

a not so golden life

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Kapitel 6: Chapter 6

CHAPTER 6

When Harry woke up the next morning, he looked around in the room. He was confused... And then, he remembered.

Everything...

He got up, got dressed and went into the bathroom, before he went downstairs to look for something to eat. In the kitchen, he found his potins professor, once more dressed in some dark jeans and a black button down shirt, making some chocolate chips omelets, and on the table were already two sets of plates, cutleries and some glasses and cups, as well as two pots of coffee and orange juice respectively.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, mister Potter. I hope, you slept well, despite of what happened yesterday. I hope you like chocolate chips omelets, or would you prefere toast with some fruit jam? And please, call me Severus, since I'm your godfather."

"Yeah, wasn't bad. I didn't have any nightmares, which is pretty rare and nice. And the omelets are fine, thank you. And if I shall call you Severus, please call me Harry as well."

Since Severus was finished with cooking, they both took a seat on the breakfast table and startet eating. Harry was surprised that Severus could cook and his surprise must have shown on his face, since he smirked towards his godson and explained, that there isn't such a difference between brewing potions and cooking despite the ingredients.

"But if cooking and brewing is almost the same, shouldn't I then be better in potions than I now are? Because I learnt cooking when I was four. Or could that also have something to do with Dumbledores spells and potions?"

"You sure should. And it probably had something to do with those spells and potions. But we'll have the rest of the holidays to check this and everything else. But I'd say, we're going to take care of those muggles first, if that's okay with you?"

"Of course it's okay with me. As soon as we're done here, I'm gonna get the document, that shows me as owner of the house, and also the official document that shows, that you're my godfather and my legal guardian, since I really want to give us being godfather and -son a try." "Then why don't you go get this stuff now, because there's a simple spell to clean everything up down here. And we could go some muggle cloths shopping before we put this filth out to the street, that way, that way, they won't have that much time to find some place to sleep. And I really won't let you walk around in those racks you call clothes one minute longer than absolutely necessary!"

"That's both fine by me. I'm upstairs. Be right back."

After Harry got back down and Severus had cleaned up, they left the house and Severus side-along apparated his godson to an abandoned street near Londons shopping street.

"So, Harry, what would you like to have to wear? Normal stuff like jeans, trainers and shirts, like every average person? Or is there a special style you'd like to try?"

"I think, something similar to your style, perhaps? Black, maybe something goth...? Because it would show everyone, that I've changed, and the clever could get an idea fot what happened to me. Plus, I like the style and it's special. And shocking."

"Black sounds good. And I personally like goth. There's so much you can do with only black clothes. Now, let's go look for some goth shops."

"Sure, let's go!"

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Once, they'd found the first goth shop, they entered it and Harry began looking for his new wardrobe. He found the store amazing.

He went around inside and gathered a lot of pants, shirts, shoes and other accessoires. Severus helped him to carry everything back to the changing rooms.

Harry went into the changing room and tried one outfit after the other. He took everything that fittet him and he liked. Severus found it amazing, how different his godson looked in some form fitting clothes, and especially, how perfect the goth style was for him. All he now still needed, was a new haircut, perhaps some eyeliner as well.

"Severus, I think, I found everything in here that I like. For now, I have enough clothes. All I need now, are some contacts and maybe a visit at a hair salon...? Could you wait for a minute? I'm just going to change into a new outfit, because I really don't want to walk around in those rags anymore, since I don't have to."

While Harry went changing, his godfather asked the shop assistant, if there was a good hairsaloon close by, that was acepting of special hair styles. She told him, that there was a saloon, who specialized in goth, metal and japanese hairstyles and styling as well only about a hundred meters down the street.

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About three hours later, Severus and a new Harry Potter left the saloon again. Except for the emerald green eyes, there was nothing else left of the old Boy-Who-Lived.

He was dressed in all black clothes, skinny trousers with an assortement of chains and other stuff on them, a thigh tank top, black military boots and some leather bands around his arms, as well as a chain around his neck, his hair had green and silver strikes, whereas the green was the same as the one of his eyes, and Severus promised, that on the next day, in Diagon, he could get his hair grow out magically all the way down to midback. And the stylist also gave him a years stock of make-up and black eyeliner, to cover up his scar and to underline his astounded eyes. Now Harry was pestering the potions master to allow him to get his eyebrow, his tongue and both of his ears pierced.

"No, Harry, not today. You have the rest of the holidays to change yourself, you really don't have to do everything today. And we still have something else to take care of today. Why don't we go to get something to eat and then go to the muggle police to throw your 'relatives' out on the streets?"

"Okay." mumbled Harry, "but don't think, I'll forget it by then. Maybe I'll also want a tattoo by then."

"As long as you remember, that a tattoo is permanent, and the motive has some meaning for you, I wouldn't know, why you shouldn't get one. And if you'd like, I'd take you to a wizarding tattoo artist, so you could actually get a moving tattoo."

"I actually have already an idea for one. A stag, a wolf, a grim, a snake and a lily, all of them together, maybe even surrounded by a celtic knot."

"I get the stag, wolf, grim and the lily. But why a snake?"

"Since you're my godfather as well as Sirius was, you already became quite important to me, even though, we just got a chance to get to know one another.", Harry blused. Severus didn't know, what to say to that.