

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 Elder 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 thought 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 wand 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.

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“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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.