

Harry found the Founders in battle with the two dragons. He wouldn't exactly call it a battle because it was so one-sided. The dragons were getting thrashed by the Founders. Lady Hufflepuff had one dragon ensnared in gigantic roots and vines while Rowena bombarded it with blasting curses. The dragon struggled to move or even let out a sound as its mouth was tightly wound up by whatever spell Lady Hufflepuff used. The dragon looked like it was on its last legs, fighting to keep its awareness despite the spells impacting its body. He decided to pitch in and help the two witches deal with the dragon.

He touched down on the ground with his body covered in sparkling silver mist that vanished as his body assumed physical form once more. His sudden appearance on the battlefield startled the two witches.

"You can fly?" Rowena asked in amazement and a hint of jealousy.

Harry was momentarily confused as to why Rowena Ravenclaw was jealous. After all, he had acquired the skill thanks to Helena Ravenclaw sharing her mother's knowledge with him in the future. Therefore, it stands to reason Rowena and Salazar were aware of the ritual to acquire the ability of flight in a spirit form.

'Unless, of course, Rowena has yet to stumble onto the ritual.' Harry thought.

There was also the distinct possibility that Rowena had the knowledge of the ritual but had not perfected it yet.

"On a good day, I can go faster than a dragon. Thankfully, this was one of those days." Harry replied in a lacklustre manner.

The dragon strained against the bindings, snapping one or two wooden shackles, attracting their attention. Harry could see the crushed forms of Goblins on the dragon's back, bathing the dark scales of the dragon in Goblin blood.

"This one is a stubborn one, huh?" Harry stared at the defiant look in the dragon's eyes as it renewed its efforts to break free from the bindings.

Rowena and Helga resumed bombarding the dragons with spells, but the dragon refused to go down. Harry was a tad surprised to see the dragon resisting the attacks from the two witches. They were not throwing around simple magic against the dragon. An ordinary dragon should've fallen unconscious by now. Feeling a little curious, Harry pointed his wand at the dragon's head.

"Stupefy."

Harry cast the stunning spell consecutively against the dragon's head. After the eighth time, Harry stopped bombarding the dragon with the spell, seeing as it only annoyed the dragon. He wished he had the foresight to learn the sleeping charm Fleur used on the dragon when she faced the First Task. He felt the charm would've been extremely useful in handling the dragon. A giant fist made of rock smashed on the dragon's head with ample force. The dragon that had refused to go down stubbornly till then slept soundly on the ground.

"That's how you deal with a drake like this one." Godric bellowed, letting out a hearty laugh standing atop his rock golem.

Harry saw the other dragon had stopped thrashing around with a stone arm choking it until it fell unconscious. Its limbs were locked in with earthly hands clamping the dragon down by its wings and tail to the ground.

“So what're we to do with these dragons?” Harry asked.

“We'll have to kill them and extract useful parts, but first, we have to destroy that army.” said Salazar, glaring at the Goblin army that had renewed their assault on the barrier protecting Hogwarts.

“I agree.” Rowena pitched in, shooting a cold look at the Goblins. “Sabretooth will never let us conduct our affairs in peace. The Goblins must learn a lesson in blood that they'll never forget for a few generations.”

Harry's eyes shifted to the frontlines once again when he felt the barrier flicker far more than usual. To his utter surprise, the first dragon knocked out by the Founders at the beginning of the fight was now making itself known by clawing at the barrier.

“Oh, I've had enough of these annoying beasts.” Harry groaned in frustration.

“We'll need a plan of attack,” said Slytherin.

“I have a plan. Attack!” said Harry.

Assuming his spirit form, Harry started to lift off from the ground.

“I like this plan.” Godric said with a massive, bloodthirsty grin.

Harry flew straight for the edge of the barrier, where the dragon was trying its best to claw a hole through. He went past the barrier and avoided battling the dragon. Instead, he flew straight for the Goblin army.

“You little buggers were tolerable as bankers. Because of you, I've been unable to even take a good look at the time turner that brought me into this blasted place. Now disappear into ashes!”

