Inheritance

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Summary

The events of the graveyard result in interesting ramifications as Lord Voldemort is not the only one who returns to a body. Harry/Multi.
Chapter 1

Disclaimer: As you might have guessed by the fact that you're reading this for free, I own nothing regarding Harry Potter.

Chapter One "Return."

With Death, there came Darkness and some said with Death came an eternal reward that rescued them from the futile nature of life. There were those who believed in some kind of higher being, at least in the Mundane world. While such beliefs did not exist in the Wizarding World, there was a belief by many that Death lead to the next great adventure.

Of course, there were instances where an adventure was not necessarily a good thing but that was the common belief stated by some.

And some believed that with death, that was the end and there was no coming back. They were going to be proven completely wrong.

A pair of eyes flashed open and a heartbeat restarted in a figure that laid upon the pavement outside of a ruined cottage in Godric's Hallow. Memories flooded back to her mind, not in a trickle but in a flood which caused the female's head to ring.

How did she get here? The last thing she remembered, she was enjoying Halloween night with her husband and son.

Then more memories returned to her. The ritual she used to ensure that her son would survive the Killing Curse even if it sacrificed her life had seemingly returned her to life years later. There were certain variables that she could not even figure out and yet she knew as of five minutes ago that she was dead.

She stood up as the wind blew wildly around her, feeling a bit confused and her mind ran with a million different thoughts. Absolutely none of them made sense and the redhead tried to push the hair out of her face. She needed to focus.

She stood a fair height, about five feet, five inches. Her green eyes were only shared by one other person in the world and her face was that of an angel, without a blemish on it. She had high cheek bones along with rosy red lips. The green blouse that wrapped around her body strained around her D-Cup sized breasts and was about a size too small as it rode up to show her shapely middriff.

The black skirt that covered her bottom half showcased her long shapely legs. Her skin was absolutely without blemish and said skirt was wrapped around her tight ass.

Her name was Lily Evans-Potter and as the memories continued to flood back into her mind. She found that many of them were not her own.

She knew what happened on Halloween Night even if it was hard to determine every exact variable. The ritual did work to an extent but it also put her soul in a limbo of sorts.

Somehow, the ritual that granted the Dark Lord a new body, restored Lily's soul back to a flesh and blood body as well. She recalled every single moment of her son's life, which forced her to close her eyes and take a deep breath. She felt anger that he was left at the Dursleys, disappointment at her sister for not growing up even though she was trusted with an amazing responsibility and utter
astonishment that Dumbledore missed some very obvious things happening at Hogwarts.

Snape disgusted her most for all but Lily could not focus on that without wanting to vomit at the thought of that foul human being.

She felt a stirring of something deep within her gut that she could not place. There was a sense of mortal dread that she couldn't stop herself from feeling.

Voldemort was back, even though the ritual that she used should have blasted him straight to his eternal torment, where he should have remained forever.

That fact worried Lily a little bit and she then realized something, she should have been gone as well. Yet, the same thing that kept Voldemort from dying was the same thing that kept her from dying.

'No need to lose your head, Evans,' Lily thought to herself as she took another step and turned her head to see the graffiti written on the wall. There were also dedications and a monument to what happened. Ignoring them, Lily turned to focus on the item that she was looking for.

She muttered a few words underneath her breath, there was a low hiss and the box on the desk opened. The key was still here, meaning that her charm work held up. That was good news for Lily, as it was the key to her son's birthright, even though no Potter accessed it further than the front hallway in eight hundred years according to James.

Harry was different, at least that's what Lily was going to assume. She was a mother, she knew these things. He would be far better than the rest.

She still felt the bond that she had with her son. Granted there was another link to his mind present and that was less than acceptable in that allowed him to gain insight into the mind of one of the most deranged human beings of this time or any other.

Lily sensed his frustration of being left out of the loop and she sympathized with it. Dumbledore had been hyped up as the man with all of the answers for so long, he'd started to believe his own hype. Either that or he lost touch with teenagers. With maybe a touch of senility starting to set in, but she could not really tell for certain.

In the end, Lily did wish that she hadn't trusted Dumbledore as much as she did, but what was done was done.

She could beat herself up over what happened in the past or she could focus on what was happening in the present.

Lily stepped out of the study and checked for any monitoring charms. She would not be surprised if Dumbledore and the Order had this place watched. Some might say for Death Eaters defacing it but Lily suspected that since Harry never got to visit the graves of his parents, a cynic might say that there was a more sinister purpose at foot.

'Nothing actually….well nothing overt,' Lily thought, she suspected to find about twelve eavesdropping charms in the sitting room alone.

She knew that she had to get to Privet Drive without setting off the detection charms there. Well, she suspected that there would be a copious amount of them there.

If Lily knew Dumbledore and she knew much more about him then he thought thanks to her conversations with Professor Bagshot when she was alive, he would only monitor magical methods of transportation in and out of Little Whingling.
Therefore Lily was going to Apparate outside of the city limits and then take a public bus there the Muggle way.

She was all about exploiting the blind spots. Plus she suspected that the Ministry was keeping an eye on all magical activity in the area based on what she learned from her son's memories.

Harry Potter had gone over the events of a few weeks ago so much that he was pretty much sick of it by now.

It was really no use going over everything again. Lord Voldemort returned, taking his blood in the final task of the Triwizard Tournament. The tournament that had so much go wrong with it just while he was competing alone, that he could see why it got canceled in the first place.

In hindsight, Harry thought it was really stupid to have a spectator tournament where the spectators could not really see two of the three tasks but that was beside the point.

The fact that he had been placed back at Number Four Privet drive, after he just saw someone killed in front of him. Well, that just showed how out of touch certain people were.

'If I start torturing squirrels with razor blades, I hope that someone's smart enough to have seen it coming,' Harry thought as he closed his eyes. 'Sounds like something Dudley would do when he was bored.'

As far as the world was concerned, Harry was an average student at school, at least if one looked at his marks.

There was a difference between the perception that Harry put out and what was reality. The Sorting Hat did want to place him into Slytherin after all.

He hid a lot of who he was, even to his closest friends. He learned a long time ago that it didn't matter who you were but how people perceived you. The Dursleys were rotten to the core but they wore the mask of respectability and obviously they must have done it rather well given how well they hornswoggled people. People thought that they were a good upstanding family even though they were lower than pondscum.

The only exams that mattered as far as his records were concerned, were the Ordinary Wizarding Level exams and the Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Tests, both of them went on record. Every other exam was just a time waster to set up those two exams.

Harry looked around the street, Vernon had decided to yell at him for listening to the news yet again. Never mind the fact that the news was his only lifeline to the outside world. He wanted something, anything, a clue of what Lord Voldemort was up to and what he planned on doing.

Surely Riddle did not come back to life just to take up cross stitching?

