

Summary: After learning the truth about the prophecy, Harry comes to a single conclusion: He is most definitely going to die. Well, if he's going out, then Merlin be damned, he'd go out living his life to the fullest. And what better way to do that than by charming the knickers off of every girl who caught his fancy? Hogwarts isn't ready for a Boy-Who-Lived with a death wish.

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## **Chapter 10: Honesty Is The Best Policy**

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Harry stepped inside the dingy pub with a wary glance. The Hog's Head tavern was a stark difference compared to the Three Broomsticks. Where the latter was warm and inviting, filled with the pleasant aroma of Rosmerta's cooking, the former was... well let's just say it both looked and smelled like goat shite.

Nodding to the surly bartender behind the counter, Harry made his way up the stairs to where the guest rooms were located. Memories of the first DA meeting held in this very tavern came to the forefront of his mind as he passed by the room where everyone signed their names on Hermione's contract. It looked exactly the same as it had the year before. Just as run down and borderline unsanitary, but without the gaggle of students threatening to fall through the old creaky floor.

Harry shook his head with a fond smile and continued on. Despite how the DA ended, he still found himself looking back on all those memories of his time teaching with rose-tinted eyes. Sure in the end they were betrayed by one of their own, but it had been quite fun while it lasted. Soon enough his cautious steps brought him to his destination. Room No. 9 sat before him, the door closed and no doubt barred from the other side. With a breath, Harry cast one last look around before knocking quickly on the aged wooden door. No sooner did his knuckles touch the door than it suddenly swung open. Harry barely had time to blink before a hand reached out from the darkened depths of the room and yanked him inside, the door slamming behind him not even a moment later.

“What colour were my knickers when you walked in on me changing two summers ago?!” A voice growled just as the tip of a wand pressed painfully against his throat.

Despite the silly nature of the question, Harry knew if he answered wrong he'd be a dead man. The heat emanating from the wand jabbed into his jugular was evidence enough. Luckily he knew the answer.

“Purple!” He exclaimed.

The figure holding him wasn't satisfied though. Jabbing the wand even deeper into his neck she leaned closer. “Purple with...?”

“P-Purple with the Weird Sisters logo on the back!” He winced as the wand tip burned even hotter against his flesh before, suddenly, it was gone.

“And don't you ever forget it!” Tonks laughed, pocketing her wand before giving his hair a ruffle.

“Sorry about all that Wonder Boy, had to be sure it was you. Can never be sure these days what with the Dark Tossler and his cronies out and about.”

Harry took a breath to calm his rapidly beating heart and nodded. “S'alright. Just take it easy with the wand next time yeah? Thought you were about to pierce an artery there.”

Tonks waved him off with a snicker. Stepping away, the pink-haired metamorph quickly set about warding off the room. Silencing spells, privacy wards, and a whole host of other pulses of magic flew from her wand with deadly precision. Harry watched on, not bothering to hide his impressed look as Tonks gave an unintentional demonstration of just why she was Alastor Moody's greatest protege.

“There!” She said as the last spell took effect. “That should do it.”

Harry whistled appreciatively as he looked around. Not only did she completely secure the room from eavesdroppers and intruders, but she also completely cleaned and transformed the space into something not unlikely to be found at a four-star hotel.

Gone was the mouldy wallpaper and termite-ridden furniture. Instead, in its place stood pristine cream-coloured walls, thick soft carpet and rich mahogany furniture- including a large king-sized

bed and a complete living room set of chairs and couches. The chipped stone fireplace was completely transformed, now made of gleaming white marble with beautifully carved depictions of the Hogwarts Houses and their animal mascots. A large fire roared from the hearth within, casting a warm orange glow around the room that was carried by the intricate bronze sconces hanging from the walls. It was amazing, plain and simple, even more so when Harry remembered that Tonks did all this without breaking a single sweat.

“Very nice.” Harry complimented. “Don’t suppose you’ll tell me why you wanted to meet with me now though?”

