



# THROWN BACK

## Thrown Back

### Chapter 1

A/N This is a rewrite of my previous story When We Were Young. I wasn't happy with how that one started. In this story, Hogwarts starts at 14, making everyone in 5<sup>th</sup> year 18 years old. A lot of characters have had their ages adjusted slightly to fit them into the story.

After defeating Voldemort, Harry sat in the headmaster's office on the second floor, telling Ron, Hermione, Kingsley, and McGonagall how he had won. He trusted everyone in the room with the truth and held nothing back from them. By the time he was done, the room was silent as the occupants tried to come to terms with his incredible tale.

"So, that's really the Elder Wand?" Ron asked, staring in awe at the wand in Harry's hand.

"Ronald!" Hermione scolded, slapping his arm. "He's not keeping it. Right, Harry?"

"Don't be daft. He has the most powerful wand in the world. He can't just get rid of it. Just think of what we could do with a wand that never fails," he said, staring off wistfully.

"That's exactly my point!" Hermione argued. "It's too dangerous."

"Ron may have a point, Hermione," Kingsley jumped in, surprising the bickering pair.

"I do?" Ron asked.

"He does?" asked Hermione.

“Voldemort may be gone, but many of his Death Eaters are still free. Having that wand on our side could save hundreds of lives.” Kingsley said in his deep, rumbling voice.

“We would need to keep it quiet,” McGonagall added. “No one outside this room can know he has it.”

“I still don’t think it’s a good idea to keep it,” Hermione said.

“Hey, maybe you could find out how it works,” Ron said to her. “Maybe you could figure out how to make more of them.”

“Well, if he’s going to keep it, I suppose it couldn’t hurt to study it,” she admitted.

*Snap!*

Four heads snapped up to stare incredulously at Harry and the two halves of a snapped wand in his hands.

“Mr. Potter,” McGonagall gasped in horror.

“No one should ever have this much power, Professor,” he told her softly.

Turning, Harry tossed the broken wand into the fireplace and then set it alight with his recently repaired Holly wand. A chuckle from the wall had all of them turning to look up at the portrait of Albus Dumbledore hanging on the wall.

“How fitting,” he said. “The only man to truly deserve the Elder Wand is the one to bring about its destruction.”

Harry gave him a small smile.

“I suppose it’s for the best,” Hermione agreed.

“Perhaps we should all get some rest,” McGonagall said.

Nodding, Harry made to head for the door but stopped when he heard a loud rumble behind him. In the fireplace, the flames had turned an unnatural purple and flared dangerously high. Suddenly, the flames exploded outwards, and Harry barely had time to raise his arms to shield his face before they enveloped him.

“Harry!” Hermione screamed.

The deep purple inferno surrounded Harry before it seemed to be sucked back into the fireplace, taking him with it before they vanished into nothing.

Harry felt himself tumbling forward uncontrollably while a sharp tingle passed over his entire body. As suddenly as the fall started, it stopped, and he was thrown backwards out of the fireplace. The wind was knocked out of him as he landed hard on his back and rolled to stop. His whole body ached and tingled in an extremely odd and uncomfortable way as he heard people surrounding him.

“Good heavens! Are you alright?” he heard McGonagall ask.

“I think so,” he said, pushing himself gingerly to his hands and knees. “What happened?”

“We were hoping you could tell us,” Dumbledore said.

“I don’t think the wand liked being set on fire. Maybe it explo-”

Harry stopped mid-sentence as he climbed to his feet with McGonagall's help and came face to face with a very much alive Albus Dumbledore. Just as he was starting to wonder if this was some sort of trick, he heard the cry of a Phoenix as Fawkes flew in the window and landed on his shoulder. That, more than anything, convinced him this was real. Someone might have been able to look like Dumbledore, but they could never have fooled Fawkes.

"Could you tell us your name, young man?" Dumbledore asked, stroking his beard as he watched Fawkes on his shoulder curiously.

"Harry Potter," he answered, wondering what could have happened that not only was Albus Dumbledore alive, but he also didn't know who he was.

"Any relation to James Potter?" the headmaster asked.

"Er, yeah, he's my father," he said.

"That's impossible," McGonagall said with a disapproving look. "James Potter just finished his fifth year. He can't be your father."

"What?" Harry asked, a weight like lead settling in his stomach. "What year is it?"

Dumbledore and McGonagall exchanged a look before Dumbledore finally answered him.

"It's 1976, the twenty-eighth of June, to be precise," he said.

"Well, bugger," Harry said, collapsing into a chair.

It took over an hour of explanation and a genealogy test before they fully believed he was who he said he was. After that, one thing led to another, and he ended up explaining his entire life story.

“That’s quite the life you lived, Harry,” Dumbledore said while pulling his watch out of his pocket. “Perhaps we should take a break for dinner.”

“Is it that late already?” McGonagall asked, turning to check the clock on the wall.

“I told you it was a long story,” Harry said.

Standing up, they left the office and walked the familiar path down to the Great Hall.

“So, how do I get back?” Harry asked as they walked.

“I’m afraid I don’t know,” Dumbledore told him gently.

“I figured you were gonna say that,” Harry said with a sigh.

“I will do what I can, but as far as I’m aware, there is no way to travel forward in time, only back,” Dumbledore said.

Harry stopped and leaned against the wall to stare out one of the windows. It was odd, he thought, to see a sight so familiar, yet knowing everything was different. Admittedly, a part of him was excited to meet his parents when they were alive and happy. If only he could...

“I can’t change anything, can I?” he asked quietly, having long ago learned that lesson from Hermione.

“Actually, I believe you can,” Dumbledore said, causing him to spin around and look at him in surprise.

“Are you sure that’s safe, Albus?” McGonagall asked.

“Not entirely, no.” the headmaster admitted. “As I said before, no one has ever successfully traveled back to a time when they themselves did not exist. There was not even a trace of them. Now, perhaps they were simply destroyed during the trip, but I have another theory.”

Harry nodded and motioned with his hand for him to continue.

“What if they went so far back that their mere presence made irrevocable changes to the past,” Dumbledore said, pacing back and forth with his hands clasped behind his back. “Conventional thinking would say that, in such an instance, time itself would be destroyed, and the universe would collapse until it imploded. Since we are all still here, it’s safe to assume we can rule that out. I believe it’s far more likely that magic has simply started time over.”

“What do you mean?’ Harry asked, his brow furrowed in confusion.

“I believe that if a person were to go back far enough in time, the past they left behind becomes so uncertain that it no longer exists,” Dumbledore explained. “If the past you left no longer exists, there can be no paradox. You can live your life any way you choose.”

“Ok, so what’s the bad news? There’s always bad news.” Harry said.

Dumbledore sighed and looked at him sadly. “The bad news, as you put it, is that if the past you left no longer exists, then there is no way for you to return.”

“So, I’m stuck here?” Harry asked, horrified.

“I’m very sorry, Harry. As I said, I will do my best to help you find a way back, but I do not wish to give you false hope.” Dumbledore said softly.

Harry was so mentally and emotionally drained from the past few days that he felt oddly detached from the situation for the moment. Pushing off the wall, he continued to the Great Hall.

“So, what do I do now?” Harry asked.

“You said you missed your seventh year, correct?” Dumbledore asked.

Harry nodded.

“Then, might I suggest finishing your schooling? We could even put you in sixth year, with your parents, if you wish,” he said.

“Can I think about it?” Harry asked.

“Certainly,” Dumbledore said with a nod.

“Do you think we should change his name?” McGonagall asked, to which Dumbledore shook his head.

“I don’t believe that will be necessary. The Potter family is old enough that a lost line reemerging would not be unlikely. It would be best to keep things as simple as possible.” he said.

They reached the Great Hall, and Harry was grateful there were no students this time of year. At the Head Table, he saw quite a few familiar faces, but there were some he didn’t recognize. Dumbledore introduced him, saying he was a new student who had been homeschooled. Harry stayed mostly silent as he picked at his food, his mind completely overwhelmed.



After dinner, Dumbledore pulled him aside and gave him the bad news that he couldn't stay in the castle. Fortunately, Harry still had his Moke skin pouch on him, which held a large amount of gold, and a couple of changes of clothes, along with a few other things. Dumbledore got him a room at the Three Broomsticks for the night and told him to come back the next day so they could go over a few things. Nodding, Harry left and made his way towards Hogsmeade.

When Harry entered the pub, he found it looking nearly identical to what he remembered; however, Rosmerta was a different story. While she had always been an attractive woman, now, in her early twenties, she was an absolute bombshell. He smiled to himself, thinking about how Ron would have reacted to seeing her.

"What can I do for you, deary?" she asked, folding her arms on the bar and leaning forward so the cleavage of her large breasts bulged out of the top of her corset.

"I'm Harry Potter. Dumbledore said he booked me a room here," Harry said, valiantly keeping his eyes on her face.

"Albus didn't tell me he was sending over someone so handsome," she said with a smile before turning to grab a key off the wall. "Room four, breakfast starts at six. If you need anything else, just give me a yell."

"Actually, could I get a bottle of Firewhiskey?" he asked, digging into his Moke skin pouch for some gold.

"I'll need to see your wand first," she said, holding out her hand.

Harry handed her his wand so she could check it for the Trace. When it came up blank, she nodded and handed it back to him before bringing up a bottle of Firewhiskey and two glasses from below the bar.

"Twelve sickles," she said.

Harry handed her a Galleon, "Keep the change."

"Aw, aren't you sweet," she said with a smile. "Everything okay? You look like you've been through the wringer."

"It's a long story," he said tiredly.

"Well, if you need to talk, the bar's open till midnight. I might not be able to help, but I'm a good listener," she told him with a winning smile.

"Thanks, Rosmerta," Harry said with a brief smile.

Grabbing his bottle of Firewhiskey and the glasses, he waved to her and walked up to his room. Closing the door, he threw himself down into the comfy, wing-backed chair and poured himself a glass. What was he going to do now, he asked himself.

The next morning, Harry woke up and showered before getting dressed. When he went downstairs, Rosmerta welcomed him brightly and served him a full English breakfast. With only a couple of other people in the pub this early in the morning, she sat down to talk with him a little bit. Harry stuck as close to the truth but, in the end, told her very little about himself. Rosmerta, thankfully, didn't pry too much. He found her to be quite a bit more flirtatious than the Rosmerta he knew, but he just put it down to them being much closer in age.

After thanking Rosmerta for breakfast and leaving a generous tip, he made his way back to the castle and up to Dumbledore's office. When he walked in, he was surprised to find Narcissa Malfoy, or Black as she was still called, sitting across from Dumbledore.

"Ah, good morning, Harry," Dumbledore greeted him. "Have a seat while Ms. Black and I finish our discussion."

Harry nodded and took a seat near the fireplace. On the table in front of him, he found a Muggle magazine on knitting, and Confectionary Connoisseur Weekly, which was a magical magazine all about the latest sweets.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Black. The fact of the matter is, I still don’t have a Defense professor to replace Professor Greene.” Dumbledore said. “Once I find a replacement, you’re more than welcome to retake your finals, but I doubt they’ll have time to tutor you before the start of the year.”

“Would it be possible for one of the other professors, like Professor Flitwick, to tutor me?” Narcissa asked.

“I’m afraid he’s in Switzerland visiting family for the summer,” Dumbledore said.

While Harry tried to ignore the conversation, it was impossible not to listen. Clearly, Narcissa needed help with her Defense grade. If the problem with reliable Defense professors in this time was anything like what it was in his own, that wasn’t surprising. Normally, he would just ignore her plight, especially given who she would eventually give birth to. However, after Narcissa lied to Voldemort for him, apart of him felt like he owed her.

“I can teach you,” he offered before even making the conscious decision to speak up.

Narcissa turned to him and raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow.

“Are you good at Defense?” she asked.

“I got an O on my OWL,” Harry said with a shrug.

“From what I understand, Harry is quite gifted at the subject,” Dumbledore interjected.

“Very well. Thank you,” she said. “Are you available today?”

"I can meet you at the Three Broomsticks in a couple of hours," Harry said.

"I shall see you then," she said with a nod before turning back to Dumbledore. "Thank you for your time, Headmaster."

"You're quite welcome, Ms. Black," he replied before she stood and left. "That was quite generous of you, Harry."

"I sort of owe her," Harry said. "She lied to Voldemort for me."

"Then, perhaps she's not as lost as I had feared," he said hopefully. "Now, we need to come up with a back story for you."

In the end, they agreed that sticking as close to the truth as possible would be best. Harry was descendent from a squib line of the Potter family. When his parents were killed by an unknown Dark Wizard, he moved in with his aunt and uncle, who decided to homeschool him because of their resentment towards the Magical world. When his aunt and uncle decided to move to France, Harry stayed behind to attend Hogwarts. It would be up to Harry to fill in the details if and when he needed to. Fortunately, Dumbledore was willing to take his word on his OWLs, and he didn't need to retake them.

By the time they were done, Harry had made it back to the Three Broomsticks only a couple of minutes ahead of Narcissa.

"Hello, Harry," she said when she met him at one of the tables where he was waiting. "I don't think I properly introduced myself, Narcissa Black."

"Harry Potter," he said, shaking her hand.

"Potter?" she asked, her eyes narrowing slightly. "Any relation to James Potter?"

“Distantly,” he said with a small smile. “Are you ready to get started?”

At her nod, he led her outside and down the street to a small clearing on the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

“Okay, first, let’s see where you are,” Harry said. “Let’s have a quick duel.”

It felt almost like being back in Dumbledore’s Army to be focusing on teaching someone else. It quickly became apparent that, while Narcissa was perfectly fine at casting spells, she lacked the knowledge of when and how to use them. However, as they duelled, Harry noticed something odd about his magic. Spells came easier and hit harder than he had ever been capable of before. The first time one of his stunning spells hit her shield, it knocked her back a couple of steps, surprising both of them. From then on, Harry was very careful to put less power behind his spells.

“Okay, let’s take a break,” he said a couple of hours later.

Narcissa nodded as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

“How about we grab lunch at the Three Broomsticks?” he asked.

Again, Narcissa nodded, and they walked off towards the pub.

“Your spell casting is fine. You just need to work on getting better at using them. Learning a few extra spells would help you, too. I take it your last Defense teacher wasn’t very good?” he asked.

“The man was a fool that barely knew which end of the wand to hold,” she said scathingly.

“Ah,” Harry said, nodding. “Well, it shouldn’t take long for you to learn what you need to. Is that all you needed help with?”

“I’d like to start learning non-verbal casting if you don’t mind., she said.

“Sure, I can teach you,” he said just as they reached the Three Broomsticks.

For the next week, Narcissa met him every morning, and they spent at least a couple of hours practicing Defense Against the Dark Arts. True to his word, Harry spent some time at the end of their lessons teaching her non-verbal casting. Every day, they had lunch together, and he spent some time getting to know Narcissa. Throughout their conversations, he couldn’t help but notice that she seemed to be flirting with him more and more. It was also something he noticed happening more and more with Rosmerta as well.

Normally, that wouldn’t have bothered him. In fact, with how attractive both women were, he would have been flattered. However, an earlier discussion with Dumbledore had him wondering if it was entirely natural.

Three days after he first noticed the changes in his magic, Harry decided to go to the castle and ask Dumbledore about it.

“What can I do for you, Harry?” he asked when Harry entered his office.

“Sorry to bother you, sir, but I've noticed my magic seems - different - lately,” Harry said.

“Really? Different how?” Dumbledore asked.

“Spells just feel easier, more natural now. They come out stronger too. And, this morning, when I reached for my glasses, I knocked them on the floor. When I summoned them, I realized I’d used a pencil instead of my wand.” Harry explained.

“That is quite odd,” he said, stroking his long grey beard. “Do you mind if I cast some diagnostic spells?”

Harry shook his head.

Dumbledore stood to walk around the desk, reached into his pocket, and pulled out the Elder Wand. Before he could cast a spell, the wand flew out of his hand and landed neatly in Harry’s. Both of them stared at the wand oddly before Harry handed it back to him. Dumbledore took it and rolled it between his fingers as he examined it over his half-moon glasses. Then, strangely, he handed it back to Harry.

“It no longer recognizes me as its master.” the headmaster explained.

“But I didn’t win it from you,” Harry said in confusion.

“And yet, it still sees you as its master,” he said. “Perhaps it has something to do with the way you gained its allegiance in your time.”

Dumbledore reached into his pocket again and pulled out a second wand, presumably his original. Waving the wand over Harry’s head, he muttered a series of long incantations under his breath. Harry felt his skin tingle as a purple glow surrounded him. After nearly a minute, Dumbledore stopped and returned to his seat.

“Did you find anything?” Harry asked anxiously.

“While I can’t claim to be an expert, it seems to me that you absorbed some of the magic from the Elder Wand when it sent you here,” he said while staring at his steepled fingers. “That purple glow you saw was a visual representation of your magic. It also happens to look identical to the magic used to create the Deathly Hallows.”

“But what does that mean?” Harry asked.

“As often seems to be the case with you, I don’t know, Harry. Although, it doesn’t seem to be harmful,” he said before looking up at him with twinkling eyes. “I must say, it’s quite refreshing having you around. Not to sound immodest, but it’s not often I don’t have an answer.”

Harry gave him a deadpan look, causing Dumbledore to chuckle.

After that discussion, Harry began to wonder what other effects it could have. Could the magic of the Hallows affect people around him, or was he just paranoid from girls trying to slip him a love potion because he was ‘The Chosen One,’ he wondered?

Of course, that wasn’t the only thing on his mind lately. The chance to change the future, to save hundreds, if not thousands of lives, weighed heavily on his mind. It took him a little while to realize just what kind of opportunity he had. While a part of him was sick of fighting and just wanted to let someone else take care of things for once, he knew his conscience would never let him. He was honest with himself enough to realize he was just putting off the inevitable. Eventually, he would have to fight Voldemort, and that meant returning to Hogwarts and working with Dumbledore. Despite his past accomplishments, he knew he could win alone.

For now, though, he was going to make the most of his brief break from the action.

After just over a week of lessons, Narcissa was getting quite proficient at dueling, and she was just starting to get the hang of non-verbal casting. During their talks at lunch, he learned that their past teachers were even worse than what Harry had had to deal with. At least some of his teachers were competent. Here, it seemed all of them had been relatively useless.

“How do you think I’m doing?” Narcissa asked at the end of another morning of lessons.

“You’re doing great,” Harry told her.

“Is there anything else you think I should learn?” she asked. “I need to make sure I pass my OWLs.”



“Well, you might want to study up on specific defenses against magical creatures. That’s a big part of the test,” he said, thinking back on his own test. “You could try and learn the Patronus Charm. It’s not on the test, but being able to cast it will probably get you extra credit.”

“That’s a really difficult charm, isn’t it?” she asked, looking doubtful.

“It’s tricky more than difficult,” Harry said. “Once you find a happy memory that works, it’s not that hard.”

“Would you be willing to work with me later in the year? I’d like to just focus on getting into OWL level Defense, right now,” she said.

“Sure,” he said with a shrug.

Harry reached out and pulled open the door to the Three Broomsticks for Narcissa. As they took a seat at an empty table, Rosmerta came over to take their order.

“Afternoon you two. How are the lessons going?” she asked.

“Very well. Harry is a surprisingly good teacher,” Narcissa said.

“He’s such a sweetheart, isn’t he?” Rosmerta asked with a smile.

“Yes, definitely a Hufflepuff,” Narcissa answered with a smirk.

“Hey now, nothing wrong with Hufflepuffs, good tippers that lot,” Rosmerta said with a wink. “So, what’ll it be today?”

“Have you decided if you’re going to Hogwarts yet?” Narcissa asked after Rosmerta had left.

“Yeah, I’ve decided to go into sixth year. I just need to tell Dumbledore,” he said, taking a sip of his Butterbeer.

“Good, it’ll be nice to have some intelligent conversation next year,” she said, smirking. “Even if you do end in Hufflepuff.”

“What makes you so sure I’ll end up in Hufflepuff?” Harry asked.

“You’re hard-working, friendly, and you help people with asking for a reward or payment,” she said, listing things off on her fingers.

“Or, I could be slowly gaining your trust to use you later in my plans for world domination,” he said with a smile.

“If that true, then you can consider me your faithful servant, my lord,” she told him.

Harry shook his head as he smiled. A moment later, Rosmerta showed up with their meals.

“So, what do you plan on doing after Hogwarts?” Harry asked as he tucked into his fish and chips.

“I’d like to be an Enchantress if my husband will let me, she said.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked in confusion.

“Sorry, I forgot you didn’t grow up in the Magical World. My family is very traditional, so my father expects me to find a suitable husband before I graduate. If I don’t, he’ll pick one for me.

Unfortunately, most wizards from older families like mine don't want their wives to work. They think it makes them look weak." she explained, shaking her head.

"That's horrible," he said.

Narcissa shrugged. "That's just the way my family is. I'm hoping to find a husband that my father will approve of that will let me work, but so far, I haven't had any luck. I'm starting to think some members of my house are chasing away anyone that might be interested in me."

"Why would they do that?" he asked, his brow furrowed.

"My family is quite wealthy, and many of them are from families my father would approve of. My father is already in talks with the Lestrangle and Malfoy families about my sister, Bellatrix," she told him.

"And you're not interested in any of them?" Harry asked.

"I have no interest in being relegated as a trophy wife that sits at home with nothing to occupy my time," she said forcefully.

"I'm sorry," he said. "If there's anything I can do to help, let me know."

"It's a bit early for a proposal, isn't it, Mr. Potter?" she asked.

"What? No! Er, that's not what I..."

Harry trailed off as she started laughing at him. Realizing it was a joke, he shook his head and smiled as he relaxed.

“Actually, there is something you can help me with. Do you still have a room here?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“Could we talk there in private after lunch?”

“Sure,” he said with a nod.

They made small talk for a little while longer as they finished lunch. As they stood up and walked over to the stairs, Harry made the mistake of looking over at Rosmerta. She gave him a knowing look and a wink as she watched him leave, making him realize how things might look. Blushing lightly, he turned away and moved a bit quicker up the stairs. Once they reached room four, he unlocked the door with his key and invited Narcissa inside before closing the door behind her.

“So, what did you-”

Harry’s question was cut off as Narcissa wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. Just as he was getting over his surprise and started kissing her back, she pulled away from him.

“You’re cute when you’re confused,” she said with a smirk.

“Er, what?” he asked.

“Consider this a thank you for teaching me Defense and my way of having a little fun in case I do end up a trophy wife,” she said.

Before Harry could say anything else, Narcissa kissed him again. This time, he wasn’t surprised and kissed her back, his hands wrapping around her waist. Her hands ran down his shoulders to

the front of his shirt, where she started undoing the buttons of his shirt. While she was doing that, Harry pulled her shirt loose from the waistband of her skirt. Narcissa pulled back to push his shirt off of his shoulders before grabbing his hand and leading him over to the bed. Pushing him down onto the mattress, she smirked as she straddled his waist on her knees and ran her hands up his bare chest while bending over to kiss him.

Harry worked at the buttons of her shirt quickly, popping them open with nimble fingers. Slipping his hands into the opening, he rested his hands on her sides and slowly slid them up to her bra-encased breasts, which filled his hands perfectly. Narcissa moaned into his mouth before pulling back to sit up on his legs, a small smile on her lips. As her full, round ass ground against his rapidly hardening length, she shrugged off her shirt and reached behind her back to unclasp her black bra. As the bra fell forward, he got his first look at her fully, perky breasts, capped with dark pink nipples.

Grabbing his hands, she brought them up to her breasts before falling forward again, tossing her long, dark hair over her shoulder with a smile and kissing him again. Harry gently squeezed her breasts as they kissed, his thumbs rubbing over her nipples as they stiffened under his touch. Narcissa moaned and ground herself against him as his erection pressed firmly against the front of his pants.

Harry moved his hands down to her hips before suddenly rolling them both over so that he was on top. Sitting up on his knees, it took him a few seconds to find the zipper on the side of her skirt before he could unzip it. Narcissa lifted her hips as he pulled off her skirt, and the black panties underneath, revealing her tight, bald slit. As he leaned down to kiss her again, she shoved his shoulders, pushing him onto his back.

Giggling at the surprised look on his face, she went to work on his belt. Quickly she pulled them, along with his boxers, down off his legs. Harry's erection leapt up eagerly to slap against his stomach. Once she had his pants off, Narcissa crawled up over his legs. Bending down, she placed a kiss on his shaft before running her tongue from the base all the way up to the tip. Harry hissed, and his cock pulsed with excitement, causing Narcissa to smirk up at him. Placing one more kiss on the underside of his head, she continued crawling up until she was sitting on his waist, her damp slit hugging his length.

Grinding her hips back and forth a few times, she raised herself up and reached back to place him at her entrance. Sitting back down slowly, Harry's girth stretched open her tight, slick walls

as she descended with a low moan. Harry reached up and grabbed her breasts as she bottomed out, wiggling her hips slightly. With her hands on his chest for support, Narcissa began bouncing up and down on him, gradually gaining speed.

“Oh, Merlin,” she said with a moan. “Is that proposal still open?”

Harry smiled and reached up with one hand to stroke her cheek. Turning her head, she kissed his palm before sitting up straight and increasing the depth and speed of her riding, her breasts bouncing and trembling with her movements. Moving his hands down to her waist, he lifted his knees behind her to plant his feet and started thrusting up into her in time with her bouncing. Harry groaned as he plowed into her tight, hot depths while moving one of his hands to her mound. With his thumb, he started rubbing circles above her clit, causing Narcissa to inhale sharply.

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped.

Narcissa let out a high-pitched whine as she shook on his lap. Leaning forward to place her hands on his chest again, her nails dug into his skin as she let out a trembling moan. Her hips bucked wildly as her smooth thighs quivered. While a squeal, Narcissa came, her hips grinding back and forth furiously as she rode out her climax. When she collapsed forward onto his chest a short while later, gasping and panting, Harry wrapped his arms around her and smoothly rolled them over.

Narcissa groaned as he began thrusting into her, her legs wrapping around him as her hands threaded through his hair. She pulled him down into a needy kiss, moaning into his mouth as her body rocked slightly from his powerful thrusts. On her chest, her perky breasts jiggled back and forth, her engorged nipples occasionally rubbing against his muscled chest.

Harry felt his climax approaching and started plowing into her core with rough, desperate thrusts. Narcissa ripped her lips away from his, her nails raking lightly across his back while she gasped and moaned into his ear. With his face buried in the crook of her neck, the smell of her shampoo filling each heavy breath he took, Harry was pushed over the edge by her clutching depths.

Groaning, his cock swelled and pulsed as he filled her core with his hot cum. That was enough to send Narcissa crashing over the edge once again, her body trembling under his as she moaned.

When his peak had waned, Harry rolled over onto his back. Moments later, Narcissa rolled over to rest her head on his chest. A couple of minutes later, Harry nearly started laughing as the realization hit him.

He had just shagged Malfoy's mum.

## Chapter 2

After a few of Narcissa's daily visits, she and the rest of her family left on a weeklong holiday to France. Without her constant companionship, Harry quickly found himself with little to occupy himself with but thinking about what he should do now that he was stuck in the past - something he had actively avoided doing since tumbling out of a fireplace in 1976. On top of that, he was now certain that the way the Elder Wand had brought him back by exploding was affecting him. His magic was stronger and came easier than ever before. Sometimes, he found himself not even needing his wand at all to cast simpler spells.

People also seemed to act differently around him now, and it wasn't just because he was no longer famous. Women, especially, suddenly seemed to be taking a greater interest in him. It wasn't just the constant flirting from Rosmerta - whose first name he'd learned was Rosalyn - or the extremely enjoyable nights he spent with Narcissa either. Even complete strangers, witches he considered way out of his league, acted as if they were drawn to him. After the second married witch sat down to flirt heavily with him, while her husband sat next to her angrily, he'd even gone to the library to see if there was such a thing as a male Veela. As it turned out, there wasn't; if a Veela had a daughter, they were one hundred percent Veela.

An interesting piece of information that helped him understand Fleur a bit better but did nothing to help him now, in Harry's mind. That was why he was currently on his way back to Hogwarts to talk to Dumbledore. If there was anyone who could make sense of this, it would be

him. While Harry didn't trust the old man as much as he used to, he didn't really have any other choice.

As his feet led him down the all too familiar path to the headmaster's office, Harry found himself lost in thought, contemplating the conversation he was about to have. With Dumbledore, you had to make sure to ask just the right questions and listen carefully. Often what he didn't say was just as important, if not more so, than what he did tell you. A weary sigh left his lips as he rode the spiral staircase up to the office. Would it be too much to ask to just get a straight answer for once, he asked himself.

Still lost in thought, Harry didn't even bother to knock before pushing the door open and walking in. It wasn't until Fawkes trilled happily from his perch that Harry realized what he had done. His cheeks flushed lightly when he noticed that Dumbledore wasn't alone. A gorgeous, full-figured blonde who looked to be in her mid-twenties was sitting across from the headmaster, looking as if she had just stepped off the cover of *Witch Weekly*.

"Er, sorry," Harry said lamely. "I was a bit distracted; forgot to knock."

"That's quite alright, Harry," Dumbledore said amusedly. "Connie and I were just finishing up if you'd like to take a seat."

"Right," said Harry before he turned to the blonde. "Sorry."

Connie smiled at him, nodded in acceptance of his apology, then turned back to the professor. Instead of taking a seat, Harry walked over to Fawkes and began stroking his feathers. The phoenix leaned into his touch, warbling contentedly.

"As I was saying," Dumbledore continued, "you're more than qualified to take the post. I confess myself curious, however, as to why you only wish to take the post for a year. Most who would step away from a life of law wish to do so on a more permanent basis. In your case, one might think you were merely taking a sabbatical."



"I had an- *incident*- with the Senior Auror, Jacob Brookstone. He doesn't much like the idea of witches doing a job as dangerous and difficult as that of an Auror," Connie explained. "It's his belief that we should all be wives and mothers, not dark wizard catchers. He's made unwanted advances towards me numerous times, all of which I've rebuffed. The last time, he tried to take a few liberties, and I ended up putting him in Saint Mungo's for a few days. Because of his position, and the power his family holds, Head Auror Bones was forced to give me a choice. I refused to give Brookstone the satisfaction of quitting, so he suggested I take a year's leave. I knew you'd been owling him about ex-Aurors looking for work and figured I was the next best thing."

"I see," Dumbledore said, steeping his fingers with a weary look. "It's sad to see things have improved so little after so much hard work."

Sitting back in his chair, Dumbledore stared thoughtfully out the window for several seconds, the only sound in the room the light, calming, quiet trills coming from Fawkes as Harry scratched his feathers.

"Normally, I'd be reluctant to hire a Defense Professor who only intends to stay for a year," Dumbledore said eventually. "However, as I've yet to have one last longer than that for quite some time, I believe I can make an exception. Have you chosen books for your classes?"

"Yes," Connie said, handing him several sheaves of parchment. "I've already outlined a basic lesson plan for each year."

"Excellent," said Dumbledore before standing up and extending his hand. "Everything things seems to be in order. Welcome to Hogwarts, Professor Hammer."

Harry's ears perked up at the name. Connie Hammer had worked alongside Amelia Bones for years and was a highly skilled and formidable witch. He remembered fighting shoulder to shoulder with her against the giants during the Battle of Hogwarts. Sadly, he couldn't recall if she was still among the living at the end. Between her looks and her skill, Defense Against the Dark Arts was certainly going to be a very interesting class.

"I'm afraid the castle has done a bit of rearranging since you were last here. The Defense classroom is now on the third floor, in the old vacant hallway. Do you know the way?" Dumbledore asked, breaking Harry from his thoughts.

"No, I'm afraid not," Connie answered.

"I can show you," said Harry, speaking up for the first time.

"Ah, most kind of you, Harry," said Dumbledore, smiling pleasantly.

"Yes, thank you," Connie said with a smile.

Giving Fawkes one last stroke along his plumage, Harry walked over to the door and waited for Connie to gather her things. A few moments later, they left the office together and headed for the grand staircase.

"So, I take it you're the time traveler the headmaster told us about?" asked Connie as they walked.

Harry stumbled slightly in surprise and looked at her sharply.

"He told you about that?" he asked sharply.

"He told all the professors yesterday. Don't worry," she said quickly at his flabbergasted look, "all of us were sworn to secrecy. I think he knew it would be easier to hide it from the students if all the teachers knew. That, and he was trying to interest me in taking the job. Last year's professor wasn't very impressive, from what I hear. I have to admit, it did make me quite curious about you."

Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. While he could admit Dumbledore had a point, he would have liked to have at least been asked about it first. It was his life, after all. Mentally, he added it to the list of things he needed to talk to the old man about.

“So, I expect you’ll be one of my students?” Connie asked, changing the subject.

“Yeah, that’s actually partly why I came to talk to Professor Dumbledore,” Harry told her. “I’ve decided to start my sixth year here.”

“You look a bit old to be a sixth year,” she said curiously.

“I am, but I was pretty distracted with the war during my actual sixth year, and I missed my seventh entirely,” he explained. “I could probably pass my NEWTs now if I took them, but when Dumbledore offered to let me come here, I decided to make the most out of it.”

“That’s a wise decision,” said Connie with an approving smile. “Most wizards your age think they’re ready to take on the world.”

“I like to think I know just enough to know I don’t know enough,” Harry joked.

Connie giggled and looked over at him, her striking, pale blue eyes glittering.

“Then you’re already far smarter than wizards twice your age,” she told him. “How are you at Defense?”

“It’s my best subject,” Harry said with a modest shrug.

“Good, then I hope to see you do well in my class,” she said with a smile. “You wouldn’t happen to be staying in the castle, would you?”

“No, I’m staying at the Three Broomsticks until school starts; why?” Harry asked curiously.

“I’ve never really taught outside of tutoring some of the cadets, and, honestly, I’m a bit nervous about teaching such large classes,” Connie admitted. “If you have time, would you mind stopping by the castle and helping me practice? I can offer you some extra credit.”

“Sure. I’ve been looking for something to keep me busy anyways,” he said. “When do you want to start?”

“Give me a couple of days to get set up, and I’ll send you an owl,” Connie said.

Nodding, Harry turned left at the top of the stairs and led her down to the corridor, where they took a right.

“Here you are,” said Harry, pointing to the second door on the right.

Turning the knob, he pushed the door open to find the Defense classroom looking exactly as it had in his time. There were five rows of six desks, all facing the blackboard at the front. The familiar, white dragon’s skeleton hung overhead, and a spiral staircase led to the professor’s private quarters at the back.

“Hasn’t changed a bit,” said Connie, echoing his thoughts.

“Well, I should get back and talk to Dumbledore,” Harry said. “Send me an owl when you need me. I’m in room four.”

“I will,” she said, smiling gratefully. “Thanks for all your help.”

“Anytime,” he said, smiling back.

A few minutes later, he was back in Dumbledore's office, sitting across the desk from him with Fawkes perched on his knee. As he ran his fingers through the bird's soft feathers, he told Dumbledore about the odd things happening to him. When he finished a short while later, the professor sat back and stroked his beard while he gazed past him and out the window.

"Hmm. Most curious, indeed. I wonder-" he said to himself before focusing on Harry. "Tell me, Harry, how much do you know about the Deathly Hallows?"

"Just what the story says," Harry said. "Although, I don't think they were actually created by Death."

"Nor do I," the professor agreed. "While I've never had the opportunity to examine the ring or the cloak, I have studied the Elder Wand extensively. It is my belief that the Peverell brothers were extremely gifted wizards who used an ancient and highly controversial form of magic to create the Hallows. Although I cannot truly ever know for sure, I'm certain sacrificial magic was used in the creation of the wand."

"They killed someone to make the wand!?" exclaimed Harry, aghast.

He was suddenly very conscious of the weight of the Elder Wand in his pocket, and it left him feeling dirty, tainted for having it on him.

"Sacrificial Magic is a very old and varied form of Ritualistic Magic," Dumbledore explained. "A sacrifice does not necessarily have to be a life, and it usually isn't. Most often, the person performing the ritual will give up an object of great sentimental value to them. Even when it does require a life, some people are quite willing to sacrifice themselves to help their loved ones. Imagine you lived a long and full life, and you knew your end was near. You could simply wait to die, possibly in great pain, as your loved ones watched helplessly. Or, you could say your goodbyes and use what little time you have remaining to power wards, remove a curse, ensure fertility for your descendants, or any number of things that come to mind.

"Only the darkest and most vile Dark Rituals require an unwilling sacrifice, and only the worst of those require the taking of a life."

“Like a Horcrux,” Harry interjected.

“Precisely,” Dumbledore said with a nod. “Now, back to the Hallows. While the wand and the ring, in particular, may seem Dark, given the bloody history behind both of them, I do not believe a Dark Ritual was used to create them. I am certain, however, a very powerful sacrifice was used in the creation of all three. Whether the story of Death gifting them, the Hallows was created by the brothers themselves to conceal the magic they used or simply a myth that arose years later, we may never know. “

“But how would it affect me like it is?” Harry asked.

“Magical artifacts grow and change over time, much like this castle. The Hallows, being very old, very powerful, and having been passed from one person to the next for generations, have taken on a life of their own. The Elder Wand, in particular, being used to channel magic cast by many of the most powerful witches and wizards to have ever lived, would make it especially powerful. Have you ever had need of a specific spell you had no prior knowledge of and found that the wand guided you into casting it perfectly?” he asked, raising a grey, bushy eyebrow.

“Yeah, a few times,” Harry admitted.

“Legend says the Elder Wand is unbeatable, yet I know this to be untrue. Of course, the wand most often changed hands through duplicitous means, but it has been lost and won before in duels past. What if the wand is not unbeatable in the sense that the wielder cannot lose, but in that, there can be no better wand? What if the wand retains the knowledge of every spell it has ever cast and then guides the wielder into using those spells, even if they have no knowledge of them?”

“Bloody hell,” Harry breathed.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out the Elder Wand and spun it between his fingers, staring at the intricately carved elderberries along the shaft. The wand hummed at his touch. For a brief moment, he could feel the limitless potential beneath his fingertips. An endless well

of spells and knowledge just a thought away from being made a reality. It thrummed with the beat of his heart, seductively whispering promises of power and glory.

*Clack Clack*

Harry dropped the wand as if it had burned him, the fabled Hallow falling to the stone floor with a clatter. His breathing was heavy, and his hands trembled at his first true glimpse of the power within the Elder Wand.

“Impressive,” said Dumbledore quietly. “I can see why the wand has chosen you. I've never met a witch or wizard who could resist the temptation.”

“I've seen what that kind of power does to people,” Harry said softly before shaking his head. “But you still haven't explained why it's affecting me.”

“I'm getting there,” said Dumbledore.

As if intentionally testing Harry's patience, the headmaster pulled out his wand and waved it in an arc. A full tea tray, including biscuits, appeared out of thin air. The tea poured itself into cups before one floated over to each of them. Dumbledore took a long sip, set down his cup, and wiped his mustache.

“Where were we? Ah, yes. Now, keep in mind, this is only a theory,” he said, to which Harry waved impatiently for him to continue. “The Elder Wand sees you as its true master for a number of reasons. First, you bested its previous master. Then, you possessed all three hallows simultaneously, something which likely hasn't occurred since they were originally created. And finally, you conquered death through sacrifice, twice. Perhaps even being a descendant of the Peverells has some effect as well. To the elder Wand, it sees you as a brother.”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked curiously.

“The Deathly Hallows were made, as a set, to conquer death, something you’ve done on more than one occasion. Once as a child and then again as an adult. The Hallows were forged through a powerful sacrifice, much like yourself. First, your mother’s sacrifice protected you from Voldemort, and then your own sacrifice vanquished him for good. There is also Peverell blood running through your veins. You didn’t control the Hallows simply through possessing them or winning them in a duel. You earned their loyalty. The wand sees you as its true master, and yet it did not wish to be destroyed.” Dumbledore explained. “Tell me, Harry, what were you thinking when you destroyed the wand?”

“I was thinking about... all the friends I’d lost, and how I wanted to make sure it could never happen again,” Harry said.

“As I told you earlier, powerful artifacts take on a life of their own as they get older. I believe that as the wand was destroyed, in an attempt to preserve itself and to serve its master, it granted your greatest wish. You were thinking about the people you lost, and your desire to protect those around you, so it sent you here, and gave you its power.” Dumbledore concluded.

“It gave me its power!?” Harry exclaimed dumbfoundedly. “So, what, *I’m* the Elder Wand now?”

“No,” the professor said with a smile. “Though I do not think it would be entirely inaccurate to refer to you as a ‘fourth Hallow.’”

“I- you- what!?” Harry yelled.

Fawkes took to the air and sang a calming song as Harry jumped to his feet and began pacing back and forth.

“Please, calm yourself, Harry,” Dumbledore said soothingly. “I realize this is a lot to take in, but it does not change who you are. You have simply been blessed with a very powerful gift.”

“What about the way I’m affecting other people?” Harry asked worriedly.



“Ah, well, I’ve always heard women are attracted to powerful men,” he said with a shrug, earning him a glare. “I’m sorry, Harry. Contrary to popular belief, I do not have all the answers. Especially when it comes to women. I’m afraid it’s just something you’re going to have to learn to live with.”

“Great,” Harry said sardonically.

“You know, as far as problems go, it could be much worse,” Dumbledore reminded him.

Huffing, Harry continued pacing, though he had calmed down significantly.

“So, you think I know every spell the Elder Wand did when I broke it?” he asked for clarification.

“I believe the knowledge is in you, yes,” the headmaster said, stroking his beard. “Of course, you won’t remember it all at once. The human mind can only take so much. Most likely, you’ll find it comes to you as you need it, much the same way the wand works.”

Sighing, Harry sat back down and bit into a biscuit, the two of them sitting in companionable silence for a short while. The only sound in the room was Fawkes’ singing and the occasional whiz, whir, and puff from the many instruments around the office.

“Harry, could you try something for me?” Dumbledore asked eventually.

“Sure,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Where is your cloak?” he asked.

“In my pocket,” Harry answered.

"May I see it?" Dumbledore asked.

Shrugging again, Harry pulled the folded, gossamer cloak from his pocket and handed it to him.

"Close your eyes, please," Dumbledore asked.

He eyed the old man oddly but gave in and closed his eyes. He heard the professor moving around the office, opening and closing a number of doors and cabinets before sitting back down behind his desk.

"You can open your eyes now," Dumbledore told him. "Now, I would like you to try and call the cloak to you. Don't summon it or use any other spell, just focus on needing the cloak."

Furrowing his brow, Harry thought about how badly he wanted his father's cloak back. Feeling a tingle in his hand, he looked down to see the familiar, flowing cloak materialize in his hand out of thin air.

"Marvelous!" Dumbledore clapped. "I suspect the wand and ring would do the same."

"Wicked," Harry said.

Not only could he always summon his wand, but he also now had a way of getting one of Voldemort's Horcruxes without having to go through the defenses around the Gaunt Shack. That would be something to deal with later, however.

"As much as I enjoy your company, Harry, I'm afraid I really must get back to work," Dumbledore said a moment later. "Feel free to stop by any time."

"Sure, thanks for the help, Professor," Harry said as he stood.

Giving Fawkes one last pet, he turned to leave, only to stop halfway to the door.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Harry said. “I’ve decided to start sixth year in September if the offer still stands.”

“Of course,” Dumbledore said with a nod.

Opening one of his desk drawers, the headmaster pulled out a Hogwarts letter and handed it to Harry. Before he could take it, Fawkes swooped in and snatched it in his beak. Flying in a short circle overhead, he glided gracefully down to land almost weightlessly on Harry’s shoulder. With an elegant bow, Fawkes dropped the letter into his hand and chirped happily.

“You could have just asked,” Dumbledore said amusedly with a shake of his head. “I take it you’ll be joining Gryffindor?”

“Yeah, thanks, professor,” Harry said, watching as Fawkes returned to his perch behind Dumbledore.

“You’re quite welcome,” Dumbledore replied just before the door closed.

Turning to Fawkes, he smiled and stroked his beard.

“My friend, I believe this year shall be quite interesting,” he said, to which the phoenix chirped in agreement. “Yes, most interesting, indeed.”

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Leaving the grounds, Harry walked back to his room at the Three Broomsticks, waving to Rosmerta as he passed. Up in his room, he took stock of his supplies. Not for the first time, he

was eternally grateful to Hagrid for his moleskin pouch. He made a mental note to stop by and visit his oldest and largest friend when he got a chance.

While he had a few schoolbooks and a handful of basic potions ingredients, he was going to need to buy all new school equipment, including robes. Fortunately, he'd had the foresight to take all of his gold out of Gringotts before the war broke out in earnest. He still had more than enough to last several lifetimes. Briefly, he considered buying a house but decided to wait, seeing as he would be spending most of the year at Hogwarts.

Throwing a few handfuls of gold coins in his money bag, he replaced everything back in his moleskin pouch and left his room.

"Will you be staying for lunch, Harry?" Rosmerta asked with a friendly smile.

"Not today. I have some shopping to do. I'll be back for dinner, though," he told her.

"Finally made up your mind then?" she asked, knowing he'd been debating about going back to school.

"Yeah," he said.

"You better still come visit me on Hogsmeade weekends," said Rosmerta with a faux sternness.

"I will," Harry assured her.

Leaving the pub, he walked down to the end of the road and apparated to Diagon Alley. Appearing in the alley behind The Leaky Cauldron, Harry tapped the bricks in the correct pattern and watched as they folded back on themselves. He had a moment of shock seeing the alley bustling with lively chatter and happy shoppers. The last time he had seen it, the mood was much more somber, and people stayed clustered in tight groups as they rushed from shop to shop. Shaking off his surprise, Harry smiled softly as he walked off to get his supplies.

Despite being over twenty years in the past, everything looked, felt, and even smelled just as he remembered it. The only thing that seemed different were the faces, the prices, and the exuberance of Weasley's Wizard Wheezes. Everything was much cheaper here, though, which led to Harry splurging a little more than he intended.

After getting his supplies, he decided to stop and look at brooms. Normally, this would have excited him, but here, the newest model for sale was the Cleansweep Seven. It was a good, solid broom, but nothing compared to his Firebolt. As he held the broom in his hands, he wondered if he could learn to tune it up a bit or even build one of his own. Immediately, several spells he never remembered learning or using sprang to mind. Shaking his head, he felt a sense of unease at knowing things he shouldn't.

Before he could think on it further, a pretty brunette sales witch named Brenda came over to him. Harry smiled as she flirted with him, all while trying to sell him a broom he had already decided to buy. It might not be a Firebolt, but any broom was better than nothing. When the witch wrapped up his new broom, along with a free broom polishing kit, she slipped her owl address on a bit of parchment into the package with a wink. Giving her a crooked smile, he tucked the broom into his expanded pocket and left the shop.

Maybe Dumbledore was right, he thought. There were certainly worse problems he could have.

"Come on, mum! It's this way!" he heard a girl yell.

Harry turned out of curiosity, only to have something solid collide with him forcefully, knocking him flat on his back. He felt a thud as something hit his forehead sharply, and then just a second later, the back of his head came to a sudden stop when it hit the hard ground. The breath was knocked out of him as a weight landed on top of him. Harry groaned dazedly while the person on top of him moaned in pain.

"Oh, my goodness! Are you two alright?" a woman asked in concern.

Catching his breath, Harry looked up just as the girl on top of him pushed herself up onto her arms. His eyes locked with a pair of beautiful, hauntingly familiar green eyes while a curtain of long red hair did its best to shroud them from view. It took him a moment to get over the shock of seeing the same eyes he saw every day in the mirror and recognize the face staring down at him. She looked younger than he was used to seeing her, but the girl on top of him was undeniably Lily Evans.

Electricity shot between them, and Harry could feel his magic unconsciously reaching out to her. His pulse raced, and his heart leapt into his throat as if it was beating so hard it was trying to escape his chest. Harry gazed at her in awe, taking in every last detail and feature of her beautiful face. For her part, Lily seemed just as enraptured with him as he was with her.

He wanted to reach out, to hold her tight and never let her go, but his muscles refused to work. All he could do was stare at her in wonder, elated, and terrified all at the same time. His head and heart were filled with so many powerful, conflicting emotions that he didn't know what to do.

Lily held herself over him, watching his face in a mixture of curiosity and confusion. People always told him he looked just like his father, but he had his mother's eyes. It must be quite odd for her to meet someone who seemed so familiar and yet not, all at the same time.

"Lily, you can get off of him now," said an amused voice.

Both of their cheeks flushed red as they were brought back down to reality.

"S-sorry," Lily stammered in embarrassment while climbing to her feet.

"S'alright," Harry murmured, sitting up.

"You didn't mention anything about this one in your letters home," the red-haired woman behind Lily said amusedly.

“Mum!” Lily whined.

“Er, hi. I'm Harry, Harry Potter,” he said a bit lamely.

“I'm Lily. Sorry for running into you like that,” she said. “This is my mum.”

“Cynthia,” her mother introduced herself.

Harry held out his hand and shook hers, fighting the urge to stare at his grandmother's face for the first time. He didn't even have a picture of her in his photo album, as she and his grandfather had passed before his parents' wedding. Aunt Petunia hardly ever mentioned her parents, and she certainly never showed him any pictures of them.

“You're not related to James Potter, are you?” asked Lily with a hint of trepidation. “You look a lot like him.”

“Distantly,” Harry said, fighting a smile, “I think we might be cousins or something.”

“You know, Lily and I were just on our way to get some ice cream. Would you like to join us?” Cynthia asked. “It's the least we can do.”

“I don't want to intrude,” he said.

“Nonsense, I insist,” she told him.

He glanced over at Lily, wondering how she felt about it and got a smile in return. Turning back to Cynthia, he nodded. Together, the three of them walked the short distance to Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream shop. Grabbing a table, Harry sat down next to Lily while Cynthia sat down across from them. A much younger Florean Fortescue came and took their order, looking both familiar and yet not. While Harry and Lily ordered quickly, Cynthia asked about nearly

every option on the menu with childlike wonder, fascinated by even the simplest items. Lily looked slightly embarrassed, but Harry smiled at her excitement. Since the day he first set foot in the magical world, he had vowed to never take it for granted.

“So, do you go to Hogwarts, Harry?” Cynthia asked once the owner had left to fulfill their order.

“Actually, I just transferred,” he told her.

“Really? What school did you go to before?” Lily asked interestedly.

Harry opened his mouth to talk, but the background story he had crafted with Dumbledore stalled on the tip of his tongue. Looking at her face and gazing into her striking green eyes, he just couldn't bring himself to lie to her. Closing his mouth, he cleared his throat while palming his wand in his pocket and casting a silent Muffliato Charm around their table.

“I could tell you the truth, but I don't think you'd believe me,” Harry told her, his lips quirking into a nervous smile.

“Try me,” Lily replied, lifting a single brow.

“Well, the thing is, I did go to Hogwarts before, just not now,” Harry said, garnering confused looks from both mother and daughter. “There was a bit of an accident, and I was sent back in time.”

“Is this some sort of joke?” asked Lily, her eyes narrowing.

“Nope. No joke. You can ask Dumbledore if you want,” he assured her.

“Really?” Cynthia asked, her green eyes sparkling with curiosity. “How far in the future are you from?”



“I’m sorry, but I really can’t tell you too much about the future,” Harry told her apologetically. “I can’t risk changing things too much. Let’s just say none of my friends from school have even been born yet.”

“You’ll be able to go back, though, won’t you?” she asked him worriedly.

“Professor Dumbledore is looking into it, but no one’s ever time traveled back more than a few days. It gets really complicated, and I don’t understand all of it, but he doesn’t think it’s possible.” Harry said sadly.

“That’s awful. Your parents must be worried sick.” Cynthia said, glancing over at Lily as if imagining her disappearing into the past, never to be seen again.

“Er, my parents were killed by a Dark Wizard when I was a baby,” he told her awkwardly.

Harry felt quite odd saying that for a couple of reasons. First, he couldn’t remember the last time he’d met someone who didn’t already know about what had happened to his parents. Secondly, the woman who would eventually become his mother was sitting just a few inches to his left.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” said Cynthia, looking mortified.

“It’s all right. You couldn’t have known,” he assured her.

There was an awkward silence for a moment that, fortunately, was broken when Mr. Fortescue showed up with their ice cream. After a couple of bites of their magical treats, all of the awkwardness seemed to melt away.

“So, what year are you going into?” Lily asked.

“Sixth,” he told her.

“That’s the year I’m in,” she said excitedly. “What house?”

“Gryffindor,” said Harry with a smile, her enthusiasm infectious.

“Brilliant! We’ll be housemates,” Lily said happily, only for her smile to fall a moment later. “Oh no, you’ll be sharing a dorm with *Potter*.”

Harry raised an eyebrow at the stress she put on the name. He knew his mum hadn’t gotten along with his dad until later, but he hadn’t expected her to say his name with the same level of disgust Malfoy held for Hermione.

“Oh, no, I didn’t mean you,” she said quickly, misinterpreting his look. “I mean James Potter. I can’t stand him. He’s an arrogant, bullying git that won’t leave me alone. Please don’t end up like him. I don’t think I could survive two of him strutting around the castle.”

“I’ll do my best,” Harry said with a smile.

Oddly, he found the fact she didn’t like James more amusing than worrying.

“So, what classes are you taking?” he asked.

While Harry had learned quite a bit about his father from Sirius and Remus, he knew virtually nothing about his mother. For a long while, they talked and got to know each other. He felt an instant connection to her, a familiarity that had them getting on like the best of friends.

She shared a lot of similarities with Hermione in her love of knowledge and her drive to change the world for the better, but they were nowhere near identical. As they talked, discussing

classes, magic, hobbies, and everything in between, neither of them noticed the knowing smile Cynthia had on her face as she watched the two of them.

“I hate to interrupt you two,” she said nearly an hour later, “but we really do need to finish our shopping. You’re more than welcome to join us, Harry.”

“Er, sure. If that’s alright with you,” he said, looking at Lily.

“Of course,” she said as she stood.

Lily stood and stretched, standing on her toes as she raised her arms over her head. As a result, her large breasts jutted out right at Harry’s eye level. Catching himself staring, his cheeks flushed as he quickly looked away. Running a hand through his hair self-consciously, Harry stood and followed the pair over to Flourish and Blott’s.

Although Harry already had all the school supplies he needed, he still picked up a few other things just so as to not feel out of place. He greatly enjoyed spending time with Lily, as he had decided to call her in his head. It was difficult to reconcile the image he had of his mother, of a loving, courageous woman capable of great sacrifice, with the happy, innocent girl he saw prancing around the book shop.

It was quite an eye-opening experience for Harry to finally see his mother as a real person. For so long, she had been an angelic, larger-than-life figure that he’d built up in his mind as a scared boy locked in a cupboard. He tried not to hold her to the level of perfection he and everyone else who had spoken of her held her to. Merlin knew his father had made mistakes. So far, however, Lily was just as brilliant and wonderful as he could have dared to hope.

Harry found himself staring at her constantly to memorize everything about her. He’d ask her questions just to hear the sound of her voice. Every time she caught him looking at her, his cheeks would burn as he looked away. He knew he’d see her again; he knew he’d be spending the better part of a year sharing classes with her, and yet, he just couldn’t bring himself to waste a moment of his time with her. So much had gone wrong so often in his life that the

thought that this might be the only time he would ever spend with her niggled at the back of his mind.

From the knowing looks and girlish smiles Cynthia gave him, Harry knew he must have looked like a clot. Fortunately, Lily didn't seem to mind. She was just as interested in learning about him as he was about her. He stuck to the truth as much as he could, and he never outright lied, but he certainly left out a lot. The fear of scaring her off kept him from telling her anything about Voldemort. Although he was never one to brag, he did find himself opening up to her more readily about his accomplishments.

A part of him, a very large part, wanted nothing more than to tell her everything. While he'd spoken to her, of a sort, in the Forbidden Forest just before he walked to his death, a part of him still questioned if she had been real. He wanted her to know everything about him, and, more importantly, he wanted to know if she was proud of what he'd done.

As they finished at their last stop, the Apothecary, Cynthia pulled Lily aside for a moment.

"So, you and Harry seem to be getting along well," she said to Lily once they were out of earshot from him.

"He's a nice guy," Lily said. "It's interesting that he's from the future, but I feel really bad for him. It must be horrible to lose everything like that and have to start over."

"You think it's true?" she asked her daughter.

"Yeah, I do," Lily said, biting her lip as she glanced over at the dark-haired young man. "There's just something about him that feels so - familiar."

"You know, he probably feels really alone, being trapped here. Why don't you invite him over for your birthday party this weekend," Cynthia suggested. "You can introduce him to some of your friends."

“That’s brilliant,” she exclaimed quietly. “Why didn’t I think of that?”

“Probably because you were too busy looking at his bum,” Cynthia said teasingly.

“Mum,” Lily hissed, her face flushing as red as her hair.

“He likes you too, you know. He certainly did his fair share of looking at you,” Cynthia said, repressing a laugh.

“Can you stop? Please?” her daughter begged before hiding her face in her hands.

“Oh, fine. Ruin my fun,” she said dramatically. “Now, are you going to invite him to your party? We’ve been gone for six hours, and your father is probably getting worried.”

“Six hours?” asked Lily in surprise as she checked her watch.

“Yes, now go,” Cynthia said, nudging Lily’s shoulder.

As she walked over to Harry, Lily felt suddenly nervous for some reason. Making sure her hair was straight and taking a deep breath, she came to a stop beside him.

“Hey, Harry?” she asked

“Yeah?” he said as he turned to her.

Lily felt her stomach flutter as he looked at her with his bright green eyes and crooked smile.

“Um, I'm having my birthday party at my house this Saturday, and I was wondering if you wanted to come?” she asked.

“Yeah, sure. I'd love to,” he said brightly.

“Great,” Lily said with a smile

Digging into her bags, she pulled out a quill, ink, and a sheaf of parchment. Jotting down her address, she blew on it to make sure the ink was dry before folding it in half and handing it to him.

“Here's my address. The party starts at two. Do you need a ride?” she asked.

“No, I'll just Apparate,” he said.

“That's so unfair,” Lily pouted. “I can't wait to learn how to Apparate this year.”

“It's convenient, but it's really not that fun,” he told her.

“Really, what's it like?” she asked curiously.

“It feels like you're being sucked through a really small, cold tube,” he said, his face scrunching up at the thought.

Before Lily could say anything else, her mother finished paying for the potions ingredients and walked over to them.

“Sorry, Harry, but we really need to get going,” her mum told him with a sympathetic look.

“Oh, okay,” he said.

Though he hid it well, Lily could still see the disappointment in his eyes.

“It was really nice meeting you. Will we see you at the party?” her mother asked.

“Yeah, I'll be there,” Harry said before his eyes lit up. “Did you drive here?”

“No, we took the bus. Why?” she asked.

He smiled mischievously, glanced at her, and then turned back to her mother.

“How about I Apparate you home?” he asked.

“Apparate?” her mum asked while Lily perked up.

“It's a form of magical teleportation. Can we Mum, please? I've always wanted to see what it's like,” Lily said rapidly in her excitement.

At the mention of teleportation, her mum looked just as enthusiastic about the idea as she did.

“You won't get in trouble for it, will you?” her mother asked.

“No, I'm of age, and I have my license. Don't worry. I've done this hundreds of times. It's perfectly safe,” Harry assured her.

“Well, if you're sure,” she said.

“Yes! Thanks, Mum,” Lily said, hugging her mum tightly.

Harry chuckled and led them back through the alley to the entrance. As the brick wall folded closed behind them, he took out his wand.

“Here, let me shrink your bags. It’ll make the trip easier, and I can enlarge them when we get to your house,” he said.

Lily nodded as her mother looked at her in askance. Setting their bags down on the ground, Harry shrunk them with a lazy wave of his wand. While it was a simple bit of magic, the fact that he did it on over a dozen bags at once and silently, with such ease, was pretty impressive. She smiled at the look of awe on her mum’s face as she picked up the miniature bags and delicately tucked them into her purse.

“Alright, ready?” Harry asked, to which they nodded. “Take my arm.”

Lily grabbed hold of his right arm while her mother took his left. She felt that thrill of nervous excitement she always got when experiencing a new kind of magic.

“Just focus on holding onto my arm, okay?” he asked. “On three. One-”

Suddenly, Lily felt as if she was being sucked into a vacuum hose. She nearly panicked when she couldn’t take a breath, and her hand clamped onto Harry’s arm like a lifeline. Just as suddenly as it started, she came to an abrupt stop. Sucking in a sharp breath, Lily bent over with her hands on her knees, her stomach roiling.

“Deep breaths. The nausea will go away in a second,” he told them.

“That – was - far less pleasant - than I thought it would be,” her mother panted.



Harry chuckled, and Lily looked over to see her mum in the same position she was, her pale face slowly regaining its color.

“You get used to it, but I'd never call it fun. I much prefer flying,” he said.

“I can see why,” her mother said.

Feeling her stomach calm, Lily looked around and realized she was standing in her backyard.

“Let's go inside,” Lily said. “I need a glass of water.”

Humming in agreement, her mum straightened up and opened the door. Lily followed her in to find her dad and sister sitting at the kitchen table.

“Why are you coming in the back door?” Petunia asked, her nose wrinkling at the oddity.

“Harry brought us home,” Her mother said as she headed straight for the sink.

“Harry?” her dad asked curiously.

“Lily's new friend - Oh, Harry dear, you can come in,” she said.

Lily turned back to find Harry waiting just outside the door.

“Hello,” he said a tad shyly, pulling one hand out of his pockets to wave before jamming it back in.

“Harry, this is my husband, Gerald, and my eldest daughter, Petunia. This is Harry. Lily ran into him in Diagon Alley. He teleported us home,” she explained before gulping down half a glass of water.

“It’s called Apparating, Mum,” Lily corrected her.

“O - kay,” her dad said slowly with a furrowed brow. “Nice to meet you, Harry.”

“Nice to meet you too, Mr. Evans,” Harry said before turning to her mum. “Do you want me to enlarge your bags now?”

“Oh, right. I almost forgot,” Cynthia said, pulling the shrunken bags out of her purse. “Although, it would have been quite something to see Lily try and read her new books with a magnifying glass.”

Harry chuckled, and as he pulled out his wand, Petunia yelped and leapt out of her chair. He froze with his wand hovering over the bags and looked at her oddly.

“Oh, stop being such a drama queen,” Lily said, rolling her eyes at her sister’s overreaction.

“You’re not allowed to do magic outside of school,” Petunia hissed at Harry with a glare.

“Actually, you can use magic when you turn seventeen,” Harry told her calmly.

With that said, he waved his wand, and the bags grew back to their normal size.

“Neat,” her dad said. “I don’t suppose you could fix my chair while you’re here?”

Although it was clearly meant as a joke, Harry smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

“Sure, which chair,” he asked as he walked towards the living room.

“I was only kidding,” Gerald said when Cynthia glared at him.

Rolling her eyes, she followed Harry, with Gerald and Lily right behind her.

“He means that ugly brown one, but you really don’t have to,” she assured him.

“I don’t mind,” Harry said with a smile.

Pointing his wand at the lumpy, worn chair that Lily’s dad loved, they watched as it mended itself until it looked brand new. Her dad walked over and sat down, wiggling to get comfortable.

“Oh, that’s nice,” he said with a smile.

“I suppose I’m stuck with that ugly thing for another twenty years,” her mum said with a sigh.

“I could change the color,” Harry offered.

“I meant my husband,” she replied with a teasing smile as her husband harrumphed good-naturedly.

With a loud, disapproving huff, Petunia stomped up the stairs.

“I’m sorry about her. Petunia’s not a fan of magic,” her mum said apologetically.

Lily snorted quietly at the understatement.

"That's okay," Harry said. "I should probably get going anyways. I promised Rosmerta I'd be back for dinner."

"Oh, okay," Lily said, feeling a surprising amount of disappointment. "So, I'll see you Saturday?"

"Definitely," he said with a smile.

After saying goodbye to her parents, he Disapparated silently from the living room. Her dad raised his eyebrow.

"That's how you got here?" he asked.

"Yes, and it's far more unpleasant than it looks," her mother said.

"I'm going to go put my things away," Lily said, heading for the kitchen.

"Dinner will be ready soon," her mother called after her.

"Okay," Lily yelled back.

Gathering her bags, she raced up the stairs and closed the door to her room. Setting her bags down, she laid down on her bed as thoughts of a dark-haired boy with green eyes danced through her head. There was just something about him that drew her to him. From the first moment they quite literally ran into each other, and their eyes met, she felt comfortable around him in a way she'd never felt with anyone else. Lily wasn't quite sure what she felt for him, but one thing was for certain. She couldn't wait to see him again.

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Back in Hogsmeade, Harry sat down in the Three Broomsticks and ate his dinner quietly. His emotions were a chaotic mess. He was beyond elated to have met and made friends with Lily, but it was his other feelings towards her that were causing him grief. It was so easy to see her as just a beautiful, smart, funny girl and forget just who she was to him.

A part of his mind tried to convince himself that it was alright, that she wasn't really his mother, while another part told him he should be disgusted with himself. Harry had no idea how he was supposed to feel, and there really wasn't anyone he could turn to for advice. Even the people he knew and trusted that were still around saw him as a virtual stranger.

Rosmerta noticed his troubles and did her best to get him to talk, but he knew he couldn't without sounding insane. In the end, she fell back on what worked on most of her other patrons when they had problems she couldn't solve: alcohol.

Admittedly, Harry wasn't much of a drinker, never really having had many opportunities to do so. Now though, he gladly accepted and allowed the burning liquid to numb his troubled mind. He spent most of the night at the bar, trading humorous stories with Rosmerta when she wasn't busy with other customers as he steadily sipped his drinks.

As day turned to night, the amount of flirting between them increased, as did the number of times his eyes dropped to her enticing cleavage whenever she leaned on the bar. From the pretty smirk on her lips, he thought she was doing it on purpose. Eventually, the pub emptied, and Rosmerta closed up for the night. Instead of sending Harry off to his room, she pulled up a chair and a drink and talked to him some more. She sat so close, that their shoulders continually rubbed together.

Thanks to the alcohol, Harry ended up telling her nearly his entire life story. Everything from the Dursleys, to his death, to flying back through time. The only thing he didn't talk about was Lily. Through it all, Rosmerta listened supportively. By the time he was done, he felt as if a massive weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He felt lighter and freer than he had in years.

"I always knew you had a story to tell," she said eventually. "It's all in the eyes. You're an old soul in a young body. I just had no idea it would be that incredible."

Rosmerta poured another glass of mead for both of them. While Harry felt good and buzzed, she hardly looked affected at all, aside from her slightly rosy cheeks.

"You're a good man Harry Potter," she said, patting the back of his hand. "Most men would've gone mad or dark if they went through a tenth of what you have. Let me ask you something, though. Do you think this happened for a reason?"

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"You've been to hell and back, quite literally. What if this is fate's grand way of giving you a chance to fix things, save the people you lost?" she asked. "If you were given the choice to stay in your time and rebuild after the war or go back and stop it all from happening, even if it meant you'd lose everything, what would you do?"

Harry was silent for a long time as he thought over her words. He knew the answer almost straight away. He just didn't want to say it aloud.

"You'd go back and stop it, wouldn't you?" she asked when he still didn't answer.

He sighed, "Yeah, I suppose I would. I just want to be the one to make the choice, you know? All my life, I've never had a choice. It's like the world just expects me to do the right thing. What about me? What about what I want?"

"What do you want?" Rosmerta asked.

"I - I want to be happy," he admitted quietly. "I want a family- a big family."

“Then do it,” she told him. “You’ve fought so hard for everyone else. It’s about time you fought for yourself. Find yourself a good woman and keep her close. Hell, you could probably get away with having a few women to keep you happy.”

“I can’t do that,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“Why not?” Rosmerta asked. “As long as you’re happy, and they’re happy, who cares what anyone else thinks? It’s okay to be a little selfish, Harry. What’s the point of fighting for everyone else if you end up miserable and alone?”

He had to admit she made a good point. There was just one problem.

“I don’t even know where to start,” he admitted.

“You seemed to do fine with that girl you were with last week,” she said with a smirk, causing Harry to blush but smile at the memory of his nights with Narcissa.

Rosmerta tipped her glass back, and the rest of her mead poured down her throat. Setting the glass down, she rested her hand on the inside of his thigh, her fingers brushing his cock.

“How ‘bout I give you some pointers,” she asked huskily. “Tell me, Harry, what do you want right now?”

Harry swallowed thickly as he hardened under her soft touch. Whether it was her speech, the alcohol, or a combination of the two, he was feeling particularly confident tonight. Maybe she was right, and it was time for him to be a bit more selfish.

“I want to take you upstairs and see how loud I can make you scream,” he said with such confidence that it surprised even him.

“I was hoping you would say that,” Rosmerta purred sultrily.

Harry shivered at her seductive tone, and his rigid shaft pulsed against her fingers. Nibbling on his ear, she stood up and took his hand in hers. Tugging him out of his seat, she led him up the stairs. His eyes were glued to the swaying of her wide hips and round ass as she walked in front of him. As they walked into his room and Harry closed the door behind him, Rosmerta led him over to the bed and pushed him into sitting on the edge. Hiking up her dress, she straddled him on her knees, leaving her breasts bulging out of the top of her bodice, directly in front of his face.

Harry couldn't help himself. He wrapped his arms around her waist and buried his face in her lush cleavage, nuzzling and kissing the firm, smooth mounds. Rosmerta moaned and ran her fingers through his hair, holding him in place. After letting him enjoy her breasts for a while, she tugged his hair, tilting his head up. Bending down, she pressed her lips to his in a slow, passionate kiss. Harry's hands explored her back and bum over her dress. Pulling her head back a long moment later, she smiled down at him, her blue eyes sparkling brightly.

Scooting back, Rosmerta climbed to her feet. With a snap of her fingers, the laces holding her bodice together untied themselves and loosened. Slipping her arms through the short, puffy sleeves, she slowly pulled the dress down over her chest. Rosmerta's ample breasts bounced free, jutting straight out despite their size. Even the slightest movement caused them to bounce and tremble, her thick red nipples and wide, light pink areolas dancing enticingly. Pushing the top of her dress down past her thin waist, the neck caught on her wide hips.

Shaking her hips side to side, Rosmerta shimmied the dress down over her round, plump ass before letting it fall to the floor. Harry could only stare in awe at the buxom, curvaceous blonde standing in front of him, completely nude. Her voluptuous figure was the most incredible thing he had ever seen. With a predatory smile, she stalked forward a couple of steps before dropping to her knees. Immediately, her nimble fingers went to work on his belt, button, and zipper. When she tugged at his waistband, he lifted his hips so she could pull them down his legs.

Rosmerta licked her plump red lips as Harry's towering pillar of flesh came free and snapped to attention. Wrapping her hand around his hot, thick shaft, she eyed him hungrily before looking up at him with lust-filled eyes. Maintaining eye contact, she opened her hot mouth and



wrapped it around his sensitive tip. Her lipstick left bright red streaks down the sides of his shaft, showing her progress as she descended further and further.

Harry moaned and threaded his fingers through her curly blonde hair, his fingertips lightly scraping her scalp. When the majority of his length glistened with her spit, Rosmerta opened her throat and took him to the base with shocking ease. Harry gasped at the feeling of her tight throat enveloping his entire length. Staring into his eyes, Rosmerta shook her head side to side, her petite nose rubbing in the short, curly hairs covering his groin.

Sealing her lips tightly around his base and leaving a bright red mark of her achievement, she dragged her full lips slowly up his shaft, sucking hard as her tongue massaged the underside of his cock. Reaching the tip, she stopped and moved back down, swallowing the entirety of his length once again.

“Fuck, Rosie,” Harry groaned.

Chuckling around him, she bobbed her head up and down in short, sharp movements several times before pulling all the way off of him with a smirk.

“As much as I love sucking your beautiful cock, and I really do,” she told him. “I really need you to fuck me.”

As Rosmerta stood, Harry quickly stripped off his shirt. Shoving his shoulder, she pushed him onto his back and straddled his waist again, this time with his damp, rigid cock pressed against her steaming core. Reaching up, Harry cupped her magnificent breasts, caressing them as she ground her slick lips along his shaft. Shifting around until his head was pressed against her entrance, Rosmerta threw her head back and moaned salaciously as her lips stretched around his girth.

“Oh, Merlin. Yes!” she hissed.

Slowly, she sank down onto him, her sweltering depths conforming around his considerable size. When her ass came to rest on his thighs, she leaned down and kissed him heatedly. After taking a moment to adjust to his size, Rosmerta raised and lowered herself on his cock, her tight lips clinging to his shaft. Pulling her lips away from his with a loud moan, she sat up, giving him a glorious view of her bouncing tits as she rode his length.

“Harry,” she moaned sultrily.

Gripping her hips, Harry helped her bounce while bucking his hips, driving his towering erection into her fluttering core. With every gasp and moan that left her lips, Harry felt a primal urge to make them louder. When Rosmerta came unexpectedly, her body trembled, and her hips jerked in an unsteady rhythm.

Clouded in an alcohol and lust-fueled haze, Harry rolled her over onto her back and pulled her to the edge of the mattress so that he was standing on the floor. With his hands on her shoulders, his hips hammered forward with powerful thrusts. Still in the midst of her climax, Rosmerta clawed at the sheets as his relentless pounding prolonged her orgasm. Harry grunted and groaned in pleasure as she spasmed around him, swiftly driving him closer to his own climax.

Although he could feel himself nearing his peak, he just couldn't tip over the edge. Rosmerta, on the other hand, has a wild look in her eyes as she seemed to go from one climax to the next. The bed under her was soaked, and her arousal drenched his shaft and thighs, adding a wet slapping to the cacophony of moans, groans, and gasps filling the room.

On the bed, Rosmerta writhed, her body jerking back and forth, her jutting tits bouncing wildly with each savage thrust. With a feral growl, Harry climbed at a torturously slow pace towards his own peak. Sweat dripped down his face as his lungs burned from his furious thrusting. Collapsing on top of Rosmerta, he hugged her body tightly, her tits squashed against his chest as his energy waned. Wrapping her arms and legs around him, she muttered nonsensically while her nails dug into his skin.

Finally, Harry tipped over the edge. His cock swelled inside of her a moment before a torrent of cum hosed her depths. His hips jerked forward, driving his pulsating length deeper into her core

as he filled her. It was easily the longest, most intense orgasm he had ever experienced. By the time he was done, he nearly passed out on top of the still quivering blonde under him.

Minutes later, when he'd regained some of his strength and his senses, Harry climbed onto the bed properly. Dragging the pillows and blankets over to them, Rosmerta curled up to his side as he got comfortable. Holding her close, he closed his eyes and fell into a peaceful doze, his mind blissfully blank.

### Chapter 3

"Now, who can tell me the best defense against an Inferius?" Professor Hammer asked.

Harry threw his hand up in the air and waved it around eagerly in a perfect imitation of Hermione during her early years at Hogwarts.

"Oh, oh, pick me," he chanted quietly.

Connie shook her head at his antics, her short, blonde hair whipping around her face, but he could see a smile tugging at her lips. Besides the two of them, the room was empty. Harry was currently helping the new Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor practice her lesson plan. Over the last few days, he'd spent quite a lot of time helping her get ready for the upcoming school year.

"Yes, Mr. Potter," she called.

"The best defense against an Inferi is fire, preferably lots of it," Harry answered.

"Correct," she nodded, then looked down at her notes. "Well, I think that covers what I wanted to start with for the seventh years. After that, I'd spend some time explaining spells that can produce fire and effective ways to use them. What do you think?"

"It seems fine to me, but do you plan to go over dueling at some point?" he asked.

Connie nodded, "I'm going to go over dueling for most of the school term with the fifth through seventh years, and I'll touch on it quite a bit for the lower years as well. I just want time to get a feel for the student's abilities before I jump into it."

"Probably a good idea," Harry said with a smile. "Honestly, you'll do great. You're already better than half the teachers I've had, and you haven't really even started yet."

"I'm not sure if that's a compliment," Connie said with a teasing smile, remembering the tales he'd told her of his former teachers.

"Well, you haven't tried to kill me yet. That counts as a win in my book," he said with a grin.

Connie laughed and shook her head at him. At first, Harry hadn't been too happy about Dumbledore telling the teachers that he was a time traveler. Now, though, he felt glad that he had more people to talk to. That, and he really couldn't be upset after telling Lily and Rosmerta on a whim. Besides, he'd never liked keeping secrets anyways.

"We still have the whole year ahead of us," she teased. "By the way, shouldn't you be leaving soon?"

Harry checked his watch, "Yeah, you're probably right. Do you want me to stop by tomorrow?"

"I think I'm all set for my classes, but you can if you want to. I certainly wouldn't mind the company," Connie replied.

"Alright, I'll see you tomorrow then," Harry said.

With a wave and a smile, he left the classroom and made his way back to the Three Broomsticks. Grabbing his present for Lily, he said a quick goodbye to Rosmerta, who gave him a smile and a wink, and stepped outside. Silently, his body twisted and vanished.

A moment later, he reappeared behind the shed in Lily's backyard. Not sure who else had been invited, he walked around the house to knock on the front door.

"Harry! Come in, come in," Lily said excitedly as she answered the door.

Lily surprised him when she hugged him the second he stepped inside. Harry hugged her back and smiled as she led him into the kitchen. Even before she introduced him to anyone, he recognized a few of the faces looking back at him, besides her parents and Petunia, who was scowling in the corner.

"Hey girls, this is Harry. Harry, this is Molly Prewett, Amelia Bones, Marlene McKinnon, Alice Fortescue, Mary McDonald, and Dorcas Meadowes," Lily announced.

"Hello," Harry said a bit nervously.

He'd known Lily's friends would be there, but he felt a bit intimidated, surrounded by so many beautiful girls. Molly and Amelia were both incredibly curvy redheads with massive chests, though Molly's hair was more orange than Amelia's auburn hair. Marlene was the shortest of the bunch, with long, dark hair and a bust to compete with the two gingers. Alice had long blonde hair, a thin, athletic figure, and a bright, welcoming smile. Lastly, Mary looked a lot like Lavender Brown from his time with her curly blonde hair and buxom figure, while Dorcas resembled Katie Bell, with her dark hair, bright hazel eyes, and athletic body.

Ruthlessly, Harry squashed the voice in the back of his head that told him how great Lily looked, especially in a tight t-shirt over her large breasts and even tighter jeans hugging her wide hips.

"So, you're the new transfer student?" Amelia asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“Wow, I didn’t know we had those. What school did you go to before?” Mary asked with a curious smile.

“I didn’t. I was homeschooled by my aunt and uncle,” he answered.

“That must have been boring. I couldn’t imagine being stuck at home with my family all day,” Dorcas said with a grimace. “Trust me, you’re gonna love Hogwarts.”

“I’m sure I will,” Harry said with a smile as he glanced at Lily, whose eyes sparkled.

Over the next couple of hours, Harry slowly relaxed as he talked with his future classmates. Before he knew it, they were gathered in the living room and passing their presents to Lily. Seeing her closest friends giving her some rather mundane gifts like books, Honeyduke’s sweets, and clothes, he felt a bit nervous about giving her his present. In his excitement over his idea, Harry hadn’t considered how it would look. Still, he couldn’t stop now. With sweaty hands, he handed her his wrapped gift.

Lily took it from him and ripped it open excitedly. Under the animated wrapping paper was what looked like a Muggle film projector, except a crystal ball sat on top instead of reels. The girls crowded around Lily, staring at it curiously.

“What is it?” Alice asked.

“Er, it’s a Memory Projector,” Harry said nervously.

“A what?” said Dorcas, tilting her head to the side.

“A Memory Projector. It works kind of like a Pensieve but simpler. You copy a memory, put it in the crystal ball, and then tap it to project the memory on a wall,” Harry explained.

“I’ve never heard of that,” said Molly, looking at the device doubtfully.

“Er, well, that’s because I made it,” he admitted.

Everyone in the room turned to stare at him.

“You made this!?” Lily’s mother, Cynthia, asked.

“I’ve been working on it for a while,” Harry admitted. “I wanted to make it for my best friend so she could show her parents her memories of Hogwarts and magic, but she moved to Australia before I could finish it. So, I figured Lily might like it.”

That was only a small lie. He had gotten the idea for Hermione to help explain things to her parents when she returned their memories after the war. While they’d been on the run, Harry had taken to designing magical instruments to pass the time, something he found surprisingly enjoyable. Even more surprising, it was something he was pretty good at.

“That’s amazing!” Cynthia said excitedly. “Go on, Lily, give it a try. I’ve always wanted to see Hogwarts.”

Lily nodded, setting the projector down, so it was facing a blank stretch of wall. Harry showed her how to extract a copy of a memory by pressing her wand to her temple before slowly pulling it away while thinking of the memory she wanted. Placing the silvery strand on the crystal ball, where it was absorbed, she tapped it with her wand.

Everyone went silent as they excitedly watched the projection spring up on the wall. Lily’s parents, Cynthia and Gerald, were especially enthralled as they watched an eleven-year-old Lily board the boat with Alice and Dorcas to make the trip across the lake. Some of the girls began

talking about their own memories of the trip and pointing out some of their classmates as the trip progressed. Harry, along with most of the people in the room, burst out laughing when Sirius Black accidentally knocked Peter Pettigrew into the lake. He truly looked like a drowned rat as Hagrid pulled him out of the water.

There were ooh's and ahh's as the castle came into view. Harry glanced around and smiled at the awed look on Cynthia and Gerald's faces. Still hiding quietly in the corner, Petunia stared wistfully at the scene before them.

For the next few hours, Lily and her friends took turns sharing fun and humorous memories of their time at Hogwarts. They tried to get Harry to show some of his, but he declined, joking that they would be too boring. Not only would it give away his secret, but he was also far too excited to watch Lily's memories.

Eventually, the guests began leaving one by one. By the time it grew dark out, Harry was the last one to leave. Lily followed him to the door while Petunia disappeared upstairs and her parents cleaned up in the kitchen.

"Thank you so much for the Memory Projector, Harry. I've always wanted to show my parents what Hogwarts is like," Lily said with a bright smile.

"You're welcome," Harry said as he ran a hand through his hair.

Leaning forward, Lily kissed him on the cheek and hugged him tightly. With one last wave, they said goodbye, and she closed the door, both of them with an uncontrollable grin on their faces. Turning around, Harry spotted someone watching him from a window in the house across the street. Severus Snape scowled furiously at him before his face disappeared and the curtain fell back into place. He'd completely forgotten Snape lived so close. Sighing, Harry walked around the side of the house and Disapparated the moment he was out of sight.

The final week of Summer passed in a blur. On the morning of September 1<sup>st</sup>, Harry woke early with Rosmerta's naked body curled up against his side. Over the last week, he'd practically moved into her room at the back of the pub, enjoying her company every night. Quietly



climbing out of bed, he made his way to the bathroom for a shower. Just as he was rinsing his hair, the curtain opened, and Rosmerta stepped in behind him, her arms wrapping around his middle.

“You weren’t going to leave without saying goodbye, were you?” she asked coyly.

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” Harry smiled.

Spinning around in her arms, he pulled her under the spray of water and kissed her passionately. Rosmerta moaned against his lips as he pulled her wet, voluptuous body against him, her soft breasts flattening against his chest. In seconds, Harry’s cock was rock hard and throbbed excitedly against her thigh. Reaching between them, she ran her fingers teasingly over his length, her fingertips tracing lines along his shaft.

Grabbing her by her plump behind, Harry picked her up and pressed her back against the tiled wall. Rosmerta squealed laughingly while wrapping her arms and legs around him tightly. He wasted no time in setting her on top of his cock and driving into her welcoming depths.

“Mmh, I’m going to miss you,” Rosmerta moaned as she clung to him tightly and kissed his neck.

“Then I’ll just have to come visit,” Harry said as he started fucking her against the wall.

“You better,” she said before breaking off with a moan. “Oh, Merlin, fuck me.”

Grinning, Harry did just that by pounding her against the wall. Rosmerta’s nails raked across his back as she threw her head back with a wanton moan. Leaning back slightly, he watched as her huge breasts, glistening from the water, bounced and jiggled enticingly on her chest. Desperate to feel them in his hands again, Harry pulled out of her and set her feet on the floor. Spinning her around to face the wall, one hand grabbed her tit while the other pressed between her shoulder blades, forcing her to bend over.

Rosmerta braced her hands on the wall and wiggled her ass teasingly as Harry slipped back inside of her. Reaching his hands around her body, he groped and squeezed at her incredible tits as he started thrusting into her again. A groan left his throat at the way her tight, hot folds hugged his length as it hammered in and out of her depths.

Grabbing her hair with one hand, he tugged her head backwards so that he could kiss her again before moving his hand to her shoulder and fucking her even harder.

“Harry,” Rosmerta moaned.

Smiling, Harry gave her a playful slap on the ass as he continued pounding her from behind. Leaning against her back, he reached around and started rubbing her clit. In just a couple of minutes, Rosmerta squealed and trembled as she reached a surprisingly quick climax. Now that she was taken care of, Harry focused on his own peak, his hands caressing every inch of her glorious figure while he continued hammering at her fluttering core.

“I’m close,” he warned her.

Suddenly, Rosmerta pushed back against him and then pulled her hips forwards so that he fell out of her. Spinning around, she dropped to her knees and smiled up at him as she stroked his damp length furiously. Moments later, Harry came with a groan, covering her face and chest in long white streaks. As his climax waned, she took his sensitive tip into her mouth and sucked him clean.

“How do I look?” she asked playfully while striking a pose.

“Well, you’d definitely get better tips,” Harry said.

Laughing, Rosmerta stood up and rinsed herself off.

Two hours later, Harry arrived at King's Cross Station. Nearing the pillar between platforms nine and ten, he spotted a young blonde girl standing nervously next to an equally nervous and lost-looking couple. He might have missed them if he hadn't heard the owl on top of her trunk hoot as he neared.

"First year?" he asked them with a friendly smile.

"Yes," the mother answered, still looking nervous. "Do you go to um..."

"Hogwarts?" Harry finished.

"Yes," she said, looking relieved. "The professor told us the platform was between nine and ten, but..."

"Yeah, it does seem odd at first," Harry said, smiling at his own memories of his first time. "It's easier than it looks, though. Here I'll show you. What's your name?"

The blonde girl bit her lips and looked at him nervously at the question.

"Oh, I'm sorry. This is my daughter Jessica, my husband Paul, and I'm Christina, Christina Clearwater." The woman said.

Harry smiled at the familiar name, wondering how they might be related to Penelope. Smiling at Jessica, he held out his hand.

"I'm Harry, Harry Potter. You want me to show you how to get onto the platform?" he asked.

Nodding shyly, Jessica took his hand and followed him over to the pillar.

“All you have to do is walk straight through that,” he said, pointing to the brick pillar and causing Jessica to look at him incredulously. “I know, but trust me, it’ll work. Best to go at a run if you’re nervous. Here, watch.”

Checking around for Muggles, Harry walked up to the pillar and then leaned against it. He sank through the bricks, causing the family to stare in wide-eyed wonder. A moment later, Harry reappeared with a smile.

“Come on,” he said, waving her over.

Swallowing nervously, Jessica grabbed her trolley and ran at the wall. She cringed just before impact the exact way Harry had his first time but passed through without issue.

“You’re sure she’s alright?” Christina asked nervously.

“She’s fine,” Harry assured her. “You can go through too.”

Looking at her husband, who shrugged, they clasped hands before running at the wall. Harry smiled as they vanished onto the platform and then followed a moment later. On platform Nine and Three Quarters, he found Christina kneeling and hugging her daughter.

“Thank you,” Christina said when she noticed him.

“You’re welcome,” he replied. “Jessica, if you need any more help, just let me know, okay?”

“Okay,” Jessica said, smiling shyly. “Thank you.”

Waving goodbye, Harry made his way onto the nearly empty train. Staring out the window, he watched as more and more families appeared. He watched with a wistful smile as parents said goodbye to their children for the next few months.

So engrossed in his people-watching, he was startled a bit when the door to his compartment flew open. Whipping his head around, he spotted Lily and Alice in the doorway.

“Mind if we join you?” Lily asked with a smile.

“Not at all,” said Harry, smiling back.

As the train began to fill, Marlene and Dorcas joined them in the compartment. Shortly after the train began to move, Lily had to leave for the prefect’s meeting, along with Marlene, who was a prefect for Hufflepuff. Harry had an enjoyable conversation with Alice and Dorcas until Lily returned, red-faced and fuming with soap bubbles stuck to her hair and clothes. Harry did his best to ignore the way it made them cling to her skin.

“What happened this time?” Alice asked.

“Potter,” Lily growled. “He and Black did something that filled an entire car with bubbles! I practically had to swim through it to get back here!”

Fighting a grin, Harry flicked his wand to clean and dry Lily. Blinking in surprise, she looked down at herself and then smiled gratefully at him. After complaining about James Potter for a while longer, Lily finally calmed down and relaxed. The rest of the trip passed uneventfully, and before they knew it, the train pulled into Hogsmeade Station with a puff of steam and squealing brakes.

“Firs’ years! Firs’ years over here!”

Harry smiled as he looked over at Hagrid, who looked to have changed little over the years. He half raised his hand to say hello but remembered sadly that this Hagrid didn’t know him. Jessica, surrounded by a gaggle of other first years, smiled brightly and waved when she spotted him. Harry waved back, causing Lily to look at him curiously.

“I helped her get onto the platform. She’s a Muggleborn,” he explained.

Lily gave him a soft, almost proud smile as they walked towards the carriages.

“Harry!” a voice called out.

Harry turned and saw Narcissa, flanked by her sisters Andromeda and Bellatrix, walking over to him as the students milled around in small groups while waiting for the next open carriage. Harry had wondered how he would feel meeting the woman that murdered his godfather, questioning his ability to control his temper, but the witch he saw now looked nothing like the crazed, demented witch she would one day become. Sirius had told him that Bellatrix hadn’t always been an insane, evil witch devoted to a Dark Lord. That she’d, in fact, been one of his favorite people growing up, but he could never really believe it until now.

Without the crazed eyes and years of Azkaban marring her looks, Bellatrix was a stunningly beautiful witch, along with her two sisters. Unlike Narcissa, who had blonde hair, Bellatrix had black, curly hair, while Andromeda’s was straighter and dark brown. Both of them had the same striking violet eyes and curvy, busty figures. They could pass as twins if not for the hair and Andromeda’s two-inch height advantage.

“Hey Cissy, how’d the test go?” Harry asked.

“Passed with flying colors. Professor Hammer seemed to think it was a foregone conclusion when I told her you taught me,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “These are my sisters, Bellatrix – she’s in your year – and Andromeda, she’s a seventh year. All in Slytherin, of course.”

As Harry greeted the other two girls, he suddenly became aware of the tension around him. It wasn’t like he was used to with Malfoy, where it felt as though curses could start flying at any second, but more a level of distrust between Slytherins and Gryffindors one would associate with a traditional school rivalry. Even Bellatrix, who he’d expected to start screaming invectives, remained polite, if a little tense.

“How was France?” Harry asked, ignoring the tension.

“Pleasant, but boring. My mother refused to let us go anywhere outside the property,” Narcissa said with a shrug.

“Why’s that?” Lily asked curiously.

“She didn’t want us near the Muggles,” Andromeda answered with a roll of her eyes. “I swear she loses more of her sanity every day.”

There was a moment of awkward silence that was thankfully broken by the arrival of a long line of carriages.

“Would you like to ride in the carriage with us?” Narcissa asked Harry. “It’d be nice to catch up.”

“Sure,” Harry said before turning to Lily. “I’ll see you back at the castle?”

“Okay,” she replied, giving him the same look Hermione used to that told him he’d be answering a lot of questions later.

Lily and her friends boarded the carriage in front of them, and Harry took a moment to pat the Thestral pulling his carriage on the shoulder when no one was looking. When Narcissa, Andromeda, and Bellatrix stood in front of the door and waited, he looked at them curiously. Narcissa rolled her eyes and gestured with her head towards the door. Getting the message, Harry opened the door for her and then held out his hand to help her in. Narcissa smirked at him as she climbed inside, followed shortly by her sisters. Shaking his head, he climbed up after them and closed the door.

Andromeda and Bellatrix sat on one side, facing the back, while Harry sat next to Narcissa, facing them.

“So, you’re the one Cissy was sleeping with this summer?” Bellatrix asked bluntly.

“Er,” Harry mumbled, looking to Narcissa, who merely rolled her eyes.

“Yes, I told you that already,” she answered for him.

“You know the boys in our house won’t take too kindly to that if they find out,” Bellatrix told him.

“I’m sure I can handle it,” Harry smiled.

Bellatrix raised a brow, smirking at him.

“Normally, I’d say you’re getting in over your head, but something tells me you’re different,” she replied, an excited glint in her eyes.

The rest of the trip was spent talking about classes and gossip, but Bellatrix kept glancing at him with a look he didn’t quite understand. The group parted ways when they reached the castle. Harry joined Lily and her friends at the Gryffindor table while the Black sisters made their way to Slytherin. He couldn’t help but notice the way their eyes dulled, and their posture stiffened when they were approached by a group of boys led by Lucius Malfoy.

“So, how do you know Narcissa?” Lily asked the moment they sat down.

“I ran into her at Hogwarts,” Harry said. “She needed help with Defense, so I offered to help. We ended up becoming friends.”



“Really?” Alice asked in surprise. “Those three have never been friendly with anyone.”

“Surrounded by that lot, I’m not surprised,” Harry said, eyeing the Lestrangle brothers as they sat on either side of the sisters.

“They’re not all bad,” Lily said quietly with a hint of sadness.

She glanced over at the Slytherin table but looked away quickly, her expression going from sad to angry. Harry followed her gaze and spotted Snape, long, greasy hair covering his face as he constantly looked over at Lily.

“I didn’t mean Slytherins. I meant wannabe Death Eaters,” Harry told her. “Actually, by now, they probably are Death Eaters.”

“You really think so?” Alice asked doubtfully.

“Voldemort,” everyone around him, with the exception of Lily, flinched at the name, “likes to recruit young; before people really know what they’re getting into.”

“You shouldn’t say his name,” Alice said with a shiver. “There’s still a Taboo.”

“Really?” Harry asked, perking up.

He’d had an idea before on how to use the Taboo against the Death Eaters but hadn’t had the confidence to use it during the last war. Now though, Harry knew what he was truly capable of.

“You didn’t know?” Dorcas asked incredulously. “How could you not know? It’s been all over the Prophet for months.”

"I'm not a fan of the Prophet," he muttered.

Any more questions the girls had for him were made to wait when McGonagall entered with the first years. As the hat sang its song of unity, Harry's eyes scanned the head table. Connie, or Professor Hammer as he was supposed to call her now, winked at him when he made eye contact. Soon, the first years were sorted, and the feast appeared. Harry hadn't paid too much attention to the sorting, only looking up when he heard a familiar name. He didn't pay much attention to Dumbledore's yearly speech either, having heard similar ones for years.

When it was time to leave, Lily and Remus gathered the first years together. Even here, Remus looked old and tired. It occurred to Harry that the Wolfsbane potion had yet to be invented. Fortunately, he'd worked hard to memorize that particular potion in case his godson, Teddy, should ever need it. He felt a little guilty at the thought of stealing someone else's work but pushed it to the back of his mind. Besides, he thought, maybe it would lead to someone making a cure sooner.

Making his way up the stairs, Harry spotted his father, James, and his other best friends just ahead of him. Sirius looked so young and free that it made his heart ache. Pettigrew as well looked far too innocent, but in his case, Harry didn't much care. Odd how he could see Bellatrix differently, but Pettigrew he couldn't bring himself to forgive. He would need to think about it more later.

Pausing in the Common Room, Harry took a deep, fortifying breath. Now came the hard part: talking to James Potter. He knew his father wasn't the best person at the moment, not yet the man that he would eventually become. The thought of meeting him for the first time was both terrifying and exhilarating all at once.

With trembling hands, he pushed open the door to the sixth-year dorm.

Sirius, James, and Pettigrew all turned to look at him and froze in place, staring at him.

"Er, hello," Harry said with a small wave.

"Who're you?" Sirius demanded.

"I'm Harry Potter. I just transferred here," he said.

"Potter?" James asked. "Are we related?"

"Distantly, I think," Harry replied, trying to smile through his nervousness.

"You two do look a lot alike," Pettigrew said, looking between them.

"Yeah," Sirius said, a smirk forming on his face. "Hey, Prongs, looks like we found your long-lost brother."

Or son, Harry thought.

"Very funny," James said, rolling his eyes. "I'll write my dad. He should be able to look it up. What are your parents' names?"

Harry swallowed thickly, "I don't know. They were killed when I was a baby. My Uncle wouldn't tell me anything about them. They didn't get along well, I guess."

"Oh, sorry, mate," James said, the atmosphere turning awkward.

"Is this bed free?" Harry asked, pointing to the only bed without a trunk in front of it.

"Yeah, sure. Help yourself," Sirius said.

While Harry took his trunk out of his pocket and enlarged it – he'd been too paranoid of someone finding his belongings from the future to let the Elves take it – the Marauders huddled together and whispered to each other. Harry didn't need to see the looks directed at him to know what they were thinking. The four of them were a tight-knit group, and now he was here to crash the party. Between Remus being a Werewolf, their Animagus abilities, the map, and their pranks, they had a lot of secrets to hide.

Harry wasn't sure what to do. While he'd love to be a part of the group, it would take time for them to trust him. Besides that, his father and Sirius weren't exactly the kind of people he wanted to spend time with. He didn't hate them, not by any means, but they certainly had a lot of growing up to do. He knew this was the year Sirius would nearly kill Snape, and his dad would save him. Like many times before, Harry wondered if he should stop it or let things play out. How would it change things, he wondered.

A short time later, Remus joined them, looking especially worried. Again, the Marauders whispered amongst themselves, leaving him feeling like an interloper. Maybe he could get moved to a different dorm, he thought. Changing into his pajamas, Harry climbed into bed and closed his curtains.

Hopefully, things would look better in the morning.

## Chapter 4

Harry woke early, before the Marauders, and quickly dressed. He still had no idea how he was going to deal with his father. At this stage of his life, James was still quite arrogant and prone to bully those he didn't like. There was also the fact that the Marauders were extremely close, as close as he had been to Ron and Hermione. Getting them to open up and accept him was going to be an extremely difficult task, if not impossible.

Maybe it would be for the best if he just acted normally around them for now. If he was stuck here as Dumbledore believed, then he had plenty of time to at least become a friend.

Finishing tying his shoes, Harry slipped out of the dorm quietly and walked down to the common room.

“Morning, Harry,” Lily called out.

He looked over and smiled at her. She was sitting on the same couch Harry and his friends had unofficially claimed as theirs. Lounging next to her were Alice Fortescue and Marlene McKinnon.

“Morning,” Harry greeted all three of them.

“Do you want to join us for breakfast?” Alice asked kindly.

“Sure,” he said with a smile.

Harry followed the girls out of the portrait and into the halls. This early in the morning, it was still fairly quiet, so Alice decided to take on the role of tour guide.

“Down there, to the right, is the Charms classroom,” she said, pointing down the hall.

“Professor Flitwick teaches that. On the other side of the wing is the library. Oh, and watch out for the moving staircases. They like to mess with you. Hogwarts can be a little confusing sometimes, but it’s the best once you know where you’re going.”

“I’m sure I’ll get used to it,” Harry said, sharing a glance and a smile with Lily.

Alice continued remarking on different points of interest the entire walk down to the Great Hall. It was amazing to see how chatty and outgoing she was, especially when compared to her future son, Neville. He wondered how different his shy friend would have been if he’d been able to grow up with his parents and mentally resolved to make that a reality.

In the Great Hall, all around him, Harry recognized the names and faces of people who'd had their lives affected by Voldemort. It made him that much more determined to see this war end as fast as possible.

"Harry?"

Jerked out of his thoughts, he turned to find Lily looking at him worriedly.

"Sorry," Harry said. "Just a lot on my mind."

Lily looked at him with a sympathetic smile and squeezed his hand under the table. Harry smiled back and returned his attention to Alice, who went right back to telling him all about the teachers and classes, with Lily and Marlene adding tidbits here and there.

As the Great Hall began to fill up, Harry began to realize just how well-liked Lily was. Practically every girl within two years of her stopped by. Some, like her dormmates Dorcas Meadows and Mary MacDonald, came to stay, but many others stopped by just to greet her.

She was popular with the boys as well. He could see many of them gazing at her from time to time. That bothered him far more than it should. Even the way James looked at her with a lopsided, almost smug grin didn't sit well with him.

It was a relief when the bell rang for class.

As Harry followed the girls to Charms, he was suddenly stopped and then jerked backwards by the back of his robes. His hand pulled out his wand even as he stumbled to catch his balance. When he did, he found himself face to face with a grinning James Potter.

"Harry, mate, listen," James said, unaware of just how close he'd come to being hexed, "you might not want to get any ideas about Evans."

“What?” Harry asked, honestly confused.

“Well, you see, she’s already spoken for, and I just wanted to make sure you didn’t get too attached, if you know what I mean,” he said with a grin while running a hand through his hair.

“I didn’t realize you two were dating,” Harry replied flatly, holding back his sarcasm.

“Well, now you do,” James said, clapping him on the shoulder, grin still in place. “Glad we got that cleared up.”

Before Harry could get another word in, James and the rest of the Marauders marched past him.

Harry stared after them, incredulous at James’ attitude. If that’s the way he acts, no wonder Lily can’t stand him, he thought. Shaking his head, Harry followed after them.

When he reached the Charms classroom, looking only slightly different than it had in his time, Lily waved him over with a smile. Harry deliberated with himself for a moment, then walked over to her.

“Hey, Harry. Do you want to work with me today?” she asked brightly.

“Sure,” Harry said. “By the way, your boyfriend tried to warn me off you on the way here.”

“Boyfriend?” she asked, her brow furrowed. “Who-”

Immediately after she started to ask the question, her eyes narrowed in a sharp glare and shot to the back of the room where James and Sirius were sitting together, laughing and joking.

“He told you we were dating?” she asked through gritted teeth.

“Yeah,” Harry said, glad her glare wasn’t directed at him.

“Ugh, that-” Lily stopped, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath. “You know I can’t stand him.”

“I know, but I figured I’d let you deal with it,” Harry told her with a small smile. “I have to share a dorm with him.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Lily said menacingly. “I’ll take care of him, alright.”

“Remind me never to hack you off,” Harry said

Lily rolled her eyes but smiled and nudged his shoulder with hers just before Flitwick climbed up the steps to the podium.

“Good morning, class. I hope you’re all ready to learn because this term, we’ll be learning Enchanting,” He announced excitedly.

Harry smiled as Lily’s eyes lit up, and she listened attentively. The course hadn’t changed at all since Harry took this class, so he let his mind wander a bit. Mostly, he was wondering if he should hold back in class or not. It probably didn’t matter that much, but he really didn’t want the attention it would bring.

Class ended with them being given a light amount of homework, where they had to write Eight inches of parchment on what Enchanting was and how it was used. Briefly, Harry wondered if he could talk Dumbledore into getting him out of writing assignments. Probably not, he decided.



Harry, Lily, and Dorcas went to Ancient Runes after that, a class he had really regretted not taking after it was taught to him during those boring nights stuck in a tent. He rather enjoyed it, and when he learned how useful it could be for Enchanting and Warding, he ended up asking Hermione to tutor him so he could get an OWL in the subject.

Marlene, Alice, and surprisingly, the Marauders all headed off to Herbology. The Ancient Runes teacher, Professor Stone, was a short, ancient-looking witch with a kind smile. She was also quite forgetful, losing both her chalk and wand during class, and she liked to go off on tangents that had nothing to do with what was happening in class. Still, it was a pleasant lesson, leaving Harry feeling like he had made the right decision to continue the subject.

As Harry, Lily, and Dorcas made their way down to lunch, they passed through the Transfiguration courtyard. As they still had a few minutes, Harry left to use the bathroom, while Lily and Dorcas enjoyed the sun and cool breeze while they waited. He was only gone for a couple of minutes, but by the time he came back, Lily was shouting angrily at James.

“Where the hell do you get off telling people we’re dating?” Lily yelled.

“Because I was going to ask you to Hogsmeade, and I knew you’d say yes,” James replied with another of his insufferable grins. “I just didn’t want Harry to get his heart broken when you left him for the more handsome Potter.”

Sirius snorted in laughter while Peter laughed loudly, and Remus pinched the bridge of his nose.

“You-” Lily started, then paused to take a deep breath with her eyes closed. “Potter, I wouldn’t date you if you were the last human on earth.”

Opening her eyes, she glared at him sharply and poked him in the chest with her wand.

“And who I’m friends with, or who I date for that matter, is none of your business,” she growled furiously.

Spinning on her heel, she hooked her arm through Harry's and pulled him out of the courtyard, Dorcas following close behind.

"Come on, Prongs," Sirius said just loud enough for them to hear. "Give it up. She's probably a prude in bed anyways."

Lily huffed angrily through her nose and kept pulling him away. Harry sighed internally, disappointed with his father. He knew he was a good person at heart. The way he supported Remus proved that. And he knew he'd mature a lot sometime in the next year. But right now, James Potter was a real ass.

"Lily," someone called out.

"Go away!" she yelled back.

That didn't seem to deter the person following them, as Harry could hear their running footsteps growing closer.

"Lily - wait," the person huffed.

With a sigh, Lily slowed down, and Harry looked back to find Severus Snape panting heavily as he caught up to them.

"What do you want, Severus?" Lily asked coldly, still not turning to look at him.

Snape looked genuinely hurt at the tone. Considering what had happened after their OWLs last year, where James had used Levicorpus on him, then Snape called Lily a Mudblood when she tried to help him, Harry couldn't fault Lily for her anger.

Harry was of two minds about Snape. On the one hand, he'd truly loved his mother and devoted the rest of his life to protecting Harry, along with being instrumental in Voldemort's defeat. On the other hand, he was responsible for Voldemort targeting his family in the first place. He hadn't cared about what happened to Harry or James. His only concern had been saving Lily. On top of that, he was just an all-around despicable person. In Harry's mind, the bad far outweighed the good.

"Can we talk – privately?" Snape asked, eyeing Harry with distaste.

"Whatever you have to say, you can say it here," Lily said, finally turning to face him.

Snape grimaced as his eyes went from Dorcas to Harry, and he hesitated. Lily turned and took a step to leave.

"Wait!" Snape yelled, his arm outstretched as if to grab hers, but stopped short and dropped it down to his side when she turned back.

"Well?" Lily asked impatiently.

"I'm sorry," Snape said, bowing his head to hide his face behind a curtain of lanky, greasy black hair. "I'm sorry about what I called you. I didn't mean it. Potter just had me so angry, and-"

"Don't blame other people for your actions," Lily rebuked him sharply. "If you're just here to make excuses-"

"No. Lily, please. I'm so sorry for what I called you. I'll never do it again, I swear. I – I miss you." Snape said softly, genuine sadness in his tone.

"What about other Muggleborns?" Lily asked.

“What about them?” Snape asked, confused.

“You still don’t get it,” Lily sighed, shaking her head sadly. “I was hurt when you called me a Mudblood, but that’s not why I stopped being friends with you.”

“Then why?” Snape asked with a hint of desperation in his voice. “Whatever it is, I’m sorry.”

“An apology isn’t going to fix this, Severus,” Lily told him. “Figure it out, then maybe we can talk.”

Snape opened his mouth, but nothing came out as Lily turned and walked away. After a brief crisis of conscience, Harry pulled her to a stop when they were a few feet away.

“Lily,” Harry whispered hesitantly. “I think you should tell him.”

Lily sighed and ran a hand through her hair thoughtfully.

“I want him to figure it out on his own,” she said stubbornly.

“And what if he doesn’t?” Harry asked.

Lily was silent for several long seconds. While she was lost in thought, Harry glanced back to see Snape was still there, glaring at the back of his head.

Suddenly, Lily spun around and marched back over to Snape. With so many people passing through the hall, Harry put up a silent Muffliato Charm to give them a modicum of privacy.

“You calling me a name isn’t why I stopped being your friend, Severus. It’s the fact that you would call any *other* Muggleborn a Mudblood that bothered me,” Lily told him. “It’s the fact that you spend time with people who openly support You-Know-Who.”

“They’re my friends,” Snape argued weakly.

“They’re using you because you’re talented. Can’t you see that!?” Lily yelled. “I thought I was your friend! How do you think it makes me feel when I see you being friends with people who think Muggleborns shouldn’t be allowed to learn magic, or we should be turned into slaves, or maybe we should all just be killed? After all the times I’ve defended you and told my friends you were different, that you weren’t like the rest of them, you turn around and stab me in the back.”

Lily paused to gather herself with a deep, shaky breath. Harry could hear her voice growing thick with emotion.

“I know you’re in the same house, and you’re going to have to spend time with them, but you’re starting to think and act like they do. You’re studying more and more dark magic, and you know how that affects people.”

“I can handle it,” Snape told her sharply.

“No, you can’t,” Lily replied angrily. “You’re angry and cruel all the time, and you never used to be that way.”

“That’s because Potter-”

“Stop blaming other people, Severus!” Lily shouted. “I can’t stand him either, but I don’t go around hexing innocent first years and calling people Mudbloods. If Potter can get to you so easily, how are you supposed to handle how addictive Dark Magic is?”

Snape grimaced but couldn't seem to think of an argument.

"You want to know why I stopped being friends with you?" Lily asked sorrowfully. "You really want to know? It's because I don't want to watch one of my oldest and closest friends turn into a monster."

Snape looked truly horrified and hurt at her words. Before he could come up with a reply, though, Harry felt a spell coming from the side before he even saw it. Without thought, his wand was out, and he'd blocked the sparking yellow spell that was aimed at Snape's side. All of them turned to see James and Sirius storming over, wands in hand. Harry wasn't sure who had fired the hex, but it had been more than just a schoolyard prank. That one had been meant to hurt.

"Get away from her, Snivellus," James growled.

"Potter," Snape growled back furiously as he pulled out his wand.

Harry dropped his wand arm but kept it ready, just in case. Dorcas sidled closer to him, her wand out but held loosely, a nervous expression on her face.

"What do you think you're doing?" Lily asked James angrily.

"We saw Snivellus here make you cry, so we thought we'd come over and teach him some manners about how to treat a lady," James said, giving Lily a wink.

Her hair waving despite the lack of breeze, Harry felt a large build-up of magic in Lily.

"Attacking someone while their back is turned, how noble of you," Lily said in a cold, sarcastic tone. "Go away and bully someone else, Potter. This has nothing to do with you."

“Is there a problem here?” Professor Hammer asked as she came around the corner.

“No, professor,” Lily said. “We were just leaving.”

Lily spun around and stormed down the hall, her long red hair flowing out behind her. Dorcas rushed to catch up with her, but Harry paused just long enough to give Connie a grateful smile before following her.

When he caught up to Lily, he could see the storm of emotions in her bright green eyes. He could easily tell she was angry, hurt, sad, and disappointed.

“I’m going to go sit down by the lake for a bit,” Lily said suddenly when they reached the Entrance Hall.

Without waiting for a reply, she turned and walked out the front door quickly. Harry moved to follow her, but Dorcas held him back.

“Don’t,” she said. “It’s best just to leave her be when she gets like this.”

Nodding reluctantly, Harry followed Dorcas into the Great Hall.

Half an hour later, when Lily still hadn’t returned. Harry grabbed a couple of sandwiches and stood.

“Where are you going?” Alice asked.

“I’m just taking Lily some food. She must be getting hungry,” he told her.

“Alright, just don’t be surprised if she bites your head off,” she said only half-jokingly.

“I’ll take my chances,” Harry said with a smile.

After a short search, he found Lily sitting under the same tree he used to use when he was brooding. He smiled, thinking he was more like his parents than he’d realized.

Walking up to her slowly, he sat down next to her and held out the two sandwiches wrapped in a napkin as she continued to stare out at the lake.

“I thought you might be hungry,” he offered quietly.

“Thanks,” Lily said, equally quiet.

Taking one of the sandwiches, she nibbled on it as she continued looking out at the lake. Harry sat next to her in companionable silence. He figured if she wanted to talk about it, she would, or it could be that she just didn’t know him well enough yet to confide in him.

Picking at the sandwich in his hand, he tore off a small chunk and threw it out into the lake. A moment later, one of the giant squid’s long tentacles grabbed it and pulled it under the water. Harry continued feeding it until the sandwich was gone. When Lily was finished with her own a few moments later, she surprised him by leaning against his side and resting her head on his shoulder.

Tentatively, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, and they sat like that until the bell rang. Slowly, the two of them got up and made their way back to the school.

“Thank you,” she said softly as they walked across the grounds.

“Any time,” Harry said with a smile.



Lily gave him a small smile in return.

“It’s just – It hurts that he’d choose them over me,” she said quietly. “We’ve been friends for so long.”

“Maybe he’ll come around now that he knows why you’re so upset with him,” Harry offered.

“Maybe,” Lily said, though there was little hope in her voice. “Come on, let’s get to Defense before we’re late.”

They got to the classroom just a minute before the bell rang again. As Connie took roll to familiarize herself with the students, she shifted in her chair nervously. Once she finished and looked back up at the class, Harry caught her eye and gave her a reassuring smile. She didn’t smile back, but she did straighten her shoulders and seemed to gain more of her usual confidence.

“Good afternoon, class,” Connie said as she paced slowly back and forth in front of her desk. “I’m Professor Connie Hammer, and I’ll be your Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher this year. I’m currently an Auror on leave from the Ministry, and my goal is to teach you how to defend yourselves against the Dark Wizards and Dark Magic you may come across once you leave the safety of this school.

“I know your teachers in this subject have been hit or miss for the last few years, so we have a lot to catch up on in a short amount of time. Due to the current situation with You-Know-Who, the majority of what I’ll be teaching you will be practical.”

A quiet cheer went up around the room, causing Connie to smile.

“There will be homework,” she said over the rumble, causing a round of groans. “But that will be mostly for your benefit. I’ll teach you what you need to know for your written NEWTs, but that will be it. The vast majority of your grade will be based on how well you are able to perform in class. Now, let’s see where you’re all at. Stand up, wands out, please.”

As the class stood up with their wands in hand, Connie moved all of the desks and their bags over to the side of the classroom with a simple wave of her wand. Looking around, Harry could see a clear delineation between houses. Gryffindors on one side of the room and Slytherins on the other. He spotted quite a few familiar faces, mostly Death Eaters like Avery, Nott, Snape, Rosier, and, of course, Bellatrix Lestrange.

While Harry was busy looking over at his classmates, Connie had drawn a large, white circle on the floor.

“Alright, now, all of you are going to take turns dueling me,” Connie said, causing several students to look at her nervously. “Not to worry, this is just to help me gauge what level you’re at. There are three ways to end the duel. One of us is disarmed or otherwise unable to continue, one of us surrenders, or one of us steps outside of the circle. Now then, Ms. Fortescue, let’s start with you.”

Connie proved just why she was such a highly regarded Auror now and in the future by easily taking whatever spells her students threw at her and defeating them easily. Even after a dozen students, she’d barely broken a sweat, while each student left tired and winded.

Still, while she’d never spoken to him about this exercise, Harry thought he understood what she was hoping to get from the students, and no one seemed to pick up on it.

Several students, including Lily, Marlene, James, Sirius, and Bellatrix, all put on impressive displays, though none of them managed to land even a grazing hit on the lithe, agile professor.

Finally, after everyone else had taken their turn, Connie called his name. Eagerly, Harry stepped into the circle and bowed. Smiling, she bowed back.

“On the count of three,” Connie told him as she had everyone else. “One, two, three!”

A gout of red-hot flames streamed from the end of Harry's wand as soon as she reached the end of her countdown. Eyes widening, Connie threw up a hastily erected shield to protect herself. With her vision temporarily obscured, he turned and ran to the side. His jet of flame ended, and Connie dropped her shield just as he stepped outside of the circle's edge. Smiling, Connie lowered her wand.

"Well done, Mr. Potter," she said with a pleased smile.

"Coward," someone muttered behind him.

"Are you calling me a coward, Mr. Black?" Connie asked sharply.

"What? No, not you," Sirius said quickly, then pointed at Harry. "I meant him."

"And what is it that Mr. Potter's done that's so cowardly?" she pressed.

"He ran away," Sirius said as if it should be obvious.

"So, if Mr. Potter were to find himself surrounded by Death Eaters trying to kill him, you think he should stay and fight to the death rather than escape?" Connie pressed.

"But that's completely different," James said, jumping to his friend's defense.

"No, it's not," Connie interrupted, deadly serious. "Let me make this perfectly clear. I'm not here to train you to fight Death Eaters. If you want to do that, join the Aurors. I'm here to teach you how to defend yourselves should you be attacked. Sometimes that means fighting back, and sometimes that means running away to live another day."

"So, we should just roll over and let them win?" Sirius asked disgustedly.

“It’s not your job to fight them. Not yet,” Connie told him firmly. “I realize that escape is not always possible, and I will be teaching you how to duel. However, I have seen too many fellow Aurors, and friends, die because they were outnumbered and refused to leave, even when there was nothing to gain. Too often, fighting to the last is so heavily ingrained in a person’s training that they forget running away is even an option. I will not see that happen to you.”

Connie had gotten quite emotional during her speech, no doubt remembering the people she’d lost. While she gathered herself, Harry glanced around the room.

Most of the Slytherins were indifferent, probably because they were far more likely to become Death Eaters than be attacked by them. Some of the Gryffindors, mostly the girls, seemed to grasp what she was saying, but James and Sirius simply brushed it off. They were too young and too innocent to understand what it was really like. They’d never had to fight when lives were on the line.

And he hoped they never had to.

“Now, let’s try this again,” Connie said.

