

These Chains of Fate

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My first crossover, and my first fanfic in quite some time. HP/Legend of Dragoon crossover.

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1 - Chapter One

The Compulsory A/N:

This is a HP/LoD Crossover. Woah! Two fandoms that should never meet! Yet I'm gonna attempt to pull this off...

For the sake of simplicity (and since two Dragoon spirits are cutely nestled together and are thus unavailable), we will be using new Dragoon spirits. Yes, I tried to put thought into these. Yes, this is post-'I just RUINED MELBU FRAHMA'S shoot' giddyness. No, it most certainly is NOT 1:30 AM.

Title: Chains of Fate

Authoress: Pervy Slytherin Fancier

Summary: A foray by Bill Weasley into one of the tombs in Egypt he works at revealed 6 worthless, colored glass beads. He takes them home, where they become scrutinized by Hermione, determined to see if they are the unimportant, useless (but shiny!) bits of junk Bill claims they are.

Disclaimer: I own neither Legend of Dragoon or Harry Potter. I do own Tiberius, and various other original characters, as well as this whole plot...it actually gets kinda interesting down the road.

Bill Weasley, celebrated Curse Breaker (and well-known to be the coolest of the Weasleys) was doing a bit of the same old same old around the tombs when his team, already irritable from the heat of the Egyptian sun, let out cries of frustration at the recently uncovered dig.

"We can't even translate this shoot! What the bloody hell IS this stuff?" Denson, the team's translator, continued to curse loudly and creatively, allowing Bill to find him rather quickly.

"Let me have a look, Jake...I'm sure it's some local dialect of cuneiform or something, nothing to worry about..." Bill replied to Denson's continued swears, trying to at least get the man out of his way.

"Well Bill, thing is, we've already checked it against everything...it's not even Egyptian. Looks vaguely like some of the stuff I had back in Ancient Runes," mumbled another member of the team, before being cut off by another.

"I personally think it looks more like Chinese."

"Well, whatever it is, let's try and break through, right?" Bill replied, his thoughts running wild about what might possibly lie behind the protective curses of the tomb's walls, and finding himself quite eager to find out as soon as humanly possible. However, after about 3 hours of attempted curse breaking, Gringotts's finest was coming up short. The sun was sinking low over the dunes when Bill continued Denson's

swearing.

"Never," Bill sighed, gulping some water from a canteen, "...Never have I failed so bloody miserably at breaking a curse."

"It's not a curse," said a boy who appeared so suddenly, he could have dropped from the sky. "There's no curses on this tomb...just a warning." Bill's team suddenly reanimated at this boy's presence.

"Who the bloody hell are you?"

"You can READ this rubbish?"

"How did you get past security?" The boy simply smiled and asked his own question.

"Who is the leader of this excavation?" Bill rose quickly from the crate on which he had been sitting.

"I am," he answered, the team parting and allowing Bill through. His first view of the boy rather surprised him. He was deathly pale, and his first thought was 'Malfoy'. However, his blood-red eyes betrayed him. Bill suppressed a shudder as he pondered those eyes. They weren't natural. 'Other-worldly' was the best descriptor he could possibly think of. Aside from 'freak-of-nature', but that would have been quite rude anyway. Bill held out his hand. "Name's Bill Weasley."

"Tiberius," the platinum-haired boy replied, glancing warily at Bill's hand before uneasily shaking it. "So...you want to get into this tomb, huh?"

"Well, yeah...it's what we're here for," Bill replied, staring furiously at the tomb, as though that was the surest way inside. "...What's it SAY, though?"

"Beware the power of the Dragoon, may Soa never unfurl their wrath again," Tiberius answered, before glancing over at Bill. "Well, that's the gist of it, anyway." Bill stared in awe at the platinum haired youth, who set about rummaging through his pockets before pulling out a small blue stone that glimmered and shone in the light of the sunset, and a hunk of chalk. Stone in one hand and chalk in the other, the boy quickly set about scribbling something on the wall which appeared to be in the same language as the characters already on the tomb. Placing his hand in the center of the runes he had written, he held the strange stone up above his head. Light shone in a way that could never have just been from the evening sunlight, and in a flash, the wall blocking the way had vanished.

"What was THAT?" Denson asked, rubbing his eyes and blinking a few times, trying to make sure what he just saw actually happened. "I've never seen such sorcery..." Tiberius shrugged and stepped aside for Bill.

"You wanted in?" he smirked, gesturing towards the large gaping hole in the stone wall. Bill hurried forward and, wand tip glowing brightly, anxiously entered the tomb.

He had expected gold and riches, and was sorely disappointed with the result. After his thorough inspection of the pitifully small tomb, he had one conclusion: There was no treasure to speak of. There was only a short entry hallway, and an empty antechamber, with walls covered in flaking paintings and

inscriptions in the strange language found on the outside of the tomb.

