

*There are some who try to oversimplify the necessary steps to protecting the mind. People tritely reduce the process down to things such as organize your mind. And while an organized mind can easily recall and remember information, when faced with a Legilimens those individuals will find themselves incredibly vulnerable. You must organize your memories and the information therein, but also make the path to finding that information nearly unassailable.*

*Organizing your mind is but a step, one where you must first make yourself vulnerable before you can make yourself strong.*

The book that Dumbledore gave him read more like a diary than a proper book. It made it an easy read, and Harry found the entire concept fascinating. One thing that'd been made abundantly clear in the early pages was that it was a process that would take time. No one became an occlumens in one night. *And it starts with organizing your memories.*

Sitting in his four-poster bed, surrounded by crimson curtains, it was the early hours of Saturday morning. If he was going to be having lessons with Dumbledore long term, he thought it would be best to get accustomed to waking at an early hour. Since the change to his magic, it seemed he didn't need nearly as much sleep to feel rested anyway.

His DADA assignment was already finished and his Ancient Runes one was half done. Given how busy the year was going to be, with everything going on, he had no intention of getting behind on his work after the first day.

It was a cloudy morning and a heavy fog hung over the Black Lake. As he started hearing his dormmates begin to stir, Harry packed his things into his bag. As he threw the curtains away from his bed, he saw Neville and Dean slowly stretching out that post-sleep malaise.

Bouncing out of bed, Harry could see Neville wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep, "Bloody hell Harry," he yawned out, "how do you have so much energy?"

"Already been up for two hours, mate," Harry told him as he grabbed a towel and headed to the showers. "Early bird gets the worm and all that." He received a look from both boys like he was insane. By the time he was clean and dressed Seamus and Ron were grudgingly awake as well. He had no intention of waiting around for them and made his way down to the Common Room.

There were three new notices on the bulletin board down there. Each one detailed the events for the Tournament and when the selection processes would start. He didn't notice Ginny sitting on the couch, her hair wet as she scratched away on a piece of parchment, "Dueling starts next Saturday, quidditch next Sunday." She told him, saving him the read.

"They decided to give everybody a week to get settled first, huh?"

"Looks that way, and it'll still leave over a month before the other schools arrive, let alone before the competitions actually start."

He went and plopped down next to her, "Any plans for today?"

"Pretty much finished with this Charms assignment, so I'm gonna get down to the pitch soon as I can." Ginny told him as she leaned against his side, making herself comfortable, "Need to make sure I'm used

to the school brooms before tryouts, and I really can't think of a better way to spend the day than out flying."

"Sounds like fun, count me in." She smiled at him but returned her attention to her Charms essay. They sat in companionable silence as others started filtering down into the Common Room. Most paid them no mind and just made their way down to breakfast. When Ron came down, he stopped and looked between Harry and his sister, but he was quickly pulled toward the door by Parvati. *That's probably going to be a problem sooner rather than later.*

With one final flourish of her quill, Ginny smiled, "Alright, all done, time for breakfast." Harry stood up, and offered her a hand, "Thanks for sitting here with me. You really didn't have to."

He shrugged, "Didn't have anything better to do, Gin. And who else were you going to use as a backrest?"

"No one," she giggled, "But the back of the couch would have worked perfectly fine too."

"Oh, I'm not better than a couch," he teased her, "I'll remember that next time."

"No... no, sorry. I take it back." She leaned up and kissed his cheek, "You can be my backrest anytime."

"That's what I thought." With that they both made their way to the portrait hole and down to the Great Hall. While Harry had been one of the first to rise, he came down to breakfast quite late and the room was mostly filled. He looked around and something immediately stood out to him. All around the room, there were people of different houses filling each of the tables.

The Slytherins still largely kept to their own, but even then, there were some exceptions. A couple of the first years had joined the Ravenclaws and both Daphne and Tracey were sitting with Susan. Hermione was sitting over with Padma at Ravenclaw table with Blaise of all people along with them.

"Seems you started a bit of a trend," Ginny noted happily.

"I guess I did." They parted ways, Ginny heading over to Luna while Harry went over to Ron.

