

Modest, too

Harry sighed to himself.

Life sucked.

If he ever got out of here, that was what he was going to change his family motto to.

So, here he was, trapped. Betrayed by Dumbledore (before his timely death), betrayed by the Order of the Phoenix and all associates – who kept up Dumbledore's good work - and even betrayed by the Goblins and locked in a high security vault – lured by the tale of inheritance from the Slytherin line.

Even his Portkey necklace didn't work.

He had two choices. He could give up and die, or he could try and get out of here. Dying, while attractive, would leave the problem of a complete lack of revenge or comeuppance to his betrayers, and that was the sort of thing that would really disturb his afterlife.

He idly cast a spell at the nearest wall. As expected, it bounced straight off. He tried the ceiling. That too was warded.

To be as thorough as possible, he tried the floor.

Success. With a cheerful whistle, he started to dig down.

Every thirty metres, he would try and dig to the side, but as soon as he got to the edges of what had been meant as his tomb, he would be stopped once more.

It was hard work, and the further down he went, the hotter it became.

With another spell, the ground beneath him gave way, and he plummeted down. He was barely able to cast a spell to slow himself when he slammed in to the ground.

As he looked around, he smiled. He was in a spherical chamber, and just in front of him was what he presumed the main support for Gringotts bank: a huge pillar of energy and stone that gleamed in the darkness.

He cast a simple *Lumos* and walked all around it. In the far corner was a message - written in the Goblin tongue as well as English. His smile turned to a full out laugh. It was a Portkey Pad back to the surface.

He was about to press it, when he looked at the support pillar.

He shook his head, trying to banish the bad thought.

It didn't work.

The bad thought had taken root.

He was about to leave, when a small console caught his eye. He walked over and examined it. There were some dusty runes imprinted. He brushed off the dust, and as he did, each rune he touched started to glow for a second. Hermione had insisted he learnt some runes. Why, he wasn't exactly sure, but he suspected because she had been bored and wanted to help distract him.

Half an hour of swearing, grumbling, digging through his memories, and writing notes in the dirt, and he had a rough idea of what he had here – the primary control system for every vault.

He tentatively pushed one rune in the corner, and as he hoped, the whole thing came to life. A small display lit up. He pressed another rune, and the language on the display changed. He kept pressing until he could read the text.

With a cheerful smirk, he started to have a look through the vaults. The Malfoy vault was pretty large, even if it was dwarfed by the combined Potter-Black vaults.

With a grin, he pressed a few more buttons, and the Malfoy money made its way to the St Mungo's vault. As he went through all the Death Eaters he knew, many worthy charities received surprise donations.

The Hogwarts vault was vast, even if it didn't have much actual money. He pressed the runes that would transfer some of the more interesting stuff to his personal vault.

His final job was easy to close his own vaults. He moved all the bulky items to one of his homes in Norfolk, and all his gold to his summer house on the Isle of Wight.

With a few more presses, he had a look at the schematic for the support column. It was supporting Gringotts itself, but not the actual vaults.

His bad thought sprung to life. He dived to the ground and rolled around in the dust for a few minutes, before he moved over to the Portkey Pad.

He looked around. "*Reducto!*" he yelled, hitting the console. "*Reducto,*" he yelled again, this time at the support column. He activated the pad and appeared in the main hall of the bank.

The Goblins were already running around in an absolute panic. From what he could make out, all their accounting spells had stopped working. A second later, a loud siren started to wail.

"What's going on?" one of the wizards yelled over the wailing.

"They tried to imprison me," Harry growled, trying to project his magic as much as he could. "I had to break out on my own. I might have destroyed something as I did. This place is going to collapse any minute."

"What about our money!"

"Your vaults are probably safe, but I'd ask the traitors," Harry said. "I've removed all the Potter and Black gold..."

He was interrupted by a huge shaking, and a large crack appearing in the marble floor.

"I'd get the hell out of here, if I was you," Harry shouted. "I'll be making sure that St Mungo's and the others don't go short of cash."

"What about us?" another wizard asked.

"Speak to the Goblins, they're the ones who have put your hard earned cash in jeopardy."

"You've destroyed us," one of the Goblins shouted.

