



THROWN BACK

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Chapter 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I do?" Ron asked.

"He does?" asked Hermione.

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

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

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

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

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

Snap!

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

“Mr. Potter,” McGonagall gasped in horror.

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

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

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

Harry gave him a small smile.

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

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

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

“Harry!” Hermione screamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“So, what do I do now?” Harry asked.

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

Harry nodded.

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

“Can I think about it?” Harry asked.

“Certainly,” Dumbledore said with a nod.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Twelve sickles," she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Narcissa turned to him and raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow.

“Are you good at Defense?” she asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Really? Different how?” Dumbledore asked.

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

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

Harry shook his head.

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

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

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

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

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

“Did you find anything?” Harry asked anxiously.

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

“But what does that mean?” Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re doing great,” Harry told her.

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

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

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

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

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

“Sure,” he said with a shrug.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's horrible," he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah,” Harry said.

“Could we talk there in private after lunch?”

“Sure,” he said with a nod.

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

“So, what did you-”

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

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

“Er, what?” he asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, fuck!” she gasped.

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

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

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

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

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

He had just shagged Malfoy's mum.

Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry stumbled slightly in surprise and looked at her sharply.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Anytime,” he said, smiling back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Like a Horcrux,” Harry interjected.

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

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

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

“Yeah, a few times,” Harry admitted.

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

“Bloody hell,” Harry breathed.

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

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

Clack Clack

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

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

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

“I'm getting there,” said Dumbledore.

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

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

“What do you mean?” Harry asked curiously.

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

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

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

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

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

“I- you- what!?” Harry yelled.

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

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

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

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

“Great,” Harry said sardonically.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sure,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Where is your cloak?” he asked.

“In my pocket,” Harry answered.

"May I see it?" Dumbledore asked.

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

"Close your eyes, please," Dumbledore asked.

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

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

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

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

"Wicked," Harry said.

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course,” Dumbledore said with a nod.

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

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

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

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

Turning to Fawkes, he smiled and stroked his beard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah," he said.

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

"I will," Harry assured her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Mum!” Lily whined.

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

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

“Cynthia,” her mother introduced herself.

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

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

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

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

“I don't want to intrude,” he said.

“Nonsense, I insist,” she told him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Sixth,” he told her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Of course,” she said as she stood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey, Harry?” she asked

“Yeah?” he said as he turned to her.

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

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

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

“Great,” Lily said with a smile

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

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

“No, I'll just Apparate,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh, okay,” he said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, if you're sure,” she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

“I can see why,” her mother said.

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry?” her dad asked curiously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I could change the color,” Harry offered.

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

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

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

Lily snorted quietly at the understatement.

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

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

“Definitely,” he said with a smile.

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

“That’s how you got here?” he asked.

“Yes, and it’s far more unpleasant than it looks,” her mother said.

“I’m going to go put my things away,” Lily said, heading for the kitchen.

“Dinner will be ready soon,” her mother called after her.

“Okay,” Lily yelled back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

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

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

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

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

"What do you want?" Rosmerta asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fuck, Rosie,” Harry groaned.

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

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

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

“Oh, Merlin. Yes!” she hissed.

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

“Harry,” she moaned sultrily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 3

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

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

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

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

"Yes, Mr. Potter," she called.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hello," Harry said a bit nervously.

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

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

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

“Yeah,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What is it?” Alice asked.

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone in the room turned to stare at him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry,” Rosmerta moaned.

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

“I’m close,” he warned her.

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

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

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

Laughing, Rosmerta stood up and rinsed herself off.

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

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

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

"Hogwarts?" Harry finished.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Come on,” he said, waving her over.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What happened this time?” Alice asked.

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

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

“Firs’ years! Firs’ years over here!”

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

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

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

“Harry!” a voice called out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Why’s that?” Lily asked curiously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bellatrix raised a brow, smirking at him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You really think so?” Alice asked doubtfully.

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

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

“Really?” Harry asked, perking up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Who're you?" Sirius demanded.

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

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

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

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

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

Or son, Harry thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hopefully, things would look better in the morning.

Chapter 4

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

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

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

“Morning, Harry,” Lily called out.

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

“Morning,” Harry greeted all three of them.

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

“Sure,” he said with a smile.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Harry?"

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

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

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

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

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

It was a relief when the bell rang for class.

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

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

“What?” Harry asked, honestly confused.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Lily," someone called out.

"Go away!" she yelled back.

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

"Lily - wait," the person huffed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well?" Lily asked impatiently.

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

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

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

"What about other Muggleborns?" Lily asked.

“What about them?” Snape asked, confused.

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

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

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

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

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

Lily sighed and ran a hand through her hair thoughtfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That’s because Potter-”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nodding reluctantly, Harry followed Dorcas into the Great Hall.

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

“Where are you going?” Alice asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thanks,” Lily said, equally quiet.

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

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

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

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

“Any time,” Harry said with a smile.

Lily gave him a small smile in return.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Coward," someone muttered behind him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And he hoped they never had to.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Harry,” a familiar voice called from behind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yeah, of course,” Harry said.

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

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

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

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

“I’ll see you then,” she replied.

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

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

“Yeah, if you want,” he told her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry and Narcissa worked together for over an hour until she was able to produce a large amount of mist. Like most people he'd taught, that's where progress stalled.

"Don't worry," Harry said. "Everyone struggles at this point. It took me months to finally get it right. It's all about feeling the memory, reliving that happiness, and not just remembering it."

Narcissa nodded, looking pleased with herself at what she'd accomplished for the day. She'd taken off her robe and tie, leaving her in just a tight, white dress shirt with the top three buttons undone. There was a light sheen of sweat in the small valley of cleavage she was showing, drawing his eyes to her impressive bust.

“Good to know I can still get your attention,” Narcissa said with a smirk when she caught him staring. “Can you put some wards on the door?”

Smiling, Harry put Silencing, Locking, and Aversion Charms on the door as she stalked towards him.

“You have no idea how boring it was being in France with my parents,” she said, wrapping her arms loosely around his neck while his hands sought out her wide hips.

Pressing her lips to his, Narcissa kissed him slowly and deeply, her large breasts flattening against his chest. Harry slid his hands down to her bum, lightly squeezing her full cheeks through her thick, woolen skirt. When she pulled back a short time later, she smiled up at him with a bright-eyed, sultry gaze.

“I missed this,” Narcissa whispered.

“Me too,” Harry said with a grin.

Lifting her up, they stared at each other hungrily as he carried her over to the teacher’s desk at the front of the room.

“Mh, have I been naughty, professor?” she asked huskily.

“Very naughty,” he said, setting her down on her feet. “In fact, I think I might have to give you a detention, Ms. Black.”

“Please don’t, professor,” Narcissa said pleadingly as she dropped down to her knees. “I’ll do *anything* to make it up to you.”

Harry's cock pulsed as she reached for his belt. With quick, nimble fingers, she opened the front of his pants and reached in to pull out his mostly hard length. Stroking his shaft lightly, Narcissa opened her mouth and swallowed half of him. Keeping her eyes locked with his, she sucked hard as she pulled back to the tip, then paused to swirl her tongue around his swollen glans. By the time she pulled back off of him, his cock was rock hard and throbbing in her hand.

Palming his wand, Harry vanished both of their clothes, leaving them neatly folded on a desk a few feet away. Narcissa smirked, took his head between her lips, and ran her hand from her stomach up to her jutting breasts, pushing them up and presenting them to him. Moving one of her hands back to his shaft, she started bobbing her head, taking him deeper and deeper each time.

"If you take it all, I'll give you extra credit," Harry told her.

Looking up at him challengingly, Narcissa grabbed his thighs and used them as leverage to pull herself forward. Her chest heaved as she gagged, and her eyes squinted closed. Pulling back slightly, she sucked in a deep breath before driving forward again, forcing a good couple of inches of his cock into her tight, spasming throat as she choked and gagged loudly. Long, thick gobs of saliva fell from her lips while she pulled on his legs, slowly and determinedly pushing her lips closer to his base.

Harry stared down at her in disbelief, not expecting her to go that far. She was absolutely determined to swallow his entire length, and the sight of her quite literally fucking her own face on his cock had him harder than a bar of steel. As she drove forward again, his hands reached out and ran through her long, blonde hair while he let out a deep groan.

Over and over, Narcissa gagged herself on his length, her lips stopping just an inch short of his base. Pulling off completely, she glared at his shaft and spat on it before stroking his slimy, spit-covered length with her hand. Parting her plump lips, she drove herself forward again, her other hand gripping his ass and pulling her forward. Even as she shook her head side to side, she just couldn't get the last inch down her throat.

"Need some help?" Harry asked.

Pulling back just far enough to take a breath, the cool air chilling his soaked shaft, Narcissa looked up at him and nodded.

Gripping the back of her head with both of his hands, Harry waited until she started pushing forwards again before pulling her towards his base. Narcissa had her eyes shut tight, tears leaking from the corners. A river of saliva ran down her chin as she choked around his girth. When she reached the point she couldn't go any further on her own, Harry planted his feet and shoved her head down, forcibly driving the last half an inch down her throat and pressing her nose against his pelvis.

Harry groaned at the exquisite feeling of her tight, hot throat spasming wildly around his cock as he held her in place for several seconds. As soon as she started to pull back, he relaxed his grip, and she slowly pulled all the way back off.

Narcissa's breasts shook and jiggled as she sucked in deep breaths and coughed to clear her abused throat.

"Ten points to Slytherin," Harry said.

She chuckled at his joke and looked up at him with a bright, lustful gaze in her dark blue eyes.

"Merlin, I feel like such a whore," she said excitedly.

Opening her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his head, one hand buried between her legs as she looked up at him expectantly.

Smiling incredulously, Harry grabbed her head before thrusting into her mouth and down her throat. Starting slowly, he gradually picked up speed until he was brutally fucking her throat. Narcissa took it all willingly while fingering herself furiously. More tears ran down her eyes, smearing her makeup as loud, wet gagging filled the classroom. Occasionally, Harry would hold her down with his cock buried to the hilt in her gullet until she squirmed before letting her up to take a quick, deep breath.

His movements grew faster and more aggressive as his climax built. Narcissa's eyes remained closed, looking like she was in her own little world as he continued to use and abuse her tight little throat. Eventually, Harry couldn't hold back any longer.

"Where do you want it?" Harry asked roughly as he pulled out of her mouth, gobs of thick, slimy saliva dripping from his shaft and her bruised lips.

"Anywhere," Narcissa gasped shortly, panting for breath as she continued to finger herself.

Smiling, Harry fed his cock back between her lips and drove straight back into her throat. With short, fast thrusts, he held her head in place and hammered her throat ruthlessly. He continued, desperately chasing his orgasm as she started squirming from lack of air. A moment later, Harry buried himself as deep as he could and came straight down her throat.

Narcissa squirmed and shook wildly, not trying to escape his hold but from reaching her own climax. Harry pulsed twice more before he finally pulled back, yanking his length out of her mouth. Narcissa gasped desperately for air, her mouth open wide in a silent scream as she rode out her orgasm. He stroked himself roughly, his cock continuing to pulse as long, thick jets of cum painted her face and landed in her mouth.

By the time they were finished, both of them were breathless, and Narcissa's face was a spit and cum covered mess. Just the sight of the prim and proper Pureblood witch in such a state had him hard again in moments.

Calling the Elder Wand back into his hand, Harry cleaned her off before tossing it back onto his robes and helping Narcissa to her feet. Kissing her passionately, he grinned and spun her around to bend her over the desk. She moaned in anticipation, wiggling her full, firm ass at him temptingly.

Without hesitation, he thrust into her flooded depths from behind, causing both of them to moan. Using her ponytail like a handle, Harry began thrusting with long, deep strokes. One hand reached under her to grope one of her hanging breasts as the other pulled her head back.

“Oh, Harry,” Narcissa moaned. “Fuck me.”

Harry picked up his pace, driving into her hard enough to make her body lurch and the desk groan in protest. Narcissa let out a grunt each time his long cock bottomed out in her tight, sweltering depths. Letting go of her breast, he stood straight and smacked her ass just hard enough to sting slightly. She shocked him by cumming on the spot with a loud cry.

“Shit,” Harry grunted as she tightened and fluttered around him.

He smacked her ass several more times throughout her climax, turning her pale globes light pink. When she came down from her peak, Harry pulled out of her and turned her around to face him. Lifting her up, he sat her on the desk and slipped back into her.

Narcissa kissed him passionately as he caressed her luscious curves and slowly thrust into her. He knew from their time over the Summer that this was what she liked most of the time. As much as she enjoyed the rough stuff on occasion, what Narcissa really craved was affection. Something that he strongly suspected was severely lacking in her home life and something he was more than happy to give her.

Holding her closely, Harry continued kissing her passionately, all over her lips, neck, and chest, while thrusting into her gently, almost tenderly. Narcissa panted and moaned constantly, her lips kissing and sucking at his neck and lips while her nails raked lightly across his shoulders.

Over the next half an hour, he slowly drove her to two more trembling orgasms before starting the slow, steady climb to his own peak.

“I’m close,” he breathed into her ear.

"In me," she begged.

Fighting the urge to speed up, Harry eventually reached his end and spilled inside of her. Narcissa moaned contentedly as he flooded her depths.

Gradually, they caught their breath and talked a bit more before finally getting dressed.

"Can we do this again on Thursday?" Narcissa asked as they got ready to leave.

"Sure," Harry said with a grin.

Smiling, she gave him one last kiss before slipping out of the door.

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Harry spent the rest of the evening studying and relaxing with Lily and her friends in the common room. Just before curfew, the Marauders walked in, talking and joking boisterously. James gave him a glare when he spotted him sitting next to Lily on the couch, and Harry sighed.

After bidding the girls goodnight, he went up to his dorm and found James and the others all huddled around Peter's bed. They whispered to each other and glanced over at him on occasion as he got ready for bed.

After a long and emotionally draining day, Harry was ready to sleep. Hopefully, tomorrow would be better, he thought. Again.

As classes picked up and the homework began to pile on, Harry solidified his plan to take out Voldemort. As much as he wanted to just destroy the Horcruxes and take the fight straight to Tom, he knew it was too dangerous at that point in time. Harry didn't yet know where all the Horcruxes were, and if Voldemort discovered someone was after them, he would go to any lengths to hide the rest. Even though it galled him to do it, Harry would have to just bide his time until he knew where all of them were before doing anything.

It also meant he was going to need Dumbledore's help. While he'd lost quite a lot of trust in the old man over the years, in the end, they were still on the same side, and Dumbledore had the connections they would need to find all of the Horcruxes as quickly as possible.

That didn't mean Harry couldn't do anything, however. The Diadem was still in the school and could easily be destroyed without Voldemort knowing about it. On top of that, he had a plan to start taking the fight to Voldemort.

During the months he'd spent on the run with Ron and Hermione, Harry had spent a lot of time thinking about how they could have done things better. One thing he had come up with was turning the Taboo on Voldemort's name against the Death Eaters.

Dumbledore hadn't been too happy with his plan, but Harry had made it quite clear that he was his own man now. He wasn't going to sit back and do nothing while waiting for information on the Horcruxes.

That was why, on a Friday night, while the rest of his classmates were sitting in a nice warm common room, Harry was standing in the freezing rain out in the middle of nowhere.

"Voldemort," he said softly.

Tightening his grip on the Elder Wand, there was only the sound of his shivering breath and the patter of rain for several long seconds. Then, just as he was starting to wonder how long it would take, a pair of loud cracks broke the quiet of the night. Two people in black robes and distinctive, skull-shaped masks appeared in front of him.

Harry struck fast and hard, his wand lashing out like a whip as he fired a barrage of spells at the cloaked figures. It was clear they hadn't expected an attack by the way they cowered as his spells crashed against their hastily erected shields like hammer blows.

One of them dropped his shield and twisted on the spot, only to wince when they hit Harry's anti-Apparition wards. A split second later, he dropped to the ground stiff as a board from a blue lance of magic.

"Avada Kedavra!" the other figure shouted in a deep voice.

Harry slipped out of the way and fired back a spell of his own, a bolt of red that hit the wizard's wand hand with the sound of shattering bone. As the Death Eater's wand fell from his ruined hand with a scream, Harry silenced him with a Stunning Hex to the chest. Panting from the adrenaline coursing through his veins, Harry bound the two figures, collected their wands, and removed their masks.

He didn't recognize either of them, but that didn't necessarily mean much. There were a lot of important Death Eaters from the first war that Harry didn't know just by looking at their faces.

Grabbing them by the shoulders, he Apparated them to Hogsmeade, just outside the Shrieking Shack. Floating them inside the run-down building, Harry picked up his cloak from where he'd stashed it under the broken couch and tossed it over their bodies before making his way through the secret tunnel.

When he got back to the castle, he took them straight up to Dumbledore's office – where he was surprised to find Connie sitting across from Dumbledore.

"What happened to you?" Connie asked while eyeing his dripping wet clothes.

Harry looked to Dumbledore, who gave an uncharacteristic shrug. Sighing, he reached out and pulled the cloak off of the two Death Eaters. Connie's eyes went wide as she stared at the skull-shaped masks on their chests.

"Do you recognize them?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore stood and walked around his desk.

"This one is Fredrick Dorsey, a low-level clerk at the Ministry," he said, pointing to one of the men. "The other is Morton Avery, Markus Avery's father and Head of the Floo Network Authority."

He remembered a conversation with Sirius about people stepping into the Floo and disappearing during the first war. It hadn't been until after Voldemort's fall that the Ministry realized just how deeply the Death Eaters had penetrated into the government.

"That's good, isn't it?" Harry asked, wondering why Dumbledore looked so concerned.

"Possibly," he said. "Let us hope that Voldemort does not decide to retaliate."

"What are we supposed to do, just sit around and let Voldemort do whatever he wants?" Harry asked frustratedly. "He's going to attack people no matter what. Doing nothing isn't going to help."

"Am I missing something?" Connie asked tentatively.

"I'm using the Taboo on Voldemort's name to capture Death Eaters," Harry told her.

Connie blinked several times as she stared at him, nonplussed.



"I don't know if that's brilliant or insane," she said eventually. "Why hasn't anyone in the Aurors thought of that?"

"They have," Dumbledore told her. "The idea was turned down because of the risk of Voldemort himself turning up."

"So, definitely insane then," Connie confirmed, turning back to Harry.

"It's a risk I'm willing to take," Harry stated defiantly. "Voldemort nearly won last time because people saw him as unbeatable. If they see someone taking a stand, even if they don't know who it is, it might give them the courage to fight back."

"I still think you're taking too much of a risk," Dumbledore said with a tired sigh.

"You and I are the only ones that can handle Voldemort if he shows up. Waiting for one golden opportunity is far riskier than standing up to him now, before it's too late," Harry argued.

"And if you're killed?" he asked, arching a bushy white eyebrow.

"You know as much as I do at this point," Harry said, referring to the Horcruxes.

Connie looked between them with a furrowed brow, realizing there was something going on she wasn't privy to.

"That's not all I'm worried about," Dumbledore said.

"I know," Harry told him. "Do you need me to stick around for the Aurors?"

It was a blatant change of subject, but thankfully, Dumbledore let it go.

“No, I don’t think that will be necessary,” he replied with a small shake of his head. “You were out of the castle on personal business and defended yourself when you unintentionally activated the Taboo on Voldemort’s name, correct?”

“Exactly,” Harry said with a grin. “I’m going to go get dry. Good night, Professors.”

“Good night, Harry,” Dumbledore said.

Harry left the Headmaster’s office and used his wand to dry himself off once he was in the drafty hallway. He’d only made it halfway to the corridor that led to the main staircase when he heard the sound of running footsteps behind him. Turning around, his hand rested lightly on his wand until he saw that it was Connie rushing to catch up with him.

“Why do I get the feeling that there’s more to you than what I was told?” she asked, falling into step next to him.

Harry sighed and cast a Muffliato Charm around them as they walked.

“What exactly did Dumbledore tell you about me?” Harry asked in return.

“Just that you were sent back in time after an accident,” Connie told him.

Harry nodded and thought for a moment about how much to tell her. He liked Connie, and he trusted her. She worked alongside Amelia Bones quite a lot as an Auror, and Kingsley had always spoken highly of her.

“To make a really long story short, Voldemort lost his powers when I was a baby and then came back years later. I’m the one that killed him,” he told her.

“You beat him?” Connie asked, her eyes wide.

“Yeah,” Harry said, wondering if she would even believe him.

“Wow,” she breathed. “I take it there’s more to it that you can’t tell me about?”

“Sorry,” Harry said apologetically.

“I understand,” Connie said.

They fell into silence for a long moment as they climbed the stairs. Harry was lost in thought, wondering if he should tell her more. Not about the Horcruxes, obviously, but he could safely tell her something about the other parts.

“Well, I guess that explains what happened in class,” Connie started, causing Harry to turn and look at her questioningly. “I know when someone is holding back. Everyone else in class was trying as hard as they could to beat me, yet you did better than any of them and you looked like you weren’t even trying.”

“I thought Fiendfyre might be a bit much,” Harry joked.

Connie laughed, and they talked a bit more until they reached her office.

“If you need a hand next time you go Death Eater hunting, let me know, alright?”

“I will,” Harry promised as they parted.

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As the week passed, Harry decided to wait on going after any more Death Eaters until he saw how the Ministry reacted to arresting one of their own. There was no point in risking his life if they were just going to get off with a bribe.

During that time, he noticed Remus looking more and more ill each day. After giving it some thought, Harry came up with an explanation and waited until the end of Ancient Runes to approach him, a class none of the other Marauders took.

“Remus,” Harry called out.

Telling Lily he would meet her at lunch, he jogged up to Remus.

“Can we talk for a minute?” he asked.

Remus nodded and followed Harry as he led him to an empty classroom. Silencing the door, he pulled a small wooden box out of his pocket.

“Here, this is for you,” Harry said.

Remus looked at him suspiciously before cautiously opening the box to reveal seven vials filled with a blue and pink speckled potion.

“What is it?” Remus asked as he held up one of the vials and eyed the potion inside.

“It’s called Wolfsbane,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “My uncle created it. If you take one a day the week leading up to a full moon, it lets a Werewolf keep their human mind while transformed.”

Remus went deathly pale and nearly dropped the potions as he stared at Harry fearfully.

“I-I’m not-” Remus stuttered.

“It’s alright, I won’t tell anyone,” Harry assured him. “Look, my uncle was a Werewolf. I know what the signs look like, and I know you’re just a normal person outside your monthlies.”

Harry’s joke fell flat as Remus stared between him and the potion in his hands, his eyes shining with fear and hope.

“If this is some kind of joke...” he said.

“It’s not,” Harry told him. “You can ask Professor Slughorn if you want, I already showed it to him.”

He’d known that it was unlikely that Remus would believe him, so he’d asked Slughorn to vouch for him. He also talked the professor into publishing the potion under his own name in exchange for his silence. Harry didn’t want the attention like Slughorn did and there was very little money to be made with a potion like Wolfsbane. Werewolves weren’t known for having money. Plus, it was always good to be owed a favor from Slughorn, even if he didn’t really like the man.

“You’re serious?” Remus asked. “This will stop the wolf from taking over?”

“It will,” Harry said with a smile. “I know you don’t know me that well, or really have any reason to trust me. Just talk to Slughorn, he’ll be able to tell you more about it than I can.”

Seeing that Remus still looked quite shocked, Harry turned to leave so he could have some time to think about it.

“Wait!” Remus called out, causing Harry to turn back with his hand on the doorknob. “Thanks, I – well, thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” Harry said with a grin.

They didn’t have Potions that day, but from the way Remus and the rest of the Marauders kept glancing at him throughout dinner, he thought Remus had probably spoken to Slughorn. Harry hoped it also might ease some of the tension that had been growing between them in the dorm.

James was understandably jealous of the amount of time he spent with Lily, and Sirius seemed to dislike him for reasons Harry wasn’t really sure about. He made comments about Harry spending time with Narcissa because she was a Slytherin, despite the fact that she was also his cousin, but Harry didn’t think that was the whole reason. Perhaps he felt Harry was an intruder, or maybe he just disliked him on principle because James did. Maybe it was a combination of the two, or it was for a different reason altogether. Either way, it still hurt to know that they didn’t like him.

Unfortunately, there wasn’t much he could do about that. Finishing his dinner, Harry wiped his mouth and turned to Lily.

“I’ll see you back in the common room,” he said.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“I’m helping Narcissa with her Patronus Charm again,” Harry told her.

“Could I come?” Lily asked hopefully. “I’d love to learn the Patronus Charm.”

Harry cursed as he tried to think of an excuse.

“I don’t mind, but I’m not sure how Narcissa would feel about that. How about we work on it tomorrow after dinner?” Harry asked.

“Okay,” Lily said with a smile.

“Great,” Harry said, relieved his evening with Narcissa wouldn’t be ruined.

With a smile and a wave, Harry left the table, completely unaware of the conversation that immediately started up in his absence.

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“You don’t think there’s anything going on between Harry and Narcissa, do you?” Dorcas asked thoughtfully.

“You think they’re sleeping together?” Mary McDonald asked with a giggle.

“They do spend a lot of time together,” Alice added.

“He’s just teaching her a spell,” Lily said, rolling her eyes.

“They’ve been at it for a while though,” Mary pointed out.

“It’s a difficult spell,” Lily said defensively. “Harry said it can take months to learn.”

“So, they’ll be going off together, alone, for months?” Dorcas asked suggestively.

Lily huffed and shook her head at Mary and Dorcas’ continued speculation on other couples as they began walking back to the common room. Lily fell to the back of the group, lost in thought as she trudged through the halls. Alice noticed and stopped to wait for her to catch up.

“You okay?” Alice asked.

Lily jerked her head up.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she said.

“Really?” Alice asked doubtfully.

Lily was quiet for a moment, nibbling on her bottom lip thoughtfully.

“Do you really think there’s something going on between Harry and Narcissa?” she asked quietly.

“It’s possible, they do spend a lot of time together, why – oh, Merlin,” Alice gasped with a grin. “You fancy him, don’t you?”

“What? No!” Lily denied instantly.

“I can’t believe I didn’t see it before,” Alice said.

“I don’t fancy Harry,” Lily protested, folding her arms over her chest.

“Oh, come on, Lils,” Alice pressed, nudging Lily’s shoulder with hers. “It’s me you’re talking to.”

Lily sighed and her shoulders slumped.

“Fine, I like him,” she admitted.



"I knew it," Alice said excitedly. "He's like James Potter, but without any of the arrogance to go with it."

Lily turned and slapped Alice's shoulder.

"What was that for?" Alice asked indignantly.

"For implying that I, in any way, find James Potter attractive," Lily huffed.

Both girls were silent for a moment before they giggled. As they calmed, Lily lost her smile.

"So, you think there's something going on between Harry and Narcissa?" she asked.

"Well, it's possible," Alice admitted. "But if there was, surely they would have started dating by now, right?"

"Maybe," Lily said, not looking too convinced.

"And even if there is, if they *aren't* dating by now, then that just means it isn't serious," Alice continued cheerfully.

"Right," Lily said, looking a bit more cheerful.

"Tell you what, how 'bout I ask him tomorrow?" Alice offered.

"I don't know," Lily said uncertainly.

"It'll be fine, Lily," Alice soothed while wrapping her arm around her friend's shoulders. "Wouldn't you rather know for sure, instead of just guessing?"

"I suppose," Lily admitted nervously. "But what do I do? Should I just tell him? What if he doesn't like me that way?"

"He'd be a bloody idiot if he doesn't, I mean look at you," Alice said with a grin that finally got a smile out of Lily. "Tell you what, there's a Hogsmeade visit coming up at the end of October. What if we drop a few hints and see if he asks you? If he doesn't, then I'll just beat him over the head until he does."

Lily laughed as they stepped into the common room and walked over to one of the small tables so she and Alice could talk privately while they studied.

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Twenty minutes before curfew, Harry walked Narcissa back to the Slytherin common room, as he had done every night they studied together. Although, to be honest, they hadn't gotten much studying done that night, he thought with a grin.

Giving her a kiss on the cheek, he bid Narcissa goodnight before she gave the password, and the bare stretch of wall in front of her morphed into a tunnel leading to the Slytherin dorms. Smiling to himself, Harry turned and started walking back towards Gryffindor tower. As he walked down an empty stretch of hall in the dark, dank dungeons of Hogwarts, the hair on the back of his neck stood on end.

Feeling as if he was being watched, Harry gripped his wand and clutched it in his hand. Suddenly, on pure instinct, he spun around just in time to see a twisting, writhing bolt of purple magic flying towards his legs. With a flick of his wand, Harry shattered the spell into a hundred sparkling pieces. Before the sparks had completely burned themselves out, a shockwave pulsed outwards from his body.

Four disillusioned figures, hiding in alcoves and behind suits of armor, were thrown backwards roughly into the stone walls, knocking the breath out of them and dispelling their Disillusionment Charms. Harry easily recognized their faces as they shimmered into view. Lucius Malfoy, Rudolphus and Rabastan Lestrangle, and Markus Avery.

As the four of them scrambled to get to their feet, Harry scowled furiously and swiped his wand, the tip pointing downwards. All of them grunted and fell to their hands and knees, his spell making it feel as if the weight of a Hippogriff was holding them down. In reality, it was Harry's own magic pressing down on them.

Another wave of his wand ripped theirs from their hands and left them scattered along the hall.

"Cowards," Harry spat angrily. "Hiding in the shadows, attacking when someone's back is turned. Now which one of you idiots wants to tell me what this is all about?"

Malfoy looked up and glared at him impotently. Before Harry could say anything else, he heard a set of footsteps walking up behind him. Turning around, he saw Bellatrix walking up to him, wand in hand and a smirk on her lips.

"They're upset you're spending so much time with my sister," she said, her violet eyes glinting in the light of the torches along the wall.

"Don't just stand there," Malfoy growled, gritting his teeth at the strain of holding himself up. "Deal with him and get us out of here you stupid bitch."

"Aw, you think I'm here to help you?" Bella asked tauntingly, before laughing at them.

"Then why are you here?" Harry asked.

"I wanted to see how you'd handle them," she replied with a grin, her eyes raking up and down his body. "I knew there was something special about you. I just wanted to see it for myself."

Shrugging off her heavy cloak, Bellatrix dropped it to the ground and smiled expectantly.

“I really don’t think you want to do this,” Harry said, preparing himself for another duel.

“Oh, I think I do,” Bellatrix answered, smiling.

Glancing over at the four boys behind him, she licked her lips excitedly and looked back at him. Harry could see a trace of that obsessive light that he’d seen when she looked at Voldemort sparkling in her eyes as she looked at him. It worried him for a moment, but he couldn’t help but think how much better off the world would be if Bellatrix were obsessed with someone like him instead of someone like Voldemort. Could he really save Bellatrix Black, Harry wondered.

It was worth trying, he decided.

“I never did like dueling without a good reason,” Harry said conversationally. “How about we make a bet?”

“What kind of bet?” Bellatrix asked suspiciously.

“The winner gets to do anything they want with the loser for twenty-four hours,” Harry said.

Bellatrix raised an eyebrow, then grinned a moment later.

“Deal,”

The second the word left her lips, she went on the attack, spell after spell spitting from the end of her wand. Harry deflected them, but it was clear she was much more powerful and skilled than the vast majority of their classmates. Unsurprisingly, quite a few of the curses she sent at him were Dark in nature and would be incredibly painful if they hit.

Behind him, Harry could feel Malfoy inching his way closer to his wand, but he was moving so slowly it wasn't a concern. Waving his own wand, he knocked Bellatrix roughly against the wall. Like most witches and wizards, if the spell wasn't visible, she had a hard time knowing how to deal with it. She wasn't far enough along to sense magic yet, but he knew she would be one day.

As Bellatrix moved to stand up, Harry used the same trick he had on the others to pin her in place. She was much better at fighting it than her male housemates, using her magic to push back rather than brute strength, but she was still no match for Harry. Holding her in place, he ripped her wand from her hand using a powerful Summoning Charm and then used her own robe to tie her up by transfiguring it into a long black rope. Slithering like a snake, it wrapped around her arms and waist, just under her large breasts.

Harry walked forward to stand in front of her, his crotch just inches from her face. Bellatrix panted as she looked up at him, her violet eyes sparkling excitedly before she glanced behind him. Smirking, Harry twitched his wand, moving Malfoy's wand further away from his hand just as he reached out to grab it.

"I don't know why you even bothered," Harry said. "Even if you got to it, it's not like it would do you any good."

Malfoy growled angrily as he panted exhaustedly from his crawling.

"You'll pay for this!" he spat furiously.

"Somehow, I doubt that," Harry said, then reached out to run a hand through Bellatrix's hair while putting up a powerful Aversion Charm on the hallway. "If they don't like me spending time with your sister, I wonder how they'll feel about it when I take two of the Black sisters."

He pulled Bellatrix's head closer to him, and she looked up at him with a hooded gaze as she understood what he wanted. The moment the ropes around her fell free, she reached up,

quickly tearing his pants open excitedly. With a tug, she pulled down his underwear and freed his rapidly hardening cock.

“Good girl,” Harry praised.

It was quite a powerful feeling, to see a beautiful, powerful witch like Bellatrix Black looking up at him with a nearly worshipful gaze. Harry could easily understand how someone could become addicted to this.

Taking him in hand, she stroked his length while taking the head between her full, pink lips. Harry hissed as she nursed on the head until he was completely hard. His free hand joined the first in her long, curly black hair, and he held her in place as he pushed himself deeper into her mouth. Bellatrix took him willingly as she stared up at him, her hands moving to his hips.

Based on what he'd seen both here, and in his time, Harry knew Bellatrix needed a firm hand to guide her. Someone strong and confident that she could devote herself to. He just had to make sure to show her affection as well. For now, though, he just needed her to know he could dominate her the way he knew she wanted.

Holding her head in place, Harry sawed his hips back and forth, fucking her mouth as her lips stretched wide around his girth. It didn't take long for him to learn an interesting fact; Bellatrix didn't have a gag reflex. Her eyes sparkled as he quickly buried himself to the root in her tight throat.

“Fuck,” Harry grunted.

Smiling with her eyes, Bellatrix sealed her lips around his shaft and sucked as he slowly pulled back until his head came free with a *pop*. His glistening length bobbed in front of her as she smirked up at him.

“I bet my sister can't do that,” she said rather smugly.

“What?” Lucius Malfoy growled.

Harry had nearly forgotten the four Slytherin boys were there. Still pinned by his magic, all of them had collapsed onto their stomachs, too tired to hold themselves up any longer. Bellatrix’s eyes glittered maliciously as she leaned to the side to look past Harry’s leg with a smirk on her lips.

“Didn’t you know Harry was fucking her?” she asked mockingly, then laughed when they all glared at her. “Cissy’s been fucking him for weeks. She comes back to the dorm and brags about how big his cock is, and how good it feels inside of her. Much better than any of your tiny pricks.”

“And how do you know that?” Harry asked sharply.

Bellatrix’s eyes snapped up to look at him, the smile falling from her lips as she began stroking him again and rubbing his length against her face.

“Alecto Carrow told me,” she said. “She’s fucked every Slytherin within two years of her. I’d never let any of these pathetic fools touch me.”

With one hand, Harry let go of her hair and stroked her cheek. Bellatrix leaned into his touch.

“Good,” Harry said, causing her to smile.

Moving his hand back to her hair, he guided her lips back to his tip. Eagerly, she took him back into her mouth and began sucking him again. Quickly, Harry went back to thrusting in and out of her throat. Despite not having a gag reflex, obscene squelches and gasps still left her mouth as his thick cock battered and stretched her gullet.

Knowing he could be caught at any minute if someone discovered his spell, Harry mercilessly used Bellatrix for his own pleasure. Tears gathered in the corners of her eyes as she continued

to stare at him despite the pounding her face was taking. A copious amount of thick, stringy saliva leaked out of her mouth and dripped down onto her top. Her white shirt turned transparent where it landed, revealing the edges of her black bra underneath.

Feeling himself getting close, Harry pulled himself out of her mouth to catch his breath. Bellatrix gasped for air, and it was only then that he noticed that her hand was buried under the waistband of her skirt. She stared up at him with a lustful, hooded gaze and panted lightly with her mouth wide open, waiting for him to continue using her as she played with herself. Smiling, Harry thrust himself back into her mouth and down her throat.

His cock throbbed as her tight throat convulsed around him, rapidly pushing him towards his peak. With just a handful of thrusts, Harry tipped over the edge. His shaft pulsing, the first jet of cum fired straight down her throat. Pulling back slightly, Bellatrix sucked on his hard-on as the rest of his climax flooded her mouth and coated her tongue.

Going limp, he pulled out of her mouth completely and tucked his spent, spit-covered member back into his pants. She looked up at him and swallowed with a moan as her body trembled. Closing her eyes, Bellatrix reached her own climax just seconds after his ended.

“We’ll get you for this you little Mudblood. You and your stupid whore,” Rudolphus barked furiously as he tried in vain to reach for the wand that was several feet away from his outstretched hand.

Bellatrix’s eyes snapped open and narrowed angrily.

“What did you call me?” she hissed dangerously.

Grabbing her wand off the ground, she stood up and stalked over to him. Lestrangle’s glare fell away as he looked up at her. Despite the tears and spit covering her face, Bellatrix still looked as fearsome as ever as she stood over the defenseless wizard.

“I asked you a question,” she barked.



A bright red Stinging Hex shot from her wand and hit Rudolphus in the back. Yelping in pain, his muscles strained as he tried to scoot away from her.

“Bella,” Harry called out sharply.

She froze as he walked up behind her, her tense shoulder relaxing slightly as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

“Don’t waste the effort. They’re much better things we could be doing with our time,” Harry said quietly.

His hands trailed up her flat stomach until his fingers rested on the underside of her breasts. As she relaxed against him, he tilted his head and kissed the side of her neck.

“Traitor,” Rudolphus grumbled bitterly.

“Bella,” Harry said sternly as her arm shot up, her wand pointed at Lestrangle’s face.

She froze again, but her body shook with barely suppressed anger. That anger only got worse when Rudolphus smirked at her.

“Don’t use anything that leaves a mark,” Harry said, changing his mind.

The smile on Rudolphus’ face fell, and now it was Bellatrix’s turn to smile. He winced as a blue spell washed over him, then cautiously opened his eyes when nothing obvious happened.

“What did you do to me?” he asked fearfully.

“An Impotence Hex,” Bellatrix said with a satisfied grin. “Don’t bother trying to reverse it, this one’s a special family spell.”

“You bitch!” Rudolphus spat.

“I can cut it off, if you prefer,” Bellatrix said threateningly.

“Rudolphus, shut up,” Malfoy told him, then raised his eyes to look at Harry with a glare.

Harry ignored him.

“Let’s go, there’s a special room I’d like to show you,” Harry told Bellatrix quietly, his fingers running along the underside of her thin bra. “Unless you’d rather go with them.”

Bellatrix scoffed and lowered her wand.

“I don’t like weak men,” she said.

The four wizards on the floor scowled as Harry and Bellatrix turned to leave.

“Have a good night, gents,” Harry said without looking back.

## Chapter 6

Harry led Bellatrix straight up to the seventh floor using secret passages to avoid professors and prefects who were just starting their nightly patrols. Telling her to wait next to the portrait of Barnabas the Barmy, he paced in front of the Room of Requirement three times. Bellatrix watched him closely, her eyes hooded with excitement.

As soon as the door appeared, he waved her over. She wasn't the least bit curious as to how Harry knew so much about the castle. Her only concern seemed to be to follow him, no matter where he went.