Filling his plate, he hadn't even finished before he got the question he was expecting, "What's going on with you and Ginny?" His lanky ginger friend looked serious, leaning over the table. Parvati shot a sympathetic smile his way as she scooted down the table toward Lavender.

Harry looked at Ron and just took a bite of egg. Ron's nostrils flared at seemingly being ignored, "I'm not sure what you mean, Ron. Ginny and I have known each other for years and been pretty damn good friends ever since the whole Chamber incident."

"Don't play dumb with me!" A few people looked in their direction.

Harry remained perfectly calm. *Don't need to cause a scene in the middle of breakfast,* "I'm not playing dumb. Ginny and I like each other, simple as that. It's not really your business, mate."

Ron clenched his fist, and a muscle in his jaw ticked as he scowled in attempt at appearing menacing, "If you hurt her..."

"I won't." Harry said adamantly.

That seemed to satisfy Ron for the moment as he gave him one stiff nod, "If you do..."

"I've met your brothers, Ron. I know." He wasn't going to point out that he'd faced down a Dark Lord, a Basilisk, and Dementors. So, while intimidating, it didn't inspire the fear Ron probably would have hoped. *Besides, Ginny's the one who'd really do some damage anyway.*

Thinking it best to just change the subject at this point, "We're going to head down to the quidditch pitch today, get some practice in before the tryouts."

Even if he wanted to continue trying to intimidate him, he couldn't hide his enthusiasm at the idea, "Count me in." They both devoured their breakfast quite quickly after that, eager to get down to the pitch.

Of course, things couldn't be that simple. As he was making for the door, McGonagall approached him, "Mr. Potter, please come with me."

*Twice in three days I can't get out of the hall.* Harry wasn't going to argue with the austere woman though. He fell into step with her as they turned toward the stairs and made their way toward her classroom and office, "Is there something wrong, professor?"

"Not at all, Harry." She assured him.

They reached the classroom quickly, lucky enough not to get stopped by any of the moving staircases. They entered the Transfiguration classroom and made their way over to the office. McGonagall's office was small and quaint, with a stack of summer assignments on a dark oak desk. There was an unlit fireplace in the room.

Standing next to that fireplace was someone he wasn't expecting to see, "Sirius!"

The man in question opened his arms and offered him a warm hug, "Good to see you again, lad. Good first day of classes?"

"Great, yeah," Harry told him.

Sirius patted his shoulder and looked over to McGonagall, "Thanks for bringing him, Minnie. You're looking lovely as ever by the way." He shot her a flirtatious smile, and even Harry couldn't believe the audaciousness of his godfather.

McGonagall did her best to hide her amusement, but there was a slight upturning of her lips that gave her away, "You've been a shameless flirt since you were fifteen years old. And I must say I'm happy to see that some things never change."

"When faced with such marvelous beauty, how could I not flirt?" He winked at her.

She only shook her head, "Off with you and do get him back before curfew."

"No need to worry about that, Minnie. Shouldn't be any later than lunch." With that the professor left them alone.

"Where are we going?" Happy as he was to see Sirius, he wasn't sure why he was there.

“To take care of some Black Family business,” Sirius told him simply, “I’m the Head of the House now, and I’ve named you as my successor.”

Harry’s brow furrowed, “I’m not a Black though.”

“No, but you have Black blood through Dorea and that’s all that matters. And considering it was a choice between you and Draco...”

“You chose me.” Harry finished for him, “And what about you? You’re still plenty young enough to have a few sprogs of your own.”

Sirius looked mildly uncomfortable with that line of questioning, “Seventeen years in Azkaban has made that... very unlikely... and probably completely impossible.” Harry gave Sirius a brief firm hug, just as a show of support. His godfather took a deep, halting breath and gave him a watery smile.

“Don’t question it, just follow me through the floo.” Harry raised one curious eyebrow as Sirius grabbed a handful of floo powder and stepped in, “Malfoy Manor.”

