour ago.

Lily had walked into the kitchen of the manor to get the hot tea she drank before every dinner by herself, instead of having it brought up by one of the elves. She knew it should be about ready, and as she was walking by anyway, she thought to safe little Prim the trip. And there she had seen the little being assigned to her for her needs, dripping a potion into her tea.

Lily had not been one of the best students of their year in potions for nothing. Immediately she had recognized the fertility potion.

Red hair flying behind her she had found James in the study, back from his work as an Auror, bending over some papers. And then she had vented her frustrations. Why was he feeding her potions? Why hadn't he asked? Didn't it occur to him that maybe the problem was him, not her? That he was not able to father a child?

It could have become a reasonable discussion if James had not uttered a sentence under his breath Lily was not sure she could forgive him for.

"And I thought by marrying a muggle-born I wouldn't have this problem."

She had not been that furious since Sev had called her a mudblood after they had taken their OWLs.

And now she had been apparating around for hours, walking through the countryside to work out her frustrations. It was getting dark now, and she still was not sure if she wanted to return to Potter Manor. Spotting a pub ahead, Lily decided that she would drink something before returning home. It had been a while since she had been out just for fun. James had become quite paranoid, not letting her go anywhere alone, or just with her female friends. He, Sirius, or Remus always had to accompany her. She had begun to feel claustrophobic.

Stopping by a window and using its reflective surface to examine herself, Lily got her wand out and started to apply some concealment charms. A few moments later, her eyes were an unremarkable brown, her hair an ash-blonde, and her skin a few shades darker than before. Even if there should be a wizard or witch inside the pub, no one would recognize her.

Lily cradled her second pint of ale and still didn't feel like returning home. Why did James insist on making everything so hard? Before they had married, he had never even hinted at what he now was insisting on. With a low growl of frustration, she turned around to look over the patrons in the pub once again. She would dearly love to talk to someone, flirt a little. The war and the pressure from James were grating on her nerves.

Suddenly the door to the pub opened, attracting the eyes of everyone sitting at the small tables. Lily was sitting at the bar, one of the only places left without having to sit with some stranger at a table, and watched as a man in his late thirties or early forties came into the pub, removing his hat and opening his cloak. He looked dashing.

It was obvious he didn't fancy sitting with a stranger at a table any more than Lily had when she had come in here to take a break, warm up, and think in peace. So he strode over to the bar, threw his cloak over one of the empty stools and sat on another, only one over from where Lily was sitting.

The man had black hair and piercing blue eyes. One beer." With a small smirk Lily noticed that he had a nice voice, and sounded a little irritated. Maybe here was someone she could talk to, air her troubles without it getting back to one of her friends or, God forbid, James.

When a pint of beer had been placed before the interesting stranger, Lily boldly turned towards him with an easy smile. She hadn't been in Gryffindor for nothing.

"You look irritated. What's the matter?"

The stranger took a sip of his beer and then turned so he could look over to her. "Trouble at work," he answered her inquiry after studying her from head to toe.

He shot a look at the inside of his right wrist. If it had been his left then she would have drawn her wand. Nothing about the right one made sense to her. Then again she didn't want to know.

She said with a shrug, "It could be trouble at home."

He sighed with a shame of his head, "No. That would only be possible if one had a home. I don't."

There was something in his eyes. A pain that was better left unsaid. And suddenly the knot that had sat in her stomach the whole time started to loosen. That was it, exactly. James had betrayed her trust. Had fed her potions without her knowledge. In fact, he hadn't even asked once. They had talked a lot about how to increase their chances of conceiving. Timing, food. Lily had been to see a healer. But not once had they spoken about using fertility potions.

By the time the pub started to empty, both of them had lost most of the tension and were talking like old friends. She had introduced herself as Rose. He had said his name was Thomas. He didn't sound to have been native speaking English. It was slight but there was an accent. She wasn't so sure if she wanted to believe him, but considering everything, she really didn't care.

Yoochun's POV

The Five Heavenly Ways Masters had finally broken up. In the years that they all worked and fought together he never thought he would see it. They were supposed to be the defense if the Guardians ever returned. Murim against those with magic.

Now the five protectors were split down the middle. Lee Jinyup and Earth Beast siding with Yuri. While the Air Eage, and Liquid Shark sided with him. Years of friendship ruined due to a disagreement.

He decided to drown his sorrows in alcohol. Being in England away from his fellow Masters. While he couldn't stay away long, one week wouldn't kill them.

Spending the night with a woman named Rose was the best decision he made in awhile. It wasn't one he was expecting to make. All he wanted was to get drunk.

Looking at his watch on his left wrist he realized he had to leave. It was time to go back. Back to a war he would rather leave behind. His thoughts went out to Rose. He wished her well.

A mistake part 2

A/N Thanks for your reviews and support. This will be the last time I pull anything from Ulkante's story one night stand for this fic. Thank you again for the challenge.

dogman999: Thanks for your review my friend. I'm glad you enjoy it.

WhiteElfElder: Thanks for your review my friend. No truer words have ever been spoken.

DarkRavie: Thanks for your review my friend.

Lily sat in her rocking chair up in Harry's room, contemplating how she had come to be here in this situation, while breastfeeding her little darling.

It all had started with that blasted fertility potion. After that one night with Thomas, she had woken alone in that room, had found the bill paid, and had left for home. Of course another row had followed, because James had been terrified for her safety, had believed she had run into some Death Eaters, that she had been hurt or worse.

The sex that followed had been spectacular.

A few weeks later Lily had been sure that she was pregnant. And at the same time, she had known it couldn't have been James'. Even though she hadn't managed to bring James to accept the possibility that he was the reason conceiving took so long, she had found a charm in one of her books to simply test if a man was able to father children or not. She had cast the spell on her husband as he'd slept. She had hoped to be wrong, or to have a reason to drag him to a healer. Now that she knew that James wasn't the father, couldn't be the father, only Thomas remained as a possibility.

She still remembered quite vividly how her thoughts had run in circles that day and the following night. She had used a contraceptive charm while she was with Thomas. How was it even possible that she'd gotten pregnant that night? More research had followed, and she'd unearthed some information about fertility potions that looked as if it had been deliberately kept secret for quite some time.

What she'd found had made her furious. It seemed to be tradition to feed fertility potions to young married witches even if they didn't want to get pregnant just yet. That worked because the properties of fertility potions countered the effects of the charm. So the mystery of how she could get pregnant in spite of the charm was solved.

For long hours she had contemplated what to do. If telling James was a real option, or if she should try to pass off her child as James'.

In the book detailing the fertility potion was another, used to give an unborn child the likeness of a different father. It had been easy to brew the potion, to take it as often as was required and to banish Thomas from her mind. She didn't really know him. They had spent

one evening together. There was no way she could make any guesses as to what living with him would be like, and despite that she often found herself speculating.

And now here she was her beloved Harry in her arms, so much bigger now than when she had held her miracle baby for the first time.

Over a year on the run because of a prophecy she had never heard. Because a spy had warned the Headmaster that her son was a possible target. Now hidden away behind a powerful spell, unable to leave the house.

James was close to climbing the walls because there was just nothing to do at this house. Harry was ecstatic that both his mommy and dad were always there and playing with him. Her little boy loved his toy broom, toddled around the house chasing after the cat, and smiled all the time.

But Lily was frustrated. Hiding away while others fought felt wrong, and she had trouble accepting the necessity without a good reason. James, Sirius, and Remus all had tried to convince her to trust the Headmaster in this, without knowing the exact wording of the prophecy. But she felt frustrated with the old man's lack of trust in them. He always held information so close to his vest, never telling anyone anything if he could avoid it.

Lily of course understood the need for secrecy. But if something affected her life as much as this supposed prophecy, she felt she had a right to know. And she knew that she was able to keep something secret. They all suspected that there had to be a spy in their midst. Or someone who talked about things where he or she shouldn't.

