

Once Upon a Time, Interconnected Destiny

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Once Upon a Time, Interconnected Destiny

by [CatkeithCat](#)

Summary

Harry lost everything and everyone, the final battle was disastrous. Many were dead and he wished only have a normal life, just be the son of a Marauder. He wished he weren't the BWL. It is impossible to change the past, but there is a detail that young Potter doesn't know. When he was a baby his magic core was divided into two bodies, yours and yours in another dimension.

Harry ends up in a dimension where his parents are alive and the second wizarding war never happened, but does that mean the world is at peace? Not everything is as it seems.

Notes

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I hope everyone likes !

- A translation of [Once Upon a Time, Interconnected Destiny](#) by [CatkeithCat](#)

Chapter 1

Life is a box of surprises. This is a statement Harry can make without fear. He walked through what was left of Hogwarts and wanted to cry for everything and everyone. Mrs. Weasley was crying over the bodies of Fred, Ron, and Hermione. His best friend was holding Mione's hand with a small smile on his face. Harry felt that he could die, he had lost everyone, Lupin, Tonks, Ron, Hermione, Sirius, Dumbledore, and others

The number of deads on both sides was devastating, the truth is that no one won. He did not feel like a winner.

Potter walked away and went into the forest, the night was approaching and the forest became increasingly dense and dangerous, but he did not care. Each tree made him remember every time he went there, made him remember his friends, his only family. He always knew that they would die for him, yet he always imagined he would die before them. Many long for an adventure, for fame, however Harry Potter wanted only to have a normal life, without Voldemort, without war, being only the son of a Marauder. He wish that he had met his parents, talked more to Sirius, was closer to Remus, told Ginny that he loved her, played more chess matches with Ron, studied more with Hermione, and was just another Hogwarts student to Dumbledore. Not the Chosen One.

Suddenly everything became very clear, as if the strongest spectrum patronum of all had been thrown in front of him. A small part of the boy who survived thought of several exhaust routes imagining that it was an attack, but he was too tired to fight. Just closed his eyes and waited for the attack .. that never came.

He opened his eyes, and became shocked by what he saw, in front of him was Hogwarts. Not the destroyed Hogwarts who left behind. In front of him, the school looked like he remembered the time when the war had not yet begun. The brunette pinched himself trying to figure out if it was not a dream, looked at the forest behind him and shrugged. He was too tired to think now, on the other side of the forest Hogwarts was probably destroyed, his friends dead, and a hopeless place. He went ahead, crossing the field that separated him from what he imagined to be a mirage, his body ached but kept walking.

The school door opened and Harry collapsed with what he saw. Dumbledore walked beside a red-haired woman in witches' robes, she was just like his mother ... incredibly, the dark-haired man could not help noticing that his former director wore purple robes with green and yellow stars.

Harry fainted with a small smile on his face, because no matter what happened, Dumbledore remained the same.

"Main! Look, someone just passed out. "Professor Potter said.

They both ran up to the fainted boy, Lily Potter can not help noticing the boy's resemblance to her husband, even beneath all that dirt and blood

... wait ... blood!?

"He's badly hurt," the principal said, noting the similarity between his ex-student and the fainting boy. He made a spell to levitate him and went to the infirmary, briefly forgetting what they were doing outside the castle.

"Oh my Merlin! What happened to him? " Madame Pomfrey asked, looking at the brunette's condition. "Put him on the bed."

The woman quickly opened the curtain of a stretcher and began casting spells to know what had happened. The principal and the teacher watched closely the nurse's expression, until she let out a scream and her wand dropped on the floor. Before the others could do anything, Pomfrey took her wand and checked the boy's heartbeat.

The nurse felt tears forming in her eyes, but continued to work. She had only seen so many spells in one person during the war, and that combination ... only in dead bodies, remade the spells and gave the same results ... how did he survive the 3 unforgivable? How did he survive the other spells? And most importantly, how did he not die with Avada kedavra ? She called with his wand several medicines, and she did not have all the potions he would need for the treatment. Normally she would send someone who suffered so much to St. Muggos, but she did not know what they could do with him, he lived the Avada kedavra. She took three potions and mixed them, removed his blouse and passed them all over. There were many scars. In half an hour she would give the other potions, but the ones he needed most were not in the school ward. The nurse turned and let out a small cry as she saw the Headmaster and the potions teacher watching her. She closed the curtains and sat down in a chair.