The room was nothing fancy. Just a small cozy room with a fireplace and a bed in it. Harry barely gave it a glance before closing the door behind Bellatrix and pinning her against it. He stood a good four inches taller than her as she looked up at him, her violet eyes sparkling excitedly while she panted lightly with anticipation.

Reaching up, Harry tucked a stray ringlet of hair behind her ear, then traced his fingers along her jaw and the side of her neck. Suddenly, he gripped her slender neck firmly, though not tightly enough to restrict her breathing. He could feel each trembling, excited breath she took through the palm of his hand, and her racing pulse pounded against the pad of his thumb where it rested on the side of her throat.

Leaning forward slowly, Harry paused with his lips a hair's breadth away from hers. Bellatrix, her eyes closed in anticipation, thrust her chin forward, trying to meet him even though his hand held her in place. Smiling, Harry closed the remaining distance and kissed her firmly. As their lips opened so their tongues could meet, he pressed his body firmly against hers. Bellatrix's soft curves gave way to his hard muscle, her breasts flattening against his chest as he pinned her between him and the door.

Pulling his lips back from hers breathlessly, Harry let go of her neck and trailed his hand down to her shirt. Grabbing the front with both hands, he jerked them apart, ripping her shirt open and sending buttons flying across the room with a clatter.

Without any hesitation, he gripped and squeezed her large, full tits through her thin, lacy black bra. Bellatrix bit her lip and looked up at him with a hooded, lustful gaze as she arched her back against the door and slipped her arms out of her shirt. It dangled from her skirt as she reached back to unclasp her bra.

Harry yanked it off of her, exposing her perky mounds and puffy, light pink nipples to his hungry stare. Squeezing the firm orbs roughly, he leaned forward and kissed Bellatrix heatedly. His mouth devoured hers as his fingers pinched and rolled her small, engorged nipples. Moaning

into his mouth, she scrambled with impatient movements to pull off his tie and unbutton his shirt.

Feeling his own patience reach the breaking point, Harry pulled back and snapped his fingers. Both of their clothes were torn from their bodies and flung across the room by his wild magic. Bellatrix gasped at the display of power, her nails digging into his skin as she pulled him closer with a hungry stare.

As their lips met, Harry grabbed her bum and lifted her up. Bellatrix wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly as he carried her over to the bed. Her wet folds dragged along his shaft, leaving a glistening trail along his length as he set her down on the soft mattress. Standing at the foot of the bed, Harry lined himself up with her dripping entrance. Without any preamble, he gripped her shoulders and buried himself to the hilt in a single, powerful thrust.

Bellatrix's eye rolled into the back of her head while arching her back. A long, low moan left escaped her lips as Harry pounded into her with short, sharp thrusts. With her legs bent and dangling in the air, her jutting tits bounced wildly on her chest. As Bellatrix gasped and panted, Harry grabbed her breasts tightly and bent down to wrap his lips around one of her pink nipples.

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed as Harry teeth scraped over her swollen nub.

Smirking against her breast, he straightened up. Pinching both her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, Harry pulled up sharply, distending her globes as they continued to bounce from his merciless pounding. Bellatrix's face screwed up in a mixture of pain and pleasure until a gasp left her lips when the light pink flesh slipped free from his grip.

"More," Bellatrix begged breathily as her depths fluttered around him and her back ached.

Harry took the opportunity to squeeze one of her tits roughly while slapping the other, the pale globe turning pink where his hand connected. His hips snapped forwards brutally, thighs slapping loudly against her ass as her legs tightened around him. Bellatrix cried out as she squirmed under him, her hips bucking as she leaked around his thrusting length.

Feeling her nearing her peak, Harry reached up and stroked her cheek.

“Cum for me,” he said commandingly.

Bellatrix panted heavily, her nails leaving fiery lines across the back of his shoulders and her eyes closed as her face scrunched up. A second later, her eyes flew back open, and a gasp left her lips. Harry chose that moment to grab her throat and squeezed tightly, cutting off her air just as she tipped over the edge. Bellatrix opened her mouth in a silent scream as she writhed wildly under him. Her depths gasped his still hammering cock in a death grip while her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

Harry grunted from the incredible feeling but still wasn't close to his own end because of his earlier releases with both Narcissa and Bellatrix. Clawing at the sheets, Bellatrix had a wild look in her eyes as her orgasm just kept going. When her face turned red, he finally let go of her throat. She sucked in a desperate breath before throwing her head back and screaming out her pleasure to the room. Even as she collapsed to the bed exhaustedly, a light sheen of sweat covering her flawless skin, her walls still fluttered spasmodically around him.

Pulling out of her, Harry rolled her over onto her stomach and crawled onto the bed before lifting her up by the waist and dragging her fully onto the bed. Bellatrix started to push herself up onto her hands and knees, but he stopped her by putting his weight onto her. With her legs together, Harry used his hand to pull apart her lush cheeks to find her entrance.

As he pushed back into her, he wasn't able to go as deep in this position, but she felt impossibly tight. Sinking into her, Bellatrix suddenly gasped when the head of his cock bumped into the small bundle of nerves along the top of her soft, hot folds. Harry groped her ass as he began to move, each pump of his hip drawing a deep, pleasure-filled moan from her lips.

Watching his thick length saw in and out of her tight lips, he raised his right hand and then brought it down on the pale globe of her ass. Bellatrix grunted from the hard spank and her folds tightened around him.

With his left hand, Harry reached up and grabbed a handful of her thick, curly black hair. Tugging her hair, her neck arched back, allowing him to hear her pleasure filled cries as he smacked her ass hard, alternating between cheeks.

It didn't take long for Harry to become frustrated at not being able to thrust properly from the slightly awkward position. Leaning forward, he stretched his legs out behind him and laid his weight down on top of her. Bellatrix groaned as his length sank slightly deeper into her tight depths and his body pinned her to the mattress. With his hand still in her hair, Harry pulled her head back to kiss and suck at the side of her neck as he began driving his throbbing cock down into her.

While he worked on leaving a large, purple love bite on her delicate skin, his hips pummeled Bellatrix's bum from his powerful thrusts. Each time he entered her; Harry used his weight to drive into her depths. His thick head battered against her walls, drawing little grunts from her when he hit that sensitive bundle of nerves deep in her core.

Slipping one hand under her body, he reached across her chest to palm her breast as he increased his pace. Despite her recent climax, Bellatrix moaned as the constant stimulation of her G-spot was quickly pushing her towards another.

"You're mine, Bella," Harry said possessively.

Turning her head, Bellatrix looked at him with the same look expression of complete and utter devotion he'd seen in his time when she spoke of Voldemort.

"All yours," she panted.

A moment later, she closed her eyes and gave a short scream as she tipped over the edge. Harry smiled and kissed her lips, chin, and neck as her muscles trembled and she drenched his cock in her arousal.

"What would you do for me?" Harry asked, his lips brushing her ear.

“Anything,” Bellatrix said instantly.

“Would you fuck your sister?” he asked, his cock swelling at the thought.

“Yes,” she hissed, causing Harry to smile at the lust-filled tone in her breathy voice. “We’ve experimented with each other before.”

“Really?” Harry asked, fucking her harder and drawing a whine from her throat. “You haven’t been experimenting with any men, have you?”

Bellatrix’s eyes sprang open.

“Never,” she panted pleadingly.

“Good,” he praised her.

Harry stroked her cheek, the tender gesture in complete contrast to the brutal pounding he was giving her. Still, Bellatrix closed her eyes and leaned into his touch.

Feeling his peak starting to build, he stopped talking and focus on reaching his own climax. Under him, Bellatrix rolled from one orgasm into the next as he used her body for his own pleasure. With just a few more thrusts, he buried himself as deep as possible as he came hard. Bellatrix moaned deeply when she felt him explode within her depths. Gripping the sheets tightly, she shook as he flexed his hips with each pulse of his cock.

When Harry finally pulled out of her a minute later, he looked down and watched as his cum slowly dripped out of her flooded core. As he rolled over onto his back, Bellatrix followed him despite her exhaustion and curled up against his chest.

As much as he would have liked to stay in the Room of Requirement with her all night, he knew they couldn't. After just an hour of rest, Harry and Bellatrix got dressed, and he used his invisibility cloak to walk her back do to the Slytherin dorms.

"I want you to protect your sister," Harry told her as they stood just outside the entrance. "Make sure Malfoy and his friends don't cause her any problems. If they do, tell me as soon as you can."

"I will," Bellatrix assured him.

Still under the cloak, Harry smiled as he pulled her close and kissed her heatedly.

"Don't tell her anything about tonight until I've had a chance to talk to her tomorrow. And don't tell anyone else about us just yet," he said, then leaned in so his lips were next to her ear. "I want to keep you as my little secret."

Bellatrix smiled excitedly as she stared up at him worshipfully, nodding her head.

"Good girl," Harry said, stroking her cheek. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

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From the glare Narcissa gave Harry at breakfast the next morning, he guessed that someone, probably Malfoy or one of his friends, told her about him and Narcissa. He sighed tiredly as he tried to think of what he was going to do. He still felt like he owed her for lying to Voldemort for him. It was hard to forget the argument he overheard when he was a prisoner at Malfoy manor, where Narcissa had told Lucius how much she hated her life with him.

At the time, Harry had bigger concerns to worry about. Perhaps that was still true even now, but he still felt the need to help her. Hopefully, she would at least give him a chance to explain.

“Did something happen between you and Narcissa?” Alice asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

“Er, I’m not sure,” Harry said.

“What do you mean? You don’t know?” she asked curiously.

“Well, she’s obviously mad at me, I just don’t know why,” Harry lied.

“Do you two have a row?” Alice asked.

“No,” Harry said honestly.

Lily was watching them closely, her eyes bouncing between them like she was watching a tennis match. Harry had the sudden feeling that he was missing something, a feeling he was familiar with after being friends with Hermione for so long. Of course, just thinking about his best friend made him miss her awfully.

“So, are you two dating?” Alice asked.

“Sorry, is who dating?” Harry asked, having lost track of the conversation.

“You can Narcissa,” Alice said. “Are you dating?”

“Oh, no. No, we’re just friends,” Harry told her.

Alice smiled happily and shared a look with Lily. Harry finally caught on to what was happening and swallowed nervously.

Neville's mum fancies me, brilliant he thought to himself sarcastically.

There was too much going on for him to even try and think about how to deal with that right now. Finishing his breakfast quickly, Harry made an excuse about forgetting his books and left the Great Hall. Instead of going back to Gryffindor Tower like he said he was, he wrapped himself up in his invisibility cloak and waited in the Entrance Hall.

Thankfully, Narcissa left not long after he did, and before most of the students left for class. Taking off his cloak, Harry walked up behind her.

"We should talk," Harry said quietly.

Narcissa glared at him but allowed him to steer her into an empty classroom.

"You slept with my sister," she said accusingly as soon as the door was closed.

"I can explain," Harry said, holding his hand up in surrender.

"You. Slept. With. My. Sister," Narcissa growled through gritted teeth as she punctuated each word with a smack on the shoulder.

"Look," Harry said, "you know your sister can get quite obsessive, especially when it comes to someone who's powerful, right?"

"So?" Narcissa asked angrily.

"So, wouldn't you rather her become obsessed with someone like me, rather than someone like Voldemort?" Harry asked.

Narcissa folded her arms and eyed him suspiciously. Before she could say anything, the door opened, and Bellatrix walked in with a grin on her face.

“Have you two kissed and made up yet?” she asked.

“No,” Narcissa said angrily. “How did you even find us?”

“I saw you leave after Harry, so I followed you,” Bellatrix said unrepentantly.

“Haven’t you caused enough problems already?” Narcissa spat.

Bellatrix rolled her eyes.

“Stop being such a little princess, Cissy. There’s no reason we can’t share,” Bellatrix said.

“I don’t want to share!” Narcissa yelled petulantly.

“You didn’t mind sharing when I bought that dildo from the Muggle shop,” Bellatrix said with a salacious grin.

Narcissa blushed heavily and resolutely avoided meeting Harry’s eyes.

“That’s different,” she said.

“Don’t be so selfish,” Bellatrix said. “Besides, you said you weren’t dating him, why does it matter?”

“That’s only because mother and father are set on selling us to someone like Malfoy or Lestrangle,” Narcissa said bitterly.

Cautiously, Harry wrapped his arm around her waist. Surprisingly, she leaned into his embrace and hugged herself to his side.

“Why can’t we just be like everyone else and date whoever we want?” she asked miserably.

Harry felt horrible for her, and even Bellatrix patted her shoulder sympathetically.

“Don’t they consider the Potters Purebloods?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but not *proper* Purebloods,” Narcissa sneered mockingly. “They think of any family that’s married Muggleborns as Blood Traitors.”

“What if I told them I was from a line of the Potters that stayed pure?” Harry asked.

“I didn’t know the Potters had a pure line,” Bellatrix said.

“They don’t,” Harry said with a grin. “But your parents don’t need to know that.”

Bellatrix smiled as her violet eyes sparkled and Narcissa snorted in laughter.

“I don’t think they’d fall for that,” Narcissa said doubtfully.

“It’s a try thought, isn’t it?” Harry asked.

“You’re really willing to talk to them?” Narcissa asked in return, looking quite vulnerable as she looked up at him.

“For you? Of course,” Harry told her.

Smiling brightly, she hugged him around the middle and buried her face in the crook of his neck.

“Are you okay now?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” she said, then pulled back and looked at her sister. “I’m sorry, Bella.”

“It’s alright,” Bellatrix said.

Pulling away from Harry, Narcissa hugged her tightly. Harry smiled in relief that things had worked out.

The bell for the start of classes rang, and they left the classroom to join the crowded halls. After parting with Narcissa at Charms, Harry and Bellatrix continued to their own class. As they reached the Transfigurations class, she pulled him off to the side in a little alcove.

“Did Bella do good?” she asked coyly.

Harry smiled down at her.

“Bella did very good,” he told her.

Kissing her hard, he gave her breasts a quick squeeze before they broke apart and headed to class.

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After dinner, Harry showed Lily to an abandoned classroom to teach her the Patronus Charm. She nearly skipped through the halls in her excitement to learn a new spell and it made Harry smile to see that.

With how proficient she was at Charms in general, it wasn't surprising that she got a thick mist on her first try. From there, she struggled the same as everyone Harry had ever taught. Quickly, her frustration started to get the best of her.

"It takes a while to get a feel for it, but once you get it, it's a lot easier," Harry told her.

"I just don't understand what I'm doing wrong," Lily said, then blew out a breath loudly.

"It's all about finding the right thought to hold in your mind. One that makes you happier than you've ever been," Harry said.

"I thought it had to be a memory," Lily said, her brow furrowed.

"Not necessarily," Harry said slowly as he thought of the best way to word his explanation. "It just has to be something that makes you feel happy. Memories work best because you've already experienced it and the feelings are stronger."

"What memory do you use?" Lily asked curiously.

"My mum," Harry said softly. "Dementors make me remember the night she was killed. It's the only memory I have of her voice. Just hearing it, and knowing she loved me enough to sacrifice her life for mine, makes for a powerful memory. Of course, that's part of what took me so long to get the charm to work properly. Even though it was a horrible moment, I liked hearing her

voice, so a part of me didn't want it to work. That's a big part of it as well, you really have to want the charm to work to be able to cast it."

"I'm sorry," Lily said, reaching out to hold and squeeze his hand.

"It's alright," Harry said with a smile.

He looked over at Lily, and once again, it was almost impossible for him to see her as the woman who would one day be the mother that gave her life for his.

Lily practiced for another hour before they finally called it a night and headed back to the common room, talking and laughing as if they'd known each other for years.

## Chapter 7

A week after giving Remus the Wolfsbane potion, on the night of the full moon, Harry deliberately went to bed early so the Marauders could sneak out without having to worry about him. An hour after they left, he climbed out of bed, grabbed his Cleansweep 7 and cloak out of his trunk, and flew out of the window. The night air was cool as he slowly made his way towards the Shrieking Shack. Perching on a limb high up in a tree, Harry sat down and waited.

As the bright, full moon peeked over the treetops, a horrific, scream of pain emanated from the shack. Harry winced in sympathy for Remus as the screams continued for a couple of minutes, the sound growing more inhuman with each passing second. What started as a pained human cry ended as an angry, bestial howl before trailing off into complete silence.

It was almost a minute later when the back door to the shack burst open and a Werewolf shot out towards the tree line, followed closely by a stag and a big black dog. As the three large animals ran around playfully on the edge of the forest, Harry noticed the grass rustling. It was almost like playing Quidditch, he thought. Flying on a broom, looking for an almost imperceptible target. Looking closer, he finally spotted the small brown rat standing on its hind legs to peek over the top of the tall grass.

Despite all of the pain Peter had caused him and countless other families with his actions, Harry couldn't help but smile at seeing the four friends together; young, happy, and alive. It was such a powerful thing for him to see, that tears welled in his eyes.

Just then, Remus paused and looked straight up at him. Grinning, Harry gave him a quick wave before Remus' attention was drawn by Sirius, who barked and took off at a sprint into the forest. Remus turned back to look at Harry just as he mounted his broom, while Peter climbed aboard James' antlers and followed Sirius. Still smiling, Harry turned and flew back to the castle.

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The next morning, as Harry left the Gryffindor common room for the Great Hall, Remus ran up to him. He looked around to make sure they were alone before speaking.

"Thank you," Remus said gratefully, his voice thick with emotion. "I can't believe it actually worked. I was in control the whole time, it was... incredible."

"You're welcome," Harry said, patting him on the shoulder.

Suddenly, Remus turned and hugged him tightly. Harry froze for a second in surprise before returning the hug and patting his back. When Remus pulled back, he looked away and wiped at his eyes.

"Sorry," Remus muttered.

"Don't worry about it," Harry told him. "I'm just glad I could help."

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Things between Harry and the Marauders got better after that. They weren't the best of friends, but they were at least friendly now.

The rest of the lead up to Halloween was fairly quiet, with classwork continuing to increase and Harry spending time with his friends. The only other incident of note was when James and Sirius decided to prank some Slytherins – including Snape – by sticking them to their seats in the Great Hall.

It took Flitwick over an hour to find a way to undo the Charms, which in and of itself was impressive. Of course, there was no way to prove who did it, but Harry saw the knowing looks and sly grins the Marauders gave each other.

Halloween fell on a Saturday, which also ended up being the first Hogsmeade visit of the year. The whole week leading up to it, Alice kept asking Harry if he planned on taking anyone as a date. He made his excuses about not looking for a relationship at the moment, and it felt incredibly odd to have Neville's mum hitting on him so blatantly. Even though he knew he wasn't doing anything wrong, it still felt like he was betraying his friend, in a way. Although Harry nearly did burst out laughing when he imagined the look on Neville's face if he were to see what was happening.

Finally, Saturday morning rolled around, and Harry walked down to breakfast with Lily and her friends. As they sat down and talked about where they wanted to go first – Alice and Dorcas were determined to show Harry the whole village – James walked past with a busty Hufflepuff, his hand slipping down to cup the smiling blonde's bum just as he passed Lily. The girl gave a playful yelp before giggling. Harry rolled his eyes at the rather blatant attempt to make Lily jealous. She wrinkled her nose as they passed and turned her attention right back to Harry.

"You ready to go?" she asked everyone.

Getting nods all around, they stood and left as a group. Climbing into a single carriage, Harry smiled politely as Mary MacDonald and Dorcas Meadowes told him all about the shops in Hogsmeade. Sharing a look with Lily, she covered her mouth as she laughed silently, knowing he was quite familiar with the village.

“Let’s go to Honeydukes first,” Mary said.

Harry had a lot of fun chatting and laughing with the girls as they moved from shop to shop. Quite often, the other girls would disappear for a bit, leaving him alone with Lily. He didn’t have a problem with that, since Lily was his best friend in this time. It was a bit odd, though, he thought.

The only downside was James following them around, snogging his date at every opportunity in an attempt to make Lily jealous. As lunch rolled around, he even followed them to the Three Broomsticks, where he sat down at the table next to them with Sirius and his date, Remus, and Peter.

Harry spotted Rosmerta serving drinks to a table in the packed pub, and she gave him a bright smile before making a beeline for them.

“There’s my favorite customer,” she said with a wink. “How’s the school year treating you so far? It looks like you haven’t had any problems making friends.”

“It’s been great,” Harry said with a smile.

“Good, it’s about time something went right for you,” she told him with a pretty smile. “So, what can I get for all of you?”

They gave her their orders, and Rosmerta gave him a pat on the shoulder and a wink as she left. Harry wished he could have spent more time with her, he really did enjoy talking with Rosmerta. Not to mention the sex was great. Unfortunately, the pub was always too busy on Hogsmeade weekends for them to get more than a few seconds to talk. He’d have to sneak out and stop by for a visit soon, he decided.

“So, how’s your Patronus coming along, Lily?” Dorcas asked.

“Good,” Lily said. “Harry’s a really great teacher, the Charm’s just kind of tricky.”

“Do you know what it is, yet?” Mary asked.

“Not yet,” Lily replied.

“It won’t be much longer,” Harry assured her. “You’ll figure it out soon. I know it.”

Lily smiled at him as Rosmerta began handing out their drinks. As she reached over to place a Butterbeer in front of Dorcas, who was sitting on the inside of the booth, she gave Harry a great look at her impressive cleavage. From the sparkle in her eyes, he knew she’d done it intentionally.

“Enjoy,” Rosmerta said with a grin.

As the girls went back to their conversation, Harry noticed something felt... off. Before he could put his finger on what it was, there was a loud crash next to him. Looking over, he found Snape sprawled on the ground with Butterbeer spilled all over him. Sirius and James howled with laughter as Snape sprang to his feet with a snarl on his face, seething at them. Seeing Sirius holding his wand in his lap, it didn’t take a genius to figure things out. Harry sighed disappointedly and palmed his wand, as Snape drew his.

“Don’t even think about it Snivellus,” James said, drawing his own wand with a smirk.

“Put those away,” Rosmerta barked sternly. “I won’t have you lot fighting in here.”

“You’ll pay for this, Potter,” Snape spat. “I know it was you.”

“Actually, it was me,” Sirius admitted gleefully.

Snape snapped his eyes over to glare at Sirius murderously as Rosmerta walked over and magicked up the mess on the floor and Snape's robes.

"That's enough, now," Rosmerta said.

Growling, his face red with anger and embarrassment as everyone stared at him, Snape spun around, his cloak billowing as he stormed out of the pub. Sirius and James high fived each other as the door slammed shut behind him.

"Nice one," James said with a grin.

"Nice one?" Lily asked disgustedly. "You two are despicable."

"Aw, come on, Evans. He deserved it," James said, grinning crookedly as he swept a hand through his hair.

"He didn't do anything to you!" Lily shouted.

"You wouldn't understand," James told her.

Harry missed Lily's reply as he stared at his glass of Butterbeer, a sinking feeling growing in his stomach.

"Everyone be quiet," Harry said.

"You don't know him like I do," James yelled back.

"Quiet!" Harry yelled, his voice projecting magically throughout the pub.

Everyone suddenly fell completely silent and stared at him in surprise. Harry ignored the looks he was getting as he continued to stare at his glass. As he watched, the still surface suddenly rippled in waves while he felt a light, barely noticeable tremor through his feet. After a beat, he saw and felt it again.

“Harry?” Lily asked in concern.

“Get back to the castle,” Harry said, standing up and drawing his wand.

Rosmerta looked at him worriedly as he walked up to her and leaned close to her ear.

“Get everyone back to the school, everyone. Giants are coming,” Harry whispered.

Rosmerta gasped and put a hand to her chest as her eyes went wide. Giving her a serious look, Harry left the Three Broomsticks. Just before the door closed behind him, he heard Rosmerta beginning to tell the students to get back to the castle. With a flick of his wand, he sent off a Patronus to Dumbledore.

“Shit,” he cursed, as he watched it leave not for the castle, but in the opposite direction.

The sound of birds squawking loudly drew his attention towards the Forbidden Forest. As a second flock of birds took to the air, Harry saw the tops of the trees bending outwards from each other. The ground trembled under his feet again, feeling more noticeable this time. More trees were pushed aside, and then more still, moving closer and closer to the village.

Harry turned around and touched the tip of his wand to his throat.

“Attention all students, return to Hogwarts immediately,” Harry intoned. “Giants are approaching Hogsmeade.”

As people began popping out of shops and looking at him strangely, Harry turned and ran towards the end of the village where the Giant was coming from.

“Harry!” Lily yelled from behind him as she ran to catch up.

Harry turned but never slowed.

“Get everyone back to the castle!” Harry shouted back.

Coming to a stop near the stile at the end of the village, he took a deep, calming breath while rubbing his thumb along the shaft of the Elder Wand. He waited for the Giant to reach the edge of the forest, steadying his breath. There were roughly a hundred yards between the edge of the forest and the end of the village where Harry stood.

Wracking his brain for some kind of plan, he heard several sets of footsteps running up behind him. Turning around, he found Lily, Amelia, and the Marauders sprinting up to him.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked frustratedly. “Get the students together and get everyone back to the castle, now.”

Sirius snorted, “Yeah, like you can stop a Giant by yourself.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Harry said impatiently. “We need to get -”

Harry broke off when he heard the crack of a tree being snapped in half. Spinning around, he spotted a massive hand snapping a full-grown tree like it was a twig. The Giant, wearing only a loincloth and an angry scowl on its face, roared as it peeked out of the edge of the forest.

“Holy shit,” Remus gasped.

Twirling his wand, Harry caused the trees to stretch and twist as they wrapped around the Giant. It roared furiously while ripping its arm away from one tree, only for another to take its place. Harry grunted under the strain of the tremendous amount of magic he was using to hold the Giant in place.

“Get out of here,” Harry said in a strained voice. “Get everyone out of the village.”

“Yeah, right,” James said. “Ready to teach big ugly here a lesson, Padfoot?”

“Oh, I’m always ready,” Sirius replied.

Strutting forward, they raised their wands.

“What are you doing?” Harry grunted, his frustration building.

“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!” they shouted in unison.

“No!” Harry yelled.

But it was too late. Two large explosions hit the Giant and the trees Harry was using to trap it. The trees were blown apart, shattering into a shower of massive splinters. The Giant roared, but the spell did nothing to damage its magically resistant skin. With the trees destroyed, it began ripping itself free.

“Shit!” Harry yelled while desperately trying to entrap the giant again.

“You idiots!” Lily yelled.

"I – I didn't think it would do that," James said, paling as the Giant managed to rip itself free of the trees.

Gritting his teeth, Harry jabbed his wand at the exposed bedrock near the stile. The stone cracked and shattered into boulder like chunks the size of Hagrid's Hut. With a twirl of his wand, the boulders rolled into a pile and stacked themselves, quickly forming a human like shape roughly the same size as the Giant. Halfway between the forest and the stile, the Giant paused and roared at the rock Golem, its muscles and tendons flexing under the skin.

Harry heard gasps behind him. He didn't like showing this kind of magic in front of them, it was going to bring on a lot of questions he didn't want to try and answer, but he had little choice at the moment.

When the Giant took off at a sprint towards Harry's stone Golem, the ground shaking with each thunderous step, he directed his Golem to do the same. They clashed in the middle, both coming to a complete stop while fighting for control.

"Get out of here," Harry grunted, sweat beading on his brow.

"But –" Lily started.

"Lily, please," Harry begged. "I don't know how long I can hold it off. I need you to make sure everyone gets back to the castle."

"But what about you?" she asked in concern.

"I'll be fine," Harry assured her. "I'll Disapparate if I need to."

Biting her lip, Lily nodded. Walking up to him, she rested a hand on his back and surprised him by kissing his cheek.



“BOMBARDA MAXIMA!” James shouted again.

Harry strained as the Giant roared furiously and fought harder against his Golem.

“Stop it!” Lily shouted at him. “You’re not helping. We need to get the students back to the school.”

“What? And let him take all the credit?” James asked, pointing at Harry.

“This isn’t about taking credit!” Harry yelled angrily. “This is about saving lives!”

“I didn’t mean it like –”

“Oh, just shut up and come on!” Lily barked.

Harry gave her a grateful look as she and Amelia grabbed James and Sirius respectively and began to pull them away.

“Lily,” Harry called when she got a few steps away. “One of you go on ahead and tell McGonagall Dumbledore said to get everyone behind the wards but not to let them into the castle. This could be a trick to slip someone in under Polyjuice. The rest of you need to check every store to make sure there isn’t some scared kid hiding somewhere.”

“Okay,” Lily replied. “Be careful.”

Harry nodded as she left before turning his full attention back to the Giant. Getting an idea, he raised his wand and quickly sent a blue spell high into the sky. The lapse in concentration caused his Golem to lose some ground, but he reasoned it was worth it. While his Golem continued to wrestle with the Giant, the white clouds above his head slowly faded to a dull

grey. Moments later, the first drops of rain began to fall, and a low rumble of thunder could be heard.

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As Lily and the rest reached the village, she sighed in relief as she saw several of her teachers rounding up students and sending them back to the castle. Quickly, she ran towards Professor McGonagall.

“Professor!” she called out loudly.

“What?” the professor asked briskly.

“Harry said Dumbledore wants you to get everyone under the wards, but not let them into the school. He’s worried someone might try to slip in under Polyjuice,” Lily said.

“Very well,” McGonagall said grimly. “Now, all of you, up to the castle.”

“We’ll help make sure everyone’s out of the village,” James jumped in.

“I appreciate that Mr. Potter, but we have everything under control,” she told him sternly. “I’m sure Professor Dumbledore can hold the Giant off until the Aurors arrive.”

“Professor Dumbledore isn’t fighting the Giant. Harry is,” Lily said worriedly.

“What?” McGonagall asked, her eyebrows narrowing. “Ms. Evans, I can see his golem from here.”

“It Harry’s, Professor,” Amelia told her. “We just spoke with him.”

“Dear Merlin, I thought – Alright, Ms. Bones, as Head Girl, I’m putting you in charge of doing a head count. Get the list of students visiting Hogsmeade from Mr. Filch and make sure every student is accounted for. Professor Sprout is at the castle. Tell her not to let any students or residents into the castle.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Amelia replied, taking off at a run towards the castle.

While McGonagall turned to talk to Professor Flitwick, Lily was getting more and more worried about Harry. She knew evacuating the village was important, but she felt like one of the teachers should be going to help him as quick as possible. Just as Professor McGonagall finally turned to go help him, several pops rang out around them. Lily jumped in surprise, and several people screamed. For a brief moment she feared Death Eaters might be attacking, but then she spotted the bright blue robes and grey beard of Albus Dumbledore. A sigh of relief escaped her as she took in the dozen Aurors surrounding him.

“Albus,” McGonagall called out in relief as she ran up to him.

“Professor, Harry needs help. He’s fighting the Giant,” Lily jumped in impatiently.

Just then, there was a loud crash of thunder, and the light rain became heavier.

Dumbledore looked at her sharply and then took in the scene around him.

“Minerva, continue evacuating the village while we go assist Harry,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

As McGonagall turned away to speak with Professor Flitwick, and Dumbledore left with the Aurors, Lily bit her lip thoughtfully as she hesitated. After a moment, her worry over Harry won out, and she took off after the Aurors.

“Lily, wait!” James yelled.

He ran up behind her, his shoes slapping wetly on the rain-soaked cobblestones, and grabbed her by the arm. Angrily, Lily ripped her arm out of his grasp and glared at him.

“Don’t touch me,” she hissed.

“It’s too dangerous, you could get hurt,” James protested.

“I’m not going to fight it, I just want to make sure Harry’s okay,” Lily snapped.

James grumbled, but Lily ignored him as she tried to look around the Aurors to spot Harry. Relief flooded through her when she finally spotted him, still fighting the Giant.

A bright flash of lightning bloomed overhead, followed by the loud crack and rumble of thunder. Suddenly, when they were still a couple of hundred feet away from Harry, Dumbledore came to a halt.

“Shields!” Dumbledore shouted over the pounding rain.

A huge, transparent blue shield popped up in front of him followed a moment later by all of the Aurors

“Protego!” Lily enchanted.

Looking through her shield, Lily watched Harry thrust his hand up into the air with his wand aimed at the Giant. She gasped in fear when his Golem crumbled into a pile of boulders and the Giant roared in triumph before rushing at Harry.

“No!” Lily gasped.

A split second after the word left her lips, a blinding bolt of lightning shot down from the sky. Instinctively, Lily closed her eyes while the Giant let out a roar so loud it rattled her bones. Peeking her eyes open, she saw the bolt of lightning still arcing from the sky to Harry’s raised hand. As if channeling the lightning through himself, another bolt shot from the tip of his wand, striking the Giant in its chest.

“Bloody hell,” James gasped

The Giant stumbled before toppling over backwards, a large, smoking scorch mark in the center of its chest. The ground shook as it crashed onto the wet earth, nearly knocking Lily off her feet. A moment later, the lightning ended and Harry dropped to his knees. Dumbledore and the Aurors lowered their shields and rushed forward.

“Surround it!” Dumbledore shouted. “Stunning spells when I say!”

While the Headmaster and the Aurors stunned and bound the Giant, Lily sprinted over to Harry.

“Harry! Harry, are you alright?” Lily asked.

“I’m fine,” he panted tiredly.

As he started climbing to his feet, Lily grabbed his arm and helped him up. Pointing his wand upwards, he let off a yellow spell high into the air. Like a tap being turned off, the moment it hit the clouds the rain stopped, the clouds thinned, and the sun began to peek through.

“Is everyone alright?” Harry asked tiredly.

“Yes, everyone’s fine,” she replied with a smile, squeezing his shoulder as it sagged in relief.

“Good work, lad,” an Auror said, walking up to them alongside Dumbledore.

“Thanks, Moody, right?” Harry said, shaking his hand.

“Aye,” the man said with a nod.

“Indeed, excellent work,” Dumbledore said.

Harry looked at him with narrowed eyes.

“Let me guess, you got called away for an emergency at the Ministry that didn’t actually exist,” Harry said.

“Mhh,” Dumbledore hummed with a nod. “And it seems the person who supposedly sent the owl has no memory of sending it.”

“Forgery, Imperius, or lying?” Harry asked.

“I suspect forgery. However, I can’t rule anything out,” Dumbledore said.

“Great,” Harry said sarcastically. “I had Lily tell McGonagall not to let anyone into the castle yet. I was worried this might be an attempt to sneak someone into Hogwarts using Polyjuice.”

“A wise decision, though unlikely,” Dumbledore said thoughtfully. “I suspect this was merely Voldemort’s way of testing our response to a threat while spreading fear. It’s likely he had someone watching to report back to him.”

Harry and Dumbledore exchanged a meaningful look before Harry sighed and shrugged. Lily had the feeling she was missing something and decided to ask him about it later in private.

“It was bound to happen eventually,” Harry said cryptically.

Dumbledore nodded and then there was another series of loud pops. Harry regained his strength out of nowhere, grabbing Lily by the arm and yanking her behind him while leveling his wand in the direction of the sound. Half a second after Harry, James scrambled to get his wand up and moved in front of her as well. Harry relaxed a moment later when he realized it was just more Aurors showing up.

“Sorry,” he said to her sheepishly.

“It’s fine,” Lily told him with a smile.

Lily rested her hand on his arm, feeling it tremble under her touch. James scowled and crossed his arms as he glared at Harry’s arm as if it had offended him.

“Ms. Evans, why don’t you, Mr. Potter, and Harry head back to the castle?” Dumbledore asked.  
“Harry, we can speak more on this tomorrow. Get some rest.”

Harry nodded., “Alright. Nice meeting you, Auror Moody.”

Moody nodded, then Harry, Lily, and James turned to leave.

“I like that kid,” Lily heard Moody say.

Harry looked utterly exhausted as they walked back towards the castle. Considering all the magic he used, she couldn’t blame him. She’d never seen magic that powerful actually cast before. Truthfully, she was a bit in awe of what he had done.

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When they got back to the castle, Harry immediately went back to the dorm for a nap. He woke back up just in time for dinner, where he ate a lot more than he usually did.

Of course, the entire school was talking about what he'd done by the time he woke up. Fortunately, Lily and her friends seemed determined to keep the gossipers away from him, something he was extremely grateful for. That didn't stop them from asking him questions of their own, however, but their questions were more about the magic he'd used than anything else.

Lily and Amelia were especially interested in the Golem he'd made. Harry tried to explain it the best he could, but even he didn't know that much about it. The Elder Wand had done most of the work, and the information he did know about it, he didn't know where it came from. Harry was really starting to think Dumbledore was right about him becoming one of the Deathly Hallows.

As he talked to Lily and Amelia, he spotted Bellatrix staring at him from the Slytherin table. Her violet eyes sparkled with lust and a level of devotion that was almost frightening. And she wasn't the only one.

Are all Slytherin girls obsessed with power, Harry wondered.

As they left the Great Hall, Narcissa came up to him and, under the pretext of thanking him for stopping the Giant, slipped a note into his pocket. Harry slipped off to the bathroom on the way back to the common room so he could read it.

*7<sup>th</sup> floor, after curfew*

Harry smiled to himself. It was a good thing he'd had that nap earlier, he thought.

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It was late by the time Harry finally slipped out of Gryffindor Tower. Quickly, he made his way to the Room of Requirement where the door appeared the moment he approached. When he entered, he was a bit surprised to find both Narcissa and Bellatrix waiting for him. Bellatrix ran up to him, dropping straight to her knees and frantically opening his pants.

“Bella,” Narcissa said with a sigh.

“What brought this on?” Harry asked although he had a good idea.

“We both saw you fight the Giant today,” Narcissa said as she slipped down off the bed and sauntered up to him, her hips swaying. “We hid behind the Apothecary. You were incredibly impressive. I’ve never seen magic like that before.”

Harry wrapped his arm around her waist just as Bellatrix took him into her mouth. Looking down at her sister, Narcissa smirked.

“Bella couldn’t contain herself, she started masturbating as soon as you created that Golem,” she told him.

Harry smiled as he looked down at Bellatrix and reached out with his free hand to stroke her cheek.

“Were you being naughty, Bella?” Harry asked.

With his rapidly hardening cock still in her mouth, she looked up at him with a hooded gaze and nodded her head gently. Chuckling, Harry shook his head amusedly. Looking at Narcissa, he figured it wouldn’t hurt to show off a little bit more. Snapping his fingers, all of their clothes

shot off of them and scattered across the room. Narcissa gasped in surprise while Bellatrix moaned around his length.

Pulling Narcissa close, he kissed her hard while caressing one of her large, perky breasts. Meanwhile, Bellatrix repeatedly choked herself on his cock. She made obscene, wet gagging sounds each time she forced him into her tight throat. With two girls to take care of tonight, Harry didn't want to finish too soon, so he pulled back from Narcissa and regrettably removed his length from Bellatrix's suckling mouth.

Bellatrix pouted up at him like he'd just taken away her favorite toy. Smiling at her, he held out his hand to help her to her feet.

"So, who's going first?" Harry asked.

"Me," Bellatrix said immediately.

Narcissa sighed and shrugged her shoulders, which did wonderful things to her breasts.

"Fine, I'll wait," she said.

Grinning, Bellatrix pulled Harry over to the bed and bent over in front of him. Harry shook his head with a smile and smacked her ass while lining himself up with her entrance. She was absolutely soaked as he sank into her. He couldn't help but groan as he filled her tight depths. Pinning her head to the mattress, he pulled out of her slowly before slamming back in. Next to them, Narcissa crawled onto the bed and posed on her side as she played with herself.

Grinning, Harry grabbed a handful of Bellatrix's hair and pulled her head back as he looked at Narcissa.

