

## A Debt Repaid

Aurora Sinistra, who had just finished her seventh year at Hogwarts, watched in horror as Death Eaters cast destructive curses indiscriminately at the shops of Diagon Alley. Hiding between two buildings, she gripped her wand in a trembling hand as the front windows of Madam Malkin's were blown apart in a large explosion. People screamed in panic as they ran for the Apparation Point at the Leaky Cauldron.

Flinching back when a ball of flame exploded upwards, sending thick, black smoke high into the air, Aurora swallowed thickly and gathered her courage to make a run for the Leaky Cauldron. She took one step before her arms and legs snapped together, her body completely ridged and unable to move.

"What do we have here?" A deep, male voice asked behind her.

Fear like she'd never felt consumed her mind as adrenaline coursed through her veins. With a dark, mocking chuckle, she heard the man walk closer, his heavy footfalls crunching wood and shattered glass with every step. Moving around in front of her, Aurora stared, petrified, at the tall, masked figure standing before her.

"You weren't trying to leave, now, were you?" he asked, his eyes glittering maliciously behind the bone-white mask. "The fun's only just getting started."

Aurora couldn't even close her eyes as he reached out and stroked her cheek.

"My, you're a pretty one. I'm going to enjoy playing with you," he said with a chilling laugh.

Tears of hopelessness trailed down her cheek as her eyes followed the tip of his wand slowly raising up to her chest. Aurora expected the worst when his wand suddenly whipped to the side, but her eyes widened and hope filled her chest when he threw up a shield just in time to stop a hissing, red curse.

“Leave her alone!” A female voice demanded.

Aurora looked to the side as far as she could to see the recently married Lily Potter standing determinedly only a few feet away. Her bright green eyes burned with the promise of vengeance and her long, red hair floated around her head like crackling flames from the magic swirling around her.

“You’ll pay for this, you disgusting Mudblood,” the man growled.

As he leapt forward, his wand spitting hate-filled magic, Aurora lost sight of both of them. Stuck in place, she could only listen to the crack and sizzle of powerful magic being tossed back and forth behind her. Agonizing seconds passed at a crawl as she prayed for Lily to win. The thought of what would happen to them both if she lost was too terrible to consider.

After what felt like hours, there was a thud followed by a ringing, terrifying silence. Panic gripped her chest her breath coming in hard pants as she heard footsteps approaching. Suddenly, her limbs were her own and she nearly collapsed to the ground. Strong, slender arms wrapped around her shoulders, and she turned to find herself looking at the concerned face of Lily Potter.

“Are you alright?” Lily asked.

Aurora opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out as her throat tightened. Relief flooding through her, she cried. Gasping, heaving sobs wracked her body while Lily hugged her tightly. Aurora clung to her and stared at the Death Eater on the ground just a short distance away. His mask lay chattered next to his unconscious body, and even through her blurry vision, she could make out his face.

Barden Travers, a particularly nasty Slytherin a few years above her.

“I’m sorry, but we need to go. It’s not safe to stay here,” Lily said.

"I'm alright," Aurora said, pulling back from her comforting embrace and wiping her eyes.

"Do you have someplace safe to stay?" Lily asked, her striking green eyes boring into hers.

"My flat's down the street..." Aurora said softly.

"That's too dangerous. Come on, you can stay with me until the Ministry can clean up this mess," Lily told her.

Aurora wanted to argue, she didn't want to be an inconvenience, but before she could speak, Lily grabbed her hand and pulled her towards the road. Peeking out around the front of the buildings, she noticed that the fighting had moved further down the street. Seeing the coast was clear, Lily led her to the Leaky Cauldron.

The brick wall hiding Diagon Alley had been blown apart, leaving crumbled red dust littering the ground. As soon as they were inside the Apparation area, Lily clutched her hand tightly and spun on the spot. The world narrowed and stretched around Aurora as she was dragged through space. An instant later, she found herself just outside a small, quiet village. Without wasting a second, Lily led her down a winding, cobblestone road toward the houses not far away.

"Where are we?" Aurora asked.

"Godric's Hollow," she replied, then pointed to a small, two-story house. "Our house is just down here."

Pausing at the gate, Lily turned and cast a charm allowing Aurora to pass through the wards. Together, they walked into the warm, welcoming house.

"Would you like some tea?" Lily asked.

“Sure,” Aurora said.

Smiling, Lily gave her hand a comforting squeeze before finally letting go and making her way into the kitchen. Left alone in the living room, Aurora sat down on the couch and looked around curiously. On the wall above the fireplace, she spotted a picture of James and Lily that had been taken at their wedding. She smiled seeing their bright, happy face, but it soon gave way to a frown.

James Potter hadn't been kind to her Slytherin housemates during their school days. He had graduated a couple of years before she had, but she'd seen the pranks he and his friends had pulled. While some were admittedly funny, quite a few bordered on being cruel.

Lily returned a moment later, a tray of tea floating beside her.

“Are you sure it's alright with your husband if I stay here?” Aurora asked.

“James is away on an Auror mission and won't be back for a few months,” Lily told her.

“Oh,” Aurora said.

As Lily poured the tea and handed her a cup, she thought it was odd that a man who had just gotten married only a few weeks earlier would take such a long mission away from his wife. Given the way Lily's eyes dulled when she talked about it, it didn't seem she was too pleased with it either.

“Are you sure it's not any trouble?” she asked.

