

It was the second weekend of term and the carriages waited for every student from third year and up as everyone was excited for the year's first Hogsmeade visit. Groups of friends passed him by as Harry walked alone down to the carriages.

Hermione was studying almost obsessively for the academic tournament, Ron was waiting for Parvati to come down, and Ginny spent the week growing accustomed to the quidditch schedule and found herself a bit behind on that week's assignments. All three said they'd join him down at the Three Broomsticks later in the afternoon. *Though I won't be surprised if Hermione skives off. She's spent more time in the library this year than she did last year, and she doesn't even have a time turner this time around.*

Admittedly, he was a bit more eager than some of the others to get down there. Then he had more incentive than most given it meant he would get to see Orina and Anya again. There were quite a few third years already waiting in the carriages, all of them looking forward to their first trip down to the village.

He passed Filch, showing him the permission slip signed by Sirius this year instead of the Dursleys and went to wait in one of the carriages. He wasn't alone for long before someone decided to join him, "Mornin' Padma."

He received a small smile from the pretty witch, "Hi, Harry."

"You aren't depriving yourself of some fun just to study for the academic tournament?" He questioned.

They both shared a laugh, "No, I love my books more than most, but I genuinely think Hermione might be a bit barmy sometimes."

"Ron and I are pretty sure that she'd sleep in the library if it was allowed." He told her conspiratorially, "Wouldn't surprise me if she could read in her sleep either. Honestly, she probably has more fun in the library than she ever would down in the village."

"It still confuses most of us 'claws how she got sorted in with you Gryffs." Padma said with a shake of her head.

He shrugged his shoulders, though plenty of Gryffindors had similar thoughts, "Well, I've seen her bravery firsthand more often than most. And I'd say she has that in equal measure if anything. You might actually win the House Cup some time if she were one of you."

Padma rolled her eyes as they were interrupted by Luna climbing into the carriage, "Hello Harry Potter, Padma." He couldn't help but notice that she only ever seemed to call him by both his names.

"Hi Luna, how are you?" Padma asked the younger girl kindly.

"Good, thank you." Luna replied airily. She sat toward the front of the carriage and reached out and patted her hand against seemingly thin air. It caught Harry by surprise that there was something there. He quite clearly heard her hand contact it.

"What's got you heading down to the village?" Harry questioned one eyebrow raised as she started scratching at that same spot.

“Oh,” She seemed genuinely surprised by his curiosity, “I need to visit Scrivenshafts. The Nargles seem to have stolen my quills. I’ve been borrowing Sue’s the last few days because of it, and I don’t want to be a bother.”

“Luna,” Padma said gently, “have you told Professor Flitwick that they’ve gone missing?”

“Of course not, no. He’s far too busy, this year more than ever, to worry himself about the mischief of some Nargles.”

Padma shared a look with Harry as she tried to convince the younger girl, “Well, I still say you should tell him.”

“She’s right,” Harry agreed firmly. *And if she doesn’t tell him, maybe I’ll just have to take care of it.*

“And if you find that the Nargles have taken anything else of yours in the future, be sure to come and let me know.” Padma insisted. Both other teens knew full-well that it wasn’t the Nargles tormenting the odd, sweet girl but they would be hard-pressed to prove it without her help.

“Oh,” When anyone other than Ginny was kind to her, she always sounded much too surprised for his liking, “thank you.”

“Of course, Luna, that’s what friends are for.” Harry insisted and received a quirked eyebrow in return. They all wobbled slightly, Padma bracing herself against Harry’s shoulder, as the carriage started bouncing down the path to the village.

Her hand lingered only briefly on his chest before she righted herself and stammered out an apology, “So...sorry, Harry.”

“Not your fault, Padma.” He assured her, slightly amused by her embarrassment. Luna just watched the interaction with big, unblinking eyes, “So Luna, what’s at the front of the carriage?”

“I thought they were charmed to pull themselves?” Padma questioned, brows knit in confusion.

“No, I don’t think so. There was definitely something there when Luna reached out to touch it.” He looked at her expectantly.

“They’re thestrals.”

“They’re what?” Padma and Harry asked together.

“Thestrals, a breed of magical horse of sorts,” Luna told them with a small smile, her love of magizooology shining through, “they can only be seen by those who have seen and understood death.” That brought both up short and she must have guessed the question they were too polite to ask, “My mother died doing an experiment in our home when I was just ten. I miss her terribly.”

“I’m sorry, Luna.” And it came right from the heart. He knew very well what it was like to grow up without a parent, or two in his case, but at least he hadn’t ever known them before losing them. *That can only make it harder.* Padma nodded beside him, not sure what else to say.