Waving her wand, the white circle on the floor changed to a square with only three sides. One line behind Connie and one to the left and right sides of the room.

“This time, I want you to try and escape. Potter, since you were the only one to understand this exercise, let’s start with you,” she continued.

Nodding, Harry readied his wand as she gave the countdown. This time, Connie didn’t hold back nearly as much. While her spells were still relatively harmless, her casting was fast and powerful. Harry was under constant assault as he tried to make for the left side line.

Using a rather impressive bit of dodging, if he did say so himself, he got an opening just long enough to slip in a couple of spells. They were easily blocked, but they gave Harry the time he needed to escape.

“Excellent work,” Connie said with a smile, panting lightly as she turned to the rest of the wide-eyed class. “Who wants to go next?”

The rest of Defense, the whole class got a good workout and a small taste of what a real duel was like. She didn’t go quite as hard on them as she did Harry, but still, only four people managed to make it out of the square. James, Lily, Bellatrix, and Avery.

“That was great!” Lily said enthusiastically as they left the room after class. “It’s so nice having a good teacher from once.”

“Yeah,” Alice agreed. “You wouldn’t believe some of the terrible professors we’ve had over the years.”

Oh, I think I can, Harry thought as he remembered some of the professors he’d endured.

“Harry,” a familiar voice called from behind.

He turned around to see Narcissa walking towards him just as several of the Slytherins left the classroom. Bellatrix waved to her as she left, but Avery and Rosier watched them suspiciously.

“Hey, Narcissa,” Harry said with a smile.

“How’s your first day going?” she asked.

“It’s been good, for the most part,” he told her with a smile.

Narcissa gave him just a small quirk of the lips. For some reason, she was far more reserved now that they were at school.

“That’s good,” she said. “I was wondering, are you still available to tutor me in Defense? I’d really like to learn the Patronus Charm for my OWLs.”

“Yeah, of course,” Harry said.

“I didn’t know you could do the Patronus,” Lily said, looking impressed.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said with a modest shrug. “Honestly, it’s not as hard as people make it out to be.”

“Can we start tonight?” Narcissa asked. “I already got permission from Slughorn for us to use the abandoned classroom on the third floor.”

“Sure. I’ll meet you there after dinner?” Harry asked.

“I’ll see you then,” she replied.

With another barely noticeable smile, Narcissa took off down the hall.

“Could you teach me too?” Lily asked eagerly.

“Yeah, if you want,” he told her.

Lily smiled brightly as they began walking off towards the library to study.

Two hours later, he found himself at dinner, once again enjoying the company of Lily and her friends. It was heartwarming that they welcomed and accepted him so quickly. It made him

start to feel guilty for lying to them about where he was from. For a moment, he entertained the thought of just telling them the truth, but that would cause him far too many problems.

The last thing he wanted was for someone to figure out who his parents were, or worse, have the Unspeakables trying to study him like some sort of guinea pig.

When he finished eating, he decided to leave early to see what shape the classroom he'd be using with Narcissa was in. When he got there, he found it a bit dusty and severely lacking in furniture, but it would do. Harry spent a few minutes cleaning up and putting Cushion Charms on the floor, just in case.

"Hello, Harry," Narcissa said, giving him a genuine smile as she closed the door behind her.

"Hey," Harry said with a smile, glad to see her acting more like herself. "Ready to get started?"

"One second," she said, setting her bag down on the floor and putting her hair into a ponytail. "Okay, I'm ready."

"Alright, now, the Patronus Charm is mostly mental," Harry explained. "It's all about finding a truly happy memory and allowing it to fill you up..."

Harry and Narcissa worked together for over an hour until she was able to produce a large amount of mist. Like most people he'd taught, that's where progress stalled.

"Don't worry," Harry said. "Everyone struggles at this point. It took me months to finally get it right. It's all about feeling the memory, reliving that happiness, and not just remembering it."

Narcissa nodded, looking pleased with herself at what she'd accomplished for the day. She'd taken off her robe and tie, leaving her in just a tight, white dress shirt with the top three buttons undone. There was a light sheen of sweat in the small valley of cleavage she was showing, drawing his eyes to her impressive bust.

“Good to know I can still get your attention,” Narcissa said with a smirk when she caught him staring. “Can you put some wards on the door?”

Smiling, Harry put Silencing, Locking, and Aversion Charms on the door as she stalked towards him.

“You have no idea how boring it was being in France with my parents,” she said, wrapping her arms loosely around his neck while his hands sought out her wide hips.

Pressing her lips to his, Narcissa kissed him slowly and deeply, her large breasts flattening against his chest. Harry slid his hands down to her bum, lightly squeezing her full cheeks through her thick, woolen skirt. When she pulled back a short time later, she smiled up at him with a bright-eyed, sultry gaze.

“I missed this,” Narcissa whispered.

“Me too,” Harry said with a grin.

Lifting her up, they stared at each other hungrily as he carried her over to the teacher’s desk at the front of the room.

“Mh, have I been naughty, professor?” she asked huskily.

“Very naughty,” he said, setting her down on her feet. “In fact, I think I might have to give you a detention, Ms. Black.”

“Please don’t, professor,” Narcissa said pleadingly as she dropped down to her knees. “I’ll do *anything* to make it up to you.”



Harry's cock pulsed as she reached for his belt. With quick, nimble fingers, she opened the front of his pants and reached in to pull out his mostly hard length. Stroking his shaft lightly, Narcissa opened her mouth and swallowed half of him. Keeping her eyes locked with his, she sucked hard as she pulled back to the tip, then paused to swirl her tongue around his swollen glans. By the time she pulled back off of him, his cock was rock hard and throbbing in her hand.

Palming his wand, Harry vanished both of their clothes, leaving them neatly folded on a desk a few feet away. Narcissa smirked, took his head between her lips, and ran her hand from her stomach up to her jutting breasts, pushing them up and presenting them to him. Moving one of her hands back to his shaft, she started bobbing her head, taking him deeper and deeper each time.

"If you take it all, I'll give you extra credit," Harry told her.

Looking up at him challengingly, Narcissa grabbed his thighs and used them as leverage to pull herself forward. Her chest heaved as she gagged, and her eyes squinted closed. Pulling back slightly, she sucked in a deep breath before driving forward again, forcing a good couple of inches of his cock into her tight, spasming throat as she choked and gagged loudly. Long, thick gobs of saliva fell from her lips while she pulled on his legs, slowly and determinedly pushing her lips closer to his base.

Harry stared down at her in disbelief, not expecting her to go that far. She was absolutely determined to swallow his entire length, and the sight of her quite literally fucking her own face on his cock had him harder than a bar of steel. As she drove forward again, his hands reached out and ran through her long, blonde hair while he let out a deep groan.

Over and over, Narcissa gagged herself on his length, her lips stopping just an inch short of his base. Pulling off completely, she glared at his shaft and spat on it before stroking his slimy, spit-covered length with her hand. Parting her plump lips, she drove herself forward again, her other hand gripping his ass and pulling her forward. Even as she shook her head side to side, she just couldn't get the last inch down her throat.

"Need some help?" Harry asked.

Pulling back just far enough to take a breath, the cool air chilling his soaked shaft, Narcissa looked up at him and nodded.

Gripping the back of her head with both of his hands, Harry waited until she started pushing forwards again before pulling her towards his base. Narcissa had her eyes shut tight, tears leaking from the corners. A river of saliva ran down her chin as she choked around his girth. When she reached the point she couldn't go any further on her own, Harry planted his feet and shoved her head down, forcibly driving the last half an inch down her throat and pressing her nose against his pelvis.

Harry groaned at the exquisite feeling of her tight, hot throat spasming wildly around his cock as he held her in place for several seconds. As soon as she started to pull back, he relaxed his grip, and she slowly pulled all the way back off.

Narcissa's breasts shook and jiggled as she sucked in deep breaths and coughed to clear her abused throat.

"Ten points to Slytherin," Harry said.

She chuckled at his joke and looked up at him with a bright, lustful gaze in her dark blue eyes.

"Merlin, I feel like such a whore," she said excitedly.

Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his head, one hand buried between her legs as she looked up at him expectantly.

Smiling incredulously, Harry grabbed her head before thrusting into her mouth and down her throat. Starting slowly, he gradually picked up speed until he was brutally fucking her throat. Narcissa took it all willingly while fingering herself furiously. More tears ran down her eyes, smearing her makeup as loud, wet gagging filled the classroom. Occasionally, Harry would hold her down with his cock buried to the hilt in her gullet until she squirmed before letting her up to take a quick, deep breath.

His movements grew faster and more aggressive as his climax built. Narcissa's eyes remained closed, looking like she was in her own little world as he continued to use and abuse her tight little throat. Eventually, Harry couldn't hold back any longer.

"Where do you want it?" Harry asked roughly as he pulled out of her mouth, gobs of thick, slimy saliva dripping from his shaft and her bruised lips.

"Anywhere," Narcissa gasped shortly, panting for breath as she continued to finger herself.

Smiling, Harry fed his cock back between her lips and drove straight back into her throat. With short, fast thrusts, he held her head in place and hammered her throat ruthlessly. He continued, desperately chasing his orgasm as she started squirming from lack of air. A moment later, Harry buried himself as deep as he could and came straight down her throat.

Narcissa squirmed and shook wildly, not trying to escape his hold but from reaching her own climax. Harry pulsed twice more before he finally pulled back, yanking his length out of her mouth. Narcissa gasped desperately for air, her mouth open wide in a silent scream as she rode out her orgasm. He stroked himself roughly, his cock continuing to pulse as long, thick jets of cum painted her face and landed in her mouth.

By the time they were finished, both of them were breathless, and Narcissa's face was a spit and cum covered mess. Just the sight of the prim and proper Pureblood witch in such a state had him hard again in moments.

Calling the Elder Wand back into his hand, Harry cleaned her off before tossing it back onto his robes and helping Narcissa to her feet. Kissing her passionately, he grinned and spun her around to bend her over the desk. She moaned in anticipation, wiggling her full, firm ass at him temptingly.

Without hesitation, he thrust into her flooded depths from behind, causing both of them to moan. Using her ponytail like a handle, Harry began thrusting with long, deep strokes. One hand reached under her to grope one of her hanging breasts as the other pulled her head back.

“Oh, Harry,” Narcissa moaned. “Fuck me.”

Harry picked up his pace, driving into her hard enough to make her body lurch and the desk groan in protest. Narcissa let out a grunt each time his long cock bottomed out in her tight, sweltering depths. Letting go of her breast, he stood straight and smacked her ass just hard enough to sting slightly. She shocked him by cumming on the spot with a loud cry.

“Shit,” Harry grunted as she tightened and fluttered around him.

He smacked her ass several more times throughout her climax, turning her pale globes light pink. When she came down from her peak, Harry pulled out of her and turned her around to face him. Lifting her up, he sat her on the desk and slipped back into her.

Narcissa kissed him passionately as he caressed her luscious curves and slowly thrust into her. He knew from their time over the Summer that this was what she liked most of the time. As much as she enjoyed the rough stuff on occasion, what Narcissa really craved was affection. Something that he strongly suspected was severely lacking in her home life and something he was more than happy to give her.

Holding her closely, Harry continued kissing her passionately, all over her lips, neck, and chest, while thrusting into her gently, almost tenderly. Narcissa panted and moaned constantly, her lips kissing and sucking at his neck and lips while her nails raked lightly across his shoulders.

Over the next half an hour, he slowly drove her to two more trembling orgasms before starting the slow, steady climb to his own peak.

“I’m close,” he breathed into her ear.

“In me,” she begged.

Fighting the urge to speed up, Harry eventually reached his end and spilled inside of her. Narcissa moaned contentedly as he flooded her depths.

Gradually, they caught their breath and talked a bit more before finally getting dressed.

“Can we do this again on Thursday?” Narcissa asked as they got ready to leave.

“Sure,” Harry said with a grin.

Smiling, she gave him one last kiss before slipping out of the door.

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Harry spent the rest of the evening studying and relaxing with Lily and her friends in the common room. Just before curfew, the Marauders walked in, talking and joking boisterously. James gave him a glare when he spotted him sitting next to Lily on the couch, and Harry sighed.

After bidding the girls goodnight, he went up to his dorm and found James and the others all huddled around Peter’s bed. They whispered to each other and glanced over at him on occasion as he got ready for bed.

After a long and emotionally draining day, Harry was ready to sleep. Hopefully, tomorrow would be better, he thought. Again.

As classes picked up and the homework began to pile on, Harry solidified his plan to take out Voldemort. As much as he wanted to just destroy the Horcruxes and take the fight straight to Tom, he knew it was too dangerous at that point in time. Harry didn't yet know where all the Horcruxes were, and if Voldemort discovered someone was after them, he would go to any lengths to hide the rest. Even though it galled him to do it, Harry would have to just bide his time until he knew where all of them were before doing anything.

It also meant he was going to need Dumbledore's help. While he'd lost quite a lot of trust in the old man over the years, in the end, they were still on the same side, and Dumbledore had the connections they would need to find all of the Horcruxes as quickly as possible.

That didn't mean Harry couldn't do anything, however. The Diadem was still in the school and could easily be destroyed without Voldemort knowing about it. On top of that, he had a plan to start taking the fight to Voldemort.

During the months he'd spent on the run with Ron and Hermione, Harry had spent a lot of time thinking about how they could have done things better. One thing he had come up with was turning the Taboo on Voldemort's name against the Death Eaters.

Dumbledore hadn't been too happy with his plan, but Harry had made it quite clear that he was his own man now. He wasn't going to sit back and do nothing while waiting for information on the Horcruxes.

That was why, on a Friday night, while the rest of his classmates were sitting in a nice warm common room, Harry was standing in the freezing rain out in the middle of nowhere.

"Voldemort," he said softly.

Tightening his grip on the Elder Wand, there was only the sound of his shivering breath and the patter of rain for several long seconds. Then, just as he was starting to wonder how long it would take, a pair of loud cracks broke the quiet of the night. Two people in black robes and distinctive, skull-shaped masks appeared in front of him.

Harry struck fast and hard, his wand lashing out like a whip as he fired a barrage of spells at the cloaked figures. It was clear they hadn't expected an attack by the way they cowered as his spells crashed against their hastily erected shields like hammer blows.

One of them dropped his shield and twisted on the spot, only to wince when they hit Harry's anti-Apparition wards. A split second later, he dropped to the ground stiff as a board from a blue lance of magic.

"Avada Kedavra!" the other figure shouted in a deep voice.

Harry slipped out of the way and fired back a spell of his own, a bolt of red that hit the wizard's wand hand with the sound of shattering bone. As the Death Eater's wand fell from his ruined hand with a scream, Harry silenced him with a Stunning Hex to the chest. Panting from the adrenaline coursing through his veins, Harry bound the two figures, collected their wands, and removed their masks.

He didn't recognize either of them, but that didn't necessarily mean much. There were a lot of important Death Eaters from the first war that Harry didn't know just by looking at their faces.

Grabbing them by the shoulders, he Apparated them to Hogsmeade, just outside the Shrieking Shack. Floating them inside the run-down building, Harry picked up his cloak from where he'd stashed it under the broken couch and tossed it over their bodies before making his way through the secret tunnel.

When he got back to the castle, he took them straight up to Dumbledore's office – where he was surprised to find Connie sitting across from Dumbledore.

"What happened to you?" Connie asked while eyeing his dripping wet clothes.

Harry looked to Dumbledore, who gave an uncharacteristic shrug. Sighing, he reached out and pulled the cloak off of the two Death Eaters. Connie's eyes went wide as she stared at the skull-shaped masks on their chests.

"Do you recognize them?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore stood and walked around his desk.

"This one is Fredrick Dorsey, a low-level clerk at the Ministry," he said, pointing to one of the men. "The other is Morton Avery, Markus Avery's father and Head of the Floo Network Authority."

He remembered a conversation with Sirius about people stepping into the Floo and disappearing during the first war. It hadn't been until after Voldemort's fall that the Ministry realized just how deeply the Death Eaters had penetrated into the government.

"That's good, isn't it?" Harry asked, wondering why Dumbledore looked so concerned.

"Possibly," he said. "Let us hope that Voldemort does not decide to retaliate."

"What are we supposed to do, just sit around and let Voldemort do whatever he wants?" Harry asked frustratedly. "He's going to attack people no matter what. Doing nothing isn't going to help."

"Am I missing something?" Connie asked tentatively.

"I'm using the Taboo on Voldemort's name to capture Death Eaters," Harry told her.

Connie blinked several times as she stared at him, nonplussed.



"I don't know if that's brilliant or insane," she said eventually. "Why hasn't anyone in the Aurors thought of that?"

"They have," Dumbledore told her. "The idea was turned down because of the risk of Voldemort himself turning up."

"So, definitely insane then," Connie confirmed, turning back to Harry.

"It's a risk I'm willing to take," Harry stated defiantly. "Voldemort nearly won last time because people saw him as unbeatable. If they see someone taking a stand, even if they don't know who it is, it might give them the courage to fight back."

"I still think you're taking too much of a risk," Dumbledore said with a tired sigh.

"You and I are the only ones that can handle Voldemort if he shows up. Waiting for one golden opportunity is far riskier than standing up to him now, before it's too late," Harry argued.

"And if you're killed?" he asked, arching a bushy white eyebrow.

"You know as much as I do at this point," Harry said, referring to the Horcruxes.

Connie looked between them with a furrowed brow, realizing there was something going on she wasn't privy to.

"That's not all I'm worried about," Dumbledore said.

"I know," Harry told him. "Do you need me to stick around for the Aurors?"

It was a blatant change of subject, but thankfully, Dumbledore let it go.

“No, I don’t think that will be necessary,” he replied with a small shake of his head. “You were out of the castle on personal business and defended yourself when you unintentionally activated the Taboo on Voldemort’s name, correct?”

“Exactly,” Harry said with a grin. “I’m going to go get dry. Good night, Professors.”

“Good night, Harry,” Dumbledore said.

Harry left the Headmaster’s office and used his wand to dry himself off once he was in the drafty hallway. He’d only made it halfway to the corridor that led to the main staircase when he heard the sound of running footsteps behind him. Turning around, his hand rested lightly on his wand until he saw that it was Connie rushing to catch up with him.

“Why do I get the feeling that there’s more to you than what I was told?” she asked, falling into step next to him.

Harry sighed and cast a Muffliato Charm around them as they walked.

“What exactly did Dumbledore tell you about me?” Harry asked in return.

“Just that you were sent back in time after an accident,” Connie told him.

Harry nodded and thought for a moment about how much to tell her. He liked Connie, and he trusted her. She worked alongside Amelia Bones quite a lot as an Auror, and Kingsley had always spoken highly of her.

“To make a really long story short, Voldemort lost his powers when I was a baby and then came back years later. I’m the one that killed him,” he told her.

“You beat him?” Connie asked, her eyes wide.

“Yeah,” Harry said, wondering if she would even believe him.

“Wow,” she breathed. “I take it there’s more to it that you can’t tell me about?”

“Sorry,” Harry said apologetically.

“I understand,” Connie said.

They fell into silence for a long moment as they climbed the stairs. Harry was lost in thought, wondering if he should tell her more. Not about the Horcruxes, obviously, but he could safely tell her something about the other parts.

“Well, I guess that explains what happened in class,” Connie started, causing Harry to turn and look at her questioningly. “I know when someone is holding back. Everyone else in class was trying as hard as they could to beat me, yet you did better than any of them and you looked like you weren’t even trying.”

“I thought Fiendfyre might be a bit much,” Harry joked.

Connie laughed, and they talked a bit more until they reached her office.

“If you need a hand next time you go Death Eater hunting, let me know, alright?”

“I will,” Harry promised as they parted.

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As the week passed, Harry decided to wait on going after any more Death Eaters until he saw how the Ministry reacted to arresting one of their own. There was no point in risking his life if they were just going to get off with a bribe.

During that time, he noticed Remus looking more and more ill each day. After giving it some thought, Harry came up with an explanation and waited until the end of Ancient Runes to approach him, a class none of the other Marauders took.

“Remus,” Harry called out.

Telling Lily he would meet her at lunch, he jogged up to Remus.

“Can we talk for a minute?” he asked.

Remus nodded and followed Harry as he led him to an empty classroom. Silencing the door, he pulled a small wooden box out of his pocket.

“Here, this is for you,” Harry said.

Remus looked at him suspiciously before cautiously opening the box to reveal seven vials filled with a blue and pink speckled potion.

“What is it?” Remus asked as he held up one of the vials and eyed the potion inside.

“It’s called Wolfsbane,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “My uncle created it. If you take one a day the week leading up to a full moon, it lets a Werewolf keep their human mind while transformed.”

Remus went deathly pale and nearly dropped the potions as he stared at Harry fearfully.

“I-I’m not-” Remus stuttered.

“It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone,” Harry assured him. “Look, my uncle was a Werewolf. I know what the signs look like, and I know you’re just a normal person outside your monthlies.”

Harry’s joke fell flat as Remus stared between him and the potion in his hands, his eyes shining with fear and hope.

“If this is some kind of joke...” he said.

“It’s not,” Harry told him. “You can ask Professor Slughorn if you want, I already showed it to him.”

He’d known that it was unlikely that Remus would believe him, so he’d asked Slughorn to vouch for him. He also talked the professor into publishing the potion under his own name in exchange for his silence. Harry didn’t want the attention like Slughorn did and there was very little money to be made with a potion like Wolfsbane. Werewolves weren’t known for having money. Plus, it was always good to be owed a favor from Slughorn, even if he didn’t really like the man.

“You’re serious?” Remus asked. “This will stop the wolf from taking over?”

“It will,” Harry said with a smile. “I know you don’t know me that well, or really have any reason to trust me. Just talk to Slughorn, he’ll be able to tell you more about it than I can.”

Seeing that Remus still looked quite shocked, Harry turned to leave so he could have some time to think about it.

“Wait!” Remus called out, causing Harry to turn back with his hand on the doorknob. “Thanks, I – well, thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said with a grin.

They didn’t have Potions that day, but from the way Remus and the rest of the Marauders kept glancing at him throughout dinner, he thought Remus had probably spoken to Slughorn. Harry hoped it also might ease some of the tension that had been growing between them in the dorm.

James was understandably jealous of the amount of time he spent with Lily, and Sirius seemed to dislike him for reasons Harry wasn’t really sure about. He made comments about Harry spending time with Narcissa because she was a Slytherin, despite the fact that she was also his cousin, but Harry didn’t think that was the whole reason. Perhaps he felt Harry was an intruder, or maybe he just disliked him on principle because James did. Maybe it was a combination of the two, or it was for a different reason altogether. Either way, it still hurt to know that they didn’t like him.

Unfortunately, there wasn’t much he could do about that. Finishing his dinner, Harry wiped his mouth and turned to Lily.

“I’ll see you back in the common room,” he said.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“I’m helping Narcissa with her Patronus Charm again,” Harry told her.

“Could I come?” Lily asked hopefully. “I’d love to learn the Patronus Charm.”

Harry cursed as he tried to think of an excuse.

“I don’t mind, but I’m not sure how Narcissa would feel about that. How about we work on it tomorrow after dinner?” Harry asked.

“Okay,” Lily said with a smile.

“Great,” Harry said, relieved his evening with Narcissa wouldn’t be ruined.

With a smile and a wave, Harry left the table, completely unaware of the conversation that immediately started up in his absence.

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“You don’t think there’s anything going on between Harry and Narcissa, do you?” Dorcas asked thoughtfully.

“You think they’re sleeping together?” Mary McDonald asked with a giggle.

“They do spend a lot of time together,” Alice added.

“He’s just teaching her a spell,” Lily said, rolling her eyes.

“They’ve been at it for a while though,” Mary pointed out.

“It’s a difficult spell,” Lily said defensively. “Harry said it can take months to learn.”

“So, they’ll be going off together, alone, for months?” Dorcas asked suggestively.

Lily huffed and shook her head at Mary and Dorcas’ continued speculation on other couples as they began walking back to the common room. Lily fell to the back of the group, lost in thought as she trudged through the halls. Alice noticed and stopped to wait for her to catch up.

“You okay?” Alice asked.

Lily jerked her head up.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she said.

“Really?” Alice asked doubtfully.

Lily was quiet for a moment, nibbling on her bottom lip thoughtfully.

“Do you really think there’s something going on between Harry and Narcissa?” she asked quietly.

“It’s possible, they do spend a lot of time together, why – oh, Merlin,” Alice gasped with a grin.  
“You fancy him, don’t you?”

“What? No!” Lily denied instantly.

“I can’t believe I didn’t see it before,” Alice said.

“I don’t fancy Harry,” Lily protested, folding her arms over her chest.

“Oh, come on, Lils,” Alice pressed, nudging Lily’s shoulder with hers. “It’s me you’re talking to.”

Lily sighed and her shoulders slumped.

“Fine, I like him,” she admitted.



"I knew it," Alice said excitedly. "He's like James Potter, but without any of the arrogance to go with it."

Lily turned and slapped Alice's shoulder.

"What was that for?" Alice asked indignantly.

"For implying that I, in any way, find James Potter attractive," Lily huffed.

Both girls were silent for a moment before they giggled. As they calmed, Lily lost her smile.

"So, you think there's something going on between Harry and Narcissa?" she asked.

"Well, it's possible," Alice admitted. "But if there was, surely they would have started dating by now, right?"

"Maybe," Lily said, not looking too convinced.

"And even if there is, if they *aren't* dating by now, then that just means it isn't serious," Alice continued cheerfully.

"Right," Lily said, looking a bit more cheerful.

"Tell you what, how 'bout I ask him tomorrow?" Alice offered.

"I don't know," Lily said uncertainly.

"It'll be fine, Lily," Alice soothed while wrapping her arm around her friend's shoulders. "Wouldn't you rather know for sure, instead of just guessing?"

"I suppose," Lily admitted nervously. "But what do I do? Should I just tell him? What if he doesn't like me that way?"

"He'd be a bloody idiot if he doesn't, I mean look at you," Alice said with a grin that finally got a smile out of Lily. "Tell you what, there's a Hogsmeade visit coming up at the end of October. What if we drop a few hints and see if he asks you? If he doesn't, then I'll just beat him over the head until he does."

Lily laughed as they stepped into the common room and walked over to one of the small tables so she and Alice could talk privately while they studied.

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Twenty minutes before curfew, Harry walked Narcissa back to the Slytherin common room, as he had done every night they studied together. Although, to be honest, they hadn't gotten much studying done that night, he thought with a grin.

Giving her a kiss on the cheek, he bid Narcissa goodnight before she gave the password, and the bare stretch of wall in front of her morphed into a tunnel leading to the Slytherin dorms. Smiling to himself, Harry turned and started walking back towards Gryffindor tower. As he walked down an empty stretch of hall in the dark, dank dungeons of Hogwarts, the hair on the back of his neck stood on end.

Feeling as if he was being watched, Harry gripped his wand and clutched it in his hand. Suddenly, on pure instinct, he spun around just in time to see a twisting, writhing bolt of purple magic flying towards his legs. With a flick of his wand, Harry shattered the spell into a hundred sparkling pieces. Before the sparks had completely burned themselves out, a shockwave pulsed outwards from his body.

Four disillusioned figures, hiding in alcoves and behind suits of armor, were thrown backwards roughly into the stone walls, knocking the breath out of them and dispelling their Disillusionment Charms. Harry easily recognized their faces as they shimmered into view. Lucius Malfoy, Rudolphus and Rabastan Lestrangle, and Markus Avery.

As the four of them scrambled to get to their feet, Harry scowled furiously and swiped his wand, the tip pointing downwards. All of them grunted and fell to their hands and knees, his spell making it feel as if the weight of a Hippogriff was holding them down. In reality, it was Harry's own magic pressing down on them.

Another wave of his wand ripped theirs from their hands and left them scattered along the hall.

"Cowards," Harry spat angrily. "Hiding in the shadows, attacking when someone's back is turned. Now which one of you idiots wants to tell me what this is all about?"

Malfoy looked up and glared at him impotently. Before Harry could say anything else, he heard a set of footsteps walking up behind him. Turning around, he saw Bellatrix walking up to him, wand in hand and a smirk on her lips.

"They're upset you're spending so much time with my sister," she said, her violet eyes glinting in the light of the torches along the wall.

"Don't just stand there," Malfoy growled, gritting his teeth at the strain of holding himself up. "Deal with him and get us out of here you stupid bitch."

"Aw, you think I'm here to help you?" Bella asked tauntingly, before laughing at them.

"Then why are you here?" Harry asked.

"I wanted to see how you'd handle them," she replied with a grin, her eyes raking up and down his body. "I knew there was something special about you. I just wanted to see it for myself."

Shrugging off her heavy cloak, Bellatrix dropped it to the ground and smiled expectantly.

“I really don’t think you want to do this,” Harry said, preparing himself for another duel.

“Oh, I think I do,” Bellatrix answered, smiling.

Glancing over at the four boys behind him, she licked her lips excitedly and looked back at him. Harry could see a trace of that obsessive light that he’d seen when she looked at Voldemort sparkling in her eyes as she looked at him. It worried him for a moment, but he couldn’t help but think how much better off the world would be if Bellatrix were obsessed with someone like him instead of someone like Voldemort. Could he really save Bellatrix Black, Harry wondered.

It was worth trying, he decided.

“I never did like dueling without a good reason,” Harry said conversationally. “How about we make a bet?”

“What kind of bet?” Bellatrix asked suspiciously.

“The winner gets to do anything they want with the loser for twenty-four hours,” Harry said.

Bellatrix raised an eyebrow, then grinned a moment later.

“Deal,”

The second the word left her lips, she went on the attack, spell after spell spitting from the end of her wand. Harry deflected them, but it was clear she was much more powerful and skilled than the vast majority of their classmates. Unsurprisingly, quite a few of the curses she sent at him were Dark in nature and would be incredibly painful if they hit.

Behind him, Harry could feel Malfoy inching his way closer to his wand, but he was moving so slowly it wasn't a concern. Waving his own wand, he knocked Bellatrix roughly against the wall. Like most witches and wizards, if the spell wasn't visible, she had a hard time knowing how to deal with it. She wasn't far enough along to sense magic yet, but he knew she would be one day.

As Bellatrix moved to stand up, Harry used the same trick he had on the others to pin her in place. She was much better at fighting it than her male housemates, using her magic to push back rather than brute strength, but she was still no match for Harry. Holding her in place, he ripped her wand from her hand using a powerful Summoning Charm and then used her own robe to tie her up by transfiguring it into a long black rope. Slithering like a snake, it wrapped around her arms and waist, just under her large breasts.

Harry walked forward to stand in front of her, his crotch just inches from her face. Bellatrix panted as she looked up at him, her violet eyes sparkling excitedly before she glanced behind him. Smirking, Harry twitched his wand, moving Malfoy's wand further away from his hand just as he reached out to grab it.

"I don't know why you even bothered," Harry said. "Even if you got to it, it's not like it would do you any good."

Malfoy growled angrily as he panted exhaustedly from his crawling.

"You'll pay for this!" he spat furiously.

"Somehow, I doubt that," Harry said, then reached out to run a hand through Bellatrix's hair while putting up a powerful Aversion Charm on the hallway. "If they don't like me spending time with your sister, I wonder how they'll feel about it when I take two of the Black sisters."

He pulled Bellatrix's head closer to him, and she looked up at him with a hooded gaze as she understood what he wanted. The moment the ropes around her fell free, she reached up,

quickly tearing his pants open excitedly. With a tug, she pulled down his underwear and freed his rapidly hardening cock.

“Good girl,” Harry praised.

It was quite a powerful feeling, to see a beautiful, powerful witch like Bellatrix Black looking up at him with a nearly worshipful gaze. Harry could easily understand how someone could become addicted to this.

Taking him in hand, she stroked his length while taking the head between her full, pink lips. Harry hissed as she nursed on the head until he was completely hard. His free hand joined the first in her long, curly black hair, and he held her in place as he pushed himself deeper into her mouth. Bellatrix took him willingly as she stared up at him, her hands moving to his hips.

Based on what he’d seen both here, and in his time, Harry knew Bellatrix needed a firm hand to guide her. Someone strong and confident that she could devote herself to. He just had to make sure to show her affection as well. For now, though, he just needed her to know he could dominate her the way he knew she wanted.

Holding her head in place, Harry sawed his hips back and forth, fucking her mouth as her lips stretched wide around his girth. It didn’t take long for him to learn an interesting fact; Bellatrix didn’t have a gag reflex. Her eyes sparkled as he quickly buried himself to the root in her tight throat.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Smiling with her eyes, Bellatrix sealed her lips around his shaft and sucked as he slowly pulled back until his head came free with a *pop*. His glistening length bobbed in front of her as she smirked up at him.

“I bet my sister can’t do that,” she said rather smugly.

“What?” Lucius Malfoy growled.

Harry had nearly forgotten the four Slytherin boys were there. Still pinned by his magic, all of them had collapsed onto their stomachs, too tired to hold themselves up any longer. Bellatrix’s eyes glittered maliciously as she leaned to the side to look past Harry’s leg with a smirk on her lips.

“Didn’t you know Harry was fucking her?” she asked mockingly, then laughed when they all glared at her. “Cissy’s been fucking him for weeks. She comes back to the dorm and brags about how big his cock is, and how good it feels inside of her. Much better than any of your tiny pricks.”

“And how do you know that?” Harry asked sharply.

Bellatrix’s eyes snapped up to look at him, the smile falling from her lips as she began stroking him again and rubbing his length against her face.

“Alecto Carrow told me,” she said. “She’s fucked every Slytherin within two years of her. I’d never let any of these pathetic fools touch me.”

With one hand, Harry let go of her hair and stroked her cheek. Bellatrix leaned into his touch.

“Good,” Harry said, causing her to smile.

Moving his hand back to her hair, he guided her lips back to his tip. Eagerly, she took him back into her mouth and began sucking him again. Quickly, Harry went back to thrusting in and out of her throat. Despite not having a gag reflex, obscene squelches and gasps still left her mouth as his thick cock battered and stretched her gullet.

Knowing he could be caught at any minute if someone discovered his spell, Harry mercilessly used Bellatrix for his own pleasure. Tears gathered in the corners of her eyes as she continued

to stare at him despite the pounding her face was taking. A copious amount of thick, stringy saliva leaked out of her mouth and dripped down onto her top. Her white shirt turned transparent where it landed, revealing the edges of her black bra underneath.

Feeling himself getting close, Harry pulled himself out of her mouth to catch his breath. Bellatrix gasped for air, and it was only then that he noticed that her hand was buried under the waistband of her skirt. She stared up at him with a lustful, hooded gaze and panted lightly with her mouth wide open, waiting for him to continue using her as she played with herself. Smiling, Harry thrust himself back into her mouth and down her throat.

His cock throbbed as her tight throat convulsed around him, rapidly pushing him towards his peak. With just a handful of thrusts, Harry tipped over the edge. His shaft pulsing, the first jet of cum fired straight down her throat. Pulling back slightly, Bellatrix sucked on his hard-on as the rest of his climax flooded her mouth and coated her tongue.

Going limp, he pulled out of her mouth completely and tucked his spent, spit-covered member back into his pants. She looked up at him and swallowed with a moan as her body trembled. Closing her eyes, Bellatrix reached her own climax just seconds after his ended.

“We’ll get you for this you little Mudblood. You and your stupid whore,” Rudolphus barked furiously as he tried in vain to reach for the wand that was several feet away from his outstretched hand.

Bellatrix’s eyes snapped open and narrowed angrily.

“What did you call me?” she hissed dangerously.

Grabbing her wand off the ground, she stood up and stalked over to him. Lestrangle’s glare fell away as he looked up at her. Despite the tears and spit covering her face, Bellatrix still looked as fearsome as ever as she stood over the defenseless wizard.

“I asked you a question,” she barked.



A bright red Stinging Hex shot from her wand and hit Rudolphus in the back. Yelping in pain, his muscles strained as he tried to scoot away from her.

“Bella,” Harry called out sharply.

She froze as he walked up behind her, her tense shoulder relaxing slightly as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Don’t waste the effort. They’re much better things we could be doing with our time,” Harry said quietly.

His hands trailed up her flat stomach until his fingers rested on the underside of her breasts. As she relaxed against him, he tilted his head and kissed the side of her neck.

“Traitor,” Rudolphus grumbled bitterly.

“Bella,” Harry said sternly as her arm shot up, her wand pointed at Lestrangle’s face.

She froze again, but her body shook with barely suppressed anger. That anger only got worse when Rudolphus smirked at her.

“Don’t use anything that leaves a mark,” Harry said, changing his mind.

The smile on Rudolphus’ face fell, and now it was Bellatrix’s turn to smile. He winced as a blue spell washed over him, then cautiously opened his eyes when nothing obvious happened.

“What did you do to me?” he asked fearfully.

“An Impotence Hex,” Bellatrix said with a satisfied grin. “Don’t bother trying to reverse it, this one’s a special family spell.”

“You bitch!” Rudolphus spat.

“I can cut it off, if you prefer,” Bellatrix said threateningly.

“Rudolphus, shut up,” Malfoy told him, then raised his eyes to look at Harry with a glare.

Harry ignored him.

“Let’s go, there’s a special room I’d like to show you,” Harry told Bellatrix quietly, his fingers running along the underside of her thin bra. “Unless you’d rather go with them.”

Bellatrix scoffed and lowered her wand.

“I don’t like weak men,” she said.

The four wizards on the floor scowled as Harry and Bellatrix turned to leave.

“Have a good night, gents,” Harry said without looking back.

## Chapter 6

Harry led Bellatrix straight up to the seventh floor using secret passages to avoid professors and prefects who were just starting their nightly patrols. Telling her to wait next to the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy, he paced in front of the Room of Requirement three times. Bellatrix watched him closely, her eyes hooded with excitement.

As soon as the door appeared, he waved her over. She wasn't the least bit curious as to how Harry knew so much about the castle. Her only concern seemed to be to follow him, no matter where he went.

The room was nothing fancy. Just a small cozy room with a fireplace and a bed in it. Harry barely gave it a glance before closing the door behind Bellatrix and pinning her against it. He stood a good four inches taller than her as she looked up at him, her violet eyes sparkling excitedly while she panted lightly with anticipation.

Reaching up, Harry tucked a stray ringlet of hair behind her ear, then traced his fingers along her jaw and the side of her neck. Suddenly, he gripped her slender neck firmly, though not tightly enough to restrict her breathing. He could feel each trembling, excited breath she took through the palm of his hand, and her racing pulse pounded against the pad of his thumb where it rested on the side of her throat.

Leaning forward slowly, Harry paused with his lips a hair's breadth away from hers. Bellatrix, her eyes closed in anticipation, thrust her chin forward, trying to meet him even though his hand held her in place. Smiling, Harry closed the remaining distance and kissed her firmly. As their lips opened so their tongues could meet, he pressed his body firmly against hers. Bellatrix's soft curves gave way to his hard muscle, her breasts flattening against his chest as he pinned her between him and the door.

Pulling his lips back from hers breathlessly, Harry let go of her neck and trailed his hand down to her shirt. Grabbing the front with both hands, he jerked them apart, ripping her shirt open and sending buttons flying across the room with a clatter.

Without any hesitation, he gripped and squeezed her large, full tits through her thin, lacy black bra. Bellatrix bit her lip and looked up at him with a hooded, lustful gaze as she arched her back against the door and slipped her arms out of her shirt. It dangled from her skirt as she reached back to unclasp her bra.

Harry yanked it off of her, exposing her perky mounds and puffy, light pink nipples to his hungry stare. Squeezing the firm orbs roughly, he leaned forward and kissed Bellatrix heatedly. His mouth devoured hers as his fingers pinched and rolled her small, engorged nipples. Moaning

into his mouth, she scrambled with impatient movements to pull off his tie and unbutton his shirt.

Feeling his own patience reach the breaking point, Harry pulled back and snapped his fingers. Both of their clothes were torn from their bodies and flung across the room by his wild magic. Bellatrix gasped at the display of power, her nails digging into his skin as she pulled him closer with a hungry stare.

As their lips met, Harry grabbed her bum and lifted her up. Bellatrix wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly as he carried her over to the bed. Her wet folds dragged along his shaft, leaving a glistening trail along his length as he set her down on the soft mattress. Standing at the foot of the bed, Harry lined himself up with her dripping entrance. Without any preamble, he gripped her shoulders and buried himself to the hilt in a single, powerful thrust.

Bellatrix's eye rolled into the back of her head while arching her back. A long, low moan left escaped her lips as Harry pounded into her with short, sharp thrusts. With her legs bent and dangling in the air, her jutting tits bounced wildly on her chest. As Bellatrix gasped and panted, Harry grabbed her breasts tightly and bent down to wrap his lips around one of her pink nipples.

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed as Harry teeth scraped over her swollen nub.

Smirking against her breast, he straightened up. Pinching both her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, Harry pulled up sharply, distending her globes as they continued to bounce from his merciless pounding. Bellatrix's face screwed up in a mixture of pain and pleasure until a gasp left her lips when the light pink flesh slipped free from his grip.

"More," Bellatrix begged breathily as her depths fluttered around him and her back ached.

Harry took the opportunity to squeeze one of her tits roughly while slapping the other, the pale globe turning pink where his hand connected. His hips snapped forwards brutally, thighs slapping loudly against her ass as her legs tightened around him. Bellatrix cried out as she squirmed under him, her hips bucking as she leaked around his thrusting length.

Feeling her nearing her peak, Harry reached up and stroked her cheek.

“Cum for me,” he said commandingly.

Bellatrix panted heavily, her nails leaving fiery lines across the back of his shoulders and her eyes closed as her face scrunched up. A second later, her eyes flew back open, and a gasp left her lips. Harry chose that moment to grab her throat and squeezed tightly, cutting off her air just as she tipped over the edge. Bellatrix opened her mouth in a silent scream as she writhed wildly under him. Her depths gasped his still hammering cock in a death grip while her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Harry grunted from the incredible feeling but still wasn't close to his own end because of his earlier releases with both Narcissa and Bellatrix. Clawing at the sheets, Bellatrix had a wild look in her eyes as her orgasm just kept going. When her face turned red, he finally let go of her throat. She sucked in a desperate breath before throwing her head back and screaming out her pleasure to the room. Even as she collapsed to the bed exhaustedly, a light sheen of sweat covering her flawless skin, her walls still fluttered spasmodically around him.

Pulling out of her, Harry rolled her over onto her stomach and crawled onto the bed before lifting her up by the waist and dragging her fully onto the bed. Bellatrix started to push herself up onto her hands and knees, but he stopped her by putting his weight onto her. With her legs together, Harry used his hand to pull apart her lush cheeks to find her entrance.

As he pushed back into her, he wasn't able to go as deep in this position, but she felt impossibly tight. Sinking into her, Bellatrix suddenly gasped when the head of his cock bumped into the small bundle of nerves along the top of her soft, hot folds. Harry groped her ass as he began to move, each pump of his hip drawing a deep, pleasure-filled moan from her lips.

Watching his thick length saw in and out of her tight lips, he raised his right hand and then brought it down on the pale globe of her ass. Bellatrix grunted from the hard spank and her folds tightened around him.

With his left hand, Harry reached up and grabbed a handful of her thick, curly black hair. Tugging her hair, her neck arched back, allowing him to hear her pleasure filled cries as he smacked her ass hard, alternating between cheeks.

It didn't take long for Harry to become frustrated at not being able to thrust properly from the slightly awkward position. Leaning forward, he stretched his legs out behind him and laid his weight down on top of her. Bellatrix groaned as his length sank slightly deeper into her tight depths and his body pinned her to the mattress. With his hand still in her hair, Harry pulled her head back to kiss and suck at the side of her neck as he began driving his throbbing cock down into her.

While he worked on leaving a large, purple love bite on her delicate skin, his hips pummeled Bellatrix's bum from his powerful thrusts. Each time he entered her; Harry used his weight to drive into her depths. His thick head battered against her walls, drawing little grunts from her when he hit that sensitive bundle of nerves deep in her core.

Slipping one hand under her body, he reached across her chest to palm her breast as he increased his pace. Despite her recent climax, Bellatrix moaned as the constant stimulation of her G-spot was quickly pushing her towards another.

"You're mine, Bella," Harry said possessively.

Turning her head, Bellatrix looked at him with the same look expression of complete and utter devotion he'd seen in his time when she spoke of Voldemort.

"All yours," she panted.

A moment later, she closed her eyes and gave a short scream as she tipped over the edge. Harry smiled and kissed her lips, chin, and neck as her muscles trembled and she drenched his cock in her arousal.

"What would you do for me?" Harry asked, his lips brushing her ear.

“Anything,” Bellatrix said instantly.

“Would you fuck your sister?” he asked, his cock swelling at the thought.

“Yes,” she hissed, causing Harry to smile at the lust-filled tone in her breathy voice. “We’ve experimented with each other before.”

“Really?” Harry asked, fucking her harder and drawing a whine from her throat. “You haven’t been experimenting with any men, have you?”

Bellatrix’s eyes sprang open.

“Never,” she panted pleadingly.

“Good,” he praised her.

Harry stroked her cheek, the tender gesture in complete contrast to the brutal pounding he was giving her. Still, Bellatrix closed her eyes and leaned into his touch.

Feeling his peak starting to build, he stopped talking and focus on reaching his own climax. Under him, Bellatrix rolled from one orgasm into the next as he used her body for his own pleasure. With just a few more thrusts, he buried himself as deep as possible as he came hard. Bellatrix moaned deeply when she felt him explode within her depths. Gripping the sheets tightly, she shook as he flexed his hips with each pulse of his cock.

When Harry finally pulled out of her a minute later, he looked down and watched as his cum slowly dripped out of her flooded core. As he rolled over onto his back, Bellatrix followed him despite her exhaustion and curled up against his chest.

As much as he would have liked to stay in the Room of Requirement with her all night, he knew they couldn't. After just an hour of rest, Harry and Bellatrix got dressed, and he used his invisibility cloak to walk her back do to the Slytherin dorms.

"I want you to protect your sister," Harry told her as they stood just outside the entrance. "Make sure Malfoy and his friends don't cause her any problems. If they do, tell me as soon as you can."

"I will," Bellatrix assured him.

Still under the cloak, Harry smiled as he pulled her close and kissed her heatedly.

"Don't tell her anything about tonight until I've had a chance to talk to her tomorrow. And don't tell anyone else about us just yet," he said, then leaned in so his lips were next to her ear. "I want to keep you as my little secret."

Bellatrix smiled excitedly as she stared up at him worshipfully, nodding her head.

"Good girl," Harry said, stroking her cheek. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

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From the glare Narcissa gave Harry at breakfast the next morning, he guessed that someone, probably Malfoy or one of his friends, told her about him and Narcissa. He sighed tiredly as he tried to think of what he was going to do. He still felt like he owed her for lying to Voldemort for him. It was hard to forget the argument he overheard when he was a prisoner at Malfoy manor, where Narcissa had told Lucius how much she hated her life with him.

At the time, Harry had bigger concerns to worry about. Perhaps that was still true even now, but he still felt the need to help her. Hopefully, she would at least give him a chance to explain.



“Did something happen between you and Narcissa?” Alice asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

“Er, I’m not sure,” Harry said.

“What do you mean? You don’t know?” she asked curiously.

“Well, she’s obviously mad at me, I just don’t know why,” Harry lied.

“Do you two have a row?” Alice asked.

“No,” Harry said honestly.

Lily was watching them closely, her eyes bouncing between them like she was watching a tennis match. Harry had the sudden feeling that he was missing something, a feeling he was familiar with after being friends with Hermione for so long. Of course, just thinking about his best friend made him miss her awfully.

“So, are you two dating?” Alice asked.

“Sorry, is who dating?” Harry asked, having lost track of the conversation.

“You can Narcissa,” Alice said. “Are you dating?”

“Oh, no. No, we’re just friends,” Harry told her.

Alice smiled happily and shared a look with Lily. Harry finally caught on to what was happening and swallowed nervously.

Neville's mum fancies me, brilliant he thought to himself sarcastically.

There was too much going on for him to even try and think about how to deal with that right now. Finishing his breakfast quickly, Harry made an excuse about forgetting his books and left the Great Hall. Instead of going back to Gryffindor Tower like he said he was, he wrapped himself up in his invisibility cloak and waited in the Entrance Hall.

Thankfully, Narcissa left not long after he did, and before most of the students left for class. Taking off his cloak, Harry walked up behind her.

"We should talk," Harry said quietly.

Narcissa glared at him but allowed him to steer her into an empty classroom.

"You slept with my sister," she said accusingly as soon as the door was closed.

"I can explain," Harry said, holding his hand up in surrender.

"You. Slept. With. My. Sister," Narcissa growled through gritted teeth as she punctuated each word with a smack on the shoulder.

"Look," Harry said, "you know your sister can get quite obsessive, especially when it comes to someone who's powerful, right?"

"So?" Narcissa asked angrily.

"So, wouldn't you rather her become obsessed with someone like me, rather than someone like Voldemort?" Harry asked.

Narcissa folded her arms and eyed him suspiciously. Before she could say anything, the door opened, and Bellatrix walked in with a grin on her face.

“Have you two kissed and made up yet?” she asked.

“No,” Narcissa said angrily. “How did you even find us?”

“I saw you leave after Harry, so I followed you,” Bellatrix said unrepentantly.

“Haven’t you caused enough problems already?” Narcissa spat.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes.

“Stop being such a little princess, Cissy. There’s no reason we can’t share,” Bellatrix said.

“I don’t want to share!” Narcissa yelled petulantly.

“You didn’t mind sharing when I bought that dildo from the Muggle shop,” Bellatrix said with a salacious grin.

Narcissa blushed heavily and resolutely avoided meeting Harry’s eyes.

“That’s different,” she said.

“Don’t be so selfish,” Bellatrix said. “Besides, you said you weren’t dating him, why does it matter?”

“That’s only because mother and father are set on selling us to someone like Malfoy or Lestrangle,” Narcissa said bitterly.

Cautiously, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist. Surprisingly, she leaned into his embrace and hugged herself to his side.

“Why can’t we just be like everyone else and date whoever we want?” she asked miserably.

Harry felt horrible for her, and even Bellatrix patted her shoulder sympathetically.

“Don’t they consider the Potters Purebloods?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but not *proper* Purebloods,” Narcissa sneered mockingly. “They think of any family that’s married Muggleborns as Blood Traitors.”

“What if I told them I was from a line of the Potters that stayed pure?” Harry asked.

“I didn’t know the Potters had a pure line,” Bellatrix said.

“They don’t,” Harry said with a grin. “But your parents don’t need to know that.”

Bellatrix smiled as her violet eyes sparkled and Narcissa snorted in laughter.

“I don’t think they’d fall for that,” Narcissa said doubtfully.

“It’s a try thought, isn’t it?” Harry asked.

“You’re really willing to talk to them?” Narcissa asked in return, looking quite vulnerable as she looked up at him.

“For you? Of course,” Harry told her.

Smiling brightly, she hugged him around the middle and buried her face in the crook of his neck.

“Are you okay now?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” she said, then pulled back and looked at her sister. “I’m sorry, Bella.”

“It’s alright,” Bellatrix said.

Pulling away from Harry, Narcissa hugged her tightly. Harry smiled in relief that things had worked out.

The bell for the start of classes rang, and they left the classroom to join the crowded halls. After parting with Narcissa at Charms, Harry and Bellatrix continued to their own class. As they reached the Transfigurations class, she pulled him off to the side in a little alcove.

“Did Bella do good?” she asked coyly.

Harry smiled down at her.

“Bella did very good,” he told her.

Kissing her hard, he gave her breasts a quick squeeze before they broke apart and headed to class.

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After dinner, Harry showed Lily to an abandoned classroom to teach her the Patronus Charm. She nearly skipped through the halls in her excitement to learn a new spell and it made Harry smile to see that.

With how proficient she was at Charms in general, it wasn't surprising that she got a thick mist on her first try. From there, she struggled the same as everyone Harry had ever taught. Quickly, her frustration started to get the best of her.

"It takes a while to get a feel for it, but once you get it, it's a lot easier," Harry told her.

"I just don't understand what I'm doing wrong," Lily said, then blew out a breath loudly.

"It's all about finding the right thought to hold in your mind. One that makes you happier than you've ever been," Harry said.

"I thought it had to be a memory," Lily said, her brow furrowed.

"Not necessarily," Harry said slowly as he thought of the best way to word his explanation. "It just has to be something that makes you feel happy. Memories work best because you've already experienced it and the feelings are stronger."

"What memory do you use?" Lily asked curiously.

"My mum," Harry said softly. "Dementors make me remember the night she was killed. It's the only memory I have of her voice. Just hearing it, and knowing she loved me enough to sacrifice her life for mine, makes for a powerful memory. Of course, that's part of what took me so long to get the charm to work properly. Even though it was a horrible moment, I liked hearing her

voice, so a part of me didn't want it to work. That's a big part of it as well, you really have to want the charm to work to be able to cast it."

"I'm sorry," Lily said, reaching out to hold and squeeze his hand.

"It's alright," Harry said with a smile.

He looked over at Lily, and once again, it was almost impossible for him to see her as the woman who would one day be the mother that gave her life for his.

Lily practiced for another hour before they finally called it a night and headed back to the common room, talking and laughing as if they'd known each other for years.

## Chapter 7

A week after giving Remus the Wolfsbane potion, on the night of the full moon, Harry deliberately went to bed early so the Marauders could sneak out without having to worry about him. An hour after they left, he climbed out of bed, grabbed his Cleansweep 7 and cloak out of his trunk, and flew out of the window. The night air was cool as he slowly made his way towards the Shrieking Shack. Perching on a limb high up in a tree, Harry sat down and waited.

As the bright, full moon peeked over the treetops, a horrific, scream of pain emanated from the shack. Harry winced in sympathy for Remus as the screams continued for a couple of minutes, the sound growing more inhuman with each passing second. What started as a pained human cry ended as an angry, bestial howl before trailing off into complete silence.

It was almost a minute later when the back door to the shack burst open and a Werewolf shot out towards the tree line, followed closely by a stag and a big black dog. As the three large animals ran around playfully on the edge of the forest, Harry noticed the grass rustling. It was almost like playing Quidditch, he thought. Flying on a broom, looking for an almost imperceptible target. Looking closer, he finally spotted the small brown rat standing on its hind legs to peek over the top of the tall grass.

Despite all of the pain Peter had caused him and countless other families with his actions, Harry couldn't help but smile at seeing the four friends together; young, happy, and alive. It was such a powerful thing for him to see, that tears welled in his eyes.

Just then, Remus paused and looked straight up at him. Grinning, Harry gave him a quick wave before Remus' attention was drawn by Sirius, who barked and took off at a sprint into the forest. Remus turned back to look at Harry just as he mounted his broom, while Peter climbed aboard James' antlers and followed Sirius. Still smiling, Harry turned and flew back to the castle.

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The next morning, as Harry left the Gryffindor common room for the Great Hall, Remus ran up to him. He looked around to make sure they were alone before speaking.

"Thank you," Remus said gratefully, his voice thick with emotion. "I can't believe it actually worked. I was in control the whole time, it was... incredible."

"You're welcome," Harry said, patting him on the shoulder.

Suddenly, Remus turned and hugged him tightly. Harry froze for a second in surprise before returning the hug and patting his back. When Remus pulled back, he looked away and wiped at his eyes.

"Sorry," Remus muttered.

"Don't worry about it," Harry told him. "I'm just glad I could help."

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Things between Harry and the Marauders got better after that. They weren't the best of friends, but they were at least friendly now.

The rest of the lead up to Halloween was fairly quiet, with classwork continuing to increase and Harry spending time with his friends. The only other incident of note was when James and Sirius decided to prank some Slytherins – including Snape – by sticking them to their seats in the Great Hall.

It took Flitwick over an hour to find a way to undo the Charms, which in and of itself was impressive. Of course, there was no way to prove who did it, but Harry saw the knowing looks and sly grins the Marauders gave each other.

Halloween fell on a Saturday, which also ended up being the first Hogsmeade visit of the year. The whole week leading up to it, Alice kept asking Harry if he planned on taking anyone as a date. He made his excuses about not looking for a relationship at the moment, and it felt incredibly odd to have Neville's mum hitting on him so blatantly. Even though he knew he wasn't doing anything wrong, it still felt like he was betraying his friend, in a way. Although Harry nearly did burst out laughing when he imagined the look on Neville's face if he were to see what was happening.

Finally, Saturday morning rolled around, and Harry walked down to breakfast with Lily and her friends. As they sat down and talked about where they wanted to go first – Alice and Dorcas were determined to show Harry the whole village – James walked past with a busty Hufflepuff, his hand slipping down to cup the smiling blonde's bum just as he passed Lily. The girl gave a playful yelp before giggling. Harry rolled his eyes at the rather blatant attempt to make Lily jealous. She wrinkled her nose as they passed and turned her attention right back to Harry.

"You ready to go?" she asked everyone.

Getting nods all around, they stood and left as a group. Climbing into a single carriage, Harry smiled politely as Mary MacDonald and Dorcas Meadowes told him all about the shops in Hogsmeade. Sharing a look with Lily, she covered her mouth as she laughed silently, knowing he was quite familiar with the village.

“Let’s go to Honeydukes first,” Mary said.

Harry had a lot of fun chatting and laughing with the girls as they moved from shop to shop. Quite often, the other girls would disappear for a bit, leaving him alone with Lily. He didn’t have a problem with that, since Lily was his best friend in this time. It was a bit odd, though, he thought.

The only downside was James following them around, snogging his date at every opportunity in an attempt to make Lily jealous. As lunch rolled around, he even followed them to the Three Broomsticks, where he sat down at the table next to them with Sirius and his date, Remus, and Peter.

Harry spotted Rosmerta serving drinks to a table in the packed pub, and she gave him a bright smile before making a beeline for them.

“There’s my favorite customer,” she said with a wink. “How’s the school year treating you so far? It looks like you haven’t had any problems making friends.”

“It’s been great,” Harry said with a smile.

“Good, it’s about time something went right for you,” she told him with a pretty smile. “So, what can I get for all of you?”

They gave her their orders, and Rosmerta gave him a pat on the shoulder and a wink as she left. Harry wished he could have spent more time with her, he really did enjoy talking with Rosmerta. Not to mention the sex was great. Unfortunately, the pub was always too busy on Hogsmeade weekends for them to get more than a few seconds to talk. He’d have to sneak out and stop by for a visit soon, he decided.

“So, how’s your Patronus coming along, Lily?” Dorcas asked.

“Good,” Lily said. “Harry’s a really great teacher, the Charm’s just kind of tricky.”

“Do you know what it is, yet?” Mary asked.

“Not yet,” Lily replied.

“It won’t be much longer,” Harry assured her. “You’ll figure it out soon. I know it.”

Lily smiled at him as Rosmerta began handing out their drinks. As she reached over to place a Butterbeer in front of Dorcas, who was sitting on the inside of the booth, she gave Harry a great look at her impressive cleavage. From the sparkle in her eyes, he knew she’d done it intentionally.

“Enjoy,” Rosmerta said with a grin.

As the girls went back to their conversation, Harry noticed something felt... off. Before he could put his finger on what it was, there was a loud crash next to him. Looking over, he found Snape sprawled on the ground with Butterbeer spilled all over him. Sirius and James howled with laughter as Snape sprang to his feet with a snarl on his face, seething at them. Seeing Sirius holding his wand in his lap, it didn’t take a genius to figure things out. Harry sighed disappointedly and palmed his wand, as Snape drew his.

“Don’t even think about it Snivellus,” James said, drawing his own wand with a smirk.

“Put those away,” Rosmerta barked sternly. “I won’t have you lot fighting in here.”

“You’ll pay for this, Potter,” Snape spat. “I know it was you.”

“Actually, it was me,” Sirius admitted gleefully.

Snape snapped his eyes over to glare at Sirius murderously as Rosmerta walked over and magicked up the mess on the floor and Snape's robes.

"That's enough, now," Rosmerta said.

Growling, his face red with anger and embarrassment as everyone stared at him, Snape spun around, his cloak billowing as he stormed out of the pub. Sirius and James high fived each other as the door slammed shut behind him.

"Nice one," James said with a grin.

"Nice one?" Lily asked disgustedly. "You two are despicable."

"Aw, come on, Evans. He deserved it," James said, grinning crookedly as he swept a hand through his hair.

"He didn't do anything to you!" Lily shouted.

"You wouldn't understand," James told her.

Harry missed Lily's reply as he stared at his glass of Butterbeer, a sinking feeling growing in his stomach.

"Everyone be quiet," Harry said.

"You don't know him like I do," James yelled back.

"Quiet!" Harry yelled, his voice projecting magically throughout the pub.

Everyone suddenly fell completely silent and stared at him in surprise. Harry ignored the looks he was getting as he continued to stare at his glass. As he watched, the still surface suddenly rippled in waves while he felt a light, barely noticeable tremor through his feet. After a beat, he saw and felt it again.

“Harry?” Lily asked in concern.

“Get back to the castle,” Harry said, standing up and drawing his wand.

Rosmerta looked at him worriedly as he walked up to her and leaned close to her ear.

“Get everyone back to the school, everyone. Giants are coming,” Harry whispered.

Rosmerta gasped and put a hand to her chest as her eyes went wide. Giving her a serious look, Harry left the Three Broomsticks. Just before the door closed behind him, he heard Rosmerta beginning to tell the students to get back to the castle. With a flick of his wand, he sent off a Patronus to Dumbledore.

“Shit,” he cursed, as he watched it leave not for the castle, but in the opposite direction.

The sound of birds squawking loudly drew his attention towards the Forbidden Forest. As a second flock of birds took to the air, Harry saw the tops of the trees bending outwards from each other. The ground trembled under his feet again, feeling more noticeable this time. More trees were pushed aside, and then more still, moving closer and closer to the village.

Harry turned around and touched the tip of his wand to his throat.

“Attention all students, return to Hogwarts immediately,” Harry intoned. “Giants are approaching Hogsmeade.”

As people began popping out of shops and looking at him strangely, Harry turned and ran towards the end of the village where the Giant was coming from.

“Harry!” Lily yelled from behind him as she ran to catch up.

Harry turned but never slowed.

“Get everyone back to the castle!” Harry shouted back.

Coming to a stop near the stile at the end of the village, he took a deep, calming breath while rubbing his thumb along the shaft of the Elder Wand. He waited for the Giant to reach the edge of the forest, steadying his breath. There were roughly a hundred yards between the edge of the forest and the end of the village where Harry stood.

Wracking his brain for some kind of plan, he heard several sets of footsteps running up behind him. Turning around, he found Lily, Amelia, and the Marauders sprinting up to him.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked frustratedly. “Get the students together and get everyone back to the castle, now.”

Sirius snorted, “Yeah, like you can stop a Giant by yourself.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Harry said impatiently. “We need to get -”

Harry broke off when he heard the crack of a tree being snapped in half. Spinning around, he spotted a massive hand snapping a full-grown tree like it was a twig. The Giant, wearing only a loincloth and an angry scowl on its face, roared as it peeked out of the edge of the forest.

“Holy shit,” Remus gasped.

Twirling his wand, Harry caused the trees to stretch and twist as they wrapped around the Giant. It roared furiously while ripping its arm away from one tree, only for another to take its place. Harry grunted under the strain of the tremendous amount of magic he was using to hold the Giant in place.

“Get out of here,” Harry said in a strained voice. “Get everyone out of the village.”

“Yeah, right,” James said. “Ready to teach big ugly here a lesson, Padfoot?”

“Oh, I’m always ready,” Sirius replied.

Strutting forward, they raised their wands.

“What are you doing?” Harry grunted, his frustration building.

“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!” they shouted in unison.

“No!” Harry yelled.

But it was too late. Two large explosions hit the Giant and the trees Harry was using to trap it. The trees were blown apart, shattering into a shower of massive splinters. The Giant roared, but the spell did nothing to damage its magically resistant skin. With the trees destroyed, it began ripping itself free.

“Shit!” Harry yelled while desperately trying to entrap the giant again.

“You idiots!” Lily yelled.

"I – I didn't think it would do that," James said, paling as the Giant managed to rip itself free of the trees.

Gritting his teeth, Harry jabbed his wand at the exposed bedrock near the stile. The stone cracked and shattered into boulder like chunks the size of Hagrid's Hut. With a twirl of his wand, the boulders rolled into a pile and stacked themselves, quickly forming a human like shape roughly the same size as the Giant. Halfway between the forest and the stile, the Giant paused and roared at the rock Golem, its muscles and tendons flexing under the skin.

Harry heard gasps behind him. He didn't like showing this kind of magic in front of them, it was going to bring on a lot of questions he didn't want to try and answer, but he had little choice at the moment.

When the Giant took off at a sprint towards Harry's stone Golem, the ground shaking with each thunderous step, he directed his Golem to do the same. They clashed in the middle, both coming to a complete stop while fighting for control.

"Get out of here," Harry grunted, sweat beading on his brow.

"But –" Lily started.

"Lily, please," Harry begged. "I don't know how long I can hold it off. I need you to make sure everyone gets back to the castle."

"But what about you?" she asked in concern.

"I'll be fine," Harry assured her. "I'll Disapparate if I need to."

Biting her lip, Lily nodded. Walking up to him, she rested a hand on his back and surprised him by kissing his cheek.



“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!” James shouted again.

Harry strained as the Giant roared furiously and fought harder against his Golem.

“Stop it!” Lily shouted at him. “You’re not helping. We need to get the students back to the school.”

“What? And let him take all the credit?” James asked, pointing at Harry.

“This isn’t about taking credit!” Harry yelled angrily. “This is about saving lives!”

“I didn’t mean it like –”

“Oh, just shut up and come on!” Lily barked.

Harry gave her a grateful look as she and Amelia grabbed James and Sirius respectively and began to pull them away.

“Lily,” Harry called when she got a few steps away. “One of you go on ahead and tell McGonagall Dumbledore said to get everyone behind the wards but not to let them into the castle. This could be a trick to slip someone in under Polyjuice. The rest of you need to check every store to make sure there isn’t some scared kid hiding somewhere.”

“Okay,” Lily replied. “Be careful.”

Harry nodded as she left before turning his full attention back to the Giant. Getting an idea, he raised his wand and quickly sent a blue spell high into the sky. The lapse in concentration caused his Golem to lose some ground, but he reasoned it was worth it. While his Golem continued to wrestle with the Giant, the white clouds above his head slowly faded to a dull

grey. Moments later, the first drops of rain began to fall, and a low rumble of thunder could be heard.

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As Lily and the rest reached the village, she sighed in relief as she saw several of her teachers rounding up students and sending them back to the castle. Quickly, she ran towards Professor McGonagall.

“Professor!” she called out loudly.

“What?” the professor asked briskly.

“Harry said Dumbledore wants you to get everyone under the wards, but not let them into the school. He’s worried someone might try to slip in under Polyjuice,” Lily said.

“Very well,” McGonagall said grimly. “Now, all of you, up to the castle.”

“We’ll help make sure everyone’s out of the village,” James jumped in.

“I appreciate that Mr. Potter, but we have everything under control,” she told him sternly. “I’m sure Professor Dumbledore can hold the Giant off until the Aurors arrive.”

“Professor Dumbledore isn’t fighting the Giant. Harry is,” Lily said worriedly.

“What?” McGonagall asked, her eyebrows narrowing. “Ms. Evans, I can see his golem from here.”

“It Harry’s, Professor,” Amelia told her. “We just spoke with him.”

“Dear Merlin, I thought – Alright, Ms. Bones, as Head Girl, I’m putting you in charge of doing a head count. Get the list of students visiting Hogsmeade from Mr. Filch and make sure every student is accounted for. Professor Sprout is at the castle. Tell her not to let any students or residents into the castle.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Amelia replied, taking off at a run towards the castle.

While McGonagall turned to talk to Professor Flitwick, Lily was getting more and more worried about Harry. She knew evacuating the village was important, but she felt like one of the teachers should be going to help him as quick as possible. Just as Professor McGonagall finally turned to go help him, several pops rang out around them. Lily jumped in surprise, and several people screamed. For a brief moment she feared Death Eaters might be attacking, but then she spotted the bright blue robes and grey beard of Albus Dumbledore. A sigh of relief escaped her as she took in the dozen Aurors surrounding him.

“Albus,” McGonagall called out in relief as she ran up to him.

“Professor, Harry needs help. He’s fighting the Giant,” Lily jumped in impatiently.

Just then, there was a loud crash of thunder, and the light rain became heavier.

Dumbledore looked at her sharply and then took in the scene around him.

“Minerva, continue evacuating the village while we go assist Harry,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

As McGonagall turned away to speak with Professor Flitwick, and Dumbledore left with the Aurors, Lily bit her lip thoughtfully as she hesitated. After a moment, her worry over Harry won out, and she took off after the Aurors.

“Lily, wait!” James yelled.

He ran up behind her, his shoes slapping wetly on the rain-soaked cobblestones, and grabbed her by the arm. Angrily, Lily ripped her arm out of his grasp and glared at him.

“Don’t touch me,” she hissed.

“It’s too dangerous, you could get hurt,” James protested.

“I’m not going to fight it, I just want to make sure Harry’s okay,” Lily snapped.

James grumbled, but Lily ignored him as she tried to look around the Aurors to spot Harry. Relief flooded through her when she finally spotted him, still fighting the Giant.

A bright flash of lightning bloomed overhead, followed by the loud crack and rumble of thunder. Suddenly, when they were still a couple of hundred feet away from Harry, Dumbledore came to a halt.

“Shields!” Dumbledore shouted over the pounding rain.

A huge, transparent blue shield popped up in front of him followed a moment later by all of the Aurors

“Protego!” Lily enchanted.

Looking through her shield, Lily watched Harry thrust his hand up into the air with his wand aimed at the Giant. She gasped in fear when his Golem crumbled into a pile of boulders and the Giant roared in triumph before rushing at Harry.

“No!” Lily gasped.

A split second after the word left her lips, a blinding bolt of lightning shot down from the sky. Instinctively, Lily closed her eyes while the Giant let out a roar so loud it rattled her bones. Peeking her eyes open, she saw the bolt of lightning still arcing from the sky to Harry’s raised hand. As if channeling the lightning through himself, another bolt shot from the tip of his wand, striking the Giant in its chest.

“Bloody hell,” James gasped

The Giant stumbled before toppling over backwards, a large, smoking scorch mark in the center of its chest. The ground shook as it crashed onto the wet earth, nearly knocking Lily off her feet. A moment later, the lightning ended and Harry dropped to his knees. Dumbledore and the Aurors lowered their shields and rushed forward.

“Surround it!” Dumbledore shouted. “Stunning spells when I say!”

While the Headmaster and the Aurors stunned and bound the Giant, Lily sprinted over to Harry.

“Harry! Harry, are you alright?” Lily asked.

“I’m fine,” he panted tiredly.

As he started climbing to his feet, Lily grabbed his arm and helped him up. Pointing his wand upwards, he let off a yellow spell high into the air. Like a tap being turned off, the moment it hit the clouds the rain stopped, the clouds thinned, and the sun began to peek through.

“Is everyone alright?” Harry asked tiredly.

“Yes, everyone’s fine,” she replied with a smile, squeezing his shoulder as it sagged in relief.

“Good work, lad,” an Auror said, walking up to them alongside Dumbledore.

“Thanks, Moody, right?” Harry said, shaking his hand.

“Aye,” the man said with a nod.

“Indeed, excellent work,” Dumbledore said.

Harry looked at him with narrowed eyes.

“Let me guess, you got called away for an emergency at the Ministry that didn’t actually exist,” Harry said.

“Mhh,” Dumbledore hummed with a nod. “And it seems the person who supposedly sent the owl has no memory of sending it.”

“Forgery, Imperius, or lying?” Harry asked.

“I suspect forgery. However, I can’t rule anything out,” Dumbledore said.

“Great,” Harry said sarcastically. “I had Lily tell McGonagall not to let anyone into the castle yet. I was worried this might be an attempt to sneak someone into Hogwarts using Polyjuice.”

“A wise decision, though unlikely,” Dumbledore said thoughtfully. “I suspect this was merely Voldemort’s way of testing our response to a threat while spreading fear. It’s likely he had someone watching to report back to him.”

Harry and Dumbledore exchanged a meaningful look before Harry sighed and shrugged. Lily had the feeling she was missing something and decided to ask him about it later in private.

“It was bound to happen eventually,” Harry said cryptically.

Dumbledore nodded and then there was another series of loud pops. Harry regained his strength out of nowhere, grabbing Lily by the arm and yanking her behind him while leveling his wand in the direction of the sound. Half a second after Harry, James scrambled to get his wand up and moved in front of her as well. Harry relaxed a moment later when he realized it was just more Aurors showing up.

“Sorry,” he said to her sheepishly.

“It’s fine,” Lily told him with a smile.

Lily rested her hand on his arm, feeling it tremble under her touch. James scowled and crossed his arms as he glared at Harry’s arm as if it had offended him.

“Ms. Evans, why don’t you, Mr. Potter, and Harry head back to the castle?” Dumbledore asked.  
“Harry, we can speak more on this tomorrow. Get some rest.”

Harry nodded., “Alright. Nice meeting you, Auror Moody.”

Moody nodded, then Harry, Lily, and James turned to leave.

“I like that kid,” Lily heard Moody say.

Harry looked utterly exhausted as they walked back towards the castle. Considering all the magic he used, she couldn’t blame him. She’d never seen magic that powerful actually cast before. Truthfully, she was a bit in awe of what he had done.

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When they got back to the castle, Harry immediately went back to the dorm for a nap. He woke back up just in time for dinner, where he ate a lot more than he usually did.

Of course, the entire school was talking about what he'd done by the time he woke up. Fortunately, Lily and her friends seemed determined to keep the gossipers away from him, something he was extremely grateful for. That didn't stop them from asking him questions of their own, however, but their questions were more about the magic he'd used than anything else.

Lily and Amelia were especially interested in the Golem he'd made. Harry tried to explain it the best he could, but even he didn't know that much about it. The Elder Wand had done most of the work, and the information he did know about it, he didn't know where it came from. Harry was really starting to think Dumbledore was right about him becoming one of the Deathly Hallows.

As he talked to Lily and Amelia, he spotted Bellatrix staring at him from the Slytherin table. Her violet eyes sparkled with lust and a level of devotion that was almost frightening. And she wasn't the only one.

Are all Slytherin girls obsessed with power, Harry wondered.

As they left the Great Hall, Narcissa came up to him and, under the pretext of thanking him for stopping the Giant, slipped a note into his pocket. Harry slipped off to the bathroom on the way back to the common room so he could read it.

*7<sup>th</sup> floor, after curfew*

Harry smiled to himself. It was a good thing he'd had that nap earlier, he thought.

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It was late by the time Harry finally slipped out of Gryffindor Tower. Quickly, he made his way to the Room of Requirement where the door appeared the moment he approached. When he entered, he was a bit surprised to find both Narcissa and Bellatrix waiting for him. Bellatrix ran up to him, dropping straight to her knees and frantically opening his pants.

“Bella,” Narcissa said with a sigh.

“What brought this on?” Harry asked although he had a good idea.

“We both saw you fight the Giant today,” Narcissa said as she slipped down off the bed and sauntered up to him, her hips swaying. “We hid behind the Apothecary. You were incredibly impressive. I’ve never seen magic like that before.”

Harry wrapped his arm around her waist just as Bellatrix took him into her mouth. Looking down at her sister, Narcissa smirked.

“Bella couldn’t contain herself, she started masturbating as soon as you created that Golem,” she told him.

Harry smiled as he looked down at Bellatrix and reached out with his free hand to stroke her cheek.

“Were you being naughty, Bella?” Harry asked.

With his rapidly hardening cock still in her mouth, she looked up at him with a hooded gaze and nodded her head gently. Chuckling, Harry shook his head amusedly. Looking at Narcissa, he figured it wouldn’t hurt to show off a little bit more. Snapping his fingers, all of their clothes

shot off of them and scattered across the room. Narcissa gasped in surprise while Bellatrix moaned around his length.

Pulling Narcissa close, he kissed her hard while caressing one of her large, perky breasts. Meanwhile, Bellatrix repeatedly choked herself on his cock. She made obscene, wet gagging sounds each time she forced him into her tight throat. With two girls to take care of tonight, Harry didn't want to finish too soon, so he pulled back from Narcissa and regrettably removed his length from Bellatrix's suckling mouth.

Bellatrix pouted up at him like he'd just taken away her favorite toy. Smiling at her, he held out his hand to help her to her feet.

"So, who's going first?" Harry asked.

"Me," Bellatrix said immediately.

Narcissa sighed and shrugged her shoulders, which did wonderful things to her breasts.

"Fine, I'll wait," she said.

Grinning, Bellatrix pulled Harry over to the bed and bent over in front of him. Harry shook his head with a smile and smacked her ass while lining himself up with her entrance. She was absolutely soaked as he sank into her. He couldn't help but groan as he filled her tight depths. Pinning her head to the mattress, he pulled out of her slowly before slamming back in. Next to them, Narcissa crawled onto the bed and posed on her side as she played with herself.

Grinning, Harry grabbed a handful of Bellatrix's hair and pulled her head back as he looked at Narcissa.

"Why don't you let Bella take care of you?" Harry asked.

Bellatrix moaned and tightened around him while Narcissa looked at her thoughtfully. After hesitating for a long moment, she shuffled over to her sister. Harry throbbed with excitement, surprised she was actually going along with it. As soon as she got into position, Bellatrix didn't hesitate to attack her folds. Narcissa gasped before throwing her head back with a sultry moan. As her hands tangled in Bellatrix's hair, Harry let go and gripped her full, round cheeks as he plowed into her.

As he pulled her cheeks apart to watch his cock slide in and out of her, he ran his thumb over her wrinkled hole. Bellatrix moaned and bucked back against him, her walls tightening around him.

"Fucking whore," Harry said, smacking her ass hard. "But you're my whore, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed before going back to licking Narcissa, who arched her back and groped roughly at her own breast.

Holding out his hand, Harry wordlessly summoned the Elder Wand. With a single tap, he lubricated her backdoor and made sure she was loosened enough that he wouldn't hurt her. Tossing his wand aside, he pulled out of her depths and pressed his engorged head against her wrinkled hole. Pushing firmly but slowly, her tight hole gave way to his swollen head as he sank inside of her.

Bellatrix let out a deep gasp and Harry paused, worried it might be more pain than she could handle. As she squirmed and moaned, he realized she was cumming from just that small penetration. Snorting, Harry held her hips still and continued pushing into her. By the time he was halfway in, Bellatrix was a moaning, panting mess. Narcissa resorted to holding her by the hair and rubbing her folds against her lips to get her own pleasure.

As Harry began sawing back and forth, slowly sinking deeper with each new thrust, Bellatrix gradually came back to the present and returned to licking her sister's glistening slit. When he finally sank to the hilt, he paused to enjoy the incredible heat and tightness surrounding his cock.

Pulling completely out of Bellatrix, he held her cheeks apart and watched as her hole gaped open before slowly closing back up. Pressing his head against her backdoor, he drove all the way into her roughly. Bellatrix writhed as she came again, screaming into Narcissa's mound.

Harry wondered if it was wrong that he was really starting to love this crazy bitch.

Grabbing her shoulders, he focused on his own pleasure as he pounded into her hard and deep.

"Bella!" Narcissa gasped suddenly.

Harry grinned as he watched her climax while grinding her mound all over Bellatrix's face. Watching Narcissa's breasts bounce enticingly as her body trembled, he sped up his thrusting into Bellatrix's tight bum. Bottoming out, he groaned as he filled her rear with several powerful jets of hot cum. A low moan left the tired witch under him.

After catching his breath, Harry pulled out of Bellatrix and gave her ass a light swat before climbing onto the bed and lying down. Narcissa kissed him as she curled up against his side.

"You're cleaning that before it goes anywhere near me," Narcissa told him, pointing at his wilting length.

"Fair enough," Harry said, shrugging with a grin.

Reaching down, he grabbed Bellatrix by the hair and pulled her head up to his crotch. Without complaint, she opened her mouth and began cleaning him with her tongue. Narcissa smiled and shook her head at her sister before leaning into Harry and kissing him passionately. He cupped her breast with one hand and caressed it, knowing Narcissa preferred being treated more gently than her sister.

It's going to be a long night, Harry thought as he smiled against her lips.

## Chapter 8

The day following the attack on Hogsmeade, there was a large picture of Harry looking admittedly heroic as lightning shot from his hand to take down the Giant. He wasn't too happy to be the center of attention again, but the sixth- and seventh-year Gryffindor girls had seemingly decided to band together to keep the gossip hounds away. It made him wonder if they had all decided to do it on their own, or if one of them had come up with the idea and shared it with the others.

Harry suspected Lily was behind much of it, but he wasn't planning to ask her about it.

Besides, he thought with a smile, who was he to complain about being surrounded by such lovely company?

Of course, James and Sirius didn't seem too happy with all the attention he was getting. They were quite used to being popular, especially among the witches of Hogwarts, and to see a new student swoop in and steal the limelight had to be a blow to their egos. Harry didn't think it would take long before they did something to regain the school's attention. He just hoped no one was hurt in the process.

Near the end of breakfast, Dumbledore stood from his seat at the Head Table and tapped his goblet with a spoon to garner everyone's attention.

"Good morning, everyone. If I could have just a moment of your time," he said, waiting for everyone to pay attention. "Thank you. Now, in lieu of yesterday's attack on Hogsmeade, we have decided to implement a few small safety measures for the next visit. First of all, the Ministry has agreed to send Aurors to patrol the village while students are visiting. We hope this will deter Lord Voldemort from attempting any further attacks. Secondly, your professors and I will be coming up with a plan to evacuate students as quickly as possible before the next Hogsmeade weekend. Within the week, each house will have a mandatory meeting for all students third year and up to go over everything with you. Anyone who fails to attend will not be allowed to visit Hogsmeade, regardless of whether they have a signed permission slip or not."

As Dumbledore paused, there was quite a bit of chatter and whispering amongst the students. Personally, Harry was just relieved that they hadn't canceled Hogsmeade visits altogether.

"On a related note," Dumbledore said loudly, pausing until the Hall had quieted. "It is my pleasure to announce the formation of a new Defense focused club called the Defense Association, or DA for short, led by our very own Mr. Harry Potter."

The girls around Harry all looked at him in surprise as he smiled back at them and shrugged. He'd only just spoken to Dumbledore about it that morning, and he figured it wouldn't hurt to let him make the announcement.

"Given the nature of this club, only students fourth year and above will be allowed to join," the headmaster continued.

There was a lot of loud grumbling from the younger students.

"That's not fair!" one brave Ravenclaw shouted.

"Indeed, it is not," Dumbledore agreed, causing the students to fall silent. "Which is why Professor Hammer has agreed to hold a club of her own for the lower years."

"But we want Harry to teach us," A young Gryffindor girl, no older than second year yelled.

Harry blushed heavily and hid his face behind his goblet while the girls around him giggled. Glancing at the Head Table, Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling brightly, and Connie hid a laugh behind her hand.

"Unfortunately, as Mr. Potter is still a student himself, his time is rather limited. However, he may be able to lend Professor Hammer a hand, on occasion," Dumbledore told the girl with a grandfatherly smile. "Now, DA meetings for the upper years will be held in the Great Hall on Tuesdays and Thursdays directly after dinner, while meetings for the younger years will take

place on Wednesdays. The first meeting will take place this Tuesday, and for those wishing to join, please see Professor Hammer. Thank you.”

“Why didn’t you tell us you were starting a Defense club?” Lily asked immediately.

“Honestly, I just talked to Dumbledore about it this morning,” Harry said.

Lily frowned slightly but nodded.

“I can’t wait to see what Professor Potter will teach us,” Alice said excitedly.

“Don’t call me that, I’m not a professor,” Harry said, though he smiled at her teasing.

“Are you going to give me detention if I do?” Alice asked playfully.

Harry shook his head as he smiled.

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After sneaking out on Sunday night to spend an extremely enjoyable evening with Rosmerta, Harry’s mood took a quick downturn. The DA and his defeat of a Giant singlehandedly were all anyone could talk about for the next two days. By lunch on Monday, Harry’s nerves began to grow, and by Tuesday, they were almost completely frayed.

It must have been pretty obvious, because after his last class of the day, Defense, Connie asked him to stay after. Smiling excitedly, Lily said she’d meet in the Great Hall before leaving with her friends.

“Nervous?” Connie asked with a gentle smile.

“A bit,” Harry admitted. “They’re going to be expecting me to teach them all this powerful magic, but there’s a lot to get through before I can start teaching that, if at all. I’m just worried everyone’s going to leave when they see what the club’s really like.”

“That’s how I felt teaching first years,” Connie said with a smile. “You just need to give them a goal. Keep telling them what they’re going to learn next, it gives them something to look forward to.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, giving a weak smile.

“Hey, you’ve run a club like this before, haven’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah, but that was different,” Harry said.

“How?” Connie asked.

Harry opened his mouth, and then closed it with a click when he couldn’t think of a reason it would be that different.

“Exactly,” Connie said. “You’ve got nothing to worry about. Just do what you did in your old club, and everything will work out fine. Trust me.”

This time, Harry gave her a much more genuine smile.

“Thanks, Connie,” he said. “You’re still coming to the meeting, right?”

“Yeah. Dumbledore wants a professor there, just to keep an eye on things,” she told him.



“Okay, good,” Harry said.

Smiling, Connie stood up and grabbed her cloak.

“Come on,” she said, wrapping an arm around his shoulder companionably and leading him towards the door. “Let’s get something to eat.”

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In the Great Hall, Harry sat and picked at his dinner. Despite Connie’s reassurances, he still felt nervous, like he did before a big game. Lily, Alice, and Dorcas did their best to cheer him up, but nothing they said really helped. Still, it was nice to know they supported him.

As dinner came to an end, Harry smiled at Lily and her friends gratefully before standing up and making his way to the Head Table. As most of the professors left, he took a seat next to Connie and waited for the Great Hall to empty. Surprisingly, Dumbledore, Flitwick, and McGonagall stayed as well.

“I hope you don’t mind Harry, but a few of us are curious about this club of yours,” Dumbledore said.

“Not at all,” Harry said, his leg bouncing rapidly under the table.

Leaning over, Connie whispered, “You should probably get started.”

Looking up, Harry saw that all of the younger students were gone, but most of the older students remained. It was by far the largest group of people he’d ever tried to teach. Easily twice the size of the old DA. Swallowing thickly, Harry stood and walked around to the front of the Head Table.

“Excuse me, can I have everyone’s attention,” Harry called out, silencing the crowd. “Can I have everyone please stand in the middle.”

As his classmates squeezed together in the middle of the Great Hall, he waved his wand, sending the House table to stack against the walls on either side of the room. With much more space to move, everyone began to spread out.

“Right, so, we’re going to start out pretty simple today,” Harry began. “I need to see where everyone is at and what we need to work on. For today, we’re going to be sticking with the basics. Which means, speed and accuracy.”

Twirling his wand in a complicated motion, he conjured a dozen wooden shields. The shields spaced themselves out evenly and hovered at chest height.

“First, let’s start with some target practice,” Harry continued. “Line up in front of the shields and, starting with your wand down, cast the Stunning Hex ten times. You should be able to do this without missing.”

“Seriously,” scoffed an older Ravenclaw. “Target practice? That’s first year stuff.”

Harry was tempted to tell him that if he didn’t like it, he could leave, but he saw a number of people nodding in agreement. Sighing, he knew he had to do something.

“Sorry, what’s your name?” Harry asked.

“Joshua, Joshua Bamford,” he said pompously.

“Right, come to the front Josh,” Harry said, deliberately shortening his name.

Bamford grimaced and walked to the front of the group while Harry stood in front of one of the shields.

“Well, go ahead,” Harry said.

“You want me to cast at you?” Bamford asked, eyeing him derisively.

“Yes,” Harry said. “Start at a low ready, then cast.”

Smirking, Bamford got into an awkward stance that left him leaning forward aggressively. After a couple of seconds, his arm snapped up.

“Stupify!” he yelled.

Harry stood stock still as the red, sizzling Stunning Hex flew toward him, only to pass safely over his head by about a foot. Bamford scowled, his face reddening as the people around him chuckled.

“You just missed a stationary target less than twenty feet away,” Harry said calmly. “In a real duel, your opponent rarely stands still, and neither will you.”

Grumbling, Bamford fold his arms and walked to the back of the group to sulk.

“Right, if you can cast silently, do it,” Harry continued. “If not, I want to start working on it in your free time. Non-verbal spell casting is essential to improving you dueling. If you need help, ask me or Professor Hammer after the meeting. Any questions?”

There was a bit of mumbling, but no one raised their hand.

“Alright, let’s get started,” Harry said, clapping his hands together.

No matter how many times he taught this lesson, it always shocked him how bad his classmate’s aim was. Not one person was able to hit the target all ten times, and most of them barely managed better than half. For the next hour, Harry walked around, giving advice and correcting people’s stances and wand movements. Seeing how discouraged some people were becoming, he decided to add an incentive.

“The first person to hit the target ten times without missing get a Honeydukes gift card worth 5 Galleons!” Harry announced.

Spurred on by the potential reward, everyone began working that much harder. By the time he called them to a halt, no one had won, but they all improved noticeably.

“Right, good work, all of you,” Harry said. “Thursday, we’ll be working on the same thing, and the reward still stands, so practice. Starting now, for the last half hour of each meeting, we’ll be working on the Patronus Charm.”

Several students looked quite nervous at the prospect of learning a notoriously difficult spell, but most just looked excited.

“This is one of the most important spells that I’m going to teach you,” he continued. “Not only are the Dementors a very real threat but the Patronus can be used to send messages quickly. The Floo can be blocked, Wards can stop you from escaping, but a Patronus can always get through.”

“But aren’t the Dementors under the control of the Ministry?” Amanda Hawthorn, a sixth year Hufflepuff that looked suspiciously like Susan Bones, asked tentatively.

“For now,” Harry said with a nod. “The Dementors follow the Ministry because that’s the only choice they have. You have to understand, Dementors live to feed sorrow and pain. If Voldemort offers them a better deal, one where they can feed at will, they will join him.”

His classmates shared nervous looks with their neighbors at the thought.

“I’m afraid Harry is correct,” Dumbledore added. “The Dementors are indeed a very real threat.”

“I know it might seem daunting, but I promise you, if you work at it, all of you can learn the Patronus Charm,” Harry said. “Lily, Narcissa, could you two come up here please?”

Narcissa marched forward proudly while Lily looked a bit nervous to be standing in front of such a large group of her peers.

“I’ve been working with Narcissa on the Patronus charm for about two months, and Lily about half that,” he told them. “Ladies, if you would?”

Lily hesitated for a moment, then raised her wand.

“Expecto Patronum,” she intoned softly.

Silvery mist poured from the tip of her wand and formed a blob in front of her, Harry thought he could make out the beginnings of four legs and a head, but he couldn’t be sure. With a look of focused concentration on her face, Lily held the spell for several seconds before letting her arm drop, causing the mist to dissipate quickly.

“Impressive,” Narcissa said genuinely.

“Great job, Lily,” Harry said with a smile.

“Thanks,” Lily said proudly.

“Narcissa?” Harry called.

Straightening her shoulder, Narcissa raised her wand.

“Expecto Patronum,” she incanted confidently.

Silver mist poured from her wand and coalesced into the form of a crow. The bird looked a little fuzzy as it flapped its wings, but after only two months of practice, it was impressive to see a corporeal Patronus at all. Narcissa let the crow fly around the hall in a wide circle before dropping the spell. Most of his classmates clapped politely, but some, mostly Gryffindors, refrained.

“Excellent, Narcissa,” Harry told her.

Narcissa smiled at him, lifting her chin proudly.

“Thank you, ladies. As you can see, with practice, you can learn this spell,” Harry said as Lily and Narcissa walked back over to the main group, talking quietly. “The most important part of casting the Patronus Charm is the memory you use. It has to make you feel real joy. Superficial pleasures and short-lived happiness won’t cut it. Unfortunately, for some of you, you may not have a good enough memory that will allow you to cast a corporeal Patronus. That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t still learn it. Even just a shield can buy you valuable time for help to arrive.

“Now, close your eyes, and focus on the happiest memory you have. Let it fill you up. Don’t just remember it, feel it, relive it. When you feel ready, hold out your wand and say the incantation ‘Expecto Patronum’.”

The Great Hall was filled with the sporadic shouts of incantations as everyone tried the Patronus Charm for the first time. Some got nothing, but most were able to get at least some kind of mist. Harry walked around, helping where he could. With the sheer number of people he was trying to teach, Professors Flitwick, McGonagall, and Dumbledore, as well as Connie, all

came over to help. By the time the meeting was over, everyone was able to produce some kind of weak mist.

Despite some of the reservations his classmates may have had in the beginning, everyone looked quite happy by the time they left.

“You were brilliant,” Lily said, a wide smile on her face.

“Indeed,” Professor McGonagall said, coming up behind him. “Very impressive, Mr. Potter. Have you ever thought of teaching as a career?”

“Er, not really,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair.

“Then perhaps you should,” Professor McGonagall said with a rare, if brief, smile.

As she walked away with Dumbledore, Connie came up and patted him on the back.

“You really did do great. In fact, I might steal your idea for accuracy practice for my first- and second-year classes,” she said, then shook her head. “After training for the Aurors, I forgot just how bad most people’s aim is.”

Harry smiled, “The first time I did this lesson, I was in a room surrounded by enchanted mirrors. I thought it would help if people could see themselves casting, but they also reflected spells all around the room. I did learn to sense when a spell was coming real fast though.”

Connie laughed and squeezed his shoulder before bidding him good night. Together, Harry and Lily left the Great Hall. He smiled as she gave him a glowing review of their first meeting.

Rather than return to the common room, where he would no doubt be bombarded with questions about the next meeting, and when he was going to teach them some ‘real magic’

Harry decided to wander the castle for a bit. Lily joined him, and the conversation changed from talk of the DA to something a bit more personal.

“Harry, what were your friends like, before you came here?” Lily asked tentatively.

Harry smiled sadly as he thought of his friends.

“I didn’t have a lot of friends, but the ones I did have were like family,” Harry said, careful not to give too much away. “Ron was my best mate. He could be a bit flaky at times, but he always came back. Hermione was my closest friend though. She was always there for me, even when I probably didn’t deserve it. You’d have liked her - she was absolutely brilliant.”

“Were you two together when you got sent back?” Lily asked quietly.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Hermione was like a sister to me. I loved her, just not in a romantic way. Besides, with everything going on in my life, I never really had much time to worry about dating.”

“What about now?” Lily asked.

“What do you mean?” he asked in return, brow furrowed.

“Do you have time to worry about dating now?” she asked. “Is there anyone you’re interested in?”

Harry looked at her out of the corner of his eye, wondering if she was just curious, or if, perhaps, she was asking for Alice, who seemed interested in him. As they reached the top of the Astronomy Tower, he looked out over the grounds, so familiar, yet slightly different in almost every way.



“There are a few girls I’m interested in,” Harry admitted. “It’s just – difficult, when I can’t tell them who I really am.”

“But you told me,” Lily said quietly, standing just behind him.

“That’s... different,” Harry said with a sigh.

“Harry?” Lily said softly, tugging his arm.

Turning around to face her, Lily reached up and rested her hands on his shoulders. Harry thought she was leaning in for a hug, as she’d done many times before. His eyes widened when she leaned in further, her eyes closed, and her lips puckered. Before he could react, her soft lips were on his. Without thought, Harry kissed her back, his hands going to her hips.

Suddenly, his mind registered who he was kissing, and he pulled back sharply. Lily blinked in surprise and looked at him with a hurt expression.

“Oh, um, I thought...” she stammered, her neck and cheeks going red out of embarrassment. “I’m sorry, I – I should go.”

“Wait!” Harry said, louder than he had intended while grabbing her hand. “Just – just give me a minute to explain.”

“It’s fine. Really,” Lily said, refusing to look at him.

As she pulled away from him, Harry ran around in front of her.

“Lily, please. It’s not what you think,” Harry said.

“Then what is it,” she asked, finally looking up at him.

Looking into her shimmering green eyes, Harry finally understood why everyone told him he had expressive eyes. Just from a single look, it was like he could feel her hurt and embarrassment mixed with curiosity.

“It’s... complicated,” Harry said, his thoughts running a mile a minute.

In the end, there really was only one choice he could make. Pulling out his wand, he locked and silenced the door to the tower.

“Have a seat,” he said, sitting on the parapet surrounding the edge of the tower.

Hesitating for just a moment, her arms crossed over her chest tightly, Lily walked over and sat next to him, her eyes glued to the floor.

“You’re one of the few people that know I’m from the future, but there are some things I haven’t told you. I –” Harry paused and took a deep breath while running a hand through his hair. “I always planned on telling you eventually. I just wanted you to get to know me first without who I am getting in the way.”

Harry snorted and shook his head, “I never thought this is how it’d come out.”

“What are you saying, Harry?” Lily asked impatiently.

Sighing, he took a deep breath.

“My name is Harry James Potter,” he said. “I was born July thirty-first, nineteen eighty-one, to James and Lily Potter.”

Lily looked up at him, her brow furrowed. As their green eyes met, he could see the moment it clicked as her eyes widened and she covered her mouth with her hand.

“No!” she gasped.

Harry smiled sadly and nodded.

“I’m -” she started, then broke off.

“My mother,” Harry said. “Or you would be if I hadn’t come back.”

“Wait. Are you saying I have to marry James Potter?” she asked horrified.

“No,” Harry said suppressing a laugh. “Look, when I was sent back in time, I went so far back that the timeline split to protect itself. It’s why I can’t go back. Dumbledore could probably explain it better, but basically, I created a completely different timeline. This world’s future is still being written. You don’t have to do anything that the Lily Evans in my time did.”

“But won’t that mean you won’t exist?” Lily asked.

“No, because I already exist,” Harry said, causing Lily to tilt her head in confusion. “I know, it makes my head hurt just thinking about it. I think the best way to look at it is that it’s more like I’m from an alternate universe rather than the future. This timeline, and my old one, no longer have anything to do with each other.”

“But-” Lily started, then stopped and shook her head. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair again.

"I wanted to know what you were like," Harry admitted quietly. "I never got to know my mum before she was killed. All I had was the memory of the night she died, and a few stories people told me. I wanted to know what she – what you, were like as a person. I was worried that if I told you everything, you'd act different around me. I know it was selfish, but..."

"I understand," Lily said, resting her hand on his arms while looking away thoughtfully.

"I really am sorry," Harry said.

"It's alright," Lily said. "It's just a lot to take in. I can understand why you didn't want to tell me."

Harry sighed in relief that she wasn't angry at him and gave her a small smile.

"I can't believe I married James Potter," she said suddenly with a grimace.

Harry couldn't help but laugh.

"I know he's pretty immature right now, but he's not really a bad person," he said, his smile fading. "Apparently, he changes a lot over the summer when his parents die. Something else I need to try and stop."

"What happens to his parents?" Lily asked.

"Voldemort goes on the offensive over the summer," Harry explained. "A lot of people that oppose him are killed, including the Potters. James was out visiting Remus when they attacked. Sirius told me it took over twenty Death Eaters to finally take them down."

"Oh," Lily said quietly. "I didn't realize things were that bad."

“No one does,” he told her. “That’s part of the problem. No one in the Ministry took him seriously until it was too late. The Ministry was weeks, maybe even days away from falling when he came after me.”

“That’s when you stopped him?” Lily asked, remembering the small parts he’d told her before.

“Maybe,” Harry said with a shrug. “I think it was my mum that stopped him. It was her sacrifice that protected me and made his Killing Curse rebound. I just happened to be her son.”

“So, do I -”

“No!” Harry said sharply, causing Lily to jump. “That’s not going to happen this time. I’ll make sure of it.”

Lily smiled at him and nodded. Both of them fell silent, and Harry couldn’t stop from wondering what she was thinking. It was a couple of minutes until she finally spoke.

“So, what does that make us?” Lily asked.

“Friends?” Harry asked hopefully. “I mean, it’s really hard to look at you as my mum, and I don’t think you’re ready to have a son that’s technically older than you.”

Lily snorted and shook her head vigorously.

“But,” Harry continued, “I do care about you. It’s hard not to.”

Lily smiled and leaned against his side.

“Friends,” she said.

Smiling in relief and joy, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders.



Later that night, Lily laid wide awake in her bed long after her roommates had gone to sleep, her mind still reeling. Harry was her son, she thought. Or would have been, if things had been different. Part of her wanted to be angry, but it was hard to be mad at someone who had been through so much. She couldn't imagine how he dealt with it all, or what she would have done in his position.

Still, despite everything she'd learned, one thing lingered on her mind more than anything else. Reaching up, she touched the tips of her fingers to her lips. Even hours later, she could still imagine what it felt like to kiss him. For that brief moment, everything had felt right.

Now, it was all so confusing. They were related, yet they weren't. She was his mother, and yet at the same time, she wasn't. Despite the chaotic thoughts running through her mind, her body was much more certain, and it wanted Harry.

Biting her lip, Lily let her hand slowly run down her body. Heat poured off of her excited core as she cupped it lightly. Even with the conflicting thoughts and emotions coursing through her, she couldn't stop from touching herself more firmly as she imagined what might have been, had Harry not stopped himself from kissing her.

Lifting up the oversized shirt she wore to bed, Lily slipped her hand under her panties and traced a finger along her hot, damp slit. A muffled whimper left her lips as a pleasurable tingle ran up her spine. Closing her eyes, she pictured Harry holding her close as their lips met, his tongue caressing hers. Reaching under her shirt, she cupped her full, perky breast, imagining it was Harry's large, calloused hand gripping it roughly.

Slipping two fingers between her taut lips and into her dripping folds, she ground her palm against her throbbing clit as her digits sank deeper. Lily's teeth sank into her lip painfully, desperately trying to keep a needy moan from escaping. Images of Harry pressing her up

against the wall of the Astronomy Tower, his thick finger plunging into her depths as he groped at her chest sent a shudder through her body. The thrill of the taboo, of knowing that they were, in some strange way, related, only made what she was doing that much more exciting.

Grabbing the hem of her shirt, Lily pulled it up and stuffed it into her mouth as she pumped her fingers in and out of her sweltering core. A muffled whimper left her throat while images of Harry continued running through her mind. Her palm brushed her engorged clit, causing her to gasp and thrust her bared chest towards the ceiling.

What would Harry do if he saw her now, she wondered. Would he turn away in disgust, or would it excite him as much as it did her? Would he join her on the bed, replacing her fingers with his mouth?

Lily clenched her teeth so hard it hurt as she fingered herself furiously. Eyes still closed, she pinched her nipple hard while imagining looking up to see a pair of bright green eyes, nearly identical to her own, staring back at her. She could practically feel the weight of his body on hers, the warmth of his breath on her neck as he sat poised at her entrance, ready to ravish her.

Pushing a third finger into her depths, Lily whimpered as she stretched her tight folds. Thrusting her hips up into her hand, she shook her palm back and forth so fast it felt like it was vibrating. Her body hunched in on itself, her large, perky breasts trembling as her body shook. As she climbed ever closer to a tremendous peak, green eyes, dark, messy hair, and a crooked smile filled her mind's eye.

"Harry," Lily gasped in a desperate whimper.

Throwing her head back, her mouth open in a silent scream, Lily's breath caught in her throat as she tumbled over the edge. Her arousal gushed out of her, soaking her fingers and the sheets below as her body went rigid. A powerful spasm ran through her as she experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life. Writhing on the mattress, Lily panted heavily as she desperately tried to stay quiet. Her firm breasts bounced wildly as she shook, her hips bucking rhythmically.

After riding out her climax, Lily fell limp, her breath coming in short gasps. Despite the scent of her arousal permeating the air within her curtains, she was too spent to try and change her drenched panties. Pulling her hand back and fixing her shirt, she rolled onto her side. Unable to keep her eyes open, Lily drifted off the sleep with thoughts of Harry still running through her mind.

## Chapter 9

“Alright everyone, just take a seat for a bit while we set things up,” Harry told the large group of students in front of him. “We’re going to be trying something a bit different today.”

“Finally,” James said, sitting on the floor and leaning back on his arms.

It had been over a month since Harry had started the DA, and with Winter break nearing, he decided everyone was good enough at the basics to move on to something new. As had become the norm, Dumbledore, Flitwick, and Connie sat at the Head Table, watching the lesson while chatting amongst themselves. McGonagall was usually with them as well however, today, she had agreed to help Harry.

After moving the tables out of the way, they began pulling random bits of furniture out of a magically enlarged trunk he had filled earlier using what he found in the Room of Requirement. There were chairs, dressers, a wardrobe, broken lamps, and a few other tattered odds and ends that they spread about the hall.

“Okay,” Harry said, clapping his hands which sent up far more dust than he expected, causing a round of chuckles as he coughed. “Now, since Professor Hammer has been teaching Hexes and Curses in Defense, I thought we could work on incorporating Charms and Transfigurations in dueling. Professor McGonagall has been kind enough to help me with a bit of a demonstration to show you what I mean.”

The students sat up and stared at him interestedly.



“We’re going to be having a duel; one where the only spells we can use are Transfigurations or Conjurations,” Harry continued. “We can use Charms on something we Transfigure, like an Animation Charm, but we can’t cast them directly at each other.”

“What’s the point of that?” Bamford, who had taken to questioning practically everything Harry said after his embarrassment on the first day, asked snidely.

“You’ll see,” Harry told him. “And pay close attention, because once our duel is over, you’ll be breaking up into pairs and doing this yourselves. If you’re ready, professor?”

Professor McGonagall nodded and took up a position opposite him with her wand held at her side.

“Lily, can you count us off?” Harry asked.

Nodding, Lily stood while Harry got into position. As Lily raised her wand, Harry and Professor McGonagall bowed at each other. Even though this was just a mock duel, he still felt adrenaline race through his veins at the challenge in front of him. McGonagall was one of the most talented witches in the world, and while he doubted he could beat her in a setting that favored her so heavily, his competitiveness was driving him to at least put up a decent fight.

The moment sparks left Lily’s wand, Harry went on the offensive, turning McGonagall’s black robe into solid grey stone. Without missing a beat, and before he could even think of a way to try and relieve her of her wand, her robe became slightly transparent as it turned into smoke. With her arms no longer restricted, McGonagall thrust her hands forward, sending the smoke towards him.

As the smoke shot across the Great Hall, it morphed into white cloth that wrapped around his wrists and ankles. McGonagall then turned her wand towards a broken lamp, transfiguring it into a trio of crows that took to the air. Harry quickly changed the clothes holding him still into water that fell to the floor with a splash. Ducking a diving crow, he further transfigured the water into two garden Gnomes made of ice that immediately rushed toward his professor.

Without waiting to see how they did, he turned to the side and changed the drawers of a dresser into three house cats. Landing on the ground, the cat yowled and leapt at the crows that continued to harass Harry.

He turned back to Professor McGonagall just in time to see his gnomes being turned into a virtual cloud of butterflies. With incredible speed, they traversed the distance between them and enveloped him like a tornado. Harry cats became distracted by the colorful cloud of swirling insects, allowing one of the crows to dive through the mass. A hiss left his lips as its claws dug into his hand, just missing his wand.

With a flick, the crow became a rat. Falling to the floor, it took off running and hid under the wardrobe. A swish caused the butterflies to burst into a cloud of pastel-colored dust that flew towards McGonagall. With her view obscured for the moment; Harry rushed to turn a lumpy jumper into an equally lumpy rope. It may not have looked good, but it had the intended effect.

As McGonagall compressed the dust into a single, solid sphere, the rope snaked around her and bound her arms to her sides. The floating, brightly colored ball fell to the floor, the half-finished Transfiguration disintegrating into sand as she struggled to get her wand in a better position.

Harry mentally cheered and, with a smile, raised his arm to make another Gnome to send after her wand. Motion out of the corner of his eye caused him to stop mid-move and jerk his hand away as another crow dove for his wand. A flick of his wand turned it into a ball of harmless feathers that fluttered to the ground.

Suddenly, his heart dropped into his stomach when the floor under his feet disappeared. Harry felt shockingly cold water envelop him as he fell. Taking a deep breath just before he was completely submerged, he desperately swam up as soon as his downward momentum stopped. His head had just broken the surface to suck in a sharp breath when the water was turned back into stone. With his wand arm extended upwards, he tried to shift it around in his hand to free himself, only to have it snatched from his grip.

Harry looked up and watched helplessly as the final crow dropped his wand into McGonagall's waiting hand before landing on her shoulder.

“Do you yield Mr. Potter?” she asked.

“I yield,” Harry said, grinning despite his loss.

At the Head Table, Dumbledore stood and clapped, followed soon after by the rest of the professors and then the students.

With a rare smile, Professor McGonagall waved her wand and turned the floor back into water. Harry gasped at the shock of the cold, scrambling to pull himself out.

“You could have used warm water,” he said, standing up with a shiver.

“Consider it an incentive not to let that happen again,” Professor McGonagall told him.

Thankfully, she quickly dried him off before fixing the floor. Harry smiled as he walked towards her, his hand extended to shake her.

“Great duel, professor,” he said, shaking her hand and taking his wand back.

“You as well, Mr. Potter,” she said. “Twenty points to Gryffindor for an excellent use of transfigurations.”

Still grinning from the rush of the duel, Harry turned to students who were talking excitedly amongst themselves.

“What’s the point of using transfigurations in a duel when you can just use a curse?” Bamford asked snidely.

Sighing, Harry resisted the urge to call him up for another demonstration.

“Because no matter how good you are, there’s always the chance you’ll run into someone better,” Harry explained. “Sometimes, you need to do something unexpected to gain an advantage against someone that’s just better than you. This exercise is all about being creative and thinking outside the box. Any other questions? Alright then, pair up, and let’s see what you can come up with.”

“Just as a reminder,” Professor McGonagall interjected, “I don’t want anyone attempting to use any Human Transfiguration during this exercise.”

“Why?” James asked, looking disappointed.

“Imagine if instead of changing Professor McGonagall’s cloak into stone, I’d done that to her lungs,” Harry said, causing several people to look at him startled. “Or if instead of turning the floor into water, she did that to my blood. Make no mistake, while this exercise is supposed to be fun, Transfigurations is just as dangerous in the wrong hands as any Curse.”

“Precisely,” Professor McGonagall agreed.

“Alright, let’s pair up,” Harry said, clapping his hands.

With some students looking a little worried after that warning, everyone began to break up into pairs and spread out around the Great Hall. What was meant to be a bit of fun quickly turned into an exercise of patience for Harry and Professor McGonagall. While everyone was a fair hand at casting Transfigurations, not everyone was so skilled at reversing them. They spent most of their time darting around the room, fixing spells gone awry, instead of helping their students get better at casting like Harry had expected.

One of the worst offenders was James, who was paired with Peter. Sure, it might have been rather satisfying to see the rat get mummified by his own robes, but Harry really didn’t need to see him in a white flowing dress and gaudy makeup, especially when James didn’t know how to fix it on his own. Despite his best efforts, it was nearly impossible for Harry to see Peter as anything other than a traitor.

“Right, I’m splitting you two up,” Harry said after having to stop and free Peter for the fifth time.

“What, why?” James asked.

“Because neither of you are going to learn anything when there’s such a big difference in skill,” Harry said.

He immediately regretted those words when James puffed out his chest smugly. Shaking his head, he looked around the room for a pair to mix them up with. The problem was, there weren’t that many people as skilled at Transfigurations as James. Bellatrix would end up trying to kill him and Narcissa would put him in the Hospital Wing if he managed to embarrass her, leaving just Lily and a few seventh years to choose from.

“I’ll be right back,” Harry told them.

Turning around, he walked over to Lily and Alice.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey, Harry,” Lily said with a bright smile.

“Er, listen, I need a favor,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck nervously. “I need you to work with James and I need Alice to work with Peter.”

“Please tell me you’re joking,” Lily said, her smile falling instantly.

"I'm sorry. I could pair them with a couple of seventh years, but they'd just out-duel Peter as bad as James does. I'm not saying you're bad," he told Alice placatingly. "I'm just saying you're closer to his skill level than they would be."

Lily groaned and ran a hand through her long red hair.

"Look on the bright side," Alice said. "This gives you a chance to embarrass the berk and not get in trouble for it."

"And I promise to get you something really nice for Christmas," Harry added.

"Fine," Lily sighed, though she didn't look happy.

"Thanks," Harry said with a grateful smile.

"You owe me," she told him.

Nodding, he watched as she and Alice walked over to James and Peter. James looked ecstatic to have Lily as his new partner, and Harry prayed that he wouldn't regret this. Before he could see how things went, he was distracted by a loud scream.

Walden McNair, who was working with Molly Prewett for some reason, had managed to turn her top into a swarm of angry bees. Molly screamed as she swatted them away from her face, leaving her huge, bra-clad breasts to bounce around wildly. Growling angrily as McNair and the other Slytherins laughed, Harry fixed her shirt while Professor McGonagall stormed over, demanding answers.

"It was an accident," McNair said carelessly. "I was aiming for her tie."

McGonagall looked doubtful, but Harry knew she couldn't punish him without proof that he meant to do it. Molly looked mortified, her face and ears glowing red. Harry was not going to let him get away with this.

"Alright, I think we need to split you two up as well," Harry said, getting a relieved look from Molly and a sneer from McNair. "Bellatrix, you work with McNair. Narcissa, could you work with Molly?"

Narcissa nodded, while a dangerous smirk stretched across Bella's lips. Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her to a stop just as she passed him.

"Be subtle," he whispered.

Bellatrix licked her lips excitedly and nodded, her eyes locked on a now nervous-looking McNair. For a moment, Professor McGonagall looked like she might object but, after a moment, she turned away to help someone else.

A yelp drew Harry's attention back over to James and Lily. Surprisingly, it was James who'd yelped and was wiggling oddly while Lily smirked.

"Everything alright?" Harry asked.

"We're fine," Lily told him, her bright green eyes glittering with suppressed laughter. "I was just showing Potter that holding back just because I'm a girl is a bad idea."

Harry snorted at the idea of anyone holding back in any kind of duel against Lily. Charms and Potions may have been her best subjects, but that didn't mean she wasn't highly skilled in her other classes.

"What did you do?" Harry whispered while James was still distracted.

“He wondered if Molly was wearing a thong under her skirt, so I gave him one of his own to worry about,” Lily told him, her eyes sparkling with mirth.

Harry coughed to cover up a laugh while looking back over at James, who was still wiggling his hips with an uncomfortable look on his face. Patting Lily on the shoulder, he left her to it and started moving around the room again. Things settled down after that, and Harry and McGonagall were able to finally get some real teaching done.

Watching Bellatrix play with McNair was probably the highlight of the night for everyone. Anytime Professor McGonagall wasn't looking, and Harry thought she intentionally turned a blind eye a number of times, Bellatrix would Transfigure his clothes into increasingly revealing and slutty outfits that would viciously attack him before changing them back before McGonagall saw anything. McNair was furious but lacked the skills to put up much of a fight.

As always, they spent the last half hour working on the Patronus Charm. By now, more than a dozen people were able to get an indistinct blob, and most others could produce a strong mist. It was slow going, but everyone was steadily improving. Soon, he would need to find a boggart for them to practice on.

As the meeting ended, Harry caught Bellatrix looking at him expectantly. In return, he sent her a small smile and a nod. Violet eyes lighting up in excitement, she sauntered out of the Great Hall, several eyes being drawn to her swaying backside. A moment later, Harry caught sight of James waddling his way to the door, pausing to shake his leg before continuing on his way with the rest of the Marauders.

“Quite an eventful night,” Dumbledore said, stepping up beside him. “And a very interesting lesson.”

“I just hope they got the point,” Harry said.

“I'm sure at least two of them learned a very valuable lesson this evening,” the headmaster said, his blue eyes twinkling and drawing a chuckle from Harry.



“Harry, are you coming?” Lily asked.

“You go ahead,” he told her. “I have to clean up.”

“Do you want help?” Lily offered.

“No, that’s alright. It shouldn’t take me long,” Harry said.

Lily hesitated a moment before nodding and walking with Alice, Mary, Marlene, and Dorcas back to Gryffindor Tower. Harry bade Professor Dumbledore good night before starting to clean up the Great Hall.

“An excellently prepared lesson,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Thanks, professor,” Harry replied as he levitated the furniture back into the trunk.

“Next time, however, I would appreciate it if you didn’t ruin a perfectly good robe,” she added, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh, right. Sorry about that,” he said with an apologetic smile.

“I’ll chalk it up to the cost of teaching this time,” Professor McGonagall said. “Good night, Mr. Potter.”

“Night, Professor,” Harry replied.

As Professor McGonagall left, Connie followed her after smiling and giving him a thumbs up. Waving, he turned back to finish packing everything away. After all, there was a very naughty witch waiting for him just outside the Great Hall.



Lily was walking from Gryffindor Tower to the Library to pick up a book she needed for homework when she spotted Harry walking with Bellatrix Black. Over the last few weeks, she'd noticed how the normally strong-willed, independent witch looked at him with a nearly worshipful gaze at times.

Of course, she'd known that Harry was friends with Narcissa for quite a while but seeing him being so friendly with Bellatrix was quite surprising, given the Slytherin's reputation.

Out of curiosity, Lily changed direction and followed them from a distance. At first, she thought Harry was simply taking another path to the common room, but when they passed the sixth floor and headed for the seventh, it piqued her interest even more.

What were they doing up here, she wondered.

Peeking around the corner, she watched with a furrowed brow as Harry paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall. Amazingly, the wall melted into a door, revealing a room she'd never known about before. Before she really had a chance to think through her actions, Lily slipped out her wand and cast a quick Sticking Charm, preventing the door from latching closed behind them.