Tonks didn’t answer. Instead, she gestured to the newly conjured furniture with an unreadable expression. The shift in demeanour was not lost on Harry, and so he sat with a feeling of unease creeping its way up his spine.

“What’s this about Tonks?” He asked as the normally cheerful witch took her seat.

Tonks sighed, her pink hair shifting its hue in response to her emotions, eventually settling on a muted blue colouration before she leaned forward with a look of seriousness. “It’s about Cammi, Wonder Boy.”

In an instant, Harry’s heart froze in his chest. Panic flared in his brain and nearly every nerve in his body screamed for his fight or flight response to do something and do it now.

“What happened?!” He jumped to his feet, wand already in his hand. “Is she okay?! Did-” He cut himself off as his brain wormed its way through his greatest fear. It felt like his lungs were nearly ready to collapse as he finished his sentence, silently begging it not to be true. “D-Did Voldemort find her?”

“What?!” Tonks exclaimed. “No, she’s fine. He didn’t- Look Harry just sit down and I’ll explain!”

Relief flooded his system, clashing horribly with the anxiety still lingering in his mind, but relief it was all the same. Doing as he was told, he sat back in his chair with a shaky breath.

“You good?” Tonks asked with a raised brow. At his nod the metamorph herself nodded and sat back. “Alright then. So I guess I better start from the beginning...”

**-The Day Prior-**

“S-So uhm... Do you want some tea? Beer? Do you lot even drink beer? Scratch that- stupid question.” Cammi muttered to herself. “I’ll just..uhm...grab the six-pack I have in the fridge yeah?”

Tonks rolled her eyes as the towel-clad woman continued to ramble on nervously. She wasn’t *THAT* scary, plus it’s not like she did any actual impressive magic. Just your basic levitation and wandless summoning charm.

“How about you go get yourself sorted out with some clothes then we can worry about drinks? Much as I wouldn’t mind seeing you waltz around half-naked, I imagine this is a conversation best had fully clothed.”

She watched as Cammi blushed deep red in realisation. With a muttered apology, the tattooed-covered woman quickly dashed out of the small living room and into what Tonks could only assume to be her bedroom. A few minutes later, the blushing woman returned, this time clad in a pair of comfortable-looking sleeping shorts and an oversized ‘Queen World Tour’ t-shirt. As promised, she journeyed to the kitchen first, retrieving a small case of German ale that Tonks was familiar with. At the very least the girl had a good taste in drinks.

“Cheers.” Tonks said as she took the offered bottle. Cammi nodded, taking one herself before twisting it open with shaky hands and taking a *very* generous gulp.

“Woah easy there Party Girl! No need to go off the rocker just yet! I’m only here to talk.”

Cammi took another gulp with a grimace. “Yeah well, you try having a random woman just appear on your doorstep and make a letter fucking *float!*” She scoffed. “You’d be a bit on edge too.”

“Fair.” Tonks acquiesced with a shrug. “But I really am just here to talk. Cross my heart and all that.”

The raven-haired muggle seemed to consider this for a moment before sighing with a nod. “Go on then.”

Tonks nodded back and took a quick sip of her drink. Hey, it was good ale, sue her!

“So judging by your letter, am I right to assume that you and Harry are- for lack of a better term- shagging like rabbits?”

Cammi surprisingly snorted and gave her a nod. “You would.”

“Brilliant.” Tonks sighed. “And I also take it you maybe saw him do something weird or impossible at some point over the summer? Something kind of like what I did with the letter outside?” Once again Cammi nodded, confirming what Tonks already knew. “What did you see exactly?”

“He sort of...I dunno...disappeared? One second he was there, and the next he was just gone with a loud bang. Kind of like the sound of thunder.”