It galled that she wasn't trusted enough to keep the information secret, but was expected to heed the words of the Headmaster without question. Maybe James kept nothing secret from his three friends, but she certainly would keep things even from James if need be. But she couldn't very well say that.

Hopefully the war would end soon. She hoped that her beloved son would get the chance to grow up in a peaceful world.

Harry's POV

The banging on his door brought him to awareness. It was a month into his summer after his fourth year. Nightmares ate at his nights now. All of which were from the night at the graveyard.

To make matters worse his friends weren't even owling him. Not one letter from anyone. Even his godfather wasn't answering his attempts at communication. He was almost frantically trying to get ahold of anyone. It was as if they had forgotten him. If it weren't for the changes he had started to notice then he wouldn't be so frantic to get ahold of someone. Anyone.

As his birthday drew nearer he noticed that he had grown. This was not an insignificant amount. It was enough to make him stumble in the mornings. It reminded him of his second year coming off of the polyjuice potion. As if trying to get used to his own body again. His

height was now two or three inches taller than Dudley. Who he had been shorter than by a few inches.

His hair that had once been messy and untameable. Now it lay almost flat. His bangs lay over his eyes giving him a mysterious look.

With a sigh he pushed himself into a standing position. After throwing on his clean clothes he opened up his door. His aunt was waiting for him at the stairs. She stared at him in horror. It was like she had never seen him before.

Petunia screeched making him wince, "What have you done to your eyes, boy? We told you no freshness in this house!"

Oh for the love of. What was changed now!

He asked trying to calm the panic that was rising in his chest, "I didn't do anything. What is wrong with my eyes?"

His aunt gave him a suspicious look but eventually answered, "They are blue. I have never seen a blue color like that."

Blue? He rushed into the bathroom to see for himself. To his surprise they were just as his aunt said. The blue was like lightning in the sky on a stormy night.

Even in the Wizarding world he had never seen such a color in someone's eyes. What had caused these changes?

So many questions and nowhere near enough answers. Without being able to contact his friends or godfather he knew it wasn't in his best interest to stay.

His aunt said looking down the stairs, "Boy you need to leave. When Vernon leaves for work you need to leave. If he sees your eyes like that he will kill you."

With how the summer had been going he didn't doubt it. His back still hurt from the beatings. So he knew that she was right. There would be no more beatings. It would end in murder.

He quickly returned to his room and grabbed his most important items. His wand, invisibility cloak, and photo album were all under a loose floorboard. Under them was a leather bound book.

Out of all his possessions this was the most important. It held a list of everything he had learned. Along with some things he had created. It had to be hidden from every one.

A noise outside caught his attention. His uncle left for work. He opened Hedwigs cage and said, "Go to Hogwarts girl. You will be safer there than with me."

The look she gave him was sharp. Still he held true to his words. She would be safer at Hogwarts. Besides he would see her when he returned for his fifth year. Finally she nodded and left when he opened the window.

With his items in his arm he went downstairs. The cupboard was unlocked and waiting for him. His trunk was in there just like he expected.

He wasn't going to take his trunk. Realistically if he wanted to get away he couldn't. So he grabbed his backpack. It had a charm on it to be ever extending. He put his notebook, photo album, invisibility cloak in the pack. His wand went into his pocket.

Once he brought his head out his aunt was waiting for him. There was a book in her arms. It was not one he had ever seen before.

She held it out to him saying, "This was your mother's. She left it with me in case anything ever happened to her. When you get to a safe place you should read this."

He took the book with a quiet, "Thank you. I guess this is goodbye."

She said coldly turning away from him, "Don't come back. I can't protect you if you do."

Putting the book in his bag he nodded. If he wanted to survive he could not get caught. That meant he would have to avoid Dumbledore. The old man would certainly want him to stay with his aunt and uncle.

Without looking back he left his aunt's house. He pointed his wand at the street calling the night bus. In the next moment it appeared.

An unfamiliar wizard stepped out, "Welcome to the night bus. We aid stranded witches or wizards. For 11 sickles we can take you anywhere in Britain. Where would you like to go?"

This must be the daytime conductor. He replied calmly, "Diagon alley if you would."

The conductor asked noticing the small bag over his shoulder, "Is that all you have?"

Nodding he climbed onto the bus. The bus was mostly empty. One wizard lay on a back bed seemingly asleep. Something told him to be wary of the person. To not let them hear his voice too much.

He took a middle bed. One that he could see both the front and the back. Mistrust filled him. Any wizard at all could be working for Dumbledore or Voldemort. To be safe he was going to need to leave the wizarding world. First he would have to go to Gringotts. He would need money if he wanted to get anywhere.

When the bus stopped they were at the Leaky Cauldron. He payed the conductor with the last bit of his money to get there. Entering the inn he lifted a hand in greeting to Tom.

The man lifted his head in greeting but returned quickly to cleaning. Using the code he entered the alley. The alley had not changed in the two years since he last visited.

People didn't stare at him as he passed. In fact it seemed like they didn't recognize him. That would make life easier if they couldn't recognize him. It was hard to believe that his hair being flatter and a change of eye color would fool this many people. He guessed that it was a blessing. Making it easier for him to hide.

Shaking his head from the thoughts he made his way to Gringotts. The bank like the rest of the alley hadn't changed. Goblins guarding the door barely glanced at him. To them he wasn't a threat. Not that it surprised him. He didn't even have his OWLs yet.

Going up to a teller he said, "I would like to speak to someone about getting into my vaults."

The teller barely glanced at him as it asked, "Do you have your key?"

Deciding the truth was his best option he replied, "I don't have my key. I have to give it back every time I use it."

The goblin gave him a suspicious look. Then it said something in its native tongue. Another goblin came up to him.

It growled at him, "Follow me."

Without a word Harry followed him. He was led deep into the bowels of the bank. They came to a pair of grand doors. His guide knocked once curtly before entering. Harry followed quietly behind him.

A goblin sat at the top of a desk. It didn't even glance at them when they entered. When it did it was to the goblin who approached. It said something in an unfamiliar language.

The one at the desk looked up sharply. Golden eyes met his blue ones. It snarled at his escort who quickly left.

When the door was shut the one behind the desk said, "I'm Ragnorak leader of this bank. What can I do for you wizard?"

Harry replied moving closer, "Over the last month I have been going through some changes. Just recently my eye color changed from its original green to this blue color. With that my aunt threw me out of her house."

Ragnorak asked still suspicious, "Who are you?"

Biting his lip he replied, "Harry Potter."

Gringotts

A/N Thanks for your reviews and support.

DarkRavie: Thanks for your review my friend.

dogman999: Thanks for your review my friend. I'm glad you enjoy it. Hope you like the new chapter.

WhiteElfElder: Thanks for your review my friend. We will certainly see.

Harrison's POV

The goblin's suspicion increased two fold. It said putting a parchment on the desk, " We will need to confirm your identity before we go any further. I will need a blood sample. Three drops of blood should do it."

He flipped a knife to him handle first. The knife was made of silver. Somehow he knew this instinctively. Yet he couldn't explain how he knew this. Instead of questioning this he slit open his palm. Then he allowed his blood to flow onto the parchment.

When the goblin raised its hand he lifted his hand. For a moment nothing happened then words began to spell out into the parchment. It read:

Name: Harrison James Lee Potter

Mother: Lily Anne Potter

Adoptive father: James Charlus Potter Biological father: Yoochun Lee

Inheritance:

Heir: Gryffindor, Slytherin, Potter, Blue King, Perevell, Black, Fifth Heavenly Ways,

Available lordships: Gryffindor and Potter, Perevell

Abilities: Available: wandless magic, parseltounge, Lightning elemental, ki

Unactivated abilities: Heavenly Ways, Guardian of the Forest

Harry could only blink at the paper in front of him. What the hell? Who was Yoochun Lee? How was he his father?