*Well fuck, wasn’t expecting that.* Still, he listened to Sirius and followed behind. He stumbled out of the floo into a lavish foyer. Luckily, his godfather managed to stop him from falling flat on his face. There was a high, vaulted ceiling and a dangling, crystal chandelier. The floor was patterned black and white marble. Just this one room screamed opulence, “Right... so why are we at Malfoy’s?”

“My dear cousin, Narcissa, has made a request of me. Given you’ll be the next of Head of the House, I think it’s best if you hear it as well. Especially given your past interactions with her family.”

A house elf popped in. It was in better condition and wore better garments than Harry would have thought considering what they’d done to Dobby years before, “Hello sirs, Mipsy be taking you to the mistress.”

They were lead through the halls of the manor to an elegant parlor that looked out on to the land owned by the Malfoy’s. Harry resisted the urge to snort as he saw the peacocks in the yard.

Narcissa was sitting in a black leather chair waiting for them. Looking at the woman, Harry found it hard understanding why Lucius ever would have wandered from the beautiful older woman. The Malfoy matriarch had blonde hair the same shade as her son’s. She was tall and slim, with noticeable curves beneath her hugging silver and black robes. She looked more pleasant than the last time he’d seen her at the World Cup. Gone was the haughty expression of disdain. If anything, she looked weary as she stood and greeted them.

“Hello cousin.” Narcissa greeted Sirius, leaning in to press her lips to his cheek, “Mr. Potter.” Whatever animosity she felt toward either of them she managed to hide admirably, “Please sit. Have you eaten? I can have Mipsy bring you something.” As a good English hostess, she already had a pot of tea ready to be served.

“We’re fine.” Sirius waved her off. They made small talk for longer than Harry would have liked before they finally got to the point of their visit, “You said in your letter that you had a matter of family business to discuss with me.”

"Yes," she swallowed, glancing between them uncertainly, "My world has been... upended in these last few weeks. I've found myself rethinking much of what I thought was the truth... things I held as true since I was a little girl."

"I'm happy to hear that you've done some soul-searching," Sirius looked at her intently, "but you didn't just ask me to come here to tell me you've had a change of heart."

Narcissa shook her head, "No, but it matters. I loved my husband. I believed in him and his way of thinking. I thought he felt the same for me, but that was all torn down in an instant. To have the ugly truth of it all revealed... I want nothing to do with him."

Sirius snorted, "You can't sit there and pretend that you knew nothing of Lucius' crimes, of the horror he inflicted on others. You know what the Death Eaters were and are."

"He convinced me that he didn't take part in the worst of the... revels." *What a nice way of describing rape and murder and all other manner of terrible things.*

"You thought your husband stayed faithful to you while he was out murdering muggles and muggleborns alike?" Sirius's tone was scathing, and she flinched at his words.

"And purebloods, too." Harry added, "The ones that didn't agree with your husband and his master's bigoted view of the world."

Narcissa looked down, unable to meet either of them in the eye, "I won't pretend that I didn't want to believe him. It's not that hard to fool someone who wants to believe the lie. And the Dark Lord was... impressive. He made us all believe in his cause."

"The cause of blood purity." Harry balked at the very idea, and he couldn't hold his tongue, "When he's nothing more than the bastard son of a squib and muggle. Sure, he's descended from Slytherin, but his blood is no purer than mine."

Narcissa looked at him mouth agape in utter shock. She whispered out a quiet, broken, "What?"

"Tom Marvolo Riddle, named for his 'filthy muggle father'. He told me himself," And more of it he learned from Dumbledore, "That diary he gave your husband contained a piece of his soul at twenty."

If she looked weary when they came in, she looked absolutely shattered now, "It was all a lie?"

"There's a reason why he killed purebloods just as easily as half-bloods and muggleborns. It's because despite all his talk, he respects nothing but power. I would wager he enjoyed seeing all those proud purebloods kissing at his feet."

Taking a deep, shuddering breath, Narcissa eyes were wet with unshed tears, and she looked entirely lost for a moment. Shaking herself she looked at her cousin, "I requested your presence here, in your formal capacity as Head of House Black, so that you could annul my marriage. I have no desire to remain attached to Lucius, or the name Malfoy, in any way. Given the nature of his crimes, and the conviction he received, he clearly broke our marriage pact."