“I'm sure,” Lily said with a smile. “It gets pretty lonely around here. It'll be nice to have some company.”

“Thank you,” Aurora said gratefully. “And thank you for saving me from Travers. If you hadn’t shown up...”

“Don’t mention it,” Lily said, reaching out to squeeze her hand.

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It took the Ministry weeks to fix the damage done to Diagon Alley and even longer to make it safe enough that Aurora felt comfortable going back to her flat. During that time, she and Lily formed a close friendship. When Lily was working in the Department of Mysteries, and Aurora wasn’t finishing her master’s degree in Astronomy, the two of them spent time talking and enjoying each other’s company.

A month into her stay, they had gone out for drinks in Muggle London to let off some steam. Both of them had attracted quite a bit of attention from the men at the pub, but neither did any more than turn them down politely. Aurora wasn’t sure how it happened, but one moment they were falling through the door in gales of laughter, and the next she was underneath Lily on the couch as they kissed.

Clothes were strewn across the house as they made their way up to the bedroom where they fell into bed. Her memories were a blur, but she flashes of what happened during that night. Lily’s small, pale hands squeezing her large breasts, and pink lips sucking on her brown, glistening nipple. Her teeth tugging at the stiff, pink nipple atop Lily’s small breast as her long fingers delved into her hot folds. Their legs crossed over each other as they bucked in rhythm. Her hands gripping wide hips while her lips and tongue attacked the nub above Lily’s slit, causing her back to arch and wanton moans to escape her lips. Most of all, she remembered those stunning green eyes filled with desire staring back at her.

In the morning, Aurora had woken up with her head on Lily’s chest, both of them completely naked under the thin covers. She’d tried to apologize, and even offered to leave, her guilt was so bad. Lily would have none of it though. She assured Aurora she didn’t regret what had happened. Over breakfast, she explained that she’d owed James a week earlier and he was perfectly fine with her sleeping with any witch she wanted to.

With her guilt assuaged, it didn't take long for them to end up in bed again. After a week, it got to the point that they decided to just share the master bedroom. Despite knowing that Lily was a married woman, and that nothing would happen beyond what they already had, Aurora couldn't help but fall for Lily.

She spent a few blissful months with Lily before she returned to her flat just a day before James was scheduled to return. On her first night home, Aurora cried herself to sleep for the loss of what could never be.

Lily had toyed with the idea of a threesome once James returned, but though Aurora was invited over regularly, it was never mentioned again. Aurora didn't know what had changed, whether it was because James wasn't interested, or Lily had changed her mind, but she never worked up the courage to ask. In honesty, while James was certainly attractive, Aurora had only been interested because of Lily.

Months passed and, while she and Lily remained close friends, they never resumed their physical relationship. It was heartbreaking, but Aurora learned to be content with what she had and savored her memories of the past.

Then, the day came when everything changed.

Lily invited her over and Aurora could immediately tell something was wrong.

"Has something happened, Lily? Is it James?" she asked.

"No, James is fine," Lily told her. "It's – I'm pregnant."

"What!?" Aurora gasped, a mix of emotions running through her. "That's wonderful! I'm so happy for you!"

Leaning forward, she hugged her friend tightly.

As she pulled back, Lily smiled and wiped a tear from her eye.

“What’s wrong?” Aurora asked again. “Aren’t you happy?”

“Yes, I’m very happy,” Lily said, a truly happy smile crossing her face for the first time since she’d entered the house. “It’s... complicated. I wish I could tell you, but Dumbledore swore us to secrecy. We’re only telling our closest friends about the baby so, please, don’t tell anyone.”

“Okay,” Aurora said slowly, tilting her head in confusion.

“I’m sorry I’m not making any sense,” Lily said, wiping her shimmering, tear-filled eyes. “And I’m really sorry for what I need to do next.”

“Lily, what-”

“I’m calling in the Life Debt you owe me,” she interrupted, not meeting her eyes.

Aurora stared at Lily and her pulse raced as magic coursed through her. If she was calling in a Life Debt, something was seriously wrong. Reaching out, she took Lily’s hand in hers.

“Lily, I’d do anything for you,” she said softly.

Looking up, Lily searched her face for a moment before smiling and pulling her into a tight hug.

“I’m so sorry, Aurora. I’m just so scared,” she wept.

“It’s alright,” she replied softly, her hand rubbing Lily’s back soothingly. “Just tell me what you need me to do.”

Pulling back, Lily took Aurora's hands in her own, thumbs rubbing in soft circles, and stared at her with her bright green eyes.

"I need you to take care of my son if something happens to me," she said.

Aurora felt her blood run cold as the magic took hold.

"Of course, I will," she assured her. "But you'll be fine Lily, I know it."

"I hope so," Lily smiled faintly. "I just to know someone I trust is going to look after him if something happens."

"Lily, you're scaring me," Aurora said.

"I'm sorry," she said apologetically. "And thank you."

"I know you can't tell me what's going on, but if there's anything else I can do to help..." Aurora offered.

"Stay safe," Lily whispered, shifting closer and taking one of her hands between both of her own. "Stay safe and watch after my son. That's the most important thing you can do."

"I will, I promise," Aurora assured her.

It felt as if Lily was saying goodbye, and she couldn't stop the hot tears from falling from her eyes. Reaching up, Lily wiped her cheek with a sad smile.