"Why don't you let Bella take care of you?" Harry asked.

Bellatrix moaned and tightened around him while Narcissa looked at her thoughtfully. After hesitating for a long moment, she shuffled over to her sister. Harry throbbed with excitement, surprised she was actually going along with it. As soon as she got into position, Bellatrix didn't hesitate to attack her folds. Narcissa gasped before throwing her head back with a sultry moan. As her hands tangled in Bellatrix's hair, Harry let go and gripped her full, round cheeks as he plowed into her.

As he pulled her cheeks apart to watch his cock slide in and out of her, he ran his thumb over her wrinkled hole. Bellatrix moaned and bucked back against him, her walls tightening around him.

"Fucking whore," Harry said, smacking her ass hard. "But you're my whore, aren't you?"

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed before going back to licking Narcissa, who arched her back and groped roughly at her own breast.

Holding out his hand, Harry wordlessly summoned the Elder Wand. With a single tap, he lubricated her backdoor and made sure she was loosened enough that he wouldn't hurt her. Tossing his wand aside, he pulled out of her depths and pressed his engorged head against her wrinkled hole. Pushing firmly but slowly, her tight hole gave way to his swollen head as he sank inside of her.

Bellatrix let out a deep gasp and Harry paused, worried it might be more pain than she could handle. As she squirmed and moaned, he realized she was cumming from just that small penetration. Snorting, Harry held her hips still and continued pushing into her. By the time he was halfway in, Bellatrix was a moaning, panting mess. Narcissa resorted to holding her by the hair and rubbing her folds against her lips to get her own pleasure.

As Harry began sawing back and forth, slowly sinking deeper with each new thrust, Bellatrix gradually came back to the present and returned to licking her sister's glistening slit. When he finally sank to the hilt, he paused to enjoy the incredible heat and tightness surrounding his cock.

Pulling completely out of Bellatrix, he held her cheeks apart and watched as her hole gaped open before slowly closing back up. Pressing his head against her backdoor, he drove all the way into her roughly. Bellatrix writhed as she came again, screaming into Narcissa's mound.

Harry wondered if it was wrong that he was really starting to love this crazy bitch.

Grabbing her shoulders, he focused on his own pleasure as he pounded into her hard and deep.

"Bella!" Narcissa gasped suddenly.

Harry grinned as he watched her climax while grinding her mound all over Bellatrix's face. Watching Narcissa's breasts bounce enticingly as her body trembled, he sped up his thrusting into Bellatrix's tight bum. Bottoming out, he groaned as he filled her rear with several powerful jets of hot cum. A low moan left the tired witch under him.

After catching his breath, Harry pulled out of Bellatrix and gave her ass a light swat before climbing onto the bed and lying down. Narcissa kissed him as she curled up against his side.

"You're cleaning that before it goes anywhere near me," Narcissa told him, pointing at his wilting length.

"Fair enough," Harry said, shrugging with a grin.

Reaching down, he grabbed Bellatrix by the hair and pulled her head up to his crotch. Without complaint, she opened her mouth and began cleaning him with her tongue. Narcissa smiled and shook her head at her sister before leaning into Harry and kissing him passionately. He cupped her breast with one hand and caressed it, knowing Narcissa preferred being treated more gently than her sister.

It's going to be a long night, Harry thought as he smiled against her lips.

## Chapter 8

The day following the attack on Hogsmeade, there was a large picture of Harry looking admittedly heroic as lightning shot from his hand to take down the Giant. He wasn't too happy to be the center of attention again, but the sixth- and seventh-year Gryffindor girls had seemingly decided to band together to keep the gossip hounds away. It made him wonder if they had all decided to do it on their own, or if one of them had come up with the idea and shared it with the others.

Harry suspected Lily was behind much of it, but he wasn't planning to ask her about it.

Besides, he thought with a smile, who was he to complain about being surrounded by such lovely company?

Of course, James and Sirius didn't seem too happy with all the attention he was getting. They were quite used to being popular, especially among the witches of Hogwarts, and to see a new student swoop in and steal the limelight had to be a blow to their egos. Harry didn't think it would take long before they did something to regain the school's attention. He just hoped no one was hurt in the process.

Near the end of breakfast, Dumbledore stood from his seat at the Head Table and tapped his goblet with a spoon to garner everyone's attention.

"Good morning, everyone. If I could have just a moment of your time," he said, waiting for everyone to pay attention. "Thank you. Now, in lieu of yesterday's attack on Hogsmeade, we have decided to implement a few small safety measures for the next visit. First of all, the Ministry has agreed to send Aurors to patrol the village while students are visiting. We hope this will deter Lord Voldemort from attempting any further attacks. Secondly, your professors and I will be coming up with a plan to evacuate students as quickly as possible before the next Hogsmeade weekend. Within the week, each house will have a mandatory meeting for all students third year and up to go over everything with you. Anyone who fails to attend will not be allowed to visit Hogsmeade, regardless of whether they have a signed permission slip or not."

As Dumbledore paused, there was quite a bit of chatter and whispering amongst the students. Personally, Harry was just relieved that they hadn't canceled Hogsmeade visits altogether.

"On a related note," Dumbledore said loudly, pausing until the Hall had quieted. "It is my pleasure to announce the formation of a new Defense focused club called the Defense Association, or DA for short, led by our very own Mr. Harry Potter."

The girls around Harry all looked at him in surprise as he smiled back at them and shrugged. He'd only just spoken to Dumbledore about it that morning, and he figured it wouldn't hurt to let him make the announcement.

"Given the nature of this club, only students fourth year and above will be allowed to join," the headmaster continued.

There was a lot of loud grumbling from the younger students.

"That's not fair!" one brave Ravenclaw shouted.

"Indeed, it is not," Dumbledore agreed, causing the students to fall silent. "Which is why Professor Hammer has agreed to hold a club of her own for the lower years."

"But we want Harry to teach us," A young Gryffindor girl, no older than second year yelled.

Harry blushed heavily and hid his face behind his goblet while the girls around him giggled. Glancing at the Head Table, Dumbledore's eyes were twinkling brightly, and Connie hid a laugh behind her hand.

"Unfortunately, as Mr. Potter is still a student himself, his time is rather limited. However, he may be able to lend Professor Hammer a hand, on occasion," Dumbledore told the girl with a grandfatherly smile. "Now, DA meetings for the upper years will be held in the Great Hall on Tuesdays and Thursdays directly after dinner, while meetings for the younger years will take

place on Wednesdays. The first meeting will take place this Tuesday, and for those wishing to join, please see Professor Hammer. Thank you.”

“Why didn’t you tell us you were starting a Defense club?” Lily asked immediately.

“Honestly, I just talked to Dumbledore about it this morning,” Harry said.

Lily frowned slightly but nodded.

“I can’t wait to see what Professor Potter will teach us,” Alice said excitedly.

“Don’t call me that, I’m not a professor,” Harry said, though he smiled at her teasing.

“Are you going to give me detention if I do?” Alice asked playfully.

Harry shook his head as he smiled.



After sneaking out on Sunday night to spend an extremely enjoyable evening with Rosmerta, Harry’s mood took a quick downturn. The DA and his defeat of a Giant singlehandedly were all anyone could talk about for the next two days. By lunch on Monday, Harry’s nerves began to grow, and by Tuesday, they were almost completely frayed.

It must have been pretty obvious, because after his last class of the day, Defense, Connie asked him to stay after. Smiling excitedly, Lily said she’d meet in the Great Hall before leaving with her friends.

“Nervous?” Connie asked with a gentle smile.

“A bit,” Harry admitted. “They’re going to be expecting me to teach them all this powerful magic, but there’s a lot to get through before I can start teaching that, if at all. I’m just worried everyone’s going to leave when they see what the club’s really like.”

“That’s how I felt teaching first years,” Connie said with a smile. “You just need to give them a goal. Keep telling them what they’re going to learn next, it gives them something to look forward to.”

“Thanks,” Harry said, giving a weak smile.

“Hey, you’ve run a club like this before, haven’t you?” she asked.

“Yeah, but that was different,” Harry said.

“How?” Connie asked.

Harry opened his mouth, and then closed it with a click when he couldn’t think of a reason it would be that different.

“Exactly,” Connie said. “You’ve got nothing to worry about. Just do what you did in your old club, and everything will work out fine. Trust me.”

This time, Harry gave her a much more genuine smile.

“Thanks, Connie,” he said. “You’re still coming to the meeting, right?”

“Yeah. Dumbledore wants a professor there, just to keep an eye on things,” she told him.



“Okay, good,” Harry said.

Smiling, Connie stood up and grabbed her cloak.

“Come on,” she said, wrapping an arm around his shoulder companionably and leading him towards the door. “Let’s get something to eat.”

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In the Great Hall, Harry sat and picked at his dinner. Despite Connie’s reassurances, he still felt nervous, like he did before a big game. Lily, Alice, and Dorcas did their best to cheer him up, but nothing they said really helped. Still, it was nice to know they supported him.

As dinner came to an end, Harry smiled at Lily and her friends gratefully before standing up and making his way to the Head Table. As most of the professors left, he took a seat next to Connie and waited for the Great Hall to empty. Surprisingly, Dumbledore, Flitwick, and McGonagall stayed as well.

“I hope you don’t mind Harry, but a few of us are curious about this club of yours,” Dumbledore said.

“Not at all,” Harry said, his leg bouncing rapidly under the table.

Leaning over, Connie whispered, “You should probably get started.”

Looking up, Harry saw that all of the younger students were gone, but most of the older students remained. It was by far the largest group of people he’d ever tried to teach. Easily twice the size of the old DA. Swallowing thickly, Harry stood and walked around to the front of the Head Table.

“Excuse me, can I have everyone’s attention,” Harry called out, silencing the crowd. “Can I have everyone please stand in the middle.”

As his classmates squeezed together in the middle of the Great Hall, he waved his wand, sending the House table to stack against the walls on either side of the room. With much more space to move, everyone began to spread out.

“Right, so, we’re going to start out pretty simple today,” Harry began. “I need to see where everyone is at and what we need to work on. For today, we’re going to be sticking with the basics. Which means, speed and accuracy.”

Twirling his wand in a complicated motion, he conjured a dozen wooden shields. The shields spaced themselves out evenly and hovered at chest height.

“First, let’s start with some target practice,” Harry continued. “Line up in front of the shields and, starting with your wand down, cast the Stunning Hex ten times. You should be able to do this without missing.”

“Seriously,” scoffed an older Ravenclaw. “Target practice? That’s first year stuff.”

Harry was tempted to tell him that if he didn’t like it, he could leave, but he saw a number of people nodding in agreement. Sighing, he knew he had to do something.

“Sorry, what’s your name?” Harry asked.

“Joshua, Joshua Bamford,” he said pompously.

“Right, come to the front Josh,” Harry said, deliberately shortening his name.

Bamford grimaced and walked to the front of the group while Harry stood in front of one of the shields.

“Well, go ahead,” Harry said.

“You want me to cast at you?” Bamford asked, eyeing him derisively.

“Yes,” Harry said. “Start at a low ready, then cast.”

Smirking, Bamford got into an awkward stance that left him leaning forward aggressively. After a couple of seconds, his arm snapped up.

“Stupify!” he yelled.

Harry stood stock still as the red, sizzling Stunning Hex flew toward him, only to pass safely over his head by about a foot. Bamford scowled, his face reddening as the people around him chuckled.

“You just missed a stationary target less than twenty feet away,” Harry said calmly. “In a real duel, your opponent rarely stands still, and neither will you.”

Grumbling, Bamford fold his arms and walked to the back of the group to sulk.

“Right, if you can cast silently, do it,” Harry continued. “If not, I want to start working on it in your free time. Non-verbal spell casting is essential to improving you dueling. If you need help, ask me or Professor Hammer after the meeting. Any questions?”

There was a bit of mumbling, but no one raised their hand.

“Alright, let’s get started,” Harry said, clapping his hands together.

No matter how many times he taught this lesson, it always shocked him how bad his classmate’s aim was. Not one person was able to hit the target all ten times, and most of them barely managed better than half. For the next hour, Harry walked around, giving advice and correcting people’s stances and wand movements. Seeing how discouraged some people were becoming, he decided to add an incentive.

“The first person to hit the target ten times without missing get a Honeydukes gift card worth 5 Galleons!” Harry announced.

Spurred on by the potential reward, everyone began working that much harder. By the time he called them to a halt, no one had won, but they all improved noticeably.

“Right, good work, all of you,” Harry said. “Thursday, we’ll be working on the same thing, and the reward still stands, so practice. Starting now, for the last half hour of each meeting, we’ll be working on the Patronus Charm.”

Several students looked quite nervous at the prospect of learning a notoriously difficult spell, but most just looked excited.

“This is one of the most important spells that I’m going to teach you,” he continued. “Not only are the Dementors a very real threat but the Patronus can be used to send messages quickly. The Floo can be blocked, Wards can stop you from escaping, but a Patronus can always get through.”

“But aren’t the Dementors under the control of the Ministry?” Amanda Hawthorn, a sixth year Hufflepuff that looked suspiciously like Susan Bones, asked tentatively.

“For now,” Harry said with a nod. “The Dementors follow the Ministry because that’s the only choice they have. You have to understand, Dementors live to feed sorrow and pain. If Voldemort offers them a better deal, one where they can feed at will, they will join him.”

His classmates shared nervous looks with their neighbors at the thought.

“I’m afraid Harry is correct,” Dumbledore added. “The Dementors are indeed a very real threat.”

“I know it might seem daunting, but I promise you, if you work at it, all of you can learn the Patronus Charm,” Harry said. “Lily, Narcissa, could you two come up here please?”

Narcissa marched forward proudly while Lily looked a bit nervous to be standing in front of such a large group of her peers.

“I’ve been working with Narcissa on the Patronus charm for about two months, and Lily about half that,” he told them. “Ladies, if you would?”

Lily hesitated for a moment, then raised her wand.

“Expecto Patronum,” she intoned softly.

Silvery mist poured from the tip of her wand and formed a blob in front of her, Harry thought he could make out the beginnings of four legs and a head, but he couldn’t be sure. With a look of focused concentration on her face, Lily held the spell for several seconds before letting her arm drop, causing the mist to dissipate quickly.

“Impressive,” Narcissa said genuinely.

“Great job, Lily,” Harry said with a smile.

“Thanks,” Lily said proudly.

“Narcissa?” Harry called.

Straightening her shoulder, Narcissa raised her wand.

“Expecto Patronum,” she incanted confidently.

Silver mist poured from her wand and coalesced into the form of a crow. The bird looked a little fuzzy as it flapped its wings, but after only two months of practice, it was impressive to see a corporeal Patronus at all. Narcissa let the crow fly around the hall in a wide circle before dropping the spell. Most of his classmates clapped politely, but some, mostly Gryffindors, refrained.

“Excellent, Narcissa,” Harry told her.

Narcissa smiled at him, lifting her chin proudly.

“Thank you, ladies. As you can see, with practice, you can learn this spell,” Harry said as Lily and Narcissa walked back over to the main group, talking quietly. “The most important part of casting the Patronus Charm is the memory you use. It has to make you feel real joy. Superficial pleasures and short-lived happiness won’t cut it. Unfortunately, for some of you, you may not have a good enough memory that will allow you to cast a corporeal Patronus. That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t still learn it. Even just a shield can buy you valuable time for help to arrive.

“Now, close your eyes, and focus on the happiest memory you have. Let it fill you up. Don’t just remember it, feel it, relive it. When you feel ready, hold out your wand and say the incantation ‘Expecto Patronum’.”

The Great Hall was filled with the sporadic shouts of incantations as everyone tried the Patronus Charm for the first time. Some got nothing, but most were able to get at least some kind of mist. Harry walked around, helping where he could. With the sheer number of people he was trying to teach, Professors Flitwick, McGonagall, and Dumbledore, as well as Connie, all

came over to help. By the time the meeting was over, everyone was able to produce some kind of weak mist.

Despite some of the reservations his classmates may have had in the beginning, everyone looked quite happy by the time they left.

“You were brilliant,” Lily said, a wide smile on her face.

“Indeed,” Professor McGonagall said, coming up behind him. “Very impressive, Mr. Potter. Have you ever thought of teaching as a career?”

“Er, not really,” Harry said, running a hand through his hair.

“Then perhaps you should,” Professor McGonagall said with a rare, if brief, smile.

As she walked away with Dumbledore, Connie came up and patted him on the back.

“You really did do great. In fact, I might steal your idea for accuracy practice for my first- and second-year classes,” she said, then shook her head. “After training for the Aurors, I forgot just how bad most people’s aim is.”

Harry smiled, “The first time I did this lesson, I was in a room surrounded by enchanted mirrors. I thought it would help if people could see themselves casting, but they also reflected spells all around the room. I did learn to sense when a spell was coming real fast though.”

Connie laughed and squeezed his shoulder before bidding him good night. Together, Harry and Lily left the Great Hall. He smiled as she gave him a glowing review of their first meeting.

Rather than return to the common room, where he would no doubt be bombarded with questions about the next meeting, and when he was going to teach them some ‘real magic’

Harry decided to wander the castle for a bit. Lily joined him, and the conversation changed from talk of the DA to something a bit more personal.

“Harry, what were your friends like, before you came here?” Lily asked tentatively.

Harry smiled sadly as he thought of his friends.

“I didn’t have a lot of friends, but the ones I did have were like family,” Harry said, careful not to give too much away. “Ron was my best mate. He could be a bit flaky at times, but he always came back. Hermione was my closest friend though. She was always there for me, even when I probably didn’t deserve it. You’d have liked her - she was absolutely brilliant.”

“Were you two together when you got sent back?” Lily asked quietly.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Hermione was like a sister to me. I loved her, just not in a romantic way. Besides, with everything going on in my life, I never really had much time to worry about dating.”

“What about now?” Lily asked.

“What do you mean?” he asked in return, brow furrowed.

“Do you have time to worry about dating now?” she asked. “Is there anyone you’re interested in?”

Harry looked at her out of the corner of his eye, wondering if she was just curious, or if, perhaps, she was asking for Alice, who seemed interested in him. As they reached the top of the Astronomy Tower, he looked out over the grounds, so familiar, yet slightly different in almost every way.

“There are a few girls I’m interested in,” Harry admitted. “It’s just – difficult, when I can’t tell them who I really am.”

“But you told me,” Lily said quietly, standing just behind him.

“That’s... different,” Harry said with a sigh.

“Harry?” Lily said softly, tugging his arm.

Turning around to face her, Lily reached up and rested her hands on his shoulders. Harry thought she was leaning in for a hug, as she’d done many times before. His eyes widened when she leaned in further, her eyes closed, and her lips puckered. Before he could react, her soft lips were on his. Without thought, Harry kissed her back, his hands going to her hips.

Suddenly, his mind registered who he was kissing, and he pulled back sharply. Lily blinked in surprise and looked at him with a hurt expression.

“Oh, um, I thought...” she stammered, her neck and cheeks going red out of embarrassment. “I’m sorry, I – I should go.”

“Wait!” Harry said, louder than he had intended while grabbing her hand. “Just – just give me a minute to explain.”

“It’s fine. Really,” Lily said, refusing to look at him.

As she pulled away from him, Harry ran around in front of her.

“Lily, please. It’s not what you think,” Harry said.

“Then what is it,” she asked, finally looking up at him.

Looking into her shimmering green eyes, Harry finally understood why everyone told him he had expressive eyes. Just from a single look, it was like he could feel her hurt and embarrassment mixed with curiosity.

“It’s... complicated,” Harry said, his thoughts running a mile a minute.

In the end, there really was only one choice he could make. Pulling out his wand, he locked and silenced the door to the tower.

“Have a seat,” he said, sitting on the parapet surrounding the edge of the tower.

Hesitating for just a moment, her arms crossed over her chest tightly, Lily walked over and sat next to him, her eyes glued to the floor.

“You’re one of the few people that know I’m from the future, but there are some things I haven’t told you. I –” Harry paused and took a deep breath while running a hand through his hair. “I always planned on telling you eventually. I just wanted you to get to know me first without who I am getting in the way.”

Harry snorted and shook his head, “I never thought this is how it’d come out.”

“What are you saying, Harry?” Lily asked impatiently.

Sighing, he took a deep breath.

“My name is Harry James Potter,” he said. “I was born July thirty-first, nineteen eighty-one, to James and Lily Potter.”

Lily looked up at him, her brow furrowed. As their green eyes met, he could see the moment it clicked as her eyes widened and she covered her mouth with her hand.

“No!” she gasped.

Harry smiled sadly and nodded.

“I’m -” she started, then broke off.

“My mother,” Harry said. “Or you would be if I hadn’t come back.”

“Wait. Are you saying I have to marry James Potter?” she asked horrified.

“No,” Harry said suppressing a laugh. “Look, when I was sent back in time, I went so far back that the timeline split to protect itself. It’s why I can’t go back. Dumbledore could probably explain it better, but basically, I created a completely different timeline. This world’s future is still being written. You don’t have to do anything that the Lily Evans in my time did.”

“But won’t that mean you won’t exist?” Lily asked.

“No, because I already exist,” Harry said, causing Lily to tilt her head in confusion. “I know, it makes my head hurt just thinking about it. I think the best way to look at it is that it’s more like I’m from an alternate universe rather than the future. This timeline, and my old one, no longer have anything to do with each other.”

“But-” Lily started, then stopped and shook her head. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair again.

"I wanted to know what you were like," Harry admitted quietly. "I never got to know my mum before she was killed. All I had was the memory of the night she died, and a few stories people told me. I wanted to know what she – what you, were like as a person. I was worried that if I told you everything, you'd act different around me. I know it was selfish, but..."

"I understand," Lily said, resting her hand on his arms while looking away thoughtfully.

"I really am sorry," Harry said.

"It's alright," Lily said. "It's just a lot to take in. I can understand why you didn't want to tell me."

Harry sighed in relief that she wasn't angry at him and gave her a small smile.

"I can't believe I married James Potter," she said suddenly with a grimace.

Harry couldn't help but laugh.

"I know he's pretty immature right now, but he's not really a bad person," he said, his smile fading. "Apparently, he changes a lot over the summer when his parents die. Something else I need to try and stop."

"What happens to his parents?" Lily asked.

"Voldemort goes on the offensive over the summer," Harry explained. "A lot of people that oppose him are killed, including the Potters. James was out visiting Remus when they attacked. Sirius told me it took over twenty Death Eaters to finally take them down."

"Oh," Lily said quietly. "I didn't realize things were that bad."

“No one does,” he told her. “That’s part of the problem. No one in the Ministry took him seriously until it was too late. The Ministry was weeks, maybe even days away from falling when he came after me.”

“That’s when you stopped him?” Lily asked, remembering the small parts he’d told her before.

“Maybe,” Harry said with a shrug. “I think it was my mum that stopped him. It was her sacrifice that protected me and made his Killing Curse rebound. I just happened to be her son.”

“So, do I -”

“No!” Harry said sharply, causing Lily to jump. “That’s not going to happen this time. I’ll make sure of it.”

Lily smiled at him and nodded. Both of them fell silent, and Harry couldn’t stop from wondering what she was thinking. It was a couple of minutes until she finally spoke.

“So, what does that make us?” Lily asked.

“Friends?” Harry asked hopefully. “I mean, it’s really hard to look at you as my mum, and I don’t think you’re ready to have a son that’s technically older than you.”

Lily snorted and shook her head vigorously.

“But,” Harry continued, “I do care about you. It’s hard not to.”

Lily smiled and leaned against his side.

“Friends,” she said.

Smiling in relief and joy, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders.



Later that night, Lily laid wide awake in her bed long after her roommates had gone to sleep, her mind still reeling. Harry was her son, she thought. Or would have been, if things had been different. Part of her wanted to be angry, but it was hard to be mad at someone who had been through so much. She couldn't imagine how he dealt with it all, or what she would have done in his position.

Still, despite everything she'd learned, one thing lingered on her mind more than anything else. Reaching up, she touched the tips of her fingers to her lips. Even hours later, she could still imagine what it felt like to kiss him. For that brief moment, everything had felt right.

Now, it was all so confusing. They were related, yet they weren't. She was his mother, and yet at the same time, she wasn't. Despite the chaotic thoughts running through her mind, her body was much more certain, and it wanted Harry.

Biting her lip, Lily let her hand slowly run down her body. Heat poured off of her excited core as she cupped it lightly. Even with the conflicting thoughts and emotions coursing through her, she couldn't stop from touching herself more firmly as she imagined what might have been, had Harry not stopped himself from kissing her.

Lifting up the oversized shirt she wore to bed, Lily slipped her hand under her panties and traced a finger along her hot, damp slit. A muffled whimper left her lips as a pleasurable tingle ran up her spine. Closing her eyes, she pictured Harry holding her close as their lips met, his tongue caressing hers. Reaching under her shirt, she cupped her full, perky breast, imagining it was Harry's large, calloused hand gripping it roughly.

Slipping two fingers between her taut lips and into her dripping folds, she ground her palm against her throbbing clit as her digits sank deeper. Lily's teeth sank into her lip painfully, desperately trying to keep a needy moan from escaping. Images of Harry pressing her up

against the wall of the Astronomy Tower, his thick finger plunging into her depths as he groped at her chest sent a shudder through her body. The thrill of the taboo, of knowing that they were, in some strange way, related, only made what she was doing that much more exciting.

Grabbing the hem of her shirt, Lily pulled it up and stuffed it into her mouth as she pumped her fingers in and out of her sweltering core. A muffled whimper left her throat while images of Harry continued running through her mind. Her palm brushed her engorged clit, causing her to gasp and thrust her bared chest towards the ceiling.

What would Harry do if he saw her now, she wondered. Would he turn away in disgust, or would it excite him as much as it did her? Would he join her on the bed, replacing her fingers with his mouth?

Lily clenched her teeth so hard it hurt as she fingered herself furiously. Eyes still closed, she pinched her nipple hard while imagining looking up to see a pair of bright green eyes, nearly identical to her own, staring back at her. She could practically feel the weight of his body on hers, the warmth of his breath on her neck as he sat poised at her entrance, ready to ravish her.

Pushing a third finger into her depths, Lily whimpered as she stretched her tight folds. Thrusting her hips up into her hand, she shook her palm back and forth so fast it felt like it was vibrating. Her body hunched in on itself, her large, perky breasts trembling as her body shook. As she climbed ever closer to a tremendous peak, green eyes, dark, messy hair, and a crooked smile filled her mind's eye.

"Harry," Lily gasped in a desperate whimper.

Throwing her head back, her mouth open in a silent scream, Lily's breath caught in her throat as she tumbled over the edge. Her arousal gushed out of her, soaking her fingers and the sheets below as her body went rigid. A powerful spasm ran through her as she experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life. Writhing on the mattress, Lily panted heavily as she desperately tried to stay quiet. Her firm breasts bounced wildly as she shook, her hips bucking rhythmically.

After riding out her climax, Lily fell limp, her breath coming in short gasps. Despite the scent of her arousal permeating the air within her curtains, she was too spent to try and change her drenched panties. Pulling her hand back and fixing her shirt, she rolled onto her side. Unable to keep her eyes open, Lily drifted off the sleep with thoughts of Harry still running through her mind.

Chapter 9

“Alright everyone, just take a seat for a bit while we set things up,” Harry told the large group of students in front of him. “We’re going to be trying something a bit different today.”

“Finally,” James said, sitting on the floor and leaning back on his arms.

It had been over a month since Harry had started the DA, and with Winter break nearing, he decided everyone was good enough at the basics to move on to something new. As had become the norm, Dumbledore, Flitwick, and Connie sat at the Head Table, watching the lesson while chatting amongst themselves. McGonagall was usually with them as well however, today, she had agreed to help Harry.

After moving the tables out of the way, they began pulling random bits of furniture out of a magically enlarged trunk he had filled earlier using what he found in the Room of Requirement. There were chairs, dressers, a wardrobe, broken lamps, and a few other tattered odds and ends that they spread about the hall.

“Okay,” Harry said, clapping his hands which sent up far more dust than he expected, causing a round of chuckles as he coughed. “Now, since Professor Hammer has been teaching Hexes and Curses in Defense, I thought we could work on incorporating Charms and Transfigurations in dueling. Professor McGonagall has been kind enough to help me with a bit of a demonstration to show you what I mean.”

The students sat up and stared at him interestedly.

“We’re going to be having a duel; one where the only spells we can use are Transfigurations or Conjurations,” Harry continued. “We can use Charms on something we Transfigure, like an Animation Charm, but we can’t cast them directly at each other.”

“What’s the point of that?” Bamford, who had taken to questioning practically everything Harry said after his embarrassment on the first day, asked snidely.

“You’ll see,” Harry told him. “And pay close attention, because once our duel is over, you’ll be breaking up into pairs and doing this yourselves. If you’re ready, professor?”

Professor McGonagall nodded and took up a position opposite him with her wand held at her side.

“Lily, can you count us off?” Harry asked.

Nodding, Lily stood while Harry got into position. As Lily raised her wand, Harry and Professor McGonagall bowed at each other. Even though this was just a mock duel, he still felt adrenaline race through his veins at the challenge in front of him. McGonagall was one of the most talented witches in the world, and while he doubted he could beat her in a setting that favored her so heavily, his competitiveness was driving him to at least put up a decent fight.

The moment sparks left Lily’s wand, Harry went on the offensive, turning McGonagall’s black robe into solid grey stone. Without missing a beat, and before he could even think of a way to try and relieve her of her wand, her robe became slightly transparent as it turned into smoke. With her arms no longer restricted, McGonagall thrust her hands forward, sending the smoke towards him.

As the smoke shot across the Great Hall, it morphed into white cloth that wrapped around his wrists and ankles. McGonagall then turned her wand towards a broken lamp, transfiguring it into a trio of crows that took to the air. Harry quickly changed the clothes holding him still into water that fell to the floor with a splash. Ducking a diving crow, he further transfigured the water into two garden Gnomes made of ice that immediately rushed toward his professor.

Without waiting to see how they did, he turned to the side and changed the drawers of a dresser into three house cats. Landing on the ground, the cat yowled and leapt at the crows that continued to harass Harry.

He turned back to Professor McGonagall just in time to see his gnomes being turned into a virtual cloud of butterflies. With incredible speed, they traversed the distance between them and enveloped him like a tornado. Harry cats became distracted by the colorful cloud of swirling insects, allowing one of the crows to dive through the mass. A hiss left his lips as its claws dug into his hand, just missing his wand.

With a flick, the crow became a rat. Falling to the floor, it took off running and hid under the wardrobe. A swish caused the butterflies to burst into a cloud of pastel-colored dust that flew towards McGonagall. With her view obscured for the moment; Harry rushed to turn a lumpy jumper into an equally lumpy rope. It may not have looked good, but it had the intended effect.

As McGonagall compressed the dust into a single, solid sphere, the rope snaked around her and bound her arms to her sides. The floating, brightly colored ball fell to the floor, the half-finished Transfiguration disintegrating into sand as she struggled to get her wand in a better position.

Harry mentally cheered and, with a smile, raised his arm to make another Gnome to send after her wand. Motion out of the corner of his eye caused him to stop mid-move and jerk his hand away as another crow dove for his wand. A flick of his wand turned it into a ball of harmless feathers that fluttered to the ground.

Suddenly, his heart dropped into his stomach when the floor under his feet disappeared. Harry felt shockingly cold water envelop him as he fell. Taking a deep breath just before he was completely submerged, he desperately swam up as soon as his downward momentum stopped. His head had just broken the surface to suck in a sharp breath when the water was turned back into stone. With his wand arm extended upwards, he tried to shift it around in his hand to free himself, only to have it snatched from his grip.

Harry looked up and watched helplessly as the final crow dropped his wand into McGonagall's waiting hand before landing on her shoulder.

“Do you yield Mr. Potter?” she asked.

“I yield,” Harry said, grinning despite his loss.

At the Head Table, Dumbledore stood and clapped, followed soon after by the rest of the professors and then the students.

With a rare smile, Professor McGonagall waved her wand and turned the floor back into water. Harry gasped at the shock of the cold, scrambling to pull himself out.

“You could have used warm water,” he said, standing up with a shiver.

“Consider it an incentive not to let that happen again,” Professor McGonagall told him.

Thankfully, she quickly dried him off before fixing the floor. Harry smiled as he walked towards her, his hand extended to shake her.

“Great duel, professor,” he said, shaking her hand and taking his wand back.

“You as well, Mr. Potter,” she said. “Twenty points to Gryffindor for an excellent use of transfigurations.”

Still grinning from the rush of the duel, Harry turned to students who were talking excitedly amongst themselves.

“What’s the point of using transfigurations in a duel when you can just use a curse?” Bamford asked snidely.

Sighing, Harry resisted the urge to call him up for another demonstration.

“Because no matter how good you are, there’s always the chance you’ll run into someone better,” Harry explained. “Sometimes, you need to do something unexpected to gain an advantage against someone that’s just better than you. This exercise is all about being creative and thinking outside the box. Any other questions? Alright then, pair up, and let’s see what you can come up with.”

“Just as a reminder,” Professor McGonagall interjected, “I don’t want anyone attempting to use any Human Transfiguration during this exercise.”

“Why?” James asked, looking disappointed.

“Imagine if instead of changing Professor McGonagall’s cloak into stone, I’d done that to her lungs,” Harry said, causing several people to look at him startled. “Or if instead of turning the floor into water, she did that to my blood. Make no mistake, while this exercise is supposed to be fun, Transfigurations is just as dangerous in the wrong hands as any Curse.”

“Precisely,” Professor McGonagall agreed.

“Alright, let’s pair up,” Harry said, clapping his hands.

With some students looking a little worried after that warning, everyone began to break up into pairs and spread out around the Great Hall. What was meant to be a bit of fun quickly turned into an exercise of patience for Harry and Professor McGonagall. While everyone was a fair hand at casting Transfigurations, not everyone was so skilled at reversing them. They spent most of their time darting around the room, fixing spells gone awry, instead of helping their students get better at casting like Harry had expected.

One of the worst offenders was James, who was paired with Peter. Sure, it might have been rather satisfying to see the rat get mummified by his own robes, but Harry really didn’t need to see him in a white flowing dress and gaudy makeup, especially when James didn’t know how to fix it on his own. Despite his best efforts, it was nearly impossible for Harry to see Peter as anything other than a traitor.

“Right, I’m splitting you two up,” Harry said after having to stop and free Peter for the fifth time.

“What, why?” James asked.

“Because neither of you are going to learn anything when there’s such a big difference in skill,” Harry said.

He immediately regretted those words when James puffed out his chest smugly. Shaking his head, he looked around the room for a pair to mix them up with. The problem was, there weren’t that many people as skilled at Transfigurations as James. Bellatrix would end up trying to kill him and Narcissa would put him in the Hospital Wing if he managed to embarrass her, leaving just Lily and a few seventh years to choose from.

“I’ll be right back,” Harry told them.

Turning around, he walked over to Lily and Alice.

“Hey,” he said.

“Hey, Harry,” Lily said with a bright smile.

“Er, listen, I need a favor,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck nervously. “I need you to work with James and I need Alice to work with Peter.”

“Please tell me you’re joking,” Lily said, her smile falling instantly.

"I'm sorry. I could pair them with a couple of seventh years, but they'd just out-duel Peter as bad as James does. I'm not saying you're bad," he told Alice placatingly. "I'm just saying you're closer to his skill level than they would be."

Lily groaned and ran a hand through her long red hair.

"Look on the bright side," Alice said. "This gives you a chance to embarrass the berk and not get in trouble for it."

"And I promise to get you something really nice for Christmas," Harry added.

"Fine," Lily sighed, though she didn't look happy.

"Thanks," Harry said with a grateful smile.

"You owe me," she told him.

Nodding, he watched as she and Alice walked over to James and Peter. James looked ecstatic to have Lily as his new partner, and Harry prayed that he wouldn't regret this. Before he could see how things went, he was distracted by a loud scream.

Walden McNair, who was working with Molly Prewett for some reason, had managed to turn her top into a swarm of angry bees. Molly screamed as she swatted them away from her face, leaving her huge, bra-clad breasts to bounce around wildly. Growling angrily as McNair and the other Slytherins laughed, Harry fixed her shirt while Professor McGonagall stormed over, demanding answers.

"It was an accident," McNair said carelessly. "I was aiming for her tie."

McGonagall looked doubtful, but Harry knew she couldn't punish him without proof that he meant to do it. Molly looked mortified, her face and ears glowing red. Harry was not going to let him get away with this.

"Alright, I think we need to split you two up as well," Harry said, getting a relieved look from Molly and a sneer from McNair. "Bellatrix, you work with McNair. Narcissa, could you work with Molly?"

Narcissa nodded, while a dangerous smirk stretched across Bella's lips. Harry grabbed her hand and pulled her to a stop just as she passed him.

"Be subtle," he whispered.

Bellatrix licked her lips excitedly and nodded, her eyes locked on a now nervous-looking McNair. For a moment, Professor McGonagall looked like she might object but, after a moment, she turned away to help someone else.

A yelp drew Harry's attention back over to James and Lily. Surprisingly, it was James who'd yelped and was wiggling oddly while Lily smirked.

"Everything alright?" Harry asked.

"We're fine," Lily told him, her bright green eyes glittering with suppressed laughter. "I was just showing Potter that holding back just because I'm a girl is a bad idea."

Harry snorted at the idea of anyone holding back in any kind of duel against Lily. Charms and Potions may have been her best subjects, but that didn't mean she wasn't highly skilled in her other classes.

"What did you do?" Harry whispered while James was still distracted.

“He wondered if Molly was wearing a thong under her skirt, so I gave him one of his own to worry about,” Lily told him, her eyes sparkling with mirth.

Harry coughed to cover up a laugh while looking back over at James, who was still wiggling his hips with an uncomfortable look on his face. Patting Lily on the shoulder, he left her to it and started moving around the room again. Things settled down after that, and Harry and McGonagall were able to finally get some real teaching done.

Watching Bellatrix play with McNair was probably the highlight of the night for everyone. Anytime Professor McGonagall wasn't looking, and Harry thought she intentionally turned a blind eye a number of times, Bellatrix would Transfigure his clothes into increasingly revealing and slutty outfits that would viciously attack him before changing them back before McGonagall saw anything. McNair was furious but lacked the skills to put up much of a fight.

As always, they spent the last half hour working on the Patronus Charm. By now, more than a dozen people were able to get an indistinct blob, and most others could produce a strong mist. It was slow going, but everyone was steadily improving. Soon, he would need to find a boggart for them to practice on.

As the meeting ended, Harry caught Bellatrix looking at him expectantly. In return, he sent her a small smile and a nod. Violet eyes lighting up in excitement, she sauntered out of the Great Hall, several eyes being drawn to her swaying backside. A moment later, Harry caught sight of James waddling his way to the door, pausing to shake his leg before continuing on his way with the rest of the Marauders.

“Quite an eventful night,” Dumbledore said, stepping up beside him. “And a very interesting lesson.”

“I just hope they got the point,” Harry said.

“I'm sure at least two of them learned a very valuable lesson this evening,” the headmaster said, his blue eyes twinkling and drawing a chuckle from Harry.

“Harry, are you coming?” Lily asked.

“You go ahead,” he told her. “I have to clean up.”

“Do you want help?” Lily offered.

“No, that’s alright. It shouldn’t take me long,” Harry said.

Lily hesitated a moment before nodding and walking with Alice, Mary, Marlene, and Dorcas back to Gryffindor Tower. Harry bade Professor Dumbledore good night before starting to clean up the Great Hall.