Biting her lip, she really thought about whether she should be following Harry and spying on him like this but, in the end, her irrepressible curiosity got the better of her. Tapping the top of her head with her wand, Lily disillusioned herself and crept up to the door. Cautiously, she slowly cracked the door open to peek inside.

She barely managed to stifle a gasp when she spotted what they were doing. Harry had his back to the door while Bellatrix knelt in front of him. Though she couldn't see anything, the movements made it clear what she was doing. Lily felt a mess of jumbled emotions run through her as Harry ran his fingers through Bellatrix's curly black hair.

“Mmh, good girl,” he said in an affectionate tone. “Though I’m not sure how this is supposed to be your reward.”

Bellatrix pulled back a surprisingly long way as she stared up at Harry.

“I love sucking your cock,” Bellatrix said.

Lily’s loins throbbed at the filthy words. Despite the jealousy she was admittedly feeling, she couldn’t deny the arousal she felt at what she was witnessing. She just wished that Harry would turn so she could get a better look.

Just as that thought passed through her mind, she heard footsteps quickly approaching from behind her. After a second’s hesitation, she moved out of the way just as Narcissa strode purposefully around the corner. Lily waited with bated breath as she walked straight up to the door and pushed it wide open.

“You should at least lock the door if you’re going to start without me,” Narcissa said, much to Lily’s surprise.

“I thought I did,” Harry replied.

As he turned to look at Narcissa, Lily got her first glimpse of his exposed erection. Long, thick, and glistening with Bellatrix’s saliva, she felt her cheeks flush and her folds dampen as she stared at it. Without realizing what she was doing, Lily slipped into the room to get a better look a moment before Narcissa closed the door. As the lock clicked into place, she realized too late she was now trapped inside. There was no way she could unlock the door and slip out without one of them noticing.

“What took you so long?” Harry asked, still looking at Narcissa while fisting his hand in Bellatrix’s hair and guiding her mouth back to his length.

It was quite surprising to see such a normally strong witch kneeling so submissively in front of him and staring up with an almost reverent look on her face. Though not nearly as surprising as it was to see someone as kind and gentle as Harry so carelessly shove his length down her throat. Lily bit her lip to hold back a moan as she rubbed her thighs together as she watched Bellatrix's lips stretch wide to accommodate Harry's impressive girth.

"I had to deal with Malfoy and McNair," Narcissa said, shrugging off her robe and loosening her tie.

"Did they give you any trouble?" Harry asked, his protectiveness coming through even as he roughly dragged Bellatrix's lips up his length by the hair.

The kneeling witch moaned long and low as she continued to stare up at Harry with a hooded, lustful gaze.

"Nothing I couldn't handle," Narcissa assured him with a smile as she stripped out of her school uniform.

Lily couldn't help but compare herself to the busty blonde as she dropped her bra to the floor and stepped out of her panties. She was happy to note that her own breasts weren't much smaller than hers, but Lily thought her bum was better. Bending down, Narcissa picked up her wand and, with a flick, sent her sister's and Harry's clothes flying off to land in a neatly folded pile.

Licking her lips, Lily's eyes raked over Harry's athletic frame. His muscles were much more defined than she would have expected, and the various scars marring his skin gave him a rugged look she found hopelessly attractive.

Why was this turning her on so much, she asked herself. Sure, she knew she was attracted to Harry, but shouldn't she be more jealous seeing him with not one, but two other women? Shouldn't she be desperate to leave, rather than desperate to touch herself?

Realizing there was no escape, and there was no controlling the reactions of her own body, Lily put her back against the wall and slid down quietly to sit on the floor. Careful to move slowly, she slipped a hand under her skirt and rubbed her heated mound through her panties as Narcissa stalked towards Harry with a smirk on her lips.

Running her hands up his chest, she grabbed the back of his head before pulling him down for a searing kiss. With their bodies pressed together, Bellatrix was trapped between them with Harry's length buried to the hilt in her throat. Neither of them seemed to notice, or even care as she began to gag, her face turning red from lack of oxygen. Lily bit back a moan as she rubbed herself firmly, her eyes locked on the brunette as she began to squirm.

When Harry and Narcissa finally parted, Bellatrix pulled back sharply to suck in a desperate breath. Long, thick strings of saliva dripped from his long shaft and swollen head as she caught her breath.

With a smirk, Narcissa brushed the single of blonde hair behind her ear before dropping to her knees behind her sister. Gathering Bellatrix's hair up into one hand, Narcissa trailed the other up her stomach to grope one of her slightly larger breasts roughly while guiding her mouth back to Harry's member.

Narcissa held her at the tip, leaned forward to kiss her cheek while looking up at Harry, then shoved Bellatrix forward. Her battered throat let out a loud squelch before she gagged hard while Harry groaned. Narcissa gave the nipple between her fingers a sharp twist, then slid her hand up over Bellatrix's throat. For the first time, Lily noticed the distinct bulge in the pale, delicate skin of her neck from Harry's length.

Slipping her hand inside her damp panties, she bit her lip and shuddered as her finger ran between her wet lips. With the other hand, Lily reached up, loosened her tie, and undid the top three buttons.

With a tight grip on Bellatrix's hair, Narcissa jerked her head back and forth rapidly. The room was filled with the sound of loud, wet gags and squelching as she willingly choked on Harry's shaft. Streaks of mascara ran down her cheeks as tears fell from her eyes, and thick, slimy

strands of spit dripped from her lips to her heaving chest. Yet, despite all of that, she never took her violet eyes off of Harry's face.

Yanking her sister's head back, Narcissa leaned forward, kissing her throat and squeezing one of her large, pale breasts as Bellatrix panted and coughed. Bending down, Harry kissed her on the lips and, with his hands on her rear, lifted her from the floor with shocking ease. Lily felt her core throb with need as he carried her over to a bed that had suddenly sprouted up out of nowhere.

Harry tossed Bellatrix onto the mattress, then caressed her cheek in a surprisingly tender gesture before his hips snapped forward, burying all of his considerable length into her depths with a single thrust. Bellatrix cried out and arched her back while Narcissa crawled onto the bed and laid on her side next to her sister. Despite everything she'd seen so far, Lily was still shocked to see them pull each other into a heated, tongue-filled kiss.

As she watched Narcissa's long-fingered hand grope Bellatrix's swaying breast, her green painted nails teasing over the stiff, puffy pink nipple, her own fingers followed a similar path under her bra. Biting back a whimper, she sank two fingers into herself, before she realized with a jolt what she was doing.

Why was she watching them instead of Harry? She wasn't interested in witches, Lily thought.

Shaking her head, she turned her eyes back to him as he drove into Bellatrix with long, powerful thrusts. Her eyes moved slowly from the point where he penetrated her, her taut inner lips clinging to his thick shaft, up his body to his face. Seeing the way his bright green eyes lit up in a combination of desire and affection sent another bout of conflicting emotions washing over her.

Lily couldn't help the excitement she felt, but a part of her, growing ever larger, wanted to see him staring at her with that same expression. Oddly, the jealousy she'd felt earlier had waned, totally eclipsed by her own excitement and lust at what she was seeing.

Suddenly, Bellatrix ripped her lips away from Narcissa with a gasp. Arching her back, a low, trembling moan escaped her throat as her body tensed. Narcissa slid her hand up and gripped her slender neck as Bellatrix began to shake and writhe. Lily panted through her nose, her palm grinding against her clit as she watched the other witch climax hard. The slapping of skin on skin from Harry's hips colliding with her thighs and ass took on a wet tone as she drenched his shaft in her arousal.

As Bellatrix panted for breath, her eyes closed in bliss, Harry pulled out of her, his shaft rock-hard and his head engorged to a menacing red. Narcissa smiled sultrily as she reached out for his hand and pulled him onto the bed. Sitting up, she pushed him onto his back where she had been a moment earlier, then swung her leg over to straddle his waist. Lily had a perfect view as she watched Narcissa lean forward, line him up with her entrance, then sink down, driving him into her depths.

Meanwhile, Bellatrix rolled over and curled up against his side. Harry ran his hand over her hair, caressing her head like a favored pet.

It was then that Lily realized a large part of the excitement she felt was derived from seeing two powerful, strong-willed witches essentially giving themselves to him. Especially seeing Bellatrix act so submissively towards Harry was something she found extremely and unexplainably arousing. As a virgin in every sense of the word, what Lily was watching had her questioning everything she thought she knew about what she liked and wanted.

She unconsciously found her fingers moving in time with Narcissa's hips as the brunette witch began bouncing on his waist. In almost a complete contrast to the rough, animalistic pounding he had given Bellatrix, Harry and Narcissa's movements were far slower and more sensual. With the hand that wasn't absently stroking through Bellatrix's long, curly hair, Harry caressed Narcissa's body with a light, almost teasing touch.

The witch riding him tilted her head back and moaned, her long nails leaving light pink tracks on his skin as she drew them down his chest. Against her will, Lily found her eyes constantly darting back to Narcissa's fully, perky breasts, her tight, fit bum, and her taut folds as they stretched to accommodate Harry's thick length.

“What would your parents think if they saw you like this?” Harry asked, his low, almost growling tone sending a shiver down her spine. “Riding a Half-bloods cock.”

Narcissa’s only answer was a moan and an increase in the speed of her hips.

“Mother would be furious,” Bellatrix said, smirking at the thought. “Aunt Walburga would disown us, and father would only care about the money he couldn’t make from selling us.”

Narcissa whimpered, her hips rolling as she bottomed out. Lily could tell from her movements that she was getting close, and she felt herself nearing the edge.

“Maybe you could cuckold him,” Bellatrix suggested excitedly. “Show mother and father what a real wizard looks like.”

“Oh Merlin,” Narcissa gasped with a shuddering breath.

“Then Harry could do whatever he likes with us,” Bellatrix continued. “Imagine how the portraits would react to seeing him fuck us all over the house as he pleased. Show them just how pathetic our parents have become.”

“Fuck!” Narcissa shouted.

Lily bit her lip hard to keep from doing the same as they climaxed in unison, the thought of seeing Harry completely dominating one of the Pureblood families that hated her simply for existing pushing her over the edge. As warmth and pleasure exploded through her body, she watched as Harry grabbed Narcissa’s ass in a tight grip while driving his hips up into her. After just a few thrusts, he buried himself inside of her with a deep groan. Lily shivered as she watched his balls contract and the root of his shaft pulse, knowing he was cumming inside of the witch on top of him.



Closing her eyes, Lily rested the back of her head against the wall as she rode out her climax. It was a good few minutes before any of them moved.

“Don’t you have an essay to finish?” Narcissa asked.

Lily’s heart leapt into her throat as her eyes sprang open. A wave of relief washed over her when she found Narcissa looking not at her, but at Bellatrix, who glared at her.

“Don’t look at me like that,” she said. “It’s not my fault you procrastinate.”

“You should go finish your homework,” Harry said.

Bellatrix’s glare instantly vanished as she pouted up at him. Harry chuckled and ran his hand through her hair, causing her to close her eyes and turn toward his touch.

“Go on, I’ll see you tomorrow,” he told her.

Sighing, Bellatrix gave her sister one last glare before kissing Harry on the lips and climbing out of bed. All eyes in the room turned to watch her curvaceous figure as she quickly got dressed. Trotting back over to the bed, she leaned over to kiss Harry again. Sneakily, while their lips were locked, she reached out and twisted one of Narcissa’s nipples, causing her to yelp.

“You bitch!” Narcissa yelled, rubbing her reddened nub.

Bellatrix smirked as she tried to pull back, but Harry’s arm wrapped around her waist. The smug expression on her face faded quickly under his stern gaze. She stared at his face, seemingly not daring to move as he reached down and lifted her skirt. Harry’s hand raised and both Lily and Bellatrix both waited with bated breath.

Suddenly, his hand flew down and smacked her full, round cheek hard enough to make the flesh ripple. Bellatrix yelped, then moaned even as a pink handprint began to appear on her pale globe.

“Behave,” Harry growled.

Bellatrix looked up at him contritely while swaying her ass in the air as if hoping for another spank. Shaking his head, Lily saw the corners of his lips twitching into a smile.

“How am I supposed to punish you when you enjoy it?” he asked rhetorically.

Bellatrix gave an impish grin and continued to wiggle her hips. Harry fixed her with a stern gaze, and Lily nearly gasped as she felt his magic envelop her like a warm, heavy blanket.

“Go finish your homework, or tomorrow I’ll tie you up and make you watch as I spend all night with Narcissa,” he threatened.

Bellatrix bowed her head before climbing off the bed and walking quickly from the room. As the door closed, Harry’s magic vanished, leaving Lily feeling a bit empty in its absence.

“You were right,” Narcissa said softly.

“About what?” Harry asked, looking at her curiously.

“Bella,” she answered. “She was heading down a dark path before you came into her life. I just wish there was a way we could be with you without being disowned.”

Lily blinked, shocked that the two of them were willing to be kicked out of their families just to stay with Harry. It meant things were much more serious between them than she thought. Despite that, she couldn’t bring herself to feel as upset or jealous as she thought she should.

“We’ll figure something out,” Harry assured her.

“My father is already in negotiations with several families for me and my sisters,” Narcissa told him. “I suspect we’ll all be under contract by the beginning of the next school year or we’ll be disowned.”

“Don’t worry,” Harry said, kissing the top of her head. “I have a few ideas.”

Harry and Narcissa talked for a while longer before finally getting dressed and leaving the room. Once she was alone, Lily stood up and rubbed her bum, sore from sitting so long on the hard stone floor. Fixing her clothes, she dropped the Disillusionment Charm hiding her and snuck out into the hall. With so little foot traffic on the seventh floor, she walked over to one of the windows, cast a Cushioning Charm on the sill, and sat down to stare out at the grounds, thoughts racing through her mind.



“Are you okay Lily?” Marlene asked the next morning at breakfast. “You’ve been really quiet.”

Harry looked up in concern as Lily smiled.

“I’m fine, just stayed up a little too late studying,” she replied.

Nodding, Harry turned back to his breakfast only for a moment before his heart leapt when he caught sight of a white owl winging its way into the Great Hall. For just a brief moment, he thought it was Hedwig, but that hope died quickly as the owl ignored him completely as it flew to the Head Table, dropping a package wrapped in plain brown paper in front of Professor McGonagall.

Pushing his morose thoughts aside, he watched as she opened it to reveal a black, silk lined robe. Immediately, her eyes landed on Harry, who smiled and gave her a wink. With a small smile of her own, McGonagall took off the robe she'd worn to breakfast and put on the new one while Connie and Professor Sprout gushed over it.

It had cost a good bit of gold, but Harry had ordered it from Madam Malkin's, complete with several protective Charms. Fortunately, she'd had Professor McGonagall's measurements on file, so it hadn't taken long to make, though he did have to pay extra for the rush delivery.

"Please don't tell me you fancy Professor McGonagall," Alice said teasingly.

"Alice," Mary whined, wrinkling her nose cutely.

"I owed her a new robe after I ruined one during our duel last night," Harry explained.

"That was really nice of you," Lily told him with a smile.

"So, what's everyone doing for Christmas?" Dorcas asked.

"Probably just staying home with my family," Lily answered.

"Same," Alice said.

"My parents are taking us to France to go skiing for a week," Marlene replied with a grin.

"What's that?" Mary asked.

"It's a Muggle sport where you put long sticks on your feet and ride them down snow-covered hills," Lily explained to her Pureblood friend.

Both Mary and Alice looked at her oddly, causing Harry to smile.

“I’ll see if I can find a picture to show you,” Lily said.

“Ok,” Mary said. “Anyways, I’ll probably spend time visiting family, nothing too exciting.”

“What about you, Harry?” Alice asked.

“I’m staying at the castle,” he answered with a shrug.

The girls fell into an awkward silence after his reply.

“I can ask my parents if you can stay with us,” Lily offered.

“I don’t want to be a bother,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“You’re not a bother,” Lily told him firmly. “I write them tonight. I’m sure they’d be fine with it.”

Harry could tell just by the look in her eyes that Lily had already made up her mind and, to be honest, he did quite like the idea.

“If you’re sure,” he said.

“Positive,” Lily said with a nod.

“Thanks,” Harry said.

The two of them shared a smile before Mary asked her a question about skiing. Harry sat back with a smile as he watched her, suddenly having a reason to look forward to Christmas this year.

## Chapter 10

“Today, we’re going to be talking about dark magic, and how to best defend against it,” Connie said as she stood at the front of the classes.

Harry heard a quiet scoff and looked over to see Snape sitting back in his seat, arms folded, with a sneer on his face.

“Now, who can tell me the definition of dark magic?” she asked, then pointed to Lily. “Ms. Evans.”

“Dark magic is any Curse or Hex that’s intended use is to cause permanent injury or death,” Lily answered.

“A good definition and one most academics and governments agree on, five points to Gryffindor,” Connie said with a small smile. “The vast majority of these spells also require a caster to focus on negative emotions such as anger or hatred. For this reason, the practice of these spells is highly discouraged and the use of them on another person, depending on the severity of the results, can see you fined or sitting in a cell in Azkaban. The most common examples of dark magic are the three Unforgivable, which you should have covered last year.”

Receiving nods from several students in the class, Connie pushed herself off the desk and flicked her wand. Behind her, a piece of chalk began writing a list of defenses against different types of dark spells. Frowning, Harry raised his hand.

“Yes, Mr. Potter?” Connie asked.

“What about the effect dark magic has on the caster?” he asked.

Nearly everyone in the class looked confused at his question, and several of the Slytherins snickered.

“That goes a bit more in-depth into dark magic than I’d planned, but since you’ve raised the question, why don’t you explain to the rest of the class what you mean?” Connie offered, leaning back against her desk.

“Well, because dark magic requires the caster to focus on negative emotions, practicing it can cause a noticeable change in personality. What’s even worse is that most dark magic gives the caster a rush from the sense of power they feel. Practicing dark magic too much can cause a fundamental change in the way a person behaves. Over time, their mind starts to associate those negative emotions with positive feelings.” Harry explained.

“Basically, when you practice dark magic, you tend to fall back on negative emotions like anger and hate because your body expects a reward for feeling that way. After enough time, and enough dark magic, it can become almost impossible to feel any real positive emotions. That’s why most dark wizards can’t cast the Patronus. They can’t summon the right feelings for the spell to work.”

“What a load of drivel,” someone muttered from the Slytherin side of the classroom.

“I assure you, Mr. Potter is entirely correct,” Connie said. “The effects of casting too much dark magic have been known for thousands of years. In fact, Aurors are taught to keep an eye on each other for gradual personality changes. Because there are a handful of dark spells that we use on rare occasions, there’s a strict limit on how much and how often we can practice.”

“What sort of changes?” Lily asked, her brow knitted as she listened intently.

“Getting angry over small things, staying angry for a long time, developing an increasing hatred for something that didn’t use to bother them. Those sorts of things,” Connie replied.

Lily quickly glanced at Snape, who stared steadfastly at the front of the class.

“Can a person change back when they start acting like that?” she asked.

“It depends,” Connie said, watching her closely. “If you can catch it early enough, and you can get them to stop practicing dark magic, yes. Unfortunately, most don’t want to stop. I once heard a healer liken it to an addiction. If they wait too long the changes can become permanent. If any of you notice those sorts of changes in a friend and you suspect they’ve been practicing dark magic, I urge you to talk to a professor about it immediately.”

Lily bit her lip and sat back in her seat as she stared down at her desk with a thoughtful look on her face. Harry could see the conflict on her face and, even though he did like or care for Snaped at all, he sympathized with what she was going through.

“Yes, Mr. Potter?” Connie called.

Harry looked up in surprise until he realized she was talking to James, who had his hand raised with a mischievous look on his face.

“Doesn’t that describe how every Slytherin acts?” he asked innocently.

“Fuck off, Potter,” Evan Rosier barked with a glare.

“See?” James said, gesturing with his hand.

“That’s enough!” Connie said sternly. “Ten points from both of you. Now, let’s move on to the best ways to defend against dark magic.”





As they left the classroom, Harry noticed Lily's eyes following Snape as he walked down the hall.

"I'm going to go talk to him," Lily said before taking off after Snape.

Harry sighed as he watched her go. He didn't like Snape, but if she could get through to him and stop him from becoming the bitter, resentful bastard he had been in Harry's time, that could only be a good thing.

"Where's she going?" James asked with a frown.

"Dunno," Harry said with a shrug.

"Looks like she's going to talk to Snivellus," Sirius said.

"What!?" James barked, then glared at Harry. "What'd you let her do that for?"

"You're welcome to try and stop her yourself," Harry said with a roll of his eyes before turning to walk away.

After a quick stop at the library, he made his way to the Great Hall for lunch where he spotted a familiar redhead filling his plate. Though he'd seen him around the school quite a few times, he really hadn't talked to Arthur Weasley much since arriving. His hair was fuller and looked a bit brighter, but from what he'd seen, he still acted like the same man Harry had looked up to.

"Is this seat taken?" Harry asked.

“Help yourself,” Arthur said with a familiar, kind smile. “So, how are you liking Hogwarts so far?”

“It’s great,” Harry replied.

“Just wait until next week when they put up the Christmas decorations,” Arthur told him.

“So, what do you plan to do when you leave Hogwarts at the end of the year?” Harry asked curiously as he piled food onto his plate.

“I want to find a job that will let me explore the Muggle world. They’re just absolutely fascinating, aren’t they?” he asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. Some things never change, he thought.

As Arthur began talking about some of the Muggle things he found interesting, Harry took a bit of chicken. Instantly, his face soured as his mouth was filled with the taste of salt. Spitting it out, he reached for his goblet and downed it quickly. Unfortunately, it did little to wash the taste out of his mouth.

“What’s wrong?” Arthur asked.

Frowning, Harry cast a Cancellation Charm over his plate. Everything he’d planned to eat collapsed into a pile of salt. Hearing snickering, he looked up to see James, Sirius, and Peter laughing amongst themselves while Remus gave him an apologetic look.

“They transfigured salt to look like food,” Harry said.

Arthur picked up a slice of ham from his plate, gave it a lick, and grimaced at the taste. Waving his wand in a wider arch while casting the Cancellating charm, all of the food within arm's reach of the two of them collapsed into piles of salt. Harry vanished all of it and watched as the House Elves in the kitchen magicked more, real, food onto the platters.

"Is there any more pumpkin juice?" Harry asked, failing to find a pitcher.

"Here, take mine," Arthur said, handing him the goblet.

Harry took it gratefully and downed the contents. With the taste of salt finally washed out of his mouth, he started refilling his plate. It was only a moment later that he began to feel a warmth in his stomach that radiated outwards. A wave of lust flooded his senses, and a raging erection strained at the front of his pants.

Growling angrily, Harry looked over at the laughing Marauders. Just as he was about to turn away, he spotted Molly looking at him with a pale face and wide eyes. Realizing he'd taken a potion meant for Arthur, he fixed his robes around him to hide the prominent bulge in his pants and stood from the table.

"I need to use the loo," Harry said.

Seeing him coming towards her, Molly stood abruptly and all but fled the Great Hall. In the Entrance Hall, she looked at him worriedly as he stormed up to her. Grabbing her hand, Harry led her over to a disused classroom.

"I'm sorry, that was meant for Arthur," Molly said.

"What was?" Narcissa asked as she and Bellatrix came up from behind Harry closed the door behind them.

Molly looked like she was about to panic with three people now looking at her expectantly.

"I - I just wanted him to notice me, it was just a weak love potion –"

"What?" Narcissa hissed.

"It wasn't a love potion," Harry told her.

"What?" Molly asked nervously.

"Do I look like I'm on a Love Potion right now?" Harry asked frustratedly, his erection throbbing with need. "It was a lust potion."

Molly gasped and covered her mouth with her hand.

"But – but Witch Weekly said –"

"You trust that rag?" Narcissa interrupted and raised her eyebrow imperiously. "Should we take her to McGonagall?"

"No! Please, it was a mistake," Molly pleaded.

"But look at what you did to poor Harry," Bellatrix said with a pout as she reached over to rub the bulge in his pants.

Harry groaned while Molly's eyes followed Bella's hand, her cheeks going red all the way up to her ears.

Bellatrix smirked, "If you take care of him, I'm sure we can keep this just between us."

“Bella,” Harry growled.

“I’ll do it,” Molly said quickly.

Harry opened his mouth to tell her she didn’t have to, but Bellatrix chose that moment to give his length a hard squeeze, making him groan instead.

“Well?” Bellatrix asked impatiently.

Stepping forward tentatively, Molly dropped down to her knees and reached for his belt. Under normal circumstances, Harry would have been able to turn her away easily, but with the Lust Potion muddling his senses and clouding his judgment, he couldn’t bring himself to tell her to stop. Even his iron-clad will had its limits.

“I have Transfigurations in fifteen minutes,” Narcissa said, then turned to Harry with a smirk. “Have fun.”

“You’re not going to stop this?” Harry asked, remembering her initial reaction to Bellatrix and Rosmerta.

“Bella and I had a talk and I’ve gotten over it,” she replied with a smile.

Turning his chin with her fingers, she kissed him on the lips before opening the door, slipping outside, and closing it behind her. Harry stared after her helplessly, his head feeling foggy, and thoughts slowed from the potion clouding his mind. When he felt a tug on his pants, he turned back to Molly just as she pulled his pants and boxers down over his straining erection. His cock sprang up and slapped her under the chin, causing her to squeal in surprise. Leaning back, Molly stared at the throbbing, angry, red head with wide eyes while Bellatrix cackled.

“Oh my!” Molly gasped.

Feeling as if he was a passenger in his own body, Harry stepped forward and clamped both of his hands around the back of her head. Molly looked up at him, her blue eyes sparkling with a combination of nervousness and excitement as he pulled her closer to his raging erection. As she parted her lips and took him into her hot, damp mouth, Bellatrix pressed herself against his side and kissed the side of his neck.

“You are definitely getting punished for this later,” Harry said as he plunged his length deep into Molly’s mouth, causing her to gag lightly when he hit the back of her throat.

“I look forward to it,” Bellatrix whispered sultrily into his ear.

Growling in frustration and with a need more powerful than he’d ever felt before, Harry held Molly’s head still while he began thrusting his hips. Bracing her hands on his legs for support, she took his cock impressively, barely flinching as his swollen head battered the entrance of her throat and caused a loud, wet gag to escape her stretched lips. Molly sucked in a sharp breath through her nose each time he pulled back while thick globs of saliva began dripping down her chin.

Harry felt himself inexorably giving in to the potion as he began thrusting faster. Molly gurgled while more saliva dripped down to land on her crisp white shirt. As Harry stared down at her, her shirt turned more and more transparent, giving him a tantalizing view of her huge, bra-encased breasts and further enflaming his lust.

Pulling out of her mouth, Harry let loose a burst of uncontrolled magic that stripped the clothes from all three of them while Molly panted for breath. A gasp left her lips as her massive, torpedo-shaped breasts bounced into the open. Wide, puffy areolas took up nearly the entire tip of each soft yet perky mound while a thick, stiff red nipple sat in the center. Molly squeaked and looked down at herself in surprise but didn’t try to cover herself - not that it would have helped much if she did with the size of her bust. His cock giving a needy throb, Harry pulled her forward and slipped back into her hot, welcoming mouth.

Bellatrix gave a deep, naughty chuckle as she returned to kissing his neck and caressing his chest. Harry groaned, relentlessly plunging his spit-soaked length in and out of Molly’s mouth in

a mindless haze. Even if someone walk in at that very moment, he didn't think he could summon the will to stop what he was doing. It took all of the strength he had not to just force himself deep into Molly's throat. Whatever potion she had given him was incredibly powerful.

For her part, Molly took his rough pounding impressively. Despite the tears falling from her eyes, the spit raining from her chin down onto her heaving breasts, and the loud, wet gurgles she made when his thick head rammed into the back of her throat, she took it all in stride. She'd even started lashing at his length with her tongue each time he pulled back.

Nearing his peak, Harry forced himself to pull completely out for just a moment, giving her a chance to take a breath before he drove right back in. He thrust wildly as his legs began to tremble. A moment later, he opened his mouth to warn Molly he was close, only for it to turn into a groan when she chose that moment to flick her tongue over the tip of his cock. His breath caught in his throat and his vision went black at the edges from the strength of his climax that nearly caused him to collapse.

Rather than shooting in spurts or jets like he normally did, Harry came in streams. Dimly, he noticed Molly's eyes go wide as her cheeks puffed out. As he continued to flood her mouth, she swallowed around him, but couldn't stop some from leaking out around her lips. Giggling, Bellatrix reached down and stroked the part of his shaft that wasn't covered by Molly's lips. After a few more powerful bursts, Harry finally started to come down from the most intense climax he'd ever experienced.

After swallowing one last time, Molly sucked in a deep breath and coughed a couple of times, her hand held to her chest.

"My goodness," she said, looking down at the cum and spit covering her breasts. "Is that because of the potion, or are you always like that?"

"The potion," Harry panted.

Molly looked up and stared at the still rigid cock aimed at her face.

“And that?” she asked, swallowing thickly.

“Yeah,” Harry said, the potion making it hard to think of anything other than what he wanted to do with Molly’s thick, curvy figure.

“Oh,” she said, her eyes still on his length that pulsed in time with his heartbeat.

“You did say you’d take care of it,” Bellatrix reminded her.

“Well, yes, I –”

Molly broke off with a small gasp when Harry bent down and lifted her off the floor. With her voluptuous figure, she wasn’t a small witch, but he was still able to effortlessly carry her over to the teacher’s desk and lay her down on her back. Molly planted her feet on the desk and spread her legs while lifting her head to look at the throbbing cock about to enter her. Seeing the tangle of fiery red hair covering her mound, Harry waved his hand, trimming it down to a well-manicured strip.

“How? You don’t even have a wand!” Molly said, gaping at him.

“Must be the potion,” Harry told her as he stepped between her legs.

He was able to restrain himself from slamming into her and slowly sank into her hot, wet folds. Molly gasped as she watched more and more of his thick shaft disappear into her sweltering depths.

“It’s so big,” she said.

Groaning as he bottomed out, Harry grabbed two rough handfuls of her breasts and used them as handles as he began thrusting his hip. Gripping her breasts near the bottom, the top half that



overflowed his hands swayed in time with his thrusts. With her view obscured by her own bust, Molly laid back on the desk and closed her eyes with a low, wanton moan. When she opened them again, she found herself staring up at Bellatrix's perky breasts and grinning face.

"Look at these massive tits," Bellatrix said.

Reaching out, she grabbed one of Molly's thick, prominent nipples and gave it a tug. With a gasp, Harry felt her depths flutter around him, driving him to thrust harder and deeper.

"Bella," he growled warningly, his restraint hanging by a thread.

Looking up at him with a hooded, mischievous gaze, she pulled on her nipple again while rolling it between her fingers. When Molly moaned and tightened around his length, Harry's restraint snapped, and he began hammering into her. She cried out in surprise and pleasure as he plowed into her. A loud, skin-on-skin slapping filled the room each time his thighs collided with her bum, causing the flesh of her wide hips and thick thighs to ripple. Each hammering thrust made the wooden desk creak in protest and the feet scraped against the floor as they were jerked forward a millimeter at a time.

Laughing, Bellatrix gave Molly's nipple another sharp tug before letting go and watching it snap back into place. Lifting herself up, she climbed onto the desk and knelt over Molly's face. Molly stared up at Bellatrix's leaking folds with wide eyes as they were slowly lower closer and closer to her mouth.

"Lick," Bellatrix demanded.

"I-"

Whatever Molly was going to say was cut off when Bellatrix dropped down and ground her slick folds over Molly's lips with a moan. Shockingly, it wasn't long before her tongue darted out tentatively.

“That’s it,” Bellatrix said, her violet eyes hooded and lust filled as she looked up at Harry.

Leaning forward with one hand braced on the desk, she rested her fingers just above Molly’s clit and began rubbing, alternating between slow circles and rapid back and forth movements. Molly let out a muffled squeal, her depths gasping tightly at Harry’s hammering cock.

No wonder she and Arthur had so many kids, Harry thought at the intensely pleasurable feeling.

Bellatrix gave a moan of her own, presumably from something Molly had done, and rubbed at her clit frantically. In seconds, Molly was writhing on the desk, a constant stream of muffle moans and groans escaping her lips. Suddenly, she clamped down on his thrusting length and screamed into Bellatrix’s folds while drenching him in arousal.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted.

Feeling his climax building again, he unrelentingly plowed into Molly furiously. Nails scratching at the wooden desktop, her first peak had hardly waned before she was driven to a second by his relentless thrusts. As her hot, silky walls clamped down around him, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and tipped over the edge.

“Yes!” Bellatrix hissed through an orgasm of her own. “Fill her.”

Harry leaned his weight forward to keep his balance while he experienced another thunderous climax. After he deposited another tremendous load inside of Molly, he slipped out of her. A stream of thick, white cum leaked from her lips as he pulled out of her. Bellatrix dove forward and began licking it up, drawing a pitiful groan from Molly as she trembled.

“Damn it,” Harry growled, glaring down at his still straining erection.

Grabbing a handful of Bellatrix’s thick, curly black hair, he pulled her off the desk. Eyes glittering with excitement, she reached down and stroked his glistening shaft. Pulling her in for a rough

but brief kiss, he spun her around and used a hand on her shoulder to bend her over at the waist. Bellatrix ended up with her head between Molly's legs, who was panting exhaustedly as she lay limply on the desk.

Gripping Bellatrix's bum, Harry spread her open and placed his finger at her crinkled hole. With a quick Lubrication Charm, he placed two fingers at her tight entrance and sank them in. Moaning, she bucked her hips back and looked over her shoulder with a wanton gaze. Pulling his fingers out, he lined the head of his cock up with her back door and roughly drove into her incredibly hot, tight depths.

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed.

Turning back around, she reached up to grab Molly's heaving breasts and buried her face in her leaking folds.

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Harry, Molly, and Bellatrix missed their next two classes. It took over an hour and half a dozen orgasms before the potion finally worked its way through his system. All three of them were completely knackered by the time they left the classroom to go shower. Harry had cast a number of cleaning charms, but he still worried they reeked of sex.

After taking a short nap, he made his way down to dinner where he ran into Narcissa waiting for him in the hall near the Grand Staircase.

"You look exhausted," she said.

"I am," Harry said tiredly. "I don't know what potion she gave me, but it should be illegal."

"I looked it up between classes," Narcissa told him. "It's a Lust Potion that works by using a wizard or witch's own magic, which is why it affected you so much. I don't know who thought it would be a good idea to put that in a magazine, or why they called it a Love Potion."

"Brilliant," Harry said sarcastically. "Where's Bella?"

"Sleeping," Narcissa said with a smirk. "I think she might be out for the night. You really did a number on her."

Harry grunted as they resumed their walk to the Great Hall. Giving his hand a discrete squeeze, she turned and headed to the Slytherin table while he made his way to Gryffindor. Spotting Arthur, he couldn't help feeling a little guilty, despite the fact that he and Molly weren't even dating yet. Stopping, he turned and made his way over to him.

"Hey, Arthur. Sorry for leaving earlier," Harry said, sitting down across from him.

"No problem," he replied with a smile. "I figured you might have lost your appetite after what happened."

"Yeah," Harry said. "Listen, I overheard Molly Prewitt talking to one of her friends earlier. Turns out she fancies you."

"Really?" Arthur asked, looking around for Molly but not finding her.

She's probably still asleep, like Bella, Harry thought.

"You should ask her out to Hogsmeade," he suggested.

"I think I will. Thanks, Harry," Arthur said with a grin. "Oh, I heard you grew up in the Muggle world. Could you tell me how ekeltricity works?"

“Electricity,” Harry corrected him before explaining as best he could.



After receiving a detention for missing Charms and Potions, Harry made his way back up to the Gryffindor common room. He was looking forward to calling it an early night, but he spotted Lily sitting on the couch in front of the crackling fire in her pajamas with a frown on her face and her knees tucked under her chin.

“Hey, you alright?” Harry asked, sitting down next to her.

“Yeah, just...” Lily trailed off with a tired sigh. “Severus wouldn’t even listen to me. I knew he was changing over the last couple of years, but I thought it was because of his friends, not the magic he was practicing.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, wrapping his arm around her shoulder.

“It hurts losing one of my oldest friends, but I’m tired of having to talk him into doing the right thing. I guess he’s not the person I thought he was,” she said sadly.

Rubbing her arm soothingly, Harry rested his head on top of hers.

## Chapter 11

Harry was sitting in the common room, flipping through a book on advanced defensive magic, when Lily came bounding down the girls’ staircase with a bright smile. His eyes were inexorably drawn to the alluring sight of her breasts bouncing under her tight green turtleneck before he forcibly tore his eyes away.

Why did she have to be so damn beautiful, he asked himself.

When she spotted him, Lily's eyes lit up, and she bounded over.

"They said yes," she said excitedly.

"Er, what?" Harry asked, mentally shaking himself from staring at her gorgeous face and bright green eyes.

"My parents. They said you could stay for the holiday," Lily told him.

Harry looked at her in surprise before a smile stretched across his face. He would finally get a chance to know his grandparents, even if he and Lily were the only ones who knew they were related. Honestly, he hadn't expected them to agree to let him stay for the full holiday, but he was happy they did.

Well, sort of, he thought.

Harry pushed those thoughts away. Thinking about it would only give him a headache.

"Thanks, Lily," Harry said with a grateful smile.

"Of course, what are friends for?" she asked rhetorically. "You ready to go?"

"Yeah," he replied, pushing himself up off the couch.

Smiling brightly, Lily spun around, and Harry's eyes once again wandered to places they shouldn't. After catching a glimpse of her full, round bum in her tight jeans, he wrenched his eyes back up with a mental curse. To avoid temptation, he sped up as soon as they stepped

through the portrait hole and walked side by side with Lily as they walked down to the Great Hall.

Today was the last Hogsmeade weekend before most students would be leaving for home, adding a sense of excitement to the air. With only a few days left until the beginning of the Christmas holiday and mid-terms finished, there was a relaxed atmosphere around the castle. Everyone was anxious to get presents for their loved ones and go home to see their families.

After eating quickly, Harry, Lily, and the rest of their friends all lined up to leave the grounds. Filch, grouchy as ever, took his sweet time examining all of the permission slips closely and checked each one with some sort of detector. Seeing him use the magical device made Harry wonder how he could use something like that as a Squib.

By the time they finally made it out of the castle and boarded a carriage, Harry had a new idea rolling around in his head. Having grown quite bored with his classes, he'd started to look at expanding his knowledge of other types of magic. With the idea he had in mind, he thought he might be able to help Squibs.

Most people wouldn't go out of their way to help someone like Filch. Harry wasn't too fond of the man when he aided Umbridge during her reign as High Inquisitor. Still, he could understand the bitterness a person would feel being born into a world of magic yet unable to do even the simple of spells. Not to mention the scorn Squibs received from most people just for being what they were. Harry had heard more than one story of children being abandoned when it was discovered they couldn't do magic.

He was realizing more and more that Voldemort wasn't the problem. He was just a symptom of a much larger issue. There was so much anger and bitterness in the Wizarding world and so many reasons for a person to turn dark that it was only a matter of time before someone new popped up to replace him. There needed to be a fundamental change in the way magical Britain before they could ever truly be safe.

But how, he wondered.

Dumbledore had spent the better part of seven decades as one of the most powerful figures in the world and had accomplished relatively little in that time.

Had he really tried, though, Harry asked himself.

Sure, Dumbledore had power, but he had never really tried to use it. Not seriously, at least. He'd changed small things, but not enough to make a difference. Ever since his fallout with Grindlewald, Dumbledore had been too scared to use the power he had. He didn't trust himself with it. Instead, he'd kept the status quo and hid in his school.

Yet even at Hogwarts, where he had the potential to change the minds and beliefs of generations of students, he'd held back with the exception of a few rare cases, such as Hagrid and Remus.

"Harry?"

Shaking himself from his thoughts, he turned to Lily, who was looking at him curiously.

"Sorry," he said with an apologetic smile. "I was just thinking."

"It's fine," Lily told him. "I asked if there was anywhere you wanted to go first."

"No. I need to pick up some presents, though. Do you have any idea what I should get your parents?" Harry asked.

"Well, you could get my mum something from Honeydukes. She loves her sweets," Lily told him with a smile. "My dad's not picky, but you really don't need to get them anything."

"What about your sister?" Harry asked.



“A heart,” Lily said with uncharacteristic snark, then shook her head. “Sorry. If you want to get her something, make sure it’s Muggle. The last time I bought her something magical, she threw it in the bin.”

Seeing the sad, troubled frown on her face, he reached over and squeezed her hand. Lily looked down at her hand, then back up at him, and smiled as she squeezed back. Neither of them noticed the knowing smiles Alice and Marlene exchanged across from them.

The carriage rocked to a stop, and Harry got out first and held out his hand to help the girls step down. As they walked towards the village, he immediately noticed several witches and wizards in the trademark blue robes worn by Aurors. Surprisingly, the few that spotted him gave him a respectful nod, including a young Kingsley Shacklebolt. Walking next to him with her hand in his, a tall, willowy witch with dark skin and a pretty face smiled at him.

Harry smiled back as he realized who she was. He recognized her from the picture of the Order that Moody had shown him. She was Elizabeth Shacklebolt, Kingsley’s wife, who had been killed in a raid on a Death Eater’s home during the first war.

“You okay?” Lily asked.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, forcing the frown off his face.

“Let’s go to Honeyduke’s first,” Alice suggested. “Then we can look at the other shops.”

“Sure,” Harry said.

In Honeyduke’s, Harry picked up a large sampler box for Cynthia, Lily’s mother, and a few other items to gift to the girls. When they were done, they explored the rest of the shops in the village one by one, looking for gifts.

One of the best shops they visited was Ender's Odds and Ends, a magical thrift shop. They had a wide assortment of different magical items where Harry was able to get gifts for pretty much everyone except for Lily. He had no idea what to get her, and nothing he saw he thought was good enough.

Even after they'd checked every shop in Hogsmeade, he still had no gift for her. With only a few days left before Christmas, he would have to think of something.

Maybe I should make something for her again, he thought.

Eventually, they stopped by the Three Broomsticks for lunch. Rosmerta smiled happily when she saw him and gave him a wink. It had only been a few days since he'd last snuck out of the castle to enjoy her company, but seeing her round breasts bulging out of the top of her corset made him wish they could sneak off for a bit.

Harry couldn't help the small, smug smirk that tugged at his lips when he saw the crowd of boys at the bar all staring at her breasts. She'd worn a dark green corset that caused her lush breasts to bulge over the top of the tight material. While his classmates could only fantasize about what was under her constricting outfit, Harry had an intimate knowledge of what she looked like.

As they walked to the back of the pub towards the only open booth, he spotted Arthur and Molly sitting at a table not too far away. Both of them were smiling happily at each other when Arthur spotted him and gave a friendly wave. Harry waved back just as Molly looked up and blushed heavily.

Taking seats, it only took Rosmerta a couple of minutes to come over and take their orders. As soon as she left, Alice stood up.

"We'll be right back. Need to use the loo," she said, giving Lily and Marlene pointed looks.

"Okay," Harry said.

Watching them leave, he couldn't help but wonder why they had to go together. He also could help but enjoy the view as they walked away.

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"Do you still plan on going to the bookstore after lunch?" Alice asked Lily as she washed her hands.

"Yeah, why?" Lily asked curiously.

"I thought me and Marlene could take off and give you and Harry some time together alone," Alice said with a knowing smirk.

As Marlene giggled, Lily bit her lip and saw her cheeks flush in the mirror.

"You don't need to do that," she said softly.

"You still like him, don't you?" Marlene asked.

"Well, yes, but..."

"But what?" Alice asked.

Lily knew she should have just told them that she and Harry were just friends, that she wasn't interested in him that way, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Does it really matter if we spend time together alone, she asked herself. It's not like Harry will try anything anyways, she thought sadly.

“Nothing, I’m just nervous,” Lily said with a small smile.

“What’s there to be nervous about?” Marlene asked.

“I’m not sure Harry likes me that way,” Lily admitted.

“Yeah, right,” Marlene scoffed. “So you didn’t notice him check out your bum when you bent over to look at those Enchanted snowglobes?”

“He did?” Lily asked, pushing down the flutter she felt in her stomach.

“It is a very nice bum,” Alice said, her hand swinging around to give her left cheek a light slap.

“Alice!” Lily exclaimed.

She stared at her friend’s unrepentant grin with an open mouth before all three of them broke down into giggles. As they left the bathroom, Lily couldn’t help the hopefulness she felt growing in her chest.

Worrying her lip, Lily followed Marlene and Alice back to their table with butterflies fluttering wildly in her chest. Maybe Harry was attracted to her, she thought. Maybe he was just hiding it like she was because he knew he shouldn’t. But what about the Black sisters, a voice nagged at the back of her mind.



The girls rejoined Harry, and they had a pleasant lunch together. Leaving a generous tip on the table, he smiled at Rosmerta as they left.

“Marlene and I need to go pick something up. See you two in a bit,” Alice said quickly once they were outside.

Before Harry or Lily could say a word, they took off down the street. Blinking at their sudden departure, he turned to look at Lily questioningly. Seeing his look, she shrugged her shoulders.

“So, where do you want to go next?” Harry asked.

“Um,” Lily hummed, looking up and down the street. “I need to stop at the bookstore, but - since we’re alone - there’s something I wanted to ask you about.”

“What that?” Harry asked as they began walking slowly in the direction of the bookstore.

Lily worried her bottom lip in a way he found both cute and sexy while looking around to make sure they were truly alone.

“I saw you, Narcissa, and Bellatrix together the other day in the library,” she said softly.

“Oh,” Harry said dully. “You mean when we were...”

Harry trailed off, hoping she would tell him exactly what she saw before he gave anything away.

“Kissing,” Lily finished, her cheeks going pink.

“Ah,” Harry said with a sigh.

I guess it was only a matter of time before she found out, he thought. Swallowing nervously, he decided it was time to come clean. He really didn’t like keeping secrets from Lily, and the guilt

of not telling her about Cissy and Bella had been slowly eating at him for a while now. Harry could only hope she didn't think poorly of him.

Looking around, he grabbed her arm lightly and started leading her towards the Shrieking Shack.

"Let's go this way. I'd rather not be overheard," Harry told her.

Nodding, Lily walked next to him, her shoulder occasionally brushing against him as they trudged through the ankle-deep snow. When they reached the dilapidated fence surrounding the ramshackle house, he leaned against it and cast a Muffliato Charm around them, just in case.

"It's a bit – complicated," Harry prefaced with a sigh. "In my time, Narcissa was married to Lucius Malfoy, who was a part of Voldemort's inner circle. During the battle of Hogwarts, she lied to him to save my life. I knew she was trapped in a loveless marriage, so when I saw her here, I felt like I had to help her."

Lily turned to look at him with a smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

"You just can't help yourself, can you?" she asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged, "Hermione called it my saving people thing."

Lily shook her head before her smile faded.

"And Bellatrix?" she asked.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“That’s where things get complicated,” he said. “Voldemort seduced her into becoming his most loyal and vicious Death Eater. The crimes she committed were some of the worst we saw during both wars. The thing is, she wasn’t always like that. Sirius told me she only became like that after she married Lestrage and met Voldemort. Bellatrix has always been obsessive, especially when it comes to someone powerful. When I met her here, I thought that if I could make her obsessed with me, I could stop her from hurting anyone and turn her against Voldemort.”

Harry sighed again and shook his head.

“I know that makes me sound like a manipulative git, but it seemed like the best option. I mean, she hasn’t done anything wrong yet, so I can’t have her arrested. And I couldn’t just kill her no matter what I knew she might do. I just...”

“You wanted to save her,” Lily finished for him. “Even after all the horrible things she did, you wanted to protect her.”

“Yeah,” Harry said, staring at his foot to avoid her eyes. “I know it sounds stupid-”

Harry broke off when he felt Lily wrap her arms around his shoulders and hug him gently. After a moment of hesitation, he hugged her back, savoring the warmth of her body in the cold winter air. When she pulled back a moment later, he was surprised to see her looking at him with a proud smile on her face. Harry felt a swell of warmth fill his chest as he stared at her beautiful face.

“You did the right thing,” Lily told him with conviction. “It’s easy to save your friends, but it takes true bravery to save someone you hate.”

Harry looked away shyly, but he couldn’t stop a pleased smile from twitching on his lips.

“Thanks,” he said. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I was just nervous about how you would react.”

“I was hurt that you didn’t tell me,” Lily admitted. “But I know things haven’t been easy for you lately, so I’ll let it go just this once. You know you can trust me, right?”

“I do trust you,” Harry said firmly.

“Good,” Lily smiled and nudged his shoulder with hers.

Smiling back, Harry wrapped his arm around her and hugged her to his side.

“Well, since I’m coming clean, I’m kind of seeing Rosmerta, too,” he confessed.

“What do you mean kind of seeing her?” Lily asked.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“When I first got here, I was pretty overwhelmed,” he admitted.

Lily nodded and rested her hand on his shoulder comfortingly.

“I know it wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but I told her everything,” Harry said. “I just wanted someone to talk to, and I’m still angry at Dumbledore for some of the things he did. It was hard – losing everything I’d fought so hard to protect – and Rosie’s always been a good listener.”

“I understand,” Lily said, reaching down to hold his hand.

Harry gave her a small smile and cleared his throat, fighting down the well of emotions he’d kept buried for the last few months.



“Do Narcissa and Bellatrix know?” she asked.

“Not yet,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “I plan on telling them. Probably soon. They need to know the truth before things start to get crazy.”

“What do you mean?” Lily asked.

“I’m going to start causing a lot of problems for Vol – You-Know-Who soon. They might not want to stick around when he starts coming after me,” Harry said, watching Lily’s reaction closely.

She knew exactly what he was doing and narrowed her eyes.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Lily said firmly.

Harry couldn’t help but sigh in relief despite the worry he felt.

“Are you sure it needs to be you, though?” she asked, clutching his hand tightly. “Can’t you just tell Dumbledore what you know and let him take care of it?”

“No,” Harry said firmly, shaking his head. “I can’t just sit back when I’m one of only two people that can stand up to him.”

Lily stared at him before she lurched forward and hugged him tightly.

“Just promise me you’ll be careful,” she said softly, her breath ghosting across his ear.

“I will,” Harry whispered.

Lily pulled back a few inches, her hands resting on his shoulders and his on her hips as they stared at each other. Harry was struck by just how beautiful she was, neither of them in a hurry to move away from each other. It took a moment before he realized Lily was leaning forward, her face slowly growing closer, and Harry couldn't bring himself to move away.

Both of them startled when they heard a giggle. As Lily stepped back, they turned to find James and Sirius approaching, each with a girl on their arm. The girl with Sirius giggled again as he whispered something in her ear. James looked up and glared at Harry hard when he stopped them.

"Let's go. I don't want to deal with them today," Lily said.

Grabbing his hand, Lily pulled him back towards the village. Harry sighed, not knowing if he should feel disappointed or relieved about the interruption.



Later that night, back at the castle, Harry made his way to the Defense classroom. After his talk with Lily, he'd realized he hadn't been doing much in terms of combating Voldemort, and that was down to one reason. A lack of information. With only a hand full of second-hand stories to go on, he just didn't know enough about what was happening at the moment.

Entering the classroom, he walked over to the closed office door and knocked.

"Come in," Connie called out.

Looking up for the stack of papers she was grading, Connie flipped her short blonde hair back and smiled as he closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Harry. What can I do for you?" she asked.

Rather than answering, Harry sealed the door and silenced it with heavy wards. Connie frowned and set down her quill.

“Is something wrong?” she asked.

“No,” Harry said, sitting down across from her. “I need your help with something.”

“I take it this isn’t school-related,” Connie said.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

“I need to know what Voldemort and his Death Eaters are up to, and I think I know how to find out,” he said. “When I was on the run, my friend Hermione and I came up with an idea. She modified a Listening Charm so that it could be placed on an object and send everything it heard to another one.”

“That’s impressive,” Connie said, sitting back in her chair.

“Yeah,” Harry agreed, smiling softly. “Hermione’s brilliant. Or, she will be.”

He went quiet for a moment, then physically shook himself out of his memories and pushed away the sadness he felt.

“Anyways,” he said, “we never got a chance to use it in my time, but I know it’ll work. I need your help, though.”

“What do you need me to do?” Connie asked.

"I want to use the Taboo to bring in the Death Eaters again. I just need you to tell me who's important enough to put the charm on," Harry told her.

"Alright. When do you want to do it?" Connie asked.

"You do realize we're going to be breaking several laws, right?" Harry asked.

Connie smiled, "Then we'll just have to make sure we don't get caught. Now, when are we going?"

Harry grinned and stood from his seat.

"Right now."

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Harry and Connie snuck out of the castle using the passage behind the One-Eyed Witch statue and then slipped out of Honeyduke's. Looking around the empty village to ensure they hadn't been spotted, Harry turned to Connie and held out his arm. As soon as she grabbed it, he twisted into nothing and Disapparated without a sound.

A moment later, they reappeared in the middle of the Forest of Dean, the same place where Harry and Hermione had hidden for weeks. Unbidden, he remembered Hermione taking his hand in hers. It was so vivid he could practically feel the ghost of her touch on his skin and see her face swimming in the shadows.

*"Maybe we should just stay here, forget about the prophecy, and grow old together,"* she'd said.

Knowing what he did now, a large part of him wished he'd taken her up on that. Merlin, he missed her.

"Harry?" Connie called out quietly.

"There's a clearing just on the other side of those rocks," Harry said, forcing away his memories. "Once they show up, I'll need you to put up an anti-Apparation ward. Then, we'll stun them, cast the charm, Obliviate them, and then get out of here. If Voldemort shows up, run. Don't worry about me, just leave as fast as you can. I'll be fine."

Connie stared at him for a long moment before nodding hesitantly.

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Connie took a deep breath to settle her nerves as she watched Harry enter the middle of the clearing. She couldn't help but notice how handsome he looked with the light of the moon illuminating his face.

Stop being a pervert and get your head in the game, she reprimanded herself.

It wasn't just his looks, though. There was a presence to Harry that just seemed to draw people to him. Shaking her head, she tightened her grip on her wand and focused on the task at hand. There would be plenty of time to ogle him later.

His bright green eyes blazing, Harry took a deep breath and tilted his head back.

"VOLDEMORT!" he screamed, the veins and tendons in his neck popping out against the skin.

She'd thought something might be bothering him before, but now she was certain. She saw a change in him the moment they stepped into the forest.

Later, Connie thought.

Her heart hammered in her chest as they waited for the Death Eaters to arrive. Even though Harry stood stock still in the middle of the clearing, she could already feel his magic building up. The feel of it sent a pleasant tingle down her spine.

Like firecrackers going off, there was a series of loud *pops* as half a dozen Death Eaters Apparated into the clearing. As they launched spell after spell at Harry, who deflected them easily, Connie blanketed the area with an anti-Apparation ward. The moment it settled into place, Harry exploded into action, dropping two Death Eaters with a single spell before she could even exit the tree line.

Leveling her wand, Connie stunned one of the cloaked and masked figures in the back. The rest of the Death Eaters panicked and tried to Disapparate. A vindictive smile stretched across her as she saw their eyes widen behind their masks when they failed. Another spell spat from the end of her wand while Harry dropped yet another Death Eater. With only one left standing, Connie rushed forward, the thrill of the moment going to her head.

Her opponent was nowhere near her level and fell quickly to a full-body bind. Grinning in excitement and panting as adrenaline coursed through her veins, she turned to Harry. Surprisingly, his wand was still at the ready, a frown of concentration wrinkling his brow.

Just as she opened her mouth to ask him what was wrong, she heard the words that caused the blood in her veins to turn ice cold.

“Avada Kedavra!”

With the sound of rushing death, Connie saw the bright green Killing Curse speeding towards her from out of the corner of her eye.

I’m dead, she thought dully, the curse far too close for her to move in time.

Everything moved in slow motion as she looked at Harry's blazing green eyes. Suddenly, he disappeared with a thunderous crack, accompanied a moment later by the sound of shattering glass. Connie saw the remnants ward burn up in the night sky right before she felt a muscular arm wrap securely around her waist.

In that moment, all fear left her. Harry was there, and she was safe.

Her body was yanked backwards, and her eyes followed the deadly green curse as it passed through the space where she had been standing a split second earlier.

Time went back to normal as she found herself being held to Harry's chest while a jet of fire spewed from his wand. Connie heard a pained, terrified scream, and as the jet died, a figure remained on fire just a short distance away.

Invisibility cloak, she thought.

The figure scabbled to throw off their burning cloak and only just managed it before a Stunning Hex slammed into their chest. Harry glared at the downed figure venomously for a long moment. His expression relaxed when they didn't move, and he turned to look at Connie.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Connie said, unable to tear her eyes away from his intense stare.

Nodding, he regrettably let go of her and walked towards the Death Eater that had hidden under the cloak. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Connie followed after him. She reached Harry just as he pulled off the mask.

"Holy shit!" Connie gasped. "That's Augustus Rookwood!"

Harry sighed and rubbed his chin.

“What’s wrong?” Connie asked. “This is good, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know,” Harry admitted. “I know we could get a lot of good information from him, but I don’t think it’s worth letting him go. He gives a lot of information about the Department of Mysteries and the Ministry to Voldemort.”

Connie looked down at Rookwood’s face and realized he had a point. Even if they kept a close eye on him, letting him go could cost many people their lives.

“Let’s go check the others first,” Harry said.

Standing up, he stunned Rookwood again and then tied him up for good measure. Walking around the clearing, they checked all the other Death Eaters and rounded them up. Two of them Connie didn’t recognize, three were petty criminals from Pureblood families that had lost their fortunes long ago, and the last one was a mid-level Ministry employee that worked in the Floo office. Harry listened to everything she told him and then thoughtfully stared at the unconscious and bound Death Eaters.

“I think we should turn this lot in and try again later,” Harry said eventually. “Rookwood is too much of a threat to let go, and releasing the others, even if we do Obliviate them, would be too suspicious. What do you think?”

“I think you’re right,” Connie admitted. “Why don’t you head back to school, and I’ll call the Aurors.”

“You sure?” he asked.

Connie smiled at him, “I’m sure. It’s the least I can do after you saved my life.”



“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

Giving her shoulder a squeeze, he smiled before taking a step back and vanishing silently. Connie sighed and looked back down at the Death Eaters.

“This’ll be fun to explain,” she muttered to herself.

Taking her badge out of her pocket, Connie tapped it with her wand.

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Harry had been sitting in Connie’s office for over an hour when she finally walked through the door. He set down the book he had been reading as she entered and raised an eyebrow at him.

“Everything go okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she said tiredly, hanging her cloak up near the door.

Harry’s eyes briefly raked over her bust as her shirt pulled tight over her chest.

“I told them I felt someone tracking me and Apparated to the middle of nowhere to fight them. Dawlish bought it, but Moody didn’t look too convinced,” she told him with a sigh.

Walking around her desk, she opened a drawer and pulled out a bottle of Firewhiskey and two tumblers.

“You didn’t get in any trouble, did you?” Harry asked in concern.

“No,” Connie said, pouring two fingers worth into each glass and then passing one to him with a smile. “If anything, capturing that many Death Eaters will look good on my record.”

Harry smiled in return and took a sip, the fiery liquid burning pleasantly and filling him with warmth.

“I kind of feel bad taking credit for it, especially since you saved my life,” Connie said.

“It’s my fault you were there in the first place,” Harry reminded her.

“I knew the risks,” Connie told him, reaching out to rest her hand on the back of his. “Seriously, thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said quietly with a small smile.

Returning the smile, Connie squeezed his hand before pulling back, her fingers trailing lightly over his skin.

“So, when do you want to try again?” she asked, bringing the tumbler to her full, pink lips.

“Let’s wait a week for things to calm down,” Harry said. “Are you staying at the school over the holiday.”

“No, I’ll be going home,” Connie told him.

Picking up her quill, she wrote something down on a sheaf of parchment before tearing it off and handing it to him.

“This is my home address. Stop by when you’re ready to go,” she said.

“Thanks,” Harry said, appreciating the trust her gesture showed.

Connie gave him a bright smile that sent his pulse racing. Downing the rest of his drink, Harry stood from his seat.

“I should call it a night,” he said. “Thanks for your help tonight.”

“Any time,” Connie said, still smiling. “Good night, Harry.”

“Night,” he said.

Stepping out into the hall, Harry leaned his back against the door to the classroom, closed his eyes, and sighed. He checked his watch and saw that it was just a few minutes before curfew. He’d been hoping to sneak off with one or both of the Black sisters for the night to blow off some steam, but it looked like that wasn’t an option now.

Well, if they can’t come to me, I could always go to them, he thought with a smirk.

Pushing off the door, he quickly made his way towards Gryffindor Tower.

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“Hey, Harry. Where have you been?” Lily asked as he walked into the common room.

“I was talking to Professor Hammer about plans for the DA next term,” Harry said.

He didn't like lying to Lily, but he couldn't exactly tell her the truth when they were surrounded by their housemates. He'd just have to fill her in later.

"Anything exciting planned?" Dorcas asked from her spot on the floor as Mary McDonald braided her dark brown hair.

"I have a few surprises," Harry told her with a smile.

Harry spent the rest of the evening chatting with the girls before heading up to the dorm. Mercifully, the full moon meant the Marauders were gone for the night. Pulling his Moke-skin pouch from around his neck, he pulled out his cloak and swung it around his shoulders. He crept back down the stairs, through the empty common room, and then out into the hall.

On his way to the dungeons, Harry was forced to dip into an alcove to avoid Peeves as he led Filch through the halls on a merry chase. Peeves laughed as he ripped apart a schoolbook and tossed the torn pages into the air. Mrs. Norris looked in his direction at one point, but took off after her owner when he took off down the hall after the cackling Poltergeist.

Shaking his head, Harry made the rest of the trip without incident. Standing in front of the entrance to the Slytherin common room, he pulled out the Marauder's Map and rolled his eyes when it revealed the password.

"Pureblood," he whispered.

The wall in front of him clicked and swung inward quietly. Peeking through the gap to make sure it was clear, he slipped inside. Like the Gryffindor common room, Slytherin looked exactly as he remembered it.

Making his way across the common room, empty but for a couple snogging by the fire, he levitated himself up the stairs to the girl's dorms. Setting himself down at the landing, he debated for a moment on who to go see. Making his decision, he quickly reached the door

marked for fifth years. Harry pressed his ear to the door and listened for a long moment before quietly slipping inside.

Inside, he found six beds arranged in a circle around a burning stove. Each bed had dark green hangings that blocked out his view. Fortunately, the trunks in front of the beds were each marked with the initials of the occupant. Harry smiled when he spotted the one marked B.B. and pulled out his wand.

Silencing the door, he gave it a flick, and a blue orb with a long, comet-like tail leaving a trail of blue sparks jumped from the tip. Like a fly, it zipped through the air towards the beds in an unpredictable pattern. Harry's spell slipped between the bed hangings and darted over the faces of the girls. As the trail of sparks drifted down and touched their skin, they settled into a peaceful, enchanted sleep that would last for several hours. After darting over the last bed, the spell winked out, the sparks fading out before they could touch the floor.

Harry took off his cloak, put it back in his pouch, and then stuffed it in the pocket of his pajama pants. Quietly, he made his way over to Bellatrix's bed and pulled open the hangings. He smiled at her cute, sleeping face as he sat down on the mattress. Bellatrix mumbled and pulled the blankets tighter around her.

"Bella," Harry said, shaking her shoulder.

Bellatrix groaned and squinted her eyes open in a glare. When she saw him, her eyes went wide, and she sat bolt upright.

"Harry?" she whispered. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to see you," he said in a normal voice.

Bellatrix looked over his shoulder at the bed behind him in concern.

“Don’t worry, they won’t wake ‘til morning,” he assured her.

Standing up, Harry took off his shirt. Bellatrix’s violet eyes lit up excitedly as she looked at him. Pulling the blankets off of herself, she smiled as he crawled onto the bed. Wearing only a thin, white nightgown, he could see her nipples already stiffening to push against the silky fabric.

Sitting with his back against the pillows, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her into his lap. His hands rested on her hips before slowly sliding up to cup her large, perky breasts. Bellatrix smiled happily as she leaned forward to kiss him hungrily, her tongue diving into his mouth.

With a moan, she rolled her hips, grinding down as his erection rose up to press against her mound. Harry squeezed her breasts firmly, his fingers sinking into the soft mounds as he bucked up. Letting go, he slid his hands down to gather the hem of her nightgown. They broke their kiss, and Bellatrix raised her hands above her head as he lifted it up.

As her voluptuous breasts came into view, Harry leaned forward and took one of her nipples between his lips. Bellatrix tugged her gown over her head and tossed it aside before running her fingers through his hair with a moan. Harry raked his teeth over the stiff, sensitive nub, causing her to suck in a sharp breath. Smiling, he took the nipple between his teeth and gave it a tug before wrapping his arms around her back and burying his face between her soft, smooth breasts. As he rubbed his face back and forth between her wonderful mounds, he kissed and nipped at her delicate skin.

“Harry,” Bellatrix breathed with a shiver.

Grabbing his shoulder, she pushed him back against the pillows with a smirk. Slowly, she shimmied backwards, her hands trailing down his chest as her face descended towards his lap. She grabbed the waistband of his pants and tugged them down, kissing his shaft when his erection leapt up to greet her. While Harry lifted his hips, she pulled his pants off and tossed them aside.

With her violet eyes sparkling, Bellatrix kissed her way up his thigh and over his hip to where his length lay against his stomach. Harry ran a hand through her long, curly black hair as she kissed the base of his shaft. Sticking out her tongue, she ran it from root to tip, flicking it upwards when she reached the end. Playfully, he flexed, causing his cock to lurch up and tap her chin.

Bellatrix opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his head, her tongue swirling around his glans. Harry hissed in pleasure as he stared into her sparkling eyes, his hands gathering her hair and holding it out of the way.

Bobbing her head up and down, Bellatrix took him deeper and deeper until he hit the back of her throat. Gagging lightly, she pulled back, adjusted her angle, and then drove herself forward. Harry grunted as she forced his length into her spasming throat, saliva leaking from her lips and tears gathering in her eyes. Heedless to her own discomfort, she pushed forward until her nose pressed against his groin. Bellatrix gripped his thighs and held herself in place for several seconds as her throat spasmed around him.

Eventually, she pulled back with a gasp, sucking in deep breaths around his shaft. Harry shuddered slightly as the bottom half of his spit-soaked length became cold from the air rushing past from her breathing. Once she caught her breath, Bellatrix dove back down, her throat squelching loudly as she swallowed him whole.

Harry groaned and waved his hand, sending the hangings on every bed flying open. He smiled when Bellatrix shuddered excitedly from the sudden exposure.

“I wonder if hearing you choke on my cock will influence their dreams,” Harry said.

Bellatrix's eyes glinted as she pulled halfway up his length before slamming her face back down. Another loud squelch left her throat as she gagged around his girth. Pulling herself back up, she repeated the move again and again, brutalizing her own throat with his rigid cock. Harry tilted his head back and groaned before he forced her all the way down and held her in place.

Letting go of her head with one hand, he stroked her cheek lovingly.

“My Bella,” he said softly.

Bellatrix closed her eyes and shuddered with a moan as she came suddenly.

Merlin, I love this crazy bitch, Harry thought with a chuckle.

Tightening his grip on her hair, he pulled her off of his cock. Bellatrix sucked in a deep breath and then let out a trembling moan as she stared up at him with a hooded gaze. Pulling her forward, she crawled forward until she straddled his lap. Harry pulled her in for a searing kiss while his hands moved down to her hips. Bellatrix moaned into his mouth as her sweltering, leaking folds rubbed along his throbbing shaft.

Without breaking their kiss, she lifted her hips and lined him up with her dripping entrance. Harry sank into her depths with ease as she settled her weight on him with a sensual moan. Putting her hands on his chest, she pushed herself back while rolling her hips. Reaching up, he squeezed her lush breasts firmly as she started bouncing up and down on his cock.

Taking her engorged nipples between his fingers, Harry pinched down hard. Tossing her head back, Bellatrix gasped and increased her pace. The faster she moved, the harder he squeezed. She panted with shuddering breaths as she writhed wildly on his lap. Soon, the rest of her breasts were bouncing heavily while he held her nipples in place, adding a sharp tug with each descent. Bellatrix's nails dug into his chest, leaving deep, crescent-shaped dents in his skin as her eyes glazed over. Growling at the pain, Harry planted his feet on the bed and bucked his hips.

Suddenly, Bellatrix trembled and screamed as she reached a thunderous climax. Her folds fluttered wildly around him as she drenched his shaft in her arousal. Collapsing onto his chest, she gasped for breath while her hips humped frantically with single-minded determination.

Grabbing her hips, Harry rolled her over and drew back before slamming into her spasming depths. Bellatrix cried out and stared up at him with fanatical devotion. Holding himself over her, he drove into her wet, tight heat with savage thrusts. Wet, meaty slaps echoed around the room as he ravaged her depths.



In moments, Bellatrix arched her back and came again, her perky tits thrust into the air as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. With a handful of brutal thrusts, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her core. His vision swam from the overwhelming intensity of his orgasm, and he collapsed onto his forearms while burying his face in the crook of her neck. Bellatrix raked her nails along his back as his hips flexed forwards with every lurch of his cock.

When he finally came down from his peak, Harry rolled to the side and onto his back. Like an overgrown cat, Bellatrix curled up against his chest, tracing abstract lines over his chest with one of her long fingernails.

“You know, most of the girls in the dorm fancy you,” Bellatrix said after a while. “I’m sure you could fuck them if you wanted to.”

Despite his exhaustion, Harry’s limp cock lurched back to life at her suggestion. Looking to his right, he stared at the face of Anastasia Burke. From her looks, he was certain she was the mother of Daphne and Astoria Greengrass, two of the most attractive girls during his time at Hogwarts.

“Maybe next time,” Harry said.

Bellatrix pouted before looking down and smirking at his renewed erection. Sliding down his body, she took him back into her mouth, heedless to the taste of her own arousal.

Relaxing against the pillows and closing his eyes, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and enjoyed the sensation.

## Chapter 12

Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table the morning they were to leave for Christmas break, excited and nervous about spending the next two months with his grandparents. Aunt Petunia had never told him anything about them, not even so much as mentioning their names.

While he was certainly happy to be spending time with his family, the approaching holiday was also a bitter reminder of what he was missing. This would be the first time since joining the Wizarding World that he wouldn't get to spend it with Hermione or the Weasleys. Harry was actually happy to leave the castle for once. Everywhere he looked, he saw something that brought back memories of his time with his two closest friends.

"Merlin, what happened to our points?" Marlene gasped.

Harry shook off his thoughts and saw that Gryffindor had lost a significant amount of house points. Well over one hundred if he remembered correctly. As the girls started speculating about what could have happened, Harry looked up and down the table. It didn't take him long to spot James, Remus, and Peter whispering together with sad, angry looks. The fact that he didn't see Sirius anywhere was ominous. Wracking his brain, he tried to remember if Sirius or Remus had told him about anything big happening in their sixth year. There was only one incident he could think of, but he thought that was supposed to happen later in the year.

Had things already changed that much, he wondered.

"Mr. Potter," Professor McGonagall said behind him. "I need to see you in my office."

Harry looked behind him and saw her lips were pressed into a thin line and the corners of her eyes wrinkled into an unpleasant expression.

"Er, sure, professor," Harry said.

Standing up, he followed McGonagall as she marched stiffly out of the hall. He looked over at the Slytherin table, and his heart sank into his stomach when he noticed Snape glaring hatefully over at James.

In silence, Harry followed Professor McGonagall down the hall to her office, where she closed the door and sat down behind her desk.

“Sit,” McGonagall barked.

“Something wrong, professor?” Harry asked as he took a seat.

McGonagall’s lips thinned further as she reached into her pocket and set a Prefects badge on the desk.

“Last night, there was a – incident – involving your roommates,” McGonagall said. “As you were the only one not involved, the Prefects badge goes to you.”

As she finished speaking, she pushed the golden badge across the desk towards him. Harry’s mouth hung half open. He wanted to defend Remus, to tell her it wasn’t his fault Sirius had led Snape to the Shrieking Shack but stopped himself at the last second. There was no way he could explain knowing what happened without getting into trouble himself and making the situation worse. Closing his mouth, Harry reached out and took the badge.

“Ms. Evans will tell you everything you need to know,” McGonagall said. “You’d best get going, Mr. Potter. The carriages will be leaving soon. Enjoy your holiday.”

“You too, professor,” Harry said.

Rising from her seat, he walked out of the office and back to the Great Hall in a daze. From what he remembered, Remus hadn’t lost his Prefects badge last time. Of course, there hadn’t been anyone else for Professor McGonagall to give it to the first time. Harry couldn’t help but feel a bit guilty as the weight of the Prefects badge settled heavily in his pocket. If he wasn’t here, Remus would have never lost it.

Pausing outside of the Great Hall, Harry forcefully shook away the thought. He had the chance to save hundreds, if not thousands, of lives by being here. If that meant Remus losing a silly little badge, then so be it. He was certain that if Remus knew the truth, he would be happy to give it up.

“What did Professor McGonagall want?” Lily asked as he took a seat next to her.

“I’ll tell you later,” Harry said.

Lily looked disappointed but nodded.

After they finished their breakfast, Harry and the girls got in line for the carriages. It was a quick, pleasant trip down to the station at Hogsmeade, where they boarded the train. During the trip, Harry debated with himself on exactly what to tell Lily. Part of him wanted to tell her the truth just so he had someone to talk to about his life, but another part of him thought it wasn’t for him to tell.

“Let’s find a compartment,” Alice said.

“Lily and I will catch up,” Harry told her, pulling Lily to a stop.

Alice and Marlene both gave them knowing grins that had both Harry and Lily rolling their eyes.

“Well, have fun,” Alice teased.

As the girls walked further down the train, Harry led Lily into one of the smaller but empty compartments at the front of the train and locked the door.

“Is this about what McGonagall talked to you about?” Lily asked curiously.

“Sort of,” Harry said as they took seats next to each other.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the Prefects badge. Lily gasped when she saw it.

“McGonagall said that something happened last night, and Remus lost his badge. Since I’m the only one that wasn’t involved, she gave it to me,” Harry explained.

“Did she say what happened?” Lily asked. “It must’ve been pretty bad for Remus to lose his position as Prefect.”

“She didn’t tell me, but I have a pretty good idea,” Harry sighed. “Sirius really took things too far with a prank.”

“What did he do?” Lily asked.

“What do you know about Remus’ condition?” Harry asked instead of answering.

Lily smiled, “If you’re asking if I know that he’s a Werewolf, then yes. I figured it out third year.”

“Yeah. Well, Snape started getting suspicious and following him around, so Sirius decided to teach him a lesson,” Harry sighed. “He told Snape to go to the Shrieking Shack at midnight if he wanted to know what was happening with Remus. Of course, that’s where Remus went to transform.”

Lily gasped and covered her mouth, her eyes wide.

“He didn’t!” she exclaimed.

Harry nodded heavily.

“Yeah. Snape popped his head up through the trap door and came face to face with a fully transformed Werewolf,” Harry said. “Fortunately, Sirius told James what he’d done, and James saved Snape before he could be bitten. At least, that’s what happened last time. I don’t know if it was the same this time around.”

“Potter saved him?” she asked incredulously.

“Like I said, they’re not bad guys; they’re just stupid and immature sometimes,” Harry told her. “Although I think he was more focused on protecting Remus at the time.”

“What the hell was Black thinking!?” Lily exclaimed furiously. “If Potter hadn’t stopped Severus, he could have turned or killed! Not to mention what would have happened to Remus. He’d have been expelled for sure, not to mention what the Ministry would have done to him.”

“I know,” Harry said. “I’m not defending what he did, but Sirius isn’t in a good place right now. His parents disowned him over the Summer, and his brother is set on following Voldemort.”

Lily sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

“That’s terrible, but it doesn’t excuse what he did,” she said firmly.

“I know,” Harry conceded.

“Wait. If it was Black’s idea, why did McGonagall take away Remus’ Prefects badge?” Lily asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry shrugged. “Maybe they felt like they had to punish everyone involved? Maybe he lied and took some of the blame to protect Sirius? Who knows?”

“Why can’t they all just grow up and stop acting like idiots?” Lily asked, leaning her head against his shoulder.

“I wish I knew,” Harry said.



After joining the rest of their friends in their compartment, they spent the rest of the trip to London relaxing and playing a few games of Exploding Snaps. Neither of them mentioned anything about what happened between the Marauders and Snape to anyone else, though Harry did tell them about being made Prefect. That meant there was some rampant and rather humorous speculation about how what had happened for the rest of the trip.

When they arrived at King's Cross Station, Harry and Lily bid their friends a Happy Christmas and exchanged hugs before passing through the barrier to find her parents. Cynthia and Gerald waved happily when they spotted them, though Petunia looked quite unhappy to be there.

In short order, Harry and Gerald had loaded the trunks in the boot, and they began the long drive back to the Evans' home. Harry ended up seated between the two sisters, with Petunia practically hugging the door to sit as far from him as possible.

"So, how was school?" Cynthia asked from the front passenger seat.

"It was good. Harry's club is a ton of fun, and we're learning a lot," Lily replied proudly. "Oh, and Harry was made Prefect."

"Really? That's wonderful, dear," Cynthia said while looking back to smile at Harry.

"Anything else interesting happen?" Gerald asked, looking at them through the rearview mirror.

"Not really," Lily said. "Just the same old classes."

"So, do Giants attack the village near your school often?" he asked with a raised brow.

"You, uh, you heard about that?" Lily asked quietly, looking down at her lap to avoid her parents' eyes.

“One of the other Muggleborn parents mentioned it while we were waiting for you,” Cynthia said. “Sweetheart, why didn’t you tell us?”

“I didn’t want you to worry,” Lily said, then sat up straight and crossed her arms over her chest. “And I’m not leaving Hogwarts.”

Petunia snorted in disgust and turned to look out the window with a huff.

“No one’s talking about taking you out of Hogwarts,” Cynthia said.

A moment later, Gerald grunted in disagreement.

“Er, Mr. and Mrs. Evan,” Harry said. “I know it’s not really my place, but Hogwarts really is the safest place for Lily to be.”

“How, exactly, is my daughter safer around Giants than she is at home?” Gerald asked gruffly.

“She’s safer where she can learn to defend herself,” Harry told him. “Besides, she was never really in that much danger. Even if the Giant hadn’t been stopped, she still would have gotten back to the castle before it even got close to her.”

“What was a Giant even doing near the school in the first place?” Cynthia asked curiously. “Are there that many in England?”

“Er, not really,” Harry said, glancing at Lily.

“There aren’t supposed to be Giants in England,” Lily told her. “They’re not sure why it was there.”



Not untrue, though Lily was leaving any mention of Voldemort, he noticed.

“Just let us know if something like this happens again,” Cynthia said. “We just worry about you.”

Petunia muttered something under her breath, but Harry couldn’t make out what she said.

“Alright,” Lily said.

“Promise us,” Gerald said firmly.

“I promise,” Lily said with a sigh.

The rest of the drive to Lily’s house was much more comfortable as the conversation turned to more pleasant subjects. Harry noticed that Lily liked talking about his fight with the Giant and the DA quite a lot. The proud smile she directed at him as she talked about how much she learned from the DA, and how impressive his fight with the Giant was, filled him with a warmth he’d experienced very few times in his life. It also left him blushing like a Weasley with how impressed her parents were.

When they reached the house, Lily showed Harry to the guest room upstairs and helped him get settled in. The first couple of days, he felt a bit out of place, like he normally did when visiting a new place, but Cynthia and Gerald were very welcoming. By his third night, Harry felt just as at home as he did at the Burrow. He had been worried about living in the same house as Petunia again, but she spent the majority of her time either in her room or visiting Vernon. The only time he really spent any time around her was at the dinner table, and even then, she acted as if he wasn’t there. Harry could see how much her behavior bothered her parents, and he felt bad for them, but there wasn’t much he could do about it.

Or, perhaps there was.

A few days into his stay, as they sat around the table after dinner, Cynthia began asking questions to get to know him better.

“Harry, can I ask you something? You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to,” she assured him.

“Sure,” Harry said.

“I know you said your parents were killed, but where did you stay after that?” Cynthia asked.

“Mum,” Lily hissed.

“It’s fine,” Harry said, glancing over at Petunia as she picked at her food with a bored expression.

“I grew up with my aunt and uncle,” Harry said. “It... wasn’t pleasant.”

“What do you mean?” Cynthia asked.

Harry debated with himself for a moment. On the one hand, talking about how his family treated him was something he normally avoided at all costs. On the other, they were family, and there was no guarantee that he won’t still be born in this world. If something did happen to him, and little Harry still ended up living with Petunia, this might be his only chance to ensure he was treated better. Oddly, the thought of Lily and James getting together bothered him more than he’d like to admit.

“Like I said, you don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to,” Cynthia told him when he didn’t answer.

“Sorry, I was just thinking,” Harry said, giving her a small smile before he turned serious. “My aunt and uncle hated magic. I think my aunt was jealous of my mum, but I don’t know what my uncle had against it. They – well, to be honest, they treated me horribly. They made me sleep in the cupboard under the stairs even though my cousin had two bedrooms and there was a guest room. I did chores like cooking, cleaning, and gardening since I can remember, and they only let me eat when everyone else was finished.

“They even lied to me about my parents. They told me my dad was a drunk, and they died in a car crash when they were really killed by a dark wizard. The worst part, though, was the names they called me. When I first started school, I thought my name was Freak Boy because that’s what they always called me. I didn’t even know my name was Harry until the teacher told me.”

Harry paused, lost in a sea of unpleasant memories he’d suppressed long ago. It wasn’t until Lily put her hand over his that he looked up. Cynthia had tears in her eyes, and both Lily and Gerald looked furious. Harry turned his hand over and gave Lily’s hand a squeeze just as she turned to look at her sister. He shook his head subtly, hoping she wouldn’t start a fight now. This Petunia hadn’t done anything wrong yet, to him, at least.

“Did – did they hit you?” Lily asked, her hand trembling slightly in his.

“Sometimes,” Harry admitted.

The plates, silverware, and glasses on the table shook from Lily’s wild magic as she closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“I’m so sorry, dear,” Cynthia said tearfully. “I shouldn’t have asked. I-”

“It’s alright,” Harry assured her with a smile.

“Girls, I want you both to promise me neither of you will treat each other’s children like that if something happens to one of you,” Gerald said firmly.

"I promise," Lily said.

"As if I would let a freak raise a child of mine," Petunia sneered.

"Petunia!" Cynthia exclaimed.

Petunia flushed and looked away shamefully from the glares of Lily and her parents.

"I don't ever want to hear you call someone that word ever again, Petunia. Now, apologize to your sister," Gerald demanded.

"But —"

"Now," he repeated firmly.

"I'm sorry," Petunia mumbled.

"Er, I didn't mean to cause any problems..." Harry said, not having expected things to take such a turn, or to hit so close to home.

"It's not your fault," Gerald assured him. "In fact, I should probably thank you. This is something we should have dealt with a long time ago. I'm sorry, but would you mind giving us a few minutes alone?"

Lily opened her mouth to protest on his behalf, but Harry patted her hand before she could speak.

"Sure," he said.

Standing, Harry left the kitchen and closed the door behind him. Hearing mumbled voices through the door, he hesitated for a moment. For a moment, he wished he had a pair of Extendable Ears on him to listen in. Just as he remembered he had some in his trunk, he pushed the thought away.

I hope this helps, Harry thought.

Turning, he slowly headed up the stairs.

Over the next hour, as he read quietly, he heard raised voices only a couple of times, usually ending when Gerald spoke up loudly, though not angrily. Eventually, Petunia stomped upstairs and glared murderously at him as she passed his room. Seconds later, he heard her slam her door shut down the hall. Less than a minute after that, Lily walked into his room and sat down on the bed next to him, her arms crossed and an unhappy look on her face.

"Is everything okay?" Harry asked.

"That stupid – urgh! I can't believe her! She acts all high and mighty - like she's better than me because she doesn't have magic - when I know for a fact she sent a letter to Dumbledore *begging* to be let into Hogwarts," Lily huffed.

"Seriously?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Lily said, her face turning red. "I can't believe she treated you like that!"

Quickly, Harry picked up his wand and tossed a Muffliato Charm at the door so they wouldn't be overheard.

"You have no idea how bad I wanted to hex her," she continued, slowly working herself up into a rage. "I swear, no child of mine is ever going to live with Petunia. They'd be better off in an orphanage than being raised by that – that –"

“She hasn’t done anything yet,” Harry reminded her.

“How can you defend her?” Lily asked angrily.

“She’s family,” Harry said with a shrug. “Until I came here, she was the only family I had left. Don’t get me wrong, I hate the way she and Vernon treated me, and the way they raised Dudley was nearly as bad, but...”

Again, Harry could only shrug.

Lily opened her mouth, then closed it and shook her head with a smile tugging at the corners of her lips. Grabbing his hand, she threaded her fingers through his and rested her head on his shoulder.

“You’re incredible, you know that?” Lily asked. “Most people wouldn’t be as mature or forgiving as you.”

“Most people haven’t had to live through what I have,” Harry said, shrugging only one shoulder so he didn’t disturb Lily. “I learned the hard way life isn’t always black and white.”

“Can you tell me more about what your life was like?” Lily asked.

Harry turned thoughtful for a moment. There really wasn’t a good reason to hide it from her anymore, he decided. He hadn’t told her before because he didn’t want her to figure out who he was.

“It’s a really long story, and most of it isn’t pleasant,” he warned her.

“I don’t care. I want to know more about you,” Lily said softly.

“Well, you know what my life was like growing up,” Harry began. “When I first got my Hogwarts letter, my uncle tried to hide it from me. He went a bit nutters when letters started showing up in the eggs aunt Petunia bought and came shooting out of the fireplace...”

For the next few hours, Harry told Lily about his life, prompting a rollercoaster of emotions. The only thing he left out was telling her about the Horcruxes. Cynthia came by at one point, bidding them goodnight and telling them not to stay up much longer. They didn’t listen very well, considering it was nearly midnight when he finally finished his story.

Harry felt emotionally drained by the end of his tale, but it was a relief to have such a weight lifted from his shoulders.

“I can’t believe you went through all of that,” Lily said, clinging to his arm with her fingers still threaded through his. “It sounds like something out of a movie.”

Harry chuckled, “Honestly, there are still times when I expect to wake up back in my cupboard, and this will have all been a dream.”

Lily leaned forward and hugged him tightly before leaning back just far enough for their green eyes to lock.

“For what it’s worth, I’m really proud of you,” she said softly.

Harry smiled, his eyes burning slightly as he fought back tears.

“Thank you,” he said thickly. “That means a lot.”

Lily smiled prettily and ran the fingers of her free hand through his hair. Suddenly, she leaned forward and pressed her lips to his softly. Harry stiffened for a moment in surprise, but even as he thought about pulling back, his body reacted on its own and kissed her back. It took a few

seconds for him to get control of himself enough to break the kiss. Again, their green eyes locked, their faces just an inch apart.

“Lily, you’re –”

“I don’t care,” Lily interrupted. “I don’t care who I was in your time. I don’t care who else you’re seeing. I – I love you, Harry.”

Harry swallowed thickly as he stared at her. He couldn’t deny he was attracted to Lily, that he cared about her, but there was still a worry niggling at the back of his mind.

“Lily, when I broke the Elder Wand, and it sent me back, it affected me,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “Dumbledore thinks the magic of the Hallows bonded with mine and essentially made me a Hallow. I – I think it might be having so kind of effect on the people around me. This might just be my magic making you –”

“No,” Lily said firmly. “Harry, if it was just your magic affecting me, then wouldn’t it stop when I’m not around you?”

“I-” Harry started, then stopped.

He blinked as he stared at Lily. He hadn’t considered that before. With the way people, especially women, had been reacting to him since he arrived in the past, he was certain the Elder Wand had some sort of effect on him. Lily smiled at him and combed her fingers through his hair.

“You think too little of yourself,” she said softly.

Leaning forward, Lily wrapped both of her arms around his neck and kissed him again. This time, Harry couldn’t bring himself to try and stop her. His hands rested on her hips as he pulled her closer. With their lips still connected, Lily swung her leg over his and straddled his thighs. As her



tongue slipped between his lips with a moan, his hands slid down her back to grasp her bum. Lily moaned again, louder this time, and pressed her body against his, her large breasts flattening against his chest.

Harry smiled against her lips and fell onto his back. Smiling, Lily pushed herself up on her arm and grinned down at him, her cheeks flushed, lips swollen and glistening, and her eyes sparkling with happiness.

“I’ve wanted to do that for weeks,” Lily said.

“Is that why you invited me over for the holiday, to seduce me?” Harry asked teasingly.

“Maybe,” Lily said, smiling.

Harry smiled back, his hands caressing her full, round bum lightly before it slowly faded.

“It really doesn’t bother you if I’m still with Narcissa and Bellatrix?” Harry asked. “I know it’s a lot to ask, but I really don’t want to see what happened in my time happen to them again.”

Lily bit her lip, “I have a bit of a confession to make. You remember when I said I saw you kissing them in the library?”

Harry nodded.

“Well, that’s true, but I knew about it before that,” Lily admitted sheepishly. “I saw you with Bellatrix a couple of weeks before that, and I was curious, so I followed you to that room on the seventh floor. Then Narcissa showed up, and I didn’t have anywhere to go, so I hid in the room with you, and I saw you, well...”

“Oh,” Harry said, realizing what she would have seen.

"I'm really sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to spy on you. I was just curious and —"

"It alright," Harry said, smiling softly. "My curiosity has gotten the better of me more than once."

Lily smiled and then looked down with a blush, her fingers drawing abstract lines over his chest.

"Anyways, when I saw the tree of you together, I – well, it was a lot more exciting than I thought it would be," Lily admitted.

Harry raised an eyebrow, his shaft hardening as thoughts of Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix all together danced behind his eyes.

"Well, that certainly sounds interesting," Harry said.

Lily blushed brightly and smacked his chest lightly.

"Perv," she murmured.

"You're the one that brought it up," Harry said with a grin. "And you're the one that spied on us. I think that makes you the perv."

Lily smacked his chest again while the corners of her lips twitched into a smile.

"Prat," she said.

"I can't argue against that one," Harry said.

Both of them laughed lightly before Lily leaned down and kissed him again. As their lips moved languidly, Harry caressed her bum before sliding his hands up her sides. She moaned against his lips when his thumbs brushed the sides of her breasts over her crimson jumper. Lily kissed him harder as his hands slid down to cup her breasts. Even though her thin jumper and bra, he could feel her nipples under his thumbs.

Lily rolled her hips, grinding her jean-clad ass down on his groin while his hands moved down to the hem of her jumper. Harry slipped his hands underneath and pressed them against her smooth, bare skin. She nibbled on his bottom and moaned as his hands drifted slowly upwards over her stomach and ribs.

Just as his fingertips brushed the bottom of her bra, tracing over the swell of her breasts, they heard the sound of a door opening and closing down the hall. With a muttered curse, Lily jumped off of Harry, and both of them frantically fixed their twisted clothes. Harry just had time to cancel the Muffliato Charm on the door as Cynthia poked her head around the corner with a smile.

“Come on, you two, time for bed. We’ve got a busy day planned for tomorrow,” she said.

“Alright, mum,” Lily said, climbing off the bed.

“Goodnight,” Cynthia said.

“Night,” Harry and Lily replied.

As Lily’s mother disappeared down the hall, Lily turned and kissed Harry on the lips.

“Night, Harry,” she said.

“Night,” Harry replied.

They smiled at each other and kissed one last time before Lily turned to leave the room. His eyes followed her swaying hips and backside as she walked across the room. Pausing at the door, she looked over her shoulder at him with a knowing smile before she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Sighing, Harry fell back onto the mattress with a smile on his face.

### Chapter 13

The following morning, Harry walked down to the living room, where the Evanses were getting ready to leave. They were going to visit Lily's grandparents for Christmas Eve. When he met Lily's eyes, they shared a smile while Harry made himself busy helping Cynthia in the kitchen.

"Where did you learn to cook?" she asked curiously as they bustled about the kitchen.

"My relatives," Harry said.

"Oh," Cynthia gasped, covering her mouth with her hand. "I'm so sorry. I should've remembered."

"It's fine," Harry reassured her with a smile. "I actually like cooking."

Placing the casserole in the oven, he stood and found himself being pulled in for a gentle, motherly hug. Smiling, he hugged Cynthia back before they parted and went back to cooking.

Two hours later, They had packed all the food and presents in the car and were on their way to Crawley. Harry sat between Lily and Petunia in the backseat, the smell of pumpkin pie filling the

air. Predictably, Petunia gave him a disgusted look and scooted as far away from him as possible in the cramped quarters.

As the scenery flew by outside the window, Harry let his mind wander. Up to this point, he hadn't really accomplished much in the way of dealing with Voldemort. He'd yet to destroy a single Horcrux, and other than turning a handful of Death eaters, including one of his inner circle, he hadn't done much to weaken his forces. Realistically, he couldn't just go around killing and capturing the Death Eaters he knew of without the Ministry coming down on him. At this point, Voldemort had a solid enough grip of the Ministry that they would label him as a vigilante and toss him in Azkaban - if he made it that far - before he could do much.

Harry was coming to realize more and more that, as much as he hated it, he needed to get involved in politics. If he managed to defeat Voldemort again, the last thing he wanted was for his Death Eaters to walk away without anything truly changing like last time.

He needed to find a way to get hold of an ancient house and get a seat on the Wizengamot. Unfortunately, in this time, he couldn't fall back on being head of Houses Potter and Black. There was one house he might be able to claim, however. The house of Peverell had been dormant for over six hundred years since the last daughter of the house had married into the Potter family. Despite that, the house was still one of the Sacred Twenty-Eight and held a hereditary seat on the Wizengamot. If he went to Gringotts and took an inheritance test, it was possible he could claim the house for himself.

With plans to visit Gringotts after Boxing Day, Harry turned his mind to another problem. The Horcruxes. Up to this point, he hadn't gone after them for fear of alerting Voldemort. Right now, he only knew where two of them were for certain. The ring should already be in the Gaunt shack, and the Diadem was at Hogwarts. Lucius was still in school, so Harry doubted Voldemort had given him the Diary yet. The same with Bellatrix, though he doubted that would happen at all now. Likewise, the Locket wouldn't be placed in the cave until Regulus graduated in another two and a half years. The only good news was that Nagini wasn't a Horcrux yet, leaving one less for him to deal with.

Harry was confident he could destroy the Locket without arousing suspicion, but he wasn't sure of the ring. If Voldemort checked on it before Harry could collect the others, he could hide them away in a place he might never be able to find them.

He needed more information, but he just didn't know how to get it. He still had the plan to place a Listening Charm on a Death Eater or two, but that would only alert him to upcoming attacks. If it worked. On the one hand, Listening Charms were easily detected and dispelled. On the other, Voldemort and his Death Eaters were the sort arrogant enough not to bother checking. Harry figured it was a toss-up whether they discovered them or not.

For now, Harry decided to destroy the Diadem and leave the others until he could figure out where they were. The ring, unfortunately, would have to stay where it was. His only option was to try and fight Voldemort off until he could find the rest. Dumbledore might be content to sit in his castle and play the long game, but Harry wasn't willing to do that.

It's time someone starts fighting back, he thought.

A bold plan began to form in Harry's mind. It wasn't enough to fight off their attacks. He needed to find a way to rally the people and get the government to do its bloody job for once.

No matter what he did, however, the fight was still coming.

"You okay?" Lily asked, pulling Harry from his thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Harry smiled. "Just thinking."

"About what?" she asked curiously.

"I was thinking about starting a business, actually," Harry said, admitting part of his plan.

"Really?" Cynthia asked from the front seat. "What kind of business?"

“Well, I want to start making the Wolfsbane Potion and be able to give it away for free,” Harry said. “What I’d like to do is build or buy a greenhouse to grow the ingredients myself to save on cost. I could even hire Werewolves to work there, giving them some work. That’s one of the reasons they have a bad reputation. No one wants to hire them, so they end up stealing just to survive.

“I also have quite a few ideas for enchanted products to sell, like the Memory Projector I made for Lily. A ton of people, especially Muggleborns, have been asking me for one at school. I also have ideas for things like cloaks enchanted with protective charms, doormats that stun uninvited guests, and rings that can produce powerful shields.”

Harry felt a bit guilty stealing ideas from the twins, but if it would help save lives, he was sure they would understand.

“One of my biggest ideas is to enchant mirrors to act like a telephone,” Harry continued.

“That’s brilliant!” Lily exclaimed excitedly.

Petunia scoffed for his right, but he ignored her.

“If I can get it to work,” Harry said, smiling at her. “Linking two mirrors is easy, and you can buy them in Diagon Alley. Getting thousands of mirrors to work together is going to be extremely difficult. Not to mention I have to come up with a new way of identifying each mirror. It’s not like you can dial a number like a phone.”

“How do the mirrors you can buy now work?” Gerald asked.

“You just say the person’s name,” Harry told him.

“Can’t you just do that?” Cynthia asked.

“I could,” Harry admitted. “The problem is, anyone with your name could call you anytime they want. That’d work for most people, but it would get annoying fast if you’re famous, like a Quidditch player or a singer.”

“Maybe you could add password protection for people that need it,” Lily suggested.

“That would work,” Harry said, turning to Lily with a grin. “It would keep costs down for people that didn’t need it and make it easier for friends and family to call them. Brilliant. You’re hired!”

Lily and her parents laughed while Petunia huffed and crossed her arms over her chest. Glancing over at her, Harry suddenly had a much better idea for her Christmas present.

After a two-hour car ride, they finally arrived in Crawley and pulled up to Cynthia’s parent’s house. Her mother, Rose, was a kindly old woman with white hair who walked with a cane. Her father, Mark, looked to be in his seventies with a slightly hunched back, bald head, and an irrepressible grin. Both of them greeted Harry warmly with the rest of the family as they walked inside. For the first time, Petunia let go of her attitude as she hugged her grandparents.

Harry suspected it had to do with the fact they knew nothing about magic, so they couldn’t talk about it. Still, he greatly enjoyed talking with the elderly couple. Surprisingly, Mark was a bit of a prankster, moving a sprig of mistletoe all over the house when no one was looking.

Twice, Harry got caught under it, once with Lily and once with Cynthia. He gave Cynthia a peck on the cheek but, feeling mischievous, he dipped Lily and kissed her briefly on the lips to the laughter of the others. Even Rose making some not-so-subtle hints to Lily that they should date couldn’t keep the smile off Harry’s face.

They stayed for several hours and had a wonderful meal before getting back in the car for the trip back to London.

“Thanks for inviting me,” Harry said as they left Crawley. “This is the first Christmas I’ve been able to really enjoy for years.”



“You’re welcome, Harry,” Cynthia smiled.

“What couldn’t you enjoy Christmas?” Lily asked softly.

“Well, last year, I was on the run. Hermione and I spent Christmas hiding in a tent in the Forest of Dean,” Harry explained. “The year before that, the house I was staying at was attacked by Death Eaters and burned to the ground. Before that, My friend’s dad was attacked, and we were all worried because Voldemort was back, and the Ministry wouldn’t admit it. And before that, I had to go to the Yule Ball, which was a bit of a mess.

“To be fair, that one was my fault,” he admitted. “I was kind of immature about the whole thing. I probably would’ve enjoyed it if I hadn’t been feeling sorry for myself.”

“That was the year you were forced into the Triwizard Tournament, wasn’t it?” Lily asked.

“Yeah,” Harry replied.

“What the Tri-”

Gerald’s question cut off as he slammed on the brakes, causing the tires to lock up and squeal on the snowy road. Harry caught sight of a large creature with menacing yellow eyes a moment before they slammed into it. Everyone was jolted forward by the sudden deceleration, and the car spun to a stop facing the ditch. Ignoring the pain in his stomach, Harry scrambled to release his seatbelt.

“Is everyone alright?” Gerald asked.

“What did we hit?” Cynthia asked.

"I think it was a deer," Gerald said.

"It wasn't a deer," Harry told him.

"What are you doing!?" Petunia shrieked as Harry crawled over her and opened the door.

"Harry?" Lily asked.

"Stay in the car," Harry yelled.

Climbing out of the car, he closed the door and cast Locking and Imperturbable Charms.

"What are you doing!?" Lily screamed, frantically pulling the door handle and pushing on the door to no avail.

Harry ignored her and scanned his surroundings. There was no sign of the creature they'd hit, but he recognized those eyes. The hair on the back of his neck stood up as he continued to look around with the headlights from the car the only source of light thanks to the clouds overhead. His instincts screaming, Harry spun around just as a voice sounded out.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" Greyback said, his yellow eyes gleaming as he bared his pointed teeth. "A little wizard wants to play?"

Harry readied his wand, only for his eyes to widen in shock as the man changed into a Werewolf in less than a second before pouncing at him with a snarl. The speed of the change, as well as the fact it was almost a week since the last full moon, was shocking. Tossing out a reflexive Banishing Charm, Greyback still managed to reach out and slash his shoulder with his claws as he was knocked aside.

Hissing, Harry grit his teeth and sent a barrage of spells at the Werewolf as it landed. With terrifying speed and agility, Greyback leapt out of the way of every single spell as he charged at Harry once more. This time, his Banishing Charm missed, and Harry dove out of the way, only to be smacked in the chest. He was flung backwards into the car, where he impacted with enough force to knock the wind out of him.

Petunia screamed hysterically while Lily and Cynthia screamed his name. Lily was frantically trying to open the door but couldn't dispel his Locking Charm.

Scrambling to his feet, Harry turned to face Greyback as he stalked him from the shadows of the hedge. In the darkness, only his malevolent yellow eyes were visible. Taking three long strides, the Werewolf charged at him. Growling angrily, Harry sprinted forward before dropping down and sliding on the wet, snowy road just as Greyback leapt.

Harry swiped his wand, and a fiery whip lashed out from the tip. The thin rope of fire slashed through the Werewolf's left arm above the elbow, his left leg just below the hip, and his right leg below the knee. The limbs dropped to the ground as Greyback let out a howl of rage and pain. Where the Flame Whip had cut, the wounds were cauterized, the hair burning and filling the air with an acrid stench.

Crumpling to the ground and clawing at the road with his only remaining hand, Greyback slowly reverted back to his human form, his eyes glaring up at Harry balefully.

"I'll kill you for this!" Greyback snarled. "I'll gut your intestines and feast on your bones! I'll -"

The rant cut off as a bright red Stunning Hex from Harry's wand slammed into his face. As Harry's sight in relief, he began to feel a sharp pain in his ribs, his back ached, and his shoulder stung horribly.

Lifting his wand, Harry sent off a Patronus to Moody, telling him what had happened. Lily was still screaming his name as he climbed to his feet, his clothes wet and freezing from the slush clinging to them. A quick flick of his wand had the door unlocked and Lily racing towards him.

He hissed from the pain in his chest when she wrapped him in a tight hug, causing her to let go quickly.

“Sorry,” Lily said sheepishly. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Harry said. “I think it’s just a couple of broken ribs.”

As Lily’s parents approached, Cynthia pulled him in for a soft hug.

“Thank you so much,” she said emotionally. “I don’t know what would have happened to us if you hadn’t been here.”

Smiling, Gerald reached out and squeezed his uninjured shoulder gently.

“W-what – what is that thing?” Petunia whimpered.

“Fenrir Greyback,” Harry said. “He’s a dark wizard and Werewolf known for intentionally turning children. He’s another reason Werewolves have such a bad reputation.”

“Bastard got what he deserved then,” Gerald muttered.

A series of loud pops sounded close by, startling Harry despite the fact he knew they were coming. His wand jerked up reflexively, causing a sharp pain in his chest as he aimed it at the new arrivals. Moody grunted and nodded, his own wand leveled at Harry. Relaxing, Harry looked at the three others with him, Kingsley and Elizabeth Shacklebolt, and a wizard with short black hair and a big bushy beard he didn’t recognize.

“Holy shit!” the bearded wizard exclaimed as he stared down at Greyback.

“Told you it wasn’t a prank,” Moody grunted, kicking the unconscious Werewolf hard before he looked up at Harry. “Alright there, Potter?”

“A little banged up, nothing major,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Anyone else hurt or bitten?” Moody asked, eyeing the rest of the group closely.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“Liz, check him out while we take care of Greyback,” Moody grumbled. “Or what’s left of him.”

“How do we even cuff him?” the bearded wizard asked while Elizabeth walked up to him with a kind smile.

“Hi, I’m Elizabeth Shaklebolt,” she introduced herself. “I’m going to cast a few spells to see how injured you are, okay?”

Harry nodded, and she waved her wand over him while muttering under her breath. A blue light shone from her wand like a flashlight, showing the bones underneath. Harry felt a bit queasy looking down to see his own skeleton.

“Looks like a cracked sternum and two cracked ribs,” Elizabeth said, canceling the spell.

“Fortunately, the cuts on your arm don’t look too bad, and Werewolves can’t infect through their claws. I can give you a couple of potions to treat you, or you can go to St. Mungo’s. It’s up to you.”

“I’ll take the potions,” Harry sighed.

Elizabeth smiled and pulled two vials out of her pocket.

“You’re as bad as Kingsley. He hates hospitals, too,” she said. “The blue one is a bone-knitting potion you need to drink, and the clear one is Dittany that you need to drip onto your arm.”

Harry nodded and looked over the potions closely before downing the blue one with a grimace.

Certainly tastes like a bone-knitting potion, he thought.

Uncorking the Dittany, Harry tried to apply it himself but had trouble holding his shirt out of the way. Lily stepped forward, took the vial from him, and started applying it to the four gashes along his shoulder and upper arm. Cynthia watched in astonishment as the Dittany fizzled and the skin knitted itself back together.

“That’s incredible,” she marveled. “Can we get some of that to keep around the house?”

“Probably a good idea,” Harry said. “I’ll pick some basic healing potions up for you when I go to Diagon Alley after Christmas.”

“Thank you,” Cynthia said, “Are you feeling better?”

A bit,” Harry said while smiling at Lily as she finished treating his arm. “My arm’s better, but the bone-knitting potion takes a few hours to work.”

“Still better than the four to six weeks it would take to heal naturally,” Gerald pointed out.

Harry nodded in agreement just as the bearded wizard placed a stone on Greyback’s back, and both of them vanished with the distinctive swirl of a Portkey. Moody and Kingsley shared a quiet word before the two of them approached.

“We need to get statements from everyone,” Moody said. “Potter, you’re with me. Are either of the girls underage?”

"Lily is," Cynthia answered, motioning to her daughter.

Moody nodded, "We need a parent or guardian present to question her."

"I'm her mother," Cynthia said.

"I'll talk with you first and then your daughter, if that's alright with you," Elizabeth said.

"Sir, if you'll come with me," Kingsley said to Gerald in his baritone voice.

Nodding, the group broke up with Harry following Moody a short distance away.

"I don't suppose there's anyways I could keep my name out of this?" Harry asked.

"Sorry, lad," Moody said, shaking his head. "The good news is, there's a ten thousand Galleon reward for capturing that bastard alive. So, what happened?"

Harry spent the next several minutes telling him everything.

"For what it's worth, you did a hell of a job, lad," Moody told him. "That son of a bitch mauled a four-year-old last week."

"Well, he won't be doing that again," Harry said with satisfaction.

Grinning, Moody clapped him on the shoulder and walked back over to the other Aurors, who were done with their interviews. They spent a couple of more minutes bagging up the severed limbs as evidence before saying goodbye and Disapparating.

“Wait, how are we going to get home!?” Petunia gasped.

“I’ll take care of it,” Harry said.

Walking to the front of the car, he ran his wand along the front. The panels popped back into place while the engine was mended, and the leaking fluids were sucked back into their proper places.

“Well, I know who I’m calling next time it needs repairs,” Gerald said.

Harry grinned as everyone piled back into the car. Lily took his hand in hers as the car started up, and they resumed the drive back to London.

“Why did you lock me in the car?” Lily asked softly.

“To protect you,” Harry said, then held up his hand to stop her when she glared at him. “You’re good with a wand, Lily. One of the best at Hogwarts, but you’re not ready for someone like Greyback yet.”

“Well then, when we get back to Hogwarts, you’ll just have to train me, so I am ready,” Lily said firmly. “I’m not some helpless princess that’s going to sit by while everyone else is fighting.”

“I know,” Harry smiled.

Lily stared at him for a moment longer before nodding and resting her head on his shoulder. Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head.

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Christmas morning, they all woke up early to open their presents. Harry had gotten Lily a Two-Way mirror like the one Sirius had given him, while the other he gave to her parents. Cynthia and Lily both hugged him tightly for that. For Petunia, he gave her the Honeyduke's chocolates he'd originally planned to give her, along with a basic rune carving set that he no longer used.

Looking at the box and realizing what he'd given her, Petunia scowled and glared at him.

"Is this some sort of sick joke?" she spat.

"Petunia!" Cynthia scolded her.

"It's alright," Harry said. "I can see why she'd think that. The thing is, Runes draw their power from nature, not the witch or wizard that drew them."

"So?" Petunia scowled.

"So, it means with the proper knowledge and tools, you can do magic, just not with a wand," Harry said.

Eyes wide, Petunia looked back down at the box with a look of fear and excitement.

"I'll be able to do magic?" she asked softly.

"Yep," Harry grinned. "You can brew potions, too, since the magic is in the ingredients. I'm sure between Lily and me, I'm sure we can get together some books and ingredients for you to use."

"Won't she get in trouble for that?" Lily asked hesitantly with a sad look at her sister. "The Statute of Secrecy says that you can't do magic outside of school unless you have your OWLS."

“True, but that’s only for wanded magic,” Harry said. “A lot of squibs make a living working with runes and potions. The Ministry doesn’t want Muggles using magic, though, so they make it sound like it’s illegal, even though it technically isn’t.”

“Could – could you show me?” Petunia asked hopefully.

Harry looked over at Lily, who smiled and nodded.

“Sure,” she said. “Come on, I’ll show you my old books.”

Together, the two girls walked upstairs.

“That was very nice of you, Harry,” Cynthia said. “Hopefully, Petunia can get over her dislike of magic now that she can use it herself.”

“I hope so, too,” Harry said.

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Lily and Petunia spent a couple of hours going over the basics of Runes before Cynthia called them down to help with dinner. For the first time since he’d known them, they actually behaved like sisters. Petunia even showed off an old doll she was able to make hover with a simple set of runes.

While Gerald and Cynthia congratulated her, Lily pulled Harry aside and kissed him heatedly.

“Thank you,” Lily whispered with a beaming smile.

"You're welcome," Harry said.

"Lily, can you check the food in the oven?" Cynthia called from the kitchen.

"Coming," Lily said.

Turning to Harry, she pulled him in for another passionate kiss before turning around and heading for the kitchen. Grinning, Harry followed behind at a leisurely pace.

After another amazing dinner, they all sat and talked for a while until they were interrupted by an owl flying in the window. The owl, carrying a copy of the Daily Prophet, flew over to Lily. Slipping five Knuts into the pouch on its leg, she took the paper and opened it up. Harry tensed, knowing that evening editions, especially on Christmas, wouldn't be sent without a big headline. He relaxed slightly when she smiled.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

With a big grin and a twinkle in her eyes, Lily turned the paper around so he could see it.

*Hero of Hogsmeade Claims Greyback Bounty*

Groaning, Harry fell back in his seat and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, that's wonderful," Cynthia said while Lily giggled. "You keep a copy of that and have it framed. It's not every day you're on the front page of the newspaper."

If you only knew, Harry thought as he exchanged a look with an amused Lily. Before Harry could say anything else, more owls began to arrive. The first was a letter from the Ministry, telling him that his reward for capturing Greyback had been deposited in his vault. The other letters,

of which there were more than a dozen, were thank you letters from people who had been affected by the despicable Werewolf.

The two that meant the most to him were the one from Remus and the one from the parents of the four-year-old that had been attacked just a week earlier. That last one even contained a handmade card from the girl, Amanda.

“Oh, that’s so sweet,” Cynthia gushed while Gerald and their daughters helped him go through all the mail.

“I much prefer this,” Harry said, holding up the card, then pointed at the newspaper, “than that.”

Seeing those letters made him all the more determined to do something to help Werewolves in Britain. Running upstairs, he made a dozen copies of the instructions for the Wolfsbane Potion. When he came back downstairs, Lily and, surprisingly, Petunia helped him write replies, all of which contained a copy of the instructions. The potion was expensive, and most would be able to afford to brew it constantly, but at least this would give them the option.

“Gerald,” Harry called when they were done. “Would it be alright with you if I put some wards around your house tomorrow?”

“Do you really think that’s necessary?” Cynthia asked worriedly.

“Probably not,” Harry admitted. “But I’d rather be safe than sorry. It doesn’t take long to put them up, and you won’t even notice they’re there.”

“It’s probably a good idea,” Lily added.

Gerald and Cynthia shared a look before they nodded.

“Alright,” Gerald said.



Later that night, as Harry lay in bed thinking about ways to discover the location of the Horcruxes when Lily snuck in the door.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey,” Harry smiled.

Climbing onto the bed, Lily crawled over the top of him and straddled his waist. With a coy smile, she bent down and kissed him passionately. As their tongues danced, Harry let his hands slide down her sides to cup her full, heart-shaped bum. Lily moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. With one hand caressing her rear, Harry’s other hand slid up and slipped under the hem of her shirt.

At first, Harry just ran his fingertips lightly over the smooth, bare skin of her sides and stomach. As they continued to kiss, he trailed his hand further up under her oversized shirt until he brushed the swell of her breast. When Lily showed no signs of stopping or protesting, he gently cupped her warm, soft mound, his thumb caressing her hardened nipple. With another moan, Lily nibbled at his bottom lip.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Lily gave a start and turned towards the door as it opened while Harry jerked his hands clear of anyplace inappropriate. Both of them blushed heavily as Cynthia smirked in the doorway. Looking anywhere but at her mother, Lily climbed off of him and sat on the edge of the bed.

“When I said it was time for bed, I meant the one in your room,” Cynthia said.

“Mum,” Lily whined embarrassedly while Harry felt heat radiating from his face.

“I’ll give you a minute to say goodnight, but don’t stay too long,” Cynthia warned.

Pushing off the doorway, she walked down the hall but left the door to Harry’s room wide open.

“We’ll finish this later,” Lily whispered.

With one last demanding kiss, she hurried out of the room and closed the door behind her. Harry rubbed his face as he lay back on the bed, a prominent, throbbing bulge in the front of his pajama pants.

“Bloody hell,” he grumbled.

## Chapter 14

Harry smiled as Lily walked into the kitchen as he and Cynthia cooked breakfast. Gerald had already left for work, and Petunia was out visiting her boyfriend, Vernon. Although he was glad she was getting along better with Lily and him since he’d given her the Rune carving kit, he was relieved he didn’t have to see Vernon.

“So, what do you two have planned for the day?” Cynthia asked while taking a seat at the table.

“Not much,” Lily said.

“Actually, I have a few errands to run,” Harry admitted.

“Like what?” Lily asked curiously while taking a bite of her eggs.

“You remember that little girl that sent me that letter after Greyback was arrested?” Harry asked, getting a nod from both ladies. “Well, I want to give her mother the recipe for the Wolfsbane Potion, and I made her a dose for the next full moon. It won’t cure her, but it’ll reduce the pain of the transformation and help her keep her mind. There’s a couple of other things I want to check at Gringotts too.”

“That’s so sweet of you, dear,” Cynthia smiled, patting his knee under the table.

“Can I come with you?” Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, “I don’t mind.”

Lily smiled and looked at her mother to see if it was alright with her. Just as Cynthia opened her mouth, there was a knock at the door.

“Just don’t stay out too late,” she smiled while climbing to her feet.

Lily beamed as her mother left the kitchen, then turned to Harry.

“Now that Petunia is more accepting of magic, do you think we could pick her up a beginner’s potions kit and a couple of books?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

“Harry!” Cynthia called from the living room. “There’s someone here to see you.”

Frowning, Harry shared a glance with Lily and stood quickly. His hand quickly moved to rest on the handle of his wand as he and Lily made their way into the living room.

His shoulders relaxed when he spotted Dumbledore standing beside the couch in his plum-colored robes with a pleasant smile on his face.

“Ah, good morning Harry, Lily,” he said.

“Hello, professor,” Harry said. “What brings you by.”

“Well, I just came for an Emergency Wizengamot session, and I wanted to give you the news in person,” Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. “For saving Hogsmeade and defeating Greyback, the Wizengamot has decided to award you the Order of Merlin, second class.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose while Lily squealed excitedly and launched herself at him.

“Oh, Harry, that’s so wonderful!” she beamed. “I’m so happy for you!”

“What’s an Order of Merlin?” Cynthia asked.

“It’s our government’s highest award for bravery and services to Magical Britain,” Dumbledore explained.

“Oh my!” Cynthia gasped.

“Er, I’d really rather not have all the attention,” Harry said.

“It does come with a couple of other perks, you might say,” Dumbledore smiled. “On top of the ten thousand Galleon reward for turning in Greyback, the Order of Merlin second class gets you another five thousand Galleons and a lifetime seat in the Wizengamot.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose even higher.



Well, guess I don't have to go to Gringotts now, he thought.

Then, Harry's brow furrowed in confusion as he looked at Dumbledore.

"How did you know...?" he asked.

"Well, if you're going to make changes, having a seat in the governing body would certainly help," Dumbledore replied, his eyes twinkling madly.

Snorting, Harry shook his head.

"Please don't tell me I have to go to an award ceremony," he said resignedly.

"Minister Bangold was quite insistent. I managed to convince her to keep it relatively small. It will be held at the Ministry on January second," Dumbledore said.

Harry sighed and nodded while Lily and Cynthia congratulated him with enthusiastic hugs

"Then I shall see you Friday," Dumbledore said. "Good day."