Tonks groaned and leaned back to pinch the bridge of her nose. “Apparating without a license. It’s like he’s trying to get bloody arrested.” Tonks took another sip of her drink, this one just as big as the one Cammi took from her own. “Look there’s no point in lying so I’m just gonna come out with it. Harry’s a wizard. I myself am a witch. Our world- the magical one that is- lives sorta parallel to the normal one. Hidden in plain sight I guess you could say.” She paused to take a breath, using this chance to choose her next words carefully. “Harry is- Well he’s a special kind of wizard in a way. You see not all of us are as cool and suave as yours truly.” She said gesturing to herself. “Some become right cunts. There’s one out there now, the biggest cunt of them all really, who’s hellbent on taking over the world supervillain style. Fancies himself a ‘Dark Overlord’ if you can believe it!” Tonks said with a snort. “Anyway, just so happens there’s a prophecy about this dark cunt. About him AND Harry. I can’t tell you the specifics mind you, but it pretty much says Harry is the only one who can kill the bastard.”

Tonks paused long enough for her words to sink in. So far it seemed that Cammi was having some difficulty understanding. The woman’s face was screwed up in confusion as she stared back at Tonks.

“A prophecy? Like destiny, fortune telling, and all that?” At Tonks’ nod, Cammi scoffed and downed the rest of her drink. “And your lot believe in that shite?”

Tonks shrugged. “Eh, divination is considered just as outrageous in our world as it is in yours. Doesn’t matter if it’s real or complete bullshite though. Voldemort believes the prophecy is real, and that’s enough to make Harry his number one target.”

“But that’s insane!” Cammi cried. “Harry’s- He’s-” She stammered. “Why the fuck don’t your lot do something about this madman then?! I assume you’ve got some sort of army or- or police force right?! Arrest the bastard!”

Tonks laughed. A humourless and dark laugh as she finished her ale and reached forward to grab another. “We do. In fact, I’m a magical policewoman myself. Doesn’t matter much though.” With a sigh, Tonks leaned forward and levelled Cammi with a hardened gaze. “Look you gotta understand...this bloke- Voldemort- he’s powerful. Super fucking powerful, with a shite-load of followers. Imagine Hitler but if he could shoot lightning from his fingertips and level buildings with a single word. THAT’S what we’re dealing with here.” Taking a breath, Tonks sat back once more and popped the top off her second beer. “Don’t get me wrong, we’re doing all we can to fight the bastard, but he’s got the numbers and power to pretty much wipe the floor with any obstacle we put in his way. The only one who’s ever been able to send the evil wanker packing is Harry, and even then those fights almost killed him.”

She watched as the colour drained from Cammi’s face leaving the girl almost deathly pale.

“H-Harry’s almost died before?” She asked with a whisper.

Tonks nodded slowly, sensing the fearful tension that clung to the woman’s every word. “A few times over the years. Hell- Wonder Boy has practically made it a tradition to pull off some death-defying stunt every year. Mind you, none of them were really his fault, they were Voldemort’s doing for the most part. Harry only did what he could to protect those around him like the noble fool he is.”

“But who protected him?!” Cammi stood with tears in her eyes, fists clenched in anger or perhaps fear. “You say that your lot is doing what they can to fight this fucking Wizard-Nazi, and yet you tell me Harry has to practically fight the fucker nearly every year! How many times has Harry almost fought this ‘Voldemort’?! How many times did he end up on the brink of death because your lot can’t do their fucking job?!”

Tonks said nothing. Instead, she let the truth of Cammi’s words wash over her, filling her with a sense of shame she didn’t know was there. Tonks looked away from the tattooed woman’s eyes with a heart full of guilt.

Cammi scoffed and turned away. Silence reigned for a few minutes, Tonks finding herself at a loss for what to say. She had thought this would be a lot more simple. Get in, interrogate the muggle, and then leave. At worst Tonks assumed she’d maybe have to obliviate the girl, as cruel as that sounded. Hell, she probably *needed* to, not just for the Statute of Secrecy but for Harry’s sake as well. Her train of thought was broken suddenly as Cammi shifted once more, stalking towards the door with a look of deadly intent.

“What are you doing?”

“I-” Cammi began as she quickly slipped on a pair of worn flats. “-am going to track down Harry. You can either help by taking me to him or I’ll fucking find someone who can myself.”

