

Chapter 12

Bright and early on December 27th, Andi took Harry to see the Healer. Dora insisted on coming along while Ted and Sirius were at work, and Marlene and Jenna stayed home. The three of them sat in the waiting room, flipping through magazines.

“Mr. Potter,” a plump, middle-aged witch with dirty blonde hair in a bun called.

Harry started to push his wheelchair towards the door but stopped when Dora started pushing him at a much faster pace.

“Dora, slow down,” Andi hissed exasperatedly. “I swear, if you run over someone’s foot...”

Rolling her eyes, Dora slowed down while the nurse led them down a long hall to one of the examination rooms. Harry parked himself next to the only chair in the room and sat still while the nurse cast a Diagnostic Charm. Dora crossed her arms over her chest and huffed when her mother took the empty seat next to Harry, leaving her to stand near the corner.

“I’ll have them bring in another chair for you,” the nurse said as she finished making a note on her clipboard.

“That’s alright,” Dora said with a smirk.

Stepping in front of Harry, she turned around and plopped unceremoniously onto his lap.

“Dora, you are nineteen years old,” Andi said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“So?” Dora asked.

The nurse smiled and made her way towards the door as Andi sighed.

“The healer will be with you in just a moment,” she said reassuringly.

“Thank you,” Andi said gratefully.

Harry was looking around the room, trying to fight off boredom, when Dora began wiggling in his lap.

“Your legs are bony,” she complained.

She continued to shift around, and the feel of her firm, round butt rubbing against his groin soon had Harry rising to the occasion. Not wanting to have a full-blown erection when the Healer came in, he grabbed Dora’s hips and held her still. Glancing over her shoulder, she smirked and enlarged her ass. Harry narrowed his eyes, knowing she was hoping to cause an embarrassing situation, and poked her in the sides. Dora squeaked and jolted in his lap just as the door opened and the Healer walked in.

“Ah, Mr. Potter,” Healer Powell said. “How are you today?”

“Alright,” Harry shrugged while Dora got off of his lap. “I can feel my legs again.”

“Excellent,” the Healer said, making a note on his clipboard. “Are you still experiencing pain?”

“Sometimes,” Harry replied. “It’s nowhere near as bad as it was, but I get these jolts of pain that run all the way down my spine to my feet once in a while.”

“That’s to be expected,” Healer Powell nodded. “You’ll probably always experience a bit of pain. Alright, let’s get you up on the table and take a look at your spine.”

Harry wheeled himself over to the examination table and, with the help of the Healer, hoisted himself up onto it. Laying down on his back, the Healer removed his shoes before waving his wand over him. Grey smoke poured from the tip and rapidly formed into an image of Harry's skeleton that floated just above his body.

"That's weird," Harry muttered, staring at the back of his own skull.

"Your spine looks to have healed remarkably well," Healer Powell said. "Let's see how your nerves are doing."

A puff of blue smoke left the Healer's wand. It traced along his skeleton, creating thin blue lines that branched off and attached to the bones throughout his body.

"Well, everything looks fine," Healer Powell told him. "You've healed much faster than I was expecting, considering the extent of your injuries. Can you wiggle your toes for me?"

The Healer dismissed the smoky image of Harry's skeleton with a negligent flick of his wand and watched as Harry wiggled his toes through his socks.

"Excellent," he said. "And can you move your legs?"

Harry grimaced as he forced his weak muscles to move. He managed to bend his knees at a ninety-degree angle before the strength in his legs gave out.

"Good," the Healer said, patting his leg. "I'm going to put you on a Strengthening Draught to help with the atrophy. I'm also going to recommend seeing your school Healer three days a week for physical therapy. Until then, I just want you to spend ten or fifteen minutes a day moving your legs the best you can, alright?"

"Sure," Harry said. "How long will it be until I can walk again?"

“Probably a month or two,” Healer Powell replied. “Are there any other issues I should know about?”

Harry shook his head.

“If it helps, we know his dick works,” Dora smirked.

“Nymphadora!” Andi exclaimed. “Is that really necessary?”

“What? I’m not the one who shouted it loud enough for the whole house to hear,” Dora said.

“I was excited,” Harry replied defensively.

“I could see,” Dora smirked.

“Enough,” Andi hissed, lightly slapping her daughter’s arm. “I’m so sorry, Healer Powell.”