Dumbledore twisted on the spot, then blinked curiously when he found himself still in the same place.

"Er, I put up wards around the house a couple of days ago," Harry said, biting the inside of his cheek to hold back a laugh.

“Ah,” Dumbledore said while smoothing out his robes. “I’ll just see myself out then. Fortunately, there’s an excellent spot to Disapparate from behind a bakery with the most delicious looking eclairs in the window.”

Harry shook his head with a chuckle as Dumbledore closed the front door behind him.

“That’s your headmaster?” Cynthia asked. “He seems a bit...”

“Odd?” Harry offered. “He is, but don’t let it fool you. He’s still the most powerful wizard I’ve ever met.”

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After Lily and Harry had gotten showered and dressed for the day, he took her hand and Apparate to Diagon Alley. Lily still looked a little queasy when they arrived, but not nearly as bad as the first time.

“I thought the wards stopped you from Apparating,” she said.

“They stop everyone else from Apparating,” Harry corrected. “Since I put up the wards, I left an exception for me. I’ll do the same for you once you know how to Apparate. That way, if something does happen, I can get to your house and get your parents to safety.”

Smiling, Lily kissed him on the cheek and took his hand in hers as they stepped out into the alley. Since they didn’t need to go to Gringotts now – something Harry was happy about since a family returning from obscurity might raise questions he couldn’t answer – they went straight to the Apothecary. While Lily was picking up potions equipment and ingredients for her sister, Harry spotted some animated stuffed animals across the street.

Once they had everything they needed for Petunia, Harry pulled Lily across the street into the shop.

“I thought Amanda might like one of these,” Harry said, motioning to the menagerie of stuffed magical creatures.

Lily gave him a tender smile and helped him pick one out. After a bit of debate, they decided to get her a stuffed Krup. Since they didn’t know if the little girl was even magical or not, they wanted to make sure it could blend in with the Muggle world.

While the Jack Russel terrier-like animal was certainly cute, the Animation Charms were pretty basic. After paying the smiling witch at the register, Harry took out his wand to see if he could improve it a bit. With just a few charms, the stuffed animal began acting like the real thing. When Harry looked up, he noticed the witch and several of the patrons in the store staring at him with wide eyes.

“Thanks,” Harry said quickly.

Grabbing Lily’s hand, he pulled her out of the store, where she broke into a fit of giggles.

Walking back to the Apparation point, Harry checked his wand for the coordinates to the Tracking Charm he’d placed on the thank you note he’d sent to Amanda and her mother, Sylvia Burns, the day before. Grabbing Lily’s arm, they vanished with a twist.

Reappearing about three hundred miles away, they were fortunate enough to have Apparated in an empty car park without any witnesses. Following the Tracking Charm led them to a small but nice home out in the countryside. Walking up to the door, Harry knocked three times.

“Just a moment,” a voice called out.

Less than a minute later, a pretty blonde answered the door, her eyes red from crying.

“Can I help you?” she asked, eyeing them curiously.

“Hi, I’m Harry Potter, and this is Lily,” Harry said, seeing the woman’s eyes widen at the mention of his name. “I have a potion to help Amanda with her transformation, but we can come back later if this is a bad time.”

“Oh!” she gasped. “No, please, come in.”

Harry smiled as she held the door open and stepped into the house with Lily. A little girl with curly blonde hair and pink scars covering her left cheek and neck stood up from where she was playing with some dolls and hid behind the woman.

“It’s alright, love,” the woman smiled, running a hand through the girl’s hair tenderly. “This is Harry and his friend Lily. He’s the one who made the bad man go away.”

The little girl’s eyes went wide as saucers as she stared up at him.

“Hello,” Harry said, smiling kindly. “You must be Amanda.”

“Oh, how rude of me,” the woman said. “Yes, this is my daughter Amanda, and I’m Sylvia. I can’t thank you enough for putting that man behind bars.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Dropping down to one knee, he smiled at Amanda as she gripped her mother’s skirt tightly.

“Hello,” he said softly. “Do you mind if I take a look at those scars? I might be able to heal them.”

Amanda blinked twice before looking up at her mother. Smiling, Sylvia nodded her head, and Amanda took a nervous step forward.

“I promise, this won’t hurt,” Harry reassured her.

Holding out his wand, he cleared his thoughts and let the spell he needed bubble to the surface. With a circular motion, the tip of his wand glowed a faint green. Under the light of his wand, the pink scars quickly began to fade until it was just a touch lighter than the rest of her. The scars were still visible, but you really had to look to notice them.

“Thank you,” Sylvia said, her eyes glistening and voice thick with emotion.

Harry just smiled and looked over his shoulder.

“Lily, do you have the present?” he asked.

With her own eyes glistening with unshed tears, Lily grinned and handed him the colorfully wrapped parcel.

“Happy Christmas,” Harry said, handing it to Amanda.

Eyes wide, the little girl took the present and carefully ripped off the paper. A gasp left her lips as the Krup leapt into her arms and yipped excitedly. Its tail wagged as it licked her face with a cloth tongue. Giggling, Amanda beamed down at the small dog in her arms in wonder before looking at her mother.

“Look, Mummy,” she said, holding up the stuffed dog. “Can we keep him?”

“Of course,” Sylvia said with a tear rolling down her cheek. “Why don’t you go play with him while I talk to Harry and Lily for a minute?”

Smiling, Amanda rushed forward and hugged Harry tightly.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

Letting go of him, she ran back over to her dolls and began showing them to the dog as it jumped into her lap. Harry smiled as he climbed back to his feet.

“That’s the first time she’s spoken since...,” Sylvia said before trailing off tearfully. “Sorry, would you like some tea?”

Leading Harry and Lily to the kitchen, she pulled out a wand and flicked it at the kettle.

“Here, this is for Amanda too,” Harry said, pulling seven small vials of a red, bubbling potion out of his pocket and setting them on the counter. “It’s called the Wolfsbane Potion. Give her one dose every night leading up to the full moon, with the last dose on the night of the full moon itself. It should help with the pain and let her keep her mind during her transformation.”

“Thank you,” Sylvia said tearfully.

Harry smiled and pulled a slip of parchment from his pocket.

“This is the recipe,” Harry said, handing it to her.

Sylvia took it from him, her grateful smile turning into a concerned frown as she read it over.

“I was never that good at potions, and some of these ingredients are pretty expensive,” she muttered with a sigh. “Money’s been a bit tight since my husband left.”

Sylvia’s lip quivered as she tried not to cry, but it was only a moment before tears ran down her cheeks. Lily rushed over and hugged her gently while rubbing her back just as the kettle began to whistle.

"I got it," Harry said.

Flicking his wand, the tea began making itself as Lily guided Sylvia over to the table. While the two women sat, Harry grabbed two cups of tea floating in the air and set them down in front of them before taking a seat on the other side of the table.

"I'm sorry," Sylvia said after a moment. "It's just - my husband – ex-husband, Mark, he had a gambling problem. He wouldn't say anything, but I'm positive Greyback went after Amanda because he owed money to the wrong people. The bastard left the morning after she was bitten, and I haven't heard from him since."

"That's terrible," Lily said, her green eyes glistening with sympathetic tears.

"I don't know if I'll be able to afford to keep the house, and now this potion..."

"I'll take care of it," Harry said. "Professor Slughorn already brews it for a friend of mine. I'm sure he wouldn't mind brewing an extra dose. I'll owl it to you."

"No, I couldn't," Sylvia said, wiping the tears from her face.

"I insist," Harry said, conjuring a handkerchief for her.

Sylvia looked like she wanted to argue but looking over at her daughter giggling as the stuffed dog jumped all over her, her shoulders sagged, and a small smile stretched her lips.

"Thank you," she said softly, wiping her eyes. "I didn't even know where I could take her on the full moon where she wouldn't hurt anyone."

“With the potion, she should be fine in the backyard – as long as you put up some wards,” Harry said.

“I can do that,” Sylvia nodded, looking relieved.

“I have a friend that’s a Werewolf,” Harry said thoughtfully. “I can’t make any promises, but I’ll talk to him and see if he’d be willing to owl you. He’d be able to answer any questions you might have better than I can, and it might help Amanda to have someone else she can talk to about it. Especially when she gets older.”

“Your friend, does he go to Hogwarts with you?” she asked with a hint of hopefulness.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded.

“Do you think they’d let Amanda go to Hogwarts too?” Sylvia asked. “I didn’t think they let Werewolves into Hogwarts, but if your friend can go, maybe...”

“I’ll talk to Dumbledore about it. I’m sure he’ll let her go as long as she follows the same safety measures our friend does,” Harry assured her.

“Mummy! Mummy! Look!” Amanda exclaimed excitedly.

All three of them looked over to see the little girl up a crayon drawing of a stick figure next to what looked like a little dog.

“That’s beautiful, sweetheart,” Sylvia said with a loving smile. “Come on, let’s go put this on the refrigerator.”



Harry and Lily stayed for another hour before they left. Sylvia thanked them profusely, and Amanda gave each of them a hug. Lily was especially taken by the little girl, and her eyes misted over as they said goodbye.

“That was really nice of you,” Lily said, taking his hand in hers.

Harry shrugged modestly, “I never thought it was right, the way most witches and wizards treat Werewolves.”

“No, it’s not,” Lily agreed firmly. “There’s a lot of things that aren’t fair in the wizarding world.”

Seeing the fire in her eyes, so similar to the way Hermione did when she saw an injustice, Harry couldn’t help but smile. Squeezing her hand, he pulled her behind the hedgerow and kissed her. Smiling as they held each other, Harry Disapparated.



“Where are we?” Lily asked as they reappeared in an alley that looked distinctly Muggle.

“London,” Harry said with a grin. “I thought we could get something to eat.”

Lily beamed as he took her hand and led her out into the busy city. Wandering the streets, they found a nice Italian restaurant where they ate. Afterwards, they made their way to a clothing store, where Harry picked up some new clothes. Being on the run for a year hadn’t done his already worn looking wardrobe any favors.

By the time they were done, the sun was already beginning to fall, and the temperature started to drop. With their errands done, they Apparated back to Lily’s house, their cheeks and noses slightly rosy but with wide smiles on their faces.

“Have fun?” Cynthia asked with a knowing look.

Harry was glad his cheeks were already pink as he felt himself blush while Lily happily told her about everything they did. Any hope he had about hiding his blush vanished when Lily told her about how he was helping Amanda and her mother.

“I’m going to go send a letter to Remus,” Harry muttered, ducking his head as Cynthia smiled at him proudly.

Dashing up the stairs, he shook his head as he heard them giggle behind him.

The rest of the evening passed relatively normally, although Petunia was acting a bit nicer to him and Lily. As he’d hoped, not that she could do some magic of her own, even though it was limited, she had less of a reason to be a jealous bitch. After dinner, she even asked Lily a few questions about runes.

Oddly, Gerald, Cynthia, and Petunia all seemed to grow tired at the same time and called it an early night. When they’d disappeared upstairs, Lily got up and then sat in his lap with an impish smile.

“What did you do?” he asked amusedly.

“I got tired of mum interrupting us, so I slipped some Sleeping Draught in their tea,” she said, smiling unrepentantly.

Harry stared at her for a moment and then laughed incredulously.

Straddling his lap, Lily wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. As their lips and tongues danced, Harry slid his hands down her back and squeezed her jean-clad ass. Lily’s fingers combed through his hair as they snogged on the couch for several minutes. By the

time Lily pulled back, flushed and breathless, one of his hands had made its way under her shirt and cupped her breast over her bra.

With a promising smile and an excited sparkle in her eyes, Lily climbed off of his lap and grabbed his hands. Pulling him off the couch, she led him up the stairs to her bedroom.

“Can you put up a Silencing Charm?” Lily asked, her breath coming faster in anticipation.

Sensing her nervousness, Harry pulled her close and ran his fingers lightly up and down her spine.

“Are you sure you want to do this, Lily?” he asked, his own nerves growing as he looked at her beautiful face.

“Positive,” Lily said firmly. “There’s no one else I’d rather have my first time with. I – I love you.”

Harry felt his heart swell as he smiled brightly. All his life, he’d longed to hear those words from her. The fact that it wasn’t quite in the same context as he’d imagined made little difference.

“I love you too,” Harry whispered softly, his fingers stroking her cheek.

Kissing Lily tenderly, he waved his wand, silencing and locking the door and then putting up a weak Muggle Repelling ward just in case. This time, they wouldn’t be interrupted.

As he set his wand down on the nightstand, Lily grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up and over his head. Smiling, she ran her hands over his muscled chest, making Harry chuckle when her nails tickled his ribs.

Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, he pulled it up over her head, exposing her large breasts trapped in a red bra. Pulling her close once more, Harry kissed her fiercely as he reached behind

her back and popped open the clasp of her bra. Lily yanked her bra off quickly, carelessly tossing it to the floor and then moaning as their bare torsos pressed together. When Harry pulled back a moment later, Lily licked her lips nervously as he stared down at her body.

Her large, perky breasts jutted from her chest, capped with puffy, bright pink puffy areolas and stiff nipples. Sliding his hands up from where they rested on her hips, Harry glided them up her thin waist and over the bottom of her rib cage until he cupped both of the soft, smooth orbs in his hand. Her pale skin was completely devoid of any blemishes, not a mole or freckle in sight.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispered.

Lily smiled, her hands moving up to the back of his head and pulling him forward. As their lips met, Harry circled his thumbs over the tips of her breasts, drawing a sound somewhere between a moan and a whimper from her lips. Smiling against her lips, Harry backed her up to the bed and then gently laid her down on the mattress.

Pulling his lips from hers, Harry kissed down her chin, over the column of her throat, and then sucked lightly at her collarbone. Lily moaned as he continued trailing kisses down her chest until his face was buried between her breasts. Even on her back, they still stood impressively from her chest. She inhaled sharply as her smooth mounds brushed the rough stubble on his cheeks.

Eventually, he moved over to her right breast, kissing all around the base before making his way to the center. Lily arched her back and gasped when he took her nipple between his lips. With a moan, she pulled his head forward, a tremble running up her spine when his teeth grazed her sensitive nub.

“Harry,” she breathed quietly.

Smiling, Harry kissed her nipple one last time before kissing his way down her body. The moment his hand brushed against the waistband of her jeans, Lily lifted her hips impatiently. With a chuckle, he popped open the button, pulled down the zipper, and tugged them down her legs. As he tossed her jeans aside, Lily grabbed her red panties and pushed them off quickly.

Dropping them to the floor, she suddenly bit her lip in trepidation and kept her legs pressed together.

Stroking her thighs gently, Harry kissed her knee as their eyes met. Staring at him for a long moment, she relaxed and opened her legs. Smiling tenderly, he kissed the inside of her knee, then paused and blinked when he caught sight of her smooth, hairless mound. Quirking his lips, he looked up at Lily questioningly, her cheeks going slightly pink.

“I saw that Bellatrix and Narcissa didn’t have any hair down there, so I thought...,” Lily trailed off.

Grinning, Harry kissed the inside of her thigh and worked his way up. Her breath shuddering with anticipation, Lily gripped the sheets as she stared down at him with wide eyes. Meeting her gaze, Harry placed a kiss on her taut lips. With a gasp, she gasped, her mouth hanging slightly open as she panted.

Harry ran his tongue between her folds, the taste of her excitement coating his tongue, and then placed a kiss directly over her clit. Inhaling sharply, Lily closed her eyes and lay back on the pillows while rolling her hips. As he continued running his tongue between her folds, one hand caressed her thigh while the other reached up to gently grope one of her breasts.

As Harry rolled her nipple between his fingers and traced his tongue around her hooded nub, Lily moved her hands from the sheets to the back of his head. Threading her fingers through his hair, she tugged his head forward while rolling her hips. Roughly pulling his lips up to her clit and tapping him in place, Harry smiled against her folds and wrapped his lips around the bundle of nerves.

Lily moaned wantonly, arching her hips off the bed. Harry took the opportunity to take his hand off her thigh and slid it under his body. Wetting the tip of his middle finger in her arousal, he slowly eased it into her steaming depths.

“Oh, God!” Lily gasped.

Harry slowly sawed his finger back and forth while he continued to lick, kiss, and suck at her clit. After a couple of minutes, he slipped a second finger into her impossibly tight depths.

“Harry!” Lily gasped.

Arching her head back into the pillows, she tugged his hair almost painfully, grinding his nose into her pelvis as she rolled her hips frantically. Panting and moaning almost constantly, Harry knew she was close to the edge. Pushing his fingers deep, he massaged her depths while lashing at her clit furiously.

Lily went completely stiff, her back arching sharply as her breath caught in her throat. A moment later, she cried out, her depths clamping on his fingers as she drenched them in a gush of excitement.

After a long moment, her body sagged bonelessly to the mattress, and her legs released his head. Harry slipped his fingers out of her and sat up, a grin stretching his lips as he looked down at her. Lily lay on the bed, her chest and face flushed as she panted heavily. Her were closed, a relaxed, contented look on her face.

Standing up, Harry slipped out of his trousers, freeing his stiffness from the tight confines of his jeans. He debated with himself for a moment before slipping his boxers to the floor as well. A gasp drew his attention back to Lily, who was staring wide-eyed at his rigid length, a hint of hunger in her gaze.

Her eyes followed him unblinkingly as he climbed back onto the bed and between her legs. Hesitantly, she reached down and took him in hand.

“It’s so hot,” Lily said, then her eyes widened when she realized she’d spoken aloud.

Harry chuckled, causing Lily to relax and laugh as well. Looking back down at his throbbing length, she licked her lips as she stroked him lightly. Breathing in deeply at the pleasurable sensation, he crawled over top of her and kissed her deeply.

Dropping his hips slightly, Harry pressed the base of his shaft against Lily's heated folds. Both of them moaned from the sensation. Grinding himself against her mound firmly while she continued to stroke the tip, Harry broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers.

"That feels so good," Harry murmured.

Lily smiled as their identical green eyes met. Slowly, Harry pulled his hips back, and Lily lined him up with her entrance. As he rested there, poised to enter her depths, she moved her hands up to his shoulders.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"I'm sure," Lily said.

Harry smiled but still hesitated. This would irrevocably change their relationship, and there would be no going back. Harry searched inside of himself, but still, no matter how familiar her face and eyes were, there was no part of him that saw her as his mother. She was just Lily, his wonderful, beautiful, intelligent friend that he cared for deeply.

Kissing her lovingly, Harry eased forward.

Lily gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders as he slipped inside of her. Her folds stretched around his girth as he slowly sank deeper into her incredibly tight, sweltering depths. When he was about halfway inside of her, Lily bit her lip and whimpered.

"Lily?" Harry asked in concern, holding still.

"I'm fine," Lily said, her strained voice belying her words. "Just – give me a minute. You're a lot thicker than my wand."

Smiling slightly, Harry leaned down and kissed her. Moaning into his mouth, Lily moved her hands up from his shoulders and wrapped them around his back. After a few moments, she tightened her legs around him and rolled her hips. Inhaling sharply through her nose, she moaned and did it again. Taking that as his cue, Harry pulled back slightly before sliding back in just a little deeper.

Lily moaned again, bucking her hips and pulling her lips from his.

“Don’t stop,” she panted softly.

Harry smiled and thrust again. He got into a rhythm where he pulled most of the way out before sliding back in slightly deeper than before. In only a couple of minutes, he sank into her depths up to the hilt and hissed from the pleasure. After going so long without sex when he had gotten so used to spending the night with Narcissa and Bellatrix, Harry reveled in the feeling of her amazing depths.

Settling into a gentle rhythm, Harry stared down at Lily, her eyes sparkling lustfully.

“Faster,” she breathed. “Please.”

Harry smiled and did as she asked, pulling back further and plunging in faster. Arching her back, Lily thrust her chest into the air and moaned salaciously. Resting his weight on one arm, Harry grasped one of her breasts and squeezed it firmly. Eyes fluttering open, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a demanding kiss.

Smiling against her lips, Harry slid his hand down to her hip and then rolled them both over. Lily pulled his lips away from his and then blinked at suddenly finding herself on top. With a grin, Harry bucked his hips up while pulling her down by the hips.

“Oh!” Lily gasped, rolling her hips unconsciously.



Chuckling at her slightly unfocused gaze, Harry ran his hands up her sides and cupped her breasts.

“You’re so beautiful, Lily,” Harry said.

Smiling, Lily tossed her dark red hair over her shoulder and rocked her hips experimentally. Staring down at the point where they were connected, she bit her lips and lifted herself up before lowering herself back down. It took a couple of minutes to find her rhythm, but soon she was bouncing up and down on his rigid length, rolling her hips each time she bottomed out.

Harry moved his hands down to her hips and savored the feeling of her hot, slick folds hugging his shaft. Her perky breasts bounced enticingly on her chest with her movements, and her nails dug into his chest. Gradually, her movements grew rougher and more frantic, her eyes glazing over as she panted.

Growling, Lily’s eyes burned brightly, and she bounced up and down on him, her hair whipping around her head wildly.

“Yes!” she hissed. “I’m close.”

“Me too,” Harry told her, gripping her hips and thrusting up, his thighs meeting her rear with a clap.

“Oh, God!” Lily gasped.

Harry couldn’t take his eyes off Lily as she rode him frantically. Her movements became wild, lifting nearly all the way off of him before slamming herself down on his cock. Each time he plunged into her fluttering depths, a low grunt was forced from her lips. Throwing herself forward, her hands landing on either side of his head, her eyes blazed as he drove up forcefully into her. A tremble ran through her body before she stiffened and arched her back.

“Harry!” Lily screamed.

Grunting, Harry grabbed her hips and buried himself as deep as possible as he exploded. Lily’s eyes and mouth flew open with a gasp as jets of hot cum splashed against her depths. Her hips jerked spasmodically, and she collapsed on top of him, her face buried in the crook of his neck with a trembling moan.

It was several moments before either of them moved. Lily sat up, kissed him tenderly, and smiled as she let him slip out of her before curling up against his chest. Smiling, Harry grabbed his wand off the nightstand and set an alarm. Slipping it under the pillow, he held Lily gently as they drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter 15

January second arrived far too quickly for Harry’s liking. Granted, it meant that he would be returning to Hogwarts the next day. Still, he wasn’t looking forward to being paraded around the Ministry by Millicent Bagnold, the current Minister for magic. He didn’t know much about her, but his previous experiences with Fudge left him expecting the worst. The fact that it was her administration that let Death Eaters off on the Imperious excuse and threw Sirius into Azkaban without a trial certainly didn’t help.

Harry sighed and tried to fix his hair. Unfortunately, if he wanted to make some real changes to the world, he’d have to get involved. An involuntary shudder ran through him at the thought of being forced to play nice with people like Malfoy and his ilk.

Shaking his head, Harry looked over at the clock. Since he still had a few minutes before he had to leave, he took out his holly and phoenix feather wand and rummaged through his trunk for a rag and a jar of polish. Sitting down on the closed trunk lid, he dipped the rag into the polish and rubbed it along the grain of his wand.

Though the Edler wand had seen more duels lately, he still used his Holly wand for daily use. The wood slowly absorbed the polish, healing all of the nicks, dents, and scratches it had accumulated over the last few months.

When Harry finished, he pulled out the Elder wand and examined it closely. Despite the use it had seen since his arrival, the wand showed no hint of damage. If he didn't know the long and bloody history of the wand, he would have it had just come off the shelf at Olivander's.

Slipping his Holly wand back into its holster, he then looked at the Elder wand thoughtfully before sliding it into the pocket of his robes. Harry packed away his wand polishing kit and looked down at his hand. Dumbledore had told him about having the ability to summon the Elder wand into his hand at a moment's notice, but it wasn't something he'd really tried before.

Without even a twitch of his wrist, the elder wand suddenly slapped into his hand, his fingers curling around the intricately carved shaft.

"Huh, that's handy," Harry muttered.

Just as he slipped the wand back into his pocket, he heard a knock. Turning, he smiled at seeing Lily standing in the doorway. She looked stunning in her blue dress robes, her long, red hair flowing down her back like a sheet of copper.

"You ready to go?" she asked.

"Yeah," Harry smiled. "You look great."

Lily smiled softly, "You don't look so bad yourself."

Tilting her head up, she kissed him on the lips. When they parted, smiling, they walked down the stairs side by side.

"I wish my parents could go," Lily sighed.

"Sorry," Harry said. "Maybe we can work on a way to protect them from Muggle Repelling Charms when we get back to Hogwarts?"

"That'd be great!" Lily chirped, skipping down the last couple of stairs. "I'd love to be able to show them Hogwarts someday."

"Well, don't you two look lovely," Cynthia grinned as they walked into the living room.

Picking up a camera from the coffee table, she lifted it to her face.

"Get close together, now," she said.

"Mum," Lily groaned while Harry smiled and threw an arm over her shoulders.

Sighing, Lily put a smile on her face and let her mother take a few pictures.

"We need to go, or we're going to be late," she said after the sixth picture.

"Alright, have fun," Cynthia called as Lily dragged Harry over to the backdoor.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

When Lily nodded, he tightened his grip on her hand and Disapparated.

A moment later, they appeared in an alley near the guest entrance to the Ministry. Leading Lily over to the phone box, Harry entered '62442' on the dial.

“Welcome to the Ministry of Magic,” Came a cool female voice. “Please state your name and business.”

“Harry Potter and Lily Evans,” Harry said. “We’re here for the award ceremony.”

“Thank you,” said the cool female voice. “Please take the badges and attach them to the front of your robes.”

With the sound of metal clicking against metal, two badges tumbled into the coin return slot. Taking his badge, Harry handed the other to Lily as the phone booth began to descend with a shudder.

“Whoa,” Lily said, watching in wonder as they sank below the pavement.

Harry smiled, watching as her eyes widened as they descended into the Atrium. Surprisingly, everything looked like business as normal. When they reached the bottom, Harry led Lily over to the guard desk. The wizard at the desk quickly checked his Holly wand and Lily’s willow and Gryffin heartstring wand.

“Where is the ceremony being held?” Harry asked.

“Courtroom one,” the wizard replied in a bored tone. “Next!”

“Why would they hold it in a courtroom?” Lily asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said, his brow furrowed in thought. “Maybe because it gives me a seat on the Wizengamot?”

Lily nodded thoughtfully as they entered one of the golden elevators. It was a long ride down to the courtrooms, where they exited into a dim, narrow hallway with flickering torches lining the walls. As they passed courtroom two and rounded the corner, they found a large gathering of witches and wizards in plum colored robes standing outside courtroom one. Everyone turned to him and quieted, causing Harry to flush.

“Hello,” Harry said, forcing a smile as he waved.

A thin, middle-aged witch with short grey hair and a stern face approached him.

“Mr. Potter, I’m Millicent Bagnold, Minister for Magic,” she said, holding out her hand.

“Harry Potter,” he replied, shaking her hand. “And this is my friend, Lily Evans.”

“Pleasure,” Bagnold said, shaking Lily’s hand as well.

“Ah, Harry,” Dumbledore said, striding forward with a tall, dark haired wizard behind him.

From the untidy hair and familiar face, Harry knew instantly the man was a Potter.

“Hello, professor,” Harry said.

“And good morning to you, Ms. Evans,” Dumbledore smiled with a small bow before straightening up, his eyes twinkling. “I’d like to introduce Charlus Potter. Given your names and physical resemblance, I thought there might be a relation.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Charlus said, shaking Harry’s hand. “James told me about you, and I did some research. I can’t prove it, but I think we might be related through my grandfather’s brother. He was a squib that left the Wizarding world when he was young.”

“Ah,” Harry said with a smile. “That would probably explain my uncle’s dislike of Magical Britain.”

“I’d imagine so,” Charlus replied with a sad smile. “Jameson Potter, despite being a squib, was quite skilled with Runes. Unfortunately, at the time, the Ministry didn’t allow squibs to hold a mastery. I wish I could tell you more, but the family lost contact with him not long after he left the magical world.”

“That’s alright,” Harry said. “So, do these ceremonies usually take place in a courtroom?”

“That would be my doing,” Dumbledore admitted. “I know you dislike the attention, so I suggested to the Minister that we hold the ceremony just before Greyback’s trial. I thought it might give you a chance to see how the Wizengamot works.”

“Is that legal?” Lily asked, blushing lightly when everyone turned to her. “I mean for Harry to have a vote at his trial when he’s a witness?”

“Normally, no,” Charlus answered with a smile. “If that was all he was charged with, Harry wouldn’t be allowed a vote, but I’m afraid the attack on him and your family is the least of his crimes.”

Lily nodded, though the look on her said that she still didn’t think it was right.

“We should get started,” Bangold said, closing and pocketing her pocket watch. “It was nice meeting you. I look forward to working with you in the Wizengamot.”

“Of course, Minister,” Dumbledore said. “I’m afraid you’ll have to sit in the visitor’s gallery, Ms. Evans.”

“Yes, sir,” Lily said.

Harry took Lily's hand in his and gave it a comforting squeeze as they followed the mass of witches and wizards into the courtroom. She surprised him by kissing him on the cheek before letting go of his hand and making her way to the gallery. The only other people that had come to watch were a reporter and a photographer.

"You can sit next to me, if you'd like," Charlus offered.

"Thanks," Harry said.

Climbing the benches, they took seats halfway up before Charlus gestured to a round face, blonde haired wizard.

"This is Jonas Longbottom," Charlus said, then gestured to a brunette witch with a kind face, "and this is Francine Abbot."

"Hello," Harry said, shaking their hands.

"Next meeting, I'll have to introduce you to Damien Greengrass and David Bones. Unfortunately, they're still on vacation," Charlus said. "All of our families have been allied for the last four hundred years."

"Mr. Potter, I'd like to personally thank you for stopping that Giant from attacking Hogsmeade," Francine said. "My son and daughter were there that day, and I shudder to think what would've happened if you hadn't intervened."

"You have my thanks as well, and not just for stopping that Giant," Jonas added. "Alice's grades in Defense have improved leaps and bounds since you started that club of yours. I feel a lot better knowing she can defend herself."

"You're welcome," Harry said, flushing under the praise. "I just hope they never have to use what I teach them outside of exams."



“I’m afraid it’s likely they will if things continue as they are,” Jonas sighed, his eyes flicking over to the other side of the room.

Harry followed his gaze and, while he didn’t recognize any faces, there was enough resemblance that he knew he was looking at some of the darker families.

“Some of us believed you should have been given an Order of Merlin just for your actions in Hogsmeade,”

A moment later, Dumbledore banged his gavel three times, silencing the room.

“I call this meeting to order,” he announced. “Witches and wizards of the Wizengamot, we are here today to celebrate the courageous and selfless accomplishments of one of the most talented students I have ever had the privilege to teach. In the short time that Harry Potter has been at Hogwarts, he has proved to be an exceptional young man. Mr. Potter, if you would please come forward?”

Standing, Harry walked down to the middle of the courtroom, where Dumbledore met him with a smile, a wooden case in his hands.

“Harry Potter. For the acts of singlehandedly defending the village of Hogsmeade from a rampaging Giant and for apprehending the villainous Werewolf Greyback, we award you the Order of Merlin, second class,” Dumbledore said.

As the members of the Wizengamot applauded, the headmaster opened the case to reveal the Order of Merlin. It was a large, round, golden medal with eight spikes around the edge that hung on a purple ribbon. In the middle sat a raised, stylized ‘M’ with a wand standing upright through the center and a small, gleaming ruby at the tip.

Taking the medal out and pocketing the case, Dumbledore pinned it to his robes with a smile. They shook hands, and Harry turned to return to his seat. Before he could, Dumbledore placed his hand on his shoulder.

"I would also like to announce that Mr. Potter will also be receiving an award for special services to the school for his defense of his fellow classmates," Dumbledore said.

Harry smiled shyly at the renewed clapping. Eyes twinkling, Dumbledore patted him on the shoulder before turning away. As Harry returned to his seat, he glanced over at Lily, who beamed at him proudly.

"I'm surprised he didn't mention you're the youngest Order of Merlin winner ever," Charlus said as Harry sat next to him.

"I'm glad he didn't," Harry murmured with a blush.

Charlus chuckled and patted him on the shoulder. Harry felt his heart swell at the pleased look from his grandfather.

"As with all first and second class Order of Merlin recipients, Mr. Potter has also earned a lifetime seat on the Wizengamot," Dumbledore said, now back at his podium.

Again, there was a smattering of applause.

"You'll have to get some plum colored robes for the next meeting," Francine told him with a gentle smile. "Just ask Madam Malkin for a set."

Looking down at his black robes, Harry realized just how much he stood out. While he hated the attention, he thought this would be a good time to demonstrate his magical ability. After quite a bit of thought, he'd decided that it was better if Voldemort was wary of him. That would make a direct attack much less likely.

Lifting his hand, Harry snapped his fingers. He fought a blush as the people around him gasped as his robes changed color. Wandless magic was considered a sign of absolute control over one's magic, and seeing someone as young as him doing it was exceedingly rare.

"Impressive," Jonas said softly.

Fortunately, Harry was saved from answering when Dumbledore once again banged his gavel.

"Now, we shall begin the trial of the wizard and Werewolf known as Greyback," he announced.

As Dumbledore listed off the trial number and those in attendance, the door at the side of the room banged open. Two Aurors marched into the room, followed by Greyback. The burly, hairy man was bound to a wheelchair, his one remaining arm struggling to break free. Two more Aurors trailed behind, their wands out and aimed at his back. A low, dangerous growl left Greyback's mouth as he was wheeled into the center of the room where the Aurors flanked him, two on each side with wands out and held at a low ready.

"Greyback," Dumbledore said, his tone flat and harsh, "you are accused of twenty-three counts of murder, fourteen counts of rape, and seventeen counts of inflicting the Werewolf Curse. How do you plead?"

"Go fuck yourself, old man." Greyback snarled.

One of the Aurors lifted his wand and silenced him, though his mouth continued to move furiously, spittle flying.

"Note that the accused has entered an involuntary plea of guilty," Dumbledore said. "Mr. Crouch, present your case."

Harry's eyes narrowed as Bartimus Crouch stood and smoothed out his robes.

“Upon being captured, Greyback was questioned under Veritaserum,” Crouch said in a clipped tone. “He confessed to all the crimes of which he was accused, as well as several others...”

Harry leaned back as Crouch droned on, listing everything that Greyback had admitted to. His stomach turned at some of the depraved acts Greyback had committed.

“Greyback also confessed to carrying out attacks at the request of several other witches and wizards, including You-Know-Who,” Crouch said in closing. “Those names have been withheld until they can be brought in for questioning.”

“Thank you, Mr. Crouch,” Dumbledore nodded. “Greyback, do you have anything to say in your defense?”

One of the Aurors flicked his wand, releasing the Silencing Charm.

“The Dark Lord will make all of you pay,” Greyback snarled, then turned to Harry, his black eyes glinting malevolently. “And you, *boy*, I’m going to enjoy feasting on that pretty little redhead while you watch.”

“Enough!” Dumbledore shouted as the Auror silenced Greyback once more. “I can assure you, you will never harm anyone ever again, Greyback. Now, we shall vote. All of those who believe Greyback is guilty, raise your wands.”

Harry, along with everyone else in the room, raised their wands. The vote to convict him was so overwhelming that Dumbledore didn’t even ask if anyone thought he was innocent.

“The defendant has been found guilty of all charges,” Dumbledore announced.

“Chief Warlock, I move that sentencing should be held immediately,” Minister Bangold said.

“Very well, all those in favor?” Dumbledore asked.

The vote was still overwhelmingly in favor, but Harry noticed that a few of the darker families didn’t raise their wands.

“Mr. Crouch, what sentence does the Ministry seek?” Dumbledore asked.

“For the heinous crimes the defendant has been found guilty of, the Ministry seeks no less than life in Azkaban,” Crouch replied.

“Does anyone oppose this sentence?” Dumbledore asked.

No one raised their wand.

“Very well,” Dumbledore said. “Greyback, you are hereby sentenced to life in Azkaban, to begin immediately. Court is adjourned.”

With a bang of his gavel, the Aurors led a furious, struggling Greyback from the room. Sighing tiredly, Harry stood as others began to file out of the courtroom.

“Harry,” Charlus called as they made their way down to the floor. “I know you go back to school tomorrow, but if you have any questions or need any advice, feel free to send me an owl.”

“Thanks,” Harry said with a smile. “I appreciate that.”

“Anytime,” Charlus smiled. “It was nice meeting you.”

“You too,” Harry said, shaking his hand.

After saying goodbye to Jonas and Francine, Harry made his way over to Lily. With a bright smile on her face, she threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

“Are you okay?” she whispered.

“Yeah,” Harry whispered back.

Taking her hand in his, he led her out of the courtroom.

~

“Are you going to tell him?” Lily asked as they sat at small café in London for lunch.

Harry didn’t have to ask to know that she was asking if he would tell Charlus about being a time traveler.

Harry sighed, “I don’t know. It’ll bring up a lot of questions I don’t want to answer. If he tells the Unspeakables...”

“Do you really think he would?” Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, “I really don’t know. I’ve always wanted to get to know my family, but – maybe once Voldemort is gone?”

Lily gave him a sympathetic look and reached across the table to squeeze his hand.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I can’t imagine how hard this is for you.”

“It’s alright,” Harry smiled. “It’s better than what I knew before. Before I came here, I didn’t even know my grandparents’ names. All I knew was that my dad was a prankster that was a bit of a dick until he grew up, and my mum was beautiful, brilliant, and an all around incredible person.”

Lily blushed lightly under the praise and smiled as she shook her head.

“I don’t know about that,” she murmured.

“I do,” Harry grinned. “If anything, the stories didn’t do her justice.”

Blushing a bit more heavily but with a pleased smile, Lily leaned over the table to kiss him on the lips.

~

The next day, after an emotional goodbye with Cynthia and Gerald, Harry and Lily boarded the Hogwarts Express. As they looked for a compartment, they spotted Narcissa and Bellatrix sitting alone. The sisters smiled excitedly when they saw him, gesturing for him to join them.

Harry swallowed thickly, wondering how they would take his new relationship with Lily. He was hopeful after the incident with Molly, and he was almost certain Bellatrix wouldn’t care, but Narcissa he wasn’t sure about.

As he reached for the door handle, Lily reached out and stopped him.

“Why don’t you let me talk to them first?” Lily suggested.

“Er, I -”

“Don’t worry,” Lily smiled. “I can handle it. Why don’t you go find the others, and we’ll join you in a bit?”

Before Harry could reply, Lily slipped into the compartment, then closed the curtains and locked the door with a flick of her wand. Sighing, he waited for a moment. When he didn’t see any signs of spells being cast, he made his way further down the train. Harry walked another two cars before he found Dorcas and Marlene sharing a compartment.

“Hey, girls,” Harry smiled. “Mind if I join you?”

“Not at all,” Marlene said, returning his smile.

“Who are we to say no to the Hero of Hogsmeade?” Dorcas asked teasingly.

Harry groaned, and the girls laughed.

“I can’t believe you arrested Greyback and got an Order of Merlin while you were on break,” Dorcas grinned. “You have to tell us what happened, and where’s Lily?”

“She stopped to talk to someone,” Harry said. “She should be here soon.”

“So, what happened?” Marlene asked, leaning forward excitedly.

“Well...”

Harry spent the next few minutes explaining how they ran into Greyback and how he received his Order of Merlin. Just as he finished his tale, the door slid open to reveal Narcissa.



“Harry, Lily needs a hand with her trunk,” she said.

“Oh, sure,” Harry said nervously.

Leaving the compartment with a wave to Marlene and Dorcas, he followed Narcissa. When he found Lily and Bellatrix sitting next to each other and talking quietly, he let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding.

Well, no one's dead, so that's good, Harry thought.

Nervously, Harry stepped into the compartment, and an ominous chill ran down his spine as Narcissa closed and locked the door. Suddenly, Bellatrix stood up, grabbed his wrist, and pushed him down into the seat next to Lily. He blinked, and her hands were working quickly at his belt while Narcissa curled up on his other side, legs tucked under herself. Swallowing nervously, he looked between Lily and Narcissa to find both of them smiling at him.

“Er,” Harry said, words failing him.

Lily giggled, and Narcissa smirked.

“Were you worried?” Narcissa asked.

“A bit, yeah,” Harry admitted.

Bellatrix, frustrated from struggling with his stuck zipper, took out her wand and banished his trousers and boxers. Harry jumped when he felt the cold seat suddenly touching his bare skin. Smirking, Bellatrix dove forwards and wrapped her lips around his half-hardened length.

“Bloody hell,” Harry grunted, eliciting giggles from Lily and Narcissa. “So, I take it everything's okay?” he asked tentatively.

“We had a talk, and everything’s fine,” Lily said, then leaned over to peck him on the lips. “Narcissa and Bellatrix were actually expecting something like this to happen.”

Harry turned and looked at Narcissa.

“Bella thought of it, actually,” she told him with a smirk. “We talked a few nights after we first got together. She pointed out that it’s not uncommon for powerful wizards to form a coven of witches around them. And, if we want to help you make the connections you need to really change things, having a group of powerful witches around you would be very helpful.”

“That’s why you didn’t have a problem with Molly,” Harry said in realization.

“Exactly,” Narcissa smiled.

Harry opened his mouth, closed it, and then looked over at Lily questioningly.

“I knew I’d have to share going into this,” Lily shrugged, a smile turning up the corners of her lips. “Besides, Bellatrix made a good point. Witches tend to seek out powerful wizards. Merlin, Gryffindor, even Grindlewald had a coven of witches surrounding them.”

“It’s surprising Dumbledore doesn’t, but you can see it in the way McGonagall is so loyal to him,” Narcissa added.

“So, you’re all okay with this?” Harry asked, panting lightly while Bellatrix gagged, his rigid length buried deep in the throat.

“Yes,” Lily and Narcissa said in unison, followed by a giggle.

It was times like these that Harry had trouble reconciling his past memories with those of the present. In his old life, Having two of the black sisters in the same room as a Muggleborn would have been a disaster. It took his mind a moment to remember that Bellatrix and Narcissa hadn't yet been that indoctrinated by Malfoy and Voldemort. At this point, they were more loyal to him and his beliefs than their parents. It was a heady thing, realizing these two powerful, headstrong witches were willing to turn away from everything they'd been brought up to believe since birth just for him.

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned, leaning his head back, eyes closed as he ran his hand over Bellatrix's curly black hair.

Giggling, Lily leaned over and kissed him on the lips. A breeze passed over his torso, and it took until Narcissa ran her hand over his chest for him to realize that his shirt was now missing. A moment later, Lily pulled back, and Narcissa took her place, kissing him passionately while Lily sucked lightly at his neck.

Tightening his grip on Bellatrix's hair, Harry thrust his hips up needily as he neared his climax. Pulling his lips away from Narcissa's to gasp for air, she joined Lily in kissing and sucking at his neck, their hands caressing his chest. Groaning, he drove his cock into Bellatrix's throat and rocked his hips frantically.

"Fuck," he grunted.

As Lily and Narcissa both kissed down his chest, they looked at each other and smiled. Slowly, their faces drifted closer. They paused when their faces were just a hair's breadth away, green eyes locked with blue. They both leaned forward at once, their lips connecting in a slow, deep kiss.

The sight caused Harry to tip over the edge, his hips flexing and length swelling. Bellatrix took the first shot straight down her throat before pulling back to the tip, moaning as he filled her mouth. Harry groaned and sagged as she dragged her pouty lips over his head, keeping them sealed tightly.

Sitting up with a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips, she grabbed Lily's shoulders and pulled her close. Lily made a noise of surprise when their lips crashed together. Soon, they were kissing fiercely, a small trail of white leaking from their lips as their tongues danced. Harry's erection, which had been wilting, instantly surged back to life. Lily slipped down onto the floor and pinned Bellatrix under her, their hands tugging off clothes frantically.

Curling her fingers under Harry's chin, Narcissa turned his head and kissed him hard. Lifting her skirt, she straddled his lap, her bare, hot mound grinding against his slick length.

"No knickers?" Harry whispered with a smirk.

"I thought I'd save time," Narcissa said, returning his smirk.

Without using her hands, Narcissa was able to line him up with her entrance and sank down onto his length. Harry groaned as he sank into her clutching depths while his hands tugged her jumper up over her head. As her hips began to move, he popped open the clasp of her bra, tossed it to the side, and buried his face in her large, soft breasts. Moaning, Narcissa threaded her fingers through his hair and pulled him in.

Harry slid his hands under her skirt, feeling the muscles of her thighs tense through the soft skin as she bounced up and down. Sliding his hands around to her full, firm ass, he gripped her cheeks and helped her move. Narcissa moaned, tightening her fingers in his hair and pulling his head back just before their lips met in a needy kiss. Pulling her lips back, she buried her head in the crook of his neck.

"Harry," she moaned breathily.

As she panted and rode his cock, Harry looked over her shoulder. Lily and Bellatrix lay on a pile of quickly discarded clothes, long, dark red hair mixing with curly black as they kissed heatedly. Harry nearly laughed at the sight of Bellatrix Black not only willingly but enthusiastically snogging a Muggleborn.

She really is mine now, Harry thought.

Shaking away those heavier thoughts, for now, he focused back on the moment. Sinking his fingers into Narcissa's supple flesh, he moved her faster and harder, her cheeks clapping against his thighs. She whimpered lightly, her nails digging into his back as her folds fluttered around him.

A loud moan brought his attention back to the floor. Lily now sat over Bellatrix's face, the redhead holding a fistful of black locks as her hips rolled. Bellatrix had her hands full of Lily's pale white, perky breasts as her tongue lapped at the writhing witch's folds. Harry grunted, his length swelling and flexing in arousal at the sight.

"Oh, fuck!" Lily gasped.

Harry panted, his climax building as he began thrusting up into Narcissa roughly. He was so enthralled by watching Lily and Bellatrix, he hadn't noticed just how close Narcissa was to her own peak. With a cry that was muffled by his neck, Narcissa writhed wildly on top of him. Harry was thrown over the edge a moment later when he felt a gush of arousal, and her folds tightened around his length.

Pulling Narcissa down and holding her in place, his hips jerked spasmodically as he painted her depths. As the blonde witch trembled against his chest, Lily rode Bellatrix's face wildly for several seconds, her hips rocking wildly and smearing her arousal all over the other witch's face.

With a gasp, Lily threw her head back, her body rigid as she shook. A second later, she let out a trembling moan and fell forward onto her hands. Panting heavily, she rolled over onto her back and closed her eyes. Bellatrix sat up with a smirk, arousal dripping from her lips and chin. Rolling over onto her hands and knees, she crawled over to Lily and kissed her softly.

As Harry trailed his fingers up and down Narcissa's back, he smiled to himself. While he still wasn't sure why witches were so attracted to him - whether it was due to the Hallows or maybe just his own magic - for the first time in his life, he felt happy and content.

~

After a quick romp with Bellatrix, and a promise of more later, Harry and the girls got dressed. While the Black sisters returned to their friends, Harry and Lily went in search of theirs. They had just sat down when they had to leave again to do their rounds as Prefects. While walking through the last car, Harry was a bit surprised to see that the Marauders seemed to have already made up.

James scowled when he spotted him with Lily, but Remus perked up. Harry still felt a little guilty for getting the Prefects badge. He thought that Professor McGonagall, and perhaps Professor Dumbledore, had been harsh in their punishment of Remus when it had been Sirius' fault to begin with.

"Harry," Remus called, slipping out of the compartment he shared with his friends.

"Hey, Remus," Harry said, smiling tentatively.

"Listen, I just wanted to thank you for catching Greyback," he said, his eyes flickering over to Lily. "The Wizarding world will be a lot better off without him around."

"Don't mention it," Harry said, running a hand through his hair.

Next to him, Lily mumbled the incantation for the Muffliatio Charm.

"Is he the one that bit you?" Lily asked, causing Remus to pale and look sharply at Harry. "He didn't tell me. I figured it out third year."

Remus turned back to her and gaped before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

“Does anyone else know?” he asked worriedly.

“I don’t know,” Lily admitted, then smiled kindly. “but if they were going to say something, they would have done it by now.”

Opening his eyes, Remus blew out a breath and nodded.

“Not everyone is going to hate you just because you’re a Werewolf, Remus,” Harry said softly.

A small smile flitted across his face, “I know,” he said. “And yes, Greyback is the one that bit me. I was six when it happened. We think he was sent when my dad refused to sell the Apothecary he owned. He sold it the day after I was bitten. He didn’t want them sending someone after mum if he refused again.”

Giving him a sympathetic look, Lily stepped forward and hugged him gently.

“Well, you don’t have to worry about Greyback ever again,” Harry said firmly. “Even if he survives Azkaban and manages to escape, he won’t be able to do much with one arm.”

“What do you mean one arm?” Remus asked as Lily pulled back.

“Harry cut off his legs and one of his arms when he attacked us,” Lily explained.

Remus’ eyes went wide and then took on an amber glint as he smiled grimly.

“Good,” he said.

“Sorry about getting your Prefects badge, by the way,” Harry said to change the subject.

“What? Oh, Don’t worry about it,” Remus told him, waving off the apology. “If you’d been here since first year, I’m sure you would’ve gotten it anyways.”

“Still, it doesn’t seem right,” Harry sighed.

“It’s fine. Anyways, I should get back,” Remus smiled before turning to Lily. “Thanks for not saying anything about – well, you know.”

“You’re welcome,” Lily said, smiling in return. “I know it must be hard for you. If you even need to talk...”

“Thanks. I’ll keep that in mind,” Remus said.

While a wave, Remus slipped back into the compartment, and Harry looked down to check his watch.

“Well, that’s our rounds done. Ready to head back?” he asked Lily.

“Sure,” she replied.

~

A couple of hours later, they arrived at Hogsmeade and exited the train. Nearly every student Harry passed waved or congratulated him on his Order of Merlin. Harry shook his head, finding it ironic that he was more popular now than he was as the Boy-Who-Live. Sure, he had been well known, but he’d never been well liked outside of his friends. He wasn’t sure if it was because of his maturity and experience dealing with the attention or if it was because the celebrity of being the Boy-Who-Lived had made him less approachable, but it was a welcome change.



Boarding a carriage with Amelia, Frank, and Marlene, they all chatted and laughed on their way up to the castle. As they walked into the Entrance Hall, they stopped and stared at a curious sight.

“Come in. Come in. Don’t worry about the mess,” Filch said, baring his yellowed, crooked teeth in a wide smile.

A group of scared first years ran past him, tracking snow and dirt onto the stone floor. With a wheezing laugh, Filch brandished a wand.

“Scourgify!” he yelled.

Another wheezing laugh echoed around the hall as the mess on the floor vanished.

“That’s creepy,” Frank said.

“It looks like someone hit him with a Cheering Charm,” Amelia said.

“Well, at least he’s not yelling,” Alice said as she joined their group.

“Don’t bother wiping off your shoes. I’ll take care of it!” Filch called, following a group of fourth year Ravenclaws and cleaning up after them.

“I need a drink,” Frank muttered, then turned for the Great Hall.

“Ah, good evening, Harry, Ms. Evans,” Dumbledore said, stopping them as they made to follow their friends. “I see you’ve noticed the change in our Caretaker over the holidays.”

"It's a bit surprising, sir," Lily said, looking over at Filch. "I've never seen him so happy before. Or use magic, now that I think about it."

"That's because he hasn't," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. "Argus is a Squib."

"Then how can he use magic now?" Lily frowned.

"That's the question, isn't it," Dumbledore said, his eyes moving over to Harry. "It's a most curious thing. On Christmas morning, Argus woke to find a present waiting for him with a note telling him to 'Use it well.' The wand itself is most remarkable. It's like nothing I've ever seen before. Oddly, there was no name attached. It's quite the mystery."

"Do you think it came from Ollivander?" Lily asked.

"I'm sure it isn't," Dumbledore replied. "No offense to the maker, but Argus' wand is far too crudely made to come from him. I don't suppose you have any ideas, Harry?"

"Well, I imagine if they didn't leave their name, it was for a reason," Harry said, fighting a smile.

"Oh?" Dumbledore said, raising a bushy eyebrow in askance.

"If a wand works for a Squib, it would probably work for a Muggle, wouldn't it?" Harry asked. "I imagine the Ministry wouldn't be too happy about something like that."

"No, I imagine not," Dumbledore smiled while Lily looked at Harry in surprise. "You wouldn't have any idea how such a wand would work, would you?"

"Well, the magic has to come from somewhere, doesn't it?" Harry asked thoughtfully. "Squibs have some magic, but not enough to cast spells. I'd guess that Mr. Filch's wand draws in the magic around him and then uses that to cast spells. Of course, if it does work like that, it could

cast anything powerful, and it would only work in places like Hogwarts that have a lot of ambient magic. But that's just a guess."

"That's what I suspected as well," Dumbledore agreed, stroking his beard with a smile. "Anyways, enough of an old man's ponderings. I'll let you join your friends for dinner. Good evening, Harry, Ms. Evans."

"Night, professor," Harry said.

"You made that?" Lily hissed as they made their way into the Great Hall.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "I thought it might help Petunia get over her hatred of magic, but I couldn't get it to work outside of Hogwarts."

"Harry, that's brilliant," Lily exclaimed quietly.

"It wasn't that hard," Harry said. "It's just no one's made one before. At least that I know of."

"Still, that was really sweet of you," she said.

Smiling proudly, Lily took his hand in hers and kissed his cheek. Harry smiled back at her as they sat with their friends. Alice's eyes lit up as she looked at the two of them, and he knew Lily would be questioned extensively when she got back to the dorm.

"Welcome back," Dumbledore said loudly from the Head Table. "I would like to take a moment to congratulate Harry Potter. For those of you who are unaware, over the break, he received an award for special services to the school, as well as becoming the youngest person ever to receive an Order of Merlin."

Harry blushed as the hall broke into applause. At the head table, the teachers stood and clapped while Professor McGonagall met his eyes and smiled.

“If you would like to know the details, I’m sure your classmates would be happy to fill you in,” Dumbledore continued when the clapping stopped. “In addition, our Caretaker, Argus Filch, has updated the list of banned items which had been reduced to just seventy-nine items. You can find the list pinned to the door of his office. With that, it’s time to eat.”

With a wave of his hand, the golden plates on the table filled with a wide assortment of food.

~

Later that night, while the students rested back in their common rooms, Albus Dumbledore made his way back to his office. A smile twitched under his beard when he spotted Argus once again follow Professor Flitwick, questioning him about new cleaning charms.

It was fortunate Filius was always happy to share his knowledge, he thought.

Bidding good night to Minerva, Albus rode the spiraling staircase up to his office. Pushing open the door, Fawkes chirped in greeting.

“Good evening, Fawkes,” Albus smiled.

With a sigh, he fell into the chair behind his desk. Taking off from his perch, Fawkes flew over to the desk and dropped a package before looping around and landing lightly on a stack of papers. Albus raised a bushy white brow. It was most unusual for Fawkes to carry mail.

“What’s this?” he asked curiously.

Picking up the package, he untied the string and smiled at the wand and note that fell onto the desk. Leaving the wand, for now, he picked up the note.

*This wand was meant for someone else until I realized it wouldn't work without ambient magic to power it. I thought you might be able to find a use for it.*

Like the note left with Argus' gift, there was no name attached, but he didn't need one to know who it was from. Setting down the note, Albus picked up the wand in both hands and eyes it closely over his glasses. The wand was rather plain, though nicely polished. The only thing that set it apart from a normal wand was the series of runes carved into the side.

It really was ingenious in its simplicity, Albus thought.

Still, there was room for improvement. With a few changes, the wand could easily work in areas that didn't have quite as much magic as Hogwarts, as well as make it more efficient. Perhaps, with enough work, it could work with just the ambient magic present in nature. There would be no more reason for the old families to abandon their Squib children to the Muggle world so carelessly. Albus felt a flare of excitement before his shoulders sagged with a sigh.

"A pity the Ministry would never allow it," he said aloud.

Unfortunately, Harry was right. a wand such as this could work for a Muggle just as well as it would work for a Squib. Beside him, Fawkes crooned. Albus gave a small smile and reached out to stroke his feathered friend. As his fingers trailed down his back, they froze as a thought flitted across his mind.

"Perhaps if I contact Garrick?" he wondered.

Picking up the wand again, he closed his eyes and reached out to feel the magic. After a moment of concentration, a smile slowly stretched across his lips.

“Interesting. There’s no core. It wouldn’t need one,” Albus muttered. “Perhaps if the runes were etched onto a wand with a core... yes, that would require just a touch of magic to make it work... a Muggle certainly wouldn’t be able to use that.”

With a pleased smile and a dash of hope, Albus grabbed a sheaf of parchment and began to write.

## Chapter 16

“For homework, I want you to give me twelve inches on three specific fire spells and their uses in defensive situations,” Connie said as class came to an end.

“I’ll give her twelve inches,” Avery said suggestively.

“Not without several gallons of Swelling Solution,” Bellatrix sneered.

Harry smiled as Avery flushed in anger and embarrassment. His hand twitched towards his wand, but Nott had enough sense to pull him out of the classroom before he could do something stupid.

“Mr. Potter, could you stay for a moment?” Connie asked.

Nodding, Harry turned to Lily as she stood next to him.

“I’ll see you a dinner,” he told her.

Smiling, she tilted her head up and kissed him on the cheek before leaving with Marlene. James, who had been talking to Sirius, stopped and glared furiously at him before snatching up his back and storming from the classroom. Sighing, Harry turned and walked up to Connie’s desk.

“Harry, I need a favor,” Connie said. “One of the cases I worked on is going to trial on Friday, and I was hoping you could take over my first and second year classes for the day. I should be back before lunch, so you would probably only miss your morning classes. I already cleared it with McGonagall.”

“Sure,” Harry said. “What are you working on?”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “You’ll have the first years in the morning, and both classes are working on the Petrification Hex. The second years are learning the Shield Charm. Oh, and you’ll have full authority to take points and assign detention while teaching. If anyone gives you too much of a problem, let McGonagall know, and she’ll take care of it.”

“Alright,” Harry said.

Glancing around to ensure the room was empty, Connie cast a quick Silencing Charm around them.

“Are we still on for tonight?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Meet me at the Entrance Hall at one.”

“I’ll see you then,” Connie smiled as she dropped the Silencing Charm.

Smiling back, Harry waved and left the classroom. Out in the hall, he found Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix talking in hushed whispers. It was an unusual sight, and he was grateful no one else was in the hall. While the girls got along shockingly well in private, they didn’t spend time together publically because Narcissa didn’t want word of her relationship with Harry getting back to her parents.

Sure, most of the Slytherins knew about their secret relationship by now, but they didn't talk about it for two very good reasons. The first was that they didn't want to admit to losing two of their most prominent and desirable girls to a Gryffindor, and the second was out of fear of Bellatrix. It was well known within the house of the snakes that she'd left Rudolphus completely impotent. He was too embarrassed to talk about it, but there were rumors that even the healers at St. Mungo's could cure him.

"Is everything alright?" Harry asked.

"We just got a letter from our father," Narcissa said, holding up the parchment. "He told us to try and get close to you. He didn't say it, but I'm certain the Dark Lord is behind this. Father would never risk sullyng our reputation otherwise."

"Voldemort was bound to take an interest in me after I took out Greyback," Harry sighed. "So, how do you want to handle this?"

"That's just what we were talking to Lily about," Narcissa said.

"Bella and I want to make our relationship public," Lily told him.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her in surprise, then looked at Narcissa.

"And you don't?" he asked.

"It's not that I don't want to. I was just pointing out that it could make things complicated," Narcissa said.

"What do you think, Harry?" Lily asked.



"It'd be nice not to have to hide things anymore," he admitted. "But, if Voldemort is worried about me, this could put you in danger too."

"I'm a Muggborn with brains; he and his Death Eaters already want me gone," Lily told him with a shrug.

"So, we're all agreed then?" Bellatrix asked.

Lily and Narcissa shared a look before both of them nodded determinedly.

"Finally," Bellatrix grinned.

Grabbing Harry's tie, she pulled him down for a heated kiss that left him feeling a bit flushed. As soon as she let him go, Narcissa pulled him down to meet her lips while Lily giggled. When she let out a surprised squeak a moment later, Harry pulled back from Narcissa and looked over. He grinned when he saw her and Bellatrix sharing a steamy, tongue filled kiss.

"You girls are far too good to me," Harry smiled.

"And don't you forget it," Narcissa said.

As Lily and Bellatrix broke apart breathlessly, Harry wrapped his arms around their waists and started leading them down the hall.

None of them noticed Connie peeking out of her classroom with a smirk on her face.

~

"Harry?"

Having just reached the second floor on their way to the Great Hall, Harry and the girls looked over at the sound of his name.

Molly, hand in hand with Arthur Weasley, rushed over to them. Harry smiled at seeing the two of them together.

“Could I talk to you for a minute?” Molly asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Smiling nervously, she opened the door to a nearby abandoned classroom and held the door open. As he walked inside, Harry belatedly realized it was the same room he had pulled Molly into after drinking that Lust Potion. Closing the door, he was a bit surprised when she locked and silenced the door. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bellatrix smirk as Molly turned to face them nervously.

“Everything okay, Molly?” Harry asked.

“Oh, yes. Everything’s fine.” Molly said, smoothing her skirt restlessly. “I just didn’t want to be overheard. I don’t know if you’ve heard, but Arthur visited me quite often over the holidays, and we’ve started dating.’

“That’s great!” Harry said with a smile.

“And it’s all thanks to you,” Arthur said, smiling happily as he looked over at Molly. “If you hadn’t told me she was interested in me, I may never have worked up the courage to ask her on a date.”

“I also told Arthur about what happened when I tried to slip him that Love Potion,” Molly said, blushing.

“Oh,” Harry said, feeling his own face heat up.

“You mean the Lust Potion that made Harry fuck you like a Knockturn Alley whore?” Bellatrix smirked.

“Bella!” Harry exclaimed, his cheeks burning.

“It’s alright,” Molly said. “That’s actually what we wanted to talk to you about. You see, Arthur liked hearing about it, and we were wondering if – if we could do it again while he watches.”

Harry’s jaw dropped open as he stared at Molly. Looking over at Arthur, the redhead smiled and shrugged a shoulder even as his ears turned red.

“But – I –” Harry stammered.

“Could you give us just a minute,” Narcissa said.

“Of course,” Molly nodded, not meeting anyone’s eye.

Grabbing Harry’s arm, Narcissa pulled him into a huddle with Lily and Bellatrix, a quick Muffliato Charm giving them some privacy.

“What do you think?” Lily asked.

“Are we seriously considering this?” Harry asked.

Narcissa gave him a pitying look before turning back to Lily.

“I’m fine with it,” she said. “Having a connection to the Weasley and Prewett families would be helpful.”

“I don’t need connections,” Harry said.

“You do if you want to change things,” Lily told him with a pointed look.

As he grimaced, recognizing her point, Lily and Narcissa turned to Bellatrix.

“I just want to watch him make the slut scream,” Bellatrix grinned.

Lily covered a laugh while Narcissa sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“I guess that’s a yes,” Lily smiled before turning to Harry. “Go have fun.”

“You’re serious about this?” Harry asked.

“I’m sure,” Lily said, moving closer, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him.

Shaking his head in disbelief and smiling, Harry pulled back and turned to Molly.

“The girls said yes. Are you sure you-”

Harry cut himself off when Molly rushed forward and dropped to her knees. Her fingers fumbled with his belt as she tried to undo it as fast as she could.

“What a slut,” Bellatrix laughed as she, Lily, and Narcissa took seats.

Molly blushed but remained silent as she opened his trousers and pulled out his cock. Harry chanced a glance over at Arthur to find him watching raptly as his girlfriend stroked him to hardness. Looking back down at Molly, he wondered if she and Arthur had done anything like this in his old timeline.

“Don’t just stare at it. Suck it,” Bellatrix said.

“Bella,” Narcissa reprimanded her even as Molly leaned forward and took him into her mouth.

Harry groaned and ran his hand through Molly’s shoulder length ginger locks. Enveloped in the hot, wet cavern of her mouth as she swirled her tongue around his length, he thrust his hips forward, driving himself deeper. Hissing in pleasure, he guided her head up and down his shaft, pushing her lips further down with each bob of her head. When she reached about two-thirds of the way down his cock, his head hit the back of her throat and caused her to gag.

“Surely you can do better than that,” Bellatrix said.

Standing up, Bellatrix walked over and knelt down behind Molly. Roughly grabbing a handful of Molly’s red hair, she looked over her shoulder at Arthur.

“If you can’t teach your whore of a girlfriend to properly suck a cock, then I will,” Bellatrix told him snidely.

Arthur swallowed visibly and stroked himself over his pants as Bellatrix forced Molly’s head forward and sent Harry’s cock straight down his throat. While Harry groaned in pleasure, he realized that they were actually enjoying the humiliation Bellatrix was putting them through.

“That’s better,” Bellatrix said.

Molly, her eyes clenched shut and nose pressed firmly against his groin, gagged and drooled onto her white dress shirt. Smirking, Bellatrix casually reached around and groped her large breasts while turning to look at Arthur.

“Has she ever sucked your cock like this?” she asked.

“No,” Arthur muttered.

“I didn’t think so,” Bellatrix sneered.

Letting go of Molly’s hair, her head shot back, and she sucked in a deep breath. Bellatrix tore her shirt open as she coughed and tried to catch her breath. Yanking it off of her, she tossed the ruined garment to the floor and then unclasped her white bra. Molly’s full, perky tits bounced into the open.

Hearing a moan, Harry looked over and throbbed excitedly when he spotted Narcissa on her knees with her face buried between Lily’s legs. Lily, her face flushed, ran her fingers through Narcissa’s hair as she watched Bellatrix lead Molly’s mouth back to his cock. Again, Bellatrix forced Molly to take him into her throat, but instead of holding her there, this time, she jerked her head back and forth.

Reaching out behind himself, Harry wandlessly summoned a chair. When Bellatrix let Molly take a breath, he sat down and reached out to fondle her huge breasts. Smirking, Bellatrix let him take control of Molly’s movements while she removed her own top and bra. Harry smiled at her and let Molly work the top of his shaft while he pinched and rolled her nipple lightly. When she moaned around his length, Bellatrix flipped up the back of her skirt and slid her hand under her panties. Pulling it out a moment later, she smirked and showed him her glistening fingers before turning to Arthur.

“She’s dripping,” she told him.

With a groan, Arthur opened up his pants and took himself in hand. Harry tried not to feel smug when he noticed that he was a good deal larger in both length and girth.

“No wonder she wants to fuck Harry,” Bellatrix said.

Molly yanked her head back and narrowed her eyes at Bellatrix.

“I think it perfectly fine,” she said.

“Of course you do,” Bellatrix said sarcastically. “That’s why you could wait to get on your knees, was it?”

Before Molly could respond, Bellatrix reached around, grabbed Harry’s shaft, and slapped it across her face. Molly squeaked and looked at his cock in surprise before it slapped her again and again. Bellatrix cackled before shoving her mouth back down on his length until her lips touched his base.

While holding her head down with one hand, Bellatrix pulled off Molly’s skirt and ripped off her panties with the other. When she was done, she fisted Molly’s hair and yanked her back.

“Stand up,” Bellatrix ordered, pulling her to her feet by her hair.

Giving her a push, Molly straddled Harry’s lap and eagerly impaled herself on his cock with a moan.

“I didn’t even tell you what to do,” Bellatrix sneered. “You just couldn’t wait to fuck him, could you?”

Molly whimpered as Bellatrix smacked her ass and Harry groped her tits.

“Say it, you whore,” Bellatrix demanded while smacking her ass again. “Tell me you like Harry’s cock better than your boyfriends.”

“N-no,” Molly stammered, her hips rocking back and forth as she panted.

Bellatrix smirked at Harry, “Fuck her.”

Moving his hands to Molly’s hips, Harry lifted her up a few inches before dropping her while lifting his hips. Her large, pillowy breasts bounced as she started jumping up and down on his length. Leaning forward, Harry buried his face between her breasts as she moaned wantonly. When she suddenly stopped a moment later, he looked up to find Bellatrix holding her in place by the shoulders.

“Tell me, or you can go fuck your boyfriend, and I’ll fuck Harry,” Bellatrix whispered.

“I – I love it!” Molly cried. “I’m sorry, Arthur! It just feels so good!”

Arthur’s only response was to grunt as he came all over himself. Bellatrix cackled while Molly looked at him in shock, even while she started moving again. Moving away and stripping out of her skirt, Bellatrix grabbed a couple of desks and moved them together. Seeing what she had in mind, Harry stood up with Molly and walked her over to the desks. Laying her down on her back, he started thrusting into her.

Molly threw her head back with a moan, only to find herself looking up at Bellatrix’s glistening mound.

“Lick,” Bellatrix said.

Molly looked a little startled and tentative, but Bellatrix didn’t hesitate to sit on her face. Smiling, Harry groped Molly’s chest, his fingers sinking into her soft mounds. Leaning forward, Bellatrix pulled him in for a heated kiss. A moment later, he felt a hand sliding across his back.



Pulling back, he turned to see Lily smiling at him. Giving him a quick kiss, she laid down next to Molly while Narcissa dove down between her legs.

Harry thought Lily looked incredibly sexy as she bit her lips and moaned. Unconsciously, he began thrusting harder into Molly. Pushing her legs apart, he watched as her folds hugged his shaft each time he pulled out and then wrapped around him when he thrust back in. Molly started bucking her hips, and a low whine left her lips the harder he thrust.

Suddenly, she went stiff and let out a muffled scream into Bellatrix's mound. Her legs trembled while her walls spasmed around his cock. Groaning, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her depths as he tipped over the edge. As if they had planned it, Lily and Bellatrix both followed them a moment later.

After a minute to catch their breath, Harry pulled out of Molly while Lily and Narcissa fixed their clothes. Bellatrix hopped off of the desk, her breasts bouncing wildly, and smirked at Arthur.

"She's all yours," she said.

~

As the hour hand on Harry's watch ticked over to two, he grabbed her invisibility cloak and slipped out of bed. This time of the morning, no one was awake, and not even the teachers or prefects were still patrolling the halls. Even with his trusty cloak, he could have easily made his way down to the Entrance Hall without being caught. There, he met Connie, who was waiting in a darkened alcove.

"Ready to go?" Harry asked.

Connie nodded, and Harry held open the cloak. She had to press herself tightly against his side so they could both fit under it. Wrapping his arm around her waist, they slipped out of the front door and out onto the grounds.

“Where are we going?” Connie asked.

“The forest of Dean,” Harry said, trying to ignore how her curves felt pressed against him. “I don’t want to use the Taboo from the same place more than once.”

“Good idea,” she said.

As soon as they made it out of the front gate, Harry tightened his grip on her waist and Disapparated. A moment later, they reappeared in a thick forest lit only by the light of a half moon. Letting go of Connie, he threw off the cloak and tucked it into his pocket.

“I think we should set up some traps this time,” Harry told her. “They might start sending more now that a few have been caught. If You-Know-Who shows up, Disapparate and meet back at Hogsmeade.”

“Alright,” she said.

Nodding, Harry started laying out charms that would animate vines and roots to wrap around anyone that stepped into the area. Seeing what he was doing, Connie added a charm of her own that would cause the ground to sink under their feet. Once they were done, Harry handed Connie his cloak, and she vanished from sight.

“Voldemort,” Harry said.

Stepping back into the shadows, Harry waited tensely with the Elder wand gripped in his hand. As first one minute ticked by, then two and three, his worry grew. Were they on to him? Were a dozen Death Eaters about to descend on them?

After nearly five minutes, three Death Eaters appeared. Immediately, they sunk into the ground up to their hips while their arms were tied up by roots and vines. Two Stunning Hexes from Harry and one from Connie had them out of the fight before they even realized they were in

one. Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, he summoned their wands and levitated them out of the ground.

“That was easy,” Connie said. “For a minute there, I was getting worried.”

“Me too,” Harry admitted as he removed their masks.

All three wizards reeked of alcohol, which explained why they’d been so easy to beat.

“Do you recognize any of them?” he asked.

“The one on the left is Joseph Greene, life long scumbag but no one important. The one on the right is Francis Burke. He works as a clerk at the Ministry. I don’t know the one in the Middle,” Connie told him.

“Burke’s probably our best bet, then,” Harry said. “Can you hold open his mouth?”

Nodding, Connie knelt next to the dark haired wizard and forced open his mouth. Kneeling down on the other side, Harry pulled a leather bound journal out of his pocket and set it on the ground. Taking his wand, he pointed at the inside of Burke’s mouth. After a moment, there was a wet pop as one of his molars came free and floated out of his mouth. Connie wrinkled her nose but said nothing.

Setting the tooth on the journal, Harry used a combination of Recording and Listening charms to link the two together.

“Clear the blood,” Harry said, levitating the tooth back into the air.

A twirl of her wand vanished the blood, and Harry placed the molar back into its socket with a Healing Charm.

“This journal will record everything he says and hears, but it will only trigger the Alert Charm when it detects the words ‘kill,’ ‘my lord,’ or one of the unforgivables,” Harry said, handing her the journal.

“You want me to hang on to this?” Connie asked.

“It’ll be easier for you to check it if something happens,” Harry told her with a shrug. “If something happens, I won’t be able to check it while I’m in class.”

“And if something does happen, what do we do?” Connie asked. “We can’t exactly take this to the Aurors without getting arrested.”

“I know,” Harry sighed. “Hopefully, we’ll get enough warning to save someone if there’s going to be an attack. This is mostly so we know what Voldemort is up to. I know he goes on the offensive soon, but I don’t know the exact dates. Let’s Oblivate these guys and get out of here.”

Nodding, Connie altered their memories so they remembered showing up and finding nothing. A few seconds later, they were back at the gates of Hogwarts.

“Do you want to come back to my quarters for a drink?” Connie asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “I could use a drink.”

Throwing the cloak around them, Harry and Connie wrapped their arms around each other to fit better as they climbed up to the fourth floor. Connie’s quarters were down the hall from the Defense classroom, not in it like all of the teachers Harry remembered. Taking the cloak off, Harry stuffed it in his pocket while Connie grabbed a bottle of Firewhiskey and a couple of glasses. Sitting down on the couch, she poured half a glass for each of them and then passed one to him.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” Connie asked as they sipped their drinks.

“Alright,” Harry said.

“How did you end up with three girlfriends?” she asked.

“Honestly?” Harry asked.

When Connie nodded, Harry leaned forwards as if to impart a great secret.

“Not a fucking clue,” he said.

Laughing, Connie slapped his shoulder lightly.

“Seriously, the girls are convinced that me sleeping with witches will somehow help me change the world,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I have no idea how they came up with that, but I’m not going to argue with them.”

“You sleeping with more girls than just Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix?” Connie asked, her eyebrow raised in surprise.

“Yeah,” Harry admitted. “I’ve been seeing Rosmerta when I have the time since shortly after I got here, and Molly accidentally slipped me a Lust Potion she read about in Witch Weekly that she meant to give to Arthur Weasley.”

Connie tilted her head to the side and looked at him oddly.

“Has anyone ever told you your life is weird?” she asked with a smile.

“They might’ve mentioned it,” Harry smiled as he sipped his whiskey.

“So, do they know you’re from the future?” Connie asked.

“Lily does,” Harry said. “I haven’t told Narcissa or Bellatrix yet, but I should soon.”

“Did you know them in your time?”

“Sort of,” Harry told her. “Lily was killed in the war, Narcissa was married to Lucius Malfoy, and Bellatrix was actually Voldemort’s biggest supporter.”

“Before you got here, I could see that happening,” Connie said after a moment. “I know you lost a lot coming here, but I’m glad you did.”

“Me too,” Harry said. “I miss my friends, but I have a chance to make sure they never have to ever see this war outside of the history books. If I’m lucky, I’ll be able to save some of the people that didn’t make it through the first war too.”

Downing the rest of his Firewhiskey, Harry turned more serious.

“This summer, I want to use the Taboo to take out as many Death Eaters as possible,” he said. “I could use some help, but I won’t lie. There’s a good chance Voldemort will show up at some point.”

“Why not ask Dumbledore and the Order for help?” Connie asked.

“The Order gathers intelligence and reacts to attacks. Dumbledore has never used them to attack. It’s one of the few things we disagree about,” Harry said. “Don’t get me wrong, what

they do is important, but someone needs to fight back. Besides, outside of the Aurors in the Order, the rest would be liabilities.”

Connie nodded thoughtfully, “I’ll help. I might know a couple of Aurors that might be willing to help too, but I’ll have to talk to them first.”

“As long as you trust them,” Harry said. “I should get to bed. Thanks for your help, Connie.”

“You’re welcome,” she said with a smile.

Standing up as he did, she surprised him by pulling him into a hug.

“Good night, Harry,” Connie said.

“Night,” Harry replied.

As he left her quarters, he missed the speculative look she gave him, and the way her eyes dropped to his bum.

## Chapter 17

“Alright, everyone,” Harry said, clapping his hands as he stood behind the teacher’s desk. “What can you tell me about Trolls?”

As he moved in front of the desk, a first year Slytherin girl with a pale, narrow face and long, straight black hair raised her hand.

“Yes, miss?” he said, unsure of her name.

“Babcock,” she replied, causing two boys behind her to snicker. “Trolls are highly social, incredibly strong, and have thick, magic-resistant skin. They’re also unintelligent, though highly inquisitive.”

“Very good. Five points to Slytherin,” Harry said, smiling when the girl blinked in surprise at the points. “Now, let’s say – hypothetically – you find yourself trapped in a room with a Troll. How would you fight it?”

A Gryffindor boy with tousled, straw colored hair raised his hand and waved it with a grin.

“Yes?” Harry asked.

“Cut off its head,” The boy said.

A few of the kids chuckled, and even Harry smiled, having heard Ron use that answer more than once.

“Alright, how?” he asked.

The boy shrugged, “A sword?”

“That would have to be one sharp sword,” Harry said, getting chuckles from the class. “Anyone else?”

A Gryffindor girl with blonde hair tied back in a ponytail raised her hands shyly.

“Yes?” Harry asked.

“You could tie it up?” she asked more than said.



“Good,” Harry smiled. “Five points to Gryffindor. You could certainly tie it up, although, due to its strength, you’d need to use something stronger than an Incarcerous. Anyone else?”

When no one raised their hand, he pushed off of the desk and paced the front of the room.

“One of the best ways to combat a Troll is to hit it on the head,” Harry explained. “While their skin is tough and their skulls are thick, they are quite susceptible to being knocked unconscious. With that in mind, today, we’re going to be working on the Banishing Charm. So, if you would all stand up.”

When all of the students were standing, Harry waved his wand and moved the desks to the side of the room. Summoning some cushions from the back of the room, he paired everyone up and had them try to banish the cushions back and forth. Most of them had difficulty in the beginning, but by the end of class, most of them could at least get it to move.

“Great job today, everyone,” Harry smiled. “For homework, I want you to keep practicing and write me eight inches of parchment on how Banishing Charms can be used in a defensive situation.”

As the classroom emptied, Harry sat down behind the desk to make a few notes in his planner for Connie.

“Do you have a minute, Professor?” someone asked.

It took Harry a moment to realize they were talking to him, and he looked towards the door. He smiled when he spotted Lily leaning against the doorframe.

“Hey. Come on in,” Harry said as he stood.

Lily pushed off the doorframe and walked towards him with a smile.

“Do you have any idea how sexy it is seeing you as a professor?” she asked.

“Are you having inappropriate thoughts about your professor, Ms. Evans?” Harry asked, resting his hands on her hips and pulling her close.

“Maybe,” Lily smirked.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down for a heated kiss. Siding his hands around to her bum, Harry lifted her up and sat her on the desk. Lily moaned, her teeth nibbling at his bottom lip.

“Harry?”

Recognizing Connie’s voice, Harry pulled back quickly and looked around.

“Harry? Can you hear me?” Connie asked.

“Yeah,” he said, giving Lily an apologetic look.

He walked into her quarters, where her voice was coming from and found her head floating in the green flames of the Floo.

“Hey, everything going okay?” Connie asked.

“Yeah, everything’s fine. How’s your case going?” Harry asked.

Connie sighed, “Not well. The defense is taking a lot longer than I expected. We’re just taking a break for lunch. Can you cover my afternoon classes, or should I have Minerva cancel them?”

"I can take care of it," Harry told her.

"Thank you," Connie smiled. "I owe you one. You'll have third years after lunch and then fourth years after that. We just finished sections in both classes, so feel free to teach them anything you want."

"Well, at least I don't have to teach my own class," Harry joked. "I'll probably just have them review some defensive spells."

"That's fine," Connie said. "Sorry, but I have to run. I still need to talk to Minerva and let her know I'm going to be late. Thanks again, Harry. I really appreciate you helping me out."

"Any time," Harry smiled.

Connie returned his smile a moment before her face disappeared, and the flames dimmed to a flickering orange. Turning back to the classroom, he smiled at Lily when he spotted her in the doorway.

"Ready for lunch, professor?" she asked with a smirk.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"If you keep teasing me, I might have to give you detention," he warned playfully.

"You're not going to spank me, are you, sir?" Lily asked innocently.

"Only if you're really bad," Harry said.

As he spoke, his hand came up and gave her a light spank. Lily squealed and ran for the door as Harry chased after her.”

~

After lunch, Harry taught his next two classes with a bit less structure than the first and second years. Not knowing what Connie had planned, he didn’t want to start anything new. Instead, he conjured a bunch of balloons and had them practice the accuracy of the spells they’d already learned.

When his last class of the afternoon filed out, happy to not have any homework, Harry sat down at the desk to make a few notes. Only a couple of minutes later, Lily walked into the room with a smile.

“Hey, how was class?” she asked.

“Good,” Harry said, setting down his quill and smiling at her. “Where are Narcissa and Bella?”

“They have a potions essay to finish,” Lily said.

Turning back to the door, she drew her wand. With just a couple of flicks, she closed the door, locked it, and silenced the room.

“Lily?” Harry asked.

“Professor,” Lily said seductively.

Grabbing the arm of his chair, she turned him to face her. Bent over with her hands on the arms of his chair, put her breasts – which he only then realized were braless – just inches from his face.

“Professor Potter, I wanted to talk to you about my grade,” she said, biting her lip cutely.

“What about it, Ms. Evans?” Harry asked, his excitement already growing.

“I know I didn’t do very well on the last test, and I was hoping you’d let me improve it by doing some... extra credit,” Lily said.

Dropping to her knees, she rubbed her hands up his thighs, thumbs grazing his hardened shaft.

“Perhaps I could give you an *oral* exam,” Harry grinned.

Lily giggled at his admittedly terrible pun and reached for his belt. Popping open the button and pulling down his fly, she reached into his boxers and pulled out his cock. Smiling, she stroked him a couple of times before leaning forward and licking his tip. Harry tilted his head back and groaned as her tongue swirled around his head before her lips wrapped around him. After bobbing her head a few times, Lily pushed her head down as far as she could, forcing him against the back of her throat.

“One day as a teacher, and you’re already abusing your authority, Harry?”

Lily jerked in surprise and gagged loudly before rocketing off of Harry’s length. Connie smiled from the doorway to her quarters, her eyes dropping to his glistening shaft.

“Professor Hammer,” Lily said, her cheeks flushed as much as Harry was sure his own were.  
“I’m sorry, we were just-”

“Oh, don’t stop on my account,” Connie grinned, walking further into the classroom. “You know, I was wondering why so many women would be willing to share the same man. I think I understand a bit better now.”

Harry shifted slightly when she looked pointedly at his rigid cock. Stopping behind Lily, she brushed a lock of her short, blonde hair behind her ear and stared down at the blushing redhead.

“Well, go on, Ms. Evans. Don’t let me stop you from getting a better grade,” Connie said.

“Yes, ma’am,” Lily replied.

Harry blinked at the tremble of excitement in her voice. Turning back to him, her bright, sparkling green eyes met his as she opened her mouth and bobbed slowly up and down his length. Sucking in a sharp breath, he glanced up and met Connie’s bright blue eyes. Smiling, she let her eyes drop down to the back of Lily’s head and tilted her head to the side.

“You seem quite good at that,” Connie remarked. “Would I be right in guessing you get quite a bit of practice?”

Lily sucked hard as she pulled off of his tip, a loud pop echoing through the room when he left her lips.

“Only with Harry, Professor,” Lily said before her tongue swirled around him again.

Connie smirked, “And do you like sucking Harry’s cock?”

“Yes,” Lily said, making eye contact with him as she kissed his tip.

Taking off her cloak and tossing it on the desk, Connie dropped to her knees behind Lily and pulled her hair out of the way as she bobbed on his length.

“I understand you and your girlfriends are open to sharing,” Connie said quietly.

Harry met Connie's gaze, and she smiled at him seductively before her eyes dropped back down to his shaft as it left Lily's lips.

"I don't mind," Lily smiled.

Shuffling out of the way, Connie shifted forward and wrapped her hand around his spit soaked length.

"Not that I mind giving a blow job, but I haven't had a shag in about two years," Connie said as she leaned forward and kissed his flared, swollen head. "Harry, I really need you to fuck me."

Throbbing in excitement, Harry stood at the same time she did. Flicking her wand, Connie stripped the three of them of their clothes. His eyes raked over her thin, athletic figure, taking in her fully, surprisingly perky breasts capped with rosy red areolas and long, prominent nipples. Smirking, Connie turned to Lily and pinned her against the desk, giving him a look at her wide hips and full, round bum.

Bending at the waist, she pressed herself against Lily and kissed her full on the lips. Lily moaned in surprise, which quickly changed into one of pleasure as she kissed her back. Walking up behind Connie, Harry lined himself up with her entrance before slipping one hand between the girls' bodies to grab her breasts. With a slow push, he sank into her hot, tight depths.

"Fuck!" Connie gasped, ripping her lips away from Lily.

"Do you like fucking my boyfriend, professor?" Lily asked with a smirk.

"Merlin, yes," Connie hissed. "I should've done this months ago."

"You've wanted to fuck Harry for months?" Lily asked with a smirk.

Connie opened her mouth to answer, but only a groan came out when Harry started thrusting.

“I’ve wanted this since I watched him make Bellatrix his bitch in front of four of her classmates,” Connie panted.

Harry paused in his thrusts and blinked.

“You saw that?” he asked.

“I heard them attack you and Disillusioned myself,” Connie said, bucking back against him until he started thrusting again.

“I really need to charm my glasses,” Harry said.

This was the second time someone had managed to sneak up on him by using the Disillusionment Charm, Lily in the Room of Requirement being the other.

Leaving that thought for another time, Harry grabbed Connie’s hip and thrust harder and faster. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, she moaned as he pulled her head back until it was pointing up at the ceiling and kissed her on the lips. Lily’s lips attacked her neck, then moved down until she captured her swollen nipple.

Breaking their kiss, Connie moaned lewdly as he grabbed her shoulders and started pounding into her forcefully. With a cry, her arousal drenched his thrusting length as her depths tightened and spasmed around him. While he continued fucking her through her climax, she grabbed the back of Lily’s head and pulled her head firmly against her breast while moaning and gasping wantonly.

Suddenly, Lily dropped to her knees, and Harry could feel her tongue lapping at Connie’s folds, occasionally gliding across his length.



“Shit!” Connie gasped, fisting her dark red hair. “Fuck!”

Smirking, Harry held Connie’s hip in one hand and her hair in the other. Slamming into her with rapid, powerful thrusts, his thighs clapped loudly against her ass, causing it to jiggle spectacularly.

Pulling back a bit too far, Harry slipped out of her dripping folds. Lily giggled when he thrust forward again, and his wet cock slid across her neck. Wrapping her hand around him, she gave the top of his shaft a suck, her tongue swirling around him, before placing him back at Connie’s entrance.

“Oh, Merlin,” Connie gasped as he sank back into her.

Giving her bum a smack with a grin, Harry tugged at her hair while kissing her neck and rocking his hips. Feeling a bit possessive, he sucked at the delicate skin of her throat, intent on leaving a mark. Connie moaned, lifting one hand from Lily’s hair and reaching back to thread it through his.

When Harry pulled his head back, he reached behind him and grabbed the chair. Pulling it over, he sat down, pulling Connie into his lap. The position caused him to sink much deeper into her, drawing a deep, guttural moan from her lips.

“You’re stretching her out so much,” Lily grinned, walking forward on her knees. “If you’re not careful, you might ruin her for other men.”

“Too late,” Connie groaned while rolling her hips. “Your cock feels so good.”

Smiling, Harry kissed her cheek and hooked her thighs with his arms. Slouching in the chair, he held her against his chest and began thrusting up into her.

“Fuck, that’s deep!” Connie gasped.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Lily asked.

Connie replied with another loud, wanton moan. Giggling, Lily leaned forward and attacked Connie’s clit with her tongue. Immediately, Harry felt her shudder against him, her depths fluttering around him. Closing his eyes, he groaned at the feeling of her hot, silky walls wrapped around his rigid length.

Gradually, his thrusts sped up as fast as the slightly awkward position would allow. Sliding his hands up, he cupped both of her firm, bouncing breasts and rolled her long, thick nipples between his fingers.

“Harry,” Connie moaned.

Dropping her head back onto his shoulder, she moaned and shuddered through a second climax. Trembling, she stopped pulling Lily forward and started pushing her away. Seeing her face covered in arousal, hair mused and wild from Connie’s hands, Lily stared at his thrusting cock with a hooded, lustful gaze.

“I’m going to cum,” Harry grunted, his thrusts speeding up.

“In me,” Connie panted pleadingly.

Hearing that, Harry thrust a few more times before reaching his peak. Grunting and groaning, he slammed his cock as deep as he could and erupted in her depths. Connie moaned and dropped her head onto his shoulder, one hand reaching up behind her to pull him down for a kiss.

Lily giggled and leaned forward, licking and sucking at the point where he and Connie were connected as he emptied himself.

“You both have detention with me for the rest of the year,” Connie said.

Harry and Lily laughed as he wrapped his arms around her, his hands caressing her body.

~

An hour later, after Connie and Lily had left to go to dinner, Harry was still in the Defense classroom. With his glasses on the desk, he squinted his eyes as he cast a series of charms. Even though he was using his Holly wand, the spells he needed came to him with little thought. If he'd been willing to spend the time, he thought he could easily replicate the usefulness of Moody's magical eyes. As it stood, he just wanted to be able to see through Disillusionment Charms and Invisibility charms and cloaks.

Pocketing his wand, he looked over his glasses before slipping them on his face.

“Mr. Potter,”

Harry spun around, and his eyes widened when he saw Professor McGonagall in the doorway. It wasn't seeing her that surprised him so much; it was the fact that he could see through all of the clothes he was wearing. His first thought was that her breasts were larger than he'd expected, his second was that she looked good for a woman in her fifties, and his third was sheer embarrassment when he realized she was waiting for an answer.

Realizing that she would Hex him all the way to Hogsmeade if she knew the truth, Harry tried his best to keep his eyes rivet to her face.

“Sorry, what was that, Professor?” Harry asked, his eyes already dropping back down to her breasts.

Are they really that perky, or is it because of her bra, he wondered.

"I asked how your classes went," McGonagall said.

"Oh, they went great," Harry said. "I did have to give Gareth Thompson detention for trying to intentionally teach a classmate the wrong way to cast the Incarcerous Hex."

"Yes, Professor Flitwick informed me of that," she said. "I'm glad you caught him when you did. I've seen many students sent to the hospital wing for even unintentionally miscasting."

"And you'll see a lot more," Harry smiled. "My housemate, Seamus Finnigan, had a knack for blowing up pretty much everything."

McGonagall sighed, but Harry could see the smile tugging at the corners of her lips. He hoped she didn't intend to talk to him much longer. It was quite awkward staring at her when he knew she was essentially naked, and she didn't. He was feeling a bit guilty about it, but he thought taking off his glasses might be too suspicious.

"Have you thought about a career in teaching?" she asked. "Between the Defense Association and today's performance, I think you would make an excellent Defense professor."

"I really haven't thought about it much," Harry admitted. "I thought about becoming an Auror, but I was always too preoccupied with fighting a war to really think about it seriously."

"You could always do both," McGonagall suggested. "Most teachers spend time getting experience in other areas before taking a teaching post."

"I'll think about it," Harry said. "It would be nice to take a break from fighting all the time."

"I imagine it would," Professor McGonagall smiled. "Good night, Mr. Potter."

“Night, professor,” Harry said.

As she turned to leave, he couldn’t stop from taking a look at her surprisingly nice bum. When the sound of her footsteps faded down the hall, Harry let out a breath and took off his glasses.

“Okay, maybe I need to dial it back a bit,” he said to himself.

It took a bit more tweaking, but he eventually got his glasses to be a bit less sensitive. After testing them on a few objects in the room, he managed to make a fuzzy outline appear around anything that was disillusioned or invisible. If he wanted to see what was actually there, he could wandlessly increase the sensitivity, which had the same effect as what had happened with McGonagall.

Even with all of the knowledge Harry had, he couldn’t find another way to achieve the same goal.

“Just don’t be a perv, Potter,” he told himself as he slipped his glasses back onto his face.

As he left the classroom, he wondered if he’d be able to resist the temptation of taking a peek at some of the beautiful girls around the school.

## Chapter 18

Blinking his eyes open, Harry stretched in his bed and sat up. He pushed open the bed hangings and looked around to find the dorm empty once again. In the week that he’d been back from Christmas break, this was a common occurrence. James was not happy that he was dating Lily, and the other Marauders avoided him in solidarity. Remus gave him the occasional apologetic look, but Peter and Sirius hardly looked at him anymore.

Harry wondered if part of the reason Sirius blatantly ignored him was because he was also publically dating two of his cousins. Oddly, it hurt more to see Sirius ignore him than his own father. Of course, that might have to do with the fact he actually got to spend time with Sirius.

Sighing and rubbing his face, Harry put on his glasses and slipped out of bed. He gasped when a wave of freezing cold water crashed over him the moment he stood. Shivering, he looked up and spotted a small tub stuck upside down to the ceiling. Harry took off his glasses and wiped his face while walking over to his trunk for a change of clothes.

As he put his glasses back on, he noticed a package wrapped in brown paper. The package exploded with a pop, covering everything within three meters of his trunk in red and green glitter.

Growling angrily, Harry took out his wand and tried to vanish the mess but failed. After trying a few more advanced spells, he finally found one that at least cleaned up the majority of it. Some of the glitter still stuck to his wet skin and in the folds of his clothes. Grabbing a fresh set of clothes, he made his way into a bathroom for a nice hot shower.

By the time Harry was done, he was running late. Grabbing his back, which had fortunately been left relatively unscathed, he raced down to the Great Hall. As he walked between the tables to where Lily and the other Gryffindor girls were sitting, Lily looked up and scowled angrily.

At first, he thought she might be angry at him for some reason, but when Alice, Marlene, Dorcas, and Mary all covered their mouths to hide a laugh, he sighed tiredly.

“What now?” Harry asked, taking a seat between Lily and Marlene.

“Have you seen your hair this morning?” Alice asked, barely holding back a laugh.

“No,” Harry said, trying to look up at his own hair and failing.

“Here,” Marlene said, handing him a compact with a mirror.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Harry exclaimed, staring at his bright pink locks.

“What’s with the glitter?” Dorcas asked.

Sighing, Harry quickly explained what had happened to him.

“That bullying git,” Lily huffed. “You should tell McGonagall.”

“That will only make things worse,” Harry said, rubbing his eyes tiredly. “I’ll just have to ward my bed and trunk better.”

“Maybe you could bunk with us,” Alice offered teasingly. “We all know Lil’s here doesn’t mind sharing.”

“Did you forget you’re dating Frank?” Mary asked.

“We have a look but don’t touch agreement,” Alice shrugged. “That doesn’t mean I can’t arrange for a better view.”

“If you’re done perving on my boyfriend, can you help me try to get rid of this?” Lily asked. “I’m pants at Cosmetic Charms.”

Harry made himself a bacon sandwich as the girls tried and failed to fix his hair. He couldn’t be sure, but he also thought Alice was taking the chance to tease him by deliberately rubbing her large breasts against his shoulder. Not that he was complaining.

Eventually, they gave up and sat back down to eat before the bell for the first class of the day rang. As Harry walked with Lily and Dorcas to Runes, Narcissa joined them for the walk to the fourth floor, where she had Arithmancy.

“What happened to you?” she asked.

Sighing, Harry described his morning for the second time.

“Here, let me try,” Narcissa said, drawing her wand.

Stopping in the hall, he stood and let her work on his hair for a couple of minutes. With so many spells being cast on his head, his scalp started to itch.

“Stop squirming,” Narcissa said.

“Hold on a second, my head itches,” Harry said, scratching his scalp.

“It does look a bit darker now,” Lily said, eyeing his hair.

“You know, you don’t look bad in pink,” Dorcas teased.

Harry rolled his eyes, causing her to giggle.

“I think that’s the best I can do,” Narcissa said.

Dorcas handed him her mirror again, and his hair indeed looked darker, though not by much.

“Thanks,” Harry said, handing the mirror back.



“Do do realize Bella isn’t going to let this slide?” Narcissa asked.

Harry groaned and rubbed his face.

“We’ll talk to her after class,” Lily said. “I don’t mind someone getting back at Potter, but Bella can go a bit too far sometimes.”

“If you tell her not to do something, she’ll just do it anyways,” Harry sighed. “Just – make sure she doesn’t put anyone in the Hospital Wing.”

“Can’t you just tell her not to?” Lily asked. “She usually listens to you.”

“Bella likes his punishments too much,” Narcissa smirked.

Lily snorted and shook her head while Dorcas blushed prettily.

“Um, we should really get to class,” Marlene said.

“Right,” Harry said, then turned to Narcissa. “I’ll see you at lunch.”

Resting a hand on her hip, he gave her a kiss before taking Lily’s hand and resuming their trek to the Ancient Runes classroom.

~

As Harry sat at his desk, working on his assigned translation, he reached up and adjusted his glasses. It had taken a bit of research, but he’d finally gotten them to work the way he wanted them to. Now, they showed a faint outline around invisible objects or people by detecting the

magic around them. As it turned out, magic used to visually hide something was quite distinctive.

The whole process had also taught Harry a very valuable lesson. Just because he could perform the spells didn't mean he knew how to use them.

Once he noticed an outline, he could channel a bit of magic into his glasses to see through the magic hiding something. Of course, it also let him see through other things, like clothes. If it didn't, he wouldn't be able to see through invisibility cloaks.

Now, he had to constantly resist the temptation to take a peek at some of the more attractive girls in the school. It made him wonder how Moody dealt with it after he got his eye. Even now, glancing over at Lily and Marlene next to him, Harry was tempted to take a look. He knew Lily wouldn't mind, but he imagined Dorcas wouldn't appreciate him so casually violating her privacy.

He still had trouble looking Professor McGonagall in the eye after unintentionally seeing under her robes.

She was surprisingly busty, though, he thought.

Shaking his head, Harry turned back to his work. He had three girlfriends, not to mention Rosmerta, Molly, and now Connie, as friends with benefits. He didn't need to be perverting on the rest of the school.

~

"Does she always have to give us so much homework?" Dorcas whined.

"It's not that bad," Lily said. "Besides, we have to learn this for our NEWTs."

“Our NEWTs aren’t until next year,” Dorcas said incredulously.

“That’s only a year and a half away,” Lily said.

Smiling, Harry followed the girls back downstairs as they continued to bicker playfully. They were making their way through the throng of students moving from class to class on the second floor when they noticed a commotion ahead of them.

“Look out!”

“Get out of the way!”

Suddenly, James and Sirius appeared, forcing their way between students. Looking as if they were being chased by a dragon, both of them had tentacles sprouting from the tops of their heads.

“Get back here!”

“Bugger,” Harry muttered as he watched Bellatrix chase after them, wand drawn.

James and Sirius sprinted past Harry, and he stepped forward to wrap his arm around Bellatrix, pulling her to a stop.

“Let them go,” he told her.

“They deserve it,” Bellatrix growled.

“It’s fine, Bella,” Harry said. “It’s just pink hair.”

“That’s not the point!” Bellatrix exclaimed.

“Bella,” Lily said, rubbing her arm soothingly. “Why don’t we go to the library after dinner, and I’ll help you find a way to get back at them?”

“You mean prank them back?” Bellatrix asked hopefully.

“If you want to call it that,” Lily said.

Grinning, Bellatrix cupped Lily’s cheeks and kissed her fiercely. Lily grunted in surprise but didn’t try to pull back despite the heavy blush on her cheeks.

“See you after dinner,” Bellatrix smiled.

Strolling down the hallway, she left Lily dazed and breathless. Harry shook his head bemusedly and took her hand to lead her to Charms. Everyone in the hallway was staring at them, and he wanted to get away from the attention.

“Is she always like that?” Dorcas asked.

“Bella can be a bit temperamental,” Harry said.

“She’s just really protective of Harry,” Lily said.

Reaching the Charms classroom, they waved to Professor Flitwick and took their seats. Just as the bell rang, James and Sirius slipped in the door. They were both out of breath and still had tentacles sprouting from their heads. It was a mark of how much trouble the Marauders got into when Professor Flitwick didn’t even act to the sight.

Throughout the class, while Harry and Lily practiced casting protective wards on a miniature chest, they struggled not to laugh. James' tentacles kept trying to steal his glasses, while Sirius' resorted to attacking his lips.

Towards the end of class, they ended up getting too close together when they bent over to pick up their bags, and their tentacle latched onto each other.

"Don't pull!" James yelled.

"I'm not pulling. You are!" Sirius shouted back.

"Boys," Professor Flitwick called. "Perhaps the two of you should go to the Hospital Wing before lunch?"

The two exited the class side by side, their heads leaning towards each other to keep the tentacles from tugging. The moment they were out of earshot, Lily dissolved into giggles. Harry lost the fight with his own laughter, as did the rest of the class.

Leaving the classroom, they only made it to the corridor when someone called out.

"Mr. Potter!"

Turning around, he found Connie waving him over.

"I'll meet you in the Great Hall," Harry told Lily.

"Don't have too much fun," she said with a smirk.

Leaning forward, she kissed him before turning around and following Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas down the stairs. Smiling, Harry shook his head and then walked over to Connie.

“In here,” she said, nodding towards an unused classroom.

Harry frowned at her serious tone and followed her into the room.

“I picked up something on the listening charm we put on that Death Eater,” Connie said the moment the door was closed and silenced.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Voldemort is working on bringing more people in from Europe, and he put out a hit on a Wizengamot member named Philston Brown,” she said.

“Shit,” Harry cursed, running a hand agitatedly through his hair. “Do you have any idea when?”

“No, just that he wants it done before the next Wizengamot meeting, which is Wednesday,” Connie told him.

Harry gave a tight nod before pacing back and forth between the desks.

“Harry, I think we need to bring in more help,” Connie said. “I don’t think we can deal with this on our own.”

“Didn’t you say you had a few Auror friends that might be able to help?” Harry asked.

“Yeah,” Connie said. “Alastor Moody, Kingsley and Elizabeth Shackbolt, Greyson Thomas, and Jenna Franklin.”

Harry sighed and ran his hands through his hair. Part of him hated the idea of involving anyone else, but he knew it couldn't be avoided.

"Alright," he said.

"There's a Hogsmeade visit tomorrow," Connie said. "I'll have them meet us at the Three Broomsticks so we can talk to them. For tonight, I'll camp out at Brown's place to make sure nothing happens to him."

Nodding thoughtfully, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out his cloak.

"Here, take this with you," he said, handing it to Connie. "If anything happens, send me a Patronus, and I'll come as quick as I can. See if you can get another Auror to go with you too. These guys aren't going to be playing fair."

Connie smiled at him softly.

"I'll Floo Elizabeth and see if she'll go with me," she said, slowly walking closer to him. "You know, you look pretty cute with pink hair."

"Did you have to remind me?" Harry pouted.

Chuckling, Connie slid her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. Harry dropped his hands to her bum, squeezing it firmly as he pulled her tightly against him. She moaned into his mouth as her fingers threaded through his hair. Pulling back, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and sighed contentedly.

"Can you talk to your girlfriends and see if they'd let me borrow you for a night?" Connie asked. "It's been a long time since I've shared a bed with someone."

Smiling, Harry caressed her back lightly.

“I’ll ask,” he said.

Straightening up, Connie smiled at him, gave him a kiss, and then headed for the door.

~

A day later, Harry, Narcissa, and Lily got off the carriage and entered Hogsmeade. Since it was still early, they wandered around the village, visiting shops and refilling on the necessities, such as ink, quills, and sweets.

After a couple hours of shopping, they went to the Three Broomsticks.

“I’ll be back in a little bit,” Harry said.

Leaving Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix to enjoy some time with the other girls, Harry walked up to the bar where Connie was waiting for him. On his way there, he smiled at Rosmerta, who winked back.

“Hey. I got us a room upstairs,” she said. “The others are already waiting for us.”

“Have they been here long?” Harry asked as they made their way up the stairs.

“Only a few minutes,” she said.



Harry nodded and followed her up the stairs. He couldn't help but glance down at her swaying bum in a tight pair of jeans. As they neared the top of the stairs, she looked back over her shoulder and smirked knowingly. Harry just shrugged.

"You wore those on purpose, didn't you," he said.

"Don't get a big head," Connie said, stopping at the door.

"I'm taking that as a yes," Harry said quietly.

Shaking her head with a smile, Connie opened the door. As she walked inside, Harry reached down and gave her bum a squeeze.

"Hey," he said, waving and ignoring the playful glare Connie directed at him.

"Potter," Moody growled with a nod.

"Not that it isn't good to see you again, Harry, but what are we here for?" Elizabeth asked.

Harry glanced over at the other two Aurors in the room, a young wizard with sandy colored hair and bright blue eyes, and a young witch with long black hair, pale green eyes, and an athletic build. He vaguely recognized them from the day the Giant attacked Hogsmeade.

"I guess I should do introductions first," Connie said. "Harry, this is Greyson Thomas and Jenna Franklin. They were in the same class I was at the Academy. Greyson, Jenna, this is Harry Potter."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said.

“Can we get to the point?” Moody grumbled.

“Right,” Harry said. “So, for the last couple of months, Connie and I have been using the Taboo to capture Death Eaters.”

“I suppose those are the ones that turned up in the Atrium trussed up like turkeys?” Moody smirked with a lopsided smirk.

“Yeah,” Harry smiled. “Anyways, last week, Connie and I planted a listening charm on a Death Eater.”

“How can you be sure it hasn’t been found, and he’s using it against you?” Moody asked.

“I can’t,” Harry admitted. “We should have a warning if something like that happens. The spell I used is very persistent and can’t be detected with the normal spells.”

“And only as long as he has the item on him,” Moody said.

“Most people don’t go around removing their teeth,” Connie muttered.

“You charmed his tooth?” Jenna asked incredulously while Moody barked out a laugh.

“It works,” Harry shrugged. “Yesterday, we found out Voldemort wants Philston Brown dead.”

“Look,” Connie said. “We all know the Ministry isn’t doing enough to combat You-Know-Who. Harry wants to start hitting him and his Death Eaters, and I’ve offered to help, but we need more than just the two of us.”

“What, exactly, do you plan to do?” Moody asked, his eyes narrowing.

"I plan to go after Voldemort and his Death Eaters directly," Harry said.

"You mean kill them?" Elizabeth asked.

"No," Harry said. "First of all, that would bring the Ministry down on us hard. A lot of Death Eaters are well connected. Second, I don't want them wasting resources trying to find me instead of Death Eaters. What I'm talking about is catching them in the act and turning them in, stopping their attacks, and stopping Voldemort for good."

"You really think you can stand up to him?" Kingsley asked seriously.

"Yes," Harry said.

Greyson and Jenna gave him incredulous looks.

"I know it sounds crazy, but I really think he can do it," Connie said.

"You realize that if we do this, we'll be breaking the law," Greyson said.

"It's worth it," Connie said. "If someone doesn't stop them, things are going to get a lot worse."

"For what we've learned, it looks like Voldemort is getting ready for a big attack," Harry said.

"This war is going to really heat up soon, and I think it will happen this Summer."

"So, what do we do with the Death Eaters we catch?" Elizabeth asked.

"Turn them into the Ministry for now," Harry said. "I'm working on a plan for something else if that stops working, but it'll take me time."

“What do you mean if that stops working?” Greyson asked.

“If the Ministry doesn’t prosecute them, or they start escaping from Azkaban, we need an alternative,” Harry replied.

“Why wouldn’t the Ministry prosecute them?” Jenna asked.

“Politics,” Moody grunted. “I didn’t get to where I am by playing by the rules, lad. I’ll help, but if things start to get out of hand, I’ll give you one chance to fix it before I’m out.”

“Good,” Harry nodded. “I need someone to keep me in line.”

“Well, guess I’m in, too,” Greyson said.

“Me too,” Jenna said.

Kingsley and Elizabeth share a long look before turning to Harry and nodding at the same time.

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

“So, what now?” Greyson asked.

“Now, we work out a schedule to guard Brown without being spotted,” Connie said.

“Yay,” Jenna said dully.

It only took a few minutes for them to work out a schedule for the week.

“Is this all we’re doing?” Jenna asked.

“For now,” Harry said. “We can do more once we have more information.”

“Well, that’s everything we had,” Connie said. “Thanks for coming, and thanks for helping. We should probably meet again after we get Brown to his Wizengamot meeting.”

“I’m free Thursday,” Greyson said.

“We’re going to my parent’s house on Thursday,” Elizabeth said. “Would Friday work?”

Harry felt a bit left out as everyone worked out a meeting for Friday night, but it couldn’t be helped. He couldn’t just leave school for the day to sit under a bush for half the day. One by one, everyone shook Harry’s hand before leaving him and Connie alone in the room.

“I think that went well,” Connie said.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed. “I just wish I could be more useful. I hate sitting around while other people are taking all the risk.”

“You can’t do everything on your own,” Connie told him. “And I’m sure you’ll be out there with the rest of us this Summer.”

“Definitely,” Harry said.

Smiling, Connie nudge his shoulder.

“Come on, we should go back downstairs before your girlfriends think I’m having my wicked way with you,” she said.

Snorting, Harry stood and followed her from the room. She left the pub shortly after he rejoined the girls at their table. They enjoyed a nice lunch before Bellatrix and Narcissa insisted on leaving him with Lily to do some shopping. Harry asked, but they refused to tell him what they were going to shop for.

Heading outside, Harry and Lily strolled through the village hand in hand. Soon, they ended up on the trail leading to the Shrieking Shack.

“So, this is where Remus goes?” Lily asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“You know, I always thought it was funny people were so scared of a haunted house when we can actually see ghosts,” Lily said.

“I thought that too,” Harry smiled. “And in my time, no one had been in there for over a decade.”

“Well, no one ever accused magicals of being logical,” Lily grinned.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. As Lily peeked through the boarded up windows, he noticed a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye. Dropping his hand to his wand, Harry pushed just a bit of magic into his glasses. Immediately, he saw James following him under his cloak.

Sighing, he was just about to tell Lily when he noticed someone else. Snape was hidden amongst the tree line, alternately glaring at Harry and staring wistfully at Lily.

"You've got to be kidding me," Harry muttered.

"What?" Lily asked.

"Don't look, but we're being watched," Harry told her quietly.

"By who?" Lily asked, her eyes narrowing.

"James is behind us under his cloak, and Snape is in the tree line," Harry said.

Looking over at Lily to see her reaction, he was quickly reminded that his glasses allowed him to still see through clothes.

"Those two are really starting to piss me off," Lily said.

"Do you want to just go back to the three Broomsticks?" Harry asked.

"No," Lily said, her lips quirking in a smirk. "I have a better idea. Can you put up a ward or something to make sure they can't get any closer?"

Harry gave her a curious look but did as she asked, erecting a basic protective ward that stopped just a few feet short of James.

"Perfect," Lily smirked.

Squatting down in the snow, she reached forward and fumbled with his belt buckle.

"Lily!" Harry exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

“Showing them that I’m taken,” she smirked.

Pulling him out of his pants, he shivered from the cold even as he began to harden in her hand. When a gust of wind whipped her hair around, Lily let go of him and put her hair up in a ponytail. The heat of her hand felt amazing in the freezing air.

“I can’t believe you’re doing this,” Harry said.

Lily gave him a playful smile, her bright green eyes sparkling as she leaned forward and licked his tip. Hissing, Harry’s hips bucked forward without conscious thought, causing his head to brush the side of her nose. Lily giggled, her hot breath washing over his cold skin, and took him between her lips.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

It was amazing how the temperature added an incredible new sensation. As Lily’s hot, wet mouth pulled back, his damp skin cooled in the air until she bobbed forward again. As she enveloped him, the warmth of her mouth heated up his cold skin.

Looking into her eyes, Harry could see how excited she was at doing something while two people were watching her, and anyone else could walk by at any time. Realizing that they might be taking too much of a risk, Harry discretely put up a Privacy Charm, making sure to keep Snape and James inside of it. Both of them were watching in a jealous rage as Lily quite happily bobbed on his length, her rosy cheeks hollowing as she sucked.

Reaching down, Harry rested his hand on the back of her head. Lily stared up at him, a smile in her eyes as she pushed herself to take him deeper. As his tip reached the back of her throat, she gagged even as she pushed relentlessly forward. Eyes watering and saliva dripping from her lips, she eventually swallowed all of him, her nose pressed firmly against his groin.

“Fuck, Lily,” Harry breathed.



A squelch let her throat just before she pulled back quickly, coughing as she caught her breath. While she smiled up at Harry and kissed his tip, James pulled out his wand. Harry wasn't sure what spell he tried to use, but it splashed against the ward with a small flash of light.

"What was that?" Lily asked loudly.

"I'm pretty sure James tried to hex me," Harry said just loud enough for her to hear.

With narrowed eyes, Lily turned back to his length and drove her mouth onto him. Setting a furious pace, sucking his cock like she was angry at it. Spit dripped from his shaft as she hit the back of her throat repeatedly, causing her eyes to water and redden. Loud gags and squelches left her mouth each time his head battered the back of her throat. Harry's hand gripped her ponytail and followed the frantic movement of her head.

"Lily, I'm close," Harry warned.

Pulling back to the head and swirling her tongue around it, Lily stroked his shaft hard. With a groan, Harry flooded her mouth. Sucking hard, she ran her thumb up the underside of his length, forcing out every last drop.

"Merlin, Lily. That was brilliant," Harry panted.

Lily let out a muffled giggle through her closed mouth. Opening wide, she showed him the pool of pearly white coving her tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing audibly.

"Are they still there?" she asked.

Looking around, Harry noticed that Snape had already left and James was just now sneaking away.

“Snape is gone, and James is leaving now,” he said.

“Good,” Lily said, tucking him back in his pants. “Maybe now they’ll leave us alone.”

“Has snape been bothering you?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“No, he just keeps giving me these sad looks all the time, and it’s getting on my nerves,” Lily said. “I told him what he needed to do if he wanted to be friends again, and he just won’t do it.”

“Well, that’s his loss,” Harry smiled.

Helping Lily to her feet, he kissed her softly. Taking her hand in his, he took down his wards as they walked back towards the village.

“Where have you two been?” Narcissa asked when they met her outside Honeyduke’s.

“I’ll tell you later,” Lily smirked.

Narcissa lifted an eyebrow while Bellatrix smirked back knowingly.

“Do I get to know what this super secret shopping trip was all about now?” Harry asked.

“We just picked up a few outfits,” Bellatrix grinned. “We got some for you too, Lily.”

“Outfits?” Harry asked as Lily peeked into one of their bags excitedly.

When Harry tried to catch a glimpse, Narcissa closed the bag and slapped his shoulder.

“No peeking. You’ll get to see them soon,” she said.

Harry raised his hands in surrender.

“Come on, let’s get back to the castle,” Lily said. “It’s freezing.”

When Narcissa and Bellatrix agreed, Harry walked the girls over to the carriages.

## Chapter 19

Appearing with a small pop in the middle of a wood, Connie shivered in the freezing temperatures of Scotland in January, just after midnight. Using a Heating Charm on herself, she began the familiar quarter-mile trek towards Brown manor.

She always hated making this walk at night. Every rustle, every snap of a twig set her on edge. There were only two days left until the Wizengamot meeting, which meant if Voldemort was going to make a move, he’d need to do it soon.

As she neared the edge of the property, Connie waved her wand and sent out a discrete detection Charm towards the wards. It had taken three days of hard work, but Kingsley had managed to bore a man-sized hole in the wards without detection.

Finding the hole, Connie slipped through, then stopped and whistled twice. A moment later, she heard a responding whistle to her left, followed by the sound of snow crunching underfoot. When the steps came to a stop, Elizabeth’s head appeared out of thin air as she pulled back the hood of her invisibility cloak.

“I’m so glad you’re here,” she said, her words coming out a little slurred. “It’s bloody freezing, and I swear Heating Charms stop working after the third time.”

“Sorry,” Connie said. “I ran into Minerva on my way out of the castle and got held up. Anything new?”

“Same as yesterday,” Elizabeth said, bouncing on the balls of her feet.

Taking pity on her friend, Connie sent a Warming Charm at her. Instantly, Elizabeth’s shoulders sagged in relief, and she let out a cloud of steam from her mouth as she sighed.

“Oh, that feels good,” she moaned.

“Maybe you’re just shit at Heating Charms,” Connie smirked.

Elizabeth snorted, “Thanks,” she said sarcastically.

“Come on, then,” Connie said, holding out her hand. “Give me the cloak and go home and cuddle with Shack. I’m sure he’ll keep you warm.”

“That sounds like a brilliant idea,” Elizabeth smiled.

Taking off the cloak, she handed it to Connie. As she pulled her hand back, Elizabeth froze and stared at something over Connie’s shoulder.

“Who’s that?” she asked nervously.

Connie spun around and looked towards the front of the house. A lone, dark figure stood illuminated only by the moonlight. The figure’s unnatural stillness sent a shiver down her spine.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this,” Connie said.