“Thank you,” she replied more seriously than he expected before her eyes turned toward the front of the carriage, “People often fear them because of their association with death, but they’re just

misunderstood.” Harry could understand why she sympathized with them. *If there’s anyone in all of Hogwarts that’s unfairly judged and misunderstood, it must be Luna.*

The trio fell into a contemplative silence after that as they picked up speed. They reached the quaint village in a few short minutes. As they came to a stop, Harry hopped out of the carriage first and offered both of the girls a hand down. They appreciated the gesture.

As Luna started off on her own, Harry told her, “Ginny and some of the others are meant to meet for lunch at the Three Broomsticks, you should join us.”

She quirked her head to side curiously, “I’d like that,” And with that she left them behind.

“Am I invited along as well, Harry?” Padma asked with a small pout.

“Of course!” he told her a bit too loudly. He didn’t want to seem rude, and from her giggle he realized she was just having him on.

“Good, I’m heading over to Honeydukes. You wouldn’t want to escort me, would you?” That’s exactly where he was planning on going, so without a word he offered her his arm. He had every intention of visiting Orina before heading off in search of Anya.

Taking it without question, they meandered their way toward the High Street. There were third year couples rushing their way together toward Madam Pudifoot’s. When they passed the establishment in question, the ostentatious pink storefront actually made Harry shudder. He didn’t see the appeal of the place in the slightest.

From the way Padma scrunched up her nose at the sight of it he figured she felt much the same way, “Not your favorite place either?”

“Merlin, no.” Padma snorted out, “My sister will probably force poor Ron there almost every Hogsmeade visit this year, but I’d rather a bloke drag me over to the Shrieking Shack.” He imagined that Remus would be flattered to hear it.

Harry laughed at that, “Prefer the haunted house over the haunt of happy couples?”

“Ramshackle as it is, it’s far less of an eyesore as far as I’m concerned. And it least it’s interesting, which is more than could be said for Pudifoot’s.” Even at their sedate pace they reached Honeydukes quickly enough and found that it was already busy with students. Busier than he would have expected for the first trip of the year. *Normally, it only gets like this around the holidays.*

The door into the sweet shop was blue, with the word Honeydukes emblazoned in gold above it. There were two large windows on each side of the door that featured some of its most delectable wares to entice passersby.

Opening the door for his companion, they were both struck by the delicious smells of freshly baked goodies. It was better than Harry could ever remember it being before, and he had a good idea as to the reason behind it.

They pushed through the crowd of people at the entrance and made their way into the store. Padma found herself pressed against Harry’s chest, he certainly didn’t mind and it seemed that neither did she.

Tapping him in the chest, Padma pointed to a shelf that she just couldn't reach, "Harry, could you grab me some of the Pink Coconut Ice?"

Reaching over a shorter third year, he retrieved them and handed them to the Indian witch. He received a happy grin in return. By the time they reached the till at the back of the store, both of them were laden with sweets. Padma grabbed a few things that the younger years had requested of her, while Harry needed to stock up on Drooble's and couldn't stop himself from grabbing a package of the treacle fudge.

When they neared the till, he couldn't help but notice half of the people they passed, whether boys or girls, just seemed to be milling about not really picking anything up and constantly looked behind the counter. They were fixated on Honeydukes' newest employee, and he couldn't really blame them.

Orina had her platinum blonde hair up in a ponytail and was wearing a black apron stained white with a bit of flour. She was moving quickly, but gracefully behind the counter, retrieving whatever the customers requested from within the glass container that housed her baked goods. Even though people were understandably fascinated by her, he didn't feel her allure. It was just her inhuman beauty that was drawing the attention of the shop's occupants. *She said that our entwined magic made it easier to control. I wonder just what the extent of that control is?*

Looking over at Padma, he noticed that she was glancing up at the counter every few moments as well. Her eyes following Orina as she worked, "Do you have everything you needed?"

"Oh," she shook herself and met his eye, "yes, thanks. Though I wouldn't mind getting something new from behind the counter as well."

"Brilliant," they headed up together, and he knew the moment that Orina noticed his presence because it was only then that he felt the allure. Looking around he found that no one else seemed to be any the wiser. *Do any of them even know that she's a Veela or do they just think that she's a particularly beautiful foreign witch?*

When they reached the till, they received a beaming smile from the young woman behind the counter. She looked from Harry to Padma, and he noticed that she gave his companion an appreciative glance, "Hello Harry," Padma looked at him with one raised eyebrow, not expecting them to know one another, "vat can I get you and your lovely friend?" She wasn't the only one as some of the people around them looked at him jealously with the realization that he already knew her.

