

Pandora's Box

"Thanks for helping me, Harry," said Luna Lovegood, a pleasant smile on her face.

"Anytime," Harry grunted.

With one last heave, he pulled a dust-covered trunk towards him and out of the attic door before climbing back down the ladder. Luna was in the process of moving out of her father's home, affectionately known as The Rookery because of its shape. She had asked Harry for his help moving her things over to her new flat, which was why he was currently breathing in a mouthful of dust in her attic.

Climbing back down to the floor, Harry set the trunk down with a thump, a cloud of dust pluming up off of it. He swiped his thumb across a silver plate, clearing away the caked-on dust to reveal a name.

Pandora Lovegood

"This was my mother's," Luna said quietly as she knelt down next to him.

"Should I put it back?" Harry asked, just as softly.

Her mother, he knew, had died when Luna was just seven years old while experimenting with a new spell. She had been playing nearby at the time and witnessed the whole thing. Harry had often wondered if that was part of the reason Luna was so- well, Luna. Trying to comfort her, he reached out and gently placed a hand on her shoulder.

"I think I'd like to see what's in it," Luna said calmly, without even a hint of distress in her voice.

Watching her closely for a long moment, Harry nodded. If he was in her place, he would want to do the same.

“Do you want me to stay?” Harry asked, feeling as if he was intruding on a very private moment.

“Yes, please. I’d rather not do this alone,” she replied.

Nodding again, he watched as Luna reached out with a surprisingly steady hand and flipped the latch open. Without hesitation she threw open the lid, both of them fanning away the resulting cloud of dust with their hands. Inside, they found a mixture of clothes, books, and an assortment of trinkets, most of which Harry didn’t recognize.

Together, he and Luna began pulling the contents out one thing at a time, examining each of them closely. For some reason, Harry felt the need to be extremely gentle with everything he touched, as if it might fall apart if he handled it too roughly. Next to him, Luna smiled as she talked about each item, telling him what it was, and any memories she had connected to it. All of the trinkets turned out to be magical artifacts created by her mother, and many of them were designed for some oddly specific uses. There was a hat that stopped your head from itching, a crystal ball that showed you what you most wanted to eat, a pair of earrings that cut off all sound when they heard an insult, and many other things just as strange. Pandora Lovegood was a very odd, yet brilliant woman, Harry decided.

“Oh, look,” Luna exclaimed happily.

Reaching into the trunk, she pulled out a white lace bra and held it up.

“Mum made this as well, the cups hold a potion that stops your breasts from sagging. Sadly, she never got the potion to work. She said it just made her nipples sensitive,” she told him.

In his younger years, hearing her say such things may have made him blush, but after knowing Luna for the better part of eight years, Harry was quite used to her idiosyncrasies. Even when

Luna pulled off her shirt, revealing her lack of bra as well as her pale, perky breasts, he remained unfazed. Even since they had slept together not long after the end of the war, Luna had no problem being naked around him, even though they never actually dated. In fact, sometimes he thought she went out of her way to find an excuse to be naked. Harry admired her breasts for a moment before they were hidden again as she tried on the bra.

“It fits,” she declared happily.

Unclasping the bra, she set it aside in the ‘keep’ pile and went back to rummaging around in the trunk, not bothering to put her shirt back on. Harry smiled and shook his head. He’d always admired how his friend could be so free and innocent. Often, he wished he could be as carefree as she was.

“What’s this?” Harry asked curiously.

Pulling a small, black cube out of the trunk, he held it up for her to look at. It was surprisingly heavy and looked to be made from some kind of stone. Each side looked to be about three inches long by three inches wide. The outside was smooth, without a mark to be seen.

“I’ve never seen that before,” Luna said, tilting her head.

Humming curiously, Harry turned it in his hands, looking for any sign of what it was, or what it might do. After several seconds, he still found nothing. Shrugging, he grabbed it by the top so he could set it aside. As he did, he felt a sharp prick. Hissing, Harry looked at the palm of his hand to find a small, red dot in the center. Suddenly, a bright light started coming from the top of the cube. In shock, he dropped it – only it never hit the floor.

Hovering between them, the top of the cube popped open like a lid, releasing a blinding amount of white light. Harry covered his eyes with one arm while reaching for his wand with the other. Just as he gripped the handle, he was sucked forward into the box, his body elongating and narrowing to fit inside. In the blink of an eye, he was gone, the lid closed, and the box dropped to the floor with a thud.

“Oh dear,” Luna said, blinking her large blue eyes.

Around her, the whole world began to glow with the same blinding white light

“Hermione’s not going to like this,” Luna muttered, covering her eyes.

In moments, everything became a sea of endless white and the world ceased. Not gone, but still. Waiting. Waiting to find out what it would become.

“Gryffindor!”

Harry opened his eyes to find himself back in the Great Hall of Hogwarts. He blinked in confusion as someone pulled something off of his head. Looking up, he found Minerva McGonagall standing over him with the sorting hat in her hands.

“Off you go, Mr. Potter,” she told him with a gentle push on the back.

Harry got up from the three-legged stool, walked over to the wildly celebrating Gryffindor table in a daze, and plopped down into a seat

“Are you alright, Harry?”

Hearing his name, Harry looked over to find Hermione looking at him in concern while several other people patted him on the back. Except, it wasn’t the Hermione he remembered. She looked younger. In fact, she looked exactly like she had at seventeen, during their first year at Hogwarts. In his befuddled state, he’d sat down next to her out of habit. Looking around the table, he found everyone looked younger. Ron, Neville, Fred, George.

Fred! Fred was alive!

“Harry?” Hermione asked again.

“Yeah, sorry,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I’m fine.”

Looking closer at his classmates, his friends, he immediately noticed a difference. Not just that they were younger, but they were happy. Their eyes didn’t hold the weary, haunted look he was so used to seeing. They were so young and innocent, and alive. Fred was alive, and so was Katie. Lavender’s face was no longer marred by the scars given to her by Greyback.

Harry’s head snapped to look up to the Head Table. Dumbledore was there, alive and smiling. Snape, his cold black eyes meeting Harry’s, was alive. Then, he felt his scar twitch, a hiss escaping his lips. Narrowing his eyes, Harry glared at the back of Quirrell’s purple turban.

I won’t let you take them from me. Not this time.

He didn’t know how, he didn’t know why, but Harry was certain he’d gone back in time. All of his regrets, all of the ‘what ifs’ and ‘could’ve beens’ that had plagued him for years came rushing back all at once.

This is my chance, Harry thought. He could save them this time. Dumbledore, Fred, Sirius, Remus, Tonks, Cedric... he could save them all.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Hermione asked, biting her lips as she looked at him intently.

“I’m great, Hermione,” he told her, his face breaking into a bright grin. “I just got a little overwhelmed. I mean, it’s *magic*.”

Hermione’s expression softened and she smiled at him, nodding her head in understanding.

“It does feel a bit unreal at times, doesn’t it?” she asked thoughtfully. “I keep thinking I’m going to wake up and it’ll all have been a dream.”

“I know what you mean,” Harry said, remembering the nightmares he used to have, and still had on occasion, of waking back up at the Dursleys.

“I can’t wait to start classes, though. I heard History of Magic is taught by an actual ghost...”

Harry nodded as he listened, his smile turning a bit sad. The girl next to him might be Hermione, but she wasn’t his Hermione. They didn’t have the shared memories and hardships. He was hit with a sense of such loss that it had him blinking back tears.

I can get that back, Harry thought.

The thought that they would be able to relive those times together, and make them better, was the only thing that kept him from losing it. His Hermione wasn’t gone, it would just take time to get her back. Thinking of all the lives he could save; that was something Harry was more than willing to live with.

“Is something wrong?” Hermione asked.

“Just missing a friend,” he said quietly.

“Oh,” she said, looking down at her plate. “I didn’t really have any of those.”

She said it so softly that, for a moment, he thought he imagined it. Looking at her downcast face, he leaned to the side and nudged her with his shoulder.

“Then I’ll be your friend,” he whispered to her, then smile and held out his hand. “So, friends?”

“Friends,” Hermione agreed, smiling brightly as she shook his hand.

“Oi, Harry!” George yelled.

Harry smiled as he was introduced to the twins, and then the rest of the house. It pained him to see so many familiar faces looking at him without any recognition. Still, he could get to know them again. This time, things would be better.

After dinner, Harry followed Percy, along with the rest of his classmates, up to the sixth floor where they were given the password to the Fat Lady’s portrait. He stayed up late, sharing his background with Ron, Seamus, Dean, and Neville. Harry was much more open about his life with the Dursleys this time around. The first time around, he’d discovered that part of the reason there were so many rumors about him was because no one really knew about him besides his friends. It took him a long time to realize that being a bit more open could make a world of difference in how people saw him.

After the rest of the dorm was asleep, and the sound of Seamus and Ron’s dueling snores filled the room, Harry lay awake behind his curtains. He tried to come up with a plan to stop Voldemort for good, without risking the lives of his friends. Several ideas came to him, but nothing foolproof. The Horcruxes were still a problem to be dealt with, and that shouldn’t be too hard. Harry knew he had to be careful though. If he changed too much, there was no telling what Voldemort would do, and how many lives would be lost in the process.

Internally, he debated telling Dumbledore he had been sent through time, but eventually decided against it. While he still cared for the barmy old codger, he didn’t trust him completely. The way he had risked everything by keeping so many secrets still hurt. So many people had died because it took him so long to figure things out on his own when Dumbledore could have just told him.

Sighing, Harry rolled over and closed his eyes. He still had plenty of time to figure things out, and he could always bring in Hermione if he really needed help. Harry was certain he would tell her the truth sooner or later.

Third year should be a good time to tell her, he decided.

With the Time-Turner in her possession, it would make things easier to explain. Hopefully, she would be more understanding by then. Closing his eyes, Harry fell into a fitful sleep, his mind reminding him of all the tragedies he could prevent.

The next morning, he was the first to wake up. Sleepily, he got dressed and walked down to the Common Room. Unsurprisingly, he found Hermione sitting on a familiar couch in front of the crackling fireplace, Hogwarts, A History open in her lap. Smiling to himself, he sat down next to her.

“Morning,” he muttered, covering his mouth to yawn.

“Good morning,” she replied.

Looking up from her book, she frowned at him.

“Did you get any sleep last night?” she asked.

“A bit,” Harry mumbled.

For a moment, it looked as if she was getting ready to reprimand him but stopped at the last second.

“Do you want to go down to breakfast?” Hermione asked hesitantly.

“Sure,” Harry replied.

Coffee sounded pretty good to him right about now. Throughout the walk downstairs, and even after they sat down at the Gryffindor table, Hermione bombarded him with facts about Hogwarts. While his old self would have found it annoying, now, he understood what she was trying to do much more. She was nervous, he realized, and this was her way of dealing with it. With a small smile, he listened to her patiently until Ron and the rest of his dormmates finally showed up.

“Hey, mate, why are you sitting with her?” Ron asked.

Hermione bristled at his tone, and Harry narrowed his eyes.

“Because I wanted to,” Harry said as if it were obvious.

Shrugging his shoulders, Ron sat across from him and began loading his plate with enough food to feed three people. Some things never change, Harry thought with a shake of his head. Next to him, Hermione had gone quiet, focusing on her plate. The atmosphere felt awkward for a moment, but fortunately, McGonagall showed up with their timetables.

“What do we have first?” Harry asked, more to start a conversation than anything else.

“Charms, followed by Transfiguration, History, and Potions,” Hermione answered happily. “Tomorrow, we have Defense Against the Dark Arts, Astronomy, and Herbology.”

“We have that many classes?” Ron asked in horror.

“Of course we do,” Hermione said, her brow furrowed in confusion as if she couldn’t understand how he could expect anything else. “I mean, this is a school.”

Ron scowled and went back to eating, his shoulders slumped sullenly.

“What do you think we’ll learn in Charms?” she asked, turning to Harry.

Harry shrugged and listened as Hermione began listing off all of the Charms she hoped to learn. He had to remind her that some of the spells she mentioned, like the Summoning Charm, were far too advanced for their first day.

The rest of the day went much the way he remembered it. One thing that Harry had not counted on in his excitement over the lives he could save, however, was just how boring his classes would be.

After having the Horcrux removed from his scar, Harry found that magic worked for him on an almost instinctual level. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that he died and came back, or maybe it was because the Horcrux had been draining him and his magic worked overtime to make up for it. Either way, he now understood magic in a way very few ever could. Even without the Elder Wand, he was capable of performing some truly astounding magic. Often, he didn’t even need to know the right spell to do something. Harry just thought of what he wanted, and his magic did the rest. A simple Color Changing Charm was something he could do even without a wand. Still, he pretended to struggle along with the rest of his classmates.

This will all be worth it, Harry told himself.

In Transfiguration, they worked on changing matchsticks into needles. He waited until Hermione succeeded before doing it himself. McGonagall awarded them both two points, causing Ron to scowl at them as his matchstick shivered, but did nothing. Looking around the room, Harry watched as Seamus caused his to catch on fire, again - Parvati’s turned into metal, but still looked like a matchstick - and Sue Li turned hers into a needle made of wood. Next to Sue, Neville looked particularly gloomy as his matchstick failed to do anything.

Frowning, Harry remembered that Neville was still using his father’s wand. His grandmother, Augusta, had forced him to use it until it broke during the fight at the Ministry in their fifth year. Harry wasn’t going to let his friend struggle for that long this time, he decided.

As the bell rang, Harry told Ron and Hermione he would catch up to them and walked up to McGonagall's desk, where she sat writing notes.

"Can I help you, Mr. Potter?" she asked sternly when she spotted him.

"Professor, I had a question," he said. "What would happen if someone used a wand that wasn't theirs?"

Setting down her quill, she eyed him closely at the unusual question.

"It depends on the wizard, and it depends on the wand. Some may work well enough; some may not work at all. Is there a reason you're asking?" she asked.

"Well, Neville mentioned last night that his grandmother was making him use his father's old wand. I noticed in here, and in Charms, that it doesn't seem to work that well for him," Harry told her.

"His father's wand?" McGonagall asked, her lips pressed together thinly.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Thank you for bringing this to my attention. Five points to Gryffindor for looking out for a fellow classmate," she said. "Was there anything else you wanted to talk to me about?"

"No, professor," Harry said with a smile.

Realizing he was being dismissed, he bid her goodbye and made his way to the Great Hall for lunch. Only a few minutes after he sat down with his friends, McGonagall came in and told Neville to meet her in her office after classes. Poor Neville looked absolutely terrified, but Harry did his best to reassure him.

After lunch, they had History of Magic, where most of the class drifted off to sleep at the sound of Professor Binns' droning voice. Once again, only Hermione managed to stay awake. Unfortunately, as she was sitting next to Harry, she decided to make sure he stayed awake as well. By the time they left, he was sure his ribs were bruised from her constant prodding.

The last class of the day, Potions, was about as bad as he expected. Before it even started, Malfoy took to insulting him, Ron, Hermione, and Neville: no doubt in the hope of getting them in trouble. Harry was certain Snape was behind the door, waiting to catch them in the act. When Harry merely ignored him and started a conversation with Hermione about what they would learn, Snape yanked open the door, a scowl on his face.

"Get inside," he ordered.

For years, Harry had mixed feelings about Snape. Sure, he had loved Harry's mother and sacrificed his life to stop Voldemort, but that couldn't change the years of abuse Harry had suffered at his hands. Finding himself once again singled out and humiliated, any forgiveness Snape might have earned was gone in a flash. He really was just a bitter, spiteful man, Harry decided.

As tempting as it was to answer any question Snape could throw at him correctly, Harry knew it would draw too much attention. Stoically, he took the abuse with his head held high, ignoring the insults and laughter from the Slytherins in the room.

Once they began brewing their first potion, things only got worse. While Snape was berating a terrified Neville, Malfoy tried to throw something into Harry's cauldron. He managed to snatch it out of the air before it could go in, but the sudden movement caught Snape's attention.

"Potter!" Snape barked. "Where in the instructions does it say to add a Soporiferous Bean? Are you and Longbottom competing to see which of you can kill yourselves first? Five points from Gryffindor."

The Slytherins laughed while his housemates groaned. They'd lost almost twenty points in Potions by then. Out of the corner of his eye, Harry spotted Malfoy smirking smugly at him.

"Someone tried to throw it in my potion," Harry said with a glare.

"A likely story. Five more points and detention for lying, Potter," Snape sneered.

"Then why is Malfoy the only one with these," Harry held up the light green, hard-shelled bean, "on his desk, even though they're not used in the potion?"

Snape couldn't help but look over as Malfoy frantically grabbed the bag of beans on his desk and stuffed them into Goyle's pocket. There was no way he didn't see it. Still, Snape turned back to him and leaned forward with his hands on the desk.

"Do *not* tell me how to run my class, Potter," he hissed in a quiet threatening tone before straightening up. "Ten more points and a week's detention for trying to frame another student and lying to a teacher."

Harry's hands clenched into fists. I'm too old to be taking this kind of shit, he raged inside his mind. Next to him, Hermione tugged his robe and hissed his name, pleading with him to let it go. Snape smirked at him, waiting for a reply, before spinning on his heel and stalking back to his desk.

By the end of class, Harry had given up on his potion and instead spent his time coming up with a way to get Snape off his back. There was no way in hell he was going to sit through this sort of class for another six or seven years. He'd had to do it once, and he wasn't going to do it again. He knew going to Dumbledore wouldn't solve anything. He would have to do it himself. Fortunately, he knew a lot more than Snape expected. It would be risky, and he knew he was letting his anger get the better of him, but he wasn't going to just sit back and let Snape walk all over him this time.

"I'll meet you at dinner," Harry told Hermione as they packed up.

“Harry, don’t. You’ll just get into more trouble,” she pleaded.

“I’ll be fine, Hermione. Trust me,” he told her, doing his best to give her a reassuring smile.

It must have worked because she worried her bottom lip for a moment before nodding. The moment the rest of his classmates left, Harry flicked his wand, closing and locking the door. Snape looked up at the sound and sneered at him from behind his desk but stayed silent for the moment. Probably waiting for him to make the first move, Harry thought.

Walking up to the desk, Harry stopped and glared down at him.

“Give me one good reason I shouldn’t kill you right now,” Harry said with barely contained rage.

“Are you threatening me?” Snape asked as he stood, their faces just inches apart.

“I know it was you. I know you were the one that told Voldemort about the prophecy,” Harry hissed.

Snape paled and reeled back as if he’d been slapped.

“How?” he croaked.

Harry could feel him trying to use Legilimency to find out what else he knew. Not wanting to reveal he knew Occlumency just yet, Harry gathered all of the considerable hate he held for the man and threw it to the forefront of his mind. Hopefully, Snape would think that Harry’s anger was what repelled him, and not his skill in Mind Magic. Snape flinched and pulled back, overwhelmed by the raw emotions directed at him.

“I found my mother’s diary,” Harry said.

Snape's shoulders slumped and he swallowed thickly, struggling for words.

"You really are a sick fuck," Harry said angrily. "You join the Death Eaters, get my parents killed, and now you get off on insulting and humiliating me in class."

"I tried to protect her," Snape said weakly.

"Her? So, you tried to protect my mum, but you're fine with my dad and an innocent child getting killed." Harry scoffed disgustedly. "No wonder she stopped being friends with you. She would be disgusted if she saw the way you treated your students. How many people wanted to be Aurors or Healers and changed their minds because they couldn't stand your class? How many Slytherins are going to throw themselves at the first dark wizard they find because of you?"

Surprisingly, Snape didn't even try to argue. He slumped back into his chair and dropped his face into his hands. Harry, however, had absolutely no sympathy for him. If anything, he wanted to rant at him some more, but couldn't without showing he knew too much. He was already pushing the limit as it was. Still, it felt good to get at least some of the anger and resentment that had been building up over years of unfair treatment off his chest.

"Leave me alone, *Snape*," Harry spat. "Or I swear I will find a way to end you."

Turning, he stormed out of the room, flicking his wand to unlock and open the door on his way out.

"And don't expect me to show up to any detentions either," he called out over his shoulder, not caring if someone else heard him.

Harry managed to calm himself quite a bit by the time he got to the Great Hall for dinner.

“What happened? You didn’t get into any more trouble, did you?” Hermione asked worriedly as he sat down next to her.

“I think we’ve come to an understanding,” Harry said.

“What do you mean?” she asked curiously.

“I know you want answers Hermione, but it’s a bit personal. I’ll tell you about it someday, but not right now,” he said.

Hermione didn’t look at all happy with the answer but didn’t press him any further.

For the rest of the night, Harry tried his best to act normal until his roommates fell asleep. He needed to get over to Godric’s Hollow and get his mother’s diary before Snape or Dumbledore decided to search the house. After the war, Harry had gone back to his family’s home to look for anything personal. He found very little, as they had stored most of their important belongings in the family vault when they went into hiding. However, he hadn’t been lying to Snape. In the drawer of a bedside table, Harry had found his mother’s diary, something he’d cherished from that day on. It had given him a glimpse into the lives of his parents, and just what kind of people they were.

As soon as everyone was asleep, Harry slipped out of his bed, still fully clothed, and snuck down to the Common Room. Just before stepping out of the portrait, he cast a Disillusionment Charm on himself. He would prefer to use his cloak and map, but he had neither with him at the moment. Fortunately, he still knew the old castle like the back of his hand. In a matter of minutes, he’s made it to the statue of the one-eyed witch completely undetected.

After a long walk through a dark tunnel, he stepped out of the basement inside Honeyduke’s. Thanks to his Auror training, Harry quickly disabled the wards, unlocked the door, and slipped outside. He would reset the wards when he returned. After a short walk to the end of the village, he gripped his wand and silently Disapparated.

Just as silently, he reappeared at Godric's Hollow near the cemetery. Taking a moment to visit his parents' graves, he conjured a wreath of lilies and laid them against the headstone.

The streets were eerily silent as he walked towards his first home, and he couldn't help but remember some of the less pleasant memories he had of this place. The night Voldemort killed his parents, the night he and Hermione were nearly killed by Nagini and his wand was broken, they both played in his mind. His thumb stroked the shaft of his holly wand as if reassuring himself that it was still in one piece.

Before he knew it, Harry was standing in front of the house. The room was nearly collapsed, the lawn was overgrown, and vines climbed up the side of the house. Taking a deep breath, he cut a hole in the Ministry wards and hopped over the gate. The front door was completely missing, having been blown into several pieces that lay scattered inside the living room. Bits of wood and broken glass from the windows crunched under his feet as Harry slowly walked into the house, his lit wand held overhead.

Swallowing thickly, Harry fought back the memories of that night as he slowly made his way upstairs and into his parents' bedroom. Walking over to the left side of their bed, he pulled open the drawer of the bedside table. Inside, there was a plain, brown leather-covered book. A muggle ballpoint pen marked the place of the last entry. Pocketing the diary, Harry hesitated before leaving.

Turning suddenly, he walked over to the closet and pulled open the slatted, bifold door. Looking around, he found a suitcase tucked in the corner. Grabbing it, he set it on the bed and threw open the lid. A series of complex charms streamed from his wand, enlarging the inside, making it weightless, and strengthening the sides. Concentrating, Harry silently cast several modified Summoning Charms. His parents' clothes, jewelry, pictures, and anything else he could think of, took flight from all over the house. As soon as they reached him, they flew into the suitcase, neatly stacking themselves along the side.

Once the last framed picture was in, Harry sighed and lowered his wand. Closing the lid of the suitcase, he spelled it shut with a powerful Locking Charm and carried it downstairs. With one last look, he Disapparated.

Silently, he stepped out of thin air right in front of a long, overgrown road. He remembered this road, although he had never been here. The last time he had seen it, he had been in a Pensieve with Dumbledore, watching a memory from Bob Ogden.

With all the heavy foliage and the winding path, Harry couldn't even see the old Gaunt Shack from where he stood. He knew why he come here, instead of going back to Hogsmeade, but still, he hesitated.

Did he really want to get the ring now, when Voldemort might notice sooner than he would like? Closing his eyes, Harry took several deep breaths to calm his ragged emotions. This was not the time to make a mistake, he thought. For minutes, he stood rooted to the spot, clearing his mind and forming a plan.

When his eyes opened, they held a strong, determined look as he strode forward purposefully. As he neared the dilapidated shack, Harry set down the suitcase and approached slowly. Even from a few feet away, he could feel the powerful wards in front of him. He felt the magic, years of practice telling him what it wanted.

Parseltongue, it whispered.

"Open for Lord Voldemort," Harry hissed.

As the wards opened for him, a lead weight settled in his stomach. He was once again a Horcrux. He'd suspected before, when his scar had twinged in the presence of Quirrell but had hoped he was wrong. Now, he knew for certain. Swallowing the bile in his throat, Harry put it to the back of his mind for now. He would deal with it later.

Walking through the wards, he slowly approached the house. Around him, he saw the hedges rustle just before dozens, then hundreds of snakes of all colors and sizes swarmed around him. His hand clutched tightly at his wand, ready to cast at a moment's notice as the snakes slithered and writhed in an ever-moving circle just a couple of feet away from him in a perfect circle. The circle of snakes moved with him as he approached the door, which had the skeleton of a snake nailed to it. As he neared, the skeleton came to life with a hiss.

"Who dares enter?" it asked.

"Lord Voldemort," Harry replied.

At his answer, the skeleton fell lifelessly limp, and the door creaked open. Cautiously, Harry walked inside the snakes surrounding him stopping at the door. Already, he could feel the Compulsion Charm pulling him in the direction of the ring. Following the pull, he walked into the center of the tiny living room and knelt down. Prying up the loose floorboard, he found the Gaunt ring sitting in the small crevice.

Put it on. You will see them again. Isn't that what you always wanted?

Harry ignored the voice in the back of his mind, playing on his desires. It was incredibly powerful, and he now better understood how Dumbledore could succumb to the temptation. Levitating the ring out of the crevice, Harry focused on removing the Withering Curse. A stream of blue light left his wand and hit the ring, causing it to shudder and rattle on the floor. An oily, dark purple glow appeared on the ring and, with a hiss like steam, began to evaporate into a noxious black smoke. When the purple glow was completely gone and there was no more smoke, Harry ended his spell.

Climbing to his feet, he aimed his wand at the ring and thought of all the hatred he had for Voldemort. He concentrated on the desire to end him once and for all, before anyone else could get hurt.

"Avada Kedavra," Harry intoned.

The sickly green Killing Curse leapt from his wand and struck the ring. A crack opened in the stone, the Resurrection Stone, and released a cloud of black smog that let out an unearthly scream. As the smog dissipated into nothing, so too did the scream. Harry glared at the shard of Voldemort until it was long gone.

Letting out a relieved sigh, Harry closed his eyes and tried to shake off the dirty, filthy feeling he got whenever he used the Killing Curse. He'd only been forced to use it twice before, and only once on a living creature. An escaped dragon that had gone on a rampage, killing three and injuring dozens.

Bending down, Harry picked up the ring and examined it closely. Oddly, the Resurrection Stone had cracked in exactly in the same way it had the last time when Dumbledore had used the Sword of Gryffindor to destroy it. Sighing in relief, Harry pocketed the ring and grabbed a nearby candlestick. With a wave of his wand, he turned it into an exact replica of the ring, complete with Compulsion Charm.

Placing the newly transfigured ring under the floorboard, he stood and left the shack, careful to put everything back the way he found it.

Half an hour later, at nearly four o'clock in the morning, Harry was back in the castle. He didn't go back to his dorm just yet, instead visiting the Room of Requirement to take a shower. After toweling his hair dry and putting on a fresh pair of clothes, he still felt a lingering disgust at having used the Killing Curse. Hopefully, it wouldn't last too much longer, he thought.

Sighing, Harry walked over to the dirty cloak he'd worn earlier and reached into the pocket. In his hand, he pulled out the ring and his mother's diary. It had been a long, but productive night. Stowing the diary away in the pocket of his clean robes, Harry rubbed the Resurrection Stone with his thumb as he examined it.

Part of him thought he should just destroy the stone forever, but another, larger, part of him, wanted to speak with his parents just one more time. Would they remember what he had done before, or would they only remember this new, unexplored timeline? Would they even appear at all? Could this just be some trick of the mind and none of it was really happening?

After several long seconds, Harry gave in to the temptation and turned the stone three times in his hand. A moment later, two figures appeared in front of him.

"Harry, sweetheart," Lily said with a bright smile.

“Mum,” Harry replied, tears gathering in his eyes even as a massive grin stretched across his face.

To his surprise, his mother ran up to him and pulled him into a hug. Despite being nearly as transparent as ghosts, his parents still retained their color and holding her felt very, very real. Closing his eyes, Harry hugged his mother tightly and let the tears fall from his eyes as he took comfort from her embrace.

“We love you so much son,” she whispered to him. “We’re so proud of you.”

Harry gave a short, choked laugh. This was the moment he had always wanted, not some quick hello right before he walked to his death. After a long time that still didn’t feel long enough, his mother backed away only to be replaced by his father.

“You’ve done wonderfully, son,” James told him. “I couldn’t be more proud of everything you’ve done.”

When Lily stepped back a short while later, Harry wiped his eyes and looked at them with a smile.

“Do you remember everything, or...”

“We remember everything,” Lily said. “More than you’d expect, and quite helpful, too.”

Stepping forward, Lily grabbed his hand and pulled him over to the couch. Harry took a seat, while his parents sat on either side of him, his mother never letting go of his hand.

“Luna’s mother, Pandora, and I were close friends at school,” Lily explained. “She loved experiments and exploring all kinds of magic. One that she was very interested in, was time magic. As the war went on, and things grew darker, she designed the box as a way to go back to

a pivotal moment in time and change the course of the war. The problem was, even though she thought it would work, all of the rules of magic said that it would destroy the world that existed after she went back.”

At Harry’s horrified look, Lily squeezed his hand tightly and rushed to reassure him.

“It didn’t,” she told him. “Everything and everyone are just as they were. They’re just- paused, I guess would be a good word for it. The world you left is just waiting to see how you will change it.”

“Bloody hell,” Harry said, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Don’t be so down, son. This is a good thing,” James said brightly. “You have everything you need to right several wrongs and save hundreds of lives. It’s a lot to put on your shoulders, but I couldn’t think of a better man for the job.”

Harry couldn’t help but smile as his dad clasped his shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze.

“So, it’s all up to me? Again?” Harry asked.

“I’m sorry,” Lily said sympathetically.

Harry nodded. He’d expected to change things from the way they were last time, but part of him had thought he was just imagining things. Hearing it from his parents made it all suddenly feel much more real. Still, this could only be a good thing, he decided. He would make things better.

“Can you stay, for a while?” Harry asked.

“We’ll stay as long as you like,” James said.

“You can use the stone anytime you want to talk to us,” Lily added. “It can’t bring someone back to life, but we can still use it to talk.”

Harry smiled, the knot in his chest loosening. It wasn’t as good as having them back for good, but it was more than he ever imagined having.

“Can you tell me about you, mum?” he asked. “I mean, I know a bit about dad, but I hardly know anything about you.”

“Of course,” she said with a smile. “What do you want to know?”

“What did you want to do after Hogwarts?” Harry asked.

“Well, I wanted to become an Enchantress like Pandora. I loved making things with magic...”

For hours, Harry talked with his parents and learned as much about them as possible. They asked about him too, though not as much. Harry discovered that while they could watch everything he did, they didn’t always. This meant there were a few things that they didn’t know.

They finally decided to call their time to an end when the sun rose, and it was time for breakfast. Harry was sad to see them go, but he was comforted by the fact he would be able to see them again.

“Remember, if Severus gives you any more problems, you let me know,” Lily told him, a frown marring her beautiful face. “I’m not happy with him right now.”

“I will,” Harry said.

"I know you have a lot on your shoulders, but don't forget to have some fun. Pull a prank, make some new friends, maybe you can even find yourself a witch and pull her into a broom cupboard," James said with a crooked grin and a wink.

Lily rolled her eyes, but she didn't say anything.

"Just do what makes you happy," she told him.

"I'll try," Harry said. "I love you, mum, dad."

"We love you too, son," James replied.

Lily looked too choked up for words, and simply pulled him in for another hug, this time kissing his cheek. With one last wave goodbye, his parents stepped back and faded away.

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For the next week, things went back to normal, for the most part. Snape was acting differently, seemingly taking Harry's words to heart. While it wasn't a complete one-eighty, he did stop going out of his way to insult anyone. On one rare occasion, Harry even witnessed him taking points from Malfoy for bullying a couple of Hufflepuffs. Although he wasn't sure if it was because of a change of heart, or because the git was stupid enough to do it in the middle of a courtyard.

Only Hermione seemed to realize there was something different about Harry. More than once, he'd caught her looking at him as if he was some sort of puzzle to be solved. Knowing her as well as he did, Harry knew he would need to be careful around her if he didn't want to tell her the truth.

Harry spent most of his nights in the Common Room, trying to better know some of the classmates he'd overlooked the first time around. For the first two nights in a row, he'd gone back to the Room of Requirement to talk to his parents but stopped when Hermione and his roommates started getting suspicious. Now, he resolved to go a bit less often.



It was Saturday on the first weekend at Hogwarts that anything major happened. During dinner, Harry spotted a head of pink hair at the Hufflepuff table. At first, he'd thought the girl might just be the victim of a prank, but as he looked closer, he smiled as he recognized a mostly familiar face. He'd completely forgotten that Tonks was still in her fifth year. When he'd gotten to know her at Grimmauld Place, she'd confessed to remembering him from their time together as children but hadn't sought him out. She'd worried that he would think she was just another fan girl.

Smiling to himself, Harry decided to make sure he introduced himself to her. Life at school would certainly be more interesting with her around. Leaving dinner early, Harry waited in the Entrance Hall for her to come out. In typical Tonks-like fashion, she tripped over a suit of armor just as she passed him. Harry's arms shot out without a thought and caught her around the waist before she could hit the floor.

"Cor, thanks mate. I-" Tonks cut herself off as she spotted her savior.

"Dora?" Harry asked, feigning surprise.

Tonks' eyes went wide while her friends behind her giggled.

"You remember me?" she asked, gobsmacked.

"I thought I made you up," Harry said with a joyous laugh. "I used to dream about a girl with wild hair that always made me laugh."

Tonks smiled at him and leapt forward to give him fierce hug as her friends giggled some more.

"Oh, knock it off, you two," Tonks told them before pulling back and looking at him. "You wanna go somewhere and catch up? I always wondered what happened to you."

"That'd be great," Harry said with a smile. "I know just the place."

Tonks raised an eyebrow and bid a quick goodbye to her friends. Just before they left, he saw Hermione come around the corner, a curious look on her face as she watched him. Harry gave her a friendly wave as he led Tonks up to the stairs.

“So, where did you disappear to?” Tonks asked. “Everyone seems to think you went to live in a castle in the clouds, with Merlin to raise you and unicorns crapping out rainbows all over the place.”

Harry laughed and shook his head.

“Not even close,” he said. “I grew up with my muggle aunt and uncle.”

“Well, that’s boring. No orgies at the Veela Enclave, no mythical witches and wizards training you in long-lost ancient magic?” she asked with a playful pout.

“Nope,” Harry said with a smile. “What about you?”

“Nothing special,” Tonks said with a shrug. “I grew up in a quiet little place with mum and dad. Went to a muggle school and then off to Hogwarts. Where are we, anyways?”

“Seventh floor. I found this room while I was exploring the castle.” Harry said as he paced in front of the blank wall across from the portrait of Barnabus the Barmy.

“What ro-” Tonks’ question was cut off when appeared out of seemingly nowhere.

Smiling at the nonplussed look on her face, Harry opened the door and waved her inside. Currently, the room looked like a small, comfortable common room, with a couch, fireplace, bookshelves, and a couple of tables.

“Huh, I never knew this was here,” she said before turning to him with a playful smirk. “Has someone been naughty exploring after curfew?”

“Who, me?” Harry asked, trying to look as innocent as possible.

Tonks laughed loudly and clapped her hands. When she straightened up, her face took on a look of concentration until she looked exactly like Professor McGonagall.

“I’m extremely disappointed in you, Mr. Potter. One thousand points from Gryffindor and a year’s detention,” she said in a perfect imitation of the Transfiguration teacher’s voice.

While Harry laughed in surprise, Tonks changed back to her normal look with a grin. He’d seen her change parts of herself like her nose and lips, but he never knew she could do a complete impersonation like that.

As they took a seat on the couch and got comfortable, Tonks leaned over and hugged him again.

“I can’t believe you remember me,” she said happily.

“You’re hard to forget,” Harry said, causing her to laugh as she pulled back.

“So, how was it, living with your aunt and uncle?” she asked curiously.

“Not great to be honest. They hate magic, but I’m here now, so I don’t have to worry about them too much anymore,” he said with a smile.

Rather than reassure her, Harry’s admission only caused Tonks to narrow her eyes and stare at him more intently.

“How bad was it?” she asked. “Mum’s a solicitor, and she’s had to deal with a few cases where Muggleborns were treated really bad.”

Harry sighed and debated with himself how much to tell her. Seeing such a familiar face staring back at him, one that had helped him through some very difficult times, he decided to just be honest.

“It was pretty bad,” he admitted quietly. “They hated having me there. Honestly, I’m surprised they even kept me.”

“They didn’t... abuse you, did they?” Tonks asked in trepidation.

“It was more like neglect,” Harry admitted.

After spending a few minutes telling her what life was like with the Dursleys, Tonks, surprisingly, hugged him again. He didn’t remember her being this affectionate last time, not that he was complaining. When she pulled back, he was even more surprised to find her in tears.

“Tonks?” he asked.

“Sorry,” she said, giving him a small smile as she wiped away her tears. “I’m not usually this emotional. It’s just so good to see you again. And the fact that you remember me, and...” Tonks cut herself off, before taking a deep breath and looking back up at Harry. “And I just broke up with my boyfriend.”

Harry gave her a sympathetic look and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. Tonks leaned into his side and rested her head on his shoulder.

“You wanna talk about it?” he asked.

"I heard him talking to his friends when I went to find him on the train. Bastard was bragging to them about how I stayed at his house half the summer and turned into any girl he wanted, which isn't true. I didn't even see him over the summer, and we've never had sex. Fucking asshole," Tonks grumbled.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, rubbing her shoulder.

"Not your fault," Tonks told him before sitting up and looking at him with a smirk. "Besides, I have a plan for getting him back. Charlie Weasley's going to be serving a lot of detentions this year."

Harry laughed as she morphed again, this time to look like Charlie, and shook his head.

"Remind me never to make you angry," he said jokingly.

"Who me?" Tonks asked as she changed back to herself and gave him a comically innocent look. They talked for over an hour more, before Tonks had a sudden idea.

"Hey, you wanna go check out the third-floor corridor?" she asked him excitedly.

"You mean the one where Dumbledore said we'd die a 'very painful death?'" Harry asked to which Tonks nodded. "Sure, why not."

"Yes! I knew you'd be fun," cheered Tonks as she jumped up from the couch.

Harry smiled as he followed her out into the hall and down the stairs. Noticing it was dark outside, he checked his watch to find it was nearing curfew.

"Harry!" Hermione called out as they made it to the fourth floor.

By the direction she was coming from, he smiled, knowing she was coming from the library. He imagined her bulky book bag weighed a lot based on how hunched over she was.

“Hey, Hermione,” Harry said, tapping his wand to her bag and muttering the incantation for the Feather Weight Charm.

“How did you do that?” she asked in surprise.

“I got tired of my bag being so heavy, so I looked up a charm for it. I can show you later if you want,” he offered.

“Oh, okay. Thanks, Harry,” Hermione said, looking a little surprised, but pleased, to have a classmate offering to teach her for a change.

“Oh, this is Dor-”

“Tonks, just Tonks,” the pink-haired girl interrupted.

“And this is Hermione,” Harry finished his introduction with a grin.

“Nice to meet you,” Hermione said.

“Likewise,” Tonks said with an irrepressible grin.

Distracted by learning a new spell, and introductions, Hermione didn't seem to realize where they were. That, or after only a week in the castle, she didn't recognize where they were. Meanwhile, Tonks led them to the door at the end of the corridor on the right-hand side.

“Um, Harry, where are we going? Shouldn’t we be heading back to the Common Room? It’s getting close to curfew.” Hermione said.

“We’re just doing a bit of last-minute exploring,” Tonks answered.

“Wait, isn’t this the third floor?” Hermione asked in disapproval. “We shouldn’t be here, we could get in trouble.”

“You can go back if you want to,” Harry offered.

Hermione looked like she was going to do just that until they heard a voice from further down the hall.

“Who’s there?” a voice called out from around the corner.

“Oh no! It’s Filch,” Hermione hissed, glaring at Harry and Tonks. “You’re going to get me in trouble.”

“Quick, in here,” Tonks whispered hurriedly.

Harry watched as she unlocked the door and ducked into the room. He turned to look at Hermione, who looked torn at what to do. Just as Filch was about to come around the corner, she sighed and made for the door.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she hissed.