Harry snorted despite himself, as amusing as that scenario might have been in his mind, somehow he could not see Riddle taking up that particular hobby. It would have been nice if someone gave him a head's up after risking his life.

There was nothing really stopping him from taking the Knight Bus….although where he would go, he had no idea. So that was a big problem.

Being alone had given Harry time to think and when a young wizard was given time to think, dangerous ideas formed in their mind. One of those dangerous ideas was that he'd just run off and
take his chances out there in the world.

Yet there was something keeping him from doing so. Perhaps the fact that he would rather deal with the hell that he knew, rather than the hell that he was unfamiliar with. At least that was his most obvious theory, which caused Harry to seriously question what passed for his sanity.

He had been replaying the graveyard scene in his mind every night. It was almost like that he missed something.

'Damn, it's almost like my mind's trying to tell me something, but what is it?' Harry asked as he placed his hand onto the side of his head and offered a labored sigh. The young wizard look forwards and saw Dudley and his gang.

According to Petunia, Dudley was the perfect little angel that could do no wrong. Then again, he could torch a bus of orphans then blow up a hospital of cancer patients and he'd still be misunderstood in Petunia's eyes. He had seen Dudley's horrors with his own eyes, he was everything that the Dursleys told the neighbors Harry was and worse.

Smoking pot, drinking alcohol, torturing small children and animals, harassing teenage girls who were too scared to say anything for fear of being branded in the same league as that "Potter Freak" by the neighborhood gossip queen, and that just scraped the tip of the iceberg.

Harry wondered if he could get out of here anytime soon but the opportunity had yet to present itself. Halfhearted letters promising that he would get out of there soon, prisoners in Azkaban were better treated then this and the world turned their back on him.

Harry was not stupid enough to ignore the jabs in the Prophet at him and it would serve those ignorant people right if he just left them to Voldemort. The only thing stopping Harry was that the ten percent of people who had potential in the Wizarding World would get caught up in the crossfire more likely than the ninety percent that did not, who the same ability to survive that cockroaches did.

He wondered if it would be time for him to return home shortly, the Dursleys were not too kind about him staying out very late, that much he always remembered.

'Because, Dudley could be out past midnight and it would still be acceptable, but naturally I'm a hoodlum if I stay out two seconds later,' Harry thought as he watched his surroundings and sighed.

Dumbledore said that he should stay here but Harry was beginning to think that Dumbledore was starting to crack under the pressure of having too many responsibilities or he was going senile.

Harry raised his eyebrows as he heard a bus stop near where he was standing. At first he did not stop and think twice about it. Buses stopped often where he was, after all he was standing by a bus stop, so obviously it was nothing that was too out of the ordinary.

It was who got off the bus, well that was a subject of interest to Harry. This caused his eyebrow to raise further as he watched her get off of the bus.

Harry, being a teenager, would take notice of a fairly attractive woman. Especially given that they seemed to be few and far between in Little Whinging.

So he definitely took notice of her, especially her red hair which was an extremely prominent feature. She was very well endowed with a low cut top and she had long delicious looking legs. As she turned, Harry saw her ass which looked quite hot and fit.

He had been so distracted by her assets that he failed to one extremely vital fact.
It was hard not to get distracted. In fact, ever since the graveyard, Harry had been getting more sexual thoughts and desires; he suspected that was not an intended side effect, unless Voldemort intended to drive him mad with a never ending case of blue balls.

The more he thought about it, he figured that he could get any female that he wanted, on the account that he was Harry Fucking Potter. He idly wondered if the goblins could legally change his middle name to Fucking.

He suspected that an anti-hormone potion was slipped in the Pumpkin Juice at Hogwarts. Likely by Snape, bitter that he could not get any, so he made it so anyone else would be able be get laid. Because everyone would be shagging like rabbits otherwise.

Anyone who found Snape attractive or pleasant at all to be around must have inhaled too many potion fumes. Then again, there were whispers that Dumbledore and Snape were in a secret relationship which would explain why Dumbledore vouched for Snape and got him off of the hook of Death Eater charges.

He managed to get that as horrifying thought out of his head, as quickly as it arrived. He had to focus on the attractive female approaching him.

He noticed the one thing that he missed, the one detail that he overlooked.

She had eyes, just like his.

There was only one person that had eyes just like his but surely not?

"Harry?"

Lily showed up and faced her son, he was fairly handsome, the best qualities of James and her rolled into one. She thought that her eyes with his face was a good look.

Though, he looked different than James once one looked past the superficial first impression. Sure the hair was about the same in color and messiness, but there were other differences.

She wondered if Harry would even believe her, because Lily wasn't sure how much she believed what was happening and she was the one living it.

"Yes?" Harry asked in a tentative voice but then he paused as he looked closely at the female in front of him. He noticed her eyes before, but he was unable to really mull it over properly until now.

This had to be some kind of delusion, yes he finally cracked, that was the ticket.

"Mum?" Harry asked her.

Lily was surprised that he came to that conclusion so quickly.

Harry wondered what was happening. He was torn between anger, confusion, and a few other emotions that he couldn't properly figure out.

"You were….""Dead?" Lily asked him as she sat down on the bench and invited her son to do the same. "Yes, I was dead. Up until the night of June 24th….although I didn't wake up until recently. Magic, being what it is, takes a long time to truly set in, especially bringing someone back from limbo."

Harry was completely confused by this.
"The ritual…"

"You didn't live just because I died for you, there was a lot more work than that," Lily commented to him but then she noticed the golden strands that were flowing from Harry's aura.

There was a huge part of his magic that was protecting the Dursleys and thus keeping him from being as strong as he should be. Which was really amazing, given that he was very strong without it.

"So…"

"This is not a conversation that we should have here, Harry," Lily offered him.

A part of Harry wondered if this was some kind of sick trick, he would not put it past Voldemort to use the dead image of his mother to entice him.

A stronger part of Harry wondered exactly how much he had to lose. If Dumbledore was going to treat him like a second class citizen after all of the times he broke his neck cleaning up the messes of adults that should know better, than he had nothing left to lose.

"We'll collect your belongings and we'll take a bus past the wards," Lily said to Harry. "That is, if you want to…"

"Mum, are you kidding? I want to be out of here as soon as possible," Harry told his mother and she smiled.

She figured that Harry would not want to stay at Number Four Privet Drive any longer than he had to. Lily gave that house to Vernon and Petunia as a wedding gift and considering how they treated her son, she could easily take it away.

The Dursleys were normal, at least if you asked them. However, they looped so far into normal that they were abnormally normal.

"Can't believe the Boy tried to attack me earlier," Vernon grumbled as he nursed the blisters on his hands. Lost in his memories was the fact that he attacked him, even though Vernon was going to deny that as much as possible. The Boy was nothing but a nuisance and he had been bullied into taking him in.

