

Chapter 11

The first few days after they returned home, Dora watched Harry carefully. She could see how hard it was for him to get used to being in a wheelchair. Sirius, Marlene, and her parents might see him cracking the same old jokes and crooked smiles as a sign that he was adjusting well, but she wasn't so easily fooled.

Dora noticed how he moved his broom to the closet and completely stopped working on it and how he would read about magic far beyond his level into the early hours of the morning. Even Levina seemed worried about Harry. The Thunderbird had taken to sleeping right outside his window, her large yellow eyes peeking in to check on him regularly. Dora knew something was different about him now, but she couldn't put it into words, making it impossible for her to talk to anyone about it.

As a result, it came as little surprise to her when Harry declined to invite anyone over for his Birthday. Sirius was convinced he didn't want anyone to think he was weak for being in a wheelchair, but that didn't feel right to Dora. After all, he had no problem dueling that French witch in front of an audience.

No, she was convinced it was something else, and she was determined to get to the bottom of it.

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On July 31st, the family gathered around the pool for a small Birthday celebration. Harry sat with the girls around the pool while Ted and Sirius worked over the barbeque. Sipping a Butterbeer, he smirked as he watched Levina try unsuccessfully to sneak close enough to steal some meat from the grill.

"Shoo!" Sirius yelled, waving a spatula at her beak. "This isn't for you. What does she even eat anyway?"

“Goats and the occasional coyote,” Harry replied.

“Coyotes?” Sirius asked incredulously.

Harry shrugged, “She eats a lot of fish, too,” he added. “It’s not really sporting, though. Using lightning seems a lot like fishing with Dynamite to me.”

Levina squawked at him indignantly and clacked her beak. With a cheeky grin, Harry raised his drink to his feathered friend and took a sip. Shaking his head, Sirius turned around to grab another Butterbeer of his own. The moment his back was turned, Harry flicked his wand, sending a half-cooked hamburger patty flying into Levina’s open beak. He and Dora chuckled when Sirius turned back around, none the wiser.

“You want to go for a swim?” she asked.

“No, you go ahead,” he told her, shaking his head.

“Oh, come on,” Dora whined. “You love swimming.”

“Yeah, when I can swim,” Harry said, glancing down at his dangling legs.

“Alright,” she said, sighing.

Harry smiled and went to take a sip of his Butterbeer when he felt her suddenly grab his wrists. He only got a glance at her grinning face before she threw her weight into the pool and dragged him in after her. His eyes closed as he was submersed in the cool water, and he found his face buried between two soft mounds. A couple of seconds later, Harry felt her arms wrap around his waist and drag him back up. As their heads broke the surface, he was intensely conscious of the way their bodies were pressed tightly together.

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled. “Are you trying to drown him?”

Dora rolled her eyes, “He’s fine,” she replied.

“At least grab him a float,” Andi sighed.

Dora smirked in a way that everyone knew meant she was up to something.

“Two floatation devices coming right up,” she grinned.

Taking a deep breath, she stuck her thumb in her mouth and blew, puffing out her cheeks. Harry felt her breasts inflate and expand between them until they reached porn star proportions. Her black bikini was stretched to its limit, leaving only her nipples covered.

“Dick still broke?” Dora asked cheekily.

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled again while Harry gave her a flat look. “You’re going to stretch out that swimsuit, and I’m not buying you another one!”

“Fine,” Dora said, rolling her eyes.

Her chest rapidly shrank back down to its normal size, and she swam Harry over to the side of the pool. While he held onto the edge to keep himself afloat, she grabbed her wand from the towel she’d been sitting on and waved it in his direction. Under the water, Harry’s shorts inflated just enough to keep him neutrally buoyant. He still had to use his arms to keep his balance, but it didn’t take nearly as much effort as keeping himself afloat.

“Better?” she asked.

“Much,” Harry smiled.

Spreading his arms wide, he flung them forward as hard as he could, just beneath the surface of the water. A wave of way splashed Dora in the face, and Harry laughed while she sputtered. After she wiped the water from her face, Dora gave him a playful glare. Rushing forward, she jumped up and wrapped her arms around his head. Harry once again found his face trapped between her breasts while she pulled him under the water.