Harry smiled as he followed her in, closing the door behind him. Both girls were wide-eyed and pale-faced as they stared at the enormous, three-headed dog sleeping in front of them. Unfortunately, the sound of the latch clicking closed caused Fluffy to wake up. The Cerberus lifted its head and blinked at them sleepily until it realized what it was looking at. Growling,

Fluffy stood and prowled towards them. Hermione inhaled deeply to scream, but Tonks covered her mouth to stop her.

Seeing how scared they were, Harry decided it was time to step in. Stepping in front of them, Harry walked up to Fluffy and then bopped him on one of his noses.

“No! Bad dog. You don’t scare students,” Harry said firmly.

To the girls’ shock, the giant dog bowed its head and whimpered, all aggression gone in an instant.

“Good boy,” Harry said, reaching up to scratch Fluffy’s middle head.

Fluffy panted while his tongue, the size of Harry’s chest, lolled out. Looking back, he smiled at Tonks and Hermione, who continued to stare at him gob smacked.

“You can pet him if you want,” he told them.

Hermione gave him an incredulous look, but Tonks lifted her hand and edged slowly forward towards Fluffy’s left head. He sniffed her hand a couple of times before leaning into her hand.

“Wicked,” Tonks said in wonder as she scratched behind the dog’s huge, floppy ear.

“Come on, Hermione,” Harry said encouragingly.

“Are- are you sure?” she asked nervously.

He smiled reassuringly, “It’s perfectly safe. Trust me.”



After another moment's hesitation, she inched her way towards the left head, only to stop in fright when it looked at her. Walking over, Harry took her by the hand and gently pulled her closer.

"It's okay, he won't hurt you," Harry said.

Fluffy tilted his left head to look at her curiously as she reached up with a trembling hand. Sniffing her hand, his tongue lolled out excitedly and then licked Hermione's face. Hermione gave a muffled shriek as the force knocked her back half a step and covered her in slobber. There was so much, in fact, that her shirt became transparent enough that Harry could make out her white bra underneath.

"He likes you," Harry said with a chuckle.

"Great," she replied sarcastically.

Fluffy let out a whine and looked at her sadly. Hermione looked a bit guilty at the sad look the dog gave her and then gave in and reached up to pet him. While she was distracted, Harry wordlessly cleaned her up and fixed her shirt. She didn't even notice as she ran her fingers through Fluffy's dark brown fur.

"It's so soft," she said in surprise.

"How did you know it wouldn't attack us?" Tonks asked while scratching Fluffy behind the ear, causing his leg to start kicking and her to giggle.

"There's no way they'd put a dog in here if it was going to attack students. It's probably just here to scare people away," Harry answered.

They spent a few more minutes petting Fluffy until Hermione reminded them it was almost curfew. As they started to leave, Fluffy whined sadly and gave them a pitiful look.

“Don’t worry boy, we’ll come back. If you’re good, maybe we’ll bring you a treat,” Tonks told him.

Fluffy perked up at that and barked happily. Slipping back out the door carefully, they walked back to the Grand Staircase. Tonks bid them goodnight, promising to meet with Harry again tomorrow, and then left for the Hufflepuff Common Room. Harry and Hermione, meanwhile, headed towards Gryffindor Tower.

“I can’t believe I did that,” Hermione said as they climbed the stairs.

Harry couldn’t help but smile, which only caused her to glare at him.

“You have to admit it was fun,” Harry said.

Hermione huffed, but he could see her lips twitching up into a smile.

“Harry, mate. Where did you go? I thought we were going to play chess after dinner,” Ron said, appearing out of nowhere and pointedly ignoring Hermione.

“I ran into an old friend, and then Hermione, and we decided to do some exploring,” Harry said as he sat down on the couch.

“You could have invited me,” he grumbled.

“Sorry,” Harry said with a shrug. “It was a last-minute decision.”

“I’m going to go put my book away. Goodnight, Harry,” Hermione said.

“Night, Hermione,” he said with a smile.

“You wanna play some chess?” Ron asked.

“Alright,” Harry said with a shrug.

The next day, Harry met Tonks right after breakfast. She introduced him to her closest friends, Hestia Jones and Jennifer Fawcett. Hestia was pretty much the same as he remembered her, and Jennifer seemed quite nice. Once her friends left, they went for a walk around the castle as they talked. To Harry, it felt as if they were picking up right where they left off before she was killed. He vowed to himself he wouldn't let that happen to her this time.

Eventually, they ended up back in the Room of Requirement, where Harry explained a bit more about the room and made her promise to keep it a secret.

“Kinda wish I'd known about this when I still had a boyfriend,” Tonks said teasingly. “Although, with how much of an asshole he turned out to be, it's probably best I didn't.”

Harry remembered her mentioning she'd had a lot of trouble dating at Hogwarts. Given her abilities and the immaturity of some of his classmates, it wasn't that hard to see why.

“Don't worry, Dora,” he said, slipping back to the name she only allowed him to call her in private. “You'll find someone eventually.”

“Maybe I already have,” she said with a grin.

Before Harry could ask her what she meant, Tonks straddled his lap on her knees, facing him. A grunt of surprise left him as she kissed him fiercely, her arms wrapped tightly around his neck. After a moment, he couldn't help but kiss her back, his hands resting on her waist.

Harry had fancied Tonks since the day he'd met her, but because of his problems with the Ministry and Voldemort, as well as the age difference and his lack of confidence, he'd never even hinted at it. Knowing how Remus had treated her, he felt no guilt in enjoying the moment. By the time she pulled back, both of them were flushed and panting, their lips slightly swollen. Tonks smiled at him for a moment before biting her lip as her expression turned serious.

"Harry, don't take this the wrong way, but I'm not really looking for another relationship right now," she said.

"Okay," he said slowly, now wondering why she'd kissed him in the first place.

"Sorry, that came out wrong," she said, shaking her head as her hair turned a light blue. "I do like you, a lot. I was just hoping we could be, you know, friends with benefits?"

Tonks gazed at him with such a look of vulnerability that, even if he wasn't interested, he may not have had the heart to say no.

"I like you too, Dora," Harry said, causing her to smile. "Just so we're on the same page, what exactly do you want?"

As he asked, Harry slipped his hands just under the back of her shirt and stroked her bare back lightly with his fingertips. In turn, Tonks combed her fingers through the hair at the back of his head, sending a pleasant shiver down his spine.

"Honestly?" she asked, continuing when he nodded. "I just want someone I can trust to have some fun with, right now."

"I think I can handle that," Harry said with a grin.

While he certainly wouldn't mind dating Tonks, if she just wanted some fun right now, that was fine with him. His first time through Hogwarts, there was no way he would have agreed to this.

But now, with a lot more experience with life and women, he was much more understanding and confidence. He'd had a similar arrangement with Luna, Hermione, and a few other girls after the war. Sex had been a way for them to take comfort in each other and remind themselves they were still alive.

With a bright smile, Tonks bent down and kissed him again. As their lips moved together and their tongues danced, Harry pressed his hands flat against her smooth skin and moved them higher up her back. She moaned into his mouth and ground against him, pressing her round ass hard against his rapidly hardening erection. Pulling back, she flashed him a playful smile before pulling her shirt up, revealing her large, bare tits to his gaze.

Incredibly perky and perfectly shaped, with pale pink, puffy areolas, and slightly darker nipples, Tonks' breasts wouldn't look out of place on a Veela. Before she could finish pulling her shirt off over her head, Harry had cupped both of her tits, and his mouth latched onto one of her nipples. Tonks giggled as she tossed her shirt to the floor, then moaned when he ran the back of his nail along the underside of her soft breast.

Harry continued to kiss, suck, and nip lightly at her chest for minutes, only pausing when Tonks lifted his shirt over his head. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he picked her up and laid her down on the couch. Finally, he abandoned her perfect tits and kissed down her tight stomach. When he reached the waistband of her jeans, Harry looked up at her for permission. In answer, Tonks lifted her hips in invitation.

Smiling, he opened her jeans and tugged them down her hips. Tossing the pants aside, Harry kissed up her legs, the scent of her arousal filling the air as he neared her damp, black knickers. When he placed a kiss directly on her heated mound, Tonks moaned, spreading her legs and bucking her hips. With another glance for permission, Harry removed her panties, his eyes falling hungrily on her tight pink folds.

"Yes!" Tonks hissed passionately when Harry's tongued delved into her excited core.

Her legs wrapped around his head, trapping him in place – not that Harry had any intention of leaving soon. Reaching up, he cupped and massaged one of her soft breasts while his tongue slipped between her lips. Tonks arched her back, gasping and panting as he teased her hooded

clit. Her legs trembled as they clamped down on his head, the fingers of one hand threading through his hair as a needy moan escaped her lips.

“Oh, Merlin! Please, Harry, I need it so bad,” Tonks whined.

Harry had intended to tease her some more, but at her pleading tone, he decided to just give her what she wanted. As his tongue attacked her clit furiously, Tonks tightened her grip on his hair almost painfully while her legs quivered around his head. Only seconds later, a scream left her throat as she arched her back impressively. Harry winced as she yanked his hair but continued pleasuring her all through her climax until she collapsed limply onto the couch, her breath coming in panting gasps.

When her legs relaxed, Harry smiled as he climbed back up over her body, kissing his way up to her lips. Tonks had no problem kissing him back, despite the glistening arousal coating his lips and chin. After snogging for a couple of minutes, Tonks slipped out from under him and rolled him over until she was on top. With a smirk and a playful glint in her eyes, she opened his pants, grabbed the waistband, and pulled them off of him, taking his boxers as well.

Seeing his long, thick cock leap out at her, Tonks licked her lips as she stared at it hungrily.

“Bloody hell, are you part Centaur?” she joked.

Pressing it against his stomach, she licked his base to tip before straddling his waist and sliding her slit along the underside of his shaft. With her folds hugging his length, she rolled her hips and slid her wet lips up and down his length. Harry groaned and cupped her breasts. Giving him a smirk, Tonks closed her eyes and furrowed her brow. His eyes widened as her breasts swelled and grew what had to be two full cup sizes under his hands. Where before her tits fit his hands perfectly, now, her soft, perky mounds spilled out around his hands.

“You didn’t have to do that,” Harry told her.

The last thing he wanted was for her to start thinking he wanted her to change like the rest of the guys she'd dated. Tonks merely smiled down at him brightly, bending over to kiss him softly.

"I know, but I trust you," she said quietly. "I don't mind changing. It's part of who I am, and it can be a lot of fun. I just hate when guys want me to be someone else or think I'm some life-size doll that will do anything they want."

Smiling in understanding, Harry gave her a tender kiss just before she sat up on his waist. Lifting herself up, Tonks aimed his swollen, bright red head at her tight entrance. As she pushed down, his wide girth stretched her lips as he entered her. Both of them groaned as Harry's thick cock slowly entered her, widening her walls as he sank into her depths. Tonks pressed her hands firmly against his chest and panted when she bottomed out, her eyes unfocused from the overwhelming feeling rushing through her.

Closing her eyes, Tonks began rolling her hips to adjust to his size before she started raising and lowering herself. Each time she lifted up, she moved just a little bit higher each time before descending on his length slowly. A moan left her lips as she started speeding up, her nails raking lightly over Harry's muscled chest. Opening her eyes, Tonks bent down to kiss him hungrily. The whole time, Harry caressed her body, his hands moving from her chest to her sides and back, before making the return trip.

On top of him, Tonks moaned and trembled as she reached a comfortable pace, now moving up and down on half of his rigid cock. The feeling of her incredibly tight folds enveloping him in a hot, damp grasp was quickly pushing him towards his peak. Grabbing her hips, Harry started thrusting up in time with her movements, his thighs meeting her ass with the light slap of skin on skin.

Abruptly, Tonks sat up on his waist, her massive tits bouncing enticingly on her chest.

"Fuck me," she panted quietly, her hips moving demandingly.

Obediently, Harry tightened his grip on her hips and began pulling her down firmly to meet his thrusts. Tonks threw her head back and gasped as Harry pounded up into her furiously, sending her tits jiggling and swaying wildly.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Tonks chanted breathlessly.

Harry huffed as he slammed his hips upwards, Tonks barely moving as their pelvises slapped together wetly. Tonks scrunched her face up, her nails digging into his skin as her pussy suddenly tightened around him. A short, high-pitched shriek left her parted lips while her body stiffened and shook. Her hair cycled rapidly through the rainbow, never settling on one color.

Feeling her climax, Harry continued hammering into her furiously, now only concerned with reaching his own peak. The sound of rapid, wet slaps filled the room as Tonks leaked all over his thrusting cock. With just a few more brutal thrusts, Harry buried himself into her depths and grunted as he reached his peak. Feeling him cumming inside of her, Tonks moaned and collapsed on his chest limply.

As they recovered and held each other closely, Harry grabbed a blanket off the back of the couch and threw it over their sweat-soaked bodies. He chuckled to himself when he looked down to find Tonks asleep with her head on his chest. A moment later, her breasts shrank back to their previous size.

Looking up at the ceiling as he relaxed, he couldn't help thinking about how this would change the future.

## Chapter 2

Harry sat at breakfast on Monday morning, enjoying a conversation with Hermione. Across from them, Ron was shoveling food into his mouth as though it was his first meal since arriving at Hogwarts. More than once, Hermione had wrinkled her nose cutely in disgust.



In such a situation, it came as no surprise to Harry when Draco Malfoy tried to start a fight while the professors at the head table weren't paying attention. It was a childish tactic he'd used constantly throughout his years at Hogwarts, to mixed results.

"Hey, Weasley," Malfoy called out, "can't your family afford to feed you at home?"

Behind Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle laughed far more loudly than the situation warranted, while several other Slytherins chuckled. It was a rather pathetic insult, all things considered. However, it still garnered the reaction he sought. Ron's face turned red, and his hand reached for his wand.

"Ron, no!" Hermione hissed.

"Please," Malfoy drawled, "As if I have anything to worry about. Weasley barely knows which end of his wand to hold."

Seeing Ron's temper about to boil over, Harry decided to step in.

"Like you're any good," Harry scoffed. "Didn't you turn your skin blue with the Color Changing Charm, instead of your feather?"

Malfoy's cheeks went red, and he glared at Harry for bringing up the rather embarrassing moment.

"Oh yeah, Potter," Malfoy sneered. "If you're so much better, why don't you prove it? I challenge you to a duel."

"He'll do it," Ron jumped in. "I'm his second, who's yours?"

Malfoy looked at the two troll-like boys behind him for a moment.

“Crabbe. In the trophy room, at midnight,” Malfoy said.

“Hold on just a second,” Harry interrupted before Ron could speak for him again, not having expected this to take place sooner than the last time. “If we’re going to duel, shouldn’t there be stakes?”

“Like what?” Malfoy asked suspiciously.

“Harry,” Hermione hissed, trying to stop him.

Harry patted her arm reassuringly as he thought. Holding out his hand, he used a trick he’d learned from Andromeda to summon the deed to a villa the Potters owned in France. There was Goblin magic imbued in the contract itself that allowed the owner to summon it at any time, no matter where they were. The scroll, yellowed with age and bound in a red ribbon, suddenly materialized in his hand.

“This is the deed to my family’s villa in France,” Harry said, arching a brow challengingly. “What do you have?”

“The Malfoys own an island in the Caribbean,” Malfoy boasted smugly. “If you win, I’m sure my father would-“

“You can’t bet something of your dad’s, Malfoy. Don’t you know anything?” Harry asked, enjoying putting the git in his place for once. “It has to be something with your name on it.”

Malfoy turned red in embarrassment, but Harry already knew what he wanted. The Malfoys had a mistress contract with Daphne Greengrass for Draco. It was something the girl had resented her entire life. Even worse, at the height of the war, Lucius had procured a marriage contract with Daphne’s sister, Astoria, just weeks before Voldemort fell. Both girls hated that they had essentially been sold by their father, but there was nothing they could do about it.

“I have a mistress contract for Greengrass,” Malfoy said, desperately trying to save face.

“Well then summon it,” Harry said, shaking his head when Malfoy continued to look confused. “Just hold out your hand and think of what you want. If it’s really in your name, it’ll come to you. Didn’t daddy teach you anything?”

With a scowl, Malfoy focused, looking somewhat nervous that it wouldn’t work. A moment later though, the contract appeared in his hand.

“It’s not exactly worth as much as a villa, but I’ll accept it,” Harry said.

Without another word, he stood and walked towards the head table. Behind him, Malfoy and Ron called out to him, but he ignored both of them. In a stroke of luck, neither Snape nor Dumbledore were at the Head Table this morning, and McGonagall was deep in conversation with Professor Sinistra.

“Excuse me, Professor Flitwick?” Harry called out.

“Ah, good morning, Mr. Potter,” he said brightly. “What can I do for you?”

“Well, sir, Draco Malfoy just challenged me to a duel. I heard you were a Dueling Champion, and I was hoping you would officiate for us,” Harry said.

“That is quite the unusual request,” Professor Flitwick said. “I know you and Mr. Malfoy don’t see eye to eye, but do you really think a duel is necessary?”

Harry shrugged, “He’s the one that challenged me, professor. Ron accepted before I could say anything.”

“Well, you’re only first years, so it shouldn’t be too dangerous,” Professor Flitwick said thoughtfully. “Are you sure this is wise?”

Harry shrugged again. “It wasn’t my idea, professor. I’m just hoping he’ll leave me alone after this.”

“Yes, well, perhaps this will help you two get over some of your animosity towards one another,” mused the Professor. “Very well, when will the duel take place?”

“Can we do it tonight, after dinner?” Harry asked.

“That will work,” Flitwick nodded. “I shall see you and Mr. Malfoy then.”

“Thanks, professor,” Harry said with a smile.

Turning, he walked back to the Gryffindor table where everyone was waiting tensely.

“Good news, Professor Flitwick agreed to referee our duel tonight, after dinner,” Harry smirked. “That is unless you’d like to back out.”

Malfoy went red and Harry could see him thinking furiously, trying to find a way out without looking like a coward. Malfoy never had any intention of dueling him, but now he was in a position where refusing would make him look weak in front of the whole school. Already, students were whispering to one another and spreading rumors.

“Fine,” Malfoy bit out angrily.

Turning on his heel, the blonde stalked off back to the Slytherin table, with Crabbe and Goyle following after one last glare at Harry.

“Harry, what were you thinking?” Hermione asked angrily. “Do you even know how to duel?”

“I know enough,” Harry told her.

“That was bloody brilliant mate!” Ron cheered.

Hermione huffed angrily as several other Gryffindors patted him on the back just as the bell rang. Not wanting to have her upset with him, Harry decided to explain his real reasons for accepting the duel on the way to class. After learning about the mistress contract, and how Harry wanted to save Daphne from being stuck with Malfoy for the rest of her life, Hermione was much calmer and even tried to help him by looking up basic defensive spells during lunch.

By the time dinner rolled around, the entire castle was talking about the upcoming duel. As Harry ate calmly, Hermione fretted next to him, going over all of the spells she’d found, while Ron talked about all the ways he should humiliate Malfoy.

When dinner ended, everyone stayed in the Great Hall, waiting eagerly. Realizing that no one was going to leave, Professor Flitwick stood and walked between the tables.

“Could everyone please stand and move over to the left side,” he said loudly.

When everyone in the Hall had complied, he waved his wand in an arc over his head, sending all but the Ravenclaw table to the right side of the room. Jumping far higher than he should’ve been able to, Flitwick leapt up and flipped through the air to land gracefully on the long, narrow table.

“Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy, join me if you would,” he said.

Walking up to the table they were using as a dueling platform, Harry was pulled into a hug. He smiled when he saw it was Tonks, who gave him a wink and wished him luck. Climbing onto the table, he eyed a sneering Malfoy over Flitwick’s head.

“Now listen close gentlemen,” Flitwick said sternly. “We’ll be dueling under international rules. The duel will continue until one of you is disarmed, unconscious, or otherwise unable to intelligently defend yourself. Mr. Malfoy, are you ready?”

The blonde boy sneered arrogantly and gave a tight nod.

“Mr. Potter, are you ready?” Flitwick asked.

Harry turned to the professor and gave him a proper bow of acknowledgment. Jumping down to the floor, Flitwick waved his wand, producing a clear, dome-shaped shield to protect the audience from stray spells.

“Bow to your opponent,” he said.

Harry again gave a proper bow, while Malfoy barely nodded his head.

“On my mark,” Flitwick said as he raised his wand over his head. “One... Two...”

“Rictusempra!” Malfoy shouted.

The purple magic of the Tickling Charm leapt from his wand and flew towards Harry. The aim was off though, so Harry stood still and allowed it to sail a few inches past his head.

“Stop!” Flitwick shouted while staring at Malfoy sternly. “Mr. Malfoy, this is your first and only warning. Fail to follow my instructions again and you will be disqualified.”

Harry struggled not to smile as Malfoy scowled. Flitwick might be quite genial most of the time, but he took duels very seriously. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Snape scowling as well, while Dumbledore and McGonagall watched impassively.

“Gentlemen, on my mark,” Flitwick said. “One... two... three!”

Red sparks shot from the tips of the Charms professor’s wand.

“Rictusempra!” Malfoy shouted again.

Harry waited for the spell to reach him before batting it away with ease. While it was a skill that wasn’t taught until sixth year, it was simple enough that a first-year could pull it off. Malfoy paled slightly to see his spell swatted away like an annoying fly.

“Expelliarmus,” Harry incanted.

The bright red Disarming Charm flew at the blonde, causing his eyes to widen before he was forced to dive out of the way. While it was a complicated spell for someone in their second week of school, Harry knew he couldn’t hide his advanced knowledge forever. This would, hopefully, help get people used to him performing spells earlier than most.

Malfoy scrambled to his feet, and Harry waited for him to cast another spell. It may have looked like Gryffindor’s chivalry, but his real reason for doing so was to defeat Malfoy convincingly. He wanted to leave no doubt who was the better wizard.

“Serpentsortia!” Malfoy shouted.

Harry raised an eyebrow. He was surprised Malfoy knew that particular spell already. Unlike his second year, however, this snake wasn’t a deadly cobra, but a small and rather frightened snake with greenish-brown scales. Rather than hide being a Parselmouth, as he would have in the past, Harry decided to just get it out of the way. That, and he was curious to know if he still had the famed ability of Slytherin’s line.

*“It’s okay,”* he told the snake, causing it to look at him. *“Come here, I’ll protect you.”*

*"Thanksss,"* it hissed in return.

The entire Hall froze as the snake slithered up to Harry, who bent down and held out his arm for it to climb up. As he straightened, the small snake clinging to his left arm near his hand, he saw Malfoy staring at him, eyes wide and face a ghostly white.

"Expelliarmus," Harry said with a nonchalant flick of his wand.

Unprepared for the spell, the Disarming Charm hit Malfoy square in the chest. The Hawthorn wand was ripped from his hand and tumbled through the air towards Harry. Raising his wand arm, Harry caught the wand and felt the magic of it thrum in his hand. It would work for him, but not as well as if he had won it in an actual duel. It made him wonder just how wands knew what kind of duel they were having.

"Halt! Harry Potter of Gryffindor, is the winner!" Flitwick announced.

Fred, George, Ron, Hermione, and Tonks all cheered loudly while most of the school clapped politely, still unsure what to think of him speaking to a snake. Most of the Slytherins scowled and glared angrily at Harry for winning, then at Malfoy for losing. Smiling, Harry hopped down from the table just as Flitwick lowered the protective charm. Bowing one last time to the Charms professor, he walked up to Professor Sprout.

"Professor Sprout," he said.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?" she asked, her eyes darting to the snake peeking out from under the sleeve of his robes.

"Could you put this snake in one of the greenhouses?" Harry asked. "She's quite scared, and cold."



Her expression softened as she looked at the serpent, which was doing its best to look pitiable. Something he didn't know a snake was capable of.

"It's not venomous, is it?" Sprout asked.

Harry asked the snake, causing everyone around him to look on curiously.

"No," Harry answered. "She's not venomous."

"Well, I suppose I could put her in greenhouse one, it should be safe enough in there," Sprout told him.

"Thanks, professor," Harry said with a smile. "Hold out your hand."

A little nervously, she did as he asked. Putting his own hand near hers, the snake slithered onto Sprout and wrapped around her arm.

"Oh! Oh my," Sprout said, staring at the snake cautiously.

"*She smellss nice,*" the snake hissed.

Harry chuckled and Sprout looked at him curiously.

"She likes you," Harry told her.

"Really?" she asked in surprise, then smiled at the snake on her arm. "Well, let's see if we can find her a new home then. Congratulations on winning your duel, Mr. Potter."

"Thanks, professor," said Harry. He watched as she walked off towards the greenhouses, cautiously reaching out to pet the snake on the head.

As Harry turned around, he found Malfoy glaring at him, his cheeks pink with fury.

"Give me back my wand," he demanded.

"I believe you owe me something first," Harry said.

Shaking with rage, Malfoy took the mistress contract from his robes and threw it at Harry. After checking to make sure it wasn't a fake, Harry handed him back his wand. Ripping it from his hand, Malfoy turned and marched off stiffly.

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed, as she ran up and hugged him tightly. "You were brilliant!"

"Yeah, bloody brilliant," Ron said with a massive grin. "That git never stood a chance. How come you never told us you were a Parselmouth?"

"It's not that big a deal," Harry shrugged. "I'm sure loads of people can do it."

"No, they can't," Hermione said, biting her lip nervously. "It's really, really rare. It's-it's usually something only Dark Wizards can do."

"Nah, they're just the ones that get the most notice," Tonks said as she walked up and hugged Harry. "Great job, Har. It's about time someone shut that idiot up."

They pulled back, and Ron and Hermione were looking between the two of them curiously.

"Oh, right," Harry said. "This is Tonks. Tonks, this is Ron and Hermione."

“Wotcher,” Tonks said brightly. “Hey, wonder boy. Your future mistress looks like she wants a word with you.”

“Wonder boy?” Harry asked, shaking his head.

Following her gaze, Daphne Greengrass was indeed staring at him, her face a cold, emotionless mask.

“Guess I should go talk to her, I’ll catch you guys later, yeah?”

“Sure thing, *wonder boy*” Tonks replied, emphasizing Harry’s new nickname with a grin.

“We’ll see you in the Common Room,” Hermione said.

As his friends left, Harry made his way over to Daphne.

“We should talk,” Harry said.

Nodding stiffly, Daphne turned on her heels and stalked off to the Entrance Hall. Harry followed her down the hall to an abandoned classroom. When they were both inside, she cast an impressive Privacy Charm on the door and then turned to him.

“So, am I going to be servicing the Boy-Who-Lived from now on?” she asked bluntly.

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I’m not going to make you do anything you don’t want to.”

Daphne scoffed, “You really expect me to believe that?”

"I'm not really sure how I can prove it to you. I could destroy the contract, but then your dad could just make another one with the Malfoys. Here," Harry said, handing Daphne the contract. "You hold on to this, and if I try to use it against you, you can just burn it."

With a trembling hand, Daphne reached out and took the contract from him.

"You're serious about this," she said more than ask. "Why?"

Harry sighed, "My relatives hate me. They treat me like a House Elf. I slept in a cupboard under the stairs until I turned eleven, I did all the chores around the house since I could walk, and they fed me table scraps. I know what it's like to have your freedom taken away like that. I don't want to see that happen to anyone else if I can help it."

"I—" Daphne paused, swallowing thickly. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he told her with a small smile.

Turning, he left the room and closed the door behind him.

Two days later, Daphne spoke to him for the first time since he had given her the contract, as they left another horrible Potions class. After the duel, Snape had seemingly slipped back into his old ways, bullying Neville and docking points from non-Slytherins. Harry was lost in thought, wondering if he should use the Resurrection Stone to let his mother deal with the greasy git when Daphne caught up to him.

"Potter," she called, breaking him from his thoughts. "Can we talk? Privately?"

"Sure," he said.

Bidding his friends goodbye, Harry led her over to a painting of a rather gothic-looking set of double doors tucked away in a dim alcove. Raising his hand, he knocked seven times, although the canvas did not move under his touch. Instead, after a brief pause, the painting of the door swung open to reveal a long, narrow, dimly lit hallway. Looking over his shoulder, he smiled at a confused Daphne, then stepped into the painting. After walking several steps down the hall, he looked back to find her gawping at him in astonishment.

“Come on, it’s safe,” he said, smiling.

Tentatively, Daphne stepped into the painting, looking around in amazement. Harry resumed his walking, then stepped out of the open doors at the end and out onto the seventh floor. Daphne joined him a moment later.

“Where are we?” she asked.

“The seventh floor. There’s one of those paintings on every floor. The number of times you knock tells it what floor you want to go to,” he told her.

“That’s... impressive,” Daphne said after a moment of thought.

“Wait until you see this,” Harry grinned.

Walking a short distance over to the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy, he paced back and forth three times, summoning the Room of Requirement. After a brief pause, the familiar decorative wooden door melted out of the stone wall. Daphne looked at it with a raised brow but said nothing as Harry opened the door and led her inside. The room looked like a comfortable sitting room but lacked any specific house colors.

Shutting the door behind them, Harry turned to Daphne and waited for her to speak.

Daphne cleared her throat, looking clearly uncomfortable.

"I owe you an apology," she said as if it pained her to say it. "I thought you were just trying to humiliate Malfoy and take me for yourself in the process. I've seen that kind of behavior my whole life. The thought that you were just trying to help me just- it didn't seem possible."

"I understand," Harry said with a kind smile. "Look, I know this isn't ideal, but as far as I'm concerned, the contract doesn't exist. You're free to live your life any way you want. As soon as you're of age, you can burn it."

"Unfortunately, it's not that simple," Daphne said, looking anywhere but his eyes. "I got a letter from my father this morning. For some unfathomable reason, there's a stipulation in the contract that if you don't treat me as your mistress, you'll be in breach of contract, and he can have it nullified."

"What?" Harry exclaimed. "Why the hell would they put something like that in there to begin with?"

"He wants to make sure my children carry on the family name. It's why my father accepted a mistress contract and not a marriage contract. As a mistress, my children will carry the Greengrass name. The contract stipulates that I must have one child suitable enough to carry on the family name by the time I reach twenty-five. If you don't treat me as your mistress, it could be seen as a refusal to carry out your end of the agreement." Daphne explained.

"And he can nullify the contract and create a new one," Harry finished in disgust. "What did the Malfoys get out of it?"

"My family's seat on the Wizengamot when my father dies," Daphne said, shaking her head. "My father believes we need to carry on the family name at all costs. Since it's just me and my sister, and married witches take their husbands' names, this was the only way to stop the Greengrass name from going extinct. He also received a large amount of gold and partial ownership over several businesses that Malfoy owns."

"Oh, for fuck's sake," Harry grouched. "Alright, so what should we do?"

For some reason, his question had Daphne smiling for a moment before her face turned impassive.

“The magic of the contract will know if we’re not keeping up our end of the agreement,” she said before hesitating. “Basically, I will need to... service you, until we can destroy the contract.”

“No!” Harry barked, ignoring the flash of hurt that passed over her face. “There has to be another way. I’m not going to force you to do that.”

Daphne relaxed and gave him an amused smile.

“While I appreciate that – and truly, I do – it’s not that simple. There’s no way around it, I’ve looked,” she told him. “Besides, I’d much rather do this with you than someone like Malfoy, or whoever else my father might sell me to. You’re not forcing me to do anything. I’m perfectly willing to do this as long as I get my freedom when I become of age.”

Harry growled and began pacing back and forth angrily.

“Stupid backwards... bunch of sick perverts...” Harry muttered angrily, cursing how sick and corrupt Magical British society was.

“Are you quite finished?” Daphne asked amusedly.

“Oh, I’m just getting started,” Harry said before blowing out a breath and forcing himself to be calm. “Are you sure about this?”

“Like you said, it’s not ideal, but things could be much worse,” Daphne said, pushing a strand of long blonde hair behind her ear.

“Alright, so how do you want to do this?” Harry asked.

He felt it would be best in this situation to let her take the lead.

Daphne bit her lip thoughtfully for a moment before grabbing his hand and pulling him over to the couch. She pushed him down until he was sitting and then knelt between his legs, her hands fumbling with his belt and pants.

Harry shifted in excitement as she pulled open his pants and took out his rapidly swelling cock. Daphne stared at it in awe and fascination, her hand tentatively caressing his shaft as it grew rock hard under her touch.

“It’s... a lot bigger than I thought it would be,” she said.

Harry suppressed a smug smile and relaxed as she slowly grew more confident with fondling and stroking his cock.

“I’ve-I’ve never done this before, so tell me if I do something wrong,” said Daphne with an uncharacteristic shyness.

“You’re doing great,” Harry told her.

While he had been with women far more skilled, or perhaps experienced would be a better word, she was doing better than most for her first time.

Bolstered by his confidence, Daphne stroked him faster, her grip growing firmer. Tentatively, she scooted closer and moved her mouth closer to the head of his cock. Puckering her lips, she placed a brief, soft kiss on his engorged tip. Harry hissed and closed his eyes, his head tilting back. Over and over, Daphne kissed his head and shaft, before surprising him by licking him with her tongue. Harry groaned from the feeling, his hand coming up to run his fingers gently through her hair.



When he felt her lips wrap around his swollen, throbbing head, Harry opened his eyes to look down at her. Daphne's attention was completely focused on the pillar of hard, throbbing flesh in front of her. To him, it actually seemed as if she was enjoying herself.

Her pouty pink lips stretched wide around his flared head and then encased it fully in her hot, damp mouth as she moved lower. While her tongue was still, she kept it pressed firmly against the underside of his shaft. Daphne continued moving down until she had taken nearly a third of his considerable length before slowly pulling back. When she pulled away from his tip, a thin string of saliva connected her bottom lip to his head. She broke it by swiping her tongue across her glistening lips.

When she looked up at him with a look questioning her performance, Harry smiled, cupped her cheeks, and bent forward to give her a short but meaningful kiss.

"You're doing great," he told her in a quiet, sincere voice.

Daphne's bright blue eyes sparkled as he sat back. Without any hesitation, she took him back into her mouth and moved with a newfound confidence bordering on passion. Her head bobbed fast, going slightly deeper with each descent. Harry hissed in pleasure when she suddenly sucked as she pulled back up his shaft, stopping just short of pulling off completely.

Now, she looked up at him, her pale blue eyes locked with his as her head continued to move. Daphne moved slowly yet sensuously, as if she enjoyed extracting every gasp, hiss, and groan from his lips. Starting from the tip, she pushed down as far as she could, until his bloated head nudged the entrance of her throat. She gagged but pulled back just a bit before sucking back up to the tip and pulling off with a pop.

With a smug little smirk, she licked the entire length of his shaft before taking him back into her mouth. Now, she added her tongue, alternating between slathering his shaft on the way down and sucking hard on the way back up. Harry's hips bucked slightly out of reflex, desperate to keep himself inside her incredible mouth. Through a combination of her improved technique, and vigorously stroking the part of his length her mouth couldn't reach, Daphne was rapidly driving him towards his peak.

"I'm close," Harry groaned through gritted teeth.

Daphne pulled her mouth off of him and continued stroking his shaft as she looked at his glistening, throbbing cock thoughtfully. Just when Harry thought he couldn't take it anymore, Daphne descended back down on his length and bobbed vigorously, her hand pumping him with short quick strokes. Harry gasped and threw back his head, his eyes shut tight as she drove him over the edge.

"Daphne," he grunted in a final warning.

Whether she understood it or not, there was no holding back for him now. Harry gasped, his body tensing and trembling as he reached a thunderous climax. His cock pulsated in her mouth, depositing a thick stream of cum along her tongue with each powerful throb. Daphne flinched slightly as the first jet struck the roof of her mouth but stayed in place and milked out the rest of his orgasm. By the time his climax had waned, her mouth was full of his cum and his body sagged as he basked in the momentary euphoria.

To his utter shock, Daphne Greengrass, the Ice Queen of Slytherin, swallowed every drop he gave her with a smug smirk on her face.

"Bloody hell," Harry panted.

"You know, this might be a lot more fun than I originally thought," Daphne said as she stood and fixed her clothes. "I have to go study with Tracey. I'll see you later, Potter."

"It's Harry!" he yelled out just as she left the room.

Clearing his head, Harry fixed his pants and stood. He and Daphne were definitely going to need to have a much longer conversation soon. Still, things had gone a lot better than expected.

### Chapter 3

Life was odd, Harry reflected. He was sitting at the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall, absently listening to Tonks and Daphne talking about his bedroom prowess while Hermione blushed enough to put a Weasley to shame. How the two girls with completely different personalities had become such fast friends, he had no idea. Not that he was complaining, of course. He considered it a good thing that his new mistress was getting along with his friend with benefits; and wasn't that a strange thought he never thought he'd have.

"Hey, do you think he could use Parseltongue while going down on us? I bet his tongue does some absolutely mental stuff," Tonks said thoughtfully.

Harry rolled his eyes and tuned out Daphne's answer while Lavender and Parvati not so subtly leaned closer to listen in.

"What classes do we have today?" he asked Hermione.

Refusing to meet his eyes, Hermione nevertheless seemed grateful for the distraction as she dug through her bag for her timetable, despite the fact he was sure she had already memorized it.

"Flying lessons, followed by History of Magic, then double Charms," she told him.

"Flying," Harry said with a smile as he perked up.

It had been over a year and a half since the last time he rode a broom, and he couldn't think of a better way to relieve some stress. He wondered if things would go the same way as last time and he would end up on the Quidditch team again. It would be great to get back together with his old teammates, he thought. Hopefully, this time, he could manage it without Neville breaking his wrist.

In his excitement, time seemed to drag on, but the bell did eventually ring. Standing from the table, Tonks bid them farewell and gave Harry a quick hug as they parted ways. When they got out on the grounds between the pitch and the castle, Daphne kissed him on the cheek before joining Tracey and the rest of her housemates for class. Some glared at her, but they stayed quiet, including Malfoy. Daphne had told him that, while Malfoy and his friends were angry, they were too scared after his resounding defeat at Harry's hands to do anything about it. Fortunately, most of her other housemates were staying out of it for the time being.

As Madam Hooch instructed them to stand next to their brooms, Harry glanced over at his classmates. With a more experienced eye than last time, Harry quickly spotted the bent bristles and worn shaft on Neville's broom. Even an experienced flyer would have trouble controlling a broom in that condition.

"Hold your hand over your broom and say up!" Madam Hooch called out.

Watching his classmates struggle to get their brooms to respond, Harry decided to just keep an eye on Neville. He was just a few feet to his left, so he could reach out and help him when he needed it.

"Up!" Harry said.

His broom obediently snapped into his hand and thrummed under his finger. Harry smiled at the familiar feeling. Even though the broom was old and worn, he'd gotten one of the better ones. Under his touch, it felt as eager to be in the air as he did.

"Mount your brooms!" Madam Hooch yelled. "When I blow my whistle, I want you to kick off the ground, hover for a moment, and then land. Ready?"

After a short pause, she blew her whistle, and everyone hovered just a few inches off the ground. Everyone except Neville. Seeing the broom rise uncontrollably, Harry flew closer and grabbed the broom with one hand.

“Easy, Neville,” he said. “Relax your grip and lean forward a bit.”

In his fear, Neville had grabbed the broom in a death grip and slipped backwards as the handle rose, pushing it further upwards. Under Harry’s guidance, Neville began to drift back towards the ground. Shaking, Neville dropped the broom the moment his feet touched the ground.

“Excellent job, Mr. Potter,” Madam Hooch said as she approached. “Take ten points for Gryffindor.”

Bending over, she picked up the broom and examined it closely.

“I think this broom is on its last legs,” she said with a sigh. “If this keeps up, I won’t have enough brooms for everyone next year. Ms. Granger, would you mind sharing your broom with Mr. Longbottom for the rest of class?”

“Not at all, Professor,” Hermione said amenably.

As the professor walked away, the beginnings of a plan began to form in Harry’s mind. Madam Hooch spent another half an hour going over the basics before she finally let them take to the air.

The moment she blew the whistle, Harry took off like a shot and rocketed around the grounds. A beaming grin stretched across his face as the wind whipped by his face as he rolled, looped, and turned through the air. Malfoy tried to keep up with him at first, but Harry’s years of experience meant he quickly left his blond rival behind.

After flying by himself for a while, he decided to loop back and check on his friends. Daphne and Tracey were flying around in slow circles about fifty feet up, while Hermione and Neville stayed much closer to the ground. Both of them looked absolutely terrified to go higher than a few feet off the ground. After a moment’s deliberation, Harry decided to fly over to Daphne before going down to help Hermione and Neville.

Just as he neared the two girls, he caught sight of a black blur shooting towards him. Turning his head, he spotted Malfoy rocketing towards him with a malicious grin on his face. Yanking on his broom, Harry rolled up and over him just before they collided. As he righted himself with a smug smirk at spoiling Malfoy's plan to knock him off his broom, he watched in horror as Malfoy failed to slow down in time and plowed into Tracey. The thin, dark-skinned witch was thrown from her broom and plummeted towards the ground while Malfoy, who jerked to a sudden stop from the impact, flipped over the front of his broom and hung on by his fingertips.