Sirius looked at her for a long moment before he barked out a laugh, "Why should I? What do you possibly have to offer other than your heartfelt apologies? You spent years making this bed for yourself, Cissy, I think it's only right that you should lie in it."

Harry had to acknowledge the woman's resolve. Despite the blunt refusal, she didn't cry or beg. She was a proud Slytherin and Black so, she knew full-well that she couldn't come empty handed and expect anything from her cousin. Luckily for her, their conversation had given her a bargaining piece she didn't know she had, "You said that the diary given to Lucius contained a piece of the Dark Lord's soul." She was looking at Harry.

"Yes."

"Lucius wasn't the only one of his most trusted given such a gift," she smiled triumphantly when she saw that she had caught his interest, "He gave an ornate cup to my sister, Bellatrix."

*Merlin's beard, bollocks and everything in between. If she can get us to another Horcrux, welcoming her back into the Blacks would be a small price to pay.* Harry shared a look with Sirius, "And you know where it is?"

"Yes, as it so happens. And if my cousin agrees to my request, I'd be more than happy to tell you."

Sirius looked irritated as he breathed out heavily through his nose, "Can you retrieve this object?"

Narcissa stared at her cousin for a long moment, "I believe I can, yes."

Sirius smirked back at her, "Never were keen on giving a straight answer, were you, Narcissa?" She only smiled in response.

His godfather ran a hand down his face, "I will annul your marriage and welcome you back into the House of Black on the condition that you provide us with whatever information you have on the object of Voldemort's and help in its retrieval." She looked absolutely thrilled at the news, but he wasn't finished, "But you will also comport yourself in a manner that I deem fit as a member of this House."

"Meaning?"

"You will behave like a decent human-being toward others for a start. Whether they're pureblood or muggles, or something in-between." Her nose scrunched up in distaste, but she didn't protest, "And you'll do everything in your power to correct your son's abhorrent behavior. I won't tolerate him as a part of my House if he doesn't change." Harry didn't know if Sirius knew about the incident on the train and wasn't certain he would be so generous if he did.

Narcissa grimaced, "I'll do my best, in both regards. Unfortunately, Draco learned the worst of Lucius' behaviors."

"And you have years of disgusting bigotry to work past, but your best efforts always tended to be more than enough. I expect now will be no different." He gave her a small smile, "I have every intention of welcoming Andromeda back into the family as well."

Narcissa swallowed thickly, "I... I am happy to hear that. I have missed her." Harry didn't know what the Black sisters' relationship had been like but from the look on the woman's face, he could tell that there was a time where it meant a great deal to her.

Sirius stood, the look on his face far kinder than it had been at any other time during their visit, "I will have a solicitor draw up the necessary paperwork both for your annulment and for our agreement."

Harry had a feeling it would be Ted Tonks, and Sirius heard no argument from his cousin. She appeared deep in thought.

Harry stood beside his godfather, "Thank you for your hospitality, Mrs. Malfoy." He hadn't known what to expect coming to Malfoy Manor, but he was leaving knowing that they would be one step closer to ending Voldemort. *Wasn't expecting this to be such a productive morning.*

Narcissa stood, rousing herself from whatever she'd been thinking about, "You're welcome, I'm glad we could come to an understanding." She appraised him with a discerning eye, "You're not what I expected."

"Not the first time I've heard that this week," Harry chuckled, "You shouldn't trust your son's opinion on everything. Believe it or not, he does have a terrible bias where I'm concerned."

"Clearly."

"Right," Sirius clapped, "We're off. I'll be in touch. No need to see us out."

They left the woman behind and walked together back to the floo, "Grimmauld Place." Sirius threw the powder to the ground, and the floo erupted in emerald-green flames. Harry followed suit and found himself in the dilapidated ancestral home of the House of Black.

Harry thudded into the wooden floor of the foyer, and it triggered some shrill screaming from somewhere else in the house. Sirius shook his head exasperated, "You'd think the miserable old bitch would give it rest, especially when there's no one there to bleat at."