"What do you recommend?" He asked, ignoring Padma's questioning look if only for the time being, "You probably know your own sweets best."

"Da," she took one step to her left and leaned down behind the glass counter. Grabbing some wax-paper, she wrapped up two portions and handed one to both him and Padma, "Brown-butter blondie, with toffee and chocolate chips. Simple but incredibly delicious."

"Thanks," He smiled at his friend and lover as she moved over to the register and started ringing them up.

"My pleasure," She told him, "And they're on me for both of you." Looking at Padma she added, quietly enough that only they could hear, "My gift to you for bringing in such lovely girl." Even with her darker

complexion, Harry could tell that Padma was blushing, and Orina was clearly enjoying teasing the younger girl.

His companion stammered at the compliment, which only made Orina giggle. He gave her a look, and spoke so that only she could hear, "Be nice, people can only take so much from such a beautiful girl."

Leaning in, she glanced over at Padma again, "I'm just being honest." She reached up and patted his hand, "You should visit Anya too. She will be terribly put out if she doesn't get to see you when I did. She's vorking over at Sprintwitches."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to disappoint her... especially not after last time." They shared a smile at the memory. *Luckily for me, I was planning on going over there anyway.*

"Orina," Ambrosius Flume, the owner and proprietor of Honeydukes was working behind the counter too, and he looked put out to interrupt them especially when he realized who Harry was, "I hate to interrupt but we are very busy."

Pulling away from him, she gave her boss a disarming smile, "Of course, Mr. Flume." Looking at the register, she finished totaling their treats, "two galleons and two sickles," She told him.

"Oh no," Padma finally spoke up, stammering when they both looked at her, "um... we're... we're buying separately."

"Is that right, Harry?" Orina said, clearly entertained by the whole situation.

"No," He squeezed Padma's forearm, "my treat." He pulled the four coins from a pouch and handed them over.

"Wonderful," She rested herself against the counter, drawing both of their gazes toward her impressive bust contained beneath the apron, "Do come back soon, both of you."

Padma licked her lip at the sight. Tantalizing as he found the sight, he knew that this wasn't the time or place, "Thanks, Rina." Her smile grew at his pet name for her and waved them away.

Harry took Padma's hand and led them both out of the sweet shop. When they found themselves standing out in the fresh air, the Indian witch took a deep, steadying breath, "So... uh... how do you know each other?"

Running a hand through his hair, he chuckled a little, "We met... quite suddenly... over the summer at the World Cup."

Speaking quietly, she realized quite astutely what he meant, "She's one of the Veela that you saved?" The girl hadn't been put into Ravenclaw for nothing

"Right in one. Five points to Ravenclaw."

Laughing, she shook her head, "No wonder she decided to give us the blondie for free."

"Oh, she probably would've done that anyway." They fell into a comfortable silence as students passed them by on the High Street, "Did you have anywhere else you needed to go."

“Huh, oh,” she seemed to be lost in her own thoughts for a moment, “I’m meant to meet Mandy over at Tomes and Scrolls.”

“I need t’ head over to Sprintwitches. I’ll see you at the Three Broomsticks later then?”

“Definitely,” she told him happily, giving him a brief hug before they headed off in different directions.

As Harry made his way back toward the sports shop, he passed Ron and Parvati, predictably headed into Pudifoots. *Padma was right, he’s probably going to spend as much time in there this year as he will in the Three Broomsticks.*

He reached Sprintwitches quickly and found that it wasn’t nearly as busy as Honeydukes had been. He wouldn’t be surprised, if by the end of the day, there were people who didn’t even play any sport filling the shop.

A bell above the door rang as he stepped inside. There were a couple of quidditch players inside looking at gear while there were a few duelists inspecting some of the wand holsters on another wall, but none of them paid him any mind. Funnily enough, he needed a new thing of broom polish so his visit to the shop served more than one purpose. While his Firebolt wasn’t going to get nearly as much work during the year as it would have in the normal school tournament, he still had every intention of keeping it well maintained.

Grabbing his favorite brand, he made his way to the back of the store and found himself looking at Anya. Unlike Orina, she was alone working in the shop. It was relatively well known that the proprietor of Sprintwitches could get frustrated when the students flooded his shop, so it was no surprise to Harry that he would leave it to his newest employee.