"Dudley should be back soon," Petunia offered as she beamed at the thought of her precious pride and joy. Anyone who talked about how her son was a bully and a hoodlum was just jealous with how special that he was.

There were footsteps outside the door and sure enough, Dudley would be back in time for dinner. He never missed it after all.

"The Boy better get back here soon, or he's sleeping in the shed," Vernon grumbled as there was a knock on the door.

Petunia decided to get the door and rushed over, nearly tripping over her feet as she made her way there.

She slowly turned the door open and flung it open, ready to greet her precious Diddykins, her perfect little angel.

"Hello, Petunia!"
Petunia remained silent and then she screamed which caused Vernon to nearly hit his head on the edge of the cabinet that he was standing underneath.

The woman rolled her eyes at Petunia as she stood on the edge of the door-frame.

'Petunia, you were always such a fucking drama queen,' Lily thought to herself.

Harry stood a half of a step behind Lily and he was fairly amused. That was about the reaction that he expected from Petunia, he knew his aunt all too well for better or for worse.

"How…this…." Petunia stammered as she was shell shocked.

Vernon found his way over to them and he stared at them. There was only one statement that came out of his mouth. "BOY, WHAT IN THE DEVIL IS…"

Vernon felt an invisible hand clutch around his throat as soon as he felt threatening thoughts directly at his nephew. He stepped back half of a step and reached up to massage the side of his throat.

"You're going to be warned once. Try to harm my son or even look at him wrong and the consequences will be yours to bare," Lily offered.

Now that Harry was in proximity of a relative that he truly loved and who truly loved him in return, the blood protections were stronger than ever before. They had been eating away at his energy reserves until now but they'd since been super charged due to his close proximity to Lily. Vernon found that fact out the hard way as he looked at him.

Petunia felt her entire perfect world crash down around her ears. This was not supposed to happen, this was not supposed to happen at all. The woman looked at Lily and silence was golden.

However it was meant to be broken.

"It's irrelevant how I returned," Lily told Petunia in a harsh voice as she looked at her. "All that should matter is that I have returned."

Petunia opened her mouth and shut it once more.

"And I have a few words to say to you and you'll never see Harry or me ever again," Lily told her and Petunia's eyes widened.

"So you're taking him….."

"Yes, I am," Lily confirmed.

"It wasn't….I didn't….I didn't have a choice in taking him in, Dumbledore forced me to," Petunia breathed. The letter said that it would be in their best interests to take Harry in, for Lord Voldemort's followers might target them in revenge but the protections would protect them.

Lily's eyes flashed angrily.

"What did Dumbledore tell you?" Harry asked curiously.

Petunia looked at Harry for the first time. "He told me that we'd be in danger if we didn't take you in. Never once considered if we could afford it, never once considered if we wanted to move someday, never once had the common decency to ask."

"Would you have taken Harry if you were asked?" Lily asked her sister and the resounding silence
answered that question. "Harry didn't ask to be sent here, and if he had the choice, he would have been gone a long time ago."

"Good, don't let the door hit him on his worthless arse on the way out," Vernon muttered but Lily turned towards Vernon given him a positively murderous gaze.

She always thought that Vernon brought out Petunia's worst aspects, and Petunia's worst aspects could be pretty damn spiteful. She saw it when they were children and it got worse during their adult years.

"You could have done the right thing," Lily offered to her, trying to keep her temper in check because if she lost it, she would start flinging curses which would alert Dumbledore before it was time. She figured that Dumbledore knew if any active magic was performed in the house, on top of the Ministry protections. "You could have been the better person that you believe that you are."

Petunia scowled at Lily.

"You think that you're per…." 

"It wasn't my fault that you were a disappointment, lazy, and unwilling to make something out of yourself. It wasn't my fault that our parents disowned you after you married Vernon, those were the choices you made, and now what are you Petunia?" Lily asked her sister. "I hoped you could be better than that but I guess I was wrong."

"It isn't…." 

"Putting a child in a cupboard until he was eleven. When you gave your whale of a son two bedrooms, that's not normal behavior, Petunia. No matter how many times you try to convince yourself otherwise," Harry said as he spoke up and glared at them. "You and your husband are bigger freaks than all of Hogwarts put together…"

"HOW DARE YOU!"

Vernon was angry at being called a freak, he was normal. The boy was thrown into his orderly life and he raised his hand but remembered what happened last time.

"So…he's going…to leave," Petunia said to Lily in a nervous voice. "Never come back….we'll never going to see him again."

"Yes, but I'd suggest that you'd look into alternate living arrangements, because you broke the contract that we had with each other Petunia, with your treatment of Harry," Lily told her sister harshly.

Vernon looked at Petunia, confused. "Petunia dear, what's she…." 

"Vernon," Petunia stated in a firm tone and Vernon fell back into line. "You can't….we have…." 

"What, nothing?" Harry asked to Petunia. "I had nothing for ten years of my life, less than nothing. Do you understand, the consequences of your selfishness? I spent over half of my life thinking that my parents were deadbeat drunks, drug addicts who died in a car crash."

Petunia closed her eyes but she shook her head.

"Dumbledore never should have forced you to live here," Petunia breathed, throwing the blame onto someone else.
Vernon, was not smarter than he looked, so he piped in. "We took the boy in, so we should get compensation….."

"Vernon, you fucking idiot, you got the house!" Lily yelled as she tried not to lose her temper. "And you're lucky….."

"The boy cost….."

Harry lost his temper which was amazing and spectacular. "WHAT FUCKING COST? YOU SPENT MORE ON YOUR FUCKING DELIQUENT OF A SON IN A WEEK THAN YOU DID ON ME IN TEN FUCKING YEARS!"

"YOU UNGRATEFUL….."

Every single bone in his arm shattered as the walrus of a man nailed a shield that appeared around him.

"I'm ungrateful? I don't think so," Harry said to Vernon who was down on the floor writhing in agony.

Lily thought that Vernon was pretty lucky that his arm did not get burned off by hitting the shield. Then again, the protection was not working properly.

"You tried to squash the magic out of me, do you realize how stupid this is?" Harry asked as he turned to Petunia and gave her an angry glare. "You grew up with Mum, she had to display some really powerful magic, wouldn't you think?"

Petunia nodded, she remembered how Lily and her got into a fight when they were young and Lily caused all the windows in the house to explode. Her parents tried to pass it off as a strong gust of wind but she knew better.

"Did you not think that it might be dangerous, that I could kill you if my magic got out of control defending myself?" Harry asked her.

"Dumbledore said….that the protections…." Petunia managed but she trailed off.

Lily looked into her sister's eyes reading her mind as she recalled the letter. Dumbledore assured them that the protections would keep them safe from all magical attacks but it seemed like this summer after the ritual that brought Voldemort back to life, more defensive aspects had returned to life when Harry was particularly stressed out.