“James and I have to go into hiding. I don’t know when we’ll be able to leave, but it’ll probably be months, maybe even years,” Lily told her.

“Years?” Aurora asked faintly, her chest tightening. “Why?”

“I can’t tell you. I want to, but...” Lily said, trailing off frustratedly.

Aurora knew it was because of Dumbledore. She wondered what was happening that was so bad Dumbledore felt the need to make them magically swear not to talk about it.

Lost in thought, Aurora was surprised when she felt a hand on her cheek. Looking up, her breath caught in her throat when she found Lily’s face inches from hers and slowly drifting closer. Staring into those amazing green eyes, she allowed her eyes to drift closed as their lips touched. Slow and tentative at first, the kiss quickly grew deep and passionate. Aurora’s heart fluttered in her chest as she pulled Lily close, desperate to feel her one more time.

Far too soon for her liking, Lily pulled back and stared at her with a bright, burning gaze.

“James is gone for the night,” she said softly, her lips hovering just out of reach. “Will you stay tonight?”

“Yes,” Aurora whispered heatedly, her hands pulling Lily closer.

Smiling, Lily gave her a brief, passionate kiss before standing up and holding out her hand. Aurora took it and followed her up the stairs to the master bedroom.

“I owe you an apology,” Lily said as she closed the door. “James wanted to sleep with you, but I changed my mind.”

"It's alright," Aurora told her despite the slight hurt she felt. "I understand you not wanting your husband to sleep with another woman."

"It's not that I didn't want to share James, it's because I didn't want to share you," Lily said, wrapping her arms around her waist. "I wanted to keep you all to myself. I was stupid and selfish, and I'm sorry."

Aurora's heart leapt at Lily's confession, her pulse racing as she pulled her closer.

"It's okay," she assured her.

Lily wanted her, cared about her, that was what matter, she thought.

"It's not," Lily said, her eyes shimmering. "I thought we had so much time. All those months we could have spent together if I had just stopped being so stupid."

"Shh," Aurora hushed her, running her hand through her long red hair. "We have time now, and we'll have even more when you get out of hiding."

"I hope so," Lily said softly.

"We will," Aurora said firmly.

Smiling, Lily leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Returning the kiss hungrily, Aurora started tugging off Lily's clothes. Together, the two of them fell onto the bed.

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Over the next two years, Aurora and Lily shared sporadic letters while the world around them darkened. Voldemort's power grew each passing day, and it felt like only a matter of time before the Ministry would fall.

At first, Lily wrote constantly about Harry, telling her all about how wonderful he was and describing the powerful, accidental magic he'd performed. She even sent her pictures that she kept on a shelf next to a picture of her and Lily. As time went on, however, Lily began to talk like she knew the end was near. Aurora tried her best to keep her spirits up, but with only one letter every couple of months to avoid detection, it wasn't enough.

Then came the news that Aurora had been dreading. James and Lily were dead.

While the rest of the world celebrated the death of Voldemort and raised toasts to an infant, Aurora mourned the loss of the woman she loved while desperately searching for her son. At every turn, she was hampered by Dumbledore. With his position as Chief Warlock, he sealed the Potter's will, making it all but impossible for her to prove Lily had wanted her to take care of Harry. Searching for him proved fruitless, the only information she was able to find was that he was with his Muggle relatives. In all of the time she spent with Lily, she never once mentioned her family.

It quickly became clear that she wouldn't be able to find where Harry lived, but she did know where he would be in ten years. Returning to Hogwarts, she took up the position of Astronomy professor. The job wasn't too bad, and the pay was good, but it was difficult for her to sit in the same room with Dumbledore. She blamed him for Lily's death and for going to such lengths to keep Harry from her. On the two occasions Aurora tried to talk to him about it, he made it quite clear her job would be at risk if she tried to search him out.

Any respect she had left for the old man vanished after that. With no other recourse, she was forced to bide her time and wait for Harry to come to her.

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Aurora felt more nervous than she had been teaching her very first class as she waited for her students to arrive. After a decade of waiting, she was finally going to meet Harry Potter. She'd seen him in the Great Hall, of course, but this would be their first face-to-face meeting. Already, she could see he had the same eyes as Lily, not just in their color, but also in how incredibly expressive they were.

Seeing him walk into class with his shoulder hunched and a nervous expression, she was immediately on edge. Both James and Lily had been proud and confident in everything they did. That their son would be the complete opposite seemed unnatural. Throughout the lesson, she could see just how smart he was, but he also went out of his way to hide it. Beyond curious, Aurora rushed through the rest of the lesson and ended the class almost half an hour early.

"Mr. Potter, would you stay behind, please?" Aurora called out to him.

Though his face remained neutral, she could see the trepidation and slight fear in his eyes.

Why would he be afraid, she wondered.

"Yes, professor?" he asked as the rest of the class left.

With a flick of her wand, Aurora closed and locked the door. Seeing Harry swallow nervously, she smiled kindly at him and sat down casually on top of her desk.

"Don't worry, you're not in any trouble," she assured him. "Have a seat."

Relaxing slightly, Harry sat down in the chair across from her.

"I owe you an apology," she started, causing him to look at her curiously. "I promised your mother I would look after you if anything happened to her, and I failed. I spent years trying to find you, but Dumbledore refused to tell anyone where you were, and believe me, I tried."

“Oh,” Harry said in surprise, his eyes staring up at her hopefully. “You knew my mum?”