Leaning against the counter doing his damndest to flirt with her was Roger Davies, Ravenclaw sixth year and captain of the house’s quidditch team, “We’re going to demolish those frogs when they get over here,” he boasted as Harry approached the counter, “you should come and watch the match.” He told her with his best smile. While he clearly wanted her attention, his eyes weren’t glassed over with the tell-tale effects of the allure.

Anya smiled indulgently, bagging up a brand new pair of chaser gloves for the older student that Harry wager he didn’t need to begin with, “I’m sure that I’ll be at a few of the tournaments this year, one of my friends is competing after all.” He knew she probably meant him but wasn’t sure how she knew that he’d be participating. *Must just have that much faith in me.* It was surprisingly touching all things considered.

Roger took that to mean that they were friends and smiled stupidly “I’d love to...”

It was at that moment that Anya noticed him, and just like Orina, he felt her allure blanket over him, warm and gentle, but with a hint of need that he wasn’t expecting, “Harry!”

Turning to look at him, Roger scowled irritably, “Potter...”

“Davies, if you’re done. I’d...”

“Harry, I have your order in back.” Anya interjected, walking around the counter and grabbing his hand, her eyes were on no one but him, “please come vith me.” Davies huffed furiously, grabbed his purchase

from the counter and stormed out of the store. A few seconds later the the door slammed into the wall outside as he flung the door open.

Neither of them were paying the older lad any mind though, Harry was far more concerned with the feel of Anya's soft hand in his own again, while Anya single-mindedly dragged him to the backroom.

The door barely closed behind them before she turned and pushed him against the wall, he knew that she could be just as forceful as she could be submissive when the mood struck her and from the way her fingers were tracing against his abs, he could tell that the mood had struck her. Still, someone had to be the voice of reason, "Anya, the other customers..."

"Can wait... I'll be quick." Her fingers moved to the waist of his trousers, as he felt himself harden at the low, lusty need in her voice.

"They might hear..."

"You'll be quiet..." She smiled at him as she freed his manhood from its confines. She was absolutely delighted to have it bare and aching for him again, "I've been thinking about you all week. It wasn't fair that Orina had you and I didn't."

"That... wasn't my intention." He reasoned as she wrapped her soft hand around his cock and started stroking him as she fell to her knees, "And what if someone steals something." He still tried to be reasonable, but the look she sent him with his cock resting against her cheek crumbled what little resolve he had left.

"There are charms... and I as I said, I'll be quick." Without any further discussion she engulfed his cock in her warm, wet mouth. She formed an incredibly tight seal as her lips descended down his pillar until they kissed his balls and her nose pressed against his groin.

"Fuck..." He breathed out harshly, as he threw his head back against the wall behind him with a soft thud. It was absolutely exquisite as her tongue flicked out and licked at the seam of his scrotum and tickled his bollocks.

Reaching out, Anya grabbed both of his hands and placed them on either side of her head. Looking up at him with her striking blue eyes, she gave him a meaningful look. Tightening his grip in her silky soft hair, he pushed her head back along his length, slick with her spittle and glistening in the low light of the room. Then he pulled her back against his groin, his bollocks slapping against her chin as his bulbous knob bulged in her throat.

Anya moaned deep and sinful as her fingers slid beneath the waist of her own tight trousers. Her little pussy was soaked and he could see that there was a small damp spot forming on the fabric as he started using her mouth like a pussy. He fucked her face forcefully as thick ribbons of spittle dripped down and stained the top of her blouse.

The lewd sight had him riding the edge already, and he had to close his eyes lest he pop too soon. It was because of that he didn't notice as her eyes flicked over to the door for the briefest of moments.

*Gluck. Gluck. Slurp. Gluck.* That she was allowing him to use her in such a way was an incredible heady experience in itself, but the fact that all that separated them from discovery was a single wall had him

on edge. The illicit nature of it all made the entire experience that much more erotic, "Fuck, Anya... you naughty little slut." He rumbled out from low in his chest as he felt his bollocks tighten against his shaft.

Fully aware that he was nearing his end, she stared up with desperate eyes as he buried his cock in her throat. The first pulses shot straight to her stomach as he gave her a well-earned and deeply desired treat.

After the third shot filled her belly, she pushed against his thighs so that he loosened his grip enough so she could let the rest fill her mouth. When the first drop touched her tongue she came at the taste, legs shaking as she stopped a squeal from escaping her throat. She swallowed two times before he was finished, and a bit of his seed slipped from the corner of her mouth and dripped down to her chest.

Pulling away from his prick, she gave the crown one last kiss while looking up at him adoringly, panting lightly, "I... I thought you tasted so good from Orina's pussy because of combination, but even alone you are delicious."

"You're not the first person to say so." He told her catching his own breath.