“What?!” Tonks exclaimed, jumping to her feet. “I can’t let you do that! You’re not even supposed to know about magic, much less go stomping through London demanding someone take you to Harry bleedin’ Potter!”

Cammi scoffed and threw her purse over her shoulder, only stopping briefly to ensure her keys were within. “Try and bloody stop me.”

Tonks had her wand arm raised before she even really knew what she was doing. By the time she realized, she already had the tip pointed directly at Cammi’s chest while the raven-haired woman stared back unimpressed.

“Really?” She snorted. “Bit cliché with the wand and all yeah?” Sighing, Cammi shook her head and levelled Tonks with a glare. “Go ahead and do your worst. But one way or another I’m walking out that door, and I *will* find Harry.”

Tonks grimaced as the tip of her wand started to glow bright with magic. She knew what she had to do.

### ***-Present-***

Tonks ducked as several of the bronze sconces lining the walls flared to life, surging with a blazing fire. Harry paid her no mind though. The only thing he could focus on at that moment was the curling anger raging inside his chest. It tore at his ribs, spewed fire in his veins, and gnashed at the pit of his throat like a wild animal. The fight or flight response from earlier returned with a vengeance. Too bad Harry always chose fight.

“What did you do?” He growled, his voice barely a whisper as he levelled Tonks with a murderous gaze.

Tonks balked at the sight of him, whether taken aback by his anger or something else, Harry didn’t know. Nor did he particularly care.

“What. Did. You. DO?!” This time his voice came out with a deafening bang as furniture of all sorts was sent careening through the air by an invisible force. Wood splintered and metal snapped. The marble from Tonks’ transfigured hearth cracked while the very foundations of the room itself groaned in protest. He knew Tonks would never hurt Cammi, but she said it herself that she was planning on obliterating her.

Tonks yelped as a broken chair leg flew by, nearly taking her head off if she hadn’t chosen to duck. “Nothing! I swear Harry, I didn’t do anything to her!”

Harry was long past listening though. Whether he knew it or not, this was one of his biggest fears coming to fruition. Cammi hadn’t been just a friend to him over the summer. She’d been *EVERYTHING*. The one he could share his grief with, the one he could share his *hopes* with. The idea of losing her was like a thousand cruciatus curses all rending him apart at once.



Somehow, somehow, Cammi had wiggled her way into his heart, nestled gently in a place filled by very few.

Growling low, Harry threw the coffee table between them to the side with merely a gesture of his hand. "Where is she Tonks!?! Where is Cammi?!"

"I'm right here!" A voice cried out from behind.

All at once the room stilled. The groaning of the floors ceased, the cracks in the walls stopped spreading, and though he didn't know it, the fiery green glow in Harry's eyes dimmed as he whipped around with a face full of shock.

Harry watched as the reality seemed to shimmer before him. Where once there was a blank stretch of wall, now stood Cammi, eyes wide and face pale as she shucked off the invisibility cloak wrapped around her shoulders.

"H-Hey hot stuff. Fancy meeting you here eh?"

His body moved of its own volition, surging forward to wrap the raven-haired woman in a fierce embrace.

"Hey! Hey, it's okay!" Cammi murmured. She wrapped her own arms just as tightly around his neck pulling his face down into the crook of her neck. "I'm right here. I'm alright- promise."

Harry let out a breath he hadn't known he'd been holding. Slowly the anger in his veins cooled with every breath of Cammi's familiar scent. She was here. She was here and she was safe. He felt himself almost stagger with relief. Tonks hadn't obliterated her like he feared and all he could do was hold Cammi all the tighter in happiness.

"I'll- ahem- give you lovebirds some space."

Harry regretfully pulled himself away from Cammi with a look of guilt. "Tonks look I'm-"

"Don't worry about it Wonder Boy." Tonks waved him off. "I would've flipped out too if I were in your shoes. Just uh..." She trailed off casting a pointed glance around the room. "Probably with a bit less property damage. No worries though!" With a few quick flicks of her wand, the room

was soon in pristine condition once more. "There! Now you two talk. I'll be back tomorrow morning to take you back home Cams."