Ignoring Malfoy as he clung fearfully to his broom, Harry rolled over and streaked after Tracey. She'd been close to the castle wall, and Harry zipped past the stone wall and windows at an alarming speed. Tracey flailed her arms and legs, staring at him with absolute terror in her eyes as she let out a long, high-pitched scream.

Pushing his magic into the wood beneath his hands like it was a wand, Harry pushed the old, worn broom well past what it should have been capable of. With that burst of speed, he caught up to Tracey and pulled her onto his broom. Tracy scrambled frantically, wrapping her arms and legs around him while burying her face in the crook of his neck. Pulling his broom upwards, Harry tried his best to slow their descent, something made more difficult when Tracey's long, dark hair blocked his view of the ground. Pushing the broom forward and turning in slow circles, he flew in a corkscrew, trying to stay in the air as long as possible to lose as much speed as he could.

By the time they reached the ground, Harry touched down softly with Tracey still clinging to him. She trembled against him and seemed to have no intention of letting go, even after her feet touched the ground.

"It's alright, you're safe," Harry said reassuringly while rubbing her back.

Around them, their classmates landed and swarmed around them. Daphne landed first and dropped her broom to sprint over to them.

"Tracey! Are you alright?" she asked worriedly.

Slowly, Tracey loosened her grip on Harry and nodded.

“I’m alright, my ribs kind of hurt though,” she said.

Just as Hermione and Neville ran up to them, a shaken-looking Malfoy landed several feet away. With a furious look, Daphne stomped up to him. Harry watched her closely as Madam Hooch pulled Tracey away from him and started looking her over for injuries.

“You despicable little bastard!” Daphne yelled.

Malfoy straightened himself up and opened his mouth to say something, only to have it hang open soundlessly when Daphne kned him in the groin viciously. Malfoy’s eyes bugged out and a whimper finally left his mouth as he dropped to his knees. Every boy in the courtyard groaned and covered their groins in sympathy for the pain, though not his plight.

“Ms. Greengrass, that’s enough!” Madam Hooch yelled, walking over to them. “Five points for striking another student.”

Groaning, Malfoy climbed back to his feet, glaring at the Flying Instructor.

“Five points?” he asked incredulously, his voice an octave higher than usual.

“You should be much more worried about your own punishment, Mr. Malfoy” Hooch told him warningly. “I saw the whole thing. You deliberately tried to ram Mr. Potter and knocked Ms. Davis off her broom. You’re lucky Mr. Potter saved her, or I would have you expelled tonight!”

“My father-“

“Would have no say,” Madam Hooch growled. “I’m taking you to the Headmaster, he can decide your punishment. Class Dismissed! Ms. Greengrass, could you take Ms. Davis to the Infirmary and make sure she’s treated?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Daphne said.

Giving Malfoy one last cold glare, she turned and walked back over to Harry and Tracey. Clutching her ribs gingerly, Tracey let Harry and Daphne guide her back to the castle. Seeing Hermione and Neville look at him unsurely, he waved them over. Looking relieved, they joined the group as they headed to the Hospital Wing.

Madam Pomfrey met them at the door and ushered Tracey to a bed before examining her with her wand.

“Three bruised ribs and a partial fracture of a fourth,” Pomfrey proclaimed. “Not to worry dear, I’ll have you fixed in a jiffy.”

While she pulled a privacy screen around the bed to treat Tracey, Daphne, Hermione, and Neville took seats on a nearby bed. Before Harry could join them, Professor McGonagall entered, followed closely by a confused looking Oliver Wood.

“Potter, this is Oliver Wood, captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team,” McGonagall introduced him before turning back to Oliver with an excited gleam in her eyes. “Wood, I believe I’ve found you a Seeker.”

And once again, Harry became the youngest Seeker in a century. Just as he finished making plans to meet Oliver on the pitch the following evening, Tracey stepped out from behind the screen with Madam Pomfrey, completely healed. She walked straight up to Harry and hugged him.

“Thank you,” Tracey said softly before pulling back. “You saved my life.”



“Don’t mention it,” Harry said with a smile.

“Speaking of which,” McGonagall interjected, “Mr. Potter, for selflessly risking severe injury to save a fellow student, I award Gryffindor fifty points.”

“Thanks, professor,” Harry said a bit shyly.

Nodding, Professor McGonagall left with Oliver as they talked excitedly about their chances at winning the Quidditch cup. Harry and his group left soon after and headed to the Great Hall for lunch. As class had been cut short, they were a bit early for lunch. With the Hall empty, everyone sat down at the Gryffindor table, except Harry.

“I’ll be back in a little while,” Harry said. “I need to go talk to Dumbledore about something.”

“Harry, you shouldn’t bother the headmaster,” Hermione admonished him. “I’m sure that Malfoy will be punished.”

Harry doubted Malfoy would see the punishment he should. Dumbledore was far too lenient in his opinion. He understood why, but that didn’t mean he had to agree with it. Besides, he wasn’t worried about Malfoy. If he wanted to try something, Harry would be more than happy to take care of it himself.

“It’s not about that,” Harry told her. “I’ll see you guys in a bit.”

Before Hermione could object again, Harry turned and left. Making his way to the second floor, he stopped in front of the Gargoyle guarding the entrance to the headmaster’s office. Curiously, it leapt aside before he could give it the password. Shrugging it off for the moment, he rode the revolving stairs up and knocked on the door.

“Enter!” Dumbledore called out.

Harry walked in and closed the door behind him. Aside from Dumbledore, who was seated at his desk, and Fawkes on his perch, the office was empty. He wasn't sure whether to be relieved or disappointed that Malfoy had left. It was probably for the best, he decided, as Snape would likely have been there as well.

"Ah, Harry," Dumbledore said, greeting him with a small smile. "I'm guessing you're here about Mr. Malfoy."

"Partly," Harry said, taking a seat across from him and helping himself to a Ginger Snap from the bowl of sweets on the desk.

"Normally, I would not discuss the punishment of another student. However, given your involvement, and the fact the whole school will likely know by the end of the day, I will tell you that he has lost a significant number of house points and will serve detention with Professor Snape for the next week." Dumbledore explained.

"We both know Snape will let him off light. You do realize he could have killed Tracey Davis, right?" Harry asked.

"That's Professor Snape and-"

"And that man is directly responsible for the death of my parents," Harry said firmly. "The only reason he switched sides is because my mother was killed, he would have been perfectly fine letting Voldemort kill me, my father, or some other family, like the Longbottoms. He may have earned your forgiveness professor, but he has not earned mine."

Dumbledore's bright blue eyes bored into his over the top of his half-moon glasses for a long moment. Harry met his look evenly until the old man sighed and his shoulders hunched.

"It's easy to forget that you're far older than you look," he said with a shake of his head. "Very well, I shall let the matter drop. Back to Mr. Malfoy, what he did was certainly wrong, but no one was seriously injured, and I have no proof that it was not an accident, as he has claimed,

even though we both know otherwise. Draco is the product of his upbringing, and it is my hope that Severus, as someone he respects, will be able to guide him into making better choices.”

Harry sighed and leaned back in his chair. While he strongly disagreed, Dumbledore was too set in his ways to change his mind easily. Harry was confident he could deal with things better by himself later, so he let it go for the time being.

“Fine,” Harry said. “Anyways, I had two other things I wanted to talk to you about.”

“By all means,” Dumbledore said.

“The first is Sirius Black, he’s innocent,” Harry said, causing the old man’s bushy eyebrows to shoot up to his hairline.

While he’d told Dumbledore about most of his life, he hadn’t gotten to everything yet. For the next fifteen minutes, he explained how the Marauders became Animagi, with the exception of Remus, how Peter was the Secret Keeper and betrayed his parents, then framed Sirius. Dumbledore aged before his eyes as he learned an innocent man had been sentenced to prison for over a decade.

“Assuming all of that is true, and I believe it is, it will be exceedingly difficult to prove his innocence,” Dumbledore said.

“What if I could give you Peter Pettigrew?” Harry asked with a grin.

“You know where to find him?” Dumbledore asked.

“He’s hiding as Ronald Weasley’s rat, Scabbers,” Harry told him.

“That would certainly work,” Dumbledore agreed, looking up as he stroked his beard. “I will need a few days to talk to some people at the Ministry before we try anything. We’ll need the right people in place to make sure Cornelius doesn’t do anything foolish.”

While he didn’t like it, Harry agreed with a nod.

“What was the other thing you wanted to talk about?” he asked.

“Oh, right. I need permission to leave the school for about half an hour. You know, save me the trouble of sneaking out.” Harry said with a grin, causing Dumbledore to raise an eyebrow once again.

It took a few minutes of convincing, but the headmaster agreed to let him go – on the condition that he had an escort. Harry didn’t like it, but he had to admit it would look bad if he was found out of the castle by himself with the headmaster’s permission. Fortunately, Hagrid was the only one free to go with him. Harry smiled when he watched the Half-Giant try and squeeze himself into the Floo.

Half an hour later, Harry returned to the Great Hall with just enough time to eat. Harry was intentionally vague when his friends asked him what took so long. Just before lunch ended, an Owl with a long, thin package landed in front of Harry. There was no disguising what it was, so Harry unwrapped it to find a Nimbus Two Thousand inside. Looking up at the head table, he grinned at McGonagall who gave just the hint of a smile before looking away.

“Harry, first years aren’t allowed to have brooms,” Hermione told him admonishingly.

He needed to work on getting her to loosen up, Harry decided. He’d forgotten how bossy she could be at this age. It made him miss the Hermione of his time more and more, and he wanted to have that relationship back.

“There’s an exception if he’s on the Quidditch team, Hermione,” Neville said in his defense.

“You can’t expect him to play on those school brooms. You saw how bad they were.”

Harry grinned as, at that moment, thirty owls carrying similar packages to the one Harry had received flew into the Great Hall and aimed for the Head Table. Madam Hooch looked stunned as they dropped their packages one by one in front of her. Finally, the last one landed on the table, this one with a scroll attached. Like all good flying addicts, she opened the package first and gasped when she found a brand new Cleansweep Seven. While not as good as his Nimbus, they were still good for Quidditch, yet stable enough for a beginner to learn on.

Madam Hooch picked up the scroll as the mutters and whispering broke out throughout the Hall. Her eyes widened and she looked up at him completely speechless. Raising his goblet, Harry winked at her, and only his close friends noticed the gesture.

“Harry, you did that?” Hermione asked quietly.

“Those old brooms were going to get someone seriously hurt, and it will make Quidditch more about talent than what broom your family can afford,” Harry said with a shrug. “My parents left me a ton of money, I figured I should share the wealth a bit.”

Hermione nodded, looking much less put out with him now.

The new brooms, and speculation as to who bought them, were the talk of the school for the rest of the day. Every team, with the exception of the Slytherins, was excited about having a more level playing field. Hermione, meanwhile, looked at him differently. Like he was a puzzle to be solved. He wasn't sure what was bothering her, but he knew she would talk to him about it when she was ready. For now, he just pretended he didn't notice anything and treated her as he normally would.

At the end of a tortuously long Charms class, where Harry was forced to go over spells he'd mastered years ago, Daphne slipped him a note asking him to meet her in the Room of Requirement after dinner. That significantly brightened his mood.

During dinner, Harry sat next to Hermione and Neville, struggling not to laugh at the ridiculous theories Ron and Seamus had regarding who had sent the school new brooms. Ron thought a

professional Quidditch team, most likely the Cannons had heard about Harry's daring dive and sent them, while Seamus argued they came straight from the broom company so students would be more likely to buy them in the future.

"Why don't you tell them?" Hermione asked in a whisper as she leaned close.

Harry shrugged in response. He didn't really care if people knew or not. It was more so that he didn't want to tell them himself because it felt too much like bragging. The truth would come out eventually, he was sure. Things like that didn't stay secret for long at Hogwarts.

"Do you want to go to the library and study after dinner?" she asked in a normal voice, addressing both him and Neville.

"Oh, um, sure," Neville agreed nervously. "I don't want to hold you back though."

"You won't," Hermione assured him kindly. "You've been doing a lot better in class since you got your new wand, haven't you?"

"Erm, yeah, it's helped a lot," he admitted. "Gran wasn't too happy. She wanted me to use my dad's wand, but Professor McGonagall convinced her it would only hold me back. I'm a bit shocked she agreed really, Gran never changes her mind. Thanks for that, Harry. Professor McGonagall said you were the one that talked to her."

"Anytime, mate," Harry said with a smile as Hermione's head spun to look at him in surprise, her bushy hair whipping around her face. "I know what it's like to be compared to your parents. No matter what your gran says, you don't need to be exactly like them, just do your best to make them proud."

Neville nodded and looked down at his plate, picking at his food. Harry saw Hermione looking at him curiously, and he knew what she was about to ask. Grabbing her arm to get her attention, Harry shook his head subtly. Thankfully, she got the message and let the matter drop, for now.

“Are you coming to the library with us, Harry?” she asked instead.

“Sorry, no. I’m meeting up with Daphne tonight,” he told her.

He smiled as she blushed and looked away. After the conversation between Daphne and Tonks at breakfast, her mind went straight to the gutter. She was probably right, Harry thought.

“You really should study more, Harry. You don’t want to fall behind,” Hermione said disapprovingly.

“I’ll be fine, Hermione,” he told her with a smile. “How about we study tomorrow night?”

“Okay,” she agreed, looking mollified.

After he finished eating, Harry excused himself and moved over to the Hufflepuff table. He sat down next to Tonks and talked with her and her friends, along with Susan Bones and Hannah Abbot who were across from them. Tonks, being in her OWL year, was already loaded down with homework but made him promise to spend time with her during the weekend. Something he easily agreed to.

Once dinner ended, he said goodbye to his friends and looked around for Daphne. When he didn’t see her, he made his way up to the seventh floor. Tonks gave him a wink as he left, likely knowing where he was going, and who he was meeting. It still surprised him that she and Daphne were so cool about the whole thing. He didn’t remember girls being like that the first time around. Then again, he’d had bigger things than girls on his mind at the time.

When he reached the Room of Requirement, the door appeared as he approached, telling him that Daphne was already there. That was proven true when he walked in to find her waiting for him, along with someone else. The room was configured with a couch in front of a fireplace, and a large bed off to the side, all in Slytherin colors.

“Hey Daphne, Tracey,” he greeted them.

Daphne smiled and waved him over, while Tracey looked nervous.

“Alright, Tracey?” he asked while taking a seat on the couch between her and Daphne.

“I’m fine,” she replied with a forced smile. “Thanks again for saving me. I thought for sure I was dead.”

“Don’t mention it,” he said with a smile. “It was partially my fault anyways. Malfoy was aiming for me.”

“I can’t believe he only lost fifty points and got a week’s detention,” Daphne said angrily.

“I’ll talk to the Weasley twins and see if they can come up with a more appropriate punishment,” Harry said with a grin.

“The little shit should be expelled,” she replied angrily, then sighed, “but I suppose it will have to do.”

“Can’t we just kill him?” Tracey asked with a pout.

Harry and Daphne chuckled at her pleading look.

“Unfortunately, no,” Daphne said. “Anyways, there are certain things I’d rather spend my night doing instead of complaining about Malfoy.”



Raising an eyebrow at the blonde, Harry's eyes darted over to Tracey, looking at her askance. Daphne smirked.

"Tracey wanted to give you a proper thank you for saving her," Daphne explained.

"Daphne!" Tracey exclaimed embarrassedly.

"Really?" Harry asked, looking over at the dark-skinned witch with long black hair and a curvy figure.

When she didn't reply and refused to meet his eye, Harry smiled mischievously before scooping her up and sitting her across his lap. Tracey gasped and looked up at him just in time for his lips to meet hers. Moaning in surprise, she froze for a couple of seconds before relaxing and returning the kiss. When they broke apart several seconds later, Tracey panted breathlessly, her eyes glazed over. It wasn't until Daphne laughed at the look on her friend's face that she snapped out of it.

"I told you he was good," Daphne said smugly before turning to Harry. "Take care of Tracey first, I'll come join you later."

With that said, she kissed him heatedly, before moving over to a chair facing the bed. Tracey looked at him nervously as he stood up and carried her bridal style over to the bed.

"You know you don't have to do this if you don't want to," Harry told her.

"No, I want to, it's just, uh, I've never..." Tracey said, trailing off embarrassedly.

"Just relax," he told her with a smile as he set her down on the bed and undid her green and silver tie.

With her tie undone, he used it to pull her in for a kiss before sliding it off her neck and tossing it to the floor. Tracey moaned into his mouth and wrapped her arms around his shoulders while Harry started popping open the buttons of her crisp, white shirt. When he opened her shirt, he rested his hands on her bare waist. While he wanted to see what she looked like under her robes, he was more concerned with getting her to relax, and their kiss seemed to be helping her do just that. Sliding his hands across her warm, smooth skin, he traced the edge of her silky bra with his thumbs. With trembling hands, Tracey slid her hands down to his collar and pulled off his tie before working on the buttons of his shirt. Her fumbling fingers took longer to accomplish what he had done in seconds, her nervousness evident.

When his shirt was open and her hands ran over his chest, Harry finally pulled back. Both of them panted lightly as he stared into her eyes for a moment before allowing his gaze to drift down over her body. The first thing he spotted was her dark purple bra, and the moderate-sized breasts hidden underneath. The bra looked a size too small, causing the tops of her chocolate-colored breasts to bulge out over the fabric enticingly. Lower down, her waist narrowed noticeably before flaring back out at the hips. After spending a long moment to take in the arousing sight of her half-naked torso, he looked back up to her face, only to find her staring hungrily at his toned chest and abs.

Smiling, Harry shrugged off his shirt. Placing his hands on her hips, he stepped between her legs and pressed his erection against her mound, the motion causing her heavy skirt to ride further up her thick, smooth thighs. Tracey looked up at him with nervous anticipation as his hands glided up her back to the clasp of her bra. There was a noticeable hitch in her breath as he popped it open with practiced ease. Her breathing trembled when he hooked the shoulder straps and pulled them down her arms and tossed the garment aside, his eyes still locked on hers.

Instinctively, her hands moved to cover her chest, but Harry caught her wrists and gently moved them to his hips. Grabbing her waist, he pulled her forward, grinding his straining erection against her mound. Tracey gasped before closing her eyes and letting out a soft moan. With her distracted, he finally looked down at her chest. Full, perky breasts with wide areolas and dark nipples hardened with arousal met his gaze.

Slowly, Harry slid his hands up her sides and gently cupped her breasts, the soft, warm globes more than filling his hands. He looked back up to meet her nervous eyes just as his thumb brushed over her stiff nipple, causing her to bite her lip and inhale sharply through her nose.

“You’re gorgeous,” Harry told her softly.

Tracey’s shoulders visibly relaxed as she smiled shyly, but happily. Returning the smile, Harry leaned forward and kissed her again while his hand continued to caress her breasts. Squeezing her nipple a bit more firmly, he drew another moan from her lips while his other hand moved down to her skirt. Popping open the button, he pulled down the zipper.

Breaking the kiss, Harry took half a step back and tugged on her skirt. Though she still looked nervous, Tracey lifted her hips so he could pull it down her legs. As he drank in the sight of her mostly naked body, he took the time to pull off her shoes and socks.

Bending down, Harry kissed the inside of her knee and slowly kissed his way up her full thigh. Panting excitedly, Tracey parted her legs without thought as he moved towards her matching, dark purple panties. Pushing her legs open just a bit more, he kissed around the edge of her panties, the scent of her arousal filling his nostrils with each breath. After teasing her by kissing around both sides, Harry finally placed a firm kiss directly over her clit. Tracey gasped and bucked her hips, her hands gripping the bedding tightly.

Slipping his fingers under the waistband of her panties, Harry tugged them down until she lifted her hips obligingly. Quickly, he pulled them off her legs and tossed them to the floor. He only got a brief glimpse of her incredible, full rear before it was hidden underneath her again. Unlike Daphne, Tracey’s mound wasn’t bare. She had a small strip of dark, curly hair just above her slit. Meeting her wide-eyed stare, Harry smiled before kissing his way back up her full, toned thigh.

Again, he spent a little while teasing her before he finally kissed her bare folds. Moaning, Tracey leaned back on her arms while Harry ran his tongue up and down between her damp lips. Trailing his tongue up to her clit, he had just wrapped his lips around the hooded nub and given it a light suck when Tracey came suddenly. Collapsing backwards onto the bed, she moaned and gasped as Harry continued to pleasure her through her climax. It wasn’t until she pushed his head away that he finally stopped.

He smirked as he watched her breasts jiggle as she panted heavily. While she recovered, he took off his pants and freed his raging erection. Behind him, he heard Daphne giggle as his cock

bounced free and juttred out in front of him. Looking over, he found her naked in the chair she was sitting in, her legs splayed open as she slouched back and fingered herself languidly. Harry's cock throbbed at the sight.

Turing back to Tracey, Harry stepped between her bent legs and laid his shaft down on top of her wet slit. At the feeling, the dark-skinned witch looked up and went wide-eyed at the sight of his impressive cock resting on top of her tight lips. Dragging his swollen head through her folds, and drawing a moan from her lips, Harry ran it up and down, soaking it in her arousal, before placing himself at her entrance.

Looking up at her face, he waited for her to nod nervously before pushing in slowly.

"Oh fuck!" Tracey gasped.

Slowly and patiently, Harry eased into her grasping depths. Tracey closed her eyes, letting out a series of gasps and moans as he gradually sank into her. When he was buried to the hilt, he gave her the time she needed to adjust to being filled for the first time. When he felt her relax around him, Harry pulled back and gave a gentle thrust. Tracey moaned in response, showing no signs of pain, or even discomfort.

Smiling, Harry began moving, gradually increasing his pace and depth with each thrust. Leaning over her slightly, he reached up and cupped one of her bouncing breasts. A minute later, he felt the mattress dip as Daphne crawled up onto the bed next to her moaning friend. Harry stared at her round bum appreciatively before she laid down on her side next to Tracey.

"I told you it was worth giving him a chance," Daphne told her with a smirk, her hand reaching out to cup Tracey's free breast before looking up at Harry. "Tracey's only ever been interested in witches until she met you."

Smirking up at him, Daphne leaned over and kissed Tracey on the lips. Harry's eyes widened and his cock throbbed excitedly. Breaking the kiss, Daphne gave him a sultry look as she trailed her pale hand over Tracey's dark skin. Spreading her middle and index fingers out in a V shape, she rubbed the outside of Tracey's stretched lips and began bumping into her clit.

“As your mistress, I need your permission to keep sleeping with Tracey. Since you’ve been so good to me, I figured I might as well share,” Daphne said with a smirk. “Tracey finally agreed after you saved her today.”

“You didn’t have to bribe me,” Harry said, rolling his eyes with a smile. “Not that I’m complaining, of course. You have my permission to have sex with anyone you want.”

Beaming at him, Daphne sat up, straddled Tracey’s stomach on her knees, and kissed Harry heatedly. He groped both of her breasts and smiled at her as she pulled back. Winking at him, she spun around and laid on top of Tracey with her ass jutting out towards him invitingly.

“How’s it feel Tracy?” Daphne asked.

“You were right,” Tracey gasped. “It feels so fucking good.”

Tracey broke off into a moan that was quickly silenced when Daphne captured her lips. The sight made Harry unconsciously thrust into Tracey harder, rocking her back and forth slightly under Daphne. Giving Daphne’s swaying ass a playful swat, Harry jerked his head to the side, motioning her off of Tracey. With a raised eyebrow, she rolled off to the left.

Pulling out of Tracey’s gripping depths, Harry’s glistening cock popped free of her tight lips. Grabbing her wide hips, she rolled her over onto her stomach. Daphne and Tonks had great asses, but Tracey’s was divine. Gripping her luscious cheeks, he sank back into her depths and plowed into her even harder by using his grip on her incredible ass for leverage. Tracey clawed at the bedding and moaned wantonly; her eyes clamped shut as her walls fluttered around him.

Daphne laughed while kneeling next to him so she could watch his thick cock ravage her friend’s delicate pink insides.

“She does have a great arse, doesn’t she?” Daphne asked.

“Definitely,” Harry panted.

Raising his hand, he gave one of her bubbly cheeks a light smack. Tracey moaned whorishly and bucked back against him. Grinning, Harry spread her cheeks apart and ran his thumb over her crinkled hole. With a loud gasp, Tracey tightened around his thrusting length and bucked back against him even harder.

“Someone liked that,” Daphne teased her, running her hand over her friend’s back.

Running his thumb along her slit to dampen it in her arousal, Harry moved it back up and pressed it against her back entrance. Rubbing in circles drove Tracey wild, causing her to slam back against him and her walls to flutter around his cock. Feeling her tightness driving him towards his peak, Harry pushed the tip of his thumb into her. With a shriek, Tracey came thunderously, her walls squeezing him so tightly he could barely move.

“Whoa,” Daphne said as she watched Tracey splatter his abdomen with gushes of her arousal.

With just a few more thrusts, Harry tipped over the edge and flooded Tracey’s depths. Collapsing onto her back, he jerked his hips with each pulse of his cock as he filled her to the point of leaking. As they both lay panting on the mattress, he kissed and sucked the side of her neck, intent on leaving a mark.

When he finally pulled out of her, Daphne immediately grabbed his deflating length and took it into her mouth. It would be another hour before she was done with him.

Half an hour after that, the girls headed back to the Slytherin dorms for the night with satisfied smiles on their faces. Harry relaxed in the bed with a smile of his own for a bit longer, before finally heading back to Gryffindor Tower.

The early weeks of Harry's first year seemed to fly by. To him, it felt like they went from celebrating Hermione's eighteenth birthday to the end of October in the blink of an eye. It was also startling how different his life was after only a few small changes. He was friends with people he had barely known the first time around, even after going to school with them for six years.

More than once, he'd spent the night thinking about his decisions. Because of his friendship with Daphne and Tracey, two Slytherin girls, Ron spent less time with him, and Hermione didn't seem to know what to think. Tonks came around once in a while, but being in her OWL year, most of her time was taken up with studying.

Often, Harry would question whether he was doing the right thing by changing the future. The memory of seeing the bodies of his friends and classmates laid out in the middle of the Great Hall told him it was the right thing to do, but he couldn't help but wonder if he was only making things worse in the long run. It was hard to imagine how, but the thought stayed with him day and night.

That question grew even stronger as he woke up on October 31<sup>st</sup>. Harry questioned if events would play out the same as they had before, and he questioned even more if he should let them. In the end, he decided to let things unfold naturally. It was a hard choice to make, but this was one of the defining moments of his life. Tonight would bring him and his two closest friends back together. Maybe it was a selfish decision, he admitted, but it was one he thought Ron and Hermione would forgive him for.

Leaving his still-snoring dormmates, Harry got dressed and headed down to breakfast. The Great Hall was already decorated with floating jack-o-lanterns in place of the usual candles, and Transfigured bats flew around the rafters.

Though the day was the same, everything felt so different that he wondered if history would repeat itself after all. His broom had come earlier than it had last time, he'd already foiled Malfoy's plan to have Filch catch him out after curfew, and without their adventure to the third-floor corridor, there was no reason for Hermione to be angry at him. Harry's gut twisted at the thought of losing his two best friends because of his decision to change the past.

By the time they made it to Charms, Harry's nervousness was at its peak. Once again, he was paired with Seamus, while Ron was paired with Hermione. He remembered being relieved to be partnered with Seamus over Neville in his first experience, but Neville was doing much better with his new wand now, and Seamus still had a tendency to produce explosive results when miscasting a spell.

Even after all of the changes Harry had made, it seemed there was one thing that would never change: Ron and Hermione's love of bickering. He had to fight not to smile as Hermione tried to correct Ron in an admittedly condescending and bossy manner, while Ron snapped back at her.

"Fine!" Ron nearly shouted, having reached his boiling point. "If it's so simple, you do it!"

Hermione huffed and aimed her wand at the feather sitting on their shared desk.

"Wingardium Leviosa," she said.

The feather rose smoothly off the desk and drifted up towards the ceiling.

"Oh, well done Ms. Granger. Well Done. Five points to Gryffindor," Professor Flitwick cheered.

Hermione beamed with pride while Ron slapped his wand down on the desk and folded his arms angrily. Internally, Harry cheered. Unfortunately, he was so focused on Ron and Hermione that he didn't notice Seamus' increasingly sloppy casting. He jumped at the loud bang and looked over to see Seamus with a blackened face and singed hair as their burned feather fluttered to the floor.

"I think we're going to need another feather over here, professor," Harry deadpanned.



Hermione sat back with a small, smug smile, while Ron slouched forward and fumed silently, his ears glowing red. When the class was finished, he quickly caught up with Harry and Seamus to complain.

“No wonder she hasn’t got any friends,” Ron said. “She’s a nightmare, honestly.”

Harry felt someone push between them, and Ron grunted as an elbow was driven sharply into his ribs. Hermione knocked them out of the way as she strode past, tears in her eyes.

“I think she heard you,” Harry said sadly.

“So,” Ron said, looking slightly guilty. “It’s true, isn’t it?”

Just like last time, Hermione skipped their next class. On their way to the Great Hall, they heard Parvati tell Lavender that she was crying in the girls’ bathroom and wanted to be left alone. Ron looked even more awkward at that, but he soon forgot about it when presented with the Halloween feast. Harry, on the other hand, was filled with too much nervous anticipation to be distracted.

Almost as soon as they reached for the food, Professor Quirrell burst into the Great Hall.

“Troll-in the dungeon-thought you ought to know,” he panted before collapsing to the ground.

In hindsight, it was rather poor acting, Harry thought while his classmates panicked. As Dumbledore ordered the prefects to take the students to their common rooms, Harry grabbed Ron by the arm.

“Ron, Hermione,” he said.

“What about her?” Ron asked.

“She doesn’t know about the Troll,” Harry said. “Come on.”

Ron showed a moment of indecision, then nodded. The two of them broke off from the mass of students flooding out of the Great Hall and raced through the halls to the girls’ bathroom on the first floor.

This time, because Harry knew where they were going, they got there before the Troll. Ron stopped at the door nervously, but Harry blew past him and shouldered the door open roughly. At the sound of his entry, Hermione and – surprisingly – Susan Bones, looked at him from where they stood at the sinks.

“Harry! What are you doing?” Hermione asked, then glared when she spotted Ron creeping in the door and looking around curiously. “What are *you* doing here?”

“No time,” Harry said quickly. “We need to go, there’s a Troll in the school.”

“What?” Susan gasped.

“That’s not funny, Harry,” Hermione said sternly. “There’s no way a Troll could-“

The door to the bathroom exploded inwards, hitting one of the stalls. Susan screamed in fright, while Hermione paled, and Ron whimpered. Ducking down, the massive Troll, club in hand, squeezed its way into the bathroom.

“I’ll distract it, you run,” Harry said quickly.

Running forward, he shot harmless sparks at the Troll in an attempt to get its attention. His efforts were successful, and it turned to him angrily. Hermione, however, remained frozen in fear, unable to move even as Ron and Susan tugged at her arms.

Raising its club, the Troll swung at Harry, but he ducked out of the way. Swishing past his ear, the club slammed against the stone floor and the Troll let out a roar of rage.

“Any time would be good,” Harry yelled as he ducked under another wild swing.

Biting her lips, Susan stopped tugging on Hermione’s arm and slapped the brunette hard across the face. Hermione flinched and finally tore her eyes off the Troll and looked at her in shock.

“Sorry,” Susan said.

“Come on,” Ron yelled annoyedly.

Finally, they were able to drag Hermione out of the door while Harry continued to dodge the Troll.

“Come on, Harry!” Hermione yelled nervously.

“I’m a little busy,” Harry grunted as he dropped to the floor to avoid another swing of the club.

The biggest problem was that the Troll was between Harry and the door. Growling in frustration, he backed up as far as he could. Roaring, the Troll charged at him, club raised high. Taking off at a sprint, Harry ran towards the Troll. Just before the club collided with his skull, he dropped to the floor and slid under the Troll. As he passed between its legs, he shot his foot up and kicked it as hard as he could in the loin cloth.

Magically resistant the Troll’s skin may have been, but that did nothing to stop the beast from dropping to its knees in pain. Climbing back to his feet, Harry ran out of the door.

“Time to go,” he said, grabbing Hermione and Susan by the arm and taking off at a run.

Looking back, he saw Ron following them with the Troll close behind.

“We’re going to die,” Hermione gasped as she looked back to see the Troll charging after them.

“No, we’re not,” Harry said. “This way.”

Harry led them up the stairs, a plan forming in his head. Running up two flights of stairs, the whole group was panting as they sprinted down an empty corridor with the Troll right on their heels.

“We can’t-keep-running,” Susan gasped.

“In here,” Harry said.

Reaching the door at the end of the hall, Harry threw it open and stopped just inside. As soon as the others joined him, they too stopped – albeit for an entirely different reason. While they gaped at the sight that greeted them, Harry turned back to watch the Troll charge towards them.

Just before it burst through the doorway, Harry shoved Ron to one side room, then dove in the opposite direction, taking Hermione and Susan with him. Landing on his side, he looked up to see if his plan would work.

With its prey suddenly gone, the Troll stumbled to a stop and grunted dumbly as it looked up. Fluffy growled and lunged forward with all three of its heads. Susan and Hermione cringed and buried their faces in Harry’s shoulder as the troll was torn apart. Across the room, Ron turned away, his face green.

“Come on,” Harry whispered.

While he was almost certain Fluffy wouldn't attack students, he didn't want to test that particular theory while he was in the midst of tearing apart his newest toy.

Climbing to their feet, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Susan snuck out of the room. Closing the door softly, he couldn't keep the smile off his face as the adrenaline rushed through his veins, even as his friends looked pale and shaky.

"What-was *that*?" Susan asked.

"Fluffy," Harry said.

"That thing has a name?" Ron asked.

"Whatever," Hermione said. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm going back to the common room before I get killed, or worse, *expelled*."

"She needs to sort out her priorities," Ron muttered to Harry.

Harry smiled at the familiar conversation. Then, just as Hermione turned to leave, Professor Snape came running around the corner, followed closely by Professors McGonagall and Dumbledore.

"What are the four of you doing here," Snape demanded, his black eyes narrowed into a scowl. "You were specifically told to go back to your common rooms."

Hermione looked ready to speak up, but Harry patted her shoulder and she fell quiet while turning back to look at him questioningly.

“Hermione was in the bathroom, so she couldn’t have known about the Troll,” Harry explained. “Ron and I went to get her, and we found Susan too. That’s when the Troll found us.”

McGonagall paled and put her hand to her chest, while Snape looked around suspiciously as if searching for evidence of the magical creature.

“It chased us through the castle, so we led it here,” Harry finished.

“It’s true, Professor,” Susan added. “Harry saved our lives, and it was his idea to lead it into that room.”

McGonagall gaped at him, Snape glared, and Dumbledore smiled faintly.

“We’ll see how true that is,” Snape sneered.

Pushing his way past the students, he grabbed the brass knob and threw open the door. The room was a bloody mess, and two of Fluffy’s heads were fighting over the only remaining part of the Troll, its leg. The head not fighting with the other two, on the far right, looked over at Snape, the Troll’s loin cloth hanging from its teeth, and growled menacingly. Slamming the door shut, Snape spun around wide-eyed and pale, his arms outstretched to bar the door closed.

“I hope he doesn’t get an upset stomach after eating that,” Harry said.

Hermione goggled at him, most likely at his making a joke after such a harrowing experience. She’ll get used to it, Harry thought with a smile.

“Potter!” Snape barked suddenly. “This corridor is forbidden for a reason! Ten points from Gryffindor for not following your prefect, and another ten for entering this corridor.”

“Then I shall have to award twenty points for protecting your fellow students, and another twenty for dealing with the Troll,” McGonagall said in their defense with a glare at Snape.

“Excellent,” Dumbledore said while clapping his hands, cutting off Snape before he could retort. “Well then, I believe you four have seen enough excitement for tonight. Harry, I trust you and Mr. Weasley can see these two young ladies back to their common rooms without getting into any more trouble?”

“I’ll do my best,” Harry said.

Dumbledore smiled and nodded as Harry led the group past the professors down the hall.

“What in the ruddy hell is a thing like that doing in the school?” Ron asked as soon as they were out of earshot of the professors.

“Trolls are pretty stupid, I don’t know how it would have found a way in though,” Susan said.

“I meant the dog,” Ron told her.

Blushing, Susan ducked her head. Feeling bad for his shy friend getting caught up in the night’s dramatic events, Harry reached over and squeezed her shoulder.

“Oh, honestly!” Hermione said in frustration. “Didn’t you see what it was standing on?”

“I wasn’t looking at its feet, I was looking at its heads. In case you missed it, there were three!” Ron yelled incredulously.

“It was standing on a trapdoor,” Hermione told him.

“You think it’s guarding something?” Susan asked hesitantly.

“I don’t know, and I don’t want to,” Hermione huffed. “If the professors are hiding something, then it must be for a good reason.”

“I don’t know,” Susan argued. “If they’re hiding something so dangerous that it needs a Cerberus to protect it, should it really be hidden in a school in the first place?”

Hermione bit her lip, unable to argue with that logic. Harry was glad someone else was getting her to start thinking of authority figures as people capable of mistakes besides him.

“Ron, Hermione,” Harry said as they reached the stairs, “why don’t you two go back to the common room and I’ll walk Susan back to Hufflepuff?”

Still shaken from their adventure, the two nodded and headed up the stairs quietly. Meanwhile, Harry and Susan made their way down to the first floor. Passing the entrance to the kitchens, they walked to a stack of barrels a little further down the hall in a dimly lit corner. Harry knew from his time as Head Boy during his returning seventh year how to get in, but he thought that was best kept to himself for the time being. Susan had had enough surprises for one night, he decided.

“Thanks for coming to save me tonight, Harry,” Susan said as they stopped just outside the entrance to the common room. “I know you were just looking for Hermione, but-“

“I’d’ve gone looking for you too, if I knew you were missing,” Harry told her with a friendly smile.

Susan blushed, but her lips quirked up in a smile.

“Still, thanks for saving me. There’s no way I would have survived if you hadn’t come looking for us,” she continued.



“Don’t mention it,” Harry told her with a grin.

Susan surprised him by lunging forward and giving him a tight hug, her huge, soft breasts flattening slightly from how tightly she held him. As Harry wrapped his arms around her and hugged her back, he could feel her shaking lightly.

“You alright?” he asked when she pulled back several seconds later.

“I’m fine,” she said quietly, suddenly shy. “Good night, Harry.”

“Night, Susan,” Harry replied.

Walking over to the barrels, Susan tapped the correct barrel in the right pattern to open the entrance. When it did, he heard several of her housemates shout her name and rush forward to greet her worriedly. Smiling, Harry turned and made his way all the way back up to the sixth floor.

When he got back to the Gryffindor common room, he was surprised to find it mostly empty, with just a handful of people still there. One of them was Hermione, who stood up to meet him.

“I’m sorry, Harry. I never did thank you, for coming to look for me,” she said shyly.

“No worries,” Harry said. “What are friends for?”

With a beaming smile, Hermione threw herself at him and gave him a crushing hug. Just as quickly, she seemed to realize what she’d done and pulled back quickly, her cheeks going pink.

“Thanks, Harry. Goodnight,” she said quickly.

“Goodnight, Hermione,” Harry said as she took off up the stairs.

Sighing, and feeling the events of the day catching up with him, Harry decided to call it a night.

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The next morning, Harry noticed Dumbledore missing from the Head Table as he went down for breakfast with Ron and Hermione. After hearing some truly ridiculous rumors about the previous night, Tonks and Daphne both came over to ask him about what happened. Tonks moaned about missing all the fun, while Daphne actually complimented him on his resourcefulness.

Hermione joined in on the conversation more than usual, and Harry was glad to see her starting to relax more. It was good to see her beginning to make friends with Tonks and Daphne. While the girls discussed how a Troll could get into the castle, he spotted Professor McGonagall enter the Great Hall and head straight for him.

“Mr. Potter,” she said, stopping across from him and startling Hermione, “The headmaster would like to see you in his office. He also asked that you bring your uninvited guest. I trust you know what he means?”

“Yes ma’am,” Harry said with a grin.

Nodding, McGonagall turned and walked towards the Head Table.

“Harry?” Hermione asked curiously as he pushed his plate aside and stood.

“I’ll explain later,” Harry said quickly.

As he ran out of the Great Hall excitedly, he never noticed Susan walking over to the Gryffindor table and taking his place next to Daphne.

Sprinting up to the Gryffindor common room, he slipped into his dorm and sealed the doors and windows discretely. The brown rat on Ron's bed never even woke before he hit it with a Stunning Hex and tossed it into a cage transfigured from a stray sock on the floor.

