

Chapter 31

Harry walked through the castle quickly, anxious to get to Dumbledore's office and find out what was in that memory. Luck was still with him as the staircases cooperated, aligning perfectly with his path to the second floor.

"Fizzing Whizbees," Harry said as he approached the Gargoyle outside of his office.

Taking the moving steps two at a time, he rapidly reached the top and pushed open the door.

"I've got it," he said, holding up the vial full of silvery mist.

"I had wondered why you left the castle," Dumbledore replied, setting down his quill and getting to his feet.

Taking the vial from Harry, he examined it closely for a moment before heading over to the cabinet holding his Pensieve.

"I trust I don't need to remind you how dangerous that was," he continued, moving the Pensieve into the middle of the room.

"I took half a vial of Liquid Luck," Harry told him with a shrug. "It just felt like the right thing to do."

"Ah, I see," Dumbledore said, pouring the memory into the silvery pool. "Then let us hope that your luck holds, and this memory tells us what we need to know."

Harry nodded, his stomach in knots, as he stepped up to the Pensieve. Together, he and the headmaster each dipped a finger into the shimmering surface and were sucked into the memory.

They landed in the Potions classroom, where Slughorn was helping a couple of students after class. He looked younger, with less grey hair and a slimmer figure. They arrived just as he was walking them to the door with a smile.

“Now, Mr. Bartleby, Ms. Jackson, always remember,” Slughorn said, shaking a finger for emphasis. “Clockwise first when the moon is waxing, and counterclockwise when it’s waning.”

“Thank you, professor,” Jackson said, smiling prettily.

“Just doing my job, my dear,” Slughorn chuckled.

Patting her on the back, he opened the door. On the other side, a young man with jet-black hair and dark, intelligent eyes stood with his hand raised to knock. Harry instantly recognized him from the memory of Tom Riddle he’d fought in the Chamber of Secrets.

“Oh, Tom!” Slughorn said, holding a hand to his chest. “Good heavens. You startled me.”

“My apologies, professor,” Tom smiled. “I was hoping to have a word in private. Should I come back at a better time?”

“Oh, no, no,” Slughorn chuckled. “We were just finishing up.”

Tom stepped to the side as Jackson and Bartleby walked out of the classroom and disappeared down the hall. Stepping into the room, Tom closed the door behind him.

“What can I do for you, Tom?” Slughorn asked, sitting on the corner of his desk. “The fourth years aren’t dueling again, I hope?”

“No, sir,” Tom said, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a wrapped box. “I wanted to ask you about something I found in the library and to give you this. It’s Crystalized Pineapple. I heard it’s your favorite.”

“Oh my,” Slughorn said, taking the box and opening it with delight. “It is, but who could have told you?”

Tom smirked, “Just something I happened to overhear.”

Slughorn laughed and popped a piece of pineapple in his mouth.

“You overhear things quite a bit,” he noted with a calculating gaze. “You’ll go far at the Ministry with a skill like that. Now, what did you want to know about? Did you come across an interesting potion?”

“A spell, actually,” Tom said, folding his hands in front of himself casually.

“Ah,” Slughorn nodded. “Well, I’ll tell you what I can, but you’d be better off asking one of your other professors. I’m afraid I’ve never been great shakes with a wand.”

“I don’t think they’d understand, professor,” Tom said. “Not like you do. It’s not the sort of magic they’d approve of. They’re not as open to other types of magic as you are.”

Harry watched Slughorn perk up and felt a rush of anger. Had he really given up important information for a bit of pineapple and a couple of compliments?

“I see,” he said, nodding and setting the box aside. “Very well, what would you like to know about?”

“Have you ever heard of the term Horcrux?” Tom asked, his dark eyes glittering.

Slughorn paled, his eyes going wide as he got to his feet stiffly.

“Where did you hear about that?” he asked, alarmed.

“I read about it in the library,” Tom replied calmly. “It was in a book in the Restricted Section. Do you know what they are?”

“Very dark magic,” Slughorn said, waving his hand as if to brush the question off. “Some of the darkest to ever be used.”