“I did,” aurora said with a gentle smile. “We were quite close after Hogwarts. Your mother saved my life once, and to pay back the Life Debt I owed her, I swore to watch after you. If there’s ever anything you need, I’ll always be here for you.”

“Er, thanks,” Harry said, looking away uncomfortably.

Aurora furrowed her brow as she watched him. Something was definitely off about the way he was acting, she thought.

“Um, professor?” he asked tentatively.

“Yes, Harry?” she said warmly, hoping to get him to relax.

“Could - could you tell me about my mum?” he asked quietly.

“Of course,” Aurora told him. “What would you like to know?”

“Could you tell me what she was like? I really don’t know much besides what Hagrid told me.” Harry said, looking at her hopefully.

“Your aunt didn’t tell you about her?” she asked, her brow furrowed.

“No,” Harry said, looking away shyly. “I don’t think they got along well.”

Aurora didn’t like what she was hearing, but she didn’t think pushing him on it would be the best idea. Filing it away for later, she put a warm smile on her face as he looked back up at her.

“Well, your mother was without a doubt one of the kindest, smartest, and most talented witches I’ve ever met,” Aurora told him.

Harry listened raptly as she spent the next hour telling him about Lily. He listened eagerly, absorbing everything she had to say like a sponge. The near desperation he showed for hearing about his parents set even more alarms off in her head.

“I think we’ll have to stop there for tonight,” Aurora said as curfew drew near.

“Oh, okay,” Harry said, his disappointment audible. “Thanks, professor.”

“Harry,” she called as he stood to leave. “I know I haven’t done a very good job of looking after you like I promised, and I’m very sorry for that. But now that you’re here, I want you to know that I’ll always be here for you. If you ever need help, if you want to talk, or you just want to hear more about your parents, don’t hesitate to come to me, okay?”

“Okay,” Harry said, smiling for the first time that she’d seen. “Thanks, professor. That means a lot.”

“You’re welcome, Harry,” Aurora said with a smile as she stood. “Now wait there, I’ll be back in just a second.”

Walking over to her office, she walked over to the shelf and pulled down her favorite picture of Lily in a red dress next to her much younger self wearing a little black number. They were the same outfits they’d worn the first night they spent together, but that wasn’t why it was her favorite. It was her favorite because of the way Lily’s bright, happy eyes sparkled with life. Waving her wand, she made a permanent copy of the picture and frame. After debating with herself for a moment, she put the copy back up on the shelf and then picked up the original.

Moving back out into the classroom, she took a sheaf of parchment from her desk and wrote a quick note for Harry. It wasn’t quite curfew yet, but she knew Filch wasn’t likely to care. The last thing she wanted was for him to get in trouble on his first day of classes.

“This is so you don’t get in trouble for being out after hours,” she said, handing him the note.  
“And this is for you to keep.”

Stuffing the note in his pocket, Harry furrowed his brow as he took the picture frame. Looking at the picture, a gasp left his lips as he stared intently at the redhead smiling and waving.

“Is that her?” he asked quietly.

“Yes,” Aurora said, her smile falling that he didn’t recognize his own mother.

Harry didn’t see her frown as he stared enraptured at the picture.

“She’s really pretty,” he said softly, his thumb caressing the glass over the image.

“Yes, she was,” Aurora agreed.

Clearing his throat, Harry blinked rapidly as he fought back tears.

“Thank you,” he said gratefully.

“You’re welcome,” Aurora said, smiling as she watched him go.

As soon as the door closed behind him, her smile fell into a deep frown.

What was going on with Harry Potter, she asked herself.

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Over the next few weeks, Harry and Aurora set a schedule where he would come visit her in her office every Saturday morning. At that time, Aurora would tell him everything she could about his parents. While she knew more about Lily, she told him what she could about James, including some of the mistakes he made. The thing that shocked Harry the most though, was learning that Lily had been friends with Snape. He looked like he might be physically ill when she explained Snape's hatred of him was likely because he'd loved her.

While she told him of his parents, she slowly got Harry to open up about his life outside of Hogwarts. The more he told her, the more disturbing she found the situation. Even when he didn't say much, it was clear to her he was being mistreated by his relatives.

Worse than that, however, was what was happening at Hogwarts. In all of her years at the school, both as a student and as a professor, a Troll getting in had been unthinkable. That Harry was involved made the events even more suspicious. The final straw was Dumbledore's reaction, or rather, lack thereof. Aurora was seriously beginning to question the headmaster's motives when it came to the Potters.

Aurora continued meeting with Harry throughout the year, and slowly got him to open up more and more. She had a strong feeling there was more going on than she knew about, but she was afraid to push him too fast. It was quite clear that Harry was slow to trust adults. Given what she suspected, that was understandable. In her spare time, Aurora also worked on a way to unseal the Potter's will. Eventually, she was forced to come to the conclusion that only Harry, and Dumbledore could do that. Now that she knew where he lived, she was hoping to visit him over the summer and take him to Gringotts, when Dumbledore was watching his every move.

Things came to a head near the end of the year. Aurora was furious when she found out what happened. She cursed Dumbledore in her head for keeping the Stone in the school and, while she couldn't prove it, she strongly suspected he'd led Harry into the confrontation with Voldemort. Aurora was also furious with McGonagall for not listening when Harry had gone to her for help. She wanted to be mad at Harry for not coming to her, but Hermione explained that they had gone to her office and found it empty while Harry was still unconscious in the Hospital Wing.