The goblin in front of him seemed just as surprised as he was. It said, "It has been many centuries since a Guardian last walked amongst us. The last one, your predecessor was a goblin friend."

Goblin friend, he knew from history those were extremely rare. The title was unfamiliar to him. Ragnorak didn't allow him to ask a question. Instead pointed to his right arm. Looking down he saw a azure blue band across his wrist below that was a wolf symbol.

That wasn't there before. Where the hell did it come from? More importantly what did it mean?

Ragnorak said tapping his fingers on the desk, " Your mark will have people hunting for you. Specifically the Heir of Slytherin. Heavenly Ways Masters have no one to control them. They are the opposite of the Guardians. Both have extraordinary abilities but they are equal in power. You will not be safe in the Wizarding world."

No shit. Was his first thoughts. Even if people didn't recognize him his eyes would be the source of speculation. Just like his previous green ones they were distinctive. The question was where would he go? Where would he be safe?

As if sensing his thoughts Ragnorak said, " Korea. I know a man who is in need of a disciple. You will be safe there. Well as safe as a Guardian child could be."

"What do you know of my biological father?"

If anyone would know it would be the goblins. Harry didn't know anything about his father. The name was unfamiliar to him. No one had ever mentioned that name when speaking of his father. That meant that he wasn't a friend of his father's.

Ragnorak replied, "Little is known about your father. For awhile most people thought he was dead. He and two other master had a falling out. If you come across a man by the name of Jinyup run. He has many years of experience on you and a grudge against your father. Knowing him he would not hesitate to kill you. As for your parents from what i understand you were the product of a one night stand between them."

So he was an accident. That meant that even if he met up with his father the man wouldn't want him. He was the man's bastard of a son. There was no way that this man would acknowledge him.

The goblin said leaning back, " Your father likely did not know you existed. Any questions you may have should be given to him. Here are your vault keys and lordship rings. With these rings you can get the trace on your wand removed. Officially you would be emancipated."

The keys came up onto the desk. Three sets of boxes came up onto the desk. Each had a different kind of a crest on them. Hesitantly he reached for the Potter box.

The ring was made of a black metal that he didn't recognize. The crest was made of gold. The crest of a lion. He put it on his ring finger. At first it was too big then after a second it resized itself.

The goblin nodded then pushed a box he didn't know towards him. In it was a silver banded ring. The crest was an unfamiliar triangle symbol. It was strange but he put it on the same

hand and finger as the previous ring. It resized to fit him just like before.

The final box had a Gryffin on it. There was doubt in his mind which family that belonged to. It should have surprised him that he was the heir of Gryffindor. Soon to be Lord of Gryffindor. Yet it didn't. He couldn't explain why it didn't either. Something about being it felt right.

The band was made of gold. Its crest was a combination of a red and gold Gryffin. Just like the crest on the box. When he put it on it felt like all was right in the world again.

The goblin said, "You are now the Lord of three Ancient and Noble houses. Congratulations Lord Gryffindor-Potter-Perevell."

A question sprung in his mind and he asked, "Wait if I'm not James Potter's son how do I have his inheritance?"

The goblin replied exasperated by his questions, "The late Lord Potter was far from stupid. He knew that you were not his son by blood. He did the first blood adoption ritual when you were just a baby. Just before his death. That added his blood to your own. Binding the glamors to you until now. They would not have lasted as long as they did without the ritual. Be grateful for this. Your life may have been a far cry from what it was if it had worn off sooner."

Marvolo's POV

Ever since he regained his body back he slowly began to get his sanity back. It took him several weeks to realize it had to do with the four bands starting at his right wrist. Silver for air. Azure blue for lightning. Green for Earth. Ocean blue for water. Red for fire.

His attention was drawn to his door when a knock resounded. The man frowned. No one was supposed to bother him tonight. Yet there was someone who was knocking on his door.

He gave a curt, "Enter."

Lucius came in with his son half a step behind him. Both blonds looked more rattled than any pureblood should be.

He inquired his irritation being masked by his curiosity, "What brings you to my office, Lucius? I specifically requested not to be disturbed."

Lucius bowed as he answered, "I'm sorry, my lord. This could not wait. You asked that I and other parents alert you if strange markings appeared. Specifically ones that correlate to your own markings."

Marvolo leaned forward his interest peaked. Draco pulled up the sleeve of his robe to reveal a silver band on his right wrist. With the band was a falcon below it.

Teacher part 1

A/N Thanks for your your reviews and support.

WhiteElfElder: Thanks for your review my friend. Time to be gone before other's realize what's happening.

dogman999: Thanks for your review my friend.

DarkRavie: Thanks for your your review my friend.

Harrison's POV

Ragnorak held out an amulet and said, "This is a portkey. Tap your wand to it and say Dragon. That will take you to our contact. He will look after you and make sure you are trained. If for some reason you find yourself in need to escape. Tap it and say haven. It will bring you back here."

Harrison slipped it over his head as he said, "Thank you Ragnorak. Thank you for everything you have done for me."

The goblin sneered, "You're welcome wizard," then it's eyes softened ever so slightly, "You will have to be careful from on, Lord Potter. There are other things at play here. Wizards and Murim alike will be trying to use you for your new abilities. Unless you learn quickly you will drown. Now be gone."

With that ominous warning Harrison touched his wand to the amulet and said, "Dragon."

There was a pull at his navel and he was whisked away. The portkey taking him to some unknown place. As with all the times before when it stopped he landed in a heap. It was more painful than usual for he landed on concrete.

Before he could gain his bearings a hand hauled him up by his collar. A pair of piercing blue eyes met his own azure blue. The owner of the eyes was in his early to mid thirties.

The snarled, "Who the hell are you? What school are you with? Are there others with you?"

Harrison blinked for several seconds then replied, "Harrison Potter, Hogwarts student. I'm alone."

The man's blue eyes narrowed but Harrison had nothing to hide. He said with a growl, "A wizard. What brings you so far from home, little wizard?"

"The goblin sent me. My life has been a lie up to this point. They sent me to you for my own protection," came his reply.

It was the truth but at the same time it didn't reveal much. He didn't know what was going on himself. Until he did he would protect himself until he knew who he could trust. According

to the goblins he could trust this man. Until that was proven he would wait.

The man's eyes searched his for a long moment. Then he stopped Harrison back down onto his feet. The hand grabbed at his right arm and pulled up the sleeve baring his wrist. The same wrist he spent the last month hiding.

An azure blue band encircled his wrist. Just below the band was a black wolf symbol.

"A guardian? Well it's no wonder that they sent you to me," came the surprised question.

Guardian? Was that what his mark meant? If so he didn't want any further burden on him. Being the Boy Who Lived was enough. He didn't want the fame he had. All it brought was pain and heartbreak.

The man stared at the mark before he said, "Come on. The goblins were right to send you here. An untrained guardian is dangerous. Is your magic reacting? It should growing if it hasn't already started."

Harrison allowed the man to drag him into a building. It was only then that he noticed that he portkeyed into an alley. The building was an apartment and a nice one at that.

They took the stairs practically two at a time. Harrison struggled to keep up with the man's long legs. Not for the first time he cursed his family for starving him. It made him shorter than most. When people saw him they thought he was thirteen at best. Not the nearly fifteen year old that he was.

Once at the third floor they went into the north side hallway. At the last door the man pulled out a set of keys. Once the door was open he was shoved roughly inside. Years of being shoved around by Vernon allowed him to keep his feet. Though the man received a fierce glare from the young boy.

The man closed the door and checked his apartment. It was almost as if he was making sure they were alone. Unusual but for the moment Harrison let it slide. He needed to know more about what was going on.