“Quite alright,” he said with a smile as he helped Harry put on his shoes and climb back into his wheelchair. “Give us a call if anything comes up.”

“We will,” Andi said.

Dora and Harry shared a smile as she stood and marched from the room. It was always fun to get her wound up.

A quick Floo trip later, and they were back home. While Andi went into the kitchen to tell Marlene and Jenna the good news, Harry wheeled himself into his bedroom. Hoisting

himself up onto the bed, he took off his jeans and was working on putting on a pair of comfortable sweatpants when Dora walked in without even bothering to knock.

“Need a hand?” she asked with a smile as he struggled to put his feet through the holes.

Glancing up at her, Harry leaned back on his arm and grinned.

“Well, if you’re offering,” he said suggestively.

Dora rolled her eyes and walked over to the bed. Bending over at the waist, she helped him slip his legs into the sweatpants. The front of her red V-neck sweater fell forward, giving Harry a tempting glimpse of her impressive cleavage. As she scooted the waistband of his sweatpants up his legs, she looked up and caught him staring down her shirt.

“Perv,” she muttered with a smile.

“Hey, if you’re going to show them off...,” Harry teased.

Grabbing the waistband of his pants, he pulled them up over the noticeable bulge in his boxers and up to his hips. Dora caught sight of it and smirked.

“Were you always this horny?” she asked.

“No,” Harry grumbled. “School’s going to be hell. I get harder than advanced Arithmancy at the sight of anything even remotely sexual.”

Dora snorted and shook her head.

“Maybe he’s just mad you ignored him for six months,” she said.

“Maybe,” Harry shrugged.

Dora looked over her shoulder at the open door and bit her lip. Suddenly, she took a step back and kicked it closed with her foot. Grinning at Harry, she grabbed the hem of her sweater and pulled it up to her neck. As her fingers grazed her ribs, they hooked the bottom of her bra, pulling that up, too. Harry stared at her perky breasts as they bounced free, her pink nipples hardening rapidly now that they were exposed to the cool air.

Walking forward, Dora’s breasts swelled half a cup size larger. Most people would have thought it was intentional, but Harry knew better. Unless she was concentrating on holding a certain look, Dora’s emotions affected her looks. She was excited by his gaze, and unconsciously, her body was shaping itself to draw even more of his attention.

Not that she needed to. Harry would have struggled to look away even if he wanted to. Dora came to a stop in front of him and ran her fingers through his hair. Pulling his head forward, she buried his face between her warm, soft breasts. She let out a small giggle when he shamelessly shook his head back and forth. With a wide smile on her face, Dora retaliated by shaking her chest and slapping his cheeks with her breasts. Gradually, her movements grew even more exaggerated, and soon, she was rubbing them all over his face.

Harry smiled when he felt her stiff nipple drag along his cheek and then suddenly turned to capture it with his lips. Dora gasped as his tongue circled her sensitive nub and then bit her lip to hold back a moan.

“Someone’s greedy,” she teased.

With her nipple still trapped between his lips, Harry looked up, a mischievous sparkle in his eyes. Dora’s mouth fell open in surprise when he suddenly slid his hands down her back and grabbed her ass. Lifting her off her feet, he fell back onto the mattress. Her nipples slipped from his lips, and his face was once again buried between her pillowy mounds. Although he couldn’t see the change this time, he swore he felt them grow even larger as he kissed and nuzzled every inch of her soft skin that he could reach.

“Mmh, that feels nice,” Dora purred.

As Harry continued kissing and licking her breasts to his heart’s content, she shifted into a more comfortable position. Both of them inhaled sharply when she inadvertently pressed her mound against his straining erection. Rocking her hips, she pressed against him again and let out a moan. They stayed like that for a few more seconds before Dora braced her hands on his shoulders and sat up.

Harry stared up at her and drank in the sight. Her hair was neon pink, her cheeks flushed, and her breasts, which had definitely grown larger, heaved with every heavy breath she took. They were decorated in spots with glistening saliva, the skin slightly pink from where he’d sucked a bit too vigorously.

With a bright, teasing smile and a sparkle in her eyes, Dora leaned down and pecked him on the lips. Before Harry could try to get greedy again, she was gone, hopping off of the bed and dancing away with a giggle. As he sat up, he got one last look at her amazing chest before she shrank her breasts and pulled her shirt and bra back into place.

“Have fun,” Dora smirked.