It was almost like Dumbledore knew what was going to happen but perhaps did not figure out what was going to happen. Lily thought that through to the end, the old man was starting to lose his grip in reality. He might as well have lived three hundred years even though he was only a bit north of a hundred years.

"Harry, please get your things and then we can leave," Lily said in a patient voice, not wanting to look at Petunia or Vernon. Both of them made her sick to her stomach, to put things mildly.

Harry nodded as he made his way up the stairs. He didn't have that much to collect.

Lily found it rather curious that Dumbledore's people were not knocking on the door now right now, surely after Voldemort came back, he'd have Harry followed? Surely they'd be monitoring how many days Harry used the loo?
Not that she complained much about this but she was curious.

Harry returned, all packed up and ready to go.

He was going to ask where they were going but he wondered if Dumbledore was having him followed. There was a sense at times when he was outside that there was someone around. Then there was that noise that occurred earlier that sounded like gunfire.

"Petunia, we're leaving and you need not worry about Dumbledore, because I'll deal with him soon enough," Lily said to her sister who stepped back. "And as for you….you should worry about the consequences of breaking our agreement. All you had to do was treat Harry like a human being but obviously, you couldn't do that, because you have no experience in being one yourself."

Lily's harsh statement was the last thing that she had.

Harry followed his mother, all of his possessions in his hand and finally, he would never step foot in a place that he never truly called home.

Lily and Harry got on a bus and left the area around Privet Drive.

No sooner did they leave, then the Dementors turned up.

"You seem to be taking the fact that I've come back to life almost too well," Lily said to Harry as the two sat side by side on the Muggle bus and enjoyed the trip.

Harry offered his mother a slight smile and commented. "Mum, if you've seen what I've seen…." 

"I know, there's nothing that would shock you, believe me, I know precisely where you're coming from," Lily added as she thought about it. "The first four years of Hogwarts, you didn't learn much, did you?"

Back when Lily was in Hogwarts, the lessons were a lot more useful but it seemed like after Harry's defeat against Voldemort, there had been a lot of dumbing down.

"There's a lot of key courses that have been eliminated, like healing, magical business, political studies," Lily added as she rattled off some of the classes she'd taken. "Also, what is NEWT standard now was OWL standard when I went to school."

Harry nodded, he had wondered about that.

"Maybe the Ministry thinks that if we don't have as good of an education, they won't be another threat like Voldemort," Harry offered and Lily looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "I know, I know, it's kind of silly…." 

"No, it's a good theory but if they were smart they should know that the greatest witches and wizards learn eighty percent of what they know through independent study, going far and above beyond what the Ministry deems acceptable," Lily offered but she thought that saying the Ministry was intelligent in any way whatsoever would be giving them way too much credit at all. "Dumbledore, Riddle, you…." 

Harry looked at her, in surprise.

"Harry, I've seen everything that's happened to you since that Halloween night and by everything, I mean everything," Lily told him with a smile on her face. "The Sorting Hat wanted to put you into
Slytherin for a reason."

Harry knew this to be true the more time went on. The Wizarding world thought of him as nothing more than a scar on his forehead but he had thoughts of his own.

"Why did you dumb yourself down that much?" Lily asked Harry quietly.

Harry decided to offer the truth as harsh it was. "That wasn't the role that I was supposed to play."

"I see, Ron can be prone to jealousy, but Hermione has her own moments as well," Lily whispered to Harry. "You saw it during your second year, Daphne Greengrass, I believe the girl's name was, made a better potion than she did."

"That's who Hermione is," Harry offered Lily and Lily frowned. "They've compared her to you a lot…"

"Which shows the ignorance of some people," Lily said to him. "And I supposed that since Ginny and I are redheads, we look exactly alike."

Harry took a careful look at his mother and shook his head at that. No one could say that she and Ginny looked exactly alike. That would be like saying that Dean Thomas and Blaise Zabini looked alike just because they shared a similar color of skin.

Lily said nothing more about this although Harry could say that the comparison to Hermione had annoyed his mother a slight bit.

He wanted to know why but Lily looked through the latest edition of the Daily Prophet that Harry gave to her.

"Did you read that Dumbledore got stripped of all of his titles?" Lily asked Harry and he raised his eyebrow.

"Yes, I read about that…"

"I don't like this, if Dumbledore lost his positions, it's because he willingly gave them up," Lily concluded.

"Dumbledore is the closest thing there is to a living religious figure in the magical world," Harry commented lightly. That reputation was something that was fortified through years of just being Albus Dumbledore. That kind of respect only happened once in a life time. There were people who called him Saint Albus of Dumbledore and it was not in a friendly way.

Harry knew that Dumbledore was in that weird spot where he had his critics but if he forced the issue, it got done. He might have stepped back as Headmaster during Harry's second year but he returned easily without any problems.

That made Harry wonder if he could exert that kind of influence because of his reputation of the Boy-Who-Lived.

"Perhaps it's time to remove the mask a little bit," Harry stated underneath his breath and Lily slowly raised an eyebrow. "So, do you have any idea where we're going?"

"A place where you can only let us into," Lily offered Harry as his green eyes got on her. "It's your birthright, your inheritance."
'Another thing that no one clued me in on,' Harry thought although he supposed that he should have asked when he had the chance. The Dursleys had made him a tad bit paranoid about asking questions because they made it out to be taboo.

"Don't worry Harry, we'll figure this out," Lily offered as she grabbed her son's hand and gave it a strong squeeze and the wizard nodded.

"Of course Mum, of course," Harry said.

He had no idea why he trusted that this woman was his mother come back to life, other than it was a feeling that he had. He tended to have some really strong instincts. Hermione was motivated by books and a flawed understanding of logic, but Harry figured that had no place in many of the situations that he had to deal with on a day to day basis.

There was a time that he had to trust his gut.

Harry's gut was telling him that he was here and he exited the bus with a smile on his face.

Lily exited the bus beside her son and there was a mixture of emotions that coursed through her body but she had to keep her head up high into the air.

They stopped outside of the protections and Harry and Lily locked arms.

Harry knew that this was the moment of truth, whether or not his instincts were right.

Lily could tell what Harry was thinking, she would think the same thing had she had been in shoes.

"The key will allow you inside," Lily whispered to him as she presented Harry with it.

Harry figured that this was not a key in a traditional sense. He felt his hand warm up and he felt a feeling that could be described as only magic.

A large booming hole opened up in time and space and Harry stepped through, with Lily following him.

They were entering an adventure, although what kind it was, that would be yet to be seen.

Mundungus Fletcher was not about to pass up the business opportunity that he had. He was a man who understood the value of a hard earned Galleon and that value increased the more that he came back to his post at Little Whinging.

"Blimey, I didn't expect it to be this foggy," Fletcher mused as he had his precious contraband in a bag. "Just to goes to show you that Muggle weatherman was out of his bloody mind, I thought that he said that it was going to be sunny."