With a final wave, Tonks ducked out from the room, closing the door behind her with a soft 'click'.

Silence reined for a few moments. Neither he nor Cammi seemed too sure of how to begin as they stood before each other with their arms loosely holding the other.

"Do you- uhm- wanna sit down?" Harry asked slowly, wincing slightly at the nervous twinge in his voice.

Thankfully Cammi just smiled- that oh-so-familiar playful little smile that always meant he did something to amuse her. "That'd be grand."

He led her over to the couch, their hands never leaving one another as they sat.

"So..."

"So." Cammi replied.

"You...know about magic then." He asked with an uneasy expression.

Cammi nodded, looking down at her hands with her lips pursed. "You could say that. Bit different than I thought it'd be. Less warts and eye of newt stuff and more...bureaucratic?" She shook her head with a laugh. "Honestly still boggles my mind more that there's a whole bloody hidden world out there."

"Yeah, I know the feeling." He laughed. "When I first learned I was a wizard I thought the man who told me was mental. At least until he made a pig's tail grow out of my cousin's arse and made a fire with an umbrella."

"From how you've described Dudley the fat cunt probably deserved it!" Cammi snorted.

They laughed together for a moment before the silenced returned once more. He watched as Cammi's smile faded to a look of unsureity. "Why didn't you tell me Harry?"

There it was, the question that hung in the air and one he wasn't sure he knew how to answer.

He sighed, giving her hand a small squeeze while he gathered his thoughts

“It’s not like I didn’t want to.” He began. “My world, Cammi, it’s dangerous right now.”

“Because of Voldemort?”

Harry snapped his gaze back to her with a look of brief panic. “Tonks told you about him?”

“She told me a little. Said there was a prophecy he was obsessed over. Well, that and his whole evil ‘take over the world’ schtick.” She explained.

Harry nodded, still reeling somewhat from hearing Voldemort’s name pass through Cammi’s lips. With a shake of his head, Harry continued. “It’s not just that. Voldemort and I... we’re connected in a way. Sometimes, mainly when I’m asleep, I can sort of see through his eyes. At first I thought they were just nightmares, then when I discovered what the visions truly were I thought I could use them to my advantage- to see what Voldemort was up to, what he was planning.” He bit out a sharp, humourless laugh. “What a fucking idiot I was.”

“He...could see into your mind as well?” Cammi asked hesitantly.

Harry nodded. “Not just see, but influence me. My emotions, thoughts, he even force-fed me visions of things he *wanted* me to see. By the time I found out what he was doing, it was too late. Sirius, my- my godfather, he died. Killed because I rushed into one of Voldemort’s traps for me.” Slowly he explained to her the events of the Department of Mysteries. Of the fight in the Hall of Prophecies, the Death Eaters who flung curse after curse at him and his friends, and finally the Veil of Death.

Cammi listened without a word, giving him the time he needed to explain that tragic night. When he finished she could only pull him close with tears in her eyes. “Oh honey...” She whispered. Harry allowed himself to be drug into the embrace. He could never deny Cammi, not even now when the larger part of him knew he didn’t deserve comfort. Sirius’s death was his fault, and though he’d long come to terms that his godfather was no more, it still weighed on him in the quiet moments of the night.

“You couldn’t have known that would happen.” She murmured into his ear. “Voldemort tricked you in the one place anyone would think was safe. I mean, if you can’t trust your own mind then what can you trust?”

“But that’s my point!” He exclaimed, pulling away with a mournful look. “He was in my head Cammi. Influenced my bloody thoughts! Sure, I know how to block him out now but there are moments where the connection slips through- Moments where our minds join and he can see everything, including you! I can’t risk that!” He stood abruptly, hands in his hair with frustration. “The others- Hermione, Ron, even me- We have magic to defend ourselves. We can at least fight him off. But you Cammi? I’m sorry but there’s nothing you can do against a Killing Curse. No ward you can hide behind or potion you can take. Just being around me is a risk, one I’ve chanced for far too long!”