As she fell off of him and swam to the surface, he shot up and bobbed around like a cork, swimming frantically to keep his balance. Eventually, he lost his balance and ended up floating on his back, staring up at the clear blue sky. Dora swam over and used him to keep herself afloat with a snicker.

While they continued to horse around in the water, much to the amusement of Jenna and Marlene, Sirius began serving out burgers.

“Bugger,” he muttered, counting in his head. “I could’ve sworn I made seven.”

“I told you to make extras,” Ted said, patting his shoulder.

Sighing, Sirius handed out plates to everyone else before throwing one more burger on the grill for himself.

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Dora rolled her eyes as she levitated Harry off of the train. Once again, the girls had crowded around him to offer their sympathies.

“Watch your feet!” she yelled, setting him down gently.

Climbing off the train, Dora ignored the girls and sighed. The path leading to Ilvermorny was long, winding, and steep. She couldn't help but let out a groan at the prospect of pushing Harry to the top.

"This is going to suck," she muttered.

"Don't worry," Harry told her with a grin. "I got this."

With a wave of his wand, his wheelchair moved forward under its own power. Several of the girls giggled and jogged to catch up with him, even though he was only moving at the speed of a brisk walk.

"Didn't Sirius tell you not to charm your chair until you talked to Professor Wilkinson," Dora said, smiling and shaking her head while Jenna giggled.

For a girl who never broke the rules, she sure enjoyed watching her and Harry do it.

"So?" Harry asked.

Dora rolled her eyes when she caught his moving from one ass to another as the girls talked and giggled in front of him. With a smirk tugging at her lips, she made her ass slightly rounder and thicker before racing in front of him.

"Then let's see if you can keep up," she said.

Waiting a few seconds, Dora glanced over her shoulder, and her smirk widened when she found Harry's eyes glued to her ass. Throwing a bit of extra sway into her hips with each step, she led the way up to the school.

“This school has some real wheelchair accessibility issues,” Harry grumbled as he rolled into Professor Wilkinson’s Charms class.

“I’m sorry,” Professor Wilkinson replied with a frown. “Is there anything in particular that’s causing you problems?”

“Stairs,” Harry said. “You couldn’t help me make this thing fly, could you?”

The professor sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“I should’ve known,” he muttered. “And if I don’t, I suppose you’ll just try to do it yourself?”

“Well, I could...,” Harry said as if this was the first time the idea had occurred to him. “I mean, it can’t be that much different from a broom, can it?”

“Yes, it can,” Professor Wilkinson said sternly. “The last thing we need is you breaking your arms by crashing head-first into a wall. Stay after class, and we’ll talk about it.”

“Thanks, Professor,” Harry grinned before wheeling himself over to his seat.

Professor Wilkinson sighed and shook his head even as a smile tugged at his lips.

Unfortunately for Harry, Headmistress Turner was one step ahead of him. Before they could even start working on the enchantments, she stopped him as he left breakfast in the Great Hall the next morning.

“Mr. Potter, I understand you’re having trouble with the stairs?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” Harry said. “But I’ve already talked to Professor Wilkinson. We’re going to make my wheelchair fly so Dora doesn’t have to levitate me to class.”

“Yes, he told me,” Professor Turner smiled. “I think it’s an excellent idea. However, for safety, I’ve insisted he limit the height you can levitate to six inches above the floor. I’d rather not get another frantic Floo call from Professor Banks because you pushed yourself out of a third-story window again.”

“I was fine!” Harry protested. “It was just the fastest way down. I didn’t want to be late for class.”

“While your dedication to being punctual is admirable, I think a hovering wheelchair will allow you to get around the school just fine,” Professor Truner replied. “Have a good day, and be sure to let one of your professors know if you have any more issues. Preferably *before* you decide to take matters into your own hands.”

With a stern glance, the Headmistress turned and walked away, her staff clicking on the floor with every other step.

“Aw, man,” Harry groaned. “This sucks. Six inches? You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Grumbling under his breath, he started on his way to class. Behind him, Dora and Jenna shared a glance before following.