“Is it true they grant you immortality?” Tom asked.

“After a fashion,” Slughorn replied, busying himself with needlessly straightening the papers on his desk.

Because he wasn’t looking at Tom, he completely missed the triumphant, giddy look that flashed across his face before he quickly schooled his features.

“But, sir, I don’t understand,” Tom said, taking a step forward in his eagerness. “If such a thing were to be real, why have so few Dark Wizards used them?”

“As I said, it’s the darkest of magic,” Slughorn said, still moving things about his desk nervously. “Very few are capable of sinking to the depths needed to create one.”

“But why just one?” Tom asked, his eyes alight with interest as he took another step forward. “Why not a magically powerful number, like three or seven?”

“Seven!” Slughorn gasped, turning to look at him sharply. “Good heavens, Tom! Making just one is bad enough, but seven!?”

“But it would be possible, right?” Tom asked. “Theoretically?”

“Theoretically, yes, but-” Slughorn stopped and shook his head. “That’s enough. I won’t speak of this again. I think you should go, Tom, and forget about this type of magic.”

“Of course, Professor,” Tom said, his cold eyes taking on an edge as he smiled. “And don’t worry, I’ll keep this little conversation just between us. I imagine the Ministry isn’t too fond of witches and wizards who know too much.”

Slughorn paled and fell heavily into his seat as he watched Tom turn and leave. Staring at the boy’s back, he never saw the smile turn into a triumphant smirk, but Harry did. As the memory began to fade, Dumbledore grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the Pensieve. Walking over to the desk, they both took seats and sat in silence for a long moment.

“Seven,” Harry said heavily. “He made seven Horcruxes.”

“Six,” Dumbledore corrected. “Tom would want seven parts of his soul. Six Horcruxes, with the final part remaining in him. I almost wish Horus had kept talking a little more. If he had, we may not be in this predicament.”

“What, why?” Harry asked, surprised and curious.

“While a seven-part soul is theoretically possible – and I believe Tom has accomplished this – it’s not advisable,” Dumbledore explained. “No one, to my knowledge, has ever taken soul magic as far as Tom has. However, in his eagerness to achieve immortality, he stretched himself too thin. His soul is damaged and twisted beyond recognition. I’m sure you’ve noticed that young Tom was much more in control of his emotions than he is today.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully.

“Most would simply assume madness had taken hold over the years, or perhaps some ritual to gain power went awry, but I disagree,” Dumbledore said, steepling his fingers as he leaned his elbows on the desk. “Rituals are very well understood, even those of an obscure, dark nature. Tom, I believe, would have been very careful to keep his mind intact. Madness is certainly possible, and while he does show some symptoms, others don’t fit. No, I believe the change in his behavior is the consequence of splitting his soul so many times. The good news is that I believe Tom has recognized this as well.”

“Why is that good news?” Harry asked.

“Because he will not risk trying to make anymore,” Dumbledore replied, spreading his hands wide and laying them on the desk.

Harry’s eyes followed the headmaster’s gloved hand, and he began to wonder if he should use this chance to push his luck just a little more and ask about it.

“The Horcruxes he has now are the only ones he will be willing to make,” Dumbledore continued. “And I believe I have found one.”

“You did?” Harry asked excitedly, his eyes returning to the old man’s face. “Which one?”

“I believe it to be the locket, given the time frame; however, I can’t be sure until we retrieve it,” he smiled.

“We?” Harry asked.

“We,” Dumbledore nodded. “I did promise I would take you on the next one.”

“When do we leave?” Harry asked eagerly.

Dumbledore chuckled and waved his hand, "I appreciate your eagerness, but I don't quite have the exact location just yet. Even as a young man, Tom was gifted at hiding things he didn't want others to find. I will let you know the moment I discover more."

Harry nodded and sat back in his seat, "What about the others?" he asked.

"You remember the other memories I showed you?" Dumbledore asked, raising a bushy white brow.

"Yeah," Harry said. "The Locket, the Cup, Nagini, and something from Ravenclaw or Gryffindor."