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "And done a much better job of it than my ancestors. You'd have thought you would have learnt after your last fifteen failed rebellions. Still, next time you try and entomb someone, check that you've taken their wands. I'd have sympathy for you, but well, this is the sort of thing that happens to people who betray me and to people who support Voldemort."

"The Goblins are the basis of our economy!" a witch shouted.

"Why did you give all your money to traitors?" Harry retorted.

"Please, stop," another of the Goblins called. "You're ruining us."

"Ruining back stabbing Voldemort supporters?" Harry asked. "I hope so!"

"Look, some of you wizards and witches may have to get Muggle jobs until you can access your vaults. And while you are doing it, reflect on the folly of your politicians who have encouraged you to do this."

A couple of Aurors ran in. "Hold it right there, Potter," they called.

"How are you going to stop me?" Harry asked curiously. "You know you can't

do magic in here." He turned to go.

"Harry, wait," a female voice shouted.

The rumbling was started to get seriously bad, and some of the smarter witches and wizards were already streaming out the door.

"Take me with you."

"Why?" Harry asked.

The girl paused. "Erm, because I haven't betrayed you? Or been friends with you, or really had much to do with you, but I am hot, and well, I'd rather be with someone who isn't going to struggle for the next few months."

"Hey," someone else shouted. "You can't do that, Davis."

"Of course I bloody can," she replied. "Harry's hardly even known I exist until just now, so I've hardly done anything to piss him off."

"Swear," Harry ordered.

"I swear on my magic that I will never betray you."

There was a huge rumbling sound and the very floor shook like there was an earth quake.

Harry held out his hand; she ran and took it. They ran out the door and he activated his Portkey necklace.

They arrived in his Summer House.

“Woohoo,” Tracey shouted, and jumped forward. She slid down the huge pile of money they had landed on. At the bottom she turned and started to try and swim through it.

With a shrug, Harry sat down and slid to the bottom as well. “How’s that working for you?”

Tracey pouted. “Badly, Scrooge McDuck could do it, and I’ve never seen a pile of big enough to try it in.”

“Muggle-born?”

“Nah, just Muggle aware,” Tracey replied with a shrug. “So, erm, this is where I start getting a little pushy.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, well, rumour has it that you’re pissed at your friends, the Ministry, half the staff at Hogwarts and well, now the Goblins as well?”

Harry nodded.

“And after your little speech, you’ve just enacted the sort of revenge on the Goblins that most of us can only dream about.”

Harry nodded again.

“So, do you have anything against my parents and my little sister? They tend to do most of their business with Muggles.”

“Not heard of them,” Harry admitted, “so as long as they’re not affiliated with any of the afore-mentioned groups, probably not.”

“Remember my oath? They’re not.”

“So?”

“Can I invite them to live with us?”

Harry laughed. “You weren’t kidding about the pushy were you?”

“Slytherin, remember,” She said cheerfully. She paused. “Hot Slytherin to.”

“Do you need a fan or something? That’s the second time you’ve insinuated that the temperature is too high.”

Tracey gaped at him for a moment. “I meant,” she said, throwing her robes off dramatically, “that I’ve got great tits, killer legs and pretty face.” She posed for him, with her head high, her shoulders back and her feet around a foot apart.

“Oh,” Harry replied. “You are modesty, too.” He suddenly grinned at her, “and I do know what hot means, but thanks for the show.”

Tracey bent calmly and threw a couple of Galleons at him.

“So, exactly why are you telling me about your attractiveness?”

“Are you serious?”

“This time, yes. However, that may not last.”

“Well, I kinda figured that as you didn’t know me that was pretty much the only thing that would get your attention.”

“It did,” Harry agreed. “But then, you weren’t the only hot girl there.”

“So why did you pick me?”

“Because I didn’t know you,” he explained. “And hey, it might get dull on my own, and all this money?” he indicated the mountain of gold, “probably isn’t a very good conversationalist.”

“True,” Tracey agreed. “So you’re saying I’m not going to have to sleep with you?”

“Probably not.”

“What if I want to?”

“We’ll see.”

Tracey laughed. “Well, that’s put me in my place,” she agreed. “What about my family?”

Harry flipped one of the Galleons she had thrown at him. “I’ll tell you what, you talk to them, and I’ll listen in and make a decision then. Oh, and you’re not allowed to tell them where you are.”