"Who?" he asked, pushing himself up.

"My mother, or her portrait anyway."

"Looking great in here." Harry quipped looking around the dusty foyer, "See you've gotten a lot of work done."

"Har Har, what incredible wit."

"I'm just taking the piss," Harry laughed at Sirius' irritation, "I've come up with a solution though."

"There's nothing that's going to make Kreacher fix this place. I'm going to end up doing it all myself. I might be better off just buying something new and leaving this place to rot."

"That's where you're wrong. I was going to tell you in a letter, but now seems as good a time as any. Dobby! Winky!" The two house elves appeared right in front of him, Dobby looked excited and much to his surprise, Winky was actually bouncing on her toes. However it was quickly replaced by disgust as they looked at the state of the house around them, "You just need proper help. Sirius, meet Dobby and Winky."

"Hello," he said to them both kindly.

"Dobby is a free elf, who used to belong to the Malfoys, but he'd be happy to help you here. Whereas Winky is looking for a new family thanks to Barty Crouch." Sirius scowled at the name. He hadn't

forgotten it was largely that man's fault that he hadn't received a proper trial after that horrid Halloween.

"Is that right," Both elves nodded their heads, bulbous eyes eager, "well, I could certainly use the help." He looked at Winky, "And you want to be a bonded elf." Her ears flopped about with the vigorous nodding of her head, "I, Sirius Black, take the house elf, Winky, into the service of my House." There was no physical indication that anything happened, but the massive grin that bloomed on Winky's face showed that it had worked.

"Now, clean what you can and please be careful as you're doing it. There are some dangerous things in this house, and I don't want either of you getting hurt. And if old Kreacher gets in the way, don't hesitate to stop him." A thought occurred to him before they went off, "If you can find a way to get my mother's portrait off the wall in the entrance hall, please... for the love of Merlin... do it." They both nodded seriously before they disappeared.

"You know, can't help but wonder why we're actually here." Harry wiped a bit of dust from a nearby cabinet.

"Nearly lunch, figured we could grab a bite." Sirius said, heading toward the door to the kitchen.

Harry snorted, "And who's going to make it. Kreacher is as likely to poison us as he is to feed us anything edible... and you can't cook. So unless you were expecting me to do it..."

That brought Sirius up short, and he glanced from Harry to the floo, "Leaky?"

"I'd prefer the Three Broomsticks." Harry told him and Sirius suddenly looked wistful, "What're you thinking?"

"That's been almost two decades since I saw the lovely Rosemerta and that today seems like the perfect day to change it. So, fantastic idea, lad. To the Three Broomsticks." Instead of using the floo this time, Sirius grabbed Harry firmly and apparated them just outside of the Three Broomsticks.

They entered to find it the same as ever, warm and cozy, smoky and clean. It was already starting to fill up with a lunch crowd but there were still plenty of open tables, "Well as I live and breathe, Sirius Black!" The lovely, buxom owner of the inn greeted them from behind the bar, "Find yourself a seat, love and I'll be right by to see you."

Sirius grinned from ear to ear at the greeting and pulled Harry along to an empty table nearby. Harry sat across from his godfather, with his back toward the door. Harry smirked wryly at him as Sirius's leg bounced excitedly under the table, "Still have a bit of a schoolboy crush on Rosie, huh Sirius?"

Harry's teasing did nothing to dampen his mood though, "It was a schoolboy crush when I was at Hogwarts, after almost twenty years in Azkaban, I don't know if I'd still call it that."

The door to the inn opened again. Rosemerta stepped out from behind the bar with two tankards in hand and a tray of food levitating beside her, "There's one of my favorite new patrons, any luck, darling?"



“Da,” It was a woman, and she responded with an eastern European accent that had Harry turning his head, “I got job, Rosie. I start at Honeydukes on Monday!” Standing there at the entrance was a gorgeous young woman that Harry instantly recognized.

“Sirius,” The man in question looked at him knowingly, “I’ll be right back.”

He snorted, “No hurry! I’ll just order you a shepherd’s pie and a butterbeer. Have fun!”