"Where did you find him?" He asked, taking a deep breath.

"In front of the forbidden forest. How is he?

"I ... I've never seen anyone who has suffered so many spells ... so many dark spells ... and survived. He's probably going to be in a coma for a while ... Dumbledore, we can not take him to . However, I do not have all the potions I need to take care of him."

"And why can not we take you to ? If he..."

"The boy has been hit by all three Unforgivables and is alive. We do not know how they are going to treat him at St. Muggos, no one has ever survived the curse of death. And it was not just once, at the check ... well, this is incredibly strange. .. but this scar on his forehead is 16 years old and it was made by Avada. And your body suffered another Avada kedavra less than four hours ago, that's not all ... the other unforgivable are ... both old and new. .. very recent. I do not know what happened, but this kid is only 16 or 17 years old. He deserves to be looked after and not interrogated.

Lily Potter approached a little, his hair was indomitable like that of her children and her husband. She felt her heart clench at the thought of how it looked like the 'future portrait' they had made of Harry ... oh, how much she missed her little Harry. 'Future portrait' is a spell that takes a picture of a baby and shows it with the look it will have in the future, she and James had cast the spell on their eldest son when he was not even a year old.

She remembers that day as if it were yesterday, Sirius had bought for the godson an infant broom that the little boy had loved. James decided to do the spell while Harry was on the broom, so he thought he would see his son on the Gryffindor Quidditch team. The photograph would show him the same day of the same month many years ahead. When the photo was revealed it was blank, as if that future did not exist. They looked in the book for what was wrong and only spoke to take the child to the doctor right away.

At St. Mungus it was revealed that Harry Potter had a very rare disease that moved silently and had no cure. The healer took the picture and handed it to the Potters' only child, the boy smiled and hugged the photo. When they took it from the baby it was printed, in the photo they saw a 16 or 17 year old boy holding a golden snitch and a broom he smile and send a kiss.

Lily looked at the brunette again, he was just like Harry ... is it? No ... that would be ... maybe? She remembered the healer explaining the "illness" his son had, it was so rare that only 3 people had had it before. The name was "terminum coniunguntur" meaning interconnected destiny, the truth is that the son of James and Lily possessed the magic nucleus interconnected with the other "I" of him in another dimension, that is, his son inhabited two dimensions at the same time.

The healer said that Harry of this world was going to die the moment the trials of his other self began, apparently Harry Potter had a prophecy that would change the world in which he existed ... though the world he would change was not this. James and Lily Potter were desperate and went to their former teacher to learn more about what their son had. Dumbledore explained that those who possessed the "terminum coniunguntur" lived in two worlds, with the memories of both.

In one world he was just another wizard, but in the other he somehow influenced the world around him until the prophecy about him or her began to be fulfilled. At that moment his body, of the world in which he was but one, died and the magic nuclei united, leaving the surviving body more powerful.

The potions teacher's son died on October 31, 1981, parents and family friends were inconsolable. Everyone knew that the boy was going to die at some point, yet they thought it would only be when he was an adult after all he had a great destiny to fulfill.

The director said at the time of the funeral that Harry Potter would have a great destiny, he would always be alive in the hearts of everyone who knew him and reminded those who cried that the little boy was alive ... they just could not see him anymore.

The redhead looked at the nurse and saw that she was still talking to the director, she had to make sure that this was her boy ... that her eldest son was back ... and had to find out who had done it to her baby, Whoever it was would pay dearly for it.

"Sir," said to Dumbledore. "He looks like the image of Harry in the 'future Portrait'."

"I noticed Lily, if you'll excuse me, I can test his magical core to see if it's really your boy." The redhead just nodded, tears forming in her eyes.

Madame Pomfrey's eyes widened as she realized how the brunette looked like James Potter. If he rebuked himself for not realizing it before, if this was a Potter he could cure it faster.