“Should I call for backup?” Elizabeth asked.

Before Connie could answer, a series of loud cracks echoed through the night as half a dozen cloaked and masked Death Eaters Apparated next to the figure.

“Shit,” Elizabeth cursed.

Rummaging through her robes frantically, she fumbled with the Galleon Harry had made - linked to one held by each of their little group - and dropped it in the snow. Cursing again, she scrambled to pick it up and tap it with her wand.

Connie continued to watch the Death Eaters as they raised their wands and assaulted the wards.

“Now what?” Elizabeth asked.

“Get inside,” Connie said, pulling Elizabeth towards the house with her eyes still on the Death Eaters. “Find Brown and his family and barricade them in a room until help gets here.”

As they turned to run towards the house, Connie saw the tall, still figure turn and look directly at her. Knowing it was Voldemort, a surge of adrenaline pushed her into a sprint. Reaching the door, she blasted it open and stopped inside the kitchen.

“Mr. Brown!” she yelled. “We’re Aurors. We’re here to protect you.”

“Oh, thank Merlin,” A woman said.

Suddenly, an elderly couple stepped out from around the corner. The woman had her hair done up in pink curlers and wore a fluffy white bathrobe. The man was bald with a long, curly mustache and had on a set of white and blue striped pajamas.

“What’s happening?” Philston asked, his mustache twitching as his brow furrowed.

“Voldemort and his Death Eaters are here to kill you,” Connie replied bluntly.

The woman gasped and held a hand to her chest in shock while Philston stared at her intently.

“You got here awful fast,” he noted.

“We –”

The sound of the wards shattering like glass interrupted Connie.

“What’s the strongest room in the house?” she asked urgently.

“The parlor,” Philston replied. “It’s part of the stone building we expanded from.”

“We need to go there, now!” Connie barked.

Nodding, Philston grabbed his wife by the hand and dragged her out of the room. Connie and Elizabeth followed quickly, walking down a long hall next to the stairs to a room at the end. The Parlor had a fireplace at the back and tall bookshelves along the left and right walls. The stone floor was covered with a square rug, upon which sat two chairs next to the fireplace with a drinks table in between. Between Connie and the chairs were a large couch and a low coffee table.

“Mr. Brown, try the Floo. Elizabeth, move some of those bookcases in front of the door,”  
Connie barked.

While they did their tasks, she moved the couch so that it was directly in line with the door and transfigured it into granite. Levitating one bookcase at a time, Elizabeth used them to barricade the door.

“Leave a gap for us to fire through, and then reinforce it,” Connie told her.

“The Floo’s not working,” Philston said.

“Fuck,” Connie said.

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and tried to calm her racing heart. At that moment, there was a tremendous crash as the front door was blasted apart.

“Take cover behind the couch,” Connie said.

“Those bastards aren’t taking me without a fight,” Philston said, wand drawn with a fierce look.

“There’s only room for two of us up here,” Connie said, standing next to the bookcases and peeking through the holes Elizabeth had made. “Stay behind the couch and hit them when they get through the door.”

“Phil, please,” his wife pleaded when he looked ready to argue.

Looking at her intently, his eyes softened, and he nodded. Connie used her wand to knock out the gas light in the hall, plunging it into darkness.

“Come on, Harry. Get here,” Connie muttered.

“You really think he’s good enough to take on Voldemort?” Elizabeth asked quietly.

“Yes,” Connie said confidently. “We just need to hold out long enough for him to get here.”

“Shack and the other should be on their way, too,” Elizabeth said.

Connie nodded, but she knew even with Moody and Kingsley, they couldn’t hold out long without Harry.

“Here they come,” Connie whispered, spotting a Death Eater walking past the hall. “They’ve already broken into the house of a Wizengamot member, so no holding back. Hit them hard.”

Elizabeth nodded and readied her wand. For over a minute, they waited silently as the Death Eaters searched through parts of the house, hearing the sounds of doors being blasted open and glass being broken.

“Check down that hall,” A cold, cruel voice hissed. “They’re here somewhere.”

A lone Death Eater turned the corner and marched confidently down the hall. Connie took aim and waited until he was halfway to the door before unleashing a powerful Cutting Curse. The Death Eaters’ eyes widened before it slammed into his chest and knocked him off his feet. He lay motionless, a dark pool growing around his body.

“They’re down there!” someone shouted.

Connie and Elizabeth ducked back from the doorway as a hail of curses came their way. Spell after spell impacted the bookcases, shattering them into splinters. Philston’s wife screamed and



hunkered down behind the couch as debris flew into the room. Sticking their wands through the gaps in the bookcases, Connie and Elizabeth fired back blindly.

Suddenly, Elizabeth hissed and jerked her arm back. A large splinter had been blasted off from a near miss and lodged itself deep in her forearm.

"You alright?" Connie asked.

"I'm fine," Elizabeth said, yanking it out with a hiss. "It's my left arm anyways."

Before Connie could respond, a powerful Blasting Hex slammed into the bookcases, completely destroying them and knocking her and Elizabeth back.

"Shit," Connie cursed. "Get behind the couch!"

Elizabeth and Connie fell back further into the room and took cover behind the stone couch. Philston popped up and sent a barrage of arrows through the door. A scream came from the darkness before several blue shields lit up the Death Eaters.

Three bodies lay unmoving on the floor while four Death Eaters worked their way down the hall. Wising up, two of them held constant shields while the other two threw curses through the doorway. They peppered the back of the couch, and Connie, Elizabeth, and Philston took turns popping up and sending out curses of their own.

One of Elizabeth's Piercing Curses got through a gap in the shields and struck a Death Eater in the head. Like a puppet with its strings cut, his body collapsed to the floor with a dull thud.

"No!" one of the other Death Eaters screamed. "I'll kill you bitch!"

Rushing past the shields, the Death Eater sprinted forward, a stream of deadly curses spewing from his wand. Connie popped up and cast her most powerful Bludgeoning Hex at him before dropping back down, a Cruciatus Curse just missing her shoulder.

There was a loud grunt, followed by two more and a series of thuds. Peeking over the back of the couch, Connie saw the three Death eaters on the floor, much further back than they had been before. While two of them struggled to their feet, the third sat up, his legs bent at odd angles.

Connie raised her wand to curse them again, then stopped abruptly when Voldemort stepped into view. His glowing red eyes pinned her in place before he looked down at the Death Eater on the floor.

“Useless,” he hissed, his voice quiet but carrying in an unnatural fashion.

“My Lord, please –”

“Avada Kedavra,” Voldemort hissed.

A jet of green light streaked from his wand and struck the Death eater in the chest. He collapsed dead, eyes still open and staring lifelessly down the hall.

“I grow bored of this,” Voldemort said casually.

Pointing his wand down the hall, a torrent of flames spewed forth. Connie and the others threw up shields and ducked behind the couch as the flames rushed over them. The heat was stifling, making every breath difficult. In seconds, Connie felt her skin begin to sting as it burned.

For a moment, she feared she would slowly cook to death.

Then, as suddenly as it came, the fire vanished. Oddly, nothing in the room looked to have been touched by the flames. Taking a cautious look over the couch, Connie saw a wall of orange and red flames blocking the door.

“Get ready,” she said, standing up.

Elizabeth stood next to her, a worried look on her face.

“What is he doing?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” Connie admitted.

Suddenly, a blue streak pierced the flames and hit the back of the couch. The stone exploded, knocking everyone in the room against the back wall and raining pieces on top of them. Connie’s ears rang, and her back throbbed as she tried to get her bearings. Reaching for her wand, which had slipped out of her hand, she clutched it tightly and looked up just as Voldemort strode into the room.

“Well, isn’t this a surprise,” he said, gazing around the room. “I’d didn’t expect you to have guests, Philston.”

“Get out of my house,” Philston said, struggling to his feet with a grimace.

Voldemort gave a cold, cruel laugh.

“Let it not be said Lord Voldemort isn’t merciful,” he said as his Death Eaters moved into the room behind him. “I will give you a choice. All of you will join me now, pledge yourself to my cause, or you will die.”

The four Deather eaters around him laughed menacingly.

“Go to hell,” Philston said.

Voldemort smiled, his red eyes burning with excitement, before looking over at Connie.

“And you?” he asked.

“Not a chance,” Connie said, raising her wand.

“Very well,” Voldemort said.

Raising his wand, he aimed it at Philston before jerking his head to look at the fireplace. Eyes widening, he threw up a bright, silver shield a moment before the wall and fireplace exploded inwards. As the Death Eaters covered themselves from the debris, a silver streak of light hit Voldemort’s shield with a reverberating gong. He was launched backwards, disappearing down the dark hall. As hexes and curses rained down on the remaining Death Eaters, Connie spun around and looked through the new hole in the wall. Her heart leapt as she spotted Harry. Next to him stood Moody, Kingsley, Greyson, and Jenna.

“Get Philston out of here,” he said, eyes burning bright green and never leaving the place where Voldemort disappeared.

Jerking into motion, Connie and Elizabeth led Philston and his wife out of the house as the others took care of the remaining Death Eater.

“I couldn’t tear down the anti-Apparation Wards. We need to get to the tree line,” Kingsley said.

Connie began to follow him before looking back and noticing Harry wasn’t moving.

“Harry?” she called.

“Don’t wait for me,” he said. “Go! I’ll leave once you’re gone.”

Connie had just opened her mouth to argue with him when Voldemort literally flew out of the house, his bare feet landing lightly on the ground.

“You,” he growled, glaring at Harry. “You’ve become quite the thorn in my side, boy.”

“Oh, I’m much more than that, Tom,” Harry said.

A look of rage came over Voldemort’s face as his wand blurred. Connie gasped as she watched the green light of the Killing Curse fly straight for Harry’s chest. Standing perfectly calm, Harry thrust his wand forward so that the curse impacted the tip. Impossibly, the Killing Curse shattered like so much glass, pieces falling to the snow where they burned up in a sputter of emerald flames.

“You’ll need to do better than that, Tom,” Harry said.

“Move it, lass!” Moody growled at Connie, dragging her away by the arm. “The soon we get out of here, the sooner Potter can leave.”

Nodding, Connie jogged with the others as they moved towards the treeline.

“Come on, Marie,” Philston said to his wife, who was struggling to keep up.

“I’m sorry, it’s my hip,” Marie said. “You know what this weather does to it. Oh!”

Marie gasped when Kingsley lifted her bridal style and carried her easily. As soon as they reached the treeline, Connie turned back to check on Harry. He stood toe to toe with Voldemort, their wands flashing as they cast spells with inhuman speed and incredible power.

“Harry, we’re clear!” Connie yelled.

“Thomas, Franklin, get these two to the Ministry and get back up,” Moody growled.

“Yes, sir,” Greyson nodded.

Grabbing Philston, Jenna grabbed Marie after Kingsley set her down. With a loud crack, the four of them vanished.

“Should we go help him?” Connie asked worriedly.

“The lad knows what he’s doing,” Moody said. “We’ll just get in the way or wind up dead.”

“He’ll be fine,” Kingsley said, resting a hand on her shoulder.

As they watched the ongoing duel, Voldemort unleashed a torrent of Fiendfyre that coalesced into a flaming, towering serpent two stories tall.

“Holy shit,” Elizabeth gasped.

Harry stood still as the snake lunged for him, its massive body coiling around him and blocking him from sight.

“Harry!” Connie shouted fearfully.

When she tried to move forward, Kingsley's hand clamped down on her shoulder firmly and held her in place.

"Let me go!" she barked at him.

"Look," Kingsley told her firmly.

Connie looked closer and noticed Voldemort seemed to be struggling. The snake writhed, seemingly in pain, a moment before it exploded outwards. Voldemort stumbled, a shield springing from his wand.

With a barely audible pop, Harry appeared next to them, the smell of smoke wafting from his clothes.

"Let's go," he said.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Connie threw herself at him and hugged him tightly.

"Don't scare me like that," she mumbled into the crook of his neck.

"Sorry," Harry said, rubbing her back soothingly.

Pulling back, he took her arm and nodded to the others. With a twist, they vanished on the spot.

A hundred yards away, Voldemort screamed in rage as the house rumbled and collapsed behind him.

Harry followed Moody's Apparation, which led them to the entrance of the Ministry. Connie clung to him for a moment longer before letting go.

"You alright?" he asked.

"Fine," she said, letting out a shaky breath. "You got there just in time."

"Sorry," Harry said. "I got there as quick as I could. It took some time for me to get outside the wards."

"You made it," Connie smiled. "That's all that matters."

Harry nodded with a smile but still thought he should find a way to get out of the castle faster.

"We need to get our stories straight," Moody grumbled.

"Connie and I were talking about that couple of days ago," Elizabeth said, Kingsley's arm around her shoulders. "We overheard someone talking about an attack on the Browns and went to check it out before calling it in. We got there right before Voldemort showed up and put up his wards."

"We need to find out how they took out the Floo," Connie said.

"They've checked it before and haven't found anything," Kingsley said.

"Then it's probably someone on the inside," Harry said. "Can you find out who was in the office tonight, even anyone who visited it?"



“I’ll take care of that,” Moody said. “Mitchell, in records, owes me a favor.”

“What about Greyson and Jenna?” Elizabeth asked suddenly. “They’ve already talked to the Aurors.”

“They know what to say,” Moody assured her, then turned to Harry. “You should get back to the castle, lad.”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed. “I’ll see you Friday.”

Turning to Connie, he smiled and gave her shoulder a squeeze. Stepping back, he twisted on the spot and Disapparated. Appearing in Hogsmeade, near the Shrieking Shack, he looked behind the house for when he’d hidden his broom and mounted it. Pulling his cloak over his shoulders, he flew back to Gryffindor tower. Slipping through the window of his dorm, Harry snuck back in and closed it behind him.

“Harry?” Remus asked, peeking out of his curtains.

“Er, hey,” Harry whispered.

“What are you doing?” he asked curiously. “And why do you smell like smoke?”

“I couldn’t sleep,” Harry said. “I went for a fly and got a bit cold, so I warmed up next to a fire before coming back.”

Remus smirked and shook his head.

“On second thought, I don’t want to know,” he said.

“How’s that potion working for you?” Harry asked, changing the subject.

“Great,” Remus smiled. “It’s amazing. I can’t thank you enough for finding it.”

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said.

Ducking behind his curtains, he changed back into his pajamas, completely missing the guilty look that crossed Remus’ face.

“I’m sorry I haven’t spoken to you much lately,” Remus said. “James has always had a thing for Lily, and now that you two are dating...”

“It’s fine,” Harry said, opening his curtains and sitting on the edge of his bed. “I get it.”

“You’re way too nice,” Remus said, shaking his head with a smile. “How did you end up dating three girls, anyways? Lily never struck me as the kind of girl that would go for that sort of thing.”

“Honestly, I have no idea,” Harry said. “You’d have to ask her.”

“Fair enough,” Remus shrugged. “You know, Sirius is probably just as jealous as James. The last time he tried to date two girls at one time, they both hexed his bits.”

Harry winced in sympathy.

“Ouch,” he said.

“Yeah, that was an uncomfortable week for him,” Remus grinned. “anyways, I’ll let you get back to sleep. Night, Harry.”

"Night," Harry said.

Laying back in his bed and closing the curtains, Harry closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

~

Harry yawned as he sat down next to Lily at the Gryffindor table. This morning, Narcissa and Bellatrix had decided to join them, creating a slightly awkward atmosphere.

"Your girlfriends keep you up late last night?" Alice asked with a smirk.

"I wish," Harry said. "I just couldn't sleep."

"You know, Professor Hammer is looking pretty tired, too," Dorcas teased.

Looking up at the Head table, Harry could see that Connie looked just as tired as he felt. Bellatrix smirked and slipped her foot into his lap under the table.

"Look," Narcissa said, nodding towards the door.

James and Sirius walked into the hall, literally attached at the hip. They were bickering back and forth, arguing about where they wanted to sit as people started to laugh. Looking over at the satisfied looks on Lily's, Narcissa's, and Bellatrix's faces, he furrowed his brow.

"How did you manage that?" he asked.

"I'll tell you later," Lily whispered with a smile.

“Watch this,” Narcissa said.

Raising her hand as if she was holding a cup, tipped it over her lap. Down the table, James, who was about to take a sip of pumpkin juice, poured his entire goblet into his lap. Yelling, he jumped up, which pulled a surprised Sirius along with him. Losing their balance, the two of them fell backwards onto the floor just as Professor McGonagall walked in.

“What is the meaning of this?” she asked sharply.

“Oh Merlin, that’s brilliant,” Alice said, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

“And completely deserved,” Dorcas nodded.

“Absolutely,” Marlene agreed.

Harry chuckled and shook his head. He wasn’t too bothered about getting back at James and Sirius. It was hard to hold any real animosity towards them. Still, he was glad to see the girls giving them a taste of their own medicine.

Pushing Bellatrix’s foot out of his later, he mouthed the word ‘later’ when she pouted. The last thing he needed was to walk through the hall with a massive erection. Even James and Sirius couldn’t distract people from that.

A few minutes later, owls descended from the ceiling with the morning post. Opening his copy of the Daily Prophet, Harry was presented with a full, front page story of the attack at Brown Manor. It recounted the story of how a few brave Aurors, mentioning only Connie and Moody by name, saved the Browns from Voldemort and his Death Eaters. Thankfully, there was no mention of him anywhere in the article.

It filled him with a sense of pride, knowing that he was partly responsible for that, but he also felt a bit guilty. He hadn't told Lily, Narcissa, or Bellatrix about what he was doing, and the Black sisters still didn't even know the truth about where he was from.

It was time to tell them, he decided.

## Chapter 20

Harry sat in the Room of Requirement, waiting nervously as he looked at Narcissa and Bellatrix. He'd just spent the last hour telling them his life story, finally letting them in on the truth. Of course, both of them had been curious about their own futures, something Harry hesitantly told them about. Fortunately, Narcissa didn't look too happy to find out she'd married Lucius Malfoy, but Bellatrix was harder to read.

"You knew about this?" Narcissa asked, looking at Lily, who was curled against Harry's side.

Lily nodded guiltily.

"I wanted you to get to know me better before I told you," Harry explained.

Narcissa sat back with a frown.

"I'm still not happy you waited so long to tell us," she said. "You've known for months that Bella and I weren't going to turn out like we did in your time."

"I know. I'm sorry," Harry said. "It's just – I didn't know how to tell you."

"Did I really kill Sirius?" Bellatrix asked abruptly, her tone soft and vulnerable.

“A possible future version of you did,” Harry corrected her. “You haven’t done anything.”

Still looking troubled, Bellatrix nodded and then stood. Crossing over to the other couch, she sat down next to Harry and curled up against his side. Wrapping an arm around her shoulders, he kissed the top of her head and rubbed her shoulder comfortingly.

~

Narcissa stayed mad at Harry for the next couple of days before she seemed to forgive him and started acting normally around him again. It might have had to do with the fact that he needed her help preparing for Friday’s Wizengamot meeting, but Harry was just glad she’d stopped avoiding him.

Friday morning, Harry was excused from his morning classes and met Dumbledore in his office so they could Floo to the Ministry. After a quick trip through the Atrium, they took the elevator down and made the short walk to courtroom twelve.

“Hello, Harry,” Charlus smiled when he approached.

“Morning,” Harry said with a wave.

“There’s a couple of people I’d like you to meet,” Charlus said. “This is David Bones, Head Auror, and Damien Greengrass. he owns most of the greenhouses in magical Britain.”

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said, shaking their hands.

David Bones was a slightly pudgy man with a round face, a jolly smile, and strawberry blonde hair. Damien, on the other hand, was tall and thin with an aristocratic face and golden colored hair.

“Good morning, gentlemen. Ladies,” someone said behind Harry.

Turning around, he saw the familiar face of Philston Brown.

“Good morning, Philston,” Francine Abbot smiled. “I was so glad to hear you and your wife made it out safely. Is your house salvageable?”

“Unfortunately, it’s not,” Philston said. “You-Know-Who leveled it before he left.”

“And killed his own Death Eaters in the process,” David added with a shake of his head.

“Really?” Harry asked.

That information certainly hadn’t been in the Daily Prophet.

“Yes,” David nodded. “My Aurors reported that they killed three, possibly four, but we found six bodies amongst the wreckage.”

“Well, good riddance,” Philston said.

“At least something good might come of this,” Damien said. “Now that You-Know-Who has made a direct attack on a Wizengamot member, perhaps we can get them to give the DMLE that raise in funds you’ve been asking for.”

“I’ll be asking for that again today,” David agreed. “I think this might be the wake up call some of the other members needed.”

The conversation was interrupted when Dumbledore banged his gavel and called the meeting to order. The first hour was incredibly boring as they went over old business, most small

changes proposed to existing laws. When it was finally time for new business, Philston was the first to raise his wand.

“Mr. Brown,” Dumbledore acknowledged.

“Thank you, Chief Warlock,” Philston said. “Witches and wizards, as I’m sure all of you are aware, three days ago, my home was attacked. If not for the swift and heroic action of our Aurors, I would not be standing before you today. The fact that this Dark Lord would be so brazen to attack my family should be a concern for us all. We can no longer hide from the threat You-Know-Who poses to our world. I propose the DMLE’s budget be raised by thirty percent so that we may end this threat as swiftly as possible.”

“Thank you, Philston,” Dumbledore said. “I can assure you, I share your concerns. Now, I’ll open the floor to discuss this very pressing issue.”

The first person to raise their wand was a tall, thin wizard with greasy black hair and a smarmy smile across the aisle.

“Mr. Nott,” Dumbledore said.

“Thank you, Chief Warlock,” Nott said. “While I share your concerns about the safety of the members of this august body, I’m concerned that such a sharp increase in expenses could have profound effects on our economy. Perhaps a more modest ten percent increase to funds would be appropriate?”

David Bones stood next, a frown on his face.

“As Head of the DMLE, I can tell you that a ten percent increase would not be sufficient,” he said. “We’re still working with the same budget we had after the fall of Grindelwald. Whether his body wishes to admit it or not, if we do not deal with this problem now, there will be war. The faster and more decisive we act, the more lives we will save and the sooner we can all get back to our calm, peaceful lives.”



The discussion went back and forth for quite a while, and it was clear to Harry that many of the Darker families wanted to keep the budget increase as low as possible. Eventually, the issue was called to a vote. It was close, but the motion passed by a narrow margin, giving the DMLE a thirty percent increase to their budget.

Harry made a note of who voted against it. When he got back to Hogwarts, he'd check the journal Connie had to see if he could figure out which ones were actually Death Eaters. Very soon, it would be time to go on the offensive.

~

After the Wizengamot meeting ended, Harry dropped by the Auror Department. After talking to Dawlish, who looked younger but still acted like a dick, Harry found Moody in his office. Knocking on the door, he poked his head inside.

"Potter," Moody grunted. "What can I do for you?"

"You're still teaching the new Aurors, right?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Moody replied.

"I had an idea," Harry said.

~

The next day, Harry led the Defense Association out of the Great Hall and out onto the front lawn near the edge of the Forbidden Forest. He could hear excited chatter behind him when they spotted Moody standing in front of a line of a dozen Auror trainees.

“Everyone, this is Master Auror Alastor Moody and his new trainees,” Harry said. “Today, we’re going to be using everything you’ve learned in a practical exercise. For you, these trainees will be Death Eaters. Your task is to start in the clearing two hundred yards inside the woods and make it back here without getting caught. For the trainees, you’re escaped criminals they need to capture.”

“You’ll be going in in groups,” Moody added. “If you get captured, consider yourself dead. I’ve yet to see anyone captured by Death Eaters make it out alive.”

“Break into groups and come up with a plan,” Harry said.

“And you lot,” Moody barked, staring at his trainees. “Get to work.”

“Sir, who’s in charge?” A dark haired wizard asked.

“Figure it out, Mickelson. I’m not here to hold your hand,” Moody growled.

“Keep it to groups of six,” Harry said.

“But there’s twelve of them,” Sirius complained.

“And you can bet you’ll be facing odds worse than that if you find yourself being attacked by Death Eaters,” Harry replied.

While the DA got into groups, Harry turned to set up a series of Viewing Charms. Taking an old Snitch out of his pocket that he’d prepared earlier, he took out his wand. With a wave, a silvery mist flowed from the tip. The mist formed a circle at eye level and hovered in place. When he tapped his wand to the Snitch, an image of what it saw was displayed on the surface of the mist, the edges rippling slightly.

“Alright, who’s up first?” Moody asked.

“We’ll do it,” James said confidently.

“Well, get in there then,” Moody grumbled.

James, Sirius, Remus, Peter, Frank, and Arthur walked into the woods, the Snitch following silently close behind. It took a few minutes for them to get into position and a couple more for the Aurors to send up sparks to indicate they were ready.

James and his group tried to Disillusion themselves but only had trouble getting it to work properly. Eventually, they gave up and started sneaking through the trees. While they thought they were hidden, the trainees used a series of Detection Charms to find them. The trainees moved in quickly, alerting the group that they were coming.

A brief duel left the entire group stunned and bound, but James, Sirius, and Frank each managed to take out one of the trainees. Moody didn’t look pleased as they levitated the six Gryffindor boys back onto the grounds.

“What the hell was that, Mickelson?” Moody barked. “You knew where they were, and instead of using that to your advantage, you charged in and got three of your team killed!”

“But it’s not my fault they can’t duel,” Mickelson said.

Moody marched up to him with a glare and got right in his face.

“You’re responsible for your team,” he growled quietly. “If that happens out in the real world, you’re the one telling their parents they’re not coming home. Next time, pull your head out of your arse and think before you rush in. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Mickelson said nervously.

“Good. Run it again!” Moody shouted.

While Moody was berating his trainee, Harry spent the time going over what James’ group had done wrong with the other. The next two groups had similar results, being caught quickly but putting up a decent fight. It wasn’t until Bellatrix led her group of Lily, Narcissa, Molly, Marlene, and Alice that someone managed to escape. Bellatrix fanned her group out under Disillusionment Charms. Any time one of the trainees got too close to one of them, the others would stun them. They made it close to the edge of the forest before the remaining six trainees figured out where they were.

The girls made a mad dash to the grounds, flinging curses and hexes over their shoulders as they ran. It was close, but Alice took a Stunning Hex to the back just as they reached the edge. Lily paused to revive her before running the rest of the way to the grounds to applause.

“Good work,” Moody said with a nod.

Leaning from each other, the other groups did a little better. The trainees were getting better, too, especially after Mickelson took a backseat and let a pretty blonde named Jessica Smith take charge. Breaking into pairs, they searched the forest within sight of each other, making it almost impossible for one of them to get stunned without someone else noticing. All in all, Harry thought everyone was learning a lot.

“Alright, good work today,” Moody said once the last group had finished, two of the students escaping. “Now, there’s one more exercise I want to run.”

Harry looked at him curiously as he turned to his trainees.

“You’ve spent all day learning to deal with a group of witches and wizards near your skill level. Now, I want to see how you do against someone who can wipe the floor with each of you individually. Potter, you’re up.”

Harry lifted an eyebrow while Mickelson snorted derisively. Moody looked at him with a smirk.

“Some of them are getting too arrogant. Scare the shit out of them,” he said just loud enough for Harry to hear.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

“Alright,”

“Good,” Moody said, then turned back to his trainees. “This is capture at all costs. All restrictions are lifted, and I’ll warn you now. If you hold back, you will lose.”

Grinning at some of the nervous looks he got from the trainees, Harry made his way into the forest.

“I want to lead this one,” Mickelson said.

Harry ignored his confident grin and disappeared into the trees. A short walk later, he was waiting in the clearing for the signal to start. While he waited, he decided that if he was going to try and be scary, he needed to look the part. Waving his wand, he conjured a black cloak and pulled up the hood. Moments later, red sparks shined through the trees.

Making no effort to hide or cover his movements, Harry walked back towards the castle.

“You sure this is a good idea?” he heard one of the trainees ask.

“It’ll be fine. He’s a sixth year,” Mickelson said.

“Moody seems to think he’s skilled,” the other trainee said.

Smirking to himself, Harry watched them from a small hill. Mickelson used a Detection Charm, but Harry had made sure to use the counter charm for it. It was on his list of spells to teach the DA next.

Confident that Harry wasn’t around, the two trainees relaxed and continued talking.

“He’s just a kid,” Mickelson snorted.

Sneaking up behind the other trainee, who was slightly behind Mickelson, Harry petrified him and caught his body before it could hit the ground. Smirking, he set the wizard down before walking up behind Mickelson. Sighing, the trainee cast the Detection Charm again.

“He’s hiding,” Mickelson said. “Come on, let’s go find this kid before Smith does. I’m not letting that bitch take my spot.”

“She did a better job than you,” Harry said.

Mickelson scoffed, “Yeah, right. I –”

He broke off and froze for a moment before spinning around quickly with his wand in hand. Harry let him get most of the way around before petrifying him. He let him fall flat on his back and then walked over calmly and plucked his wand out of his hand. Eyes wide, Mickelson stared up at Harry’s hooded face.

“I’ll be back for you once I take care of the others,” Harry said. “Hopefully, the Arcomatulas don’t come this way.”

Smirking, Harry put a discrete but powerful Protective Charm over the two frightened trainees before walking away. Now, it was his turn to use the Detection Charm to find the other. Getting results all over the place, he frowned. He needed a better vantage point. Lifting his wand over his head, Harry launched himself into the air, where he landed lightly on a sturdy branch.

Casting the charm again, he got a better idea of where the other trainees were. It looked like Mickelson had them spread out in pairs. Shaking his head, Harry decided to help them out a bit. Removing the Anti-Detection Charm on himself, he launched himself off the branch. He smiled to himself as his cloak spread out like wings and let him glide between the branches. Seconds later, he landed on another branch between the spread out groups. It didn't take them long to start moving his way.

They did a thorough search of the ground, but unfortunately, no one thought to look up.

"He's not here," a red haired witch said.

"Could it be a trick?" Jessica asked.

"I don't even know if that's possible," the other witch said, shaking her head.

"Don't underestimate him," Jessica said firmly. "Moody thinks highly of Potter."

"You just think he has a cute arse," the redhead teased.

"Where's Mickelson?" a dark haired wizard interrupted.

"Something doesn't feel right," Jessica said.

"You don't think he's here, do you?" the redhead asked.

"I don't know, but stay on your toes," Jessica said. "There's no way Mickelson wouldn't be here if he could be."

"Jackson's missing too," one of the wizards told her. "He was supposed to be with Mickelson."

"Shit," Jessica cursed.

Harry decided to test them out a bit, curious to see how Jessica would react. Animating a few vines, they slithered like snakes across the ground and wrapped around the ankle of one of the wizards. The vines gave a sharp yank, pulling his foot out from under him with a yelp. The other trainees rushed to his aid, freeing him from the vines and backing up warily.

"Where is he?"

"I don't see him."

"Quiet!" Jessica barked. "He's coming for us. Everyone go back to back. Form a circle."

It would've been a good plan, Harry thought. If he wasn't perched above them.

Smirking, he waited until they were in formation before casting the notoriously difficult Invisibility Charm on himself and dropping down. His cloak flared like a parachute, slowing him down enough to land silently in the middle of the circle.

"Anything?" Jessica asked.

"Nothing."

"I can't see shit."



“Maybe he got past us?”

“No,” Jessica said firmly. “This is a test. Potter isn’t just going to sneak out.”

Harry smiled in satisfaction at her reasoning.

Sharp girl, he thought.

Building up his magic, Harry dropped his Invisibility Charm and threw his arms out. A shockwave emanated from his body, hurling the trainees several feet, where they tumbled roughly onto the ground.

Lashing out his wand like a whip, Harry lassoed the leg of the redhead with a glowing red rope of magic and yanked her towards him. As the trainees got to their feet, he disarmed her and lifted her up in front of him, his wand to her throat.

“Drop your wands,” Harry said.

“You drop yours,” Jessica countered.

Harry stared at her and tried to look as frightening as he could.

“Drop your wands, or she dies,” he said.

The trainees exchanged nervous looks.

“There’s nine of us,” Jessica said, trying her best to sound confident. “You’ll never be able to kill her and escape all of us.”

Harry smirked.

“Who said anything about wanting to escape?” he asked.

With a green flash, Harry cast a Paralyzing Charm. It was normally used for medical purposes but could be effective in a duel. It also had the effect of looking frighteningly close in color to the Killing Curse. The redhead dropped to the ground limply, eyes wide open and unmoving. If one were to look closely, they would see that her chest more slightly as she breathed slowly. Under stress and in low light, the trainees couldn't have done that even if they knew to look for it.

“Samantha!” Jessica screamed in horror.

Harry felt a surge of guilt scaring her so much, but this was something she needed to learn. Lives were at stake. After a second of shock, the trainees opened up with a hail of enraged hexes and curses. Gone were the basic Stunning Hexes, and in came Bludgeoners, Bone-Breaking, and Cutting Curses.

Erecting a dome shaped shield, Harry stood calmly as they crashed harmlessly against it. It wasn't until Jessica cast a Ward Breaking Charm that Harry was forced to react. Twisting out of the way of a Piercing Hex, he swished his wand and created a tornado like wind around himself. It expanded rapidly, causing the trainees to shield their eyes and giving him a moment to change position.

With a magical boost, Harry leapt behind a tree. A wave of his wand caused brackish roots to shoot from the ground around their feet, trapping their feet in place. He waited for a breath before sliding out from around the tree and dropping two trainees distracted with freeing themselves. As more curses came his way, a silver shield sprang from his wand and hovered in front of him.

Loud metallic clangs rang out through the woods, but the shield refused to bend or break. Using a complicated and demanding spell, the air in front of the shield rippled before speeding towards the trainees. It looked relatively harmless, until it hit a tree and shattered the trunk.

“Shield!” Jessica shouted.

The curses stopped, and Harry dropped his shield just in time to see his spell rush over the trainees. Their shields held, but they were all thrown back from the force. More roots shot from the ground to hold them in place. Harry managed to Stun four of them before the remaining three cut themselves free.

Jessica and the two wizards left standing stared at him, eyes wide with fright. Harry marched forward, a silver curse snapping from his wand with a crack. The wizard to the left of Jessica raised a shield, but his curse cut straight through it. A metal band wrapped around the wizard, pinning his arms to his sides and causing him to fall on his back.

“I can’t get rid of it!” the wizard yelled, trying desperately to free himself.

“Mark, free him,” Jessica said, stepping forward determinedly.

Harry smiled and waved his wand in a corkscrew motion. Jessica flinched and raised a shield, then looked confused when nothing happened. A moment later, the wizard behind her, Mark, screamed as he was yanked into the air by vines. A tiny flick snatched the two wizards’ wands from their hands, leaving Jessica facing him alone. Harry sighed when she watched him warily, waiting for him to make the first move.

“Be more aggressive,” he growled.

Two basic dueling spells left his wand. The first Jessica ducked, and the second she shielded. Setting her face determinedly, she finally went on the offensive. Harry traded a number of spells with her, gauging her skill. She had a decent knowledge of spells and had a bit of power

but lacked the knowledge on the best way to use them. Her dueling technique was basic and wouldn't present any real threat to a competent duelist.

Harry was a little disappointed, but she had potential.

Deciding to end it, he animated some vines to wrap around her wrists. It was shocking how effective an indirect attack like that could be. As soon as her arms were trapped, it was simple to disarm Jessica, leaving her arms splayed out and tied to two trees.

"Not bad," Harry said. "You need some work, but you have what it takes to become a talented Auror."

"Fuck you," Jessica spat. "Moody'll have your head when he finds out you killed Sam."

Harry lowered his hood and rolled his eyes.

"Do you really think I'd kill someone in training?" Harry asked.

Turning around, he walked over to the redhead and pressed his wand to her chest.

"Leave her alone!" Jessica screamed, struggling against her binds.

Ignoring her, Harry knelt down and cast the counter charm. Samantha gasped and jerked up, only to be stopped by his hand on her chest.

"Easy," Harry said soothingly. "Don't panic. You're safe. Just give your body a second to adjust."

"Sam!" Jessica shouted.

Samantha looked at him warily and nodded before relaxing.

“I’m fine!” she yelled to Jessica. “That was horrible. I could see and hear, but I couldn’t move anything.”

“Sorry, but I needed to make a point,” Harry said, smiling apologetically. “Can you move your muscles alright?”

Samantha flexed her arms and legs before nodding. Lifting his hand from her chest, Harry helped her sit up. When she seemed fine, he helped her to stand.

“Oh, thank Merlin,” Jessica said, sagging in relief.

Lifting his wand, Harry released her arms. Jessica stumbled slightly, then rushed over to hug Samantha.

“I’m so sorry,” Jessica said softly.

“It’s fine,” Samantha said, pulling back to smile at her.

“I’m sorry for the scare, but I needed to see how you would react,” Harry told Jessica. “You’re good at tactics, but I needed to know you weren’t going to break down or start throwing around Killing Curses.”

Jessica studied him closely for a long moment before nodding.

“Where are Mickelson and Jackson?” she asked.

“Back that way,” Harry said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. “They’re Petrified, but I made sure to shield them. Come on, let’s get everyone up and get out of here.”

Several minutes later, they walked back onto the grounds just as the sun was starting to set. Everyone except Moody clapped enthusiastically.

“Smith, front and center,” Moody barked.

Jessica swallowed nervously as she came to stand in front of the grizzled Auror.

“Under the circumstances, you did good. But you made two mistakes. What were they?” Moody asked.

Jessica chewed her lip thoughtfully for a moment before answering.

“We split up too much in the beginning, and I let Potter dictate the fight,” she replied.

“Close,” Moody nodded. “Your first mistake was letting Mickelson take charge when you knew you could do better. If you want to make it in the corp, you need to stand up for yourself. Your second mistake was waiting for Potter to show up. Always have a goal in mind, even when you’re defending. Being proactive gets shit done and leaves less time for fear to set in. Circling up was a good idea, but you could’ve used Detection Charm to look for him.”

“We tried that, but we couldn’t find him,” Jessica said.

“Try lookin’ up next time, lass,” Moody said.

Jessica closed her eyes and cursed quietly.

“Back in line, Smith,” Moody said.

When she got in line next to Samantha, Moody started pacing in front of them.

“When Potter asked for this, I wasn’t sure it was a good idea,” Moody continued. “Now, I see he was right. Putting you in a realistic exercise showed a lot of faults. All of you need to work on your dueling. Mickelson, keep that ego of yours in check, or I’ll toss you out on your arse. You made the same fucking mistake you did the first time, even after Smith showed you how it was done. If you can’t work with your team and learn from them, the Aurors will have no use for you. As trainees, I don’t expect perfection, but I expect you to fucking learn.

“Smith, you showed good leadership potential, but your dueling is shite. Work on that. As for the rest of you, I saw some strengths and a lot of weaknesses. Tomorrow morning, be ready to work your arses off, or don’t come in.”

Receiving nods from his trainees, Moody turned to Harry.

“Send me an owl in a couple of months so we can run this again once I have a chance to whip this lot into shape,” he said, jerking a thumb at the trainees.

“Will do,” Harry said, shaking his hand.

Nodding, Moody turned and led his trainees towards the gate. Jessica turned back to look at him with a thoughtful look on her face for just a moment, making him curious about what she was thinking. Shaking off those thoughts, he turned back to the DA.

“Great work today,” he smiled. “I’m proud of the way all of you performed. Next week, we’re going to go over what you did right and what could be done better. For now, give yourselves a pat on the back and go get something to eat.”

The DA left smiling happily and chatting loudly as they walked up to the castle.

“You were brilliant,” Lily said as she bounced over to him with Bellatrix and Narcissa. “I think Bella liked it, too. She looked like she was about to cream herself when you walked up behind Mickelson.”

“That prick deserved it,” Bellatrix said, sliding up to Harry and wrapping an arm around him.

“Is that why your hand went under your skirt?” Lily asked with a smirk.

“No, that was because Harry flew without a broom,” Bellatrix smirked back.

Narcissa rolled her eyes while Lily giggled.

“Can we go eat? I’m starving,” she said.

Smiling, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, kissed her temple, and started towards the castle.

~

“Should we bring some of our new lingerie?” Bellatrix asked Narcissa as they walked towards their dorm.

Being the weekend, they planned to stay the night with Harry in the Room of Requirement.

“I’m not sure if I want to reward him just yet,” Narcissa replied.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes.



“He didn’t do it to hurt us, Cissy,” she said. “And can you honestly blame him for not saying anything? It sounds insane. Besides, would you have rather ended up married to Lucius and raising his spawn?”

“Of course not,” Narcissa said. “I’m glad he decided to give us a chance, especially after everything we did to him. I just wish he’d trusted us enough to tell us earlier.”

“He did trust us,” Bellatrix said. “He just took a little longer to tell us about that part, that’s all.”

Narcissa pursed her lips thoughtfully as they reached the entrance to the Slytherin Common Room. Walking downstairs to her dorm, she grabbed a change of clothes. Looking at her wardrobe, she debated over what to take before grabbing a new set of lingerie. Leaving the dorm, Narcissa met up with Bellatrix in the hall and followed her up.

Unfortunately, they ran into the last person she wanted to see.

“Narcissa, Bellatrix, I’d like to have a word,” Lucius said.

“Too bad,” Bellatrix said.

As she moved towards the door, Lucius stepped in front of her. She glared and reached for her wand, but Narcissa stopped her from drawing it.

“What do you want, Lucius?” Narcissa asked.

“I have it on good authority that our world is about to go through some major changes. It’s not too late for the two of you to... reconsider where your loyalties lie,” Lucius said with a smirk.

“You-”

“Bella,” Narcissa said sharply, cutting her sister off before turning back to Lucius. “Tell me, Lucius, did this *authority* tell you what happened at the Browns?”

Lucius looked at her with pursed lips and a sharp gaze but didn’t answer.

“No? I didn’t think so,” Narcissa said. “It was Harry that sent that usurper you follow running off with his tail between his legs. Did you know three of the Death Eaters that died that night were killed by You-Know-Who? I don’t know about you, but I’d rather not follow a man who would kill me because he had a temper tantrum.”

“You’re making a very big mistake,” Lucius hissed, his grey eyes flashing angrily. “The longer it takes for you to realize that, the worse off you’ll be when you realize the truth.”

“We’ll take our chances,” Bellatrix said, rolling her eyes. “Now, if you’ll excuse us, we’re going to go fuck Harry.”

Drawing her wand in a flash, Bellatrix sent him stumbling back with a smirk before linking her arm through Narcissa’s and leading her to the door. Once they were in the hall, she stowed her wand.

“Are you sure that was a good idea?” Bellatrix asked.

“You-Know-Who knows who Harry is and killed everyone on his side who was there. Putting some doubt in their minds when he asks his father about it can only help,” Narcissa said.

“Good point,” Bellatrix said.

“That’s why I’m the brains, and you’re the wand,” Narcissa grinned.

~

Narcissa and Bellatrix were the first ones to get to the Room of Requirement. Taking the lingerie out of their bags, both of them changed. Narcissa had chosen a lacy white set of bra and panties, complete with stockings and a garter belt. Bellatrix wore a black set where the bra had a strap above and below her breasts but absolutely no cups, leaving her large, perky breasts jutting out in the open.

“You know, the point of lingerie is to excite the imagination,” Narcissa smirked.

“I prefer easy access,” Bellatrix said.

As Narcissa rolled her eyes, the door opened. Lily entered with her arm wrapped around a crying Marlene. Harry followed in after them, closing the door and pausing to stare at the Black sisters’ outfits.

“What’s wrong?” Narcissa asked.

“When we went to the dorm after dinner, the whole house walked in to find her boyfriend, Mark, kissing Agatha Jones,” Lily explained. “She needed to get out of there, and I didn’t want to leave her alone.”

“I’m sorry. I know you probably had plans with Harry. Oh!” Marlene gasped when she lifted her head and spotted the girls’ outfits.

“It’s fine, Marlene,” Narcissa smiled. “I’m sorry your boyfriend cheated on you.”

With a thought, Narcissa changed the room around them. Two couches appeared next to the fireplace, just a few feet from the large, soft bed.

"I just want to know why he did it," Marlene said sadly. "Was I just not good enough?"

"Of course, you're good enough," Lily said adamantly.

Bellatrix snorted, "Sounds like you're too good for him if you ask me."

Grabbing Harry's hand, she pulled him over to the couch and pushed him down between her and Narcissa. A smirk twisted her lips when she saw his eyes following her bouncing breasts as she sat.

"I should go. I don't want to ruin your evening, too," Marlene said.

"No," Lily said.

"Nonsense," Narcissa agreed. "We have all night to spend time with Harry."

"So, this is where you disappear to on the weekends?" Marlene asked Lily with a small smile.

"Yeah," Lily replied with a smile of her own. "It's hard for all four of us to spend time together during the week, so we come here on the weekends."

Marlene nodded before her expression turned sad again, and tears started to leak from her eyes.

"Oh, Mar," Lily said, hugging her friend.

"Would it help if we hexed him?" Bellatrix asked.

“Bella,” Narcissa scolded, although Marlene let out a weak chuckle.

“I’m sure we could arrange for you to be paired with him during the next DA meeting,” Lily grinned. “He’s pants at Defense anyways.”

“Or, you could get back at him another way,” Narcissa said with a smirk. “How do you think he would feel seeing you with another guy?”

“I don’t know if anyone would be interested,” Marlene said, shaking her head.

“Are you kidding?” Harry asked, “Every straight guy in the school fancies you.”

Marlene blushed and looked down shyly.

“It’s true,” Lily said, rubbing her back.

Marlene shook her head, “I don’t think I could use someone just to get back at Mark.”

“You could use Harry,” Bellatrix offered with a grin. “I’m sure he wouldn’t mind.”

“Snogging one of the prettiest girls in the school, definitely not,” Harry said.

Marlene blushed even harder and looked up at Harry in surprise. Seeing the wide grin and intentionally lecherous look on his face, she cracked a smile and let out a laugh.

“Why don’t you tell us who you’re interested in, and we can try and set you up with them?” Narcissa asked.

"I don't know," Marlene said thoughtfully. "Most of the good ones, like Harry and Frank, are already taken."

"Hey, Marlene?" Bellatrix called. "Do you mind if I have a little fun with Harry while you three talk?"

"Bella," Narcissa sighed.

"What?" Bellatrix asked innocently. "If it bothers her, I won't. That's why I asked."

"It's fine, really," Marlene smiled. "I don't want to stop you spending time with Harry. You two can do whatever you like while we talk."

"Thanks," Bellatrix grinned.

Sliding off the couch, Bellatrix dropped to her knees, her breasts dragging along Harry's leg. Marlene's eyes widened as she reached for his belt.

"Sorry," Lily said. "I can create a separate room for us if you want."

"Aw, but it's so much more fun with an audience," Bellatrix pouted as she pulled Harry's half hard length out of his trousers.

"Um, it's alright," Marlene said, staring at Bellatrix as she playfully kissed Harry's shaft. "Are they all that big?"

As if she hadn't meant to say that out loud, she blushed a moment later when the words registered.

“From the rumors I’ve heard, he’s pretty big,” Lily smiled.

Marlene unconsciously leaned to the side for a better look while Bellatrix bent down further to suck on his balls. Realizing what she was doing, she straightened up with a blush and looked at Lily.

“Seeing that doesn’t bother you?” Marlene asked.

“No,” Lily smiled. “I like watching Harry with other women, but it’s fine if that’s not your thing. It isn’t for most women.

“It helps that all of us are dating each other, and it’s not just the three of us dating Harry,” Narcissa said.

“Oh,” Marlene said, her eyes moving back to Bellatrix as she kissed her way up Harry’s shaft and wrapped her lips around his swollen head.

“You can go over for a better look if you want,” Lily offered.

Marlene realized she was leaning to the side again and sat up straight.

“Um...,” she said, hesitant to answer.

Smiling, Lily took her hand and stood up. Marlene stood nervously and let the redhead lead her over to the other couch. Lily pushed her down into the seat right next to Bellatrix before squeezing in between her and the arm of the couch.

Bellatrix ran her hands up Harry’s legs and bobbed her head down, taking the majority of his length between her lips. Looking up at him with her bright violet eyes, she somehow managed to smirk around his girth and sucked hard as she raised her head. Harry groaned and reached

down to play with her breasts. When she pulled off of him completely, he used his grip on her breasts to pull her up for a kiss.

Bellatrix smiled against his lips and wrapped her breasts around his length, rubbing the warm, smooth mounds up and down his shaft. He bucked his hips, causing her to chuckle and pull back to watch his tip peak out from between her impressive cleavage.

“Why are you men always so obsessed with our breasts?” Narcissa asked teasingly.

“They’re breasts,” Harry said as if it should be obvious.

“I bet he’d love to do this to Marlene. She’s got a great pair,” Bellatrix smirked, looking over at the short, thin, yet incredibly busty brunette. “You want to give it a try?”

Marlene blushed heavily and stared at her with wide eyes.

“Not everyone’s as big a slut as you are, Bella,” Narcissa said, rolling her eyes.

“Only for Harry,” Bellatrix smirked before tilting her head down and sucking on his tip for a moment. “Besides, you see how much he likes Molly’s, and Marlene’s are even bigger than hers.”

“Wait, isn’t Molly dating Arthur?” Malene asked.

“He knows,” Lily assured her. “It’s a bit of a long story. Molly tried to give Arthur a Love Potion, but it turned out to be a Lust Potion in the back of Witch Weekly, and Harry drank it instead.”

“Bellatrix thought making her sleep with Harry until the Potion burned itself out was a good punishment,” Narcissa added, rolling her eyes.



“Molly told Arthur what happened, and he found it exciting,” Lily finished with a shrug.

“He’s a cuck,” Bellatrix grinned. “So, you want to try?”

Marlene bit her lip and looked over at Lily nervously.

“You can if you want to,” Lily smiled.

“I - Well, I’ve never, um...,” Marlene stammered nervously.

“Relax,” Harry said, wrapping his arm around her shoulders. “You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to.”

He was a bit surprised when she leaned into him. It seemed to him that she wanted to try but was nervous about trying something she’d never done before. Reaching over with his free hand, Harry curled his finger under her chin and turned her head so she was facing him. Leaning down slowly, he pressed his lips to hers, kissing her softly.

Marlene inhaled sharply through her nose and froze for just a moment before kissing him back. Smirking, Bellatrix sat back, grabbed Marlene’s hand, and placed it on his length. Pulling back with a flush running all the way down her neck, Marlene stared down at her hand and stroked him lightly.

“It’s so smooth,” she whispered.

“Try gripping him a bit harder,” Narcissa said, curling herself up against Harry’s other side.

While Marlene followed her instructions, Bellatrix shuffled over to Lily with a grin and opened her jeans. Smiling, Lily lifted her hips before pulling off her jumper. Moments later, her bra and panties joined the growing pile of clothes on the floor.

Marlene unconsciously stroked Harry faster as Bellatrix ran a finger between Lily's folds.

"Such a pretty pussy," she said.

Leaning forward, she buried her face between Lily's legs and lapped at her folds. Letting out a low moan, Lily fisted her hair roughly and wrapped her legs around Bellatrix's head.

"Wow," Marlene breathed.

She turned back to Harry just in time to see Narcissa toss her bra to the floor and give Harry a passionate kiss. Chewing her lip thoughtfully, she let go of Harry's length and took off her jumper. In the moment that her eyes were covered, Harry and Narcissa turned to look at her. Marlene's massive breasts cover nearly all of her chest and were held up by a lacy red bra. Looking away with a blush at the attention, she wrapped her small hand around Harry's shaft and started stroking him again.

"Here," Narcissa said.

Taking Marlene's hand, Narcissa knelt on the floor. Marlene hesitated for a second before dropping to her knees in front of Harry, his throbbing length towering in front of her. Shuffling behind her, Narcissa wrapped an arm around her waist, her breasts pressing into Marlene's bare back.

Slowly raising her arm, Narcissa lifted her mountainous breasts and slipped Harry's tip between them before lowering her breasts back down. Marlene stared down at her own chest as his tip peeked out over the top of her cleavage.

"Feel good?" Narcissa asked.

"Brilliant," Harry grinned.

Smiling, Narcissa leaned over Marlene's shoulder and swirled her tongue around his head. Marlene let out a quiet gasp when she felt her tongue brush over the smooth skin of her breasts. With a kiss on the tip, Narcissa pulled back.

"Push them together and move them up and down," she whispered in Marlene's ear.

As Marlene did as she was instructed, Narcissa moved her hair out of the way and started kissing and sucking at her neck. Marlene moaned quietly as she watched Harry's swollen head disappear and then reappear between her breasts.

After a few more strokes, Narcissa deftly unhooked her bra and slowly pulled it away from her body. Marlene bit her lip nervously as Harry stared down at her chest.

"Merlin," he breathed. "You're incredible, Marlene."

Blushing, she nonetheless smiled happily at the compliment. Reaching down, Harry ran his hands along the sides of her breasts until they replaced hers completely. Gripping them firmly, he pulled her up and then bent down to bury his face between them. Marlene giggled when he shook his head back and forth.

Smiling, Harry kissed each of her nipples before sucking on one lightly. When he pulled back, he dragged her further forward and kissed her on the lips. As they kissed, Narcissa reached around, pressed her soft, gigantic globes around his length, and moved them up and down. With a moan, Harry broke the kiss and sat back.

"Give the tip a kiss," Narcissa said.

Biting her lip, Marlene looked down at the bright red head peeking up from her cleavage and licked her lips. Leaning her head down, she gave the tip a quick kiss. Harry groaned, his fingers combing through her hair. Smiling to herself, she did it again and again. Before she realized

what she was doing, Marlene had her lips wrapped completely around his head, her tongue swirling around it.

“I’m going to cum,” Harry warned her a moment later.

Not sure what to do, Marlene hesitated. Suddenly, she felt him swell in her mouth just before he erupted. She jerked back in surprise, swallowing the thick, slightly salty fluid in her mouth. Harry groaned, and a white jet launched from his tip and into the air before falling back down to splatter on her breasts. Marlene watched in fascination as four more jets landed on her pale skin before he eventually stopped.

“Oh, God,” Lily gasped.

Marlene looked over at Lily and watched as her friend came all over Bellatrix’s face. She had a tight grip on the Slytherin’s curly black hair, yanking it roughly. Her attention was pulled back to her breasts with a gasp when she felt a tongue run over her skin. Looking down, she found Narcissa licking her breasts clean. Smirking, she sat up and showed what was on her tongue.

Cupping Marlene’s cheeks, Narcissa leaned forward until their lips met. Marlene responded tentatively at first, but the excitement and naughtiness of the moment got to her, and she quickly started kissing her back.

“Girls, why don’t we take this over to the bed?” Harry suggested.

Marlene bit her lip nervously and stared down at his intimidating length.

“I don’t think I’m ready for that,” Marlene said. “I think I should call it a night here.”

“Okay,” Narcissa said. “You can always join us next weekend if you want to do this again.”

“You were brilliant,” Harry smiled, stroking her cheek.

Marlene smiled and stood up, more excited than embarrassed, as he stared at her chest. There was still some cum on her chest, but she left it there, enjoying the rather naughty feeling as she put on her bra.

“You sure you want to go, Marlene?” Lily asked.

“I’m sure,” Marlene smiled back. “Thanks for, well...”

“You’re welcome,” Lily said.

After pulling on her jumper, Harry walked up to her and gave her a gentle kiss. Marlene smiled as she pulled back and turned towards the door. Just before leaving, she turned back and watched as Narcissa straddled him on the bed and sank down on his length.

Her wand was going to see a lot of use when she got back to the dorm.

## Chapter 21

Harry lay in bed in the Room of Requirement, one arm behind his head and the other around Lily as she cuddled up to his side. Bellatrix rested her head on the other side of his chest while Narcissa spooned her sister from behind.

While the girls slept peacefully, Harry’s mind buzzed with thoughts. More and more lately, images and ideas would come to mind unbidden, trickling knowledge he’s never gained into his thoughts.

It has to be the Hallows, Harry thought.

This most recent bout of inspiration had come from a seemingly innocuous stray thought about selling some of the things in the Room of Lost Things. It had been an idle wondering as he lay in bed, drifting in that moment just before sleep. That thought then led to another and another. Disjointed thoughts and unsolicited bits of knowledge coming together unexpectedly.

Giving up on sleep, Harry shifted Lily gently to the side and then tried to slip out from under Bellatrix.

“Where are you going?” she asked, blinking open her violet eyes.

“I need to write something down,” Harry whispered. “Go back to sleep.”

Placing a kiss on her temple, he slipped out of bed. Looking over his shoulder, he watched as Bellatrix wrapped her arms around Lily and pulled her close. Hugging her, she rested her head on the redhead’s bare breasts.

Harry smiled to himself before looking away and picking his robe up off the floor. As he did, the stone wall across from his shifted quietly, as if the room itself knew to be quiet. A desk, complete with ink, quill, and parchment, appeared from the morphing stone, along with a chair for him to sit in.

Taking a seat, Harry began to put his idea to paper. It would take some time, and even with the money he’d brought with him, he would probably need to sell some things from the room. Still, with some help, it could be done.

If he was lucky, maybe he could even deny Voldemort some followers.

~

After a month of waiting, Harry finally got the letter he’d been waiting for at breakfast.

"It's ready," Harry grinned, passing the letter to Lily.

"That's great," Lily smiled, then leaned over to kiss his cheek.

"What's ready?" Alice asked curiously.

Lily turned to Harry with a questioning look. He thought for a moment before shrugging. It would likely be in the Prophet tomorrow.

"Harry built a sanctuary for Werewolves," Lily smiled.

"Really?" Marlene asked. "That's great."

"Isn't it dangerous having so many Werewolves in one place?" Dorcas asked.

"I'm going to go talk to Dumbledore," Harry said.

Lily nodded and began to explain to their friends while he stood up and walked to the head table. Connie looked up with a smile and a wave when she spotted him. Smiling back, Harry stopped in front of the headmaster.

"Good morning, Harry," Dumbledore said. "What can I do for you?"

"I just got a letter from the builders," Harry said. "They're finished."

"Ah, excellent," Dumbledore smiled. "I take it you like me to contact David for you?"

"If you wouldn't mind," Harry said. "Do you know when the next full moon is?"

Reaching into his pocket, Dumbledore pulled out his silver pocket watch and opened it.

“The next one will be in eight days,” he replied.

Harry nodded thoughtfully.

“That should be enough time,” he said. “I’ll take out an ad in the Prophet. Thanks, professor.”

“Of course,” Dumbledore smiled. “I’m happy to be of assistance for such an endeavor.”

Smiling, Harry turned to head back to his table.

“What was that all about?” he heard McGonagall ask.

Sitting back down, Harry reached into his bag for a quill and parchment.

“I think what you’re doing is really admirable, Harry,” Alice said. “It’s really unfair the way Werewolves are treated.”

“Thanks,” Harry smiled. “I just hope it works.”

“It will,” Lily said confidently.

“Not that I don’t think what you’re doing is great, but have you checked with the Ministry?” Marlene asked. “They might have a problem with this.”



"I've been in contact with David Bones," Harry said. "We talked after the last Wizengamot meeting. He's going to come and look at it to make sure everything is safe."

"Harry and Narcissa put a lot of work into this," Lily added.

"You helped a lot, too," Harry said.

"Not as much as you two," Lily told him.

"What did Narcissa do?" Dorcas asked.

"She helped us get the land we needed," Harry said.

"Narcissa is really good at negotiating," Lily grinned. "She talked the owner down by twenty thousand Galleons."

Alice whistled, "That's a lot of gold."

"It's worth it," Harry shrugged as he finished his letter. "I need to take this to the Owlery. I'll see you in class."

"Okay," Lily smiled.

She gave him a kiss as he got up and walked out of the Great Hall.

~

Harry was fortunate that the full moon landed on a Saturday. It meant he didn't have any trouble convincing Dumbledore to let the girls leave school to help him.

After lunch, Dumbledore led the group to the front gate, where they took a Portkey to the Wolf's Den. A moment later, they landed deep in the Scottish Highlands. In front of them sat a small stone building with a worn path leading to the front door.

"This way," Harry said.

Leading the group to the front door, Harry used a key to unlock it and stepped inside. Walking into a reception area, the woman behind the counter looked up, startled.

"Oh dear!" a kindly brunette with curly hair gasped. "Mr. Potter, you startled me."

"Sorry," Harry smiled.

"Quite alright," she replied. "I think I'm just nervous. You know, being our opening night and all. I'm Margret, by the way. Margret Singer. But you can call me Maggie."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said, shaking her hand. "And please, just call me Harry."

"If there's anything you need, just let me know," Maggie said. "I have everyone outside right now, making sure everything is ready for tonight."

"You're fine. Keep doing what you're doing, and we'll chip in anywhere we're needed," Harry said.

"Of course, sir – sorry – Harry," Maggie said.

Giving the woman a smile, Harry led the group down a hallway and out the back door. The first thing they saw was a towering, oval shaped enclosure made of thick logs driven deep into the ground.

"I take it this is where the Werewolves will be transforming?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yeah," Harry answered. "It's been enchanted to be unbreakable, and there's a platform running along the top so guards can keep an eye on things."

"What are those?" McGonagall asked, pointing to a row of four glass buildings.

"They're the greenhouses where we grow the ingredients for the Wolfsbane potion," Lily replied.

"When the owner of the Apothecary in Diagon Alley heard what we were doing, he tried to charge us extra for the ingredients," Narcissa said. "No one else had the quantities we needed, so we decided to grow our own."

McGonagall pursed her lips and nodded.

As they neared the enclosure, they could see several people working. A thin man with a bald head and a bushy, gray mustache stepped out of a tent next to the enclosure and approached them quickly.

"Hello, you must be Harry," he said. "I'm Johnathan Singer. Connie hired me as the managed."

"Nice to meet you," Harry said, shaking his hand. "Are you related to Maggie?"

"My wife," John nodded. "I can't tell you how happy we are to be working here. After our son was bitten, it felt like the whole world turned against us."

"I'm glad I could help," Harry said. "So, what do you need us to do?"

~

Four hours later, as the sun began to set, Harry waited in the office for David to arrive. His stomach fluttered nervously. This was it. If anything went wrong tonight, all of the work they'd done would be for nothing. He would have failed everyone working there that was counting on him.

His nerves were worsened every time the door opened, only for it to be a Werewolf. While he was heartened to see so many of them coming, he wished David would show up already. Finally, just half an hour before moonrise, David walked in with a tall, blonde wizard. Harry didn't immediately recognize him, but the face looked familiar.

"Ah, hello, Harry. Sorry I'm late. The Minister wanted a word before I left," David said.

"That's alright," Harry told him, then glanced over at the other wizard. "Who's this?"

David's eyes tightened in distaste before he quickly wiped the expression from his face.

"This is Abraxas Malfoy," David said.

*You've got to be kidding me,* Harry thought.

"Mr. Malfoy," Harry said neutrally. "I didn't realize you'd be coming."

"The Minister wanted a second opinion on the safety of your... establishment," Malfoy drawled.

Harry nearly scoffed out loud.

“Right then. Gentlemen, if you’ll follow me,” he said.

He led them through the building and out the back door. Just a couple of steps out onto the lawn, Harry heard a surprised yelp behind him. He and David spun around as Malfoy swatted at something smoking and crackling in the pocket of his robes.

Darting his hand inside, he yanked out a leather pouch and tossed it to the ground. The string tying it closed came loose, and a number of square stones tumbled out. As red lightning crackled across the surface, Harry spotted runes carved into the flat face of each of them.

*Ward Breaking Stones*, he thought.

“Do you have any idea how expensive those are?” Malfoy hissed angrily.

“And why, exactly, did you bring Ward Breaking Stones to a secure facility?” David asked, his brow furrowed.

“Not that it’s any of your concern, but I was doing some personal research,” Malfoy said, the corner of his lip curling in a familiar, insufferable smirk.

Harry saw the muscles in David’s jaw twitch, but he held his tongue.

“Ah, David, Mr. Malfoy, how are you both on this lovely evening?” Dumbledore asked with a pleasant smile.

“Quite well, Albus,” David said, his shoulders visibly relaxing.

"I apologize for interrupting. However, it's getting quite late," Dumbledore said, giving Harry a pointed look.

"Right," Harry said.

"I was hoping to get a bit of a tour before we started," David said. "Perhaps after things are settled."

"I'd be happy to," Harry said. "Did you ask the Minister about what we talked about?"

"I did," David nodded. "She's agreed for the time being. Any sign of trouble, and she may change her mind."

Harry nodded. That was better than he'd expected.

As they continued towards the enclosure, the group of over two dozen Werewolves near the enclosure watched them approach.

"Welcome," Harry said loudly, clapping his hands.

Most of the Werewolves turned to listen, but a few kept their eyes on David.

"I'd like to welcome you all to the Wolf's Den," he continued. "It's my hope that this place will be a sanctuary for those that are affected by Lycanthropy. Not only will this be a place you can come to safely transform, but a place to work as well. Our Greenhouses are tended to exclusively by Werewolves. We still have several openings for office work and groundskeeping open, as well. Anyone who wants a job will have one."

"Yeah, but for what kind of pay?" A tall, burly man with a thick beard and mustache asked.

“Twenty Galleons a week,” Harry said. “And, of course, you get the day before the full moon, the day of, and the day after off. No questions asked.”

A murmur of excitement ran through the crowd.

“Why’s the Ministry here?” another wizard in the back yelled.

“We’re just here to ensure everything is safe and secure,” David said. “Besides that, the Ministry has no involvement with the Wolf’s Den. At Mr. Potter’s request, I’ve spoken to the Minister, and she’s agreed that we will not arrest anyone wanted for non-violent offenses while you’re here. Mr. Potter believes, and I agree, that having a safe place for you to transform is more important.”

“This is a tentative agreement,” Harry said loudly over the murmur of the crowd. “Any problems and that could change. The rules here are simple. Be here no less than half an hour before moonrise, take your potion before entering the enclosure, and no fighting.”

“What potion?” a short haired witch with several tattoos asked suspiciously.

“The Wolfsbane Potion,” Harry said. “It’s a potion that allows Werewolves to keep their human mind while transformed.”

“Seriously?” the witch asked.

“It’s true,” Bellatrix said.

The young, tattooed witch looked at Bellatrix and nodded, leaving Harry to wonder if they knew each other.

“It doesn’t seem like you have much security besides a few wooden beams,” Malfoy drawled suddenly, eyeing the enclosure with disdain.

All of Harry’s staff that was nearby stopped what they were doing and took a step forward, glaring at Malfoy.

“We’re the security,” John said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Malfoy sneered, and Harry saw a few of the Werewolves shift nervously.

“Everyone that works here on the full moon has family that’s a Werewolf,” Harry told them. “They all have experience dealing with Werewolves without harming them if someone gets out of control. No one here wants to see anyone get hurt.”

Several of the Werewolves muttered reassurances to the people around them, pointing out their relatives.

“Harry,” Lily called. “It’s time.”

“Right,” Harry nodded. “Alright, everyone. If you want to change, we have conjured robes in the tent for you to wear, so you don’t destroy your clothes. Men on the left, women on the right. When you come out, someone will give you a dose of the Wolfsbane Potion before you get in the enclosure.”

Chattering amongst themselves, the Werewolves headed for the tent.

“Conjured robes, why didn’t I think of that?” a wizard said. “It would’ve saved me so much on clothes.”

“I’ve always been shite at conjuring,” the tattooed witch shrugged.



“Bella, do you know that woman?” Harry asked.

“That’s Adriana Zabini,” Bellatrix said. “Her family kicked her out when she was bitten a couple of years ago. We were good friends until she left school.”

Harry blinked, wondering if she was related to Alana Zabini, a witch known for her beauty - and for leaving behind a trail of dead husbands.

“Seems like you’ve got things well in hand,” David said. “One thing, though. I thought you said the Wolfsbane had to be taken for a week leading up to the full moon.”

“It did,” Harry said. “But once we decided to open this place, we released the potion to the public. A German wizard found a way to make it work with a single dose.”

“And you’re sure it works?” Malfoy asked skeptically.

“They tested it on over a dozen Werewolves during the last full moon without any adverse effects,” Harry told him.

Sneering, Malfoy spun around and marched off towards the greenhouses.

“Keep an eye on him for me?” Harry asked Bellatrix quietly.

Nodding, she gave him a smile before slinking off after him.

“I’m sorry about him being here,” David sighed. “He’s been trying to convince the Minister to have you shut down since he heard of it. I can assure you, I’ll be having a word with her about those Ward Breaking Stones.”

Harry nodded, "I still expect they'll try again. With Greyback gone and now this place, Voldemort will have a much harder time recruiting Werewolves to his cause."

"I hope so," David agreed.

"Do you need me to do anything, Harry?" Lily asked.

"Could you go check on Sylvia and Amanda for me?" he asked.

Lily smiled, "Sure."

Giving him a kiss, she walked back towards the office.

"Isn't Amanda that little girl that was bitten?" David asked.

"Yeah," Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I didn't like the idea of putting her in with the others, so we built a special room for her in the basement."

"What makes it special?" David asked.

"I'll show you later," Harry said.

A moment later, the Werewolves started coming out of the tent. Adriana was the first out, and she was completely naked. She had a perfect hourglass figure, with a number of tattoos covering her bronze colored skin. Her large, tear dropped shaped breasts, capped with wide, pale areolas and metal bars through her pink nipples, bounced alluringly with each step.

"Didn't you find the robes, dear?" Maggie asked, holding out a goblet of potion.

Adriana shrugged and down the potion with a grimace.

“I didn’t see the point,” she said. “You’re going to see me like this in the morning anyways.”

Walking past Maggie, she gave Harry a smirk as she entered the enclosure. More Werewolves came out, all of them wearing the conjured robes. One by one, they took the potion and entered the enclosure. Malfoy returned just as the last one entered, and the heavy wooden gate was closed. John levitated a trunk onto the ground, opened it, and started pulling out crossbows.

“What are those for?” David asked as John handed them out to the guards.

“The arrows are tipped with syringes full of Dreamless Sleep Potion,” Narcissa said. “They’re just a precaution.”

“Interesting,” John said.

Taking the stairs up to the walkway, the guards spread out and took positions. Everyone waited nervously for the moon to rise. Thankfully, it was only a couple of minutes later that the first sliver poked over the horizon. Grunting and groaning, the Werewolves curled in on themselves, their skin rippling and bones cracking. Suddenly, as one, they all shouted as they began to change.

David leaned on the railing as he watched, a look of pity on his face while Malfoy sneered in disgust. Harry held his breath as the Werewolves straightened up and looked around.

If the potion didn’t work on even one of them, if one was a Death Eater there to cause trouble, it could ruin everything.

Two of the Werewolves sniffed at each other and growled. Crossbows were raised and aimed as everyone waited tensely.

“Wait,” John said quietly.

Harry looked at him and nodded, motioning for the others to lower their crossbows. A moment later, one of the Werewolves bopped the other on the shoulder before taking off at the run. The other Werewolf took after him at a sprint. After a short chase, he caught up, and Harry raised his wand. With a massive, long-fingered paw, the Werewolf reached out and tapped the other on the arm. Suddenly, he stopped and ran away as the other turned and chased after him.

“Are they playing tag?” Narcissa asked incredulously.

“Looks like it,” David laughed.

Letting out a breath, Harry lowered his wand and relaxed.

“What a disgusting display,” Malfoy sneered.

Everyone looked at Malfoy with a glare. Unaffected, he smoothed out his robes imperiously.

“I’ll be speaking with the Minister about the dangers of having so many dangerous beasts together,” he continued. “Clearly, this is just an accident waiting to happen.”

“Dangerous?” Harry asked. “Do they look dangerous to you?”

Harry looked down into the enclosure and noticed a Werewolf watching them closely. Two glints of light on its chest made him realize it was Adriana. Unless another Werewolf had pierced nipples, of course. Looking up at Malfoy, she raised her hand and gave him the finger.

“They don’t look very dangerous to me,” Harry smirked.

Grabbing the guard rail, he heaved himself over the edge and into the enclosure.

“Harry!” Narcissa yelled, exasperated. “Must you?”

Harry held out his hands and grinned.

“Seems pretty safe to me,” he said.

Malfoy glared as the Werewolves looked at him curiously. Adriana walked over and sat down next to him. When he reached out and ran his hand through her sparse yet coarse fur, Malfoy turned and marched off with a huff.

“I think you made your point,” David grinned. “Now, get out of there before you give me a heart attack.”

With a smirk, Harry gave Adriana a pat on the shoulder and levitated himself out of the enclosure.

“Where’d Malfoy go?” he asked, looking around.

“He left,” Bellatrix replied as she climbed the stairs.

“Probably went straight to the Minister to tell her how dangerous this place is,” David sighed.

“Will that be an issue?” Narcissa asked.

“No, Bangold will want to hear from me before she makes a decision,” David said.

“I’m going to go check on a few things. Can you keep an eye on everything out here?” Harry asked Narcissa.

“Of course,” she nodded.

“Thanks, I’ll be back soon,” Harry said, descending the stairs.

Walking into the office, Harry waved to Maggie and then turned right down the hall. Opening the last door on the left, he went down to the basement. He barely had a chance to glance at the room before Sylvia had him wrapped in a tight hug.

“Thank you so much,” she whispered tearfully.

“I’m guessing it worked?” Harry asked.

Pulling back, Sylvia hooked her arm through his and led him further into the room. In the center of the room sat a large cage made out of golden mesh. Inside the cage, Amanda was on the floor, playing fetch with the stuffed Krup that Harry had bought for her over Christmas. Lily sat on the other side of the cage, talking to her through the mesh. A short distance away, near a table laden with breakers, test tubes, and vials, Agatha Moon, a healer from St. Mungo’s, and Andromeda Black spoke quietly.

“How’s she doing?” Harry asked.

Agatha was an older witch with greying hair tied up in a tight bun. She turned and looked at him with a sharp gaze, her furrowed brow causing wrinkles to appear around the corners of her hazel eyes.

“Remarkably well,” Agatha said. “There’s no sign of even a partial transformation and no discomfort. I took some blood and ran a few tests once we were sure it was safe, and the results are extraordinary.”

“How so?” Harry asked curiously.

“No one’s ever been able to watch the transformation process in the blood before,” Andromeda said. “It’s amazing. This is the first time anyone’s actually identified the Curse taking effect.”

“What we’ve learned today will keep researchers busy for years,” Agatha nodded. “With what this has given us, we very well may find a cure. I have to ask, how did you come up with this?”

“I was reading a book that talked about gold reflecting most magic,” Harry shrugged. “It’s why wizards still use gold, silver, and bronze as currency. It can’t be duplicated. Gold is just better at reflecting magic than anything else. I figured maybe it could block the magic from the moon getting to a Werewolf.”

“Very astute,” Agatha smiled.

“It’s brilliant!” Andromeda grinned. “Thank you so much for inviting me, Harry. This is groundbreaking. I can’t believe I get to be a part of history!”

“We haven’t made history yet,” Harry smiled. “And it’s Narcissa you should thank. She was the one that told me you wanted to be a healer.”

“She certainly has an aptitude for it,” Agatha nodded. “Do well on your NEWTs, and I see no reason you could make it into the Summer training program.”

“Thank you,” Andromeda said, smiling brightly.

“Well, I’ll leave you ladies to your work,” Harry smiled.

Walking over to the cage, he knelt down next to Lily.

“Hey, Amanda. How do you feel?” he asked.

“I’m hungry,” Amanda said, giggling as the Krup jumped into her lap.

“I’ll get you something to eat,” Harry smiled.

Standing up, he shared a look and a smile with Lily before walking back upstairs.

“Maggie, do we have any food ready?” Harry asked.

“I put a few sandwiches in the break room in case anyone got hungry,” she smiled. “Help yourself.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Going to the break room, he found four plates stacked with sandwiches. Grabbing a few and putting them on a plate, he walked back outside.

“Hey, David!” he called. “You might want to come see this.”

Walking down the stairs, David approached him with a grin.

“I don’t suppose you called me over just for a snack,” he said.



Smiling, Harry handed him a sandwich and walked back into the office. On the way to the basement, he gave David a short explanation.

“Well, you’re just full of surprises tonight,” David said, smiling at Amanda. “So, this gold mesh will stop a Werewolf from transforming?”

“Yes,” Agatha replied.

“Incredible,” David grinned. “I wonder if I could talk the Minister into putting something like this around one of our holding cells. It would make detaining Werewolves a lot safer for my Aurors. How much did this cost?”

“Not that much, surprisingly,” Harry said. “The mesh is pretty thin, so it was about a hundred Galleons.”

Walking up to the cage, he pressed the tip of his wand to the mesh. After a moment of intense focus, the mesh rippled like water. Taking a step forward, Harry walked through the wall like it wasn’t there.

“Here you go,” he said, sitting down next to Amanda and offering her the plate.

“Wait, I thought you said gold reflects magic,” David said, his brow furrowed.

“Most magic,” Agatha corrected. “There are some spells specifically designed to work on gold.”

Taking a bit of her sandwich and chewing slowly, Amanda leaned against Harry’s side and yawned widely.

“Is it safe for me to sit with her now?” Sylvia asked anxiously.

Harry blinked and looked over at Agatha.

"I don't see why not," the healer said.

Standing up, Harry pressed his wand to the wall of the cage once again. When it rippled, Sylvia stepped through and sat down next to her daughter. Smiling, Harry stepped back outside the cage.

"Mr. Potter, while I've got you here. I'd like to request a few things," Agatha said.

"What do you need?" Harry asked.

"I'd like a bit more equipment for testing purposes and another, smaller cage, if possible, for observations," Agatha said, handing him a piece of parchment.

"Sure, I can get this before the next full moon," Harry nodded. "And it's just Harry."

"Very well, Harry," Agatha smiled. "Thank you."

"Healer Moon, wasn't it?" David asked.

"Yes?" Agatha asked.

"In your professional opinion, do you find anything here to be dangerous or unsafe?" David asked.

"Absolutely not," she scoffed. "Mr. Pot - Harry - has taken every precaution to ensure everyone is safe. You can't see it, but there is a steel cage in the floor that will contain Amanda the

moment we detect the slightest transformation. Not to mention she was still given the Wolfsbane potion as a precaution. I can assure you, I wouldn't be here if I felt unsafe."

"And do you believe - in your professional opinion - that this research is beneficial to wizarding society?" David asked.

"Absolutely!" Agatha said. "This research could lead to a cure! You tell the Minister this could lead to the eradication of Lycanthropy across the world. Stopping it now would go down as one of the biggest mistakes in history!"

"I'll be sure to let her know," David smiled, then turned to Harry. "I do need to talk to you about what safety measures are in place if a Werewolf were to escape or arrive too late, and I need to know who's going to be running things while you're at Hogwarts."

"Of course," Harry said. "I'll show you how we have things set up."

~

The rest of the night passed uneventfully. The girls eventually grew tired and ended up falling asleep in a pile on the couch in the breakroom. Harry stayed up all night, along with David, who wanted to stay so he could give a full, detailed account to the Minister.

When the Werewolves transformed back in the morning, Harry and the guards brought them robes to cover themselves. Predictably, Adriana smirked at him and refused the robe. Harry shook his head as he watched her walk to the changing tent in the buff.

While the Werewolves changed, Maggie and a couple of others set up a table outside and set out breakfast.

"Before I forget," Harry said as everyone sat down to eat. "If any of you need a place to stay, we have tents you can set up in the field. I know it's not a great solution, but it's better than

sleeping in an alley. We've already paid for a house to be built next to the office, but it will take a couple of months to be built. Once it is, anyone who needs a place to stay is welcome. All I ask is that you help out with cleaning and maintenance."

"What do you get out of this?" Adriana asked, her brow furrowed in suspicion. "Why spend all this money to help Werewolves?"

"My dad's best friend was a Werewolf, and I hated the way he was treated," Harry said. "I'm doing this because I don't like the way you're treated, and I have the means to do something about it."

"And he's not just throwing that money away," Narcissa said. "By selling the extra potions ingredients we grow, we should make back the initial investment in a few years. Harry isn't giving you charity. He's investing in you."

"With investments like tha', this place'll go under in a week," one of the Werewolves said.

The table laughed as everyone dug into their meal.

"So, what's the *Ministry* say about this place?" the burly Werewolf asked.

"Well, I can't speak for the Minister, but I think it's about time we had something like this," David said. "Harry and the Wolf's Den will have my full support as both the Head of the DMLE and a member of the Wizengamot."

"They'll find some way to screw us over," a short, dark haired wizard muttered.

"Josh!" Maggie hissed. "Be polite. Not everyone at the Ministry hates you."

Josh scoffed and stabbed at his eggs.

"It could be worse, kid," the burly Werewolf said. "Under the last Minister, Aurors used to kill us on sight."

"Good pep talk, Thor," Adriana said sarcastically.

"S'true," Thor shrugged. "I'm not a fan of the Ministry, but so long as they leave me alone, I ain't gonna go kicking the hornet's nest."

"I give you my word, so long as I'm head of the department, that policy will not be coming back," David said firmly. "The Ministry is so to change, but I promise you I'll do everything I can to make sure this place is a success."

"Even if the worst happens and we can't provide an enclosure to transform in, you'll all still have a job, and I'll still provide Wolfbane free of charge," Harry said. "The Ministry can't stop me from doing that."

"No, they can't," David grinned.

"That potion's great," Thor said. "This is the first time I've woken up and felt like I got run over by the night bus."

"Pity you still look like you have," Adriana smirked.

"Aw, come on, love. No need for that," Thor pouted.

"Well, I should get back to Ministry," David said as he stood. "I need to give the Minister my report, and then I'm going home to get some sleep."

"Thanks for coming, David," Harry said.

"Anytime," David smiled. "Have a good day, everyone."

Clapping Harry on the shoulder, he waved to the table and made his way to the office.

After breakfast, Harry talked to John for a bit before leaving him to organize the Werewolves looking for work.

"Well, I think we can call that a success," Harry smiled, wrapping an arm around Bellatrix's and Narcissa's shoulders.

"Absolutely," Andromeda agreed with a grin.

"You are brilliant," Lily added with a grin, her arm wrapping around Bellatrix's waist.

Smiling, Harry led them through the office and then past the wards, where he disappeared. They reappeared a moment later on the outskirts of Hogsmeade.

"Thank Merlin, it's the weekend," Bellatrix yawned. "Please tell me we can go back to bed."

"We are," Lily said firmly. "Harry hasn't gotten any sleep at all."

"I don't think any of us got much sleep," Andromeda said.

"There's always room if you want to join us," Bellatrix smirked.

"No, thank you," Andromeda replied.

“Must you try to whore our boyfriend out to everyone?” Narcissa sighed.

“But it’s so much fun,” Bellatrix pouted.

“I’m quite happy with Ted, Bella,” Andromeda told her.

“If you say so,” Bellatrix shrugged.

The girls continued to tease each other playfully all the way to the castle gate. As they started up the path to the castle, Andromeda grabbed Harry’s arm and held him back until they were out of earshot of the others.

“I just wanted to say thank you,” she said softly.

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled. “I was happy to have you there.”

“I don’t just mean for last night,” Andromeda said. “I meant for giving me my sisters back.”

“What?” Harry asked.

Andromeda sighed, “Narcissa and Bellatrix have always been attracted by power. Our parents have been trying to condition them into their way of thinking for years. You might not have noticed it, but they’ve changed a lot since they started dating you. Merlin, I never thought I see the day when Bellatrix willingly associates with a Muggleborn, let alone fall in love with one.”

Looking up, Harry smiled as he watched Lily and Bellatrix laugh, their arms around each other.

“My parents would’ve handed them over to You-Know-Who’s Death Eaters and been happy to see them twisted into something awful,” Andromeda said. “You know they’re not going to let them go without a fight, don’t you?”

“Don’t worry,” Harry said. “I’m not going to let anyone take them away from me.”

## Chapter 22

Walking from the laundry room to the master bedroom, Sylvia hissed and stumbled as a sharp pain shot through the bottom of her foot. Cursing under her breath, she set the basket of clothes on the couch and sat down to rub her foot. Looking at the floor, she saw a few of Amanda’s dolls had been left out.

“Amanda,” she called. “Come pick up your dolls.”

“Okay, mummy,” Amanda said.

She came running out of the kitchen, the little stuffed Krup that Harry had given her, Alfie, bounding in after her.

“Thank you, sweetheart,” Sylvia smiled.

As she stood gingerly on her sore foot, there was a knock at the door. Wondering who it could be, she walked over to the door and pulled it open. The tall, dark haired man on the other side took one glance at her before shoving the door open roughly and pushing her back inside. Sylvia stumbled backward and nearly fell as he kicked the door shut. As she got her balance, her hand dipping to her pocket for her wand, the man pushed her against the wall. His hand pressed firmly at the point where her throat met her collarbone while his other hand pointed his wand in her face.

“Mummy!” Amanda screamed while Alfie growled next to her.



“Shut it!” the man barked. “Where’s Mark?”

“I don’t know,” Sylvia said shakily. “My husband left months ago.”

“You wouldn’t be lying to me now, would you?” the man growled, the tip of his wand pressing into her neck.

“I haven’t seen him, I swear,” Sylvia said pleadingly.

“Well, until you do know where he is, *you’re* going to be the one paying me back the eight thousand Galleons he owes me,” he spat, his disgusting, alcohol soaked breath washing over her face.

“I - I can’t. I don’t have that kind of money,” Sylvia told him fearfully.

“Then find it,” the man hissed. “I don’t care if you have to whore yourself out in Knockturn Alley. You *will* get me that money.”

Glancing over at Amanda, he smirked and then looked back at Sylvia. Her heart raced at the malicious look in his dark eye.

“I thought your husband would get the message when I sent Greyback to pay him a visit,” the man grinned darkly. “If you don’t give me that money, what happens to her next will be a whole lot worse.”

“Alfie, no!” Amanda shouted.

Sylvia looked over at Amanda, and then her eyes widened. Alfie bounded towards the man’s back, rapidly growing until he was the size of a Doberman. Hearing the thumping feet, he

turned around just as Alfie leapt at him. He shouted in fright when he was knocked to the ground, then screamed in pain as Alfie's jaws locked around the hand holding his wand.

"Geroff of me," the man growled, trying to yank his hand free.

Sylvia raced over to Amanda and pushed her behind her as she trained her wand on the man. The tip shook lightly, her heart pounding in her chest.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and Harry came charging in, wand at the ready and fury burning in his bright green eyes. Sylvia sagged in relief when Connie rushed in after him. With a flick of his wand, Harry disarmed the man while Alfie backed off with a menacing growl. Seeing the situation was well in hand, Connie darted over to Sylvia.

"Are either of you hurt?" she asked.

"No, we're fine," Sylvia replied shakily.

"Who are you?" Harry growled furiously.

Sylvia looked over as the man simply sneered.

"He said he was here to collect my husband's gambling debt," Sylvia told him. "They can't find Mark, and now he wants me to pay it back. He's the one that sent Greyback after Amanda and said he'd do worse if I didn't pay."

Sylvia gasped when she felt magic flood the room. The man was lifted clear off of his feet and pinned to the wall as Harry's magic matched the fury on his face.

"That's Wilber Runcorn," Connie said, walking up to Harry and placing a calming hand on his shoulder. "He's paid muscle. I doubt he's actually the one her husband owed the debt to."

“And they’ll keep coming for it until my employer gets paid,” Wilber sneered arrogantly. “You take me in, and they’ll just send someone else.”

“Who do you work for?” Harry asked angrily.

“I’m not telling you shit!” Wilber spat. “Quit playing games, boy. We both know you’re not going to do anything to me with an Auror here.”

“Connie,” Harry said, staring at Wilber intently. “Take Sylvia and Amanda into the kitchen, would you?”

“Sure,” Connie said, smirking as the confident look on Wilber’s face faltered. “Just try not to kill him. I’d rather not have to do the paperwork.”

Taking Sylvia’s arm gently, she led her and Amanda to the kitchen.

“Harry’s not going to hurt the bad man, is he, mummy?” Amanda asked as the door closed.

“No, sweetie,” Connie replied with a smile. “Harry’s just going to scare him a bit.”

“Thank you so much for coming,” Sylvia said as she picked up the kettle with a shaking hand. “How did you know, though?”

“Harry put some extra charms on Amanda’s Krup when you were at the Wolf’s Den,” Connie smiled. “He was afraid something like this would happen. He came running up to me in the Great Hall and told me to come with him. I didn’t even know what was happening until we got here.”

Nodding, Sylvia set the kettle on the stove, too shaken to trust her magic.

"I don't know how I'll ever thank that man," she sighed before shaking her head with a smile. "He's been so good to us. I don't want to even think about how I would've dealt with Amanda's condition without that potion and now the Wolf's Den. And now this?"

Sylvia jumped when she felt a hand on her shoulder. When she turned, a hand held to her chest, Connie smiled apologetically.

"Sorry," she mumbled.

"Don't be," Connie told her.

Pulling her into a hug, Sylvia blinked back tears as she leaned into her embrace.

"Don't worry," Connie whispered. "Harry and I will make sure nothing like this happens to you again."

"It just happened so fast," Sylvia said thickly. "I-I opened the door, and then he was inside a-and..."

"Shh. It's alright," Connie said, rubbing her back. "You're both safe now."

As Sylvia let out a shaky breath, a tear fell from her eye. A moment later, she felt a small pair of arms wrap around her waist. Pulling back from Connie, she looked down at Amanda and smiled.

"Are you okay, mummy?" Amanda asked.

"I'm fine, sweetheart," Sylvia said.

Leaning down, she hugged her daughter. As she let go, the door to the kitchen opened.

“Get anything?” Connie asked as Harry walked in.

“Thomas Nott,” Harry said, his expression uncharacteristically hard. “That’s who paid him to come here.”

“Great,” Connie sighed.

Sylvia’s heart dropped into her stomach. Thomas Nott was a powerful and cruel man.

“Did Runcorn give you anything we could use?” Connie asked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I had to use Legilimency to get that much out of him, then I Obliviated him.”

“What are we going to do?” Sylvia asked worriedly, her arms tightening around Amanda.

“We have a couple of choices,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “I could just pay him off.”

From the look of distaste on his face, Sylvia knew he didn’t like that option any more than she did.

“I can’t ask you to do that,” Sylvia said, swallowing thickly.

“You’re not asking, I’m offering,” Harry said firmly.

“I really don’t like the idea of letting that piece of shi – er, garbage – go free.” Connie frowned.

“Neither do I,” Harry sighed. “The only other option we have is to put wards over the house. Unless you have another idea.”

“You could make it clear she’s under your protection,” Connie said. “You’re well known enough, and frankly intimidating enough, that it might force Nott to back off.”

“How do I do that?” Harry asked.

“You could always take Sylvia as your mistress,” Connie smirked.

Sylvia inhaled sharply while Harry blinked, nonplussed.

Connie rolled her eyes, “I was kidding. All you have to do is make a statement when we take Runcorn in. Something in the press would be best. After what you did to Greyback and now catching Runcorn, it should make anyone else think twice if they’re offered the job. With improved wards, it would cost Nott more than it’s worth to keep coming after Sylvia.”

“What do you think?” Harry asked, looking at Sylvia.

Sylvia bit her lip thoughtfully.

“You and Connie would know what to do better than I would,” she said eventually. “I just want Amanda to be safe. She doesn’t have anything to do with this.”

As she blinked back the tears forming in her eyes, Harry walked over and wrapped his arms around her. Instantly, Sylvia felt herself relax in his strong arms. She felt bad that he was doing so much for her while she couldn’t do nothing to pay him back, but she’d do anything to protect her daughter.

“What do you want to do, Harry?” Connie asked.

Harry sighed, “You call in the Aurors, and I’ll take care of the wards.”

~

“You know, for someone on leave, you’ve made more arrests than most of my Aurors,” David Bones said when he walked in and spotted Connie.

“It’s his fault,” Connie said, pointing at Harry. “He attracts trouble like a magnet.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“I’ve noticed,” David smirked, shaking his hand before looking at the bound wizard on the floor. “So, what happened here?”

“Wilber over here thought it would be a good idea to try and make Sylvia pay the gambling debt her husband owes,” Connie explained.

“I see,” David said, his jaw tightening as he glared at Runcorn. “And how did you two get involved?”

“I was worried something like this might happen, so I put some protective and alert charm on one of Amanda’s toys,” Harry told him. “It held him off long enough for us to get here. I need to adjust them, though. They took a little too long to start working.”

“Smart,” David nodded approvingly. “Was anyone hurt?”

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“That’s a relief,” David sighed.

“He also admitted to sending Greyback after Amanda,” Harry told him.

“Did he?” David growled, turning back to Runcorn. “Anything to say for yourself now?”

When Runcorn sneered, David motioned for the two Aurors with him.

“Get him out of here,” he said.

“Listen, I need a favor,” Harry said as the two Aurors disappeared.

“What kind of favor?” David asked suspiciously.

“Nothing big,” Harry said. “I just want to make sure everyone knows that Sylvia and Amanda are under my protection.”

David grinned, “You actually want me to leak this to the press?”

“Unfortunately,” Harry grumbled.

“It’s the only thing we could think of to protect them,” Connie said.

Nodding, David drew his wand and sent off a Patronus message.



“They should be here soon,” he said. “Why don’t you two go keep them at bay while I interview Ms...?”

“Burns,” Sylvia replied softly.

“Sure, boss,” Connie said.

Harry sighed as she grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the front door.

~

As Harry sat down for breakfast the next morning, the owls flew in to deliver the morning post. He nearly lost his appetite when he saw a picture of himself staring back at him from Lily’s copy of the Daily Prophet.

“Merlin, Harry,” Alice gasped. “How do you always end up getting involved?”

“I have no idea,” Harry replied.

“He can’t help himself,” Lily said.

Turning, she kissed him on the cheek. When Harry felt someone sit down next to him, he turned to find all three Black Sisters had joined them.

“Are Amanda and Sylvia alright?” Andromeda asked worriedly.

“They’re fine,” Harry smiled. “A bit shaken up, but they weren’t hurt. I put some wards around the house to make sure it doesn’t happen again.”

“The statement you made to the Prophet wasn’t bad either,” Narcissa told him. “I was worried when you told me about that, but you did a lot better than I expected. I wish I had been there to help you.”

“Me too,” Harry said, squeezing her hand with a smile. “Tell you what, from now on, you can deal with the press for me.”

Harry meant it as a joke, but Narcissa’s eyes sparkled at his words.

“Now you’ve done it,” Bellatrix smirked. “Cissy’s going to make you the biggest name in the Wizarding world.”

“Please don’t,” Harry begged.

“But just think of it,” Narcissa purred while pressing herself against his side and rubbing her breasts against his arm. “I could make you bigger than Dumbledore. People would listen to anything you say. You could practically run the government without having to do any of the tedious work.”

Harry groaned.

“She’s got a point,” Lily told him. “I know you hate the attention, but you could do so much good for our world.”

“Of course, you’d have to tie yourself to Cissy for her to really be able to help you,” Bellatrix grinned.

Harry flushed as the girls around him giggled.

“I don’t think I’m ready to get married just yet,” Harry said.

With the brightest smile he'd ever seen from her, Narcissa cupped his cheeks and pulled him into a searing kiss. Several people at the table whooped and whistled until they broke apart breathlessly a few moments later.

"What was that for?" Harry asked.

"It's adorable when you're this clueless," Narcissa smiled, patting his cheek.

Harry opened his mouth to ask what she meant, then decided better of it and just shook his head.

"Besides, you don't have to marry me," Narcissa told him. "You could take me as your mistress."

"Oh, not you, too," Harry groaned.

"Too?" Narcissa asked curiously.

"Who asked to be your mistress?" Lily asked.

"I bet it was Prewitt," Bellatrix whispered to Lily just loud enough that Harry caught it.

"Connie, er, Professor Hammer said I could protect Sylvia better if I took her as a mistress," Harry explained.

"That's not a bad idea," Narcissa said thoughtfully.

"Wait," Lily said. "How would that protect her?"

“By taking her as a mistress, Harry is essentially staking his claim on her,” Narcissa explained. “Meaning that everyone would know that if they wanted to get to her, they’d have to deal with him. Considering his reputation and position on the Wizengamot, most people wouldn’t be willing to risk incurring his wrath.”

“Normally, mistresses are taken to tie daughters from a lower house to a more influential family,” Alice added. “It used to be done all the time for political gain, but it’s not nearly as common now.”

“So, if Harry took Sylvia as his mistress, she’d be more protected?” Lily asked.

“Are you really considering this?” Marlene asked incredulously. “I mean, he’s already dating three of you.”

“To protect Sylvia and Amanda, yes,” Lily nodded.

“Now, hold on-”

“And if I were to become his mistress as well, it would cement him as a powerful, protective figure in the public eye,” Narcissa interrupted Harry excitedly.

“Wait a-”

“You know mother and father would never agree to that,” Andromeda said. “It would make them look weak.”

“I don’t really care what they think,” Narcissa said.

“They’ll kick you out of the family,” Andromeda told her.

“They would do that anyways when I refused to marry anyone other than Harry,” Narcissa said. “Besides, in a couple of years, Harry’s name will carry more weight than the Black could ever achieve.”

Staring off into the distance, Narcissa rubbed her legs together with a shudder.

“I-”

“We should go write Sylvia,” Lily said.

Before Harry could even try to get another word out, Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix stood up and left the hall, talking animatedly.

“What the hell just happened?” Harry asked.

“Narcissa’s right,” Alice smirked. “You are adorable when you’re clueless.”

~

Over the next week, the atmosphere around the castle gradually grew tense. Thankfully, it wasn’t due to anything nefarious. It was down to the upcoming exams. With only two months left in the year, OWLs and NEWTs were approaching swiftly. Even for the sixth years, the teachers were piling on the work to prepare for end-of-year exams.

Harry, however, felt none of the stress his classmates were experiencing. In the grand scheme of things, a few test results meant little to him anymore. He was far more focused on expanding the Wolf’s Den to include a house and a building they could use to start churning out enchanted objects. He hoped they would have a large batch of Memory Projectors like the one he had made for Lily before summer.

It surprised him how many Werewolves were skilled at enchanting, considering many had never finished Hogwarts. When he'd asked Thor, he had told him that a lot of Werewolves, unfortunately, had to get good at stealing to survive. That meant knowing how to undo wards and protective enchantments. Since they were already familiar with that kind of magic, it didn't take long to teach them the spells they needed.

Soon enough, the day of the next full moon arrived. Harry, the girls, Connie, and Professor McGonagall all left for the Wolf's Den after dinner. Surprisingly, McGonagall had taken to going to the Wolf's Den with them nearly every time they went. She seemed to genuinely enjoy helping out, and Harry was more than happy to have her there.

While Professor McGonagall and the girls headed out to the pen to make sure everything was ready, Harry, Connie, and Andromeda headed to the basement.

"Oh, good, you're here," Agatha said. "I need to talk to you."

"About what?" Harry asked.

"The Goblins finished the second cage today," she said, gesturing to the golden mesh cage identical to the one Amanda used during the full moon. "I need an adult Werewolf to test my results from Amanda against."

"Do you have anyone in mind?" Harry asked.

"No," Agatha replied. "I just need an adult who's been infected for at least a year."

"Alright, I'll take care of it," Harry said. "Anything else?"

"Not right now," Agatha said. "Andy, can you set up everything for a blood draw."

“Of course,” Andromeda said.

“Well, I’ll leave you to get ready while I go find you a new test subject,” Harry grinned.

“Patient,” Agatha corrected sternly. “I’m a healer, not an Alchemist.”

Smiling, Harry waved and headed towards the stairs. Just as he reached them, Sylvia and Amanda arrived.

“Harry!” Amanda exclaimed happily.

Harry grunted as she rushed forward and wrapped her arms around his waist tightly. With a soft smile, he patted her back and ran a hand over her dirty blonde hair.

“It’s good to see you too,” he chuckled.

“Look what Alfie can do,” she said excitedly.

Taking half a step back, she set the stuffed Krup on the floor, and he looked up at her expectantly.

“Alfie, jump,” Amanda said.

The dog jumped into the air and did a perfect backflip before landing on his feet with a happy little yip.”

“That’s great,” Harry smiled.

When he had adjusted the enchants on the dog to make him react to danger a bit faster and make him a bit more dangerous, Harry also improved the Animation Charms. Now, Alfie wasn't entirely like a normal dog, but it gave him a bit more character.

"How are you feeling today, Amanda," Agatha asked.

As the healer gave her a once over, Harry turned to Sylvia. For some reason, she blushed and looked away but smiled none the less.

"How are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm alright," Sylvia replied. "I sleep a lot better at night knowing your wards and that dog are keeping us safe. I really can't thank you enough."

"Don't worry about it," Harry smiled.

"But I do," Sylvia said. "And, if you have time, I'd like to talk to you later, maybe after Amanda falls asleep?"

"Sure," he said. "I'll come back down when I have everything settled."

"Thank you," Sylvia smiled.

Wrapping her arms around his shoulder, she hugged him tightly and then surprised him by kissing his cheek. Blushing and smiling, she hugged Connie and went over to her daughter.

"Any idea what that was about?" Connie asked.



Harry shrugged, "I think she's still a little shaken up."

"Probably," Connie nodded as they climbed the stairs. "So, any idea who you're going to choose for healer Moons next Guinea Pig?"

"I have no idea," Harry sighed. "Thor, maybe?"

"You think he'd go for it?" Connie asked.

"I don't know," Harry sighed. "Maybe I should just ask for a volunteer."

Connie nodded as they reached the top of the stairs. Harry waved to Maggie quickly before they made their way outside. Werewolves were already starting to arrive and waiting for their potions. He waited another half an hour for people to arrive before deciding to speak up.

"If I could have everyone's attention for just a moment," Harry said loudly. "As I'm sure some of you know by now, we have a healer here who's been working on learning as much as she can about Lycanthropy, hoping to find a cure. She's requested a volunteer who's been infected for at least a year and is willing to spend the night downstairs. We have a special cage set up where she can draw blood and monitor you. Any takers?"

There was a prolonged, awkward silence as everyone avoided looking at him.

"Look, lad," Thor said eventually. "I appreciate what you've done for us. We all do. But I'm not big on being a lab rat."

"You pussies," Adriana scoffed. "I'll do it."

"Thank you," Harry said gratefully. "Come on, I'll show you where you'll be staying."

Shouldering her way past Thor, Adriana followed Harry as he led her back towards the office.

“This healer isn’t going to be cutting me open or anything, right?” she asked.

“No, of course not,” Harry said. “Like I said, just drawing some blood and a few Monitoring Charms.

“Well, you’ve been straight with me so far,” Adriana said. “But we’re going to have words if this healer pulls out a probe.”

Harry snorted and shook his head as they descended into the basement.

“Ah, Potter, are you sure this is safe?” Adriana asked, eyeing the two flimsy looking cages warily. “Those cages don’t look like they could hold me once I transform.”

“If all goes well, you won’t,” Agatha told her.

“Sorry, but I didn’t want to announce it to everyone just yet,” Harry said. “We’ve found that gold cages like this keep out the magic from the moon. They completely prevent the Werewolf transformation.”

“So far,” Agatha corrected before turning back to Adriana. “And that’s why you’re here. We need to see if it only works on newly transformed Werewolves or if it works on older ones as well.”

“And if you told everyone, they’d all be clamoring for one of these gold cages,” Adriana said.

“Exactly,” Harry nodded. “So, I’d appreciate it if you didn’t mention it for now. We’re working on building more, but they’re not exactly cheap.”

“To not have to transform tonight? I’d be willing to do a lot more than keep my mouth shut,” Adriana smirked suggestively.

“Now that that’s out of the way, how long have you been infected, dear?” Agatha asked.

“Two years,” Adriana replied.

“And the Wolfsbane works for you, correct?” she asked.

“Yes,” Adriana nodded.

“Any side effects?” Agatha asked.

“No,” Adriana replied, shaking her head.

“Very good,” Agatha said, handing her a dose of the Wolfsbane Potion. “Now, if you could please wait in the cage?”

Walking over to the golden enclosure, Harry touched the tip of his wand to the wall.

“You can just walk right through,” he told Adriana.

Nodding, she downed the potion, ran a hand through her short, dark hair, and walked inside.

“Don’t suppose I could get a magazine?” she asked as she sat down on the cushions littering the floor.

“I’ll grab some from the waiting room,” Harry smiled.

“And what happens if I do transform?” Adriana asked.

“There’s an iron cage embedded in the floor,” Harry told her. “If the wards covering the room sense any transformation, the cage pops up around you.”

“Hello, Adriana,” Andromeda said as she walked up to the side of the cage.

“Hey, Cissy,” Adriana smiled. “So, this is what you’ve been doing down here.”

“Healer Monn’s been letting me help with her research,” Andromeda nodded. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to take a sample of your blood before and after the full moon rises.”

“Sure,” Adriana shrugged.

As Andromeda entered the cage, Amanda looked over at her and smiled.

“Hi,” she waved.

“Hey, kid,” Adriana said, smiling back. “Looks like we get to be roommates for the night.”

Smiling, Harry left to help outside.

~

It was another couple of hours before he got a moment to head back to the office basement with Lily at his side.

“Evening, ladies,” Harry said with a smile. “Everything going alright?”

He felt a huge relief seeing Adriana sitting up with a magazine in her hands. She looked bored, but at least she hadn’t transformed. At one of the tables, Andromeda and Agatha were going over their notes while Sylvia sat next to Amanda’s cage, watching her daughter sleep.

“Everthing’s fine,” Agatha told him.

Walking over to Adriana, Harry smiled down at her.

“Holding up alright?” he asked.

“Yeah, a bit bored, and-” Cutting herself off, she looked over at amanda to make sure she was asleep before looking back at him with a smirk. “Who’s dick do I have to suck to get this every full moon?”

“Must you be so crude?” Andromeda asked while Harry snorted. “You’re almost worse than Bella.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing,” Adriana winked.

“Tell you what,” Harry said. “As long as Agatha doesn’t need it for anything else, you can use it. We should have more built soon.”

“Too bad you can’t put one big one around the den,” Adriana said.

“I – Why didn’t I think of that?” Harry asked with a sigh.

“That would be really expensive,” Lily said.

“Yeah, but it’s not like I’m really losing that much,” Harry said. “I can always melt the gold down later if need to.”

“You’re serious?” Adriana asked. “You know I was joking, right?”

“It’s not a bad idea,” Harry said. “I’ll have to talk to Narcissa and see if we have the funds for something like that.

If not, he could always raid the Room of Requirement for more rare and expensive artifacts, he thought.

While Adriana shook her head at him, Harry moved over to check on Sylvia.

“You doing okay?” he asked.

“I’m fine,” Sylvia replied, smoothing her dress down over her legs.

“Did you want to talk now?” Harry asked.

“Um – well, yes. I suppose now is as good a time as any,” she said, sounding nervous. “Could we go someplace private?”

“Sure,” Harry said, looking at her curiously.

“I’ll watch Amanda and keep Adriana company,” Lily smiled. “Have fun.”

Harry shook his head with an amused smile. It was like she expected him to sleep with her, he thought.

Sylvia followed him as he led her upstairs and out of the office. She stayed quiet as they wandered the grounds. Just as he was about to ask her what she wanted to talk about, she finally spoke.

“Are you happy with the new house?” she asked, nodding to the two story manor built at the top of the hill.

“You know, I haven’t actually been inside yet,” Harry said, wondering what was making her so nervous.

“Oh,” Sylvia said before falling silent and looking at her feet.

Harry decided to give her a little more time before he asked what was really on her mind.

“Do you want to go take a look?” Harry asked.

“If you want to,” Sylvia said quietly.

“Come on,” Harry smiled.

Making the short walk up to the house, Harry used his wand to unlock the front door. Gas lamps sprang to life as they walked into the foyer, illuminating a large welcoming living room.

“Wow, someone’s been decorating,” Harry said.

“Probably, Maggie,” Sylvia replied.

“Probably,” Harry agreed.

With a flick of his wand, he lit the logs in the large fireplace, more for comfort than for heat. Taking a seat on the couch, he patted the seat next to him. Sylvia sat gingerly on the edge as if ready to bolt at any moment.

“What’s bothering you, Sylvia?” Harry asked gently.

“It’s not so much that something is bothering me,” she said, biting her lip and staring at the fire. “It’s just – well, you’re girlfriends sent me a letter...”

“Oh,” Harry blinked.

Quite honestly, he’d completely forgotten about that.

“They said that – that if I wanted to be your mistress, they would be okay with it,” Sylvia said quietly.

“You don’t have to do that,” Harry said, resting his hand lightly on her shoulder. “I’ll protect you and Amanda no matter what.”

“I know,” Sylvia smiled, her body relaxing. “But – well, it does have some benefits.”

“Like what?” Harry asked curiously.

“Better protection for me and Amanda, for one,” Sylvia said. “Then there’s the fact that it would guarantee there’s a man in her life she can trust.”

“And what about you?” Harry asked. “What if you meet someone and decide to get remarried.”



“Mistress contracts can be canceled,” Sylvia told him. “If either of us wants to end it, we can. Besides, I really do want to repay you for everything you’ve done. Even if it’s by... well...”

“Sleeping with me?” Harry asked. “Is that what you want?”

“I know you already have three girlfriends, but-”

Sylvia cut off mid-sentence with a gasp when Harry wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into his lap. She swallowed nervously and rested her hands on his shoulders as she straddled his thighs.

“Is this what you want?” Harry asked again, his thumbs slipping under her shirt and caressing the bare skin of her hips.

Biting her lips, Sylvia looked down nervously.

“It’s... been a while,” she admitted softly. “Even before Mark let, we were having problems. He spent more nights on the couch than he did in our bed. Even when he did, he was usually to drunk to do anything.”

Raising his hand, Harry caressed her cheek softly. Sylvia closed her eyes and leaned into his touch with a soft sigh. Curling his fingers under her chin, he raised her face until she was looking at him. Watching her eyes closely, he slowly leaned in.

Harry felt her tremble nervously, but she didn’t pull back. As his lips brushed hers lightly, Sylvia closed her eyes and let out a shuddering breath. Stroking her cheek, he leaned in and kissed her softly. After a moment of hesitation, Sylvia tentatively moved her lips against his. He gave her a few seconds to relax before deepening the kiss, and this time she responded eagerly. Her tongue caressed his while her arms wrapped around his neck, and her fingers threaded through his hair. With a moan, she rolled her hips, pressing her body more firmly against his.

Pulling back slightly, Harry started kissing along her jaw. He took her earlobe between his lips, sucking lightly before grazing it with his teeth. Sylvia whimpered, her breath washing across his neck.

“Should we take this upstairs?” Harry whispered.

Burying her face in the crook of his neck, Sylvia nodded.

Smiling, Harry kissed the side of her neck and stood, lifting her with him. When he set her down on her feet, he took her hand and led her up the staircase. Sylvia gripped his hand tightly as he took her up to the second floor and then took a right to where he knew the unoccupied bedrooms were. Pulling her into one of them at random, Harry closed the door and then pinned Sylvia to it as he kissed her passionately.

She gasped in surprise before kissing him back hungrily. As Harry pressed himself firmly against her, she moaned into his mouth, her hands threading through his hair. Running his thumbs along the bare skin of Sylvia’s hips, he grabbed the hem of her shirt and tugged it up. She didn’t hesitate to raise her arms and allowed him to pull it up and over her head. Harry only got a brief glimpse of her decently sized breasts encased in a pure white bra before he was kissing her again.

Sylvia ran her hands down his back and then slid her hand under it, her long nails trailing lightly over his skin. A moment later, she tugged his shirt up and tossed it on the floor next to her own. Harry’s lips went to her neck, kissing his way down to her chest while he pulled the right cup of her bra down under her breast. Sylvia moaned loudly as he took her pale nipple between his lips. Gripping her bum, Harry lifted her off of the ground with his face still buried in her chest, her legs wrapping around his waist as he carried her over to the bed.

After setting her down on the mattress, he ran his hands up Sylvia’s back to unclasp her bra. Tossing it to the floor, he kissed, sucked, and nibbled all over her smooth, warm globes.

“Harry,” Sylvia moaned.

Kissing his way down her stomach, Harry unzipped her skirt. When that, too, ended up on the floor, he started kissing her thighs. The scent of her arousal filled his every breath as he reached for her white panties. As he pulled them down her legs, Sylvia sat up and fumbled with his belt – whether out of nervousness or excitement, he couldn't tell.

In her rush to get his pants off, she ended up pulling down his boxers as well. Harry's erection sprang up, and Sylvia had to lean back to avoid it hitting her in the face. She froze in place, staring wide eyed at his rigid length, leaving Harry to finish removing his pants himself.

As she continued to stare at him, he smiled and curled his fingers under her chin. Lifting her face, he bent down and kissed her softly.

"Do you want to stop?" Harry asked just above a whisper.

"No," Sylvia said. "It's just – you're a lot bigger than my ex-husband, and he's the only one I've been with before now. I think I understand why you have so many girlfriends now."

Harry chuckled as she giggled shyly. When he crawled onto the mattress, both of them scooted back until they were fully on the bed. They lay down facing each other, and Sylvia surprised him by taking his shaft in hand. Stroking him lightly a few times, she kissed him deeply while pushing him gently onto his back. Once he was lying down, Sylvia straddled his waist and pressed her hot, sopping folds against his length with a moan.

Lying back, Harry groaned as she pressed her hands against his chest and continued rolling her hips. His hand slid from her thighs to her hips and then all the way up to her breasts.

"You're so beautiful, Sylvia," Harry said.

Smiling prettily, she ground her hips down hard. When she leaned forward a moment later, reaching back to grab his shaft, she inadvertently left her breasts dangling in front of Harry's face. Grinning, he squeezed them together and wrapped his lips around Sylvia's left nipple. She moaned softly as she placed his tip at her entrance and sat back slowly.

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned as her tight, sweltering folds enveloped him.

Sylvia moaned long and low, her nails digging into the skin of his chest as she slowly worked herself lower. All of her earlier shyness disappeared in a flash. Staring down at him wantonly, she rocked back and forth on top of him, gradually taking him deeper and deeper until every last inch was buried in her depths.

Collapsing on top of him, Sylvia nuzzled into his neck while Harry wrapped his arms around her. Gently, he trailed his fingers up and down her spine, drawing a moan from her lips.

“Thank you,” Sylvia whispered tearfully.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked worriedly.

Sylvia gave a watery chuckle and sniffled.

“Nothing’s wrong,” she said. “Sorry, I guess I’m just a bit emotional. I’m just – I’m so glad you knocked on my door. I felt like my whole world was falling apart, and then you showed up like a knight in shining armor. I have no idea what I would’ve done with you. You’ve just been so wonderful. Amanda adores you, and I –”

Sylvia broke off thickly and took a shuddering breath as Harry caressed her back soothingly. Turning her head, she kissed his neck and rolled her hips while her inner muscles flexed around him.

“I’ll never be able to repay you for everything you’ve done, but I can do this,” Sylvia panted as she continued gyrating. “I’ll do anything you want. Anytime, anywhere, it doesn’t matter. I’ll do it.”

“Anything?” Harry asked.

Kissing his neck, Sylvia nodded.

“What I really want is to know what you want,” he said.

Sylvia giggled and whispered, “Of course you’d say that.”

Falling silent, Harry ran his hands up and down her naked back. When his hands reached her bum, he grabbed both cheeks and squeezed while thrusting his hips forward. Sylvia moaned as his pelvis ground against her clit.

“Would – would you make love to me?” she whispered softly.

Smiling, Harry rolled over so he was on top and she was under him. Sylvia’s legs wrapped around his waist as she stared up at him. Harry leaned down and kissed her softly while he began thrusting slowly. Her hand tangled in his hair as she moaned into his mouth.

“Harry,” Sylvia breathed against his lips, her hips rolling against his as he bottomed out.

“You feel so good, Sylvia,” Harry said between kisses. “You’re so beautiful.”

With long, deep thrusts, she threw her head back and moaned. Smiling, Harry sucked and kissed at the column of her throat. Sylvia’s throat vibrated under his lips as she moaned again, and her folds tightened around him.

“Merlin, I love when you do that,” Harry panted.

“You mean this?” Sylvia giggled and tightened her muscles around him again.

Growling, Harry pulled back and drove back in sharply. With a gasp, Sylvia arched her back and dug her nails into his shoulders. Her fold fluttered around him wildly as she let out a trembling moan. Arousal drenched Harry's length, creating a wet slap each time he thrust into her. As she came down from her peak, Sylvia trailed her hands down his back and squeezed his bum roughly. Her gaze met his, and the depth of emotion in her hazel eyes very nearly took his breath away. Their eyes locked, and she flexed her muscles around in perfect time with his thrusts. Harry groaned at the amazing feeling. It was like she was massaging him each time he bottomed out in her depths.

"I'm close," Harry warned her.

Sylvia tightened her legs around him, her heels urging him on. With a groan, Harry kissed her hard as he buried himself in her depths and erupted. She trembled under him as he swelled and pulsed. Even as he came, she continued to tighten her muscles around him.

Sylvia moaned contentedly as his climax eventually came to an end, her arms and legs trapping him in place. Panting heavily, Harry collapsed on top of her. Unbothered by his weight, she kissed his shoulder and combed her finger through his hair.

After catching his breath, Harry pushed himself up. Smiling, he kissed Sylvia on the lips before rolling to the side. Cuddling up to him, she kissed his chest as they both relaxed in a euphoric afterglow.

Unfortunately, they couldn't stay like that all night. After cuddling for a while, they both got out of bed and dressed.

"So, does this mean you'll take me as your mistress?" Sylvia asked.

"If you're sure it's what you want, yes," Harry said.

Smiling brightly, Sylvia wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed him heatedly.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully.

“I feel like I should be the one thanking you,” Harry grinned. “But, as my mistress, I expect you to tell me if you or Amanda ever need anything. Anything at all.”