“You don’t get to decide that!” Cammi argued back. “I’m sorry love, you’ve been through a lot and god knows you’ve got the weight of the world on your shoulders right now, but that doesn’t give you the right to decide what’s best for my safety! I do! And I say fuck the risk!”

“Cammi-”

“No! Maybe I can’t do any fancy spells like you, or throw furniture across the room with the wave of my hand, but I can at least decide what’s fucking best for me! And I’ve decided it’s you Harry Potter, no one else, just you!” She stood across from him now, hands on her waist with her hips cocked to one side while she wore a look of challenge on her face.

“I- I’m not going to get you to back down from this?” He asked with a pinch of his eyes.

“Nope!” She replied, popping the ‘p’. “I’m your problem now Potter, and there’s no getting rid of me. Got it?”

Harry smiled despite the warring emotions inside him. Leave it to her to throw away all his arguments with sheer stubbornness. He shook his head and laughed. “Got it.” He said, opening his arms in invitation.

Cammi smirked victoriously and stepped into his embrace. "Good. Now how about you take me to that magic bed over there and kiss me like you've missed me hot stuff?"

"I think I can do that." He replied with a smirk of his own. Their faces inched closer to one another's, eyes closing slowly as their lips made contact for the first time in months. Within seconds their kiss transformed from one of sensuality and gentleness to one of heated passion and want. Their tongues were soon added to the mix, followed by their hands as they clawed at each other's close in feats of desperation.

It was second nature for them to scramble backwards towards the bed, the fire between them only growing as Harry pulled Cammi's shirt over her head and threw it to the side while she fumbled with the clasp of his belt. By the time they fell against the bed, Harry's mouth was already planted firmly on one of her curvy tattooed breasts while Cammi moaned in passion. He circled her rapidly stiffening nipple with his tongue, throwing in the occasional nibble with his teeth exactly how he knew she liked it. True to his skills, Cammi was driven absolutely wild by the small mix of pain and pleasure. The older woman bucked her hips, whimpering pitifully while her body spasmed with need. It wasn't long before Harry decided to add to her torture, using his fingers to tease the opening of her cunt while she thrashed against him.

"Y-You're a fucking pr-prat!" She gasped.

Harry smirked and moved his attention to her other tit, all the while his fingers slowly ran themselves up and down her rapidly moistening pussy. Just as she was about to let out another throaty whine Harry took his chance, pushing two digits inside her tight snatch with absolutely zero resistance. Her hot, wet pussy allowed him entrance eagerly all the while Cammi cried out in a surprised moan. She clawed at his back while he pushed his fingers deeper inside her, grinding the pad of his palm against her swollen clit before pulling back.

"You're so fucking wet Cams." Cammi moaned in agreement as he moved his hand faster, pumping his fingers inside her slippery wet cunt with ease. "God I've fucking missed the noises you made. I can't wait to hear you scream when I fuck this tight little pussy of yours."

“Wh-what are y-you waiting for then? Hng! I’ve b-been waiting to feel your c-cock inside me again f-for months- Oh fuck!” Cammi cried out as he suddenly shifted, pushing his pinky into her awaiting arsehole while he continued to finger her pussy with his other two fingers. Without a word Cammi grabbed the sides of his face and smashed their lips together, moaning whorishly against his lips as he explored her two most precious holes.

It was easy enough to have her nearing her edge within just moments. Cammi’s body was one he studied for months, learning all the special little tricks that drove her *wild*. He also knew each one of her many tells. The faces she made when she was horny, the noises she produced when he hit *just* the right spot, and most important of all- the way her body would twitch and spasm when she was so very close to tumbling over that sweet sweet edge.

With a shattering sob of breath, Cammi hit her peak. Her walls trembled around his fingers. Her breasts rippled and heaved as she panted with loud moans of ecstasy. The beautiful noises produced from her mouth as she came were muffled by Harry’s own lips. Their tongues wrestled one another as Cammi convulsed beneath him before, finally, she pushed him away with a loud gasp.