“An excellently prepared lesson,” Professor McGonagall said.

“Thanks, professor,” Harry replied as he levitated the furniture back into the trunk.

“Next time, however, I would appreciate it if you didn’t ruin a perfectly good robe,” she added, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh, right. Sorry about that,” he said with an apologetic smile.

“I’ll chalk it up to the cost of teaching this time,” Professor McGonagall said. “Good night, Mr. Potter.”

“Night, Professor,” Harry replied.

As Professor McGonagall left, Connie followed her after smiling and giving him a thumbs up. Waving, he turned back to finish packing everything away. After all, there was a very naughty witch waiting for him just outside the Great Hall.



Lily was walking from Gryffindor Tower to the Library to pick up a book she needed for homework when she spotted Harry walking with Bellatrix Black. Over the last few weeks, she'd noticed how the normally strong-willed, independent witch looked at him with a nearly worshipful gaze at times.

Of course, she'd known that Harry was friends with Narcissa for quite a while but seeing him being so friendly with Bellatrix was quite surprising, given the Slytherin's reputation.

Out of curiosity, Lily changed direction and followed them from a distance. At first, she thought Harry was simply taking another path to the common room, but when they passed the sixth floor and headed for the seventh, it piqued her interest even more.

What were they doing up here, she wondered.

Peeking around the corner, she watched with a furrowed brow as Harry paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of wall. Amazingly, the wall melted into a door, revealing a room she'd never known about before. Before she really had a chance to think through her actions, Lily slipped out her wand and cast a quick Sticking Charm, preventing the door from latching closed behind them.

Biting her lip, she really thought about whether she should be following Harry and spying on him like this but, in the end, her irrepressible curiosity got the better of her. Tapping the top of her head with her wand, Lily disillusioned herself and crept up to the door. Cautiously, she slowly cracked the door open to peek inside.

She barely managed to stifle a gasp when she spotted what they were doing. Harry had his back to the door while Bellatrix knelt in front of him. Though she couldn't see anything, the movements made it clear what she was doing. Lily felt a mess of jumbled emotions run through her as Harry ran his fingers through Bellatrix's curly black hair.

“Mmh, good girl,” he said in an affectionate tone. “Though I’m not sure how this is supposed to be your reward.”

Bellatrix pulled back a surprisingly long way as she stared up at Harry.

“I love sucking your cock,” Bellatrix said.

Lily’s loins throbbed at the filthy words. Despite the jealousy she was admittedly feeling, she couldn’t deny the arousal she felt at what she was witnessing. She just wished that Harry would turn so she could get a better look.

Just as that thought passed through her mind, she heard footsteps quickly approaching from behind her. After a second’s hesitation, she moved out of the way just as Narcissa strode purposefully around the corner. Lily waited with bated breath as she walked straight up to the door and pushed it wide open.

“You should at least lock the door if you’re going to start without me,” Narcissa said, much to Lily’s surprise.

“I thought I did,” Harry replied.

As he turned to look at Narcissa, Lily got her first glimpse of his exposed erection. Long, thick, and glistening with Bellatrix’s saliva, she felt her cheeks flush and her folds dampen as she stared at it. Without realizing what she was doing, Lily slipped into the room to get a better look a moment before Narcissa closed the door. As the lock clicked into place, she realized too late she was now trapped inside. There was no way she could unlock the door and slip out without one of them noticing.

“What took you so long?” Harry asked, still looking at Narcissa while fisting his hand in Bellatrix’s hair and guiding her mouth back to his length.

It was quite surprising to see such a normally strong witch kneeling so submissively in front of him and staring up with an almost reverent look on her face. Though not nearly as surprising as it was to see someone as kind and gentle as Harry so carelessly shove his length down her throat. Lily bit her lip to hold back a moan as she rubbed her thighs together as she watched Bellatrix's lips stretch wide to accommodate Harry's impressive girth.

"I had to deal with Malfoy and McNair," Narcissa said, shrugging off her robe and loosening her tie.

"Did they give you any trouble?" Harry asked, his protectiveness coming through even as he roughly dragged Bellatrix's lips up his length by the hair.

The kneeling witch moaned long and low as she continued to stare up at Harry with a hooded, lustful gaze.

"Nothing I couldn't handle," Narcissa assured him with a smile as she stripped out of her school uniform.

Lily couldn't help but compare herself to the busty blonde as she dropped her bra to the floor and stepped out of her panties. She was happy to note that her own breasts weren't much smaller than hers, but Lily thought her bum was better. Bending down, Narcissa picked up her wand and, with a flick, sent her sister's and Harry's clothes flying off to land in a neatly folded pile.

Licking her lips, Lily's eyes raked over Harry's athletic frame. His muscles were much more defined than she would have expected, and the various scars marring his skin gave him a rugged look she found hopelessly attractive.

Why was this turning her on so much, she asked herself. Sure, she knew she was attracted to Harry, but shouldn't she be more jealous seeing him with not one, but two other women? Shouldn't she be desperate to leave, rather than desperate to touch herself?

Realizing there was no escape, and there was no controlling the reactions of her own body, Lily put her back against the wall and slid down quietly to sit on the floor. Careful to move slowly, she slipped a hand under her skirt and rubbed her heated mound through her panties as Narcissa stalked towards Harry with a smirk on her lips.

Running her hands up his chest, she grabbed the back of his head before pulling him down for a searing kiss. With their bodies pressed together, Bellatrix was trapped between them with Harry's length buried to the hilt in her throat. Neither of them seemed to notice, or even care as she began to gag, her face turning red from lack of oxygen. Lily bit back a moan as she rubbed herself firmly, her eyes locked on the brunette as she began to squirm.

When Harry and Narcissa finally parted, Bellatrix pulled back sharply to suck in a desperate breath. Long, thick strings of saliva dripped from his long shaft and swollen head as she caught her breath.

With a smirk, Narcissa brushed the single of blonde hair behind her ear before dropping to her knees behind her sister. Gathering Bellatrix's hair up into one hand, Narcissa trailed the other up her stomach to grope one of her slightly larger breasts roughly while guiding her mouth back to Harry's member.

Narcissa held her at the tip, leaned forward to kiss her cheek while looking up at Harry, then shoved Bellatrix forward. Her battered throat let out a loud squelch before she gagged hard while Harry groaned. Narcissa gave the nipple between her fingers a sharp twist, then slid her hand up over Bellatrix's throat. For the first time, Lily noticed the distinct bulge in the pale, delicate skin of her neck from Harry's length.

Slipping her hand inside her damp panties, she bit her lip and shuddered as her finger ran between her wet lips. With the other hand, Lily reached up, loosened her tie, and undid the top three buttons.

With a tight grip on Bellatrix's hair, Narcissa jerked her head back and forth rapidly. The room was filled with the sound of loud, wet gags and squelching as she willingly choked on Harry's shaft. Streaks of mascara ran down her cheeks as tears fell from her eyes, and thick, slimy

strands of spit dripped from her lips to her heaving chest. Yet, despite all of that, she never took her violet eyes off of Harry's face.

Yanking her sister's head back, Narcissa leaned forward, kissing her throat and squeezing one of her large, pale breasts as Bellatrix panted and coughed. Bending down, Harry kissed her on the lips and, with his hands on her rear, lifted her from the floor with shocking ease. Lily felt her core throb with need as he carried her over to a bed that had suddenly sprouted up out of nowhere.

Harry tossed Bellatrix onto the mattress, then caressed her cheek in a surprisingly tender gesture before his hips snapped forward, burying all of his considerable length into her depths with a single thrust. Bellatrix cried out and arched her back while Narcissa crawled onto the bed and laid on her side next to her sister. Despite everything she'd seen so far, Lily was still shocked to see them pull each other into a heated, tongue-filled kiss.

As she watched Narcissa's long-fingered hand grope Bellatrix's swaying breast, her green painted nails teasing over the stiff, puffy pink nipple, her own fingers followed a similar path under her bra. Biting back a whimper, she sank two fingers into herself, before she realized with a jolt what she was doing.

Why was she watching them instead of Harry? She wasn't interested in witches, Lily thought.

Shaking her head, she turned her eyes back to him as he drove into Bellatrix with long, powerful thrusts. Her eyes moved slowly from the point where he penetrated her, her taut inner lips clinging to his thick shaft, up his body to his face. Seeing the way his bright green eyes lit up in a combination of desire and affection sent another bout of conflicting emotions washing over her.

Lily couldn't help the excitement she felt, but a part of her, growing ever larger, wanted to see him staring at her with that same expression. Oddly, the jealousy she'd felt earlier had waned, totally eclipsed by her own excitement and lust at what she was seeing.

Suddenly, Bellatrix ripped her lips away from Narcissa with a gasp. Arching her back, a low, trembling moan escaped her throat as her body tensed. Narcissa slid her hand up and gripped her slender neck as Bellatrix began to shake and writhe. Lily panted through her nose, her palm grinding against her clit as she watched the other witch climax hard. The slapping of skin on skin from Harry's hips colliding with her thighs and ass took on a wet tone as she drenched his shaft in her arousal.

As Bellatrix panted for breath, her eyes closed in bliss, Harry pulled out of her, his shaft rock-hard and his head engorged to a menacing red. Narcissa smiled sultrily as she reached out for his hand and pulled him onto the bed. Sitting up, she pushed him onto his back where she had been a moment earlier, then swung her leg over to straddle his waist. Lily had a perfect view as she watched Narcissa lean forward, line him up with her entrance, then sink down, driving him into her depths.

Meanwhile, Bellatrix rolled over and curled up against his side. Harry ran his hand over her hair, caressing her head like a favored pet.

It was then that Lily realized a large part of the excitement she felt was derived from seeing two powerful, strong-willed witches essentially giving themselves to him. Especially seeing Bellatrix act so submissively towards Harry was something she found extremely and unexplainably arousing. As a virgin in every sense of the word, what Lily was watching had her questioning everything she thought she knew about what she liked and wanted.

She unconsciously found her fingers moving in time with Narcissa's hips as the brunette witch began bouncing on his waist. In almost a complete contrast to the rough, animalistic pounding he had given Bellatrix, Harry and Narcissa's movements were far slower and more sensual. With the hand that wasn't absently stroking through Bellatrix's long, curly hair, Harry caressed Narcissa's body with a light, almost teasing touch.

The witch riding him tilted her head back and moaned, her long nails leaving light pink tracks on his skin as she drew them down his chest. Against her will, Lily found her eyes constantly darting back to Narcissa's fully, perky breasts, her tight, fit bum, and her taut folds as they stretched to accommodate Harry's thick length.

“What would your parents think if they saw you like this?” Harry asked, his low, almost growling tone sending a shiver down her spine. “Riding a Half-bloods cock.”

Narcissa’s only answer was a moan and an increase in the speed of her hips.

“Mother would be furious,” Bellatrix said, smirking at the thought. “Aunt Walburga would disown us, and father would only care about the money he couldn’t make from selling us.”

Narcissa whimpered, her hips rolling as she bottomed out. Lily could tell from her movements that she was getting close, and she felt herself nearing the edge.

“Maybe you could cuckold him,” Bellatrix suggested excitedly. “Show mother and father what a real wizard looks like.”

“Oh Merlin,” Narcissa gasped with a shuddering breath.

“Then Harry could do whatever he likes with us,” Bellatrix continued. “Imagine how the portraits would react to seeing him fuck us all over the house as he pleased. Show them just how pathetic our parents have become.”

“Fuck!” Narcissa shouted.

Lily bit her lip hard to keep from doing the same as they climaxed in unison, the thought of seeing Harry completely dominating one of the Pureblood families that hated her simply for existing pushing her over the edge. As warmth and pleasure exploded through her body, she watched as Harry grabbed Narcissa’s ass in a tight grip while driving his hips up into her. After just a few thrusts, he buried himself inside of her with a deep groan. Lily shivered as she watched his balls contract and the root of his shaft pulse, knowing he was cumming inside of the witch on top of him.

Closing her eyes, Lily rested the back of her head against the wall as she rode out her climax. It was a good few minutes before any of them moved.

“Don’t you have an essay to finish?” Narcissa asked.

Lily’s heart leapt into her throat as her eyes sprang open. A wave of relief washed over her when she found Narcissa looking not at her, but at Bellatrix, who glared at her.

“Don’t look at me like that,” she said. “It’s not my fault you procrastinate.”

“You should go finish your homework,” Harry said.

Bellatrix’s glare instantly vanished as she pouted up at him. Harry chuckled and ran his hand through her hair, causing her to close her eyes and turn toward his touch.

“Go on, I’ll see you tomorrow,” he told her.

Sighing, Bellatrix gave her sister one last glare before kissing Harry on the lips and climbing out of bed. All eyes in the room turned to watch her curvaceous figure as she quickly got dressed. Trotting back over to the bed, she leaned over to kiss Harry again. Sneakily, while their lips were locked, she reached out and twisted one of Narcissa’s nipples, causing her to yelp.

“You bitch!” Narcissa yelled, rubbing her reddened nub.

Bellatrix smirked as she tried to pull back, but Harry’s arm wrapped around her waist. The smug expression on her face faded quickly under his stern gaze. She stared at his face, seemingly not daring to move as he reached down and lifted her skirt. Harry’s hand raised and both Lily and Bellatrix both waited with bated breath.

Suddenly, his hand flew down and smacked her full, round cheek hard enough to make the flesh ripple. Bellatrix yelped, then moaned even as a pink handprint began to appear on her pale globe.

“Behave,” Harry growled.

Bellatrix looked up at him contritely while swaying her ass in the air as if hoping for another spank. Shaking his head, Lily saw the corners of his lips twitching into a smile.

“How am I supposed to punish you when you enjoy it?” he asked rhetorically.

Bellatrix gave an impish grin and continued to wiggle her hips. Harry fixed her with a stern gaze, and Lily nearly gasped as she felt his magic envelop her like a warm, heavy blanket.

“Go finish your homework, or tomorrow I’ll tie you up and make you watch as I spend all night with Narcissa,” he threatened.

Bellatrix bowed her head before climbing off the bed and walking quickly from the room. As the door closed, Harry’s magic vanished, leaving Lily feeling a bit empty in its absence.

“You were right,” Narcissa said softly.

“About what?” Harry asked, looking at her curiously.

“Bella,” she answered. “She was heading down a dark path before you came into her life. I just wish there was a way we could be with you without being disowned.”

Lily blinked, shocked that the two of them were willing to be kicked out of their families just to stay with Harry. It meant things were much more serious between them than she thought. Despite that, she couldn’t bring herself to feel as upset or jealous as she thought she should.

“We’ll figure something out,” Harry assured her.

“My father is already in negotiations with several families for me and my sisters,” Narcissa told him. “I suspect we’ll all be under contract by the beginning of the next school year or we’ll be disowned.”

“Don’t worry,” Harry said, kissing the top of her head. “I have a few ideas.”

Harry and Narcissa talked for a while longer before finally getting dressed and leaving the room. Once she was alone, Lily stood up and rubbed her bum, sore from sitting so long on the hard stone floor. Fixing her clothes, she dropped the Disillusionment Charm hiding her and snuck out into the hall. With so little foot traffic on the seventh floor, she walked over to one of the windows, cast a Cushioning Charm on the sill, and sat down to stare out at the grounds, thoughts racing through her mind.



“Are you okay Lily?” Marlene asked the next morning at breakfast. “You’ve been really quiet.”

Harry looked up in concern as Lily smiled.

“I’m fine, just stayed up a little too late studying,” she replied.

Nodding, Harry turned back to his breakfast only for a moment before his heart leapt when he caught sight of a white owl winging its way into the Great Hall. For just a brief moment, he thought it was Hedwig, but that hope died quickly as the owl ignored him completely as it flew to the Head Table, dropping a package wrapped in plain brown paper in front of Professor McGonagall.

Pushing his morose thoughts aside, he watched as she opened it to reveal a black, silk lined robe. Immediately, her eyes landed on Harry, who smiled and gave her a wink. With a small smile of her own, McGonagall took off the robe she'd worn to breakfast and put on the new one while Connie and Professor Sprout gushed over it.

It had cost a good bit of gold, but Harry had ordered it from Madam Malkin's, complete with several protective Charms. Fortunately, she'd had Professor McGonagall's measurements on file, so it hadn't taken long to make, though he did have to pay extra for the rush delivery.

"Please don't tell me you fancy Professor McGonagall," Alice said teasingly.

"Alice," Mary whined, wrinkling her nose cutely.

"I owed her a new robe after I ruined one during our duel last night," Harry explained.

"That was really nice of you," Lily told him with a smile.

"So, what's everyone doing for Christmas?" Dorcas asked.

"Probably just staying home with my family," Lily answered.

"Same," Alice said.

"My parents are taking us to France to go skiing for a week," Marlene replied with a grin.

"What's that?" Mary asked.

"It's a Muggle sport where you put long sticks on your feet and ride them down snow-covered hills," Lily explained to her Pureblood friend.

Both Mary and Alice looked at her oddly, causing Harry to smile.

“I’ll see if I can find a picture to show you,” Lily said.

“Ok,” Mary said. “Anyways, I’ll probably spend time visiting family, nothing too exciting.”

“What about you, Harry?” Alice asked.

“I’m staying at the castle,” he answered with a shrug.

The girls fell into an awkward silence after his reply.

“I can ask my parents if you can stay with us,” Lily offered.

“I don’t want to be a bother,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“You’re not a bother,” Lily told him firmly. “I write them tonight. I’m sure they’d be fine with it.”

Harry could tell just by the look in her eyes that Lily had already made up her mind and, to be honest, he did quite like the idea.

“If you’re sure,” he said.

“Positive,” Lily said with a nod.

“Thanks,” Harry said.

The two of them shared a smile before Mary asked her a question about skiing. Harry sat back with a smile as he watched her, suddenly having a reason to look forward to Christmas this year.

Chapter 10

“Today, we’re going to be talking about dark magic, and how to best defend against it,” Connie said as she stood at the front of the classes.

Harry heard a quiet scoff and looked over to see Snape sitting back in his seat, arms folded, with a sneer on his face.

“Now, who can tell me the definition of dark magic?” she asked, then pointed to Lily. “Ms. Evans.”

“Dark magic is any Curse or Hex that’s intended use is to cause permanent injury or death,” Lily answered.

“A good definition and one most academics and governments agree on, five points to Gryffindor,” Connie said with a small smile. “The vast majority of these spells also require a caster to focus on negative emotions such as anger or hatred. For this reason, the practice of these spells is highly discouraged and the use of them on another person, depending on the severity of the results, can see you fined or sitting in a cell in Azkaban. The most common examples of dark magic are the three Unforgivable, which you should have covered last year.”

Receiving nods from several students in the class, Connie pushed herself off the desk and flicked her wand. Behind her, a piece of chalk began writing a list of defenses against different types of dark spells. Frowning, Harry raised his hand.

“Yes, Mr. Potter?” Connie asked.

“What about the effect dark magic has on the caster?” he asked.

Nearly everyone in the class looked confused at his question, and several of the Slytherins snickered.

“That goes a bit more in-depth into dark magic than I’d planned, but since you’ve raised the question, why don’t you explain to the rest of the class what you mean?” Connie offered, leaning back against her desk.

“Well, because dark magic requires the caster to focus on negative emotions, practicing it can cause a noticeable change in personality. What’s even worse is that most dark magic gives the caster a rush from the sense of power they feel. Practicing dark magic too much can cause a fundamental change in the way a person behaves. Over time, their mind starts to associate those negative emotions with positive feelings.” Harry explained.

“Basically, when you practice dark magic, you tend to fall back on negative emotions like anger and hate because your body expects a reward for feeling that way. After enough time, and enough dark magic, it can become almost impossible to feel any real positive emotions. That’s why most dark wizards can’t cast the Patronus. They can’t summon the right feelings for the spell to work.”

“What a load of drivel,” someone muttered from the Slytherin side of the classroom.

“I assure you, Mr. Potter is entirely correct,” Connie said. “The effects of casting too much dark magic have been known for thousands of years. In fact, Aurors are taught to keep an eye on each other for gradual personality changes. Because there are a handful of dark spells that we use on rare occasions, there’s a strict limit on how much and how often we can practice.”

“What sort of changes?” Lily asked, her brow knitted as she listened intently.

“Getting angry over small things, staying angry for a long time, developing an increasing hatred for something that didn’t use to bother them. Those sorts of things,” Connie replied.

Lily quickly glanced at Snape, who stared steadfastly at the front of the class.

“Can a person change back when they start acting like that?” she asked.

“It depends,” Connie said, watching her closely. “If you can catch it early enough, and you can get them to stop practicing dark magic, yes. Unfortunately, most don’t want to stop. I once heard a healer liken it to an addiction. If they wait too long the changes can become permanent. If any of you notice those sorts of changes in a friend and you suspect they’ve been practicing dark magic, I urge you to talk to a professor about it immediately.”

Lily bit her lip and sat back in her seat as she stared down at her desk with a thoughtful look on her face. Harry could see the conflict on her face and, even though he did like or care for Snape at all, he sympathized with what she was going through.

“Yes, Mr. Potter?” Connie called.

Harry looked up in surprise until he realized she was talking to James, who had his hand raised with a mischievous look on his face.

“Doesn’t that describe how every Slytherin acts?” he asked innocently.

“Fuck off, Potter,” Evan Rosier barked with a glare.

“See?” James said, gesturing with his hand.

“That’s enough!” Connie said sternly. “Ten points from both of you. Now, let’s move on to the best ways to defend against dark magic.”



As they left the classroom, Harry noticed Lily's eyes following Snape as he walked down the hall.

"I'm going to go talk to him," Lily said before taking off after Snape.

Harry sighed as he watched her go. He didn't like Snape, but if she could get through to him and stop him from becoming the bitter, resentful bastard he had been in Harry's time, that could only be a good thing.

"Where's she going?" James asked with a frown.

"Dunno," Harry said with a shrug.

"Looks like she's going to talk to Snivellus," Sirius said.

"What!?" James barked, then glared at Harry. "What'd you let her do that for?"

"You're welcome to try and stop her yourself," Harry said with a roll of his eyes before turning to walk away.

After a quick stop at the library, he made his way to the Great Hall for lunch where he spotted a familiar redhead filling his plate. Though he'd seen him around the school quite a few times, he really hadn't talked to Arthur Weasley much since arriving. His hair was fuller and looked a bit brighter, but from what he'd seen, he still acted like the same man Harry had looked up to.

"Is this seat taken?" Harry asked.

“Help yourself,” Arthur said with a familiar, kind smile. “So, how are you liking Hogwarts so far?”

“It’s great,” Harry replied.

“Just wait until next week when they put up the Christmas decorations,” Arthur told him.

“So, what do you plan to do when you leave Hogwarts at the end of the year?” Harry asked curiously as he piled food onto his plate.

“I want to find a job that will let me explore the Muggle world. They’re just absolutely fascinating, aren’t they?” he asked.

Harry smiled and nodded. Some things never change, he thought.

As Arthur began talking about some of the Muggle things he found interesting, Harry took a bit of chicken. Instantly, his face soured as his mouth was filled with the taste of salt. Spitting it out, he reached for his goblet and downed it quickly. Unfortunately, it did little to wash the taste out of his mouth.

“What’s wrong?” Arthur asked.

Frowning, Harry cast a Cancellation Charm over his plate. Everything he’d planned to eat collapsed into a pile of salt. Hearing snickering, he looked up to see James, Sirius, and Peter laughing amongst themselves while Remus gave him an apologetic look.

“They transfigured salt to look like food,” Harry said.

Arthur picked up a slice of ham from his plate, gave it a lick, and grimaced at the taste. Waving his wand in a wider arch while casting the Cancellating charm, all of the food within arm's reach of the two of them collapsed into piles of salt. Harry vanished all of it and watched as the House Elves in the kitchen magicked more, real, food onto the platters.

"Is there any more pumpkin juice?" Harry asked, failing to find a pitcher.

"Here, take mine," Arthur said, handing him the goblet.

Harry took it gratefully and downed the contents. With the taste of salt finally washed out of his mouth, he started refilling his plate. It was only a moment later that he began to feel a warmth in his stomach that radiated outwards. A wave of lust flooded his senses, and a raging erection strained at the front of his pants.

Growling angrily, Harry looked over at the laughing Marauders. Just as he was about to turn away, he spotted Molly looking at him with a pale face and wide eyes. Realizing he'd taken a potion meant for Arthur, he fixed his robes around him to hide the prominent bulge in his pants and stood from the table.

"I need to use the loo," Harry said.

Seeing him coming towards her, Molly stood abruptly and all but fled the Great Hall. In the Entrance Hall, she looked at him worriedly as he stormed up to her. Grabbing her hand, Harry led her over to a disused classroom.

"I'm sorry, that was meant for Arthur," Molly said.

"What was?" Narcissa asked as she and Bellatrix came up from behind Harry closed the door behind them.

Molly looked like she was about to panic with three people now looking at her expectantly.

"I - I just wanted him to notice me, it was just a weak love potion –"

"What?" Narcissa hissed.

"It wasn't a love potion," Harry told her.

"What?" Molly asked nervously.

"Do I look like I'm on a Love Potion right now?" Harry asked frustratedly, his erection throbbing with need. "It was a lust potion."

Molly gasped and covered her mouth with her hand.

"But – but Witch Weekly said –"

"You trust that rag?" Narcissa interrupted and raised her eyebrow imperiously. "Should we take her to McGonagall?"

"No! Please, it was a mistake," Molly pleaded.

"But look at what you did to poor Harry," Bellatrix said with a pout as she reached over to rub the bulge in his pants.

Harry groaned while Molly's eyes followed Bella's hand, her cheeks going red all the way up to her ears.

Bellatrix smirked, "If you take care of him, I'm sure we can keep this just between us."

“Bella,” Harry growled.

“I’ll do it,” Molly said quickly.

Harry opened his mouth to tell her she didn’t have to, but Bellatrix chose that moment to give his length a hard squeeze, making him groan instead.

“Well?” Bellatrix asked impatiently.

Stepping forward tentatively, Molly dropped down to her knees and reached for his belt. Under normal circumstances, Harry would have been able to turn her away easily, but with the Lust Potion muddling his senses and clouding his judgment, he couldn’t bring himself to tell her to stop. Even his iron-clad will had its limits.

“I have Transfigurations in fifteen minutes,” Narcissa said, then turned to Harry with a smirk. “Have fun.”

“You’re not going to stop this?” Harry asked, remembering her initial reaction to Bellatrix and Rosmerta.

“Bella and I had a talk and I’ve gotten over it,” she replied with a smile.

Turning his chin with her fingers, she kissed him on the lips before opening the door, slipping outside, and closing it behind her. Harry stared after her helplessly, his head feeling foggy, and thoughts slowed from the potion clouding his mind. When he felt a tug on his pants, he turned back to Molly just as she pulled his pants and boxers down over his straining erection. His cock sprang up and slapped her under the chin, causing her to squeal in surprise. Leaning back, Molly stared at the throbbing, angry, red head with wide eyes while Bellatrix cackled.

“Oh my!” Molly gasped.

Feeling as if he was a passenger in his own body, Harry stepped forward and clamped both of his hands around the back of her head. Molly looked up at him, her blue eyes sparkling with a combination of nervousness and excitement as he pulled her closer to his raging erection. As she parted her lips and took him into her hot, damp mouth, Bellatrix pressed herself against his side and kissed the side of his neck.

“You are definitely getting punished for this later,” Harry said as he plunged his length deep into Molly’s mouth, causing her to gag lightly when he hit the back of her throat.

“I look forward to it,” Bellatrix whispered sultrily into his ear.

Growling in frustration and with a need more powerful than he’d ever felt before, Harry held Molly’s head still while he began thrusting his hips. Bracing her hands on his legs for support, she took his cock impressively, barely flinching as his swollen head battered the entrance of her throat and caused a loud, wet gag to escape her stretched lips. Molly sucked in a sharp breath through her nose each time he pulled back while thick globs of saliva began dripping down her chin.

Harry felt himself inexorably giving in to the potion as he began thrusting faster. Molly gurgled while more saliva dripped down to land on her crisp white shirt. As Harry stared down at her, her shirt turned more and more transparent, giving him a tantalizing view of her huge, bra-encased breasts and further enflaming his lust.

Pulling out of her mouth, Harry let loose a burst of uncontrolled magic that stripped the clothes from all three of them while Molly panted for breath. A gasp left her lips as her massive, torpedo-shaped breasts bounced into the open. Wide, puffy areolas took up nearly the entire tip of each soft yet perky mound while a thick, stiff red nipple sat in the center. Molly squeaked and looked down at herself in surprise but didn’t try to cover herself - not that it would have helped much if she did with the size of her bust. His cock giving a needy throb, Harry pulled her forward and slipped back into her hot, welcoming mouth.

Bellatrix gave a deep, naughty chuckle as she returned to kissing his neck and caressing his chest. Harry groaned, relentlessly plunging his spit-soaked length in and out of Molly’s mouth in

a mindless haze. Even if someone walk in at that very moment, he didn't think he could summon the will to stop what he was doing. It took all of the strength he had not to just force himself deep into Molly's throat. Whatever potion she had given him was incredibly powerful.

For her part, Molly took his rough pounding impressively. Despite the tears falling from her eyes, the spit raining from her chin down onto her heaving breasts, and the loud, wet gurgles she made when his thick head rammed into the back of her throat, she took it all in stride. She'd even started lashing at his length with her tongue each time he pulled back.

Nearing his peak, Harry forced himself to pull completely out for just a moment, giving her a chance to take a breath before he drove right back in. He thrust wildly as his legs began to tremble. A moment later, he opened his mouth to warn Molly he was close, only for it to turn into a groan when she chose that moment to flick her tongue over the tip of his cock. His breath caught in his throat and his vision went black at the edges from the strength of his climax that nearly caused him to collapse.

Rather than shooting in spurts or jets like he normally did, Harry came in streams. Dimly, he noticed Molly's eyes go wide as her cheeks puffed out. As he continued to flood her mouth, she swallowed around him, but couldn't stop some from leaking out around her lips. Giggling, Bellatrix reached down and stroked the part of his shaft that wasn't covered by Molly's lips. After a few more powerful bursts, Harry finally started to come down from the most intense climax he'd ever experienced.

After swallowing one last time, Molly sucked in a deep breath and coughed a couple of times, her hand held to her chest.

"My goodness," she said, looking down at the cum and spit covering her breasts. "Is that because of the potion, or are you always like that?"

"The potion," Harry panted.

Molly looked up and stared at the still rigid cock aimed at her face.

“And that?” she asked, swallowing thickly.

“Yeah,” Harry said, the potion making it hard to think of anything other than what he wanted to do with Molly’s thick, curvy figure.

“Oh,” she said, her eyes still on his length that pulsed in time with his heartbeat.

“You did say you’d take care of it,” Bellatrix reminded her.

“Well, yes, I –”

Molly broke off with a small gasp when Harry bent down and lifted her off the floor. With her voluptuous figure, she wasn’t a small witch, but he was still able to effortlessly carry her over to the teacher’s desk and lay her down on her back. Molly planted her feet on the desk and spread her legs while lifting her head to look at the throbbing cock about to enter her. Seeing the tangle of fiery red hair covering her mound, Harry waved his hand, trimming it down to a well-manicured strip.

“How? You don’t even have a wand!” Molly said, gaping at him.

“Must be the potion,” Harry told her as he stepped between her legs.

He was able to restrain himself from slamming into her and slowly sank into her hot, wet folds. Molly gasped as she watched more and more of his thick shaft disappear into her sweltering depths.

“It’s so big,” she said.

Groaning as he bottomed out, Harry grabbed two rough handfuls of her breasts and used them as handles as he began thrusting his hip. Gripping her breasts near the bottom, the top half that

overflowed his hands swayed in time with his thrusts. With her view obscured by her own bust, Molly laid back on the desk and closed her eyes with a low, wanton moan. When she opened them again, she found herself staring up at Bellatrix's perky breasts and grinning face.

"Look at these massive tits," Bellatrix said.

Reaching out, she grabbed one of Molly's thick, prominent nipples and gave it a tug. With a gasp, Harry felt her depths flutter around him, driving him to thrust harder and deeper.

"Bella," he growled warningly, his restraint hanging by a thread.

Looking up at him with a hooded, mischievous gaze, she pulled on her nipple again while rolling it between her fingers. When Molly moaned and tightened around his length, Harry's restraint snapped, and he began hammering into her. She cried out in surprise and pleasure as he plowed into her. A loud, skin-on-skin slapping filled the room each time his thighs collided with her bum, causing the flesh of her wide hips and thick thighs to ripple. Each hammering thrust made the wooden desk creak in protest and the feet scraped against the floor as they were jerked forward a millimeter at a time.

Laughing, Bellatrix gave Molly's nipple another sharp tug before letting go and watching it snap back into place. Lifting herself up, she climbed onto the desk and knelt over Molly's face. Molly stared up at Bellatrix's leaking folds with wide eyes as they were slowly lower closer and closer to her mouth.

"Lick," Bellatrix demanded.

"I-"

Whatever Molly was going to say was cut off when Bellatrix dropped down and ground her slick folds over Molly's lips with a moan. Shockingly, it wasn't long before her tongue darted out tentatively.

“That’s it,” Bellatrix said, her violet eyes hooded and lust filled as she looked up at Harry.

Leaning forward with one hand braced on the desk, she rested her fingers just above Molly’s clit and began rubbing, alternating between slow circles and rapid back and forth movements. Molly let out a muffled squeal, her depths gasping tightly at Harry’s hammering cock.

No wonder she and Arthur had so many kids, Harry thought at the intensely pleasurable feeling.

Bellatrix gave a moan of her own, presumably from something Molly had done, and rubbed at her clit frantically. In seconds, Molly was writhing on the desk, a constant stream of muffle moans and groans escaping her lips. Suddenly, she clamped down on his thrusting length and screamed into Bellatrix’s folds while drenching him in arousal.

“Fuck!” Harry grunted.

Feeling his climax building again, he unrelentingly plowed into Molly furiously. Nails scratching at the wooden desktop, her first peak had hardly waned before she was driven to a second by his relentless thrusts. As her hot, silky walls clamped down around him, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and tipped over the edge.

“Yes!” Bellatrix hissed through an orgasm of her own. “Fill her.”

Harry leaned his weight forward to keep his balance while he experienced another thunderous climax. After he deposited another tremendous load inside of Molly, he slipped out of her. A stream of thick, white cum leaked from her lips as he pulled out of her. Bellatrix dove forward and began licking it up, drawing a pitiful groan from Molly as she trembled.

“Damn it,” Harry growled, glaring down at his still straining erection.

Grabbing a handful of Bellatrix’s thick, curly black hair, he pulled her off the desk. Eyes glittering with excitement, she reached down and stroked his glistening shaft. Pulling her in for a rough

but brief kiss, he spun her around and used a hand on her shoulder to bend her over at the waist. Bellatrix ended up with her head between Molly's legs, who was panting exhaustedly as she lay limply on the desk.

Gripping Bellatrix's bum, Harry spread her open and placed his finger at her crinkled hole. With a quick Lubrication Charm, he placed two fingers at her tight entrance and sank them in. Moaning, she bucked her hips back and looked over her shoulder with a wanton gaze. Pulling his fingers out, he lined the head of his cock up with her back door and roughly drove into her incredibly hot, tight depths.

"Yes," Bellatrix hissed.

Turning back around, she reached up to grab Molly's heaving breasts and buried her face in her leaking folds.

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Harry, Molly, and Bellatrix missed their next two classes. It took over an hour and half a dozen orgasms before the potion finally worked its way through his system. All three of them were completely knackered by the time they left the classroom to go shower. Harry had cast a number of cleaning charms, but he still worried they reeked of sex.

After taking a short nap, he made his way down to dinner where he ran into Narcissa waiting for him in the hall near the Grand Staircase.

"You look exhausted," she said.

"I am," Harry said tiredly. "I don't know what potion she gave me, but it should be illegal."

"I looked it up between classes," Narcissa told him. "It's a Lust Potion that works by using a wizard or witch's own magic, which is why it affected you so much. I don't know who thought it would be a good idea to put that in a magazine, or why they called it a Love Potion."

"Brilliant," Harry said sarcastically. "Where's Bella?"

"Sleeping," Narcissa said with a smirk. "I think she might be out for the night. You really did a number on her."

Harry grunted as they resumed their walk to the Great Hall. Giving his hand a discrete squeeze, she turned and headed to the Slytherin table while he made his way to Gryffindor. Spotting Arthur, he couldn't help feeling a little guilty, despite the fact that he and Molly weren't even dating yet. Stopping, he turned and made his way over to him.

"Hey, Arthur. Sorry for leaving earlier," Harry said, sitting down across from him.

"No problem," he replied with a smile. "I figured you might have lost your appetite after what happened."

"Yeah," Harry said. "Listen, I overheard Molly Prewitt talking to one of her friends earlier. Turns out she fancies you."

"Really?" Arthur asked, looking around for Molly but not finding her.

She's probably still asleep, like Bella, Harry thought.

"You should ask her out to Hogsmeade," he suggested.

"I think I will. Thanks, Harry," Arthur said with a grin. "Oh, I heard you grew up in the Muggle world. Could you tell me how ekeltricity works?"

“Electricity,” Harry corrected him before explaining as best he could.



After receiving a detention for missing Charms and Potions, Harry made his way back up to the Gryffindor common room. He was looking forward to calling it an early night, but he spotted Lily sitting on the couch in front of the crackling fire in her pajamas with a frown on her face and her knees tucked under her chin.

“Hey, you alright?” Harry asked, sitting down next to her.

“Yeah, just...” Lily trailed off with a tired sigh. “Severus wouldn’t even listen to me. I knew he was changing over the last couple of years, but I thought it was because of his friends, not the magic he was practicing.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, wrapping his arm around her shoulder.

“It hurts losing one of my oldest friends, but I’m tired of having to talk him into doing the right thing. I guess he’s not the person I thought he was,” she said sadly.

Rubbing her arm soothingly, Harry rested his head on top of hers.

## Chapter 11

Harry was sitting in the common room, flipping through a book on advanced defensive magic, when Lily came bounding down the girls’ staircase with a bright smile. His eyes were inexorably drawn to the alluring sight of her breasts bouncing under her tight green turtleneck before he forcibly tore his eyes away.

Why did she have to be so damn beautiful, he asked himself.

When she spotted him, Lily's eyes lit up, and she bounded over.

"They said yes," she said excitedly.

"Er, what?" Harry asked, mentally shaking himself from staring at her gorgeous face and bright green eyes.

"My parents. They said you could stay for the holiday," Lily told him.

Harry looked at her in surprise before a smile stretched across his face. He would finally get a chance to know his grandparents, even if he and Lily were the only ones who knew they were related. Honestly, he hadn't expected them to agree to let him stay for the full holiday, but he was happy they did.

Well, sort of, he thought.

Harry pushed those thoughts away. Thinking about it would only give him a headache.

"Thanks, Lily," Harry said with a grateful smile.

"Of course, what are friends for?" she asked rhetorically. "You ready to go?"

"Yeah," he replied, pushing himself up off the couch.

Smiling brightly, Lily spun around, and Harry's eyes once again wandered to places they shouldn't. After catching a glimpse of her full, round bum in her tight jeans, he wrenched his eyes back up with a mental curse. To avoid temptation, he sped up as soon as they stepped

through the portrait hole and walked side by side with Lily as they walked down to the Great Hall.

Today was the last Hogsmeade weekend before most students would be leaving for home, adding a sense of excitement to the air. With only a few days left until the beginning of the Christmas holiday and mid-terms finished, there was a relaxed atmosphere around the castle. Everyone was anxious to get presents for their loved ones and go home to see their families.