"Got you," Harry said with a malicious grin as he held the traitor up to his eyes.

Tapping the cage, it briefly glowed blue as he made it unbreakable before heading straight down to the second floor. Giving the Gargoyle statue the password, he rode the revolving spiral staircase to the top and knocked on the door.

"Enter!" Dumbledore called out.

Walking into the headmaster's office, he was surprised to see not only Professor McGonagall there but Madam Bones as well. Dumbledore actually looked relieved to see him. Recalling the events of the previous night, he realized Albus had probably had a difficult morning explaining to Madam Bones why a Troll and a Cerberus were in the school.

"Ah, Harry. Come in, come in," Dumbledore said, then glanced at the caged rat in his hand. "I see you've brought our guest."

"A rat?" Madam Bones asked.

McGonagall looked confused as well but remained silent.

"I assure you, that is much more than just a mere rat," Dumbledore said cryptically. "Would you care to explain, Harry, or shall I?"

"I will," Harry replied, then turned to Madam Bones. "After I learned about what really happened to my parents, I went to visit Godric's Hollow. I found my mother's diary in the house, and I took it with me. In it, she wrote that they changed Secret Keepers at the last

minute. Sirius Black didn't betray my parents, it was Peter Pettigrew, he was the Secret Keeper."

Madam Bones' eyes went so wide that her monocle fell away, dangling from the chain to which it was attached. Behind her, McGonagall gasped and collapsed into a chair with a horrified look on her face. After a long moment of silence, Madam Bones put her monocle back into her eye and steeled her expression.

"Even if that was true, and we could prove it, Sirius Black still murdered Peter Pettigrew and fourteen innocent Muggles," she told him.

Setting the cage down on Dumbledore's desk, Harry opened it and pulled out the still unconscious rat, and set it on the floor. Drawing his wand, he looked over and nodded at the headmaster.

"Animagus Revertō," Dumbledore intoned.

Madam Bones drew her own wand and McGonagall gasped as the rat began to grow and change. In seconds, Peter Pettigrew was lying unconscious on the floor.

"Merlin's beard," Madam Bones gasped.

"My father and his friends all became Animagi when they were at school to help Remus Lupin during the full moon," Harry explained.

"Amelia," Dumbledore said. "If Sirius didn't betray the Potters, or kill Peter Pettigrew as we thought, it's likely he wasn't responsible for the deaths of those Muggles as we've believed either."

Nodding, her jaw clenched in anger, Madam Bones bound the pudgy, balding wizard tight enough that he began to wake. Blinking his eyes open, Peter looked around in horror as his situation dawned on him.

“Peter Pettigrew, you’re under arrest for the betrayal of the Potters and the framing of Sirius Black,” Madam Bones said.

It would be hours before Harry actually left the office. Aurors and Minister Fudge were called in, and the tedious process dragged on and on. Only after a long argument and questioning under Veritaserum would the man admit to a possible mistake. It took Harry and Dumbledore, along with threats of arrest from Madam Bones, even longer to convince him to give Sirius the trial he deserved. Harry was sorely tempted to just Hex the man into doing what he should have done in the first place, and it was only the presence of the Aurors that stopped him.

Finally, it was Dumbledore persuading Fudge to blame the previous Ministry and Barty Crouch, that caused him to eventually give in. Only after getting a guarantee from Madam Bones and Fudge that Sirius would get a trial immediately did Harry leave the office.

After missing both Potions and most of Charms, he decided to just head down to the Great Hall for an early lunch. In the back of his mind, he tried to think of a way to get rid of Fudge and replace him with someone better. How anyone could elect that man, he would never understand.

When his friends joined him later – including Susan, who had met her aunt briefly in the Entrance Hall – Harry finally explained what had happened. Understandably, everyone was horrified to hear about such a miscarriage of justice and the Minister’s reluctance to fix it. Hermione, especially, found it difficult to swallow that the leader of Magical Britain would act that way. The revelations were worse for Ron, however. He looked sick at the thought of his pet rat actually being an Animagus.

By the end of the day, the story of Sirius Black’s innocence had spread throughout the entire school. After being pestered with questions, Harry was looking forward to the end of dinner so he could go hide in the Room of Requirement for a while. As he left the Great Hall early, however, Susan ran over to catch up with him.

“Hey, Harry,” she said. “Do you have a minute?”

“Sure,” Harry said as he continued to climb the stairs.

“I-well, I’d like to repay the life debt I owe you,” Susan said nervously.

Instinctively, Harry wanted to refuse, to tell her she didn’t owe him anything but stopped himself. He knew firsthand how powerful life debts could be, and Luna had taught him about how important it was for most of the older families to repay debts.

“Alright,” Harry said reluctantly. “If you think that’s necessary.”

“Thank you,” Susan said with a smile, then became shy again as she pulled a roll of parchment out of her pocket. “I’d like to offer to become a mistress for House Potter.”

Harry came to a dead stop in the middle of the hall and turned to stare at her.

“I-er, that’s a bit much, isn’t it?” Harry asked, stammering slightly in his surprise.

“Not really,” Susan said, biting her lip nervously. “And it would work out for both of us. I repay you for saving my life by being your mistress, and any kids we have would get to keep my name, so the Bones family doesn’t die out.”

“Susan, that’s a really big decision,” Harry said.

“I know,” she said quietly, not meeting his eye. “I already talked to Daphne and she’s fine with it, but I’ll understand if you don’t want me.”

"It's not that," Harry told her. "It's just-do you really want to make a decision about something that's going to change the rest of your life so soon? I mean, this is only our first year at Hogwarts. What if you meet someone else you'd rather be with?"

Susan's shoulders slumped in defeat as they stood in the middle of the stairway. Worried about someone else overhearing their conversation once more students left the Great Hall, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and led her up the stairs. Seeing how surprisingly upset she was, Harry decided to see if he could reach a compromise.

"How about this," Harry said. "What if we keep things unofficial for now, and if you still want to be a mistress later, I'll sign the contract."

"Really?" Susan asked hopefully.

"Really," Harry nodded.

Smiling and skipping with excitement, Susan hugged him tightly.

"Thank you!" she said brightly.

"You're really that excited to be a mistress?" Harry asked.

"Well, partially," Susan admitted. "Auntie told me not to worry about it, but I don't want to see the Bones family die out. Plus, I've always wanted to be a part of a big family with lots of kids. It gets lonely with just me and auntie, especially since she works so much. You already have Daphne as a mistress. She's probably going to want kids to continue the Greengrass line, along with whoever you end up marrying and having kids to continue the Potter line."

"Well, I'm not sure if Daphne's going to stick around," Harry said.

"I know," Susan said, her enthusiasm not dropping a bit.

Harry reflected that if this had happened during his real first year, he probably would have shit himself and run for the hills. Even the thought of starting his own family, as much as he wanted one, would have been a daunting, terrifying thought. Now that he was more mature, and had really given it a lot of thought, starting a family of his own felt much more achievable.

Before he knew it, he realized they were on the seventh floor. Susan gave him a strange look as he paced back and forth in front of a bare stretch of hallway, then her eyes widened when the door to the Room of Requirement faded into view. Opening the door, Harry waved her in. Currently, the room just looked like a comfortable sitting room in Gryffindor colors. Unintentionally, or perhaps subconsciously, he'd summoned the room he usually used with Tonks and Daphne, meaning there was a large, fluffy bed off to one side.

Susan looked over at the bed and blushed as she closed the door behind her.

"D-do you want me to start acting like your mistress tonight?" she asked, blushing heavily as she glanced between him and the bed.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her. He hadn't expected that offer.

"Do you want to?" he asked in return.

Susan blushed heavily and looked down shyly. Walking over to her, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her short, curvy frame against him, watching her reaction closely. Her breath hitched and she rested her hands on his biceps as she looked up at him nervously. Giving her a reassuring smile, he leaned down and kissed her softly.

With a soft moan, Susan wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. By the time they broke apart they were both breathless, and Susan's eyes looked glazed over. Chuckling, Harry grabbed her hand and led her over to the bed. Lifting her up, he sat her on the foot of the



bed and stepped between her legs. Her skirt raised her legs, showing more of her thick, creamy white thighs.

Susan stared up at him with nervous anticipation as he bent down and kissed her again. As their tongues danced, Harry pulled off her yellow and black tie, then began working on the buttons of her crisp white shirt. As soon as he had it open, he placed his hands on her bare sides, feeling her breath tremble as his fingers slid up over her ribs and then up to her huge, bra-clad breasts. Susan moaned into his mouth as he cupped them gently and lifted the heavy globes. Even through the fabric of her bra, he could feel her stiff nipples press into the palms of his hands.

With shaking hands, Susan reached up to undo his shirt and tie, her nervous fingers fumbling with a couple of the buttons. Once she had it open, Harry took off his shirt and dropped it to the floor, before helping Susan remove hers. He'd always known she was busty, but seeing her massive breasts in just a thin white bra somehow made them seem even larger than he imagined.

Looking down at her flushed face, Harry slowly reached around her back, giving her plenty of time to stop him, and reached for the clasp of her bra. Susan panted nervously but made no move to stop him as he popped open the clasps. Under the bra, her heavy, heaving breasts drooped slightly under their own weight once they were freed. Despite that, they still looked incredibly perky and firm. Grabbing the shoulder straps, he pulled the bra completely away.

Capped with light pink nipples and wide, soft areolas, Susan's breasts nearly had him drooling. Looking up at her nervous expression, Harry smiled at her and then kissed her on the lips while pushing her backwards to lie flat on the mattress. Moving past her chin, he kissed down her neck to her chest as her fingers threaded through his hair.

Taking his time, Harry kissed all over her breasts, licking, sucking, and lightly nipping at the pale, expansive flesh. By the time he finally wrapped his lips around one of her swollen nipples, Susan was panting and nearly writhing under him from the anticipation. A long, drawn-out moan left her parted lips as he moved from one nipple to the other, his hands pressing her huge, pale globes together.

After spending a couple of minutes at her chest, Susan's fingers tightened in his hair and pulled his lips back up to her. Shuffling forward, Harry pressed his straining erection against her damp, panty-clad mound, drawing another long moan from her lips. Smiling against her lips, Harry reached for the side of her skirt, popping open the button and lowering the zipper. Straightening up, he pulled off her skirt and panties in one go, leaving her entirely bare except for her white, knee-high socks.

Gazing at her stunning hourglass figure, Harry toed off his shoes and stripped out of his pants and boxers. Sitting up on her elbows, Susan stared, wide-eyed, at his rock-hard length. As he moved back closer to her, she unthinkingly raised her knees and spread her legs open for him. Both of them moaned when his rigid shaft met her damp folds, their hips bucking unconsciously to increase the friction.

Grabbing himself at the base, Harry ran his engorged head between her taut lips, coating it in her arousal. Placing himself at her entrance, he looked up at her questioningly. When she nodded her assent, Harry eased his length into her depths. With a gasp, Susan arched her back, thrusting her magnificent tits into the air while her heels dug into his glutes, driving him deeper into her.

As he thrust back and forth, slowly easing his entire length into her, Harry reached up and groped one of her gently swaying breasts. Susan had her eyes closed and her head tilted back as she panted heavily. When he finally bottomed out, she opened her eyes and stared up at him with such a wanton expression his cock throbbed inside of her.

Bending down, Harry kissed her hard as he sawed back and forth inside of her. Her tight, slick walls gripped him with each movement, her drooling lips dragging along his shaft as they attempted to keep him trapped in her sweltering depths.

As she grew wetter, and his movements became easier, Harry straightened up and increased the speed and power of his thrusts. The sight of her swaying, jiggling mounds was hypnotic. He found himself driving into her harder and harder, just to see how much he could make them move. Susan took it ecstatically, her gasps and moans revealing her pleasure.

Her hands tightened around his forearms and a flush ran from the top of her head to the middle of her breasts. With a cry, she came around him, her walls fluttering as her body trembled. Harry slowed his thrusts through her climax, staving off his own orgasm for just a bit longer.

When Susan finally calmed, gasping for breath, Harry lifted her up and scooted her back on the mattress until he had enough room to climb up himself. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he rolled over onto his back and then pulled her on top of him. Moaning, Susan pressed her hands against his chest and rolled her hips.

“Merlin, you’re incredible, Susan,” Harry told her.

Smiling, Susan kissed him briefly before she started bouncing up and down on his towering erection. Gripping her wide hips, Harry watched as her massive breasts bounced on her chest. Planting his feet on the bed, he bucked upwards in time with her bouncing.

In a matter of moments, they’d worked themselves into a frenzy. Both of them panted heavily as their bodies collided with loud, meaty slaps. Harry grunted under her while Susan let out a series of loud moans and cries.

The intense pace had him quickly reach his breaking point. Tightening his grip on her hips, Harry pulled her down while he thrust up and exploded inside of her, his thick cum painting her depths. Above him, Susan closed her eyes and trembled as she moaned. Jerking his hips upwards, Harry emptied himself inside of her and the two of them collapsed into a panting heap.

If this was his new life, Harry thought, he could definitely get used to it.

## Chapter 5

A hundred feet above the Quidditch pitch and cheering crowd, Harry felt the Ravenclaw Seeker, Michael Page, shadowing him closely. With the new brooms Harry had donated to the school,

the game was moving much faster and was more competitive than he remembered. Of course, last time they had played Slytherin in their first game, but Snape had managed to have it rescheduled for later in the year, stating his team needed more time to get used to their new brooms.

It was a terrible excuse, but as usual, Dumbledore let him get away with it. Now, they wouldn't play Slytherin until the last game of the year.

Deciding to test Page's ability, Harry suddenly rolled over and pulled into a steep dive.

"And Potter's seen the snitch with Page hot on his tale!" Lee Jordan shouted to the roar of the crowd.

Plummeting towards the snow-covered ground, Harry smiled at the thrill of pushing himself and his broom to the limit once again. Gripping the handle of his broom tightly, he yanked upwards with all his strength while using his legs to push the tail of the broom down.

Harry leveled off just a foot above the ground and took off like a shot. Looking back, he saw Page's blue eyes widen and his long, sandy hair whip around his face as he struggled frantically to pull up. He didn't quite make it, the tail of his broom bumping the ground and his feet dragging through the snow. Wobbling slightly, Page regained his balance and steadily climbed back up into the air.

"A brilliant Wronski Feint by the Gryffindor Seeker!" Lee yelled.

Narrowing his eyes, Page took off towards Harry to shadow him again. Harry just smiled as he rose high above the action and circled the pitch. He could have done a much better Wronski Feint, but he didn't actually want hurt Page, just shake him up a little.

As the game progressed, it became obvious that the teams were fairly even, and that it would be up to the Seeker to determine who won. In an effort to help the chasers and give them a bit of a lead, Harry started using some interference tactics.

After Roger Davies blocked a shot from Angelina, he reeled his arm back to pass the Quaffle to Burrow. Just as the ball left his hand, Harry wheeled around and shot past Burrow, passing by so closely that their cloaks brushed against each other. Out of instinct, Burrow ducked and missed the Quaffle. It sailed over his head and straight into the hands of Katie Bell. Davies didn't have the time to get back into position, leaving the far-left hoop wide open for Katie to score.

"What a brilliant bit of teamwork between Potter and Bell to pick up an easy goal," Lee announced.

Davies argued furiously, but Madam Hooch told him that so long as Harry didn't touch the Chasers or the Quaffle, it was completely legal.

After that, the Gryffindor Chasers, or in Lee's words, "the Flying Foxes", took advantage of Davies' anger to score three more goals. In retaliation, he told his beaters to focus on Harry.

That proved to be a mistake. Even while searching for the Snitch, Harry had no trouble avoiding the Bludgers and made scoring even easier for the Gryffindor Chasers. Harry even dove through the Ravenclaw Chaser formations with the Bludgers hot on his heels, further disrupting their offense.

Over the course of an hour, Gryffindor managed to take a one-hundred-point lead. Davies screamed at his team, furiously trying to get them back on track, but they just couldn't get any momentum. Encouraged by their mounting lead, and inspired by Harry's impressive flying, the rest of the Gryffindor team became an unstoppable machine as they played better than they ever had before.

When Gryffindor was up one-hundred-twenty points, the Snitch finally made an appearance. Harry spotted it first, hovering near the Hufflepuff stands, well camouflaged against the backdrop of yellow and black house colors. On the opposite side of the pitch, Harry glanced over at Page to see if he'd noticed it, only to see the rival seeker doing the same to him.

A heartbeat later, both Seekers shot off towards the Snitch. They flew right through the mass of Chasers and Bludgers in the center of the pitch. Harry flattened himself against his broom, bucking, diving, and twisting out of the way of flying bodies and growling iron balls. He came out unscathed on the other side with a good ten-foot lead on Page.

Page pushed his Cleansweep Seven as hard as he could, but Harry's lead was too great and his broom was too fast. Seeing a red and gold blur rocketing toward them, the crowd of Hufflepuffs in front of him scrambled to get out of the way.

"He's going to crash!" Lee shouted.

Taking one hand off the broom, Harry's fingers curled around the cool metal of the Snitch. Pulling back on the handle, he slid to a stop. In the stands, Tonks tried to back up and tripped over the bench. She ended up on the floor with her legs splayed in the air as Harry came to a stop just inches from where her head had been.

With a cheeky grin, Harry looked at Tonks and held up his fist with the Snitch's wings fluttering wildly to escape.

"Harry Potter has the Snitch! Gryffindor wins!" Lee shouted to the standard mixture of cheers and boos from the crowd.

Stuffing the Snitch in his pocket, Harry extended his hand to Tonks. Grinning, she took it, climbed back to her feet, and hugged him tightly.

"Great job, Harry," she yelled over the roar of the crowd.

When she pulled back, he gave her a wink and turned to fly back down to the pitch and his waiting teammates. Fred and George clapped him on the back as his feet touched the ground.

"That was incredible, Harry! We'll win the cup this year for sure!" Wood shouted excitedly.

Meanwhile, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie smothered him in hugs as the rest of the house flooded the field to congratulate them. Hermione smiled brightly as she ran up to hug him while Ron, Neville, Seamus, and Dean clapped him on the back. Even Daphne and Tracey stopped to talk with him despite the glares they received from their fellow housemates and most of the Gryffindors.

“Hey, Harry!” Tonks called out as she and Hestia Jones, her best friend and a fifth year Ravenclaw, followed.

“Hey Tonks, sorry about the scare,” he said, better able to talk now that the cheering had stopped.

“Don’t mention it,” she said, waving off his apology. “Listen, I know you guys are going to have a party in your common room, but what do you think about having a party in that room you found so everyone can join?”

Harry was glad they were off to the side where no one could hear them. The last thing he wanted was for the Room of Requirement to become general knowledge. Maybe it was selfish, but he liked having someplace private to go to when he needed it.

“What do you mean by everyone?” Harry asked.

“I don’t mean the whole school,” Tonks said with a roll of her eyes. “I mean all of our friends from different houses. It really sucks there isn’t a place we can all go to hang out.”

“I don’t mind if we use it for tonight, but I’d really like to keep that room secret,” Harry said. “How ‘bout I make a door next to all the common rooms after dinner and they can use those to get there. That way they don’t know exactly where it is.”

“You can do that?” Tonks asked in surprise. “That’d be perfect. Meet you there at six?”

“Sounds good, can you tell Susan?” Harry asked.

“Sure, I’ll see you then,” Tonks said, then leaned forward to kiss him quickly.

With a smirk at his blush, Tonks winked and walked back up to the castle with Hestia.

Harry quickly spread the word about the party to the rest of his teammates and friends. Hermione, of course, thought it was a terrible idea, but Harry pointed out that so long as they were back before curfew, they weren’t technically doing anything wrong.

This was true until Fred and George snuck into Hogsmeade and came back to Gryffindor Tower with several cases of Butterbeer and a few bottles of Firewhiskey.

“Where’d you get the money for all of this?” Ron asked in awe as his brothers began handing out drinks for ten Knuts a piece.

“Our seeker here won us a ton of Galleons by catching the Snitch,” Fred said grinning.

“Here yeh go, mate. On the house,” George said, handing Harry a Butterbeer.

“What about me?” Ron asked.

“Sure,” said Fred.

“Ten Knuts,” George said, holding out one hand palm up with a bottle in the other.

“I’m your brother!” Ron yelled incredulously.



“You’re right,” Fred said.

The twins shared a look for a couple of seconds, then turned back to Ron as one.

“Twelve Knuts,” they said in unison.

Harry took a sip of his Butterbeer to hide his smile as Ron glared at his brothers. The twins teased him for a bit longer before selling him a couple of Butterbeers for two Knuts a piece.

The party in Gryffindor went on for a good three hours until dinner. Of course, Harry was the center of attention because of his performance, but unlike the first time around, he didn’t mind so much. It felt good to be praised for something he had actually done. He also found himself getting much closer to his female teammates, as well as some of the classmates he had taken the time to get to know, like Fay Dunbar, Sally-Anne Perks, and Sally Smith.

Gradually, Harry was becoming more and more grateful for this second chance. At first, he’d been solely focused on stopping Voldemort and saving lives, but now that he was getting to know his classmates better, he was realizing just how much he’d missed the first time around.

Though his popularity was growing quickly, he still made sure to include Ron and Hermione in everything. Their friendship had meant quite literally everything to him over the years, and he wasn’t going to lose that now.

At one point, Fred and George got into one of the bottles of Firewhiskey. They must have drunk a good amount, because they were freely passing it around to Lee, Wood, Ron, and a couple of others before Angelina had the presence of mind to stop them: Having several Gryffindors show up to dinner drunk probably wasn’t a good idea. Harry was offered some, but he declined. Years of fighting for his life and working as an Auror had ingrained in him the need to stay clear-headed at all times. He didn’t mind drinking a little, but if he started now, he’d end up having far too much by the end of the night.

Eventually, they made their way down to the Great Hall for dinner. Among those invited to the party in the Room of Requirement, the excitement rose as they waited anxiously for the meal to end. Harry could only hope that things didn't get too out of hand.

Harry left dinner early to go set up the room. Not really sure what to ask for, he just asked the room for a place to hang out with his friends. When he opened the door, he found a large common room-like space with multiple couches, chairs, and cushions. There was even a small dance floor and a long table covered in different snacks and pitchers of water, pumpkin juice, and punch.

Smiling at the wonders of magic, he closed his eyes and asked for the room to create entrances near all four common rooms. When he opened his eyes, there were four new, wooden doors that hadn't been there before. He didn't even have time to wonder if they worked before Tonks came skipping in with a bright smile on her face.

"This is brilliant, Harry," she exclaimed as she spun around in circles to take in the room, then stumbled and nearly fell on her face. "Ooh, this is going to be so much fun!"

Harry grinned and chuckled at her exuberance. He was so glad he'd gone out of his way to befriend her earlier than last time. It really had broken his heart when she'd been killed during the Battle of Hogwarts. She deserved so much better than an early grave and the horrible treatment she'd put up with while seeing Remus. He'd make sure that this time, Tonks would live a long, happy life.

"How long 'til everyone else gets here?" she asked, breaking him out of his thoughts.

"I'm not sure," Harry said with a shrug. "Shouldn't be too long."

"Well," Tonks drew out the word as she sauntered towards him with a smile, "I'm sure we can find something to do before they get here."

Smiling, Harry grabbed her hips and yanked her towards him, causing her to let out a surprised squawk followed by a giggle. Tonks wrapped her arms around his neck as their lips came together.

Tonks moaned into his mouth and Harry allowed his hands to slide down over her delicious backside. Absorbed in each other, they quickly lost track of time and neither of them noticed when one of the doors was pushed open.

“You know, when you invited me, I didn’t think you meant this kind of party,” Daphne said to their right, causing them to break apart in surprise. “Not that I’m complaining.”

“Not my fault you took so long to get here,” Tonks said with a grin.

“Like I said, I’m not complaining,” Daphne said with a small smile. “Just don’t expect to keep him all to yourself tonight.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Tonks said with a salacious grin. “I’m *very* good at sharing.”

Daphne smirked as the two gazed at each other. Harry didn’t know how much of what Tonks was saying was just to tease, but the thought alone had him growing excited. Still smirking, Daphne walked up to him and pulled his head down for a searing kiss. Unfortunately, it didn’t last nearly as long as his kiss with Tonks.

Pulling back, she licked her lips with a smoky look and turned to Tonks. Both girls stared at each other heatedly, their bodies slowly drifting closer.

Then one of the doors banged open and the moment was gone. Boisterous as ever, the Weasley twins barged into the room with crates of Butterbeer floating behind them. The rest of the Quidditch team (plus Ron and Hermione) followed a moment later.

The twins started to set up their own little booth to sell Butterbeer while students from other houses began trickling in. There was Tracey Davis from Slytherin, Susan Bones from Hufflepuff, and Hestia Jones and Penelope Clearwater from Ravenclaw. Harry was glad there weren't that many people, but he expected a few more to trickle in out of sheer curiosity.

The atmosphere was relaxed, and with such a mix of people, everyone surprisingly got along great. The only problem that occurred was no one except the Gryffindors had known to bring money for Butterbeer. Seeing the disappointed faces, Harry bought the whole lot from the twins and told everyone to help themselves. In celebration of their profits, the twins broke out the Firewhiskey.

In time, Katie managed to 'find' a wireless, though Harry knew the room had provided it. After that, the party really hit full swing as Harry found himself in high demand on the dance floor with all of the girls. Fred and George danced for a bit but never took it too seriously, Wood turned down any offers, stating he didn't want to risk an injury, and Ron outright refused.

Harry was quite happy to have so many beautiful girls all to himself. He even managed to get Hermione to dance a couple of songs with him, something she seemed quite pleased about. While the dancing was actually quite fun, the conversation around him was rather embarrassing.

"So, you and Daphne are both his mistresses?" Katie asked.

"Yes," Susan said happily.

"How does that work?" Angelina asked. "I mean, don't you two get jealous or anything?"

"No. Daphne and I are fine sharing," Susan said. "We both know he's going to have at least one wife later, probably two."

"But why would you do that when you could have someone all to yourself?" Penny asked. "I mean, Harry seems like a great guy, but why share someone at all when you don't have to?"

"You're Muggleborn, aren't you?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, I am," Penny said defiantly as her posture stiffened.

"I didn't mean it that way," Daphne told her. "I'm not one of those Blood Purist idiots. There's just things you didn't grow up learning about magical society."

"Oh," Penny said, relaxing. "Like what?"

"Well, for me, because my father is the last of his line and he only has daughters, being a mistress is the only way for our line to continue," Daphne explained. "Basically, to my father, I'm only worth what the highest bidder will pay. That's why he sold me to the Malfoys."

"That's horrible," Hermione said in disgust.

"That's life," Daphne corrected her with a shrug. "You have no idea how pleased I am Harry won my contract. Malfoy would have used me as a human sex toy until he got bored of me. Then, he would likely have confined me to a small house to live out the rest of my life, alone. Or just had me killed."

"No!" Penny said, horrified.

"Yup," Daphne confirmed. "I'll share Harry with anyone I have to if it means I don't end up like that."

"My situation isn't as bad," Susan chimed in. "I want to be a mistress to continue the Bones name, and I always wanted a big family with lots of kids to take care of. Paying Harry back for the life debt I owe him is just a bonus."

“So, are you a mistress, too?” Penny asked, turning to Tonks.

“Nope, I’m just in it for the sex,” she said, grinning widely at the dropped jaws and flushed cheeks. “At least for now. I’ve had horrible luck with boyfriends, but I know Harry will treat me right. We’ll see what happens.”

“Well, I’m glad you three found what you wanted. I just don’t know if I could share my boyfriend with someone else,” Angelina said with a shake of her head.

“It helps when you like witches as much as wizards,” Daphne shrugged.

While the other girls snickered and blushed, Hermione looked confused.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

Smirking, Daphne turned to Tonks and raised an eyebrow. Tonks smiled back at her and the two came together in a slow, sensual kiss.

“Oh my,” Hermione whispered.

“That’s... kind of hot actually,” Angelina said to which Katie and Alicia nodded absently.

Daphne and Tonks pulled back, both of them a little breathless.

“It still doesn’t really seem fair, does it,” Penny said, her cheeks pink.

“What do you mean?” Tonks asked.

“Well, Harry gets to be with the three of you, and he can date anyone he wants on top of that, but what if you want to be with another guy?” Penny asked.

“I don’t want another guy,” Susan said firmly and hugged Harry’s arm to her ample chest.

He smiled down at the cute pout on her face, grateful to pretend he wasn’t hearing the embarrassing conversation taking place.

“How is it unfair when we all knew what we were getting into?” Daphne asked. “It might seem unfair to you, but for me, this is better than I could’ve ever hoped for. Besides, unlike nearly *any* other wizard, Harry will let us go if we want to leave.”

“I think I get it,” Angelina said. “I’m happy for you. Just don’t wear out our Seeker too much, I really want to win that cup.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” Tonks said with a salacious grin. “Harry got *plenty* of stamina.”

Harry dropped his face into his hands while the rest of the girls giggled. Taking Susan by the hand, he pulled her out onto the dance floor just to get away from the embarrassing conversation. Of course, since the other guys were still too busy drinking to pay attention to the girls, Harry found himself giving all of them another round of dances.

Tonks was either the best or worst dance partner somebody could ask for, Harry thought – depending on your point of view. She jumped in between songs, rubbing herself against him in what was closer to dry humping than actual dancing. As soon as she had him good and aroused, she spun away and pushed him towards someone else. He was pretty sure every girl at the party had felt his erection brushing against them at least once. Fortunately, none of them mentioned it, though he caught deep blushes from Hermione and Penny.

By the time he finally got a break, he discovered the twins, Ron, and Wood had all passed out drunk on a pile of cushions. Ron’s snores could still be heard over the music, and Fred was spooned up against George’s back, inspiring Angelina to run back to Gryffindor Tower to get her

camera just to take a picture of it. Harry and the girls had barely touched the Firewhiskey, but they all had a little buzz going on from so much Butterbeer.

Smiling, Tonks reached over and took the bottle of Firewhiskey that George had cradled to his chest like a teddy bear. He grumbled when she pried it from his grip, but never woke up.

“Anybody want a drink?” Tonks asked.

Harry and most of the girls accepted the offer, and even Penny was easily talked into taking a shot. Hermione didn’t give in so easily.

“I really don’t think I should,” she said.

“Aw come on. Don’t be such a baby,” Tonks chided her.

Even though she meant it teasingly, Harry could see the comment upset Hermione a little.

“It’s fine if she doesn’t want to,” Harry said before turning to Hermione. “But is one drink really that big of a deal?”

Hermione bit her lip as she looked from Harry to the glass of amber liquid in Tonks’ hand, and then to the encouraging faces all staring at her.

“Oh, fine,” she grumbled.

A small cheer went up as she took the glass.

“Cheers,” Tonks said in a toast.



Everyone downed their shots, before belching out flames. Penny and Susan coughed for a bit afterwards, but Hermine was the worst by far. Her face went beet red and tears leaked from her eyes as she coughed hard. Harry reached over and gave her a pat on the back until she got herself under control.

“Urgh, why do people drink this?” she asked before breaking into another small coughing fit.

“You’ll see,” Tonks said knowingly as everyone chuckled.

Sure enough, about a minute later everyone began to feel a lot more relaxed as the alcohol and magic took effect. As they sat around talking and trading stories, Tonks even managed to talk Hermione into taking a second shot.

Surprisingly, she held her liquor better than Penny, who looked quite giddy after a few drinks. An hour later, she had gone to lie down on one of the couches when she started to feel nauseous. Angelina pulled a blanket over her and set a bucket on the floor near her head in case she got sick.

Harry cut himself off after two shots and sat sipping his Butterbeer and snacking on crisps as he talked and joked with the girls. He had never been one to drink heavily. A life full of danger along with years of being an Auror had engrained in him the need to stay clear-headed whenever possible.

When it neared curfew, and everyone started getting ready to head back to their common rooms, Tonks, Susan, and Daphne walked off to their own corner and had a quick discussion. When they came back, Tonks gave him an alluring smile and a meaningful look.

“You coming, Harry?” Hermione asked as she got ready to leave.

“In a few minutes, I need to talk to Tonks about something,” he replied.

She frowned at him but thankfully didn't make a fuss. Maybe she was finally starting to lighten up a bit, Harry thought. It took a few minutes for her and the Chaser trio to rouse the passed-out wizards and coax them into stumbling back to the common room. He made sure to have the room create a door close to Gryffindor Tower in order to minimize the chances of them getting caught.

Once his housemates were gone, Susan and Daphne took turns giving him passionate kisses goodnight before leaving him alone with Tonks.

She pounced on him the moment the door was closed, her arms and legs wrapping around him tightly as she crushed their lips together. He could taste the Firewhiskey on her tongue as he carried her over to the pile of cushions and lay down on top of her. They tore at each other's clothes in a frenzy, hands, and lips seeking out each new piece of exposed skin. It wasn't long until Harry had his throbbing erection poised at her entrance.

Tonks groaned and raked her nails lightly down his back as he entered her grasping depths. Her heels, digging into his ass, drove him into her hard and fast. Each thrust sent her large breasts jiggling on her chest. Gripping one in his hand, Harry groped the soft, perky mound, her back arching as he pinched and rolled her swollen nipple.

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Just ten feet away, neither of them noticed the busty blonde staring at them with wide eyes as she peeked out from under a blanket. Penny's breath quickened as she watched Harry's long, thick cock slide effortlessly in and out of Tonks' tight folds. As a prefect, she had caught numerous couples going at it in broom cupboards and abandoned classrooms, but nothing she'd seen compared to what was taking place in front of her at that moment.

None of the witches she'd caught had made sounds like Tonks was making now, and none of the boys had looked as impressive as Harry. It wasn't just his size, but also the way he moved, the way he focused on the young woman writhing under him instead of his own selfish pleasure. She was starting to understand why three girls were so willing to share the same guy.

Penny felt herself grow wet as her breathing grew fast and shallow. Without conscious thought, her thighs rubbed together as Tonks arched her back and let out a low, guttural moan. She bit

her lip to hold back a moan as her nipples hardened and pressed against the inside of her bra. Slowly, she slipped her hand under her jeans and between her legs to her dripping core. Only the fear of being caught kept her from desperately fingering herself in time with his thrusts. Instead, she had to settle for sandwiching her clit between two fingers and rubbing back and forth slowly.

As she bit her lip to hold back another moan, Tonks gasped, her body going rigid and her eyes wide. With a long, loud moan, her whole body trembled in climax, even as Harry continued his long, powerful thrusts. Penny's body gave a shudder of its own when she caught sight of Harry's blazing green eyes. There were no words to describe the look within that emerald gaze, but she knew she wanted it directed at her.

With a whimper, Tonks put her hands on Harry's chest and pushed him back. When he slipped out of her, she gave him a salacious grin and in a slow, erotic move, rolled over onto her stomach and tucked her knees up, thrusting her ass into the air. With a grin of his own, Harry raised his hand and gave her round, upturned ass a swift spank. Tonks arched her back and let out a whorish moan, her eyes rapidly changing color as they burned with need. Harry leaned down to give her abused cheek a few tender kisses before playfully nipping at the skin and causing her to squeal and giggle.

"Harry, please," Tonks begged in a breathy tone.

Giving her wiggling ass one last playful swat, Harry lined himself up with her entrance and drove back in. Tonks' eyes practically rolled into the back of her head as she was filled and stretched by his long, hard cock.

Penny sank two fingers into her flooded depths with a quiet whimper, a pool of heat growing deep in her belly. Suddenly, Tonks looked to the side and their eyes met. Penny froze in place, her breath caught in her throat as her heart raced in her chest. Despite being caught, she couldn't help the thrill that ran through her as she mashed her palm against her clit needily.

With their eyes still locked, Tonks gave a pornographic moan and licked her lips as Harry hammered into her from behind. Penny couldn't move, could barely breathe out of fear. She didn't know what to do now that she'd been caught, but she couldn't deny the electrifying excitement that coursed through every cell of her body. She'd never been more wet or more exhilarated than she was at that moment.

Dropping down onto her elbows, Tonks crooked her finger and beckoned her over. Penny sucked in a sharp breath and looked up at Harry, but he was too absorbed in his thrusts and hadn't noticed her. Looking back at Tonks, seeing the wanton look in her eyes and watching the way her body lurched and her large breasts swayed, Penny suddenly had a brand-new feeling to deal with. The feeling of being physically attracted to another witch.

Earlier, when she saw Tonks and Daphne kiss, she disregarded her blush and racing pulse as an embarrassment. She couldn't do that this time. There was no denying the swell of heat in her core as she looked at Tonks' pleased face.

Before she even realized what she was doing, Penny sat up and threw the blanket off of her. The movement finally gained Harry's attention, causing him to pause his thrusts in surprise. Tonks grinned widely and sat up on her knees, leaning her back against Harry's chest while beckoning Penny over again. Harry gazed at Tonks for a moment before giving her a fond smile and kissing her neck in a way that could only be described as loving. When he turned back to look at Penny, his smile shifted slightly to be kind and welcoming.

That, more than anything, gave Penny the courage to stand and slowly make her way over to the couple. With shaking legs, she knelt down in front of Tonks. Suddenly she froze, feeling entirely unsure of herself. Tonks reached up to stroke her cheek, their faces slowly drifting closer. Penny's breath trembled and she licked her suddenly dry lips. Even though she knew it was coming, the kiss still took her by surprise. She felt as if she'd woken from a dream, only to find that the dream was reality.

Those thoughts were quickly driven from her mind as she leaned into the kiss, the feel of Tonks' soft lips and searching tongue commanding all of her attention. Her body reacted without thought, returning the kiss with equal fervor and leaning into the feel of her full, voluptuous curves.

Penny had no idea how long they'd stayed like that before separating slowly. Gasping for breath, she stared wide-eyed into Tonks' heated gaze for a long moment, until she felt a tug on her jumper.

“Take this off,” Tonks whispered in a quiet, husky voice.

Swallowing thickly, Penny followed the instruction without thought, crossing her arms to grab the hem of her jumper and pulling it over her head. She felt small, soft hands on her flat stomach before it was even completely off. As she tossed the garment to the floor, her voluptuous breasts, a full cup size larger than Tonks’, were being gently cupped and groped.

Penny closed her eyes and moaned at a touch that wasn’t her own. It took a moment for her mind to understand that one hand was small and soft and the other was large and rough. She sucked in a sharp breath at the thought of both of them touching her at once. Opening her eyes, she was met with a grinning Tonks and a gentle, heated gaze from Harry. An unbidden whimper left her lips and her hips bucked, her overheated core desperate for attention.

Suddenly, Tonks was kissing her again and pulling off the rest of her clothes, Penny twisted and shifted in place to help her pull off her jeans and panties, the soaked gusset sticking to her mound. Harry’s hands reached behind her back and removed her bra, her last remaining article of clothing, and then their hands were on her.

Penny’s thoughts went hazy from the feelings rushing through her, making it difficult to tell who was touching where. Pleasurable caresses and squeezes came from four places at once, all while their lips and tongues attacked her neck and mouth, pulling sounds from her throat that she didn’t know she could make. At some point, Harry moved behind her, his rigid length pressing against her ass and thighs. It felt like a bar of steel wrapped in hot silk sliding across her skin, tantalizingly close to where her body craved it to be.

Wrapping her arms around Penny, Tonks pulled her back until she was sprawled on top of the stunning Hufflepuff, their lips attached the whole way down. Large, calloused hands ran over her rear, gripping and spreading her cheeks. Penny moaned and shivered as she was completely exposed to Harry’s gaze, a drop of hot arousal dripping down the inside of her thigh and slowly cooling. Then, she felt a hot, thick battering ram, poised at her drooling entrance.

“Penny?” Harry asked questioningly.

Unable to bring herself to voice her desires, Penny simply pushed her hips back, gasping into Tonks' mouth when the tip of his bulbous head forced her taut lips partially open. Tonks gave a low, rumbling chuckle in the back of her throat before pulling their lips apart.

"She wants it *bad*," she told Harry while stroking her cheek with surprising tenderness.

Penny opened her mouth, but her voice got caught in her throat as she blushed furiously while looking down at Tonks' amused and lustful gaze. Her breathing stuttered as she felt Harry's hand grip her hips, pausing for just a breath before slowly and gently feeding his cock into her. Penny felt herself being widened and stretched around his girth as inch after inch of hot, hard flesh sank into her depths.

Part way in, he hit a spot that knocked the air out of her lungs and caused her to arch her back sharply. Tonks lunged up with a predatory grin on her face, her lips wrapping around one of her sensitive, engorged nipples and sucking hard. Penny let out a long, high-pitched whine as Harry pushed deeper, stretching and filling parts of her depths that had never been touched before. She was just starting to wonder if it would ever end when his hips finally touched her bottom.

Even as her body trembled from the new feelings coursing through her, she was filled with the thrill of accomplishment at taking all of him. Penny panted and reveled in the feelings overwhelming her senses as Harry paused and gave her time to adjust. Meanwhile, Tonks continued groping her breasts, running her nails lightly along the underside, and using her teeth to gently tug at her swollen nipple.