Talking to Pomfrey, she convinced the healer to give Harry a full check-up while he was there. The results were disturbing, to say the least. Harry showed clear signs of malnourishment and possible signs of physical abuse. After hearing that, Aurora vowed to get him away from his relative, Dumbledore, and the law be damned.



Apparating to King's cross station an hour before the train was scheduled to arrive, Aurora looked for the Dursleys. Using the descriptions Harry had given her, it was easy to spot the fat bastard with his disgusting mustache, the whale-sized boy stuffing a chocolate bar into his mouth, and the horse-faced woman doting on him.

Gripping her wand in her pocket for comfort, she stalked over as they looked down their noses at the other families waiting for their children.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dursley?" Aurora asked.

"Who're you?" Vernon grunted.

"Professor Sinistra, your nephew is one of my students," she said.

"Whatever the boy did, I'm not responsible," he told her, narrowing his eyes.

Aurora didn't bother to hide the look of distaste that crossed her face.

"I'll get right to the point. You don't want Harry, and he doesn't want to stay with you," Aurora said, pulling a scroll out of her pocket. "Sign this, and he can live with me."

Vernon's eyes lit up excitedly, but Petunia narrowed her eyes.

“Why do you want the boy?” she asked suspiciously.

“I promised Lily I would look after him. I would have taken him sooner, but Dumbledore hid him from me,” Aurora explained. “Now, just sign the paperwork and you can be on your way.”

Vernon took the adoption papers and looked at Petunia hopefully. Surprisingly, she hesitated.

“Look, you can either sign Harry over to me, or I can go to your local police department with his latest medical records. I’m sure they’d be curious why he shows signs of malnourishment while your husband looks like they could polish off a buffet by themselves,” she threatened.

Petunia paled while Vernon scowled and signed the parchment. Handing the scroll to his wife, she hesitated briefly before signing with a shaky hand. As soon as she was done, Aurora yanked the scroll out of her hands and stuffed it in her pocket.

“I don’t know what happened between you and Lily, but the fact that you took out your issues of a child is disgusting,” Aurora sneered. “I’d start looking for a solicitor if I were you.”

“What?” Vernon barked angrily. “You said-”

“I said I would send the records to the police if you didn’t sign the papers, I never said I wouldn’t if you did,” she told him, smirking as his face reddened.

“Why you,” Vernon growled, taking a step closer to her.

In a flash, Aurora had her wand out and held loosely at her side.

“Give me a reason, Dursley,” Aurora said.

“Vernon,” Petunia said pleading, looking around frantically to see if anyone was watching.

With a growl of frustration, his face turned so purple that she wondered if he might have a heart attack right then, Vernon spun around and stomped off. Dudley took off after his father while Petunia turned to her with a pleading expression.

“Please,” she said.

“Go fuck yourself,” Aurora bit out angrily. “You’ve been abusing that poor boy for over a decade. Dumbledore might have let you get away with it, but I sure as hell won’t.”

Paling and looking around worriedly at her loud voice. Petunia looked down shamefully as she turned and walked away quickly.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, Aurora unrolled the parchment and smiled at the signatures giving her full custody of Harry.

As soon as Harry said goodbye to his friends, Aurora walked up and explained that he would be living with her. To her relief, Harry was ecstatic when he realized he would never have to stay with the Dursleys again. As soon as they left, she took him straight to Gringotts to get his parents’ will unsealed.

While the custody papers were enough to keep him in the short term, she wanted proof that it’s what James and Lily wanted. Sure enough, Aurora was listed as one of the people that was supposed to take Harry, along with Sirius Black and Alice Longbottom. With one in St. Mungo’s and the other in Azkaban, Dumbledore would have a hard time arguing he should go back to the Dursleys.

Not that he didn’t try. Aurora and Harry spent most of the summer dealing with the Wizengamot. It was a tiring fight but, eventually, they were forced to follow the law. Harry was officially her ward.

On the plus side, The Dursleys were finally revealed as the vile, hateful people they were. They weren't given jail time, unfortunately, but they ended up plastered all over the front page of the local paper, Vernon was forced to take anger management classes, both of them had to take parenting classes, and were sentenced to community service cleaning up the local parks. Aurora had hoped for more, but Harry was satisfied, so she let it go.

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Over the next few years, Harry and Aurora grew closer. Things were a bit awkward at first, but they eventually settled into a relationship more akin to close friends than family. It wasn't easy, especially with how much trouble he seemed to attract, but she never regretted taking him in. In time, Aurora learned that while Harry had James' looks, he acted far more like Lily, especially in his unwavering sense of right and wrong.

As Harry entered puberty, Aurora felt the magic of the debt push her in an unexpected direction. It started out as erotic dreams that could be easily ignored during the day, but as Harry got older and went from a cute teenager to a handsome young man, Aurora found it harder to control her attraction to him.

Aurora wondered if the reason the debt was acting in such a way was because of her relationship with Lily, or if this was something Lily had wanted when she called in the debt in the first place. In the end, she supposed it didn't really matter. Her magic was leading her in a direction, and if that's what it took to repay Lily for saving her life, she would gladly pay it.