Fletcher took another step and felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

There were four bodies lying on the street, with vapid looks on their faces. They were breathing but by the glassy eyed looks on their faces, they lost all will to live.

They were worse than dead.

One of the paramedics looked over his shoulder.

"Yeah, you're not going to believe it, but we've got a case of soul snatching. I'm not sure if anyone
saw anything….well get someone down here and see for yourself," the paramedic stated.

He was one of the squibs that had been hired by the Ministry of Magic for a miniscule wage to keep an eye on the Muggle World. Their lack of magic allowed them to blend in, at least that was what the brain surgeons at the Ministry of Magic believed.

'Kissed?….oh….well this isn't good,' Fletcher thought to himself as he felt his heart beat faster.

Fletcher did not get a look at the faces although if one of them was Harry Potter….well Dumbledore would have his head on a plate and the rest of him for seconds. The shady wizard continued to watch the scene happening before him.

"One of them lives at Number Four Privet Drive."

'Well fuck,' Fletcher thought as he took a step back and toppled as he tripped over a fifth body in his haste to get away.

"Figgy?" Fletcher asked but Arabella Figg was also kissed.

'Shit.'

This was a situation that Fletcher did not want to be put in. Arabella Figg and four others, potentially Harry Potter, had been kissed by the Dementors.

Had Fletcher not been so worried with his own hide, he would have wondered why there were Dementors on Privet Drive.

He scurried into the bushes, hiding in them and peering out to get a better look.

Not Potter, not that it made his life any easier, no he had to still explain to Dumbledore that Figg had been kissed, along with four Muggles.

Was that Potter's fat lump of a cousin?

Fletcher suspected so as he tried to trip over his heels but he spun around and came face to face with Albus Dumbledore himself.

"Mundungus, I hope you have a good explanation why you left your post," Dumbledore offered in a grandfatherly tone of voice although there was something burning through his eyes.

Mundungus gulped and wished that his soul was sucked out along with the others.

Dumbledore figured that the Dementors missed Harry but he was about to find out the truth of the situation when he visited Number Four Privet Drive to inform the Dursleys about the fact that their son suffered a fate worse than death.

To Be Continued.
Harry Potter thought that he could live for a hundred years and still he be amazed by the things that he saw. He thought that he should not be surprised but yet he was. After all of the things that he saw, there should be nothing out of the ordinary.

The castle was large, perhaps not as big as Hogwarts at least on the outside, but it was still a respectable size. The walls of the castle were sleek and smooth to the touch. There was not a blemish on them, even though Harry gathered that this castle had been standing for centuries, it looked pretty durable. The wizard's eyes followed it's line, as he saw a nice tower that was of a unique crystallized structure. There was a park area off to the side, with lush and green grass.

"I've only seen pictures of it myself before now, this is the first time I've actually stood before it," Lily whispered to Harry and he managed to pull himself away from his study of the castle. It was both smaller yet more magnificent than Hogwarts at the same time.

He could not wait to find out what the significance of it was and he turned towards his mother to ask the obvious question.

"Where are we?" Harry asked.

"Well, we're at Castle Peverell," Lily offered to Harry and the wizard smiled towards her. "As for the actual location of it well….that's an interesting question."

"Does that mean you don't know?" Harry asked his mother and Lily closed her eyes, before offering him a smile. The redhead threw her head back and shrugged.

"Well, more or less, yes, but I think that all we have to do is step inside in order to find out more," Lily commented to him.

Harry paused and then he caught on. "It's almost like you don't think that I'll be able to step inside or something."

Lily smiled in spite herself. "No I think that you can. But, well the key is only one test, there's another one on top of that. There have been Potters who have been able to use the key. Potters who have been able to get into the first corridor but no further. Some have not been able to use the key but only one has been able to get past that first corridor."

"What about my father?"

"James couldn't get the key to work for him, his grandfather was the last," Lily informed Harry, recalling a conversation that she had with her late husband.

Harry had a question on the tip of his tongue but he stopped before asking it. He didn't want to be rude or too forward by asking it. Although his mother's resurrection offered a few more questions than they did any answers but again, he did not want to be the one to make that statement.

"So, we won't know until we go inside," Harry concluded as he placed his hand on the door knocker.

He had never felt anything like that in his life. It went from hot to the touch to cold and then
something amazing happened.

The doorknob glowed in his hand and he sensed that it was almost like the castle was scanning him to see if he was worthy. His eyes stared forward as he waited for his moment of truth.

Time stood still as it tested him.

This was a test that Harry passed as the door slowly flew open. Taking the invitation Harry stepped inside and looked over his shoulder towards his mother with a small nod. Lily followed him in.

The entrance Hall had weird glowing crystals and symbols of a strange language on the walls. They made Harry wish he had taken up Ancient Runes. There was a symbol on the wall, carved inside it.

The symbol stuck out like a sore thumb it was a triangle, with a circle inside it, and there were two additional lines down the center of it.

Harry's eyes traveled over the symbol.

"The symbol was etched into one of the gravestones at Godric's Hallow," Lily whispered as she became excited at the symbol on the wall.

"You said that there was one final test to pass," Harry said and Lily offered a smile as she looked at him.

Harry was not one to be shy about taking the plunge. He was going to step on in and do what he needed to do. With one hand raised, Harry touched the wall and caused the symbols on it to flash to life, nearly blinding him as they glowed brightly.

There was only one thing to say when something like this took place and that was "Whoa."

Harry smiled as he waited for the doors that lead further into the castle to swing open and for a brief second, he thought that he might not be worthy. That was always a consideration but much to his glee everything clicked to life.

A whisper echoed around him that Harry had to listen really carefully to hear.

'Welcome to Castle Peverell,' the voice stated, it was female and alluring. 'You will find a floormap of the castle and if you say the room number on the floor map, you will be transported to the named location instantly.'

Harry smiled at that as saw the map before him. There were hundreds and hundreds of rooms or so it seemed. Thanks to the magic of magic, the castle was far larger on the inside then it appeared on the outside.

He decided to test that out as he saw a library on the floor plan.

"Room Twenty Seven," Harry offered as he placed his hand on the side of the wall and a portal manifested before them.

Lily watched this all happen with a great deal of intensity flashing through her eyes, she was excited by any magic. The prospect about learning anything and everything about magical energy, that was a very tantalizing prospect for her.

There were hundreds and hundreds of books, if not thousands. If he had to make a guess, many of these books were lost to time on the outside world. Despite the fact that he had a role to play at
Hogwarts, Harry found the possibility of so much knowledge to be quite amazing.

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"It's amazing, isn't it?" Lily asked as she watched Harry.

Harry knew that his mother was in his head thanks to the bond created between them as a result of the ritual. So he figured that she would be the one who was able to give him the best feedback.

"So…..?"

