

## Karma

"Boss?"

Karma looked up from the mounds of paperwork littering the desk. "Yes?"

The head of the auditing department stepped into the room, holding two folders. "One of my team just found these entries. They were misfiled. This one is human, on Earth, male, seventeen years of age. Name of Harry Potter. He has the worst numbers I've seen since that human a couple thousand years ago. Jobs? No, Job. Right, Job. Anyway, these numbers are just awful." A folder passed hands.

Karma looked through the pages and was surprised at how bad the luck values really were. Karma knew about this young human, of course, but wasn't about to admit to having interfered already. Karma decided, promise or not, that enough was enough and resolved to do something about it. That was, after all, Karma's job.

"Just have him win that monetary lottery the humans are so fond of. That'll help the numbers."

A head shook. "Won't do any good. By that society's standards, he's already rich. He came into two large inheritances recently."

So much for the easy approach, Karma grumbled silently. "Any suitable, willing, and interested potential mates around him?"

A shrug was the immediate answer. "Many. The problem is that he refuses any advances until his fight's done and over with. He's the one who has to fight Riddle eventually."

"Ah, yes. Now I remember. So let's have that fight happen and give this Potter some extra umph."

"Which brings us to Riddle's folder," the underling reported, handing the second folder over.

"How in the name of the Cosmos did he get such a positive account?" Karma asked incredulously after reading the summary sheet.

The chief auditor sighed. "As I said, it was misfiled. He's been using magic to give himself these kinds of numbers. If my department knew about it, I assure you that he would have been stopped long before now."

"Well, it's easy enough to fix. During the fight, let's even these luck numbers up a bit."

"Even after the fight, it'll take more than just one of the young females around him making another advance to even up Potter's numbers," the underling advised.

"Take all actions necessary. I want him at a positive one hundred by the end of the week. Just to be fair and barring his turning into some kind of psychopath, let's leave him at an average of positive ten for the rest of his life."

The worker raised an eyebrow at the generosity. A permanent positive or negative five was a lot. "As you wish. It'll take a couple days, but I'll get things moving."

"Good."

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It'd been a long, hard battle before Voldemort finally showed up.

Harry sighed, glad to get the final battle over with. He strode toward his arch nemesis, ignoring his wounds and the massive battle continuing around him on the Hogwarts grounds.

Voldemort, grinning evilly, raised his wand as he strode toward Harry.

The self-stylized Dark Lord was striding, that is, until he performed a feat of subtlety and coordination to make even Tonks proud. He tripped over a blade of grass.

Lord Voldemort stumbled forward for a few steps, arms flailing in an effort to stay upright. Gravity finally won the fight, and he started to fall. An Exploding Hex landed behind him before he made it to the ground, catapulting him forward into the air (thus he proved the adage that it really WAS possible to miss the ground if you tripped and fell). Once his impressive ballistic arc had terminated, he was flat on his back at Harry's feet.

Harry, showing that he had indeed inherited his mother's good sense combined with a Slytherin's sense of fair play, immediately drew the Sword of Gryffindor from the scabbard across his back and swung it down.

Voldemort's head bounced away, wearing the last expression of astonishment that would ever be required of it. Both head and body burst into pink flame.

Every living Death Eater screamed and clutched at their arm. Out of their mouths came a flash of lavender light that streaked toward the body of their fallen master. When the last streak of light hit the flaming pyre, it exploded, leaving a small, smoking crater.

The blast threw Harry backward, but he kept his feet and was surprised to find himself uninjured.

Recovering, a dozen Death Eaters pointed their wands at Harry and screamed, "*Avada Kedavra!*"

Nothing happened.

Most of the dark wizards shook their wands and tried again. Some even went so far as to look down the barrel of their wands to see if they could tell what was wrong with them.

Shaking off the absolute shock, the Order of the Phoenix members and aurors at the battle made quick work of the remaining Death Eaters, seeing as how none of them could seem to make any spell work.

When the sounds of battle stopped, everyone took a moment to look around at the devastation.

Before anyone else could react, Sibyll Trelawney spoke from the front steps of Hogwarts. She stood stiffly, staring across the grounds without any clear point of focus. Her voice, loud and harsh, was in the same tone that Dumbledore and Harry had each heard once in their lives. "After the last heir of the Griffin has vanquished the last heir of the Serpent, he shall have many wives, his many remaining years will be filled with much love, he will wield great influence upon the world, and he will grace the cover of Witch Weekly with stunning frequency."