A shudder ran through Penny as she suddenly bit down firmly, the shock of mild pain shooting straight down to her core, causing her hips to roll and her folds to clench. Harry took that as a sign to move, slowly pulling his hips back and dragging his thick length along her grasping walls. A gasp left her lips when he hit that magic spot inside of her once again, sending a nearly painful spike of pleasure up her spine.

Harry paused in his withdrawal and Penny froze. She didn't need to look back to see what he was thinking, it was written all over the smug smirk on Tonks' face. Penny whimpered, which turned into a moan when Harry pushed back in and then pulled back out slowly, hitting that

same spot again and again. She swore she could feel the flare of his head and every vein in his shaft as he ran along that spot repeatedly.

“Oh God,” Penny practically sobbed.

Tonks chuckled as Harry mercilessly pleased her, giving her no respite as he increased the speed and force of his thrusts. Penny clenched her eyes shut and buried her face in the crook of Tonks’ neck with a whine. Holding her tightly, Tonks caressed her back and kissed her neck while Harry hammered into the same overwhelmingly sensitive spot again and again. Her body lurched from the force of his thrusts, her toes curling and her breath uneven from the torturous pleasure.

The coil of heat in her core that had started when she first opened her eyes on the couch only grew hotter and tighter with each passing second. Her body could only take so much, and finally, she felt it on the verge of unwinding. Her partners seemed to sense it too. Harry hammered into her with short, rapid strokes, and Tonks whispered into her ear.

“Cum for him,” she panted in a low, sultry tone. “Cum all over that big cock.”

As if her body had been waiting for permission, Penny felt her entire body lock up and shake violently as she teetered on the edge. With one final thrust, she hit her release with a muffled scream into Tonks’ shoulder. Her walls contracted around the sawing log trapped in her depths tighter than she thought possible. Harry grunted and slowed nearly to a stop as her pussy gripped him tightly. Penny could feel a river of arousal gushing out of her each time her core spasmed, drenching Harry and the floor under them. That was the last rational thought she had before her eyes rolled up into her head and stars burst in her vision.

Penny had no idea how long she floated weightlessly in a sea of ecstasy before the sound of her own breathing brought her back to reality. The first thing she noticed was that she was still being rocked back and forth, trapped between Harry and Tonks. Except, Harry wasn’t thrusting into her now. His chest was pressed against her back, pinning her to the soft body underneath her as he plowed into Tonks frantically.

Pushing herself up on her elbows, Penny looked down at the clouded, pleasure-filled look in the Hufflepuff's eyes, wondering if her expression had looked like that. Catching one of her wildly jiggling breasts, Penny marveled at just how firm they were compared to her own as she leaned down and their lips met.

"I'm close," Harry grunted.

Tonks ripped her lips away from Penny's and looked over her shoulder at Harry.

"Pull out," Tonks panted.

Groaning in clear frustration, Harry did as she asked. Tonks smirked at Penny and rolled her over onto her back before taking the same position next to her. Looking back up at Harry, she beckoned him over with a finger and a sultry smile. Waddling over to kneel over them with one knee between each of their legs, he gripped his wet, angry red cock and stroked it furiously.

Penny was fascinated by the sight, having never watched a man pleasure himself before. She was so enthralled that she didn't think about the end result until Harry groaned loudly and a long, white rope of cum leapt from his tip. It splattered on Tonks' breasts, making a line all the way up to her neck. Penny looked back at him just in time to see the second shot aimed at her. It arched through the air, almost as if it was in slow motion, and her eyes tracked it all the way to the valley between her breasts.

She gasped, not just from the naughtiness of the act, but in surprise at just how hot it felt on her sweat-soaked skin. Harry shot several more times, alternating between the two of them with each throbbing pulse of his swollen cock. He collapsed tiredly when he finished, panting to catch his breath.

Penny looked down at the crisscrossed lines and small pools of pearly white liquid covering her chest and stomach. Suddenly, Tonks leaned over and licked up part of one of the lines that had hit her nipple. Penny sucked in a breath as Tonks showed her cum coated tongue before closing her mouth and swallowing. Scooping a bit off one of her own breasts, Tonks offered the finger



to her. Curiously and tentatively, Penny sucked the finger into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the slightly salty, slimy substance.

Grinning, Tonks suddenly climbed on top her and started licking up as much as she could off of Penny's body. Moving up to her face, she kissed her, pushing more of Harry's cum into her mouth. The taste and texture weren't anything she enjoyed, but the dirtiness of the act had her core twisting excitedly. When they broke the kiss and she saw Harry's smoldering gaze on her, that heat inside of her began pooling again.

Rolling Tonks over onto her back, Penny licked up a thick line of cum from between her firm breasts and drove her tongue into her mouth. While they continued cleaning each other, Harry settled behind them, his newly hardened cock pressing between their folds. Penny and Tonks smiled at each other and ground their mounds together around his rigid length. It looked like she was about to find out just how much stamina Harry really had.

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"Where were you last night?" Hermione hissed as Harry took a seat next to her at the Gryffindor table the next morning.

"With Tonks," Harry whispered back.

Hermione blushed but maintained her glare.

"What if you'd been caught?" she asked.

"Then I would have gotten in trouble," Harry said, his carefree answer only angering his friend further. "Some things are worth breaking the rules for, Hermione."

"You can't just ignore the rules to go and have... sex," Hermione hissed, the last word barely audible.

“I didn’t,” Harry said, then continued as she opened her mouth to argue with him. “I broke the rules to spend the night with someone I care very deeply for. If that means losing a few points and serving detention, then so be it. Besides, I remember you breaking a few rules yourself last night.”

Hermione flushed and turned away from him with an angry look. Harry sighed, knowing she was probably going to ignore him for most of the day. Still, he wasn’t going to give up on her. The friend he knew and loved was in there somewhere, she just needed time to grow. Hermione had always been stubborn, and he knew to be patient and use logic to get to her.

Maybe it was time to start looking into the Philosopher’s Stone, he thought. Their adventures had always brought them closer together.

Looking around the hall, he spotted Tonks and Penny entering the Great Hall as they smiled and laughed. Spotting him, they headed straight for the Gryffindor table. He was really grateful that Penny didn’t regret what they had done the night before. Part of him had worried she would blame it on the alcohol.

Well, Hermione might be mad at him, but things were still going better than last time. Now, all he had to do was make sure he didn’t screw everything up. Easier said than done, Harry thought.

## Chapter 6

In mid-November, during Harry’s second Quidditch game of the season, things went just as he remembered. Snape had bullied Madam Hooch into changing the schedule again, so now they were facing Slytherin. They were put at a pretty bad points deficit while the team was distracted by his broom being Jinxed. Fortunately, Hermione managed to light Snape’s cloak on fire, thus causing him to bump into Quirrell just in time.

Malfoy was having a good laugh at Harry’s troubles right up until the point that Harry raced towards him and snatched the Snitch right out from under his nose. It also didn’t help his failing

reputation when Malfoy fell backwards with a scream as Harry blew past, inches from his face, at a high rate of speed.

Harry seriously thought about sneaking into the girls' showers after the hugs they gave him for winning the game but decided that might be pushing his luck a bit too much. As it was a Sunday, they couldn't have another party in the Room of Requirement again since they had classes Monday morning, but he was certain they would be celebrating in the common room later that night.

On the way back to the castle, Hermione tugged on his arm.

"Let's go visit Hagrid," she said.

"Alright," Harry agreed, realizing it had been a while since they'd seen him.

"Hagrid!" Hermione yelled when they reached his cabin.

Harry smiled as Fang barked loudly and Hagrid's booming voice told him to get back a moment before he finally opened the door.

"Harry, Ron, Hermione," Hagrid said, grinning under his bushy beard. "Been a while since I've seen you lot. Come on in, I was just about ter make some tea."

As the three of them squeezed into the small hut and took seats, Fang rushed up to Hermione and drooled all over her hand and robes. Grimacing, she wiped her hand clean on the dog's fur and gently tried to push him away.

"Hagrid, why is there a Cerberus on the third floor?" she asked.

"You mean Fluffy?" Hagrid asked. "Dumbledore wanted to borrow him."

“But why?” Hermione asked. “What’s being hidden on the third floor?”

“That’s not somethin’ you need to be worryin’ ‘bout,” Hagrid told her.

“But Hagrid,” Hermione said, “whatever’s there, I think someone’s trying to steal it.”

Harry looked over at her, glad she had come to that conclusion herself but he wondered how.

“You’d do best to leave well enough alone,” Hagrid said, trying to sound firm as he wagged a sausage-sized finger at them. “What’s there is between Albus Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel.”

“Nicolas Flamel?” Hermione asked sharply.

“I shouldn’t have said that,” Hagrid said, turning his back to them.

Harry smiled at his friend’s guilty expression. Hagrid was a great person, and someone he’d trust with his life, but he was terrible at keeping anything secret.

Hermione continued to push for more information, but Hagrid was able to keep from making any more slip-ups. They stayed for a little while longer before heading back up to the castle for lunch.

“What was that about?” Ron asked. “What makes you think someone’s trying to steal whatever’s on the third floor?”

“It’s obvious, isn’t it?” Hermione asked as they took seats at the Gryffindor table. “There’s no way that troll got in on its own. Someone must have let it in as a distraction so they could steal whatever it is. Now, we just need to figure out who Nicolas Flamel is.”

"Flamel?" Daphne asked from behind Harry. "You mean the Alchemist?"

"You know who he is?" Hermione asked excitedly.

"Of course, I do," Daphne said, taking the seat next to Harry. "He's one of the most famous wizards ever. He invented the Philosopher's Stone."

"Oh," Hermione said excitedly in recognition. "I knew that name sounded familiar. I read about that weeks ago. That must be what's hidden on the third floor."

"Why would someone want to steal a stone?" Ron asked.

"It's not just a stone," Hermione said irritably. "It the Philosopher's Stone. It turns lead into gold, and it's used to create the Elixir of Life, granting anyone who drinks it eternal life."

"Oh, no wonder someone wants to steal it," Ron said, staring off into the distance wistfully.

"What makes you think it's here?" Daphne asked.

Hermione quickly explained her thoughts on how and why the Troll got into the castle, causing Daphne to nod thoughtfully.

"That does make sense," she said. "Dumbledore was Flamel's apprentice years ago. They invented the twelve uses of Dragon's blood together. But who in the school would even know the stone was there and risk trying to steal it?"

"I - I think it might be Snape," Hermione said, causing Daphne to raise an eyebrow at her. "The night the Troll got in, Snape had a cut on his leg, didn't he Harry?"

“Er, yeah, I remember that,” Harry said.

It seemed as if Fate itself had stepped in to guide Hermione, Harry thought.

“I know you don’t like him, and personally I don’t either, but you’ll need more than that to accuse a Head of House of trying to steal from Dumbledore,” Daphne told her.

“I know, that’s why I haven’t gone to Professor McGonagall,” Hermione said. “We need more proof.”

Just then, Hedwig flew in and landed on Harry’s shoulder with a friendly chirp. Smiling, Harry reached up and stroked her feathers with one hand, while feeding her a piece of ham for his sandwich with the other.

“Hey girl,” Harry said affectionately.

Swallowing the ham, Hedwig hooted before hopping down onto the table and holding out her foot. Reaching out, Harry took the envelope from her leg. A huge smile stretched across his face when he recognized the handwriting.

“It’s from Sirius,” Harry said excitedly as he tore open the envelope.

“What’s he say?” Daphne asked as she, Ron, and Hermione leaned towards him.

“Cleared of all charges,” Harry said with a face-splitting grin. “Pettigrew confessed to everything under Veritaserum. Sirius hopes they give him his old cell in Azkaban... He wants to meet up over Christmas break. Hermione, do you have a quill and parchment?”

Hermione dug the writing supplies out of her bag and handed them to Harry. Writing quickly, Harry had a response in just a few moments. Blowing on the ink to dry it quicker, Harry rolled the parchment into a scroll and held it up to Hedwig.

“You mind taking this to him, or do you need to rest for a bit?” he asked.

Hedwig nipped his finger affectionately and held out her foot. Smiling, Harry tied the letter to her and held out his arm so she could climb onto it.

“Safe flight, Hedwig,” he said softly.

Lifting his arm up, he gently pushed Hedwig into the air, making it easier for her to take off and fly up and out through the ceiling.

“Does this mean you don’t have to go back to the Dursleys?” Daphne asked.

“I wasn’t going back anyways,” Harry told her. “I plan on going to Gringotts to buy a house over Christmas break.”

“Really?” Hermione asked.

“You can afford a house?” Ron asked, gaping at him.

Harry cursed to himself for bringing that up in front of Ron, hoping he wouldn’t become too jealous.

“My parents left me quite a lot,” Harry said modestly.

"You know, with how old your family is, it's likely they had more houses and properties than just the one at Godric's Hollow," Daphne told him.

"I hadn't really thought of that," Harry lied, knowing full well just what his parents had left him.

"I can go with you and help you look through the paperwork if you want," she offered.

"That'd be great," Harry said.

He was not looking forward to all the paperwork he would need to go over and sign at Gringotts. Even if Daphne couldn't help him, it would at least be nice to have the company.

"We could ask Susan to come as well, and Hermione. Unless she has other plans," Daphne said.

"Sorry," Hermione said apologetically. "I'm going to France with my parents for Christmas."

"That's fine," Daphne told her, then turned back to Harry. "What about Tonks?"

"She'd probably start a war on accident," Harry said with a grin.

"I heard that," Tonks yelled from where she sat directly behind him at the Hufflepuff table and hit him in the back of the head with a bread roll.

"Well, if you're going to listen in, you might as well come over," Harry said, patting the bench next to him.

Tonks stood and pulled her friend, Hestia Jones, over to the table along with her.



“Did you hear about Sirius?” Harry asked.

“No,” Tonks said. “His trial is today, isn’t it?”

“It was,” Harry said, handing her the letter.

He watched with a smile as her hair cycled through several different colors as she read, a smile growing on her face.

“Brilliant,” she said with a grin. “Mum’ll be thrilled. She always thought he was innocent.”

“I can’t believe he never had a trial,” Hestia said, shaking her head.

I can, Harry thought.

“Do you want to go to Gringotts with us over break, Tonks?” Daphne asked.

“Spent part of my holiday with Goblins, no thanks,” she replied with a grimace.

“That and Harry’s probably right,” Hestia joked with a smile, to which Tonks stuck out her tongue.

“I wouldn’t start a war on accident,” Tonks said. “Boredom, maybe.”

Tonks’ joke garnered chuckles as the group bantered back and forth for the rest of lunch. As they left the Great Hall, Susan and Hannah Abbot joined them in heading to the library. Tonks and Hestia needed to study for the mid-term exams, while the rest had homework to do. Walking through the halls, Daphne pulled Harry to the back of the group, giving them a modicum of privacy.

“My mother asked me to invite you over for Boxing Day,” she said.

“Oh,” Harry said, surprised.

“Don’t worry, she’s nothing like my father,” Daphne assured him. “She just wants to meet you.”

“Will your dad be there?” Harry asked.

While he knew her father, Marcus Greengrass, wasn’t a Death Eater, he was a Pureblood Traditionalist that held some of the same beliefs. He was also a ruthless businessman that wouldn’t hesitate to sell Harry out or try and use his fame for his own benefit. The Aurors had suspected Marcus of giving financial aid to Voldemort during the second war, but they could never prove it. Harry wasn’t afraid of Marcus, but he’d really rather not have to deal with the man if he could avoid it.

“No, he’s off in Germany setting up a new branch of Apothecaries. He won’t be back until February,” Daphne told him. “It’ll just be you, me, and my sister, Astoria.”

“Alright, sure. I’ll come,” Harry said.

Smiling, Daphne took his hand in hers and leaned over to kiss his cheek.

“So, what are your mum and sister like?” he asked, genuinely curious.

“My mum is pretty much the complete opposite of my father, kind, funny, charming. Astoria’s fine most of the time, but I swear there’s no filter between her brain and mouth sometimes,” Daphne said, then lowered her voice. “She also gets sick quite easily. When she was four, my father screwed over one of his business partners. In retaliation, he put a Blood Curse on her.”

“Blood Curse?” Harry asked quietly.

“It’s literally a curse on her blood,” Daphne explained. “We don’t know how he got it, but he did. It makes her weak and easily susceptible to illnesses, like Spattergroit and Dragon Pox. Even worse, the curse will follow any descendants that share her bloodline.”

“Isn’t there a way to stop it?” Harry asked.

Even as he asked the question, the wheels in his head began to turn. If he hadn’t dealt with Voldemort by the end of his fourth year, maybe he could use something similar.

“No,” Daphne said. “Normally, you’d have to get the person who cast the curse to reverse it, but my father considered Astoria a loss and had the wizard killed. Without him, I don’t think it’s possible.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, not sure what else to say.

“Don’t be, it’s just the way life is,” Daphne said.

Although she remained stoic, Harry could see the small tightening of her shoulders and the set of her jaw that told him how much it bothered her. Still, he was glad she trusted him enough to tell him about something so personal. He felt like he now understood her outlook on life a bit better now. As they reached the library, Harry and Daphne went to go find a table while the rest of the group went to gather the books they’d need.

“Do you want to go to the room with me tonight?” Harry asked her quietly.

Daphne turned and gave him a pretty smile.

“I’d like that,” she replied, leaning over to kiss him briefly.

“Ugh, just when I thought you couldn’t get any more pathetic, Greengrass,” sneered a feminine voice.

Harry and Daphne pulled apart and looked up to find Pansy Parkinson looking at them with disgust. Behind her stood Lilith Moon, a pretty but quiet, dark-haired witch. Her hair was tied into a ponytail, but her bangs were left loose to fall around her face and glasses. In all of his time at Hogwarts, this time and last time, he couldn’t remember a time he’d ever heard her speak.

“Then it’s a good thing no one here cares what you think,” Daphne said dismissively.

Pansy glared at her before tossing her hair over her shoulder and sticking her nose in the air.

“Why would you actually *want* to be with someone as pathetic as Potter? With your family, you could at least find someone decent to take you,” she said.

“Parkinson, in case you’ve forgotten, the Potters are one of the oldest and most powerful families in Britain. Something you should’ve realized after Harry beat your precious Draco in a duel, despite being raised in the Muggle world,” Daphne said with a smirk.

Glowing, Pansy opened her mouth but paused when her stomach suddenly gave a loud gurgle. Her face paling rapidly, she turned and ran from the library. Behind where she had been, Tonks leaned out from behind a bookshelf, wand in hand, and winked at them before disappearing back behind the shelf. Surprisingly, Lilith gave Harry and Daphne a friendly smile before following after Pansy at a more sedate pace.

“She doesn’t say much, does she,” Harry said as he watched her leave.

“She’s mute,” Daphne told him. “Lilith got sick with some rare illness when she was young and lost her voice, I can’t remember what it’s called.”

“Really? So, she has to learn all of her spells non-verbally?” Harry asked, remembering his own struggles with silent casting. “That’s impressive.”

“It is,” Daphne agreed with a nod. “Lilith’s pretty smart, but she’s also really shy. I think the only reason she hangs out with Parkinson is because they’ve known each other since they were kids, and it’s hard for her to make new friends.”

Harry nodded as Tonks and Hestia returned with a small stack of books. A moment later, Susan led Hermione around the corner as she carried a stack of books that went over her head, making it impossible for her to see. Harry snorted while Daphne shook her head.

“You know, Hermione, it probably would’ve been easier to just bring the whole bookshelf over,” Harry said as she set the books carefully on the end of the table.

“I just wanted to make sure we have everything we might need,” she said a little defensively.

“Mission accomplished,” Tonks said. “Remind me, which of us is studying for our OWLs?”

“Very funny,” Hermione huffed as the table chuckled.

“Hey, Tonks? What was that spell you used on Parkinson?” Daphne asked.

“Oh, that?” Tonks asked with a grin. “Just a Bowel-Loosening Hex.”

“Well, I’ve always said she was full of shit,” Daphne quipped.

After catching up with a curious Hermione and Susan on what had happened, the group got down to studying. After a few hours, they decided to call it a day and head back down to the Great Hall for dinner. Hermione wanted to go back to the library, but Harry and Ron were able

to talk her into going back to the common room for the party. Giving Daphne a kiss on the cheek, Harry placed his lips next to her ear.

“Meet you there at eight?” he asked in a whisper.

Daphne smiled and nodded as she left to meet up with Tracey and head down to the dungeons. Harry noticed some of her housemates glaring at her back as she left the Gryffindor table, causing him to worry slightly.

Returning to the common room, Harry celebrated another Quidditch win with his friends and teammates. The Twins passed around bottles of leftover Butterbeer from the last party, garnering cheers from the room. All three Chasers again gave Harry tight hugs and kissed him on the cheek as a thank you for catching the snitch. Katie even ended up sitting on his lap for a little while when seating grew cramped.

A few minutes before eight, Harry slipped out of the common room. Angelina was the only person to see him leave, but she just gave him a knowing grin and a wink. He waved and smiled back as the portrait closed behind him.

When he got to the seventh floor, the door appeared as he approached. Hoping Daphne was there, and someone else hadn't found the Room of Requirement, Harry eased the door open slowly to peek inside. He stopped and stared at the sight that greeted him.

The room was small and contained nothing but an enormous four-poster bed. Sprawled out on the crisp white sheets was Daphne, completely naked and thrusting her large, perky breasts into the air as she fingered herself.

“Aren't you going to join me?” Daphne asked before biting her lip with a moan.

Her voice shook Harry out of his shocked stupor. Shaking his head, he grinned at her as he stepped fully into the room and closed the door behind him. Stripping out of his clothes quickly,

he climbed onto the bed and began kissing his way up Daphne's leg. The scent of her arousal permeated the air as he kissed up her thigh to her dripping folds.

Daphne moved her hands out of the way and grabbed a handful of his hair lightly when he ran his tongue between her lips. As his tongue flicked over her clit, she hissed, tugging his hair and arching her back. She groped at her own breasts roughly, pinching and rolling her stiff, pink nipples as Harry continued pleasuring her.

He guessed Daphne had been playing with herself for a while, because the moment he took her swollen clit between his lips and sucked, she came. A trembling moan left her lips as her body shuddered and her legs lock around his head like a vice. Trapped in place, Harry smirked and lapped at the throbbing bundle of nerves frantically to extend her climax. Writhing wildly above him while gasping for air, she let go of his hair and pushed him away.

"Fuck," Daphne panted breathlessly.

Harry chuckled and kissed his way up her stomach. Pausing at her chest, he spent a short time caressing and lavishing her perfect tits with kisses before sucking on one of her nipples. Daphne hissed, arching her back before moaning as he switched over to the other breast.

Cupping his cheeks, she pulled him in and kissed him on the lips as he settled between her legs. She placed him at her entrance, wrapped her legs around his waist, and used her strong thighs to pull him into her. Harry groaned into her mouth as he easily sank into her hot, silky depths. He took a moment to savor the feeling of being encased in her tight, wet core before beginning to move his hips.

"Oh fuck, yes," Daphne hissed.

Harry pushed himself up on his arms, watching as her incredible breasts jiggled and swayed in time with his thrusts while Daphne stared up at him with a heated gaze.

"You feel so fucking good," he said.

Licking her lips, she ran her hands over his chest, reaching around to rake her nails lightly across his back. Grunting, Harry thrust into her harder, driving her into the soft mattress with each forceful plunge into her depths.

Incredibly, Daphne arched her back and came again with a long, deep moan. Feeling her tighten around him, Harry grunted and continued thrusting through her climax. When she finally collapsed onto the bed, panting heavily, he slowed to a stop. Giving her a short, heated kiss, he pulled out of her and grabbed her hips. Daphne rolled over onto her stomach and then pushed herself up onto her hands and knees.

Caressing the small, but full globes of her pale ass, Harry lined up with her soaked entrance and slipped back into her depths. Daphne moaned, dropping down onto her elbows and resting her forehead on the mattress. Her walls fluttered around his cock as it filled and stretched her tight walls.

“Fuck,” Harry groaned. “What gotten into you today?”

“You didn’t notice?” Daphne asked, looking at him over her shoulder with a smirk. “Tonks was teasing me under the table the whole time we were in the library today.”

Harry gaped at her. He’d sat right next to her for hours and hadn’t noticed anything. Either Daphne was incredibly good at hiding her reactions, or he was completely oblivious. Still, the thought of Tonks slipping her hand up Daphne’s skirt in the middle of the library, while they were surrounded by friends and classmates, made his length pulse excitedly.

“That little bitch brought me to the edge half a dozen times and never once got me off,” Daphne said, rocking her hips back and forth lightly. “She kept making her fingers thicker and longer inside of me. You’re going to help me get payback on him later, but for right now, just keep fucking me.”

Harry began thrusting into her, his hands gripping her wide hips and pulling her back to meet his hips.



“What else did she do?” he asked huskily.

“She just kept starting and stopping, keeping me on edge,” Daphne panted. “Do you remember when I sat back and pressed my knee against the table?”

“I think so,” Harry said, vaguely remembering what she was talking about.

“I was trying to get her more room, hoping she’d let me cum,” Daphne said, pausing to moan as he gave her a particularly deep thrust. “She even played with my bum.”

Harry's cock leapt excitedly at the images running through his mind. Grabbing her cheeks, he spread her open and stared down at his thrusting cock and her wrinkled hole just above it.

“Like this?” he asked, running his thumb over the crinkled skin.

Gasping, Daphne rocked her hips back against him hard.

“Yes!” she chirped.

Grinning lecherously, Harry ran his thumb along her lips, coating it in her arousal before bringing it back up to her back door. Daphne moaned as he circled it around her entrance, then panted and gasped when he pressed the tip in up to the first knuckle.

“Harry,” Daphne whimpered.

Slowing his thrusts, he continued playing with her bum, constantly going back to coat his fingers in her arousal. This was something Harry had done before with Luna, so he knew to take his time and be exceedingly gentle. Starting with his index finger, he slowly sawed it and out of her

until she could take the whole thing, then he added his middle finger. He continued to thrust at an almost casual pace while working his fingers in and out of her incredibly hot, tight rear.

Daphne was a moaning groaning mess by the time he managed to sink two fingers fully into her. Her hands gripped the bedding tightly, but she never once showed any signs of pain or even discomfort.

Pulling his fingers out, he spread her cheeks as wide open as he could. Working his cheeks, Harry let a huge glob of spit fall from his lips right onto her slightly stretched hole. Gasping, Daphne turned her head to look at him.

“Just tell me if you want me to stop, okay?” he asked.

With nervous excitement sparkling in her stunning blue eyes, she nodded. Pulling out of her, Harry lined his swollen head up with her back entrance and pushed gently. Her tight ring suddenly gave way under the pressure and swallowed his tip whole. Daphne gasped sharply, flexing around him as he held still.

“You alright?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Daphne panted. “Keep going.”

Smiling, Harry reached down and stroked her cheek gently. Slowly, he cautiously pushed deeper into her. She managed to take another two inches before he paused to let her adjust. The heat was mind-numbing and her walls hugged him like they were molded to fit him perfectly.

Pulling out slowly, Harry moved back down to her flowing lips and sank back into her depths to cover his cock in her arousal. Moving back up to her rear, he sank back into her a bit more easily, causing Daphne to moan sensuously.

It took several minutes of careful, gentle work, but Daphne managed to take his entire length. With his cock buried to the hilt in her ass, Harry savored the incredible feeling. Leaning over her back, he cupped her breasts and kissed her neck as she panted, sweat glistening on her forehead.

“You okay?” he asked softly.

“Yes,” she breathed, her forehead pressed against the mattress. “I – Oh, fuck. I can’t believe you’re fucking my ass and I like it.”

Harry couldn’t help but laugh at the sound of disbelief in her voice. Kissing her cheek, Harry straightened up and grabbed her hips. Slowly, he pulled back, causing Daphne to gasp. When he was about halfway out, he reversed course and sank back into her just as slowly as he had pulled out.

“Faster,” Daphne panted.

Smiling, Harry did as she asked. Daphne moaned whorishly as he thrust back into her and trembled while clutching the sheets in a death grip. Even Luna, as kinky as the little blonde could be, hadn’t enjoyed anal as much as Daphne did.

Gradually increasing his pace, Harry was soon thrusting in and out of her at a much more normal pace. The feeling of her tight heat enveloping his length was quickly driving him towards his climax.

Putting one hand on the mattress for support. He reached under Daphne with the other hand and rubbed her clit, hoping to bring her off before he erupted. She moaned and groaned continuously, writhing under him.

Suddenly, Daphne cried out and went rigid as she clamped down on his length. Harry grunted in surprise, the feeling sending him over the edge abruptly as she clawed at the sheets, her legs

shaking and trembling uncontrollably while she gushed arousal all over the bed. As he came inside of Daphne, filling her depths, her legs gave out and she fell prone on the bed.

Harry followed her down, keeping his cock buried inside of her as they both rode out their climaxes.

“Holy shit,” Daphne panted, her legs still shaking. “That felt so fucking good.”

Harry laughed, feeling a bit lightheaded as he pulled out of her and flopped down onto the bed. Daphne moved over with a groan and rested her head on his chest as he wrapped an arm around her.

“Any ideas on how we can get back at Tonks?” she asked after a couple of minutes.

“Get back at her? I’m going to send a thank you card,” Harry joked.

Daphne snorted and slapped his chest lightly.

“No, I have a much better idea,” Daphne said, looking up at him with a mischievous grin.

## Chapter 7

Daphne refused to tell Harry what her plan was to get payback for Tonks’ teasing. He was sure it would be sudden and precise, but as time went by, he was disappointed to learn he was wrong. He had to give her one thing though, she was patient. When he asked her why she was waiting, she said she wanted Tonks to think about it, and explained that the anticipation was part of it. Indeed, as the days passed, Tonks became more and more jumpy, usually knocking over or spilling something whenever she was startled.

Finally, on the day before the start of Christmas break, and the last day of classes, Daphne got her revenge. It was near the end of breakfast, while they all sat at the Gryffindor table, that she smirked.

“How’s your pumpkin juice, Tonks?” she asked.

Tonks eyed her suspiciously.

“Fine,” she said setting her goblet down and pushing it away.

“Tastes pretty good today, doesn’t it?” Daphne asked.

“What did you do?” Tonks asked, her eyes narrowed.

“Oh, just a little Lust Potion,” Daphne said.

Tonks’ eyes went wide. Grabbing her goblet, she brought it to her nose for a sniff and then waved her wand over it, causing the contents to glow pink.

“I hate you,” Tonks said, her shoulders slumping.

“Not yet,” Daphne said with a smirk just before the bell rang for class. “See you at lunch.”

“You suck,” Tonks groaned.

Everyone grabbed their bags and Tonks, her shoulders slumped, trudged out into the crowded hall while Daphne left with a spring in her step and a satisfied smirk on her lips.

“Isn’t it dangerous giving her a Lust Potion?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“She’ll be fine, it’s just a mild dose. Just enough to be annoying without driving her crazy,” Daphne said. “It’s the same dose my mother takes when she has to sleep with my father.”

Hermione blinked at her curiously, but before she could ask Daphne anything else, they reached Transfigurations.

As it turned out, their morning classes were pretty boring. With it being the last day before break started, it was mostly review. Although, in Charms, Professor Flitwick taught them a spell to quickly and easily wrap presents.

At lunch, Tonks showed up half an hour late, her face flushed and sweaty. Harry could smell her arousal as she sat down next to him, their sides touching and rested her hand on his thigh.

“What took you so long, Tonks?” Daphne asked.

The question sounded innocent enough, but the smirk on her lips told another story.

“You know damn well what took me so long,” Tonks said with a glare.

Hermione rolled her eyes while Daphne, Susan, and Penny chuckled at their friend’s discomfort. Tonks continued to tease Harry for the next twenty minutes, her fingers tracing along his hard length.

“How about you skip Defense, and we go to the seventh floor?” she asked as the end of lunch neared.

“You can’t skip class,” Hermione said before Harry could answer.

“But Hermione, it’s your last class before break. It’s not like you’re going to learn anything new,” Tonks whined.

“No, if you skip class, I will tell Professor Quirrell,” she threatened Harry.

Tonks groaned, dropping her head to the table with a *thunk*, and this time, Harry felt her pain. Still, it was quite humorous listening to Tonks, a fifth year, trying to talk a first year into letting her skip class for a quick shag. Hermione blushed but refused to give in.

When the bell rang, Tonks grumpily stomped her way down the hall, and Harry pulled his robes around him to hide his erection. Defense was predictably boring, and Harry really wished he could have skipped class.

Their next, and last, class of the day was Potions. Snape was slowly but surely slipping back into his old ways after Harry’s talk with him at the start of the year. Maybe it was time for a visit from the ghost of Christmas past, Harry thought as he rubbed his thumb over the Resurrection Stone in his pocket. The class was almost more horrible than usual, as Snape allowed Malfoy and his friends to continually try and throw random ingredients into his and Hermione’s potion.

Harry used a shield to stop everything, but the fact that Snape blatantly ignored it was really starting to piss him off. Even the end of class wasn’t a relief. Snape decided that anyone whose potion wasn’t satisfactory, which just so happened to be all of the Gryffindors, would get double the homework to do over the holiday.

“I don’t understand what we did wrong,” Hermione said after class, disappointed that their potion wasn’t considered good enough.

“There was nothing wrong with our potion, Hermione,” Harry told her. “Snape just wanted to punish the Gryffindors. You saw Crabbe and Goyle’s potion. It was black sludge, and they didn’t get any extra homework.”

“Harry’s right,” Daphne agreed as she joined them on the staircase. “Snape’s a prick.”

“I still think we should go to the library and check, just to be sure,” Hermione said.

Harry sighed and glanced over at Daphne, who rolled her eyes. They decided to follow Hermione to the library in the end, since they had a free period before dinner and nothing better to do.

Hermione looked up the potion they had been brewing in three different books. As expected, their potion had been nearly perfect according to all of them. Hermione looked hurt and grew more and more frustrated that a professor would act like Snape had. Harry was just glad she was starting to realize authority figures weren't perfect.

Since they were already in the library, Hermione suggested they should make a start on their homework. Homework was probably the thing Harry hated most about coming back in time. He'd only just stopped having to do it, and now he was starting all over again. Still, he thought, it was a small price to pay to save hundreds of lives.

Of course, as usual, Hermione became engrossed in her work and they ended up staying long after the bell for the end of class.

“Can we go to dinner now?” Daphne asked impatiently.

“Just a minute, I'm almost done with this paragraph,” Hermione said distractedly.

While they were waiting for Hermione to finish, Tonks stormed into the library, her hair bright red and disheveled. Immediately, she strode over to Harry and took his hand in hers. As she pulled him out of his seat, he could smell her arousal and feel a wetness on her hand. Hermione blinked in surprise and Daphne laughed quietly while Tonks pulled him deep into the back of the stacks.

Harry was thankful it was dinner time and very few students were in the library as Tonks leaned back against a bookcase, wrapped her arms around him tightly, and kissed him hard. She'd had



to deal with a Lust Potion coursing through her veins all day, and he knew she wasn't going to take no for an answer right now. He didn't even have time to put up a ward as she pushed off his robes and reached for his belt.

Flushed and panting, Tonks opened his pants and pulled out his cock. Adrenaline pumped through him with each beat of his racing heart at the risk they were taking. This time, there was absolutely nothing stopping someone from walking up on them.

Tonks turned around, and Harry could see a damp spot on the back of her skirt. Lifting it up, she revealed a complete lack of knickers. Quickly, he lined himself up with her dripping entrance and easily sank to the hilt. She let out a whimper as he filled her tight depths, her hands gripping the bookshelf so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Harry began thrusting immediately, moving as fast as he could without making too much noise. Tonks came almost instantly, sticking her fist in her mouth to keep from screaming as her folds clamped down around him. Continuing through her orgasm, he untucked her white, button-up shirt from her skirt and slipped his hand underneath.

Running his hand up her stomach, he shoved her bra up and cupped her breast. Tonks let out a whimpering groan as he rolled her swollen nipple lightly between his fingers. Leaning over her back, Harry kissed her neck and slid his hand up her thigh. As his fingers traced along her lips, he could feel her pulse through her engorged slit. Just the slightest touch set her off in a second, leg-shaking climax, and she soaked the front of his pants in her arousal.

When her legs began to give out under her, Harry pulled out and spun her around. Lifting Tonks up, she wrapped her legs around his waist. Her hand desperately reached for his cock and lined him back up with her lips. Holding herself close to his chest, she buried her face in the crook of his neck and moaned as he pinned her back against the bookcase and began pounding into her.

While Tonks muffled her moans and groans against his shoulder, Harry caught movement out of the corner of his eye. Since they weren't being screamed at by a hysterical librarian, he looked over cautiously. To their left, Lilith Moon had pulled a book off the shelf and stared at them wide-eyed through the gap. When she didn't immediately run off, Harry relaxed but kept an eye on her as he fucked Tonks.

Lilith glanced around to make sure she was alone before turning her attention back to Harry. He couldn't see anything except her face, but he couldn't help but wonder if she was pleasuring herself behind the bookcase. The added excitement made Harry throb needily inside Tonks as his hips moved furiously.

Panting, with sweat dripping down his temple, he groaned as he neared his peak. Tonks bit his shoulder, her body trembling when she hit her third climax in a matter of minutes. The feeling of her walls fluttering around him pushed him over the edge. Harry spilled himself inside of her, his hips bucking with each powerful pulse of his cock. Kissing her neck, he trailed his mouth up her jaw until their mouths connected in a heated kiss.

When they both caught their breath, he set Tonks down on her feet where she wobbled unsteadily for a moment.

"Merlin, I needed that," she said, a look of utter relief on her face.

Chuckling, Harry looked over to his left while Tonks fixed her bra and tucked in her shirt. Lilith was gone, but he wasn't too worried.

Taking Tonks' hand in his, he walked her back over to their table. Hermione was finally done, and they were able to head down to dinner.

"Have fun?" Daphne asked with a smirk.

"You know I'm going to have to get you back for this, right?" Tonks asked.

"I look forward to it," Daphne said, grinning.

"Wait, you two didn't..." Hermione said, looking between Harry and Tonks as what they had done dawned on her. "In the library!"

She lectured Harry on the inappropriateness of having sex in the library all the way down to the Great Hall. Even though she tried to look upset, he and Tonks both noticed how flushed and flustered she looked.

“Are you upset we did it in the library, or are you upset it wasn’t you?” Tonks asked as they reached the Gryffindor table.

Hermione sputtered and denied it before suddenly dropping the subject entirely. Tonks and Harry shared a smile as they looked over her head at each other.

While they ate, Harry noticed Lilith glancing at him constantly. She didn’t look too happy to be surrounded by Pansy and Malfoy, her nose wrinkling cutely as Pansy gushed over the blonde git. Malfoy might have redeemed himself towards the end of the war, but that didn’t mean Harry liked him.

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Two days later, Harry let Daphne talk him into finishing their homework early so they could enjoy the holiday. As much as he wanted to avoid it, he knew she was right. Together with Tonks, Hestia, Susan, Hannah, and Tracey, they all found a table in the fairly empty library. Tonks and Hestia, being in their OWL year, were swamped with work. Harry did his best to point them in the right direction with their Defense studies without revealing how much he really knew, but they did look at him oddly a couple of times.

After a couple of hours buried in their books, Lilith walked into the library. Harry gave her a friendly smile as she walked past them to sit at a small table by herself. She looked quite lonely as she glanced over at their table longingly on occasion.

“Hey, Daphne?” Harry asked. “Is there a spell to learn sign language?”

“I think so, I know there’s spells to learn other languages, but they’re really difficult,” she said, looking over at Lilith briefly. “But I don’t even know if Lilith knows sign language, I’ve never seen her use it.”

“Well, then we can use the spell on her too,” Harry said as he stood.

“I’ll help you look,” Susan said, looking at him proudly.

Hannah joined them as well, and it only took a few minutes to find the book they needed. Unfortunately, Daphne was right about how difficult the spells were. They were NEWT level Charms that could backfire dangerously if not done correctly. Harry was confident that he could cast them properly, but not without looking suspiciously skilled for his age. He asked Tonks and Hestia if they could do it for him, but neither of them felt comfortable casting it.

Looking over at Lilith, Harry thought about it carefully. In the end, he decided to just do it. It wasn’t like he could hide his skill forever anyways, and he was around friends right now.

“Harry!” Hestia exclaimed worriedly as soon as he cast the spell.

“I’m fine,” Harry said with a grin. “It worked!”

“Do you know how dangerous that was?” she asked incredulously. “You could have given yourself permanent brain damage.”

“I’m fine,” Harry assured her. “Honestly, it’s not as hard as they made it out to be. Anyone else want me to cast it on them?”

Hestia and the other girls shook their heads, looking at him dubiously.

“I’ll do it,” Daphne volunteered.