Once the apartment was checked the man inquired coldly, "What do you know of the relationship between the magical and Murim world? Have they taught you anything about using the ki within your body?"

Ki? What in the bloody hell was ki? Better yet what was Murim and why should he know it?

Chun growled seeing the look of utter confusion, "Shit. This is why wizards are annoying," after taking a deep breath his teacher lectured, "You see a person is formed with Simgichehon. Sim is the power to think. Gi is the life force in all creation. Che is the basic building material that makes up the body. In other words things such as bone, and muscles. Hon is the determination to succeed in something. Usually these four areas are tied together and will strength or weaken together."

When he took a breath Harrison used the moment to process the information. Essentially magic, ki, and body were all tied together. If someone had too much of one it would year the wielder apart.

The man said after a moment, "My name Han Chun Woo and it seems the goblin have named me your teacher. If you want to survive the world of Murim you will need to learn quickly. Murim should never be mistaken as something kind. If they ever find out what you are, they will not hesitate to kill you. Guardians are beings of magic and ki. They answer to only one person. Who that is has been lost all but his line. You will have enemies here but there are those who will follow you. I can teach you how to survive but it's up to you to thrive."

Harrison watched the man carefully. It was a dangerous chance to take the man up on his offer. Then again everything about his life was dangerous. The world thought he was the Boy Who Lived. It turned out he wasn't even really a Potter. No this world would give him the answers he was looking for. Possibly this man would lead him to his father.

He replied, "I will. This world will lead me to the answers that I seek."

Teacher part 2

A/N thanks for your reviews and support.

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review my friend. Hes not that screwed. Yet.

DarkRavie: thanks for your review my friend.

Harrison's POV

Despite the man's promises to train him all they had done so far was run up and down the mountain. He had been with the elder man for a week. It was beginning to get on his nerves that all he had done was run.

He knew enough about how to run away. It was learning to fight that he wanted. How to use his ki.

When he questioned this the man took a deep breath and lectured, "You see a person is formed with Simgichehon. Sim is the power to think. Gi is the life force in all creation. Che is the basic building material that makes up the body. In other words things such as bone, and muscles. Hon is the determination to succeed in something. Usually these four areas are tied together and will strength or weaken together. But you are at a seriously unbalanced state. Your ki is overflowing to the point of instability and your body is horrifyingly behind."

He questioned curious at how his body was behind, "How? I don't feel any different? You haven't even shown me how to feel for my ki yet."

Chun sighed, "Your body is the vessel holding your ki. The ki is getting produced at a maddening rate the Guardian within you is causing it. But what do you think will happen if the body that needs to hold it is weak like a thin piece of paper? Understand? That's why your body would burst and break every time you so much as move if we were to do this now. Now it's important that we calm that ki down and strengthen your body. To make the perfect body that can hold that ki safely as soon as we can. Since we stabilized the ki for a couple of days you should find it easier to exercise. We have to hurry during times like these. That's why we have to put some muscle on your body."

Harrison gave his own sigh. Muscle on his skinny body. Yeah that was easier said than done.

His aunt and uncle had starved him for the last thirteen years. Skin and bones was not what he was by choice. If he had his way they would both be dead. Preferably in the most painful way possible.

It wasn't until recently that he found out he didn't have to stay with them. Even staying with Chun who barely accepted his presence was safer than with the Dursley's.

Harrison understood. If he wanted his body to stay in one piece he had to learn this. Otherwise his ki would destroy him.

He asked, "How long will this take?"

His teacher blinked then had a far off look as he replied, "They usually say that you get basic physique after a 100 days. I think you can do it in two months. HmMMM two months."

Two months... he would have to continue this while he was at Hogwarts. If he ever went back to his school. As it stood then it wouldn't be likely. There was something happening in this world. Something he couldn't explain.

Inside him he could feel it drawing him into this new world. A world where magic and spirit were one and the same.

He said, "Come we are going to my apartment. We need to get your inner fire under control before it burns you alive."

He was apprehensive about the inner fire Chun kept speaking of. It sounded like it only effected him but by the look on the man's face it was obvious that that was wrong. They had to walk to Chun's apartment due to the fact the man didn't have a car.

Harrison was amazed at the size of the apartment. The man stayed in a bloody penthouse. It confirmed what he already knew. The man was not an English teacher.

He pointed to a spot on the floor and said, "Sit there crosslegged hands in a half circle below your navel."

He did as he was told sitting on the dark carpet. He felt the man come up behind him and sit down. A cold hand was placed just behind his heart.

The man said his voice slow and hypnotic, "Relax I'm going to try and force your ki flow to right itself. I want you to feel the place just below your navel where the ki should be at its greatest. That is your ki center. With it we can perform martial arts. If it is ever broken our ki will slowly poison us."

Harrison took a slow breath in as he felt a foreign pressure on the spot indicated. It was uncomfortable but not unbearable.

The man continued in the same tone, "That's it relax your abdominal muscles. Allow me to help you."

He felt his ki start flowing in the correct direction at the instance of the man. It burned fiercely before calming slightly. The cold hand was lifted and the man said, "That's it. Just focus on your breathing. Good..."

Following his teachers directions he focused on the flow like the man said. He slowly breathed in and out relaxing into the meditation. It didn't last long though. The fire returned as his ki began to move backwards again.

The cold hand was back in its original spot. He went the foreign pressure return with it. The pressure helped right his ki flow once more. It did not leave until he was regulating on his own. He didn't even notice when the hand lifted from his back.

Their training continued on for several hours. His teacher would only help as necessary. His hand was cold against the warmth of his back.

When he came out of his training his teacher was staring out the window. Harrison asked, "What's wrong, Sunsengnim?"

The man shook himself from his thoughts and said, "Nothing. I'm tired let's call it a day. Take the couch."

Before Harrison could say anything else a pillow hit him in the face. Chun was already moving to his bed room. With a frustrated sigh Harrison lay on the couch.

Disciple

A/N thanks for your reviews and support.

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review my friend. That he does. He will learn though. And quickly.

DarkRavie: thanks for your review my friend.

Some of you may recognize scenes from Tiger's cub Dragon's Hatchling. I thought it would be a nice touch and something to expand upon.

Harrison's POV

With ki excercises and physical exercise he was kept busy over the next three days. There was very little extra time for anything other than eating and sleeping.

One evening after he returned to the apartment he was sharing with Chun he found the man in the back room. It was a room he was told not to enter unless he was with Chun.

Unlike the rest of the apartment the floor was bare concrete. On it lay a ritual circle in chalk. Chun was putting the final touches on it as he entered.

Chun said drawing his attention, "The circle is a dragon wrapped around itself. Each line representing a part of the masters skills. The more lines the more seats the master holds. There are other animals that are also used but I am Goomoonryong. It means the Nine Arts Dragon."

When he looked closer at the circle he found there were nine lines of power. Indicating that he had all nine dragon seats. Supposedly it wasn't something that happened in the last century.

Chun had given him books on the history of Murim. Harrison kept to the most recent history as it would take him a lot of time to get through it all.

Chun said drawing up to full height, "There. Kid I'm giving you two options here. One you forget you ever saw this circle and we continue as we were but in two months I leave you. By then you will have enough training to at least stand on your own two feet. Another master would take you up eventually if you keep at it."

To Harrison that didn't sound like an option he wanted. One teacher that's what he wanted. Not to be passed around because no one wanted him. Not to be an outcast.

He inquired softly, "And the other?"

"The other option could kill you," Chun sighed, "If you choose this option you will always be looking over your shoulder. There will always be someone looking to use you or kill you."

He paused for just the briefest of moments before hardened ice blue eyes met his softer blue, "If you go through with this there is no turning back. You will learn the ways of Murim and fight just to survive. There is a good chance you will die before you become a master. If you survive you will be stronger than anyone. You will be marked as a Dragon's disciple."