Waving with her fingers and giving him a wink, she slipped out of the door and pulled it closed behind her. Falling back onto his bed, Harry closed his eyes, reliving the last few minutes as he reached for the waistband of his sweatpants.

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If one were to look at Ilvermorny from above, they would see a ring of five buildings in the shape of a pentagon with a stone clock tower in the middle. Between each of the buildings and the tower sat a unique courtyard lovingly maintained by the Pukwudgie. A veranda ran along the inside of the ring, along with five covered walkways that led to the clock tower, used to keep the students dry on rainy days.

As the sun rose, lighting the flowering fields surrounding Mount Greylock, Dora sat reading a book on one of the many stone benches that sat under the veranda. Looking up at the sound of running feet, she watched as Harry jogged past her for the fourth time that morning.

“I really hate that he’s become such a morning person,” she muttered.

“You don’t have to sit and watch him every morning,” Michelle reminded her from her right while Jenna worked on her unfinished homework.

“Who else is going to keep him out of trouble?” Dora asked with a big yawn.

“Why do you think we’re here?” Michelle asked, gesturing between her and Jenna.

Dora snorted, “The last time Jenna took him to see Madam Greene, he talked her into letting him get on a broom.”

“I said I was sorry,” Jenna said. “I didn’t think he’d fall off the way he did.”

“I’m not blaming you,” Dora assured her. “It’s not your fault he’s really good at bullshitting his way into a bad idea. I grew up with him, so I know what to look out for. Don’t worry. You’ll learn.”

Reaching over Michelle, she patted the younger girl’s leg. As she sat back, Harry jogged past again. The front of his white, sleeveless shirt was drenched, and sweat dripped from his face. He was starting to slow down, but Dora could see the determined set of his jaw as he continued on his fifth and final lap of the courtyards.

“He’s come a long way in only three months,” Jenna said, watching him run by.

“Yeah, he has,” Dora agreed.

After returning to school from Christmas vacation, Harry hadn't even been able to stand on his own. Knowing Harry the way she did, Dora had insisted on accompanying him to his visits to see the school nurse, Madam Greene, to make sure he didn't push himself too much. Madam Greene, a tall, thin black Medi-witch, had set up two parallel bars and placed mats on the floor off to one side of the Infirmary.

Even with the help of potions, Harry had struggled for weeks to walk under his own strength. Dora had lost count of the number of times she encouraged him from the other end of the bars, watching helplessly as he stumbled and fell over and over again. It had been heartbreaking to watch, but the memory of the elation they both felt when he reached the end for the first time still brought a smile to her face.

Once he was able to get on his own two feet, his recovery progressed much quicker. He went from hobbling around on crutches to only needing a cane to walk in just a couple of weeks. After only a week and a half of needing a cane, he got rid of it and started taking up his early morning runs around the courtyards. No matter how cold or terrible the weather, he was up at six in the morning, pushing his limits. More than once, he's done so to the point of collapse. On those days, Dora made sure to remind him of how stupid he was and cart him off to the Infirmary before he could walk off on his own.

She knew it would stop him from pushing himself too far, but it would stop him from doing it too often.

Dora was shaken out of her thoughts when Harry came to a stop in front of her. He bent over with his hands on his knees, panting heavily. Sweat dripped from his face onto the stone floor before he straightened up and clasped his hands on top of his head.

“What time is it?” he asked.

“A little after seven,” Michelle replied.

“Damn,” Harry muttered. “I don’t have time for a shower. Dora, can you grab my clothes out of my bag?”

While she unzipped his backpack and grabbed his school uniform, Harry used his wand to clean the majority of the sweat off of his body. Tucking his wand into his pocket, he gripped the bottom of his shirt and pulled it over his head. Jenna’s eyes went wide, Michelle blushed and returned her eyes to her homework, and Dora smirked at the sight of a shirtless Harry.

Six months in a wheelchair had really sculpted his upper body. His pecs were clearly defined, and his perfect washboard abs had her licking her lips.

“Can you please put a shirt on?” Michelle asked, her cheeks stained pink as she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye.

Smirking at her, Harry took the shirt from Dora’s hand and quickly put it on.

“Better?” he asked.

“Yes,” Michelle replied. “Not all of us want to stare at your chest like Tonks does.”

“I’m more interested in how he’s going to put these on,” Dora said, smirking as she held up his pants.

Michelle’s eyes went wide as her blush moved all the way up to her ears. Before she could formulate a reply, Harry snatched the rest of his clothes from Dora’s hands.