"Maybe it was raided...?" Bill wondered aloud, glancing about his surroundings, searching perhaps for just one little trinket, perhaps a gold coin, SOMETHING to show for this. However, the room was devoid of anything except the paintings on the walls and a strong feeling of magic. Tiberius stepped in and squinted at some of the runes.

"It's too old and damaged...I can't make it out..." He sighed heavily. "So close..." he muttered. Several other members of the team had already wandered in, making remarks and sketches of the odd paintings, the strange shape of the tomb, and the endlessly expounded fact that it was utterly devoid of any treasures whatsoever.

"Hey, what about these...runes?" Bill called, pointing to a painting of 7 methodically arranged dots surrounded by a spiraling line of text. On either side were paintings of people apparently fleeing for their lives from what seemed to be dragons. Bill stared for a moment at them, and made a mental note to ask Charlie to examine the copies of the paintings, for Bill recognized none of the dragon-like figures as species native to Europe. Tiberius sulked over, and examined the runes. Quite rapidly, his expression lightened.

"This...this is it!" he whispered excitedly to himself, "It's behind here!"

"What is?" inquired Bill, "The treasure?" Denson took a look at the wall, shrugged, and muttered something unintelligible, before speaking up.

"So, kid, what's it say?"

"It's a spell...ancient magic, concealing this doorway," Tiberius replied, not caring about Denson's condescending tone.

"How do we break it?" Bill asked, the excitement as clear in his voice before the wasted hours of attempted translation, his wand in hand.

"Let me handle this," Tiberius replied, motioning for Bill and Denson to move back. He began tracing patterns in the air with his hands, leaving a shimmering, blue glow behind, forming more runes in midair. Then, seeming of their own volition, the runes stuck themselves to the wall, glowing bright blue as they each stuck to one of the runes painted on the wall. The wizards watched, amazed at this boy's magic, as his fingers flew through the air like a weaver at a loom. A few minutes later, all the runes were in place, and Tiberius looked as though he had run a mile flat out. He clenched his fists and, to the shock of everyone crammed into the antechamber, he sprouted wings. Pulsing silver, transparent, ghost-like wings, seemingly made of pure magic, humming softly as he hovered a few inches from the ground. With one final, larger rune traced in the air, he took a mighty swing at the solid stone wall. However, instead of holding his fist and cursing loudly as one would expect to happen after one punches a wall, the stone rippled like the surface of water. Tiberius returned to the ground, his wings disappearing as soon as his foot touched the ground with a soft hum, his breath coming in short gasps, as though he had seriously winded himself with that display.

"Are you all right?" asked Bill, approaching the strange boy and laying a concerned hand on Tiberius's

shoulder. The boy nodded and took a gulp of stale tomb air.

"I'm fine...let's go, before the spell wears off," he replied, hurrying forward through the liquid-like surface of the wall, Bill following close behind. The sensation, he found, was not unlike that of entering Platform 9 3/4, the same odd feeling of crossing something solid, but still yielding.

The room he found on the other side could be described simply as 'creepy'. There was no lighting of any sort, yet he could see fine. It took not but a few moments to realize that the light of the room was coming from himself. He glowed brighter than a wand tip, and could nearly make out the paintings on the walls. They depicted war scenes, what appeared to be the Moon crashing to the earth, and again, those dragon-like creatures, this time attacking a giant monster with many faces. Still others showed the people from the previous paintings, also fighting the strange creature, which seemed to be sprouting out of the moon itself. Bill squinted into the dark corners of the paintings and found that the people in the wall paintings had wings, as well. However, they looked considerably more like angels than Tiberius, who simply had a ghostly shimmer jutting from his shoulder blades for wings.

"Bill!" He swung his head towards the wall they had come through, "What's in there? Is it safe?"

"It's pretty weird, guys, hold off for a minute," he called back, feeling rather stupid, talking to a wall. He turned back and proceeded further into the chamber, a long hall more than anything, following the blue light ahead of him that was Tiberius. The boy was examining the pedestal in the center of the chamber, upon which sat 6 glass stones, each of which glowed faintly. He looked ecstatic.

"I found them...! I finally found them!" he exclaimed, his personal glow reflecting in his crimson eyes. Bill frowned.

"...What are they?" he asked, looking at the stones, barely resisting his urge to break Rule #1 of Curse Breaking: NEVER just reach out and grab something in a tomb. Tiberius, however, reached forward and plucked the red stone out of the bunch, examining it closely, and satisfied with his inspection, gave a quick nod and stuck it in his pocket. "What are you doing?" asked Bill, grabbing the boy's wrist as he reached for the next one.