Chun lifted his shirt and turning to show a large red dragon that covered his entire back. Its tail went up his shoulder and onto his chest.

Chun continued, "As a disciple your mark won't be nearly as large. Some Murim masters will take one disciples. Others will take multiple. I am the former. If you agree to be my disciple I will never take another. I cannot help you with your elemental ki as that is not my forte. I can teach you all I know. In two months time I'll leave and as my disciple will come with me. Going with me means you will always be looking over your shoulder. Someone will always be after us."

Harrison watched the man carefully. There weren't any tells of him lying. It seemed the man was telling the truth.

Harrison took a deep breath before looking at the circle. His decision had to be made here and now. Due to his bloodline he had more ki than most. He also was naturally given elemental ki.

Harrison replied his blue eyes hardening almost into the same color as Chun's, "I'll do it. I'll do the ritual."

Chun nodded and ordered, "Go practice your breathing exercises and get some rest. Tonight when the full moon rises we will do the ritual."

Chun's POV

That night when the full moon rose above them Chun and Harrison stood shirtless in grey pants in the circle. Their magics and ki had already charged the circle and it was ready.

He placed the rune of student on Harrison's right wrist. The runes would forever entwine their magics. Even when the boy became a master by his own right they would always recognize each other.

Then began to draw the rune of master on his own. When he finished he asked his tone serious, "Are you completely sure you want to do this? There is no going back after this."

Harrison met his gaze with my own serious gaze and said calmly, "Yes I am sure. I know there's no going back after this even when I return to my school in Scotland."

Chun gave the boy a quiet nod of approval before starting the ritual. There was an enormous influx of ki as the circle activated.

He grabbed the boys wrist and said, "I am the nine arts dragon. I accept this boy to be my first and last disciple. Do you accept this position?"

The ki surrounding them expanded and swirled around them as it acknowledged the boy's own inner ki. He flinched slightly at the amount of power the boy's ki had.

It was raw, untamed power. Bloodlines weren't meant to be mixed. It was forbidden by many of the circles in Murim.

The boy said without any hesitation, "I accept you the nine arts dragon as my teacher and will fight by your side whenever you call for my aid."

The bond formed and a ki dragon was being formed around the two. Chun's power was slightly more tamed than the boy's. Unlike the boy however he had instability of the Black Heaven and Earth technique. One wrong move with that could kill them both.

Through the bond he could feel Harrison's wariness about the ki made creature. Still the boy did not back down.

The boy had every right to be wary of it. If the student did not prove his worthiness of the creature it would destroy the body from the inside out. It was what made most master's reluctant to do the ritual in this day and age. Strong disciple candidates were becoming harder to find. No one wanted to risk one for a ritual.

Something was off about the beast. It was almost as if two creatures were struggling for control. If that was true then the boy was already claimed by a creature. Yet there was nothing on his skin to indicate it. Nothing but a tattoo he was almost sure that the boy had done.

He pushed the boy slightly in front of him placing both hands on his shoulders and said, "You need to name it."

The boy looked thoughtful for a moment then said, "I am the Nine Arts dragon's disciple you will heed my call and obey. Your name is Torren."

The dragon reared back as if to bite the boy but he held his ground confidently. Instead the ki swirled around them once more before going to the right side of the boy's back. Marking his with a blue dragon with a single claw stretch around his back and up to his chest stopping just below his heart.

Then the ki died down as circle forever burned by the strength of their ki into the concrete. He barely had time to move as the boy's legs buckled and then gave out under him. Just before he hit the ground Chun caught him.

This kid was going to be trouble but he had a strong heart. That would lead him on his own path in Murim. One that could change it for the better.

Training part 1

A/N Thanks for your reviews and support.

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review, my friend. Ah but you know what is there. All you have to do is think. What is harry to the world of Murim?

DarkRavie: thanks for your review, my friend.

Harrison's POV

Three days after the ritual Harrison was back to running the mountain. To his surprise, it wasn't taking him nearly as long as it had before. Not only was he a marked disciple but his ki points were opened far more than before.

According to Chun, some of his pathways were blocked before. The only way to fix that was with exercises or with medical pills. The clan that could help him was not a friend with his master. Building muscle wasn't the only reason he was running. It was so that he could unblock the paths.

Chun hadn't known doing the ritual would fix it for them. The unexpected side effect was one both master and student were grateful for.

Chun wasn't the only one he was interacting with anymore either. A woman with black hair and onyx eyes had shown up the day before.

Chun reluctantly introduced her as Shiho. According to his master, she belonged to the same group as him. He warned not to let her see his back as it would cause him problems later.

When he came down after his fifth run Chun stopped him from doing another lap. Instead, he had Harrison sit in front of him.

The man tsked turning around, "We will begin martial arts training."

Now his teacher was standing. The right arm was drawn to his chest. Fist clenched tightly. Warily he stepped back to give the other space.

Sunsengnim said, "You won't be able to master it so easily. And just building power alone won't have much result. So we'll start it up a bit. Sure... watch carefully. What you're about to learn is very basic but a very important movement. Watch carefully. It starts in this position."

The arm was fully drawn back as if to punch. Harrison was eager to learn. He nodded his understanding eagerly.

His teacher continued, "Next is this. This is the movement you will learn next. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Then it hit him. The technique was a simple punch. Disappointment filled him. What kind of technique was only a simple punch?

Ignorant of his thoughts his teacher said, "It might seem difficult at first. Someone like you should be able to get the gist of it in about a week."

Confused he asked, "What? Swinging your fist? That's the technique? I am supposed to spend a week learning this?"

His teacher grinned as he said, "Hooo. Is that what it looked like I did? Follow me."

Suspicious but not wanting to anger his teacher Harrison did as he was told. They came to a large rock in the middle of the park. It was huge and most certainly real.

Sunsengnim patted the rock as he said cheerfully, "This looks good enough. Watch carefully. I'll be mad if you want me to do it again."

His hand clenched just like before. Arm drawn back so close to his chest. As if ready to strike. Then like a snake catching its prey, his arm shot out. When his hand connected against the rock.

It exploded. Sending smaller pebbles flying through the air. Magic?

Sunsengnim asked, "What did you think?"

"Magic?"

Though it didn't seem possible. From what he had learned at Hogwarts magic like this wasn't possible. Only the most powerful witches and wizards could use wandless magic.

"Are you kidding me?"

His teacher's eyes shone with annoyance and he smacked Harrison upside the head. Part of him understood. The magic he knew could not do such a thing.

With a sigh of annoyance, his teacher explained, "That just now was not simply putting your fist in front of you. It's a movement that contains all of the Simgichehon. The fist is what flings all of the simgichehon in one blow. Destroying all of the opponent's determination. This is the inner power technique that you will learn from now on."

Chun sat back to watch him. Harrison drew back his arm. Digging deep into his center he pulled the ki through to his arm. As he released a breath he extended his arm.

Unsurprisingly nothing happened. With a frown, he drew upon it again. With the same result.

Leaning back on his heels he thought about how his master did the technique. Chun didn't just throw a punch. He threw it with ki backing it.

This wasn't just about learning his first technique. It was a test to see if he could work it out for himself.

So he thought it out. Ki was the life energy of every person. To use the techniques one had to match movement with the flow.

Realization hit him. That was it! He wasn't matching the flow of his ki to the movement of his.

As he drew his arm back again he could feel his master's amusement. Ignoring it he focused on his ki.

Once more he pulled it from his center and up into his. There he allowed it to flow in his arm. Ki moved swiftly to his fist and back to his shoulder.

Then he threw his fist out as his ki was going back towards his fist. Instead of it exploding out of his fist into the air. It exploded inside his hand causing his hand to cramp up.