“Good for you!” Rosemerta was saying as he approached, “But the offer still stands if you want it. I could always use some help around the inn.”

“Orina?” Harry stood and approached her. He watched as her eyes lit up in joy upon seeing him.

“Harry!” She hugged him tightly, her body pressing into his in a way that just felt so incredibly right. He’d only known her for one night, and yet he’d missed her all the same. He felt her allure wash over him gentle and comforting, nothing like it’d been on their last meeting. He couldn’t help but notice nobody else in the room seemed to be affected by the magic.

“It’s so good to see you. I heard you moved to the village.” Rosemerta left them alone and went and attended to her other customers. She dropped off the food she had and then made right for Sirius.

Orina’s eyes drifted down to his lips briefly, and she bit her pouty bottom lip. That look sent heat right down to his groin as she spoke, “Da, and got job as well.”

“I heard. Honeydukes?”

She blushed just a little, “I love to bake. So, I convinced Mr. and Mrs. Flume that they should have more freshly made sweets than just chocolate and fudge.” Harry noticed that Sirius and Rosemerta had fallen into quiet conversation, and if he were to guess from the giggles, a bit of flirting as well.

“Brilliant, I’m sure they’ll be busier than ever.”

She giggled, eyes twinkling, “You’ve never even had any of my sweet treats.” Harry gave her a wicked smile as his mind went to something other than cakes and pies. From the glint in her eye, he would wager she understood where his mind went.

They stepped out of the entrance as another patron entered the inn. Orina grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the stairs. He followed without question, climbing the stairs toward the rooms above with her, and appreciating the wonderful view of her swaying hips as they went, “Ve didn’t expect to see you until the first Hogsemeade trip?”

“I’m here with my godfather. There’s was some family business that he wanted me with him to handle.” It was easy talking to her, as the details just came from him without any issue. He’d always been a bit secretive, between Voldemort and his Horcruxes he needed to be. But with Orina and Anya, things just seemed so natural and easy. *Hell, I told them about the Horcruxes the first night we were together. Even if there were some extenuating circumstances, I haven’t even told Ron or Hermione about that.*

A key jangled as she opened the door to a room at the end of the corridor, “Vell I’m very happy to see you.”

He smiled at that, "Me too," he ran a hand through his hair, "but there are some things I wanted to discuss with you?" What'd been happening to him hadn't been entirely normal and he knew it.

Some would say it was just the nature of a teenage boy's libido, but he'd never had such a lack of self-control when it came to his own arousal. *That could just be thanks to the Horcrux's death though.* And then there was Ginny as well. Much as he'd enjoyed everything they'd done together, and he knew that she'd fancied him anyway, he couldn't ignore just how readily she accepted things.

Those things were quickly wiped from his mind though as Orina dropped the sleeves of her lovely purple dress down her arms. Her back was still to him as she pushed the material down her front, exposing her lightly muscled back to him. She hadn't been wearing a bra. *With those ridiculously perky tits, why the hell would she need them?*

With a sexy shimmy of her hips the material fell the rest of the way down and pooled at her feet, leaving her in nothing more than a ludicrously tiny pair of knickers, black silk stockings, and heels. The underlying heat he'd felt since the moment he hugged her exploded down in his crotch, and his half-hard cock grew rigid in his trousers.

Whipping her silver-blond hair over her shoulder, she looked back at him with pure sin in her eye. Gliding gracefully over to the bed, she turned and sat at its edge. Her nipples were hardened nubs on her chest, and she spread her legs slightly as she pulled on the strings at her waist. He could see the obscene impression of her tight slit as her juices stained the fabric, "I've missed you, Harry." She told him lowly, and her allure changed then. It became heavy in the room, and it screamed of desire.

Harry walked toward the bed slowly and Orina watched him hungrily. She bit her bottom lip and looked up at him with darkened eyes as he came to stand between her outstretched thighs. Her fingers were on his belt and snap of his trousers in a moment.

Unzipping him and fishing his cock from his trousers, she cooed when she pulled it, heavy and hard, into the open air, "I've missed him, too." Pressing his length against the side of her face, a bit of his precum stuck in her hair, but she didn't mind one bit.