"Precisely," Dumbledore nodded. "Nagini will need to be dealt with last. Tom keeps her close to his side. You know as much as I do about the others. Any thoughts?"

Harry thought over the question and got to his feet. The headmaster remained silent, and Fawkes crooned softly as he began to pace back and forth across the office.

"Well, he likes to hide them in places that are important to him," Harry said, feeling a little foolish for stating the obvious. "The orphanage, maybe?"

Harry tried to place himself in Voldemort's shoes and shook his head.

"No," he concluded, shaking his head. "He hated that place. It would be like me keeping something important at the Dursley's. Hogwarts, definitely. But when? I'm kind of surprised he didn't leave the Diary here."

"I thought about that as well," Dumbledore said. "I believe he feared its discovery. It would have been simple for me to make the connection, especially given his name was on the cover."

Harry nodded as he continued to pace, "And the only two times he returned to the castle were when he asked to become a professor?"

"I believe so," Dumbledore nodded.

"Then it would have had to have been on one of those visits and with something that wasn't easily connected to him," Harry said. "When he came the first time, was that before or after the Cup and Locket went missing?"

"Before," he replied.

"Okay, so not those," Harry sighed. "Besides Gryffindor's sword, what other artifacts did the Founders leave behind?"

"There are many rumors of hidden objects, but none of them have ever been publicly found," Dumbledore shrugged.

"Okay," Harry said, sighing and running a hand through his hair. "I'll ask Hermione to help me look those up later. If we can't figure out what it is, maybe we can figure out where he hid it. The Chamber, maybe? He could use the Basilisk to protect it. Did you ever search it?"

"No," Dumbledore admitted. "I thought it was too closely linked to the Diary for him to use it again. It would also be quite risky if he were caught. However, I could be wrong. Feel free to search it if you like."

"I will, but I think you're right," Harry nodded. "Where else could he hide something? He wouldn't just throw it in some dusty old room no one uses. He'd want it somewhere special. The Room of Requirement?"

"I hadn't considered that," Dumbledore admitted thoughtfully.

Harry sighed heavily, "But that room is massive. It would take years to search. There isn't some kind of Horcrux-detecting spell, is there?"

Dumbledore chuckled, "If only it were that simple. No. However, you'll be able to feel the dark magic once you get close enough. I believe you're familiar enough with Tom to recognize it."

"What about Summoning or Tracking spells?" Harry asked. "If we could narrow down the list of objects, maybe..."

He trailed off as Dumbledore shook his head.

"You have to remember, these are not mindless artifacts," he said softly. "They contain a piece of Tom within. If he does not wish them to be summoned or tracked, they won't be."

"Well, bugger," Harry sighed.

"Indeed," Dumbledore murmured.

Harry walked back over to his chair and dropped into it heavily, "This is impossible," he grumbled.

"No, merely extraordinarily difficult," Dumbledore said. "Chin up, Harry. We will discover the identity of the last object and the location of the others. I'm certain of it. I think that's enough for tonight. Go get some rest, or perhaps you could go flying on such a lovely day. I often find difficult answers come when I'm not looking for them."

"I think I'd prefer a drink," Harry said, getting to his feet with a cheeky smile. "Then some of the things you say might actually make sense."

"Highly unlikely," the headmaster replied good-naturedly.

Chuckling, Harry waved goodbye to Fawkes, bid the professor good day, and left the office. Stuffing his hands in his pockets, he took the scenic back to Gryffindor Tower, letting his mind wander as his feet thoughtlessly led the way. By the time he reached the common room, he was no closer to an answer and felt even more frustrated. With a sigh, he ran his hand through his hair and mentally prepared for the grilling Hermione and Tonks would give him.

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"I start looking into artifacts from the Founders tonight," Hermione said. "The library doesn't close for a few hours yet."

"And we'll go check out the Chamber of Secrets," Tonks nodded.

"I think we should wait for that until tomorrow," Harry cautioned. "It's pretty big. I think it'll take us most of the day to search."

"Okay," Tonks said, her hair going from pink to purple. "If it's not there, we'll have to start checking the Room of Requirement."