"Harry, I know what you're thinking and if you wish to be more proactive, then that's your choice," Lily said as she watched Harry. "She's going to have to learn to accept that you're smarter than she is or there's the door, don't let it hit her on the arse on the way out."

Harry smiled. There were two reasons he had to hold back his intelligence at Hogwarts. One, it was obvious that Ron got jealous really easy and he was also felt threatened by people who exhibited more intelligence than him. Which was nearly everyone. His snide remarks towards Hermione and anyone who exhibited the least amount of effort towards their studies supported this. Harry wasn't sure why he put up with Ron, other than he was desperate to latch onto some type of human contact that treated him mostly decent after his childhood with the Dursleys.

Hermione was another matter entirely. Harry had no idea what her home life or childhood was like but there was a sense that she was pushed to be the best and if she was part of the rest for any reason, she got offended. There was a sense that Hermione felt a bit despondent that Harry had beaten her in Defense Against the Dark Arts over the past two years but she decided to convince herself that she was better at more things, so it balanced out.

Being the top student in her year and therefore superior to everyone around her was Hermione's identity, even though a lot of her intelligence was based on a near insane ability to memorize then recall what she read cover by cover. Harry felt that intelligence was measured by other things and Hermione's inability to think past the assigned materials was going to screw her over later.

Regardless that was a bridge that Harry would come to later, right now, he was going to indulge himself in the books at the library and expand his knowledge of magic. Like any true wizard, he would come up with his own inventions in time.

Perhaps it was his instincts again but he thought that he had all the time in the world to do that here.

Albus Dumbledore was not having a good day to say the very least. He had never expected something like this to happen.

It was bad enough that the Ministry was being stubborn about not listening to the very real threats that were out there. Lucius Malfoy had his hand so far up Fudge's ass, it was a wonder you didn't see his hand when the Minister spoke. And then this latest incident, well Dumbledore knew one thing and that was that no one, no matter what they did, didn't deserve to suffer the Dementors kiss. Not without a reason at least and even then people deserved a second chance.

Severus Snape showed up quickly after Dumbledore summoned him.
"It all has to come back to Potter, doesn't it Headmaster?" Snape asked in a critical voice. "I do wonder why the boy did not play the hero, surely the reports are accurate that he haunts the streets outdoors at night."

Snape knew one thing, it seemed rather out of character for Harry Potter not to do anything stupidly and recklessly heroic. If one thing was proven for the past four years of Hogwarts, the boy stuck his neck on the line where it seldom belonged. Most of it were tests of Dumbledore's invention although Snape could see that the boy in his arrogance wouldn't need any reason whatsoever to play the hero.

"His cousin was kissed," Dumbledore gasped.

It was almost like he was disappointed with Harry and the fact that he did not cast a Patronus. Four people were kissed as a result.

"I hope you've learned a lesson about what…"

"Severus," Dumbledore said in a reprimanding voice and Snape fell back into line, saying nothing further although his eyes said a lot of things. The twinkling eyes of the old man peered towards the scene of the crime. "I believe that it's important that we speak with Mr. Potter regarding the situation."

He figured that Harry was still there, the blood protections were stronger than ever before. Dumbledore did not question that fact as he took a step towards the front door of Number Four Privet Drive.

He had to inform Petunia of what happened to her son and have a discussion with Harry. He was very disappointed in Harry's inaction towards saving his cousin from the Dementors.

Albus lifted his hand and knocked on the door.

There was no answer for at least three minutes and Snape decided that he would force the issue.

"Step aside, Headmaster," Snape offered in a crisp tone of voice. He knew Petunia better than anyone else and what a stubborn bitch that she was. "We know you're in there, Petunia, open the door or things will be a lot worse for you."

"Severus, that's not helping," Dumbledore told him and the door was flung open.

"Apparently it does," Snape commented dryly and Petunia looked at him. "Petunia, it's been a long time, although I think we can both agree that our time apart has not been sufficiently long enough."

"You!" Petunia offered in a dangerous voice. "You dare come here?"

"Yes, I do," Snape stated as he decided to drop all pleasantries. "Where is Potter?"

Petunia looked at Snape for a second and she spat out a scathing statement. "Well obviously you lot should know where the Freak is."

"I beg your pardon?" Dumbledore offered as he looked at Petunia.

"You lot, are all in this together," Petunia said to Dumbledore and Snape. "The freak is gone and thank God for that, not that you wizards would know anything about thanking him."

"Trust me. If you don't tell us where Potter is, even he won't save you from the consequences," Snape said in a harsh voice as brandished his wand between his fingers but Dumbledore cast him a
warning look. Snape only backed off half of a step.

"Petunia, we just wish to know where he is...."

Petunia lost it. "Look! haven't you done enough tonight? I don't know what hocus pocus you did but whatever it was, it's unnatural!"

"Your fat waste of a son has had his useless soul sucked out by a Dementor. You do remember what those are, don't you Petunia?" Snape asked her and Petunia stepped back.

"I don't..."

"Petunia, you always had your ear to the wall like the nosy snoop you are, trust me. I know that you know," Snape told Petunia harshly.

"My son?...No it can't be true....surely you can do something?"

"I would think that you would not be desperate enough to call upon our freakish kind for help," Snape stated in a voice that lacked any empathy whatsoever towards Petunia and her son. The man was not too fond of the woman at the best of times to say the very least. "Could I do something, is that what you're asking?"

"I'm afraid once the soul has been sucked out, there is no restoring it," Dumbledore commented in a saddened voice. "My condolences are with you during this trying time."

Petunia snorted and it was obvious what the woman thought of his condolences. The woman looked at Dumbledore in the eye with anger.

"Where is Harry?"

Petunia lost her shit. "You ask about him...WHEN MY SON HAD HIS SOUL SUCKED OUT!"

"Well I was wondering why...he didn't jump in."

Petunia shook her head, as if the boy would help her son.

"I don't think you're getting what I'm telling you," Petunia stated, wondering if this old man was senile. She would not be surprised if he was. "The boy is gone."

"WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE!?"

Vernon showed up and he looked like he swallowed a truck of raw sewage.

"I know you! YOU'RE that Dumbledore bloke!" Vernon stated in a grumbling voice. "I've been wanting to have a word with you...."

"You will be silent and fetch Potter for me," Snape stated. He was going to wring the boy's neck for giving him so much trouble.

"The boy's gone, bully for him," Vernon said gruffly. "I don't know what kind of freakiness you're into, but in the normal world, the dead stay dead."

Dumbledore was curious at this remark.

"What?....why would you...."
"Lily, she...she came to the door and collected him," Petunia said to Dumbledore. "Did you lie about her dying?"

Dumbledore said nothing at that. Completely befuddled by what they were attempting to explain to him.

"You told me that my freak sister...."

"Silence!" Snape yelled.

"NO! I'm not going to be pushed around...."