Concentrating the rage and all the worries, he poured every ounce of those feelings into his magic. The tip of his wand pointed towards the Goblin army below. With a mighty yell, he unleashed a devastating spell that was fueled by rage and hunger for death.

“Fiendfyre.”

Bright red flames roared out of the tip of his wand. Harry tied his bet to control the flames, to shape it in such a way that it assumed the form of a snake. A head of the snake formed, followed by a long tail connected to the tip of his wand. Harry was pleasantly surprised to see the Fiendfyre curse bend easily to his will. But that surprise was momentary as he ignored it in favour of unleashing the spell on the army. The hellfire curse bent perfectly to his will and created wide rings of fire as it crashed into the ground. The snake made out of hellfire reared its head as the rest of its body burned away the tents and Goblin warriors into ashes.

Feeling complete control over the spell, Harry directed the snake to attack the siege engines. The wooden constructs had no chance as they were quickly devoured by the cursed flames, as were the Goblin warriors nearby. Harry was forced to cut off the spell when some of the Goblin warriors tried to shoot him down with their arrows. But he was not worried as the Fiendfyre curse was notorious for sustaining itself by devouring everything around them. The screams of the Goblins reached his ears as the Fiendfyre curse became far more brutal without his control. The fiery snake made of the cursed fire sought out the Goblins one by one and devoured them en masse. It went on to attack the tents and the supply carts of the army and started to devour everything in its vicinity to sustain itself.

This was the true danger of the Fiendfyre spell. It was a spell that refused to subjugate itself to a wizard's will. It devoured everything to fuel itself and, in the process, destroyed everything. Harry allowed the spell to wreak havoc for a few more minutes before he settled down near the edge of the wards beside Godric.

"That's a dangerous spell." Godric commented.

The illustrious founder of Hogwarts didn't look the least bit bothered, nor was he unhappy with the spell Harry used. Harry was relieved that Godric was not antagonistic towards him for using a dark curse like Fiendfyre against the Goblins.

"Yes, it is. It's far more dangerous when it's set loose without a wizard to control its hunger." said Harry.

Pointing his wand at the wildly cackling fire, he drew a circle in the air, opening a tear in space. A dark hole opened up in the middle of the camp and began to suck in the flames and everything that was burning. It took a few minutes, but all the flames were sealed away in the tear in space, and Harry allowed the spell to collapse in on itself. He noticed the green dragon was bound by giant earthen hands, pushing its head and limbs to the ground. The dragon was grunting and struggling against the bindings on its body, but it was having no success in escaping its fate.

"Your proficiency in fire magic is commendable. I don't believe I've ever encountered such a powerful flame in my journey." Godric commented, bending down and inspecting the charred ground with his palm hovering above the sand.

Harry was somewhat confused by Godric's words as he had seen references made in several scrolls inside Slytherin's Chamber about the Fiendfyre curse.

'Maybe the Founders learned about the spell later, or Slytherin never shared the spell with his colleagues.' Harry mused.

There was also the distinct possibility that one of Slytherin's descendants brought the knowledge of the spell to the Chamber. There was no reason to believe Tom Riddle was the sole person to find the secret Chamber left by Salazar Slytherin.

"Your magic is also unique. I've not seen anyone bend the earth like you and with such ease." Harry paid compliments to Godric where it was due.

"Despicable scum! The lot of yeh!" a Goblin shouted, riding into the field atop a massive boar with a huge hammer in hand.

"Sabretooth. We meet again. I see your people have placed a crown on atop your head. Were your people that desperate and lacking anyone of sound mind?" Godric shouted back a tad gleefully.

'Nice trash talk.' Harry thought, eyeing Godric Gryffindor and the Goblin king.

Harry had read in passing about Godric Gryffindor's many battles against the Goblins. Of course, any information in the history books was vague and limiting. The only relevant part was that Godric Gryffindor was gifted a Goblin steel sword for his ferocious battle prowess by some nameless Goblin after an unknown battle.

"You! I curse you, wizard. You and your kind are a blight on this world. I'll end you by my own hands." Sabretooth declared, brandishing his hammer threateningly.