“You’re crazy,” Hestia said in exasperation. “Don’t come crying to me when your brain starts dribbling out your ears.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry raised his wand and cast the spell on Daphne.

“Whoa, that feels weird,” she said. “It feels like my brain itches.”

Harry nodded, having felt the same thing. Raising his hands in front of him, he signed to her.

“*Can you understand me?*” he asked.

“Yes.” Daphne signed back with a grin.

Smiling back, Harry stood and walked over to Lilith. She looked up curiously as he stood across from her.

“Do you want to join us?” he asked.

She looked over at the table he’d just left and bit her lip as she looked at his friends. When Daphne waved her over, Lilith smiled and nodded. Harry helped her gather her books and carried them over to the table.

“What are you working on?” Susan asked as soon as she sat down.

Lilith picked up her Potions book and held it up while making a disgusted face, causing Susan to giggle.

“Lilith, do you know sign language?” Daphne asked.

Looking at her curiously, she nodded her head.

*"So do we,"* Daphne signed with a smirk.

Lilith's eyes widened as she looked around the table. Harry smiled and nodded his head.

*"Why didn't you tell me?"* Lilith asked, looking hurt.

*"We just learned it,"* Daphne signed, her hands moving quickly and smoothly. *"Harry found a book with the spell to learn it before he invited you over."*

Lilith blinked as she looked at Harry, tears gathering in her eyes. Suddenly, she leapt forward and hugged him tightly. As he patted her back, the other girls all smiled at him. Pulling back, Lilith gave a tearful smile.

*"Thank you,"* she signed.

*"You're welcome,"* Harry said.

*"Well, it seems rude not knowing it now,"* Tonks said with a sigh. *"Go on, Harry."*

*"Are you sure?"* he asked.

*"You and Daphne are still sane, so it should be fine,"* she joked.

Smiling at her, Harry cast the spell on her. Seeing that Tonks was fine afterwards, the rest of the girls agreed to have it cast on them. Lilith had a massive, happy grin on her face by the time he had finished with Tracey. Harry smiled to himself as he watched her talk with the other girls at the table, glad he was able to help her.

Unfortunately, even though they were the only ones in the library, their quiet talking still upset Madam Pince. Tired of being shushed constantly, Harry suggested they take their books and head up to the Room of Requirement. Lilith listened in fascination as Susan explained the room to her on the way.

Pacing back and forth, Harry summoned the room to look like a comfortable common room with plenty of seats for everyone, but with no particular house colors. As they took seats, Susan curled up against his right side, and Daphne sat down on his left. Playfully, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and gave one of her huge breasts a light squeeze. Giggling, Susan slapped his stomach lightly as he chuckled.

Across from them, Lilith looked between him and Tonks worriedly.

“What?” Tonks asked, seeing the look.

*“I thought you were dating Harry,”* Lilith signed.

“We’re more like friends with benefits right now,” Tonks explained with a smirk. “Besides, Susan and Daphne are his mistresses, so I can’t really tell them to leave him alone.”

“What made you think they were dating?” Daphne asked curiously.

“She saw us fucking in the library the other day,” Tonks said.

Lilith blushed heavily and looked over at her with wide eyes.

“You saw her too?” Harry asked with a grin.

Lilith snapped her head around to stare at him, then covered her face with her hands.

"It's nothing to be embarrassed about Lilith, I thought it was kinda hot," Tonks told her with a pat on the shoulder.

"Slut," Daphne said teasingly.

"Hey, it's your fault in the first place," Tonks protested.

"Was that the day she slipped you that Lust Potion?" Susan asked with a giggle.

"Yup," Tonks said, then turned to Daphne. "I still need to get you back for that, by the way."

"Good luck with that," Daphne replied, unconcerned.

Tonks looked disappointed that she didn't look remotely worried, and stuck out her tongue.

"Put that away unless you're going to do something with it," Daphne teased.

"Do you two talk about anything other than sex?" Hestia asked in an exasperated tone.

"Not if I can help it," Tonks said with a grin.

Hestia rolled her eyes but smiled at her best friend.

As they settled back down to study, Harry noticed Susan, Daphne, and Lilith talking to each other with sign language. Every time he looked up to see what they were saying, they stopped instantly.

"I'm going to regret teaching you sign language, aren't I?" Harry asked, shaking his head.



“Definitely,” Tracey said with a grin.

Harry let out a long-suffering sigh. Lilith smiled and her shoulders moved up and down as she let short, sharp breaths out her nose in a laugh. Smiling at her, he went back to work and left the girls to their silent conversation.

As the night grew later, more and more of the girls left until it was just Susan, Harry, and Lilith. With a triumphant grin and a sigh, Harry set down his quill and closed his books, completely finished with his homework. Stretching his arms, he draped one over Susan’s shoulder and trailed his fingers up and down her arm.

Leaning into him, Susan closed her book and rubbed her eyes.

“I’m done for the night,” she said tiredly.

With a flourish, Lilith finished her essay, slapped her quill down, and wiped her forehead dramatically.

“How long do we have until curfew?” Susan asked.

“About an hour and a half,” Harry said.

“Good,” she said. “Lilith was talking to us earlier, and she wants to see what it’s like to be your mistress.”

Harry looked over at the dark-haired, bespectacled girl as she blushed shyly and bit her lip.

“Do you want to be a mistress?” Harry asked.

*"I want to see what it's like first, like Susan is,"* Lilith signed shyly.

"And I take it you and Daphne are okay with this?" Harry asked.

"And Tonks, yes," Susan said with a smile.

Leaning over, she gave him a short but steamy kiss before standing up.

"Have fun," she said before leaving them alone.

Harry looked over at Lilith, who became even more shy now that they were alone. It still felt surreal that so many girls were willing to share him with each other, but he was beyond arguing against it now. If the girls didn't mind, then why should he bother fighting it, he reasoned.

Standing up, Harry stood in front of her and held out his hand. Nervously, Lilith took it and allowed him to pull her to her feet. Reaching up, he took her glasses off of her face, and for the first time, really noticed her beautiful, hazel-colored eyes. Harry took off his own glasses, set both pairs down on the table next to the couch, and pulled her close. Slowly, he leaned forward.

Lilith's breath hitched and her bright eyes, sparkling with nervousness and excitement, drifted closed. Harry softly pressed his lips against her, then pulled back briefly. Shifting his body closer to her so that they were pressed together, he kissed her again. Tentatively, Lilith kissed him back, her lips molding to and moving with his.

Resting his hands on her waist, Harry slipped his fingers under the hem of her white turtleneck jumper and brushed lightly across the smooth skin of her hips. Lilith's muscles twitched under his light touch, and he smiled against her lips as she let out a quiet gasp.

Breaking the kiss, Harry wrapped his arms around her thighs and lifted her up. Lilith inhaled sharply as he spun around and sat down on the couch with her straddling his lap, her long, black skirt riding up her legs. Harry smiled at her as he reached up and ran a hand through her hair.

Smiling back, Lilith bent down and kissed him again. As he slipped his tongue into her mouth, he grabbed the hem of her jumper and slowly pulled it up, revealing more and more of her smooth, creamy skin. Pulling her lips back from his, she raised her arms over her head so he could remove her jumper completely and toss it onto the couch next to them.

Harry leaned forward and kissed the tops of her small breasts which were held in a thin, white bra. Lilith ran her hands through his messy black hair as he reached behind her back and unclasped it. Nervously, she lowered her arms so he could pull it away. Her arms moved as if to cover herself, but she stopped herself halfway through the movement. Harry gave her a reassuring smile and a brief kiss on the lips before looking down at her chest.

Her breasts were small, but perky, with absolutely no sag, and capped with proportionally large, light pink areolas and stiff nipples. Cupping her breasts, Harry ran his thumbs over her soft areolas and nipples before kissing her again.

Nervously, Lilith grabbed his long-sleeved shirt and pulled it off of him. When it was off, Harry pulled his wand out of his pocket and, with a wave, magicked off the rest of their clothes impatiently. Her eyes went wide as she suddenly found herself naked with his hard length pressed against her bare folds. Smiling, Harry cupped her bum and lifted his hips, pressing his cock firmly against her lips. Lilith's jaw fell open and she panted as her hips rolled instinctively.

Stroking her cheek, he trailed his hand down her neck, chest, stomach, and thigh, eyeing her lustfully. Grabbing her bum again, he lifted her up until the head of his cock was pressed firmly against her entrance. Holding her there, he paused and waited for her to make the first move. Hesitating for a moment, Lilith took a deep breath before slowly sinking down on his length. Harry closed his eyes and groaned as her depths gripped him tightly in a hot, wet grasp.

Letting out a quiet whimper, she leaned forward and kissed him hard as she gradually took inch after inch of his rock-hard length. He cupped and played with her small, jutting breasts, rubbing

her nipples and running the back of his nails along their undersides. Moaning into his mouth, Lilith began moving up and down, her muscular thighs flexing as she raised and lowered herself slowly.

Breaking their kiss, she rested her forehead against his, staring into his eyes as she sped up, rolling her hips every time she bottomed out. Soon, she was riding him frantically, far faster and harder than he had ever expected of her. Lilith's eyes were glazed over in pleasure as she lifted herself up and then threw herself down onto him.

Harry groaned, his climax quickly building from her frenetic pace. Lilith seemed close herself as her rhythm devolved into a nearly mindless rutting. Her breath came in sharp pants and gasps, her small breasts jiggling wildly with her desperate movements.

With a gasp, she came suddenly. Leaning forward, Lilith hugged him tightly, her face buried in the crook of his neck as her hips rolled. Harry sucked at her neck and growled in the back of his throat as he bucked up into her, reaching his own peak.

As they collapsed against each other, Harry lifted her up, turned to the side, and laid down on his back with Lilith on top of him, his spent cock slipping out of her leaking depths. She laid on top of him for a moment, panting as she caught her breath, before propping herself up with her elbows on his chest.

*"Can we study like this all the time?"* she asked.

"Any time you want," Harry answered with a grin.

## Chapter 8

Late at night on Christmas Eve, long after the few remaining students had gone to bed eagerly awaiting morning, Harry stood in the Room of Requirement. With so few people in the castle, the professor hadn't even bothered to patrol the halls, making his trip to the seventh floor all too simple.

Pulling the Gaunt ring out of his pocket, he slipped it onto his finger and closed his eyes. While spinning the ring around three times, he thought of all the people he wanted to see. Slowly, Harry opened his eyes to see an army of ghostly figures standing in front of him, smiling, and waving. Of course, there were his parents, as well as his grandparents, Cynthia and Gerald Evans, Edgar and Patricia Bones, Ariana Dumbledore, Fabian and Gideon Prewett, and Rowena Ravenclaw.

Harry smiled softly at the faces staring back at him.

“Hello,” he said.

“It’s so good to see you again, sweetheart,” Lily said, walking forward to hug him.

Wrapping his arms around her, he took a long moment to savor her embrace before letting her go.

“You know, son, I’m not sure whether to be proud of you or jealous,” James said with a teasing smile. “You’ve put me and Sirius to shame with all the witches you’ve got fawning over you.”

Lily rolled her eyes and gave him a light slap on the chest with a playful glare.

“As long as you’re happy, that’s all we care about,” Lily told him.

Harry smiled at her as his grandparents walked up to him.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you,” his grandmother, Cynthia, said as she too hugged him. “I’m so sorry for the way Petunia treated you. I don’t know where we went wrong with her.”

“It’s not your fault, grandmum,” Harry told her softly.

Sniffing, Cynthia pulled back and lovingly stroked his cheek with a watery smile.

“Your grandfather and I are so proud of you,” she told him.

Harry returned the smile, his eyes burning as he fought back tears as his heart swelled with happiness.

“Absolutely,” his grandfather, Gerald, said with a nod.

Walking up to Harry, he clapped him on the shoulder before pulling him in for a brief, tight hug.

“As good as it is to see you, Harry, I’m guessing you brought us here for a reason?” Lily asked.

“Yeah,” Harry said, clearing his tight throat. “I wanted to see if we could change things for the better. There’re quite a few people that could use some closure. Edgar, Patricia, I thought you could go see Susan for a bit.”

“We’d love to,” Patricia said with a smile. “I know it might be unusual, but I’m glad Susan is part of your group.”

Edgar didn’t look like he fully agreed, but he didn’t seem too upset about it either. Harry smiled and breathed a sigh of relief.

“Ariana, I know Albus and Aberforth would love to hear from you,” Harry said.

Smiling, Ariana nodded and drifted away.

“Grandmum, Grandpa, I was wondering if you would go have a talk with Aunt Petunia,” Harry said.

“Gladly,” Gerald said. “I don’t know if it’ll make much of a difference, but we’ll do our best.”

“Harry, it might help if Vernon’s parents were there as well,” Cynthia suggested, then continued at his dubious look. “I’ve spoken with his mother, Margaret, and she’s just as disappointed as we are. His father, Frederick, could help as well. He’s had to make up for a lot of his past mistakes.”

Harry hesitated for a moment before wordlessly twisting the ring again. Next to his grandparents appeared a second, larger couple. The man looked like Vernon without the mustache, while the woman looked like a slightly thinner version of Aunt Marge. The biggest difference though was the way they looked at him. Their eyes held none of the contempt or disgust that he was so used to seeing from their offspring.

“Thank you for bringing us, Harry,” Margaret said with a kind smile. “I promise, we’ll do our best to help them see the error of their ways.”

“Thanks,” Harry said with a small smile before turning away. “Rowena —”

“I presume I’m here to speak with my daughter,” the founder interrupted.

“Mostly, but I’d like to speak with you before you leave if you don’t mind,” Harry said.

Rowena looked at him curiously for a moment before bowing her head in acknowledgment.

“After all you have done to defend my school, I am at your service,” she said.

Nodding in return, Harry turned to his parents.

“Mum, would you mind having a word with Snape?” he asked.

“It would be our pleasure,” James said with a crooked grin.

Lily elbowed him in the gut and gave him a look that clearly told him to behave.

“We’ll our best, son,” Lily said with a motherly smile.

“Thanks, mum,” Harry said. “Dad, I actually wanted you to go talk with Sirius and Remus. I think they’re both staying at Grimmauld Place.”

“I’m sure we could do that after we deal with Snape,” he said.

“No, James, Harry’s right,” Lily said. “You being there will only make things worse, and your friends need you.”

“But Lily – “

“James,” his mother said sternly.

“Fine,” James whined, crossing his arms with a pout. “Ruin my fun.”

Harry chuckled as he watched his parents interact.

“Last but not least, Fabian, Gideon, I’m sure Molly would love to see you, and the twins,” Harry said.



“Oh, I’m sure we can handle that,” one of them said, Harry wasn’t sure which, with a mischievous grin.

“Try not to give anyone a heart attack,” Harry said.

“No promises,” they replied in unison with identical grins.

Smiling, Harry shook his head.

“Well, I think that covers everything,” he said. “I was hoping Neville’s parents would be here, but...”

“They haven’t moved on yet,” Lily told him sadly.

“I figured,” Harry said with a sigh while running a hand through his hair. “None of you happen to know a way I can help them, do you?”

Around the room, everyone turned to look at each other, but no one seemed to have any answers.

“My apologies, but what is wrong with them?” Rowena asked.

“They were tortured into insanity with the Cruciatus Curse,” Harry informed her.

“Are they catatonic?” Rowena pressed.

“Not completely,” Harry replied. “They don’t really talk, but they are conscious and able to walk.”

“Hmm,” Rowena hummed thoughtfully. “I’m not aware of any cure for such a condition, but I’ll see what information I can discover. Recall me in a fortnight and I will let you know my findings.”

“Thank you,” Harry said gratefully. “Alright, well, I think that’s it.”

As everyone left after wishing him a happy Christmas and getting hugs from his parents and grandparents, Harry was left alone with Rowena Ravenclaw.

“What do you wish to speak with me about?” she asked.

“Do you know a way to remove a Horcrux without destroying the container?” Harry asked.

Rowena frowned as she began to pace back and forth.

“At its essence, a Horcrux is still a spirit. I’ve never had to deal with one myself, however, it would stand to reason that an Exorcism Ritual would suffice. The problem you will need to overcome is one of strength. In order for the exorcism to work, the caster will need to be more powerful than the spirit. The Dark Lord’s power will not be diminished, no matter how small the piece of soul you are fighting. I believe you would be capable of such a feat. However, you will still find the challenge quite daunting,” she explained.

“Well, it’s worth a shot. Thank you,” Harry told her gratefully.

“You’re quite welcome. I do have a request, if I may?” Rowena asked.

“Of course,” Harry said.

“I would like to see my Diadem destroyed,” Rowena told him. “That particular artifact has already caused far too much strife.”

Nodding, Harry closed his eyes and focused on what he wanted. Around him, he could hear the room shift and change. When the noise stopped, he opened his eyes to find himself in the Room of Hidden Things. He looked around, trying to get his bearings, but Rowena took off, clearly knowing where the Diadem was.

Harry followed her through the maze of towering junk for only a couple of minutes until they reached their destination. Covered in dust, the Diadem sat atop a fake bust. As he neared it, the Diadem trembled and radiated a sense of fear. Harry forced himself to continue forward, ignoring the desire to turn and run.

Drawing his wand, he aimed it at the Diadem.

“Avada Kedavra,” Harry growled.

The curse struck true. With an unearthly shriek, the blue gem in the center of the Diadem cracked in two as a black smog poured out of it. With a final scream, the smog took on the face of a young Voldemort before dissipating into the air.

Another one down, Harry thought.

*Bang!*

The Diadem exploded as it shattered in two. Harry, his eyes wide, was blown backwards several feet before he landed back first on the unforgiving stone floor. Coughing, he rolled over to his hand and knees as he tried to get his breath back.

“Ow,” Harry grunted.

Climbing back to his feet while rubbing his bruised tailbone, he saw Rowena standing over the remains of her Diadem with a pleased smile on her face.

“Thank you,” she said gratefully. “I believe it’s time I go reconcile with my daughter.”

Before Harry could reply, Rowena turned and walked away, passing straight through a pile of furniture. Smiling, he shook his head and looked around to find a path back out. As he did, he spotted the Vanishing Cabinet that Malfoy had used to sneak Death Eaters into the school. Setting his jaw, Harry aimed his wand at it.

The tip glowed a bright, sparkling red before it shot forwards like an arrow. The moment it hit the cabinet, it exploded into a thousand tiny pieces with a booming thud. Harry threw up a shield to protect himself as debris fell for several seconds afterwards. Satisfied, he turned and made his way out of the room.

---

Albus Dumbledore, clad in a long purple nightgown and pointed sleeping cap, sat at his desk, enjoying a nice cup of tea mixed with brandy before bed. Just as he downed the last dregs, he spotted a ghost coming through his door. Not an unusual occurrence. With little to do but gossip, the ghosts often came to him with the latest news of his more adventurous students.

Turning his head, he froze, his face paling and his hand trembling as the tea cup slipped from his fingers to land on the carpet with a dull thud.

“Ariana,” Dumbledore breathed.

“Hello Albus,” Ariana said with a smile.

“It can’t be,” Dumbledore said, getting to his feet. “It’s not possible.”

“When I was eleven, you sent me pictures from Hogwarts every week so I wouldn’t feel left out,” Ariana said. “I kept them in an album, and then made you tell me about every single one when you got back during the summer. As the years went on, you sent them to me less and less until you stopped sending them altogether. That’s when Abe took over and began doing the same thing.”

“It is you,” Dumbledore gasped, falling weakly into his chair as he stared at her in wonder and fear. “But how?”

“Harry,” Ariana said simply as she approached him with a soft, kind smile. “I forgive you, Albus, I know you never meant to hurt me.”

Dumbledore covered his eyes as he wept, relief at being forgiven mixing with the pain he still felt from the memories and mistakes of that night. Ariana wrapped her arms around him gently and stroked his long, white hair as he cried.

“I’m sorry,” he gasped, “I’m s-so sorry.”

“Shh, it’s alright,” Ariana said softly. “I’m at peace now. I never have to worry about hurting anyone ever again.”

They stayed like that for a long moment before Dumbledore pulled back, only now realizing that he was able to touch her, something impossible with a ghost.

“I’m so proud of everything you’ve accomplished, Albus,” Ariana said before he could think on it.

“Nothing I have done can make up for the mistakes I’ve made,” Dumbledore said quietly.

“Everyone makes mistakes, it’s what we do to make up for them that matters and you have done more than enough,” Ariana said with a smile. “I can’t stay for long, but I’d like to stay and talk while I can.”

“I’d love that,” Dumbledore said.

---

Lily walked through the door into Snape's private quarters and found him working on a potion with his back turned to her.

"Hello, Severus," she said.

"How did you get in here? I –"

Snape froze and paled as he stared at Lily in utter shock.

"Lily," he breathed barely above a whisper.

"Would you care to explain to me why you feel the need to give my son such a hard time?" Lily asked, her arms folded over her chest as she glared at him.

"This must be a trick," Snape snarled, red splotches appearing on his pale cheeks in his anger. "Potter! I know it's you!"

"During our fifth year, just before Christmas, you gave me a necklace and then tried to kiss me," Lily said, watching his face pale and his expression turn to shock. "I stopped you and told you we would only ever be friends."

"This isn't possible," Snape whispered, more to himself than to her.

"Oh, it's very possible," Lily told him. "Now, why do you keep giving my son a hard time?"

"I've done no such thing," Snape said, looking away to stare down at his robes as he straightened them. "I don't know what he's been telling you –"

“Harry hasn’t told me anything, he doesn’t need to,” Lily interrupted. “Do you really think I wouldn’t keep an eye on him just because I’m dead? I’ve seen everything. I saw the way you singled him out in his very first class, I’ve watched you give him unfair grades and allow your students to try and throw dangerous ingredients into his potion. And don’t you dare pretend like you didn’t notice, you’re not that stupid, Severus.”

“I have to play my role as a spy,” Snape said defensively.

“Oh, bullshit!” Lily exclaimed. “You hate him because he’s James’ son. Well, guess what, he’s my son too in case you’ve forgotten.”

Snape wince as if physically struck.

“I’ve protected him, just like I tried to protect you,” Snape said.

“You mean you tried to protect me *after* you sent Voldemort after my family in the first place,” Lily growled.

“I didn’t know,” Snape said miserably.

“It shouldn’t have mattered!” Lily yelled. “You’re smart Severus, you knew exactly what Voldemort was going to do with that information. Tell me, if the prophecy hadn’t involved my family, would you have still gone to Dumbledore?”

The shameful look on Snape’s face answered the question long before he could bring himself to speak.

“Exactly,” Lily said. “You still don’t get it, after all these years. I didn’t stop being friends with you because you called me a name, I stopped being friends with you because of what you were becoming. For God’s sake, Severus, you were completely willing to send Voldemort after an innocent child just to gain favor with him. The only reason you changed sides was because

Voldemort didn't spare me like you begged him to. And what did you expect to happen after that? Did you think I was just going to run off with you? Sit at home and be the dutiful housewife while you went out at night to rape, torture, and murder innocent people?"

Lily panted as she let out all of her pent-up anger at her former friend.

"I've wondered for a long time if you ever actually cared about me at all, or if I was just some sick obsession of yours," she said more calmly.

"Of course, I did," Snape said, finally looking up at her. "I always loved you."

"Then you sure have a funny way of showing it," Lily huffed. "Did you know I was pregnant when Voldemort killed me?"

Snape closed his eyes and swallowed thickly.

"A daughter," Lily continued. "I even managed to talk James into making you her Godfather. I didn't know you had taken the mark already, and I hoped we could settle things since we were out of school. Knowing what I do now, I doubt you could have gotten over your hatred of James long enough for me to even make the offer."

Snape staggered back and fell into a chair with his head in his hands.

"I'm sorry, I—"

"Don't tell me you're sorry, show me," Lily told him. "Start caring about your students and teach them without being a complete asshole. Stop harassing students like my son, Hermione, and Neville. That one pisses me off almost as much as how you treat Harry. You're directly responsible for what happened to his parents, and you constantly attack him. Do you even know that the number of Potions NEWTs is the lowest in three hundred years since you took over the post? It has nothing to do with their ability, and everything to do with you. Hundreds



of students have given up on careers that require a NEWT in potions, just because they can't stand your class."

Lily walked closer to Snape and waited until he looked up at her.

"If you ever cared about me; If you ever want to speak to me again, you seriously need to change," she told him.

Turning around, she walked towards the door.

"Wait!" Snape called out.

Lily stopped but didn't turn back to look at him.

"When will I see you again?" he asked desperately.

"When I have a reason to see you," Lily said.

Without another word, she left his quarters.

---

While Ariana spoke with Albus before preparing to meet Aberforth, four ghostly figures invaded the normal, peaceful neighborhood of Privet Drive. At this time of night, there was no one up to peer through their curtains to see them enter Number Four.

Inside, Cynthia led the group up the stairs to the master bedroom, where they found Vernon and Petunia Dursley sound asleep in their beds. Petunia was curled up on her side at the edge of the bed, while Vernon's bulk took up the rest of the mattress. As the parents spilt into pairs and moved to their child's side of the bed, Cynthia leaned down to look at her daughter.

“Petunia, Petunia, wake up,” she called out.

Petunia stirred and blinked open her eyes before they went wide with fright at the sight before her. With an ear-piercing scream, she sat upright and back against the headboard. Vernon grunted as he woke up and blinked, nonplussed, at the sight of his parents and in-laws standing before him.

“Now really, is that any way to greet your mother,” Cynthia said.

“BOY!” Vernon shouted, his face slowly turning from white to puce. “If this is one of your freak tricks I swear I’ll snap your ruddy neck!”

“Vernon, stop it!” his mother, Margaret, yelled sternly while Cynthia and Gerald glared daggers at him. “You call Harry that again and I *will* take you over my knee.”

“How could you treat Harry like that Petunia?” Cynthia asked disappointedly. “He’s your family, your nephew, and you throw him in a closet, starve him, insult and belittle him at every turn? We raised you better than that.”

“H-he deserved it!” Petunia stammered. “We never wanted him to begin with. That boy was always causing trouble.”

“No, he wasn’t,” Gerald said as he stepped next to his wife. “He was a child, your sister’s child, and you abused him. I was never as disappointed in you as I was when I saw how you treated him. Why would you do such a thing?”

“He was a freak!” Vernon spat. “He should be grateful we took him in at all.”

*Smack!*

Vernon blinked in shock and rubbed his cheek where Margaret had slapped him. Looking up, he cowered at the furious expression on her face.

“I did not raise you to be a child abuser,” Margaret hissed at him. “Do you have any idea how lucky you are Harry never went to the police? You two should be in jail right now, and it’s only because of that nice young man that you aren’t.”

“You may have escaped justice in this life,” Frederick told his son, “but you will not escape it in the next. Part of this is my fault for raising you the way I did, and for that, I’m sorry.”

“What are you on about?” Vernon asked, staring at his father with a bewildered look.

“We all pay for the wrongs we inflict on others, son,” Frederick explained. “I spent ten years in, well, I guess you could call it hell. Ten years of making up for my mistakes and bad decisions without ever being able to see your mother. Unless you seriously change your ways, I expect you and Petunia will be spending even more time there.”

“No! I can’t!” Petunia whimpered.

“Then you had best start trying to live a better life,” Gerald told her sternly. “Let go of your petty jealousy before it ruins you.”

“And you better start keeping a closer eye on Dudley,” Cynthia said angrily. “What you’ve done to him is nearly as bad as what you did to Harry.”

“We never hurt my Dudders,” Petunia said offendedly.

“You raised him in a household where abuse was not only accepted but encouraged,” Cynthia nearly yelled in frustration and anger. “You encouraged him to overeat so Harry would have less, and now he’s a glutton and severely overweight. Your actions thought him that abuse is perfectly fine, so long as he doesn’t get caught, and now he’s the biggest bully in the

neighborhood. You were so focused on seeing the best in him that you ignored his blatant flaws, now he's out drinking and doing drugs every chance he gets. If you don't wake up and start paying attention, he'll end up in jail soon."

"No, he wouldn't," Petunia said weakly.

"There's nothing wrong with my son!" Vernon growled.

Before the conversation could continue, Lily walked through the closed door and into the room.

"You!" Petunia gasped, bringing her knees up to her chest as she stared at her sister in horror.

"Yes, me," Lily snarked back before turning to her mother. "Has she apologized yet?"

"Apologize for what?" Petunia spat, interrupting her mother before she could speak. "You left us with the boy, and we took him in. If anything, you should be thanking us."

"Thanking you?" Lily asked in a dangerously quiet voice. "And if something had happened to you, and I were to raise Dudley, would you be thanking me for treating him like you did Harry?"

"As if we'd ever let a freak like you raise our son," Vernon growled.

"Vernon!" Margaret scolded him.

"Well, since logic and reason don't work with you, I think we might need to try something a bit more drastic," Lily said as she raised her arms, a white mist gathering around her.

"Now see here!" Vernon shouted.

Before he could continue his tirade, Lily thrust her arms forwards. The white mist shot forward, flowing into their mouths, noses, and ears. They both slumped backwards, their eyes flitting rapidly behind their eyelids as they began to relive all of the mental, emotional, and physical abuse they'd heaped upon Harry, from his perspective. Lily hoped it would allow them to see themselves how her son did.

It took only a few moments for them to relive a whole childhood's worth of memories. Vernon and Petunia gasped as they came back to themselves. Petunia looked absolutely shocked, but Vernon tried to look unaffected.

"Pet," he said, reaching out to touch Petunia's shoulder.

Startled, she flinched and covered herself with her arms with a yelp. Vernon jolted back, looking hurt just before she broke down into tears.

"What did you do?" Vernon asked, shaking his head as if it might dispel the memories running through his head.

"Gave you a taste of your own medicine," Lily said. "And you'll keep reliving those moments in your sleep until you feel true remorse for your actions. Harry will never be coming back here, and I probably won't see you again until you pass on. Goodbye, Petunia."

Lily, still fuming, turned and left to go find James. Hopefully, seeing Sirius and Remus again would cheer her up.

---

James stepped into Twelve Grimmauld Place and slowly made his way to the den. Looking around the dust and grim-covered house, he wrinkled his nose. He'd never actually set foot in the Black home before, and he could now see why Sirius had never even tried to invite him. If the people were anything like the décor, then he could imagine they would have been pleasant to talk to.

In the den, he found Sirius sitting on the couch, a full glass of Firewhiskey in his hand and a half-empty bottle within arm's reach.

"You know that stuff's bad for your health," James said with a crooked grin.

Sirius sloshed his drink all over the floor.

"Damn it, Remus, that's a waste of good -"

Sirius broke off as he looked up at James. With wide eyes, the glass tumbled from his finger to land on the filthy carpet.

"James?" he gasped. "Am I dead?"

"No, my friend, you are still very much alive," James said with a grin as he walked into the room.

Sirius jumped up from the couch and came to an abrupt stop as he reached out with his hand. When he touched James' shoulder and realized he was solid, he threw himself forward and hugged him tightly. James hugged Sirius back as he broke down into tears.

"I'm so sorry, James. It's all my fault," Sirius wept.

"Easy Padfoot," James said, pushing him back to look at his face. "Listen to me, what happened to us was not your fault. We all trusted Peter."

"But it was my idea, and -"

“And I agreed with it,” James interrupted. “I know you’ve been looking for forgiveness, but there’s nothing to forgive. We all made mistakes and it’s no one’s fault except Peter’s.”

Nodding, Sirius wiped his eyes, some of that haunted look leaving his eyes and looking as if a weight had been lifted off of his shoulder.

“Come on, let’s take a seat. There’re a few things we need to talk about,” James said. “By the way, where’s Remus?”

“Oh, he asleep,” Sirius said. “The full moon was just a few days ago.”

A mischievous grin stretched across James’ face.

“Well, it would be quite rude if we didn’t wake him,” he said.

Sirius’ eyes lit up and he grinned widely as they made their way upstairs.

James walked through the door to Remus’ room while Sirius crept in silently. James lifted a finger to his lips, telling Sirius to be quiet. Levitating a few feet into the air, James laid parallel to the floor and glided forward until he was right over the top of Remus.

“WAKE UP!” James shouted as loud as he could.

Remus jumped as he opened his eyes. The moment he saw James, he let out a girlish scream and scrambled out of bed. His legs got tangled in the sheets and he ended up falling onto the floor with a thud. Sirius held his stomach as he laughed hard, tears gathering in the corners of his eyes. Remus jumped to his feet, wand in hand as he looked around to get his bearings. Spotting Sirius, his bewildered, frightened look turned angry.

“Damn it, Sirius, that’s not funny!” he yelled.

“It wasn’t my idea,” Sirius replied, nodding to James.

“Sorry, Remus,” James said with a grin. “I couldn’t help myself.”

“For fuck’s sake, Sirius! Have you completely lost it?” Remus fumed. “Whatever spell this is stop it. I can’t believe you would use James’ image for a prank!”

James reached out and rested his hand on Remus’ shoulder. Remus froze, staring at the ghostly hand in shock.

“This is no prank, Moony,” James told him with a smile. “Well, waking you up was, but I’m the real thing.”

“How?” Remus asked softly as he looked up at James’ face.

“I can’t say,” James said. “But I’ve been granted a few hours to come and visit the world of the living.”

“What about Harry?” Sirius asked, his grin fading.

“Lily and I have already seen him,” James said. “Come on, let’s go downstairs and have a chat.”

---

Back at Hogwarts, Harry stood atop the Astronomy Tower, gazing out across the grounds. The inky black sky just beginning to turn a dark blue. As soon as the horizon turned red, the sun beginning its climb over the mountains in the distance, Harry rubbed the ring on his finger. He waited a minute longer, giving the summoned spirits time to say one last goodbye before releasing them, and allowing them to return to where they belonged.



Letting out a sigh, Harry smiled and closed his eye as the warm sunlight touched his skin, warming his cold face. Inhaling deeply, he let the crisp, Christmas morning air fill his lungs.

“Harry?”

Harry turned around. Susan, wearing a yellow jumper and loose-fitting pair of sweatpants, had just reached the top of the steps and walked towards him.

“Morning, Susan. Happy Christmas,” he said.

“Happy Christmas,” Susan replied, a warm, contented smile on her face. “You’re not going to believe what happened last night. I’m not sure if it was just a dream. I know this might sound crazy, but my parents came to see.”

“You’re not crazy, Susan,” Harry told her as she came to stand next to him. “I saw my parents, too.”

“Really?” she asked, turning away from the beautiful sunset to look at him as her face broke out in a huge smile. “I’m so happy for you.”

Susan pulled him towards her and wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug. Harry smiled as he hugged her back. As they pulled back, he realized that he’d never seen Susan look more at peace, or more sure of herself than she did at that moment. Even if that was the only good thing that came out of last night, it made it all worth it.

“You’re freezing, let’s go inside,” Susan said.

Hooking her arms through his, she pulled him back into the castle.

“My parents like you, you know,” she said as they walked through the halls.

“Really?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, they said they’re glad I found someone like you,” Susan told him.

Smiling, Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulder and pulled her close to kiss the top of her head. Susan’s arm wrapped around his waist.

“Susan, Gryffindor Tower is back there,” Harry said as they passed the staircase.

“I know,” she replied with a grin.

Harry realized where she was taking him as she led him further down the seventh-floor corridor. Smiling, he waited as she paced back and forth to summon the Room of Requirement. He barely had time to enter the room and close the door before she hugged him and tilted her head up to kiss him passionately.

Squatting down, Harry wrapped his arms around her and lifted her up. She giggled as he carried her over to the bed and sat her down on the edge of the mattress. Grabbing the hem of her jumper, he tugged it up and over her head. Smiling at her lack of bra, he grabbed two handfuls of her huge, firm breasts before leaning down to suck on her thick nipple, her areolas so wide he couldn’t fit all of it in his mouth.

Susan moaned and ran her fingers through his hair as he licked and sucked at her nipple until it hardened under his attention. As he switched over to the other breast, Susan slipped out of her pants and knickers before tugging at his jumper. Harry regretfully let go of her breasts so she could pull it off of him. Tossing it to the floor, she ran her hands down his chest to the waist band of his jeans.

As she worked at the button and zipper, Susan slid off the bed and down to her knees. Tugging his trousers and boxers down as one, she giggled as his half-hard member bounced free. With her hands on his legs, she leaned forward, using her tongue to feed the head into her mouth.

Groaning, Harry rested his hand on the top of her head, his fingers running through her dark red hair while she suckled on his tip.

Under her gentle ministrations, his length quickly hardened and stood straight out from his body. Taking one hand off his leg, Susan wrapped her small hand around his base, her fingertips just barely able to touch, and began sliding her hand up and down his smooth, rigid shaft. Bobbing her head, Susan slowly fed more of his length into her mouth as her tongue licked and swirled around him. Harry throbbed as she looked up at him, her brown eyes sparkling, and her lips stretched wide around his girth.

With her eyes remaining locked on his, she moved her head faster, taking him deeper until his swollen head bumped into the entrance of her throat. Gagging, Susan pulled back slightly and focused on the part she could handle while her hand stroked the rest with a little twist as she reached the end of his length. Harry groaned as he luxuriated in the feeling of her hot, wet, sucking mouth. He hissed through his teeth when she pulled back to the head and gave a series of short, hard sucks while the tip of her tongue traced back and forth over the bottom of his glans.

“Merlin, Susie, I’m close,” Harry panted.

Susan suddenly started bobbing her head rapidly along his head, causing Harry’s legs to tremble from the intense pleasure he was feeling. When he reached his peak with a grunt, she trapped his engorged, pulsating head between her lips, sucking hard and long while her hand flew up and down his length. His cum rocketed up his shaft and exploded into her mouth, completely coating her tongue with the first release. Susan continued nursing him through his climax, draining every last drop of his seed into her voracious mouth.

When his peak finally waned, she pulled off of him and tilted her head back. Showing him the large pool of cum flooding her tongue and teeth, she swirled it around before closing her mouth and swallowing twice.

Panting, Harry smiled at her and stroked her cheek tenderly. Holding out a hand, he helped her to her feet and kissed her on the lips before pushing her back onto the bed. He grabbed her

knees, resting them on his shoulders as he caressed her thick, smooth thighs. With a turn of his head, he kissed the inside of her thigh and slowly worked his way down between her legs.

Harry teased her for a bit, breathing over her damp mound, the smell of her arousal permeating the humid air, but never actually touching her excited folds as he kissed and licked all the way around.

“Harry, please,” Susan moaned desperately.

Smiling, Harry teased her twice more before kissing her slit. Susan gasped and bucked her hips, her fingers tangling in his disheveled hair. He planted a kiss on her lips, her arousal coating his tongue, then mercifully slipped his tongue between them and licked from the bottom up, flicking over her swollen clit when he reached the top. His cock gave a throb at her wanton moan while she tugged his hair, trying to lead him back to that spot.

With one hand, Harry reached out to grab one of her incredible breasts as his tongue went back to her excited nub. Heat poured off of her mound as he kissed, licked, and sucked at her clit. Susan panted and moaned, arching her back as he gave her large nipple a light squeeze. Harry could feel his length hardening quickly as he quickly drove her towards the edge of bliss. Grabbing both of her breasts, he groped them roughly as he assaulted her clit relentlessly.

Gasping and whimpering, Susan began to writhe on the bed as she neared her end. With a loud keen, she hit her peak. Gushing, she soaked Harry’s face in her arousal as he continued pleasuring her, her throbbing clit trapped between his lips as he stimulated it with his tongue frantically. As her screaming came to an end, and she flopped bonelessly on the bed, he finally relented. Placing one last peck on her mound, Harry pried her legs open. Standing straight, he grinned down at her euphoric expression and wiped his mouth with his hand.

Climbing onto the bed, Harry laid on his side next to her and gently caressed her face, trailing down the rest of her pale, sweat-covered skin. Opening her eyes, Susan grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for a searing kiss. With their lips still attached, she put her hand on his shoulder and pushed him onto his back.

With a sultry look, she straddled his waist and sank down onto his rigid length. A moan left her lips as she tilted her head back when she had taken all of him. Leaning forward, Susan placed her hands on his chest as she began riding him, slowly gaining speed and depth with each new descent. Harry was mesmerized by the way her marvelous tits swayed and bounced just inches from his face. He couldn't help but take them in his hands, loving the feel of her firm mound and smooth, soft skin.

"Oh, Harry," Susan moaned.

Planting his feet on the mattress, Harry began bucking up into her as she sank down on his cock. The smooth, wet walls of her hot depths hugged him tightly. Each time he drove into her, he could feel them stretch apart to accommodate his size before they conformed to his length. It was like Susan had been made to fit him perfectly.

Despite their recent orgasms, neither of them could hold out long against the incredible feelings they were experiencing. Soon, their movements grew more frantic, and Susan dug her nails into his chest as she slammed herself down onto his thrusting cock. Harry fought against his own climax as he waited for her to reach hers first.