Petunia was struck mute.

"I will restore your ability to speak if you give me your word that you can do so civilly," Dumbledore told Petunia but there was a few seconds where there was a scathing look in the eyes of the woman.

Vernon made his way towards him but he was paralyzed once again.

"You mean to say that someone claiming to be Lily Evans-Potter took Harry and he walked out with her?" Dumbledore questioned.

Snape wanted to ram his face into his palm. Potter would fall for something that stupid. It seemed so stupidly Gryffindor. It was so Harry Potter that it caused his brain to undergo a meltdown.

"Why did you allow Harry to leave?" Dumbledore asked Petunia and Vernon.

Petunia could not believe the gall of the old man.

"Where is my son?" Petunia asked to Dumbledore.

"There are more important things to worry about," Snape stated and even Dumbledore cringed at that.

"Dudley has been taken to St. Mungos for observation, it's a wizarding hospital with...."

"SO YOU FREAKS HAVE TAKEN MY SON TO YOUR FREAK HOSPITAL!"

Vernon took a step forward as he felt his heart rate go up along with his pulse.

"I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU LOT!" Vernon yelled as he picked up an antique vase and tried to hurl it at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore transfigured it into a cushioned ball faster than many people could blink.

"Now, Mr. Dursley, I need you to...."

The Dursleys obviously weren't too happy with Dumbledore at this moment.

Dumbledore was disappointed in Harry, a young man lost his soul thanks to the fact that he left despite Dumbledore's orders and now the Dursleys were under the assumption that it was the Headmaster's fault that this happened.

This was going to be a long day.
"Mum, I was thinking about something."

"Mmm."

Lily offered that statement in a curious tone and Harry decided to let her in on what he was thinking.

"Well, this castle….it just seems like I've gotten all of the time in the world," Harry offered to her and Lily looked thoughtful.

It took her a moment to remember what James told her.

"James said that the castle operates outside of the normal rules of time and space," Lily said to him and Harry smiled.

"Even more so than magic in general you mean."

"Yes, Harry precisely," Lily commented with a laugh then she became fairly serious as she brushed her hands through her hair and rolled her head back in amusement. "Oh boy, magic, it doesn't make much sense when you think about it, does it?"

"Well it wouldn't be magic, if it did, would it?" Harry asked and Lily once again laughed. His mother's laugh was like music and her entire form, from her body to her voice was beautiful beyond measure.

"You've got a point," Lily offered as she stepped in front of Harry. "I can't believe I once thought that he'd might be decent person."

Harry had only been half paying attention to the Potions text that he was reading and it took him only a few seconds to figure out whom exactly his mother was referring to.

"Snape? I know," Harry offered with a slight sigh as he leaned back. "They say he's was a Death Eater but Dumbledore….

"Dumbledore does tend to think a lot of people are the good deep down in their heart of hearts, even when he shouldn't," Lily commented as her hand found it's way onto his and she peered forward to get a better look at the text. "A difficult Potion, especially given that the writer of that recipe makes them seem a lot harder than it actually is to produce."

Lily recalled the lessons that her son had and saw where Snape went wrong. When Slughorn was the Potions teacher, he spent the first term teaching the basics before they even touched a cauldron. Snape assumed that they knew it all before even they arrived there. Granted a few purebloods taught their children the basics of Potions making but that was purebloods.

Unless they were obsessive compulsive like Hermione, most that were born outside of magical homes would not study the basics of Potions at their own home before school even started. The Ministry did not step in because they liked people outside of the Ministry to be ignorant and those outside of their own little world even more so.

"You learned pretty quickly that a lot of the Hogwarts education was pure rubbish," Lily said Harry and Harry simply smiled back on her.

"That's putting it mildly," Harry said as he sighed. "There were a few good teachers but…."

"They were handcuffed, the Ministry didn't want anything like Voldemort to ever happen again, so they made sure no one knew enough to become a dark lord," Lily offered.

That statement was one that she made more than once before.

"I don't think that I'll be getting a job at the Ministry," Harry told Lily looking up into her eyes.

"I would hope that my son has better taste then to work for that place," Lily said as she leaned forward and Harry saw her shirt dip down a tiny bit to show off her immense cleavage.

Lily figured that her son would notice this and she had been so intertwined with him, ever since he was born, that she would not allow another man to touch her. She did love James but he never left enough of an impression on her to properly bond with her.

Harry was the pinnacle of everything that she wanted and the ritual opened a few doors that she knew that there wouldn't be without it.

"So, I think now that I'm here, I should get myself caught up and I might be able to take my NEWTs early," Harry said as Lily raised an eyebrow.

"You do realize that if you do that… the façade is off."

"After the past four years of near death experiences, do you honestly blame me for wanting to get out of Hogwarts as soon as possible?"

Lily wished that Harry did not bring that up but it was true, she would not blame her son in the slightest.

'Safest place on Earth, my arse,' Lily thought as she remembered everything that happened.

"I know Harry, and a lot of it was on the adults who should know better," Lily commented as she placed her hand on Harry's thigh.

Harry was wearing a pair of shorts, so his mother's bare hand was on his bare flesh.

"Mum if you don't mind me asking…"

"Harry, you know that questions are the gateway to knowledge," Lily said as she shifted a little bit, her skirt riding up with her movement and showing him a lot of her bare leg.

Harry figured that this movement was intentional, it had to be. He saw a flash of lacy panties, or at least he thought he did.

He tried to not look any closer, although he was tempted, especially when his mother's hand ran up his leg.

"So coming back from the dead…"

"I don't remember anything from the afterlife, only what I saw through your eyes. I'm starting to believe my soul intertwined itself with yours the moment the spell hit me." Lily answered and she looked thoughtful. "I don't know what the magical afterlife is like. For all we know we're caught in some kind limbo between life and death, that's never ending."

"Muggles have been trying to figure out the mystery of Death for longer than they could remember," Harry said to her.
Lily looked thoughtful, death was something that many feared, yet others embraced. If it wasn't for Voldemort's fear of death, Lily would not have been here to have this conversation, as far as she was concerned. That was the current theory that she had.

"Yes, well magical users have been trying to figure that out for just as long," Lily commented to him as she ran her fingers through Harry's already messy hair.

"Yes, we have," Harry agreed as he look at the book. NEWT standard potions seemed rather daring.

"That is actually NEWT level material of a hundred years ago," Lily offered Harry and she whistled at the thought.

"Standards have dropped," Harry whispered and she nodded.

"Precisely," Lily stated as she thought that her son was going to exceed all standards.

Harry made a decision after the Triwizard Tournament that Hogwarts was not as safe as people thought it was. That was proven over the past three years but the moment in the graveyard last year proved it beyond a shadow of a doubt.

"Don't rush Harry, you have all of the time in the world," Lily whispered to him.

"Yes, I know," Harry agreed with her.