'What a douche.' Harry thought, readying for anything from the Goblin king.

"Attack!" Sabretooth yelled, charging forward on his giant boar.

The surviving Goblins heeded the call and rushed towards Harry and Godric, brandishing their weapons and war cries on their lips.

"You've done enough, Hadrian. Leave them to me." Godric whispered when Harry started raising his wand.

Godric walked forward and raised his staff in the air. Harry's eyes widened as he sensed the build-up of a tremendous amount of magical energy. He found himself looking at the ground where he could feel the magic rushing towards Godric. Then Godric slammed the staff on the ground, and Harry's senses went haywire momentarily. It was as if there was a clap of thunder, and in the next moment, the earth shifted under the feet of the Goblin army. Earthen spikes skewered the incoming Goblins to death, and the rest were thrown away by the overturning of the ground they were standing on. Harry's eyes widened when he noticed trees had fallen over as far as his eyes could see under Godric's spell.

"That's an impressive spell," Harry muttered.

"Not as impressive as flying, though. You should prepare for a persistent onslaught of questions from Rowena. She'll not leave you alone until she pries that spell out of you." Godric laughed.

Harry stared at Godric Gryffindor, weirded out by the man's attitude. One moment, the wizard was crushing the entire earth for miles on end and in the next, he was laughing like someone told him a great joke. Harry was wondering what sort of emotional rollercoaster Godric Gryffindor was going through in his mind. He had no doubt Godric Gryffindor was using what the modern-day wizards would call Old Magic. He sensed the magic surge from the earth and bent to Godric's will in a jiffy. It was the art of manipulating the magic of the world without using the bodily magic of a wizard. It was pretty fascinating to watch a man like Godric Gryffindor performing magic long lost to the wizarding world.

'Is it because of the staff that he is using Old Magic so easily?' Harry wondered in the confines of his mind.

Wizards had gradually stopped using staves in favour of wands as spells became more sophisticated and connected to runes and arithmancy. The magic prevalent in the world was gathered up by wizards in their bodies naturally, like all magical beings. But wizards of the future had stopped directly wielding the magic of the world and instead termed it as Old Magic, confining it to the magic of a bygone era. Instead, wizards and witches depended on their wands to pull out the magic in their bodies to shape their spells.

'A staff is in constant contact with the earth. Does that make it easy for a wizard to wield Old Magic easily?' Harry wondered.

If that was the case, Harry saw the advantages in learning to use a staff in tandem with a wand. But he could also see why the Ministry would never approve. Using Old Magic would leave all their monitoring spells impotent. The unique energy signatures of wizards and witches would be scrubbed altogether if they started using Old Magic en masse.

'Maybe the wizard's staff went out of fashion after the creation of the Ministry.' Harry mused.

He wouldn't be surprised if that were the case. Tracking wands and controlling the supply of wands should've been one of the first things the Ministry did after its creation. Managing the supply and monitoring the production of weapons were always some of the first things any government did once it came into power. Harry accompanied Godric when the older wizard carefully navigated through the desolate battlefield until they reached the prone form of the Goblin king lying on the ground, choking on his own blood. Several earthen spears had skewered through the Goblin king's legs and shoulders. The chest plate of Sabretooth was crushed under the attack of earthen spears made by Godric, but the armour held firm on the Goblin's body.

"I'll... kill yeh for this." the Goblin king spat out blood at Godric's feet.

"No, you won't." Godric said firmly.

Godric unsheathed his sword and plunged it straight through the throat of Sabretooth. The Goblin King grunted as blood flowed out, and slowly, his eyes lost their light.

"If any of you foul creatures have survived this battle, I suggest you run back to your homes. If you dally any longer in these lands, I'll have your heads mounted on the castle walls. You have till sunset to make yourself scarce." Godric yelled into the deathly silent battlefield, which had turned into the graveyard of the Goblin army.

Harry was relieved that no one among the survivors was courageous enough to challenge Godric.

'Finally. This blasted war is over.' Harry let out a relieved sigh.

"We should kill the dragons. They'll be quite useful for their parts." Salazar commented, glaring at the four captured dragons.