After eating quickly, Harry, Lily, and the rest of their friends all lined up to leave the grounds. Filch, grouchy as ever, took his sweet time examining all of the permission slips closely and checked each one with some sort of detector. Seeing him use the magical device made Harry wonder how he could use something like that as a Squib.

By the time they finally made it out of the castle and boarded a carriage, Harry had a new idea rolling around in his head. Having grown quite bored with his classes, he'd started to look at expanding his knowledge of other types of magic. With the idea he had in mind, he thought he might be able to help Squibs.

Most people wouldn't go out of their way to help someone like Filch. Harry wasn't too fond of the man when he aided Umbridge during her reign as High Inquisitor. Still, he could understand the bitterness a person would feel being born into a world of magic yet unable to do even the simple of spells. Not to mention the scorn Squibs received from most people just for being what they were. Harry had heard more than one story of children being abandoned when it was discovered they couldn't do magic.

He was realizing more and more that Voldemort wasn't the problem. He was just a symptom of a much larger issue. There was so much anger and bitterness in the Wizarding world and so many reasons for a person to turn dark that it was only a matter of time before someone new popped up to replace him. There needed to be a fundamental change in the way magical Britain before they could ever truly be safe.

But how, he wondered.

Dumbledore had spent the better part of seven decades as one of the most powerful figures in the world and had accomplished relatively little in that time.

Had he really tried, though, Harry asked himself.

Sure, Dumbledore had power, but he had never really tried to use it. Not seriously, at least. He'd changed small things, but not enough to make a difference. Ever since his fallout with Grindlewald, Dumbledore had been too scared to use the power he had. He didn't trust himself with it. Instead, he'd kept the status quo and hid in his school.

Yet even at Hogwarts, where he had the potential to change the minds and beliefs of generations of students, he'd held back with the exception of a few rare cases, such as Hagrid and Remus.

"Harry?"

Shaking himself from his thoughts, he turned to Lily, who was looking at him curiously.

"Sorry," he said with an apologetic smile. "I was just thinking."

"It's fine," Lily told him. "I asked if there was anywhere you wanted to go first."

"No. I need to pick up some presents, though. Do you have any idea what I should get your parents?" Harry asked.

"Well, you could get my mum something from Honeydukes. She loves her sweets," Lily told him with a smile. "My dad's not picky, but you really don't need to get them anything."

"What about your sister?" Harry asked.



“A heart,” Lily said with uncharacteristic snark, then shook her head. “Sorry. If you want to get her something, make sure it’s Muggle. The last time I bought her something magical, she threw it in the bin.”

Seeing the sad, troubled frown on her face, he reached over and squeezed her hand. Lily looked down at her hand, then back up at him, and smiled as she squeezed back. Neither of them noticed the knowing smiles Alice and Marlene exchanged across from them.

The carriage rocked to a stop, and Harry got out first and held out his hand to help the girls step down. As they walked towards the village, he immediately noticed several witches and wizards in the trademark blue robes worn by Aurors. Surprisingly, the few that spotted him gave him a respectful nod, including a young Kingsley Shacklebolt. Walking next to him with her hand in his, a tall, willowy witch with dark skin and a pretty face smiled at him.

Harry smiled back as he realized who she was. He recognized her from the picture of the Order that Moody had shown him. She was Elizabeth Shacklebolt, Kingsley’s wife, who had been killed in a raid on a Death Eater’s home during the first war.

“You okay?” Lily asked.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, forcing the frown off his face.

“Let’s go to Honeyduke’s first,” Alice suggested. “Then we can look at the other shops.”

“Sure,” Harry said.

In Honeyduke’s, Harry picked up a large sampler box for Cynthia, Lily’s mother, and a few other items to gift to the girls. When they were done, they explored the rest of the shops in the village one by one, looking for gifts.

One of the best shops they visited was Ender's Odds and Ends, a magical thrift shop. They had a wide assortment of different magical items where Harry was able to get gifts for pretty much everyone except for Lily. He had no idea what to get her, and nothing he saw he thought was good enough.

Even after they'd checked every shop in Hogsmeade, he still had no gift for her. With only a few days left before Christmas, he would have to think of something.

Maybe I should make something for her again, he thought.

Eventually, they stopped by the Three Broomsticks for lunch. Rosmerta smiled happily when she saw him and gave him a wink. It had only been a few days since he'd last snuck out of the castle to enjoy her company, but seeing her round breasts bulging out of the top of her corset made him wish they could sneak off for a bit.

Harry couldn't help the small, smug smirk that tugged at his lips when he saw the crowd of boys at the bar all staring at her breasts. She'd worn a dark green corset that caused her lush breasts to bulge over the top of the tight material. While his classmates could only fantasize about what was under her constricting outfit, Harry had an intimate knowledge of what she looked like.

As they walked to the back of the pub towards the only open booth, he spotted Arthur and Molly sitting at a table not too far away. Both of them were smiling happily at each other when Arthur spotted him and gave a friendly wave. Harry waved back just as Molly looked up and blushed heavily.

Taking seats, it only took Rosmerta a couple of minutes to come over and take their orders. As soon as she left, Alice stood up.

"We'll be right back. Need to use the loo," she said, giving Lily and Marlene pointed looks.

"Okay," Harry said.

Watching them leave, he couldn't help but wonder why they had to go together. He also could help but enjoy the view as they walked away.

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"Do you still plan on going to the bookstore after lunch?" Alice asked Lily as she washed her hands.

"Yeah, why?" Lily asked curiously.

"I thought me and Marlene could take off and give you and Harry some time together alone," Alice said with a knowing smirk.

As Marlene giggled, Lily bit her lip and saw her cheeks flush in the mirror.

"You don't need to do that," she said softly.

"You still like him, don't you?" Marlene asked.

"Well, yes, but..."

"But what?" Alice asked.

Lily knew she should have just told them that she and Harry were just friends, that she wasn't interested in him that way, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Does it really matter if we spend time together alone, she asked herself. It's not like Harry will try anything anyways, she thought sadly.

“Nothing, I’m just nervous,” Lily said with a small smile.

“What’s there to be nervous about?” Marlene asked.

“I’m not sure Harry likes me that way,” Lily admitted.

“Yeah, right,” Marlene scoffed. “So you didn’t notice him check out your bum when you bent over to look at those Enchanted snowglobes?”

“He did?” Lily asked, pushing down the flutter she felt in her stomach.

“It is a very nice bum,” Alice said, her hand swinging around to give her left cheek a light slap.

“Alice!” Lily exclaimed.

She stared at her friend’s unrepentant grin with an open mouth before all three of them broke down into giggles. As they left the bathroom, Lily couldn’t help the hopefulness she felt growing in her chest.

Worrying her lip, Lily followed Marlene and Alice back to their table with butterflies fluttering wildly in her chest. Maybe Harry was attracted to her, she thought. Maybe he was just hiding it like she was because he knew he shouldn’t. But what about the Black sisters, a voice nagged at the back of her mind.

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The girls rejoined Harry, and they had a pleasant lunch together. Leaving a generous tip on the table, he smiled at Rosmerta as they left.

“Marlene and I need to go pick something up. See you two in a bit,” Alice said quickly once they were outside.

Before Harry or Lily could say a word, they took off down the street. Blinking at their sudden departure, he turned to look at Lily questioningly. Seeing his look, she shrugged her shoulders.

“So, where do you want to go next?” Harry asked.

“Um,” Lily hummed, looking up and down the street. “I need to stop at the bookstore, but - since we’re alone - there’s something I wanted to ask you about.”

“What that?” Harry asked as they began walking slowly in the direction of the bookstore.

Lily worried her bottom lip in a way he found both cute and sexy while looking around to make sure they were truly alone.

“I saw you, Narcissa, and Bellatrix together the other day in the library,” she said softly.

“Oh,” Harry said dully. “You mean when we were...”

Harry trailed off, hoping she would tell him exactly what she saw before he gave anything away.

“Kissing,” Lily finished, her cheeks going pink.

“Ah,” Harry said with a sigh.

I guess it was only a matter of time before she found out, he thought. Swallowing nervously, he decided it was time to come clean. He really didn’t like keeping secrets from Lily, and the guilt

of not telling her about Cissy and Bella had been slowly eating at him for a while now. Harry could only hope she didn't think poorly of him.

Looking around, he grabbed her arm lightly and started leading her towards the Shrieking Shack.

"Let's go this way. I'd rather not be overheard," Harry told her.

Nodding, Lily walked next to him, her shoulder occasionally brushing against him as they trudged through the ankle-deep snow. When they reached the dilapidated fence surrounding the ramshackle house, he leaned against it and cast a Muffliato Charm around them, just in case.

"It's a bit – complicated," Harry prefaced with a sigh. "In my time, Narcissa was married to Lucius Malfoy, who was a part of Voldemort's inner circle. During the battle of Hogwarts, she lied to him to save my life. I knew she was trapped in a loveless marriage, so when I saw her here, I felt like I had to help her."

Lily turned to look at him with a smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

"You just can't help yourself, can you?" she asked.

Harry smiled and shrugged, "Hermione called it my saving people thing."

Lily shook her head before her smile faded.

"And Bellatrix?" she asked.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“That’s where things get complicated,” he said. “Voldemort seduced her into becoming his most loyal and vicious Death Eater. The crimes she committed were some of the worst we saw during both wars. The thing is, she wasn’t always like that. Sirius told me she only became like that after she married Lestrage and met Voldemort. Bellatrix has always been obsessive, especially when it comes to someone powerful. When I met her here, I thought that if I could make her obsessed with me, I could stop her from hurting anyone and turn her against Voldemort.”

Harry sighed again and shook his head.

“I know that makes me sound like a manipulative git, but it seemed like the best option. I mean, she hasn’t done anything wrong yet, so I can’t have her arrested. And I couldn’t just kill her no matter what I knew she might do. I just...”

“You wanted to save her,” Lily finished for him. “Even after all the horrible things she did, you wanted to protect her.”

“Yeah,” Harry said, staring at his foot to avoid her eyes. “I know it sounds stupid-”

Harry broke off when he felt Lily wrap her arms around his shoulders and hug him gently. After a moment of hesitation, he hugged her back, savoring the warmth of her body in the cold winter air. When she pulled back a moment later, he was surprised to see her looking at him with a proud smile on her face. Harry felt a swell of warmth fill his chest as he stared at her beautiful face.

“You did the right thing,” Lily told him with conviction. “It’s easy to save your friends, but it takes true bravery to save someone you hate.”

Harry looked away shyly, but he couldn’t stop a pleased smile from twitching on his lips.

“Thanks,” he said. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I was just nervous about how you would react.”

“I was hurt that you didn’t tell me,” Lily admitted. “But I know things haven’t been easy for you lately, so I’ll let it go just this once. You know you can trust me, right?”

“I do trust you,” Harry said firmly.

“Good,” Lily smiled and nudged his shoulder with hers.

Smiling back, Harry wrapped his arm around her and hugged her to his side.

“Well, since I’m coming clean, I’m kind of seeing Rosmerta, too,” he confessed.

“What do you mean kind of seeing her?” Lily asked.

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

“When I first got here, I was pretty overwhelmed,” he admitted.

Lily nodded and rested her hand on his shoulder comfortingly.

“I know it wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but I told her everything,” Harry said. “I just wanted someone to talk to, and I’m still angry at Dumbledore for some of the things he did. It was hard – losing everything I’d fought so hard to protect – and Rosie’s always been a good listener.”

“I understand,” Lily said, reaching down to hold his hand.

Harry gave her a small smile and cleared his throat, fighting down the well of emotions he’d kept buried for the last few months.



“Do Narcissa and Bellatrix know?” she asked.

“Not yet,” Harry replied, shaking his head. “I plan on telling them. Probably soon. They need to know the truth before things start to get crazy.”

“What do you mean?” Lily asked.

“I’m going to start causing a lot of problems for Vol – You-Know-Who soon. They might not want to stick around when he starts coming after me,” Harry said, watching Lily’s reaction closely.

She knew exactly what he was doing and narrowed her eyes.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Lily said firmly.

Harry couldn’t help but sigh in relief despite the worry he felt.

“Are you sure it needs to be you, though?” she asked, clutching his hand tightly. “Can’t you just tell Dumbledore what you know and let him take care of it?”

“No,” Harry said firmly, shaking his head. “I can’t just sit back when I’m one of only two people that can stand up to him.”

Lily stared at him before she lurched forward and hugged him tightly.

“Just promise me you’ll be careful,” she said softly, her breath ghosting across his ear.

“I will,” Harry whispered.

Lily pulled back a few inches, her hands resting on his shoulders and his on her hips as they stared at each other. Harry was struck by just how beautiful she was, neither of them in a hurry to move away from each other. It took a moment before he realized Lily was leaning forward, her face slowly growing closer, and Harry couldn't bring himself to move away.

Both of them startled when they heard a giggle. As Lily stepped back, they turned to find James and Sirius approaching, each with a girl on their arm. The girl with Sirius giggled again as he whispered something in her ear. James looked up and glared at Harry hard when he stopped them.

"Let's go. I don't want to deal with them today," Lily said.

Grabbing his hand, Lily pulled him back towards the village. Harry sighed, not knowing if he should feel disappointed or relieved about the interruption.



Later that night, back at the castle, Harry made his way to the Defense classroom. After his talk with Lily, he'd realized he hadn't been doing much in terms of combating Voldemort, and that was down to one reason. A lack of information. With only a hand full of second-hand stories to go on, he just didn't know enough about what was happening at the moment.

Entering the classroom, he walked over to the closed office door and knocked.

"Come in," Connie called out.

Looking up for the stack of papers she was grading, Connie flipped her short blonde hair back and smiled as he closed the door behind him.

"Hello, Harry. What can I do for you?" she asked.

Rather than answering, Harry sealed the door and silenced it with heavy wards. Connie frowned and set down her quill.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No," Harry said, sitting down across from her. "I need your help with something."

"I take it this isn't school-related," Connie said.

Harry smiled and shook his head.

"I need to know what Voldemort and his Death Eaters are up to, and I think I know how to find out," he said. "When I was on the run, my friend Hermione and I came up with an idea. She modified a Listening Charm so that it could be placed on an object and send everything it heard to another one."

"That's impressive," Connie said, sitting back in her chair.

"Yeah," Harry agreed, smiling softly. "Hermione's brilliant. Or, she will be."

He went quiet for a moment, then physically shook himself out of his memories and pushed away the sadness he felt.

"Anyways," he said, "we never got a chance to use it in my time, but I know it'll work. I need your help, though."

"What do you need me to do?" Connie asked.

"I want to use the Taboo to bring in the Death Eaters again. I just need you to tell me who's important enough to put the charm on," Harry told her.

"Alright. When do you want to do it?" Connie asked.

"You do realize we're going to be breaking several laws, right?" Harry asked.

Connie smiled, "Then we'll just have to make sure we don't get caught. Now, when are we going?"

Harry grinned and stood from his seat.

"Right now."

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Harry and Connie snuck out of the castle using the passage behind the One-Eyed Witch statue and then slipped out of Honeyduke's. Looking around the empty village to ensure they hadn't been spotted, Harry turned to Connie and held out his arm. As soon as she grabbed it, he twisted into nothing and Disapparated without a sound.

A moment later, they reappeared in the middle of the Forest of Dean, the same place where Harry and Hermione had hidden for weeks. Unbidden, he remembered Hermione taking his hand in hers. It was so vivid he could practically feel the ghost of her touch on his skin and see her face swimming in the shadows.

"Maybe we should just stay here, forget about the prophecy, and grow old together," she'd said.

Knowing what he did now, a large part of him wished he'd taken her up on that. Merlin, he missed her.

"Harry?" Connie called out quietly.

"There's a clearing just on the other side of those rocks," Harry said, forcing away his memories. "Once they show up, I'll need you to put up an anti-Apparation ward. Then, we'll stun them, cast the charm, Obliviate them, and then get out of here. If Voldemort shows up, run. Don't worry about me, just leave as fast as you can. I'll be fine."

Connie stared at him for a long moment before nodding hesitantly.

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Connie took a deep breath to settle her nerves as she watched Harry enter the middle of the clearing. She couldn't help but notice how handsome he looked with the light of the moon illuminating his face.

Stop being a pervert and get your head in the game, she reprimanded herself.

It wasn't just his looks, though. There was a presence to Harry that just seemed to draw people to him. Shaking her head, she tightened her grip on her wand and focused on the task at hand. There would be plenty of time to ogle him later.

His bright green eyes blazing, Harry took a deep breath and tilted his head back.

"VOLDEMORT!" he screamed, the veins and tendons in his neck popping out against the skin.

She'd thought something might be bothering him before, but now she was certain. She saw a change in him the moment they stepped into the forest.

Later, Connie thought.

Her heart hammered in her chest as they waited for the Death Eaters to arrive. Even though Harry stood stock still in the middle of the clearing, she could already feel his magic building up. The feel of it sent a pleasant tingle down her spine.

Like firecrackers going off, there was a series of loud *pops* as half a dozen Death Eaters Apparated into the clearing. As they launched spell after spell at Harry, who deflected them easily, Connie blanketed the area with an anti-Apparation ward. The moment it settled into place, Harry exploded into action, dropping two Death Eaters with a single spell before she could even exit the tree line.

Leveling her wand, Connie stunned one of the cloaked and masked figures in the back. The rest of the Death Eaters panicked and tried to Disapparate. A vindictive smile stretched across her as she saw their eyes widen behind their masks when they failed. Another spell spat from the end of her wand while Harry dropped yet another Death Eater. With only one left standing, Connie rushed forward, the thrill of the moment going to her head.

Her opponent was nowhere near her level and fell quickly to a full-body bind. Grinning in excitement and panting as adrenaline coursed through her veins, she turned to Harry. Surprisingly, his wand was still at the ready, a frown of concentration wrinkling his brow.

Just as she opened her mouth to ask him what was wrong, she heard the words that caused the blood in her veins to turn ice cold.

“Avada Kedavra!”

With the sound of rushing death, Connie saw the bright green Killing Curse speeding towards her from out of the corner of her eye.

I’m dead, she thought dully, the curse far too close for her to move in time.

Everything moved in slow motion as she looked at Harry's blazing green eyes. Suddenly, he disappeared with a thunderous crack, accompanied a moment later by the sound of shattering glass. Connie saw the remnants ward burn up in the night sky right before she felt a muscular arm wrap securely around her waist.

In that moment, all fear left her. Harry was there, and she was safe.

Her body was yanked backwards, and her eyes followed the deadly green curse as it passed through the space where she had been standing a split second earlier.

Time went back to normal as she found herself being held to Harry's chest while a jet of fire spewed from his wand. Connie heard a pained, terrified scream, and as the jet died, a figure remained on fire just a short distance away.

Invisibility cloak, she thought.

The figure scabbled to throw off their burning cloak and only just managed it before a Stunning Hex slammed into their chest. Harry glared at the downed figure venomously for a long moment. His expression relaxed when they didn't move, and he turned to look at Connie.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Connie said, unable to tear her eyes away from his intense stare.

Nodding, he regrettably let go of her and walked towards the Death Eater that had hidden under the cloak. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Connie followed after him. She reached Harry just as he pulled off the mask.

"Holy shit!" Connie gasped. "That's Augustus Rookwood!"

Harry sighed and rubbed his chin.

“What’s wrong?” Connie asked. “This is good, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know,” Harry admitted. “I know we could get a lot of good information from him, but I don’t think it’s worth letting him go. He gives a lot of information about the Department of Mysteries and the Ministry to Voldemort.”

Connie looked down at Rookwood’s face and realized he had a point. Even if they kept a close eye on him, letting him go could cost many people their lives.

“Let’s go check the others first,” Harry said.

Standing up, he stunned Rookwood again and then tied him up for good measure. Walking around the clearing, they checked all the other Death Eaters and rounded them up. Two of them Connie didn’t recognize, three were petty criminals from Pureblood families that had lost their fortunes long ago, and the last one was a mid-level Ministry employee that worked in the Floo office. Harry listened to everything she told him and then thoughtfully stared at the unconscious and bound Death Eaters.

“I think we should turn this lot in and try again later,” Harry said eventually. “Rookwood is too much of a threat to let go, and releasing the others, even if we do Obliviate them, would be too suspicious. What do you think?”

“I think you’re right,” Connie admitted. “Why don’t you head back to school, and I’ll call the Aurors.”

“You sure?” he asked.

Connie smiled at him, “I’m sure. It’s the least I can do after you saved my life.”



“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully.

Giving her shoulder a squeeze, he smiled before taking a step back and vanishing silently. Connie sighed and looked back down at the Death Eaters.

“This’ll be fun to explain,” she muttered to herself.

Taking her badge out of her pocket, Connie tapped it with her wand.

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Harry had been sitting in Connie’s office for over an hour when she finally walked through the door. He set down the book he had been reading as she entered and raised an eyebrow at him.

“Everything go okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she said tiredly, hanging her cloak up near the door.

Harry’s eyes briefly raked over her bust as her shirt pulled tight over her chest.

“I told them I felt someone tracking me and Apparated to the middle of nowhere to fight them. Dawlish bought it, but Moody didn’t look too convinced,” she told him with a sigh.

Walking around her desk, she opened a drawer and pulled out a bottle of Firewhiskey and two tumblers.

“You didn’t get in any trouble, did you?” Harry asked in concern.

“No,” Connie said, pouring two fingers worth into each glass and then passing one to him with a smile. “If anything, capturing that many Death Eaters will look good on my record.”

Harry smiled in return and took a sip, the fiery liquid burning pleasantly and filling him with warmth.

“I kind of feel bad taking credit for it, especially since you saved my life,” Connie said.

“It’s my fault you were there in the first place,” Harry reminded her.

“I knew the risks,” Connie told him, reaching out to rest her hand on the back of his. “Seriously, thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry said quietly with a small smile.

Returning the smile, Connie squeezed his hand before pulling back, her fingers trailing lightly over his skin.

“So, when do you want to try again?” she asked, bringing the tumbler to her full, pink lips.

“Let’s wait a week for things to calm down,” Harry said. “Are you staying at the school over the holiday.”

“No, I’ll be going home,” Connie told him.

Picking up her quill, she wrote something down on a sheaf of parchment before tearing it off and handing it to him.

“This is my home address. Stop by when you’re ready to go,” she said.

“Thanks,” Harry said, appreciating the trust her gesture showed.

Connie gave him a bright smile that sent his pulse racing. Downing the rest of his drink, Harry stood from his seat.

“I should call it a night,” he said. “Thanks for your help tonight.”

“Any time,” Connie said, still smiling. “Good night, Harry.”

“Night,” he said.

Stepping out into the hall, Harry leaned his back against the door to the classroom, closed his eyes, and sighed. He checked his watch and saw that it was just a few minutes before curfew. He’d been hoping to sneak off with one or both of the Black sisters for the night to blow off some steam, but it looked like that wasn’t an option now.

Well, if they can’t come to me, I could always go to them, he thought with a smirk.

Pushing off the door, he quickly made his way towards Gryffindor Tower.



“Hey, Harry. Where have you been?” Lily asked as he walked into the common room.

“I was talking to Professor Hammer about plans for the DA next term,” Harry said.

He didn't like lying to Lily, but he couldn't exactly tell her the truth when they were surrounded by their housemates. He'd just have to fill her in later.

"Anything exciting planned?" Dorcas asked from her spot on the floor as Mary McDonald braided her dark brown hair.

"I have a few surprises," Harry told her with a smile.

Harry spent the rest of the evening chatting with the girls before heading up to the dorm. Mercifully, the full moon meant the Marauders were gone for the night. Pulling his Moke-skin pouch from around his neck, he pulled out his cloak and swung it around his shoulders. He crept back down the stairs, through the empty common room, and then out into the hall.

On his way to the dungeons, Harry was forced to dip into an alcove to avoid Peeves as he led Filch through the halls on a merry chase. Peeves laughed as he ripped apart a schoolbook and tossed the torn pages into the air. Mrs. Norris looked in his direction at one point, but took off after her owner when he took off down the hall after the cackling Poltergeist.

Shaking his head, Harry made the rest of the trip without incident. Standing in front of the entrance to the Slytherin common room, he pulled out the Marauder's Map and rolled his eyes when it revealed the password.

"Pureblood," he whispered.

The wall in front of him clicked and swung inward quietly. Peeking through the gap to make sure it was clear, he slipped inside. Like the Gryffindor common room, Slytherin looked exactly as he remembered it.

Making his way across the common room, empty but for a couple snogging by the fire, he levitated himself up the stairs to the girl's dorms. Setting himself down at the landing, he debated for a moment on who to go see. Making his decision, he quickly reached the door

marked for fifth years. Harry pressed his ear to the door and listened for a long moment before quietly slipping inside.

Inside, he found six beds arranged in a circle around a burning stove. Each bed had dark green hangings that blocked out his view. Fortunately, the trunks in front of the beds were each marked with the initials of the occupant. Harry smiled when he spotted the one marked B.B. and pulled out his wand.

Silencing the door, he gave it a flick, and a blue orb with a long, comet-like tail leaving a trail of blue sparks jumped from the tip. Like a fly, it zipped through the air towards the beds in an unpredictable pattern. Harry's spell slipped between the bed hangings and darted over the faces of the girls. As the trail of sparks drifted down and touched their skin, they settled into a peaceful, enchanted sleep that would last for several hours. After darting over the last bed, the spell winked out, the sparks fading out before they could touch the floor.

Harry took off his cloak, put it back in his pouch, and then stuffed it in the pocket of his pajama pants. Quietly, he made his way over to Bellatrix's bed and pulled open the hangings. He smiled at her cute, sleeping face as he sat down on the mattress. Bellatrix mumbled and pulled the blankets tighter around her.

"Bella," Harry said, shaking her shoulder.

Bellatrix groaned and squinted her eyes open in a glare. When she saw him, her eyes went wide, and she sat bolt upright.

"Harry?" she whispered. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to see you," he said in a normal voice.

Bellatrix looked over his shoulder at the bed behind him in concern.

“Don’t worry, they won’t wake ‘til morning,” he assured her.

Standing up, Harry took off his shirt. Bellatrix’s violet eyes lit up excitedly as she looked at him. Pulling the blankets off of herself, she smiled as he crawled onto the bed. Wearing only a thin, white nightgown, he could see her nipples already stiffening to push against the silky fabric.

Sitting with his back against the pillows, Harry wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her into his lap. His hands rested on her hips before slowly sliding up to cup her large, perky breasts. Bellatrix smiled happily as she leaned forward to kiss him hungrily, her tongue diving into his mouth.

With a moan, she rolled her hips, grinding down as his erection rose up to press against her mound. Harry squeezed her breasts firmly, his fingers sinking into the soft mounds as he bucked up. Letting go, he slid his hands down to gather the hem of her nightgown. They broke their kiss, and Bellatrix raised her hands above her head as he lifted it up.

As her voluptuous breasts came into view, Harry leaned forward and took one of her nipples between his lips. Bellatrix tugged her gown over her head and tossed it aside before running her fingers through his hair with a moan. Harry raked his teeth over the stiff, sensitive nub, causing her to suck in a sharp breath. Smiling, he took the nipple between his teeth and gave it a tug before wrapping his arms around her back and burying his face between her soft, smooth breasts. As he rubbed his face back and forth between her wonderful mounds, he kissed and nipped at her delicate skin.

“Harry,” Bellatrix breathed with a shiver.

Grabbing his shoulder, she pushed him back against the pillows with a smirk. Slowly, she shimmied backwards, her hands trailing down his chest as her face descended towards his lap. She grabbed the waistband of his pants and tugged them down, kissing his shaft when his erection leapt up to greet her. While Harry lifted his hips, she pulled his pants off and tossed them aside.

With her violet eyes sparkling, Bellatrix kissed her way up his thigh and over his hip to where his length lay against his stomach. Harry ran a hand through her long, curly black hair as she kissed the base of his shaft. Sticking out her tongue, she ran it from root to tip, flicking it upwards when she reached the end. Playfully, he flexed, causing his cock to lurch up and tap her chin.

Bellatrix opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his head, her tongue swirling around his glans. Harry hissed in pleasure as he stared into her sparkling eyes, his hands gathering her hair and holding it out of the way.

Bobbing her head up and down, Bellatrix took him deeper and deeper until he hit the back of her throat. Gagging lightly, she pulled back, adjusted her angle, and then drove herself forward. Harry grunted as she forced his length into her spasming throat, saliva leaking from her lips and tears gathering in her eyes. Heedless to her own discomfort, she pushed forward until her nose pressed against his groin. Bellatrix gripped his thighs and held herself in place for several seconds as her throat spasmed around him.

Eventually, she pulled back with a gasp, sucking in deep breaths around his shaft. Harry shuddered slightly as the bottom half of his spit-soaked length became cold from the air rushing past from her breathing. Once she caught her breath, Bellatrix dove back down, her throat squelching loudly as she swallowed him whole.

Harry groaned and waved his hand, sending the hangings on every bed flying open. He smiled when Bellatrix shuddered excitedly from the sudden exposure.

“I wonder if hearing you choke on my cock will influence their dreams,” Harry said.

Bellatrix’s eyes glinted as she pulled halfway up his length before slamming her face back down. Another loud squelch left her throat as she gagged around his girth. Pulling herself back up, she repeated the move again and again, brutalizing her own throat with his rigid cock. Harry tilted his head back and groaned before he forced her all the way down and held her in place.

Letting go of her head with one hand, he stroked her cheek lovingly.

“My Bella,” he said softly.

Bellatrix closed her eyes and shuddered with a moan as she came suddenly.

Merlin, I love this crazy bitch, Harry thought with a chuckle.

Tightening his grip on her hair, he pulled her off of his cock. Bellatrix sucked in a deep breath and then let out a trembling moan as she stared up at him with a hooded gaze. Pulling her forward, she crawled forward until she straddled his lap. Harry pulled her in for a searing kiss while his hands moved down to her hips. Bellatrix moaned into his mouth as her sweltering, leaking folds rubbed along his throbbing shaft.

Without breaking their kiss, she lifted her hips and lined him up with her dripping entrance. Harry sank into her depths with ease as she settled her weight on him with a sensual moan. Putting her hands on his chest, she pushed herself back while rolling her hips. Reaching up, he squeezed her lush breasts firmly as she started bouncing up and down on his cock.

Taking her engorged nipples between his fingers, Harry pinched down hard. Tossing her head back, Bellatrix gasped and increased her pace. The faster she moved, the harder he squeezed. She panted with shuddering breaths as she writhed wildly on his lap. Soon, the rest of her breasts were bouncing heavily while he held her nipples in place, adding a sharp tug with each descent. Bellatrix’s nails dug into his chest, leaving deep, crescent-shaped dents in his skin as her eyes glazed over. Growling at the pain, Harry planted his feet on the bed and bucked his hips.

Suddenly, Bellatrix trembled and screamed as she reached a thunderous climax. Her folds fluttered wildly around him as she drenched his shaft in her arousal. Collapsing onto his chest, she gasped for breath while her hips humped frantically with single-minded determination.

Grabbing her hips, Harry rolled her over and drew back before slamming into her spasming depths. Bellatrix cried out and stared up at him with fanatical devotion. Holding himself over her, he drove into her wet, tight heat with savage thrusts. Wet, meaty slaps echoed around the room as he ravaged her depths.

In moments, Bellatrix arched her back and came again, her perky tits thrust into the air as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. With a handful of brutal thrusts, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her core. His vision swam from the overwhelming intensity of his orgasm, and he collapsed onto his forearms while burying his face in the crook of her neck. Bellatrix raked her nails along his back as his hips flexed forwards with every lurch of his cock.

When he finally came down from his peak, Harry rolled to the side and onto his back. Like an overgrown cat, Bellatrix curled up against his chest, tracing abstract lines over his chest with one of her long fingernails.

“You know, most of the girls in the dorm fancy you,” Bellatrix said after a while. “I’m sure you could fuck them if you wanted to.”

Despite his exhaustion, Harry’s limp cock lurched back to life at her suggestion. Looking to his right, he stared at the face of Anastasia Burke. From her looks, he was certain she was the mother of Daphne and Astoria Greengrass, two of the most attractive girls during his time at Hogwarts.

“Maybe next time,” Harry said.

Bellatrix pouted before looking down and smirking at his renewed erection. Sliding down his body, she took him back into her mouth, heedless to the taste of her own arousal.

Relaxing against the pillows and closing his eyes, Harry ran his fingers through her hair and enjoyed the sensation.

Chapter 12

Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table the morning they were to leave for Christmas break, excited and nervous about spending the next two months with his grandparents. Aunt Petunia had never told him anything about them, not even so much as mentioning their names.

While he was certainly happy to be spending time with his family, the approaching holiday was also a bitter reminder of what he was missing. This would be the first time since joining the Wizarding World that he wouldn't get to spend it with Hermione or the Weasleys. Harry was actually happy to leave the castle for once. Everywhere he looked, he saw something that brought back memories of his time with his two closest friends.

"Merlin, what happened to our points?" Marlene gasped.

Harry shook off his thoughts and saw that Gryffindor had lost a significant amount of house points. Well over one hundred if he remembered correctly. As the girls started speculating about what could have happened, Harry looked up and down the table. It didn't take him long to spot James, Remus, and Peter whispering together with sad, angry looks. The fact that he didn't see Sirius anywhere was ominous. Wracking his brain, he tried to remember if Sirius or Remus had told him about anything big happening in their sixth year. There was only one incident he could think of, but he thought that was supposed to happen later in the year.

Had things already changed that much, he wondered.

"Mr. Potter," Professor McGonagall said behind him. "I need to see you in my office."

Harry looked behind him and saw her lips were pressed into a thin line and the corners of her eyes wrinkled into an unpleasant expression.

"Er, sure, professor," Harry said.

Standing up, he followed McGonagall as she marched stiffly out of the hall. He looked over at the Slytherin table, and his heart sank into his stomach when he noticed Snape glaring hatefully over at James.

In silence, Harry followed Professor McGonagall down the hall to her office, where she closed the door and sat down behind her desk.

“Sit,” McGonagall barked.

“Something wrong, professor?” Harry asked as he took a seat.

McGonagall’s lips thinned further as she reached into her pocket and set a Prefects badge on the desk.

“Last night, there was a – incident – involving your roommates,” McGonagall said. “As you were the only one not involved, the Prefects badge goes to you.”

As she finished speaking, she pushed the golden badge across the desk towards him. Harry’s mouth hung half open. He wanted to defend Remus, to tell her it wasn’t his fault Sirius had led Snape to the Shrieking Shack but stopped himself at the last second. There was no way he could explain knowing what happened without getting into trouble himself and making the situation worse. Closing his mouth, Harry reached out and took the badge.

“Ms. Evans will tell you everything you need to know,” McGonagall said. “You’d best get going, Mr. Potter. The carriages will be leaving soon. Enjoy your holiday.”

“You too, professor,” Harry said.

Rising from her seat, he walked out of the office and back to the Great Hall in a daze. From what he remembered, Remus hadn’t lost his Prefects badge last time. Of course, there hadn’t been anyone else for Professor McGonagall to give it to the first time. Harry couldn’t help but feel a bit guilty as the weight of the Prefects badge settled heavily in his pocket. If he wasn’t here, Remus would have never lost it.

Pausing outside of the Great Hall, Harry forcefully shook away the thought. He had the chance to save hundreds, if not thousands, of lives by being here. If that meant Remus losing a silly little badge, then so be it. He was certain that if Remus knew the truth, he would be happy to give it up.

“What did Professor McGonagall want?” Lily asked as he took a seat next to her.

“I’ll tell you later,” Harry said.

Lily looked disappointed but nodded.

After they finished their breakfast, Harry and the girls got in line for the carriages. It was a quick, pleasant trip down to the station at Hogsmeade, where they boarded the train. During the trip, Harry debated with himself on exactly what to tell Lily. Part of him wanted to tell her the truth just so he had someone to talk to about his life, but another part of him thought it wasn’t for him to tell.

“Let’s find a compartment,” Alice said.

“Lily and I will catch up,” Harry told her, pulling Lily to a stop.

Alice and Marlene both gave them knowing grins that had both Harry and Lily rolling their eyes.

“Well, have fun,” Alice teased.

As the girls walked further down the train, Harry led Lily into one of the smaller but empty compartments at the front of the train and locked the door.

“Is this about what McGonagall talked to you about?” Lily asked curiously.

“Sort of,” Harry said as they took seats next to each other.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the Prefects badge. Lily gasped when she saw it.

“McGonagall said that something happened last night, and Remus lost his badge. Since I’m the only one that wasn’t involved, she gave it to me,” Harry explained.

“Did she say what happened?” Lily asked. “It must’ve been pretty bad for Remus to lose his position as Prefect.”

“She didn’t tell me, but I have a pretty good idea,” Harry sighed. “Sirius really took things too far with a prank.”

“What did he do?” Lily asked.

“What do you know about Remus’ condition?” Harry asked instead of answering.

Lily smiled, “If you’re asking if I know that he’s a Werewolf, then yes. I figured it out third year.”

“Yeah. Well, Snape started getting suspicious and following him around, so Sirius decided to teach him a lesson,” Harry sighed. “He told Snape to go to the Shrieking Shack at midnight if he wanted to know what was happening with Remus. Of course, that’s where Remus went to transform.”

Lily gasped and covered her mouth, her eyes wide.

“He didn’t!” she exclaimed.

Harry nodded heavily.

“Yeah. Snape popped his head up through the trap door and came face to face with a fully transformed Werewolf,” Harry said. “Fortunately, Sirius told James what he’d done, and James saved Snape before he could be bitten. At least, that’s what happened last time. I don’t know if it was the same this time around.”

“Potter saved him?” she asked incredulously.

“Like I said, they’re not bad guys; they’re just stupid and immature sometimes,” Harry told her. “Although I think he was more focused on protecting Remus at the time.”

“What the hell was Black thinking!?” Lily exclaimed furiously. “If Potter hadn’t stopped Severus, he could have turned or killed! Not to mention what would have happened to Remus. He’d have been expelled for sure, not to mention what the Ministry would have done to him.”

“I know,” Harry said. “I’m not defending what he did, but Sirius isn’t in a good place right now. His parents disowned him over the Summer, and his brother is set on following Voldemort.”

Lily sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

“That’s terrible, but it doesn’t excuse what he did,” she said firmly.

“I know,” Harry conceded.

“Wait. If it was Black’s idea, why did McGonagall take away Remus’ Prefects badge?” Lily asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry shrugged. “Maybe they felt like they had to punish everyone involved? Maybe he lied and took some of the blame to protect Sirius? Who knows?”

“Why can’t they all just grow up and stop acting like idiots?” Lily asked, leaning her head against his shoulder.

“I wish I knew,” Harry said.



After joining the rest of their friends in their compartment, they spent the rest of the trip to London relaxing and playing a few games of Exploding Snaps. Neither of them mentioned anything about what happened between the Marauders and Snape to anyone else, though Harry did tell them about being made Prefect. That meant there was some rampant and rather humorous speculation about how what had happened for the rest of the trip.

When they arrived at King's Cross Station, Harry and Lily bid their friends a Happy Christmas and exchanged hugs before passing through the barrier to find her parents. Cynthia and Gerald waved happily when they spotted them, though Petunia looked quite unhappy to be there.

In short order, Harry and Gerald had loaded the trunks in the boot, and they began the long drive back to the Evans' home. Harry ended up seated between the two sisters, with Petunia practically hugging the door to sit as far from him as possible.