With Voldemort on the loose, Aurora had put off her feeling for as long as possible so Harry could concentrate on what he needed to do. Part of her was tempted to offer to help him blow off some steam with a good romp, but she didn't want to risk distracting him. Once Harry had defeated Voldemort, they'd had time to mourn their losses, and life slowly returned to normal, Aurora decided it was time. The magic of the debt was getting harder and harder to ignore.

"Harry, can I talk to you for a minute?" Aurora asked as sitting next to him on the couch.

"Sure," Harry said, setting down his copy of the Daily Prophet.

“There’s something I need to tell you,” she started nervously. “When Lily asked me to take care of you, she called in the life debt I owed her.”

“Why?” Harry asked sharply, his brow furrowed and bright green eyes staring at her intently.

“She was scared,” Aurora explained gently. “I didn’t know about it at the time, but that must have been when she found out about the prophecy. And don’t think for a second that that changes anything. Even if she hadn’t called in the debt, I still would have gladly taken you in.”

Smiling softly, she reached out and took his hand in hers.

“Okay,” Harry said, looking at her curiously.

“The reason I’m bringing this up is because there’s a bit of a... complication,” she told him.

“Are you alright?” he asked worriedly.

“I’m fine,” Aurora reassured him with a smile. “I’m going to ask you something and I need you to be completely honest with me, okay?”

“Okay,” Harry said with a nod.

“Do you find me attractive?” she asked.

Seeing the way he blushed and looked away made her smile. With all the craziness in his life, she knew Harry had very little experience with girls.

“I’ve seen the way you look at me. You can tell me, I won’t be upset,” Aurora told him.

“Er, well, yeah, I guess,” he stammered. “But why...?”

“Lily wasn’t very specific when she asked me to take care of you. I’m not quite sure why, but my magic has been making me feel... drawn, to you lately. I think it might be because Lily and I were lovers before she went into hiding,” she explained.

Harry, who had been about to interrupt her, stop with his mouth half open and blinked in surprise.

“You and mum?” he asked weakly.

Smiling, Aurora reached into her pocket and pulled out a photo. It had been taken during her last week living with Lily and showed the two of them sprawled out on the bed, naked and kissing. Lily was on her back, her hard, pink nipples pointing towards the ceiling, while Aurora lay on her side, her large breasts barely sagging as her dark hand gliding over Lily’s pale white skin. Looking at her seventeen-year-old self, she was quite proud of the fact that she still looked just as good another seventeen years later. Occasionally, the two of them would look up and smirk at the camera. It was part of a series of pictures they’d originally taken to tease James, but Aurora had asked for a copy to keep for herself when she found out he was coming back.

Smiling at the memories the image brought up, she handed it to Harry, who gaped at it with wide eyes. Scooting closer to him, Aurora rested her hand on his thigh as she looked at the picture with him. He jumped slightly at the contact, but blushed and look away shyly.

“She was beautiful, wasn’t she?” Aurora asked softly.

“Er, yeah,” Harry said, shifting nervously. “Was this before she met dad?”

“This was after they were married actually. Don’t worry,” she continued quickly with a smile, her hand caressing his thigh, “he knew and was fine with it. James was gone for the first few

months they were married. After Lily rescued me in Diagon Alley, she invited me to stay with her until he got back.”

“Oh,” he said.

As he turned back to look at the picture, Aurora ran her hand further up his thigh until she unexpectedly hit something large and hard with her fingertips. Harry blushed brightly, and she had to look down to see if she was touching what she thought she was. From her talks with Lily, she knew that James hadn’t been as nearly as large as Harry apparently was.

“Well, I guess that answers my earlier question,” Aurora said with a smirk.

“Er, Aurora, you know you don’t have to-” Harry broke off with a gasp when she ran her fingernails along his length through his jeans.

“I want to,” she whispered huskily. “The debt isn’t forcing me to do anything, it’s just guiding me. What I’m worried about is you. Do you want this, Harry?”

His mouth opened and closed a few times, but the words he wanted to say never came out. It was like he wanted to say yes but couldn’t bring himself to say it.

“Should I take that as a ‘yes’?” Aurora asked with a sultry smile.

Plucking the picture out of his hands, she set it down on the coffee table and then straddled his lap on her knees.

“Why look at a picture when you have the real thing right in front of you?” she asked.

Grabbing the bottom of her t-shirt, Aurora pulled it up and over her head, revealing her flat stomach and large breasts held in a white bra. She smirked when she felt Harry’s erection throb

against the back of her thigh before reaching back and popping open the clasp of her bra. His eyes were riveted to her chest as the bra fell away, sending a thrill up her spine. It had been many years since Aurora had had a lover, and seeing the look in his wide, bright green eyes brought an excitement she hadn't felt in a long time.

Grabbing Harry's hands, she brought them up and placed them on her breasts. As his hands cupped her full, soft mound, their eyes met, and Aurora's breath caught in her throat. His eyes, just like Lily's, were so expressive she felt like she could read his mind. The unexpected reaction made her wonder, maybe it was her own suppressed desires that were making the debt push her towards him.

With a soft smile, Aurora reached out and stroked the cheek of the young man she'd come to love and admire over the last several years. Leaning forward, she kissed him on the lips while threading her fingers through his hair. A moan escaped her lips as she felt her breasts press against his warm, muscular chest. Her head swam from the influx of so many long-forgotten feelings flooding her senses.