The red dragon Harry had captured let out a fearful whine as it tried to hide its enormous body behind Harry quite unsuccessfully. For some odd reason, the red dragon took a shine to Harry and thought it could get away scot-free if it acted like an innocent puppy. While Harry was becoming increasingly sympathetic to the dragon's attempts to escape what was most assuredly a painful death, the rest of the Founders were lacking any sort of sympathy for the creatures. While the red dragon was somewhat behaving tame for its kind, the other three dragons were not so diplomatic. The black-scaled dragons were the worst, as they constantly tried to burn everyone while the green dragon attempted to break the bindings.

Their reaction was understandable. If Harry were in their position, he'd also be trying to break free.

"I concur. I could see many uses for some dragon blood." Helga Hufflepuff added, eyeing the dragons like they were a prize.

"Spare them," said Harry, earning curious looks from the four Founders. "They've been held captive for so long. Give them freedom.

"They'll only bring ruin everywhere. They could even attack us once we release them in the wild." said Rowena.

“Or they might fly far away from the land they’ve been held captive for so long. They’ve probably served the Goblins from the moment they hatched from the eggs. Give them the chance to live a free life.” Harry argued.

“Why are you so adamant in defending the dragons?” Godric asked.

Harry turned his head to stare at the red dragon, looking at them all fearfully. Sometimes, he felt like the dragon understood what they were saying.

‘Oh, what the hell. Might as well make up some more lies to save four lives.’ Harry thought.

“My family carries dragons on our banners – a three-headed red dragon. Valyrian noble houses are called dragonlords because we learned to coexist with dragons on our island. Valyria is a sanctuary for all magical creatures, and these dragons deserve another chance. Let them be free to make their own choices rather than sentence them to death for their actions while serving under the thrall of Goblins.”

The Founders stared at him silently for a long moment, making Harry slightly nervous. Thankfully, the scrutiny came to an end when Godric let out a loud sigh and spoke in favour of Harry’s decision. It didn’t take long for Helga and Rowena to side with his opinion reluctantly.

“Fine.” Salazar grunted. “The dragons can go free, but they’re your responsibility, Hadrian Targaryen. If they harm Hogwarts, you’ll kill them. Do you agree?”

Harry had no other way but to assume responsibility for the dragons.

“I hope you’re happy.” Harry muttered to the red dragon once the Founders left him with the dragons. “I hope you can communicate with your dragon friends to fly as far away from here as possible and never return.”

The red dragon let out a snort through its nostrils. Harry didn’t know whether the dragon was mocking him or saying yes. He liked to think the dragon was replying to him positively because he was not looking forward to killing four dragons if they misbehaved. The dragons had to stay the whole day on the castle grounds, and he had tried to help them the best way he could. At his request, Helga had attempted to heal the dragons as best as she could. Unfortunately, most of her enchantments did not work on the red dragon whose wing was bent at an off angle. The thick hides of the dragons not only resisted hostile spells but also healing spells. The other dragons were less injured comparatively, and they were quickly patched up and ready to go.

So, hoping nothing untoward happened, Harry released the dragons after urging them using Parseltongue to fly away. The dragons had looked at him with thinly veiled contempt whenever he used Parseltongue. But he knew no other language that could communicate with the dragons. Thankfully, the dragons must’ve understood that they were being set free because when he vanished the bindings on their body, they didn’t linger for a moment and flew westward.

“Phew.” Harry released a breath he was holding, feeling somewhat relieved the dragons didn’t make an issue.

He could see some of the families taking refuge in Hogwarts come out to see the sight of the dragons taking flight. While there was the danger of the dragons turning hostile, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see so many dragons assembled in one place. Even now, he could feel awe when he looked upon such majestic creatures like dragons.

Turning his sights on the red dragon, he was left with a quandary. The dragon had to be sheltered until it could be healed. That meant it had to be fed as it was unable to hunt.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to feed you somehow. What is your preference?” Harry asked the dragon, which tilted his head in return.

“Right. Silly of me. Do you prefer a goat or a cow?”

The dragon snorted and lay down on the ground, watching him like a hawk.