"Ha, just wait until I see the bitch Parkinson," Tracey said. "I'll rub her face in the fact that you aren't a bloody Gryffindor, just as I said."

Harry raised his eyebrows at her.

"I thought you were a 'Puff to start with," she explained. "But later I figured that you were hiding yourself mainly, as you kept staying alive."

"So you know me more than I know you."

"Sure, just like I know everyone in our year. Seamus, for example, is actually gay."

"Really?"

"Yup - he makes friends with the girls he dates, that's why he always has dates - they can go out, have a good time, and not be pawed later."

"The Floo is over there," Harry said, before she gave him any more information he didn't really want.

"Davis House," Tracey called as she through the powder into it.

"Tracey," the male head that appeared said with relief. "You got out of Gringotts in time then!"

"What happened to it?" Tracey asked.

"There's a large hole where it used to be. The rest of Diagon Alley is intact, though. The bad thing is that the access to the vaults is gone. There are hundreds of Goblins milling about, looking shell shocked.

"Evilgit the Goblin has been arrested, although there is no official reason for why, word has it that he tried to entomb Potter – and Potter was pissed." The head sighed. "Reading between the lines, we're going to have to go into the Muggle World and get real full time jobs for a month or two," he continued. "We should be able to get our money back eventually but until then, I can see that the Wizarding World is going to go into a period of depression. A lot of our goods - especially food - is imported, and no money means no food. I can see a lot of people trying to sell to get the gold, but with no one to buy it..."

Tracey's dad shook himself. "Sorry, this has kinda hit me hard. Come through, and we'll talk about this more. I'm really glad you're safe. The Ministry said no one had died, but I was still worried..."

"Thanks, dad," Tracey said. "Are mum and Natalie there?"

He nodded.

Tracey looked at Harry who rolled his eyes, and then nodded firmly.

"Then why don't you three come through, Floo to," she looked at Harry again.

"Potter-Black Summer Home," Harry said, as he pointed his wand at the Floo. "They've got two minutes."

Tracey blinked. "Dad, this isn't a time to argue. Grab mum and Nat and come through now!"

The head vanished, and less than thirty seconds later, three people appeared.

"Wow," the youngest one breathed. She ran forward and dived onto the pile of money. "Owww!"

"Yeah, Natalie," Tracey agreed. "That was the first thing I tried as well."

Natalie pouted.

Harry walked over to a table under a decorative mirror. There were a couple of vases on a large tray. He removed the vases and took the tray. He opened the door to the next room, and summoned every pillow in the house.

He ignored the looks he was getting from the Davis family, as he moved back to the pile. He held out his hand to the girl. She looked at him curiously, and then her eyes lit up and she took it quickly. Harry activated his necklace again, they vanished, and reappeared at the top of the mountain of Galleons. He placed the tray down and sat on it, before he held out his hands to her.

Natalie climbed into his lap without hesitation. "Ready?" he asked her.

She nodded.

He inched them forward, aiming for the doors.

"Woooooo," Natalie screamed. They started to pick up speed, as they rocketed down the side of the mountain of gold. At high speed they came to the bottom, skidded on the floor, and crashed into the pillows.

Feathers exploded everywhere, but they quickly stopped.

"That," Natalie gasped, "was the coolest thing ever!"

Harry laughed and slowly started to extract himself from the pillows.

“Are you Tracey’s boyfriend?”

“Nope.”

She held up her arms. “Carry me.”

Harry blinked and did as he was told, carrying her back to the other room.

“Mum, dad,” Tracey said, pointedly.

“I swear on my magic that I will never betray you.” They said it in unison.

Harry looked at Tracey.

She shrugged. “You’ve got a ‘trusting people’ issue. I figured I’d just remove it.”

“Oh. Right” He looked at Natalie, who showed no sign at all of wanting to move. “So,” he continued, a little awkwardly. “Welcome to my house. Tracey’s kinda negotiated your welcome.”

“Oh?” the male asked, looking at Tracey.

Tracey shrugged. “Potter was pissed, I kinda realised what was happening, so I acted fast. Oh, yeah, introductions. Harry, this is Mike and Emma. Mum, Dad meet Harry Potter. Harry’s one of those slow burning people who is polite and friendly until he reaches the end of his tether and then he acts. Oh, and Harry, that little tart in your

arms is Natalie.”