Smiling affectionately, Sylvia shook her head. Harry smiled back and took her hand before leading her back down the stairs. Lily and Connie, who were sitting in the living room with cups of tea, stopped talking and looked at them with knowing grins.

“Well?” Lily asked impatiently.

“He said yes,” Sylvia said, blushing but smiling.

“Oh, I’m so happy for you,” Connie smiled.

Rushing over to Sylvia, she hugged her tightly.

“I can’t believe you planned this,” Harry said to Lily as she walked over to hug him.

“Are you complaining?” Lily asked with a smirk.

“Aw, poor Harry,” Connie said mockingly. “His girlfriends keep throwing other beautiful women at him.”

Harry shook his head and smiled as the girls giggled.

The rest of the night passed calmly, and the girls even managed to talk Harry into getting a couple of hours of sleep. When he woke in the early hours of the morning and went to the basement to check on everyone, Adriana was the only one awake. He talked to her briefly and noticed that she seemed to be looking at him oddly.

He asked Lily about it when he met her at the enclosure.

“I don’t know,” she shrugged. “But I did see her talking with Bella earlier.”

“Should I be worried?” Harry asked with a smile.

Lily giggled, and he let it go as they got ready for morning.

## Chapter 23

Slowly waking, Harry pulled the warm body firmly against his chest as he inhaled a flowery, feminine scent. Blinking his eyes open, he smiled softly at the head of short, blonde hair that filled his vision.

Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix were busy studying for the end of year exams and, in Narcissa’s case, her OWLs. They were intent on doing well, which left Harry more time to spend with Connie.

Kissing her shoulder, Harry trailed his hand up her firm stomach to cup one of her round, perky breasts. Connie moaned in her sleep, her bum wiggling against his swelling member. Taking her nipple between his fingers, he rolled it gently, causing the crinkled nub to slowly stiffen. He felt Connie’s fingers trail down his arm as she inhaled a deep breath and wiggled back against him more firmly.

“Mmh, someone’s happy to see me,” she mumbled in a deep, sleepy tone.



“What gave me away?” Harry asked, giving her shoulder an open-mouthed kiss, sucking lightly at the skin.

“The Beater’s Bat wedged between my cheeks,” Connie said.

She flexed the muscles of her bum, trapping his hardened length between her muscular globes. With a groan, Harry flexed his length in return, his fingers rolling her engorged nipple.

“Mmh,” Connie moaned. “What time is it?”

Harry squinted as he looked at the clock on the wall.

“Just after six,” he said.

“Good,” she breathed.

Pulling away from him, she rolled over quickly and pushed his shoulders back onto the mattress. She kissed him passionately while crawling over him, her toned legs straddling his waist. Harry groaned into her mouth when she rolled her hips, grinding her slick fold on his throbbing length. His hand caressed her body as she teased his head along her entrance before finally lowering herself onto him. Connie pulled her lips from his and sat upright as her folds reached his base.

“God, you’re beautiful,” Harry said, taking her tight, fit body.

Smiling, she ran her nails down his chest while rocking her hips. Slowly at first, she built to a vigorous rhythm, her tight folds sliding like silk up and down his shaft. Tilting her head back, Connie moaned wantonly as his hands cupped and squeezed her trembling breasts.

Sliding his hands down to her hips, Harry suddenly rolled her over onto her back. His length speared into her quivering depths, drawing a gasp from her lips as he kissed her next.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” Connie hissed. “Keep fucking me like this, and you’ll end up with another mistress.”

“Can I still call you professor?” Harry asked teasingly.

“You can call me anything you want, just don’t stop,” she panted.

Smiling, he bent down and kissed her hard, his hips pulling back before snapping forward. Each thrust was delivered with enough power to drive her body into the mattress. The springs squeaked, and the headboard thumped rhythmically into the wall as he rutted into her hot, molten depths. When Connie threw her head back to moan, her body shivering, he latched onto her exposed neck. Harry sucked at the delicate skin harshly while her fingers tangled in his hair. He was intent on leaving a mark for everyone to see.

Connie dug her heels into his bum, urging him to move harder and go deeper. She writhed under him, her nails digging sharply into his back as she gasped for breath. Harry was overcome with a sense of possessiveness as the beautiful, powerful witch teetered on the brink.

Pushing himself up, he stared at her expressive face as he thrust into her savagely. Connie’s face screwed up in pleasure as she threw her head back and howled, her entire body shivering and shaking. Harry continued pounding into her relentlessly as she gasped beneath him, her mouth hanging open in a silent scream.

“Harry,” Connie whimpered, her muscles spasming while she clenched her eyes shut.

Harry held off his own climax as long as he could, delighting in the expression of agonized pleasure that danced across her face. He kept her floating in a cloud of overwhelming bliss for several long moments before he finally erupted inside of her. As he pinned his pelvis to hers, his length pulsing and leaping within her depths, Connie clenched her legs around his waist. Tears

swam in her eyes as she was finally able to come down from her peak, her breath coming in sharp trembling pants.

Seeing that she had no intention of releasing him anytime soon, Harry carefully rested his weight on her and buried his face in the crook of her neck. He kissed and sucked at the pale skin, spotted with red from his earlier attention. When she'd finally caught her breath, Connie stroked his back gently, the soothing sensation nearly causing him to drift back to sleep.

~

After grabbing a quick shower and giving Connie a kiss goodbye, Harry headed down to the Great Hall for breakfast. Immediately, he could tell something was off from the loud chatter and the disgruntled looks on Lily and her friends' faces.

"What's wrong?" he asked, sitting down next to her.

"Someone," she said, pointedly looking down the table at the Grinning Marauders, "managed to sneak into our dorm last night and steal everyone's panties."

"Do you know how weird it feels going commando while wearing a skirt?" Alice asked with a scowl.

"Can't say that I do," Harry replied, fighting a grin.

Before his fifth year, he remembered his Godfather telling him all about the Great Panty Raid of seventy-six. Using the Marauders Map and tricking a couple of prefects, they'd managed to sneak into all of the house dorms in a single night and steal the panties of every girl fifth year and up. It was an impressive feat, and Harry had to admit it was pretty funny.

Not that he would ever tell the girls that.

“Can’t you just transfigure a pair or conjure them?” Harry asked.

The girls surrounding stared, nonplussed, for a few seconds before muttering curses and pulling out their wands.

“So, they got you too?” Narcissa asked as she watched sheets of parchment and quills being turned into knickers.

“They got into Slytherin?” Dorcas asked incredulously.

“And Hufflepuff,” Narcissa nodded. “I’ll bet they got into Ravenclaw as well.”

“How the hell did they manage that?” Marlene asked.

“I don’t know, but we better get them back,” Narcissa said, glaring down at Sirius. “They took my favorite pair.”

“The black, Arcomantula silk ones?” Lily asked sympathetically.

Narcissa nodded.

“Bastards,” Lily muttered under her breath.

“Can I curse them?” Bellatrix asked hopefully.

“Not yet,” Harry said, smiling when she pouted. “If you don’t get them back by the end of the day, then yes.”

Bellatrix's pout turned into a smirk, her violet eyes taking on a predatory gleam.

"I'm not sure if I want them back," Alice shuddered. "Who knows what they've done with them."

"Alice," Mary whined. "Did you have to put those thoughts in my head?"

Alice grinned unrepentantly and shrugged.

Finishing their breakfast quickly, the girls left early, heading to the loo to put on their panties. Looking down the table at James and Sirius, Harry decided to give them a fair warning. Standing up, he walked over and sat next to Sirius.

"Sneaking into all four girls' dorms in one night... that's pretty impressive," Harry said.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Sirius grinned.

Beside him, James puffed up his chest proudly, Remus looked away with a smirk, and Peter snickered.

"Sure, you don't," Harry said sarcastically, rolling his eyes. "Well, if you *do* know who did it, you might want to warn them to return those panties before dinner."

"And why would they want to do that?" Sirius asked.

"Because Bella is hacked off, and I can only hold her back for so long," Harry said.

Sirius and James shared a nervous glance, swallowing thickly.

“Right, we’ll pass the word along,” James told him.

“Good,” Harry smiled.

Standing up, he clapped Sirius on the shoulder and headed to class.

~

As it turned out, the Marauders did give the girls their panties back – at lunch, when they dropped them from the ceiling of the Great Hall. Fortunately, they did it towards the end of the meal, when much less food was on the tables. That still didn’t stop some from ending up in the dishes, however. Nor was it much of a relief to the girls who scrambled to pick up their underwear and sort them out amongst themselves.

It seemed James and Sirius weren’t too concerned with whose panties landed where. Even after the bell had rung for class, girls were still arguing about and trading their underwear back and forth throughout the hall, much to the displeasure of Professor McGonagall.

“We are so getting them back for this,” Lily said, grimacing at a pair of lacy red panties covered in mashed potatoes.

“I want in,” Amelia said, catching up to her.

“Me too,” Bellatrix added.

Looking ahead, Harry watched as James and Sirius snickered while Marlene stuffed a black thong in her pocket with a blush. Part of him almost felt sorry for them. Almost.

He had to admit, though, they’d provided some much need relief from all of the frantic last-minute studying.

By the time they reached the Defense classroom, nearly half the girls in sixth year, and some that weren't, were all eager to get in on the revenge. They agreed to meet in the library after exams to come up with a solid plan.

"Alright, everyone, settle down," Connie called. "I know we've all had an exciting afternoon, but it's time to get to work. Today, we're going to be going over what to expect on the written exam."

The class groaned in unison.

"Trust me, I'm not a fan of it either, but you need to know it for your NEWTs next year," Connie said. "Now, turn to page two hundred and forty-six..."

Harry only listened with half an ear as Connie went over the theoretical side of Defense. Thankfully, she knew he was well-versed in everything she was talking about, so she didn't call on him. He still had to write out the practice essay that she passed out to the class, though.

He was about halfway through when Connie stood suddenly from her chair, the legs scraping loudly across the floor.

"Class dismissed! Harry, with me! Now!" Connie yelled.

As everyone muttered, confused, Harry stood. As he approached her desk, he noticed the leather-bound journal in her hands. It was the same one he'd linked to the Death Eater months ago. He'd barely reached her desk when she turned and walked briskly out of the classroom.

"What is it?" Harry asked once they were out in the hall.

In response, Connie handed him the journal.

*Tonight, at midnight, we will free my faithful from Azkaban. While the Ministry panics and cowers at the might of Lord Voldemort, we will release the Dementors. My Death Eaters, the time has come for us to take our rightful place in the world. At the very top!*

“Shit,” Harry cursed under his breath.

“We need to tell Dumbledore and the Ministry,” Connie said.

Harry nodded absently, reading over the details as they walked toward Dumbledore’s office. Only a couple of minutes later, Connie was knocking on his door.

“Come in,” Dumbledore called.

Pushing the door open, they strode in purposefully.

“You need to see this,” Harry said, walking over and placing the journal in his hands.

Raising a white, bushy brow, Dumbledore looked down at the page it was open to. A frown grew on his face, seeming to age right before their eyes.

“How did you come by this information?” he asked.

“I placed a Listening Charm on one of the Death Eaters we caught a few months ago,” Harry said.

“And you’re sure it’s accurate?” Dumbledore asked.



“As much as we can be,” Harry sighed. “This is how we knew they were going to attack the Browns. Besides, this really isn’t something we can ignore.”

Dumbledore sighed, “Indeed, we cannot.”

Standing, he motioned for Harry and Connie to follow him as he walked over to the Floo.

“Ministry of Magic, Minister’s Office,” he said, throwing in a handful of Floo Powder.

Dumbledore stepped forward and disappeared in a flash of emerald fire, followed quickly by Harry and Connie.

“Albus,” Minister Bagnold said. “To what do I owe this visit?”

“I’m afraid we have a problem,” Dumbledore said. “Harry and Connie have just discovered Voldemort plans to assault Azkaban tonight, at midnight.”

Bagnold sat up sharply and frowned. Taking the journal, she read it over quickly, her face rapidly paling.

“How certain are you that this is accurate?” she asked.

“Are certain as we can be,” Harry replied.

“Is it possible they could be feeding us false information?” the Minister pressed, desperation creeping into her tone.

“It’s possible,” Harry admitted, glancing at Connie. “But we think it’s highly unlikely.”

“Regardless, this isn’t something we can ignore,” Dumbledore said. “I believe the best course of action is to trust this information until we have a reason not to.”

“Yes, of course,” Bagnold said, getting to her feet quickly. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to see Director Bones.”

“Of course,” Dumbledore said, giving Harry a pointed look when he opened his mouth to speak.

Harry wasn’t happy but held his tongue. If Dumbledore was just trying to stop him from fighting, he’d contact David and offer to help. As the Minister left her office at a brisk walk, he followed the headmaster to the Floo and back to Hogwarts.

“What was that about?” Harry asked a bit more aggressively than he intended.

“In all likelihood, the Ministry will focus their efforts on protecting Azkaban,” Dumbledore explained. “Tom will plan for that. I expect he’ll release the Dementors before he attacks the prison, forcing the Aurors to contain them or risk thousands of lives and the exposure of our world. We must stop that from happening.”

While Harry thought on his words, the headmaster turned and threw a handful of powder into the Floo.

“Potter Manor,” he called, sticking his head in the flames.

Since he couldn’t hear the conversation, he looked over at Connie questioningly.

“He’s calling the Order,” she told him. “We’ve been holding meetings at the Potters.”

“Oh,” Harry said.

A moment later, Dumbledore pulled his head from the fire and stood.

“We have a meeting in an hour,” he said.

~

Connie Side-Along Apparated Harry to a field in Wales, where they landed a couple of hundred yards away from a large stone manor. Dumbledore appeared a moment later before sending a Patronus past the gate and towards the house. As Harry looked around, he wondered what had happened to this place. Was it destroyed? Had his father sold it?

“You alright?” Connie asked softly.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, squeezing her hand with a smile.

A few seconds later, the iron gate creaked and swung open. As they walked up the loose stone path to the house, Harry felt the wards wrap around him, the centuries old magic welcoming him. For the first time since he’d come back, Harry felt a real connection to his family. It was an emotional moment, but unfortunately, not one he had the time to dwell on.

Just as they made it to the manor, the front door opened, and Charlus greeted them with a smile.

“Well, I guess that answers the question if we’re related,” he said with a smile.

Harry smiled back, his throat feeling a bit tight as Charlus patted him on the shoulder.

“Has everyone arrived?” Dumbledore asked.

“Everyone but the Aurors,” Charlus replied, ushering them into the house.

“That’s to be expected,” Dumbledore nodded.

“Is it that bad?” Charlus asked.

“I’m afraid it is,” Dumbledore said.

Nodding, Charlus showed them into the dining room. The long, rectangular table was paced with both familiar and unfamiliar faces.

“Oh, hello,” a woman with black, greying hair, high cheekbones, and a kind smile said. “You must be Harry. I’m Dorea.”

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said, shaking her hand lightly.

As he looked at her closer, it was easy to see the Black family resemblance.

“I hear you’re dating two of my nieces,” she said with a small smirk.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck nervously.

“Oh, don’t worry, dear,” Dorea smiled. “I’m glad. It’s good Bellatrix and Narcissa have someone to point them in the right direction. Bellatrix, especially, has always been a handful.”

“I’ve noticed,” Harry smiled. “Just don’t tell her I said that.”

Dorea smiled, her dark, intelligent eyes sparkling.

“I’m sorry to break up the family reunion,” Dumbledore said. “However, we have important matters to discuss.”

“We’ll talk later,” Dorea said, patting the back of his hand gently.

Harry grinned, excited to get to know his grandparents better.

“I’m afraid I bring troubling news,” Dumbledore continued. “Lord Voldemort plans to liberate his followers from Azkaban and release the Dementors tonight at midnight.”

A rumble of near panic ran around the table.

“The Ministry will be protecting Azkaban. However, I would like the Order to help contain the Dementors,” he said. “If they aren’t stopped, the Aurors will be for to waste precious resources.”

Suddenly, the double oak doors to the dining room banged open, and David Bones rushed in.

“Sorry I’m late,” he said, taking a seat next to Connie.

“Quite understandable,” Dumbledore said. “Can you fill us in on the Ministry’s response.”

“Minister Bagnold had us call in all the available Aurors, but we’re not telling them why until the last minute,” David said. “She’s worried word my leak if they’re told too soon. The main bulk of our forces will wait in the ready room for the attack to start while a smaller force will patrol for the Dementors. The hope is that You-Know-Who will make a small breach in the wards to sneak in without raising the alarm, giving us a chance to trap them inside and surround them.”

"I was just asking the Order for volunteers to assist with the Dementors," Dumbledore said.

"Good," David nodded. "That would allow us to send more Aurors to Azkaban. I also convinced the Minister to officially ask for your assistance. I'm confident my Aurors can handle the Death Eaters, but You-Know-Who could decimate our forces. Even if we stop them at Azkaban, the losses are likely to be so bad it would take us years to recover."

"Very well," Dumbledore nodded.

"Thank you," David said, looking relieved. "Do you have any idea where the Dementors are likely to go first?"

"Likely somewhere around Dunbar," Dumbledore said thoughtfully. "That's the closest part of the mainland from Azkaban."

"Wait, aren't the Ballycastle Bats playing in Scoughall tonight?" Daedalus Diggle asked thoughtfully.

"They are," Charlus nodded. "That's not far from Dunbar, and a magical crowd that big would be irresistible to the Dementors."

"I agree," Dumbledore nodded. "However, we shouldn't count on them landing there first. Our best course of action would be to spread out along the coast on brooms."

"I'll take care of that," Charlus said. "The owner of Nimbus Brooms owes me a favor."

"Excellent," Dumbledore said, taking out his pocket watch and popping it open. "We still have a few hours. I suggest you rest as much as you can until then. Charlus, Harry, I'm putting the two of you in charge of the Order while I'm away. I know Harry is young, but he is capable and knows Voldemort better than anyone, including myself."

Harry straightened his shoulders as several people looked at him skeptically.

“He knows what he’s doing,” David added. “Harry held off You-Know-Who long enough at the Browns for Philston and his wife to escape.”

Standing, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a silver badge before passing it to Connie.

“I’m officially reinstating you. I want you to be the liaison between the Order and the Aurors,” he told her. “Keep me apprised of what’s happening. I’ll send help as soon as I can, but I don’t know how long it will be before backup will be available.”

“What do you want us to do if we can’t stop them?” Connie asked.

“Direct them to an isolated area and try to minimize the damage,” David sighed. “I wish I had a better answer, but stopping the attack on Azkaban has to be the priority.”

“We’ll stop them,” Harry said firmly.

Staring at him for a moment, David nodded. As he walked toward the door with Dumbledore behind him, he patted Harry on the shoulder.

“Kipsy,” Dorea called out.

With a pop, a House Elf wearing a clean, white tea towel appeared in front of her.

“Yes, mistress?” Kipsy asked.

“Could you start dinner for our guests?” she asked.

"Of course, mistress," Kipsy said eagerly.

Bowing, he disappeared with a snap of his fingers.

"I need to make a few calls," Charlus said as he got to his feet. "Make yourselves at home. Feel free to grab one of the rooms upstairs if you want to take a kip."

"Does anyone have a map?" Connie asked.

Daedelus pulled one out of the stack of parchment and spread it out over the table. As he looked over it, Harry felt a tap on his shoulder. Dorea smiled kindly at him as he turned to look at her.

"Now, how about you tell me how you ended up with so many girlfriends," she said, watching him intently.

"It's a bit of a long story," Harry said.

He spent the next hour talking with Dorea, who seemed genuinely curious about his life. She was a very kind woman, but there was a shrewdness to her gaze. More than once, when he stuck to the story he and Dumbledore had come up with for his backstory, he got the impression she didn't quite believe him.

"You know, it's too bad you and James don't get along," Dorea said.

"I really don't have a problem with James," Harry said. "I think he's just upset that I'm dating Lily."

"James is used to getting what he wants," Dorea smiled. "I'll admit, we spoiled him quite a bit."



Before Harry could respond, Kipsy popped into the room along with three other elves, all levitating large platters of food.

~

After a pleasant dinner, the atmosphere gradually grew more and more tense as the clock ticked closer to eleven. It was decided they would leave an hour early to make sure they were in position to intercept the Dementors. Just a few minutes before it was time to leave, a short, bald man with a long, curly mustache stepped into the room with an arm full of brooms.

“Reginald,” Charlus greeted him. “You’re just in time.”

“Sorry it took me so long,” Reginald said, wiping sweat from his brow after setting the stack of brooms on the table. “I lost the damn key again. What’s all this about, anyways?”

“I’ll explain later,” Charlus said. “We really must be going.”

“Alright, but you bring the drinks,” Reginald told him with a smile.

“It’s time. Everyone grab a broom,” Connie said. “You all know where to go. Remember, the first sign of Dementors, send up sparks as high as you can.”

“Dementors?” Reginald asked, his mustache twitching.

Harry followed Connie as they made their way outside with four other Order members. The moment they reached the edge of the wards, they all mounted their brooms and Disapparated. Reappearing a moment later, they arrived just outside the Quidditch stadium. Harry heard the crowd cheer loudly as the announcer shouted into the mic. The stadium itself sat right on the edge of the North Sea near a small, floating dock.

“At least it’s warm,” one of the Order members said. “We should be able to feel them coming.”

“In this darkness, I hope so,” another replied, looking up at the moonless sky. “We’ll be lucky to see anything.”

“Let’s spread out,” Connie said. “Harry and I will stay here. Frank, Matrin, you two head a little South. Charlus, you and Geoff keep an eye on the North.”

“Will do,” Charlus nodded.

As they flew off in opposite directions, Harry and Connie circled high above the stadium, the lights from the pitch the only thing illuminating the sky.

“I’m kind of surprised you didn’t fight to go to Azkaban with the other Aurors,” Harry said, his eyes scanning the black sky.

“And leave you here by yourself?” Connie asked with a smirk. “Your girlfriends would’ve killed me.”

Harry snorted and tilted his head, recognizing she had a point.

“I’m surprised you didn’t try to talk David into letting you go,” Connie said.

“I thought about it,” Harry sighed. “I feel like I should be there, but Dumbledore’s right. We need to stop the Dementors. If we don’t, either David has to pull his Aurors away from Azkaban, allowing the Death Eaters to escape, or he lets them kill thousands until we can round them up.”

"It's a shitty situation," Connie nodded. "You don't think You-Know-Who knows we're spying on him, do you?"

Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

"It's possible," he admitted. "If he does, now would be the time to use it against us. We really don't have any other choice, though. We just have to hope for the best."

"Hey! What are you kids doing!?"

Harry and Connie spun around as a man in referee's robes flew up to them.

"If you wanna watch the match, go buy a ticket!" he yelled sternly. "Now get out of here before I call the Aurors."

Harry snorted, angering the man, while Connie reached into her pocket and pulled out her badge.

"They're already here," she said.

"Oh, er... my apologies, miss," the man stammered, looking abashed.

"Quite alright," Connie smiled.

"Is something wrong?" he asked, looking from her to Harry.

"We got a tip that a wanted criminal might be around here," Connie said. "Tell your security to keep it quiet, but we may need to evacuate the stadium."

"We can't!" the man exclaimed. "What about the game?"

"That's for you to figure out," she told him. "My job is to make sure no one gets killed."

"Oh, er, yes, yes. Of course," the referee stammered, flushing under her penetrating gaze. "I'll let them know at once."

Turning tail, he shot back down to the pitch.

"I really don't like this," Harry sighed.

"Neither do I," Connie agreed. "But if we evacuate them too soon--"

"Tom might figure out what we're up to, I know," Harry said frustratedly. "I still don't like it."

Reaching out, Connie took his hand in hers and squeezed.

The night was quiet, with the exception of loud, distant cheers and groans from the stadium as Harry and Connie flew high above. The minutes ticked by as they circled, waiting anxiously for any sign of Dementors. In the back of his mind, Harry constantly wondered what was happening at Azkaban and hoped they'd made the right decisions.

Five minutes before midnight, he spotted a silver spell streaking toward him. It stopped next to Connie, and Harry raced over to hear what message the unfamiliar Patronus was carrying.

"We felt the Dementors pass, but we never say them. I think they're heading your way. We're on our way to you now," it said in a deep, male voice.

"Damn it!" Connie hissed. "I was hoping they'd go to a less populated area first."

"It's never that easy," Harry told her.

Raising the Elder Wand, he shot a small ball of white light straight into the air. After a few hundred feet, it expanded rapidly and lit up the night sky. Looking out towards the sea, they saw a wall of fog creeping toward them. Leading it were Dementors as far as they could see. A thousand of them skimmed just above the surface, their writhing black cloaks fluttering above the waves and blocking the reflection of Harry's bright light.

"Holy shit," Connie breathed in shock.

"We need to get to the stadium. Now!" Harry barked.

Wheeling around, they shot back toward the pitch. As they entered the field, the crowd erupted in loud boos. Play was stopped, and the Quidditch players came in to land as the officials ran toward them. Connie didn't wait for them as she pressed her wand to her throat.

"Witches and Wizards, I'm Auror Connie Hammer," she said, her voice magically magnified as she held up her badge. On the hanging banners around the stadium, Harry could see her image projected onto them. "Dementors are approaching. We need everyone to evacuate in a calm and orderly fashion."

"What is this rubbish," one of the players asked, stomping forward angrily. "You can't just come in here and--"

Harry interrupted him by stepping up to him with a glare.

"There are a thousand Dementors heading this way," he hissed quietly. "If you want to try and play a game of Quidditch in that, be my guest."

"Harry!" Connie called urgently.

Looking over, he followed her gaze. The other Order members had arrived, but as they neared, multicolored streaks of magic streaked past them.

“They’re here!” the man in the lead shouted. “The Death Eaters are here!”

“Shit!” one of the players cursed.

Harry looked over at the witch as she spun on the spot, then blinked and stared in horror.

“I can’t Disapparate,” she said in a panic.

“Stay calm,” Harry said.

As the air grew cold, he turned and looked to the sky.

“They’re coming.”

~

Lily sat in the corner of the common room, reading a book and trying to distract herself from the worry she felt over Harry. He’d sent a letter telling her, Narcissa, and Bellatrix that something serious had come up, but he couldn’t write down any of the details. His promises of being back in the morning and the reassurance that he’d be fine did nothing to soothe her nerves.

“Come on, get off the pitch,” Sirius complained loudly. “I was just about to win five Galleons.”

“You wish,” James replied. “There’s no way Stilman gets the Snitch before Berkley.”

Lily rolled her eyes and turned back to her book, reading the same line she'd read ten times before, when she heard something that caught her attention.

"It appears that one of the people that landed is an Auror, and unless I'm mistaken, the other looks like Harry Potter, the Hero of Hogsmeade," the announcer said.

"That's just not fair," James whined. "Why does he get to sneak out to a Quidditch game?"

"Turn that up!" Lily barked, jumping out of her chair and walking closer.

James huffed petulantly while Remus reached over and turned up the volume.

"Dementors are approaching. We need everyone to evacuate in a calm and orderly fashion." Connie's voice said, echoing oddly in the background.

"Dementors?" the announcer asked skeptically. "There appears to be a disagreement on the field now. Harry Potter and Justin Lovely look like they might come to blows. I – wait, what's this? Several more people have arrived on brooms. I see some spell fire, but I can't tell who it's coming from. I hope it's not another riot... One of them is shouting something. It's hard to make out what he's saying from up here."

"Lily?" Alice asked.

Lily gave a start before turning to look at her.

"Is everything okay?" Alice asked.

"I don't know," Lily replied. "Harry said something big was happening tonight, and now..."

“He probably didn’t want you knowing he skivved off to go see a Quidditch game,” James said.

“Great Merlin’s underpants!” the announcer yelled. “The Dementors are here! They just came over the top of the stadium like a wave! There’s hundreds of them. Harry Potter and the Aurors are casting Patronus Charms, and it looks like they’re holding. Potter’s Patronus is more powerful than I’ve ever seen before. I can practically feel it. The crowd’s beginning to panic! People are climbing over each other to get to the door!”

“Oh, Merlin,” Alice gasped.

Lily felt fear settle into her stomach like a ball of ice cold lead. The common room went silent around her as they all listened to the announcer. She felt someone rest their hand on her shoulder, but she couldn’t look away from the Wireless to see who.

~

Harry groaned under the strain of holding back hundreds of Dementors at once. The others tried to help, but they gave him little relief. While Harry’s Patronus projected a dome protecting the entire stadium, the others could only guard a small area. Closing his eyes, he focused on the faces of his loved ones as the crowd began to shout and scream.

The faces of Lily, Narcissa, Bellatrix, Amanda, Sylvia, Connie, Hermione, and Sirius all flashed through his mind’s eyes as he pushed everything he had into maintaining his shield.

“We need to stop people from trying to leave,” Connie said. “They’ll be Kissed if they do.”

“Go,” Harry said. “I can hold them.”

“Are you sure?” Charlus asked, watching him closely.



“Yes. Go!” Harry yelled impatiently.

Connie kissed him on the cheek before she and the others left to help calm the crowd. They were doing a good job of it once people realized they were safer inside the stadium.

“If anyone here can cast a Patronus, please come down here and help!” Charlus said, his voice magically projected.

Sadly, only three people from the crowd joined, and one of them couldn’t even cast a corporeal Patronus. His blob of mist floated lazily to the edge of Harry’s shield, barely doing anything.

“I told Moody what’s happening,” Connie said, her hand resting comfortingly on his back. “He’ll send help as soon as he can.”

Harry nodded, sweat dripping from his brow.

“How long can you keep this up?” she asked softly, her warm breath ghosting over his neck.

“As long as I need to,” he replied.

“Harry,” Connie said, her voice trembling with a mixture of emotions.

“A few minutes,” Harry admitted. “Maybe a little longer.”

“Would it help if it was smaller?” Charlus asked, approaching from behind. “We could move everyone onto the pitch.”

“It’s not the size that’s a problem. It’s the number of bloody Dementors,” Harry said.

"I'm afraid there's not much we can do about them," Charlus said.

"Then what can we do?" Connie asked.

"We need to start getting people out of here," he replied. "We can start making Portkeys and—"

Charlus stopped, and all of them turned around at the sound of a loud bang. There was a pause before it happened again, and the thick, golden gate blocking the entrance rattled.

"Wands ready!" Connie shouted.

"Is it Dementors?" a witch from the Order asked worriedly.

"No," Charlus told her. "They can't get through the shield."

"Death Eaters?" Connie asked.

Charlus nodded solemnly.

"I can't fight," Harry said softly. "Not without dropping my Patronus."

"We'll protect you," Connie said determinedly.

*Bang!*

"Indeed we will," Charlus said, squaring his shoulder.

The rest of the Order stepped forward, wand at the ready.

*Bang!*

Everyone shifted on their feet as they waited for the cracked wooden gate to give way, wondering what was waiting for them on the other side.

*Boom!*

The gate splintered as it exploded inwards. Flicking her wand, Connie stopped the shards of wood in their tracks as a dozen robed and masked Death Eaters streamed in. As they began to fire spells, she hurled the splinters like spears. Most were shielded easily, but one got through, impaling itself in a Death Eater's shoulder.

Harry's view of the fight was limited as he stood at the back, wand raised helplessly to the sky. He so badly wanted to fight, to protect everyone there, but he knew he couldn't. This time, he was the one that needed protecting.

~

"Oh no. Death Eaters just broke through the gate," the announcer said, his voice filling the silent common room. "The Aurors are fighting back, spells clashing in the middle of the pitch. A few of the Quidditch players have joined in, as well. Oh! Oh, Merlin, no. Julia Ryan, Chaser for the Wimbourne Wasps, was just cut down by one of the Death Eaters. What a horrific tragedy! A promising career cut short by these heartless monsters!"

Lily heard a sob behind her but didn't dare look back, fearing that she might start to cry, too.

"Great Scott!" the announcer shouted. "Harry Potter just impaled the Death Eater with a broom. The handle's protruding right through his chest! Oh no. Wait! Yes, okay. The shield

flickered for a moment, but it looks to be holding now. It appears that Potter needs his full concentration to hold it, and taking even a moment to avenge Julia Ryan caused it to falter. And it seems the Death Eaters recognized that as well. Nice Dodge by Potter as he ducks under a curse. They're all aiming for him now, and the Aurors are doing their best to stop them. I pray more Aurors arrive soon. I don't know how much longer they can keep this up."

"I'm sure more Aurors will be there any second," Dorcas said, taking a seat next to Lily.

"She's right," Marlene added, rubbing Lily's shoulder. "Professor Hammer is there, too. She'll make sure nothing happens to him."

Lily nodded silently, her heart in her throat.

"Ooh, Potter just took a bad Cutting Curse to the left shoulder," the announcer continued. "He just couldn't quite get out of the way in time. And it looks like – yes, I believe it is – Charlus Potter, owner of the Pride of Portree, is coming to his aide."

"What the hell is my dad doing there?" James asked, surprised.

"Maybe he was at the game?" Sirius asked. "Relax, no Death Eater is going to get the best of your dad. He was an Auror, remember?"

"Yeah," James said softly. "Yeah, you're right."

Despite how much she didn't like James, Lily felt sympathy for him. A memory tickled at the back of her mind, a memory of Harry telling her that his grandparents had died before he was born. She couldn't help but wonder if...

*No, she thought furiously. No, they'll be fine. Both of them will be just fine.*

~

Harry waved his hand, wandlessly throwing a bench in front of a Killing Curse aimed at him. His shoulder stung painfully as the bench shattered from the impact, flaming splinters scattering on the ruined pitch. His eyes once again fell on the young woman on the ground, her eyes staring at him, open and lifeless.

Turning away and keeping an eye out for more curses coming his way, he fought down the anger welling inside him. While that was a good emotion to use in a duel, it was completely antithetical to the Patronus Charm. No matter how much he wished to rage and fight, he kept his mind focused on more pleasant thoughts.

Sidestepping a spear tiredly, Harry tried his best to keep the memory of his Christmas with Lily at the forefront of his mind. A bead of sweat rolled down his neck and under his shirt as he pictured her bright, smiling face.

Harry dodged out of the way of a writhing, spitting, red curse, but lost his balance on one of the many furrows cut into the normally immaculate lawn. Suddenly, he felt a searing pain in his hip. It was so intense he couldn't stop but scream in pain as his leg collapsed under him. As he fell to the ground, he felt something shift under the skin that wasn't supposed to. He was certain something was broken.

Trying to get to his feet, he cast a powerful Numbing Charm to dull the pain. Even with that, he still put all of his weight on his good leg. The Patronus-driven shield flickered precariously overhead, and Harry fought to calm himself and get it back under control.

After a few tense seconds, the shield stopped flickering and held strong.

"Protect Harry at all costs!" Connie shouted. "If that shield goes down, we're all as good as dead!"

The Order circled closer around him, their faces grim and covered in dirt and sweat. The Death Eaters surged, a cascade of Curses and Hexes spitting from their wands. Harry used as much wandless magic as he dared, blocking spells and throwing benches. Still, the Death Eaters pressed forward.

“AHH!” One of the Death Eaters screamed, falling to his knees.

A woman in the stands stood, the tip of her wand smoking from the Cutting Curse she’d just cast. She stared wide eyed at the wizard bleeding on the ground, shocked at her own action.

A heartbeat later, the man next to her stood and fired his own curse down at the Death Eaters. Then another stood. Then another. Then two more.

Soon, the Death Eaters were fighting on two fronts. They struggled to block the spells fired at their backs from the crowd while trying to press the Order in front of them. Their divided attention started to cost them, and two more of their number dropped to the ground.

“Bombarda!” A Death Eater snarled, his wand aimed at the crowd.

Several people dove out of the way as the stands exploded violently. Screams of fear and pain rent the air. Wands lowered, and they began to retreat deeper into the stands. Harry felt his heart sink as the Death Eaters turned their full attention back to him and the Aurors.

“Cowards!” Connie spat.

Harry’s hand trembled from the exertion of holding his Patronus for so long. As a thousand Dementors continued to press in on it, the Death Eaters fought even harder, fueled by their anger.

Suddenly, Daedalus threw himself to the ground, and Harry saw a brief glimpse of a red, sizzling, Piercing Hex before it slammed into his stomach. Hobbling on his one good leg to keep

his balance, he pressed his hand to the wound and hissed. When he looked down, he saw crimson blood trickling from between his fingers.

Everything around him seemed to slow down as he watched the Order fight on, and a sense of hopelessness filled him. For just a moment, he thought about dropping his Patronus to fight. At least then, he could save a few lives. But looking out over the crowd, he couldn't bring himself to let them die. Men, women, and children all stared down at him, watching fearfully as their fate was determined.

*No*, Harry thought, pushing more magic into the shield protecting them. He'd protect them for as long as he could.

One of the Death Eaters knocked an Order member to the ground before turning his wand on Connie. Her back was to him, fighting another masked figure. Harry did the only thing he had the strength left to do.

Prongs charged forward, causing the Death Eater to cower as the spectral stag leapt at him. A moment later, the Death Eater took a Bludgeoning Hex to the side of the head, courtesy of Charlus.

"Look!" Someone shouted from the crowd.

Harry glanced over and spotted something glowing silver outside of his shield. The lights writhed and danced, scattering the Dementors. The Patronuses pushed enough of them back to create a small hole. One just big enough for five figures to squeeze through on their brooms.

"Aurors!" One of the Death Eaters shouted.

Harry felt a swell of hope as Moody, Kingsley, Elizabeth, Greyson, and Jenna swooped toward them. Violent, destructive magic shot from their wands, exploding around the Death Eaters. Several were thrown into the air while the rest backed up rapidly.

“Retreat!” one of them yelled.

The words barely left his lips before Moody had him stunned and bound. Greyson and Jenna landed gracefully, their wands moving furiously as they attacked the fallen Death Eaters before they could get to their feet. The exhausted Order pushed back, rallied by the arrival of the Aurors.

In short order, the Death Eaters were overrun.

“Harry!” Connie shouted, her eyes going wide as she got her first good look at him since the fighting started.

Rushing over to him, she gingerly helped to support his weight. Harry hissed, his shoulder throbbing in protest as he wrapped it around her shoulders.

“We need to get rid of these Dementors,” he said shakily, his wand trembling.

“We’ll help you push ‘em back,” Moody said.

“No!” Harry said sharply. “If we chase them off, they’ll just go someplace else.”

“You have something better in mind?” Moody asked.

“I think so,” Harry said, licking his dry lips. “I just need you to hold them off for a minute.”

Moody stared at him intently before looking up at the sea of Dementors pushing against the shield protecting them.

“And if this plan of yours doesn’t work?” he asked.



“Then we chase them off and spend the next several months hunting them down,” Harry said, wincing as Connie shifted her grip.

With a grunt, Moody nodded.

“Well, you heard the lad,” he yelled. “Let’s send these bastards back to where they belong.”

As one, the Order members and Aurors raised their wands and cast the Patronus Charm. Once they were in place, Harry cautiously relaxed his magic. The shield faded, but Prongs remained, joining the other Patronuses in holding back the horde of Dementors.

“Hurry up, Potter,” Moody growled. “We can’t hold this for long.”

Nodding, Harry took a deep breath. Ignoring the pain in his stomach, he raised his wand, allowing all of his anger and rage to fill him.

“Inmorti Flumen,” he hissed.

A bolt of purple flames rocketed from his wand and impacted the chest of a Dementor. Instantly, it, and several around it, burst into flames. An unholy, high pitched shriek filled the stadium, forcing many to cover their ears. The remaining Dementors stilled as several of their number fluttered to the ground in an uncontrolled fall, their robes consumed with hungry violet flames

Daedalus squeaked and jumped out of the way as one landed a couple of feet from him, its skeletal hand reaching out to claw at the ground. With a final, unnatural wail, it collapsed motionless and burned to dust.

Looking up at the Dementors with a glare, Harry brought his wand to his throat.

“You will return to Azkaban and never again leave its shores, or I will hunt down and destroy every last Dementor on the face of the Earth,” he snarled. “Do you understand?”

There was a moment of silence before the Dementors stopped pushing against the Patronuses and floated back slightly.

“Good,” Harry said, building up his magic. “Now, go. Expecto Patronum!”

Prongs leapt from his wand along with a swirling silver dome. The Dementors screeched as they turned and fled. Prongs followed after them, chasing them out to sea. Letting out a breath he didn’t know he was holding, Harry dropped his arm to his side and sagged.

“Harry?” Connie asked worriedly, struggling under his weight.

“I think I need to sit,” he said as Charlus helped her lower him to the ground.

Exhaustion overcame him, and he struggled to hear what was being said as everyone began talking around him.

“I didn’t even know that was possible.”

“It’s not... directly killed a Dementor before.”

“... dark magic, was it?”

“Who gives a shit.... be alive.”

“... need to tear down the wards... get Potter to the Hospital Wing...”

“What happened at Azkaban?” Harry asked, his eyes drooping.

“Long story short, we stopped most of them from escaping,” Moody said. “A few made it out when some Aurors showed their true colors, but no one important.”

“Greyback drowned when the boat some of the prisoners stole sank,” Jenna told him. “Turns out, swimming with only one arm and no legs is harder than it looks.”

Harry snorted, then immediately regretted it when his stomach hurt badly enough to bring tears to his eyes.

“I’ll give you the details later,” Charlus said. Handing him a chunk of wood. “This will take you to the manor. Dorea used to be a healer. She’ll fix you right up. Let her know I’m fine, but it’ll be a while before I’m home.”

Harry nodded, too tired to speak.

“Someone needs to go with him,” Charlus said. “He’s liable to break something else in this state.”

“I’ll go,” Connie volunteered.

Crouching down next to Harry, she placed a hand over his, her finger touching the wood.

“Don’t you go dying on me, lad,” Moody told him.

“You’re not getting rid of me that easily,” Harry said, his smile turning into a grimace.

Charlus bent down and tapped his wand on the piece of wood. It glowed blue before he felt a familiar tug behind the navel. Connie held onto him gently but firmly as they spun through a swirl of colors. Her wand snapped out as the trip came to an end, slowing their fall so that Harry landed lightly on his back.

“What happened?” Dorea asked as she walked over briskly.

Kneeling down, she waved her wand over Harry in familiar patterns.

“I don’t know, exactly,” Connie said.

“Go grab my black bag from the kitchen table,” Dorea said sharply. “I need the Blood Replenishing potion. The blue vial. Quickly.”

As Connie raced to do as she asked. Harry looked up at his grandmother’s worried face. Lifting her hand, she stroked it through his hair softly. His eyes closed at the comforting gesture, and he finally allowed himself to rest.

~

It was well into the early hours of the morning before the common room started to empty.

“I’m sure they’re fine,” James said to no one in particular.

Lily looked over to find him staring into the fire. Only then did she realize only a handful of students were still up. Marlene and Alice had insisted on staying with her, but both of them had fallen asleep. Marlene was snoring on the couch while Alice was curled up in Frank’s lap. In another corner, she spotted Molly and Arthur resting against each other. The sight made her long to feel Harry’s arms around her.

"I'm sure they would've said something if your dad was hurt," Lily said softly.

The words felt like ash in her mouth. While his father was almost certainly fine, she knew Harry wasn't. The announcer had made that extremely clear.

"Right," James said, his leg bouncing furiously as he turned to look at her. "You're right. And I'm sure Harry is fine, too. I mean, I know he's a bit banged up, but-

James broke off as the door to the common room opened. Lily's heart leapt hopefully, then plummeted into her stomach like a rock when she saw Professor McGonagall walk in.

"What are all of you still doing up?" she asked, though lacking her usual disapproving tone.

"We heard about the Dementor attack on the Wireless," James said. "The announcer described everything. Have you – have you heard anything about my dad?"

McGonagall looked at him sympathetically.

"Your father is just fine, Mr. Potter," she told him. "Harry was injured quite badly, but he's expected to make a full recovery."

Lily sighed in relief and clung to Marlene as her friend hugged her.

"What you may not know from the Wireless is that while the Dementors attacked the stadium, You-Know-Who was attempting to liberate his followers from Azkaban," Professor McGonagall said, eliciting gasps from the small group. "If it wasn't for your father and Harry Potter, the Ministry may not have had enough Aurors to repel the attack."

"Can I see him?" Lily asked hopefully.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Evans," McGonagall said. "Mr. Potter isn't here. He's currently being tended to by James' mother, Dorea. It was actually her that asked me to inform you of his condition. She expects that he'll be well enough to be transferred to the Hospital Wing tomorrow."

Lily nodded disappointedly. As relieved as she was to hear he was going to be alright, she wished she could see him for herself. Reaching out, Professor McGonagall patted her shoulder comfortingly.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Potter is a very talented Healer," she said. "Mr. Potter will be just fine."

"Thanks, professor," Lily said, stifling a yawn.

"Try to get some rest," McGonagall said. "I'll let you know when to expect him back in the castle as soon as I know something."

"Has someone told Narcissa and Bellatrix?" Lily asked.

"Professor Slughorn is telling them now," McGonagall smiled. "Mrs. Potter was quite insistent that the three of you be told."

Lily nodded, grateful but curious why Mrs. Potter felt that way.

*Did Harry tell her anything,* she wondered.

Shaking off the thought for the moment, she thanked Professor McGonagall again before heading toward the stairs.

"You okay, Lily?" Marlene asked as they climbed the stairs.

“Yeah,” Lily said tiredly. “I feel better now, knowing he’s okay. I just wish I could see him, you know?”

“I know,” Marlene said, pulling her into a hug. “Do you want to share a bed with me tonight?”

“I’d like that,” Lily smiled.

Walking into their dorm, they quickly changed into their pajamas and climbed into Lily’s bed. Laying on their sides facing each other, Marlene smiled. They both giggled softly before closing their eyes and getting some much needed sleep.

## Chapter 24

Harry woke up with his eyelids feeling heavy and his mind groggy. Finding himself in an unfamiliar room, he tried to sit up quickly. A stabbing pain in his stomach caused him to gasp and fall back on the pillows with a groan. It was then that he noticed he was shirtless with white bandages wrapped around his stomach.

“Oh, good,” a voice said from the doorway. “How do you feel?”

Looking over, Harry blinked as Dorea stepped into the room. Slowly, his memories of the night before started coming back to him.

“Like I’ve been run over by a herd of Hippogriffs,” he grumbled.

“That’s not far off,” Dorea smiled. “I managed to mend your shoulder fine, but your other injuries will take more time to heal. That Piercing Hex hit your liver and one of your kidneys, and whatever hit your hip not only broke the bone but tore two of your tendons. Both of them were dark magic. I managed to heal the worst of it, but it’ll take a week or two for the bruising and soreness to go away.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Grimacing, he sat up and eased his legs over the side of the bed. Dorea sighed and shook her head.

“You’re as stubborn as your grandfather,” she said.

Harry smiled, “It must run in the fam...ly.”

The words registered in his mind, and he sighed.

“How did you find out?” he asked softly.

“I ran a lineage test on your blood after I finished healing you,” Dorea said, sitting in the chair next to the bed. “While I was as happy as Charlus to find another member of the family, I’m not nearly as trusting. If you’re going to be able to come through our wards, then I need to know exactly who you are. I do not take chances with my family.”

Harry nodded in understanding. In her place, he would’ve done the same.

“I take it you’re a time traveler,” Dorea said.

Harry blinked at that and stared at her in surprise.

“I don’t see any other way James could have a son that older than him,” she said, her lips quirking up in a smile.

With a small, brief smile, Harry sighed and ran his hand through his hair.



“Is Charlus here?” he asked.

“No. He’s at the Ministry,” Dorea replied.

Harry nodded, “Well, it’s a bit of a long story.”

Dorea sat back in the chair and crossed her legs.

“I’ve got time,” she told him.

Taking a deep breath, Harry told her the truth about everything. Dorea stayed silent as he spoke, the only indication of her emotions showing in the small narrowing of her eyes and the pursing of her lips.

“Do Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix know about this?” she asked after he’d finished.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Lily knew before we even started dating, and I told Narcissa and Bellatrix shortly after that.”

“And James?” Dorea asked.

“No,” Harry answered, shaking his head. “I don’t think he’s quite ready to hear the truth just yet. If I told him now, he’d just hate me for taking Lily from him.”

Dorea pursed her lips thoughtfully.

“I wish I could argue with you, but you’re probably right,” she admitted. “But you said he’s supposed to grow up this Summer?”

“That’s only because you and Charlus were killed, and I don’t plan on letting that happen,” Harry said firmly.

“Do you know what happened?” Dorea asked.

“Not exactly,” Harry said. “I know Voldemort was behind it, and I never heard of Potter Manor, so I assume he attacked you here.”

Dorea’s eyes flashed angrily.

“Dumbledore never told you about Potter Manor?” she asked dangerously.

Harry snorted, “Dumbledore didn’t tell me about a lot of things.”

“Well, then it’s a good thing you’re here,” Dorea said. “Knowing about your family is important, especially for magicals.”

Harry smiled as she reached out and took his hand. A moment later, there was a light knock before the door opened. Charlus peeked in and smiled at the two of them.

“Ah, Harry, it’s good to see you up,” he said happily, stepping into the bedroom. “I take it you and Dorea have had time to talk?”

“We did,” Dorea nodded as Harry looked at them curiously.

“And?” Charlus asked expectantly.

Dorea sighed, a smile twitching at the corners of her lips.

"You were right," she said.

"I knew it!" Charlus cheered before turning to Harry. "So, time travel, eh? That must be one hell of a story."

"Oh, you don't know the half of it," Dorea said. "It seems our grandson attracts more trouble than the last ten generations of Potters combined."

"I can't wait to hear it," Charlus smiled. "But, for now."

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a scroll.

"Any objections?" he asked, looking at his wife.

Dorea looked over at Harry and smiled softly.

"No," she said, squeezing his hand.

"Excellent!" Charlus beamed.

Harry looked at Charlus curiously when he handed him the scroll. Untying the leather thong keeping it close, he unfurled the scroll and stared at the title.

*Record of Adoption and Inclusion into the Most Ancient and Noble House of Potter*

"Adoption?" Harry croaked.

“Charlus wanted to make it official as soon as we learned the truth,” Dorea said. “Welcome to the family, Harry.”

“I-” Harry choked on his words, his eyes burning as he held back tears. “I don’t know what to say. Thank you.”

Sitting next to him on the bed, Dorea wrapped her arms around his shoulders and hugged him tightly while Charlus patted his back.

“Welcome home, son,” he said.

~

A short while later, with the help of a cane, Harry limped his way to the kitchen where a few Order members, including Moody, Kingsley, Elizabeth, and Jenna, were having lunch.

“You look like shite, lad,” Moody grunted.

“Alastor,” Dorea scolded.

“Good to see you too, Moody,” Harry smiled as Charlus helped him into a chair. “Thanks for the save last night.”

“He saves an entire Quidditch stadium of people and thanks us,” Jenna said, shaking her head.

“You made the front page again,” Kingsley said, sliding a copy of the Daily Prophet across the table.

Sighing, Harry picked it up and gave it a glance.

“Well, at least this time, I’m below the fold,” he said, pushing it away. “What happened at Azkaban?”

“We got lucky,” Moody grunted. “You-Know-Who’s whole plan was to sneak in with a small group of Death Eaters and send off the Dementors. He didn’t expect any resistance. A handful of Aurors on his side managed to free some of the prisoners, but they didn’t get much. Just a few from minimum security. The only known Death Eaters released were recaptured except for Greyback, who drowned.”

“Good riddance,” Elizabeth muttered.

“Good,” Harry said, sighing in relief. “Did we lose any Aurors?”

“Eight killed, fourteen injured,” Kingsley replied.

“That seems like a lot,” Harry frowned.

“That bastard Crouch ordered us to capture You-Know-Who when he tried to retreat,” Moody spat.

Harry rubbed his face and growled in frustration.

“Please tell me he lost his job for that,” he said.

Moody grunted negatively.

“We can call him before the Wizengamot to answer for that,” Charlus said. “It’ll be difficult. He has a lot of support, but it could be done.”

Harry nodded just as Dorea set a bowl of soup and a grilled cheese sandwich in front of him.

“Try and stick to foods that are gentle on your stomach for a few days,” she told him. “That curse did a lot of damage to your intestines.”

“Thanks, Dorea,” he said, smiling gratefully. “Did the Dementors return to Azkaban?”

“Oh, they did,” Elizabeth smirked. “Scared the hell out of the Aurors that were there when they did.”

“Let’s just hope they stay there this time,” Jenna said.

“They will,” Moody smirked. “They’re terrified of Potter.”

Harry snorted as he dipped his sandwich in his soup. As he took a bit, he heard the Floo flare to life in the other room. A few seconds later, Connie walked into the kitchen tiredly. Spotting Harry, she smiled and kissed him on the cheek.

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

“Sore, but I’ll be fine,” he said.

“Do you feel up to going back to Hogwarts today?” Connie asked.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded.

“Good,” she nodded. “Your girlfriends are worried about you. Lily cornered me in the Entrance Hall when she saw me.”

"You make sure he goes straight to the Hospital Wing," Dorea said sternly. "He needs more rest before he tries to get himself killed again."

"I don't *try*," Harry muttered.

"It's the Potter curse," Charlus grinned. "Were magnets for trouble and headstrong witches."

"Those are the same thing," Moody grumbled, which earned him a smack on the arm from Dorea.

"And you, young man," she said, turning to Harry. "I expect you and the girls to visit this Summer. I want to meet this Lily after all I've heard about her, and it's been years since I've seen Bellatrix and Narcissa."

"I will," Harry smiled.

"Do you want some help at the Wolf's Den tomorrow?" Charlus asked.

"Bugger, is it the full moon already?" Harry asked.

Connie nodded, and Harry sighed.

"I'd tell you not to go if I thought you would listen," Dorea said. "But since I know you won't, we'll just have to go to make sure you don't overexert yourself."

"You really don't have to," Harry told her.

"That's what family's for," Charlus said, patting his shoulder.

After Harry had finished his lunch, he stood painfully and made his way gingerly to the Floo. His hip ached every time he put his weight on it, and his abdomen hurt with every breath.

“Urgh, I am not looking forward to Flooing,” he grumbled.

“I’ll go with you,” Dorea said. “I should tell Madam Pomfrey about your injuries anyways.”

The fireplace enlarged itself as Harry approached it with Connie on his left and Dorea on his right. Grabbing a fistful of powder, Dorea threw it into the flames.

“Hogwarts Hospital Wing!” she yelled.

Stepping forward as one, they were swept into the Floo system. Harry was glad both of them were there when they landed. The jarring stop made him grimace in pain, and his hip gave out. If it wasn’t for Connie and Dorea catching him, he would’ve ended up on the floor. Suddenly, he felt weightless as he was lifted into the air and started drifting toward one of the beds.

“I wondered how long it would take for you to end up here,” Madam Pomfrey sighed, setting him down softly on a bed. “It’s good to see you again, Dorea.”

“You too, Poppy,” Dorea smiled. “I patched him as best I could, but he’s going to be sore for a few days.”

Nodding, Pomfrey bustled around the bed, waving her wand.

“I heard about what happened over the Wireless,” she said. “Your injuries aren’t as bad as I’d thought they’d be.”

“The Wireless?” Harry asked.



“The announcer at the Quidditch game gave a play-by-play of the whole thing,” Connie told him. “Half the country was probably listening.”

Harry groaned and closed his eyes. Smiling sympathetically, Connie patted him on the shoulder.

“I’m going to go let the girls know you’re here,” she said.

“Thanks,” Harry said.

“Well, you’re pretty beat up,” Pomfrey said before turning to Dorea. “When’s the last time he had a pain potion?”

“Early this morning,” she replied. “I didn’t want to give him anything before he came here in case you wanted to change his treatment.”

“Unfortunately, there’s not much else I can do,” Pomfrey said.

Turning, she walked over to the potion’s cabinet and pulled out a vial filled with a thick, purple liquid. Walking back to the bed, she pushed it into his hand.

“Drink,” she ordered.

Sighing, Harry pulled the cork free and down the potion with a grimace. A moment later, he sighed in relief as his aches and pains dulled to a bearable level.

“Thanks, Poppy,” Harry smiled.

Suddenly, the doors to the Hospital Wing banged open. Lily jogged towards his bed with Bellatrix right behind her and Narcissa following at a more moderate pace. Skidding to a halt, Lily leaned over and hugged him gently.

"I'm so glad you're alright," she said tearfully.

Walking around to the other side, Bellatrix kicked off her shoes and climbed into the bed with him.

"Bella," Narcissa scolded with a sigh.

Harry smiled, and Lily chuckled wetly as Bellatrix curled up against his side and rested her head on his chest. Stroking her curly black hair, he kissed the top of her head.

"Professor Lsughorn said you healed him," Narcissa said, looking at Dorea.

"I did," Dorea nodded.

"Thank you," Narcissa said gratefully.

Smiling, Dorea stepped forward and hugged her. Narcissa hesitated for a moment before lifting her arms and hugging her back. Harry grinned and laid back on his pillows.

"How bad were you hurt?" Lily asked.

"Pretty badly," Dorea replied before Harry could. "He had a lacerated shoulder, broken hip, two torn tendons, and a puncture wound to his abdomen that managed to hit his liver, one of his kidneys, and his large intestine. He'll be bruised and sore for a few days, but he should be fine after that."

Blinking back tears, Lily turned and hugged Harry tightly.

"I'm fine," he assured her.

"I know," Lily said. "I just don't like seeing you get hurt. Listening to what you were going through on the Wireless was horrible."

"I'm sorry," Harry said, kissing her forehead.

The door to the Hospital Wing opened again, and a crowd of people poured in. Amelia, Alice, Drocas, Mary, Marlene, Molly, and Arthur all entered, followed by Professor McGonagall.

"What are you all doing here?" Madam Pomfrey asked, fists perched on her hips.

"I told them they could visit for a few minutes," McGonagall said. "They were all quite worried about him."

"Fine, but just a few minutes," Pomfrey said sternly. "He needs his rest."

Smiling, the girls and Arthur raced over to check on Harry.

"And I thought James was the lady's man in the family," Dorea smirked.

"Oh, so you're related?" Marlene asked.

"Yeah," Harry said, looking at Dorea, who nodded encouragingly. "Actually, Dorea and Charlus adopted me legally."

The girls squealed, congratulating him as they took turns hugging him. Lily moved to give them a bit more room, but Bellatrix remained attached to his side. True to her word, after just a few minutes, Professor McGonagall started to usher everyone except for Lily, Bellatrix, and Narcissa out of the Infirmary.

“Do you mind if I see James for a minute?” Dorea asked.

“Not at all,” Professor McGonagall said.

Smiling, Dorea gave Harry a hug.

“You girls take good care of him,” she said.

“Oh, we will,” Bellatrix purred.

“Mrs. Potter,” Lily said. “Thank you for letting us know Harry was alright last night. I don’t think I’d have been able to sleep if you hadn’t.”

“You’re welcome, dear,” Dorea smiled. “I remember the days when Charlus was an Auror and the sleepless nights I had waiting to hear if he was alright.”

With a quick goodbye, Dorea followed Professor McGonagall and the rest of the Gryffindor girls out of the Hospital Wing.

“If you three promise to behave and make sure he doesn’t stress himself, I’ll let you stay. Any funny business, and you’re out,” Madam Pomfrey said sternly.

“We will,” Lily promised. “Thanks, Madam Pomfrey.”

“Well, I’ve got exams to prepare,” Connie said. “I’ll come visit after dinner.”

“Hey, Connie,” Harry called as she turned to leave. “Thanks for having my back.”

“Anytime, Har,” Connie smiled.

Laying back on his pillows, Harry felt his eyes begin to droop.

~

Madam Pomfrey kept Harry in the Infirmary overnight before reluctantly agreeing to release him in the morning. While his body was still sore, moving didn’t hurt nearly as much as it had the day before. When he hobbled his way to the Great Hall for breakfast, he was greeted by a standing ovation. It felt like every single member of the DA came up to wish him well.

In the middle of breakfast, when the morning post arrived, an owl landed in front of Harry.

“Who’s that from?” Lily asked.

“It’s from Dorea,” Harry replied. “She wants me to bring James to the Wolf’s Den tonight.”

“Why?” Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, “She didn’t say.”

Lily sighed and pouted cutely.

“Can I at least hex him if he does anything stupid?” she asked.

Harry chuckled and rubbed her back soothingly.

“You know, I should ask Dumbledore if Remus can come with us, too,” he said thoughtfully.

“That’s a good idea,” Lily agreed.

Gingerly climbing to his feet, Harry walked up to the Head Table.

“Good morning, Mr. Potter,” Professor McGonagall said. “I take it you received a letter from Mrs. Potter, as well?”

“Yeah,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “I’d like to take Remus, too, if that’s alright.”

“And why is that?” she asked quietly.

“I thought it would be good for him to see it,” Harry told her. “You know, in case he needs to visit over the Summer.”

Pursing her lips, Professor McGonagall turned to Dumbledore, who nodded.

“Very well,” she said. “However, I will not be able to attend this evening. I have final exams to prepare. Messers Potter and Lupin will be your responsibility.”

Harry sighed and leaned heavily on his cane.

“Not that’s just unfair,” he grumbled.

The teachers at the table chuckled, and even Professor McGonagall cracked a smile.

“Now you know how we’ve felt for the past six years,” she said.

Harry smiled. He really wasn’t worried about James acting out with his parents there.

“Will you be coming tonight, Connie – er, I mean Professor Hammer,” he corrected at a stern glare from McGonagall.

“Of course,” Connie smiled.

“Well, at least there’ll be one person there that can give him detention,” Harry smirked.

Professor Flitwick scoffed, “Like that’s ever deterred him before.”

~

After dinner, Harry, Lily, Bellatrix, Narcissa, James, and Remus met Connie in her office.

“I still don’t see why Sirius couldn’t come,” James complained.

“Because we’d like to keep the buildings standing,” Bellatrix said snarkily.

“We’re not that bad,” James said, rolling his eyes.

“Tell that to Madam Rosmerta,” Connie smirked.

James grinned crookedly and shrugged his shoulders.

"It was only one wall," he said.

Shaking his head, Harry made his way to the Floo.

"Wolf's Den," he said, tossing a handful of powder into the flames.

Stepping through the Floo, Harry focused on landing as softly as possible. Despite his best efforts, he still hit the floor roughly, sending a shock of intense pain through his hip. With a grimace, he stumbled out of the way and leaned heavily on the wall.

"My goodness, are you alright, dear?" Maggie asked worriedly.

"M'fine," Harry hissed through gritted teeth.

"Oh, come here and sit down, you stubborn man," she said.

Grabbing his arm, Maggie hustled him over to a chair before he could protest. Sighing, Harry sat down and flexed his leg just as the others started coming through the Floo.

"Are you alright?" Narcissa asked, rushing over to him.

"Yeah, just landed a little hard," he said, taking the glass of water Maggie offered him.

"You really should've taken the night off after what you went through," she told him sternly.



"I'm fine," Harry said.

Once everyone was through, he set down his glass of water and stood.

"Thanks, Maggie," he smiled.

"You're welcome," she said. "Just take it easy tonight. You don't always have to do everything yourself, dear."

Pulling him into a hug, she greeted the girls and bustled her way back into the office.

"She seems nice," Remus said.

"Maggie's great," Harry smiled. "Come on, I'll show you around."

Narcissa wrapped her arm around his waist as they made their way outside. Charlus and Dorea were already there, along with David Bones.

"Dad!" James yelled.

Jogging ahead, he hugged Charlus tightly.

"Good to see you too, son," Charlus chuckled.

"Why were you at that Quidditch game?" James asked. "Did it have anything to do with the Order? And did you really adopt Harry?"

“Slow down,” Charlus said. “Yes, we really adopted Harry. Yes, it had to do with the Order. And no, I can’t tell you about it.”

“But Harry was there,” James whined. “Why does he get to fight, and I don’t?”

“Harry’s situation is different,” Charlus told him. “You heard what he did. No one else, not even Dumbledore, could’ve held off that amount of Dementors for as long as he did. Hundreds, maybe even thousands of people, would’ve died if he hadn’t been there. Including me.”

“Is that why you adopted him?” James asked.

Charlus sighed, “Come on, son. Let’s take a walk.”

Wrapping his arms around James’ shoulders, they walked away, talking quietly.

“I’m sorry, Harry,” Dorea said. “I’m sure he’ll come around.”

“It’s alright,” Harry smiled. “I know how frustrating it is being kept in the dark.”

“James’ situation is different than yours,” Dorea said.

“Yeah, but that doesn’t make it any less frustrating,” Harry pointed out. “How are you, David?”

“Tired,” David smiled. “The whole department is working overtime to find the prisoners that escaped.”

“Any luck so far?” Harry asked.

“No,” David replied, shaking his head. “It’s a bit worrying, actually. It’s like they just up and vanished.”

Harry frowned thoughtfully.

“I’d bet they’re with Vol – You-Know-Who,” he said. “He probably didn’t give them much of a choice.”

“Hmm, you’re probably right,” David said, tilting his head in agreement.

“Good evening, everyone,” Frank said as he joined them.

“Evening, Frank,” Harry said. “This is Remus. He’ll be staying here tonight and likely this Summer, as well.”

“Ah, nice to meet you, lad,” Frank smiled.

Remus nodded, shuffling nervously.

“Relax, Remus,” Lily told him. “No one here is going to think any less of you for being a Werewolf.”

“Everyone that works here is either a Werewolf themselves or they have a close relative that is,” Connie said.

“Precisely,” Frank nodded. “How about I give you a tour?”

Nervously, Remus looked over at Harry. Smiling, he patted him on the shoulder and gave him a gentle shove.

“Come on, lad,” Frank said, clapping him on the back. “You’ll like it here.”

Walking over to the picnic table set up near the enclosure, Harry and the others sat and talked while people began to show up. James and Charlus joined them after an hour of walking around the grounds. Neither of them mentioned what they had talked about, but James was much quieter and more thoughtful than usual.

About an hour before moonrise, Agatha, Sylvia, Amanda, Andromeda, and Adriana all showed up within a few minutes of each other. Sylvia and Amanda rushed over to Harry and hugged him tightly. Amanda refused to let go, hugging herself to his chest and climbing into his lap. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

“Why do you have to make it so hard to be mad at you?” Sylvia sighed.

“Sorry,” Harry smiled and shrugged.

Shaking her head, Sylvia smiled and kissed him on the lips. Across from them, Dorea cleared her throat and gave him a pointed look.

“Oh, right,” Harry said. “This is Charlus and Dorea Potter. Charlus, Dorea, this is my mistress, Sylvia, and her daughter, Amanda.”

“Hello,” Sylvia said while Amanda waved shyly.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Dorea smiled.

“The Potters officially adopted me when they found out we’re related,” Harry explained to Sylvia.

“Oh, Harry. That’s wonderful!” Sylvia beamed.

“And that makes you part of the family, too. Both of you,” Charlus said, glancing from Sylvia to Amanda.

“Thank you,” Sylvia said while Harry smiled gratefully.

“That’s a cute dog,” Dorea smiled as Amanda’s stuffed Krup squirmed free of her grip and hopped onto the table. “What’s his name?”

“Alfie,” Amanda said softly. “Harry gave him to me. He keeps the bad wizards away.”

“Really?” Dorea asked.

“Yeah, he gets really big and bites them in the boy bits,” Amanda said.

Everyone at the table giggled and chuckled. They talked for a little while longer before heading inside to get Amanda and Adriana settled for the night. Dorea and Charlus were very interested when they saw the gold cages, and Agatha explained how they worked.

“I wish I could stay in one of those,” Remus said wistfully.

“We should have a couple more build by the time Summer starts,” Harry told him.

“Probably three,” Narcissa added. “That deal you made with Greengrass has really helped our profits. Once we get the Enchanting shop up and running, we should be able to start making larger ones.”

“Enchanting shop?” Dorea asked excitedly.

“Harry has some really great ideas for magical items,” Lily replied. “Just the Memory projector alone is incredible, but he’s also come up with cloaks that shield you from low-level curses and hexes, and we’re working on using mirrors to communicate and travel.”

“Impressive,” Charlus said.

“I had a lot of help,” Harry shrugged. “Narcissa makes sure we actually make money, and Lily, Bellatrix, and a few of the Werewolves here help turn my ideas into something real.”

“Adriana,” Agatha called. “With your permission, I’d like to conduct a new experiment tonight.”

“What kind of experiment?” Adriana asked suspiciously.

“Nothing extreme,” Agatha said. “I just want to see if you still have an adverse reaction to silver inside the cage. All I need you to do is take this Sickle and touch it to your arm after the moon rises. I have burn cream, so the discomfort should only last a few moments.”

Adriana sighed and took the dragon hide sack Agatha was holding out to her.

“Fine,” she grumbled.

“Come on, Remus, it’s time to get ready,” Lily said before turning to Harry. “You stay here and rest. I can see you wincing.”

“I’m fine,” Harry said.

Suddenly, something hit the back of his knees, and he fell into a chair. Before he could try to get up, Bellatrix plopped herself down in his lap.

“Bella,” Harry sighed.

“Listen to your ladies, Harry,” Charlus smirked. “It makes life a lot easier if you just agree.”

Sighing, Harry waved his wand, turning the hard, wooden chair into a comfortable wingback. Grinning, Bellatrix wiggled in his lap and rested her head on his shoulder.

“We’ll come back once everything is settled,” Lily said.

Leaning over Bellatrix, she gave him a kiss. As she pulled away, Bellatrix pulled her down for a kiss of her own. Lily pulled back with a giggle before Narcissa took her place and kissed him as well.

“Don’t even think about it,” she said, glaring at her sister.

Bellatrix smirked impishly. With a final wave, they all walked back upstairs.

“Are you going to punish me later?” Bellatrix whispered breathily.

“Count on it,” Harry growled.

Smirking, she leaned in and nuzzled the side of his neck like a cat. They sat like that for a while, talking with the others in the room as the night passed slowly. Meanwhile, Agatha took another blood sample from Adriana and asked her to test the Sickle against her skin. Using the Dragon Hide sack to hold the coin, she pressed it against her arm briefly and hissed.

“Son of a-”

“Language!” Sylvia cried.

Amanda giggled, and Adriana stuck her tongue out. Harry wondered if it had always been pierced and he hadn’t noticed or if it was new. Putting the coin back into the sack, she carefully took out the jar of burn cream and rubbed it against her arm.

“Agatha, you need to see this,” Andromeda said urgently.

Looking at her curiously, Agatha walked over to the small golden cage they used for testing. When Andromeda waved her wand, she gasped.

“Incredible,” she breathed.

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Come take a look,” Agatha said, waving him over.

Bellatrix stood and helped Harry to his feet. He hobbled over to Agatha as she looked at two blood samples. One outside of the testing cage and the other inside.

“Look at this,” she said, waving her wand.

A bubble appeared above the glass slide holding the blood sample, magnifying its appearance. Amongst the red blood cells, many of them had black, spiky dots attached to them like a parasite. She picked up a syringe filled with a silver liquid and put a tiny drop on the sample. Harry watched through the Magnifying Charm as microscopic silver flakes landed on the black dots, causing them to shrivel. Over the course of a couple of minutes, the black dots that survived began to multiply rapidly.



“This is why Lycanthropy has been so hard to cure,” Agatha said. “We know how to kill the Curse, but the amount of silver needed to destroy all of it would kill a werewolf long before the Curse was completely destroyed.”

“Those black dots are a Curse?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Agatha nodded. “It looks like an illness or a parasite, but it isn’t. What you’re seeing is some kind of physical manifestation of magic. Unfortunately, we really don’t know how something like this came about. Now, look at this.”

Moving over to the testing cage, Agatha repeated the process. Harry watched the Curse shrivel and die, but this time, the surviving ones didn’t multiply.

“So, what, the gold prevents the Curse from replicating itself?” Harry asked.

“Exactly,” Agatha beamed. “Without the ability to replicate, we can take our time and destroy the Curse of days or even weeks, giving the patient time to heal in between treatments. The process would be long and painful, possibly excruciating, but it could work. We could cure Lycanthropy.”

## Chapter 25

By the time Harry had fully recovered from his injuries, it was time for the end of year exams. While Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix were worried about their grades, he had other things on his mind. For him, exams were a breeze. He only needed to read a question for the answer to come to mind. Often, his answers would be far more comprehensive than what would be expected of someone his age. Harry knew it was cheating, to an extent, but it wasn’t like he could turn it off.

*Besides, I have much more important things to worry about besides exams,* Harry thought.

With a flourish of his quill, he finished his DADA written exam and walked to the front of the classroom. A few of his classmates glanced up from their parchment to stare at him jealously. That was understandable, considering it had only taken him half an hour out of the two hours allotted. Handing it to Connie, she didn't even read it before marking it with a big red 'O' at the top.

Harry cocked an eyebrow.

"You know enough to teach this class, and I don't like grading exams anymore than you like taking them," Connie whispered.

Harry snorted and shook his head with a smile. Twirling his wand, he conjured a seat next to hers, then put up a Muffliato Charm with a wave.

"Can you set up a meeting with Moody and the others?" he asked.

"Sure," Connie said, looking at him curiously. "But why? Has something come up?"

"No," Harry said, looking out over the classroom to make sure no one was watching them. "Voldemort is going to go on the offensive this Summer, and we need to be ready."

Connie nodded slowly, "I'll set up a meeting after exams."

~

Two days later, Connie invited Moody and the others to the Three Broomsticks. While the rest of the school felt relaxed with the end of the year approaching, Harry could feel a storm brewing on the horizon. He expected the attacks this Summer to be worse than they were in his world. Voldemort's ego had been dented more than once, and he wasn't going to take that lying down.

Suddenly, something tapped his brow. Blinking, Harry looked away from the clouds in the sky and down at the redhead lying on his chest.

"I don't like that frown," Lily said. "Exams are over. You should be relaxed."

"It's not exams I'm worried about," Harry sighed.

"Then what's bothering you?" Bellatrix asked.

"Are you worried about our parents?" Narcissa asked.

"No. I have a plan for that," Harry assured her. "I'm worried about this Summer. Voldemort's going to be aggressive, and I don't know if I can keep him in check."

"What can we do to help?" Bellatrix asked, running her fingers through his hair.

Closing his eyes, Harry relaxed and luxuriated in the soothing feeling for a moment.

"I don't know," he said after a moment.

"Harry."

Lifting his head, Harry looked over at Connie, who was making her way over.

"It's time to go," she said.

"Alright," Harry said.

Rolling Lily over so she was pressed up against Bellatrix, he gave his girlfriends a kiss each before climbing to his feet. Walking over to Connie, they turned and headed towards Hogsmeade.

“Anything new from our man inside?” Harry asked quietly.

“Nothing,” Connie said, shaking her head. “They haven’t had a meeting since the attack on Azkaban.”

“He’s probably trying to figure out what went wrong,” Harry said thoughtfully. “We need to be careful now. It’s likely he’ll be giving his Death Eaters false information to figure out who told the Aurors.”

“So, any information we get is pretty much useless?” Connie asked incredulously.

“Unfortunately, yes,” he sighed. “There’s no way Voldemort doesn’t know someone’s spying on him.”

“Great,” Connie grumbled, running a hand through her short, blonde hair.

“Yeah,” Harry sighed heavily.

“So, what do we do now?” Connie asked.

“Actually, I have an idea,” Harry told her.

Taking her hand, he led her inside the Three Broomsticks. After greeting Rosmerta with a smile and a promise to visit over the Summer, they made their way upstairs. Moody, Kingsley, Elizabeth, Greyson, and Jenna were already waiting for them.

“Good to see you on your feet again, Har,” Jenna smiled, bouncing forward to hug him tightly. “You had us all pretty worried. You looked half-dead when we got there.”

“Thanks for the rescue,” Harry smiled. “I don’t think we could’ve held out much longer.”

“Enough with this mushy crap,” Moody barked. “Is there a point to us being here?”

“Good to see you too,” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “But yes, there’s a reason I called you here. We need to talk about what’s going to happen this Summer.”

“What do you know?” Moody asked, narrowing his eyes.

“Take a seat, everyone. This is going to take a bit of explaining,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “I trust all of you, and I hope you can trust me because this is going to be hard to believe. I was born July thirty-first, nineteen eighty-one.”

“Um, Harry?” Elizabeth said, her brow furrowed.

“I’m from the future,” Harry clarified. “From my first year at Hogwarts onwards, I fought You-Know-Who in one form or another. I finally managed to beat him once and for all in what should’ve been my seventh year. I can’t tell you exactly how I got sent back in time, but I can’t go back.”

“That’s why you’re so good a dueling!” Greyson said, snapping his fingers.

Harry smiled, “That’s a new development, actually. The first time I beat him was mostly luck, to be honest.”

“Get the point, Potter,” Moody grumbled.

“In my time, You-Know-Who went on a big offensive this Summer,” Harry said. “He killed a lot of families that opposed him, including the Potters. After the Browns escaped right out from under him and the failed breakout at Azkaban, I expect him to be even worse. To make matters worse, we can’t trust the information we’ve been getting any more. You-Know-Who isn’t stupid. He knows someone is spying on him now. I expect he’ll start giving out false information to weed out the spy.”

“Humph,” Moody grunted. “You have a plan?”

“I’m surprised you believe him,” Jenna said. “You’re usually a lot more paranoid.”

“I leave this sort of thing up to Albus,” Moody told her. “If he says it’s true, that’s good enough for me.”

He looked over at Connie, who nodded.

“You knew?” Kingsley asked, quirking an eyebrow.

“Dumbledore told all the teachers over the Summer,” Connie shrugged.

“You can talk about that later,” Moody growled.

“Right,” Harry said, clearing his throat. “Since we can’t trust our informant, we need to try and dictate the fight another way. It’s time for us to go on the offensive ourselves.”

“What do you mean?” Moody asked, staring at him intently.

“We start going after Death Eaters,” Harry said. “We need to go after them in their own homes. At the same time, I’ll be meeting Vol – You-Know-Who every time he shows his face. I want him so angry and focused on me that he can’t think about anything else.”

“We can’t turn Death Eaters over to the Ministry without evidence,” Moody said. “Being caught in Death Eater robes and a mask won’t be enough for some of them.”

“Well, since we’d already be breaking the law, we could dose them with truth serum,” Elizabeth said.

“Could work,” Moody nodded. “Crouch would be happy to put them away if we give him a reason.”

Harry pursed his lips unhappily. He didn’t like the idea of doing anything to help Crouch.

“What if we brought in David?” he asked.

“Bones has always been a stickler for the rules,” Kingsley told him. “There’s a good chance he might just turn you in.”

“After he cured Lycanthropy, I doubt it,” Connie scoffed.

“You found a cure!?” Jenna asked.

“It’s still being tested, but it looks that way,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “There’s a Wizengamot meeting tomorrow. I’ll talk to him then.”

~

The next day, Harry walked into courtroom twelve with the rest of the Wizengamot members. After setting a court date for the Death Eaters arrested at Azkaban and the Quidditch stadium, Charlus stood to address the chamber.

“I’m sure by now all of you have heard about the heroic actions of Harry Potter that took place at Scoughall Stadium last week,” he began, causing Harry to shift uncomfortably under the attention. “For his bravery, I would like to nominate Harry for the Order of Merlin, first class.”

Harry blushed from the applause of the Wizengamot as Charlus sat back down and clapped him on the shoulder.

“Was that really necessary?” Harry asked.

“You deserve it,” Francine Abbot said, patting his knee.

“All those in favor?” Dumbledore asked.

The number of wands raised was so overwhelming that it wasn’t even necessary to ask who was opposed.

“I believe that means we can add youngest Order of Merlin, first class, recipient and becoming only the third person in British Magical history to receive more than one Order of Merlin to Mr. Potter’s list of laudable accomplishments,” Dumbledore smiled.

Harry ducked his head as the people around him chuckled and congratulated him.

“Hold your head high, son. Be proud of your accomplishments,” Charlus said.

Sighing, he reluctantly straightened in his seat. Harry was almost relieved when Minister Bagnold had one of her aides retrieve a medal from her office so they could hold a – thankfully – brief ceremony then and there. After the medal was pinned to his chest, Harry gave a quick wave and then headed back to his seat before anyone could ask him to make a speech.



The meeting mercifully ended a few minutes later. Unfortunately, it seemed like everyone wanted to congratulate him and shake his hand. Harry fixed a wooden smile on his face and left as soon as he could without looking rude. He was lucky enough to catch David just as he was heading toward the elevator.

“David!” Harry called, jogging to catch up with him.

“Hey, Harry,” David replied.

“Can we talk?” Harry asked.

“Sure,” David nodded. “My office?”

“Actually, how about we go for a walk?” Harry asked in return.

David looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

~

With two soft, quiet pops, Harry and David appeared in an isolated corner of Hyde Park. Walking out from behind a small copse of trees, they made their way onto the paved, winding path. Harry stuffed his hands in his pockets, his fingers gripping his wand and casting a discrete Muffliato Charm around them.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” David asked.

“A couple of things, actually,” Harry replied. “I got a letter from Agatha this morning. She thinks she’s figured out a way to administer a cure for Lycanthropy that won’t be painful.”

“That’s great!” David exclaimed, clapping him on the shoulder. “Looks like you’re well on your way to a third Order of Merlin.”

“Oh, no. Agatha and Andromeda get all the credit for this one,” Harry said. “I had nothing to do with it.”

David chuckled, and they walked in silence for a short while. Taking a deep breath through his nose, Harry broached the subject he’d been avoiding.

“We need to be more aggressive against Vol – You-Know-Who,” he said.

David looked at him sideways and cocked an eyebrow.

“I agree,” he said. “Unfortunately, even with Veritaserum, we’re having trouble getting the names of Death Eaters. They’re working in small groups so that if they’re caught, they can’t rat out the entire organization. Finding the names of the inner circle members is even harder. They’ve used some sort of secrecy spell, and a powerful one at that. The one Death Eater that had any information nearly died when we tried to question him.”

Harry frowned. Instantly, the most likely spell came to mind. Unfortunately, it could only be canceled by the caster. There was no other way around it.

“What’s Crouch’s plan to fight back?” he asked curiously.

“He wants to wait for them to come out into the open,” David replied, his flat tone conveying his unhappiness with the decision.

Harry growled frustratedly and ran a hand through his unruly hair.

“Is he trying to get people killed?” he asked. “Vol – Bugger – Riddle won’t risk Death Eaters he can’t afford to lose. These attacks are a distraction designed to incite fear and draw attention away from his real target, the Wizengamot.”

“The Wizengamot?” David asked, his brow furrowed. “And who’s Riddle?”

“It’s You-Know-Who’s real name. Tom Marvolo Riddle,” Harry said. “Anyways, Riddle isn’t going to try and take the Ministry by force. He’s targeting Wizengamot members to remove the opposition. That’s why he went after the Browns. He wants enough support to get his Death Eaters in office. He’s not trying to overthrow the government. He wants to control it and make people too afraid to fight back when it happens.”

“How do you know all this?” David asked.

“Because I’ve seen it,” Harry sighed.

He knew that if there was any chance of getting David’s help, he’d have to tell him about his past. So, he did. He told him about his seven years fighting Voldemort before being inadvertently sent to the past.

“Well, that certainly explains a lot,” David said after a long moment. “What about my family? What happened to us in your time?”

Harry sighed and looked at him sympathetically.

“You and your wife were killed by Death Eaters when they attacked Diagon Alley,” he began slowly. “I don’t know the details, but your daughter, Susan, survived. Amelia raised her and went on to become the youngest Head of the DMLE ever after Crouch lost the position. Susan – she was a good friend – a Hufflepuff. She even fought with us in the Battle of Hogwarts. You’ve been proud of her.”

"A daughter," David said to himself before clearing his throat. "You said Crouch lost his position? How did that happen?"

"He was on track to take over for Bagnold after the war when it was discovered his son was a Death Eater," Harry explained. "He, along with a few others, tortured an Auror and his wife until they went insane. That cost him the election, and Fudge, the new Minister, put him in charge of the Department of International Magical Cooperation. What most people don't know is that his wife traded places with their son in Azkaban under Polyjuice potion. She died shortly after from some illness, and Crouch kept his son hidden in the basement under the Imperius Curse. Crouch Jr. escaped years later, killed his father, and spent a year at Hogwarts impersonating Moody. He was instrumental in helping Riddle get his body back."

"Bloody hell," David said, rubbing his face with his hands. "I knew Crouch was cold, but Merlin! His own son? And Fudge became Minister? Cornelius Fudge?"

"Yeah," Harry said. "I still don't understand how anyone could've voted for him. The man was as corrupt as they came. Some of the worst Death Eaters managed to buy their way out of Azkaban because of him. But that's not important. We need to focus on what's going to happen this Summer."

David looked at him curiously.

"Riddle goes on the offensive this Summer," Harry explained. "He kills several Wizengamot members, including the Potters, and attacks Diagon Alley in broad daylight. Unfortunately, I may have made things worse. Stopping him at the Browns and foiling the breakout at Azkaban is only going to make him more vicious. People are starting to question him now, and he's going to want to prove how powerful he is."

"Do you have names, dates? Anything we can use to stop his attacks?" David asked.

"No, and even if I did, I've changed so much they wouldn't do us any good," Harry replied. "I know you're not going to like this, but we need to start going after Death Eaters."

Glancing over at Harry, David grunted and shook his head.

“I should’ve known,” he said. “You’re the one that’s been leaving Death Eaters tied up in the Atrium, haven’t you? I should arrest you for that. As much as I want those monsters off the street, it’s still illegal.”

“Look, Riddle nearly won before he attacked my family because the Ministry couldn’t stop him,” Harry said. “Even with Bagnold giving them permission to use the Unforgivable, they couldn’t. The Death Eaters hit a place and leave before the Aurors can get there. If we don’t start going after them first, all we’ll be doing is cleaning up their mess.”

As they passed the statue of Peter Pan, David turned his back to the water with a sigh and leaned back against the fence.

“What, exactly, do you plan to do?” he asked.

“You can’t go after the Death Eaters without evidence, but I can,” Harry said. “I need you to make sure they aren’t let go, and I don’t want Crouch using this to further his career.”

“I can’t hold them without evidence,” David said.

“I’m not asking you to,” Harry assured him. “I’ll bring you all the evidence I can find. I can even dose them with truth serum before handing them over. You just need to question them before it wears off.”

Crossing his arms over his chest, David huffed and stared down at the ground for a long moment before looking back up.

“How many people do you plan to arrest?” he asked.

“As many as I can,” Harry replied.

“Alright,” David said, nodding his head thoughtfully. “This isn’t something that Crouch and the Minister will overlook. We need a plausible reason for you to turn suspected Death Eaters over to me.”

Pushing off the fence, he started pacing back and forth, a thoughtful frown on his face.

“So, you’re not going to arrest me?” Harry asked, hoping to break the tension.

David snorted and shook his head, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

“After all the good you’ve done? Not likely,” he smiled. “As much as I hate to admit it, you’re right. Just promise me you’re not going to go on a killing spree. A pile of dead bodies will be a lot harder for the Minister to swallow than criminals we can put on trial.”

“I’ll do my best,” Harry said. “You know some of these guys won’t go down without a fight.”

“Just keep it to a minimum,” David sighed. “Alright, here’s what we’ll do. I’ll tell Crouch and the Minister I was approached by a Death Eater who turned against You-Know-Who. You’ll need to turn over some known Death Eaters first or ones that you have iron clad evidence against. Once they think you can be trusted, you can start bringing in the ones they might not expect to be Death Eaters.”

“I can do that,” Harry nodded.

“Will you be working alone?” David asked.

Harry debated on how much to reveal for a moment.

"It's probably best if I don't answer that," he said.

David sighed but nodded.

"There's one more thing," Harry added, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a gold Galleon. "I need you to tell me the moment Riddle shows himself. This Galleon is connected to one I have. Just tap it with your wand and think of where he is, and it will appear on mine."

"Alright," David nodded.

Pocketing the Galleon, they started walking in companionable silence.

"So, who do I end up marrying," David asked after a long moment.

"Well, like I said, I've changed so much it may have changed," Harry said. "But I know her name was Julia Brown."

"Julia?" David asked, looking surprised. "My secretary?"

Harry shrugged, "Honestly, I don't know. Susan and I were friends, but she never told me much about either of you."

"What was Susan like?" David asked.

"She was brilliant," Harry smiled. "She was always pretty shy but always stood up to people when she thought they were doing something wrong. She even stood up to her own housemates when they started spreading rumors about me. It happened in my fourth year...."

When Harry returned to Hogwarts, he searched the Great Hall and the Gryffindor Common room but couldn't find Lily, Narcissa, or Bellatrix. Eventually, he gave up searching and asked Marlene if she'd seen them.

"They left with Arthur and Molly after lunch. I'm not sure where they went, though," Marlene told him.

On a hunch, Harry decided to check the Room of Requirement. The door appeared the moment he stepped in front of it. Pushing the door open, he stopped and stared at the sight that greeted him. Molly stood completely nude in the middle of the room, her hand bound above her head, causing her mountainous breasts to stand up even more than usual, and a gag in her mouth. Meanwhile, Bellatrix prowled around her, tapping a black leather riding crop against her palm. On the bed behind them, Narcissa and Lily were snogging heavily, their hands exploring each other's bodies.

It wasn't until Harry stepped into the room and closed the door behind him that he noticed Arthur. The redhead sat in a chair far off to the side, gripping the arms tightly as he watched Bellatrix circle his girlfriend like a predator toying with its prey.

*Smack!*

"MHH!" Molly squealed into the gag as Bellatrix brought the crop down swiftly on her full, wide rear.

"I leave for three hours," Harry said, shaking his head.

Bellatrix looked at him and grinned, her violet eyes sparkling playfully. Behind her, Lily and Narcissa parted, their lips swollen and cheeks flushed.

"Weren't you two supposed to keep her out of trouble?" Harry asked, raising a brow.



“We did. Molly asked for this,” Narcissa smirked. “She begged us to let her fuck you one more time before the end of the year.”

“Oh, did she?” Harry asked, stalking towards Molly.

She whimpered as he stopped in front of her, a flush covering her face all the way down to the top of her chest.

*Smack!*

“MHH!” Molly squealed.

Smirking, Bellatrix pressed herself against her back and nibbled her ear. Holding the crop in front of Molly, she dragged it down between her breasts, over her stomach, and then slipped it between her thighs. Molly inhaled sharply through her nose, her eyelids fluttering as she bucked her hips. When Bellatrix pulled the crop free a few seconds later, they all saw the wetness glistening on the tip.

“I got her ready for you,” Bellatrix said, bringing the crop to her lips and licking it clean.

“I see,” Harry smiled.

Reaching out, he gripped the base of Molly’s breasts. With a squeeze, he shook her plump, perky globes back and forth, smacking them together and watching the way the pale skin rippled and jiggled. Suddenly, a black blur flashed across his vision.

*Smack!*

Molly screamed into her gag and danced in place as the crop landed sharply on her nipple. The thick, pale pink nub hardened and swelled while it rapidly darkened to the same red as her face. Bellatrix gave the other nipple the same treatment, an excited glint in her eyes.

“That looked like it hurt,” Harry said with false sympathy. “Maybe I should kiss it and make it better.”

Laning forward, he wrapped his lips around her hard nipple and licked it gently. Molly moaned softly and tilted her head back, thrusting her chest forward. Harry sucked on her nipple lightly before moving over to the other and doing the same thing.

“How long have you been teasing her like this?” he asked curiously.

“A while,” Bellatrix shrugged.

Taking the handle of the crop, she rubbed the rough leather against Molly’s dripping folds. The busty redhead inhaled sharply and made a choking sound as she rolled her hips. The moment the crop touched her red, throbbing clit, her entire body shuddered, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Stepping back, Harry stripped out of his clothes. Molly stared hungrily at his erection and tried to move towards it, only to be stopped by the rope holding her hands above her head. Grabbing his wand, Harry cut the rope attached to the ceiling but left her wrists bound. Molly winced slightly as she lowered her arms, showing how long she’d been trapped in that position. With a quick stride forward, Harry wrapped his arms around her, gripped her bum, and lifted her off her feet. In three quick steps, he carried her over to the bed and dropped her onto the mattress.

Bellatrix crawled onto the bed next to her and laid down on her side. Slowly, she dragged the tip of the leather crop over Molly’s skin. As Harry lined himself up with her dripping entrance, Bellatrix raised it up and brought it down with a *smack!* Molly squealed into her gag at the same moment he plunged into her depths. She came instantly, showering him in arousal while she thrashed on the mattress.

“Take that gag off. I want to hear her,” Harry said.

Bellatrix grabbed a fistful of Molly’s orange mane and roughly yanked her head up. Reaching behind her head, she loosened the gag and tossed it aside. Molly’s moans filled the room as she continued to climax for several more seconds before sagging tiredly.

“Oh, Harry,” she moaned.

Smiling, Harry grasped both of her tits and started thrusting back and forth. The fleshy mounds jiggled alluringly with each impact of his hips.

“Look at these fat tits,” Bellatrix said.

Again, she brought the crop down sharply on her nipple. Molly yelped even as her walls spasmed around him, hugging his length as he plundered her depths. A moment later, she smacked her other nipple, leaving them both red and throbbing. Still, she never uttered a single complaint. Instead, she wrapped her legs around Harry and dug her heels into his bum, wordlessly begging him to move faster and harder.

He gave her what she wanted, slamming his cock in and out of her flooded core. As she arched her back, letting out a truly whorish moan, Bellatrix trailed the riding crop down her body until it came to rest on her clit, the very tip brushing Harry’s shaft. Molly raised her head and stared down at the crop, fear and anticipation warring in her dark blue eyes. Bellatrix smirked as she climbed to her knees. She rubbed the crop against her clit lightly while wrapping her hand around Molly’s throat.

“You dirty little whore,” Bellatrix purred, tightening her grip.

Lifting the crop, she paused and let it hover threateningly while she smirked at Molly’s wide, panicked gaze. Harry couldn’t see her eyes, but he could feel how excited she was. His length was drenched in her arousal as her depths fluttered around him.

Suddenly, Bellatrix brought the crop down. At the last moment, she pulled back, slowing the leather tip to land with a light tap. The impact may have been light, but it was still enough to cause Molly to gasp and buck her hips desperately. Bellatrix shook the crop up and down, slapping her clit lightly but rapidly as Molly writhed on the bed. She gasped for breath while her depths clamped down around Harry's length. Her back arched, and her eyes went wide before she threw her head back and screamed.

Harry grunted as her spasming depths coaxed a sudden climax out of him. As he erupted in her core, Bellatrix smiled maliciously and continued tapping her clit. Molly screamed and gasped, tossing and turning on the bed. Eventually, the feeling became too much and she pulled away from him. Using her bound hands to cover her leaking folds, she rolled onto her side and curled into a ball. Her body twitched as she panted, each exhale coming out as a shuddering breath.

Rolling over onto his stomach, Bellatrix gave Harry no respite as she took him into her mouth. Staring up at him, she grabbed his bum and pulled him forward, burying his length to the hilt in her throat despite the occasional gag. Harry gasped as she brought his sensitive cock back to a full erection. Smirking at him with her eyes, she slowly pulled back and turned to the left.

"You can go now," she said.

Harry blinked in confusion until he remembered Arthur was still there.

"Uh, right," he said.

Tucking himself back into his trousers, Arthur fixed his clothes and stood.

"Um, Molly?" he asked.

"She'll meet you later," Bellatrix said dismissively as she stroked Harry's shaft. "I might want to play with her some more. Unless you have a problem with that."

“N-no, no. Of course not,” Arthur replied, his eyes darting over to his ravaged girlfriend. “Er, I’ll see you back in the common room, Molly?”

Molly didn’t reply. She looked half asleep as she continued to occasionally twitch and shudder.

“Don’t worry. I’m sure she’ll tell you just how much more she likes fucking Harry than you later,” Bellatrix smirked.

Harry would’ve stopped her if it wasn’t for how obviously excited Arthur was. Pulling his robes around himself to hide his growing erection, he nodded, his face bright red.

“R-right,” he said.

Pausing at the door, he turned and looked back at Molly one last time before slipping out into the hall and closing the door behind him. As Bellatrix returned her lips to his cock, Lily smirked and picked up the discarded riding crop. Worried she might bite down from the surprise, Harry pulled away from Bellatrix, causing her to look up at him, confused.

*Smack!*

With a scream, she grabbed her ass and spun around to glare at a smug Lily.

“Oh, so that’s how you want to play,” Bellatrix grinned.

Lily’s smile fell, her eyes widening when Bellatrix suddenly leapt at her. Wrestling the crop away from Lily, she straddled her waist and grinned. Bellatrix gripped her shirt and tore it open with a sharp yank, sending buttons flying.

“Let’s see how you like it,” she grinned.

Trailing the tip of the crop across her breasts, she brought it down lightly on Lily's pale cleavage, causing her to gasp.

"Bella," Lily moaned.

Smirking, Bellatrix lifted her skirt and rubbed the rough handle against the front of her knickers, drawing a frustrated groan from the redhead's lips. Harry was distracted when Narcissa took his hand and pulled him onto the bed. Pushing him onto his back, she straddled his waist and kissed him passionately.

~

As Harry walked down to breakfast the next morning, he smirked as he watched Lily and Bellatrix shift uncomfortably in their seats. The two of them had taken turns spanking each other with the crop all night in an attempt to get one over on the other.

"Morning," Harry said, kissing each of his girlfriends before taking a seat between Lily and Narcissa.

"Good morning, Harry," Arthur greeted him with a bright, cheery grin.

Next to him, Molly smiled happily and waved before she leaned against his side.

"So, Harry," Alice smirked. "Would you care to explain why Lily and Bella are squirming so much?"

Looking around to see if anyone else was paying attention, he leaned over the table and waved her closer. Alice leaned forward and looked at him excitedly.

“No,” Harry said, leaning back in his seat with a grin.

Alice pouted while everyone around her giggled.

“What are your plans for the Summer, Harry?” Marlene asked.

“I’m not entirely sure yet,” Harry replied thoughtfully. “The first thing I need to do is look for a house. Not that I wouldn’t mind staying with Lily or the Potters, but I want my own place, you know?”

“Didn’t you just build a house at the Wolf’s Den?” Mary asked.

“Yeah, but that’s a place for Werewolves to stay when they need it. I don’t want to live there,” Harry said. “I’m sure I’ll find a place. But, besides that, I’ve got a big project going on at the Wolf’s Den, and we’ll be opening up an Enchanting shop in Diagon Alley.”

“Ooh, do you have any job openings?” Dorcas asked excitedly. “My mum wants me to get a job this Summer, and I’ve always wanted to get into Enchanting.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “Just stop by the Wolf’s Den and ask for Paula. She’s managing the project. I’ll let her know you’re coming.”

“Thanks, Harry,” Dorcas grinned.

A flutter of wings announced the arrival of the morning post. Spiraling down from the rafters, a large, black owl landed in front of Narcissa and extended its leg. Nervously, she reached out and untied the letter. With a sharp bark, the owl took to the air.

“What do Mother and Father want?” Bellatrix asked with a frown.

“They want me to invite Harry over to meet them tomorrow,” Narcissa said, folding the letter with a troubled look.

“Perfect,” Harry smiled.

Narcissa turned to look at him sharply.

“You know this is a trap,” she whispered nervously. “They’ll try to hand you over to You-Know-Who.”

“I know,” Harry said, rubbing her back reassuringly. “I knew something like this would happen as soon as they told you and Bellatrix to get close to me. Don’t worry. I have a plan.”

## Chapter 26

Harry slid open the door to a cabin at the back of the Hogwarts Express. Sitting in the middle of the bench, Lily sat to his right, against the window, and Narcissa sat on his left. With a smirk, Bellatrix sat down on his lap. Smiling, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Mind if we join you?” Marlene asked, poking her head inside with a smile.

“Course not,” Lily said, waving her in.

Marlene entered with Dorcas and Mary following in after her.

“Thank Merlin for summer break,” Dorcas grinned, glancing out the window as more students loaded onto the train. “I feel like my brain is mush.”

“It’ll be even worse next year,” Lily reminded her with a smile.



“Don’t remind me,” Marlene sighed. “I’m dreading our NEWTs.”

“At least we have Harry to help us,” Mary said. “He explained things better than most of the professors.”

“And I don’t think I ever saw him study,” Dorcas huffed, glaring at him playfully.

Harry smiled at her and shrugged. Considering all that he’d managed to accomplish, he didn’t feel guilty about the knowledge he’d gained from the Elder Wand.

“Harry, do you have any more jobs available at the Wolf’s Den?” Mary asked.

“What kind of job are you looking for?” Harry asked.

“Enchanting,” Mary said. “I’m not as good as Marlene, but I can do small stuff.”

“Me too,” Dorcas added.

“How about all three of you come over Wednesday afternoon, and I can show you around?” Harry asked. “I should be able to find you jobs.”

“Sure.” “Thanks, Harry,” they smiled.

“What projects are you working on?” Dorcas asked curiously.

“For the enchanting shop, we’re working on Memory Projectors and protective equipment like clothing and jewelry that produce shields,” Harry listed off on his fingers. “We’ve got the greenhouses, but the Werewolves work those, for the most part. We’re building a potions lab

to work on a cure for Lycanthropy. Oh, and I just hired a witch named Patricia, that's an expert in mirror magic. I'm hoping we can develop a way to use mirrors for communication and transportation."

The girls stared at him with their jaws dropped.

"Bloody hell," Marlene gasped.

"You found a cure for Lycanthropy?" Dorcas asked incredulously.

"We're working on it," Harry shrugged.

"How close are you?" she asked.

"Keep this between us, but we're pretty close," Harry admitted. "We start trials on a new treatment next week."

"Merlin," Mary breathed. "You realize that if this works, it's going to change the world, don't you?"

Lily smiled proudly and kissed his cheek.

"I wouldn't go that far," Harry said, blushing lightly.

"It will," Narcissa nodded.

"Yeah, I definitely want to work for Harry," Dorcas said.

Mary and Dorcas giggled while nodding in agreement. Suddenly, the door to their compartment was thrown open violently. Malfoy took a step inside and sneered as Lily and Bellatrix glared and reached for their wands. Narcissa stared at him imperiously before turning to look out the window, completely disregarding his presence. Behind him stood Crabbe and Goyle, glowering menacingly. For a moment, Harry felt a sense of déjà vu.

“I see you two are still sullyng yourselves with this *trash*,” Malfoy drawled, eyeing Lily with disgust before turning back to the black sisters. “How far such a noble house has fallen.”

Bellatrix tensed in Harry’s arms. He grabbed her wand arm lightly, stopping her from hexing him.

“What do you want, Malfoy?” he asked in a bored tone.

“I’m not here for you, *Potter*,” Malfoy spat. “You’ll get what coming to you sooner than you think. I’m here to give Bellatrix and Narcissa one last chance to make the right choice. I have it on good authority such betrayals will no longer be taken so lightly.”

As the sisters glared at him, he looked over at Lily and gave a nasty smirk.

“If you’re good, I’ll even let you keep your pet Mudblood,” he added.

Harry narrowed his eyes angrily even as he tried to keep Bellatrix calm. The hair on his arm stood on end from the magic furiously radiating off of her. Patting her arm, he leaned forward so his lips were next to her ear.

“Nothing permanent,” he whispered.

Her glare turned into a smirk, a dangerous gleam shining in her eyes. With a flick of his wrist, Harry slammed the door closed, where it locked with a click. Malfoy’s expression turned fearful

as he tried and failed to unlock it. Outside, Crabbe and Goyle used their considerable weight to force the door open to no avail.

“What are you doing?” Malfoy yelled nervously.

Licking her lips, Bellatrix stood from Harry’s lap and twirled her wand. Malfoy’s hand shot into his robes, reaching for his wand. The moment he pulled it free, Bellatrix unleashed a powerful Bludgeoning Hex. It careened into his groin with enough force to throw him through the glass door, shattering it and bowling over Crabbe and Goyle.

The students in the carriage shouted and screamed in surprise while Malfoy writhed on the floor, sobbing as he cradled his groin protectively. Crabbe and Goyle lumbered to their feet, but Bellatrix stopped them from reaching for their wands with a glare. Looking back down at Malfoy, she stalked towards him like a predator, her eyes sparkling with barely suppressed rage.

“If you ever threaten Lily again, I’ll kill you slowly and painfully,” she hissed softly.

“What the hell is going on here?” A familiar voice shouted.

While the crowd that had gathered shuffled out of the way, Harry repaired the door and slid it open gently. A moment later, Connie stopped outside their compartment. With a sigh, she looked from Malfoy to Harry and arched a brow.

“Malfoy thought it would be a good idea to threaten Lily,” Harry shrugged.

“He threatened Harry, Narcissa, and Bellatrix, too,” Dorcas added. “He called Lily... well, you know, and said if they were good, he might let them keep her as a pet.”

Marlene and Mary nodded furiously.

“They... attacked... me,” Malfoy groaned.

“You deserved it,” Connie shrugged, shocking him. “You’re not a student anymore, and I’m not a professor. I’m an Auror. The kid gloves are off, Malfoy. There are no professors to hold your hand and stop you from getting what you deserve. Threatening people has consequences. Now get out of here before I decide to arrest you.”

Malfoy seethed as Crabbe and Goyle grabbed his arms and helped him to his feet. With a baleful glare, he limped down the hall, wincing every other step.

“Can’t even take the train without getting into trouble,” Connie said to Harry, shaking her head with a smile. “What am I going to do with you? Don’t answer that.”

Bellatrix closed her mouth, lips curling into a smirk. Walking back into the compartment, her hips swaying, she sat back down on Harry’s lap.

“I really wish you were staying,” Marlene said. “You were a lot better than the last few Defense professors we’ve had.”

“As much as I enjoyed teaching, it’s time for me to go back to being an Auror,” Connie smiled. “Don’t worry, though. Even if you don’t get a good teacher, you still have Harry.”

“Maybe we could talk Dumbledore into making the DA the official Defense class,” Narcissa smirked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Connie made me grade enough homework.”

The girls laughed.

“Try to stay out of trouble until we get to London,” Connie smiled.

"I'll do my best," Harry said with a salute.

Closing the door, Connie moved off down the train.

"What do you think Malfoy meant when he said you'll get what's coming to you sooner than you think?" Narcissa asked.

"I have an idea," Harry said. "It's nothing to worry about."

Narcissa looked at him suspiciously, and he gave her a wink.

~

After hours on the train and dozens of classmates coming around to wish them a good Summer, they arrived at King's Cross station. Harry helped the girls collect their trunks and walked outside. Cynthia and Gerald, Lily's parents, were the first to meet them.

"Oh, it's so good to see you," Cynthia said, hugging Lily and then Harry. "How did your exams go?"

"I did alright," Lily smiled. "I got four O's and two E's."

"That's wonderful," Cynthia smiled. "And how did you do, Harry?"

"Er," Harry said, looking to Lily for help. "I don't remember."

"You got all O's," Lily said, rolling her eyes.

"You forgot your grades?" Gerald asked laughingly.

"I've had a lot going on," Harry shrugged.

"He really has," Narcissa added.

"Oh, mum, dad, these are our friends Narcissa and her sister, Bellatrix," Lily said.

"Nice to meet you," Cynthia smiled.

They talked for a few minutes before Narcissa suddenly stiffened. Following her gaze, Harry spotted an elderly couple walking towards them with matching, disapproving frowns. The woman had the same wild, curly black hair as Bellatrix, though with streaks of grey running through it. Her violet eyes glittered with the same malice the Bellatrix from his time had, with a spark of insanity lurking in their depths. The man had sharp, shrewd grey eyes, short silver hair, and a hooked nose that gave him the appearance of a bird of prey.

"Our parents," Narcissa whispered, moving her lips as little as possible. "Cygnus and Druella Black."

Harry nodded and gave Lily a pointed look. Understanding what he wanted, she pulled her parents aside and whispered to them while Harry stepped forward to greet his other girlfriends' parents.

"Mr. and Mrs. Black, how nice to finally meet you," Harry said flatly.

"And you must be the famous Harry Potter," Cygnus said, eyeing him critically. "I've been... anxious to make you acquaintance. My brother has told me quite a lot about you... disagreements in the Wizengamot."

“Our debates have gotten a little heated,” Harry smirked.

Cygnus’ brother and Sirius’ father, Orion Black, was the leader of the darker families in the Wizengamot. He and Harry had gotten into several heated debates as of late. It vexed the old man endlessly that Harry always came out better in those exchanges.

“Indeed,” Cygnus said, his eyes narrowing. “I trust my daughters conveyed our invitation for dinner?”

“They did,” Harry nodded. “I’d be happy to attend.”

“Good. I’m excited to get to know our daughters’ *intended*,” Druella said, the last word dripping in disgust as her eyes glittered maliciously.

Cygnus gave her a warning look that was completely ignored.

“Why don’t you come by in an hour so we have time to get the girls... settled?” Cygnus asked though it was more of a statement. “Come along, girls.”

“I’ll see you soon,” Harry whispered to Bellatrix and Narcissa as they walked past him.

“Well, they seem... pleasant,” Gerald said, mimicking Cygnus’ tendency to pause in his speech.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arm around Lily.

“The Blacks, with a few exceptions, are a horrible family,” he said.

“I hope I’m considered one of those exceptions.”



Harry turned and smiled as Dorea, Charlus, and James approached. James glared at the arm he had around Lily's waist while his parents smiled.

"Of course," Harry smiled. "Cynthia, Gerald, this is Charlus and Dorea Potter."

"I hope my niece didn't cause you any trouble," Dorea said.

"Niece?" Gerald asked.

"Druella," she replied.

"She's your niece?" Cynthia asked, surprised.

Dorea smiled, "My brother and I were born eighteen years apart. Druella is a couple of years younger than I am, but she's still my niece."

"Oh," Cynthia said. "Well, she didn't really talk to us, so I can't say she was a bother."

"That's probably for the best," Cynthia said. "Harry wasn't wrong when he said my family isn't the most pleasant."

"I am curious to know why she called Narcissa and Bellatrix Harry's intended," Charlus said.

"Does that mean something different in the magical world?"

"He's dating all three of them," James jumped in, giving Harry a superior smirk.

"James, behave," Dorea hissed as Lily glared at him.

“Lily?” Cynthia asked expectantly.

Next to her, Gerald frowned and crossed his arms. Lily sighed and turned to her parents.

“Yes, all four of us are dating, and we’re very happy,” she said without a shred of shame.

“It’s not that unusual in the magical world,” Dorea said. “Wizards like Harry often attract the attention of powerful witches.”

“What do you mean wizards like Harry?” Cynthia asked curiously.

“Someone that’s extremely powerful,” Charlus said. “Wizards like Merlin, Godric Gryffindor, Albus Dumbledore, and unfortunately, You-Know-Who. Wizards that have such an impact on the magical community that their names are never forgotten.”

Harry frowned. He didn’t feel like he should be compared to people like Merlin or Godric Gryffindor.

“So, this is normal?” Gerald asked, unconvinced.

“You could say that,” Dorea smiled. “Why don’t you and Harry come over for dinner this weekend? I’m sure you still have a lot of questions about the wizarding world.”

“Oh, that would be wonderful,” Cynthia grinned excitedly.

“We’re still talking about this when we get home,” Gerald said, looking at Lily.

“Where are you going to be staying, Harry?” Dorea asked.

Harry shrugged, "I'm not sure yet. I'll probably crash at the Wolf's Den until I find something."

"You could stay with us," Charlus offered while Dorea nodded in agreement.

James, on the other hand, didn't look pleased at all with the idea.

"I appreciate that, but I really want to find a house of my own," Harry said.

"Then we'll help you find one," Charlus smiled, clapping his shoulder. "Unfortunately, we do need to get going. Cynthia, Gerald, it was a pleasure meeting you. We'll send you an owl with our address, but it might be easier to have Harry bring you."

"I can do that," Harry nodded.

"Thank you," Cynthia smiled. "It was nice meeting you, too."

As the Potters left, James sulked behind them. Harry wondered just how long it would take for him to start growing up. Since he had no intentions of letting Dorea and Charlus get killed this time around, he didn't know what the trigger would be.

"I should get going, too," Harry said. "I don't think this meeting with the Blacks is going to go well."

"How bad do you think it'll be?" Lily asked worriedly.

Harry shrugged, "That's up to them."

Silently, Harry Apparated outside a large manor just outside Wiltshire. Unlike Orion Black, Cygnus lived as far away from Muggles. Walking to the front gate, it swung open as he approached with a light squeak. Following the serpentine shaped path to the house, he knocked on the door. Narcissa opened it and hugged him tightly.

“They’re up to something,” she whispered urgently.

“We expected that,” Harry told her.

“Don’t just stand there, Narcissa,” Druella called. “Show him in.”

Giving her a reassuring smile, he entered the house and closed the door. Harry could feel the tension pouring off of Narcissa as she showed him into the parlor, where Druella, Cygnus, and Bellatrix were waiting for them. The first thing he noticed was the look in Druella’s eyes. It was the same crazed, manic look he’d seen from Bellatrix in his old timeline.

“Welcome to the house of Black, Mr. Potter,” Cygnus said, spreading his arm even as he remained seated. “Narcissa, get our guest a drink, would you?”

The moment Narcissa stepped away from him, the door they entered through banged open. Harry glanced over his shoulder as Lucius swaggered into the room with his wand drawn. Behind him came a man that could only be his father, Abraxas Malfoy, followed by Augustus Rookwood and two other wizards Harry didn’t recognize.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing!?” Bellatrix demanded as she jumped to her feet, wand snapping into her hand.

“Sit down, Bellatrix,” Cygnus said sternly.

Seething silently, she glanced over at Harry, who nodded. Cygnus frowned heavily as she sat down slowly but kept her wand in her hand.

"I told you, Potter," Lucius smirked.

"Did you?" Harry asked as his Holly wand was summoned from his pocket. "Sorry, I wasn't paying attention."

Lucius glared, pressing the tip of his wand into Harry's neck.

"You'd do well to listen to your betters," he hissed.

"Oh, I do," Harry said, smiling innocently. "You're just not one of them."

Lucius' eye twitched, and Harry readied himself.

"Crucio."

Before Lucius had finished the incantation, Harry's hand shot forward. Grabbing his wrist, he jerked it just slightly to the side. Lucius watched in horror as his Cruciatus Curse hit his father straight in the chest. Yanking him forward, Harry spun him around, putting him directly in the path of Rookwood's Stunning Hex. As Lucius' unconscious body dropped to the floor, The elder wand appeared in Harry's hand.

"Avada-"

"No! The Dark Lord wants him alive!" Rookwood shouted.

As Cygnus jumped to his feet, so did Bellatrix, her wand pressed to his neck. Narcissa drew her wand as well and trained it on her mother.

“Remember where your loyalties lie,” Cygnus said dangerously.

“I know exactly where my loyalties lie,” Bellatrix hissed, her wand digging into his skin until he winced.

Meanwhile, Harry quickly stunned everyone but Rookwood. As an Unspeakable, he had a knowledge of magic that few possessed. Harry was forced to dip into some rather dark magic to fight back. Rookwood’s usual confidence quickly turned to worry as each of his spells was returned with something equally deadly and far more powerful.

For Harry, this wasn’t just about winning. It was about making a point. It was time the Death Eaters had something to fear besides Azkaban.

Rookwood began slowly edging toward the doorway, looking for an escape, but Harry had no intention of letting him go. Parrying a Blood-Boiling Hex, he slammed the door shut and transfigured it into steel. Rookwood cursed as he was swamped by a hail of dangerous and deadly curses. Organ Bursting, Bone Exploding, and Withering Curses were barely blocked in time. The short distance between them left only a split second to identify and deflect each spell with the necessary shield.

“Avada Kedavra!” Rookwood shouted.

It was a sign of how trapped he felt that the Unspeakable, known to enjoy using more esoteric magic, resorted to something so common among the Death Eaters. Harry thrust his wand forward, shattering the unblockable Killing Curse like it was a Disarming Charm. Rookwood was so shocked that he missed the spell he cast at the same time.

It felt like the world slowed down around them as the grey bolt of magic flew toward him. Rookwood’s wand moved in a blur, his eyes wide and panicked. Impressively, he managed to

produce a shield at the last possible moment. Harry felt a flash of disappointment, but then the spell passed straight through as if it wasn't there. Rookwood had chosen the wrong type of shield. One that wasn't designed to stop the kind of spell Harry had cast.

The Unspeakable stared in shock as he rapidly turned to stone, a wave of grey extending outwards from the point the spell hit. In moments, he was frozen as a statue, wand hand clutching his chest while the other was extended, desperately grasping at nothing. A look of horror was permanently etched onto Rookwood's face.

Harry smiled grimly, summoned his Holly wand, and turned back to the Blacks. Bellatrix looked at him like she wanted to jump him right then and there, and she probably would've if her wand was still pressed to her father's neck. Worryingly, Druella was staring at him with a similar fire in her eyes. Studiously ignoring her, Harry summoned her and her husband's wands with a flick of his wrist. No longer needing to keep her father at wand point, Bellatrix rushed over and kissed him passionately. Smiling, Harry pulled back and wrapped his around her.

A sound caused both of them to look behind them as the door was turned back to normal. It cracked open, and Andromeda peeked inside, wand at the ready. She stared in shock at the bodies and the floor, the man turned statue, and Narcissa holding her parents at wand point.

"What the hell is going on?" she asked.

"Mother and Father tried to hand Harry over to the Dark Lord," Narcissa told her, eyes narrowed angrily.

"You didn't!" Andromeda gasped.

"I did what was best for our family," Cygnus said stiffly.

"You did what was best for yourself," Andromeda spat. "Joining You-Know-Who will only lead this family to ruin."

“Narcissa, would you Floo the Aurors?” Harry asked.

“Don’t you dare,” Cygnus growled as Narcissa walked over to the fireplace. “Narcissa, as your father, I order you to stop.”

Narcissa ignored him and tossed a handful of powder into the flames.