The best way to heal someone who has suffered so many curses is that wizards of the same blood line will squeeze 100ml of blood to be mixed in the potions and the boy has no problem finding someone with the mother, father and three siblings.

Dumbledore looked again at Harry, felt his eyes get wet, knew that the little baby had only twice seen a great future. He felt sad for what he went through ... wondered if he would ever share it, just wanted him to find happiness in the world that he should not remember, but which was his home.

He cast the spell to recognize the magical core, his whole body shuddered and stepped back ... the boy was powerful, very powerful and surely he was the son of the potions teacher. He was son of the Potters

Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

Harry discovers the difference between the worlds.

Dumbledore is disturbed.

Pomfrey wants to cry for the boy

Lily forgets her husband

Chapter Notes

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"He is your son Lily." Dumbledore looked Lily, she cried and smiled.

"Harry," the boy's mother approached him, she had not spoken that name for so long. "Oh, my dear Harry. Mommy's here, you'll be fine."

Lily Potter sat on the edge of the litter and removed her son's hair from the front of his face, does he have those green eyes like thrush that she remembered? Did he have a girlfriend? The woman wanted to know everything about her son. Which of the brothers he will like the most? The little princess of the family, Alice? Maybe, Alice's twin, the adventurer Sirius Remus. Or the younger one, who has only 12 years old. The redhead can not help thinking about her family reunited, for the first time, with everyone. She and James ...

"Oh, my Merlin! " Exclaimed the potions teacher. "Your father!" Harry, I forgot about James."

The woman kissed her son's forehead and noticed a strange scar in the shape of a thunderbolt. Decided to find out what it means later. The director said he would keep an eye on Harry while she fetched her husband.

"Lily, don't worry. It's not like he's going to get any problems at the ward.

Mrs. Potter can not help but worry, Potters had the ability to get in trouble all the time. The woman sighed and ran to the gates that marked the boundaries of Hogwarts, sitting on a rock was James Potter. He looked up at the sky and sighed, probably thinking that his wife was taking too long. And lying on the floor were three more children. The girl had short hair, she

screamed at one of the boys for some reason. The younger boy was asleep and hugged with the other boy. The other was red and just agreeing with the girl. Lily did not know whether to laugh or quarrel with her husband, he was not even telling them to stop.

"Finally, Lily." Said the man "What happened that took you so long?"

The Potter family stared at her and she began to cry. Willian, the youngest son, woke up and asked why his mother was crying. The twins stopped fighting.

"Do you remember what we talked about your brother?" Lily asked her children.

"That he lived in two worlds, but in the other he was more necessary than in ours," said Will.

"Looks like his mission is over, our Harry is back. He's in the infirmary."

James Potter's eyes widened and he remembered his little green-eyed baby. Every year the family celebrates the birthday of the little prongs. James always wanted to know which house his son could have belong to, who werw his friends, whether he would be like him or more like Lily.

He saw how his children were shaken, they always knew of an older brother, but could never imagine that they would know him. Not even in the craziest dreams of James did he think he would again.

Harry opened his eyes and watched the light around him, the atmosphere seemed like the infirmary of hogwarts. He could almost hear Ron and Hermione talking to him. If it was possible to believe he was in a better place ... but where he is ?

Madame Pomfrey and Director Dumbledore were discussing how to treat Harry, until they heard a small groan. The boy who was supposed to be in the coma was looking stunned at the infirmary.

"Albus?" The boy murmured, Pomfrey and Dumbledore stared at him. "Madam Pomfrey?"

"That-that's not possible. Am I dead? I do not think so, I'm too sore to be."

Dumbledore wondered how intimate the boy was talking, and faster than they could react Harry Potter was holding two wands pointing at them.

"Who are you? And how did you get the hair for the polyjuice?" Harry barely stood up.

The director noticed that one of the wands was the "wand of wands," his old wand which in this world no longer exists ... or at least did not exist.

"I'm Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, director of Hogwarts. And this is the Hogwarts nurse, Madam Pomfrey, I assure you we're not under Polyjuice"

"Dumbledore is dead, and Pomfrey too, I saw them die." - said the brunet remembering the director falling from the tower of Astronomy and Pomfrey being killed by Bellatrix Lestranger.

