

## 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 if it would be for the best if he just acted normally around them for now. If he was stuck here like 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 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-round despicable person and a horrible teacher. 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, 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 for your actions, 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 school yard 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 a 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 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 defeated 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 asked, continuing to grill him.

“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 a 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 she began walking off towards the library. They had a study period before dinner, and Harry was actually using that time to study. Wouldn't Hermione be proud, he thought with a grin.

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 Narcisa 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 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 a 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 to 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 were 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.