"So, how was school?" Cynthia asked from the front passenger seat.

"It was good. Harry's club is a ton of fun, and we're learning a lot," Lily replied proudly. "Oh, and Harry was made Prefect."

"Really? That's wonderful, dear," Cynthia said while looking back to smile at Harry.

"Anything else interesting happen?" Gerald asked, looking at them through the rearview mirror.

"Not really," Lily said. "Just the same old classes."

"So, do Giants attack the village near your school often?" he asked with a raised brow.

"You, uh, you heard about that?" Lily asked quietly, looking down at her lap to avoid her parents' eyes.

“One of the other Muggleborn parents mentioned it while we were waiting for you,” Cynthia said. “Sweetheart, why didn’t you tell us?”

“I didn’t want you to worry,” Lily said, then sat up straight and crossed her arms over her chest. “And I’m not leaving Hogwarts.”

Petunia snorted in disgust and turned to look out the window with a huff.

“No one’s talking about taking you out of Hogwarts,” Cynthia said.

A moment later, Gerald grunted in disagreement.

“Er, Mr. and Mrs. Evan,” Harry said. “I know it’s not really my place, but Hogwarts really is the safest place for Lily to be.”

“How, exactly, is my daughter safer around Giants than she is at home?” Gerald asked gruffly.

“She’s safer where she can learn to defend herself,” Harry told him. “Besides, she was never really in that much danger. Even if the Giant hadn’t been stopped, she still would have gotten back to the castle before it even got close to her.”

“What was a Giant even doing near the school in the first place?” Cynthia asked curiously. “Are there that many in England?”

“Er, not really,” Harry said, glancing at Lily.

“There aren’t supposed to be Giants in England,” Lily told her. “They’re not sure why it was there.”

Not untrue, though Lily was leaving any mention of Voldemort, he noticed.

“Just let us know if something like this happens again,” Cynthia said. “We just worry about you.”

Petunia muttered something under her breath, but Harry couldn’t make out what she said.

“Alright,” Lily said.

“Promise us,” Gerald said firmly.

“I promise,” Lily said with a sigh.

The rest of the drive to Lily’s house was much more comfortable as the conversation turned to more pleasant subjects. Harry noticed that Lily liked talking about his fight with the Giant and the DA quite a lot. The proud smile she directed at him as she talked about how much she learned from the DA, and how impressive his fight with the Giant was, filled him with a warmth he’d experienced very few times in his life. It also left him blushing like a Weasley with how impressed her parents were.

When they reached the house, Lily showed Harry to the guest room upstairs and helped him get settled in. The first couple of days, he felt a bit out of place, like he normally did when visiting a new place, but Cynthia and Gerald were very welcoming. By his third night, Harry felt just as at home as he did at the Burrow. He had been worried about living in the same house as Petunia again, but she spent the majority of her time either in her room or visiting Vernon. The only time he really spent any time around her was at the dinner table, and even then, she acted as if he wasn’t there. Harry could see how much her behavior bothered her parents, and he felt bad for them, but there wasn’t much he could do about it.

Or, perhaps there was.

A few days into his stay, as they sat around the table after dinner, Cynthia began asking questions to get to know him better.

“Harry, can I ask you something? You don’t have to answer if you don’t want to,” she assured him.

“Sure,” Harry said.

“I know you said your parents were killed, but where did you stay after that?” Cynthia asked.

“Mum,” Lily hissed.

“It’s fine,” Harry said, glancing over at Petunia as she picked at her food with a bored expression.

“I grew up with my aunt and uncle,” Harry said. “It... wasn’t pleasant.”

“What do you mean?” Cynthia asked.

Harry debated with himself for a moment. On the one hand, talking about how his family treated him was something he normally avoided at all costs. On the other, they were family, and there was no guarantee that he won’t still be born in this world. If something did happen to him, and little Harry still ended up living with Petunia, this might be his only chance to ensure he was treated better. Oddly, the thought of Lily and James getting together bothered him more than he’d like to admit.

“Like I said, you don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to,” Cynthia told him when he didn’t answer.

“Sorry, I was just thinking,” Harry said, giving her a small smile before he turned serious. “My aunt and uncle hated magic. I think my aunt was jealous of my mum, but I don’t know what my uncle had against it. They – well, to be honest, they treated me horribly. They made me sleep in the cupboard under the stairs even though my cousin had two bedrooms and there was a guest room. I did chores like cooking, cleaning, and gardening since I can remember, and they only let me eat when everyone else was finished.

“They even lied to me about my parents. They told me my dad was a drunk, and they died in a car crash when they were really killed by a dark wizard. The worst part, though, was the names they called me. When I first started school, I thought my name was Freak Boy because that’s what they always called me. I didn’t even know my name was Harry until the teacher told me.”

Harry paused, lost in a sea of unpleasant memories he’d suppressed long ago. It wasn’t until Lily put her hand over his that he looked up. Cynthia had tears in her eyes, and both Lily and Gerald looked furious. Harry turned his hand over and gave Lily’s hand a squeeze just as she turned to look at her sister. He shook his head subtly, hoping she wouldn’t start a fight now. This Petunia hadn’t done anything wrong yet, to him, at least.

“Did – did they hit you?” Lily asked, her hand trembling slightly in his.

“Sometimes,” Harry admitted.

The plates, silverware, and glasses on the table shook from Lily’s wild magic as she closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“I’m so sorry, dear,” Cynthia said tearfully. “I shouldn’t have asked. I-”

“It’s alright,” Harry assured her with a smile.

“Girls, I want you both to promise me neither of you will treat each other’s children like that if something happens to one of you,” Gerald said firmly.

"I promise," Lily said.

"As if I would let a freak raise a child of mine," Petunia sneered.

"Petunia!" Cynthia exclaimed.

Petunia flushed and looked away shamefully from the glares of Lily and her parents.

"I don't ever want to hear you call someone that word ever again, Petunia. Now, apologize to your sister," Gerald demanded.

"But —"

"Now," he repeated firmly.

"I'm sorry," Petunia mumbled.

"Er, I didn't mean to cause any problems...," Harry said, not having expected things to take such a turn, or to hit so close to home.

"It's not your fault," Gerald assured him. "In fact, I should probably thank you. This is something we should have dealt with a long time ago. I'm sorry, but would you mind giving us a few minutes alone?"

Lily opened her mouth to protest on his behalf, but Harry patted her hand before she could speak.

"Sure," he said.

Standing, Harry left the kitchen and closed the door behind him. Hearing mumbled voices through the door, he hesitated for a moment. For a moment, he wished he had a pair of Extendable Ears on him to listen in. Just as he remembered he had some in his trunk, he pushed the thought away.

I hope this helps, Harry thought.

Turning, he slowly headed up the stairs.

Over the next hour, as he read quietly, he heard raised voices only a couple of times, usually ending when Gerald spoke up loudly, though not angrily. Eventually, Petunia stomped upstairs and glared murderously at him as she passed his room. Seconds later, he heard her slam her door shut down the hall. Less than a minute after that, Lily walked into his room and sat down on the bed next to him, her arms crossed and an unhappy look on her face.

"Is everything okay?" Harry asked.

"That stupid – urgh! I can't believe her! She acts all high and mighty - like she's better than me because she doesn't have magic - when I know for a fact she sent a letter to Dumbledore *begging* to be let into Hogwarts," Lily huffed.

"Seriously?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Lily said, her face turning red. "I can't believe she treated you like that!"

Quickly, Harry picked up his wand and tossed a Muffliato Charm at the door so they wouldn't be overheard.

"You have no idea how bad I wanted to hex her," she continued, slowly working herself up into a rage. "I swear, no child of mine is ever going to live with Petunia. They'd be better off in an orphanage than being raised by that – that –"

“She hasn’t done anything yet,” Harry reminded her.

“How can you defend her?” Lily asked angrily.

“She’s family,” Harry said with a shrug. “Until I came here, she was the only family I had left. Don’t get me wrong, I hate the way she and Vernon treated me, and the way they raised Dudley was nearly as bad, but...”

Again, Harry could only shrug.

Lily opened her mouth, then closed it and shook her head with a smile tugging at the corners of her lips. Grabbing his hand, she threaded her fingers through his and rested her head on his shoulder.

“You’re incredible, you know that?” Lily asked. “Most people wouldn’t be as mature or forgiving as you.”

“Most people haven’t had to live through what I have,” Harry said, shrugging only one shoulder so he didn’t disturb Lily. “I learned the hard way life isn’t always black and white.”

“Can you tell me more about what your life was like?” Lily asked.

Harry turned thoughtful for a moment. There really wasn’t a good reason to hide it from her anymore, he decided. He hadn’t told her before because he didn’t want her to figure out who he was.

“It’s a really long story, and most of it isn’t pleasant,” he warned her.

“I don’t care. I want to know more about you,” Lily said softly.

“Well, you know what my life was like growing up,” Harry began. “When I first got my Hogwarts letter, my uncle tried to hide it from me. He went a bit nutters when letters started showing up in the eggs aunt Petunia bought and came shooting out of the fireplace...”

For the next few hours, Harry told Lily about his life, prompting a rollercoaster of emotions. The only thing he left out was telling her about the Horcruxes. Cynthia came by at one point, bidding them goodnight and telling them not to stay up much longer. They didn’t listen very well, considering it was nearly midnight when he finally finished his story.

Harry felt emotionally drained by the end of his tale, but it was a relief to have such a weight lifted from his shoulders.

“I can’t believe you went through all of that,” Lily said, clinging to his arm with her fingers still threaded through his. “It sounds like something out of a movie.”

Harry chuckled, “Honestly, there are still times when I expect to wake up back in my cupboard, and this will have all been a dream.”

Lily leaned forward and hugged him tightly before leaning back just far enough for their green eyes to lock.

“For what it’s worth, I’m really proud of you,” she said softly.

Harry smiled, his eyes burning slightly as he fought back tears.

“Thank you,” he said thickly. “That means a lot.”

Lily smiled prettily and ran the fingers of her free hand through his hair. Suddenly, she leaned forward and pressed her lips to his softly. Harry stiffened for a moment in surprise, but even as he thought about pulling back, his body reacted on its own and kissed her back. It took a few

seconds for him to get control of himself enough to break the kiss. Again, their green eyes locked, their faces just an inch apart.

“Lily, you’re –”

“I don’t care,” Lily interrupted. “I don’t care who I was in your time. I don’t care who else you’re seeing. I – I love you, Harry.”

Harry swallowed thickly as he stared at her. He couldn’t deny he was attracted to Lily, that he cared about her, but there was still a worry niggling at the back of his mind.

“Lily, when I broke the Elder Wand, and it sent me back, it affected me,” Harry said, licking his lips nervously. “Dumbledore thinks the magic of the Hallows bonded with mine and essentially made me a Hallow. I – I think it might be having so kind of effect on the people around me. This might just be my magic making you –”

“No,” Lily said firmly. “Harry, if it was just your magic affecting me, then wouldn’t it stop when I’m not around you?”

“I-” Harry started, then stopped.

He blinked as he stared at Lily. He hadn’t considered that before. With the way people, especially women, had been reacting to him since he arrived in the past, he was certain the Elder Wand had some sort of effect on him. Lily smiled at him and combed her fingers through his hair.

“You think too little of yourself,” she said softly.

Leaning forward, Lily wrapped both of her arms around his neck and kissed him again. This time, Harry couldn’t bring himself to try and stop her. His hands rested on her hips as he pulled her closer. With their lips still connected, Lily swung her leg over his and straddled his thighs. As her

tongue slipped between his lips with a moan, his hands slid down her back to grasp her bum. Lily moaned again, louder this time, and pressed her body against his, her large breasts flattening against his chest.

Harry smiled against her lips and fell onto his back. Smiling, Lily pushed herself up on her arm and grinned down at him, her cheeks flushed, lips swollen and glistening, and her eyes sparkling with happiness.

“I’ve wanted to do that for weeks,” Lily said.

“Is that why you invited me over for the holiday, to seduce me?” Harry asked teasingly.

“Maybe,” Lily said, smiling.

Harry smiled back, his hands caressing her full, round bum lightly before it slowly faded.

“It really doesn’t bother you if I’m still with Narcissa and Bellatrix?” Harry asked. “I know it’s a lot to ask, but I really don’t want to see what happened in my time happen to them again.”

Lily bit her lip, “I have a bit of a confession to make. You remember when I said I saw you kissing them in the library?”

Harry nodded.

“Well, that’s true, but I knew about it before that,” Lily admitted sheepishly. “I saw you with Bellatrix a couple of weeks before that, and I was curious, so I followed you to that room on the seventh floor. Then Narcissa showed up, and I didn’t have anywhere to go, so I hid in the room with you, and I saw you, well...”

“Oh,” Harry said, realizing what she would have seen.

"I'm really sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to spy on you. I was just curious and —"

"It alright," Harry said, smiling softly. "My curiosity has gotten the better of me more than once."

Lily smiled and then looked down with a blush, her fingers drawing abstract lines over his chest.

"Anyways, when I saw the tree of you together, I – well, it was a lot more exciting than I thought it would be," Lily admitted.

Harry raised an eyebrow, his shaft hardening as thoughts of Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix all together danced behind his eyes.

"Well, that certainly sounds interesting," Harry said.

Lily blushed brightly and smacked his chest lightly.

"Perv," she murmured.

"You're the one that brought it up," Harry said with a grin. "And you're the one that spied on us. I think that makes you the perv."

Lily smacked his chest again while the corners of her lips twitched into a smile.

"Prat," she said.

"I can't argue against that one," Harry said.

Both of them laughed lightly before Lily leaned down and kissed him again. As their lips moved languidly, Harry caressed her bum before sliding his hands up her sides. She moaned against his lips when his thumbs brushed the sides of her breasts over her crimson jumper. Lily kissed him harder as his hands slid down to cup her breasts. Even though her thin jumper and bra, he could feel her nipples under his thumbs.

Lily rolled her hips, grinding her jean-clad ass down on his groin while his hands moved down to the hem of her jumper. Harry slipped his hands underneath and pressed them against her smooth, bare skin. She nibbled on his bottom and moaned as his hands drifted slowly upwards over her stomach and ribs.

Just as his fingertips brushed the bottom of her bra, tracing over the swell of her breasts, they heard the sound of a door opening and closing down the hall. With a muttered curse, Lily jumped off of Harry, and both of them frantically fixed their twisted clothes. Harry just had time to cancel the Muffliato Charm on the door as Cynthia poked her head around the corner with a smile.

“Come on, you two, time for bed. We’ve got a busy day planned for tomorrow,” she said.

“Alright, mum,” Lily said, climbing off the bed.

“Goodnight,” Cynthia said.

“Night,” Harry and Lily replied.

As Lily’s mother disappeared down the hall, Lily turned and kissed Harry on the lips.

“Night, Harry,” she said.

“Night,” Harry replied.

They smiled at each other and kissed one last time before Lily turned to leave the room. His eyes followed her swaying hips and backside as she walked across the room. Pausing at the door, she looked over her shoulder at him with a knowing smile before she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Sighing, Harry fell back onto the mattress with a smile on his face.

Chapter 13

The following morning, Harry walked down to the living room, where the Evanses were getting ready to leave. They were going to visit Lily's grandparents for Christmas Eve. When he met Lily's eyes, they shared a smile while Harry made himself busy helping Cynthia in the kitchen.

"Where did you learn to cook?" she asked curiously as they bustled about the kitchen.

"My relatives," Harry said.

"Oh," Cynthia gasped, covering her mouth with her hand. "I'm so sorry. I should've remembered."

"It's fine," Harry reassured her with a smile. "I actually like cooking."

Placing the casserole in the oven, he stood and found himself being pulled in for a gentle, motherly hug. Smiling, he hugged Cynthia back before they parted and went back to cooking.

Two hours later, They had packed all the food and presents in the car and were on their way to Crawley. Harry sat between Lily and Petunia in the backseat, the smell of pumpkin pie filling the

air. Predictably, Petunia gave him a disgusted look and scooted as far away from him as possible in the cramped quarters.

As the scenery flew by outside the window, Harry let his mind wander. Up to this point, he hadn't really accomplished much in the way of dealing with Voldemort. He'd yet to destroy a single Horcrux, and other than turning a handful of Death eaters, including one of his inner circle, he hadn't done much to weaken his forces. Realistically, he couldn't just go around killing and capturing the Death Eaters he knew of without the Ministry coming down on him. At this point, Voldemort had a solid enough grip of the Ministry that they would label him as a vigilante and toss him in Azkaban - if he made it that far - before he could do much.

Harry was coming to realize more and more that, as much as he hated it, he needed to get involved in politics. If he managed to defeat Voldemort again, the last thing he wanted was for his Death Eaters to walk away without anything truly changing like last time.

He needed to find a way to get hold of an ancient house and get a seat on the Wizengamot. Unfortunately, in this time, he couldn't fall back on being head of Houses Potter and Black. There was one house he might be able to claim, however. The house of Peverell had been dormant for over six hundred years since the last daughter of the house had married into the Potter family. Despite that, the house was still one of the Sacred Twenty-Eight and held a hereditary seat on the Wizengamot. If he went to Gringotts and took an inheritance test, it was possible he could claim the house for himself.

With plans to visit Gringotts after Boxing Day, Harry turned his mind to another problem. The Horcruxes. Up to this point, he hadn't gone after them for fear of alerting Voldemort. Right now, he only knew where two of them were for certain. The ring should already be in the Gaunt shack, and the Diadem was at Hogwarts. Lucius was still in school, so Harry doubted Voldemort had given him the Diary yet. The same with Bellatrix, though he doubted that would happen at all now. Likewise, the Locket wouldn't be placed in the cave until Regulus graduated in another two and a half years. The only good news was that Nagini wasn't a Horcrux yet, leaving one less for him to deal with.

Harry was confident he could destroy the Locket without arousing suspicion, but he wasn't sure of the ring. If Voldemort checked on it before Harry could collect the others, he could hide them away in a place he might never be able to find them.

He needed more information, but he just didn't know how to get it. He still had the plan to place a Listening Charm on a Death Eater or two, but that would only alert him to upcoming attacks. If it worked. On the one hand, Listening Charms were easily detected and dispelled. On the other, Voldemort and his Death Eaters were the sort arrogant enough not to bother checking. Harry figured it was a toss-up whether they discovered them or not.

For now, Harry decided to destroy the Diadem and leave the others until he could figure out where they were. The ring, unfortunately, would have to stay where it was. His only option was to try and fight Voldemort off until he could find the rest. Dumbledore might be content to sit in his castle and play the long game, but Harry wasn't willing to do that.

It's time someone starts fighting back, he thought.

A bold plan began to form in Harry's mind. It wasn't enough to fight off their attacks. He needed to find a way to rally the people and get the government to do its bloody job for once.

No matter what he did, however, the fight was still coming.

"You okay?" Lily asked, pulling Harry from his thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Harry smiled. "Just thinking."

"About what?" she asked curiously.

"I was thinking about starting a business, actually," Harry said, admitting part of his plan.

"Really?" Cynthia asked from the front seat. "What kind of business?"

“Well, I want to start making the Wolfsbane Potion and be able to give it away for free,” Harry said. “What I’d like to do is build or buy a greenhouse to grow the ingredients myself to save on cost. I could even hire Werewolves to work there, giving them some work. That’s one of the reasons they have a bad reputation. No one wants to hire them, so they end up stealing just to survive.

“I also have quite a few ideas for enchanted products to sell, like the Memory Projector I made for Lily. A ton of people, especially Muggleborns, have been asking me for one at school. I also have ideas for things like cloaks enchanted with protective charms, doormats that stun uninvited guests, and rings that can produce powerful shields.”

Harry felt a bit guilty stealing ideas from the twins, but if it would help save lives, he was sure they would understand.

“One of my biggest ideas is to enchant mirrors to act like a telephone,” Harry continued.

“That’s brilliant!” Lily exclaimed excitedly.

Petunia scoffed for his right, but he ignored her.

“If I can get it to work,” Harry said, smiling at her. “Linking two mirrors is easy, and you can buy them in Diagon Alley. Getting thousands of mirrors to work together is going to be extremely difficult. Not to mention I have to come up with a new way of identifying each mirror. It’s not like you can dial a number like a phone.”

“How do the mirrors you can buy now work?” Gerald asked.

“You just say the person’s name,” Harry told him.

“Can’t you just do that?” Cynthia asked.

“I could,” Harry admitted. “The problem is, anyone with your name could call you anytime they want. That’d work for most people, but it would get annoying fast if you’re famous, like a Quidditch player or a singer.”

“Maybe you could add password protection for people that need it,” Lily suggested.

“That would work,” Harry said, turning to Lily with a grin. “It would keep costs down for people that didn’t need it and make it easier for friends and family to call them. Brilliant. You’re hired!”

Lily and her parents laughed while Petunia huffed and crossed her arms over her chest. Glancing over at her, Harry suddenly had a much better idea for her Christmas present.

After a two-hour car ride, they finally arrived in Crawley and pulled up to Cynthia’s parent’s house. Her mother, Rose, was a kindly old woman with white hair who walked with a cane. Her father, Mark, looked to be in his seventies with a slightly hunched back, bald head, and an irrepressible grin. Both of them greeted Harry warmly with the rest of the family as they walked inside. For the first time, Petunia let go of her attitude as she hugged her grandparents.

Harry suspected it had to do with the fact they knew nothing about magic, so they couldn’t talk about it. Still, he greatly enjoyed talking with the elderly couple. Surprisingly, Mark was a bit of a prankster, moving a sprig of mistletoe all over the house when no one was looking.

Twice, Harry got caught under it, once with Lily and once with Cynthia. He gave Cynthia a peck on the cheek but, feeling mischievous, he dipped Lily and kissed her briefly on the lips to the laughter of the others. Even Rose making some not-so-subtle hints to Lily that they should date couldn’t keep the smile off Harry’s face.

They stayed for several hours and had a wonderful meal before getting back in the car for the trip back to London.

“Thanks for inviting me,” Harry said as they left Crawley. “This is the first Christmas I’ve been able to really enjoy for years.”

“You’re welcome, Harry,” Cynthia smiled.

“What couldn’t you enjoy Christmas?” Lily asked softly.

“Well, last year, I was on the run. Hermione and I spent Christmas hiding in a tent in the Forest of Dean,” Harry explained. “The year before that, the house I was staying at was attacked by Death Eaters and burned to the ground. Before that, My friend’s dad was attacked, and we were all worried because Voldemort was back, and the Ministry wouldn’t admit it. And before that, I had to go to the Yule Ball, which was a bit of a mess.

“To be fair, that one was my fault,” he admitted. “I was kind of immature about the whole thing. I probably would’ve enjoyed it if I hadn’t been feeling sorry for myself.”

“That was the year you were forced into the Triwizard Tournament, wasn’t it?” Lily asked.

“Yeah,” Harry replied.

“What the Tri-”

Gerald’s question cut off as he slammed on the brakes, causing the tires to lock up and squeal on the snowy road. Harry caught sight of a large creature with menacing yellow eyes a moment before they slammed into it. Everyone was jolted forward by the sudden deceleration, and the car spun to a stop facing the ditch. Ignoring the pain in his stomach, Harry scrambled to release his seatbelt.

“Is everyone alright?” Gerald asked.

“What did we hit?” Cynthia asked.

"I think it was a deer," Gerald said.

"It wasn't a deer," Harry told him.

"What are you doing!?" Petunia shrieked as Harry crawled over her and opened the door.

"Harry?" Lily asked.

"Stay in the car," Harry yelled.

Climbing out of the car, he closed the door and cast Locking and Imperturbable Charms.

"What are you doing!?" Lily screamed, frantically pulling the door handle and pushing on the door to no avail.

Harry ignored her and scanned his surroundings. There was no sign of the creature they'd hit, but he recognized those eyes. The hair on the back of his neck stood up as he continued to look around with the headlights from the car the only source of light thanks to the clouds overhead. His instincts screaming, Harry spun around just as a voice sounded out.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" Greyback said, his yellow eyes gleaming as he bared his pointed teeth. "A little wizard wants to play?"

Harry readied his wand, only for his eyes to widen in shock as the man changed into a Werewolf in less than a second before pouncing at him with a snarl. The speed of the change, as well as the fact it was almost a week since the last full moon, was shocking. Tossing out a reflexive Banishing Charm, Greyback still managed to reach out and slash his shoulder with his claws as he was knocked aside.

Hissing, Harry grit his teeth and sent a barrage of spells at the Werewolf as it landed. With terrifying speed and agility, Greyback leapt out of the way of every single spell as he charged at Harry once more. This time, his Banishing Charm missed, and Harry dove out of the way, only to be smacked in the chest. He was flung backwards into the car, where he impacted with enough force to knock the wind out of him.

Petunia screamed hysterically while Lily and Cynthia screamed his name. Lily was frantically trying to open the door but couldn't dispel his Locking Charm.

Scrambling to his feet, Harry turned to face Greyback as he stalked him from the shadows of the hedge. In the darkness, only his malevolent yellow eyes were visible. Taking three long strides, the Werewolf charged at him. Growling angrily, Harry sprinted forward before dropping down and sliding on the wet, snowy road just as Greyback leapt.

Harry swiped his wand, and a fiery whip lashed out from the tip. The thin rope of fire slashed through the Werewolf's left arm above the elbow, his left leg just below the hip, and his right leg below the knee. The limbs dropped to the ground as Greyback let out a howl of rage and pain. Where the Flame Whip had cut, the wounds were cauterized, the hair burning and filling the air with an acrid stench.

Crumpling to the ground and clawing at the road with his only remaining hand, Greyback slowly reverted back to his human form, his eyes glaring up at Harry balefully.

"I'll kill you for this!" Greyback snarled. "I'll gut your intestines and feast on your bones! I'll -"

The rant cut off as a bright red Stunning Hex from Harry's wand slammed into his face. As Harry sight in relief, he began to feel a sharp pain in his ribs, his back ached, and his shoulder stung horribly.

Lifting his wand, Harry sent off a Patronus to Moody, telling him what had happened. Lily was still screaming his name as he climbed to his feet, his clothes wet and freezing from the slush clinging to them. A quick flick of his wand had the door unlocked and Lily racing towards him.

He hissed from the pain in his chest when she wrapped him in a tight hug, causing her to let go quickly.

“Sorry,” Lily said sheepishly. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Harry said. “I think it’s just a couple of broken ribs.”

As Lily’s parents approached, Cynthia pulled him in for a soft hug.

“Thank you so much,” she said emotionally. “I don’t know what would have happened to us if you hadn’t been here.”

Smiling, Gerald reached out and squeezed his uninjured shoulder gently.

“W-what – what is that thing?” Petunia whimpered.

“Fenrir Greyback,” Harry said. “He’s a dark wizard and Werewolf known for intentionally turning children. He’s another reason Werewolves have such a bad reputation.”

“Bastard got what he deserved then,” Gerald muttered.

A series of loud pops sounded close by, startling Harry despite the fact he knew they were coming. His wand jerked up reflexively, causing a sharp pain in his chest as he aimed it at the new arrivals. Moody grunted and nodded, his own wand leveled at Harry. Relaxing, Harry looked at the three others with him, Kingsley and Elizabeth Shacklebolt, and a wizard with short black hair and a big bushy beard he didn’t recognize.

“Holy shit!” the bearded wizard exclaimed as he stared down at Greyback.

“Told you it wasn’t a prank,” Moody grunted, kicking the unconscious Werewolf hard before he looked up at Harry. “Alright there, Potter?”

“A little banged up, nothing major,” Harry said with a shrug.

“Anyone else hurt or bitten?” Moody asked, eyeing the rest of the group closely.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head.

“Liz, check him out while we take care of Greyback,” Moody grumbled. “Or what’s left of him.”

“How do we even cuff him?” the bearded wizard asked while Elizabeth walked up to him with a kind smile.

“Hi, I’m Elizabeth Shaklebolt,” she introduced herself. “I’m going to cast a few spells to see how injured you are, okay?”

Harry nodded, and she waved her wand over him while muttering under her breath. A blue light shone from her wand like a flashlight, showing the bones underneath. Harry felt a bit queasy looking down to see his own skeleton.

“Looks like a cracked sternum and two cracked ribs,” Elizabeth said, canceling the spell.

“Fortunately, the cuts on your arm don’t look too bad, and Werewolves can’t infect through their claws. I can give you a couple of potions to treat you, or you can go to St. Mungo’s. It’s up to you.”

“I’ll take the potions,” Harry sighed.

Elizabeth smiled and pulled two vials out of her pocket.

“You’re as bad as Kingsley. He hates hospitals, too,” she said. “The blue one is a bone-knitting potion you need to drink, and the clear one is Dittany that you need to drip onto your arm.”

Harry nodded and looked over the potions closely before downing the blue one with a grimace.

Certainly tastes like a bone-knitting potion, he thought.

Uncorking the Dittany, Harry tried to apply it himself but had trouble holding his shirt out of the way. Lily stepped forward, took the vial from him, and started applying it to the four gashes along his shoulder and upper arm. Cynthia watched in astonishment as the Dittany fizzled and the skin knitted itself back together.

“That’s incredible,” she marveled. “Can we get some of that to keep around the house?”

“Probably a good idea,” Harry said. “I’ll pick some basic healing potions up for you when I go to Diagon Alley after Christmas.”

“Thank you,” Cynthia said, “Are you feeling better?”

A bit,” Harry said while smiling at Lily as she finished treating his arm. “My arm’s better, but the bone-knitting potion takes a few hours to work.”

“Still better than the four to six weeks it would take to heal naturally,” Gerald pointed out.

Harry nodded in agreement just as the bearded wizard placed a stone on Greyback’s back, and both of them vanished with the distinctive swirl of a Portkey. Moody and Kingsley shared a quiet word before the two of them approached.

“We need to get statements from everyone,” Moody said. “Potter, you’re with me. Are either of the girls underage?”

“Lily is,” Cynthia answered, motioning to her daughter.

Moody nodded, “We need a parent or guardian present to question her.”

“I’m her mother,” Cynthia said.

“I’ll talk with you first and then your daughter, if that’s alright with you,” Elizabeth said.

“Sir, if you’ll come with me,” Kingsley said to Gerald in his baritone voice.

Nodding, the group broke up with Harry following Moody a short distance away.

“I don’t suppose there’s anyways I could keep my name out of this?” Harry asked.

“Sorry, lad,” Moody said, shaking his head. “The good news is, there’s a ten thousand Galleon reward for capturing that bastard alive. So, what happened?”

Harry spent the next several minutes telling him everything.

“For what it’s worth, you did a hell of a job, lad,” Moody told him. “That son of a bitch mauled a four-year-old last week.”

“Well, he won’t be doing that again,” Harry said with satisfaction.

Grinning, Moody clapped him on the shoulder and walked back over to the other Aurors, who were done with their interviews. They spent a couple of more minutes bagging up the severed limbs as evidence before saying goodbye and Disapparating.

“Wait, how are we going to get home!?” Petunia gasped.

“I’ll take care of it,” Harry said.

Walking to the front of the car, he ran his wand along the front. The panels popped back into place while the engine was mended, and the leaking fluids were sucked back into their proper places.

“Well, I know who I’m calling next time it needs repairs,” Gerald said.

Harry grinned as everyone piled back into the car. Lily took his hand in hers as the car started up, and they resumed the drive back to London.

“Why did you lock me in the car?” Lily asked softly.

“To protect you,” Harry said, then held up his hand to stop her when she glared at him. “You’re good with a wand, Lily. One of the best at Hogwarts, but you’re not ready for someone like Greyback yet.”

“Well then, when we get back to Hogwarts, you’ll just have to train me, so I am ready,” Lily said firmly. “I’m not some helpless princess that’s going to sit by while everyone else is fighting.”

“I know,” Harry smiled.

Lily stared at him for a moment longer before nodding and resting her head on his shoulder. Smiling, Harry kissed the top of her head.

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Christmas morning, they all woke up early to open their presents. Harry had gotten Lily a Two-Way mirror like the one Sirius had given him, while the other he gave to her parents. Cynthia and Lily both hugged him tightly for that. For Petunia, he gave her the Honeyduke's chocolates he'd originally planned to give her, along with a basic rune carving set that he no longer used.

Looking at the box and realizing what he'd given her, Petunia scowled and glared at him.

"Is this some sort of sick joke?" she spat.

"Petunia!" Cynthia scolded her.

"It's alright," Harry said. "I can see why she'd think that. The thing is, Runes draw their power from nature, not the witch or wizard that drew them."

"So?" Petunia scowled.

"So, it means with the proper knowledge and tools, you can do magic, just not with a wand," Harry said.

Eyes wide, Petunia looked back down at the box with a look of fear and excitement.

"I'll be able to do magic?" she asked softly.

"Yep," Harry grinned. "You can brew potions, too, since the magic is in the ingredients. I'm sure between Lily and me, I'm sure we can get together some books and ingredients for you to use."

"Won't she get in trouble for that?" Lily asked hesitantly with a sad look at her sister. "The Statute of Secrecy says that you can't do magic outside of school unless you have your OWLS."

“True, but that’s only for wanded magic,” Harry said. “A lot of squibs make a living working with runes and potions. The Ministry doesn’t want Muggles using magic, though, so they make it sound like it’s illegal, even though it technically isn’t.”

“Could – could you show me?” Petunia asked hopefully.

Harry looked over at Lily, who smiled and nodded.

“Sure,” she said. “Come on, I’ll show you my old books.”

Together, the two girls walked upstairs.

“That was very nice of you, Harry,” Cynthia said. “Hopefully, Petunia can get over her dislike of magic now that she can use it herself.”

“I hope so, too,” Harry said.

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Lily and Petunia spent a couple of hours going over the basics of Runes before Cynthia called them down to help with dinner. For the first time since he’d known them, they actually behaved like sisters. Petunia even showed off an old doll she was able to make hover with a simple set of runes.

While Gerald and Cynthia congratulated her, Lily pulled Harry aside and kissed him heatedly.

“Thank you,” Lily whispered with a beaming smile.

"You're welcome," Harry said.

"Lily, can you check the food in the oven?" Cynthia called from the kitchen.

"Coming," Lily said.

Turning to Harry, she pulled him in for another passionate kiss before turning around and heading for the kitchen. Grinning, Harry followed behind at a leisurely pace.

After another amazing dinner, they all sat and talked for a while until they were interrupted by an owl flying in the window. The owl, carrying a copy of the Daily Prophet, flew over to Lily. Slipping five Knuts into the pouch on its leg, she took the paper and opened it up. Harry tensed, knowing that evening editions, especially on Christmas, wouldn't be sent without a big headline. He relaxed slightly when she smiled.

"What is it?" Harry asked.

With a big grin and a twinkle in her eyes, Lily turned the paper around so he could see it.

Hero of Hogsmeade Claims Greyback Bounty

Groaning, Harry fell back in his seat and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, that's wonderful," Cynthia said while Lily giggled. "You keep a copy of that and have it framed. It's not every day you're on the front page of the newspaper."

If you only knew, Harry thought as he exchanged a look with an amused Lily. Before Harry could say anything else, more owls began to arrive. The first was a letter from the Ministry, telling him that his reward for capturing Greyback had been deposited in his vault. The other letters,

of which there were more than a dozen, were thank you letters from people who had been affected by the despicable Werewolf.

The two that meant the most to him were the one from Remus and the one from the parents of the four-year-old that had been attacked just a week earlier. That last one even contained a handmade card from the girl, Amanda.

“Oh, that’s so sweet,” Cynthia gushed while Gerald and their daughters helped him go through all the mail.

“I much prefer this,” Harry said, holding up the card, then pointed at the newspaper, “than that.”

Seeing those letters made him all the more determined to do something to help Werewolves in Britain. Running upstairs, he made a dozen copies of the instructions for the Wolfsbane Potion. When he came back downstairs, Lily and, surprisingly, Petunia helped him write replies, all of which contained a copy of the instructions. The potion was expensive, and most would be able to afford to brew it constantly, but at least this would give them the option.

“Gerald,” Harry called when they were done. “Would it be alright with you if I put some wards around your house tomorrow?”

“Do you really think that’s necessary?” Cynthia asked worriedly.

“Probably not,” Harry admitted. “But I’d rather be safe than sorry. It doesn’t take long to put them up, and you won’t even notice they’re there.”

“It’s probably a good idea,” Lily added.

Gerald and Cynthia shared a look before they nodded.

“Alright,” Gerald said.



Later that night, as Harry lay in bed thinking about ways to discover the location of the Horcruxes when Lily snuck in the door.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hey,” Harry smiled.

Climbing onto the bed, Lily crawled over the top of him and straddled his waist. With a coy smile, she bent down and kissed him passionately. As their tongues danced, Harry let his hands slide down her sides to cup her full, heart-shaped bum. Lily moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. With one hand caressing her rear, Harry’s other hand slid up and slipped under the hem of her shirt.

At first, Harry just ran his fingertips lightly over the smooth, bare skin of her sides and stomach. As they continued to kiss, he trailed his hand further up under her oversized shirt until he brushed the swell of her breast. When Lily showed no signs of stopping or protesting, he gently cupped her warm, soft mound, his thumb caressing her hardened nipple. With another moan, Lily nibbled at his bottom lip.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Lily gave a start and turned towards the door as it opened while Harry jerked his hands clear of anyplace inappropriate. Both of them blushed heavily as Cynthia smirked in the doorway. Looking anywhere but at her mother, Lily climbed off of him and sat on the edge of the bed.

“When I said it was time for bed, I meant the one in your room,” Cynthia said.

“Mum,” Lily whined embarrassedly while Harry felt heat radiating from his face.

“I’ll give you a minute to say goodnight, but don’t stay too long,” Cynthia warned.

Pushing off the doorway, she walked down the hall but left the door to Harry’s room wide open.

“We’ll finish this later,” Lily whispered.

With one last demanding kiss, she hurried out of the room and closed the door behind her. Harry rubbed his face as he lay back on the bed, a prominent, throbbing bulge in the front of his pajama pants.

“Bloody hell,” he grumbled.

Chapter 14

Harry smiled as Lily walked into the kitchen as he and Cynthia cooked breakfast. Gerald had already left for work, and Petunia was out visiting her boyfriend, Vernon. Although he was glad she was getting along better with Lily and him since he’d given her the Rune carving kit, he was relieved he didn’t have to see Vernon.

“So, what do you two have planned for the day?” Cynthia asked while taking a seat at the table.

“Not much,” Lily said.

“Actually, I have a few errands to run,” Harry admitted.

“Like what?” Lily asked curiously while taking a bite of her eggs.

“You remember that little girl that sent me that letter after Greyback was arrested?” Harry asked, getting a nod from both ladies. “Well, I want to give her mother the recipe for the Wolfsbane Potion, and I made her a dose for the next full moon. It won’t cure her, but it’ll reduce the pain of the transformation and help her keep her mind. There’s a couple of other things I want to check at Gringotts too.”

“That’s so sweet of you, dear,” Cynthia smiled, patting his knee under the table.

“Can I come with you?” Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, “I don’t mind.”

Lily smiled and looked at her mother to see if it was alright with her. Just as Cynthia opened her mouth, there was a knock at the door.

“Just don’t stay out too late,” she smiled while climbing to her feet.

Lily beamed as her mother left the kitchen, then turned to Harry.

“Now that Petunia is more accepting of magic, do you think we could pick her up a beginner’s potions kit and a couple of books?” she asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled.

“Harry!” Cynthia called from the living room. “There’s someone here to see you.”

Frowning, Harry shared a glance with Lily and stood quickly. His hand quickly moved to rest on the handle of his wand as he and Lily made their way into the living room.