"Taking them," he said simply, before snatching up the green stone. Bill gave him a disapproving look, before picking up the purple stone and holding it. It didn't LOOK special in any way, it was just a round, glassy trinket. Fred and George, even with their marketing skills, probably couldn't get 2 Knuts for it. Still, that didn't mean that this kid could just take whatever he pleased; this was Bill's site, so if anyone should take this stuff, it was he. Bill nodded, then clenched his fist.

"Look," he said, about to announce what he had just thought over, "this is my dig, so I get everything here. You can't just take someone's job, you know."

"But I've been looking for these my whole life," Tiberius whined, clutching the golden stone in his hand. He opened his mouth to continue, but Bill cut him off.

"Secondly, any artifacts found in the tombs, according to Gringotts terms, must be properly studied and appraised," Bill continued, ignoring the little voice in his head, repeating 'They're worthless glass beads, completely worthless...utter rubbish...', "And then any artifacts that don't reach a certain appraisal price

are sold to the highest bidder." Tiberius looked mortified at this.

"Sold to just ANYONE?!" he asked, incredulous. "No! They've been lost this long, they can't do that! No way! It's a scandal, just selling power like this..."

"What power?" Bill asked, slightly irritated now, "What ARE these stones?"

"They're powerful spirits," Tiberius answered, adding the white stone to his collection, "The power of Dragons." Bill was about to laugh. Dragons? If these stones held the power of DRAGONS, surely they would be more fascinating, more magically powerful, just overall, more IMPRESSIVE than these little glass beads. Holding the black stone, Tiberius smirked. "You don't believe me, do you?"

"Of course I don't...I've seen some pretty crazy stuff in my day, but come on, how can the power of a Dragon be channeled into a little stone like this? How could a worthless little glass bead hold such power?" Bill asked, barely able to restrain a chuckle or two. Tiberius, offended, snatched the purple stone from Bill.

"Humans, you never understand..." he muttered under his breath, pulling the blue stone out again. "I guess I'll have to show you, won't I?" The room suddenly became very cold, Bill was taken by surprise. The blue glow from the stone intensified as it shimmered and shone in the dark room. There was a flash, and Bill lifted one hand to cover his eyes, the other grasping his wand, ready to cast counterspells. When the light died down, he found an unexpected sight.

Tiberius had transformed.

The boy's plain clothes were gone, replaced with shining blue body armor. From his back sprouted two gigantic, mechanical, blue and red wings; and from various places, red gemstones glimmered in their settings. On his head, he wore what looked like a strange meeting of a crown and a headband, a tall point of it rising up far beyond his hairline, with six red stones set in it. A pattern of what appeared to be deep blue, reptilian scales graced his cheeks, as well as covered almost every part of him that wasn't already protected with the armor. Bill had to admit, it was rather impressive, watching the young boy transform into such a formidable looking warrior, his wings holding him aloft several feet from the stone floor, each hand bearing large, fierce looking sai blades.

"Do you believe me NOW?" He asked, glaring down at Bill. "Each of these stones hold this power, the awesome power that is the Dragoon Warrior."

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Well, there you go, Chapter 1. Once again, I do not own Legend of Dragoon, nor do I own Harry Potter. I own all of the new Dragoons, and Tiberius. If, for some reason, you want more information about the new Dragoons, or you want to see my designs for the Dragoon armor, feel free to AIM me (Ryoka157, MissSteeleye), or MSN at giga_raichu@hotmail.com. I would recommend NOT e-mailing me, as it would fall prey to my spam filters, never to be seen again.

Feel free to ask any questions about the story, I'm not too picky about what I'll answer. I'm not going to demand that you 'OMG, GIMME 6 REVIEWS OR I WONT PUT UP DA NEXT CHAPPIE!!1!!

LOLOMGWTFBBQ!!1!!!11!one!', because I hate review whores who do that. Review if you want, of if you'd like to Beta Read for me. (Yes, even I would like a Beta Reader.)

Until next time!

-P.S.F.

2 - Chapter Two

Title: Chains of Fate

Author: Pervy Slytherin Fancier

The Obligatory A/N:

To my reviewers: *blinkblink* You're DawningStar. *bows*

Thanks to DawningStar for my first review (ever!), and rest assured, your questions will be answered in coming chapters. I do, indeed, appreciate reviews that are more than 'OMGLOLWTFBQ!!11!!!one!!eleventy!!!1 UR SOTRY ROX GURL!11!', including ones that question my plot. Thanks to you, I figured out how in the world I was going to get the rest of the stones into Tiberius's possession. Thus, this chapter might be dedicated to DawningStar for pointing things out.

The Also Common Second A/N:

In case you're wondering, this is only my third fanfiction. My first one was written about 5 years ago (when Pokemon was cool and this computer was new...yikes!), and my second one two years ago (before Dragon Ball Z finally sputtered out and died). Hopefully, me writing fanfiction isn't some sign from the cosmos that the fandom is about to go under.