Pulling back, she shivered at the desire reflected in Harry's eyes as he stared at her. Climbing off of his lap, Aurora grinned at the straining bulge in the front of his jeans and held out her hand invitingly. When he took it, she pulled him up and led him up the stairs. Looking over her shoulder, she smirked when she caught him staring at her swaying backside. Pulling Harry into her bedroom, she pushed him up against the door until it closed and kissed him heatedly.

Despite his earlier nervousness, he returned it just as passionately and slid his hands down her bare back to cup her bum. With a moan, Aurora pulled back and lifted his shirt. Where James had been handsome, Harry was an absolute stud. His abs and chest rippled with muscles built up from relentless training, and the scars dotting his otherwise perfect skin only made him look more rugged and dangerous.

Running her hands up his ripped abs, over his hard chest, and then down his powerful arms, Aurora grabbed his hands and led him over to the bed. Pushing him into taking a seat, she dropped to her knees and reached for his belt. In moments, she was tugging them down his legs, taking his boxers along with them. As they came down Harry's thighs, his impressively long and thick erection sprang up eagerly to bob in front of her face. Licking her lips, Aurora finished stripping off his jeans and reached out to wrap her fingers around his hot, pulsating shaft.



“I never did ask,” Aurora said with a teasing smirk, “was this because of me, or Lily?”

“You,” Harry said, though he looked away and his cheeks flushed.

“Really?” she asked skeptically. “Just me? Or was it both of us.”

Harry didn’t answer, but he didn’t need to. Aurora could tell just by looking at him what the answer would be. Grinning, she pulled her wand out of her back pocket and gave it a twirl. The stash of pictures she kept flew out from the box she kept them in under the bed and began swirling around the room. With another flick, they grew to the size of posters and stuck themselves to the walls, ceiling, and furniture. Everywhere Harry tried to look, he was faced with a picture of her and Lily completely naked and in various sexual positions. A knowing smile stretched over Aurora’s lips when she felt him give a needy throb in her hand.

As his shocked gaze wandered from one picture to the next, she stroked his length several times before leaning forward to plant a kiss on the tip. Harry gasped, his hips bucking in surprise, and a bead of excitement leaked onto her lips. Looking him in the eye, Aurora licked the glistening drop off her lips before opening wide and wrapping them around his hot, swollen head.

“Shit,” Harry gasped, his glans pulsing against her tongue.

Closing her eyes, Aurora savored the feeling of the thick cock stretching her lips as she bobbed her head up and down. Running her tongue over every vein and ridge along his shaft, she soaked him in saliva so that her lips glided smoothly along his glistening length. Aurora sucked hard as she pulled back up to the tip, more of his salty excitement leaking into her mouth as she pulled off of him with a smile.

“Be honest, Harry. Have you ever fantasized about this before?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry admitted.

"I thought so," Aurora said, stroking his cock with a smile. "I wish those boys said about me at school. Well, now you get to do all those things you ever thought about doing with me. Maybe when we go back to school, I'll give you detention for being a naughty boy."

Bending down, she plunged her mouth back down on his length until the fat head bumped into the entrance of her throat. Her chest heaved as she gagged loudly around his shaft. Pulling back, she bobbed up and down on his cock quickly, quickly falling back into the familiar motions even after so many years had passed since the last time she'd done this. Looking up at Harry's face, she moaned at the darkened, lust-filled look in his beautiful eyes. Without conscious thought, her left hand slid under the waistband of her skirt and panties and worked its way down to her mound. Heat poured from her core as she slipped two fingers into her slick folds.

Tentatively, Harry reached out and ran a hand through her hair. Aurora closed her eyes and moaned as he caressed her scalp gently, which in turn caused Harry to groan.

"Aurora, I'm close," he warned her.

Staring up at him, she pulled up slightly and focused on the head. She could feel Harry's legs begin to tremble next to her shoulders as she brought him closer to the edge. When his cock swelled, she stroked him furiously and sealed her lips tightly around his tip. With a loud groan, Harry tilted his head back and bathed her tongue in his hot, salty release. A shiver of pleasure ran through her body as her arousal skyrocketed.

When his powerful climax came to an end, Aurora pulled off of him, keeping her lips sealed and trapping his cum in her mouth. As she held his length, Harry gave one more throb, and a large drop of cum leaked from his tip to trail down his shaft where it dripped onto her hand. Waiting until he opened his eyes, she swallowed what was in her mouth before licking up the last drop - starting at her hand and ending by flicking her tongue over his tip, which caused him to gasp.

"Wow," Harry panted in a daze.

Aurora smiled as she looked at him. For the first time since she had known him, he looked completely relaxed and content. A sense of warmth filled her that she was able to do that for him.

Surprisingly, Harry never softened, his cock remaining completely rigid in her hand.

Giving his length one last caress, Aurora stood and undid the button on the side of her black, flowing skirt. Harry's eyes were riveted to her body as she dropped it to the floor, and then did the same with her panties. Pushing him back onto the mattress, she climbed over top of him and kissed him hard. One of Harry's hands found its way to her breast while the other caressed her ass. Moaning into his mouth, Aurora ground her burning, leaking folds against the underside of his rock-hard shaft.

A shiver ran through her as he rubbed against her throbbing clit. Bracing her hands on his chest, she pushed herself up upright and rolled her hips. Her eyes nearly rolled into the back of her head from the pressure that was put on her clit. Beneath her, Harry groaned and pinched her nipple, causing a delicious mixture of pain and pleasure that nearly caused her to climax on the spot.