“I’ll put those on in the bathroom,” he said, settling his tie around his shoulders.

“Pity,” Dora sighed.

“You can come watch if you really want to,” Harry offered with a smile.

“Do you two always have to flirt with each other?” Michelle asked, stuffing her homework into her bag.

“We’re not flirting,” Dora said, rolling her eyes. “It’s just a joke.”

“They’re worse at home,” Jenna said to Michelle.

“I don’t want to know,” Michelle said, shouldering her backpack. “Can we please just go to breakfast?”

“Alright,” Harry said.

Throwing his pants over his shoulder, he grabbed his backpack and headed back inside. Dora followed after him, a smirk forming on her lips when she noticed his cotton running shorts clinging to his shapely ass.

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The Thunderbird common room was crowded with just about every student in the house as they celebrated the end of exams. The Weird Sisters played on the Wireless, and Butterbeer was passed about while the students blew off some steam. Dora sat on a couch between Amanda and Jennifer, smiling and laughing.

“I can’t believe we only have one year left,” Jennifer said, taking a swig of Butterbeer. “Have either of you figured out what you want to do after school yet, ‘cause I don’t have a clue.”

“I have a couple of ideas, but nothing solid,” Amanda said. “What about you, Tonks?”

“I don’t know, maybe Curse Breaking,” Dora replied. “Travel the world, get paid to break things professionally. Sounds like a dream job to me.”

“Knowing you, you’d break the things they wanted you to keep,” Jennifer laughed.

Amanda giggled while Dora poked her friend in the side. Jennifer, who was in the middle of taking a sip from her bottle, dribbled Butterbeer all over herself. There was a beat of silence before they all started laughing again.

“Oh no,” Amanda said, her laughter coming to a sudden end.

Dora followed her gaze and narrowed her eyes when she spotted Irene. The blonde bimbo was eyeing up Harry from across the room while her friends giggled like airheads.

“She wouldn’t,” Jennifer said incredulously.

“Oh, she would,” Dora growled.

“But why?” Jennifer asked. “Harry doesn’t even like her.”

“Well, Harry does have a lot of money now,” Amanda said thoughtfully. “And he’s gotten hot this year. She’s probably just looking to set him up as a boy toy this Summer. That, and she still blames Tonks for the train incident three years ago.”

Dora grunted and took an angry sip of her Butterbeer.

“But that was Harry,” Jennifer pointed out.

“Yes, but she doesn’t know that,” Amanda told her. “And even if she did, she still hates Tonks. She’d probably sleep with him just to get under her skin.”

“Of course, she would,” Dora growled. “Bitch.”

She watched with anger boiling in her veins as Irene opened the top two buttons of her blouse and started making her way toward Harry. As she passed a first year carrying two Butterbeers, she flashed him a pretty smile and snatched them from his hands. The poor kid stared after her dumbly as she walked off. Stopping behind Harry, Irene tapped him on the shoulder and passed him a Butterbeer with a flirtatious smile. Dora cursed the fact that she couldn’t hear what they were saying.

As if answering her thoughts, the Weird Sisters quieted as it came to an end.

“You want to meet up over the Summer?” Irene asked. “I’d love to go to Lake Meade again. I have a brand new bikini I want to try.”

“Not interested,” Harry said, taking a swig from the bottle she’d handed him.

Dora and Irene’s mouths fell open at the same time as they stared at him incredulously. Still smiling, Harry raised his drink.

“Thanks for the drink, though,” he said.

Slipping past her, he pushed his way through the staring crowd without so much as a backwards glance. Irene stared after him for a second in shock before her face started to turn red with anger. She stomped her foot on the floor and then shoved her way through the laughing crowd of students.

“Harry!” Amanda yelled, waving him over.

Grinning, he started making his way towards them.

“I can’t believe you did that,” Jennifer said the moment he reached them.

Harry shrugged, “She’s hot, but she uses guys to get what she wants. I’m not going to let her play me like that.”

“Good for you,” Amanda smiled.

“So, how’s your night going?” Harry asked, looking around for a seat.

Seeing that there weren’t any open, Dora stood and guided him to her spot on the couch. Once he was seated, she settled herself in his lap, her back resting against his chest. Amanda and Jennifer looked at each other amusedly as Harry wrapped an arm around Dora’s waist and took a sip of his Butterbeer.