“How long do you think it’ll take for him to break whatever enchantments Professor Wilkinson puts on his chair?” Jenna asked.

Dora smirked, “I give it a month, tops.”

As it turned out, it only took Harry a week and a half to remove and recast the enchantments so he could truly fly the way he wanted to. While a part of Dora worried for his safety, a larger part

of her was still worried about him, and she didn't want to take away the joy he got from flying with Levina when no one was looking.

Ever since they'd returned to school, Harry had started acting like an entirely different student. Where in years prior, he had coasted his way through classes he found boring, like Potions and Transfigurations, he now aced with the same talent he showed in his favorite classes. Even his History of Magic score was at the top of the class. It also worried her that instead of spending time with his friends or chasing after girls, Harry now spent his free time with his nose buried in a book.

Clearly, something had changed in him since the attack, and Dora was determined to figure out what it was.

As the year marched on and the temperature dropped, Harry began getting sudden, sharp pains in his back. At first, they only happened once a week and lasted for just a moment. But towards the beginning of November, they began happening every day. By December, they happened several times a day, and the pain was bad enough that it caused him to jolt in his seat.

Harry continually refused to go see the school Healer, and eventually, the school was forced to write Sirius. Unfortunately, Sirius was at work when the letter arrived, and Andi opened it instead. She showed up at the school minutes later with Marlene, and they took Harry straight over to see Healer Powell.

"So, what's wrong?" Dora asked when he returned later that day.

"Nothing's wrong," Harry said, sighing tiredly. "My spinal cord is repairing itself faster than they expected. The pain is from the nerves reconnecting to my brain."

"So, good news?" Jenna asked happily.

"And bad news," Harry told her. "I should get feeling back in my legs in a month or two, but the pain's only going to get worse until I do. Oh, and I'll need to learn to walk again."

Suddenly, he jolted in his chair and winced.

“I’m going to lie down,” he declared. “My arms are tired. They have some stupid no-magic policy inside the hospital. I had to push myself around the whole building.”

Before Dora or Jenna could respond, Harry directed himself towards the boys’ stairs and started floating away. Turning, they shared a concerned glance.

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“Home sweet home,” Sirius said as he pushed open the door to the house.

Harry grimaced in pain as he wheeled himself inside. The pain in his back was almost constant now, with occasional shooting pains running down his legs. Worst of all, he still couldn’t move his legs. Sure, the muscles twitched and spasmed occasionally, but that wasn’t under his control.

Waving his wand, he levitated his trunk towards his room.

“I’m going to go unpack,” he said, wheeling himself away.

As his door closed, everyone shared a collective look.

“Is he usually like that?” Ted asked worriedly.

“Lately, yeah,” Dora admitted with a sigh.

Sirius frowned and waved everyone into the kitchen.

“How’s he been holding up?” he asked as they all took seats.

“Alright, I think,” Dora said, running a hand through her short, purple hair. “The pain bothers him quite a bit, but he’s usually in good spirits.”

Biting her lip thoughtfully, she decided it was time to voice some of her concerns.

“I’m kind of worried about him, though,” she continued. “Harry’s been acting differently ever since he got injured. He’s doing really well in all of his classes, not just the ones he likes. He’s constantly reading or taking Dueling lessons with Professor Wilkinson. I mean, he used to practice once a week, but now it’s like two or three times a week. Something’s changed. Something’s bothering him, and I don’t know what it is.”

Sirius and Marlene shared a long look before they turned to Jenna.

“Is that what you’ve seen?” Marlene asked.

“Yeah,” Jenna said softly. “It’s almost like he’s scared of something.”

“He is,” Sirius sighed. “You have to understand, what Harry and your mum went through was really scary.”

“I get that,” Dora said, leaning her elbows on the table. “He’s lucky he’ll walk again, but-”

“It’s not that,” Sirius interrupted. “Come on, Dora. When has Harry ever been concerned with his own safety? He’s not scared for himself. He’s scared for us. You might have been too young to remember, but Harry used to have terrible nightmares about the night his parents were killed.”

"I remember he had nightmares, but I didn't know what they were about," Dora said softly.