"That might be a bit of a problem," Hermione said, chewing her bottom lip. "We've had trouble getting the room to appear lately."

"I'll keep an eye on the map while you're in class and see who's using it," Tonks said. "Hey, Hermione, how difficult is it to brew Liquid Luck?"

"It's incredibly difficult," Hermione replied.

"But could you do it?" Tonks asked.

"Maybe," Hermione said thoughtfully. "And I suppose it might come in handy. I'll look into it, but I can't make any promises."

"Fair enough," Tonks said.

"I better get to the library since I have *two* projects to work on now," Hermione sighed.

"Oh, you love it," Tonks grinned.

Hermione rolled her eyes but smiled as she shouldered her bag and gave Harry a kiss before heading towards the door. As it closed behind her, Tonks sat down on the couch next to Harry with a mischievous look.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Oh, nothing," Tonks said, unable to suppress a smile. "I was just wondering how much longer that Liquid Luck is going to last."

"Probably a few more hours," Harry told her. "I took half, so it should last twelve hours. Why?"

"How do you feel about pressing your luck?" Tonks asked, her smile turning into a Cheshire grin.

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"I can't believe you talked me into this," Harry said.

Tonks grinned, stroking his length as she pressed her naked body against his.

"If I get expelled, I'm telling Hermione this is all your fault," he continued, dropping his head down on the pillow.

"You didn't put up that much of a fight," Tonks pointed out.

Before Harry could respond, they heard a door open and close just a room away. Tonks grinned in anticipation while he tensed nervously. Even her hand continuing to stroke him pleurably couldn't keep him from jumping when the lights turned on. Professor Sinistra walked into the bedroom with a sigh and froze when she noticed the naked couple lying on her bed in her private quarters.

"What. The. Fuck?" she asked, staring in shock as Tonks' hand glided up and down Harry's towering shaft.

"Wotcher," Tonks grinned. "Care to join us?"

"Tonks!" Sinistra hissed, dragging her eyes up to her face. "How many times do I have to tell you I can't sleep with a student!"

"Oh, please," Tonks said, rolling her eyes. "If you were that worried about getting caught, you wouldn't keep those pictures I sent you in your nightstand drawer."

Pulling her hand out from under the pillow, Tonks tossed a dozen photographs of Harry and Sinistra in various sexual positions onto the mattress.

"It's not just about getting caught," Sinistra said defensively, although she refused to look Tonks in the eye. "It's the principle of the thing."

Tonks snorted, "Bullshit. Stop making excuses and get over here."

Sinistra glared at her for a long moment before she finally sighed and shrugged off her robe.

“If I get fired, I’m blaming you,” she said.

“Why is it always my fault?” Tonks asked, throwing her hands in the air.

“Because it usually is,” Sinistra pointed out.

Harry licked his lips and stared as she stripped out of her skirt and blouse, his erection throbbing excitedly. Suddenly, Tonks climbed over him, grabbed the pictures from the mattress, and got to her feet. Sinistra, unclasping her bra and releasing her large, pillowy breasts, looked at Tonks curiously as she fanned them out in her hands with the backs facing her.

“Pick a card, any card,” Tonks grinned. “Whichever one you choose, that’s the position Harry’s going to fuck you in.”

“I can’t believe I’m actually going along with this,” Sinistra said, shaking her head.

Reaching out, she ran her hand over the pictures and then hovered over one towards the middle. With a smirk on her lips, Tonks jerked her hands to the side, causing her to grab the one next to it. Sinistra narrowed her eyes, looking torn whether to trust her friend or not. Harry smiled to himself. Knowing Tonks, it was a fifty-fifty chance whether she was trying to help or not. Sinistra glanced between the two pictures a few times before finally picking the one Tonks hadn’t directed her to.

“Perfect,” Tonks grinned while Sinistra turned the picture over to look at it. “Harry loves your arse. Come on, get out of those knickers and on the bed. Face down, ass up.”

Harry licked his lips and climbed to his knees while the Astronomy professor stepped out of her final piece of clothing. She avoided looking at him as she climbed onto the bed and got into position. Turning her head towards the door, she sucked in a sharp, trembling breath when he

moved behind her and ran his hands over the wide expanse of smooth, dark skin that was her bum. Harry groped her cheeks roughly, kneading and spreading them open to expose her tight, glistening slit.