Her head fell for a moment before she looked up suddenly. "Oh," she said in her normal voice, looking around quickly. "Is the battle over?"

Cho Chang, Hermione Granger, Ginny Weasley, Parvati Patil, Padma Patil, Susan Bones, Daphne Greengrass, and Nymphadora Tonks all stepped forward, fell to their knees, and dropped their heads in homage. In one voice, they all swore, "I pledge my heart, soul, and body to the House of Potter. Please accept me as one of your concubines and companions for as long as I live."

Ron Weasley turned to Harry. "I have wronged you. I've been an ungrateful, jealous prat to you for years. Your friendship toward me is totally undeserved, but I'd like to try to make that up to you." He fell to his knees and held up his wand in both hands as if presenting it to Harry. "I pledge my life and magic to the House of Potter. Please accept me as your personal bodyguard for as long as I live."

Neville fell to his left knee behind Ron. Luna mirrored him on her right knee. They emulated Ron by holding their wands. Neville kept his head up, however, and said, "Luna and I have NOT wronged you, but we pledge our lives and magic to the House of Potter. Please accept us as members of your House guard for as long as we live." He glanced at Luna for a moment before adding, "But we'd appreciate joint quarters."

Draco Malfoy, rushing forward from where an auror had shackled his hands behind his back, fell to his knees behind the girls and dropped his head in absolute submission. "I have wronged you. I pledge my soul and freedom to the House of Potter. Please accept my attempt at restitution by accepting me as your lowliest servant, answerable to your lowest house-elf, for as long as I live."

Bellatrix Lestrange, being led past, called out, "I have wronged you. I don't know that I agree with my nephew's actions, but I, too, would like to make up my actions toward you."

Wormtail, right behind her with his own auror guards, suggested, "Use her for experimental charms practice."

She snarled and turned her head to spit back at him, "Feed this RAT to Dumbledore's phoenix."

Wormtail, head down, growled something back, but they were both too far away from Harry for him to hear what the bickering couple were saying.

Severus Snape looked at his wand sadly before dropping it and looking Harry in the eye. "I have wronged you. My fight with your father and godfather was because I was an annoying, greasy git, and it was no fault of theirs and certainly no fault of yours. I see that now. My actions toward you have been reprehensible. I vow to provide any and all potions to you for the rest of your natural life." He glanced at the eight kneeling witches in front of Harry before adding, "Including stamina and energy potions, with no questions asked."

A low, feral noise of anticipation came from the eight witches.

Luna spoke up from where she was still holding her pledge position. "Nev and I respectfully request access to those potions as well."

Delores Umbridge threw off the auror that was trying to restrain her and rushed forward. Taking her own wand in hand, she snapped it over her knee and fell to her hands and knees at Snape's feet. "I am yours, Sevvie. I am a masochist, and I feel that I have misbehaved. I beg of you to discipline me."

Severus Invictus Snape, long-time Death Eater and spy for the Order of the Phoenix, a wizard who had kept his composure through situations worse than any nightmare, uttered a very feminine-sounding shriek, threw up his hands, and started running away. Umbridge chased him on her knees, begging him for a "lesson." They passed two figures walking toward the large group from the direction of Hogsmeade.

Gilderoy Lockhart stepped forward and looked around in unabashed curiosity. "I say, quite a mess you have here, eh, Harry? Oh, terribly sorry. I meant 'Mister Potter.'" He struck a pose that was both arrogantly dashing and embarrassedly humble. "I owe you something of an apology, Mr. Potter. After my memory came back, I have traveled directly here from St. Mungo's to tell you that I'm terribly sorry for all the lies I told you. I never stopped the vampire in Hungary nor the werewolf from Lunaria. In fact, everything in my books is either made up or stolen from others. I'm also

sorry for attempting the Memory Charm against you and your friend in the Chamber of Secrets." Smiling charmingly, he backed up a step.