"Show me." He commanded, voice low and husky. Turning, she took a whiff of his musk before angling his cock downward to her eager little mouth. Her pouty lips stretched around his girth, and she groaned as his slit made contact with her tongue. She flicked and wiggled that flexible muscle superbly around the ridge of his crown and all the while, she looked adoringly up at him with big electric blue eyes.

Groaning, Harry's fingers wrapped around her silk soft hair, "That's a good girl, Orina." Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked at the first few inches of his length with ravenous intent. His own hands weren't idle as he reached down and tweaked one of her hardened nipples between his fingers. She moaned on his shaft, sending wonderful vibrations right to his bollocks.

*Slick. Slick. Slurp. Slurp.* Her own fingers slid beneath her knickers and were prodding at her core persistently. The wet sounds of her self-pleasure mixed with the lewd attention she was paying to him. With a pop, she pulled away from his cock and kissed at the side of his length lovingly, her pink tongue darting out to trace the lines of his veined manhood. Another bead of precum leaked from his cock-slit which she greedily gathered on her tongue.

A deep groan escaped her at the taste, "You tasted delicious before, Harry. Now you taste absolutely fucking divine." That was becoming a trend. *Just something else that I'm going to have to ask about.*

Harry's cupped her cheek and she smiled up at him. He slid that hand lightly along her slender neck to her shoulder. With a shove, he pushed her onto her back. She squealed happily as she drew her legs and spread them wide.

Pulling his shirt from over his head, he loomed over the young Veela as her fingers pulled the gusset of her thong to the side to reveal the pale pink skin of her overwhelmingly aroused sex. Her perfect little slit was already dripping down to the sheets below.

As Harry skimmed his hand down Orina's side to her hip, she shuddered like every little touch of his was pure electricity to her. She gave a shuddering breath, "I've thought of you everyday since the last time I saw you." Her fingers were toying with his cockhead as she pushed it against the soft flesh of her thigh.

"Just thought about me?" He reached down and pushed her fingers aside, letting his own sink into her gripping tightness. At his touch, Orina's eyes rolled to the back of her head, and she let out a breathy gasp.

Shaking her head, her hair was fanned out about her head on the sheets, "No, not ... day has gone by... where I haven't played with my little... horny... pussy thinking about your tongue... or your fingers... or your big... beautiful cock." She gave him a wicked look that made him throb incessantly against, "And Anya has been... no better. I should know... we've been helping each other." The idea that the two beautiful Veela had been fucking each other at the thought of him every day since they parted was... insanely sexy.

Bringing his cock to her entrance, he slapped it down against her lips, causing her to jump and squeak. She wiggled her hips in small circles, grinding her damp sex against his engorged shaft, trying to entice him. Luckily for her, he wanted it just as much as she did at that point.

Nestling his cock between at her dewy lips, he popped the first few inches into her tunnel. It felt just as tight as their first time together and he reveled in being surround by a warm pussy again, "So hot and wet for me."

Nodding shakily, Orina's eyes were closed in pleasure, "Anytime you want me... I'll be wet for you..." She bit down on one finger as he started sinking into her pristine pussy. When his bollocks rested against her beautiful ass, he stopped a moment and admired the fact that there was a little distention in Orina's stomach near her belly button. *Just like Anya.* He hadn't been able to see that the last time they had sex.

Orina's delicate fingers found the little indentation just as they had Anya's that night, and she pressed down hard enough that he could feel it on his bulbous crown through her skin. A shudder of pleasure shot down his spine and he gave a tiny thrust that had him knocking at her womb. She groaned, half in pleasure and half in pain, "Goddess, I still can't believe how deep..."

Harry pulled his hips back, his shaft scraping against her oversensitive walls. He could feel as she hugged every vein of his impressive length, "I... can't believe... how fucking tight." One of his hands gripped her wide hip and the other rested against her slender neck as he leaned over her. He started thrusting into her tunnel with frenzied abandon.