Lifting herself up, Aurora grabbed his cock and placed it at her entrance. Staring into Harry's eyes, she slowly sank down. With only her fingers and wand to give her relief for the last decade and a half, her depths stretched deliciously to accommodate his size. She closed her eyes to savor the feeling as she descended at a crawl, each new millimeter sending pleasure shooting up her spine. Harry groaned loudly as her weight settled on him, his cock embedded to the hilt. Aurora swore she could feel the beat of his heart through the pillar of hard, hot flesh buried in her core.

Her mouth hanging open as she panted, she opened her eyes and found herself faced with a nearly life-size image of Lily grinning back at her. Seeing those bright green eyes staring back at her with a naughty twinkle as she sat on her son's length tipped her over the edge.

"Ohhh," Aurora moaned, her nails digging into Harry's chest as she clenched and spasmed around him.

Sucking in gasping breaths, her hips rolled while her body trembled. Looking down at Harry and meeting his awe-filled gaze, she finally realized the truth. All of the feelings she'd felt for Lily during those few wonderful they were together, were the same feelings that she had felt growing inside of her for Harry over the last few weeks.

"Harry," Aurora gasped, her climax hitting a second peak at the realization.

Collapsing on top of him, she kissed him passionately as she continued to writhe on top of him. As she calmed, she held herself up on her arms and stared into his brilliant eyes, her heart fluttering in her chest.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I – I love you, too," Harry said.

Smiling brightly, Aurora kissed him tenderly before sitting up and rolling her hips. A shiver ran up her spine, her core still hypersensitive from her climax, but she could make herself stop. Resting her hands on his chest, she started bouncing up and down on Harry's hard cock, her eyes never leaving his face. Reaching up, he cupped her bouncing breasts, kneading and caressing them.

For a moment, she wondered what Lily would think if she were still alive. Most would've expected the strait-laced woman to be upset, but Aurora knew her better than that. Lily had a kinky side that she wasn't afraid to explore with those she trusted and cared for. With the pictures surrounding them, Aurora felt like she was in the room, watching excitedly.

That thought alone nearly pushed her into another climax. Mentally shaking herself, she focused on Harry and fucking herself silly on his large cock. While she was lost in thought, his hands had moved from her breasts to her ass, roughly groping at her thick cheeks.

"You like my ass, Harry?" Aurora asked with a knowing smirk. "I've heard your dormmates talk about it enough. Those dirty boys always thinking about bending me over my own desk. Have

you ever thought about doing that? Just flipping up my robe and fucking me in front of the whole class?"

Harry groaned, his pulsating cock and darkened gaze giving her the answer. Still smirking, Aurora climbed off of him and crawled on her hands and knees to the head of the bed, her wide, plump backside swaying alluringly behind her. Harry's eyes followed her every movement, rolling over and pushing himself up onto his knees as she crawled past him.

"I'm all yours, love," Aurora said, dropping down to her elbows and arching her back as she looked over her shoulder at him.

As if in a trance, Harry moved behind her and ran his hands lovingly over her bum. A moment later, he shifted closer and slid his engorged length back into her depths. Grabbing her hips, he began sawing back and forth. Despite his lack of experience, Harry quickly found a good rhythm, his powerful thighs bouncing off of her ass with a light clap. It didn't take long for her to feel heat beginning to pool in her core.

"Harder," Aurora urged.

Panting, Harry gripped her hips tightly and pulled her into his thrusts. Her hands clawed at the sheets as his thick cock rubbed all the right spots.

"Aurora," Harry called out, a warning in his strained voice.

"I'm on the potion," she panted.

Aurora's eyes shot open wide when Harry suddenly began slamming into her with wild, desperate thrusts. Her mouth dropped open in a silent scream, her climax exploding with such ferocity that it knocked the breath from her lungs. Harry groaned and continued to thrust frantically as her walls clenched around him. Sucking in a deep breath, Aurora finally let out a pleasure scream as she drenched his hammering cock in her release.

With a grunt, Harry drilled his cock deeper than ever, his hips holding him there while his hands locked her in place. His cock swelled a second before she felt him explode inside of her, his hot cum flooding her depths. Collapsing onto her chest, Aurora groaned as he pulsed again and again. Laying over top of her back, he kissed her shoulder and the side of her neck.

Once Aurora caught her breath and stopped seeing spots, she pulled her hips forward so he slipped out of her and then rolled over onto her back. Smiling, she caressed his cheek and pulled him in for a kiss.

“Did I do okay?” he asked nervously.

“Oh, I think you definitely earned an O, Mr. Potter,” Aurora said teasingly. “You were brilliant, love.”

Harry gave her a small smile, but it was clear something was still bothering him.

“You don’t regret this, do you?” he asked worriedly.

“Never,” she told him firmly.

Smiling happily in relief, Harry kissed her tenderly before laying down on his back next to her. Rolling over, Aurora draped an arm and a leg over him as she curled up against his body. As they both began drifting off to sleep, she remembered that there were a number of witches that owed Harry a Life Debt.

She knew Harry would never call them in, but maybe she could talk them into at least thanking him properly. After all the hell he’d been through, he deserved it. Ginny might not be a good idea after their recent breakup, but Hermione, Luna, and who knew how many others might be talked into it. Besides, the students weren’t the only ones to have a crush on Fleur during the tournament, she thought with a sleepy grin.