The woman beside him stepped forward and raised her head to show the features of a crying Petunia Dursley. "Harry, I'm so sorry for how you've been treated all these years. Now that Vernon's died in that awful accident when he tried to break into the whiskey distillery, I'm free to tell you the truth about me. The reason I hated Lily so was not because she was the only witch in the family but because I was a squib. Since my fat whale of a son and his gang died during their school trip to the zoo when they stupidly entered the walrus exhibit during mating season, I have designated you as the heir to the Evans estate. I just hope you can eventually forgive me." She sniffed and turned around to walk away.

One of the professors stopped her. "You don't have to go, Pet," she said, gazing fondly at Petunia.

Petunia Evans-Dursley looked at her in shock. "Aunt Min?"

Minerva McGonagall smiled and nodded. She turned to Harry. "Now that we can tell you the truth: I am your mother's aunt. I wanted Albus to leave you with me," she shot the headmaster a look of anger, "but he refused to listen to reason and instead left you to grow up in the muggle world. Now that you know I'm family, I hope to get to know you better." She gazed at the gobsmacked wizard fondly. "Don't you dare call me Great-Aunt, however. I'm your Aunt Minnie."

Dumbledore approached, head bowed. "I have wronged you. I have kept massive amounts of information from you and justified it as being for your own good when in actuality I was merely acting like a power-hungry nincompoop. Among other titles, you are the last remaining Heir of Gryffindor, and as such, you are the de facto Headmaster of Hogwarts. If you wish to hold the position, I will step aside. Similarly, the leadership of the Order is yours if you wish it. In any case, I shall to explain the totality of your history, titles, and holdings to you while I'm under the effects of veritaserum at your convenience."

Fudge stumbled up from the direction of Hogsmeade, Percy panting along behind with an armload of scrolls. "Milord Potter, I have wronged you, perhaps more than anyone. My overwhelming self-importance, greed, and refusal to acknowledge the truth endangered not only you, but also the entire English wizarding world. For that, there is no forgiveness. I shall, however, attempt to make up my stunning idiocy to you." He turned and grabbed the armload of scrolls from Percy. He started handing the scrolls, one by one, to Harry. "This is formally granting you the Order of Grand Magi, which is a step above the Order of Merlin, which has never before been granted. To be honest, I created it especially for you. Then there is a knighthood from the Queen. This is a full exoneration for Sirius Black, including acknowledgement of the Ministry of Magic's gross violation of his rights for imprisoning him wrongly and without a trial. Here is a job offer for any entry-level position within the Ministry of Magic, including auror or Unspeakable. This is a copy of the law rescinding Ministry control of the media. Lastly, this is a transfer of my entire personal estate to you for my abuse of power in an attempt to discredit you. In addition, say the word and I'll resign and take up a job mucking out the Blast-Ended Skrewt stalls at the wizarding race track." He looked at the eight witches still patiently kneeling at Harry's feet. Fudge then took a blank parchment from Percy and started scribbling furiously. "I was going to offer you my daughter's hand in marriage, but it appears that you have several young ladies already lined up. Quite frankly, they're all prettier and much more suited to a strong and intelligent wizard such as you than my girl would be. Therefore, I'm now drafting a law to rescind the monogamy laws for your exclusive benefit." He finished and rapidly signed the bottom before handing the last scroll to an unresisting Harry. He bowed and left with a muttered, "Milord Gryffindor."

Everyone was distracted for a moment as Umbridge continued to chase after a terrified Snape on her knees. Dobby the house-elf popped in and handed a bullwhip to Snape with a toothy grin.

One of the wizards wearing the emblem of the Order stepped toward Harry. "I'm Kevin Wiltby, manager of the English National Quidditch Team. I know you've already gotten several job offers, but if you'd like to try out for Seeker, I'd love to see you in a week."

Rita Skeeter stepped forward, her quill and parchment floating behind her. "I have wronged you. I will report the words spoken here verbatim to my editor and then donate myself to the entomology exhibit in the British National Museum."

Nobody was quite sure who spoke next. "All hail Lord Potter, Slayer of the Dark!"

All the assembled witches and wizards of the Light shouted and cheered.

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Karma leaned back and relaxed. There. That was better.

A communications thread spun out. "Fate? Karma here. I don't know what you were thinking when you asked me to fiddle with the Potter and Riddle folders like that, but the manipulations were discovered. The situation has been resolved in Potter's favor."

"Yes, thank you," the communication came back. "Riddle served his purpose. I owe you one."