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Bill stood, amazed, as the boy gently touched back down to the ground and was awash in light once more. Moments later, Tiberius stood in front of him once again. With a huff, Tiberius replaced the blue stone in his pocket, patted it, and began walking back to the passageway into the antechamber.

"Wait!" Bill called, after pulling out of his stupor and jogging after the boy, "Who ARE you? Where did you get such power?" Tiberius smirked, and once again, Bill was strongly reminded of Lucius Malfoy's boy.

"Such power, the power of the Dragoon, comes to chosen people from my world. Ironic, isn't it?" he added, almost an aside as he glanced at the paintings on the wall, his mood changing rapidly, "Heh...ironic that such power would choose me, when it was this power that destroyed my people." Bill looked at the paintings again.

"What are you talking about--"

"That's why the stones were sent here," Tiberius said. Bill furrowed his brow, exasperated. Had this boy been raised by Jarveys? He'd never seen such rudeness. "When the power of the Dragoon emerges, disaster is imminent. War, catastrophe, chaos," Tiberius motioned to the paintings again, "...It always comes when the Dragoons are summoned by fate. Needless to say, the people of Endiness were not amused when more Dragoon spirits made themselves known. We didn't want another Dragon Campaign, so several attempts to destroy the stones were made. All of the attempts failed. That was when my people stepped in.

"We needed to get the stones as far away from us as possible. We wanted no more of the destruction and pain and suffering that comes with Dragoons. Our attempt to rid ourselves of the stones required so much of our magic...the exertion nearly killed many in my village, even with the help of the people of Ulara." He sighed and stuffed his hands in his pockets. "If I hadn't been recognized by the spirit of the Blue Freeze Dragon, and thus kept the stone, it would have been impossible. We just don't have the power anymore...but by only having to send 6 stones instead of 7, we were able to get rid of them, once and for all."

"Wait a second, hold on," Bill butted in, much to the chagrin of Tiberius, "Why didn't they notice that only 6 stones were going through?" Tiberius's gaze dropped to the floor, and he kicked a small chip of stone.

"They did notice. When they found that I had been recognized, they panicked. They feared that this foretold more destruction...perhaps anger from Soa over our defeat of his master plan. We sent the stones to another world...where we were sure they could never find their way back to us, and then..." He sighed, and was silent for a moment, "...then I was exiled." Bill's expression softened.

"Oh...I'm very sorry," Bill responded. Tiberius just started grumbling.

"Yeah, you're sorry, I'm sorry, everyone's sorry about it. And then to add insult to the injury, where do they exile me to? Certainly not someplace like Mayfil, no, they send me here! To this place with too many humans, and more turmoil than they could even begin to handle in Endiness..." His tirade ended when he slumped up against the wall. He looked up at Bill, his red eyes strangely misty. "Has it always been like this here? Has there always been this much pain and suffering? All this war and chaos? Or is it just since I've been here?" His gaze dropped once more, and Bill had a strong suspicion that the boy was crying. He wasn't quite sure why, but a paternal instinct suddenly washed over him, and he laid a gentle hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Don't worry, it's not your fault. It's always been like this..." Tiberius shrugged his hand off, then stood up and wiped his nose.

"That's why I had to find the rest of the stones," he continued, his voice a little squeaky. "I just want to get back home...if I could gather all 7 stones, I could channel their power and get back home. I don't care if they don't want me," he mumbled, clearing his throat, "I...I just want to go home." Bill nodded and stood as well.

"I understand...Hell, I'd want to go home, too, if that was my case," he replied. Who wouldn't? Especially a kid his age. "Hey, speaking of home, why don't you come back with me? I'm sure Mum will let you stay long enough to figure out how you'll get back to wherever you're from." Tiberius looked at him warily, seeming to weigh his options. After a few moments of silent deliberation, Tiberius gave him a quick nod.

"All right, but just long enough to find my way home. I won't stay a minute longer," the boy replied. Bill's expression lightened.

"Sounds good! In fact, my brother's friend may be able to help you. She's so smart, it's scary sometimes," Bill answered, leading the way back into the Antechamber. He was certain that Hermione would be able to help, somehow.

-----E.n.d.C.h.2-----

Yeah, I know, rather short, but I really should be getting on to my homework now, and then starting the other fic I have in mind. It probably won't be up until I'm a good way into this one, but we'll see.

...Yup. This chapter is dedicated to DawningStar, for being awesome. Oh, and for reviewing me. For the two or three people reading this, I strongly recommend her stuff. She is an amazing writer, and her stuff should be required reading for Legend of Dragoon fans. *bows to her again*