"He remembers everything that happened that night," he told her heavily. "Your parents and I were always careful not to talk about the war around you kids. We thought we'd left all that behind when we came to America. I think, after a while, so did Harry. The nightmares went away, and he grew up like any normal kid."

"He's not normal," Jenna said, shaking her head.

"Well, normal for a Potter," Sirius said with a lopsided grin.

"But what does this have to do with the way Harry is acting now?" Dora asked impatiently.

"Because that attack by Nott reminded him – reminded all of us – that we're not as safe as we thought," he replied heavily as Marlene wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "Right now, he's scared, and he's angry. He's scared something might happen to the rest of us, and he's angry Nott got the better of him. Honestly, I'd be more worried if he didn't start acting like this. Doesn't mean I like it, though. He's acting just like James did after his parents were killed."

"This has been hard on all of us," Marlene added, her hand absently rubbing Sirius' shoulders. "All of us lost friends and family during the war. Every morning, we'd opened the paper, worried we'd see a familiar name in the headline. Now, we don't think anything like that is going to happen here, but we still worry, and it brings back a lot of bad memories."

"Has Harry been reading any history books lately?" Ted asked thoughtfully after a long, pregnant pause.

"A couple," Dora shrugged. "All of his grades have gone up."

"Do you remember the names?" her father asked curiously.

Dora shook her head.

“I remember one was called Significant Wizarding Events of the Twentieth Century,” Jenna replied quietly. “He used that book to help me with my homework.”

“What are you thinking, dear?” Andi asked.

“If I remember correctly, that book had a large section on the war with You-Know-Who,” Ted frowned. “I thought he might be trying to learn more about the war. Have you seen him with that book often?”

Jenna bit her lip and nodded as everyone turned to look at her expectantly.

“Great,” Sirius muttered, dropping his head into his hands. “What do we do now?”

Unfortunately, no one had an answer.

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As they got closer to Christmas, Harry’s pain grew. Andi kept him on a careful but constant dose of Pain-Relieving Potions while everyone else tried to make him as comfortable as they could. He spent most of the day laid out on the couch in the living room or in his bed. Even then, he’d still grit his teeth and grimace each time a spasm ran down his spine. There were brief moments when he started to feel his legs, but it wasn’t a pleasant experience. It felt like pins and needles were digging into every inch of his legs, especially in his feet.

Just two days before Christmas, the pain became so bad that he refused to get out of bed. On Healer Powell’s recommendation, Andi kept him sedated most of the day with Pain-Relieving, Dreamless Sleep, and Strengthening Potions. Dora was so worried about him that she slept in his room on the other side of the bed. She didn’t even try to hide it, and it was a sign of how worried everyone was when she wasn’t even teased.

Harry would wake her up several times throughout the night with his pained whimpers, and Dora would get up to run a cool washcloth across his sweaty brow. Before falling asleep again, she took his hand in hers in order to give him something to squeeze if he started hurting again.

Christmas Eve was subdued compared to what the family was used to. Sirius did his best to keep everyone's spirits up, but loud noises were kept to a minimum, and no one felt much like celebrating while Harry suffered. The entire day, Dora barely left his side. Even though he was asleep, she talked to him constantly. Oddly, she found it therapeutic to vent all of her worries and concerns that had built up over the last few months. Especially since he was unconscious and wouldn't remember any of it.

That night, she stayed in his bed again, and again, nothing was said. However, her mother did give her a knowing smile as she set out a small stack of washcloths and a bowl of water kept chilled with a Cooling Charm.

As it turned out, that night was even worse than the one before. Harry constantly grunted and groaned in his sleep, his hands gripping the sheets in a death grip as spasms ran through his body. Under the blankets, Dora could see his legs and feet jerking to life like he was being electrocuted before settling back down. She stayed awake until the early hours of the morning, wiping sweat from his brow. Throughout the night, she tried talking to him softly and caressing his arm, but nothing seemed to soothe him.

It wasn't until the early hours of the morning that he finally settled down. Resting her head on the pillow next to his, Dora laid an arm across his chest and closed her eyes. It took several minutes of listening to his calm, steady breathing before she finally drifted off to sleep.