"Say where I am! If you two are followers of Voldemort, your leader is dead. "Harry demanded again, his voice cold, and then he remembered that he had nowhere to turn or to whom to return." They were all dead. "Kill me, I have no reason to fight, Voldemort is dead, I do not have to save anyone else. And my friends are gone, you're going to please me if you kill me."

"Harry James Potter, we're not going to hurt you. You're at Hogwarts and in this world I'm sure you'll find again who you can live for. Your mother just knew you're alive, it would be a shame if you left so soon." The blue-eyed man adjusted his half-moon glasses. "I'll explain to you everything please sit down, if you feel more comfortable you can continue with your wands on hand." Albus told about Harry's illness from his world, and how the boy in front of him shared the same magical core.

"You lived in two worlds until October 31st, if you had not died so young in your dimension you'd have memories of both places. For some reason you were more important in the world in which you lived. And I see it's true for the wand you're holding." He saw the darkhair man pulling the other wand nearby, which was not one of the relics of death, he was surprised, because that the wand he was referring to was the wand of the wands. " In that world I once owned the wand, but she was destroyed in a fight."

"Oh, you're talking about that wand." Harry Potter looked at one of the relics and remembered the others, he can't let them get into the wrong hands again. "Prove that you really is Dumbledore."

"As? I do not have the memories of my other self ..".

"You faced Grindelwald?" Asked the dark-haired man.

"Yes"

"Do you had two brothers?"

"Yes"

"Did you have a student named Tom Marvolo Riddle?"

"You mean Tom Marvolo Gaunt Riddle? If so, yes."

"Which house he belonged to." Harry began to realize where the world had changed.

"Ravenclaw. The Gaunts are usually Slytherins, but the boy's father was a Muggle".

"What happened to him? He was raised by who, and where? What did he do after Hogwarts?"

"Riddle was raised by his parents at Riddle Manor. He was one of the best students at Hogwarts and last year retired from the position of Prime Minister of Magic. I believe he's living in Florence with his wife ...

"Wife?" Harry realized it was a different world, but ... he never thought Voldemort could marry. -"Who?"

"Minerva Riddle, neé MCGonagall."

The boy's eyes widened and he choked on his own saliva. It took a few minutes to recover. MCGonagall? His old teacher? Really? He married someone from Gryffindor? Voldemort ... Harry swore that if Draco Malfoy appears kissing Ron and in Gryffindor's outfit he would not be so shocked.

"Was she from Gryffindor?"

"Was it, but should not I prove that I am Dumbledore?" Albus mouthed, wondering what the Potter boy thought.

"I needed to know where our worlds differ. Mione had already told me about other worlds and about this disease; All the worlds are equal until a certain moment, until a small change generates a butterfly effect that changes the whole world, I think I discovered where our worlds become different. However, what matters now is what is the same."

"Why Ariana was hidden from the world, we both know she was not an squib".- Harry knew it was a delicate matter, the other question he could ask was about his relationship with Grindelwald. But this could be a common knowledge,

The man's eyes widened, and he was suddenly sad. Your little sister. She was not even buried after being killed by him or by Gallert. He lost both brothers that day. Aberforth never spoke to Albus . How did Lily's son know that?

"Was that common knowledge in your world?"

"No." Potter said just that.

"When she was six ... Muggles ... they ..." Harry realized how the subject shook his old master, master because Dumbledore had guided him in various ways. Even after the war.

"You do not have to continue, I know the rest of the story. " The boy looked at him with those intense green eyes ... with an intensity that a boy of 17 years should not have." Aberforth misses you, and he has a portrait of Ariana, her death was not your fault. And... one last thing ... Do you have lemon drops?"

The boy gave a small sad smile, Dumbledore was alive. And in front of him. He wanted to cry when he saw his old master. The nurse looked shocked at the brunette's questions, until she realized she should give the other potions to him. He took the ones that would heal the ribs and some to supplement the food. It seemed that the boy had not eaten for months.

" Mr. Potter- The nurse called Harry and handed out the potions." The bones potion taste bad, the others are food supplements, you were not eating well, were you?

"I was in a war, Madame Pomfrey."

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