“Stop right now, or I will banish you from the family,” he said, a wild look in his eyes.

Bellatrix snorted, “As if we care about that.”

“You would choose this *boy* over your own family?” Druella asked.

“Yes,” Bellatrix replied instantly. “Harry is the future of our world. Only a fool wouldn’t recognize that.”

“You traitor,” Cygnus growled.

Bellatrix shrugged carelessly, pressed herself against Harry, and kissed his neck. A moment later, the Aurors stepped out of the Floo. Kingsley arrived first, followed by his Connie and, surprisingly, David.

“An hour,” Connie sighed. “You couldn’t stay out of trouble for one – Holy shit, is that Rookwood?”

“Er, yeah,” Harry said.

He explained everything that had happened, and David quickly called for more Aurors to do a full investigation. Cygnus and Druella were quick to claim they’d been threatened by Voldemort



into turning Harry over to him. No one believed them, but it would be up to the Wizengamot to decide their fates. For now, due to the seriousness of the charges, they were cuffed and taken to a Ministry holding cell.

“Can you reverse what was done to Rookwood?” David asked.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “He’s dead.”

David sighed and rubbed his brow.

“Boss, we found the Killing Curse on his wand,” Connie told him. “I’m sure there’re even worse spells on here, but I don’t recognize them.”

“I really didn’t have a choice,” Harry said. “He was going to go down from a Stunning Hex or a Disarming Charm.”

“I know,” David sighed. “I just wish we could’ve gotten some information from him. I’d really like to know what information he was giving You-Know-Who.”

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, Harry looked at Rookwood as two Aurors argued over how to get him back to the Ministry.

“I might have an idea,” he said. “His memories might be intact. May I?”

David thought for a moment before nodding. Drawing his wand, Harry conjured a large glass vial and then pressed the tip to the side of Rookwood’s head. It took intense focus, but as he drew the tip away, a large, silvery glob came free. Depositing it in the vial, he corked it and handed it to David.

“This is all of his memories involving Voldemort and any crimes he committed,” Harry said. “If you need more, let me know now. I don’t think his memories will last for long.”

“This is more than enough,” David said, swirling the vial containing what had to be hundreds of memories.

It would take weeks, maybe months, to view all of them. As David turned to give orders to his Aurors, Harry quickly pulled a few more memories from Rookwood. The glob was much smaller - only one or two memories. He stowed it in the pocket of his robes before anyone noticed what he was doing.

It took another hour before the investigation was finally over, and the Aurors left. The girls all sat down in the parlor, looking as exhausted as Harry felt.

“Andi, do you have a place to go if you need to get out of here?” Harry asked. “Your parents aren’t going to be happy with any of you if they manage to stay out of Azkaban.”

“I could go stay with Ted,” she told him. “Actually, I planned on moving in with him in a couple of days anyways. He proposed to me yesterday.”

“That’s great,” Harry grinned as she was congratulated by her sisters.

He really hoped that Tonks would still be born. She’d been a close friend and always managed to put a smile on his face. He’d been heartbroken to see her lying in the Great Hall next to Remus.

“Harry, why don’t you stay here tonight?” Narcissa asked.

Bellatrix and Andromeda looked at him hopefully.

Harry smiled, "Alright."

"Trilla," Narcissa called.

With a pop, thin, shaking House Elf popped into the room. She wrung her hands nervously, eyes fixed on the floor.

"Y-yous called, Mistress," Trilla asked.

"Get us a bottle of champagne from the cellar to celebrate and start dinner," Narcissa said.

"Y-yes, Mistress," Trilla replied.

"Wait," Harry said before she could leave. "Why are you so scared, Trilla?"

She looked over at Narcissa, who nodded before replying.

"Trilla is scared she is losing her family."

Harry looked at her sympathetically.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Look, Narcissa and Bellatrix are going to come live with me as soon as I find a house. Would you like to come with us?"

"Oh yes, Trilla would like that very much," she said, nodding her head.

Smiling, Harry took out his wand. Trilla flinched and ducked her head.

“It’s alright. I’m not going to hurt you,” he assured her. “It’s just a spell to transfer your bond to Narcissa. It won’t hurt a bit.”

The girls all watched him curiously as he waved his wand in circles and muttered a long incantation. Several smoky, golden threads extended out from Trilla’s body. A few extended to the walls, but three connected her to the Black sisters. While most of the lines were identical, one was slightly bright and more solid. As Harry continued his incantation, the brightest began to dim while the one connecting Trilla to Narcissa brightened.

It was an old spell used to transfer ownership of House Elves to a different family member if they were unable to do it themselves. Mostly, it was used when someone was in a coma or prison. By the time the spell ended, Narcissa’s orders had superseded her father’s.

“There, all done,” Harry smiled.

“Thank you, master,” Trilla said, staring at him in awe. “Trilla wills start dinner right away.”

With a pop, she vanished, only to return a moment later with a bottle of champagne and four glasses. Popping the cork, Harry poured out glasses for everyone.

“To Andromeda and Ted,” he said, raising his glass in a toast. “May you have a long and happy marriage.”

“And may your sex be even half as amazing as it is with Harry,” Bellatrix smirked.

“Bella,” Narcissa sighed while Andromeda smiled.

Clinking their glasses together, they drank deeply.

“You know, there’s nothing stopping you from inviting Ted over for the night,” Narcissa smirked.

Grinning, Andromeda climbed to her feet and made her way to the Floo. With a chuckle, Harry took her seat between Narcissa and Bellatrix on the couch.

## Chapter 27

Harry slept a bit late, thanks to the champagne the night before. Waking the girls, they got dressed and headed down to the kitchen, where Andromeda and Ted were already sipping tea while Trilla cooked breakfast.

“Oh, good,” Andromeda smiled. “I was just about to wake you. Head Auror Bones sent us an owl. He wants us to come to the Ministry at eleven for an interview.”

“What time is it?” Bellatrix grumbled tiredly.

“Ten,” Andromeda replied with a teasing smile. “Really, Bella, it was only a few glasses of champagne. Who knew you were such a lightweight?”

“I’m not tired because of the champagne,” Bellatrix smirked.

Harry felt her hand land on his thigh and rolled his eyes. Grabbing her hand, he gave it a soft squeeze and pushed it away. He didn’t fancy going to the Ministry while trying to hide an erection.

“Have you chosen a date for the wedding yet?” Narcissa asked.

“Not yet, but I’d like something in last spring,” Andromeda said.

As Trilla set breakfast on the table, the girls descended into an in-depth conversation about dresses, locations, and flowers. Harry and Ted shared a look and smiled.

“So, how about those Arrows,” Harry said.

“Eh, they’re really being let down by their Seeker,” Ted shrugged. “I’m more of a Harpies fan.”

~

An hour later, Harry and the Black sisters Apparated just outside an alley in London. Ted had stayed back at Black Manor to start moving Andromeda’s belongings over to his place. They all crammed themselves into the phone booth, leaving Harry in the enviable position of having three sets of large breasts pressed against his arms and back. He had to squirm around to lift the phone and punch in the number ‘62442.’

“Welcome to the Ministry of Magic. Please state your name and the reason for your visit,” came a female voice.

The voice was different than the one Harry remembered from his time, and it took a moment for him to realize he was talking to a real person.

“Er, Harry Potter and Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Andromeda Black here for a meeting with Head Auror Bones,” he said.

“Thank you,” the witch said. “Please put on your visitor badges and have a wonderful day.”

The line went dead, and Harry heard the badges drop into the change slot. The booth shuddered before it began to descend into the sideway. Hanging up the phone, he grabbed the badges and twisted awkwardly to hand them out. The girls rubbed their breasts against him as they struggled to pin them to their robes in the cramped space. They dropped into the Atrium

from above, the morning rush thankfully over, leaving just a handful of employees coming and going.

Stepping out of the phone booth, Harry led them to the guard desk, where a portly, bearded wizard sat reading the Daily Prophet. He had to clear his throat rather loudly to get the man's attention. Looking up from his paper, the wizard quickly set his paper aside and straightened up when he recognized Harry.

"Auror Bones told me you was comin'," he said. "I just need ta check yer wand before yeh go up."

A bit nervously, Harry handed over his Holly wand. The wizard set it on the brass scales that spat out a small strip of parchment.

"Holly and Phoenix feather, been in use seventeen years?" the man asked.

"Yes," Harry nodded, trying not to let his relief show.

Taking his wand back, he waited to the side for the girls to register their wands. When they were done, he led them to the elevators. As they stepped inside, several owls perched above them on wooden beams hooted, their large yellow eyes watching them closely. Narcissa wrinkled her nose and glanced up at them worriedly. Andromeda went so far as to cast an Umbrella Charm, which her sisters copied. Going down two floors, they stepped out into the chaotic Auror Office.

Looking around for a familiar face, Harry eventually spotted Elizabeth Shacklebolt filing parchment away into a filing cabinet.

"Hey, Liz," he called, making his way over to her.

"Hey, Harry," she smiled. "If you're here to see David, he's waiting for you in Crouch's office."

“Why?” he asked, narrowing his eyes suspiciously.

“It’s a high-profile case. He wants to make sure everything is done right,” Elizabeth answered.

“You mean he wants to take the credit,” Harry scoffed.

Elizabeth didn’t respond verbally, but her smile said more than enough.

“Do you need me to show you where his office is?” she asked.

“If you don’t mind,” Harry said. “Is Connie around?”

“She’s out on patrol,” Elizabeth said, leading them to the back of the office.

Knocking on the door, she waited for a response before cracking it open and poking her head in.

“Mr. Crouch, Harry Potter, and the Blacks are here to see you,” she said.

“Send them in,” Crouch said.

Elizabeth turned to Harry and gave him a smile as she pushed the door open. He smiled back briefly before stepping into the office. Crouch looked much the same as Harry remembered him, though with a bit less grey in his hair and a few less wrinkles on his face. Looking at the man and knowing the horrific things that would happen because of his selfish decisions, he struggled to keep a scowl off of his face.

“Take a seat,” Crouch said with preamble.



Glancing at David, who gave him an apologetic look, Harry and the girls sat in the hardbacked chairs.

“During our investigation of last night’s events at Black Manor, there are a few details that need clarification,” Crouch said, staring at Harry firmly, his hands resting on the desk. “What, precisely, were you doing at Black Manor?”

“I was invited over for dinner,” Harry said, his mind whirling as he tried to figure out Crouch’s angle.

“And you’re dating all three of their daughters?” Crouch asked.

“No, I’m dating Narcissa and Bellatrix,” Harry replied. “I’m not dating Andromeda.”

Crouch made a quick note on a sheaf of parchment, his quill scratching loudly in the silent room.

“And were there any witnesses to this invitation?” Crouch asked.

“We heard it,” Narcissa answered.

Crouch looked up and stared at her unpleasantly.

“Was there anyone else?” he asked.

“Lily Evans, her parents, and I believe Charlus and Dorea Potter heard it as well,” Harry said. “What’s the point of all this?”

"It's part of the investigation," Crouch said, sitting up straight and running a hand over his tie. "How did you block the Killing Curse, and why didn't you notify the Ministry?"

Harry raised an eyebrow at the sudden change of subject.

"I wasn't aware it was necessary to notify the Ministry for using a simple charm," Harry said, causing Crouch to narrow his eyes. "It's nothing special, more of a trick, really."

"What do you mean a trick?" Crouch asked aggressively. "Are you saying this whole thing was staged?"

Harry glared at him and drew his wand in a flash. Crouch flinched and started to reach for his own.

*Thud!*

A ball of clear ice slightly smaller than a Bludger landed hard on the desk. Crouch stopped reaching for his wand and glared at Harry as he sat back.

"What is the meaning of this?" Crouch asked angrily.

"You wanted to know how I blocked the Killing Curse," Harry said, waving his hand.

"Ice?" David asked incredulously.

"You need something physical to block the Unforgivables," Harry shrugged. "That's why I said it's more of a trick. A ball of ice that big is just big enough to stop the Killing curse and be burned away by the residual magic. It gives the illusion that it was shattered, but it's really nothing special."

David laughed, sat back in his chair, and shook his head.

“The Unspeakables have been going nuts trying to figure out what you did since they first heard rumors of you blocking the Killing Curse at Brown Manor,” David said. “I thought the Aurors just didn’t understand what they were seeing. I can’t believe it was that easy.”

“Sorry to disappoint,” Harry smiled.

“You should be,” David said, crossing his arms over his chest. “I thought we might finally have a way to protect our Aurors.”

“Any conjuration will work,” Harry said. “Something as simple as a shield made of wood or stone will stop it, but you have to be careful about the debris. They just need to learn how to cast it quick. The hardest part of getting over the fear. It might help if you had one of the senior Aurors cast the Killing Curse on a dummy and have them try to shield it. That way, they don’t freeze up when it happens for real.”

“That’s not a bad idea,” David said thoughtfully.

“None of this is pertinent to our investigation,” Crouch said angrily.

Sighing, Harry sat back in his chair. He and the girls answered Crouch’s inane questions for another half an hour before he finally finished.

“Beaucratic cunt,” Bellatrix spat as soon as they were out of the office.

Harry snorted while Narcissa reprimanded her for her language.

“What was that about?” he asked David quietly.

“Why don’t we take this to my office,” the Auror replied.

Walking to the other side of the room, they entered a corner office. Harry conjured much more comfortable chairs than the ones they’d sat on in Crouch’s office. Narcissa gave him a grateful smile as she sat down primly.

“Sorry about that,” David said, walking around to sit behind his desk. “Crouch took over the case as soon as we got back to the Ministry. I think he’s trying to find a way to discredit you so he can take credit for bringing down the Blacks. It would be a huge boost to his reputation.”

“Why does he need to discredit me to do that?” Harry asked.

“Haven’t you seen this morning’s paper?” David asked, surprised.

When Harry shook his head, he opened a desk drawer and pulled out a copy of the Daily Prophet. On the front page was a picture of Cygnus and Druella’s mugshot.

*Black and Malfoy Attack the Hero of Hogsmeade!*

*By Alexandra Winkle*

*Early last night, Cygnus Black(63), the head of the notorious Black family, and Abraxas Malfoy (42) attacked the Hero of Hogsmeade, Harry Potter(18) with the intention of handing him over to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Harry Potter once again demonstrated his impressive magic by not only stopping Black and Malfoy, but also five other Death Eaters, including Unspeakable Augustus Rookwood, who was killed in the ensuing duel.*

*The Daily Prophet has been informed by a reliable source that Rookwood was found to have the Dark Mark. Since his sudden arrival in magical Britain roughly 10 months ago, Harry Potter has solidified himself as a formidable wizard and symbol of hope to many in these dark and trying times. (For a full list of Potter’s accomplishments, go to page seven.)*

Sighing, Harry handed the paper to Narcissa, who read it eagerly.

“I think Crouch sees you as a political threat,” David said. “Even if you don’t run for office yourself, you have enough sway to ensure he doesn’t get elected.”

“I hate politics,” Harry grumbled.

“That makes two of us,” David smiled before turning to the sisters. “Your parents have a hearing tomorrow morning. Based on my experience, I expect they’ll be released before they go to trial. Under the law, they can’t contact you until the case has been resolved. Unfortunately, since they own the manor, you’ll have to stay somewhere else.”

“I’ll take care of it,” Harry said.

“I figured you would. I just wanted to give you a head’s up,” David said. “I’ll send you an owl once the trial date is set. Now, I know they’re your parents, so if you have any issues about testifying, I need to know now.”

“We have no issues,” Narcissa said firmly.

Beside her, Bellatrix and Andromeda nodded in agreement.

“Excellent,” David smiled. “If you have any questions before the trial, feel free to send me an owl. I’m sorry, but I really must get back to work.”

“No problem,” Harry said as they stood. “Thanks for your help.”

“There’s one more thing I need to talk to you about, in private, before you go,” he said as they shook hands.

Harry lifted an eyebrow curiously while the girls stepped outside of the room and closed the door. Reaching into his desk, David pulled out a thick folder and handed it to him.

“This is a collection of known Death Eaters and all the information we have on them,” he said softly. “Do not get caught with it.”

“I won’t,” Harry assured him, shrinking the folder and stuffing it in his pocket. “Any suggestion on who we should go after first?”

“Lucas Holt,” David said, her blue eyes glinting like chips of ice. “He’s number four on our most wanted list, and he’s made several threats against Wizengamot members and their families, including mine. I’ll sleep a lot better at night knowing I don’t have to worry about him being out on the streets.”

“Consider it done,” Harry nodded.

David nodded, and Harry turned towards the door. Slipping out of the office, he wrapped his arm around Bellatrix and led the girls to the elevators.

“Harry!”

He turned and smiled as Samantha, one of the Auror trainees he’d met at Hogwarts, came running up to him, dragging Jessica behind her. Jessica didn’t look like she knew how to react to seeing him again. Quite understandable, given the emotionally trying experience he’d put her through.

“Hey Sam, Jessica, how have you been?” Harry asked.

“Good,” Samantha said, brushing a stray lock of red hair behind her ear. “We’re in our last month of training before our big test.”

"That's great," Harry smiled. "Michelson still have his head up his arse?"

"He dropped out," Jessica said, relaxing slightly.

"Went back to being a Hit Wizard," Samantha added with a grin. "Listen, would you mind dueling with us again before our final exam? I really didn't get a chance last time."

"Er, I'm pretty busy this week, but I might have time once things get settled," Harry said. "What days do you have off?"

"We work weekdays from seven to three," Samantha answered.

"Alright, how about next Saturday?" Harry asked.

"Perfect," she grinned.

"I'll owl you later this week with a time," he told her.

"Thanks, Harry," Samantha said.

Smiling brightly, she surprised him with a hug. With a wave and a quick goodbye, she and Jessica disappeared back into the office.

"She's cute," Bellatrix smirked, tilting her head as she watched the redhead's bum.

"Do you think about anything other than sex?" Andromeda asked, rolling her eyes as Narcissa called the elevator.

“Not if I can help it,” Bellatrix shrugged.

~

While Andromeda went back to Black Manor to finish moving in with Ted, Harry, Narcissa, and Bellatrix Apparated to Somerset to meet with a real estate agent. As they were looking through the list of properties for sale, Harry spotted the place he wanted.

“This one,” he said, pointing to the page.

“That’s a lovely place,” the witch smiled. “But it might be a bit small for your needs. It’s only a three-bedroom.”

“We can expand the inside,” Harry said, undeterred.

“What’s so special about this place?” Narcissa asked.

“I’ll tell you when we get there,” Harry said. “How much is it?”

“Forty-two thousand Galleons or sixty-eight thousand pounds, whichever you prefer to pay in. We’re flexible,” the witch smiled.

Harry was pretty sure he could afford it, but he glanced at Narcissa to make sure. She handled all of his finances.

“We can easily afford it,” she told him.

“Right, good,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “Can you two go get Lily and her parents while I go to Gringotts?”



“Of course,” Narcissa said, sharing a look with Bellatrix at his odd behavior. “Where’s the house?”

“Godric’s Hollow.”

~

Harry paid off the house in full, not even bothering to try and haggle. The real estate agent offered to show him around, but he declined. She eventually left him standing outside of the house with keys in hand, waiting for the girls to arrive.

The house looked completely different than the last time he’d seen it, and he realized belatedly this was his first time seeing it in daylight. There was no wooden sign in front proclaiming the tragedy that happened inside, with names carved into the surface. The white picket fence surrounding the yard was pristine, nothing like the weathered and rotted mess he remembered. There was no collapsed roof or vines climbing up the walls, just a picturesque little house waiting for a new family to move in.

Perhaps the most noticeable difference was the lack of magic. That’s not to say there was none in the area. Magicals did live there and had for centuries. But, even before absorbing the magic of the Elder Wand, he and Hermione had both felt the malevolent, evil magic that pervaded the house. Now, there was nothing. Just the natural magic he was used to feeling.

A loud series of pops pulled Harry from his thoughts. As he turned, he caught a glimpse of Bathelda Bagshot peeking out of her curtains before she disappeared behind a curtain of white lace. Footsteps came from behind him, and he glanced back to see the girls and Lily’s parents walking up before turning back to the house.

“Harry,” Lily asked softly, her fingers lacing through his.

“This was my parents’ house,” he said before he lost his courage. “This is where they were killed.”

Harry heard gasps, and someone rested a hand on his shoulder, but he was already walking forward. Pushing open the gate, he walked to the front, unlocked it, and pushed the door open gently. It swung inwards on silent hinges. The living room was in perfect condition and fully furnished. He thought he even recognized the blue couch from his memories. Walking inside slowly, he looked around as everyone walked in after him.

“Harry, are you sure you want to live here?” Lily asked, wrapping her hands around his arm.

Turning to her, he smiled.

“I made peace with what happened here a long time ago,” Harry said softly. “I used to dream about this place as a kid. When things got bad, I’d close my eyes and imagine what it would’ve been like to grow up here. Now, I get to find out.”

Lily’s bright green eyes swam as she leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. Everyone began to relax as he showed them around the house.

“This used to be the nursery,” Harry said, showing them the smallest bedroom. “The master bedroom is just through there.”

Bellatrix peeked through the door and frowned.

“We’re going to need to get a bigger bed,” she said.

“I’m going to go take a look at the lawn,” Gerald muttered and headed back downstairs.

“Oh, Gerald, honestly,” Cynthia huffed. “I’m sorry about him. He doesn’t want to admit his daughter is growing up.”

“It’s alright,” Harry shrugged. “I thought you’d be angry with me when you found out about Bellatrix and Narcissa.”

“Gerald was,” Cynthia admitted. “I was more upset Lily waited so long to tell us. We both knew raising a magical daughter would mean dealing with things outside the norm. Gerald is just having a harder time adjusting. He’ll come around. As long as Lily is happy and safe, that’s all that matters to me.”

Harry smiled and let out a breath. After finishing the tour of the upstairs, they met Gerald downstairs and left the house to wander the village. They found a small, family run restaurant to have lunch at, where the owner, a thin, pretty woman in her forties, was happy to tell them all about Gordic’s Hollow. Harry took special note of the closed businesses that she mentioned. When they checked them after lunch, he wasn’t surprised to find they were actually a couple of magical shops. One was a small Apothecary run by a little old lady that grew everything in her own garden in town, and the other was essentially a magical pawn shop called Jambles, named after the owner.

After casting a spell to allow Cynthia and Gerald to see past the wards, they spent most of their time exploring Jambles. The owner, Mathias Jambles, was a round-faced, pleasant man that reminded Harry a lot of Mr. Weasley. He had the same sort of enthusiasm but for magical bits and bobs instead of Muggle artifacts. Lily, her parents, and Narcissa were fascinated as he happily showed them around the shop, stopping to show off anything he found the least bit interesting.

“This here is called a Fetcher,” Mathias said, pointing to a carved, wooden owl on the top shelf. “It was made by a witch from Wales to pick up Garden Gnomes, spin them around, and drop them off outside the property.”

Meanwhile, Bellatrix was far more interested in the small array of knives, swords, and spears around the shop. Most of them were antiques that looked like they would break if they were ever used, but a few looked more durable and interesting.

“If you’re interested in those, you’re really going to like these,” Mathias grinned.

Digging around among the shelves, he pulled out a pair of high heeled, leather boots. Bellatrix looked them over and frowned.

“I don’t have much interest in fashion,” she said.

Grinning, Mathias tapped the heel of the right boot against the ground, and a long, thin blade protruded from the toe with a *shick*. Bellatrix’s eyes gleamed, her attitude doing a complete one-eighty.

“I got them from a Russian witch about ten years back,” Mathias smiled. “I don’t know what she used them for – I like to think she was some kind of secret assassin – but these things are full of surprises.”

Grabbing the sole, he turned it ninety degrees from the shoe to reveal a hidden compartment in the heel.

“This one has a magically enlarged compartment the perfect size for a spare wand, completely undetectable,” he grinned. “The left one shoots a small dart when you give the heel a good stomp. Nearly took my eye out with that one last time I dropped them.”

“I’ll take them,” Bellatrix smiled, taking the boots.

When they left a short while later, she wore the boots out of the store. Harry wasn’t too interested in all the bells and whistles they came with, but he did like the way they made her bum look in her jeans.

Later that night, after taking Cynthia and Gerald home, Harry and the girls Apparated to the Wolf's Den to prepare for the full moon. Nerves were tense as they walked into the front office. Tonight would be the night they found out if the cure worked. While the girls headed outside to help, Harry walked down to the basement. Adriana sat in a chair with a tube in her left arm that carried her blood to a machine. Another tube pumped the blood back into her right arm. Agatha stood close by, monitoring the machine.

Sylvia and Amanda smiled and got up to hug him while Alfie, her stuffed and animated Krup, ran around his legs, yipping softly.

"How's our test subject?" Harry asked.

"Patient," Agatha corrected with a glare while Adriana cracked a small, nervous smile. "And she's doing excellent."

"What's all this?" he asked, waving his hand at the contraption.

"It's essentially a Muggle dialysis machine with a few modifications to run on magic," Agatha replied. "It was actually Lily's idea, and it's brilliant. The blood is drawn into the machine, run through a series of silver mesh to kill the curse, and then pumped back into the body. It takes three to four eight hours sessions to completely treat a person, depending on their size, and they have to stay within the golden cage to keep the curse from reproducing, but crucially, it means they don't have to experience any pain during the process."

"Brilliant," Harry smiled. "Will the treatment be done tonight?"

"She's already finished. This is just a precaution," Agatha said. "Unfortunately, we'll only know if it works for certain once she's exposed to a full moon."

Nodding, Harry looked down at Adriana and rested a hand on her shoulder.

“How are you holding up?” he asked softly.

“Bored,” Adrianna said with a fleeting, nervous smile. “I’ve been cooped up in this cage for four days, but if it works...”

Harry squeezed her shoulder, unsure what to say. He didn’t want to give her meaningless reassurances. She knew there was a chance it might not work, despite how hopeful they were.

“Just remember,” Sylvia said, smiling softly, “whether it works or not, nothing bad will happen to you. And we still have the cages to stop the transformation, right?”

“Right,” Adriana nodded, her muscles relaxing under Harry’s hand.

Hearing footsteps, they all turned to look at the stairs. Maggie stopped at the bottom with a smile and a tray of sandwiches in her hand.

“Agatha, Healers Jones, and Stevenson are here to see you,” she said, setting the tray down on a table next to Amanda. “And I made you your favorite peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.”

Amanda smiled and took a sandwich with the crust cut off.

“What do you say?” Sylvia asked.

“Thank you,” Amanda mumbled through a mouthful.

“You’re welcome, dear,” Maggie smiled.

“You can send the Healers down,” Agatha said before turning to Harry. “I invited a couple of colleagues to help document everything. It will be easier to present to the Ministry with multiple witnesses.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded.

Maggie went back upstairs, and two more people came down a moment later. The first was a woman that looked strikingly similar to Hestia Jones, and the other was a tall, thin wizard with short grey hair and a very long face, giving him a vulture-like appearance.

“Harry, this is Healer Regina Jones – she’s an expert in magical illnesses – and Healer George Stevenson, an expert in curses. Regina, George, this is Harry Potter,” Agatha said.

“Nice to meet you,” Harry said, shaking their hands.

“You as well,” Regina smiled before looking over at Adriana. “I take it this is our patient?”

“Indeed,” Agatha nodded.

Harry stepped back and checked on Sylvia and Amanda while Agatha gave the details to the Healers. While they were talking, Andromeda arrived and got straight to work.

“Everything okay with you and Amanda,” he asked, wrapping his arm around Sylvia’s waist.

“We’re fine,” she smiled, resting her head on his shoulder. “I’m just hoping this cure works.”

“Me too,” Harry said, kissing her temple. “I bought a house today in Godric’s Hollow. If you want, I can make room for you and Amanda.”

Lifting her head, Sylvia looked from him to Amanda, biting her lip thoughtfully.

“Can I think about it?” she asked.

“Sure, take all the time you need,” Harry said.

Smiling, Sylvia surprised him with a kiss. They separated a moment later when Amanda giggled.

~

As moonrise grew near, Harry, Adriana, and the Healers made their way outside while Andromeda stayed behind to watch Amanda. Adriana was given her normal dose of Wolfsbane as a precaution. Walking out to the field near the tree line so she had a safe place to transform if the cure failed, Thor and a few other Werewolves spotted them and watched curiously.

“Five minutes,” Agatha called out just as the doors to the enclosure banged shut in the distance.

Taking a deep breath, Adriana stared out at the horizon, where the moon was just starting to peek over the hills in the distance and shucked off her robe. She was naked underneath, her amazing curves on full display.

“Ahem. Ms. Zabini, nudity is not necessary,” George said, his face reddening.

“I don’t want to ruin my favorite robe if this doesn’t work, and I’m shite at conjuring,” Adriana said, her eyes never leaving the moon.

Stepping next to her, Harry took her hand and gave it a squeeze.



“No matter what happens, you’ll be fine,” he reminded her.

“I forgot how beautiful the full moon is,” Adriana said softly. “It doesn’t look the same when you’re transformed.”

Harry stood with her silently, her hand clutching his as they watched the moon edge higher over the hills.

“One minute,” Agatha called.

“You’ll be fine,” Harry said softly.

“Harry, if this works, I’m going to fuck the shit out of you,” Adriana whispered.

Letting go of his hand, she took a couple of steps forward. Harry stayed close, wand in hand, just in case anything went wrong. Everyone held their breath as the moon rose above the horizon. In the distance, they heard the Werewolves in the enclosure howl as they transformed. Still, they waited with bated breath, watching Adriana for any sign of change.

Suddenly, her shoulders heaved, and her arms shook. Harry tensed, his heart hammering in his chest. Then, he heard a sob. He rushed over and caught her as her legs gave out. Adriana flung her arms around him, letting out great, heaving sobs against his chest.

“Incredible,” Regina breathed.

“Extraordinary,” George said. “Do you feel any discomfort or anything unusual?”

“Give her a minute,” Harry said, rubbing Adriana’s back.

"I'm fine," she sniffled, lifting her head. "I feel fine. Better than I have in years. This is the first time since I was bitten that my bones haven't ached, and my muscles aren't sore around the full moon."

"Can we get a blood sample?" Regina asked kindly.

"I'm really starting to hate needles," Adriana grumbled.

Wiping her eyes, she pulled away from Harry and held out her arm. In the moonlight, he could see bruises and scabs along her forearm. Walking over to her, Regina pulled out a syringe and carefully drew some blood.

"Thank you," Regina said, staring at the syringe in awe. "We should test this."

Huddling together, the Healers headed back to the office, talking rapidly. Harry made to follow after them, but Adriana pulled him to a stop. When he turned to look at her, he immediately felt her lips against his. Her foot slipped behind his and, with a shove to his chest, he fell on his back.

"Oof," Harry grunted.

Smirking, Adriana mounted him, the bars through her pale pink nipples gleaming in the moonlight as her breasts bounced. Wasting no time, she unbuckled his belt and practically tore open his jeans. His length, swollen but not fully hard, flopped out into the open.

"That lucky bitch," Adriana said, licking her lips. "Well, I'm the lucky bitch now."

Laying his shaft against his stomach, she ground her folds against him and bent down to kiss him. Harry cupped her large, full breasts. Adriana moaned into his mouth and rolled her hips frantically. He rapidly hardened, causing her to shudder when her clit dragged along his pulsating shaft. Her folds grew hot and damp, leaving behind a trail of arousal on his skin.

Suddenly, Adriana pulled her lips away from his and sat up. Raising her hips, she lined him up with her entrance and impaled herself on his length with a swift plunge. Head thrown back, she howled and trembled above him. With the full moon behind her, just above her head, he wondered if part of the Werewolf was still there. That thought was driven from his head when she threw herself forward, hands on either side of his head, raised halfway up his length, and then slammed herself back down.

Harry hissed from the tightness of her hot, silky depths and squeezed her bouncing breasts. As she continued to impale herself furiously, he grabbed her piercings and gave them a light tug. Adriana closed her eyes and shivered, a low, sensual moan escaping her lips.

“Harder,” she panted. “Twist them.”

Gipping the piercing on her right breast, he twisted and pulled. Adriana gasped, her depths spasming around him as she arched her back.

“You little slut.”

Adriana never even hesitated in her movements while Harry tilted his head back to look at Bellatrix. With Narcissa and Lily on either side of her, they stopped next to them with matching smirks. Kneeling down, Bellatrix grabbed a fistful of her dark locks and yanked her head back, drawing a moan from her lips.

“You like our boyfriend’s big cock?” she asked, licking her throat.

“Yes,” Adriana hissed.

Kneeling down on the other side, Lily ran her hand over Adriana’s stomach and up to her breast. She spent a few moments groping the firm globe before grabbing her piercing and giving it a tug. With a gasp, Adriana tipped over the edge with a shudder. Her hips lost their

coordination as she rode out her peak. Smirking dangerously, Bellatrix trailed her hand down her stomach and rested it above her clit.

“Fuck her hard,” she growled.

Adriana’s eyes widened when he grabbed her hips. Digging his heels into the ground, he slammed his hips upwards, plunging into her depths with a loud, wet smack. Bellatrix started rubbing her clit frantically with an evil grin. As Adriana gasped for breath, Lily sucked and kissed at her neck. Her olive skin glistened with sweat in the moonlight. Short, grunting moans left her lips with each powerful thrust of Harry’s hips, like he was driving the air from her lungs.

Sauntering around behind her, Narcissa knelt and looked at Harry over her shoulder. Smiling, she sucked her middle finger into her mouth. Slowly, she pulled it out, leaving it glistening with her saliva. Keeping eye contact with him, she lowered her hand out of sight. A moment later, Adriana gasped silently, and Harry felt her spasm around him. Then, he felt something moving against his shaft. Narcissa fingered her bum and teased his length through the thin wall separating them.

Adriana stiffened, her mouth hanging open. Sucking in a breath, she grunted and came explosively. Her body bucked convulsively as she showed his waist with a fountain of arousal. Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix did everything they could to extend her climax. Meanwhile, Harry closed his eyes and bucked his hips frantically, desperate for his own release. The fluttering of her depths swiftly brought him over the edge. With a grunt, he erupted inside of her.

Collapsing forward, Adriana clung to his chest as they rode out their climaxes, her body twitching and shuddering against his. Eventually, they both went limp, panting for breath as their sweat cooled in the night breeze.

“Excuse me, Ms. Zabini, I – Oh!” Regina gasped, staring in shock as her face flushed.

“Did you need something?” Adriana asked, calm and relaxed.

“Oh, I – Uh, w-we, we wanted to run some tests,” Regina stammered.

Sighing, Adriana kissed Harry passionately and stood up. Regina stared from his messy length to the dribble of cum running down Adriana’s thigh. Wiping it up with her finger, she sucked it clean. Regina flushed even more and swallowed unconsciously. Picking up her robe, Adriana slipped it on and tied the sash.

“I’m all yours,” she said as Harry cleaned himself and got dressed.

“Oh, right, um, follow me,” Regina said.

Spinning around, she walked stiffly back to the office. Looking back at Harry, Adriana smiled and winked before following.

“So, the cure worked?” Narcissa asked, straightening her robes.

“It looks like it,” Harry smiled.

They all smiled, and Lily pulled him in for a tight hug. Looping his arms around the girls, they walked back to the office full of smiles.

No one noticed the cloaked figure watching them from just outside the wards. Slipping silently into the shadows, he vanished without a sound.

## Chapter 28

Harry sighed as he stepped into the front office of the Wolf’s Den, barely dodging out of the way of a rushing Healer. In the three days since the full moon and finding proof of a cure for Lycanthropy, chaos had descended on the normally calm, quiet compound. The press was camped just outside the wards, literally pitching tents in the hopes of getting the first interview

with him. Healers from all over the world had descended upon the office, poking and prodding an increasingly irritated Adriana while Agatha was grilled about her treatment.

As much as he wanted to kick everyone out, and Adriana wanted to hex them, they couldn't. If they wanted to promote the cure worldwide, they needed to let the Healers see everything. They needed to make sure Adriana had indeed been a Werewolf, that the cure worked, and that it could work for others.

Already, Harry had set up three more golden cages and convinced Thor, Maggie's son, Josh, and Remus to go through the treatment. While Sylvia was anxious to have Amanda cured, Agatha cautioned her that it was too soon to test on someone so young. They would need to spend four days getting their blood treated before being taken out under the full moon to make sure the cure worked.

Squeezing past the Healers milling about in the hall, Harry made his way down to the basement. He passed what had to be thirty Healers before he reached Agatha and Adriana. Agatha looked exhausted as she explained the use of the dialysis machine – again – while Adriana sat off to the side, scowling.

"Are you ready to go?" Harry asked.

"Thank Merlin!" Adriana exclaimed, standing quickly. "I need to get out of here."

"I need just a minute," Agatha said.

With a quick apology, she turned away from the Healers she'd been talking to and grabbed her paperwork.

"If I knew all this was gonna happen, I would've let someone else go first," Adriana grumbled.

"I didn't think it would be this bad," Harry said, wrapping an arm around her waist. "It's almost over. After the Wizengamot meeting, I want you to go home and rest. The Healers have all of the data they need for now, and they can see the cure for themselves in a couple of weeks."

"Thank you," she said, sighing in relief. "I swear if I get poked or podded one more time..."

Harry smiled and hugged her to his side. Despite all her complaints, Adriana had put up with everything they'd asked of her. Underneath the gruff exterior, he knew she wanted to spread the cure as much as he did.

"I'm ready," Agatha said.

Nodding, Harry led them back upstairs. With a quick wave to Maggie, they Flooed to the Ministry of Magic. Andromeda met them in the Atrium and helped Agatha carry some of her notes as they made their way past security and stood, waiting for the elevator. The whole time, witches and wizards stopped to whisper and stare. Harry was quite used to that kind of attention, but the others weren't.

"Just ignore them," he whispered.

The elevator opened, and the people inside paused to stare at them before clambering out. It was empty when they climbed inside, giving the ladies a much needed respite from all the attention.

"Merlin," Andromeda breathed. "I can't believe this is happening. Our names are going to go down in history for this."

"Don't remind me," Adriana groaned.

"I'm sorry," Andromeda said. "I just don't know whether to be excited or terrified."

“Just don’t let it go to your head,” Agatha warned. “I’ve seen other Healers make discoveries and waste the rest of their careers by coasting by on their fame. You have a sharp mind and a talent for healing. Don’t let this be your peak. Use it to propel you to new heights.”

“Yes, ma’am. I will,” Andromeda promised.

When the doors opened, they stepped out into the long, dark hallway leading to the courtrooms. A few Wizengamot members milling around outside abruptly stopped their conversations and whispered furiously to one another. Harry resisted the urge to roll his eye. Instead, he smiled and waved pleasantly. Once they’d entered the courtroom, he paused and pointed to the gallery.

“You can wait in the visitor’s section,” he said. “We should be the first on the docket.”

“Do you expect them to put up a fight?” Agatha asked quietly.

Harry shrugged, “I don’t think so, but I try not to underestimate the stupidity of politicians.”

“I knew you were a smart lad,” she smiled, patting his arm.

As she and Andromeda took seats in the gallery next to Regina and George, the Healers who’d witnessed the cure, Harry turned to check on Adriana. She scowled at the Wizengamot members staring at her.

“Are you alright?” Harry asked softly.

“I’m fine,” she replied stiffly.



He wanted to press and find out what was bothering her, but he knew this wasn't the time or place. When he squeezed her shoulder in support, Adriana smiled briefly before taking the seat next to Andromeda. With a sigh, he made his way to his seat.

"There's the man of the hour," Francine Abbot said, the skin wrinkling around her warm brown eyes as she smiled.

"Man of the century, more like," Jonas Longbottom said with a boyish grin. "Curing Lycanthropy has eluded wizards for thousands of years."

"Indeed," Damien Greengrass added. "You'll no doubt get another Order of Merlin for this."

"Oh no," Harry said, shaking his head adamantly. "Healer Agatha Moon gets all the credit for this one. All I did was provide the gold."

"You did a lot more than that," David said, smiling as he and Charlus joined them on the bench. "The Wolf's Den has made a big impact. Petty crime is down almost fifteen percent since it opened."

"Really?" Harry asked, surprised.

"Until you came along, Werewolves had trouble finding work," David said. "Most of them resorted to theft just to feed themselves. There're some that still cause problems, of course, but it's much fewer than before."

Harry opened his mouth to respond but was interrupted by the banging of the gavel.

"If everyone is ready, then I call this meeting to order," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling brightly. "As I'm sure most of you are aware, one of our members has a tremendous announcement to make. Harry, if you would like to come forward and make your presentation?"

Getting to his feet, Harry smoothed out his plum-colored robes and made his way down to the center of the room. Taking a calming breath, he looked out at the eager faces staring at him, though he noticed more than a few scowling unpleasantly.

“Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot, I believe we have discovered a cure for the Lycanthropy Curse,” Harry announced.

Immediately, people started whispering loudly.

“What do you mean ‘believe?’” Tiberius Ogden asked with a frown.

“Because it’s only been tested on one witch so far,” Harry replied, looking over his shoulder and motioning for the others to join him. “However, we’re confident the process will work on anyone. We’ll be attempting the cure on three more Werewolves on the next full moon.”

“And what exactly is this *cure*?” Alfred Nott asked derisively.

“I’ll let Healer Moon explain the process,” Harry said. “She’s the one that developed and administered the cure.”

Agatha stepped forward, her hand fiddling nervously with her robes, though her face betrayed nothing.

“For thousands of years, we’ve known that silver can harm a Werewolf,” she began. “Most don’t understand that this is caused by a magical reaction. You see, when the Lycanthropy Curse comes into contact with silver, the innate magic of the metal causes it to die. As it does, the curse releases toxins that, in large enough quantities, can permanently damage or even kill a Werewolf. So, we’ve known how to kill the curse for a long time. The question has always been how to do so without killing the patient. This is further complicated by the fact that moonlight causes the curse to regenerate rapidly, not just the light of a full moon. If even a single cell of the curse survives, it will replicate itself.”

“The breakthrough came with Mr. Potter’s discovery of the use of gold,” she said, nodding in his direction. “By using a golden cage to block out all natural magic, we were able to not only prevent a Werewolf’s transformation, but we could treat the blood over a longer period of time. Over a period of four days, the blood is drawn out of the patient and filtered first through a fine silver mesh, then through a filter made of crushed Bezors to remove the toxins before being pumped back into the body. I’d also like to note that it was Andromeda Black’s idea to treat the blood outside of the body. This drastically reduces the dangers for the patient and dramatically speeds up the process. Treating the body directly would be torturously painful and take weeks to complete the treatment. Now, we are able to treat a patient painlessly over the course of mere days.”

“And you say you’ve already used this cure?” an elderly witch asked eagerly over the excited whispers.

“Yes,” Agatha nodded, pulling Adriana up next to her. “This is Adriana Zabini. She was bitten and confirmed to have Lycanthropy three years ago. Myself, as well as Healers George Stevenson and Regina Jones of St. Mungo’s, were present when Ms. Zabini stood before a full moon three days ago and did not transform.”

“Currently, we have over thirty Healers from around the world studying the results and preparing to observe the treatment of the next three Werewolves,” Harry said, drawing the attention away from Adriana. “If all goes well, which we expect it will, we’ll be ready to make a presentation to the ICW. Our hope is to spread this cure as far and wide as possible.”

“Wonderful news,” Dumbledore smiled. “I think I speak for everyone when I thank you for finally finding a cure to this terrible affliction.”

Charlus stood and began clapping, followed closely by David and Francine. Soon, nearly everyone stood to applaud. Harry and the others all blushed under the attention. None of them had done this for the fame or recognition. Harry, Agatha, and Andromeda were only interested in helping others, while Adriana just happened to get dragged into this. Dumbledore let it carry on for a long moment before banging his gavel loudly.

“Does anyone else have any more questions for Mr. Potter before we move on?” he asked.

“How much do you expect this cure to cost,” a wizard asked curiously.

“Er,” Harry stammered, wracking his brain. “Well, the cages cost a few hundred each to make, and the other equipment is a couple of thousand, I think. We’re already manufacturing them at Potter’s Enchantments and selling them at cost. Really, the most expensive part is paying the Healers to administer the cure.”

“How much do you expect to charge to treat a patient?” Jonas Longbottom asked curiously.

“We’re not,” Harry said. “All treatments are free. The greenhouses and enchantment shop make enough to cover the costs.”

“The Ministry would be happy to help cover some of your expenses to see the end of Lycanthropy in this country,” Minister Bagnold said.

“Thank you, Minister,” Harry said. “That would be greatly appreciated.”

“Anyone else?” Dumbledore asked when no one else spoke. “Very well. Thank you for your time and your efforts. You have given a great many people hope today.”

Nodding gratefully, Harry went back to his seat while the others walked back to the gallery. The session dragged on for another two hours, but nothing important was mentioned. When it finally came to a close, Harry met up with Adriana and got out of there as fast as he politely could.

“How can you stand doing that?” she asked as they stepped into the elevator. “It was so boring.”

"I wish I didn't have to," Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I have things I'd much rather be doing than sitting in those dusty chambers listening to people argue about cauldron bottoms. But I can't change anything by sitting in my house. Which reminds me, do you mind if I come by your place and set up some wards? I just want to make sure people aren't going to bother you over this."

"I'll be fine. I'm staying at the Den," Adriana said.

The Den was the affectionate nickname of the house at the Wolf's Den.

"If the Healers start bothering you, let me know," Harry told her. "If it becomes a problem, you can come stay with me until things settle down."

"Now that's a tempting thought," Adriana smirked.

Harry smiled at her as the elevator stopped at the Atrium. As they walked towards the Floo, she suddenly grabbed his arm and pulled him to a stop. When he turned to look at her, she surprised him by pulling him into a hug.

"Thank you," Adriana said softly, her lips brushing his cheek as she pulled back. "I know I've complained a lot lately, but I really do appreciate everything you've done for me. For all of us. You have no idea how much life has changed for Werewolves since you showed up."

"I'm glad I could help," Harry smiled.

"If you ever feel like inviting me over for the night, let me know," she said with a wink.

Before he could respond, she turned away and walked to the Floo, her hips swaying provocatively. Smiling and shaking his head, Harry stepped into the Floo after she disappeared.

“Thirty-two Godric Lane,” he shouted before vanishing in a swirl of emerald flames.

~

Back at the house in Godric’s Hollow, Harry ate dinner with Bellatrix and Narcissa before spending a couple of hours lounging around. Lily was staying with her parents. She visited often during the day, but they all missed having her around all the time.

The Floo flared to life a little after seven, depositing Kingsley and Elizabeth into the living room. While Harry greeted them with a smile and told them about the new house, Moody arrived, followed by Jenna and Greyson a minute later.

“This is a nice little place,” Jenna smiled. “It’s funny, though. I thought you’d need something bigger with all of your girlfriends.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“No need,” Bellatrix grinned. “We all share one bed.”

“Lucky git,” Greyson grumbled. “I can’t even get one girlfriend.”

Jenna laughed while Narcissa looked up helplessly. Mercifully, Connie showed up at that moment, ending the teasing. After the sisters greeted her, they headed upstairs while Harry showed everyone else to the kitchen.

“How’s it feel being back with the Aurors?” Harry asked Connie as he passed out drinks.

“I like being back in action, but I forgot how much I hate the politics,” Connie replied, taking a sip of her Butterbeer.

Moody grunted, "Things've gotten better since you were gone. Potter's made Crouch look bad so many times he's actually started doing his job for once."

"Bloody hell," Harry sighed while the others laughed at his expense.

"So, what's the plan?" Moody asked.

Reaching into his pocket, Harry pulled out a folder and set it on the table before enlarging it.

"David Bones and I had a chat," he said. "He knows what I'm doing, but he doesn't know about any of you. If you want to tell him, you can. I doubt you'll get in any trouble, but I thought it was better for him to have plausible deniability. This is a list of known Death Eaters he recommends we go after first. Every last one is a known violent criminal."

"Isn't this something the Aurors can handle?" Jenna asked.

"Probably," Harry admitted. "But the idea is to bring in some known criminals to build trust. As far as Crouch and Minister Bagnold are concerned, I'm an anonymous Death Eater that's turned against them and will only work with David. Once we build trust, we can start going after the more politically connected Death Eaters. We also thought it might be a good idea to dose them with truth serum before handing over some of the more controversial ones."

Moody grunted in agreement as he started flipping through the files.

"I need to be clear about this," Harry continued. "This is dangerous. We're not just defending anymore. We're going on the offensive. If the Death Eaters catch us, we'll likely be tortured and killed. If the Aurors catch us, we'll be fugitives."

"Or in Azkaban," Greyson said.

"I can break us out of Azkaban," Harry told him. "But our lives as they are now will be over. What I'm trying to say is this is a risk. A big one. If any of you want out, I'll completely understand."

"I'm in," Connie said immediately. "Between what you've told us and what I've seen happening, I can see what coming. If we don't start fighting back now, we're all fucked anyways."

"I'm in," Greyson said.

"Me too," Jenna added.

"Kingsley and I have talked about this a lot since the last time we met," Elizabeth said, sweeping her long, dark hair over her shoulder. "We want a world where we can raise our family in peace. We're in."

Harry smiled gratefully and turned to look at Moody as he slapped a file on the table. On the front, paperclipped to a thick wrap sheet, was the photo of a man in his late thirties with a sharp nose, cruel dark eyes, spiky black hair, and a writhing snake tattoo going up his neck with the head resting on his cheek.

"Marius Dredge," Moody said. "He runs a crime ring in Knockturn Alley, theft, blackmail, extortion, assault, arson – you name it, he's got a hand in it. We need to cut off the head of the snake. If we take out dredge, the people under him will be so busy fighting each other that they won't have time to help You-Know-Who."

"So, I take it you're in?" Harry asked with a smile.

"I'm here, aren't I?" Moody grunted.

Grinning, Harry leaned back in his chair and took a sip of his Butterbeer.



“Alright then. Let’s get to work.”

~

Harry and the others took turns over the next three days, following Dredge around Knockturn Alley. Comparing notes, they found a pattern in his movements, just like Moody had hoped. They knew Dredge lived in a dingy flat deep in Knockturn Alley. While it wasn’t heavily warded, it was filled with criminals of the worst sort. They had people watching the only entrance at all hours, and they didn’t know the layout inside. It would be impossible to take him from there without a fight, something they wanted to avoid.

Watching Dredge’s movements, they knew that he left the pub at around two in the morning, found a prostitute, and then headed back to his flat for the night. Thankfully, the prostitutes were spaced far apart, and hung around dark, rarely used alleyways. With a plan in place, they decided to go for it the next night.

~

Harry sat in a loud, dingy, crowded pub, nursing a Firewhiskey that tasted more like petrol than alcohol. When the bartender looked away, he vanished the rest before ordering a refill. Fortunately, walking around with your hood up and face obscured wasn’t unusual. Glancing at the corner of the room, he could see Dredge talking and laughing loudly with his buddies. When the waitress walked over with a bottle of mead, he waved her off.

“Might be leaving soon,” Harry said, doing his best impression of a mumbling drunk.

“I’m in position,” Moody growled through the Listening Charm they’d applied to each other.  
“Jenny, you’re up.”

“On my way down the alley now,” Jenna replied.

A short distance from the pub, Jenna made her way down the steps to a narrow alley. Half a dozen small gaps between buildings along a hundred-yard stretch led to the apartment with cloaked and hooded figures milling around each one. Stopping in front of the first witch, the unattractive woman looked up at her and sighed.

"I don't do witches," she said.

"I'm not here for that," Jenna said, pulling a sack of Galleons out of her pocket. "I need this corner for an hour."

With a suspicious look, the witch opened the sack and her eyes widened comically. Taking out one of the coins, she bit it.

"It's real," she said, looking up in surprise. "You can have it for the whole night."

Without another word, she clutched the sack to her chest and scurried away as quickly as she could. Jenna didn't blame her. Harry had given her enough Galleons to change her life if she spent them right. Standing on the corner, she revealed a bit of her face. The hope was that seeing an attractive face would entice Dredge into buying her services.

"Leaving now," Harry said.

Taking a deep breath, Jenna put a shy look on her face and tried to look nervous. A couple of minutes later, Dredge came stumbling down the alley. Following behind him at a safe distance was a hooded figure she could tell was Harry just by the way he moved. Knowing he was there, keeping her safe, helped to settle her nerves.

The moment Dredge looked at her face, he smiled in a way that sent an unpleasant shiver down her spine. Biting her lip in a way she knew men thought looked cute, Jenna glanced at him before looking away quickly.

“Ello there beau’iful,” Dredge said. “I haven’t seen you around ‘ere before.”

“I’m new,” Jenna said.

Flashing a smile, Dredge pulled out two sickles and held them between his thumb and forefinger.

“Ow ‘bout I a right proper welcome?” he asked.

Smiling shyly, Jenna nodded and allowed him to lead her between the two buildings. Immediately, he pinned her against the wall and smelled her hair, his alcohol soaked breath washing over her face. She was grateful he couldn’t see her face as she grimaced, her hand instinctively twitching for her wand.

Suddenly, there was a flash of red, and Dredge’s body slumped against her.

“Oh, fuck. This guy’s heavy,” Jenna grunted, lowering him to the ground.

“You alright?” Harry asked.

“Nothing a hot shower can’t fix,” she said, flashing him a smile.

“Dredge’s friends are heading your way,” Greyson warned. “You’re got about two minutes before they reach you.”

“Leaving now,” Harry said.

Pulling a length of white rope out of his pocket, Harry wrapped it around Dredge’s wrist, grabbed the middle, and then handed the other end to Jenna. As soon as she grabbed it, he

tapped it with his wand, and they vanished in a swirl of color. Seconds later, they were back in his living room in Godric's Hollow.

"We made it back," Harry said as he was hugged by Narcissa and Bellatrix.

"Everyone pull out and head back," Moody ordered.

"Bad choice of words considering what I've had to watch all night," Connie muttered.

Harry and Jenna snickered. Connie had been watching the prostitution alley for hours from a rooftop. With a flick of his wand, Harry bound up Dredge just as several pops sounded from the backyard. A moment later, the others entered through the back door.

"Quick and clean. Just the way I like it," Moody said, walking over to Dredge and nudging him with his foot.

"Did anyone notice anything?" Harry asked.

"Everything was still quiet when we left," Elizabeth said.

She, Kingsley, and Moody had been watching the end of the alley near the apartment just in case Dredge escaped.

"Good," Harry said, "I'll go drop this guy off at David's place, and then we can all have a drink."

"While he's doing that, can someone tell me what happened?" Narcissa asked curiously.

"I'll fill you in," Connie said.

Smiling, Harry levitated Dredge over to the Floo and vanished in a green flash of fire.

## Chapter 29

As Harry stepped out of the Floo into the Wolf's Den, a tall African wizard in blue robes looked up from his clipboard and gave him a respectful nod. Nodding back, he stepped to the side and waited for Narcissa and Bellatrix. Not interested in dealing with the Healers today, they left quickly and made their way outside. Several of the Werewolves working the greenhouses looked up with a wave and a smile as they walked across the lawn.

Walking past the enclosure, they made their way to the workshop on the other side of the field. The rectangular building was much larger than the front office and stood two stories tall. Stepping inside, he watched as witches and wizards – some of them Werewolves, some of them not – go about their tasks. A tall, leggy blonde sat at a bench, engraving runes into mirror frames. Next to her sat a portly, balding wizard who was levitating batches of small mirrors in and out of a red, bubbling potion. A short, curvy black witch in her forties took set the mirrors into the frames and moved them further down the line where they could be given the final enchantments before being sent off for testing.

Further down the line, he could see more people working on larger mirrors. Past that were more enchanters working on Memory Projectors, shield cloaks, and one of their newest additions, a set of palm sized stones inscribed with runes that could be buried around a property, providing it with wards more powerful than most people could cast on their own. Harry felt surreal seeing the number of people working hard on ideas he'd developed. Sure, being a Hallow sped up the process, but they were his ideas, and they were changing the world around him.

“Mr. Potter!”

Harry, shaken from his thoughts, looked to the side and smiled as Richard Popper, his Head Enchanter and manager of the workshop. Richard was a tall, handsome man in his fifties. His short, jet black hair was greying around the temple, and there was a light stubble on his strong, cleft jaw. Despite his rugged good looks, he's struggled to find work as an Enchanter because he

was Muggleborn. The moment Harry had learned a man with his skill was stuck making toy brooms, he was quick to offer him a position.

“Richard,” he said, shaking his hand. “This place looks great!”

“We rearranged a bit since the last time you were here,” Richard said with an easy smile. “We hired fifteen new enchanters in the last week. Demand for our mirrors is through the roof. While we were moving things around, I decided to arrange the shop like an assembly line. It’s increased our output of Memory Projectors and hand mirrors a bit, but it’s really made a difference with the wall mirrors. Here, take a look.”

Harry and the girls followed him down the line as Richard continued to explain.

“Instead of having one line for each type of mirror, we just have one big one for all of them,” he said as they strode to the end of the potions tank, where enchanters took the large mirrors from three different racks. “The wall mirrors are soaked in the potion, and then split along the lines as needed. The one on the far left is for communications only, the one on the right is transportation only, and the middle is for the Any Mirrors.”

“Any Mirror?” Lily asked curiously.

“Mirrors that have communication and transportation enchantments, as well as entertainment, once we work out the kinks,” Richard replied.

“We’ve been working on a way to transmit images and audio through numerous mirrors from a single source,” Harry explained at the girls’ curious looks.

“Like the telly?” Lily asked excitedly.

Harry nodded while Narcissa and Bellatrix eyed them blankly. He silently vowed to show them more of the Muggle world over the Summer. Though they were more open and understanding

now, he was still glad the internet hadn't been invented yet. Bellatrix didn't need to fall into that pit. She had enough ideas as it was. He barely suppressed a shiver when he imagined her discovering porn. He was *not* ready for her to break out the whips and chains.

"We still have a few small issues to work out before we can start broadcasting," Richard told them.

"Can we see the Transportation Mirrors?" Narcissa asked. "We haven't had a chance to see those yet."

"Of course," Richard smiled before turning away. "Hey, Emily! Can you set up a demonstration?"

"Sure," The middle-aged, plump witch said.

Levitating two of the large mirrors just millimeters from the floor, she cast a quick series of charms on each.

"Just tap it with your wand and say test mirror two," Emily said.

The girls looked at each other and had a silent conversation before Narcissa stepped forward.

"Test mirror two," she said, the tip of her wand pressed to the mirror.

The surface of the mirror rippled like water, concentric rings rolling outwards before settling back down. Straightening her shoulder, Narcissa unfalteringly through the mirror and immediately stepped out of the one a few feet to the right.

"Amazing," she said. "I didn't feel a thing."

“Really?” Harry asked, plastering a look of surprise across his face. “How about now?”

Reaching his hand through the mirror on the left, it came out of the one on the right and grabbed a handful of Narcissa’s delectable bum. Squealing in shock, she spun around as Harry pulled his hand back with a chuckle.

“Sorry,” he said, looking anything but with a crooked grin on his face. “I couldn’t help myself.”

Fighting a giggle, something Bellatrix didn’t bother to hide, Lily smacked his arm lightly. Narcissa just shook her head and walked back over to stand next to him.

“You know,” Bellatrix began coyly, “if you put those enchantments on the hand mirrors, you’d basically have a portable gloryhole.”

Emily, who was putting the mirrors back, gasped, covering her mouth as her face went red. Richard chuckled and shook his head.

“I don’t know whether to pity you, or envy you,” he said to Harry.

“Probably a bit of both, I suspect,” Harry smiled.

“Unfortunately, the smaller mirrors can’t handle the additional magic,” Richard explained. “Besides, other than your rather... unique suggestion, it would add considerable cost for very little practical benefit.”

“That and we don’t want people trying to enlarge the smaller mirrors,” Emily said, her blush fading. “That causes all kinds of havoc with the enchantments.”

“Have you decided how much you’re going to sell them for?” Narcissa asked.



“Fifteen Galleons for the ones without entertainment charms, twenty-five with,” Harry said, raising his hand to forestall Narcissa objection. “I know we could charge a lot more, but I’ve decided to charge two Galleons a month for services. It will give us continued income and cover the maintenance costs for the system.”

In all honesty, Harry didn’t like the decision, but it was a necessary one. To fight a war and change the wizarding world for the better, he was going to money. Piles of it. Not to mention the power it would give him in the Wizengamot. Money meant power, and Harry was going to have plenty of that.

Then, there was the power he held. Once the mirrors took off, he would have access to all of the conversations and travels of anyone that used them. He couldn’t be sure the Death Eaters would use them, perhaps some of the more foolish would, but there was no real way to tell until they hit the market at the end of the month.

But the real question was, should he?

Was it worth violating the trust and privacy of the magical community, even if it was to protect them. Harry certainly wouldn’t trust the Ministry with that kind of power, but then again, didn’t they already have that with control of the Floo network? And with the rampant corruption in the government, it was likely the Death Eaters would as well. Whether or not to use his inventions in such a way had been gnawing at him for months now, and he was still no closer to making up his mind.

“That’s... a great idea, actually,” Narcissa said.

“No need to sound so surprised,” Harry smiled. “I get those on occasion.”

“Oh, you have plenty of good ideas,” Narcissa smirked. “You’re not good at realizing their full value. We could’ve made a fortune off that Lycanthropy cure. Every Ministry in the world would’ve paid out of the nose for that.”

“It’s more important to get it out as quickly as possible,” Harry replied.

“I know,” Narcissa sighed.

Harry gave her a smile and turned back to Richard.

“So, what else have you changed around here?”

~

They spent another hour checking out the workshop and dealing with a few administrative details before they left with the first working versions of the Any Mirrors and hand mirrors.

“We really need to come up with a better name,” Narcissa said as they left. “Hand mirror just sounds so mundane.”

“What about Potter Mirrors?” Lily asked.

Harry grimaced at the idea. Putting his name on his own product felt to self-aggrandizing.

“Okay, so not that,” Lily said, pursing her lips thoughtfully.

The girls tossed a few other ideas back and forth, but nothing they came up with really stood out to any of them. Setting up one of the Any Mirrors in the main office, they Flooed back to Godric’s Hollow and set another up in the living room. Harry sighed and smiled. He’s always hated the Floo, and now he was the one that was going to make it obsolete.

Harry and the girls ate a light lunch and spent a few hours redecorating the house before getting cleaned up and putting on some nice clothes. Storing a couple of Any Mirrors and a handful of hand mirrors in an expanded bag, they got ready to Floo over to Potter Manor.

“How angry is your dad?” Harry asked Lily as they waited for Narcissa to come downstairs.

“I sat down with my parents and had a long talk with them the day I got home,” Lily said. “Mom was a lot more understanding at first, but Dad’s come around the last couple of days. He’s still not happy, exactly, but I don’t think you have to worry about him trying to start a fight.”

Harry nodded and let out a sigh.

“Actually, the biggest surprise was Petunia,” Lily continued, taking his hand in hers. “She’s done a complete one-eighty on magic. She’s obsessed with it now. Runes, Potions, Arithmancy, anything that doesn’t use a wand, she’s studying it. I’m trying to be nice to her, now that she’s stopped being a jealous bitch, but it’s hard sometimes, knowing how she treated you.”

“She hasn’t done that yet,” Harry reminded her with a smile and a squeeze of her hand. “And now, hopefully she never will.”

“I know, but still...,” Lily sighed. “Oh, she broke up with Vernon, too. Said he complained too much about all that ‘new age rubbish’ she was interested in.”

Harry snorted.

“Good riddance,” he said. “I always thought he brought out the worst in her.”

Lily scoffed, “It wasn’t that hard the way she was acting. She wants me to take her to Diagon Alley so she can get some new books.”

"I can take you next week, if you want," Harry offered.

While he was that interested in getting close to his aunt, she left him with enough bad memories to last several lifetimes, he was undeniably curious to see how much she'd changed.

"Cissy!" Bellatrix shouted from the top of the stairs. "Move that arse or we're leaving without you!"

Harry smiled as she walked down the stairs in a black skirt, dark green blouse, and a casual robe draped over her shoulders. The high heeled boots she'd bought at the magical shop in town clicked with each step.

*Maybe I can get Lily and Narcissa a pair like that,* Harry thought.

"I'm coming!" Narcissa yelled annoyedly.

Fortunately, they didn't have to wait much longer. Narcissa came down the stairs a moment later, looking fantastic in a simple set of deep red dress robes. They weren't fancy or revealing, but tight enough that they showed off her amazing figure.

"Am I too under dressed?" Lily asked, looking down at her flower patterned blouse and brown skirt.

"You're fine," Narcissa said. "I just like to dress up."

"Took you long enough," Bellatrix muttered.

"Everyone ready to go?" Harry asked before the sister could start arguing.

Receiving nods all around, he handed one of the expanded bags to Narcissa.

“You two go ahead to Potter Manor while we go get Lily’s parents,” he said.

“See you there,” Bellatrix smiled.

She gave Harry and Lily each a passionate kiss before making her way to the Floo. Narcissa was a bit more reserved, kissing them each on the cheek and then following her sister. Making his way outside, Harry took Lily’s hand as they stepped into their backyard and disappeared without a sound.

A moment later, they were standing in the backyard of her parents’ house. Cynthia met them at the door with a smile.

“Hello, Harry,” she said, pulling him into a gentle, motherly hug. “How are you, deary?”

“I’m good,” Harry replied with a smile.

“Hello, Mum,” Lily said, hugging her mother as soon as she let go of Harry.

“So, what have you two been up to today?” Cynthia asked as she ushered them into the house.

“We went to the workshop at the Wolf’s Den this morning,” Lily replied. “You should see it. It’s amazing. Everyone’s going to want Harry’s new mirrors.”

“If they can do have as much as you’ve told me they can, I’m sure they will,” Cynthia smiled. “You’ll have to show me one some time.”

“I can do better than that,” Harry grinned as Gerald joined them in the kitchen.

Removing the small pouch from around his neck, he reached in up to his shoulder. Cynthia and Gerald goggled as he managed to fit his entire arm in a pouch barely the size of a grapefruit. Pulling his arm back out, he held one up one of the hand mirrors.

“This is for you,” Harry said, handing it to Cynthia. “It’s specially enchanted so you can use it by touching your finger to the surface and saying the name of the person you want to talk to. I have one of our Any Mirrors for you too. Do you have someplace I can set up a full size mirror?”

“What about the living room?” Lily asked.

“That’s the one you can travel through, right?” Gerald asked, getting a nod from his daughter. “Might be best if you put it the den. If we have guests, I’d have a devil of a time explaining how my daughter and her boyfriend just walked out of a mirror.”

Harry chuckled as they walked into the den, a room he hadn’t visited yet. Just to the right of the living room, they walked through a doorway. As Cynthia turned on the light, Harry glanced around. The den was set up like a small office. There didn’t seem to be anything special about it, until Harry spotted pictures of Lily from Hogwarts dotted around the room. Looking a bit close, he also saw her Hogwarts letter, and academic achievements framed on the wall.

“No one ever comes in here except us,” Cynthia explained. “We wanted a place where celebrate Lily’s magic instead of hiding it away.”

Smiling, Harry took the pouch from around his neck and set it on the floor. He stuck both hands inside and grunted as he pulled out the large, decorative mirror. Gerald came over and helped him lift it out of the bag until he could use his magic to levitate it over to the blank stretch of wall. Fixing it in place with a Permanent Sticking Charm, Harry showed them how to use it.

“Like your hand mirror, this one is specially enchanted to work with touch instead of a wand,” he told them. “You just need to press a finger to the surface and say the name of the household you want to talk to, or travel to. You know the Wolf’s Den, my new place is Twelve Godric Lane, and we’ll be using this to go to Potter Manor.”

"It's so much better than the Floo or Apparating," Lily smiled. "It's like just stepping from one room to another."

"We're also working on a way to broadcast news and entertainment like a telly," Harry said. "I'll show you how to do that once we get it up and running."

"So, you're basically the phone company, television station, and public transport all rolled into one," Gerald said, shaking his head. "I'm not sure whether I should be impressed, or hate you on principle."

"Dad!" Lily yelled while Harry chuckled.

"Ready to give it a try?" Harry asked.

"As I'll ever be," Cynthia said.

Smiling, Harry touched the tip of his wand to the surface of the mirror.

"Potter Manor," he called out.

The glass rippled like water before settling down into the image of a large room where The Potters and the Black sisters were seated and talking to each other. Poor James looked thoroughly miserable.

"Oh, Hello, Harry," Dorea smiled when she spotted him.

"Hi, Dorea, is it alright if we come through?" Harry asked.

"Of course," she smiled.

Harry stepped to the side and motioned the others forward.

“Lily, you go first,” he said.

Lily stepped through into Potter Manor and greeted Dorea with a hug. Gerald went next, looking back at the mirror in amazement. Harry helped Cynthia step through before doing the same himself. Once he was in Potter Manor, he tapped the mirror with his wand, causing the reflection to still and return to normal.

“That’s incredible,” Cynthia breathed. “I didn’t feel a thing.”

“Harry’s going to change the face of the Wizarding World with these inventions of his,” Charlus smiled. “What’s the range on these?”

“We haven’t tested the outside limit yet, but theoretically, it’s unlimited,” Harry replied.

“No more international Floo,” Charlus grinned boyishly. “Thank Merlin for that.”

“I have to sell them to other countries first,” Harry told him.

“Oh, I’m sure you will,” he said, his enthusiasm undeterred. “The Minister has already had several inquiries about them from other Ministers. I suspect some of those Healers you have over there are sending owls about more than just the cure.”

“How is the cure going?” Dorea asked.

“Good,” Harry said as he and the Evans’ took seats. “Once this test is over, we’ll be able to spread it worldwide.”



“Are you sure it’ll work?” James asked. “Everyone knows Remus is a Werewolf now. If it doesn’t, they’ll never let him back into Hogwarts.”

“I took care of that before I asked him to take part,” Harry told him. “We’ve installed a golden cage in the dungeons. Even if, for some reason, it doesn’t work, Remus isn’t getting expelled. And there’s no reason it shouldn’t. I’ve had the best Healers in the world pouring over our work for the last week and not one of them can find a flaw. It’ll work. Trust me.”

With a small pop, a House Elf popped into the room with a tray of snacks and a pot of tea floating in front of them. Cynthia jumped in her seat, clutching Gerald’s hand as they both stared at the odd creature with wide, bulging eyes.

“This is Mipsy, one of our House Elves,” Dorea explained with a smile.

“Hellos, sirs and miss,” Mipsy said with a curtsy. “Can Mipsy bes getting you anything?”

“No, thank you, Mipsy,” Dorea said, smiling kindly.

With another curtsy, Mipsy vanished with a *pop*.

“Cynthia, Gerald, I’m sure you must have questions about the Wizarding World that Lily hasn’t been able to answer yet,” Charlus said, directing teacups to everyone.

Lily’s parents shared a look Harry couldn’t quite read.

“Well, we’d really like to know more about your government and Voldemort fellow,” Gerald said, glancing at his daughter. “Lily’s been reluctant to tell us much about this Dark Lord.”

Lily blushed while Dorea chuckled. As the conversation continued around him, Harry sat back and took Lily's hand in his, a soft smile on his face. For once, he wasn't an outsider being welcomed into some other family. This was his family. His real family. It wasn't quite the way he envisioned it when he was a child, sleeping in the cupboard under the stairs, but he wouldn't change it for the world.

## Chapter 30

Harry stepped out of the Mirror at Godric's Hollow and sighed, setting his briefcase beside the couch. In getting ready for the release of their new products, he'd been forced to become a businessman. It wasn't something he enjoyed, but it was necessary if he wanted to earn the money needed to make long-lasting changes in this world. Thankfully, his only meeting today had been early in the morning at the Wolf's Den.

"I'm home," he called out.

When he didn't receive a reply, Harry took off his cloak, hung it up, and started moving towards the stairs.

"Girls?" he yelled upstairs.

Again, there was no reply. Making his way to the kitchen, he paused and smiled when he looked out the window over the sink. Lily, Bellatrix, and Narcissa were out in the backyard, practicing dueling. Walking to the back door, he stepped outside just as Bellatrix sent a powerful spell at Lily. The redhead summoned a shield, her foot sliding back to brace for the impact. When Bellatrix's spell hit the shield, there was a loud *bang*. Lily grunted under the strain of holding it back, her shoes sliding across the grass until the magic dissipated.

"Nice shield," Harry said, drawing the girls' attention. "But you shouldn't take a spell head-on like that if you can avoid it."

"Why's that?" Narcissa asked curiously.

“Here, I’ll show you,” Harry said, standing across from her and drawing his wand. “Hit me with the most powerful spell you know.”

Narcissa looked at him hesitantly as she drew her wand.

“Scindendo!” she shouted.

A bright white bolt left her wand, tearing up the ground as it rocketed toward him. Harry instantly as a Rending Curse. It was designed to literally rip things apart in as destructive a manner as possible. Smiling, he cast a powerful shield and crouched down behind it. A loud, metallic *clang* sounded when the spell impacted it in a flash of light and sparks. Harry felt like he’d been shoved by a giant, his toes digging into the dirt and digging up the grass. When he finally came to a stop, he was a good five feet from where he’d stood before.

“Brilliant, Narcissa!” Harry told her with a grin. “Now, look at the position I’m in. My feet are too far apart to move out of the way of your next spell easily. If you follow up quickly, I’ll be stuck on defense until you make a mistake, or I can trip you up. Not a good position to be in. Now, try it again.”

Harry straightened up, his feet shoulder-width apart in a much more relaxed stance than he’d used the first time. Taking a deep breath to work up her magic, Narcissa cast again.

“Scindendo!” she incanted.

Harry cast the same shield as before as the spell streaked towards him, but this time angled slightly. When the Rending Curse struck, it did so with a *ping* instead of a *clang* and shot upwards, where it splashed harmlessly against the Wards that protected and hid what they were doing from the Muggles.

“See?” Harry asked. “You want to deflect spells if at all possible. It doesn’t tire you out as much as taking them head-on, leaving you in a much better position to retaliate. That said, it’s not

always possible or a good idea. Like if there are people around you, or it's a really powerful curse that needs all of your focus. Still, for most circumstances, it's better to deflect. When you get really good at it, you can even deflect it at another opponent."

"Then why are we taught to keep shields vertical in school?" Lily asked curiously.

"Because deflecting is harder on Shield Charms than taking it straight on," Harry said. "You'd think it'd be easier on it, but it's not. I'm not sure why. Besides, at Hogwarts, they only teach you the bare basics of dueling. This is more of an advanced technique. Just start out with spells that aren't going to end up with one of you in hospital."

"Can you teach us more?" Bellatrix asked eagerly. "I'm not going to keep sitting around doing nothing while you and your little group go out to fight Death Eaters."

"She means we want to help," Lily said, giving Bellatrix a meaningful glare.

"I know," Harry sighed. "How about this? I promised Moody I'd work with the trainees again before their final exams. Why don't you come with me next week and we'll see how you do. I can figure out what to teach you from there."

Privately, Harry didn't want them to get involved. A part of him hoped they'd get beaten badly by the trainees and realize they needed more time, but he knew that was unlikely. Lily and Bellatrix were known as formidable witches for a reason. Narcissa was skilled in her own right, but she wasn't a fighter like the other two. She preferred looking for a way to win the fight before it even started.

When the girls agreed, they headed inside for lunch.

"Oh, I talked to my sister this morning," Lily said. "She asked if you might have a job for her at the Rune Shop."

“How good is she at Runes now?” Harry asked in return.

Despite the apparent changes in Petunia’s character, separating her from the cruel aunt he’d grown up with was still hard for him.

“She’s pretty good,” Lily said, smiling. “She showed me some of the things she can do last night. I’d say she’s at least up to the start of sixth year, maybe the middle on some things.”

“Alright,” Harry said, blowing out a breath. “Tell her I’ll take her to the Wolf’s Den after the full moon. I’ve got too much to worry about with the Cure and the release of the mirrors right now. Things should settle a bit in a few weeks.”

“Thank you,” Lily smiled, kissing his cheek. “And thank you for giving me my sister back. She’s completely changed since you gave her that book.”

“Harry,” Narcissa called from the table. “Did you read the paper this morning?”

“Hmm? Oh, no. I was in a rush. Why?” he asked, making his way over.

“The Head of the Floo Network Authority has gone missing,” she said, handing him a copy of the Daily Prophet.

Harry took it and read with a frown. There wasn’t much to go on. All the Ministry knew was Janice Powers had gone on vacation for a week and never returned. They were treating it as a simple missing persons case, but he knew it was much more than that.

“This is how it started last time,” Harry said softly.

“You think You-Know-Who killed her to get one of his people in her place?” Narcissa asked, brow furrowed in thought.

“Probably,” Harry sighed. “Either a Death Eater or someone they control through blackmail. I don’t want you girls using the Floo anymore. It’s too dangerous. If you can’t use a mirror to get there, let me know, and I’ll figure something out.”

“It’s going to get bad, isn’t it?” Lily asked, stopping behind him and running her fingers through his hair.

“Not yet,” Harry said. “We’ll see a few more disappearances before he attacks openly. I’d say we have a couple of weeks, maybe three before things get really bad.”

Closing his eyes, he leaned his head back and let the feeling of her fingertips caressing his scalp soothe him.

“This house is safe, and everyone we care about already has Mirrors,” he continued. “I’ll have to talk to Sylvia again. She and Amanda would be safer if they stayed here. Oh, and speaking of Mirrors, I had an idea today I wanted to talk to you three about.”

“What’s that?” Lily asked, her fingers trailing down to the nape of his neck.

“It’s complicated, but there’s a way I can create a single mirror that could listen in to all the others,” Harry admitted. “If I set it to listen to key words, I might be able to use it to spy on the Death Eaters.”

“Do you really think they’re going to talk about their plans through a device you created?” Narcissa asked, arching her brow.

“It doesn’t matter,” Harry said, racking his eyes open. “They don’t have to use it, they just have to be near one. These Mirrors are going to be everywhere, in every home, every business, on every person... I’d be able to track them almost anywhere.”

“Harry,” Lily whispered, her fingers stilling for a moment. “That’s brilliant!”

“Is it?” he asked, sighing. “I’d be spying on people’s private conversations without their permission. Or even their knowledge. All they have to do is say one of the keywords like Dark Lord, Dark Mark, or Death Eater, and I’d hear everything. Well, not just me. That leads to another problem. I’d need dozens of people to keep track of everything. Any one of them could abuse the system and start blackmailing people. Sure, I could use contracts, but those have limits. They can’t safeguard against everything.”

“That is a problem,” Lily admitted. “But I’m sure you’ll think of something. I know it might not be the most ethical thing to do, but think of all the lives you could save.”

“And that’s the only reason I’m considering this,” Harry admitted. “That, and I know I won’t have a problem destroying the listening mirrors once this war is over.”

“House Elves,” Narcissa said, a gleam in her eyes. “You could use House Elves to listen to everything. They’d never use that information, and they can get to you almost instantly if something happens.”

“That could work,” Harry said thoughtfully. “I might have to teach them to read and write, but it could work.”

“See? I told you we’d figure it out,” Lily beamed, kissing the top of his head before she stepped away to finish lunch. “I think you should do it.”

“Yeah,” Harry sighed.

~

Three days later, disguised as a middle-aged wizard, Harry bought forty House Elves from the shops in Daigon and Knockturn Alley. Because secrecy was paramount, he enlarged the

basement at Godric's Hollow and set them up there. There wasn't much for them to do at the moment, but in just a week and a half the Mirrors would go on sale.

"If you need more room or anything to make staying here more comfortable, let me know and I'll take care of it," Harry told them.

"Master, will we's be taking care of Master's family?" a young House Elf asked hesitantly.

With a small smile, Harry knelt down to look him in the eye.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Klick, sir," he replied, cheeks darkening. "Klick's fingers is being louder than most."

"Well, Klick, what you and the other House Elves do down here will protect me and my family from a very bad wizard," Harry told him. "If you all want to take turns cooking and cleaning or whatever when you have time, that's fine, but I really need help protecting my family. I'd be happy to find you another family to serve if you want, though. I know this isn't what House Elves normally do."

"Oh, no Master!" Klick exclaimed. "Klick is happy to be here, sir. I's very happy to help protect Master and his family."

"Well, if you change your mind, and this goes for all of you, don't be afraid to come to me," Harry said, addressing the whole room. "None of you will be given clothes unless you ask for them. But if you want to leave, I will find a good family for you to serve. And please, call me Harry."

"Master Harry?" one of the older House Elves called.



Harry suppressed a sigh and nodded for her to continue.

“Could Master get some empty Butterbeer barrels for us to use?” she asked. “They’s make the best homes for House Elves.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “I’ll get them as soon as I can. Now, can any of you read or write?”

Out of the forty House Elves there, only three raised their hands. He sighed, wracking his brain for a spell to help him, only to come up empty.

“Right,” Harry sighed, standing up.

With a wave of his wand, he created miniaturized desks for all of the House Elves and a blackboard against one wall.

“Class is in session,” he said.

~

“How’d it go?” Lily asked when he made his way back upstairs hours later.

“Better than I thought,” Harry said, dropping onto the couch next to her. “They’re learning pretty quick. The House Elves that know how to read are going to finish teaching the others. I got a call from Moody while I was down there. He caught Lucas Holt, the Death Eater David wanted us to arrest. He’s going to hide him at his place and deliver him to the Minister after they close.”

“That’s great!” Lily smiled before kissing him on the lips. “So, no plans for the evening?”

“Not unless Narcissa and Bellatrix have something in mind,” Harry said. “Where are those two, anyways?”

“They went to visit Andromeda at her new place,” Lily smiled. “They wanted to give us some time alone since they get to stay with you every night.”

“Oh?” Harry asked, wrapping his arm around Lily’s shoulders with a lopsided grin. “And what do you plan to do now that you have me all to yourself?”

Smirking, Lily pushed him back onto the couch and laid on top of him. His hands slid under her jumper as she kissed him passionately. Moving his hands up, he slipped them under her bra and cupped her jutting breasts. Lily moaned into his mouth before pulling back to catch her breath. With flushed cheeks, she sat up and pulled her jumper over her head. The bra came off a moment later, freeing her perfect breasts.

Looking down at Harry, she pulled her wand from her pocket and gave it a wave. All of his clothes and the rest of her joined the pile on the floor. Lily giggled when his length jumped up and poked her bum. Lifting herself up, she moved back slightly and teased him against her folds.

“Mmh, you know, I think I might’ve talked Mum into letting me stay the night here a couple of nights a week,” Lily said, rolling her hips.

“That’d be nice,” Harry smiled, cupping and squeezing her breasts. “It’s not the same without you here.”

“I never thought I’d miss Bella and Cissy as much as I miss you, but I do,” Lily said, breaking off into a moan as she dropped down on his length.

“Fuck,” Harry gasped, grabbing her hips and bucking upwards.

“Unh, yes,” Lily grunted, hands splayed on his chest.

Slowly rolling her hips, she quickly built to a steady rhythm. Harry laid back, drinking in the beautiful redhead riding him. It had been a few days since they’d found time to spend together. His work during the day and her need to return home every night made things a bit more difficult than either of them thought it would.

Harry smirked. That just meant they had to make up for lost time, he thought.

Lily cried out in surprise and then giggled when he sat up and suddenly rolled her over onto her back. Grabbing the back of his head, she kissed him hard as he began thrusting. Her thighs wrapped around his back, her heels digging into his bum.

“Oh, Merlin,” she gasped. “Fuck me. Pound me like you do Bella.”

“You sure you want it that hard?” Harry asked.

Lily usually liked it gentler than Bellatrix. That crazy witch always wanted to be ridden like a rented broom, but she was their crazy witch. Biting her lip, Lily nodded.

“I need it,” she begged, urging him on with her legs.

Harry bent down and gave her a kiss before pulling back until only the tip remained lodged in her folds. He paused for just a breath before driving down hard enough that their hips clapped loudly, the force driving Lily deep into the couch cushions. Arching her back, she let out a deep, guttural moan, her bright green eyes going wide.

Slowly, Harry pulled back and did it again, then again. Gradually, each thrust came faster and faster until he felt like he was trying to drive Lily through the couch. Through it all, she clung to him, begging for more between moans and gasps as she twitched under him.

“Oh, fuck!” Lily yelled, nearing her peak.

Dropping his head on the cushion over her shoulder, Harry panted and grunted as he thrust as hard and fast as he could. The only thing that kept Lily from writhing was his body weight pressing down on her. She teetered on the edge for an impossible long moment before tumbling into a massive climax.

She arched her back, crushing her sweaty breasts against his chest while gasping loudly. Harry lifted his head, watching her eyes roll into the back of her head as her legs shook uncontrollably. Her breathing stopped for a long moment before she sucked in a lungful of air and let out a scream that made his ears ring. Kissing her neck, he slowed to a more reasonable pace but never stopped, the wild fluttering of her slick depths feeling too good.

Lily collapsed, her arms clinging to him limply as she sucked in deep, heaving breaths. Harry continued his relentless thrusts, drawing the occasional groan from her pink, glistening lips. Pushing himself up on one arm, he traced a hand from her thigh to her breasts, cupping it and teasing her stiff, rosy nipple. Lily moaned, arching her back as her eyes fluttered open.

Harry leaned down, kissing her lovingly as he neared his end. Keeping their lips locked, he sped up slightly, chasing his climax. Lily moaned, threading her fingers through his hair. Her nails raked lightly over his scalp, sending a pleasant shiver down his spine. That small sensation tipped him over the edge. With a mighty thrust, he buried himself as deep as he could go and erupted inside of her. Lily moaned again, stroking his back while he spilled himself in her depths. Letting out a deep sigh, he collapsed on top of her and caught his breath.

After a couple of minutes, Harry lifted Lily up and rolled over so she rested on his chest.

“Do you want to rest here, or head upstairs,” he asked, brushing a lock of red hair away from her eyes.

“Rest here,” Lily replied tiredly. “We can go upstairs when Bella gets home. I’m going to need you to ruin her tonight so she doesn’t make fun of me tomorrow.”

Harry laughed and ran his hands along her back.

*The things I do to keep my girls happy*, he thought with a grin.

## Chapter 31

Harry, Bellatrix, and Narcissa arrived at the Ministry of Magic bright and early on Monday morning. Lily had wanted to come with them, but her grandfather had broken his hip after a bad fall. She and her family were going to stay with them for a couple of days to make sure he was alright now that he was out of hospital.

Making their way through the Atrium, Harry and the girls checked their wands in at the security desk before making their way to the elevators. He noticed a bit more attention being paid to him, and oddly, he didn't mind so much. This time, it wasn't because of some accident of magic he could barely remember. Now, he was well known because of things he'd intentionally set out to accomplish.

It was funny how that made a difference.

As they stepped out into the Auror offices, a few people looked at him curiously, whispering to their neighbors before returning to their work. Harry was looking around for Moody when he noticed Crouch step out of his office. Smoothing out his tie, he made to step in their direction.

"Harry!"

David walked over to them with a smile, deliberately not looking in towards Crouch.

"Hey, David," Harry said, shaking his hand.

“I’m glad you could make it,” David smiled, clapping him on the shoulder and leading them through the offices. “Moody’s already waiting for you in the training room. I’m surprised you have time for this with everything going on.”

“There’s not much to do now but wait until the next full moon,” Harry shrugged. “Moody found out I agreed to help a couple of his trainees and pretty much ordered me to come in today.”

“That sounds like Moody,” David chuckled.

Turning down a long, dark hallway, they walked nearly to the end and entered the last door on the right. Harry, Narcissa, and Bellatrix looked around at the rather sparse training room. Of the twelve witches and wizards that had started as Auror trainees, only eight were left. Jess, Sam, and two wizards were practicing their shields on one side of the room while a witch and three wizards were testing spells on training dummies. Marching around the room with a perpetual frown, Moody barked out the occasional correction or insult, depending on how badly they screwed up.

“Finish up what you’re doing!” he shouted. “Potter’s here!”

Jess and Sam looked up in surprise, prompting Harry to smile and wave.

“How’s it going, Moody?” he asked, shaking the man’s hand.

“They’re still green,” Moody grumbled. “Crouch has us pushing them through too fast.”

“Why is he pushing them through so fast?” Narcissa asked curiously. “I thought Auror’s had two-year mandatory training.”

“They should,” David sighed. “We all know a fight is coming, but we don’t have the budget for more instructors. Crouch decided to just pass them through with less training.”

“Didn’t the DMLE just get a budget increase?” Harry asked, furrowing his brow.

Moody snorted derisively.

“Everyone but Bones voted to give themselves a raise,” he said, disgust dripping from his tone. “By the time management took their cut, there wasn’t enough left to make much of a difference.”

Closing his eyes, Harry took a slow, deep breath to quell his rising frustration.

“Narcissa?” he called. “Can you look into the laws about starting a private security company?”

“You want to build your own army?” she asked, quirking an eyebrow.

“No,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “The politics of that would be a nightmare. We’ll just start a private security company. We train them to fight, and if the DMLE wants to hire them, they can teach them the laws.”

“And once the war is over and the DMLE downsizes, we can employ them,” Narcissa said, her eyes gleaming excitedly.

“That’s not a bad idea,” David said, nodding thoughtfully. “The only problem I could see would be Crouch and possibly the Wizengamot.”

“I can deal with that,” Narcissa said confidently.

“Moody, do you know any retired Aurors willing to teach?” Harry asked.

“I might know a few,” he said with a nod. “I’ll ask around and let you know.”

Harry nodded gratefully as the trainees finished their exercises and circled around them.

“Right,” Moody said, clapping his hands loudly. “Last time we were at Hogwarts, you got a little taste of what it’s like to duel someone powerful. During the war with Grindelwald, we managed to corner the bastard a few times. Every time we did, he kicked our arses and managed to escape. Usually, killing a few people in the process.”

Clasping his hands behind his back, Moody paced back and forth in front of the trainees. He met each of their gazes with a stony stare.

“I can’t teach you to beat someone like that,” he continued. “That’s all about being the right person in the right place, at the right time. What I can do, is give you the skills that *might* help you survive.”

Pausing, Moody let those words sink in before continuing, “Your task is to capture Potter. I expect you to fail.”

“Then what’s the point of doing this if we can’t win?” one of the wizards asked.

“Because, Dalton, one day, some bureaucrat is going to decide their career is more important than your life,” Moody growled, glaring hard. “They’ll tell you you’re going after someone important, but it won’t be until you get there that you realize it’s Voldemort himself you’ll be facing. You’ll be trapped in a room with a monster you can’t possibly handle, and what you learn here today might just be the only thing that keeps you alive.”

Dalton swallowed thickly, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he stared at Moody wide-eyed.

“As much as I hate to admit it, Moody’s right,” David added. “I’ll try to protect you from something like that as best I can, but I can only go off of the information I’m given. I promise you, I would never knowingly send my Aurors into a situation like that.”



“Let’s get to work,” Moody barked, moving off to the side of the room.

David and the girls followed after him while Harry stood in the center of the room. Slowly, the trainees started to spread out and circle him cautiously.

“Begin!” Moody shouted.

“Expelliarmus!” yelled one of the wizards.

Harry turned and raised an eyebrow at the young man who watched, stunned, as the Holly wand leapt out of Harry’s pocket and into his hand.

“S-show me your hands! Now!” the wizard shouted, the tip of his wand trembling.

Slowly, Harry raised his hands and held them out away from his body, one splayed out towards the wizard.

“Like this?” he asked calmly.

The young man nodded, then nearly lost his grip on his wand. Gripping it tightly in both hands struggled not to lose his grip as Harry Summoned it.

“Do something!” he shouted, desperately trying to dig his heels into the floor as he was pulled inexorably forward.

A shield sprang from Harry’s other hand, easily protecting him from the rather basic spells the others shot at him. He chuckled to himself when he heard Moody grumbling under his breath, inadvertently terrifying the young man he was dragging towards him even more.

As soon as he was within arm's reach, Harry stopped pulling. Without a force pulling his hands forward, the trainee's fists smashed into his own face and sent him sprawling on his back. With a smirk, Harry summoned his own wand from the man's robes and caught it deftly. A flick stunned the young man into unconsciousness before he turned to the others. Quickly, he animated the four training dummies and set them to attack the trainees. They couldn't actually cast spells, unfortunately, but they worked as a distraction and were nearly indestructible to magic.

Harry stunned one witch and then tied a wizard up with his own cloak. By the time he'd knocked out the third trainee, Sam had figured out that a Sticking Charm on the wheel of the training dummy would hold it in place. Jess and the other two wizards followed her lead before turning their full attention back to Harry.

"Not bad," he smiled. "But it still took you too long."

Jabbing his wand forward, there was a loud *bang*, and the trainees were sent flying backward, where they landed painfully. Before they could get back to their feet, Harry stuck one of the wizards to the floor and disarmed him. Smirking, he used the same trick on the other wizard that Professor McGonagall had used on him nearly a year earlier.

The young man's eyes went wide as the stone under his feet turned to liquid and he plummeted. As soon as his head breached the surface, Harry turned it back into stone, trapping him in place. His wand was still in his hand, but from the panicked look on his face, Harry didn't think he knew how to reverse the spell.

Back on their feet, Sam and Jess, the only two left standing, eyed him warily. Grinning, he held his hand out in front of him and made a 'bring it on' motion with his fingers. Sam looked uncertain, but a look of determination came over Jess's face. Tightening her grip on her wand, she lunged forward, attacking relentlessly. Sam followed a moment later, a sting of Charms, Hexes, and Curses spitting from her wand.

Harry parried, deflected, and twisted gracefully out of the way of everything they sent at him with ease. Jess had certainly improved since the last time he'd dueled her, and though he hadn't dueled Sam the last time they met, she was just as good as her friend.

Slowly, Jess moved to his right while Sam moved to his left. They wanted to force him to deal with attacks from two different directions, splitting his focus. Harry let them get into position for just a moment before pulling Sam toward him with a flick of his wrist. With a scream, she flew over his back just as he ducked. Jess's eyes widened and she stopped casting at Harry to catch the redhead in her arms. Sam's momentum caused them to tumble to the floor.

"That's enough!" Moody shouted.

Walking around the room, he Re-ennervated and freed the trainees. Slowly, they all got to their feet, rubbing their bruises and grumbling as they formed a line.

"What the hell was that?" Moody asked, marching back and forth in front of them.

"He's too strong," one of the wizards complained.

"That's the point, Turpin," Moody barked. "You know how powerful he is, and you thought it was a bright idea to try and disarm him?"

Turpin blushed and looked down. With a grunt, Moody resumed his pacing.

"And the rest of you," he continued. "Not one of you cast a single spell beyond OWL level until four of you were on the ground. What the hell were you thinking? I know Potter's good looking, but you're not going to beat him by playing nice. He was playing with you! Look at him. He didn't even work up a sweat!"

All of the trainees looked away at the dressing down.

“This isn’t a game!” Moody barked. “You need to be aggressive. Put him out of the fight as fast and as hard as you can. Now run it again. And this time, don’t be such pussies.”

Stomping back over to the wall, he leaned over to talk to David while Harry waited for the trainees to get back into position.

“Begin!”

~

Four hours later, Harry was panting but smiling as the trainees gingerly got to their feet. Every last one of them winced and hobbled from the times they’d been thrown around the room. Despite not having landed a single spell on him, he was proud of their performance. Not one of them had given up, and they’d made an impressive amount of improvement in a short amount of time.

“Better,” Moody nodded. “I think we’ll call it for today. Go see the Healer and get some rest.”

“If you perform like this in your final exam, I don’t see any of you not making the cut,” David told them. “Good work.”

They perked up a bit at the praise but were too tired to react much.

“Jess, Sam, hold on for a minute,” Harry called as they gingerly limped their way to the door. “Do you two still want to come over this weekend?”

“You want us to do this again?” Jess asked incredulously.

Harry chuckled, “No. I was thinking about helping you with your dueling. I promise, I’m not nearly as sadistic as Moody.”

Jess looked at Sam, who gave her a hopeful look. With a sigh, she turned back to him.

“Sure,” Jess said tiredly.

“Great,” Harry smiled. “Sunday afternoon still work?”

“At the Wolf’s Den, right?” Sam asked, smiling when he nodded. “Perfect. We’ll see you then. Thanks, Harry.”

“You’re welcome,” he said as they made their way to the door, whispering quietly. “Hey, David, Moody. Do you two have time for lunch? I’m buying.”

“A good Auror never turns down a free lunch,” David grinned.

Moody grunted and followed Harry as he made his way back toward the office. They were discussing how the trainees performed and what they could learn to improve when he stopped suddenly. Harry stared incredulously as Abraxas and Lucius Malfoy walked out of Crouch’s office and headed for the elevator. Turning as they got in, they spotted him and sneered.

“What the fuck?” Harry asked as the door closed.

“I’ll find out what’s going on,” David frowned.

“Don’t bother,” Connie said, leaning against a cubicle. “Crouch and the Minister decided there wasn’t enough evidence to charge them. Apparently, they claim they were threatened by the Blacks.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Harry sighed, pushing up his glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose.

“What about my parents?” Narcissa asked worriedly.

“They still have to go to trial,” Connie replied. “It looks like the Malfoys plan to put the full blame on the Blacks.”

“Lucius cast an Unforgivable,” Narcissa hissed. “That’s a mandatory life sentence.”

“His father is the only one that was hit, and he’s refusing to press charges,” Connie told her. “And Abraxas technically didn’t assault anyone.”

“Only because Harry wiped the floor with him,” Bellatrix scoffed.

Connie shrugged and sighed, “It’s times like this that I really hate being an Auror. Crouch is more interested in earning their support than putting them in Azkaban.”

“Come on,” Harry said, putting his glasses back in place. “Let’s go talk about this over lunch. I need to get out of here before I do something stupid.”

~

Harry and the girls made their way back to Godric’s Hollow after they finished eating at the Leaky Cauldron with their friends from the Ministry. David said he was going to talk to the Minister, but none of them thought it would do any good. Though none of them said it aloud, they all knew that the next time they ran into the Malfoys, they wouldn’t get away unscathed.

As he was thinking of ways to deal with Crouch, they stepped into their home to a heartwarming sight. Lily had returned from her parents and was playing with Amanda and Alfie while Sylvia sipped a cup of tea.

“Hey,” Lily smiled, her hair disheveled as she looked up at them. “How did the training go?”

“Good,” Harry said. “Sam and Jess are going to meet us at the Wolf’s Den on Sunday so I can teach them some more dueling.”

“We also found out the Malfoys got released from the Ministry,” Narcissa sighed.

“What? Why?” Lily asked, her brow furrowed.

“Crouch and Bagnold said there wasn’t enough evidence to prosecute,” Narcissa told her.

“It’s a load of bullocks,” Bellatrix said.

“Language!” Lily and Narcissa yelled, causing Amanda to giggle.

“So, what brings you by, Sylvia?” Harry asked with a smile.

“I’ve been thinking about your offer to move in here,” she said, relaxing when he nodded encouragingly. “If the offer is still on the table, Amanda and I would like to take you up on it. I’d feel safer knowing you’re nearby if something happens.”

“We’d love for you to stay,” Harry grinned.

“Mummy?” Amanda asked.

“Yes, love?” Sylvia replied.

“Are you and Harry married now?” Amanda asked curiously.

Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Lily hid their smiles as Harry and Sylvia shared a glance.

“Well, I suppose it’s kind of like that, but not quite the same,” Sylvia told her hesitantly.

“Does that mean he’s my new daddy?” Amanda asked.

Harry tried to hide his shock at the question, but that didn’t stop the girls from seeing it. Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Lily burst into giggles and even Sylvia smirked at him.

“Er,” Harry stammered, taking a seat next to the little girl on the couch. “Do you want me to be?”

“You’re a lot better than my old daddy,” Amanda said, staring up at him with wide innocent eyes. “You don’t make mummy cry, and you always come back, even though you don’t live with us.”

“Aw,” Lily cooed.

“Well, if Harry’s alright with you calling him that...,” Sylvia said, looking at him cautiously.

“I don’t mind,” Harry smiled.

Amanda stood up and lunged at him, her arms wrapping tightly around his neck.

“I love you, daddy,” she said softly.

“I love you too, Amanda,” Harry said, hugging her tightly.



Sylvia beamed, tears glistening in her eyes. Harry felt his own eyes start to burn and cleared his throat awkwardly.

“Hey, how about I show you to your new room?” he asked.

“Okay,” Amanda said excitedly.

Letting go of him, she dropped back onto the couch, slid down to the floor, and took off toward the stairs at a run. Alfie, who’d been laying under the coffee table, barked and bounded after her.

“Amanda, wait,” Lily called. “You don’t even know where it is.”

She took off up the stairs after her, and they all heard a childish giggle a couple of seconds later. Bellatrix and Narcissa shared a look before silently heading upstairs, smiling. With a nervous smile, Sylvia got to her feet and ran her hands over her dress. Harry smiled as he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close.

“We set up a room for you, too. But I’m hoping mummy will come stay with me tonight,” he grinned.

Sylvia looked up at him and beamed, her eyes glistening. Standing up on her toes, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him softly.

“Mummy! Come look!” Amanda yelled.

Separating with smiles, Harry took Sylvia’s hand in his and led her upstairs to show her her new home.

## Chapter 32

On Sunday afternoon, Harry, Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix arrived at the Wolf's Den. With the full moon only a few days away, the lawn was a hive of activity as everyone got ready for the big event. Dozens of healers and every Werewolf at the Den were anxious to see for themselves if the cure worked.

While Harry had been busy with bigger issues, Narcissa had taken it upon herself to hire Lily's friends from Hogwarts to work in the Enchanting Shop. Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas – along with Petunia – were all learning to fabricate Harry's Enchanted Mirrors. The timing worked out great since they were ratcheting up production in preparation for release to the public. Sometimes, Harry felt like everything was happening at once, leaving him little chance for a break.

Since it was a Sunday, and the Enchanting Shop was closed, Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas should have been home relaxing. Instead, they'd heard about him training some Aurors and asked to join. Somehow, James had heard about it as well, which led to Harry just giving in and letting everyone come. Surprisingly, even Dorea and Charlus had decided to come. After hearing so much about his DA lessons at Hogwarts, they were curious about his teaching style.

Unsurprisingly, when Harry met the large group, he discovered that James had invited Sirius, Remus, and Peter along as well.

"Hey," Harry smiled, hugging Marlene, Alice, and Dorcas.

"Hello, dear," Dorea said, kissing his cheek. "Look at this place. It's grown so much since the last time I was here."

"We had to enlarge the Enchanting Shop, the Greenhouses, and the front office to accommodate everyone," Narcissa explained.

"Huh, I thought it looked bigger," Harry said, gazing around.

“You didn’t know?” Remus asked incredulously.

“I leave that stuff up to Narcissa,” Harry explained with a shrug. “She deals with the logistics. I just come up with crazy ideas.”

“They’re not crazy if you pull them off,” Charlus grinned. “It’s an unofficial Potter family motto.”

James scowled as they shared a chuckle.

“Can we just get to the training?” he asked impatiently.

“James,” Dorea scolded softly. “Don’t be so impatient.”

“We’re just waiting for Samantha and Jessica to show up, and we can get started,” Harry said, checking his watch. “They should be here any minute.”

“Or now,” Samantha said from behind him.

“Or now,” Harry grinned as he turned. “Ladies, welcome to the Wolf’s Den.”

“Sorry about crashing your party,” Alice smiled. “It’s just hard to turn down a lesson from Harry when you get the chance. I swear he’s the best teacher we’ve ever had.”

“I still think Professor Tessel was the best,” Sirius said.

The girls that went to Hogwarts all rolled their eyes.

“You just liked her because her breasts were the size of your head,” Alice scoffed.

“Exactly,” Sirius grinned unrepentantly.

Around him, James and Peter snickered while Remus shook his head in amusement. Meanwhile, Dorea gave Charlus a sideways glare, like the byplay was somehow all his fault. He pretended not to notice as he introduced himself to Sam and Jess.

“Right,” Harry said, clapping his hands. “Let’s get started. Everyone, follow me.”

Lily kissed his cheek and dropped back to catch up with her friends as he led the group past the Greenhouses and into the woods. They walked down a narrow, winding path for a short distance until they came to a small clearing with a rock outcropping jutting from the earth. A number of large boulders, from the size of a trunk to the size of a small cabin, littered the ground.

“This group is larger than I was expecting, so you might have to take turns,” Harry began, turning to face the crowd of familiar faces. “I want you to find the largest boulder you think you can levitate, make it float as long as you can, and then move to the next size up.”

His classmates moved quickly to pick their boulders while Sam and Jess shared a confused look.

“I thought you were going to help us with our dueling,” Jess said, her brow furrowed cutely.

“I know this might seem a little unorthodox, but it’ll help,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair. “Things like learning new spells I don’t have the time to really teach you. Besides, you can learn that from any number of books. I’m going to teach you how to break your limits, and that’s not something you’ll find written anywhere.”

“I know it’s weird, but Harry knows what he’s doing,” Marlene jumped in, levitating a boulder six feet across. “Everyone in the DA is better at all of their classes because of him.”

“O-kay,” Jess said slowly, frowning as she watched James try and fail to levitate a boulder that stood as tall as Hagrid. “And how will this help exactly?”

“I’ll show you,” Harry smiled. “What’s the biggest boulder you think you could levitate?”

“Um... probably that one,” she said, pointing to one slightly smaller than the one James and Sirius were trying to levitate.

“Okay, show me,” Harry said, waving his arm in invitation.

Sharing a glance with Sam, who shrugged, she walked over next to him and drew her wand. Jess took a deep breath and then swished and flicked. She grunted, and her muscles strained as she tried to levitate the boulder. It rocked back and forth, slowly working its way out of the ground.

“Why are your muscles straining?” Harry asked, touching her shoulder gently. “Relax. Let your magic do the work.”

Taking another deep breath, Jess relaxed her muscles, but still, the boulder refused to rise.

“Close your eyes,” Harry said softly. “Imagine yourself back in Charms in your first year. It’s just a feather.”

“This is crazy,” Jess said, shaking her head as she closed her eyes.

By now, everyone had stopped what they were doing to watch.

“Good,” Harry said. “Now, tell your magic what to do. Don’t ask it. Don’t think about what you’re lifting. Just do it.”

Jess took a moment, let out a long breath through her nose, and then flicked the end of her wand up. Harry smiled as he watched the boulder begin to rise. Much like an iceberg, what you could see was only the tip of the boulder. The ground peeled away as more and more was revealed. Sam gasped and jumped excitedly as her friend lifted a boulder the size of Hagrid's hut from the ground with ease.

"Excellent," Harry grinned. "Now, keep your focus and open your eyes."

Jess opened her eyes and stared slack-jawed at what she had accomplished. The spontaneous applause from the others caused her spell to falter for a moment before she got it back under control. Slowly, she lowered it back to the ground and took a step back, staring at her wand in surprise.

"You're far more powerful than you think," Harry smiled, then turned to look at every one. "You all are. The only limits you have are the ones you give yourselves."

With renewed determination, everyone turned back to their boulders and tried again. Seeing James and Sirius still working on the same one, Harry rolled his eyes.

"James, Sirius!" he yelled. "Try this one first. Jess, you work on theirs. Sam, which one do you want to try?"

"Umm... that one," she said, pointing to one that was relatively small compared to what Jess had just lifted.

"You're not getting off that easy," Harry smiled. "Take turns with James and Sirius for now."

Nodding, she moved over to join the boys.

"If Sirius hits on you, feel free to hex him," Marlene smirked as she passed the girls.

Smiling and shaking his head, Harry moved about the clearing and held everyone with advice and encouragement. Even Charlus and Dorea got in on the lessons, levitating boulders that dwarfed anything the others were trying. They were obviously both very skilled and comfortable with their magic, but Harry still tried to get them to push what they thought their limits were.

About an hour later, as he was helping Dorcas finally levitate the boulder she'd become determined to lift, James' growing frustration burst to the surface.

"This is ridiculous!" James shouted. "We're not even learning anything useful! When has someone ever won a duel by lifting the heaviest rock!"

"James!" Dorea yelled scoldingly.

"What?" James shrugged. "It's true! How is any of this going to make us more powerful?"

"It's not," Harry replied calmly. "You already have the power. This is about making you realize it."

"That doesn't make any sense!" James yelled.

Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Look, it's not the size of the boulder that's stopping you from lifting it," he said. "It's the fact that a part of you thinks you can't. Once you accept that and move past it, you'll realize there's so much more you're capable of. Here, try again."

Growling angrily, James spun around and whipped his wand angrily.

"Wingardium Leviosa," he screamed.

He held his breath, straining with effort, his muscles flexed as he tried to lift the boulder.

“Relax,” Harry said in as soothing a voice as he could.

“Shut. Up,” James grunted through clenched teeth.

With a sigh, Harry threw up his hands and took a step back. James made the boulder wiggle in place a couple of times before dropping the spell and sagging tiredly.

“You need to relax,” Harry tried again. “Let your magic do the work, not your muscles.”

“This is stupid,” James grumbled as he straightened up. “I’m going home. Come on, guys.”

Sirius, Remus, and Peter shared a look that clearly said they didn’t want to leave, but they would follow him anyways. As James brushed past Harry and earned a scolding from Dorea, Harry closed his eyes and focused. Just as they were about to set foot back on the trail to the Wolf’s Den, everyone was thrown off balance as the ground shook. They lurched as the ground heaved under their feet, sending several of them tumbling to the ground.

Roots cracked, and rocks crumbled as they began to slowly rise into the air. Harry had ripped a piece of bedrock the size of a Quidditch Pitch free from the earth and levitated it into the air with a spell taught to every first year.

“Holy shit,” James said, staring in disbelief as the Wolf’s Den gradually grew smaller and smaller.

Below, the people working stopped to stare in wonder and confusion as a chunk of earth levitated fifty feet above the tallest trees.



“Do you understand yet?” Harry asked.

Opening his eyes, he turned around and faced James, who clambered to his feet. His mouth worked silently as he stared at Harry like he’d never seen him before. Staring at James, he pointed his wand at the boulder that he’d been trying to levitate for the past hour. Without a word or so much as a flick, he effortlessly levitated it into the air.

“This rock has no magic of its own. It has no mind. No will to exert against you,” Harry said softly. “I can do anything I want to it. I can make it smaller. I can make it larger. I can transfigure it.”

As he listed each thing he could do, he did them with casual ease. Shrinking, enlarging, and transfiguring the boulder into a replica of Hagrid’s hut at Hogwarts.

“It can’t fight back. It can’t resist. It can do nothing to stop me. If you can’t defeat a rock, how can you beat another magical?” Harry asked. “Until I came to Hogwarts, I was a slightly above-average student. There was nothing academically impressive about me. There was no spell or technique I’d mastered that made me better than my classmates. And yet, I was able to stand up to Voldemort when none of them could. Do you know why?”

James stared at him silently, a trickle of sweat dripping down his brow.

“I refused to lose,” Harry told him. “The thought of failing was so terrifying that I pushed it to the back of my mind and forgot about all the things I wasn’t supposed to be able to do. When Voldemort put me under the Imperius, I forgot I wasn’t supposed to be able to break free. When he put me under the Cruciatius, I forgot it was supposed to hurt. When he tried so many times to kill me, I forgot I was supposed to die. Instead, I fought back with everything I had, and it made me stronger. It wasn’t because of studying or some secret, hidden magic that I discovered. I succeeded because I couldn’t imagine any other outcome.”

Slowly and silently, he lowered the boulder back into the ground.

“Now, get your arse over here and levitate that stupid rock,” Harry barked.

James jumped and walked mechanically over to the boulder. The tip of his wand trembled as he aimed at it.

“Relax,” Harry ordered.

Pausing, he took a deep breath and settled himself. With a swish, flick, and a muttered incantation, James tried again.

“Don’t tense,” Harry said as his arms began to flex. “Don’t focus on what you’re trying to levitate. Just focus on doing it like you did in Flitwick’s class.”

Closing his eyes, James furrowed his brow as he focused. The boulder shook once – twice – and then slowly began to rise into the air. When he heard the gasps and quiet cheers, he opened his eyes.

“I did it!” James yelled.

“You did,” Dorea nodded while Charlus grinned and clapped his son on the back. “And hopefully, you learned a very valuable lesson. Now, Harry, can you please put us down?”

“Huh – Oh, right,” Harry said.

Carefully, he lowered their little floating island back down to the ground.

~

“So, you did all of that to teach a lesson?” Adriana asked.

“I might’ve gone a bit overboard,” Harry admitted.

“I think you did wonderfully,” Dorea said as she helped Maggie bring in food from the kitchen.

They’d trained for hours, and by the time they got back to the Den, Maggie had already prepared dinner for everyone. Not wanting to be rude, everyone had agreed to stay. The dining room was packed as Werewolves, Healers, Harry, and his friends all sat down to eat. Seeing the massive platters and bowls of food, he wondered if Maggie and Molly were somehow related.

“If he’s going to keep doing stuff like that, I might come watch,” Adriana said. “None of us could figure out what was going on. We just knew it had to be Harry.”

“Well, most of us,” Thor smirked. “Jackson thought Leprechauns were playing a joke.”

“Hey!” Jackson yelled as everyone chuckled. “It could’ve been. They stole a whole bunch of Fairy Dust and made me Uncle Paul’s house float once. Got the shock of his life when he went to walk his Krup.”

Harry and the others laughed as Jackson began to mime the incident.

~

A few days later, Harry and the girls were back at the Wolf’s Den. The night of the full moon had finally arrived, and everyone was anxious to see the cure work. A group of nearly a hundred Healers from all over the world had shown up to see it for themselves. Professors McGonagall, Flitwick, and Dumbledore also came to help with the massive event. McGonagall and Flitwick were erecting a tent and chairs while Dumbledore kept the Healers entertained with his amusing anecdotes.

Smiling at what he saw, Harry turned and made his way through the office and into the basement. There, Remus, Maggie's son, Josh, and Thor were seated in golden cages, receiving their final treatment before the full moon. It wasn't strictly necessary, but Agatha wanted to take every precaution possible. Around them stood a crowd of Healers watching closely and taking notes while Agatha and Andromeda administered the treatment.

"How are you guys holding up?" Harry asked.

"I feel like I'm in a zoo," Thor grumbled, glaring at a Healer so hard he backed up a step.

"Are you sure it's a good idea for me to be here?" Remus asked. "Not that I'm ungrateful, but won't this cause problems for Professor Dumbledore when people find out he let a Werewolf in at Hogwarts?"

"You let Professor Dumbledore worry about that," Harry told him. "You just focus on getting cured."

"There's not much for me to really do," Remus said, gesturing to the tube infusing filtered blood back into his body. "I've just had to lie here for four days."

"As far as cures go, this isn't so bad," Josh smiled.

Returning the smile, Harry checked his watch.

"Right, I'll come back to get you in an hour," he said. "Remus, Josh, just hang in there. Thor, stop scaring the Healers."

Making his way to the back of the room, Harry spotted Sylvia sitting on the floor next to Amanda as she played with Alfie in her cage.

“Sorry about the crowd tonight,” he smiled, taking a seat next to her.

“It’s alright,” Sylvia smiled. “If all goes well, will Amanda be able to take the cure next month?”

“Agatha thinks so,” Harry told her.

“I don’t like needles,” Amanda pouted.

“I know, sweetheart,” Sylvia said. “But you just need to do it once, and then you never have to spend the night in one of these cages or transform ever again.”

“Will you stay with me?” Amanda asked, looking over at the other cages.

“Of course,” Sylvia assured her.

Smiling, Harry pressed the tip of his wand to the side of the cage. When the mesh rippled, Sylvia gave him a grateful smile, kissed him softly, and scooted inside to sit with her daughter. Harry sat with them for a few more minutes before the door to the basement opened.

“Harry!” Maggie called. “The Ministry is here.”

“Coming!” Harry yelled, then turned back to Amanda and Sylvia. “Time to go play politics.”

“You can stay and play with us,” Amanda offered, holding up Alfie, who yipped.

“I wish,” Harry grinned. “I’ll come back to check on you as soon as I can, okay?”

“Okay,” she replied. “Bye, Daddy.”

Smiling brightly, Harry got to his feet and made his way back upstairs. The smile quickly slid from his face when he spotted who was with David. Abraxas Malfoy.

“You’ve got some balls showing up here,” Harry said.

Malfoy sneered and smoothed out his robes. Turning to David, Harry raised an eyebrow questioningly.

“The Minister is on vacation,” he answered grumpily. “Her Senior Undersecretary thought that since he was here the last time, he should be here this time. Since Mr. Malfoy hasn’t been convicted of a crime, I couldn’t stop it. That said, this is still your property. I can have him removed if you’d like.”

Harry paused and thought for a moment. Clearly, Malfoy was there for a reason, but if he could force him to leave so easily, he couldn’t be integral to whatever the Death Eaters had planned. After spending all month preparing for this night, Harry was sure he could stop whatever they were up to. And maybe having Malfoy there would give him more information. He just wished the man’s Occlumency wasn’t so good.

“He can stay,” Harry shrugged. “It’s not like he can do anything to stop me anyways.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Abraxas drawled. “I’m merely here to observe and report any safety concerns back to the Minister.”

“Then you might want to inform the Minister that sending you here again will result in putting your safety in danger,” Harry told him.

“Is that a threat?” Malfoy hissed, his eyes blazing indignantly.

“Yes,” Harry nodded.

“Gentlemen,” David said, stepping between them as he tried to hold back a smirk. “Perhaps we should focus on why we’re here.”

“Follow me,” Harry said.

Turning around, he led them back outside. Several people looked surprised to see Malfoy there, including McGonagall, whose lips thinned so much they nearly disappeared. As Dumbledore came over to greet him affably, Harry used the opportunity to sidle over to Bellatrix. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out his cloak and handed it to her discreetly.

“Follow him and let me know if he does anything suspicious,” he whispered.