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"Dora! Dora!" a voice hissed.

Dora groaned and opened her heavy eyelids. Tiredly, her mind registered that her head was resting on someone's chest rather than a pillow, but she was too comfortable and tired to think much about it.

"Wha?" she mumbled, her eyes closing of their own accord.

"Look!" Harry hissed excitedly.

Cracking her eyes open, she spotted the large tent he had pitched under the blanket and snorted.

"Funny," she mumbled sleepily. "Now, shut it. M' tired."

Closing her eyes, Dora pressed herself against Harry's side, adjusted her head slightly, and began to drift back to sleep. As her mind began to wander in that moment between consciousness and sleep, she realized what she was seeing. Suddenly, she sat up, feeling much more awake.

"Does it still hurt?" Dora asked quickly.

"Well, it's not exactly comfortable, but I would say it hurts," Harry said.

Dora rolled her eyes, "I mean your back, you perv."

"Oh," Harry said, blinking. "Nope, my back feels okay. Just a little stiff."

Dora snorted at his phrasing, "Stiff, yes. Little, no. Can you feel your legs?"

"I can feel everything," Harry said. "But you're missing the important part."

She raised her brow curiously as a grin stretched across his face.

“My dick works,” he said, chuckling right as she noticed the door to his room open. “My dick works!”

Harry threw his arm up in celebration while Jenna stood in the doorway, her face flushed and mouth gaping. Her wide eyes gazed at the prominent bulge under the blanket. Dora burst into laughter when Harry finally noticed and looked over at the door.

“Oh,” he said. “Morning, Jenna.”

Jenna squeaked and pulled the door shut before they heard her feet rapidly retreating. It took a few moments for Dora to get control of her laughter. When she did, she pushed the blankets aside and climbed out of the bed.

“Well, I’ll go give everyone the good news and let you take care of that,” she said, gesturing to his erection.

“Thanks, Dora,” Harry grinned. “You’re the best.”

Smiling, she turned to leave but paused with her hand on the doorknob. With a mischievous smirk, she turned back to him.

“Hey, Harry?” she called.

As soon as he looked over at her, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and lifted it up to her chin. Dora giggled when his jaw dropped, and he stared at her bare breasts.

“Just wanted to make sure you had something to think about,” she smirked.

Bouncing on the balls of his feet, her breasts jiggled in the cool morning air for a few seconds before she pulled her shirt back down and slipped out of the room with a laugh. She was still giggling when she entered the kitchen.

“Dora, is everything alright?” Marlene asked. “Jenna said Harry was awake, but she wouldn’t tell us anything else.”

“He’s fine,” Dora chuckled. “He woke up feeling much better. The pain is gone, and he can feel his legs again.”

“Really?” Sirius asked excitedly as everyone else smiled in relief. “That’s great! I should go check on him.”

“Whoa,” Dora said, halting him from rising with a motion of her hand. “Sirius, this is the first time in six months he’s felt anything from the waist down. What do you think the first thing he’s going to do is?”

Sirius eyed her, puzzled, for a long moment before his eyes suddenly widened.

“Ah, right,” he nodded.

“What are you talking about?” Marlene asked. “And why are you blushing so much, Jenna?”

Dora giggled, “I’m surprised you didn’t hear it. She walked in right as Harry yelled, ‘My dick works!’ ‘Course, it didn’t help Harry had pitched a circus tent under the covers.”

“Nymphadora!” Andi yelled scoldingly.

Meanwhile, Marlene’s lips formed into an ‘O,’ Jenna blushed heavily, Sirius let out a bark of laughter, and Ted chuckled.

“What?” Dora asked, taking a seat. “It’s not like I haven’t seen it before. He’s always like that in the morning. At least I didn’t walk in on him cranking it like Marlene.”

“That was an accident!” Marlene protested.

“Enough!” Andi barked. “We’re not talking about this on Christmas.”

Dora sat back, arms crossed over her chest, and smiled as talk turned to planning for the day. Now that Harry was doing better, everyone’s spirits were lifted.

“A real Christmas miracle,” Dora muttered with a giggle.