His shoulders relaxed when he spotted Dumbledore standing beside the couch in his plum-colored robes with a pleasant smile on his face.

“Ah, good morning Harry, Lily,” he said.

“Hello, professor,” Harry said. “What brings you by.”

“Well, I just came for an Emergency Wizengamot session, and I wanted to give you the news in person,” Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. “For saving Hogsmeade and defeating Greyback, the Wizengamot has decided to award you the Order of Merlin, second class.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose while Lily squealed excitedly and launched herself at him.

“Oh, Harry, that’s so wonderful!” she beamed. “I’m so happy for you!”

“What’s an Order of Merlin?” Cynthia asked.

“It’s our government’s highest award for bravery and services to Magical Britain,” Dumbledore explained.

“Oh my!” Cynthia gasped.

“Er, I’d really rather not have all the attention,” Harry said.

“It does come with a couple of other perks, you might say,” Dumbledore smiled. “On top of the ten thousand Galleon reward for turning in Greyback, the Order of Merlin second class gets you another five thousand Galleons and a lifetime seat in the Wizengamot.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose even higher.

Well, guess I don't have to go to Gringotts now, he thought.

Then, Harry's brow furrowed in confusion as he looked at Dumbledore.

"How did you know...?" he asked.

"Well, if you're going to make changes, having a seat in the governing body would certainly help," Dumbledore replied, his eyes twinkling madly.

Snorting, Harry shook his head.

"Please don't tell me I have to go to an award ceremony," he said resignedly.

"Minister Bangold was quite insistent. I managed to convince her to keep it relatively small. It will be held at the Ministry on January second," Dumbledore said.

Harry sighed and nodded while Lily and Cynthia congratulated him with enthusiastic hugs

"Then I shall see you Friday," Dumbledore said. "Good day."

Dumbledore twisted on the spot, then blinked curiously when he found himself still in the same place.

"Er, I put up wards around the house a couple of days ago," Harry said, biting the inside of his cheek to hold back a laugh.

“Ah,” Dumbledore said while smoothing out his robes. “I’ll just see myself out then. Fortunately, there’s an excellent spot to Disapparate from behind a bakery with the most delicious looking eclairs in the window.”

Harry shook his head with a chuckle as Dumbledore closed the front door behind him.

“That’s your headmaster?” Cynthia asked. “He seems a bit...”

“Odd?” Harry offered. “He is, but don’t let it fool you. He’s still the most powerful wizard I’ve ever met.”

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After Lily and Harry had gotten showered and dressed for the day, he took her hand and Apparate to Diagon Alley. Lily still looked a little queasy when they arrived, but not nearly as bad as the first time.

“I thought the wards stopped you from Apparating,” she said.

“They stop everyone else from Apparating,” Harry corrected. “Since I put up the wards, I left an exception for me. I’ll do the same for you once you know how to Apparate. That way, if something does happen, I can get to your house and get your parents to safety.”

Smiling, Lily kissed him on the cheek and took his hand in hers as they stepped out into the alley. Since they didn’t need to go to Gringotts now – something Harry was happy about since a family returning from obscurity might raise questions he couldn’t answer – they went straight to the Apothecary. While Lily was picking up potions equipment and ingredients for her sister, Harry spotted some animated stuffed animals across the street.

Once they had everything they needed for Petunia, Harry pulled Lily across the street into the shop.

“I thought Amanda might like one of these,” Harry said, motioning to the menagerie of stuffed magical creatures.

Lily gave him a tender smile and helped him pick one out. After a bit of debate, they decided to get her a stuffed Krup. Since they didn’t know if the little girl was even magical or not, they wanted to make sure it could blend in with the Muggle world.

While the Jack Russel terrier-like animal was certainly cute, the Animation Charms were pretty basic. After paying the smiling witch at the register, Harry took out his wand to see if he could improve it a bit. With just a few charms, the stuffed animal began acting like the real thing. When Harry looked up, he noticed the witch and several of the patrons in the store staring at him with wide eyes.

“Thanks,” Harry said quickly.

Grabbing Lily’s hand, he pulled her out of the store, where she broke into a fit of giggles.

Walking back to the Apparation point, Harry checked his wand for the coordinates to the Tracking Charm he’d placed on the thank you note he’d sent to Amanda and her mother, Sylvia Burns, the day before. Grabbing Lily’s arm, they vanished with a twist.

Reappearing about three hundred miles away, they were fortunate enough to have Apparated in an empty car park without any witnesses. Following the Tracking Charm led them to a small but nice home out in the countryside. Walking up to the door, Harry knocked three times.

“Just a moment,” a voice called out.

Less than a minute later, a pretty blonde answered the door, her eyes red from crying.

“Can I help you?” she asked, eyeing them curiously.

“Hi, I’m Harry Potter, and this is Lily,” Harry said, seeing the woman’s eyes widen at the mention of his name. “I have a potion to help Amanda with her transformation, but we can come back later if this is a bad time.”

“Oh!” she gasped. “No, please, come in.”

Harry smiled as she held the door open and stepped into the house with Lily. A little girl with curly blonde hair and pink scars covering her left cheek and neck stood up from where she was playing with some dolls and hid behind the woman.

“It’s alright, love,” the woman smiled, running a hand through the girl’s hair tenderly. “This is Harry and his friend Lily. He’s the one who made the bad man go away.”

The little girl’s eyes went wide as saucers as she stared up at him.

“Hello,” Harry said, smiling kindly. “You must be Amanda.”

“Oh, how rude of me,” the woman said. “Yes, this is my daughter Amanda, and I’m Sylvia. I can’t thank you enough for putting that man behind bars.”

“You’re welcome,” Harry smiled.

Dropping down to one knee, he smiled at Amanda as she gripped her mother’s skirt tightly.

“Hello,” he said softly. “Do you mind if I take a look at those scars? I might be able to heal them.”

Amanda blinked twice before looking up at her mother. Smiling, Sylvia nodded her head, and Amanda took a nervous step forward.

“I promise, this won’t hurt,” Harry reassured her.

Holding out his wand, he cleared his thoughts and let the spell he needed bubble to the surface. With a circular motion, the tip of his wand glowed a faint green. Under the light of his wand, the pink scars quickly began to fade until it was just a touch lighter than the rest of her. The scars were still visible, but you really had to look to notice them.

“Thank you,” Sylvia said, her eyes glistening and voice thick with emotion.

Harry just smiled and looked over his shoulder.

“Lily, do you have the present?” he asked.

With her own eyes glistening with unshed tears, Lily grinned and handed him the colorfully wrapped parcel.

“Happy Christmas,” Harry said, handing it to Amanda.

Eyes wide, the little girl took the present and carefully ripped off the paper. A gasp left her lips as the Krup leapt into her arms and yipped excitedly. Its tail wagged as it licked her face with a cloth tongue. Giggling, Amanda beamed down at the small dog in her arms in wonder before looking at her mother.

“Look, Mummy,” she said, holding up the stuffed dog. “Can we keep him?”

“Of course,” Sylvia said with a tear rolling down her cheek. “Why don’t you go play with him while I talk to Harry and Lily for a minute?”

Smiling, Amanda rushed forward and hugged Harry tightly.

“Thank you,” she said softly.

Letting go of him, she ran back over to her dolls and began showing them to the dog as it jumped into her lap. Harry smiled as he climbed back to his feet.

“That’s the first time she’s spoken since...,” Sylvia said before trailing off tearfully. “Sorry, would you like some tea?”

Leading Harry and Lily to the kitchen, she pulled out a wand and flicked it at the kettle.

“Here, this is for Amanda too,” Harry said, pulling seven small vials of a red, bubbling potion out of his pocket and setting them on the counter. “It’s called the Wolfsbane Potion. Give her one dose every night leading up to the full moon, with the last dose on the night of the full moon itself. It should help with the pain and let her keep her mind during her transformation.”

“Thank you,” Sylvia said tearfully.

Harry smiled and pulled a slip of parchment from his pocket.

“This is the recipe,” Harry said, handing it to her.

Sylvia took it from him, her grateful smile turning into a concerned frown as she read it over.

“I was never that good at potions, and some of these ingredients are pretty expensive,” she muttered with a sigh. “Money’s been a bit tight since my husband left.”

Sylvia’s lip quivered as she tried not to cry, but it was only a moment before tears ran down her cheeks. Lily rushed over and hugged her gently while rubbing her back just as the kettle began to whistle.

"I got it," Harry said.

Flicking his wand, the tea began making itself as Lily guided Sylvia over to the table. While the two women sat, Harry grabbed two cups of tea floating in the air and set them down in front of them before taking a seat on the other side of the table.

"I'm sorry," Sylvia said after a moment. "It's just - my husband – ex-husband, Mark, he had a gambling problem. He wouldn't say anything, but I'm positive Greyback went after Amanda because he owed money to the wrong people. The bastard left the morning after she was bitten, and I haven't heard from him since."

"That's terrible," Lily said, her green eyes glistening with sympathetic tears.

"I don't know if I'll be able to afford to keep the house, and now this potion..."

"I'll take care of it," Harry said. "Professor Slughorn already brews it for a friend of mine. I'm sure he wouldn't mind brewing an extra dose. I'll owl it to you."

"No, I couldn't," Sylvia said, wiping the tears from her face.

"I insist," Harry said, conjuring a handkerchief for her.

Sylvia looked like she wanted to argue but looking over at her daughter giggling as the stuffed dog jumped all over her, her shoulders sagged, and a small smile stretched her lips.

"Thank you," she said softly, wiping her eyes. "I didn't even know where I could take her on the full moon where she wouldn't hurt anyone."

“With the potion, she should be fine in the backyard – as long as you put up some wards,” Harry said.

“I can do that,” Sylvia nodded, looking relieved.

“I have a friend that’s a Werewolf,” Harry said thoughtfully. “I can’t make any promises, but I’ll talk to him and see if he’d be willing to owl you. He’d be able to answer any questions you might have better than I can, and it might help Amanda to have someone else she can talk to about it. Especially when she gets older.”

“Your friend, does he go to Hogwarts with you?” she asked with a hint of hopefulness.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded.

“Do you think they’d let Amanda go to Hogwarts too?” Sylvia asked. “I didn’t think they let Werewolves into Hogwarts, but if your friend can go, maybe...”

“I’ll talk to Dumbledore about it. I’m sure he’ll let her go as long as she follows the same safety measures our friend does,” Harry assured her.

“Mummy! Mummy! Look!” Amanda exclaimed excitedly.

All three of them looked over to see the little girl up a crayon drawing of a stick figure next to what looked like a little dog.

“That’s beautiful, sweetheart,” Sylvia said with a loving smile. “Come on, let’s go put this on the refrigerator.”



Harry and Lily stayed for another hour before they left. Sylvia thanked them profusely, and Amanda gave each of them a hug. Lily was especially taken by the little girl, and her eyes misted over as they said goodbye.

“That was really nice of you,” Lily said, taking his hand in hers.

Harry shrugged modestly, “I never thought it was right, the way most witches and wizards treat Werewolves.”

“No, it’s not,” Lily agreed firmly. “There’s a lot of things that aren’t fair in the wizarding world.”

Seeing the fire in her eyes, so similar to the way Hermione did when she saw an injustice, Harry couldn’t help but smile. Squeezing her hand, he pulled her behind the hedgerow and kissed her. Smiling as they held each other, Harry Disapparated.

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“Where are we?” Lily asked as they reappeared in an alley that looked distinctly Muggle.

“London,” Harry said with a grin. “I thought we could get something to eat.”

Lily beamed as he took her hand and led her out into the busy city. Wandering the streets, they found a nice Italian restaurant where they ate. Afterwards, they made their way to a clothing store, where Harry picked up some new clothes. Being on the run for a year hadn’t done his already worn looking wardrobe any favors.

By the time they were done, the sun was already beginning to fall, and the temperature started to drop. With their errands done, they Apparated back to Lily’s house, their cheeks and noses slightly rosy but with wide smiles on their faces.

“Have fun?” Cynthia asked with a knowing look.

Harry was glad his cheeks were already pink as he felt himself blush while Lily happily told her about everything they did. Any hope he had about hiding his blush vanished when Lily told her about how he was helping Amanda and her mother.

“I’m going to go send a letter to Remus,” Harry muttered, ducking his head as Cynthia smiled at him proudly.

Dashing up the stairs, he shook his head as he heard them giggle behind him.

The rest of the evening passed relatively normally, although Petunia was acting a bit nicer to him and Lily. As he’d hoped, not that she could do some magic of her own, even though it was limited, she had less of a reason to be a jealous bitch. After dinner, she even asked Lily a few questions about runes.

Oddly, Gerald, Cynthia, and Petunia all seemed to grow tired at the same time and called it an early night. When they’d disappeared upstairs, Lily got up and then sat in his lap with an impish smile.

“What did you do?” he asked amusedly.

“I got tired of mum interrupting us, so I slipped some Sleeping Draught in their tea,” she said, smiling unrepentantly.

Harry stared at her for a moment and then laughed incredulously.

Straddling his lap, Lily wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. As their lips and tongues danced, Harry slid his hands down her back and squeezed her jean-clad ass. Lily’s fingers combed through his hair as they snogged on the couch for several minutes. By the

time Lily pulled back, flushed and breathless, one of his hands had made its way under her shirt and cupped her breast over her bra.

With a promising smile and an excited sparkle in her eyes, Lily climbed off of his lap and grabbed his hands. Pulling him off the couch, she led him up the stairs to her bedroom.

“Can you put up a Silencing Charm?” Lily asked, her breath coming faster in anticipation.

Sensing her nervousness, Harry pulled her close and ran his fingers lightly up and down her spine.

“Are you sure you want to do this, Lily?” he asked, his own nerves growing as he looked at her beautiful face.

“Positive,” Lily said firmly. “There’s no one else I’d rather have my first time with. I – I love you.”

Harry felt his heart swell as he smiled brightly. All his life, he’d longed to hear those words from her. The fact that it wasn’t quite in the same context as he’d imagined made little difference.

“I love you too,” Harry whispered softly, his fingers stroking her cheek.

Kissing Lily tenderly, he waved his wand, silencing and locking the door and then putting up a weak Muggle Repelling ward just in case. This time, they wouldn’t be interrupted.

As he set his wand down on the nightstand, Lily grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up and over his head. Smiling, she ran her hands over his muscled chest, making Harry chuckle when her nails tickled his ribs.

Grabbing the bottom of her jumper, he pulled it up over her head, exposing her large breasts trapped in a red bra. Pulling her close once more, Harry kissed her fiercely as he reached behind

her back and popped open the clasp of her bra. Lily yanked her bra off quickly, carelessly tossing it to the floor and then moaning as their bare torsos pressed together. When Harry pulled back a moment later, Lily licked her lips nervously as he stared down at her body.

Her large, perky breasts jutted from her chest, capped with puffy, bright pink puffy areolas and stiff nipples. Sliding his hands up from where they rested on her hips, Harry glided them up her thin waist and over the bottom of her rib cage until he cupped both of the soft, smooth orbs in his hand. Her pale skin was completely devoid of any blemishes, not a mole or freckle in sight.

“You’re so beautiful,” he whispered.

Lily smiled, her hands moving up to the back of his head and pulling him forward. As their lips met, Harry circled his thumbs over the tips of her breasts, drawing a sound somewhere between a moan and a whimper from her lips. Smiling against her lips, Harry backed her up to the bed and then gently laid her down on the mattress.

Pulling his lips from hers, Harry kissed down her chin, over the column of her throat, and then sucked lightly at her collarbone. Lily moaned as he continued trailing kisses down her chest until his face was buried between her breasts. Even on her back, they still stood impressively from her chest. She inhaled sharply as her smooth mounds brushed the rough stubble on his cheeks.

Eventually, he moved over to her right breast, kissing all around the base before making his way to the center. Lily arched her back and gasped when he took her nipple between his lips. With a moan, she pulled his head forward, a tremble running up her spine when his teeth grazed her sensitive nub.

“Harry,” she breathed quietly.

Smiling, Harry kissed her nipple one last time before kissing his way down her body. The moment his hand brushed against the waistband of her jeans, Lily lifted her hips impatiently. With a chuckle, he popped open the button, pulled down the zipper, and tugged them down her legs. As he tossed her jeans aside, Lily grabbed her red panties and pushed them off quickly.

Dropping them to the floor, she suddenly bit her lip in trepidation and kept her legs pressed together.

Stroking her thighs gently, Harry kissed her knee as their eyes met. Staring at him for a long moment, she relaxed and opened her legs. Smiling tenderly, he kissed the inside of her knee, then paused and blinked when he caught sight of her smooth, hairless mound. Quirking his lips, he looked up at Lily questioningly, her cheeks going slightly pink.

“I saw that Bellatrix and Narcissa didn’t have any hair down there, so I thought...,” Lily trailed off.

Grinning, Harry kissed the inside of her thigh and worked his way up. Her breath shuddering with anticipation, Lily gripped the sheets as she stared down at him with wide eyes. Meeting her gaze, Harry placed a kiss on her taut lips. With a gasp, she gasped, her mouth hanging slightly open as she panted.

Harry ran his tongue between her folds, the taste of her excitement coating his tongue, and then placed a kiss directly over her clit. Inhaling sharply, Lily closed her eyes and lay back on the pillows while rolling her hips. As he continued running his tongue between her folds, one hand caressed her thigh while the other reached up to gently grope one of her breasts.

As Harry rolled her nipple between his fingers and traced his tongue around her hooded nub, Lily moved her hands from the sheets to the back of his head. Threading her fingers through his hair, she tugged his head forward while rolling her hips. Roughly pulling his lips up to her clit and tapping him in place, Harry smiled against her folds and wrapped his lips around the bundle of nerves.

Lily moaned wantonly, arching her hips off the bed. Harry took the opportunity to take his hand off her thigh and slid it under his body. Wetting the tip of his middle finger in her arousal, he slowly eased it into her steaming depths.

“Oh, God!” Lily gasped.

Harry slowly sawed his finger back and forth while he continued to lick, kiss, and suck at her clit. After a couple of minutes, he slipped a second finger into her impossibly tight depths.

“Harry!” Lily gasped.

Arching her head back into the pillows, she tugged his hair almost painfully, grinding his nose into her pelvis as she rolled her hips frantically. Panting and moaning almost constantly, Harry knew she was close to the edge. Pushing his fingers deep, he massaged her depths while lashing at her clit furiously.

Lily went completely stiff, her back arching sharply as her breath caught in her throat. A moment later, she cried out, her depths clamping on his fingers as she drenched them in a gush of excitement.

After a long moment, her body sagged bonelessly to the mattress, and her legs released his head. Harry slipped his fingers out of her and sat up, a grin stretching his lips as he looked down at her. Lily lay on the bed, her chest and face flushed as she panted heavily. Her were closed, a relaxed, contented look on her face.

Standing up, Harry slipped out of his trousers, freeing his stiffness from the tight confines of his jeans. He debated with himself for a moment before slipping his boxers to the floor as well. A gasp drew his attention back to Lily, who was staring wide-eyed at his rigid length, a hint of hunger in her gaze.

Her eyes followed him unblinkingly as he climbed back onto the bed and between her legs. Hesitantly, she reached down and took him in hand.

“It’s so hot,” Lily said, then her eyes widened when she realized she’d spoken aloud.

Harry chuckled, causing Lily to relax and laugh as well. Looking back down at his throbbing length, she licked her lips as she stroked him lightly. Breathing in deeply at the pleasurable sensation, he crawled over top of her and kissed her deeply.

Dropping his hips slightly, Harry pressed the base of his shaft against Lily's heated folds. Both of them moaned from the sensation. Grinding himself against her mound firmly while she continued to stroke the tip, Harry broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers.

"That feels so good," Harry murmured.

Lily smiled as their identical green eyes met. Slowly, Harry pulled his hips back, and Lily lined him up with her entrance. As he rested there, poised to enter her depths, she moved her hands up to his shoulders.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"I'm sure," Lily said.

Harry smiled but still hesitated. This would irrevocably change their relationship, and there would be no going back. Harry searched inside of himself, but still, no matter how familiar her face and eyes were, there was no part of him that saw her as his mother. She was just Lily, his wonderful, beautiful, intelligent friend that he cared for deeply.

Kissing her lovingly, Harry eased forward.

Lily gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders as he slipped inside of her. Her folds stretched around his girth as he slowly sank deeper into her incredibly tight, sweltering depths. When he was about halfway inside of her, Lily bit her lip and whimpered.

"Lily?" Harry asked in concern, holding still.

"I'm fine," Lily said, her strained voice belying her words. "Just – give me a minute. You're a lot thicker than my wand."

Smiling slightly, Harry leaned down and kissed her. Moaning into his mouth, Lily moved her hands up from his shoulders and wrapped them around his back. After a few moments, she tightened her legs around him and rolled her hips. Inhaling sharply through her nose, she moaned and did it again. Taking that as his cue, Harry pulled back slightly before sliding back in just a little deeper.

Lily moaned again, bucking her hips and pulling her lips from his.

“Don’t stop,” she panted softly.

Harry smiled and thrust again. He got into a rhythm where he pulled most of the way out before sliding back in slightly deeper than before. In only a couple of minutes, he sank into her depths up to the hilt and hissed from the pleasure. After going so long without sex when he had gotten so used to spending the night with Narcissa and Bellatrix, Harry reveled in the feeling of her amazing depths.

Settling into a gentle rhythm, Harry stared down at Lily, her eyes sparkling lustfully.

“Faster,” she breathed. “Please.”

Harry smiled and did as she asked, pulling back further and plunging in faster. Arching her back, Lily thrust her chest into the air and moaned salaciously. Resting his weight on one arm, Harry grasped one of her breasts and squeezed it firmly. Eyes fluttering open, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a demanding kiss.

Smiling against her lips, Harry slid his hand down to her hip and then rolled them both over. Lily pulled his lips away from his and then blinked at suddenly finding herself on top. With a grin, Harry bucked his hips up while pulling her down by the hips.

“Oh!” Lily gasped, rolling her hips unconsciously.

Chuckling at her slightly unfocused gaze, Harry ran his hands up her sides and cupped her breasts.

“You’re so beautiful, Lily,” Harry said.

Smiling, Lily tossed her dark red hair over her shoulder and rocked her hips experimentally. Staring down at the point where they were connected, she bit her lips and lifted herself up before lowering herself back down. It took a couple of minutes to find her rhythm, but soon she was bouncing up and down on his rigid length, rolling her hips each time she bottomed out.

Harry moved his hands down to her hips and savored the feeling of her hot, slick folds hugging his shaft. Her perky breasts bounced enticingly on her chest with her movements, and her nails dug into his chest. Gradually, her movements grew rougher and more frantic, her eyes glazing over as she panted.

Growling, Lily’s eyes burned brightly, and she bounced up and down on him, her hair whipping around her head wildly.

“Yes!” she hissed. “I’m close.”

“Me too,” Harry told her, gripping her hips and thrusting up, his thighs meeting her rear with a clap.

“Oh, God!” Lily gasped.

Harry couldn’t take his eyes off Lily as she rode him frantically. Her movements became wild, lifting nearly all the way off of him before slamming herself down on his cock. Each time he plunged into her fluttering depths, a low grunt was forced from her lips. Throwing herself forward, her hands landing on either side of his head, her eyes blazed as he drove up forcefully into her. A tremble ran through her body before she stiffened and arched her back.

“Harry!” Lily screamed.

Grunting, Harry grabbed her hips and buried himself as deep as possible as he exploded. Lily’s eyes and mouth flew open with a gasp as jets of hot cum splashed against her depths. Her hips jerked spasmodically, and she collapsed on top of him, her face buried in the crook of his neck with a trembling moan.

It was several moments before either of them moved. Lily sat up, kissed him tenderly, and smiled as she let him slip out of her before curling up against his chest. Smiling, Harry grabbed his wand off the nightstand and set an alarm. Slipping it under the pillow, he held Lily gently as they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 15

January second arrived far too quickly for Harry’s liking. Granted, it meant that he would be returning to Hogwarts the next day. Still, he wasn’t looking forward to being paraded around the Ministry by Millicent Bagnold, the current Minister for magic. He didn’t know much about her, but his previous experiences with Fudge left him expecting the worst. The fact that it was her administration that let Death Eaters off on the Imperious excuse and threw Sirius into Azkaban without a trial certainly didn’t help.

Harry sighed and tried to fix his hair. Unfortunately, if he wanted to make some real changes to the world, he’d have to get involved. An involuntary shudder ran through him at the thought of being forced to play nice with people like Malfoy and his ilk.

Shaking his head, Harry looked over at the clock. Since he still had a few minutes before he had to leave, he took out his holly and phoenix feather wand and rummaged through his trunk for a rag and a jar of polish. Sitting down on the closed trunk lid, he dipped the rag into the polish and rubbed it along the grain of his wand.

Though the Edler wand had seen more duels lately, he still used his Holly wand for daily use. The wood slowly absorbed the polish, healing all of the nicks, dents, and scratches it had accumulated over the last few months.

When Harry finished, he pulled out the Elder wand and examined it closely. Despite the use it had seen since his arrival, the wand showed no hint of damage. If he didn't know the long and bloody history of the wand, he would have it had just come off the shelf at Olivander's.

Slipping his Holly wand back into its holster, he then looked at the Elder wand thoughtfully before sliding it into the pocket of his robes. Harry packed away his wand polishing kit and looked down at his hand. Dumbledore had told him about having the ability to summon the Elder wand into his hand at a moment's notice, but it wasn't something he'd really tried before.

Without even a twitch of his wrist, the elder wand suddenly slapped into his hand, his fingers curling around the intricately carved shaft.

"Huh, that's handy," Harry muttered.

Just as he slipped the wand back into his pocket, he heard a knock. Turning, he smiled at seeing Lily standing in the doorway. She looked stunning in her blue dress robes, her long, red hair flowing down her back like a sheet of copper.

"You ready to go?" she asked.

"Yeah," Harry smiled. "You look great."

Lily smiled softly, "You don't look so bad yourself."

Tilting her head up, she kissed him on the lips. When they parted, smiling, they walked down the stairs side by side.

"I wish my parents could go," Lily sighed.

"Sorry," Harry said. "Maybe we can work on a way to protect them from Muggle Repelling Charms when we get back to Hogwarts?"

"That'd be great!" Lily chirped, skipping down the last couple of stairs. "I'd love to be able to show them Hogwarts someday."

"Well, don't you two look lovely," Cynthia grinned as they walked into the living room.

Picking up a camera from the coffee table, she lifted it to her face.

"Get close together, now," she said.

"Mum," Lily groaned while Harry smiled and threw an arm over her shoulders.

Sighing, Lily put a smile on her face and let her mother take a few pictures.

"We need to go, or we're going to be late," she said after the sixth picture.

"Alright, have fun," Cynthia called as Lily dragged Harry over to the backdoor.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

When Lily nodded, he tightened his grip on her hand and Disapparated.

A moment later, they appeared in an alley near the guest entrance to the Ministry. Leading Lily over to the phone box, Harry entered '62442' on the dial.

“Welcome to the Ministry of Magic,” Came a cool female voice. “Please state your name and business.”

“Harry Potter and Lily Evans,” Harry said. “We’re here for the award ceremony.”

“Thank you,” said the cool female voice. “Please take the badges and attach them to the front of your robes.”

With the sound of metal clicking against metal, two badges tumbled into the coin return slot. Taking his badge, Harry handed the other to Lily as the phone booth began to descend with a shudder.

“Whoa,” Lily said, watching in wonder as they sank below the pavement.

Harry smiled, watching as her eyes widened as they descended into the Atrium. Surprisingly, everything looked like business as normal. When they reached the bottom, Harry led Lily over to the guard desk. The wizard at the desk quickly checked his Holly wand and Lily’s willow and Gryffin heartstring wand.

“Where is the ceremony being held?” Harry asked.

“Courtroom one,” the wizard replied in a bored tone. “Next!”

“Why would they hold it in a courtroom?” Lily asked.

“I don’t know,” Harry said, his brow furrowed in thought. “Maybe because it gives me a seat on the Wizengamot?”

Lily nodded thoughtfully as they entered one of the golden elevators. It was a long ride down to the courtrooms, where they exited into a dim, narrow hallway with flickering torches lining the walls. As they passed courtroom two and rounded the corner, they found a large gathering of witches and wizards in plum colored robes standing outside courtroom one. Everyone turned to him and quieted, causing Harry to flush.

“Hello,” Harry said, forcing a smile as he waved.

A thin, middle-aged witch with short grey hair and a stern face approached him.

“Mr. Potter, I’m Millicent Bagnold, Minister for Magic,” she said, holding out her hand.

“Harry Potter,” he replied, shaking her hand. “And this is my friend, Lily Evans.”

“Pleasure,” Bagnold said, shaking Lily’s hand as well.

“Ah, Harry,” Dumbledore said, striding forward with a tall, dark haired wizard behind him.

From the untidy hair and familiar face, Harry knew instantly the man was a Potter.

“Hello, professor,” Harry said.

“And good morning to you, Ms. Evans,” Dumbledore smiled with a small bow before straightening up, his eyes twinkling. “I’d like to introduce Charlus Potter. Given your names and physical resemblance, I thought there might be a relation.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” Charlus said, shaking Harry’s hand. “James told me about you, and I did some research. I can’t prove it, but I think we might be related through my grandfather’s brother. He was a squib that left the Wizarding world when he was young.”

“Ah,” Harry said with a smile. “That would probably explain my uncle’s dislike of Magical Britain.”

“I’d imagine so,” Charlus replied with a sad smile. “Jameson Potter, despite being a squib, was quite skilled with Runes. Unfortunately, at the time, the Ministry didn’t allow squibs to hold a mastery. I wish I could tell you more, but the family lost contact with him not long after he left the magical world.”

“That’s alright,” Harry said. “So, do these ceremonies usually take place in a courtroom?”

“That would be my doing,” Dumbledore admitted. “I know you dislike the attention, so I suggested to the Minister that we hold the ceremony just before Greyback’s trial. I thought it might give you a chance to see how the Wizengamot works.”

“Is that legal?” Lily asked, blushing lightly when everyone turned to her. “I mean for Harry to have a vote at his trial when he’s a witness?”

“Normally, no,” Charlus answered with a smile. “If that was all he was charged with, Harry wouldn’t be allowed a vote, but I’m afraid the attack on him and your family is the least of his crimes.”

Lily nodded, though the look on her said that she still didn’t think it was right.

“We should get started,” Bangold said, closing and pocketing her pocket watch. “It was nice meeting you. I look forward to working with you in the Wizengamot.”

“Of course, Minister,” Dumbledore said. “I’m afraid you’ll have to sit in the visitor’s gallery, Ms. Evans.”

“Yes, sir,” Lily said.

Harry took Lily's hand in his and gave it a comforting squeeze as they followed the mass of witches and wizards into the courtroom. She surprised him by kissing him on the cheek before letting go of his hand and making her way to the gallery. The only other people that had come to watch were a reporter and a photographer.

"You can sit next to me, if you'd like," Charlus offered.

"Thanks," Harry said.

Climbing the benches, they took seats halfway up before Charlus gestured to a round face, blonde haired wizard.

"This is Jonas Longbottom," Charlus said, then gestured to a brunette witch with a kind face, "and this is Francine Abbot."

"Hello," Harry said, shaking their hands.

"Next meeting, I'll have to introduce you to Damien Greengrass and David Bones. Unfortunately, they're still on vacation," Charlus said. "All of our families have been allied for the last four hundred years."

"Mr. Potter, I'd like to personally thank you for stopping that Giant from attacking Hogsmeade," Francine said. "My son and daughter were there that day, and I shudder to think what would've happened if you hadn't intervened."

"You have my thanks as well, and not just for stopping that Giant," Jonas added. "Alice's grades in Defense have improved leaps and bounds since you started that club of yours. I feel a lot better knowing she can defend herself."

"You're welcome," Harry said, flushing under the praise. "I just hope they never have to use what I teach them outside of exams."

"I'm afraid it's likely they will if things continue as they are," Jonas sighed, his eyes flicking over to the other side of the room.

Harry followed his gaze and, while he didn't recognize any faces, there was enough resemblance that he knew he was looking at some of the darker families.

"Some of us believed you should have been given an Order of Merlin just for your actions in Hogsmeade,"

A moment later, Dumbledore banged his gavel three times, silencing the room.

"I call this meeting to order," he announced. "Witches and wizards of the Wizengamot, we are here today to celebrate the courageous and selfless accomplishments of one of the most talented students I have ever had the privilege to teach. In the short time that Harry Potter has been at Hogwarts, he has proved to be an exceptional young man. Mr. Potter, if you would please come forward?"

Standing, Harry walked down to the middle of the courtroom, where Dumbledore met him with a smile, a wooden case in his hands.

"Harry Potter. For the acts of singlehandedly defending the village of Hogsmeade from a rampaging Giant and for apprehending the villainous Werewolf Greyback, we award you the Order of Merlin, second class," Dumbledore said.

As the members of the Wizengamot applauded, the headmaster opened the case to reveal the Order of Merlin. It was a large, round, golden medal with eight spikes around the edge that hung on a purple ribbon. In the middle sat a raised, stylized 'M' with a wand standing upright through the center and a small, gleaming ruby at the tip.

Taking the medal out and pocketing the case, Dumbledore pinned it to his robes with a smile. They shook hands, and Harry turned to return to his seat. Before he could, Dumbledore placed his hand on his shoulder.

"I would also like to announce that Mr. Potter will also be receiving an award for special services to the school for his defense of his fellow classmates," Dumbledore said.

Harry smiled shyly at the renewed clapping. Eyes twinkling, Dumbledore patted him on the shoulder before turning away. As Harry returned to his seat, he glanced over at Lily, who beamed at him proudly.

"I'm surprised he didn't mention you're the youngest Order of Merlin winner ever," Charlus said as Harry sat next to him.

"I'm glad he didn't," Harry murmured with a blush.

Charlus chuckled and patted him on the shoulder. Harry felt his heart swell at the pleased look from his grandfather.

"As with all first and second class Order of Merlin recipients, Mr. Potter has also earned a lifetime seat on the Wizengamot," Dumbledore said, now back at his podium.

Again, there was a smattering of applause.

"You'll have to get some plum colored robes for the next meeting," Francine told him with a gentle smile. "Just ask Madam Malkin for a set."

Looking down at his black robes, Harry realized just how much he stood out. While he hated the attention, he thought this would be a good time to demonstrate his magical ability. After quite a bit of thought, he'd decided that it was better if Voldemort was wary of him. That would make a direct attack much less likely.

Lifting his hand, Harry snapped his fingers. He fought a blush as the people around him gasped as his robes changed color. Wandless magic was considered a sign of absolute control over one's magic, and seeing someone as young as him doing it was exceedingly rare.

"Impressive," Jonas said softly.

Fortunately, Harry was saved from answering when Dumbledore once again banged his gavel.

"Now, we shall begin the trial of the wizard and Werewolf known as Greyback," he announced.

As Dumbledore listed off the trial number and those in attendance, the door at the side of the room banged open. Two Aurors marched into the room, followed by Greyback. The burly, hairy man was bound to a wheelchair, his one remaining arm struggling to break free. Two more Aurors trailed behind, their wands out and aimed at his back. A low, dangerous growl left Greyback's mouth as he was wheeled into the center of the room where the Aurors flanked him, two on each side with wands out and held at a low ready.

"Greyback," Dumbledore said, his tone flat and harsh, "you are accused of twenty-three counts of murder, fourteen counts of rape, and seventeen counts of inflicting the Werewolf Curse. How do you plead?"

"Go fuck yourself, old man." Greyback snarled.

One of the Aurors lifted his wand and silenced him, though his mouth continued to move furiously, spittle flying.

"Note that the accused has entered an involuntary plea of guilty," Dumbledore said. "Mr. Crouch, present your case."

Harry's eyes narrowed as Bartimus Crouch stood and smoothed out his robes.

“Upon being captured, Greyback was questioned under Veritaserum,” Crouch said in a clipped tone. “He confessed to all the crimes of which he was accused, as well as several others...”

Harry leaned back as Crouch droned on, listing everything that Greyback had admitted to. His stomach turned at some of the depraved acts Greyback had committed.

“Greyback also confessed to carrying out attacks at the request of several other witches and wizards, including You-Know-Who,” Crouch said in closing. “Those names have been withheld until they can be brought in for questioning.”

“Thank you, Mr. Crouch,” Dumbledore nodded. “Greyback, do you have anything to say in your defense?”

One of the Aurors flicked his wand, releasing the Silencing Charm.

“The Dark Lord will make all of you pay,” Greyback snarled, then turned to Harry, his black eyes glinting malevolently. “And you, *boy*, I’m going to enjoy feasting on that pretty little redhead while you watch.”

“Enough!” Dumbledore shouted as the Auror silenced Greyback once more. “I can assure you, you will never harm anyone ever again, Greyback. Now, we shall vote. All of those who believe Greyback is guilty, raise your wands.”

Harry, along with everyone else in the room, raised their wands. The vote to convict him was so overwhelming that Dumbledore didn’t even ask if anyone thought he was innocent.

“The defendant has been found guilty of all charges,” Dumbledore announced.

“Chief Warlock, I move that sentencing should be held immediately,” Minister Bangold said.

“Very well, all those in favor?” Dumbledore asked.

The vote was still overwhelmingly in favor, but Harry noticed that a few of the darker families didn’t raise their wands.

“Mr. Crouch, what sentence does the Ministry seek?” Dumbledore asked.

“For the heinous crimes the defendant has been found guilty of, the Ministry seeks no less than life in Azkaban,” Crouch replied.

“Does anyone oppose this sentence?” Dumbledore asked.

No one raised their wand.

“Very well,” Dumbledore said. “Greyback, you are hereby sentenced to life in Azkaban, to begin immediately. Court is adjourned.”

With a bang of his gavel, the Aurors led a furious, struggling Greyback from the room. Sighing tiredly, Harry stood as others began to file out of the courtroom.

“Harry,” Charlus called as they made their way down to the floor. “I know you go back to school tomorrow, but if you have any questions or need any advice, feel free to send me an owl.”

“Thanks,” Harry said with a smile. “I appreciate that.”

“Anytime,” Charlus smiled. “It was nice meeting you.”

“You too,” Harry said, shaking his hand.

After saying goodbye to Jonas and Francine, Harry made his way over to Lily. With a bright smile on her face, she threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

“Are you okay?” she whispered.

“Yeah,” Harry whispered back.

Taking her hand in his, he led her out of the courtroom.

~

“Are you going to tell him?” Lily asked as they sat at small café in London for lunch.

Harry didn’t have to ask to know that she was asking if he would tell Charlus about being a time traveler.

Harry sighed, “I don’t know. It’ll bring up a lot of questions I don’t want to answer. If he tells the Unspeakables...”

“Do you really think he would?” Lily asked.

Harry shrugged, “I really don’t know. I’ve always wanted to get to know my family, but – maybe once Voldemort is gone?”

Lily gave him a sympathetic look and reached across the table to squeeze his hand.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “I can’t imagine how hard this is for you.”

“It’s alright,” Harry smiled. “It’s better than what I knew before. Before I came here, I didn’t even know my grandparents’ names. All I knew was that my dad was a prankster that was a bit of a dick until he grew up, and my mum was beautiful, brilliant, and an all around incredible person.”

Lily blushed lightly under the praise and smiled as she shook her head.

“I don’t know about that,” she murmured.

“I do,” Harry grinned. “If anything, the stories didn’t do her justice.”

Blushing a bit more heavily but with a pleased smile, Lily leaned over the table to kiss him on the lips.