"I will... always be tight... for your fucking... cock." Orina told him through the haze of every-increasing bliss, "A perfect... little... pussy for your... perfect... cock!" He was pulling lewd sounds from her with every unrelenting movement of his body that melded into a cacophony of carnal pleasure as his thighs slapped against the flesh of her wonderfully toned, jutting bum.

They got lost in their pleasure. Minutes passed as they rutted against each other. The room was filled with groans and moans, exultations and debauchery. An enticing glistening of sweat covered her chest and stomach that made her shine. Her creamy white cum gathered at the base of his cock as he continued to batter her wonderfully grippy hole.

He gave her a particularly savage thrust that battered against that rough patch of flesh on the top of her tunnel. It set her off like a firework. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she screamed silently, mouth O-ed out. Every muscle in her body went tight as her pussy spasmed and rippled along the cock-flesh it enveloped so ridiculously tight.

Forced to stop, Harry's finger drifted from her hip to the place where they were joined and flicked her engorged clit. Her eyes bulged in her head as she started squirting around his cock as he pushed her from one peak to the next. The wetness that had formed below her bum grew as she absolutely soaked the sheets beneath them.

Her legs quivered as she brought them up to wrap around his waist, forcing him as deep as he could go inside of her, "Please... please cum for me... I want to feel... that warmth... again." Her pussy continued to flutter around him needily, trying to milk his bollocks of all their seed.

While he'd managed to weather her orgasm without problem, that desperate, breathy plea sent him over the edge. His cock pulsed and recoiled within her clutching sheath as he gripped firmly to her hip. Their bodies were flush together as he groaned through a titanic orgasm. He painted her insides with shot after shot of sticky, white cum.

As he pulled free of her enflamed, used little pussy, the impressive volume of his climax only added to the mess on the sheets as his cum leaked down her pussy lips to her quivering arsecheeks. The young Veela shook in post-orgasmic bliss and Harry watched the obscene sight intently. Orina moaned happily on the bead through it all.

The door opened then, and Anya stepped into the room. She looked slightly haggard, and her nostrils flared as she took in the scene. The room reeked of sex. Looking at Harry, her sapphire eyes first drifted down to his mostly-hard cock. She had a hard time looking away and meeting his gaze. She swallowed thickly and told him with some struggle, "Your... your godfather... he is looking for you. He said he hates to interrupt but you need to get back to Hogwarts sooner rather than later and there's meal waiting for you."

"Oh," He looked down at his prick and with some effort shoved it back into his pants, "I'll... get back to him." There were still questions he needed to ask, but it seemed they would need to wait. Pulling his shirt over his head, he walked to the door but was stopped by Anya.

She dragged him into a deep, desperate kiss. When they parted, she rested his forehead against his and spoke softly, "Wish I wasn't so slow. I wanted to get back in time for a turn of my own." It begged the question how she even knew he was there but, he didn't have the wherewithal to think it in that

moment. She gave him a small, sultry smile, "Now go to your godfather. I have my own meal that I'm eager to get to, right here."

With that she sauntered over to the bed and kneeled between Orina's legs. With one delicate swipe of her tongue, she gathered his seed and made a point of swallowing loud enough for him to hear even as he opened the door to depart. Orina groaned and moaned as her best friend tried to collect every bit of Harry's cum from her abused hole.

Sighing, Harry ran a hand through his hair and shook his head. *They're gonna be the death of me.* It took prodigious effort to step out of that room without giving Anya exactly what he'd given Orina, but somehow he managed. *There'll be plenty of time for that next time.*

He was hard as steel in his trousers as he made back down to the pub and he didn't care one bit. Sirius gave him a knowing smirk as he sat down, "Have fun?"

"Yes." There was no point lying about what was so clearly obvious.

"Still didn't get a chance to thank them, by the way. Anya seemed a bit... preoccupied. You'll have to properly introduce me sometime when you're a little less... busy."

"Piss off." Harry said flatly before taking a swig of his butterbeer. That sent his godfather off in a fit of laughter. He just took the teasing without complaint as he ate his meal. All the while, he could only think what was going on upstairs. *Not the morning I was expecting.*