When Susan screwed her eyes shut and trembled as her depths fluttered around him, Harry finally let go. Groaning, he pulsed inside of her, filling her with his release. Susan collapsed on top of him as she came down from her climax, her body still trembling slightly. Harry wrapped his arms around her and stroked her back lightly as he savored the moment of mindless ecstasy.

## Chapter 9

"I need your help," Harry said as he let himself into Dumbledore's office and collapsed into the familiar wing-backed chair.

"Harry, you're smoldering," Dumbledore pointed out calmly as he set down his quill.

“What? Gah!” Harry yelled, catching sight of the smoke coming from the right sleeve of his robes.

Frantically, he patted at the glowing embers on the now charred and frayed cuff until he was certain it was out.

“Spell gone awry?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

“Dragon,” Harry grunted.

“A Dragon?” the headmaster asked, lifting a bushy white brow and causing his forehead to wrinkle more than usual.

“With everything going on, I completely forgot about it,” Harry said with a sigh. “Hagrid won a Dragon egg in a game of cards with Voldemort and decided to hatch it in his hut. You know, the one made entirely of wood.”

Dumbledore looked utterly confused as he stared at Harry, and it was only after a moment’s thought that he realized just how ludicrous it sounded.

“Under Voldemort’s instructions, Quirrell kept his face covered and invited Hagrid to play cards when they met at the Hog’s Head. He did it to get Hagrid drunk enough, and used the egg as an incentive, to get him to talk about Fluffy.” Harry explained.

“I see,” Dumbledore said, stroking his beard. “That is quite troubling, but you knew this would happen, did you not?”

“Well, yes,” Harry said. “I know how to stop Voldemort from getting the Stone without giving anything away, but I forgot about Hagrid hatching the egg and trying to raise a Dragon like a new puppy. I really need your help with this. You know how much trouble he’ll be in if that thing gets spotted.”

“Indeed,” he agreed. “Do you know how I handled it last time?”

“You didn’t,” Harry said. “Ron, Hermione, and I found out about it, and so did Malfoy. We were worried about Hagrid getting in trouble, so we sent a letter to Charlie. He sent a couple of friends to pick it up and take it back to the reserve in Romania.”

“Then why not simply do that again?” Dumbledore asked.

“Because last time, we got caught,” Harry said, frowning at the memory. “Malfoy went to McGonagall the same night we sent the Dragon off. I forgot my cloak at the top of the Astronomy Tower, and we all ended up getting in trouble. We all lost fifty points each, and she gave us detention with Hagrid. He took us into the Forbidden Forest to find what was killing the Unicorns. It’s Voldemort, by the way. He’s drinking their blood to stay alive. Of course, since fate hates me, I ran into him. Firenze saved me, but all things considered, I’d rather not go through that again. It took us weeks to convince Hagrid to get rid of the Dragon.”

“That does seem like quite a harsh punishment,” Dumbledore said. “I suspect Minerva was simply reminded of your father and was trying to curb your penchant for breaking the rules, noble as your reason may have been.”

Standing up, Dumbledore walked over to the large window looking out over the grounds, and clasped his arms behind his back.

“I suppose I’ll have to have a talk with Hagrid. At least it’s a nice night for a stroll,” he said, then turned back to look at Harry as he stood to join the professor. “Are you sure it’s wise to change this particular event?”

“I don’t see why it would matter,” Harry told him. “Stopping it shouldn’t change anything.”

“Change is a funny thing, Harry,” Dumbledore said as he stared off into the distance. “Even the smallest ripples can become the largest waves, given enough time.”

“Yeah, well, you might want to prepare for a tsunami, because I plan to change a lot,” Harry said firmly.

“For the better, I’m sure,” Dumbledore replied agreeably. “However, changing too much too soon could have disastrous consequences. Might I suggest a compromise?”

“What do you have in mind?” Harry asked.

What Dumbledore had in mind, was a way to keep most of the events the same, but with less painful outcomes for everyone involved. Well, almost everyone, Harry corrected himself with a smile. If he wasn’t such an insufferable git; he might have felt bad for Malfoy.

Ever since coming back from Christmas break, Snape had seemed to completely turn over a new leaf. He wasn’t nice by any means, but he wasn’t attacking his students anymore, and he started acting like an actual professor for once. Malfoy had learned that the hard way when he got three days of detention for trying to throw ingredients into Hermione’s potion during their first class back. The entire room had been stunned to see Snape step in and, not only stop it from happening but punishing Malfoy with detention and assigning him an essay on the effect of mixing Gurdyroot with a Wart Removing Salve.

He'd even stopped attacking Harry at every turn and instead acted as if he wasn't even there. It probably wasn't the change his mum was hoping for, but Harry was more than happy with the outcome. It was one less thing to deal with while he planned the downfall of one of the most powerful Dark Wizards to have ever lived.

If there was one thing Harry had learned over the years, it was patience. While trusting his instincts had always served him well, rushing in headfirst had cost him more than he cared to remember. He didn't plan on playing the game Dumbledore did, waiting decades to make his move, but he now knew better than to charge ahead without knowing as much as possible beforehand.



So, that was why he was willing to go along with Dumbledore's plan and keep things as close to the original timeline, at least as far as Voldemort was concerned, until it was time to strike. If everything went to plan, Voldemort would be gone for good by the time his fourth year was over. The war would be won before it even began, and he and his friends would be able to all live long, happy lives.

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"This thing weighs a ton," Harry grunted as he carried the crate containing Norbert up yet another flight of stairs.

"What did you expect, it's a Dragon," Hermione hissed. "Now be quiet or we'll be caught."

Panting, Harry struggled to keep the crate from banging into the stairs as they climbed higher and higher towards the Astronomy Tower. By the time they finally reached the top, Harry's arms felt like they were made of noodles, and Hermione looked about ready to collapse.

Too bad Ron was still in the Hospital Wing due to that infected bite from Norbert, he thought. They really could have used an extra pair of hands.

Oddly, he couldn't help but think how cute Hermione looked with her frizzy hair sticking to her sweaty forehead.

"Now what?" Hermione asked.

"Now, we wait," Harry said.

Exhaustedly, the two sat on top of the crate and leaned against each other for support. Feeling her warm body against his, and her bushy hair tickling his cheek, Harry finally felt like he was getting his best friend back. No matter how much he tried to reassure himself that saving lives was worth it, for a while he'd worried greatly that he may never get back that special bond they had. Seeing the rule-abiding Hermione Granger breaking curfew to help smuggle an illegally

hatched Dragon out of the school really let him know that no matter how much some things changed, she wouldn't be one of them.

"What are you smiling at?" Hermione asked, breaking him out of his thoughts.

It was only then that Harry realized he'd been staring down at her with a smile on his face. She furrowed her brow and bit her lip, looking at him as if he were a puzzle to solve.

"It's just – exciting, isn't it?" Harry asked.

"More like terrifying," Hermione muttered with a roll of her eyes. "If we're caught, we'll be expelled for sure."

Hermione's oversized front teeth dug deeper into her bottom lip as she worried her hands. Without thought, Harry reached out and took her hand in his. A simple, comforting gesture he'd used with her many times in the past. She stared at their clasped hand, then looked up at him with a blush running up her neck. Just as she opened her mouth, two people on brooms and wearing heavy cloaks, landed at the edge of the tower.

Quickly, Harry let go of her hand and stood up, slipping out from under his dad's cloak.

"You must be Harry," A female voice said.

Grabbing their hoods, both of the fliers pulled them back to expose their faces. They were different than the people Harry remembered seeing last time. Probably because this was happening a couple of weeks sooner than last time, he thought.

One was a young woman in her mid-twenties with short, light brown hair, dark green eyes, and a small, thin scar running along the left side of her jaw. The other was a short, stocky man who looked to be a few years older than the woman. His dark hair was done in a short buzz cut, his jaw wide and square with thick stubble.

“Yeah. I’m Harry, this is Hermione, and that is Norbert,” he said, pointing to the crate just as it gave a shake.

“I’m Clara,” the woman said. “And this big lug is Brian. As much as I’d like to stay and chat, we should probably get out of here quickly.

“Right,” Harry said with a nod as he and Hermione helped the two Dragon Handlers tie the crate between their brooms.

“What kind of name is Norbert for a Dragon, anyways?” Clara asked.

“Hagrid named him,” Hermione said.

“Ah, that explains it,” Clara replied with a fond smile. “Some things never change. Well, that should hold him. We’d better be off.”

“Thanks,” Harry said.

Clara looked back at him as she mounted her broom and gave him a wink.

“No problem, just try not to make a habit out of this,” she told him.

Carefully pushing off the ground, the two took to the air and slowly disappeared into the night.

“I’m so glad that’s over with,” Hermione said in relief.

“Me too,” Harry said, picking up his cloak and stuffing it in his pocket. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

Both of them smiled as they descended the stairs, only to come to a dead stop at the bottom when they ran into a surprised-looking McGonagall and a smug-looking Malfoy. Hermione gasped and clutched at Harry's arm as she paled drastically. McGonagall's face went from surprised to angry as she glared at the two of them.

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger, what are you two doing out of bed at this hour?" she asked sternly. "In all my years, I've never –"

"Ah, good evening, Professor McGonagall," Professor Dumbledore said as he appeared behind Harry and Hermione.

Hermione paled even further, but Harry breathed a sigh of relief and pulled her closer.

"Professor Dumbledore, I've just caught all three of these students out of bed well after curfew," McGonagall said in such a disapproving tone that Hermione looked away and down at her shoes.

"I'm sorry professor, I must have misheard you," Malfoy said. "It sounded like you said all three of us."

Professor McGonagall whirled around to face him and crossed her arms over her chest with her lips pressed together thinly.

"Yes, Mr. Malfoy, all three of you," she said sternly. "Don't think I missed the fact that you waited until an hour after curfew to come tell me two Gryffindors were out of bed just to make sure they got into trouble, not to mention the ridiculous tale about a Dragon you told me."

"Actually, that part is true," Dumbledore said, causing McGonagall to spin back around and stare at him with wide, disbelieving eyes. "You see, a couple of weeks ago, Hagrid came to me with news that someone was trying to sell him a Dragon egg over at the Hog's Head. Naturally,

he was concerned for its welfare if someone less scrupulous were to get their hands on it, so he bought the egg, and came to me for advice.”

“See, I told you,” Malfoy crowed triumphantly. “I saw all of it the night they snuck out to his stupid hut.”

“I wasn’t aware you were there as well, Mr. Malfoy,” Dumbledore said with a raised brow, causing Malfoy’s mouth to snap closed with a click and his face to pale. “As I was saying, given the dangers of transporting an unhatched egg, I was asked if we could hatch it here and allow it to grow for a week or two until it was strong enough to make the journey to Romania. Given their closeness with Hagrid, and the unique opportunity of seeing a Dragon hatch, he invited Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger, and Mr. Weasley to come witness the event.”

“But they were out after hours, and out of the castle,” Malfoy whined.

“Indeed, they were,” Dumbledore agreed. “However, if you had read the school rules, you would know that being out after hours is allowed as long as a student is given permission by a member of staff, which they were.”

“And tonight?” McGonagall asked, now glaring sternly at Professor Dumbledore.

“Ah, well, you know how Hagrid has always wanted a Dragon, and how – let’s say – emotional he can be,” Dumbledore said. “Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger offered to bring the Dragon up to the Tower to meet the Dragon Handlers. I felt that, after helping Hagrid to raise him, it was only fitting they be there to see him off.”

McGonagall’s lips thinned and she tapped her foot as she stared at Professor Dumbledore.

“Why wasn’t I informed of any of this?” she asked stiffly.

Dumbledore blushed and twirled his bread with his finger while looking away like a scolded child. It really was a superb bit of acting, Harry thought.

"I'm afraid that's my fault," he said apologetically. "You see, with all the paperwork involved, it simply slipped my mind."

It was almost comical to watch such an old, powerful wizard act like a scolded schoolboy while Professor McGonagall tried, and failed, to stay angry at him.

"Next time, I would appreciate a warning if students from my house are going to be dealing with highly dangerous magic creatures," McGonagall said after a long moment.

"Of course," Dumbledore said amicably.

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Granger," McGonagall said, causing Harry and Hermione to look up at her while the latter bit chewed her lip nervously. "Ten points each for helping a member of staff. However, I expect to be informed about any future late-night excursions. Is that understood?"

"Yes, professor," Harry said while Hermione nodded, looking too stunned to speak.

Malfoy scowled heavily and glared daggers at them.

"As for you, Mr. Malfoy," she continued. "That's twice you broke curfew without permission, and you waited until the last minute to notify a professor about your suspicions. Had you done so sooner, this whole mess could have been avoided. That will be fifty points from Slytherin and a night's detention."

Malfoy's cheeks turned pink as he balled his hand into white-knuckled fists in impotent fury.

"If I might make a suggestion," Dumbledore said, holding up a finger. "Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger have also volunteered to help Hagrid discover what had been attacking the Unicorns in the Forbidden Forest. Perhaps Mr. Malfoy could be of some assistance?"

"But that's servant stuff," Malfoy sneered.

"That's enough," McGonagall barked sharply. "Since you like following your classmates around at night, it sounds like a fitting punishment. You'll meet with Mr. Filch in the Entrance Hall at ten. Now, all of you, off to bed."

Furious, Malfoy gave Harry and Hermione one final, poisonous glare before stomping off towards the dungeons. As he headed back to Gryffindor Tower, Harry glanced over his shoulder at Dumbledore with a small smile. His blue eyes twinkling, the old man gave him a quick wink just before he disappeared around the corner.

"I can't believe Professor Dumbledore stood up for us like that," Hermione said in awe as they stepped into the common room.

"I know," Harry said.

"It's like he knew what was happening the whole time. But why would he let us do everything ourselves instead of just helping us?" she asked.

"He's Dumbledore," Harry said with a shrug. "Maybe he thought letting us do all the work would teach us something."

"Maybe. Anyways, I'm going to bed. It looks like we've got another long night ahead of us," Hermione said before suddenly lurching forward and hugging him tightly. "Good night, Harry."

Before he could reply, Hermione let go of him a dash off up the stairs to the girl's dorm, her cheeks glowing red.

“Good night, Hermione,” Harry said with a soft smile on his face.

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With Ron still in the Hospital Wing, Harry and Hermione walked towards Hagrid’s Hut for their unofficial detention. While he knew everything was going to be alright, Harry still felt tense as he looked out at the Forbidden Forest, knowing what he would face tonight.

Hermione seemed to notice and tried to distract him by talking about classes and homework. As she rambled on, he realized he wasn’t the only one that was nervous. Oddly, trying to keep Hermione calm gave him something to focus on and eased his own nerves. When they reached Hagrid’s Hut, he was still nervous, but his body was much less tense.

“Hi Hagrid,” Hermione said as he met them outside his hut.

“Hermione, Harry,” he greeted them sadly with a sniffle.

“You’re not still going on about that Dragon, are you?” Filch asked derisively as he approached with Malfoy following sulkily behind. “You’re going into the forest tonight. Got to have your wits about you.”

With those rather ominous words, Filch left Malfoy with them and skulked back to the castle, his lantern held high in the moonless night.

“Right,” Hagrid said, shaking off his melancholy and picking up his crossbow. “We’d best get to work. Come on, Fang!”

With a whimper, Fang walked out of the hut and bounded after them.

“What are we after exactly?” Malfoy asked.



“Dunno,” Hagrid said, then came to an abrupt stop, nearly causing Hermione to crash into him. “Look.”

Walking a short distance away, Hagrid bent down and dipped his fingers into a small pool of liquid silver on the forest floor.

“Unicorn Blood,” he said heavily. “One of ‘ems been hurt, and not long ago judgin’ by this. Let’s see if we can find ‘em ‘fore it’s too late.”

“Wait until my father hears about this,” Malfoy hissed. “This is far too dangerous for students to be doing. Aren’t there Werewolves and Vampires out here?”

“Werewolves only change on the full moon and there are no Vampires living in England,” Harry said, pinching the bridge of his nose. “But if you’re too scared, feel free to run back up to the castle. I’m sure Filch can find you some bed pans to scrub.”

Hermione covered her smile with her hand as Malfoy scowled at him.

“I’m not scared, Potter!” he hissed, only to squeak and whirl around as a stick snapped out of the range of their wand light. “What was that?”

“Sounded like a stick,” Harry said smartly.

This time, Hermione couldn’t hold back a chuff of laughter. Malfoy glared at her with a malicious sneer.

“How dare you laugh at me, you –”

“Quiet,” Hagrid said in a hushed tone. “We’re not gonna track anything with you three bickerin’. Maybe we should split up. Hermione, you come with me, Harry, you an’ Malfoy go that way.”

“Er, Hagrid, maybe it would be best if Hermione and I went together and you stayed with Malfoy,” Harry said. “We can send up sparks if we see anything.”

Hagrid looked between the three of them as Malfoy scowled petulantly.

“You’re probably right,” he admitted. “Don’t go too far. It’s easy ter get lost at night. And don’t go chasin’ after anythin’. Just send up sparks and stay put ‘til I get there. Understand?”

With nods from both of them, Harry and Hermione took off down a trail to the right, while Hagrid, Malfoy, and Fang went left. The darkness was oppressive as the sounds of the Forest carried on around them. Hermione stayed close to him as she looked around nervously, her shoulder constantly bumping into his almost as if to reassure herself that he was still there.

Ahead of them, they suddenly heard the sound of hooves pounding along the ground before the entire forest seemed to go silent.

“What was that?” Hermione asked in a hoarse, scared whisper.

“Get behind me,” Harry said, pulling her back to shield her.

Even with all his skills and knowledge, things had already changed, and he couldn’t be certain of anything.

“Lumos Maxima,” Harry said, lashing his wand out like a whip.

The bright ball of light jumped from the end of his wand and stopped to hover thirty feet in front of them and twenty feet in the air, illuminating the forest in front of them. Hermione jumped and whine as there, not ten feet from them, Quirrell, covered in a heavy black cloak, sat atop a still kicking Unicorn, gorging on its blood. Nearby, a young, golden fowl stood by and watched helplessly.

As the light spilled over him, Quirrell looked up, his face covered in shadow and his mouth gleaming with dripping quicksilver. Slowly, he raised himself up and glided inches off the ground towards them. Behind Harry, Hermione tugged at his jumper, trying to pull him back. But he stood his ground and leveled his wand.

“Stupify!” he yelled loudly.

The bright red Stunning Hex flew past Quirrell as he slipped to the side, but Harry wasn’t expecting it to hit. He was only trying to call attention to himself, hoping for someone to intervene before he had to show more of his skill than he wanted to. As Quirrell floated upright and landed on his feet, Harry clutched his wand, ready to fight if he must.

The sound of rapidly galloping hooves brought a wave of relief. Just like last time, Firenze leapt from the brush and reared at Quirrell, nearly knocking him over. With an inhuman hiss, he turned tail and flew along the ground off into the darkness.

“Harry Potter, it is too dangerous for you to be out here,” Firenze said.

“Hold that thought,” Harry said.

“Harry!” Hermione yelled as he took off running towards the Unicorn.

Sliding on his knees, he came to a stop next to it, watching as its chest rose and fell in weak, labored breaths. It was still alive, but only just.

“It is too far gone, Harry Potter. There is nothing you can do,” Firenze said sadly.

“I can try,” Harry said, looking at the foul.

He didn’t have the first clue on how to treat Unicorns, but he knew how to trust in his magic. Not a minute ago, he was willing to risk his own safety to keep his abilities a secret, but now, watching a foul about to lose what was presumably its mother, he couldn’t stop himself from acting.

Holding the tip of his wand over the gaping wound in the Unicorn’s neck, Harry focused on what he wanted. Slowly, with intense concentration, the wound began to close. He didn’t know how long it took, but when the last of the skin sealed itself back together, Harry felt utterly exhausted.

Reaching down, he ran his hand along the smooth hair on the unicorn’s side, feeling its breathing steadily becoming stronger. Hearing leaves crunch, he looked up to see the foul walk up cautiously and nudge its mother’s nose with its own. Weakly, the Unicorn pushed back. Harry smiled as the foul neighed, its horn glowing gold for a brief moment. It looked like the Unicorn would make it.

He looked up at Hermione, only to swallow thickly when he saw not only her and Firenze, but Hagrid, Malfoy, and two other Centaurs, one he recognized as Bane, all staring back at him in surprise. Harry mentally cursed as he scratched the back of his neck, frantically thinking of a way to explain this.

“Harry, how-” Hermione broke off, shaking her head.

Harry could only shrug.

“I don’t know,” he said, which was mostly true. “I just wanted her to get better.”

“Great job, Harry,” Hagrid said, beaming. “Yeh saved her life fer sure, though she’ll still prolly be weak fer a few days.”

“We’ll watch over the Unicorn until it is strong enough,” The older Centaur he couldn’t name told him while still watching Harry closely. “The forest is not safe, Hagrid.”

“Yeah, righ’.” Hagrid said sheepishly. “Suppose I should be getting’ this lot back to the castle. C’mon, kids.”

Glad to be getting out of there, Harry patted the Unicorn gently and stood. He’d only gotten a couple of steps when he felt a tug on his jumper. When he turned back, he found the fowl pulling at him gently with its teeth. Looking at it curiously, he watched as its horn glowed bright gold. Harry basked in the warmth of the magic radiating outward when it suddenly bent forward and touched its horn to his hand.

The golden magic quickly spread up his arm in a wave until it covered his whole body. It was the calmest and most serene feeling he had ever experienced as the warmth spread over him. A moment later the glow faded to nothing, but the warmth and calm lingered on.

“Harry, are you alright? What was that?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“That is a very special gift,” Firenze said slowly.

Harry looked down at the fowl, and suddenly, he knew her name.

“Thank you, Sara,” Harry said, rubbing her head.

She leaned into his touch, and when he stopped, she walked back over to her mother and laid down protectively next to her head. With a smile and a wave, Harry turned and walked back to Hermione who was watching him closely. He knew he would be bombarded with questions, but right now, the calm he felt wouldn’t allow him to worry.

“Thanks for chasing that thing off, by the way,” Harry said to Firenze.

“You’re welcome, Harry Potter,” he said, bowing his head.

“Yeah, thanks fer lookin’ out fer him, Firenze,” Hagrid said. “I best get them back to the castle, night Bane, Magorian.”

On the long trek back to the castle, Hermione bombarded him with questions about how he healed the Unicorn, and what that glow did to him. Behind her curiosity, he could see her very real concern for him. Smiling, he assured her he was fine but played ignorant about how he healed the Unicorn. Truthfully, he didn’t understand how he was able to use such magic, but he was glad he could. Although, in the future, he would need to be more careful about when he did things like that if it could at all be helped.

Harry was tired and ready for bed by the time they returned to the empty common room, but Hermione pulled him to a stop before he could climb the stairs.

“I just wanted to say thank you,” Hermione said, her cheeks flushed as she avoided his eyes. “That was really brave of you, protecting me like that. I was just so scared, I couldn’t move.”

“It’s alright, Hermione,” Harry told her with a smile. “Everyone gets scared.”

“But I was useless,” Hermione said, hugging her arms around herself. “The hat wanted to put me in Ravenclaw, but I told it I wanted to be in Gryffindor, like Dumbledore. What if it was right? What if I’m not brave enough to be a Gryffindor?”

“You’re plenty brave, Hermione,” Harry said, wrapping his arms around her in a comforting hug until she relaxed and hugged him back. “You could’ve run away and left me there by myself, but you didn’t. Even though you were scared, you still stayed with me, and I’m grateful for that.”

"I couldn't just leave you to fight by yourself," Hermione mumbled into his chest.

"Exactly," he told her with a smile. "Could you imagine someone like Malfoy staying there with me? I bet my vault he would have screamed his head off and run straight back to the castle."

Hermione gave a watery chuckle, "You're probably right. He's not exactly the brave sort, is he?"

"Definitely not," Harry agreed.

"But I haven't exactly made a lot of friends here," Hermione said. "Not like you. What if I should have gone to Ravenclaw?"

"You know, the Sorting Hat wanted to put me in Slytherin," Harry admitted.

Hermione pulled back just enough to stare up at him, her eyes wide in surprise.

"Really?" she asked.

"Yeah, apparently it would 'help me on my way to greatness', or some rubbish," Harry said with a snort. "The only greatness I would've achieved in that house was murdering Malfoy and Snape in their sleep."

Hermione tried to give him a stern look, but it was ruined by a smile twitching at the corners of her lips.

"See, forget that stupid hat," Harry said with a small smile. "You chose Gryffindor and that's what matters, not what some motheaten rag or anyone else thinks. And as for friends, you've got me, and I know Daphne and Susan consider you a friend, and Tonks, and Penny. I know you don't get along well with Lavender or Parvati, but you get along with Fay and Sally-Anne just fine."

“I guess,” Hermione said smiling shyly before hugging him tightly. “Thank you.”

Harry smiled as he hugged her back and rubbed her back gently. They stayed like that for a few seconds before pulling back and looking at each other from just a few inches apart. Before he even realized what he was doing, Harry leaned forwards and kissed her softly on the lips.

He wasn't sure what made him do it. Maybe it was because he finally felt like he was getting his closest friend back, maybe it was because she just looked so cute smiling up at him, or maybe, it was just because he'd always wanted to but never had the courage before it was too late. In his old future, he knew her marriage to Ron wasn't the happiest. She'd come to him in tears more times than he could count, and he'd always regretted not telling her how he felt. When Ron and Hermione had started getting together, Harry had been solely focused on ending Voldemort with the certainty of death constantly lingering in the back of his mind. At the time, he'd just wanted his friends to be happy, and hadn't really thought about his own happiness until it was too late.

Hermione stiffened when their lips connected, but she surprised him with how fast she relaxed and melted against him, her breasts pressing against his chest while her lips moved with his. Cautiously, Harry ran his tongue along her bottom lip. With a light, breathy moan, her lips parted, and he could taste her breath as her tongue touched his tentatively. Seconds later, they were snogging heatedly, his hands moving down to cup her bum while one of hers ran through his hair.

Eventually, they pulled apart to catch their breath, and Harry thought Hermione looked absolutely adorable as she stared at him flushed and breathless.

“We – we really shouldn't be doing this here,” she said, nervously looking around the empty common room.

Harry smiled at her, knowing it was just her nerves getting to her as she tried to think through and analyze everything in that brilliant mind of hers. Reaching out, he grabbed her hand.



“Follow me,” he said with a lopsided grin.

Leading her over to a tapestry of a prancing lion hanging near the boy’s staircase. Taking out his wand, he the small Gryffindor crest hidden in the background near the tail. With a quiet click, the tail sprang out like a door handle and the wall behind the tapestry popped open to reveal a room hidden behind. As Harry pulled the door open the rest of the way, torches sprang to life and lit up the surprisingly large, private bedroom with a large, ornate desk, bookshelves, and a wardrobe.

“What is this?” Hermione asked.

“It’s the room used by the Head Boy if they’re in Gryffindor,” Harry said. “The Head Girl’s room is hidden on the first-floor landing of the stairs to the girl’s dorms, so I can’t get into that one.”

“How did you even know this was here?” Hermione asked, staring around the room in awe.

Harry smiled at her, knowing it was her dream to one day be Head Girl.

“Fred and George showed me,” Harry lied.

Well, it wasn’t entirely untrue. They had shown him where it was and how to get in, but that had been back in his old time in his third year when they needed him to play lookout so they could prank Percy. He doubted she would ask them about it, and even if she did, it would be expected for them to deny it.

Walking up behind Hermione, Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed the side of her neck. Turning in his arms, she looked at him nervously.

“Harry, I don’t know if I’m ready to, um...” she said, trailing off awkwardly.

“We don’t have to do anything you don’t want to,” Harry said, brushing her hair behind her ear.

Leaning forward slowly, Harry kissed her again as his hands slipped under the hem of her jumper and touched the bare skin of her waist. Hermione inhaled sharply through her nose, arms wrapping lightly around his shoulders as they kissed. He kissed her slowly while his fingers ghosted lightly over her smooth, soft skin, her muscles occasionally twitching under his gentle touch. Harry wanted to give her time to relax and get comfortable with him, but she surprised him by, rather bravely, sliding her hands down his chest and slipping them under his shirt.

Breaking the kiss, he smiled at her as he rested his forehead against hers. Hermione smiled shyly at him, her cheeks flushed pink as her fingers traced along the panes of his abs. Grabbing the hem of her jumper, he tugged it upwards while looking at her in askance.

Biting her lip, Hermione hesitated just a moment before nodding. She lifted her arms as he pulled the jumper up over her head, baring her bra-covered chest and causing her bushy mane of hair to puff up wildly. As she smoothed it out, Harry grabbed his own shirt and pulled it over his head. While Hermione’s eyes raked over him, he took a moment to drink her in. Her bra was quite plain but looked a size too small which made her breasts bulge up over the top. Compressed by the tight fabric, they looked quite a bit larger than he’d expected them to be.

Trailing his eyes down, she was surprisingly fit, with a thin, tiny waist and defined abs. Harry realized he’d been staring a bit too long when he noticed her start to fidget with her hands. Looking back up at her nervous face, he smiled and pulled her close.

“You’re beautiful, Hermione,” he told her softly.

As she smiled back at him, Harry grabbed her hand and led her over to the bed. Sitting on the edge, he pulled her forward until she was straddling his lap on her knees. Tilting his head up, he kissed the column of her throat. As he worked his way down to her collarbone, his hands trailed down her back to cup her small, firm bum through her tight jeans. Hermione’s hands threaded through his hair, a small moan leaving her lips as he kissed and sucked at her skin. Slowly, he made his way down to kiss the tops of her breasts. He smiled as her fingers tightened slightly in his hair and she gently tugged him closer.

Sliding his hand up her back, he toyed with the clasp of her bra, letting her know his intent and giving her plenty of time to stop him. When she didn't, he unhooked the clasp which caused her bra to spring forward as the tension was released. Harry continued kissing her chest as he reached up and slipped the straps down her shoulder.

Hermione let go of his hair, her hands trembling just slightly as her bra fell down into his lap. Her pale, perky breasts jutted from her chest with light pink areolas capped with slightly darker, small, red nipples. Sliding his hands up her sides, Harry cupped her full, soft breasts, more than large enough to fill his hands as he caressed them gently.

Leaning forward, he buried his face between her warm, fleshy mounds and kissed the center of her chest. Hermione ran her fingers through his hair with a moan as he turned his head to the side and began kissing his way along the inside of one of them. Harry alternated between soft kisses, gentle sucks, and lightly grazes of his teeth over her delicate skin as he inched his way towards the tip while Hermione panted lightly above him.

Suddenly, he opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around her entire areola, his tongue circling around the stiff nub in the middle as he sucked lightly. Hermione gasped, arching her back just before a low moan lifted her lips.

Lifting her up, Harry turned to the side and laid her down on her back, settling on his knees between her legs. His prominent bulge ground against her mound through their jeans while he switched to the other breast, his hand cupping and caressing the one he abandoned. Hermione moaned under him, her hips bucking lightly.

After spending quite some time playing with her breasts, leaving both with small, red love bites, Harry kissed his way down her stomach. As he reached for the button of her jeans though, her hands grabbed his, causing him to look up at her.

"I don't think I'm ready for that," Hermione said breathlessly.

"Alright," Harry said, placing a kiss just above the waistband.

“Sorry,” she said.

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” he told her as he crawled back up her body and kissed her on the lips.

“It’s just – I know you’ve done a lot more with the other girls and -”

“And it doesn’t matter what I do with them,” Harry interrupted gently. “This isn’t a competition, Hermione.”

“Thank you,” she said with a grateful smile, then bit her lip nervously. “So, what does this mean, for us?”

“What do you want it to mean?” Harry asked in return.

“I don’t know,” Hermione admitted. “I like you, Harry. I just don’t know if I want to be with someone that already with so many other girls. You’ve already got two or three mistresses, you still need two wives, and then there’s the other girls like Tonks and Penny who still don’t know what they want. I – I just don’t know how I feel about all that.”

Harry smiled at her, trying to hide the disappointment he felt, even though he could understand it.

“Then how about we just stay close friends who occasionally act like a couple until you know how you feel about it?” Harry asked.

“You mean like friends with benefits?” Hermione asked, her lips twitching.

“If you want to call it that,” Harry said, smiling at her.

“I think I can live with that, for now,” Hermione replied with a smile.

“So, does that mean I get to do more of this?” Harry asked.

Leaning down, he kissed her deeply, his tongue dancing with hers for several seconds until he pulled back, leaving her breathless.

“Yes,” Hermione said, looking a little daze.

“And this?” he asked, sliding down to take one of her nipples between her lips.

Hermione’s only response was a light moan as she arched her back. Smiling, he stayed with her in the unused Head Boy’s room for quite a bit longer, though they didn’t go any further than they already had.

For the first time in weeks, Harry had to relieve himself by hand behind the silenced curtains of his four-poster bed. Despite that, he still fell asleep with a smile on his face.

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He didn’t know entirely how, but Susan, Tonks, and Daphne, who joined them at the Gryffindor table for breakfast that morning, instantly noticed something was different between them.

“Well, it’s about time,” Daphne said, smirking at Hermione’s blush.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Hermione said.

“Aw, come one, ‘Mione, no need to be embarrassed,” Tonks said, bumping her shoulder teasingly. “So, how far did you two get last night?”

As Tonks wiggled her eyebrows, Hermione looked at Harry, who could only shrug his shoulder.

“We... kissed,” Hermione admitted blushing.

“I’m so happy for you,” Susan said, hugging her from the side. “Harry’s a really good kisser, isn’t he?”

“Just wait until he kisses you lower down,” Tonks added with a salacious grin.

Hermione’s face went bright red as she covered her face. A moment later, she looked across the table at Harry.

“How do you put up with her?” she asked.

“You get used to it,” Harry said with a shrug.

Thankfully, Tonks eased up on the teasing as she and Susan tried to get more details out of her. Harry smiled as he watched Hermione gradually relax and start a playful banter with the other girls. As the Great Hall filled up, they were joined by Sue and Penny, along with his female teammates for a bit.

He was so glad to see Hermione making friends, he never noticed some of the older Gryffindors glare at him from further down the table.

## Chapter 10

Harry breezed through his exams as the end of the year approached. Unfortunately, the same couldn’t be said for his friends. Hermione panicked as usual, while Tonks and Penny stressed out over their OWLs. Harry tried to help them as subtly as he could, but by now, they were used to his uncanny understanding of magic.

While the girls worried about their grades, he was worried about Voldemort. The pain in his scar was an insistent reminder of what was at stake.

When all of the exams were done, Tonks grabbed Harry and Hermione to drag them outside.

“Ah, sunlight,” Tonks said, opening her arms wide and laying back on the grass near the shore of the lake.

“I am *not* looking forward to NEWTs,” Penny muttered.

Tonks groaned, “Please don’t talk about that.”

Shrugging, Penny leaned back on her arms and looked out over the lake.

“Thank Merlin that’s over,” Daphne said as she and Susan joined them.

“It wasn’t that bad,” Hermione said.

“Easy for you to say,” Susan grumbled.

“You alright, Harry?” Tonks asked.

Looking up from staring at the grass, Harry hesitated in answering. This was the moment. Did he tell them his suspicions about who Hagrid got the Dragon egg from, or did he keep quiet and deal with Voldemort on his own?

“Harry?” Hermione called out in concern.

Shaking himself from his thoughts, he looked up at the worried faces staring back at him.

“Don’t you think it’s odd that some stranger happens to turn up with a Dragon egg, the one thing Hagrid’s always wanted?” Harry asked. “How many people just walk around with Dragon eggs in their pocket?”

Immediately, he began to question his decision. All of his certainty that he could keep everyone safe couldn’t stop the ‘what ifs’ from running through his mind.

“That’s a really good point,” Tonks said, her brow furrowed thoughtfully.

“We should go talk to Hagrid,” Hermione said, jumping to her feet.

With an exasperated sigh, Daphne got back to her feet, as did Penny. Together, they quickly walked across the lawn to Hagrid’s hut, where they found him outside whittling some kind of wind instrument.

“Hagrid!” Hermione yelled while pounding on the door.

A moment later, the door opened, and Hagrid smiled down at them.

“Hey, you lot. Finished with yer exams?” he asked.

“Finally,” Daphne grumbled.

“Hagrid, this is important. Who gave you the dragon egg?” Hermione asked.



“Eh?” Hagrid asked a moment before his eyes lit up in understanding. “Oh. Well, I don’t know. He kept his hood up.”

“Did he ask about Hogwarts?”

“Mighta come up,” Hagrid said, stroking his beard. “Hard to remember, I had a bit to drink. Yeah... he asked what I did. I told ‘im I was Groundskeeper and we got ter talkin’ about some of the creatures I look after. That’s when he mentioned the Dragon Egg... said we could play fer it. But he wanted ter make sure I could handle it, didn’t want it goin’ to a bad home. I told after Fluffy, a Dragon’d be no problem.”

“Did he seem interested in Fluffy?” Tonks asked while Hermione worried her lip.

“Of course, he was,” Hagrid said. “S’not often you come across a three-headed dog. I told ‘im though, the trick with any beast, is to know how to calm ‘im. Take Fluffy for instance, just play him a bit of music, and he falls straight to sleep.”

Tonks buried her face in her hands and groaned as Hagrid paled.

“I shouldn’ta told yeh that,” he said. “Now you lot – Hey! Where yeh goin’?”

“This is not good,” Tonks said as she dragged Harry by the hand towards the castle.

“We need to tell Dumbledore,” Hermione said firmly.

Feeling his heart race, Harry went with the others to the second floor where they ran into Professor McGonagall. He had a moment of panic, worrying that McGonagall would listen this time with so many coming to her at once, but again, she told them Dumbledore was gone, assured them the stone was safe and sent them on their way.

"I can't believe she did believe us. What are we going to do?" Hermione fretted.

"We could try Professor Flitwick," Penny suggested.

"He'll just go McGonagall," Daphne said, frowning thoughtfully.

"Then it's up to us," Tonks declared.

"Gryffindor's," Daphne scoffed, rolling her eyes.

"Do you have a better idea?" Tonks asked, raising an eyebrow.

Huffing, Daphne folded her arms over her chest as her frown deepened.

"You know this is going to be dangerous, right?" Harry asked, seriously regretting not doing this on his own. "We could be dealing with Voldemort himself."

The girls came to a stop in the hall and exchanged nervous looks.

"Does anyone have a better idea?" Hermione asked.

"What if we sent an owl to the Aurors?" Penny asked.

"No way," Daphne said adamantly. "If we're wrong, or they scare off the thief, we're all in deep trouble. And that's assuming they even believe us to begin with."

With that idea turned down, they all stood silently for a long moment.

“So, we do it ourselves?” Hermione asked.

“I’m in,” Tonks said firmly.

“Me too,” Penny added a couple of seconds later.

“Fine,” Daphne grumbled before letting out an explosive sigh.

“That’s the spirit!” Tonks said, grinning brightly as she patted the blonde on the shoulder.

As one, they all turned to look at Harry. It was heartwarming to have so much support, but it did nothing to help his growing nerves.

“Right,” he said, rubbing his hands together. “We’re going in.”

“Should we tell Susan or Lilith?” Hermione asked.

“We don’t have time,” Daphne told her. “If we’re going to stop You-Know-Who from stealing the Philosopher’s Stone, we need to go now.”

“Wait, I can send them a note!” Penny said excitedly.

Reaching into her robes, she pulled out a sheaf of parchment and jotted down a quick note with a self-inking quill. Pulling out her wand, she tapped the parchment. It folded itself neatly into a paper airplane and flew down the hall before turning at the corridor and disappearing around the corner.

“I told them where we were going and to tell Dumbledore when he gets back,” Penny said.

“You have to teach me that spell,” Hermione said.

“Later,” Tonks interrupted, “Come on, time to kick some arse.”

With Tonks leading the way, Harry and the rest of the group followed her to the third-floor corridor and turned right. The girls all gasped when they arrived to find the door ajar and the sound of a harp coming from the room Fluffy was in. Harry rubbed his thumb along the shaft of his wand nervously, his heart pounding in his chest as they got closer. If anything happened to his friends, he didn't know if he'd be able to forgive himself.

“Let me go first,” he said, jogging to get in front.

Pushing the door open slowly, he peeked inside to see Fluffy sleeping soundly on the floor, one of his paws twitching. Creeping over to the trap door, he pulled it open before looking over to the girls and waving them over. Harry flicked his wand at the harp to make sure it didn't stop prematurely while they gathered around him.

“I'll jump down and tell you if it's safe,” he said.

“Harry, you don't know what's down there,” Hermione hissed worriedly.

“I'll be fine,” he told her.

Without waiting for her to respond, he jumped down. After falling for a long moment, he landed feet first in a nest of Devil's Snare.

“It's safe, just don't panic when you land,” Harry yelled, looking up at the worried faces staring down at him from what had to be three stories up.

A couple of seconds later, he heard the first of a series of soft *thumps* as Tonks landed on his right, followed by Hermione, Daphne, and Penny.