“I-Inside me! NOW!”

Harry couldn’t disobey her command if he wanted to. Watching her face contort in agonising pleasure as she came never failed to drive him absolutely *wild*. Pulling his fingers free from her holes, Harry was positioned between her legs with his cockhead pressing against her entrance in moments. With a single thrust, he was hilted inside her sweltering cunt. Both he and Cammi moaned aloud as he entered her for the first time in months. Her walls stretched eagerly for him as if welcoming home after so very long away.

There were times when they would fuck and fuck *hard*. Other times sex together would be playful and fun. With small dirty jokes and an almost giddy aura in the air as they explored new positions, kinks, and the like. A few times, not many mind you, they would move almost tenderly- make love in all the sense of the word, where they’d alternate between holding each

other close with whispered words of honey and thrusting gently against each other, reaching their combines peaks slowly but oh-so-beautifully.

Tonight put moments like that to shame. There was no rush to their movements, only a sensual pace with their eyes locked in an intense gaze of care and wonder. Every touch was full of emotion, every moan or gasp a testament to their feelings for one another. Their bodies were practically moulded together, joined by their sexes. The thrust of Harry's cock into Cammi's tight folds was met eagerly by her own bucking hips. The only falter in their joined movements was when one would shudder in pleasure, be it Cammi releasing in climax with a throaty moan or Harry pausing to revel in the sensations of her convulsing inner walls.

Eventually, the slow sensual thrusting gave way to Harry's own impending orgasm. There was no loud groan of pleasure or harried announcement of his end. The only thing needed was for him to capture Cammi's lips in a deep heated kiss as he released inside of her. Cammie moaned happily into his mouth as his cock pulsed inside her. The sound was akin to an immense relief echoing out from the depths of her very beings, celebrating with joyful cries against his tongue as he filled her with his warm sticky cum. They only broke apart when the last of his seed was spent and the need for air became too great, separating with a small gasp each.

They lay there together for quite some time, Harry's cock still buried inside and Cammi's arms wrapped tightly around his neck. Their foreheads rested against one another, no sounds being made except for the soft panting as they each caught their breath. Finally, it was Cammi who broke the silence, her hand moving to cup his face while she peered into him with her brown, almost onyx, coloured eye clouded with some indiscernible emotion.

"You know I love you right?" She whispered, voice thick with emotion.

Harry opened his mouth to respond but was cut off by Cammi's lips pressing against his own.

"Shh." She said. "I know it's sudden and probably not what you expected to hear. I don't expect

you to say it back but I wanted- no I *needed* to be honest with you Harry. I love you you dolt, so there's no getting rid of me now."

Harry smiled. She was right he hadn't expected that and truthfully he didn't even know if he could say those words back to her, at least for now. His mind was a mess as it were, and while he cared for her more than anything, he knew better than anyone that his head was far too fucked up to comprehend love. Maybe that would change though. Cammi, Hermione, all of the girls he's grown close to over the last few months, they've helped him in more ways than they could know. Perhaps that was enough.

Leaning down he captured Cammi's lips in another kiss, this one lasting far longer than the last- only ending when his cock grew hard once more inside her. Sitting up Harry began to move his hips, falling into a rhythm with Cammi's moans as they continued their happy reunion into the earlier hours of the morning.

Things have changed far more than he could have ever anticipated. There would be consequences for these changes he was sure, but for now, Harry would enjoy the happiness they brought until he was forced to face the music. What else could a man living on borrowed time do?

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#### Author's Note

The long-awaited reunion! A bit more emotionally charged than I first intended but I think it really got the point across of where exactly Harry is mentally wise right now. Not so much accepting of his fate and more losing the fight to care sort of take on things. Don;t worry though! He'll find that fight again soon enough! (With a bit of tension and drama to kick things along) Hope this was worth the wait!

Thanks for reading!