Eyes gleaming excitedly, Bellatrix pulled him down for a searing kiss before making her way to the Den, where she disappeared inside. The door opened and closed a moment later, seemingly on its own. Trusting Bella to keep an eye on him, Harry went back to work.

~

An hour later, he brought Thor, Remus, and Josh outside just as the other Werewolves were taking their potions for the night. Harry took a perverse pleasure in watching how uncomfortable Malfoy looked to be in their company. He stood awkwardly off to the side with a perpetual sneer on his face.

John and Maggie gave their son, Josh, a hug and wished him luck. Harry spotted Remus talking to his mother, a short, older witch with the same straw-colored hair as her son. Making a promise to meet her later, he glanced over and spotted Thor talking and joking with the other Werewolves. Unlike Josh and Remus, there was no family there to wish him luck or worry about his safety. They’d abandoned him long ago because of his affliction.

“Is there anything else we can do to help, Mr. Potter?” McGonagall asked as she and Flitwick stopped beside him.

“Oh, hello, Professor,” Harry smiled. “Would you and Professor Flitwick mind sticking around when we see if the cure works?”

“Of course,” McGonagall nodded.

“Are you concerned it might not work for them?” Flitwick asked.

“I’m more concerned with why a Death Eater that got arrested for trying to kill me would willingly choose to spend time in my company,” Harry said.

“He would be a fool to try anything with this many people around,” McGonagall said, sniffing disdainfully as she glanced at Abraxas.

“Well, he never was the best student,” Flitwick smirked. “We’ll keep an eye out for any trouble.”

“Thanks,” Harry smiled.

As the Werewolves entered the enclosure, Harry led those that had been cured over to a clearing between the Greenhouses and the Enchanting Shop. The Healers followed eagerly, the constant din of their voices following behind him.

“I need all the Healers to wait here,” Harry said loudly. “Once we know they’re not going to transform, you can ask your questions and collect your blood samples. Everyone else, with me.”

Harry led Josh, Remus, and Thor a short distance away from the Healers. When he felt they were a safe distance away if anything happened, he, Connie, David, Dumbledore, and the other professors formed a circle around them. Malfoy stood even further away than the Healers, watching with his arms folded over his chest and a frown on his face.



With a metallic click, Dumbledore opened his silver pocket watch.

“Two minutes to moonrise,” he said, closing it with a snap.

Taking a deep breath, Josh pulled off his t-shirt and started unbuckling his belt.

“Is it true Adriana got naked when she did this?” Josh asked.

“Yeah, why?” Harry asked curiously.

“Just wish I’d been there to see that,” he grinned. “Full moons haven’t been the same since she stopped coming.”

Thor laughed loudly and clapped him on the shoulder. McGonagall tried to look disapproving, but given the gravity of the moment, she kept silent.

“Here it comes, lads,” Thor said as the first sliver of the moon peeked over the hills in the distance.

Slowly, the moon rose higher and higher into the sky. They all heard the howls of the other Werewolves transforming, and yet Josh, Remus, and Thor showed no signs of distress. Remus and Josh broke into tears, dropping to their knees, but Thor remained alert, his head tilted slightly. Harry frowned and walked over to him as everyone else began to celebrate.

“Thor?” Harry asked. “What’s wrong?”

“Did you hear that?” he asked.

“Hear what?” Harry said.

“Oi! Everyone shut up for a minute!” Thor yelled, silencing the crowd with his deep, powerful voice before turning back to Harry. “Listen. I hear growling. There, near the treeline.”

Harry squinted into the darkness as he tried to look at the treeline a couple of hundred yards away. At first, he heard and saw nothing. Then, suddenly, a shadow shifted. Then another, and another. A low, rumbling growl reverberated in the air as large, shadowy figures with bright yellow eyes appeared in the shadows.

A loud howl rent the air, and as one, the figures stepped forward. Dozens of snarling, growling Werewolves surrounded the Wolf’s Den.

“What the hell are they doing?” David asked.

“Waiting?” Thor replied. “They’re waiting to hunt.”

“Hunt what, exactly?” Connie asked.

“Us,” Harry answered.

Looking over his shoulder, he made eye contact with Malfoy, who smirked. He turned and started to make his way back toward the main office when there was a sudden, deafening *crack!* Arcs of red lightning shot up through the wards, cracking them like glass.

“Ward Breaking Stones,” David whispered.

As the wards shattered overhead, Harry spun around furiously and whipped his wand towards Malfoy. He’d just about reached the main office and freedom when he was suddenly yanked backward. Malfoy drew his wand to try to free himself, but Harry disarmed him and continued

dragging him across the lawn. Grabbing the back of his expensive robes, he hauled him to his feet.

“No one panic!” Harry yelled. “David, Connie, get everyone around the Pen and ward it off. Abraxas and I are going for a little walk.”

“Get your hands off of me!” Malfoy spat, trying to twist himself free. “I’ll have you arrested for this!”

“Good luck with that,” Harry said, pushing him forward at wand point.

As he marched off, David hesitated momentarily before leaving Dumbledore in charge and following after them.

“Harry,” he said, jogging to catch up. “I know you’re upset, but this isn’t the way to deal with him.”

“You saw what happened,” Harry said. “You said it yourself. Those were Ward Breaking Stones that were used. The same thing he brought with him the last time he was here.”

“You have no proof,” Malfoy said, earning him a shove from Harry.

“Then I’ll just have to find some,” he replied.

Suddenly, Bella whipped off the Invisibility Cloak, startling David.

“I followed him all night,” she said, panting lightly. “He didn’t place those stones.”

“He’d be an idiot if he did,” Harry said, marching Malfoy past the pen and towards the open field. “I’m betting he blackmailed, threatened, or just paid someone else to do it.”

“Unhand me!” Abraxas yelled. “You can’t prove anything!”

“Harry, I hate to say it, but he’s right,” David said. “I promise, I’ll personally conduct a full investigation.”

“I don’t think that’ll be necessary,” Harry told him.

Stopping about fifty yards into the field, he stopped and kicked the back of Malfoy’s knee. With a grunt, he fell down to his knees, glaring over his shoulder.

“Now, Malfoy, you’re going to tell me exactly what happened, or the first thing those Werewolves feed on is going to be you,” he told him.

As if to punctuate his point, there was a loud howl, and the Werewolves began stalking towards them.

“You can’t do this!” Malfoy shouted, his eyes gleaming with fear. “You wouldn’t dare!”

“Harry, this is going too far,” David said.

Harry waved his hand and Petrified him in place. Malfoy stared in shock as he froze in place.

“You better start talking,” Harry said, pointing to the Werewolves who were starting to run. “You’ve got about thirty seconds before they get here.”

“Let me go!” Malfoy screamed fearfully. “This is illegal!”

“So is attempted murder,” Harry reminded him. “Twenty seconds.”

“It was one of your guards!” Abraxas yelled in a panic. “Jacobs!”

“And how do you know that?” Harry asked. “Did you threaten him? Bribe him? Better talk fast.”

“Fine, we threatened him!” Malfoy screamed. “I’ll tell you everything; just get me out of here!”

“Oh, we’re fine here,” Harry said, patting his shoulder.

He released David from his Petrification as the Werewolves bared down on them. Snarling, bright yellow eyes gleaming maliciously, one zeroed in on Malfoy and leapt.

*Thud!*

The Werewolf slammed into a barrier and yelped as it crashed to the ground. All around the Wolf’s Den, more Werewolves slammed into the Ward painfully. Shaking their heads, they got back to their feet and prowled around the edge, growling menacingly.

“Sorry, I didn’t have time to explain,” Harry said to David. “I put up a second set of Wards after he came here with Ward Breaking Stones the first time.”

“Don’t ever do that to me again,” he said, letting out a long, slow breath.

“I got him to confess, didn’t I?” Harry asked.

“Harry,” David sighed. “I’m trying really hard to be mad at you right now.”

“You didn’t really think I was going to feed him to them, did you?” Harry asked. “I’m hurt.”

“Shut it,” David said, his lips twitching.

“You’ll pay for this, Potter!” Malfoy hissed. “The Dark Lord will-”

Harry stunned him before he could finish and let him fall to the ground.

“I think he pissed himself,” he chuckled, then turned back to face the Pen and pressed the tip of his wand to his throat. “Narcissa, now!”

“What-”

David stopped mid-sentence when a second blue, glowing Ward rose up behind the Werewolves, trapping them in a circle around the Wolf’s Den.

“Brilliant,” David grinned. “I’ll call the office and tell them to send every Auror we have by daybreak. I wonder if we can convince the Wizengamot to force them to take the cure after they’re arrested.”

“You’d be better off asking Dumbledore that question,” Harry said.

Levitating Malfoy, they started to make their way back to the Pen.

“Harry! Harry!”

“Is that Dorea?” David asked.

Harry plunged his hand into his pocket and pulled out his mirror.

“Dorea, what’s wrong?” he asked as her pale, worried face swam into view.

“They’re here. Voldemort and his Death Eaters are here.”

### Chapter 33

Harry’s stomach sank as he stared at Dorea’s pale but determined face.

“I’m on my way,” he told her, turning and making his way to the office as the girls rushed over to join him. “I can be there in about a minute.”

“We’re alright,” Dorea said. “The wards are holding him back for now.”

“I’ll head back to the office and alert the Aurors,” David added over Harry’s shoulder.

“I’ll be there soon,” Harry said firmly.

Nodding gratefully, Dorea cut the connection. Her face had barely faded away before Harry was making another call.

“Alastor Moody,” he said.

There was a brief pause before Moody’s face swam into view.

“Potter,” he grumbled.

“Voldemort is attacking Potter Manor,” Harry said quickly.

“Shite,” Moody cursed, the background moving as he got to his feet. “I’m on it.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Cutting the connection, he stuffed the mirror in his pocket and started to jog to the office.

“We’re coming with you,” Lily said with a tone of finality.

Harry sighed, knowing there was nothing he could do to change her mind.

“Alright,” he replied, then pointed at her, Narcissa, and Bellatrix. “But you three stick together and watch each other’s backs.”

They nodded in unison as they entered the office. Harry headed straight for the two Any Mirrors hanging on either side of the fireplace. Meanwhile, David took a vase from the mantle and grabbed a handful of Floo Powder.

“I’ll let you know what we’re facing once I get there,” Harry told him.

“And I’ll start gathering Aurors,” David said. “Ministry Auror Offices!”



Turning, he threw a handful of powder into the fireplace, turning the orange flames a bright green. As he stepped into the fire and vanished, Harry pressed the tip of his wand to the mirror's surface.

"Potter Manor," he said.

Without pause, he stepped through into the Potter family living room. Immediately, dull, distant thuds could be heard through the house as powerful and destructive magic assaulted the wards. Harry could feel the air shudder each time the ancient, protective magic shouldered an attack. Across the room, Dorea, Charlus, Sirius, and James stood at the window, gazing outwards while clutching their wands.

"How much longer can those wards last?" Harry asked as the girls walked through the mirror behind him.

Charlus turned to look at him with a grim expression, his face seeming to have aged a decade since the last time Harry had seen him.

"A few more minutes," he replied. "But right now, that's the least of my worries."

Furrowing his brow, Harry made his way over to the window. His eyes widened when he got a look at what they were facing. Assaulting the wards was a small army of Death Eaters. Not nearly as many as he'd seen at the Battle of Hogwarts, but there had to be at least fifty cloaked and masked figures with their wands raised, casting in unison.

"We need to leave," Harry said. "Go pack your things and-"

"We're not leaving," Charlus interrupted softly but firmly.

“We can’t fight this many!” Harry yelled incredulously. “If it was just Death Eaters, maybe. But with Voldemort here...”

“Harry,” Dorea said, stepping beside Charlus and resting her hand on his arm. “This house has stood on these grounds for more than a thousand years. Losing Potter Manor would mean a lot more than just losing our home. It would be losing a symbol that has stood against the dark for centuries. Leaving without a fight isn’t an option.”

“You’ll die!” Harry shouted.

“Then we’ll die defending our home,” Charlus replied calmly. “Take James and go back to the Den. We’ll hold them off as long as we can. Maybe if the Aurors get here in time...”

Turning to Dorea, they shared a meaningful look and nodded.

“I can’t leave you here to fight them alone!” James yelled.

“I’m staying, too,” Sirius added.

“You can and you will,” Charlus told him firmly. “Our family must survive, even if we don’t.”

“Enough!” Harry shouted angrily. “Fine! You want to stay, we’re staying. Find the most secure room in the house and start setting up defenses. Force them to come through a doorway so you don’t have to fight them all at once. Do *not* hold back. They set foot in this house; they’re taking their lives into their own hands. And take the mirror with you. We don’t want the Aurors to step out in the middle of a bunch of Death Eaters.”

“Harry-” Charlus started.

“No,” Harry cut him off. “You want to fight, then we all fight.”

Charlus smiled, “I was going to say thank you.”

“Oh,” Harry said, blinking. “You can thank me when we get out of this alive. There’s a balcony upstairs, right?”

“Yes, at the back of the library,” Charlus said, looking at him curiously. “Why?”

“I have an idea to take some of them out before they get to the house,” Harry said. “I’ll take out as many as I can, but I need to hold off Voldemort and...”

“We understand,” Dorea said, stepping forward to pull him into a gentle hug.

Closing his eyes, Harry held her tightly for a long moment before stepping back and pushing her away.

“Go get ready. We don’t have a lot of time,” he said.

Nodding, she turned with Charlus and started to lead James and the girls deeper into the house. Before Bellatrix could follow, Harry grabbed her arm and held her back.

“If things start to look bad, get them out of here,” Harry whispered. “I don’t care if you have to stun them yourself. Just get them out.”

Bellatrix nodded, her violet eyes glinting determinedly as she left to catch up with the group.

“My office is part of the original castle,” Charlus said as he walked away. “That would be the best room to hole up in.”

Sighing, Harry took out his mirror and called David as he began to climb the stairs.

“Harry,” David said over a rumble of loud voices in the background. “What’s happening?”

“Voldemort and fifty Death Eaters are trying to get through the wards at Potter Manor,” he told him. “Charlus thinks we have a few minutes before they get through.”

“Shit,” David cursed. “Can you get them out?”

“I tried. They won’t leave,” Harry said frustratedly. “I had to tell Bella to stun them and drag them through the mirror if it gets bad. They put the mirror in Charlus’ office, so you’ll have a safe place to enter.”

“Alright, good,” David nodded. “I’ll send in a small team to help while the bulk of the Aurors attack them from behind. Hopefully, this will go like it normally does, and they’ll run at the first sign of resistance.”

“Not with Voldemort here,” Harry said, shaking his head just as he stepped into the library. “He’s here to prove a point. He wants people to fear him. Running would make him look weak. I bet the werewolf attack was designed to distract us from learning about this attack until it was too late.”

“Let’s hope you’re wrong,” David said.

Pausing, he turned to talk to someone Harry couldn't see before turning back a few seconds later.

"I've sent Moody and his team to the Den. They should be there soon to back you up," he said.

"Why the Den?" Harry asked.

"Crouch sent the mirror you gave us to the Unspeakables," David said unhappily. "Said he wanted to make sure it was secure before we used it."

"That son of a bitch," Harry growled. "I'll deal with him later. How long until you and the rest of the Aurors can get here?"

"Can you give me fifteen minutes?" he asked. "I want to make sure we have the numbers on our side."

"I'll try," Harry replied.

When he reached the back of the library, he threw open the double doors to the balcony and looked out over the moonlit lawn. He estimated there to be about a hundred and fifty yards between the house and the edge of the wards. There was a long, straight driveway made of gravel that cut through the grass like a river, leading to a large, ornate wrought iron gate. Two tall bushes trimmed into the shape of Griffins stood out on the otherwise empty lawn.

Pulling out the Elder Wand, Harry turned the tip skyward and sent off a bright blue spell. The Death Eaters paused for a moment as they watched it streak into the clouds. At the back of the crowd, Voldemort glared at him with his bright red eyes as grey clouds gathered above. Waving his wand, Harry animated the bushes. They ripped their feet from the ground and paced in front of the gate, cawing menacingly at the intruders.

A bark from Voldemort spurred his Death Eaters into resuming their attack on the wards. Just as Harry spun around and reentered the library, there was a rumble of thunder. He barely got back under the cover of the roof before rain began to pour heavily from the sky. He made his way back downstairs quickly, past the kitchen, and into Charlus' office.

The girls were transfiguring a couch into stone while Charlus, Sirius, and James moved the bookshelves away from the wall. Impressively, Charlus transfigured them not into stone but into iron, a much more difficult spell for such a large object. At the back of the room, Dorea set about casting some impressive protective Charms over everything. They probably wouldn't last long without being renewed, but they would help.

"How are the wards?" Harry asked.

"They won't hold much longer," Charlus answered, wiping his brow. "A couple of minutes. Maybe a little longer."

"Alright," Harry nodded. "I'm going to wait outside, and then I want you to drop the wards right before they break."

"What? Why?" Charlus asked.

"Voldemort won't be expecting it," Harry replied. "It'll make him pause. Besides, we might be able to use them later. I think that's worth more than another minute of protection."

"Okay," Charlus nodded. "What about the Aurors?"

"Moody is on his way with a team to help you hold off anyone that gets inside," Harry told him. "David said he needs us to buy him fifteen minutes to get the rest together."

“That seems like an awfully long time,” Dorea said.

“I know,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

Taking his mirror out of his pocket, he walked over to the back wall and stuck it to the stone.

“You still there, David?” Harry asked.

“I’m here!” David yelled a moment before he stepped back into the frame. “What is it?”

“I’m going to leave this connected so you can see what’s happening,” Harry told him.

“I’ll keep an eye on it,” David nodded. “Hold them off as long as you can, but if you need us early, we’ll be there.”

“Thank you,” Charlus said sincerely.

Just as Harry turned to leave, Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix stepped in front of him.

“Please, be careful,” Lily said pleadingly.

“I will,” Harry said, pulling her close. “Remember what I said. You three look out for each other.”

“You just make sure to come back to us in one piece,” Narcissa told him as she took her turn giving him a hug.

“Give ‘em hell,” Bellatrix grinned.

Harry snorted and grinned as he gave her a hug.

“I told Lily and Cissy,” she whispered in his ear. “We’ll get them out.”

“Thank you,” Harry whispered back.

Kissing her cheek, he stepped back and gave them the most confident grin he could before turning and leaving the room. Just as he stepped outside the door, he heard Charlus greet Moody. Hearing the old man’s voice helped soothe some of his fear as he approached the front door. Harry paused and took a deep breath before yanking the door open and stepping out onto the front porch.

The rain pounded down on the granite tiles covering the roof. It was so heavy that Harry could barely see the Death Eaters in the distance. Only the light from their spells gave them away. Running his finger along the shaft of his wand, all he could do was wait for Charlus to lower the wards.

~

“Moody,” Charlus smiled, shaking the man’s hand and clapping him on the shoulder. “Thank Merlin, you’re here.”

“Wouldn’t miss it,” Moody said as Connie, Jenna, and Greyson stepped out of the mirror behind him.



“Talk about Déjà vu, eh?” Jenna said, grinning at Connie.

“Yeah, but this time we have more people, we’re better prepared, and Harry’s already here,” Connie pointed out. “Where is he, anyway?”

“Outside,” Charlus replied. “He’s going to be dealing with Voldemort. He’ll take out as many Death Eaters as he can, but I expect we’ll have our hands full in here.”

“Maybe we’ll get lucky this time, and Harry’ll kill the bastard,” Greyson said.

“Don’t get your hopes up,” Moody muttered. “Let’s get to work. I wanted this room covered in Fire Suppression Charms. Move a couple of those bookcases against that corner, so Dorea has a place to treat the injured if we need to. How long do we have?”

“Not long,” Charlus said. “The wards will only hold for a couple of more minutes, and then however long it takes them to get past Harry.”

“Alright, I’m going to go set a few surprises for our guests,” Moody smirked.

“I’m going to go grab my bag,” Dorea said, following after him.

“Don’t take too long,” Charlus warned.

Dorea gave him a reassuring smile, “I’ll only be a minute. It’s just in the kitchen.”

Following Alastor out of the room, she walked to the kitchen, where her blue Healers bag sat on the counter. She opened it to check the contents and then opened the cupboards above it to

stock it with any potions she might need. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched as Alastor started Charming and Hexing everything in sight. A broom, a house plant, a pair of Wellingtons, even the coat rack.

When she finished stocking her bag, Dorea smirked to herself and started helping him. As Moody made his way back to the kitchen, he paused and watched as she Hexed the knives, sink, drawers, and the cupboards that held her potions ingredients.

“Now that’s just evil,” Moody grinned. “I knew Charlus did right by marrying you.”

“Why thank you, Alastor,” Dorea smiled. “It’s good to know an old witch like me can still impress.”

Moody chuckled, and they got back to work, Moody’s creativity and Dorea’s deviousness working in perfect harmony.

“It’s time!” Charlus yelled, poking his head out of the office. “I’ll need to drop the wards any minute.”

“Coming,” Dorea said, grabbing her bag.

She and Alastor rejoined him in the office. A small amount of relief washed over her when she spotted Connie getting the kids in position. She’d moved them off to the side where they could still help, but they would be out of the direct line of fire.

“Narcissa,” Connie said, grabbing the girl by the shoulders and guiding her to stand near the wall. “You stay here. If anything pokes through that doorway, you cut it off. Got it?”

“Gladly,” Narcissa replied fiercely.

Nodding, Connie walked back over to Dorea and Moody.

“Thank Merlin, Harry has those girls on our side,” she muttered.

“Ready?” Charlus asked.

“Do it,” Moody nodded.

Taking Charlus’ hand in hers, they shared a meaningful look before he raised his wand and dropped the battered and weakened wards.

~

Harry felt the ancient magic protecting his family’s home shudder as it was battered with the equivalent of a magical sledgehammer. He could feel the magic starting to give and strain under the repeated abuse. If Charlus didn’t take them down soon, a single spell from Voldemort could shatter them.

Just as the thought occurred to him, he felt the wards lower, and the Death Eaters paused in surprise. Those at the front backed up nervously as the glowing yellow dome began to collapse smoothly into the ground. Even when the wards were fully down, no one moved. Although Harry couldn’t see Voldemort through the rain, he could imagine the confused and angry frown on his face.

Smirking to himself, he stepped off of the porch and onto the gravel drive. A protective dome appeared around him, blocking the rain from hitting him and even pushing the water on the ground away from his feet. Harry remained bone dry as he marched steadily forward, the gravel crunching with every step. Halfway down the drive, he was finally able to see the nervous, frightened gazes of the Death Eaters and the concerned, angry glare of Voldemort’s inhuman

red eyes. Raising his wand, a blue bolt of magic slammed into the wrought iron gate like a battering ram, twisting and warping the heavy metal like it was a child's toy.

"Kill him!" Voldemort hissed, his voice being magically carried over the pounding of the rain.

Fifty voices screamed in unison as the Death Eaters charged forward. Concealed by the rain and their natural camouflage and forgotten in the confusion of the wards being lowered, they forgot about the Griffins. The animated topiaries mauled a few of the black-cloaked figures, pummeling them into the sodden soil as they rushed past. A few of their comrades paused to fight back. The first spells they used passed harmlessly through their leafy bodies, resulting in two more Death Eaters being pummeled by their surprisingly powerful hooves, claws, and wings.

Unfortunately, it didn't take long for someone to wizen up and use a wide Cutting Charm. In moments, the beautifully sculpted and expertly animated bushes lay in unrecognizable piles. Strewn on the ground around them lay the bodies of the half dozen Death Eaters they'd managed to defeat.

The horde of masked witches and wizards continued to run toward Harry, weighted down and slowed by their heavy, saturated cloaks. Several fired curses as they ran, but they were easily stopped by the shield around him or blocked by levitated and enlarged stones from the drive.

Harry slashed his wand across his body, causing those in the front to raise shields, but no spell came. Only a sweet, pungent odor filled the air. Looking past the approaching mass of bodies, he met Voldemort's gaze. His pale nose wrinkled, and his eyes widened as realization hit. He opened his mouth to speak, but it was too late. A ball of flame had already left Harry's wand.

As the snitch-sized ball of orange flames traveled through the air, it ignited the raindrops he'd transfigured into petrol. The Death Eater at the front that he'd aimed the spell at sneered in contempt and slapped the spell away. The moment the tiny ball hit the ground, the man and a dozen people around him were engulfed in an explosion of flames.

Screams of pain and fear rent the air as the explosion died, but the flames continued to spread. It traveled across the ground rapidly, lapping at their feet and igniting their robes. The rain was so heavy that the flames jumped from drop to drop, engulfing the very air around them in flames. Around Harry, the flaming drops fell harmlessly around his shield, creating a dome of fire in the middle of the growing inferno. The smell of burned clothes and charred flesh filled the air as the Death Eaters tried desperately to put themselves out. Shouts of water spells could be heard amongst them, and a few of the more desperate ones tried to roll around in what water remained on the ground.

On the other side of the ruined wrought iron gate, Voldemort seethed. Whipping his wand around in a circle above his head, the fire rose into the air and began to swirl. Slowly, it coalesces into a fiery tornado.

The Death Eaters, now able to put themselves out, started to crawl away and nurse their wounds. Their burns, while painful and debilitating, weren't likely to be fatal. Some even had the courage to Disapparate while most just tried to get to a safe distance to nurse their wounds and stare in awe at the magic of the Dark Lord.

Harry knew that their fight was over for the night, but his was just beginning. With a swipe of his wand, he canceled his transfiguration. The flames were snuffed out in an instant. He had no interest in experiencing the pain he'd inflicted for himself. Now, however, he had a twisting cyclone of water to deal with.

~

At the back of the Potter property, hidden out of sight, another group of fifty Death Eaters emerged from the tree line the moment the wards dropped.

"What the hell?" one asked warily. "That's not supposed to happen."

"It doesn't matter," a witch barked, striding past him. "The Dark Lord ordered us to attack as soon as the wards came down, and they're down. Let's go!"

The wizard scowled and shared a nervous glance with the Death Eaters near him. Hesitantly, they followed the woman through the backyard. She strode forward with purposeful, confident strides while those following her crept softly, sticking close to the shadows and close to the hedges.

“Will you lot stop acting like cowards,” she hissed. “They’ll be too busy worrying about the attack out front to even realize we’re coming. Now hurry up! I don’t want to miss the action.”

Spinning on her heel, the woman picked up the pace and strode toward the back door. Sharing another cautious glance, the Death Eaters following her sped up to catch up with her.

“Avery’s going to get us killed,” one wizard whispered to another. “The Potters aren’t to be taken lightly.”

“We’ll let her go in first,” the other whispered back. “If we’re lucky, she’ll get herself offed and then we can take charge.”

“Brilliant,” the first Death Eater replied, grinning under his mask.

“Yaxley, Gibbon, will you two shut it before you get us caught?” A large, burly wizard asked.

“Fuck off, Goyle,” Yaxley replied.

Despite his words, Yaxley fell silent as they reached the back door.

“Let’s go,” Avery said, brandishing her wand and aiming it at the doorknob. “Alohomora.”

Instead of hearing the click of the lock as they expected, the doorknob shot forward with shocking speed and hit Avery in the gut. The Death Eaters heard the wind being knocked from her lungs as she was thrown back onto the ground. A moment later, the doorknob retracted back into place.

"I told you," Gibbon said, snickering under his breath.

He stopped when Avery climbed back to her feet while holding her stomach and glared at him dangerously. Holding up her wand, he stumbled back a step, but she merely spun around and blasted away the doorknob.

"So much for doing this quietly," Yaxley muttered.

"Shut it!" Avery barked over her shoulder.

Straightening her shoulders, she strode forward and kicked the door inwards. Looking around cautiously, she stepped inside... only for the door to slam shut, hitting her in the face. A few people behind her as they heard her nose crunch under her mask.

"Son of a bitch," Avery cursed.

She ripped off her mask, revealing an attractive, if bloodied, face underneath. Her brown eyes glinted furiously while she spit out the blood that had dripped from her nose onto her lip. With a snarl, she extended her wand at the door. It gave a shudder before it was ripped from its hinges. A negligent flick sent it to the side, where it landed in a bush.

"Goyle, you take point," Avery barked.

Grunting in response, Goyle shouldered his way past Yaxley and Gibbon. Cautiously, the large man stepped inside the house and paused. He waited for a few seconds, but nothing happened. With another grunt, he took a step forward.

The small house plant sitting on the shelf came to life and wrapped its thin vines around his neck. Goyle gurgled as he tried to free himself in a panic, the pot swinging dangerous behind him, nearly hitting another Death Eater who tried to help him.

“Crabbe, get it off of him!” Avery shouted.

“I’m trying,” Crabbe grunted.

Grabbing the vines, he started tearing them apart with his bare hands. Goyle continued to panic, forcing his friend to follow his movements. Unknowingly, his toe nudged a pair of Wellingtons sitting on the floor.

Crabbe gripped the pot and ripped it away from Goyle, allowing him to gasp in a desperate breath. He had only a moment to celebrate his success when a bright yellow rubber boot jumped into the air and covered his face. As he reached up and tried to pull it off, the other reared back and began kicking him in the shins.

“I can’t get it off!” Crabbe shouted, his voice muffled by the boot.

While he stumbled blindly about the small entryway, bumping into walls, Goyle rubbed his throat and pulled out his wand.

“Release-“



Goyle's incantation was interrupted when the coat hanger came to life. One of the rounded brass hooks extended forwards and hit him on the side of the head. Wincing in pain, he turned, only to get hit on the forehead by a second. The third hit his right eye, causing him to howl in pain and collapse to the floor.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Avery growled.

Whipping her wand up, she destroyed the coat rack and freed Crabbe from the boot over his head. The one on the floor continued to jump up and kick him in the shins until he picked it up and threw it furiously into the kitchen. It made it halfway across the room before coming to a stop in mid-air, turning around, and shooting back towards him. Crabbe fumbled with his wand and just got it clear of his robes when the heel impacted his groin. Yaxley and Gibbon winced in sympathy as the large man collapsed to his knees with a whimper.

"Get up, you stupid lump!" Avery barked.

Again, her wand whipped forward, destroying the boot.

"Useless," Avery hissed, her blonde hair falling around her face as she spun around. "Yaxley, you're up."

Shooting her a glare, Yaxley cast a protective shield around himself before stepping into the kitchen. Almost immediately, the knives leapt from the knife block and shot toward him. Even as they were stopped by his shield, he couldn't help but flinch back reflexively. Glancing back at Yaxley, she rolled her eyes impatiently and made a shooping motion with her hands. With a huff, Yaxley turned back around and took a deep breath.

Taking a step forward, one of the cupboards close to the floor opened. Pots and pans spilled out onto the floor, clattering loudly as they banged against his shield. Distracted, he never noticed one of the cupboards next to his head opening slowly. Inside, a vial filled with a purple liquid hopped to the edge of the cupboard and jumped. Yaxley turned at the sound of breaking

glass and watched as a pink smoke passed right through his shield. Too late to realize his mistake, he inhaled.

Turning to Avery, he muttered, "Shit."

~

"That'll be the pots and pans," Moody said as they listened to the chaos. "I think the knives missed."

"Shit," they heard, followed by a thud.

"What was that?" Sirius asked eagerly.

Moody shrugged.

"That was mine," Dorea smiled. "I charmed the left-over potions ingredients to attack. From the lack of vomiting, I'd say that was the Red Cap blood. They might want to get him out of there soon. Overexposure to the vapors has been known to cause pustules to grow all over the body."

Turning to Charlus, she smirked, "I do hope they get to him in time."

James and Sirius exchanged astonished looks. Before either of them could comment, they all heard screams from the front of the house. Everyone, including the Death Eaters, froze at the sound.

“What was that?” one of the Death Eaters asked.

“Sounds like Potter just dealt with your friends out front!” Moody shouted with a grin. “Might as well go home now. Your Dark Lord isn’t going to be coming to save you!”

“The only ones that need saving are you, Moody!” Avery spat. “You’ll pay for what you did to my father!”

“They’ll be here soon,” Moody grunted. “Those traps won’t hold them off for much longer.”

“How much longer, David?” Charlus asked, looking back at the mirror.

“We’re almost ready,” David replied. “Five more minutes.”

“We can hold out that long,” Charlus nodded.

“ARGHH!” Avery shouted.

There was an explosion followed by the sound of broken glass, wood, and metal clattering to the floor.

“Oh, that bitch is going to pay for destroying my kitchen,” Dorea hissed angrily.

~

Harry batted aside a writhing, orange, Crushing Curse, nearly taking out a cowering Death eater. Levitating dozens of stones in front of him, he hurled them like bullets at Voldemort. A shield appeared just in time, crushing them into dust.

Suddenly, a scream from the house distracted him. A hissing, crackling red Pulverizing Hex emerged from the dust surrounding the Dark Lord. Harry only just got a shield up in time but still stumbled from the force of the spell.

Voldemort laughed as he swept aside the dust and stepped forward, a vindictive grin on his face.

“You can’t save them all, Harry,” he said.

Harry scowled and unleashed a flurry of curses. It drove him mad that he had no way of knowing what was happening inside. All he could do was focus on his part and hope for the best.

*Just a few more minutes,* he told himself.

## Chapter 34

“Get ready,” Moody said, leveling his wand at the doorway.

Just outside the room, they could hear the sound of dozens of footsteps as Avery and the other Death Eaters surrounded the room. One tried to dart across to the other side of the doorway, but Moody and Connie reacted the moment they saw a flutter of robes. The man was hit with two Bludgeoning Hexes that folded him in half and sent him flying across. With a crash, he hit the living room wall and fell to the ground unconscious.

“Idiots,” Avery muttered.

They heard a hiss, and the doorway started to fill with thick grey smoke. Everyone tensed as they heard people rush around to get into position. Moody gazed around the room until he laid eyes on a wooden chair sitting against the wall. Levitating it, he moved it in front of the doorway before banishing it lightly. Just as the chair vanished into the smoke, Moody hit it with a bright red curse.

A loud, vicious explosion ripped the chair apart and sent splinters in all directions. Connie and Dorea put up a shield to protect the office, but the Death Eaters weren't so lucky. No one could see what had happened, but they could hear the screams ring out from the living room.

“My leg!” one of them yelled, bringing a smirk to Moody's lips.

“Shut up!” Avery barked. “You're running out of tricks, old man! Surrender now, and the Dark Lord will give you a quick death!”

Moody laughed loudly, his bright blue eyes gleaming.

“I'm just getting' started, lass!” he yelled back. “You've still gotta come through this door!”

As he spoke, the smoke cleared from the doorway. Narcissa's eyes narrowed when she spotted the tip of a shoe poking out from around the door frame. Leveling her wand, there was a yellow flash a moment before a flaming arrow embedded itself through the shoe. The Death Eater screamed and cursed, and she could hear them fall over in their haste to get out of the way.

“Give up or I'll set this place on fire and burn you out!” Avery shouted furiously.

“Go ahead,” Moody chuckled. “You’ll burn before we do. You think we weren’t prepared for this?”

Charlus turned to him in alarm and leaned close.

“Alastor, the charms we used aren’t that strong,” he whispered.

“But they don’t know that,” Moody whispered with a grin.

Suddenly, there was a loud crash as the front door burst open. Everyone turned to the doorway and froze. For a moment, they all feared that Harry had fallen.

“What the hell happened to you?” Yaxley asked.

“It was Potter,” A man said weakly. “Not him, the kid. He’s here. The crazy bastard set fire to the rain, then just stood there and watched while we all burned. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Did you kill him?” Avery asked eagerly.

“Are you mad!?” the man shouted. “Look at me! I can barely stand! He’s out there dueling the Dark Lord!”

“What about the others that were with you?” Avery asked.

“Are you deaf!?” the other Death Eater growled angrily. “He. Set. Us. On. Fire! All of us! Half of them Disapparated once we put ourselves out, and the other half are trying not to get hit by stray spells!”

While the Death Eaters continued to bicker, Moody looked at Charlus and gestured toward the mirror. Nodding in understanding, Charlus walked over.

“David, did you hear that?” he whispered.

“No,” David replied. “What’s happening?”

“Harry took out the fifty Death Eaters that were out front, and now he’s dueling Voldemort,” Charlus told him. “The ones in the house came from the backyard. I don’t know how many, but I’d say at least twenty. Maybe more. I’d tell your Aurors to avoid Apparating onto the front lawn.”

“Got it,” David said, passing along orders while the young Auror next to him blinked and mouthed the word ‘fifty?’ incredulously.

“And, please, hurry,” Charlus said. “We’re fine, but I don’t like the idea of Harry fighting that monster alone.”

“We’ll be there in just a couple of minutes,” David said. “I’m just waiting on our warders.”

Nodding, Charlus turned and walked back to his position.

“Sounds like you’re the ones that should surrender!” Moody yelled with a chuckle.

“Alastor, do you have to antagonize them?” Dorea asked.

“Do you want them to fight us or go back outside to help Voldemort?” Moody growled softly.

Dorea paused and shared a look with Charlus.

“It is quite disappointing, isn’t it?” she asked loudly. “One teenager is able to take out fifty Death Eaters and Voldemort? I thought we were supposed to be scared of them.”

“Give them a break, love,” Charlus grinned. “They’re obviously not the smartest lot. They did fall for the old charmed Wellington gag.”

“Their kids aren’t that bright either,” James added. “Remember that time we tricked Nott and Avery into sitting next to the Whomping Willow?”

“Oh, yeah,” Sirius grinned. “Flung them straight into the lake. Too bad the Giant Squid helped them out.”

Charlus smiled at the boys just as Avery let out a rage-filled scream. Dorea and Connie threw up a shield just in time to stop the Exploding Hex she tried to send into the room. It detonated just outside the room, causing the Death Eaters near the doorway to shout at her angrily.

“Shut up and get in there, or you can be the one to tell the Dark Lord we failed!” she screamed.

A moment later, two masked figures jumped in front of the doorway. The one in the front cast a glowing blue shield while the other lobbed hexes and curses into the office around it. Dorea was forced to duck back behind her bookcase for cover as the spells slammed into it. The others in the room rained down a hail of powerful hexes and curses of their own in return. The man holding the shield managed to stop a few before it broke. When it did, he was hit by several



spells, leaving him motionless and bleeding on the floor. The witch behind him took a grazing Cutting Curse to the side as she tried to dive out of the way.

“Merlin, there’s a fucking dozen of them in there,” she told the other Death Eaters, hissing in pain. “We’re never going to get through.”

“Charlus, we’re coming,” David called out from the mirror.

Moody and Charlus turned to look back just as a wand poked around the doorframe and let loose a bright silver spell. Narcissa hit the wand with a Cutting Curse, severing it in half, but it was already too late. Before anyone could call out, the spell rocketed across the room and blasted through the stone bookcase in front of Moody. It penetrated Moody’s ankle with a sickening crunch and caused his foot to bend at an unnatural angle as he collapsed to the ground with a yell.

“Alastor!” Dorea shouted.

While the others hurled dangerous and explosive curses through the doorway in retaliation, she ran over and knelt beside him. A flick of her wand ripped the leg of his trousers up to the knee and revealed the gruesome wound underneath. Moody’s ankle was shattered, his foot dangling by the flesh as blood poured from the wound. Slowly, tendrils of silver crept up his leg under the skin.

“Bone-Exploding Curse,” Dorea told him heavily. “I’m sorry Alastor, I have to-”

“Do it,” Moody barked.

Nodding, Dorea set her jaw and slashed her wand downwards. Moody grunted and grimaced as she removed his leg just below the knee before the silver tendril could reach it. With a flick of her wand, she threw the detached limb out of the room. It landed with a wet thump, the

tendrils continuing to spread live veins of quicksilver under the skin. Just as the veins reached the end of the leg, it trembled and exploded, showering the Death Eaters in shards of bone.

Dorea ignored it and worked quickly to stem the loss of blood. Once it was stopped, she levitated Moody and started moving him towards the corner where her bag was set up. Looking around to make sure no one else was hurt, she noticed James and Sirius staring at her with wide eyes and pale faces. It broke her heart that they had to see something that horrific so young.

Setting Moody down gently on the conjured mattress, Dorea started cleaning and treating his wound.

“Don’t bother with anything fancy,” Moody muttered. “Just get me in good enough shape to fight.”

“Alastor, you can’t even walk,” Dorea said, wrapping bandages around his stump.

“I can hop,” he grumbled.

“Oh, you stubborn man,” she sighed, shaking her head.

“Charlus!” David called from the mirror.

“He’s busy, what is it?” Dorea asked.

“We’re out back,” David told her. “The Death Eaters outside are fleeing. We’ll be inside in a minute.”

“Good, Alastor’s hurt,” Dorea told him. “Everyone else is fine for now.”

“We need to get ready,” Moody grunted. “If we push out when the Aurors move in, we can catch the ones inside in a crossfire.”

Sitting up, he twirled his wand and conjured a crude crutch. Dorea huffed and threw her arms in the air helplessly as he tried to get to his feet. Giving in, she helped him stand and hobble back over to the bookcase.

“Alright, Alastor?” Charlus asked, flinging spells at anything that moved.

“I’ll live,” Moody muttered.

“If it’s any consolation, I think Yaxley lost an eye to part of your shin,” he said with a smile.

“Serves the bastard right,” Moody smirked.

“Shit, Aurors!” a Death Eater yelled. “Get out!”

“Damn it,” Moody growled.

The Death Eaters started making a mass exodus out the front door. Charlus moved to leave the office, but Moody reached out to stop him.

“We need to wait for the Aurors,” he said.

“But they’re heading straight for Harry,” Charlus said urgently.

“And we can’t help him if we’re dead,” Moody growled. “I don’t want those bastards escaping anymore than you do, but we have to play this right.”

Charlus growled in frustration and slammed his fist into the bookcase. Stepping next to him, Dorea rubbed his back soothingly. It was a short but agonizing minute as they waited for the Aurors to make it to the house.

“Charlus!” Kingsley called out.

“In the office,” Charlus called back.

Keeping his wand down, he walked out of the room, carefully followed by the others.

“I’ll get Moody to St. Mungo’s,” Elizabeth said, reaching into her robes.

“That can wait,” Moody growled. “We need to get out front. Potter’s dueling Voldemort and what’s left of his Death Eaters just ran that way.”

“Let’s go,” Kingsley nodded.

~

Harry felt the Death Eaters rush out of the house behind him as he grunted under the force of blocking one of Voldemort’s curses. The man in front of him laughed, a thin, sinister grin stretching his lips.

“It’s over, boy! Your family is dead!” He yelled over the pouring rain with a cackle.

Harry gritted his teeth angrily and spread his arms open. He knew Voldemort was just trying to get to him, but that didn’t help the knot of worry in his stomach. With his brow furrowed in concentration, he froze the rain as it fell and levitated it in place. Turning the sharp points of the raindrops to face away from him like ten thousand tiny spears, Harry clapped his hands together.

With a growl, Voldemort raised a shield. The frozen droplets shattered on impact, turning into tiny flakes of ice in the air. But instead of bouncing back, they flowed around the shield, clinging to the Dark Lord’s soaked robe. His red eyes widened in alarm as his robe froze while more ice continued to impact his shield.

“My Lord, Aurors!” one of the Death Eaters shouted.

“Kill the boy!” a woman yelled. “Avada Kedavra!”

As Harry felt the curse racing towards his back, he twisted out of the way. Voldemort’s eyes filled with fear as it continued straight towards his chest. Harry’s spell stopped pelting his shield, and he desperately jumped out of the way, his icy robes cracking. The move made the Killing Curse miss him by just millimeters and put him directly in the path of Harry’s hastily cast Piercing Hex.

“Ahh!” Voldemort screamed as the writhing red hex penetrated his abdomen.

The Death Eaters gasped in shock as Voldemort fell to one knee, blood pouring from between his fingers as he held his stomach. Looking up at Harry with a seething red glare, he disappeared out of the way of the far more deadly curse heading his way. Just behind where he had been, the sodden earth exploded.

“Leave!” someone shouted.

Behind him, Harry could hear fighting between the arriving Aurors and the remaining Death Eaters, but he ignored it. Voldemort was still close. He could feel it.

Voldemort reappeared behind him, unleashing a dark and powerful Exploding Curse at the house that Harry’s friends, family, and the Aurors were still pouring out of. In the blink of an eye, Harry Apparated in front of the curse, a shield already forming from the tip of his wand. Voldemort appeared next to him a moment later, a triumphant smirk on his face and his wand leveled at his chest.

“Avada Kedavra!”

Several voices shouted out his name in fear as Harry deflected the orange Exploding Curse upwards and extended his hand toward the Killing Curse. The spell feared around the world shattered against his palm harmlessly. Pieces of the curse fell around him, burning bright green despite the damp ground.

Voldemort took a step back fearfully, the tip of his wand trembling.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“Death,” Harry hissed.

Voldemort’s eyes widened. Harry whipped his wand forward, a fiery whip extending from the tip. A split second before it reached him, Voldemort vanished, and Harry could sense that, this time, he wasn’t coming back. Lowering his wand, he turned and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw everyone rushing towards him.

“Is everyone alright?” he asked just as Lily slammed into him and hugged him tightly.

“Alastor’s hurt, but the rest of us are fine,” Dorea told him.

“How bad?” Harry asked, giving Bellatrix and Narcissa brief hugs before making his way over.

Spotting Moody in the crowd with his crutch, he looked down and frowned at the sight of his missing leg.

“It’s just a scratch,” Moody shrugged.

Harry flicked his wand towards the sky, and the rain stopped. As the Aurors bustled about under David’s orders, securing the Death Eaters they’d managed to capture, he knelt in front of Alastor to examine his leg. Waving his wand over the air where the rest of his leg should have been, silver poured from the tip, giving him the same kind of limb Voldemort had given Pettigrew in the Graveyard.

Moody grunted in surprise and tested it gingerly. His eyebrows raised in surprise when he was able to wiggle his toes.

“I’ll be damned,” he said, dropping his crutch to the ground. “It feels real.”

“I’ve never heard of a spell like that,” Dorea said in awe, examining it closely.

Bending down, she poked the tip of her wand to the top of the foot and looked up when Moody grunted in surprise.

"You felt that?" she asked, amazed. "This is incredible. Harry, where did you learn this?"

"I'll tell you later," Harry said.

He had no intention of letting the paranoid old Auror know that it was possible to curse this kind of limb. David joined them a moment later with a troubled look on his face.

"You alright, Harry?" he asked.

"I'm fine," Harry nodded.

"Good," David said. "Unfortunately, most of the Death Eaters got away. We only arrested eleven, and none of them are anyone important. You didn't happen to catch any names or see any faces, did you?"

Harry shook his head.

"We did," Moody said. "Imelda Avery, Corbin Yaxley, Marion Crabbe, Harold Goyle, and someone named Gibbon."

"Gibbon?" David asked, pulling a notepad out of his pocket and writing down the names. "I'll get warrants issued for their arrest as soon as I can. Some of them might be hard to get. Avery, Crabbe, and Goyle have a lot of connections in the Wizengamot."

"I'm sure it'll work out," Harry said as they shared a look.



“Harry, you should go get some rest,” Charlus said. “I’m sure the Wizengamot will call an emergency meeting in the morning.”

“I wish I could, but we arrested Malfoy and about two dozen Werewolves at the Den earlier tonight,” Harry sighed.

“What happened?” Dorea asked worriedly.

“Malfoy threatened one of our guards into using Ward-Breaking Stones,” Harry told her. “They brought down the Wards, and then the Werewolves tried to attack. It’s fine, though. They didn’t get through. After he showed up with those Stones months ago, I set up multiple layers of Wards. We trapped the Werewolves and convinced Malfoy to confess.”

“Not sure if convince is the word I’d use,” David muttered with a smirk. “Will the Werewolves be safe until morning?”

“Yeah,” Harry nodded.

“Good,” David replied. “I’ll send Kingsley over to take custody of Malfoy, and we’ll pick up the rest at daybreak. Charlus, do you want the Warders to set up some basic protections for the night?”

“The Wards are still intact,” Charlus told him. “Harry had me bring them down right before they broke. I could use a hand with repairs if you don’t mind.”

“I’ll let them know,” David nodded. “Anything else?”

“No,” Dorea said. “Thank you, David. We appreciate all of your help tonight.”

“Just doing my job,” he said with a smile. “I just wish we could’ve gotten here sooner. If we had that mirror...”

“Oh, I’ll be having a word with Crouch about that tomorrow,” Charlus said stonily. “That man put my family in danger for petty reasons.”

“We should get back to the Wolf’s Den,” Harry said. “I’ll see if we can get those Communication Mirrors out on the market sooner than we planned. If this keeps up, we’re going to need them.”

“You girls make sure he gets some sleep,” Dorea said, turning to Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix.

“We’ll try,” Lily promised.

While they took turns hugging the older woman, Charlus clapped Harry on the shoulder. Waving goodbye, they made their way back into the office and stepped through the mirror into the Wolf’s Den.

“Could one of you go check on Sylvia and Amanda for me?” Harry asked.

“I will,” Narcissa volunteered.

Giving him a kiss on the cheek, she disappeared downstairs. Tiredly, Harry, Lily, and Bellatrix made their way back outside.

“Harry?” Bellatrix asked. “Why didn’t you try harder to kill Voldemort? You must know deadlier spells than a Piercing Hex.”

Sighing, Harry erected a Muffliato Charm with a wave of his hand.

“I didn’t want to kill him,” Harry said. “Until I know how to finish him for good, all it will do is buy us time.”

“Isn’t that a good thing?” Lily asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Not necessarily,” he told her. “It didn’t last time. Everyone just acted like everything went back to normal. I mean, yeah, that situation was different. We were on the verge of losing completely. Things aren’t ideal right now, but I don’t think they’ll ever be. If Voldemort disappeared today, most of his Death Eaters go free, and we wait around for years for him to come back. And he gets to pick the time and place. No, I think it’s better to keep him alive. Right now, we have the momentum.”

“You’re right,” Bellatrix nodded.

Lily sighed and wrapped her arm around Harry’s waist.

“I don’t like it, but I understand,” she said with a pout.

“I don’t like it either,” Harry said, rubbing her back.

As they approached an expectant McGonagall and Dumbledore, Harry prayed he was making the right choice. He needed to find a way to deal with the Horcruxes, and he needed to do it soon.

A peculiar sight greeted the Ministry workers as they arrived for work. Bellatrix Black and Lily Evans descended from the visitor's entrance and carefully maneuvered a large mirror out into the Atrium. As people stopped to stare curiously, they levitated the mirror against the back wall and stuck it in place. A moment after it was settled in place, Harry Potter appeared and stepped through into the Ministry of Magic. Behind him, through the glass, they could see more than a dozen dirty men and women with their hands manacled to a single long chain. Despite the whispers and stares, Harry stood patiently as if waiting for something to happen.

While the Ministry workers began to speculate wildly, all three of the golden elevators arrived with a *ding*. They opened to reveal an entire squad of Aurors in each. Workers waiting to get on quickly moved out of the way as they marched forward with Head Auror David Bones at the front. David and his Aurors marched right over to Harry, forming two rows on either side of the mirror, wands drawn. While Harry and David spoke quietly, the entire Atrium came to a standstill, watching curiously.

When the two men finished their short conversation, Harry turned and walked back towards the mirror. Reaching through the glass, the surface rippling like water, he grabbed the end of the chain and pulled.

"Let's go," he said commandingly. "Move it."

Scowling, the men and women manacled to the chain stepped through the mirror one by one. The Aurors spread out on either side of the chain gang, their wands held out warningly. More than two dozen people walked through the mirror before the last one, Abraxas Malfoy, stepped through, drawing gasps from the gathered crowd. Malfoy scowled and dipped his head, trying to cover his face behind a curtain of long blonde hair.

Once the long line of men and women was stopped in the middle of the Atrium, Kingsley stepped to the front of the line and gestured silently for them to start moving. The man at the front glared at him defiantly. Greyson whipped his wand forward and hit the man in the hip with a Stinging Hex.

“Move it,” Greyson barked.

The man turned to glare at him, but before he could do anything stupid, the witch behind him shoved him hard in the back.

“Stop making things worse,” she grumbled.

With an angry grunt, the man started towards the elevator. The Ministry workers in the Atrium quickly stepped to the side, giving them a wide berth. Together, Harry and David brought up the rear, chatting quietly as they passed the staring masses.

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“We cannot allow this to continue!” Charlus yelled passionately as he addressed the Wizengamot. “You-Know-Who has now openly attacked two members of this body. Four more are missing, presumed dead. I know some in this chamber may not care what happens to Muggles and Muggleborns, but now we’re talking about multiple attacks on some of our oldest families. This Dark Lord must be stopped!”

“Powerful words, but you have yet to offer a solution,” Flint sneered from across the chamber. “The Aurors are already doing everything they can. What more do you want?”

“No, they’re not,” Harry said, his voice soft yet still carrying around the room.

“What do you mean, Harry?” Francine asked.

“They’re doing what they can under the law,” Harry said, staring thoughtfully into the distance.

“We have laws for a reason,” Flint snarled.

“Of course we do,” Harry agreed absently as he stood and faced Minister Bagnold. “Madame Minister, I move that the Ministry declare war on Voldemort and any that follow him.”

There was a rumble of incredulous murmuring. It was an audacious thing to ask, and even many of the witches and wizards on his side of the isle looked at him questioningly.

“Mr. Potter, I really don’t think that’s necessary,” Bagnold began uncertainly.

“Why not?” Harry asked firmly. “Whether you recognize it or not, Voldemort has already declared war on the Ministry. He seeks to destroy those that stand against him. Lives have already been lost. With the emergency powers granted to the Ministry by a declaration of war, the Aurors will be able to combat him instead of just reacting. We need to make taking his mark illegal. Abraxas Malfoy bears his mark, and yet, even after trying to kill me, he was released. Just last night, he attempted to destroy our best chance at a cure for Lycanthropy. We need to sweep the Ministry for Voldemort sympathizers and question them under truth serum. The only way any of that will be possible is if we take a definitive stand and declare war.”

“He’s right,” Jonas said, climbing to his feet. “House Longbottom seconds the motion.”

“Very well,” Dumbledore said, banging his gavel to silence the room. “The motion has been accepted. Discussion will begin once we have finished the docket.”

Nodding, Harry took his seat and let out a breath. Jonas, Charlus, David, and Francine were already whispering to their neighbors, hoping to gain support. It would take weeks of back-and-forth arguments before it finally came to a vote. Harry looked around the chamber, and seeing the number of frowning, concerned faces, he knew the vote would be close.

After the Wizengamot meeting finally ended, Harry made his way to Hogwarts. The school felt unnaturally quiet with the lack of students and staff. On his way to Dumbledore's office, the only person he ran across was Filch, who was gleefully cleaning suits of armor with his wand while humming to himself. Harry nearly tripped when Mrs. Norris ran over and weaved between his feet. Smiling, he bent down and scratched behind her ears before continuing on his way.

Reaching the Gargoyle outside of the headmaster's office, Harry realized he didn't know the password. With a sigh, he turned to the Gargoyle.

"Can you let Dumbledore know I'm here?" he asked.

Several seconds passed, and just as he was starting to think it wouldn't work, the Gargoyle hopped aside.

"Thanks," Harry said, patting the statue as he made his way onto the spiral staircase.

Riding the stairs to the top, he found the door already partially open. He pushed it open the rest of the way and spotted Dumbledore at his desk, slowly making his way through a veritable mountain of paperwork.

"This is always my least favorite part of the job," Dumbledore said, reading a sheaf of parchment over the top of his half-moon glasses. "Which is why I will gladly take any opportunity to put it off for as long as possible."

Harry chuckled and took a seat while Dumbledore set down his paperwork and looked at him expectantly.

“Is this about the Wizengamot?” Dumbledore asked. “I must admit. I didn’t expect you to request a declaration of war.”

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I’ll let you and Charlus deal with that. I hate politics.”

“Understandable,” Dumbledore smiled and nodded.

“Actually, I came to talk to you about two things,” he continued, reaching forward to snatch a ginger snap from the bowl on the headmaster’s desk. “First, we’re nearly ready to put our mirrors on the market. I’d like to set up one dedicated Transportation Mirror in case we ever need to evacuate the school, one for regular transportation, and offer one of our products to the professors who want them. I already know Flitwick wants one of everything.”

“Indeed,” Dumbledore smiled. “He’s been quite excited since he visited your shop. I’ll ask the others and see what they’d like. Perhaps we could schedule another discussion early next week?”

“That works,” Harry nodded.

“Excellent,” the headmaster said, jotting down a quick note. “And what else did you want to discuss?”

“Voldemort,” he replied.

“Ah,” Dumbledore said knowingly.

Leaning back in his chair, he drew his wand and gave it a wave. The door closed, the lock clicked into place, and the portraits of past headmasters and headmistresses froze in their frames.



“We need to deal with those Horcruxes soon,” Harry sighed. “Have you had any luck?”

“Unfortunately, no,” Dumbledore said, folding his hands on the desk and leaning forward. “I made some quiet inquiries, but no one has seen Hufflepuff’s goblet since Hephzibah Smith died.”

Nodding, Harry took another ginger snap from the bowl.

“I took a look at the cave. I’m pretty sure the locket is there,” he told him. “Ravenclaw’s Diadem is almost certainly in the Room of Requirement, and I know the location of another.”

“And yet you still refuse to tell me the identity of this mystery object?” Dumbledore asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Sorry,” Harry shrugged. “It’s best if you leave that one alone. As barmy as you drive me at times, I’d much rather keep you around for a while.”

Dumbledore chuckled and popped a ginger snap in his mouth before leaning back in his seat.

“So, we know the location of four,” he said thoughtfully. “We’re missing the diary and Hufflepuff’s cup, correct?”

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “In my time, he didn’t make Nagini a Horcrux until my fourth year, but we should keep an eye out just in case.”

“Hmm. We need to exercise patience,” Dumbledore said. “If we destroy the others, and Tom discovers it, he will make finding the rest far more challenging.”

“Unless we found a way around them,” Harry pointed out.

Dumbledore looked at him sharply and leaned forward on his arm.

“You’ve discovered something?” he asked hopefully.

“No, just a thought,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Herpo the Foul invented them, didn’t he?”

“He did,” Dumbledore nodded. “He was an ancient Greek Dark Arts practitioner, though not truly a Dark Wizard. Oh, don’t get me wrong, he committed some truly horrible acts, but Herpo was always in search of knowledge to further the Dark Arts, not his own power. Thankfully, his research on Horcruxes was destroyed when the Library of Alexandria was burned. Some scholars believe it was done intentionally, but there’s no evidence to support the claim.”

“So, how did other people find out about them?” Harry asked curiously.

“Herpo had many assistants,” Dumbledore explained. “One of them was more interested in power than academic knowledge. Unfortunately, her name is lost to the pages of history. What we do know is that she started a school for the Dark Arts in the Middle East. It moved constantly to avoid being discovered and only held a handful of students at a time. Their knowledge was passed down by word of mouth for generations. Fortunately, the students of this school were so busy attempting to stab each other in the back that they never threatened the wider world. It wasn’t until the Crusades.”

Sighing, the headmaster sat back and cleaned his glasses as he continued.

“In 1098, when the Byzantine Empire was attempting to take control of Jerusalem, a wizard named Godfrey of Bouillon discovered the school by accident,” he said, placing his glasses back on his nose. “They practiced magic like he’d never seen before. Godfrey attempted to trade

gold for their secrets and was soundly rebuffed. When he tried to take the information by force, it resulted in quite the skirmish. Of course, the school was severely outnumbered. By the time the dust settled, only two were still alive. One teacher and a single student. Both of them were taken back to Italy, where their secrets were rather painfully and brutally extracted over many years. The end result was this book.”

Reaching into his desk, Dumbledore pulled out a small, black book with a worn, tattered cover. Harry could feel the dark magic soaked into the pages. It caused the hair on his arm to stand on end. Taking it carefully, he read the golden letters on the front.

*Secrets of the Darkest Art*

*By*

*Owle Bullock*

“That book is the only known source of written information on Horcruxes,” Dumbledore told him.

“Do you know how Voldemort got a hold of a copy?” Harry asked.

“No,” Dumbledore replied. “I assume he discovered it along his travels.”

Harry shook his head slowly.

“No,” he said. “It had to be earlier. He created the diary using Myrtle Warren’s death while he was still at Hogwarts.”

“Really?” Dumbledore asked with alarm. “Then there must be another copy somewhere inside the castle. That is most concerning.”

“It’s probably in the Chamber of Secrets or the Room of Requirement,” Harry said thoughtfully.

“Indeed,” Dumbledore nodded, then sighed a moment later. “It appears I’ll have to deal with the Basilisk this Summer.”

“It’s probably for the best,” Harry agreed. “I could go with you and try to talk to it, but it seemed pretty mad the last time we met.”

“You’ve seen for yourself how the mere presence of a Horcrux can warp a person’s mind,” Dumbledore said. “There is still a chance it can be dealt with peacefully.”

“I doubt it, but I’ll give it a go,” Harry said, setting the book on the desk.

“Excellent,” he smiled briefly. “But this gets us no closer to a solution. I’ve read that book many times, and there’s no information on how to circumvent a Horcrux.”

“It’s a bit of a longshot, but I’m hoping Slytherin or Ravenclaw might have done more research,” Harry said. “If we can find the book, we might be able to find more information.”

“It’s certainly possible,” Dumbledore admitted. “Has the Elder Wand given you anything?”

Harry shook his head.

“Not really,” he said. “I know, in detail, how to create one and a few spells to destroy them, but that’s about it. I’ll admit that I never did well in history, but it seems like Horcruxes were more prevalent in the past. What gives me hope, though, is that there’s very little magic that can’t be

countered. Soul magic is rare, but it's been studied for centuries. There has to be a way to affect all of them at once."

"Interesting," Dumbledore murmured, stroking his beard. I'll admit that's not a solution I've considered. Then again, even if I had, I have no idea how to do such a thing—or if it's even possible."

"Theoretically, it should be," Harry said. "It's all the same soul. We just have to find a way to bridge a connection between them so that when I kill Voldemort, they go with him rather than stay here."

"A task made more difficult by the fact we need to connect them without having them in our possession," Dumbledore pondered. "I'll have to think on this. In the meantime, I'd like to deal with the Basilisk before the next school year starts."

"We can take care of it when I come back next week," Harry offered.

"Very well," the headmaster nodded. "I'll ensure the castle is empty, just as a precaution."

Nodding in agreement, Harry looked around and noticed something missing from the office.

"Where's Fawkes?" he asked curiously.

"Making an important delivery," Dumbledore replied.

As if summoned by those words, Fawkes appeared in a flash of bright orange flames. Swooping over the headmaster, he dropped a heavy, brown paper bag with the word 'Honeyduke's' written in big purple letters on the front. Harry snorted and shook his head.

“Important, huh?” he asked.

“It’s essential if I want to get through this paperwork,” Dumbledore said.

Opening the bag, he took out a peppermint toad and popped it into his mouth before offering it to Harry. With a shrug, he took one and ate it while getting to his feet.

“Have fun with your paperwork, professor,” he said as he left.

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By the time he got home, Harry felt utterly exhausted. Stepping into the living room, he headed straight over to the couch and collapsed onto it with a sigh. His muscles ached, and a pained groan escaped his lips as he lay on his back.

“You sound like an old man,” Sylvia giggled as she came in from the kitchen.

“I feel like one,” Harry grumbled. “It’s been a long day. Where’s everyone else?”

“Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix slept for a while after they got back, but they left for the Wolf’s Den a little while ago,” Sylvia replied. “Amanda’s still asleep upstairs. I don’t think she slept a wink last night.”

“I can imagine,” Harry sighed. “She wasn’t too scared, was she?”

“About the Werewolves?” Sylvia asked. “No. She was much more worried about you. Every half an hour, she asked me where daddy was.”

“Oh,” Harry smiled.

Opening his eyes, he grabbed Sylvia by the hand and pulled her on top of him. She laughed as she settled on top of him, her arms on either side of his head.

“And what did you tell her, mummy?” he asked.

“That he’d be home, safe and sound before she knew it,” she smiled, leaning down to kiss him softly. “Now, how about we go upstairs, and you can get some sleep?”

“Sounds good,” Harry said.

Sylvia climbed off of him and helped him to his feet. Stretching, his shoulders and back popped loudly as he let out a wide yawn. Just then, a brown barn owl flew in through the kitchen window. It landed lightly on the back of the armchair and looked at Harry expectantly.

“What now,” Harry groaned.

Walking over to the bird, he quickly untied the letter attached to its leg, and it went on its way. His eyes skimmed over the letter, and slowly, his lips turned up in a smile.

“Good news?” Sylvia asked.

“For once,” Harry replied. “Arthur and Molly got engaged, and they invited us to dinner at their new house tomorrow.”

“I don’t think I’ve met them yet,” she said thoughtfully. “Arthur’s the one that likes to watch you have sex with his girlfriend, right?”

“You could say that,” he said.

“Well, since you have plans for tomorrow, you’ll be taking care of me tonight,” Sylvia grinned, kissing him. “After you’ve gotten some sleep.”

Harry smiled softly as she dragged him towards the stairs.

## Chapter 36

The week following the attack on the Potters was busy for everyone. Charlus spent hours every day at the Ministry, dealing with the Wizengamot. Not only was he pushing for the Ministry to declare war on the Death Eaters, but he had made it his personal mission to destroy Crouch. There was a single day that had gone by without his picture being plastered all over the Daily Prophet, decrying his mistakes and mismanagement of the Aurors. The public’s opinion of Crouch was rapidly beginning to shift, and he was scheduled to be summoned before the Wizengamot to testify about some of his more recent decisions.

Meanwhile, Harry was hard at work at the Wolf’s Den. Now that the cure had been demonstrated without any ill effects, the Healers that had been constantly milling about for the past month had finally gone back to their home countries. With them out of the way, Harry made the investment to build as many gold mesh cages as possible. The basement was magically expanded, and by the time he was done, they had nearly two dozen, along with two dozen dialysis machines.



The plan was to cure as many of the Werewolves that had attacked the Wolf's Den as quickly as possible. Harry wanted to remove them permanently from Voldemort's forces. Whether they would be imprisoned for the attempted attack at the Wolf's Den or released to rejoin Voldemort as regular Death Eaters was yet to be decided by the Wizengamot. However, Harry would ensure their time of terrorizing magical Britain as Werewolves was at an end.

While that was being worked on gradually in the background, his most pressing goal was to get his mirrors on the market as quickly as possible. Their use at the Potters during the attack and some help from Charlus and the rest of his allies in the Wizengamot had cut a lot of the red tape. Now, he just had to finish production.

Harry had called in every qualified enchanter he could find to produce them as fast as possible—so many, in fact, that he was burning through gold at an alarming rate. Narcissa tried to get him to cut costs, but it couldn't be helped. Those mirrors needed to get on the market, and the sooner, the better. Harry was convinced that they would sell quickly enough to more than make up for the significant dent he was putting in his vault.

And after a week of working day and night, he finally had enough to open his shop.

On a warm, balmy Monday morning, Harry stood in his newly rented storefront located near Gringotts in Diagon Alley. Quite honestly, he felt a bit lost on what to do, but fortunately, Narcissa and Lily quickly got things organized. Marlene, Dorcas, Mary, and Alice raced around under their direction, getting everything ready for opening. They'd need to find a regular manager and employees before they returned to Hogwarts, but for now, Harry was glad to have some familiar faces around him.

"Merlin," Bellatrix gasped, looking out of the window. "There's a line halfway down the alley."

"Get ready to unlock the door," Narcissa told her in a no-nonsense tone. "We're almost done. Marlene, can you make sure there's nothing blocking the demonstrator?"

"Sure," Marlene nodded.

“And remind everyone in the shop not to move it!” Lily called from the other end of the store.

“I will!” Marlene yelled back.

Walking over the Any Mirror they were using as a demonstration, she pressed the tip of her wand to the glass and called out for the Wolf’s Den. The image shimmered for a moment before it settled, and Marlene stepped through to the other side.

“Lily!” Dorcas called. “Do we have more receipts? This may not be enough.”

“There’s a full box under the register,” Lily replied.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair nervously.

“Do you girls need anything?” he asked.

“We’re fine, Harry,” Lily smiled.

Harry sighed again. He wished she would just give him something to do. A moment later, Marlene stepped back through the mirror and walked straight over to Lily.

“The path is clear,” she told her. “Richard has it set up near the production line so you can see the new mirrors being made. Oh, and he said if you remind him not to move it again, he’s going to put it on the roof.”

“Alright,” Lily sighed, raising her hands in surrender. “I think that’s everything. Are you ready, Narcissa?”

“We’re ready,” Narcissa said, smoothing out her robes.

Bellatrix turned the lock, and Mirror Image was officially open for business. Customers streamed into the store, and Harry quickly found himself with plenty to do. They quickly started gathering people into groups to talk about the mirrors and demonstrate the features. Sylvia, who was at the Wolf's Den, was getting a call on the mirror every few minutes. After a while of watching shyly from the side, Amanda grew comfortable enough to wave back at the people watching her curiously.

Despite having so many people in the shop, Harry didn't relax. It was one thing to generate curiosity; it was entirely another to generate sales. So, it was a great relief when the first customers started making purchases. He didn't have too much time to celebrate, however, because as soon as one customer left, another took their place. Harry thought the line would slow down by lunchtime, but it didn't. They had to eat one at a time, and quickly, in the back room before getting straight back to work.

Thankfully, nearly everyone who came into the shop bought something. The communication mirrors, which were their cheapest item, also turned out to be the most popular. Transportation Mirrors were then the next best seller, to the point that Harry had to make a trip over to the Wolf's Den to get more. Only a few of the wealthy families, like the Abbots and Longbottoms, bought Any Mirrors. Considering the price, that wasn't much of a surprise. What was, however, was the number of people who told him they intended to save up for one soon.

By the end of the day, they'd sold more than they expected. The register was so full of gold that it took three bags to transfer it all over to Gringotts. Fortunately, it was a short walk to the bank. It would still take time to refill his vault, but it was a promising start.

Making his way back to the shop to help the girls close up for the night, Harry spotted Mary and Dorcas with their heads crowded together around a stack of parchment. Curious, he walked over and looked over their shoulders. On the top parchment was a drawing of a mirror frame designed to look like a picture frame drawn in color-changing ink.

"What that?" Harry asked curiously.

“We were just thinking about designs for mirror frames,” Dorcas replied. “The mirrors are great, but they’re not very comfortable to hold.”

“Neat,” Harry smiled. “Mind if I take a look?”

Mary shrugged, and the two of them moved out of the way so he could look through the stack of parchment. There were dozens of drawings. Some were for ornate and decorative frames, while others looked like they were designed with more of a function in mind. One had a leather strap across the back for the hand to slip through, there was one designed to look like a book cover, and another that was shrunken down and fitted into a clamshell case, much like a Muggle compact.

“These are great,” Harry grinned. “Are you going to make them?”

“We were going to show some of them to Richard once things slowed down at the shop,” Dorcas said, pushing a lock of her dark brown hair behind her ear.

“That might take a while,” Harry warned. “You know, you could make these at school and sell them through owl order forms. Earn a bit of money before you graduate.”

“You wouldn’t mind us selling these?” Mary asked, surprised.

“Of course not,” Harry said. “Why would I? It’s your idea.”

“I don’t know,” Dorcas said, worrying her bottom lip. “We have NEWTs this year.”

“Yeah, but we could afford a flat right out of school,” Mary said excitedly. “If it gets in the way, we could give the idea to Harry like we were going to.”

“I’m sure we can work something out,” Harry smiled.

“Alright,” Dorcas nodded. “I suppose it’s worth a try.”

“Great,” Harry grinned. “Tell you what. Girls, I’m taking everyone out to dinner tonight, my treat.”

The girls all cheered and started moving faster as they talked excitedly about where they wanted to eat.

“Let me just give Sylvia a call and see if she wants to join us,” he chuckled.

Walking over to the Any Mirror they used as a demonstrator, he pressed the tip of his wand to it and called out the address.

“Thirty-two Godric Lane,” he said.

The mage shimmered, and a moment later, he was greeted by Sylvia and Amanda’s smiling faces.

“Hey, how did the first day go?” Sylvia asked.

“Good, but tiring,” Harry said.

“Good?” Narcissa scoffed. “It was better than I ever imagined.”

“That’s great,” Sylvia smiled. “Are you coming home soon?”

“Actually, I told the girls I’d take them out to dinner,” Harry told her. “They earned it after how hard they worked. Do you and Amanda want to come with us?”

“What do you think, sweetheart?” Sylvia asked, looking down at Amanda.

Amanda nodded her head eagerly.

“Okay,” Sylvia chuckled. “Go get changed into one of your dresses. We’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“See you soon,” Harry smiled.

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Unfortunately, Harry didn’t get to go straight home after dinner. He’d gotten a call from Kingsley asking him to come over for a visit. He didn’t say it out loud, but Harry knew it had something to do with the Death Eaters from the attack on the Potters.

While he had spent the last week getting his business running and dealing with the aftermath of the Werewolf attack, Kingsley and the other Aurors had been pulling information and gathering surveillance on their next targets.

Apparating just outside a home in the Muggle suburb of Morningside in Edinburgh, Harry glanced around to make sure he hadn’t been spotted before walking up to the door and knocking.

“Harry!” Elizabeth greeted him with a warm smile and a hug. “Come on in. I was going to stop by the shop earlier today, but there was a line around the corner.”

“Yeah, it was a bit mad,” Harry smiled. “Hopefully, it won’t be quite so busy tomorrow.”

“Hello, Harry,” Kingsley said, shaking his hand. “You’re just in time. Everyone else just arrived.”

Clapping him on the shoulder, he led Harry into the kitchen, where Jenna, Grayson, Moody, and Connie greeted him.

“I’m glad you’re all here,” Harry smiled. “I have something for you.”

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a package wrapped in plain brown paper and tied closed with twine. A flick of his wand cut the string, and the paper fell away to reveal six hand mirrors.

“Uh, Harry,” Connie said, looking at him amusedly. “You already gave us mirrors, remember?”

“I know,” Harry said, handing them out. “These are new. I made a couple of improvements that I’m not going to be selling. Maybe after the war is over, but for now, these are just for us.”

“What does it do?” Jenna asked, turning her mirror over in her hands curiously.

Harry smiled and took an identical mirror out of his pocket. Levitating it with his wand, he enlarged it from the size of a hand mirror to the size of a doorway. With a tap of his wand and a muttered name, he reached his hand through Jenna’s mirror and tapped her shoulder. Surprised, she squealed and dropped her mirror on the table. As she stared at his hand in shock, he chuckled and pulled his hand back.

“These can be shrunk and enlarged to pretty much any size you need,” Harry smiled. “If you’re going to be in dangerous situations, I want to make sure you all have a way out.”

“Nice work, lad,” Moody said. “Only problem is, if we have to use it to escape, we’re going to be leaving it behind.”

“I know, but there’s no way to retrieve it,” Harry sighed.

“What about destroying it?” Moody asked.

“That...,” Harry trailed off and blinked several times. “Why didn’t I think of that? Pass them back. This should just take a minute. Everyone pick a word you want to use to destroy it. Something you won’t say during a conversation, obviously, and write it down.”

Elizabeth stood, walked over to the counter, and pulled a sheaf of parchment and a few quills out of one of the drawers. Ripping the parchment into pieces, she passed out the scraps and quills to everyone. Once they’d written a word on the parchment, they handed it back to Harry. In turn, he charmed each of the mirrors before handing them back.

“Any chance I could get some more of these?” Moody asked, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

“Yeah,” Harry shrugged. “I can make a couple of spares if you want to keep them on hand.”

“I was thinking more like thirty,” Moody said.

Harry was so surprised and baffled by the number that he messed up his enchantment and had to start over.

“Thirty?” he asked incredulously.

“I have an idea,” Moody shrugged.

Harry shook his head. Honestly, he was a bit scared to know what Moody had cooked up in his demented mind. The man may not have earned the moniker ‘Mad-Eye’ yet, but he was still mad at heart.

“It’ll take me a few days to make that many,” Harry said.



“That’s fine,” Moody nodded. “I’ll have to rearrange some furniture, anyway.”

“Furniture?” Connie asked, cocking her head to the side curiously. “What are you going to do with them?”

Moody grinned, “You’ll just have to wait and see, lass.”

Finishing the enchantment on the last mirror, Harry handed it back to Elizabeth and took his seat. Across the table, Moody tucked his mirror away in his robes and pulled out a stack of folders.

“While you’ve been busy playing shopkeeper, we’ve been looking for the Death Eaters that escaped Potter Manor,” Moody said, tossing the files on the table. “Avery and Yaxley were easy to find. They both spend a lot of time in Knockturn Alley. Avery runs a high-class prostitution business out of the back of one of the pubs. Greyson spotted a few familiar faces from the Ministry go in and out of the back room while we were watching the place. I expect she’s using the girls to gather information for blackmail and extortion. Yaxley runs a small gang of thugs that will solve your problem for a price. They’re not very sophisticated, but they’ve managed to avoid the Aurors for now.”

“Crabbe and Goyle have been harder to find,” Connie took over. “We think they’re hiding out at their homes, hoping the Ministry doesn’t come for them, but we haven’t seen them yet.”

Jenna snorted derisively, “They probably expect Malfoy to save them.”

“That won’t be happening,” Harry assured her. “If the Ministry doesn’t deal with him this time, I’ll take care of him myself. What about the other guy, Gibbon?”

Moody grunted and folded his arms over his chest.

“Walter Gibbon,” he said, flipping open one of the files. “He’s been accused of running magical scams in the Muggle world, but we never got anything to stick. The evidence has gone missing twice. We think he knows someone in the Auror Department, but we don’t know who yet. I want to know more before we go after him.”

“Alright,” Harry nodded. “Who do you want to go after first?”

“Avery,” Moody said, opening her file. “If she’s as well connected as we think, she’s likely to have information on a lot of people at the Ministry. We might be able to use it to try and clean house.”

“You know the Ministry would never let that kind of information get out,” Jenna scoffed.

“What if we released it to the Prophet before we turn her over?” Harry asked.

“They’d never print it,” Kingsley replied, shaking his head. “They’re too connected to the Ministry.”

“Maybe Harry can start his own paper,” Jenna suggested.

“It’s not a bad idea,” Harry admitted. “But between the shop and the investment I made into curing the Werewolves, I don’t think I have enough to start one right now.”

“What about the mirrors?” Connie asked. “You said you could broadcast something like the Muggle news program.”

“I could, but we haven’t sold that many yet,” Harry sighed. “I don’t think enough people would see it to matter. How soon do you want to go after Avery?”

“This weekend at the latest,” Moody said.

“Alright,” Harry nodded. “Give me a couple of days. I’ll talk to Charlus and see what I can come up with. Worst case, we just hold onto the evidence until we can release it to the public.”

With a grunt, Moody closed Avery’s file and opened Yaxley’s.

~

An hour later, Harry finally made his way home. He smiled when he spotted Amanda sound asleep next to Sylvia on the couch, her head resting on top of Alfie, whose tongue lolled out as he lifted his head to look at Harry.

“Shouldn’t she be in bed?” Harry asked.

“She refused to go to bed until you got home,” Sylvia said, gently shaking her daughter.

“Wake up, sweetheart,” she said. “Daddy’s home.”

As Amanda grumbled and rubbed her eyes, Harry smiled, strode over to the couch, and picked her up.

“Come on, time for bed,” he said.

“Okay,” Amanda mumbled, wrapping her arms around his neck and laying her head on his shoulder.

Chuckling, Harry rubbed her back as he carried her up the stairs. With a quiet bark, Alfie jumped off of the couch and followed after him. Harry carried Amanda up to the room that would have been his nursery in another time and laid her down in her bed. As he pulled the covers over her,

Alfie jumped up and curled into a ball next to her pillow. Smiling, he stroked her hair gently, gave Alfie a pat on the head, and slipped quietly out of the room.

When he returned downstairs, Narcissa stretched her arms over her head, "Are you ready to go to bed?" she asked. "I'm exhausted."

"Me too," Lily yawned.

"I'll be up in a few minutes," Harry smiled. "I just need to talk to the House Elves."

"Don't take too long," Bellatrix purred sultrily.

Dragging a finger across his chest, she swayed her hips alluringly on her way to the stairs. Lily blinked and shook her head.

"How do you still have energy?" she asked.

Chuckling to himself, Harry opened the door to the basement and walked down the stairs. Each of the House Elves now had a desk to themselves with a Monitoring Mirror, parchment, and quill. He'd expanded the basement to give them a bit more room and given them the Butterbeer barrels they'd asked for. They now sat stacked against the wall with doors cut into the top so they could sleep inside. It looked a little cramped to Harry, but the House Elves were quite happy with the arrangement.

"Good evening, everyone," Harry smiled.

"Good evening, Master," Pudge, his head House Elf and one of the oldest, replied.

"How are the mirrors working?" he asked.

“They is working well, but we’s have not heard any bad words yet,” Pudge said disappointedly.

“That’s to be expected,” Harry assured him. “They’ve only been on sale for a day. Just keep an eye on them and let me know if you hear anything. Oh, and let me know if there aren’t enough of you. I don’t want you to overwork yourselves.”

“Of course, Master,” Pudge said with a bow.

“Master?” another House Elf called.

Harry looked down by his right knee curiously. She looked familiar, but it took him a moment to recognize her as the Black family House Elf.

“Hello, Trilla, how are you?” Harry asked kindly.

“I’s doing well, Master,” Trilla said, looking down and twisting her pillowcase in her hands nervously. “But Trilla has a request for Master.”

“Of course,” Harry said gently.

“Trilla would like permission to have a baby,” she said softly.

“You need my permission for that?” Harry asked curiously.

Still refusing to meet his eye, Trilla nodded her head.

“Alright,” Harry shrugged. “You have my permission.”

Looking up sharply, Trilla's eyes swam with unshed tears as she beamed up at him brightly. Suddenly, she lunged forward and hugged his leg tightly.

"Thank you, Master," she said.

With a smile, Harry patted her on the back.

"Does anyone else need anything?" he asked loudly, but there was no reply. "Alright, well, I'm going to bed. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Master," the House Elves replied in chorus.

"It's Harry," he yelled, waving over his shoulder as he climbed back up the stairs.

## Chapter 37

"Harry, we need to talk."

Harry looked up from his breakfast at Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix. They stood in front of him with arms crossed over their chests, faces set with determination.

"What did I do?" he asked.

Lily blinked in surprise and then shared a look with Narcissa and Bellatrix. They relaxed their stances a moment later and let their arms fall to their sides. Sylvia suppressed a smile as she set Amanda's plate in front of her and sat.

"It's not something you did," Lily said. "It's something we want you to do."

"You need to take a break," Narcissa added. "We want you to take this weekend off."

"I can't," Harry said. "There's too much to do."

"You don't have to do everything on your own," Lily said softly. "I owled Mary, and she's agreed to help Dorcas and Marlene at Mirror Image. And the Wolf's Den can run on its own for a couple of days. The next full moon doesn't happen for weeks."

Bellatrix rested her hands on the table and bent at the waist, giving him a tantalizing glimpse down her loose blouse.

"We'll make it worth your while," she purred, her violet eyes sparkling.

Sylvia covered Amanda's eyes with her hand, causing her to giggle as she tried to blindly stab her eggs with her fork.

"They're right," Sylvia said. "You're no good to anyone if you burn yourself out."

"I'll see what I can do," Harry sighed.

"Thank you," Lily said.

Smiling, he cleaned his plate, stood, and placed it in the sink. The girls walked around the table so that each of them could give him a hug and a kiss. Bellatrix cheekily grabbed his bum and gave him a wink as he pulled back.

"I need to get going," he said.

Walking over to Sylvia, he curled his fingers under her chin and lifted her head to press a kiss against her lips. Amanda giggled and smiled brightly as he moved over and kissed the top of her head.

“You be good for Mummy, okay?” Harry asked.

“I will,” she replied softly.

Smiling and caressing her hair, he turned and made his way into the living room.

“Potter Manor,” he said, pressing the tip of his wand to the mirror.

The image shimmered for a moment before he found himself looking at Dorea as she sat on the couch, reading a magazine.

“Morning,” Harry said brightly. “Mind if I come through?”

“Not at all,” Dorea smiled, setting aside the magazine.

When he stepped through, she greeted him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“It’s good to see you again, dear,” she said, patting his arms with a motherly smile. “How are the girls doing?”

“Good,” Harry smiled. “They told me I need to take the weekend off.”

“They’re not wrong,” Dorea said. “You do too much.”



"I don't have much choice at the moment," he replied with a shrug.

"Mistress," an old House Elf, heavily wrinkled and stooped, called. "Breakfast is served."

"Thank you, Chester," Dorea said. "We'll be along in a moment."

With a bow, Chester Disapparated with a soft pop.

"Are you hungry?" she asked Harry, looping her arm through his and leading him towards the kitchen.

"No, I just ate," he told her. "How are the repairs coming?"

"Almost finished," Dorea answered. "The house is fixed, but Charlus has decided to upgrade the wards. The Warders will be here Thursday."

Harry nodded as they entered the dining room. Charlus sat at the head of the table, leafing through the morning edition of the Daily Prophet while sipping a cup of coffee.

"Morning, love," Dorea said. "Look who decided to visit."

Charlus looked up from the paper, smiled, and got to his feet.

"Harry," he said cheerfully and pulled him in for a hug. "How are you holding up?"

"I'm alright," Harry said, taking a seat.

"Have you seen this morning's paper?" Charlus asked, handing the Daily Prophet to him.

Harry looked at the front page, which featured a large picture of Mirror Image. The picture showed a long line of excited shoppers leading all the way back to the Leaky Cauldron.

“They’re saying that your mirrors will eventually lead to the death of the Floo Network as a whole,” Charlus grinned. They’re calling it the invention of the millennia.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Harry snorted, setting down the paper. “But speaking of the Daily Prophet, I had a question for you.”

“Alright,” he nodded.

“Hypothetically, if someone had information but they didn’t trust the Ministry or the Daily Prophet to do the right thing, how could they go about making it public?” Harry asked.

“What kind of information?” Charlus asked, his brow furrowed curiously.

“Information that would link several Ministry officials with known Death Eaters,” Harry said.

Charlus sighed, “That’s tricky.”

“Wouldn’t it help if this person just so happened to have a magical device he could use to broadcast anything he wanted?” Dorea asked, giving Harry a pointed look.

“Only if enough people had them,” Harry agreed.

“I see,” Dorea frowned. “The Wireless, perhaps?”

“Maybe,” Charlus muttered. “But you’d have to hijack a broadcast when people are listening.”

“What if we started our own newspaper?” Harry asked.

“That could work,” he nodded. “But it would take time to generate an audience.”

“Unless we could attach a famous name to it,” Dorea added.

“It would help,” Charlus agreed. “It wouldn’t have the reach of the Prophet, but it might be enough. Do you want me to look into it?”

“If you have the time,” Harry nodded.

“I’ll take care of it,” Dorea said, causing Harry and Charlus to look at her in surprise.

“What?” Dorea asked, lifting her chin. “I can’t let you two do all the work now, can I? Besides, it’s about time we reminded the world why you don’t mess with our family.”

Grinning, Charlus leaned over and gave her a kiss just as James stumbled sleepily through the doorway.

“Ew,” he said, wrinkling his nose.

“Oh, hush,” Dorea said.

Sirius and Remus stumbled into the room after James, looking like they’d just gotten out of bed.

“How are you doing, Remus?” Harry asked.

“Brilliant,” Remus smiled. “Never better.”

“Good,” Harry grinned.

“Oh, that reminds me,” Charlus said. “We’re voting whether to approve your idea of forcing the cure on captured Werewolves today. Are you coming to the meeting?”

Harry sighed and leaned back in his chair.

“I suppose I should,” he said. “I can’t go to Hogwarts until Dumbledore gets done anyway.”

“Why would you go to Hogwarts?” Sirius asked incredulously. “It’s Summer!”

“Just helping with a little cleanup,” Harry replied.

~

“Urgh, I hate those meetings,” Harry said as he appeared next to Dumbledore outside the main gate of Hogwarts.

Taking off his plum-colored robes, he stuffed them into his pocket.

“Quite understandable,” Dumbledore smiled. “However, you achieved quite the victory today. I never thought I’d see the end of Lycanthropy in my lifetime. The ICW is putting its full weight behind distributing your cure to every country possible. I haven’t seen International Magical Cooperation on this scale since the war with Grindelwald.”

"If only they could deal with Voldemort the same way, he wouldn't stand a chance," Harry sighed.

Dumbledore chuckled, "One step at a time, young Harry, one step at a time."

Shaking his head, Harry led the way into the castle and up to the second floor. It was eerily quiet inside. Harry hated seeing Hogwarts so empty. It was a poignant reminder that kids like him could have stayed there instead of returning to a home where they weren't wanted.

"We need to talk to the School Board about keeping this place open over the Summer," Harry said. "It would only take a small staff to watch a couple of kids over the Summer."

"You'd have to convince the teachers to stay as well, and they do enjoy their break," Dumbledore said.

"It doesn't have to be the teachers," Harry pointed out. "You don't need to teach them. Just keep an eye on them. And it would have made a huge difference to someone like me, Sirius, or even Tom."

"Do you think it would have changed what he became?" Dumbledore asked curiously.

Harry paused for a moment to think.

"No," he admitted, shaking his head. "But they might have realized what he was sooner."

"Perhaps," Dumbledore nodded. "I've often wondered if there was something I could have done to turn him for the path he took. I shall bring it up at the next meeting, but I don't expect them to change their minds."

"Then, I'll do something about it," Harry said. "It should only take a few months to cure all the Werewolves in Britain. Once that's done, maybe I can turn the house into an orphanage."

Dumbledore chuckled and patted Harry on the shoulder as they reached the girls' toilet. Pushing the door open, Harry walked inside and looked around. Even Moaning Myrtle was on holiday, it seemed. As Dumbledore entered behind him, he walked over to the sink and quickly found the tap with the snake etched into the side.

"Open," he hissed.

The sink rumbled as it descended into the floor, revealing a deep, dark hole.

"Interesting," Dumbledore said.

"We have to jump down. I'll warn you, it's a bit of a ride," Harry said, stepping up to the hole and then glancing over his shoulder with a smirk. "Try not to break a hip."

He stepped into the hole and fell rapidly into the pitch-black, slimy pipe that led to the sewers of Hogwarts. Shooting out of the end, he landed on his at speed and stumbled a bit while the bones of long dead rodents crunched under his feet.

"I hate this part," Harry said, lighting his wand and cleaning the slime off of his clothes.

A moment later, Dumbledore came shooting out of the pipe. His clothes looked immaculate, and he landed so gracefully that he suspected magic had to be involved. It was enough to make him slightly jealous.

"I would not have expected Slytherin to use such an... undignified entrance," Dumbledore said, gazing around curiously.

“Hm, I suppose you’re right,” Harry conceded. “I never really thought about it, to be honest. I had bigger concerns at the time. Do you think there are other entrances?”

“Oh, certainly,” Dumbledore nodded. “It’s likely this is merely the entrance for the Basilisk. I suspect Slytherin would have used an entrance closer to the dungeons. Possibly more than one.”

“We can check the Chamber once we deal with the Basilisk,” Harry suggested with a shrug. “I didn’t really stick around to see what else was there last time.”

“Understandable,” Dumbledore nodded.

Holding his wand aloft, Harry led the way down the long pipe that he knew led to the entrance of the Chamber of Secrets. It seemed smaller than he remembered. He and Dumbledore had to stoop to make it through. Fortunately, it wasn’t a long walk, and they soon found themselves at the elaborate door that would take them to the Chamber proper.

“This leads straight into the Chamber,” Harry said, gesturing to the door. “Inside, there’s a statue of Slytherin with a mouth that opens. That’s where the snake was last time, but I don’t know if it’s already there or if Tom put it there.”

“I suspect it’s hibernating,” Dumbledore said. “I wonder how it feeds itself. It couldn’t possibly sustain itself solely on the rats and mice living here.”

“I don’t know,” Harry shrugged. “I don’t know much about Basilisks. A couple of owners of the Elder Wand bred them but only let them live until they were a few weeks old. That’s when their gaze starts to turn deadly.”

“Then let us be cautious,” Dumbledore said.

Nodding, Harry turned back to the door.

*“Open,”* he said.

The snakes slithered, disengaging the locks, and then the door swung open slightly. Harry peeked inside, careful to keep his eyes low and ready to close them at the first sign of movement. When he saw nothing out of place, he carefully stepped inside with Dumbledore right behind him. Slowly and cautiously, straining his ears for any hint of slithering, Harry crossed the bridge and stepped onto the main platform.

“I don’t think it’s here,” he said. “Should I open the statue?”

Dumbledore nodded, “I believe that’s our best option.”

Taking a deep breath, Harry turned the statue.

“How did I let you talk me into this?” he muttered before raising his voice. *“Speak to me, Salazar Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts four.”*

The sound of stone grinding against stone filled the Chamber as the mouth slowly fell open. Slytherin’s gaping mouth revealed a long, dark pipe at the back of his throat. As the room fell eerily silent, they waited for the snake to appear, but after several long moments, there was nothing. Harry looked back at Dumbledore, who shrugged helplessly. Sighing, he crept closer to the statue and peered cautiously inside.

*“Hello!”* he called. *“Is anyone there?”*

He didn’t expect a reply, but almost immediately, he heard the sound of slithering. Backpedaling to stand next to Dumbledore, Harry tightened his grip on his wand and kept his eyes on the floor. He couldn’t see the Basilisk as it entered the Chamber, but he could hear it. A moment later, he caught a glimpse of its scaly underbelly as its massive shadow fell over them.



*"Hello, can you understand me?"* Harry asked.

There was a long pause as the snake hissed quietly.

*"Yess,"* it replied in a high-pitched, feminine tone.

*"It understands me,"* he told Dumbledore.

*"Ask it why it was placed here,"* the headmaster replied.

*"Can you tell me why you are here?"* Harry asked politely.

*"Protect... from... Muggles,"* the Basilisk responded.

*"To protect the castle from Muggles,"* he said. *"I don't think she can tell us much. Her speech is slow and broken. It's like she can barely speak."*

*"Likely from too much time on her own,"* Dumbledore nodded. *"Ask her about Tom. We need to know if her allegiance is to him or the school."*

Harry licked his dry lips as he thought about how to word his next question.

*"Do you remember the last boy that was here?"* He asked.

*"Yess,"* the snake hissed, shifting slightly.

*"This man is Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of this school,"* Harry said, gesturing to Dumbledore. *"If that boy returned, would you obey him or the leader of the school?"*

*"Must... obey... master,"* the Basilisk replied.

"She said she must obey her master," Harry said.

"Ah," Dumbledore sighed sadly. "Slytherin likely used some sort of enchantment to ensure her loyalty. If I were to examine her, I might be able to break it."

*"Speak... like... master... Smell... wrong,"* the Basilisk hissed.

"Bugger," Harry said. "I don't think you're going to get the chance. She knows I'm not a Slytherin."

The Basilisk hissed threateningly, and he watched her shadow as she reared back to strike.

"Fawkes!" Dumbledore yelled.

There was a flash of orange light and the Chamber was filled with Phoenix song. Harry and the headmaster moved to the edge of the platform as Fawkes began dive-bombing the snake's massive head, attempting to gouge out her eyes with his claws. It was an odd repeat of the events of his second year, but this time, Harry wasn't going to spectate. Looking as high up on the Basilisk's body as he dared, he whipped his wand forward.

A bright, fiery whip wrapped around the snake's neck. Its magically resistant scales born the brunt of the flames hot enough to melt iron, but it was enough to limit the movement of its head. Fawkes cawed victoriously as he landed on the Basilisk's head and clawed out both its eyes.

The great snake thrashed in pain, hauling Harry off his feet and sending him flying a dozen feet through the air. As he landed, he rolled out of the way of the flailing tail. It slammed onto the

stone floor beside him with enough force to shatter bone. He scrambled out of the way and back to his feet while Dumbledore hurled powerful magic at the Basilisk's body.

"It's hide is stronger than I expected," he said, sounding more interested than worried.

"Aim for the mouth," Harry yelled, raising his wand.

They both hurled spells, but it was moving its head too much for them to score a solid hit. Hissing furiously, the Basilisk turned and dove head-first into the pool surrounding the bridge and the back of the platform. Harry and Dumbledore kept their wands ready while they waited for it to reappear. The seconds ticked by, but there was nothing. Even the ripples on the surface died and yet they saw no sign of the snake.

"Did it run away?" Harry asked.

The slight splash of water he spotted out of the corner of his eye was the only warning Harry got as the Basilisk launched itself out of the water. He dove out of the way but not quite fast enough to avoid getting hit by the snake's body. Spinning through the air, he landed heavily on his back. Dumbledore followed the Basilisk, sending hexes and curses powerful enough to chip the stone floor and walls, but the ones that hit its bright green scales bounced off harmlessly. With shocking speed, it turned and slithered back into the water just as Harry got back to his feet.

"I think we need a new plan," Dumbledore said softly.

Harry took a deep breath as he considered his options. The Basilisk was attacking based on sound, just as it had the last time he fought it. An idea came to mind, but it was only marginally less stupid than the one he used the first time. Unfortunately, it was the only one he could come up with, and he couldn't exactly talk to Dumbledore about it first—not without getting attacked by the Basilisk, at least.

Closing his eyes, Harry held out his hand.

I need the sword of Gryffindor to protect Hogwarts, he thought.

The reassuring weight of the hilt appeared in his hand, and Harry curled his fingers around it before it could fall. Dumbledore watched him curiously as he opened his eyes and turned to face the water. With a helpless shrug, he dropped the tip of the sword, and the sound of metal ringing filled the Chamber.

This time, Harry didn't wait for the explosion of water before he began moving. He took several quick steps to the side as the Basilisk launched itself at where he had been. Before it had even landed, he sprinted back the way he came and leapt into the air. Raising the sword of Gryffindor high above his head, he landed on the snake's back and sank it tip-first into the top of the Basilisk's skull.

The great snake roared and thrashed. Harry tried to hold on, but the sword slipped from his grasp, and he once again found himself landing hard on the stone floor. Sitting up painfully, he watched as the Basilisk flailed in its death throes before it finally collapsed to the floor, where it lay motionless.

With a groan, Harry laid back on the wet floor and winced.

"You haven't broken your hip, I hope," Dumbledore said, standing over him with a smile.

Harry gave him a flat look, and the headmaster chuckled while offering him a hand up. Walking over to the Basilisk, Dumbledore pulled the sword from its head and examined it closely.

"Remarkable," he said before stowing it in his robes as Fawkes came to land lightly on Harry's shoulder. "Now, shall we take a look around?"

For the first time since the start of Summer, Harry woke to an empty bed. Stretching out on the mattress, he glanced at the clock. It was late into the morning. Usually, his alarm went off at seven so he could get prepared for the day, but it appeared the girls had turned it off while he was asleep. They were determined to make sure he took the weekend off.

Climbing out of bed, he went to the bathroom and took a quick shower before heading downstairs.

“Good morning,” Sylvia smiled, kissing him on the cheek. “Do you want something to eat?”

“That sounds great,” Harry replied. “Where are the girls?”

“They have something planned, but they didn’t tell me what it was,” she said, setting a pan on the stove and smiling at him over her shoulder. “I think they were worried Amanda would spoil it.”

Harry turned to look at Amanda, who was tying yellow bows around Alfie’s ears.

“You don’t know what they’re up to, do you?” he asked hopefully.

Amanda shook her head. Sighing, he smiled and tussled her hair on his way to the kitchen. After pouring himself a cup of tea, he sat at the table. He was barely settled when Amanda climbed onto his lap, and Alfie jumped into the chair next to his. Discretely, he waved his hand over the dog to check the enchantments, and what he found was surprising. Not only were they as strong as the day he’d cast them, but they’d taken on a life of their own. Admittedly, the charms he’d used were quite complex, but they’d changed slightly since he’d originally cast them. It was like the magic was growing as Alfie did.

Harry had seen magic act like that before, most notably Voldemort’s Horcruxes, but it also felt similar to the Sorting Hat. It made him wonder if it had something to do with magic cast from the Elder Wand or if something else was at work.

As Sylvia set a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon in front of him, he let his curiosity pass and enjoyed his late breakfast.

“Where’s the paper?” Harry asked, glancing over the table.

“The girls burned it,” Sylvia chuckled, sitting beside him and handing Amanda a piece of toast. “They wanted to make sure you don’t worry about anything this weekend.”

Smiling, Harry shook his head and quickly finished his breakfast. An hour later, he was sitting in the living room, playing with Amanda and Alfie, when the front door opened, and Lily walked inside.

“Hey,” she said, smiling tenderly and kissing him softly.

“Hey,” Harry replied. “Where have you been?”

“Oh, just helping the girls at the shop,” Lily said, taking a seat on the couch and turning to Sylvia. “Dorea invited us over for dinner. Do you and Amanda want to come?”

“Sure,” Sylvia shrugged. “It’s been a while since we’ve had a day out. When are we leaving?”

“About half an hour. Narcissa and Bellatrix are going to meet us there as soon as they’re done at the Den,” Lily replied, then turned back to Harry. “You should go put on a nice shirt.”

“Yes, dear,” Harry smiled.

Getting to his feet. He tossed Amanda over his shoulder and raced up the stairs, causing her to squeal and laugh. Sylvia and Lily smiled and followed them up at a more sedate pace. Half an hour later, they were back in the living room, and Lily was calling Dorea on the mirror. After greeting her pleasantly, they all stepped through into Potter Manor.

Harry noticed a few changes immediately. The mirror had been moved from the living room to Charlus' office, and their hastily cast protective charms on the walls had been replaced with much stronger and more permanent enchantments. He also felt the wards around the property, which had been completely repaired and upgraded. They wouldn't hold out forever if Voldemort decided to attack them again, but they would buy them a few more minutes.

"Hello, dear," Dorea said, hugging Harry and bringing him out of his reverie.

"Hey," he said, hugging her back with a smile. "I see you got everything fixed."

"We did," Dorea said, pulling back with a smile and a sparkle in her eyes. "Wait until you see the new kitchen. You'll have to tell me what you think."

She held her hand out invitingly to Amanda and then led her out of the office. The rest of the house was dark, but with a flick of her wand, Dorea turned on the lights.

"SURPRISE!"

Harry jumped and stared in shock at the laughing, cheering crowd. His classmates, friends, and several of his employees were packed into the kitchen. Giggling, Lily put her hand on the small of his back and led him further into the room.

"Wow," Harry said. "You did all this just so I'd take a day off?"

For some reason, that caused everyone to laugh even harder.

"It's your birthday," Lily laughed.

"Is it?" Harry asked, checking his watch. "Bloody hell."

Shaking his head, he smiled and exchanged hugs with Narcissa, Bellatrix, and the rest of the girls who came forward. The guys patted him on the back, and even James and Sirius wished him a sincere happy birthday.

“How do you forget your own birthday?” Greyson asked, clapping him on the back.

“I’ve been busy,” Harry replied defensively.

“Then it’s a good thing you’ve finally taken a break,” Connie said, handing him a butterbeer.

“I don’t know how you can keep it up,” Jenna said, shaking her head.

“Have you seen his girlfriends?” Greyson asked with a smirk.

Harry chuckled as Connie and Jenna rolled their eyes, “I have to get a lot done during the Summer. I’ve only got a month left before I go back to Hogwarts.”

“Oh, right,” Jenna said. “I forgot you’re that young.”

Harry shrugged, “Where’s Moody?”

“Taking delivery of his mirrors,” Connie said, rolling her eyes. “He said he’ll stop by later.”

~

As Harry enjoyed his birthday party, five cloaked figures suddenly appeared on a quiet Muggle street.



“Get that ward up quickly,” Avery hissed.

“I know,” Gibbon growled, muttering under his breath, “Stupid bitch.”

Drawing his wand, he whipped it around in a complex pattern while softly mumbling an incantation. A solid green dome began forming around the two-story house in front of him. The moment the dome connected with the ground, everything inside, including the Death Eaters, vanished from sight.

“It’s set,” Gibbon said quietly.

“Good,” Avery replied. “Now, let’s get in there, kill him, and get out. The Dark Lord wants this done quickly.”

As she turned away and marched toward the house, Gibbon shared a frustrated look with Yaxley, who sighed and adjusted the black patch covering his left eye.

“I can’t believe the Dark Lord put her in charge again,” he said.

“Whatever happens, we let her go first,” Yaxley replied.

Nodding, Gibbon and Yaxley followed Avery up the sidewalk while Crabbe and Goyle’s hulking forms brought up the rear. Avery paused to slowly and quietly open the gate before they crept forward.

“You two,” she said, turning to Yaxley and Gibbon. “Go around the back and-”

The concrete slab under their feet suddenly gave way and turned into a slide. Darkness engulfed them as they slid underground. Avery screamed as she fell, only to be cut off when

she fell face-first onto a hard, concrete floor a moment later. Yaxley and Gibbon landed on their backs next to her and groaned in pain. As the sound of more sliding approached, they shared a wide-eyed look and rolled to the side just as Crabbe and Goyle shot out of the chute.

Avery, who was pushing herself up on her arms, was flattened under the large men's weight. The air was knocked from her lungs, and she sucked in a desperate breath while her face contorted in pain.

"Get off me, you fat fucks!" she screamed.

A grunt left her lips when they used her to push themselves back to their feet, and she seethed when one of their hands landed on her bum. As soon as she was free, she scrambled to her feet and whipped out her wand, ready to curse them. But before she could, she noticed movement out of the corner of her eye. Spinning to the side, she lit her wand with a curse on her lips, only to realize she was staring at herself.

"What the fuck?" she asked.

The room they were in, a basement, housed dozens of mirrors arrayed in a maze-like fashion. When they heard a grinding noise behind them, the Death Eaters spun around to see the chute they'd slide out of close itself back up.

"Well, look what the Kneazle dragged in."

The Death Eaters whipped back around and faced the reflections of dozens of Alastor Moody. Narrowing his eyes, Goyle raised his wand and aimed it at one of the mirrors. A writhing, hissing green curse hit it and bounced back, hitting Goyle in the stomach before he could react. His eyes widened, and he clutched his stomach before falling to his knees. Gazing up at Crabbe, he opened his mouth to speak, only for a river of blood to leak out of his lips.

"Organ Rupturing Curse, that's a nasty one," Moody said with a raspy laugh.

Panting furiously, Crabbe raised his wand at the same mirror Goyle had just tried to curse. Before he could get a spell off, Yaxley grabbed his arm and wrenched it down.

“Don’t, you idiot!” he growled. “The same thing will happen to you.”

Crabbe wrenched his arm free and glared furiously at Moody while Gibbon knelt down next to Goyle and tried to reverse the effects of his curse.

“Can you fix him?” Crabbe asked.

“I can stop it, but I can’t fix the damage,” Gibbon said. “I’m not a healer.”

“Come on, Moody!” Avery yelled angrily. “Get out here, you coward!”

“Coward?” Moody asked. “And five people breaking into an old man’s home makes you so brave, does it?”

Moody smirked as Avery glowered at him.

“I don’t make the rules, lass. I just play the game,” he continued. “I’ll make a deal with you, though. At the end of this maze, there’s a door that leads to the backyard. If you make it that far, I’ll let you leave.”

“How about I kill you instead?” Avery hissed.

Getting to his feet, Gibbon grabbed her by the arm and pulled her off to the side.

“We need to get out of here,” he told her softly.

Avery wrenched her arm free and glared at him furiously.

“And risk the wrath of the Dark Lord when we tell him Moody is still alive?” she asked.

“I’d rather suffer the Dark Lord’s displeasure than spend the rest of my life in Azkaban,” Gibbon spat. “I warned you that attacking him at home was a stupid idea. We should have been the ones to lay a trap instead of falling into one.”

“Watch your tone, Gibbon,” Avery said, raising her wand threateningly. “The Dark Lord trusts me more than you.”

Gibbon snorted, “For now.”

“Are you two finished with your little lover’s quarrel?” Moody asked boredly. “I’ve got a birthday party to get to.”

Glaring at him over Gibbon’s shoulder, Avery glanced around the room and growled angrily.

“Crabbe, help Goyle up!” she barked. “We’re getting out of here. Yaxley, you’re up front with me. Gibbon, you watch our backs.”

Grunting, Gibbon took up the back while Avery cautiously stepped into the maze of mirrors. Wands lit, they crept forward at a slow, cautious pace. Crabbe strained as he helped Goyle walk with one arm and kept his wand ready in the other hand. Gibbon walked backward, trying not to show how creeped out he was by Moody’s smirk. The man had them right where he wanted them, and he knew it. He obviously had Potter’s mirrors and could leave any time he wanted.

But instead, he stayed, toying with them like a Kneazle with a mouse.

Watching the reflection closely, Gibbon noticed Moody's lips move, but he couldn't hear anything. A moment later, Moody raised his wand with a grin. Gibbon raised a shield on instinct, but there was no spell other than a brief flash of light. Then, he heard a hex hitting a shield, followed by Avery grunting. Spinning around, he watched as she dropped her shield, and Moody laughed.

Everyone had reacted the way Gibbon had, but none of them could tell where the spell would actually come from until it was cast. The only solace he had was that Moody couldn't cast from every reflection at once. If they were careful, they could make it out in one piece.

"Is this all you have, Moody?" Avery asked angrily. "Pathetic tricks?"

"Shut up and keep moving," Gibbon barked. "The sooner we get out of here, the better."

Avery glared at him, but she continued forward when she turned back around. She only made it a few steps before Gibbon saw Moody's lips move silently, and then he raised his wand again. They all raised a shield, and again, the actual spell came from the front. Avery grunted under the force of the spell and sneered at Moody.

"You'll have to do better than that, old man," she spat as Gibbon turned around to check on her.

Gibbon glowered at her back. The stupid witch was going to get all of them killed if she kept taunting him like that.

Behind him, one of the mirrors shimmered slightly, and the Moody stepped out. Pressing his wand to Gibbon's back, he silently Stunned him and caught his body before he could fall. While his reflection continued to smirk, he dragged Gibbon back through the mirror he'd come from.

A moment later, Yaxley glanced over his shoulder and narrowed his eyes when he didn't see Gibbon.

“Gibbon?” Yaxley called. “Gibbon!”

“Don’t worry about him,” Moody laughed, glancing over to the side of the room. “He’s just fine.”

“Shit!” Avery cursed. “Idiot! Yaxley, you take up the rear.”

Yaxley glanced at Moody and unconsciously adjusted his eyepatch.

“No way, you do it,” he replied. “I’ll take the lead.”

“I’m in charge, Yaxley,” Avery growled.

“I don’t care,” he said. “It’s your fault we’re here in the first place. Either you take up the rear, or I’ll make a run for it. I bet Moody would rather catch you than me.”

Avery glowered and glanced at Moody, who smirked.

“Fine,” she grumbled.

Edging past Crabbe and Goyle, she nervously took up the rear while Yaxley cautiously moved forward. Moody raised his wand again and laughed when they all stopped and raised a shield. Yaxley eyed the reflections with trepidation, glancing from one to the next, waiting for a spell that never came.

And then he felt something wind around his ankle.

Shining his wand light down at his feet, he cursed. Hundreds of lengths of black rope slithered across the floor like snakes and wrapped around their legs. Moody let out a deep, wheezing laugh as the Death Eaters frantically cast Cutting Charms to free themselves.

“Crabbe, help!” Goyle shouted.

Goyle, weakened from his own curse, couldn’t cut the ropes fast enough. With his ankles wrapped tight, the ropes pulled taut, sending him crashing onto his back with a pained grimace. He coughed up more blood as his wand fell from his hand, and the ropes began to drag him along the floor toward one of the mirrors.

“Goyle!” Crabbe shouted.

Snarling, he tried to help his friend, but every time he took his attention off of the ropes for even a moment, they threatened to overwhelm him. Goyle clawed at the floor desperately as he was inevitably dragged into the mirror while Moody continued to laugh. Yaxley noted that Goyle didn’t appear on the other side of the mirror with Moody, but he had no idea what that meant. Clearly, the old man was working with magic far more complex and powerful than anything Potter had on the market.

“You bastard!” Crabbe yelled furiously at Moody.

His eyes burned with rage as he raised his wand and aimed it at the mirror.

“No!” Yaxley shouted.

But Crabbe didn’t listen. He unleashed a powerful Bludgeoning Hex, possibly hoping to break the mirror, only for the spell to rebound and send him crashing onto his back. The ropes on the floor surrounded him like ravenous serpents as he screamed fearfully. In a matter of seconds, he was completely bound from head to toe, his screams muffled by a length of rope acting like a gag. Yaxley could only watch helplessly, too busy defending himself to help, as Crabbe was dragged into the mirror behind him and disappeared.

Suddenly, the rope went limp. Yaxley panted heavily from fear and exertion. Taking a brief glance back over his shoulder at Avery, who was still cursing the rope, he turned back around and sprinted through the maze. He prayed he could make it to the exit before Moody caught him. The old man's reflection smirked at him as if he knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Yaxley!" Avery screamed. "Yaxley!"

He ignored her and kept running, bouncing off of a couple of mirrors when they made a sharp right. When the maze turned sharply to the right a moment later, he put his hand out to brace himself against the glass so he didn't have to slow down to the turn. But when his hand should have contacted the cool, smooth surface, there was nothing. Yaxley fell straight through the mirror like it wasn't even there and sprawled out on the floor on the other side next to a pair of heavy black boots.

His wand was ripped from his hand before he could react, and all he could do was stare fearfully up at a grinning Alastor Moody before everything went black.

Avery cursed as she watched Yaxley disappear around the corner. She scowled as she listened to his footsteps fade into the distance. Before they disappeared completely, she heard something heavy hit the ground and then silence.

"Looks like it's just you and me, lass," Moody grinned. "Ready to give up yet?"

"Go to hell!" Avery yelled.

"Least you've got more spine than your father had," Moody smirked.

With a furious scream, she raised her wand, and a torrent of fire shot from the tip. Moody laughed as the fire reflected off of the mirror, and she was forced to shield herself from her spell. Dropping her shield, she sprinted through the maze. It hadn't worked for Yaxley, but she



was better than him. She had been hand-chosen by the Dark Lord himself. If anyone could make it out, it was her.

Moody's reflections chuckled at her, and she scowled, her eyes glittering with thoughts of revenge. She would make him pay for putting her father in Azkaban. Moody would suffer a long and painful death when she got her hands on him.

Following the twists and turns of the maze for several moments, she finally spotted the door at the end. As she raced through the final stretch of mirrors, Moody fired a couple of hexes at her. With a smirk, she blocked them easily. Reaching the door, she twisted the handle and burst through to the other side. But she wasn't outside. She was in a small, square room made of dull grey concrete.

The door clicked closed behind her, and as Avery turned around, her wand was wrenched from her hand. Instead of facing a door, she found herself staring at another mirror where a smirking Moody caught her wand effortlessly.

"Moody!" Avery shouted. "What is this!? You said I was free to leave if I made it to the end!"

Moody shrugged, "I lied."

"You son of a bitch!" Avery raged.

"I'd love to stay and chat, but I've got a party to get to," Moody said. "Try not to kill yourself while I'm gone."

With one final smirk, Moody vanished, leaving Avery staring at her nothing but her own disheveled reflection. Rushing up to the mirror, she grabbed the frame and tried to pull it open, but it wouldn't budge.

"Moody!" she screamed.

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In the second-floor guest room of his home, Alastor thoughtfully glanced at his other prisoners, wondering if he should keep them a bit longer. Waving his wand over Goyle, he frowned at the results. If he didn't get him to St. Mungo's soon, the idiot would die. It wouldn't be a great loss by any stretch, but he might have useful information. Sighing, he turned back to the rest of the room.

Two mirrors faced each other in the center of the room. One was Potter's Transportation Mirror, while the one facing it Alastor had enchanted himself to reflect all but the most powerful spells. Two more mirrors a couple of feet apart sat to the right of that. The first was connected to a Reflection Enchantment that he'd painstakingly placed in front of every single mirror in his basement and the one he'd enchanted to reflect spells. The Reflection Enchantment allowed him to enchant his reflection so that the charms he'd placed always projected his reflection even if he wasn't in front of the mirror they were connected to.

It wasn't a complicated spell or a particularly useful one in most circumstances. But, in Moody's mind, combined with Harry's ingenious form of transportation, it was turned into a diabolical trap. He'd only just finished setting up the mirrors and was getting ready to leave for Potter's party when the Death Eaters appeared in his Foe Glass.

Reaching into his pocket, Alastor pulled out his mirror.

"David Bones," he called.

A moment later, the reflection of his face shimmered, and David's face took its place.

"Hey, Alastor," David smiled. "Are you going to be here soon? Dorea's about to cut the cake."

"As soon as I can," Moody replied. "Is Potter around?"

“Yeah, you need to talk to him?” David asked.

“No, but I could use a hand wrapping his present,” Moody smirked.

Turning the mirror, he showed him the four unconscious and trussed-up Death Eaters on the floor.

“Merlin, Alastor,” David gasped. “Please tell me you didn’t go after them on your own.”

“Course I didn’t,” Moody said. “They showed up uninvited, so I decided to show them how I redecorated.”

David snorted and shook his head, “It worked, I take it?”

Moody’s only response was a sinister grin.

“I’ll send someone over to pick them up,” David said, fighting a smile. “Any injuries.”

“Goyle hit himself with an Organ Rupturing Curse, but he’ll live,” Moody replied. “Probably.”

“Right. Just don’t mention any of this when you get to the party,” David said, glancing cautiously over his shoulder. “Harry’s girlfriends don’t want anyone talking about work, and frankly, that Bellatrix scares me.”

“Ah, she’s a good lass,” Moody said. “Save me some cake. It shouldn’t take long to clean up this mess.”

“No promises,” David smirked.