“What is this?” Daphne asked, wrinkling her nose at the damp, black vines she was sitting on.

Hermione gasped, “Devil’s Snare.”

“What!?” Daphne asked, her eyes going wide.

“Don’t panic,” Harry told her.

“I’m sitting on a man-killing plant!” Daphne hissed with a glare.

“It’ll let you go if you relax,” he said.

Harry let his body go completely limp and the vines began winding themselves around him.

“Harry!” Penny cried, the Devil’s Snare tightening around her wrists and legs when she tried to move.

“Don’t move!” Hermione told her.

Harry smiled reassuringly at the girls as his vision was obscured by the vines swallowing him up. For a brief moment, he felt claustrophobic as he was completely surrounded by the damp vines, an earthy, woody smell filling every breath. Then, he fell out of the bottom and landed on his feet.

“I’m fine,” Harry called out. “You just need to relax and let it take you.”

“Potter, I’m going to kill you!” Daphne yelled.

“Stop moving!” Hermione told her.

Sighing, Harry raised his wand and cast the same Bluebell Flames Charm Hermione had used the last time. The Devil’s Snare retreated quickly, causing the girls to scream as they started to fall. With another flick of his wand, the girls slowed, giving them time to get their feet under them before they hit the floor. Unfortunately, the spell he’d used, which used a gust of air to slow their fall, also lifted up their skirts. Hermione squeaked and held her skirt down to cover her light blue panties, while Daphne glared at him. Thankfully, Tonks and Penny didn’t seem too bothered, even though Tonks was the only one not wearing underwear.

“Sorry,” Harry said, scratching the back of his neck.

Shaking her head, Daphne looked around and headed for the door while Hermione’s face flushed bright red.

“You can be embarrassed later. Right now, we’ve got a dark wizard to stop,” Tonks said, grabbing Hermione’s hand and pulling her over to the door as she looked back at Harry and gave him a wink.

Penny giggled, and she and Harry walked over to join the others. In the next room, they all looked up to stare at the flying keys. Between Hermione and Daphne, it only took them a few seconds for them to figure out which key he needed to grab.

“There, the one with the broken wing,” Hermione said.

“Right,” Harry said, mounting the rickety old broom left in the corner.

Briefly, he smiled at the thought of Dumbledore zipping around the room, his long white beard getting in his way as he tried to catch the key. Taking off into the air, Harry caught the key and

then tossed it to Tonks while he ran raced away from the hoard of angry keys trying to impale him. As soon as they were through the door, he zipped through while Hermione and Penny slammed the door shut behind him. They could hear the rapid thuds of the keys hitting the other side of the thick, wooden door.

“What the hell is this?” Tonks asked as she stepped forward, squinting into the darkness.

When she stepped forward again, the torches sprang to life and revealed the giant-sized chess set.

“We need to get through this quickly,” Daphne said.

“Why?” Tonks asked.

“Think about it,” Daphne replied with a roll of her eyes. “Nothing we’ve run into so far is that difficult. These traps aren’t designed to stop us from getting to the Stone, they’re here to slow us down. I don’t know what Dumbledore was thinking, but if we don’t get to the Stone soon, You-Know-Who will be long gone.”

The girls all turned and exchanged worried looks before turning back to the massive chess board and pieces.

“So, how do we get through this? It looks like they want us to play,” Hermione said.

“Gryffindors,” Daphne said in exasperation. “We go around it, or through it.”

Taking two steps forward, Tonks raised her wand.

“Bombarda!” she shouted.

A bright red spell shot from her wand and slammed into the queen on the other side of the board. The queen exploded into a shower of fist-sized chunks of stone and dust, the sword in her hands falling to the board with a ringing clang. A second later, all of the other white chess pieces lowered their swords.

“Huh, I think it worked,” Tonks said.

She strode forward and the rest of them followed her as she walked past the inert chess piece to the door on the other side of the room.

“I can’t believe it was that easy,” Hermione muttered.

“I’m positive McGonagall came up with this one,” Daphne frowned. “it’s like she didn’t expect anyone to try and cheat.”

As Daphne shook her head in exasperation, Tonks opened the door to the next room, only to immediately recoil at the stench.

“Urgh! What the fuck is that?” she asked, burying her nose and mouth in the crook of her elbow.

Stepping forward, they found a Troll, larger than the one that got in on Halloween, laying unconscious on the floor with a bloody lump on the top of its head.

“Thank God we didn’t have to fight that,” Penny said.

Walking quickly past the Troll, they exited the room and took in a breath of mercifully clean air. Seeing Snape’s Potions puzzle, Harry felt a sense of relief. Once they solved the riddle, he could go on alone while the girls went waited, safely away from Voldemort.



Between Hermione, Daphne, and Penny, it took them only a couple of minutes to choose the right potion.

“There’s only enough for one of us,” Hermione said, biting her lips nervously.

“I’m going,” Harry said, snatching the potion from her hand before anyone else could take it. “You three go back and tell McGonagall and Dumbledore what’s happening.”

“We’re not leaving you here to face him alone,” Penny said firmly, crossing her arms over her chest.

“One of us should go back while the rest of us stay here,” Tonks said.

The girls all exchanged looks before Daphne sighed.

“I’ll go,” she volunteered, then turned to Harry and poked him in the chest. “And you better not die. I’ll be extremely angry with you if I get sold back to the Malfoy.”

“I’ll be fine,” Harry assured her with a smile, seeing the worry and fear in her eyes.

Nodding, she grabbed his tie and pulled him down for a short yet searing kiss.

“Stay safe,” she whispered.

Stepping back, she turned and headed for the door. When Harry turned back to the others, Hermione threw herself forward and wrapped her arms around him in a crushing hug.

“Please, be careful,” she said quietly with a sniffle.

Smiling softly, he pulled back and kissed her on the lips. Hermione threaded her finger through his hair and kissed him hard before pulling back and wiping a tear from her cheek. Penny and Tonks both wished him luck and kissed him as well before letting him go.

Popping the cork on the vial, Harry downed the potion. He shivered when he felt an icy feeling course through his veins. Setting the vial down, he looked back at the girls one more time and smiled before turning back around and walking through the flames blocking the door.

“Quirrell?” Harry gasped, feigning surprise as the door closed behind him.

“Potter, how did you get here?” Quirrell asked as he whirled around to face him. “No matter.”

Snapping his fingers, Harry felt himself being held in place by an invisible grip. It was difficult to fight the instinct to throw off the relatively weak magic.

“Wait, you’re the one helping Voldemort?” he asked, continuing his clueless act.

“Yes, now be quiet!” Quirrell barked, turning back to stare at the Mirror of Erised. “I see myself holding the stone, handing it to my master, but how do I get it?”

“Use the boy,” Voldemort said hoarsely from under Quirrell’s turban.

“Come here!” Quirrell ordered, holding out his hand to pull Harry towards him.

Harry stumbled slightly as he came to a stop, and used the opportunity to hide the hand holding his wand in the pocket of his robe.

“Tell me what you see,” Quirrell demanded.

Harry looked at the mirror and watched as his reflection smirked before pulling the stone out of his pocket, then slipping it back inside. In his own pocket, he felt the weight of the stone settle against his hip.

“What do you see!” Quirrell shouted.

“You really should ask nicely,” Harry replied.

Throwing off Quirrell's magic grip on him with enough force to make the man stumble, Harry aimed his wand with his right hand while grabbing the stone in his left.

“He has the stone!” Voldemort hissed. “Let me speak with him.”

“But master, you’re not strong enough,” Quirrell said.

“I’m strong enough for this,” Voldemort rasped.

Reaching up to his turban, Quirrell unrolled it from around his head, then turned his back to Harry.

“Voldemort,” Harry said with a glare, staring at the red eyes and snake-like face sticking out the back of Quirrell’s head.

“Harry Potter,” Voldemort rasped. “Give me the stone, and I will give you anything your heart desires. I can —”

“Go fuck yourself,” Harry snarled, the tip of his wand glowing a dangerous red.

Before he could cast a spell, the door to the room burst open and Dumbledore rushed in followed closely by Hermione, Tonks, Penny, Daphne, Susan, and Lilith.

“Good evening, Tom,” Dumbledore said calmly.

“Stay there Dumbledore, or I kill the boy,” Voldemort threatened, then turned his attention back to Harry. “Give me the stone or watch as I kill your pathetic little friends.”

Harry pulled the stone out of his pocket. Voldemort’s red eyes gleamed at the sight of it.

“Harry, no!” Hermione shouted.

“Give it to me!” Voldemort hissed, Quirrell’s hand held out awkwardly behind him.

Walking closer, Harry slowly held out the stone. Suddenly, he let the stone go a few inches away from his hand.

“No!” Voldemort shouted, forcing Quirrell to fall backwards as he reached for it.

As he fell, Harry threw himself at Quirrell’s back, his hand wrapping around the back of his neck as he glared at Voldemort. They landed hard on the floor, Quirrell landing face first with Harry straddling his back.

“You will *never* hurt them,” Harry growled over Quirrell’s pained screams.

“This isn’t over, Potter,” Voldemort hissed.

As Quirrell’s body began to crumble to dust, the black, transparent shade of Voldemort left his body. With a shriek, the shade dove through the wall and fled from the school. Breathing a sigh

of relief, Harry climbed off the crumbled remains of Quirrell, picking up the stone and putting it in his pocket as he stood.

“Harry!” Hermione shouted as she slammed into him.

“I’m fine,” he assured her, his arms holding her tight.

She let go a few seconds later, her eyes misty as the other girls all came up to hug him as well.

“I see you’re in good hands,” Dumbledore said with a chuckle. “If you don’t mind, with Voldemort gone, I think it would be best if I returned the stone to Nicholas.”

Nodding, Harry let go of Susan, pulled the stone out of his pocket, and handed it to him.

“Thank you,” Dumbledore said with a smile. “I trust you can make your own way out?”

“I’m sure we can manage,” Harry replied, smiling back.

With a nod, Dumbledore waved to the girls and left.

“That’s it?” Daphne asked incredulously. “Those protections were a joke.”

“They weren’t that bad,” Harry said. “I’m pretty sure the mirror would only just the stone to someone who didn’t want to steal it. If I hadn’t shown up, it might have taken Voldemort days to figure out how to get it. Besides, we don’t even know if that was the real stone.”

“You think it was fake?” Tonks asked.

Harry shrugged, "Maybe. Dumbledore did make a big announcement about where it would be for anyone that knew what they were looking for. What better way to hide than tell everyone where it was, then put it someplace else?"

"That's brilliant," Hermione gasped.

"We don't know that's what he did," Daphne told her.

Shrugging again, Harry put his hands in his pocket, only to yank his left hand back when he felt something sharp. Cautiously, he reached back in and grabbed what had poked him. It was a small, flat shard of the Philosopher's Stone about two inches long by an inch wide.

"Is that...?" Daphne asked, her eyes lighting up.

"I think so," Harry said. "It must have broken off when I dropped the stone."

"Shouldn't we give that to Dumbledore?" Hermione asked.

"No!" Daphne said, then blushed when everyone looked at her. "I mean, just think what we could learn from it. Besides, we don't even know if it's real."

"Oh, so now you think it's fake," Tonks said teasingly.

"I didn't say it wasn't, I just said we don't know," Daphne huffed, crossing her arms while Tonks smirked at her.

"Here," Harry said, handing the shard to Daphne. "I'll leave it to you to find out."

Almost reverently, Daphne took the shard and stared at it in awe.

“How do we test it?” Hermione asked.

“It’s supposed to turn lead into gold isn’t it?” Penny asked. “We just need to find some lead and give it a try.”

“Do you think there’s any in the Room of Requirement?” Tonks asked.

“We can check,” Harry told her.

As the girls talked excitedly, Harry led the way back to the trap door entrance. Having grabbed the broom from the key room on his way through, he flew up to the hatch and peeked through. Fluffy tilted his heads, tongues lolling out to the side, and looked at Harry as he climbed out.

“Hey boy,” Harry said, scratching the middle head behind the ear.

Pulling out his wand, he levitated the girls up one at a time. After petting Fluffy and saying goodbye, they left the room and ran straight into Professor McGonagall. Unfortunately, she sent them all off to bed, so going to the Room of Requirement would need to wait until another day.

“Harry,” Hermione said, biting her lip as they stood in the empty common room. “Could we stay in the Head Boy’s room tonight?”

“Sure,” Harry said softly with a smile.

Once they were inside and Harry had closed the door behind him, Hermione hugged him tightly with her face buried in the crook of his neck.

“Harry, I think I’m ready,” she whispered softly.

“Are you sure?” Harry asked.

Leaning back to look up at him, she bit her bottom lip nervously and nodded. Smiling affectionately, Harry caressed her cheek and then leaned forward to kiss her. As they kissed, they both reached for the other's tie, their hands bumping into each other. Laughing together, Harry pulled out his wand and stripped both of them instantly, their clothes landing in a neatly folded pile on the desk.

Hermione gasped when his hand came up to cup her breast. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she kissed him hard while his hands slipped down to grab her firm bum. Harry lifted her off the ground, his rapidly hardening length rubbing against her tight as she wrapped her legs around her waist.

Carrying Hermione over to the bed, crawled onto the mattress and laid her down on her back. Kissing down her chin, he slowly made his way down her neck. Moaning, she leaned her head back while her fingers combed through his hair.

“You're so beautiful, Hermione,” Harry said.

Reaching her collarbone, he kissed over to the center of her chest before making his way down between her breasts. Kissing and sucking at her full, firm mounds, he avoided her nipple for the moment. When he finally hovered his mouth over top, his warm breath ghosting over her skin, Hermione panted in anticipation. Just before taking it into his mouth, he quickly reached up and pinched the other nipple lightly.

With a loud gasp, Hermione arched her back, thrusting her nipple into his open mouth and clutching his head tightly before letting out a long, low moan.

“Harry,” Hermione moaned.



Smiling around the stiff nub, he grazed his teeth lightly over her engorged nipple before giving it a hard suck. Pulling back, he moved over to give the other one the same attention. After spending a couple of minutes enjoying her perky breasts, Harry slowly kissed his way down over her stomach. With each kiss, he could feel her muscles twitching just under the skin. Moving further down, he settled between her legs and kissed the inside of her thighs.

Impatiently, Hermione used her grip on his hair to guide him to her hot, damp mound. Smiling, Harry placed a kiss directly on her lips before slipping his tongue between her taut folds and licking from bottom to top, flicking over her hooded clit at the end.

“Oh!” Hermione gasped, bucking her hips.

Grinning, Harry latched his lips around the swollen nub and sucked lightly while lashing it with his tongue. Hermione gripped the sheets tightly, arched her back, and let out a wanton moan. When he sucked hard, the muscles in her thighs tensed and trembled under his fingertips. Clutching tightly at his hair, she rolled her hips, grinding and mashing her slit against his mouth as she gasped for air.

Attacking her clit hard, Hermione cried in as she reached her peaked. A flood of arousal drenched Harry’s chin her body going tensing up completely and shaking as she gaped for air. A few seconds later, she went from pulling him forward to pushing him away frantically while sucking in trembling breaths.

Grinning, Harry crawled up Hermione’s body, kissing her sweat-covered skin on his way up before kissing her on the lips.

“Wow,” Hermione panted.

Harry laughed and kissed her on the lips.

“Do you want to keep going?” Harry asked.

Instead of answering, Hermione bit her lip and reached between them to grab his length. Rubbing the head between her lips, she placed him at her entrance and wrapped her arms around his neck, their eyes locked.

Gently, Harry pushed forward, slowly slipping between her folds. Taking his time, he slowly thrust deeper and deeper into her. Eventually, he bottomed out and Hermione tightened her legs around him.

“Wait,” she gasped. “Just – give me a minute.”

“You okay?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Hermione said, smiling at him.

Cupping his cheeks, she pulled him down for a kiss. After a couple of minutes, she started rolling her hips. Gently, Harry pulled back about an inch and then thrust back in. When Hermione moaned in pleasure rather than pain, he kept going, pulling back just a bit further each time. Pulling back from his lips, she gasped and raked her nails along his back.

“Feel good?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Yeah, really good,” Hermione said. “You can go faster.”

Chuckling, Harry increased his pace. Hermione gasped and arched her back, her stiff nipples rubbing against his chest. Cupping one of her breasts, Harry rolled her nipple as he thrust harder. It didn't take long before she stared and panted hard and Harry felt his own climax approach. With a few more hard thrusts, Hermione arch her back and cried out just as Harry buried his length as deep as possible and spilled inside of her.

“Oh! I can feel it!” Hermione gasped.

Harry collapsed on top of her and chuckled while kissing her neck.

“Was that alright?” she asked nervously.

“You were brilliant,” Harry told her with a grin.

Pushing himself up on his arms, he kissed her on the lips and then rolled off of her.

“Can we do that again?” Hermione asked.

Smiling, Harry pulled her on top of him.

“I didn’t mean now,” she admonished, smacking his chest lightly.

While Harry laughed, Hermione laid down on his chest. It wasn’t long before they both fell asleep.

## Chapter 11

“I don’t know whether to be happy or worried about Dumbledore’s state of mind that he put the real stone in that mirror,” Daphne said, a mixture of emotions on her face.

On a battered table in front of her sat a set of scales with lead weights that they’d discovered in the Room of Lost Things. The largest of the weights now gleamed bright gold, having changed the instant she touched the shard of the Philosopher’s Stone to it. Penny reached out and picked it up, eyeing it closely.

“Is there a way to test it?” Hermione asked. “We should make sure the whole thing is gold and not just the outside.”

Tonks held her hands up as Hermione glanced between her and Penny, the two oldest of their group, expectantly.

“Don’t look at me,” Tonks said.

“I don’t know either,” Penny shrugged. “Maybe we could ask Professor Flitwick?”

Daphne pursed her lips, clearly not happy with the idea but not having a better one of her own.

“Can I see it?” Harry asked.

Shrugging, Penny dropped the weight into his outstretched hand. Harry eyed it thoughtfully before setting it on the table and drawing his wand.

“Diffindo,” he incanted.

A line appeared vertically down the middle of the weight. Harry poked it with the tip of his wand and the two halves fell over, the inside just as gold as the outside.

“Well, I guess that answers that,” Tonks grinned. “We’re going to need more lead.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Hermione frowned.

“Why not?” Tonks asked incredulously.

“For one, adding a whole bunch of new gold to the economy could cause the value of a Galleon to drop, and that could lead to a lot of problems,” Hermione said. “People will want to know where we got all the gold from, and besides, I don’t think we should keep it.”

“You’re kidding me, right?” Daphne asked.

“It’s not ours,” Hermione said firmly. “It belongs to the Flamels.”

“But think of all the books you could buy with the gold we make,” Tonks said.

“With Voldemort still alive, we need every advantage we can get,” Harry said. “We should hang on to it. Just don’t do anything to draw attention to it for now.”

“But-”

“He’s right, Hermione,” Penny said before turning to Harry. “I don’t like the idea of stealing anymore than you do, but we might need it in the future. We should study it and see if we can make one of our own. If Dumbledore is telling the truth, and the Flamels have destroyed their stone, this could be our only hope of keeping that knowledge alive.”

“I doubt they really destroyed it,” Harry said thoughtfully. “I think Dumbledore said that to keep anyone else from trying to steal it.”

“Probably,” Daphne agreed. “They’ve been around for centuries, and I doubt Voldemort is the first dark wizard to try and steal it.”

Seeing all of her friends set on keeping the stone, Hermione sighed and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Fine,” she huffed. “We need to get some books on Alchemy.”

“Hold on a tick,” Tonks said, waving her hands. “So we’re keeping the stone but *not* making money from it?”

“Yes,” Daphne said.

Tonks’ bright pink hair wilted and faded to yellow as she groaned disappointedly.

Harry smiled, “Tonks, have you forgotten where we are. This place is full of stuff you can sell.”

Tonks lifted her head to look at him, her hair perking up and flashing pink.

“I knew there was a reason I kept you around,” she beamed.

Marching forward, she kissed him hard, leaving him a little dazed and with a bemused smile on his face.

“Come on, girls. Let’s go shopping,” Tonks said.

“Maybe we can find some books on Alchemy,” Penny added.

Splitting up, Harry and the girls began searching the room. An hour into their search, Susan and Lilith joined them after finishing their Muggle Studies class. In their search, Hermione found several books she wanted, only two of which were on Alchemy. Tonks found a ruby the size of her fist, along with a vintage Shooting Star broom she said was worth more than her parents made in a year.

Over the next couple of hours, they searched only a small section of the room, but all of them came away with things they wanted to sell or keep. Harry smiled at seeing his girls so happy and excited. Since he already had a mountain of gold sitting at Gringotts, he wasn’t interested in any of that. Still, even he managed to find something useful. Under a pile of chairs, and easily mistaken for a bird bath, he found a Pensieve.

The Pensieve would allow him to not only go over his own memories but share them with others if the need arose. He was sure that at some point, he would need to tell the girls the truth about being a time traveler, and being able to show them his memories would help immensely. Harry also offered to bring it with him when he visited Hermione over the Summer so she could show her parents what Hogwarts was really like. That earned him an excited squeal followed by a rib-cracking hug and a searing kiss.

The last thing Harry did before they left for dinner was to place the Philosopher's stone shard inside an old locket before giving it back to Daphne.

"I trust you to keep it safe," Harry told her.

Smiling, she grabbed hold of his tie and pulled him down for a kiss. Meanwhile, Penny had grabbed a handful of bags she'd found and cast Expansion Charms on the inside so they could all store their stuff. With bags slung over their shoulders, they made their way out of the Room of Requirement and down to dinner.

~

The whistle sounded, and Harry shot into the air, his hair whipping in the wind. A broad grin was etched on his face as he glanced over the crowd and saw his girls all grouped together in the Gryffindor stands, cheering wildly.

Suddenly, he barrel rolled, causing the Bludger aimed at him by Warrington to zip past where his face had been a moment earlier. The smile never left his face as he flew by Warrington tauntingly. Snarling, the fifth year hammered a second Bludger towards him. Harry pulled up and shot upwards, leaving the leather-covered iron ball to slam into Higgs' stomach. The Slytherin Seeker had the wind knocked out of him and doubled over on his broom while the Slytherins in the stands groaned.

Leaving the two to scream insults at each other, Harry scanned the field. As usual, the Slytherins were being extremely physical. Katie, Angelina, and Alica were being battered by the

bigger, heavier Slytherin Chasers. The team's plan seemed to be to forget about the score and simply take Gryffindor out of the game.

First year Harry would have tried to find the Snitch as fast as possible, but being older and more experienced, he now had a better idea. As Pucey shot forward to ram Katie, Harry turned his broom over and shot straight down between the two. He flew so close that he felt the bristles of his broom graze the Slytherin's robes. Pucey startled and pulled up out of panic. A moment later, he crashed into Marcus Flint, nearly knocking him off his broom.

Three quarters of the school laughed as the Slytherin team was left in disarray. With four players more focused on arguing with each other than playing Quidditch, the Flying Foxes ran up the score.

"And it's another ten points for the gorgeous Angelina Johnson," Lee Jordan yelled. "Potter is really giving the Slytherin team problems today. Maybe if they didn't try to cheat-"

"Jordan!" Professor McGonagall shouted.

Harry laughed as he zipped past the Keeper, Bletchley, causing him to lose sight of Katie just before she took a shot at the goal. Bletchley moved towards the left hoop, only to have the Quaffle sail through the right hoop. Grin still in place, Harry flew about fifty feet above the hoops and circled around, looking for the Snitch. Higgs finally caught back up to him and tailed him closely with a glare.

Every time the Slytherin team tried to get back into a rhythm of battering his teammates, Harry dove down, disrupting their play. More than once, Higgs crashed into one of his own Chasers, trying to follow him. The twins kept control of the Bludgers for the most part, and the few that came towards Harry were easily avoided.

"Do something about Potter!" Flint screamed at Higgs as Harry charged through the Slytherin Chaser line, disrupting the play and allowing Alica to steal the Quaffle.



Harry smirked to himself as he took off, Higgs right on his tail with an angry glare. He led Higgs around the pitch in circles a couple of times, waving at his girls as he passed by. Suddenly, Harry jerked left and pushed his broom as fast as it would go.

“I think Potter’s seen the Snitch!” Lee screamed. “Go get ‘em, Harry. Show those slimy-”

“Jordan!”

Smiling, Harry rolled over and nosed over, sending him straight towards the ground. With the ground approaching fast, he pulled up at the last possible moment, his feet skimming the grass. Glancing over his shoulder, he looked just in time to see Higgs plow into the soft, soggy earth face first. He hit with such force that his body indented the ground, his broom embedding itself in the dirt where it remained standing on end.

For a moment, Harry worried that he’d gone too far. The whistle blew, and the Slytherin team landed around their teammate, with the exception of Flint, who was arguing with Madam Hooch.

“Potter did that on purpose! He should be thrown from the game!” Flint yelled.

“It’s well within the rules,” Madam Hooch told him firmly.

“That was unbelievable,” Oliver said with a nearly reverent expression. “I’ve never seen a Wronski Feint that good outside of a professional match. Where did you learn that?”

Harry flushed as the rest of his teammates gaped at him.

I just wanted him to stop tailing me,” Harry shrugged.

Looking back over his shoulder, a wave of relief washed over him when he saw Higgs climbing unsteadily to his feet.

“Right,” Oliver said. “Everyone, keep doing what you’re doing. We’re up 60 points. Harry, get me that Snitch. We’re so close to winning that cup.”

Harry could see just how much it meant to his team to win the Quidditch Cup and be the ones to finally dethrone Slytherin.

“Consider it done,” Harry said.

As Higgs wobbled into the air, Harry and his team took to the air. While Slytherin deserved a pummeling for the way they’d played and acted over the years, Harry realized that he’d been acting like a bit of a prat. Now, he focussed solely on finding the Snitch. Flying over the pitch, he weaved constantly to keep himself from becoming a target as he searched for a tiny speck of gold.

Without his efforts to distract them and a Seeker who was still shaking his head dazedly, the Slytherin team became even more brutal. Katie took a hard hit to the ribs while taking a shot at the goal. She scored but visibly winced as she threw the penalty shot. Bletchley blocked it easily and sneered as he tossed it back to Flint.

Just as Harry was thinking about taking another run through the Chaser Slytherin line, he spotted a glint near the Hufflepuff stands. With Higgs a good fifty feet away, he took off after it like a shot. The crowd cheered as Harry caught up to the winged ball and chased it passed the stands. He flew so close to the crowd that the wind generated by his passing ruffled the hair and cloaks of the students.

Hand outstretched, Harry leaped forward, sending his broom tumbling end over end. When he came to a stop, he grinned broadly at the feeling of wings fluttering against his skin. Thrusting his hand into the air, three quarters of the school leapt to their feet, their cheers sounding like an explosion.

“Potter’s done it! He’s caught the Snitch! Gryffindor Wins!” Lee shouted, screaming himself hoarse.

Harry flew a victory lap, a wide grin plastered on his face. By the time he landed, half the school was already on the pitch. A sea of Gryffindors swarmed the team the moment his feet touched the ground. Oliver had tears in his eyes when Madam Hooch flew over and handed him the Quidditch Cup with a smile. Hugs were shared all around, and Harry was patted on the back so many times he was sure he’d be bruised. Still, the grin never left his face.

The party that night was one that would go down in history. For the first time in anyone’s memory, members of all three other houses were invited into Gryffindor Tower. Because he was the hero of the game, no one even questioned him inviting two Slytherins into their sanctuary, though they did get some odd looks. Professor McGonagall even visited around midnight. Instead of sending everyone off to bed, she grabbed a Butterbeer from the supply the twins had acquired and congratulated the team on a game well played.

When she spotted the girls surrounding Harry, including Tonks, who was in his lap, she actually smiled and awarded him twenty points. McGonagall stayed for another twenty minutes before sending the first and second years off to bed and wishing everyone a good night.

As the night wound down, Hermione offered to let Daphne and Lilith stay in her dorm for the night. Surprisingly, none of her roommates spoke out against the idea. In a matter of minutes, the idea snowballed to all of his girls having a sleepover in the first year dorm. After all of them had given him a kiss, including Hermione, to raucous cheers, they all headed to bed. That night, Harry went to bed feeling happier than he had ever been in his life.

~

The last few days of the school year passed in a blur. Tonks and Penny buckled down for their OWLs while the rest of the girls got ready for their own tests. Hermione panicked a bit, but Harry now had a very pleasurable way to distract her from studying too much.

Once the tests were finished, everyone calmed down and had a chance to relax. The day before they were scheduled to leave, the girls decided to go outside and enjoy the sun while Harry had been called to Dumbledore's office.

"Come in," Dumbledore called when Harry knocked.

"You wanted to see me?" Harry asked.

"Yes. Please, have a seat," he said, gesturing to a chair on the other side of the desk.

As Harry sat, Fawkes crooned in welcome.

"I know we have discussed this before, but I was hoping you would reconsider staying with the Dursleys. You would only need to stay there for three weeks to recharge the wards," Dumbledore said.

"No way," Harry replied adamantly. "I am *not* going back to that place. Especially when I can use magic to defend myself."

Dumbledore sighed but surprisingly, he didn't look as upset as Harry expected.

"I know you don't enjoy living there, and I can't blame you, but it really is the safest place for you," Dumbledore said. "Once the protection is gone, I won't be able to put it up again. Too much time has passed."

"It's not worth it," Harry said. "Did you know my bedroom was the cupboard under the stairs until I was thirteen and couldn't fit in it anymore? After that, they gave me Dudley's *second* bedroom. They even had a guest bedroom where Marge stayed when she visited for a couple of days every two or three years. That's just the tip of the iceberg. The way they treated me should have them in prison."

Dumbledore sighed and nodded sadly.

"I'm sorry you had to go through that," he said.

"You know, a visit now and then would have helped," Harry told him. "A few threats and they would've treated me a lot better."

"In hindsight, I should have," Dumbledore admitted. "I placed Mrs. Figg there with the hope that, should anything go wrong, I would hear about it. Unfortunately, I underestimated how much your aunt feared magic, and she was much better at hiding it than I expected. I'm sorry, Harry. It seems that nothing I do ends up the way I expect when it comes to you."

Harry sighed. A part of him wanted to rage at the old man for never bothering to check up on him, but he knew it wouldn't do any good. It was in the past, in more ways than one, and yelling about it now wouldn't change anything.

"May I ask where you will be staying?" Dumbledore asked after a moment.

"I bought a house in Devon over Christmas break," Harry sighed. "Sirius will be staying with me until we can get Grimmauld Place clean enough to live in. I had the Goblins put up some pretty heavy wards around it, and I plan to add to them when we get there."

"Would you like me to look them over? Not to sound immodest, but even without the Elder Wand, I am quite proficient at the subject," Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling.

"Sure," Harry shrugged.

"Are you free the day after tomorrow?" Dumbledore asked, to which Harry nodded. "Excellent. I'll let you get back to your friends--"

“Actually, there’s something I wanted to talk to you about,” Harry interrupted. “Does the Ministry know what happened to Quirrell?”

“They know that he is dead,” Dumbledore nodded. “I felt it best not to tell them about Voldemort, considering what you told me of Fudge’s reaction.”

“Actually, I think it might be better to tell them,” Harry said, continuing at the headmaster’s raised brow. “Part of the reason things got so bad after fourth year was because people only had rumors about me to go on. I hate the attention, but if we start telling people the truth now, they’ll be more likely to believe me in the future.”

“I see,” Dumbledore said thoughtfully. “You do make a good point.”

“We need to tell more than just Fudge, though,” Harry said. “He’s too likely to just ignore it or make up some excuse. Maybe we could bring in Madam Bones as well? I could show them my memories in your Pensieve. Seeing it might make it easier for them to believe it.”

“Very well,” Dumbledore said. “Shall I call them now?”

Harry sighed, “Might as well get it over with.”

~

It was two hours later that Harry trudged tiredly out of the headmaster’s office. Madam Bones had not been pleased that the Philosopher’s Stone had been hidden in a school full of innocent children, one of whom was her niece when Dumbledore knew someone was after it. Fortunately, the old man managed to talk his way out of it, but Harry still didn’t know how he managed it.

Fudge had been useless as always. After bumbling about trying to make up excuses for how Voldemort couldn’t possibly be back for over an hour, Harry forcibly grabbed his hand and

pulled him into the Pensieve. Whimpering like a schoolgirl at the sight of two red eyes sticking out the back of Quirrell's head, he was finally forced to admit Voldemort was as dead as they thought. Madam Bones berating him and threatening to bring him up on charges if he ignored the obvious threat might have helped.

With that taken care of, Harry turned his thought to next year. There was no way he would allow the Chamber of Secrets to be opened again. Fortunately, he knew where the Diary would be and when. Remembering how things had happened last time, a grin slowly formed on his face as he built a plan in his mind.

~

Harry sat surrounded by Hermione, Neville, and his Quidditch teammates for the end of year feast. While he wished the rest of his girls could have joined him, this was one of the few times you had to sit with your house. Still, it didn't stop him from laughing and joking with his friends, a much needed reprieve after dealing with the Ministry.

With the house points they'd earned from winning the last Quidditch game, Gryffindor had won not only the Quidditch Cup but the House Cup as well. That left the Gryffindors feeling rather jubilant for breaking the stranglehold Slytherin had had on both for the last seven years. Privately, Harry also wondered if part of that was also down to Snape's improved attitude after the visit from his mother. The man still wasn't pleasant by any means, but he'd stopped verbally attacking students, taking unfair points, and assigning undeserved detentions. No one, apart from Harry, knew why he'd suddenly changed, but everyone was glad about it.

Well, nearly everyone, Harry thought, looking over at the Slytherin table. The entire table looked dour as they picked at their food. Looking up, Malfoy caught his eye and sneered before whispering to Crabbe and Goyle.

As Harry turned back to Hermione, listening as she began talking about what elective she wanted to take in two years time, he noticed the chatter around them dying out. Looking up, he saw dozens of owls diving down from the rafters. One landed lightly in front of Hermione and offered her a copy of the *Evening Prophet*. Fishing a bronze Knut out of her pocket, she paid the

owl and unrolled the paper. The gasp that left her lips was echoed around the Great Hall. Curious and worried, Harry peeked over her shoulder.

### **Harry Potter Does it Again!**

By Jennifer Green

“Bloody hell,” Harry groaned.

What followed was a complete account of what he’d told Fudge and Bones earlier in the day. The only upside was that it hadn’t been written by someone like Rita Skeeter. Harry knew he should have expected something like this to happen, but the thought hadn’t crossed his mind. Considering the truthfulness of the article and the lack of wild speculation, he wondered if Bones had spoken to the press instead of Fudge.

The sound of whispers began to build as people finished the article, and Harry could feel the eyes of the hall fall on him. As he dropped his head in his hands, Hermione set down the paper and rubbed his back soothingly.

“If I could have everyone’s attention,” Dumbledore called, causing the hall to fall silent. “As most of you have read, earlier this week, Harry Potter, along with a few of his friends, stopped Lord Voldemort from stealing the Philosopher’s Stone.”

Several younger students shrieked at the sound of Voldemort’s name, and people began talking loudly. It took a cannon blast from Dumbledore’s wand to get them to quiet back down.

“I know this is worrying, but I can assure you, Hogwarts remains safe,” Dumbledore said, causing Harry to snort quietly. “For his brave and selfless actions, Harry Potter will be given an award for special services to the school. I would ask that you do not pester Harry with questions about what happened. As you might imagine, being faced with Lord Voldemort was not an enjoyable experience.”

A few people chuckled, and Katie leaned over to give him a hug.



“Are you alright?” she whispered.

Looking up from the table and seeing the concerned looks of his friends, Harry smiled.

“I’m fine,” he said. “Thanks.”

The rest of dinner was a bit more subdued, and Harry did his best to ignore the stares. If he had looked, he would have seen the supportive looks he was getting from all but the Slytherins and a few others.

~

Harry had hoped to spend some time with his girls in the Room of Requirement, but after the article, there was no way he’d be able to slip away unnoticed.

The next morning, they all joined him at the Gryffindor table for breakfast. A few of the braver students tried to ask him questions about the article, but a glare from Tonks sent them scurrying away. Unfortunately, the same couldn’t be said for Malfoy.

“Scared, Potter?” Malfoy smirked, Crabbe and Goyle laughing behind him. “I bet you hid under your covers and cried all night, worrying about the Dark Lord coming after you.”

“Are you really that stupid?” Tonks asked. “Did you miss the part where Harry sent that wanker running with his tail between his legs, or have you just not learned to read yet?”

Malfoy’s cheeks colored as he glared at her. Crabbe and Goyle stepped up beside him and cracked their knuckles menacingly.

“Go away, Malfoy,” Hermione said. “No one here cares about what you think.”

“No one asked for your opinion, Mud-”

Harry’s wand was in his hand before anyone could blink, and Malfoy’s mouth vanished. With a panicked look, the blonde reached up to feel the smooth skin where his mouth had been.

“Do ever call her that again,” Harry growled before reversing the hex. “You know, for someone who goes on and on about how superior he is, you sure seem eager to be branded like cattle and do someone else’s bidding.”

“You’ll pay for this one day, Potter,” Malfoy said, his confident sneer ruined by the way he kept glancing at Harry’s wand. “The Dark Lord will make you all pay, just like he did your stupid parents.”

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged. “But if I do, at least I’ll die on my feet rather than live on my knees.”

Malfoy scoffed and turned to leave, only to stop and glare at the cat sitting in his way.

“Get out of the way, you stupid cat,” he said.

The cat leapt out of the way as he threw a kick at it.

“Is that...?” Tonks asked.

Harry smirked as the cat transformed into a very unhappy Professor McGonagall. Malfoy blinked, his eyes wide and face pale.

“Mr. Malfoy,” she said, visibly restraining herself from shouting. “You’ve just earned yourself a week’s detention next year. These little visits of yours to the Gryffindor table will end now, and

if I ever catch you calling Ms. Granger or anyone else by that disgusting term, it'll be a month. Messrs. Crabbe, Goyle, a night's detention for both of you. Now get back to your table."

Cheeks pink with embarrassment, Malfoy slunk back to his seat at the Slytherin table.

"Thanks, professor," Harry smiled.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you a night's detention as well for that hex," McGonagall told him. "The next time something like this happens, I expect you to let me or one of the other professors know. Is that understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," Harry said as the others nodded.

With a tight nod of her own, McGonagall continued to the Head Table.

"I can't believe she gave you detention," Tonks huffed.

"It was worth it," Harry shrugged.

"What was he going to call me?" Hermione asked.

Harry shifted uncomfortably and looked to Tonks, but it was Penny who answered.

"He was going to call you a Mudblood," she said. "It's a really bad name for Muggleborns. It means dirty blood."

"Oh," Hermione said, her shoulders wilting.

Harry wrapped his arm around her shoulders and hugged her to his side.

“Don’t let that prat get to you,” Tonks told her. “He’s just jealous. It’s hard to claim that Purebloods are better when a Muggleborn beats him in every class.”

Hermione smiled and perked up.

“And he’s jealous of Harry,” Lilith sighed. “He has all of us, and Malfoy only has those two Trolls and Parkinson.”

Hermione giggled and kissed Harry on the cheek before pulling away from him.

“You’re right,” she said. “I’m being silly.”

“We should go get a carriage before the train fills up,” Daphne said.

Nodding, the group finished their breakfast and split into two carriages that took them to the train station in Hogsmeade. Climbing onto the train, Harry helped the girls stow their trunks. It was a tight squeeze to fit all seven of them in the compartment, but Tonks was happy to sit in Harry’s lap.

“So, what are you doing over break?” Penny asked.

“I’m going to France for a couple of weeks,” Hermione said.

“Oh, that reminds me,” Harry said. “You’re all invited to come visit me in my new house any time you want.”

“Brilliant,” Tonks grinned.

“Hermione, your parents can come too, if they want,” Harry smiled. “With Sirius in the house, you can do all the magic you want.”

“Oh, they’d love that!” Hermione gushed excitedly. “I’ll talk to them about it and – oh no, I don’t have an owl.”

“Hedwig can deliver it,” Harry told her. “Just write the letter, and she’ll know to pick it up.”

“Really?” Lilith signed.

“That’s not normal owl behavior,” Daphne added. “Where is she, anyways?”

“Flew on ahead,” Harry shrugged. “I don’t like putting her in a cage.”

“Do you mind if my parents come too?” Penny asked. “I’ve shown them some magic before, but I have to be careful of the neighbors. I’d love to be able to show them what the magical world is really like.”

“Sure,” Harry smiled. “Just let me know when you want to come, and I’ll get the bedrooms set up.”

“Just how big is your new place?” Susan asked curiously.

“Twelve bedrooms,” Harry said. “It’s a massive manor on the cliffs with its own private beach. I haven’t seen it yet, but Sirius said it just needs some new furniture.”

The girls excitedly began talking about how they could decorate the house. Harry smiled and hugged Tonks to his chest. This is the life he should’ve had, he thought.