~

The next day, after an emotional goodbye with Cynthia and Gerald, Harry and Lily boarded the Hogwarts Express. As they looked for a compartment, they spotted Narcissa and Bellatrix sitting alone. The sisters smiled excitedly when they saw him, gesturing for him to join them.

Harry swallowed thickly, wondering how they would take his new relationship with Lily. He was hopeful after the incident with Molly, and he was almost certain Bellatrix wouldn’t care, but Narcissa he wasn’t sure about.

As he reached for the door handle, Lily reached out and stopped him.

“Why don’t you let me talk to them first?” Lily suggested.

“Er, I -”

“Don’t worry,” Lily smiled. “I can handle it. Why don’t you go find the others, and we’ll join you in a bit?”

Before Harry could reply, Lily slipped into the compartment, then closed the curtains and locked the door with a flick of her wand. Sighing, he waited for a moment. When he didn’t see any signs of spells being cast, he made his way further down the train. Harry walked another two cars before he found Dorcas and Marlene sharing a compartment.

“Hey, girls,” Harry smiled. “Mind if I join you?”

“Not at all,” Marlene said, returning his smile.

“Who are we to say no to the Hero of Hogsmeade?” Dorcas asked teasingly.

Harry groaned, and the girls laughed.

“I can’t believe you arrested Greyback and got an Order of Merlin while you were on break,” Dorcas grinned. “You have to tell us what happened, and where’s Lily?”

“She stopped to talk to someone,” Harry said. “She should be here soon.”

“So, what happened?” Marlene asked, leaning forward excitedly.

“Well...”

Harry spent the next few minutes explaining how they ran into Greyback and how he received his Order of Merlin. Just as he finished his tale, the door slid open to reveal Narcissa.

“Harry, Lily needs a hand with her trunk,” she said.

“Oh, sure,” Harry said nervously.

Leaving the compartment with a wave to Marlene and Dorcas, he followed Narcissa. When he found Lily and Bellatrix sitting next to each other and talking quietly, he let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding.

Well, no one's dead, so that's good, Harry thought.

Nervously, Harry stepped into the compartment, and an ominous chill ran down his spine as Narcissa closed and locked the door. Suddenly, Bellatrix stood up, grabbed his wrist, and pushed him down into the seat next to Lily. He blinked, and her hands were working quickly at his belt while Narcissa curled up on his other side, legs tucked under herself. Swallowing nervously, he looked between Lily and Narcissa to find both of them smiling at him.

“Er,” Harry said, words failing him.

Lily giggled, and Narcissa smirked.

“Were you worried?” Narcissa asked.

“A bit, yeah,” Harry admitted.

Bellatrix, frustrated from struggling with his stuck zipper, took out her wand and banished his trousers and boxers. Harry jumped when he felt the cold seat suddenly touching his bare skin. Smirking, Bellatrix dove forwards and wrapped her lips around his half-hardened length.

“Bloody hell,” Harry grunted, eliciting giggles from Lily and Narcissa. “So, I take it everything's okay?” he asked tentatively.

“We had a talk, and everything’s fine,” Lily said, then leaned over to peck him on the lips. “Narcissa and Bellatrix were actually expecting something like this to happen.”

Harry turned and looked at Narcissa.

“Bella thought of it, actually,” she told him with a smirk. “We talked a few nights after we first got together. She pointed out that it’s not uncommon for powerful wizards to form a coven of witches around them. And, if we want to help you make the connections you need to really change things, having a group of powerful witches around you would be very helpful.”

“That’s why you didn’t have a problem with Molly,” Harry said in realization.

“Exactly,” Narcissa smiled.

Harry opened his mouth, closed it, and then looked over at Lily questioningly.

“I knew I’d have to share going into this,” Lily shrugged, a smile turning up the corners of her lips. “Besides, Bellatrix made a good point. Witches tend to seek out powerful wizards. Merlin, Gryffindor, even Grindlewald had a coven of witches surrounding them.”

“It’s surprising Dumbledore doesn’t, but you can see it in the way McGonagall is so loyal to him,” Narcissa added.

“So, you’re all okay with this?” Harry asked, panting lightly while Bellatrix gagged, his rigid length buried deep in the throat.

“Yes,” Lily and Narcissa said in unison, followed by a giggle.

It was times like these that Harry had trouble reconciling his past memories with those of the present. In his old life, Having two of the black sisters in the same room as a Muggleborn would have been a disaster. It took his mind a moment to remember that Bellatrix and Narcissa hadn't yet been that indoctrinated by Malfoy and Voldemort. At this point, they were more loyal to him and his beliefs than their parents. It was a heady thing, realizing these two powerful, headstrong witches were willing to turn away from everything they'd been brought up to believe since birth just for him.

"Bloody hell," Harry groaned, leaning his head back, eyes closed as he ran his hand over Bellatrix's curly black hair.

Giggling, Lily leaned over and kissed him on the lips. A breeze passed over his torso, and it took until Narcissa ran her hand over his chest for him to realize that his shirt was now missing. A moment later, Lily pulled back, and Narcissa took her place, kissing him passionately while Lily sucked lightly at his neck.

Tightening his grip on Bellatrix's hair, Harry thrust his hips up needily as he neared his climax. Pulling his lips away from Narcissa's to gasp for air, she joined Lily in kissing and sucking at his neck, their hands caressing his chest. Groaning, he drove his cock into Bellatrix's throat and rocked his hips frantically.

"Fuck," he grunted.

As Lily and Narcissa both kissed down his chest, they looked at each other and smiled. Slowly, their faces drifted closer. They paused when their faces were just a hair's breadth away, green eyes locked with blue. They both leaned forward at once, their lips connecting in a slow, deep kiss.

The sight caused Harry to tip over the edge, his hips flexing and length swelling. Bellatrix took the first shot straight down her throat before pulling back to the tip, moaning as he filled her mouth. Harry groaned and sagged as she dragged her pouty lips over his head, keeping them sealed tightly.

Sitting up with a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips, she grabbed Lily's shoulders and pulled her close. Lily made a noise of surprise when their lips crashed together. Soon, they were kissing fiercely, a small trail of white leaking from their lips as their tongues danced. Harry's erection, which had been wilting, instantly surged back to life. Lily slipped down onto the floor and pinned Bellatrix under her, their hands tugging off clothes frantically.

Curling her fingers under Harry's chin, Narcissa turned his head and kissed him hard. Lifting her skirt, she straddled his lap, her bare, hot mound grinding against his slick length.

"No knickers?" Harry whispered with a smirk.

"I thought I'd save time," Narcissa said, returning his smirk.

Without using her hands, Narcissa was able to line him up with her entrance and sank down onto his length. Harry groaned as he sank into her clutching depths while his hands tugged her jumper up over her head. As her hips began to move, he popped open the clasp of her bra, tossed it to the side, and buried his face in her large, soft breasts. Moaning, Narcissa threaded her fingers through his hair and pulled him in.

Harry slid his hands under her skirt, feeling the muscles of her thighs tense through the soft skin as she bounced up and down. Sliding his hands around to her full, firm ass, he gripped her cheeks and helped her move. Narcissa moaned, tightening her fingers in his hair and pulling his head back just before their lips met in a needy kiss. Pulling her lips back, she buried her head in the crook of his neck.

"Harry," she moaned breathily.

As she panted and rode his cock, Harry looked over her shoulder. Lily and Bellatrix lay on a pile of quickly discarded clothes, long, dark red hair mixing with curly black as they kissed heatedly. Harry nearly laughed at the sight of Bellatrix Black not only willingly but enthusiastically snogging a Muggleborn.

She really is mine now, Harry thought.

Shaking away those heavier thoughts, for now, he focused back on the moment. Sinking his fingers into Narcissa's supple flesh, he moved her faster and harder, her cheeks clapping against his thighs. She whimpered lightly, her nails digging into his back as her folds fluttered around him.

A loud moan brought his attention back to the floor. Lily now sat over Bellatrix's face, the redhead holding a fistful of black locks as her hips rolled. Bellatrix had her hands full of Lily's pale white, perky breasts as her tongue lapped at the writhing witch's folds. Harry grunted, his length swelling and flexing in arousal at the sight.

"Oh, fuck!" Lily gasped.

Harry panted, his climax building as he began thrusting up into Narcissa roughly. He was so enthralled by watching Lily and Bellatrix, he hadn't noticed just how close Narcissa was to her own peak. With a cry that was muffled by his neck, Narcissa writhed wildly on top of him. Harry was thrown over the edge a moment later when he felt a gush of arousal, and her folds tightened around his length.

Pulling Narcissa down and holding her in place, his hips jerked spasmodically as he painted her depths. As the blonde witch trembled against his chest, Lily rode Bellatrix's face wildly for several seconds, her hips rocking wildly and smearing her arousal all over the other witch's face.

With a gasp, Lily threw her head back, her body rigid as she shook. A second later, she let out a trembling moan and fell forward onto her hands. Panting heavily, she rolled over onto her back and closed her eyes. Bellatrix sat up with a smirk, arousal dripping from her lips and chin. Rolling over onto her hands and knees, she crawled over to Lily and kissed her softly.

As Harry trailed his fingers up and down Narcissa's back, he smiled to himself. While he still wasn't sure why witches were so attracted to him - whether it was due to the Hallows or maybe just his own magic - for the first time in his life, he felt happy and content.

~

After a quick romp with Bellatrix, and a promise of more later, Harry and the girls got dressed. While the Black sisters returned to their friends, Harry and Lily went in search of theirs. They had just sat down when they had to leave again to do their rounds as Prefects. While walking through the last car, Harry was a bit surprised to see that the Marauders seemed to have already made up.

James scowled when he spotted him with Lily, but Remus perked up. Harry still felt a little guilty for getting the Prefects badge. He thought that Professor McGonagall, and perhaps Professor Dumbledore, had been harsh in their punishment of Remus when it had been Sirius' fault to begin with.

"Harry," Remus called, slipping out of the compartment he shared with his friends.

"Hey, Remus," Harry said, smiling tentatively.

"Listen, I just wanted to thank you for catching Greyback," he said, his eyes flickering over to Lily. "The Wizarding world will be a lot better off without him around."

"Don't mention it," Harry said, running a hand through his hair.

Next to him, Lily mumbled the incantation for the Muffliatio Charm.

"Is he the one that bit you?" Lily asked, causing Remus to pale and look sharply at Harry. "He didn't tell me. I figured it out third year."

Remus turned back to her and gaped before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath.

“Does anyone else know?” he asked worriedly.

“I don’t know,” Lily admitted, then smiled kindly. “but if they were going to say something, they would have done it by now.”

Opening his eyes, Remus blew out a breath and nodded.

“Not everyone is going to hate you just because you’re a Werewolf, Remus,” Harry said softly.

A small smile flitted across his face, “I know,” he said. “And yes, Greyback is the one that bit me. I was six when it happened. We think he was sent when my dad refused to sell the Apothecary he owned. He sold it the day after I was bitten. He didn’t want them sending someone after mum if he refused again.”

Giving him a sympathetic look, Lily stepped forward and hugged him gently.

“Well, you don’t have to worry about Greyback ever again,” Harry said firmly. “Even if he survives Azkaban and manages to escape, he won’t be able to do much with one arm.”

“What do you mean one arm?” Remus asked as Lily pulled back.

“Harry cut off his legs and one of his arms when he attacked us,” Lily explained.

Remus’ eyes went wide and then took on an amber glint as he smiled grimly.

“Good,” he said.

“Sorry about getting your Prefects badge, by the way,” Harry said to change the subject.

“What? Oh, Don’t worry about it,” Remus told him, waving off the apology. “If you’d been here since first year, I’m sure you would’ve gotten it anyways.”

“Still, it doesn’t seem right,” Harry sighed.

“It’s fine. Anyways, I should get back,” Remus smiled before turning to Lily. “Thanks for not saying anything about – well, you know.”

“You’re welcome,” Lily said, smiling in return. “I know it must be hard for you. If you even need to talk...”

“Thanks. I’ll keep that in mind,” Remus said.

While a wave, Remus slipped back into the compartment, and Harry looked down to check his watch.

“Well, that’s our rounds done. Ready to head back?” he asked Lily.

“Sure,” she replied.

~

A couple of hours later, they arrived at Hogsmeade and exited the train. Nearly every student Harry passed waved or congratulated him on his Order of Merlin. Harry shook his head, finding it ironic that he was more popular now than he was as the Boy-Who-Live. Sure, he had been well known, but he’d never been well liked outside of his friends. He wasn’t sure if it was because of his maturity and experience dealing with the attention or if it was because the celebrity of being the Boy-Who-Lived had made him less approachable, but it was a welcome change.

Boarding a carriage with Amelia, Frank, and Marlene, they all chatted and laughed on their way up to the castle. As they walked into the Entrance Hall, they stopped and stared at a curious sight.

“Come in. Come in. Don’t worry about the mess,” Filch said, baring his yellowed, crooked teeth in a wide smile.

A group of scared first years ran past him, tracking snow and dirt onto the stone floor. With a wheezing laugh, Filch brandished a wand.

“Scourgify!” he yelled.

Another wheezing laugh echoed around the hall as the mess on the floor vanished.

“That’s creepy,” Frank said.

“It looks like someone hit him with a Cheering Charm,” Amelia said.

“Well, at least he’s not yelling,” Alice said as she joined their group.

“Don’t bother wiping off your shoes. I’ll take care of it!” Filch called, following a group of fourth year Ravenclaws and cleaning up after them.

“I need a drink,” Frank muttered, then turned for the Great Hall.

“Ah, good evening, Harry, Ms. Evans,” Dumbledore said, stopping them as they made to follow their friends. “I see you’ve noticed the change in our Caretaker over the holidays.”

"It's a bit surprising, sir," Lily said, looking over at Filch. "I've never seen him so happy before. Or use magic, now that I think about it."

"That's because he hasn't," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. "Argus is a Squib."

"Then how can he use magic now?" Lily frowned.

"That's the question, isn't it," Dumbledore said, his eyes moving over to Harry. "It's a most curious thing. On Christmas morning, Argus woke to find a present waiting for him with a note telling him to 'Use it well.' The wand itself is most remarkable. It's like nothing I've ever seen before. Oddly, there was no name attached. It's quite the mystery."

"Do you think it came from Ollivander?" Lily asked.

"I'm sure it isn't," Dumbledore replied. "No offense to the maker, but Argus' wand is far too crudely made to come from him. I don't suppose you have any ideas, Harry?"

"Well, I imagine if they didn't leave their name, it was for a reason," Harry said, fighting a smile.

"Oh?" Dumbledore said, raising a bushy eyebrow in askance.

"If a wand works for a Squib, it would probably work for a Muggle, wouldn't it?" Harry asked. "I imagine the Ministry wouldn't be too happy about something like that."

"No, I imagine not," Dumbledore smiled while Lily looked at Harry in surprise. "You wouldn't have any idea how such a wand would work, would you?"

"Well, the magic has to come from somewhere, doesn't it?" Harry asked thoughtfully. "Squibs have some magic, but not enough to cast spells. I'd guess that Mr. Filch's wand draws in the magic around him and then uses that to cast spells. Of course, if it does work like that, it could

cast anything powerful, and it would only work in places like Hogwarts that have a lot of ambient magic. But that's just a guess."

"That's what I suspected as well," Dumbledore agreed, stroking his beard with a smile. "Anyways, enough of an old man's ponderings. I'll let you join your friends for dinner. Good evening, Harry, Ms. Evans."

"Night, professor," Harry said.

"You made that?" Lily hissed as they made their way into the Great Hall.

"Yeah," Harry shrugged. "I thought it might help Petunia get over her hatred of magic, but I couldn't get it to work outside of Hogwarts."

"Harry, that's brilliant," Lily exclaimed quietly.

"It wasn't that hard," Harry said. "It's just no one's made one before. At least that I know of."

"Still, that was really sweet of you," she said.

Smiling proudly, Lily took his hand in hers and kissed his cheek. Harry smiled back at her as they sat with their friends. Alice's eyes lit up as she looked at the two of them, and he knew Lily would be questioned extensively when she got back to the dorm.

"Welcome back," Dumbledore said loudly from the Head Table. "I would like to take a moment to congratulate Harry Potter. For those of you who are unaware, over the break, he received an award for special services to the school, as well as becoming the youngest person ever to receive an Order of Merlin."

Harry blushed as the hall broke into applause. At the head table, the teachers stood and clapped while Professor McGonagall met his eyes and smiled.

“If you would like to know the details, I’m sure your classmates would be happy to fill you in,” Dumbledore continued when the clapping stopped. “In addition, our Caretaker, Argus Filch, has updated the list of banned items which had been reduced to just seventy-nine items. You can find the list pinned to the door of his office. With that, it’s time to eat.”

With a wave of his hand, the golden plates on the table filled with a wide assortment of food.

~

Later that night, while the students rested back in their common rooms, Albus Dumbledore made his way back to his office. A smile twitched under his beard when he spotted Argus once again follow Professor Flitwick, questioning him about new cleaning charms.

It was fortunate Filius was always happy to share his knowledge, he thought.

Bidding good night to Minerva, Albus rode the spiraling staircase up to his office. Pushing open the door, Fawkes chirped in greeting.

“Good evening, Fawkes,” Albus smiled.

With a sigh, he fell into the chair behind his desk. Taking off from his perch, Fawkes flew over to the desk and dropped a package before looping around and landing lightly on a stack of papers. Albus raised a bushy white brow. It was most unusual for Fawkes to carry mail.

“What’s this?” he asked curiously.

Picking up the package, he untied the string and smiled at the wand and note that fell onto the desk. Leaving the wand, for now, he picked up the note.

This wand was meant for someone else until I realized it wouldn't work without ambient magic to power it. I thought you might be able to find a use for it.

Like the note left with Argus' gift, there was no name attached, but he didn't need one to know who it was from. Setting down the note, Albus picked up the wand in both hands and eyes it closely over his glasses. The wand was rather plain, though nicely polished. The only thing that set it apart from a normal wand was the series of runes carved into the side.

It really was ingenious in its simplicity, Albus thought.

Still, there was room for improvement. With a few changes, the wand could easily work in areas that didn't have quite as much magic as Hogwarts, as well as make it more efficient. Perhaps, with enough work, it could work with just the ambient magic present in nature. There would be no more reason for the old families to abandon their Squib children to the Muggle world so carelessly. Albus felt a flare of excitement before his shoulders sagged with a sigh.

"A pity the Ministry would never allow it," he said aloud.

Unfortunately, Harry was right. a wand such as this could work for a Muggle just as well as it would work for a Squib. Beside him, Fawkes crooned. Albus gave a small smile and reached out to stroke his feathered friend. As his fingers trailed down his back, they froze as a thought flitted across his mind.

"Perhaps if I contact Garrick?" he wondered.

Picking up the wand again, he closed his eyes and reached out to feel the magic. After a moment of concentration, a smile slowly stretched across his lips.

“Interesting. There’s no core. It wouldn’t need one,” Albus muttered. “Perhaps if the runes were etched onto a wand with a core... yes, that would require just a touch of magic to make it work... a Muggle certainly wouldn’t be able to use that.”

With a pleased smile and a dash of hope, Albus grabbed a sheaf of parchment and began to write.

Chapter 16

“For homework, I want you to give me twelve inches on three specific fire spells and their uses in defensive situations,” Connie said as class came to an end.

“I’ll give her twelve inches,” Avery said suggestively.

“Not without several gallons of Swelling Solution,” Bellatrix sneered.

Harry smiled as Avery flushed in anger and embarrassment. His hand twitched towards his wand, but Nott had enough sense to pull him out of the classroom before he could do something stupid.

“Mr. Potter, could you stay for a moment?” Connie asked.

Nodding, Harry turned to Lily as she stood next to him.

“I’ll see you a dinner,” he told her.

Smiling, she tilted her head up and kissed him on the cheek before leaving with Marlene. James, who had been talking to Sirius, stopped and glared furiously at him before snatching up his back and storming from the classroom. Sighing, Harry turned and walked up to Connie’s desk.

“Harry, I need a favor,” Connie said. “One of the cases I worked on is going to trial on Friday, and I was hoping you could take over my first and second year classes for the day. I should be back before lunch, so you would probably only miss your morning classes. I already cleared it with McGonagall.”

“Sure,” Harry said. “What are you working on?”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “You’ll have the first years in the morning, and both classes are working on the Petrification Hex. The second years are learning the Shield Charm. Oh, and you’ll have full authority to take points and assign detention while teaching. If anyone gives you too much of a problem, let McGonagall know, and she’ll take care of it.”

“Alright,” Harry said.

Glancing around to ensure the room was empty, Connie cast a quick Silencing Charm around them.

“Are we still on for tonight?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Harry nodded. “Meet me at the Entrance Hall at one.”

“I’ll see you then,” Connie smiled as she dropped the Silencing Charm.

Smiling back, Harry waved and left the classroom. Out in the hall, he found Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix talking in hushed whispers. It was an unusual sight, and he was grateful no one else was in the hall. While the girls got along shockingly well in private, they didn’t spend time together publically because Narcissa didn’t want word of her relationship with Harry getting back to her parents.

Sure, most of the Slytherins knew about their secret relationship by now, but they didn't talk about it for two very good reasons. The first was that they didn't want to admit to losing two of their most prominent and desirable girls to a Gryffindor, and the second was out of fear of Bellatrix. It was well known within the house of the snakes that she'd left Rudolphus completely impotent. He was too embarrassed to talk about it, but there were rumors that even the healers at St. Mungo's could cure him.

"Is everything alright?" Harry asked.

"We just got a letter from our father," Narcissa said, holding up the parchment. "He told us to try and get close to you. He didn't say it, but I'm certain the Dark Lord is behind this. Father would never risk sullyng our reputation otherwise."

"Voldemort was bound to take an interest in me after I took out Greyback," Harry sighed. "So, how do you want to handle this?"

"That's just what we were talking to Lily about," Narcissa said.

"Bella and I want to make our relationship public," Lily told him.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her in surprise, then looked at Narcissa.

"And you don't?" he asked.

"It's not that I don't want to. I was just pointing out that it could make things complicated," Narcissa said.

"What do you think, Harry?" Lily asked.

“It’d be nice not to have to hide things anymore,” he admitted. “But, if Voldemort is worried about me, this could put you in danger too.”

“I’m a Muggborn with brains; he and his Death Eaters already want me gone,” Lily told him with a shrug.

“So, we’re all agreed then?” Bellatrix asked.

Lily and Narcissa shared a look before both of them nodded determinedly.

“Finally,” Bellatrix grinned.

Grabbing Harry’s tie, she pulled him down for a heated kiss that left him feeling a bit flushed. As soon as she let him go, Narcissa pulled him down to meet her lips while Lily giggled. When she let out a surprised squeak a moment later, Harry pulled back from Narcissa and looked over. He grinned when he saw her and Bellatrix sharing a steamy, tongue filled kiss.

“You girls are far too good to me,” Harry smiled.

“And don’t you forget it,” Narcissa said.

As Lily and Bellatrix broke apart breathlessly, Harry wrapped his arms around their waists and started leading them down the hall.

None of them noticed Connie peeking out of her classroom with a smirk on her face.

~

“Harry?”

Having just reached the second floor on their way to the Great Hall, Harry and the girls looked over at the sound of his name.

Molly, hand in hand with Arthur Weasley, rushed over to them. Harry smiled at seeing the two of them together.

“Could I talk to you for a minute?” Molly asked.

“Sure,” Harry said.

Smiling nervously, she opened the door to a nearby abandoned classroom and held the door open. As he walked inside, Harry belatedly realized it was the same room he had pulled Molly into after drinking that Lust Potion. Closing the door, he was a bit surprised when she locked and silenced the door. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bellatrix smirk as Molly turned to face them nervously.

“Everything okay, Molly?” Harry asked.

“Oh, yes. Everything’s fine.” Molly said, smoothing her skirt restlessly. “I just didn’t want to be overheard. I don’t know if you’ve heard, but Arthur visited me quite often over the holidays, and we’ve started dating.’

“That’s great!” Harry said with a smile.

“And it’s all thanks to you,” Arthur said, smiling happily as he looked over at Molly. “If you hadn’t told me she was interested in me, I may never have worked up the courage to ask her on a date.”

“I also told Arthur about what happened when I tried to slip him that Love Potion,” Molly said, blushing.

“Oh,” Harry said, feeling his own face heat up.

“You mean the Lust Potion that made Harry fuck you like a Knockturn Alley whore?” Bellatrix smirked.

“Bella!” Harry exclaimed, his cheeks burning.

“It’s alright,” Molly said. “That’s actually what we wanted to talk to you about. You see, Arthur liked hearing about it, and we were wondering if – if we could do it again while he watches.”

Harry’s jaw dropped open as he stared at Molly. Looking over at Arthur, the redhead smiled and shrugged a shoulder even as his ears turned red.

“But – I –” Harry stammered.

“Could you give us just a minute,” Narcissa said.

“Of course,” Molly nodded, not meeting anyone’s eye.

Grabbing Harry’s arm, Narcissa pulled him into a huddle with Lily and Bellatrix, a quick Muffliato Charm giving them some privacy.

“What do you think?” Lily asked.

“Are we seriously considering this?” Harry asked.

Narcissa gave him a pitying look before turning back to Lily.

“I’m fine with it,” she said. “Having a connection to the Weasley and Prewett families would be helpful.”

“I don’t need connections,” Harry said.

“You do if you want to change things,” Lily told him with a pointed look.

As he grimaced, recognizing her point, Lily and Narcissa turned to Bellatrix.

“I just want to watch him make the slut scream,” Bellatrix grinned.

Lily covered a laugh while Narcissa sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose.

“I guess that’s a yes,” Lily smiled before turning to Harry. “Go have fun.”

“You’re serious about this?” Harry asked.

“I’m sure,” Lily said, moving closer, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him.

Shaking his head in disbelief and smiling, Harry pulled back and turned to Molly.

“The girls said yes. Are you sure you-”

Harry cut himself off when Molly rushed forward and dropped to her knees. Her fingers fumbled with his belt as she tried to undo it as fast as she could.

“What a slut,” Bellatrix laughed as she, Lily, and Narcissa took seats.

Molly blushed but remained silent as she opened his trousers and pulled out his cock. Harry chanced a glance over at Arthur to find him watching raptly as his girlfriend stroked him to hardness. Looking back down at Molly, he wondered if she and Arthur had done anything like this in his old timeline.

“Don’t just stare at it. Suck it,” Bellatrix said.

“Bella,” Narcissa reprimanded her even as Molly leaned forward and took him into her mouth.

Harry groaned and ran his hand through Molly’s shoulder length ginger locks. Enveloped in the hot, wet cavern of her mouth as she swirled her tongue around his length, he thrust his hips forward, driving himself deeper. Hissing in pleasure, he guided her head up and down his shaft, pushing her lips further down with each bob of her head. When she reached about two-thirds of the way down his cock, his head hit the back of her throat and caused her to gag.

“Surely you can do better than that,” Bellatrix said.

Standing up, Bellatrix walked over and knelt down behind Molly. Roughly grabbing a handful of Molly’s red hair, she looked over her shoulder at Arthur.

“If you can’t teach your whore of a girlfriend to properly suck a cock, then I will,” Bellatrix told him snidely.

Arthur swallowed visibly and stroked himself over his pants as Bellatrix forced Molly’s head forward and sent Harry’s cock straight down his throat. While Harry groaned in pleasure, he realized that they were actually enjoying the humiliation Bellatrix was putting them through.

“That’s better,” Bellatrix said.

Molly, her eyes clenched shut and nose pressed firmly against his groin, gagged and drooled onto her white dress shirt. Smirking, Bellatrix casually reached around and groped her large breasts while turning to look at Arthur.

“Has she ever sucked your cock like this?” she asked.

“No,” Arthur muttered.

“I didn’t think so,” Bellatrix sneered.

Letting go of Molly’s hair, her head shot back, and she sucked in a deep breath. Bellatrix tore her shirt open as she coughed and tried to catch her breath. Yanking it off of her, she tossed the ruined garment to the floor and then unclasped her white bra. Molly’s full, perky tits bounced into the open.

Hearing a moan, Harry looked over and throbbed excitedly when he spotted Narcissa on her knees with her face buried between Lily’s legs. Lily, her face flushed, ran her fingers through Narcissa’s hair as she watched Bellatrix lead Molly’s mouth back to his cock. Again, Bellatrix forced Molly to take him into her throat, but instead of holding her there, this time, she jerked her head back and forth.

Reaching out behind himself, Harry wandlessly summoned a chair. When Bellatrix let Molly take a breath, he sat down and reached out to fondle her huge breasts. Smirking, Bellatrix let him take control of Molly’s movements while she removed her own top and bra. Harry smiled at her and let Molly work the top of his shaft while he pinched and rolled her nipple lightly. When she moaned around his length, Bellatrix flipped up the back of her skirt and slid her hand under her panties. Pulling it out a moment later, she smirked and showed him her glistening fingers before turning to Arthur.

“She’s dripping,” she told him.

With a groan, Arthur opened up his pants and took himself in hand. Harry tried not to feel smug when he noticed that he was a good deal larger in both length and girth.

“No wonder she wants to fuck Harry,” Bellatrix said.

Molly yanked her head back and narrowed her eyes at Bellatrix.

“I think it perfectly fine,” she said.

“Of course you do,” Bellatrix said sarcastically. “That’s why you could wait to get on your knees, was it?”

Before Molly could respond, Bellatrix reached around, grabbed Harry’s shaft, and slapped it across her face. Molly squeaked and looked at his cock in surprise before it slapped her again and again. Bellatrix cackled before shoving her mouth back down on his length until her lips touched his base.

While holding her head down with one hand, Bellatrix pulled off Molly’s skirt and ripped off her panties with the other. When she was done, she fisted Molly’s hair and yanked her back.

“Stand up,” Bellatrix ordered, pulling her to her feet by her hair.

Giving her a push, Molly straddled Harry’s lap and eagerly impaled herself on his cock with a moan.

“I didn’t even tell you what to do,” Bellatrix sneered. “You just couldn’t wait to fuck him, could you?”

Molly whimpered as Bellatrix smacked her ass and Harry groped her tits.

“Say it, you whore,” Bellatrix demanded while smacking her ass again. “Tell me you like Harry’s cock better than your boyfriends.”

“N-no,” Molly stammered, her hips rocking back and forth as she panted.

Bellatrix smirked at Harry, “Fuck her.”

Moving his hands to Molly’s hips, Harry lifted her up a few inches before dropping her while lifting his hips. Her large, pillowy breasts bounced as she started jumping up and down on his length. Leaning forward, Harry buried his face between her breasts as she moaned wantonly. When she suddenly stopped a moment later, he looked up to find Bellatrix holding her in place by the shoulders.

“Tell me, or you can go fuck your boyfriend, and I’ll fuck Harry,” Bellatrix whispered.

“I – I love it!” Molly cried. “I’m sorry, Arthur! It just feels so good!”

Arthur’s only response was to grunt as he came all over himself. Bellatrix cackled while Molly looked at him in shock, even while she started moving again. Moving away and stripping out of her skirt, Bellatrix grabbed a couple of desks and moved them together. Seeing what she had in mind, Harry stood up with Molly and walked her over to the desks. Laying her down on her back, he started thrusting into her.

Molly threw her head back with a moan, only to find herself looking up at Bellatrix’s glistening mound.

“Lick,” Bellatrix said.

Molly looked a little startled and tentative, but Bellatrix didn’t hesitate to sit on her face. Smiling, Harry groped Molly’s chest, his fingers sinking into her soft mounds. Leaning forward, Bellatrix pulled him in for a heated kiss. A moment later, he felt a hand sliding across his back.

Pulling back, he turned to see Lily smiling at him. Giving him a quick kiss, she laid down next to Molly while Narcissa dove down between her legs.

Harry thought Lily looked incredibly sexy as she bit her lips and moaned. Unconsciously, he began thrusting harder into Molly. Pushing her legs apart, he watched as her folds hugged his shaft each time he pulled out and then wrapped around him when he thrust back in. Molly started bucking her hips, and a low whine left her lips the harder he thrust.

Suddenly, she went stiff and let out a muffled scream into Bellatrix's mound. Her legs trembled while her walls spasmed around his cock. Groaning, Harry buried himself as deep as possible and flooded her depths as he tipped over the edge. As if they had planned it, Lily and Bellatrix both followed them a moment later.

After a minute to catch their breath, Harry pulled out of Molly while Lily and Narcissa fixed their clothes. Bellatrix hopped off of the desk, her breasts bouncing wildly, and smirked at Arthur.

"She's all yours," she said.

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As the hour hand on Harry's watch ticked over to two, he grabbed her invisibility cloak and slipped out of bed. This time of the morning, no one was awake, and not even the teachers or prefects were still patrolling the halls. Even with his trusty cloak, he could have easily made his way down to the Entrance Hall without being caught. There, he met Connie, who was waiting in a darkened alcove.

"Ready to go?" Harry asked.

Connie nodded, and Harry held open the cloak. She had to press herself tightly against his side so they could both fit under it. Wrapping his arm around her waist, they slipped out of the front door and out onto the grounds.

"Where are we going?" Connie asked.

"The forest of Dean," Harry said, trying to ignore how her curves felt pressed against him. "I don't want to use the Taboo from the same place more than once."

"Good idea," she said.

As soon as they made it out of the front gate, Harry tightened his grip on her waist and Disapparated. A moment later, they reappeared in a thick forest lit only by the light of a half moon. Letting go of Connie, he threw off the cloak and tucked it into his pocket.

"I think we should set up some traps this time," Harry told her. "They might start sending more now that a few have been caught. If You-Know-Who shows up, Disapparate and meet back at Hogsmeade."

"Alright," she said.

Nodding, Harry started laying out charms that would animate vines and roots to wrap around anyone that stepped into the area. Seeing what he was doing, Connie added a charm of her own that would cause the ground to sink under their feet. Once they were done, Harry handed Connie his cloak, and she vanished from sight.

"Voldemort," Harry said.

Stepping back into the shadows, Harry waited tensely with the Elder wand gripped in his hand. As first one minute ticked by, then two and three, his worry grew. Were they on to him? Were a dozen Death Eaters about to descend on them?

After nearly five minutes, three Death Eaters appeared. Immediately, they sunk into the ground up to their hips while their arms were tied up by roots and vines. Two Stunning Hexes from Harry and one from Connie had them out of the fight before they even realized they were in

one. Taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, he summoned their wands and levitated them out of the ground.

“That was easy,” Connie said. “For a minute there, I was getting worried.”

“Me too,” Harry admitted as he removed their masks.

All three wizards reeked of alcohol, which explained why they’d been so easy to beat.

“Do you recognize any of them?” he asked.

“The one on the left is Joseph Greene, life long scumbag but no one important. The one on the right is Francis Burke. He works as a clerk at the Ministry. I don’t know the one in the Middle,” Connie told him.

“Burke’s probably our best bet, then,” Harry said. “Can you hold open his mouth?”

Nodding, Connie knelt next to the dark haired wizard and forced open his mouth. Kneeling down on the other side, Harry pulled a leather bound journal out of his pocket and set it on the ground. Taking his wand, he pointed at the inside of Burke’s mouth. After a moment, there was a wet pop as one of his molars came free and floated out of his mouth. Connie wrinkled her nose but said nothing.

Setting the tooth on the journal, Harry used a combination of Recording and Listening charms to link the two together.

“Clear the blood,” Harry said, levitating the tooth back into the air.

A twirl of her wand vanished the blood, and Harry placed the molar back into its socket with a Healing Charm.

“This journal will record everything he says and hears, but it will only trigger the Alert Charm when it detects the words ‘kill,’ ‘my lord,’ or one of the unforgivables,” Harry said, handing her the journal.

“You want me to hang on to this?” Connie asked.

“It’ll be easier for you to check it if something happens,” Harry told her with a shrug. “If something happens, I won’t be able to check it while I’m in class.”

“And if something does happen, what do we do?” Connie asked. “We can’t exactly take this to the Aurors without getting arrested.”

“I know,” Harry sighed. “Hopefully, we’ll get enough warning to save someone if there’s going to be an attack. This is mostly so we know what Voldemort is up to. I know he goes on the offensive soon, but I don’t know the exact dates. Let’s Obliviate these guys and get out of here.”

Nodding, Connie altered their memories so they remembered showing up and finding nothing. A few seconds later, they were back at the gates of Hogwarts.

“Do you want to come back to my quarters for a drink?” Connie asked.

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “I could use a drink.”

Throwing the cloak around them, Harry and Connie wrapped their arms around each other to fit better as they climbed up to the fourth floor. Connie’s quarters were down the hall from the Defense classroom, not in it like all of the teachers Harry remembered. Taking the cloak off, Harry stuffed it in his pocket while Connie grabbed a bottle of Firewhiskey and a couple of glasses. Sitting down on the couch, she poured half a glass for each of them and then passed one to him.

“Can I ask you a personal question?” Connie asked as they sipped their drinks.

“Alright,” Harry said.

“How did you end up with three girlfriends?” she asked.

“Honestly?” Harry asked.

When Connie nodded, Harry leaned forwards as if to impart a great secret.

“Not a fucking clue,” he said.

Laughing, Connie slapped his shoulder lightly.

“Seriously, the girls are convinced that me sleeping with witches will somehow help me change the world,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I have no idea how they came up with that, but I’m not going to argue with them.”

“You sleeping with more girls than just Lily, Narcissa, and Bellatrix?” Connie asked, her eyebrow raised in surprise.

“Yeah,” Harry admitted. “I’ve been seeing Rosmerta when I have the time since shortly after I got here, and Molly accidentally slipped me a Lust Potion she read about in Witch Weekly that she meant to give to Arthur Weasley.”

Connie tilted her head to the side and looked at him oddly.

“Has anyone ever told you your life is weird?” she asked with a smile.

“They might’ve mentioned it,” Harry smiled as he sipped his whiskey.

“So, do they know you’re from the future?” Connie asked.

“Lily does,” Harry said. “I haven’t told Narcissa or Bellatrix yet, but I should soon.”

“Did you know them in your time?”

“Sort of,” Harry told her. “Lily was killed in the war, Narcissa was married to Lucius Malfoy, and Bellatrix was actually Voldemort’s biggest supporter.”

“Before you got here, I could see that happening,” Connie said after a moment. “I know you lost a lot coming here, but I’m glad you did.”

“Me too,” Harry said. “I miss my friends, but I have a chance to make sure they never have to ever see this war outside of the history books. If I’m lucky, I’ll be able to save some of the people that didn’t make it through the first war too.”

Downing the rest of his Firewhiskey, Harry turned more serious.

“This summer, I want to use the Taboo to take out as many Death Eaters as possible,” he said. “I could use some help, but I won’t lie. There’s a good chance Voldemort will show up at some point.”

“Why not ask Dumbledore and the Order for help?” Connie asked.

“The Order gathers intelligence and reacts to attacks. Dumbledore has never used them to attack. It’s one of the few things we disagree about,” Harry said. “Don’t get me wrong, what

they do is important, but someone needs to fight back. Besides, outside of the Aurors in the Order, the rest would be liabilities.”

Connie nodded thoughtfully, “I’ll help. I might know a couple of Aurors that might be willing to help too, but I’ll have to talk to them first.”

“As long as you trust them,” Harry said. “I should get to bed. Thanks for your help, Connie.”

“You’re welcome,” she said with a smile.

Standing up as he did, she surprised him by pulling him into a hug.

“Good night, Harry,” Connie said.

“Night,” Harry replied.

As he left her quarters, he missed the speculative look she gave him, and the way her eyes dropped to his bum.