Chun said with an interested look, "You have already figured it out. Well done, Harrison."

He gave his master grin before turning back inward. Once more he drew his ki up into his arm. Then extend it out with his arm.

This time it felt as if something exploded right in front of his fist. A dumbfounded look was etched across his master's face.

Chun said with a shake of his head, "You truly are the Tiger's son. You have earned the title Tiger's cub. You have certainly inherited his talent. Keep going until you either run out of ki or it becomes second nature."

Chun's POV

The sun was setting in the living room window. Harrison should have been back inside by now. He should have run out of ki hours ago.

It would take weeks of work for it to become natural. In fact, it shouldn't have been possible for the boy to figure it out after only seeing it once.

When Chun was a disciple he heard of the Tiger. Back then he was just a cub much like the boy learning from him now.

It was said that he could learn almost any technique after seeing it once. He was a prodigy despite having no known Murim background. It wasn't until he found his techniques.

His own master had heard of the Tiger. Though his master had chosen him to be his only disciple. To learn a technique that could destroy the user's mind.

The Tiger, on the other hand, learned the Enlightenment of Thunder and Lightning. It was a technique that changed from master to disciple. One of the five Heavenly Paths techniques. Only one of the Heavenly Ways bloodline could successfully learn the Paths techniques.

It begged the question did the cub have the same ability as the Tiger. Only time would tell.

His attention was drawn from his thoughts when the door opened. Shiho came in supporting Harrison who was unconscious.

Rushing to their side he checked Harrison's pulse. It was faster than normal but strong. Chun sighed with relief. The boy was alive. If he died and the Tiger found out that Chun was his master. Then his own life would be forfeit.

Even with his technique, there was no guarantee that he would be able to beat the Tiger. It wasn't something he wanted to test.

Shiho said as she laid Harrison down on the couch, "I found him passed out in front of the building. It looked as if he was practicing the inner strike technique."

This brat... he pushed himself well beyond his limits. He should have come back long before passing out. Anyone else would have.

A small smile crossed his face. This brat was earning his position as a disciple. He didn't complain when he was given exercises. Maybe the past would not repeat itself.

Training part 2

A/N Thanks for your reviews and support.

Zoran Dawn-Eclipse: thanks for your review, my friend.

DarkRavie: thanks for your review, my friend.

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review, my friend. That he is. Harry is always one to surprise others.

Yoochun's POV

Fingers drummed against the wood of his desk. It was not often that life surprised him anymore. Things had been fairly boring since he left the Heavenly Paths Masters.

Jinyup who had been his best friend for years hated him now. The falling out over whether or not he would follow Yuri Linus broke their friendship. He refused to follow someone so hellbent on their own power. She saw herself as a god amongst mortals.

Lady Anna the Liquid Shark and Auron the Wind Eagle agreed with him. Three of the five Heavenly Ways Masters refused to bow to Linus. She was too insane for them to swear loyalty to.

That of course did not make Jinyup or the previous Earth Beast master very happy. Yoochun had to kill the Earth Beast Master to escape. It made their numbers dwindled to four. There was no telling when the next master would be born. Then it would be years of training before they would be useful in battle.

Since that day he had taken to hiding in what he called Tiger's Sanctuary. It was a hidden enclave within the mountains. The peaceful atmosphere calmed his mind.

One of the few times he left he met a young woman. She like him was trying to drown her sorrows in alcohol. It was a one night stand that should have been nothing more than that.

Now he sat with a missive from the goblin nation. With this missive, his peaceful days were gone. A child had come in requesting an inheritance test. Specifically the Wizarding World's savior. Normally he wouldn't be bothered by such trivial matters.

Except that it wasn't so trivial. The boy was his child according to the test. That he had been born between him and one Lily Potter nee Evan's one nightstand.

For the first time since he fought Jinyup last, he let his ki rampage. Yoochun normally kept tight control over his ki so as not to hurt innocents. No matter what anyone else said about him he did care about not hurting innocents.

The enclave had burn marks all across the stone and grass. It looked as if a lightning storm had passed through. To be honest that wasn't far from the truth. An angry tiger was like a

lightning storm. Violent and unpredictable in their tempers.

Once his temper was cooled he returned to his desk where he now sat weighing his options. The goblins had said they sent his son into the country. Sent him to someone who could help the boy. Why they didn't just send the child to him he didn't understand. As his son, the boy should be learning from him, not a stranger.

The winds of change had begun to blow again. He needed to find his son before things got out of hand. If Jinyup found out about him he would be used to lure Yoochun out. All in all, it was not a matter of if his ex-best friend found out. It was a matter of when.

He would have to move quickly if he wanted to find his son before Jinyup. First things first. Get in touch with his contacts and make his way to the city.

Harrison's POV

When he came to he found that he was lying on a bed. It was familiar to him as was the scent of the room. He was back in Chun's rooms. How did he get here?

The last thing he remembered was practicing the technique. Shiho called his name at some point. Then there was nothing. Shiho must have helped him up to the apartment.

Groaning he sat up noting that it was dark outside. He must have been out for a few hours now.

Where was Chun? Normally he would have been waiting to berate Harrison for his stupidity. Harrison knew that it was stupid to work himself to exhaustion. He just wanted to test the limits of his ki in its current state.

To his surprise, there weren't any lingering pains in his body as he sat up. It honestly felt as if he had simply taken a nap. Magical exhaustion was an unpleasant experience from what he remembered. He was glad his ki was different.

Harrison found that his shirt was unbuttoned completely. Maybe there had to be energy transference? He hoped not. From what he learned from Chun that was unpleasant and left the other person exhausted. He did not want to be a burden on his mentor.

The apartment was unnaturally quiet. If Chun and Shiho were here they would be arguing. Chun more so than Shiho. The woman seemed to enjoy riling up his mentor. Where were they?

As he moved into the kitchen he found a note on the counter. It was short telling him that they had gone out to pick up a package and they'd be back soon. Glancing at the time he wondered what the hell kind of package they could be picking up at almost 10 pm.

After a moment's consideration, he decided he didn't want to know. What Chun did on his own was his own business. He really did not want to get caught up in the man's insanity.

As he went to get something to eat he noticed how unusually warm his wrist was. Particularly the wrist with the strange band on it.

Guardians. Even his mentor did not know a lot about them. Just that they were enemies of the Heavenly Ways Masters. One of whom was his own father.

Signing he rubbed at his eyes. He really didnt want to know what the band being warm meant. There was enough on his plate trying to master his ki.

Harrison chose to sit out on the balcony rather than let his thoughts consume him. Out there it would be easier to draw in ki and circulate it through his body.

Training part 3

A/N thanks for your reviews and support.

dogman999: thanks for your review my friend. I'm so glad you enjoyed it!

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review my friend. One way or another it will come to a head.

Harrison's POV

Allowing his ki to flow through him was becoming easier and easier. Whatever Chun had done while he was unconscious it was paying off. Control was uncharacteristically easy and not just with his ki.

As he had learned from Chun, ki tied into every part of his body. This included his magic and magical core. Harrison could feel the way his magic coiled within his core. It wanted to be released but waited patiently. Unusually patient that it had never shown before.

Harrison wanted to let loose with his magic. Unfortunately neither his master nor Shiho were magical. So if he did perform magic he would get in trouble just as he would have back at the Durselys.

He was just beginning to stretch and move back inside when the apartment door opened. A very exhausted looking Shiho and angry Chun entered. It took all of his self control not to gape at them when he saw the little girl with them.

Where the fuck had she come from? He didn't know of any other students. In fact with his master's attitude he doubted there could be another student. Chun had too much of a temper for most sensible people to want to learn under him. If it wasn't for the goblins he doubted that he would have agreed to learn under him.