“What’s a tart?” Natalie asked.

Emma glared at Tracey.

“A tart,” Harry said, “is someone who’s very sweet. Like an apple tart.”

Natalie smiled wildly. “Tracey’s not a tart,” she announced. “But she’s not that bad. Even her last boyfriend said that she didn’t suck.”

Tracey paled, before she went bright red.

“We are going to have words, Tracey Davis,” Emma growled.

“Yes, mum.”

“Why is Tracey blushing?” Natalie asked. “I thought that not sucking was a good thing?”

Mike looked amused, as Harry tried to frame an answer. “Not sucking is a very good thing,” Harry agreed. “Tracey’s just got a dirty mind.”

Natalie stared at her sister. “This is one of those stupid grown up things, isn’t it.”

“Yup,” Harry agreed.

“Tracey used to be fun,” Natalie said. “But then she grew boobs and everything changed. Mum said that I’d understand when I grew them, but if it makes me suck like she does - or doesn’t - then I don’t want them.”

“Natalie,” Harry said softly, “welcome to my home.”

She beamed at him then blinked. “Where’s the toilet?”

“Through there.”

She squirmed down and ran to where he had indicated.

“Will you excuse me for one minute?” he asked. He didn’t wait for a reply as he walked back into the room with the pillows and shut the doors. A second later he was on the floor, howling with laughter.

When he had recovered, he opened the door and walked back out.

“You could have at least silenced the door,” Tracey complained.

Harry grinned at her unrepentantly. The door to the bathroom opened and Natalie came bounding back out. She hopped over to Harry and held up her arms again.

“Natalie,” Emma groaned. “You are capable of standing like the rest of us.”

Harry smells nice, and he's nice," Natalie said. She turned back to Harry. "Tracey's last boyfriend didn't like me. He smelt."

"So," Harry said, "do you want to pick a room?"

"A room?" Natalie asked.

"You're going to be staying for a bit."

"All right!" she cheered. "And I don't have to share?"

"Nope," Harry agreed. "We'll go and get your clothes later."

"Will we be able to ride the money again?"

"I'm going to move it to the basement, but we'll do what we can," Harry promised.

Natalie cheered again. "Why are we staying with you?"

"I had a bit of a temper tantrum," Harry admitted. "I kinda destroyed Gringotts."

"When I have a tantrum I accidentally break things as well," Natalie agreed. "Mum tells me off."

"I've not got a mum," Harry said softly.

Natalie looked horrified, and then hugged him tightly.

Harry patted her back. "It's okay," he said. "I'm over it now."

Natalie gave him a searching look, before she nodded and placed her head on his shoulder.

Harry opened a door. Natalie turned and blinked. "This one?" she squeaked.

He placed her down, and she dashed into the room and dived on to the bed, bouncing on it like it was a trampoline.

"If you want it?"

"Toys!" Natalie squealed and bounced over to a chest that was heaving with cuddly toys. Harry idly wondered if this had been Bellatrix's, or Narcissa's room.

"I'm going back to your parents," Harry said. "If you need me, just call."

Natalie nodded and concentrated on the toys. Harry walked back downstairs. The mountain of cash was already gone, as was all the stuff from the Hogwarts vault. The Davis family were still standing around, and Harry motioned for them to follow him. The room with the cushions had already been cleaned up, and he sat in one of the chairs.

"This," Mike said slowly, "has been the strangest morning of my life."

"Yeah, I have that effect on people."

"You're very good with kids," Emma said, looking at him. "To be honest, I didn't expect that."

"I always wanted a family," Harry explained. "And I guess I just acted how I would have wanted someone to act with me."

"Okay," Tracey mumbled, "this is slightly uncomfortable. Mum, Dad, I was in Gringotts as asked, when the Goblins started to panic. Next thing, Harry appears looking as pissed off as Dad the last time that he met Lucius Malfoy. Harry calmly mentioned that the Goblins had incarcerated him and that they were supporting Voldemort and that Gringotts was about to fall to bits.

"Everyone was pretty stunned, so I took a chance, got his attention, and here we are."

"And how," Emma asked, "did you manage that?"

Tracey looked at her mother. "I might have mentioned that I was attractive and single," she mumbled.

"Modest too," Harry added.