She gave him a salacious smile, "Had plenty of other vitches swallowing your cum? I would love to hear those stories when we have more time."

Harry blushed, not really meaning to let that slip, but relieved that she'd been honest when she said there would be no jealousy, "I wouldn't mind telling you." But then a thought occurred to him, "I said to Orina last time I saw her, there are some things we need to discuss because I don't fully understand what's going on since our magic became entwined."

Anya stood, her own lust replaced by a quiet seriousness, "Ve know. At least for us. I don't know what exactly has happened to you." she told him, much to his relief, "Desire is normal, but... it's been significant... among other changes. We've sent a letter back to the conclave. We'll tell you when we have response."

Leaning in he gave her a kiss on the forehead, that made her melt, "Thank you."

"Ve love you, Harry." She told him like it was such a simple thing and it made him beam at her, "And we want to understand just like you do." With that she turned away and retrieved a whole set of seekers pads. *That's right, she said she had an order waiting for me. Clever girl.*

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Sue was forced to sidestep as Roger Davies came storming out of Sprintwitches looking livid. The door slammed against the stone wall outside with a loud bang. *Wonder what has his knickers in a twist?* Slipping into the shop before the door closed, she noticed that the backroom door closed just as she entered.

Honestly, she didn't have any real reason to visit the shop, but she'd seen Harry Potter going in and well... she wanted to talk to him. Since returning for the new term, it seemed to be a constant urge... among other. Looking around the store, she couldn't seem to find him. *Where could he have gone? I know he came in here.*

Mulling about the shop, she went down one aisle, idly stopping to look at something or another. But from the moment she entered the shop she seemed to be getting pulled toward the back. On the wall toward near the till, she stopped to give the dueling holsters a look. She had her own, but she had a



younger cousin who lived in Japan that she'd seen over the summer who'd just recently taken an interest in the sport. *Wouldn't be bad to pick her up a present now.*

Any other thought was wiped from her mind though as a sound stopped her dead. *Gluck.* She could have sworn she heard that ridiculously lewd sound come from the backroom. Sue was the only customer near the till, and as she looked around the store, it was obvious to her that she was the only one that heard. Subtly, so as not to draw anyone's attention she moved toward the door and cracked it open just enough so that she could see inside.

What she saw had her eyes widening almost comically and an immediate pulse of need to shoot straight to her womanhood. Standing there with his back against the wall was Harry Potter, his trousers were down at his thighs and his hands were filled with silver-blond hair as he guided a girl... relentlessly... up and down his... intimidating shaft. A small gasp escaped her at the sight, and blue, pleasure-filled eyes found her through the crack of the door. There was a flicker of recognition there before the girl moaned sinfully.

Sue would have expected to feel jealousy at seeing the boy she fancied fucking another girl... or using her in this case. But all it did was make her wish she was kneeling right beside the unnamed girl. The ridiculously sexy scene came to an end as Harry buried himself in the girl's gullet and came down her throat. As he pulled free of the girl, spittle-covered and beautiful, Sue closed the door not wanting to be caught.

Feeling flushed, she stepped back over to the holster display and stared blankly at them all, her mind elsewhere. *Well, I know what's going to be fueling my fantasies tonight.* The door at the front of the store opened as the door to the backroom did as well. Both Harry and the girl he'd fucked looked pristine. No one would guess what they'd just been up to as they moved to the till.

A tap on her shoulder made Sue jump uncharacteristically as she turned to find Daphne and Tracey looking at her, "Hey Sue," Daphne said, "I thought you had a holster."

"I do," she said a bit too sharply, and took a calming breath, "it's for my cousin."

"Hey, you three!" Harry interrupted them. Daphne looked like Sue felt as she fought down a blush. *Thank Merlin I've always been naturally quiet,* "Daphne, Sue ready for dueling later?"

"Yep," Daphne squeaked out as Sue just nodded her head. Tracey had a wide, knowing grin on her face as she glanced at her best friend.

Harry either didn't notice or didn't have it in him to tease, "I was just heading over to the Three Broomstick sto grab a bite for lunch with some others before I head back for practice if you wanted to join us."

"We'd love too," Tracey answered for all of them when it seemed that no one else was going to, "Sue just needed to buy a holster for her cousin then we'll meet you over there."

"Great," With that he headed exited the store, giving them all a charming smile.

Sue couldn't stop the blush that came to her face when she approached the till to receive a knowing look from the gorgeous girl behind the counter. Her voice was melodious, and sweet, and painfully teasing, "Did you find everything you needed?" *Yes, and then some. But you already knew that.*