The little girl was a good deal shorter than him. She couldn't have been older than 11 or 12 years old. She wore a too big t-shirt and shorts. On the top of her shirt was a golden medallion with a phoenix carved into it.

Harrison questioned with a frown, "Who is this?"

Chun grunted, "This is Sesol. She is under my protection and as such under yours. I don't think you will need to do anything but you should understand. We must protect her with our lives."

Sesol huh? Her brown eyes looked him up and down assessingly. Then she turned her nose up at him. This made her look very much like Draco Malfoy.

Instant dislike filled him but he pushed down the feeling. She was probably taught to act like this by her family. He couldn't hate her for what she was taught. Instead he should try to show her a better way.

Shiho said drawing him out of his musings, "Don't worry about the little princess Harrison. You won't have to deal with her much. It is my job to watch and keep her out of trouble."

Without meaning to he said, "I'm sure, Miss Sesol would appreciate it if we didn't talk about her like she wasn't here. Maybe we could ask her on her opinion."

He looked back at the girl noticing the way her eyes sharpened. She seemed to reassess her initial opinion of him. After a moment she nodded approvingly.

Shiho gaped at him like a fish for a moment before she recovered, "I'm sorry little Miss. I'm sure you would like to speak for yourself."

Sesol nodded but moved to a different room. Harrison then turned his attention back to his master. Chun was leaning against a wall his eyes distant.

Harrison questioned softly, "Are you well?"

"Hmmm?"

Harrison tried again, "You look like you're unsure. What happened?"

Chun sighed, "You're too observant for your own good brat," for a moment he looked as if that was going to be the end of the conversation. Then his shoulders slumped, "The Torrent Clan was assigned to protect her. In order to stop them I killed more than half of those that were there. The leader lost his arm and I'm pretty sure one of them will never have full use of his leg."

Harrison opened his mouth. What could he say? Tell hisaster off for doing his job? No he could see the guilt in the man's eyes. Despite his ruthlessness at time Chun did care but he wouldn't allow his feelings to get in the way of his job.

The Gryffindor in him told him that he should be berating the man. That doing such a thing was inhumane. His Slytherin half that he hid was reminding him that they were his enemy. As such putting them out of commission as long as possible was best.

Making his decision he sighed, "I don't understand Murim the way you do. I don't want you to do such things."

""This is Murim," Chun interrupted his face going cold, "This is a completely different world from what you know. Understand? The rule of Murim belongs to the strong. The strong own everything. Including the lives of others. Listen closely no matter whether you live or not you are apart of Murim. Understand? Then you must follow the rule of Murim."

No he couldn't just accept that.

He retorted his anger rising past his confusion, "If that's the rule than destroy it. Get rid of it! I don't know what Murim is. Or what you said the rule belongs to the strong. Sunsengnim you are strong so you can destroy that rule!"

He was still learning the rules of Murim but he did know one thing. Chun was strong. Far stronger than anyone else within Murim. To be able to take on an entire clan alone could not have been an easy feat.

Chun looked like a gaping fish they two faced off. A battle of ideals that Harrison hadn't originally wanted to get into clashing between them.

Then the man shook his head and said, "You sound just like me when I was younger. Another member of Murim once told me, 'I remember you saying That you would change the world... That you would destroy the code in front of all the people of Murim at the Sinmujengpe. My blood was boiling or at least i felt that way when I watched you beat those big leaguers. Like Wonro and Nabal one right after another. How nostalgic. The way you looked at as you forced the masters like Girasung on their knees. The dreams that we thought would never come through became reality that day. The cheers from the onlookers was deafening.' I don't remember this day at least not the way he described it. What I do remember is that was what drew the Alliance's interest in me. Maybe you can change what I failed to."

Harrison refuted immediately, "I think you can still change Murim. All you need is a chance."

Chun's surprise was only compounded and he looked like he wanted to argue. But instead he shook his head and said, "You are something else kid."

Finding him part 1

A/N thanks for your reviews and support.

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review my friend. Yep.

Snape's POV

Having an order meeting called while he was working on a potion was one of the most annoying things that could happen. He wanted to strangle the old man who called them. Especially since he was making potions specifically for the Dark Lord. He'd rather not have the man crucio him for not having it done because of Dumbledore.

Still he came as was expected of him. The Dark Lord would be angry if he was late with the potions. But he would be even more angry if Severus could report on the movements of the Order.

Around him sat Black and Lupin on the far side of the table. Next to them were Molly and Arthur Weasley as well as their two oldest children. It must have been important if William and Charlie Weasley were called from their respective jobs. He rarely saw them with the exception of the Tri Wizard Tournament and the first meeting after the disastrous Final Task.

Tonks was next to William Weasley engaged in a conversation with the wolf. Severus was barely able to withhold a sneer at her. It was obvious that she had feelings for the wolf. Feelings that would not be reciprocated as the Wolf and Mutt were together. Anyone who didn't know that was blind, stupid, or both.

Kingsley Shacklebolt was on the otherside of her. In his hands were scrolls with the Ministry seal. Most likely the man had come straight from his job as an auror.

Finally closest to Severus much to his annoyance was Alastor Moody. The old retired auror insisted on keeping an eye on him. No matter how much the Headmaster insisted that Severus could be trusted.

Severus felt the man's magic arrive at the derelict house. The only one who noticed the magic was Moody. They both had low levels of magic sensitivity. Severus could only sense the more powerful witches and wizards.

Moody had stronger magic sensitivity but not by much. It was something he had envied when it came to Barty Crouch. A strong gift within the family that had only shown up in the youngest generation.

Albus in his eye melting robes walked in. Twinkling blue eyes roamed over each of them. Severus had to remind himself that strangling the old man with his beard would not endear him to the Order or the Dark Lord. He could not afford either being suspicious of him right now.

Albus greeted looking over the members, "Thank you for coming everyone. I wish it was under better circumstances than what caused me to call a meeting tonight."

Some of the members shifted nervously and glanced at each other. Severus stayed stiff and still betraying nothing.

The man continued once they had settled back down, "As you know there was a Dementor attack at Private Drive. It has been confirmed that Dudley Dursley had his soul sucked out as well as three other muggles that were with him."

"What about Harry?" Came several shouts most notably from the Wolf and Mutt.

The old man held up his hand to stop them from continuing. Once they were quiet again he continued, "I tried to check on Harry myself. Only to find that he hasn't been at Private Drive since before his birthday. According to his aunt he had a bout of accidental magic that changed his appearance. When his uncle scolded him, Harry ran away."

That sounded like something the brat would do. But where would he go? No one had reported seeing Potter.

The Mutt stated, "You mean to tell me my godson has been missing for over a week. Why are we just finding this out now?! What accidental magic did he perform? Does the ministry have him? What about Voldemort?"

Severus barely withheld a pained hiss. They knew using the Dark Lord's name caused him pain. Yet they continued to use it. What would they do if the taboo spell was put back on it?

Albus continued after a moment, "According to Petunia there were several overnight changes. He gained several inches in height, hair is tameable which we all know the Potter hair curse," there were a few chuckles at that, "Finally the most drastic change is his eyes. They changed to a blue. A kind of blue that was like lightning."

That does not sound like a Potter child at all. If they saw Potter on the streets they would go right past him. Not even thinking about it.

Black questioned his voice full of emotion, "But where would he go? There is no telling if anyone had seen him between when he left and now. Have you checked the Leaky Cauldron to see if he went there?"

Albus shook his head as he said, "He is not staying at Leaky Cauldron. However Tom did say he saw a boy going to Gringotts matching Harry's new description. The only issue was that he never saw the boy come back. Most likely Harry took a portkey but to where no one knows."

Severus allowed a frown. If Potter took a portkey from Gringotts no one would be able to track him. Not even the Ministry.

It is unusual that Potter would take that route. He knew no one in the Wizarding World with the exception of those who went to Hogwarts.