“Your ass is perfect, professor,” Harry said.

“Aurora,” she corrected. “Please, call me Aurora.”

“What are you going to do if he doesn’t?” Tonks asked, lying on her side next to Aurora’s face. “Give him detention?”

Aurora moaned as Harry ran his tip between her folds. Her arousal glistened on his head as he teased her entrance.

“I’m going to give him detention if he doesn’t stick that thing in me right now,” she growled.

“Is that an order, professor?” Harry grinned.

Before she could respond, he sank into her depths. They groaned in unison, his impressive length stretching her depths until his hips came to rest against her bum. Hissing in pleasure at how surprisingly tight she felt, Harry lifted his hand and brought it down with a sharp *smack*. Aurora gasped, and Tonks giggled at the surprised expression on her face as he started working his hips.

“Oh, Merlin!” Aurora moaned, clenching the sheets in her fists. “Fuck I need this. It’s been so long.”

“How long?” Tonks asked curiously.

“Four years,” Aurora groaned. “I haven’t had time for a man since I started working here.”

“Aw,” Tonks pouted, tenderly brushing a strand of Aurora’s long, dark hair behind her ear. “Don’t worry. I’m sure Harry will be happy to spend time with his favorite professor.”

“Favorite?” Aurora asked breathlessly.

“You are now,” Harry grinned.

Slamming into her hard, he reached over her back to grip her shoulder and used it as leverage to thrust harder and faster. Aurora moaned loudly and pushed herself up on her arms to throw her hips back at him. With a grin, Tonks rolled onto her back and shimmied under her. Catching her swaying breasts, she latched one nipple, then switched to the other.

“Morgana,” Aurora groaned. “I’m so close.”

A moment later, Harry felt Tonks’ fingers brush up against his swinging testicles. It took him a second to realize that she was rubbing Aurora’s clit. With a grin, he plowed into her furiously from behind, causing her thick, pillowy cheeks to ripple for the impact of his hips. Between the two of them, it didn’t take long to drive the neglected professor to a spectacular climax.

Aurora screamed as she reached her peak. Her arms collapsed, and she nearly suffocated Tonks with her impressive bust. Harry grunted and pulled out of her as she erupted, drenching him and the mattress in a shower of her arousal. His erection throbbed needily while he watched her groan and roll to the side, landing pantingly on her back.

Tonks, her face slightly red, sat up, and they shared a grin.

“I hope you’re not done yet,” she said, turning to Aurora.

“Not even close,” Aurora sighed, still slightly breathless. “Fuck I need that.”

“I could tell,” Tonks grinned.

Reaching over to the nightstand, she picked up the stack of pictures and fanned them out again.

“Take your pick,” she said.

Sitting up with a smile, Aurora moved to pick on near Tonks’ left hand, but again, Tonks moved her hands at the last second. With narrowed eyes, Aurora stared at her smiling face for a long moment before closing her fingers on the one Tonks wanted her to pick. This time, Harry was close enough to see what it was and grinned when Aurora’s eyes widened.

It was a picture of one of the more extreme positions Harry and Tonks had tried. In it, he had her – morphed to look like Aurora – locked in a full nelson, her legs dangling over his forearms with his hands locked behind her head. With her legs spread wide open, the camera had a clear view of his impressive shaft spearing in and out of Tonks’ bum. That particular position had left his shoulders sore for days afterward, but it was worth it.

“No way,” Aurora said, tossing the picture at Tonks. “I haven’t done that in years. I need to warm up first.”

“Fine,” Tonks sighed. “Maybe next time. Now, pick again.”

Harry arched a brow when Professor Sinistra didn’t argue with her about there being a next time and instead immediately moved to choose another picture. Tonks moved her hands for a third time and laughed when Aurora threw her a dirty look.

“You’ll like this one, I promise,” she said with a reassuring smile.

Holding her stare, Aurora chose an entirely different picture.