The Weasley Matriarch screeched, "Then we must find him, Albus. He is in danger being out there alone. What if the You Know Who finds him?"

Severus doubted the Dark Lord was looking for Potter right now. He seemed to be focused on something. Something he refused to share with the Potions Master.

While he wasn't sure what exactly was going on he had noticed the Dark Lord's interest in the Malfoy and Nott heirs. An interest they were happy to receive. Even Lucius and Benjamin seemed happy about it despite the children not being of age yet.

Something big was happening and he was being kept in the dark. If his suspicions were true it could turn the tide of the war. Severus just wished he had more information.

Albus ordered after a moment, "Molly have your children send letters to Harry. See if we can't establish some sort of contact with the boy. Alastor, Kingsley, Nymphadora you three see if you cannot find out where they portkey took him. Severus ask around the Dark Sect."

Severus gave a sharp nod while the others replied, "Yes Albus."

Finding him part 2

A/N thanks for your reviews and support.

DarkRavie: thanks for your review, my friend.

WhiteElfElder: thanks for your review, my friend. Yep.

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Chun's phone went off. The man growled, "Shoot. How troublesome. A phone call at a time like this? Hmmm?"

A strange look came over his teacher. The man said happily answering the call, "Wow isn't this Bae- Sungseongnim? What a treat for you to give me a call. What you were just checking to make sure I was still alive? What since the call went through it's fine? Ah... wait..."

His teacher gave several harsh coughs. He said looking serious, "Yes my health suddenly deteriorated you saw how I was the day I was injured. After that day... Yes yes. Of course. I'll see you there."

Harrison was instantly suspicious. The man was a bit of a playboy.

Unsurprising the man said to him, "You know the breathing exercise. Then until Shino returns you will do that. You need to do that every day anyway."

He asked suspicious of the change, "Where are you off to?"

Waving him off Chun said, "You needn't know. Adults have things that kids shouldn't know about after all."

Somehow Harrison didn't believe him. Then again the man was a playboy and he really didn't want to know that side of him. His teacher was a good person if one put aside those things. Without another word to him the man left.

Harrison sat back on the floor as he said to himself, "Well I already learned the breathing exercises. Might as well do them."

The words of his teacher rang through his head. After breathing in deeply as if you were to push that power deep into your abdomen. Continuing to do this and keep his flow in the correct direction was tiring. Nothing worth doing was meant to be easy though.

When he finally came out of it his stomach rumbled. Glancing at the clock he realized it was already nine o'clock. He got too caught up in his training and had forgotten to eat.

He asked Sosul noticing that her attention was on him, "Would you like something to eat?"

Unsurprisingly she quickly turned away. Of course. Fine if she wanted to starve it wasn't his fault. He asked if she wanted something.

A soft voice asked, "Why? Why are you trying so hard to be a person of Murim? All Murim are trash. They contribute absolutely nothing to the human world."

He understood the feeling. Most of the time he felt the same way about the Wizarding world. He believed that both could change. If they had the right leader they could change for the better.

He said turning back to the fridge, "Actually I don't know much about Murim. From what I have learned it reminds me of my home. Full of trash that are caught up in the past. I'm only learning this to protect myself and anything I choose to care about. Even so, I believe that with the right leader both my home and Murim can change. With the right leader, anything can change."

She grumbled out, "That's sophistry! Saying that you want to become stronger to protect. It can't be done. It seems like a nice sentiment. I have no desire to afflict other people. It's only that I need strength something and when the time comes I will abandon myself to save other people! But you think that people who attained strength would do things such as that?! There's a word called Muhyu. Using Mu to Hyu. There are countless hero stories in this world. Do you know why those stories are on everyone's mouth?"

This was the most he had seen her talk since she arrived. More than all the other times combined. To keep the conversation going he shook his head.

She continued quietly, "Because such things as never occur. Humans are selfish beings. Those who put more import on the thorn under one own nail. Then on the countless dying others. That's a human being."

By the end of it, she was having trouble breathing. He was worried about her.

In an effort to calm her he said, "Your pretty smart but let's calm down for a moment. You are having trouble breathing I can tell."

She snapped at him not really listening, "Be more serious when someone's talking to you! After all the pain to say all..."

She let out a gasp. Then she began to cough harshly. A second later she collapsed. He rushed to her side and tried to wake her. When nothing worked he pulled out the phone he had been given by Chun and tried calling the man. The man unsurprisingly didn't pick up the phone. The next person he tried was Shiho. Her number had been given to him just in case something happened. Thankfully she picked up.

When she answered he practically shouted in panic, "Shiho, it's an emergency!"

She asked not sounding the least bit concerned, "Harrison what's wrong?"

He said trying to bury his panic so panic, "It's Sosul! Just now she talked a whole lot! Now she can't breathe properly! I think she may die like this. She can't even answer when I call her name."

He could here the worry in Shiho's voice when she asked, "She talked a lot you say? As a child, she has a ki deficiency. She shouldn't be talking a lot. She should know this. What about Chun Woo? Where is he?"

Rubbing his cheek he said, "Um about that... He left to run some errands. He said that he might not be back until tomorrow. I don't think he has a signal right now."

She said exasperated, "What a useless human being. At a time like this for something like that. Listen carefully, Harrison. There's still one method left. Your ki is ancient. A different kind of ki that isn't normal even to us. To a child with such low energy that might be more effective than feeding her a huandan. Once she's ingested the blood massage her body until she regains consciousness. So that the ki can circulate throughout the body properly. I'll be there soon."

The phone clicked ending their call. So he had to force-feed her his blood. Just great. How in the hell was he supposed to do that? Looking around the kitchen he spied knife block. That would do for the moment.

After grabbing the smallest knife and a towel he went back to Sosul. He cut out the palm of his hand and force-fed her some of his blood.

When some color returned to her face he began to massage her abdomen. After several minutes she opened her eyes and he nearly fainted in relief. When she realized their positions she punched him in the face. The caused him to lose his balance and fall off the bed.

She asked angrily, "What were you doing?"

He replied holding his hands up, "I was just doing what Shiho said. You collapsed. Oh, right I need to get you something to drink."

He gained his feet still keeping a wary eye on Sosul. She looked small but she packed one hell of a punch. The sting of his cheek reminded him of such. He got her milk and handed it to her.

She said snootily, "Hmph. Don't think I have a good opinion of you just because of one good deed. Do you think this has happened once or twice? This kind of thing. I have a good opinion of you just because of one good deed. Do you think this has happened once or twice? This kind of thing. I'm not grateful at all."

Yep, she was just like Malfoy. A stuck-up little brat.

He said knowing how to deal with this and patting her on the head, "Dummy. Such a big pride for such a little kid. I get it. So just take care of your health and don't scare me like that again."

They were startled when the door burst open and a call out resounded the apartment," Is she okay? Little Miss?"

He replied seeing it was Shiho," Ah Shiho. Yes, I followed your instructions and she's a lot better."

Relief passed over her face. She said, "You did well, Harrison. What about that human? Has Chun Woo called yet?"

Before he could answer a no the phone rang. His teacher must have finally gotten in an area with a cell signal. Or he was done with whatever he had been doing. For the man's sake, he hoped it was the latter.

Instead of allowing him to pick up the phone, Shiho grabbed it. When he picked up she screamed. The sound made him cover his ears.

A moment later she was shouting," SAVE ME! DON'T DO THAT! PLEASE!"

Then with all the force of someone from Murim, she slammed the phone down. Then proceeded to yank it from the wall. He was beginning to find out that Shiho as laid back as she was had a scary side.

She said almost to herself, "There that should worry him. How dare he go and abandon his post to go fool around?!"

As an afterthought and with a sense of vindictiveness she said, "It will take him ten minutes to get here."

How in the hell does she know that?

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