He knew Dumbledore was going to find out that he was gone eventually but since he was outside of the pull of time and space, that was not a problem. He could have many months, years to plan before Dumbledore even stepped forward.

Harry prepared himself for the next step of his life and the NEWTs were going to bring him to an entirely new level. He thought that his mother returning offered him the proper chance to escape this world.

He had stronger sexual desires more so than ever before and they accelerated as more time passed. This book told him why. Young magical users required sex past a certain age to stabilize themselves. Yet he had never seen or heard of anyone in the act at Hogwarts.

He figured that given who he was, there had to be some crazed fangirl who would have dragged him into a broom closet but nothing happened. It was quite odd.

Harry found this really curious.

It appeared that someone sucked all of the hormones out of Hogwarts and he had no idea why. It was a school of teenagers, and powerful magical ones at that, so it seemed like they should be running into sexual acts in every direction.

Lily noticed that as well and she could sense Harry's sexual frustration.

"Harry, if you need me, I'll be taking a shower," Lily said and she hoped that she put the image of her nude body into Harry's head.

It worked quite effectively as Harry got the tantalizing thought stuck in his head.

'Soon,' Harry thought in the back of his mind as he got excited at the thought of taking his mother in that way.
He felt the same amount of desire for him, coming from his mother and he raised an eyebrow at that, before taking a few seconds to plan what he would do.

Harry decided to brush up on his dueling a little bit, if there was a dark lord after him, that was one point that he needed to work on.

Harry practiced a spell that caused ropes to tie around a victim and squeeze them tightly. It would not kill them, at least Harry didn't think that it would kill them. However, he was not about to test that on any people that he liked on the off chance that it did. One could never be too careful.

"So, do you think you'll be ready to take those NEWTs?"

Harry turned around and saw his mother standing before him, wearing nothing but a towel. Her wet hair clung to her face as she leaned towards one of the chest drawers to pull out some clothes to put on.

"I think I have more than enough time to get ready," Harry informed the redhead and Lily simply nodded, a smile on her face.

"I couldn't even begin to figure out how much time passed outside in the real world," Lily stated to Harry and the wizard grinned.

"Eleven minutes, twelve seconds," Harry commented to her.

"That's amazing, we must have been inside here for close to twelve hours," Lily stated as one could do the math fairly easily with that data in mind.

"It's magic, it's always amazing," Harry offered as he saw Lily bend over, seeing the tight black skirt that she was wearing ride up her legs and show off her sexy ass.

She smiled despite herself, she could sense her son's eyes on her. She wondered when he was going to make a move.

The two of them shared a special bond thanks to the nature of the sacrifice and Lily felt her nipples stiffen at the thought of what Harry could do to her. A warmth spread over her body as she thought of her own flesh and blood ravishing her in every way possible.

"So, Harry, do you think that you could help me?" Lily asked Harry and Harry raised his eyebrow as Lily placed her hands on either side of him. "It's just that….well after everything that's happened, I'm a bit rusty and I could use a bit more practice."

Lily shifted her body and showed Harry even more of her cleavage.

"Of course, Mum, you know that I'll do anything for you," Harry offered her. "So what do you do…"

"A little practice duel, to make sure that I'm not out of practice and I figure that you'd need the practice just as much as I do," Lily offered to him and Harry smiled at her.

"Of course," Harry said as he got to his feet but then it struck him. "The Ministry…"

"Ministry restrictions won't matter here," Lily said to Harry after a few seconds as she adjusted her skirt, pulling it up to show a little more of her leg.
A dueling area that manifested itself. It was a wide open space and that was what Lily enjoyed. The redhead kept her eyes locked on Harry's.

"I know, although they can only trace those in mundane areas," Harry offered Lily.

"The general area and since that they assumed that you were the only magical user in the area, you got blamed for the Dobby incident," Lily confirmed.

Harry was taken aback anew how much his mother knew but he tried not to allow himself to be too rattled.

"So are you ready to begin?" Lily asked as she held her hand. "To make things a bit interesting, no wands."

Harry was down with that, he figured that a wand was more of a handicap than anything else. A flimsy piece of wood that could get easily snapped like a common twig. He also remembered how much trouble a broken wand could lead to from Ron's experience with it.

"Well I'm ready when you are," Lily offered in a near purr and Harry stood before her.

"I was born ready for this," Harry told her and Lily's face contorted into a smile.

"Then you were born alright," Lily said to him as she looked forward to this and the potential aftermath.

She saw Harry practicing some of those binding spells and wondered if he would think of the more practical purposes for them.

"On the count of three," Harry told Lily and the redhead shifted herself once again. He wondered how much shorter that skirt could get. It seemed to be about as short as possible without being considered obscene. Her shirt stretched tightly over her large chest.

She saw Harry and felt his power. Lily trailed her tongue over her lips and got the desired reaction.

"One, Two, Three."

Lily sent out a binding spell but Harry used a shield to counter the attack. The two of them circled each other with Lily trying to get a feel for Harry, to see what he really had to offer.

"I'm ready, Mum," Harry offered her and the redhead threw her head back as she blasted him with a disorientation hex which he sidestepped.

A golden spell was sent towards Harry but he ducked out of the way and fired a stunning spell which she avoided it.

"Not bad, although expected!"

Lily knew that a stunning spell was an obvious one to throw out but sometimes it worked because people might think that the duelist would not go for the obvious, therefore it would make the obvious less obvious. The redhead kept her emerald green eyes on her son's emerald green eyes as the two of them fired spells of multicolored lights towards each other.

The next set of spells the two of them sent at each other ended up bouncing off of the other like a ping pong ball, then they impacted into the ground causing a cloud of smoke to rise up into the air.

That cloud of smoke allowed Harry to slip in behind Lily and try for another attack to take her down.
Lily sent a barrage of ropes over her shoulder at him but Harry used the reflexes that were bred into him. The wizard kept pushing himself forward as he dodged the attacks. Three more spells, two to disorient and one to subdue were sent towards him. All of them were dodged.

'Good, he isn't reliant on a shield, he's reliant on his reflexes,' Lily thought as she conjured a stone slab to block the incoming spells sent at her by Harry.

Most dark magical spells would blow right through a shield and cause some kind of problems.

They were just getting warmed up.

Harry decided to try a spell that he looked up for the Triwizard but did not have a chance to use until now. He jabbed a finger down onto the ground and caused the ground to start to vibrate beneath them.

Lily was happy yet frustrated that he managed to rock the world but had yet to rock her world. She levitated herself above the ground. He did the same thing and the two of them sent more complex spells yet at each other once more.

The multicolor lights bounced off of each other in midair. There was a loud crash that resounded outwards and Lily and Harry flew off in different directions.

It was a race to see who would get back to their feet first.

Harry made it to his feet a few seconds before Lily did but she tried to use a jelly-legs jinx. It was rudimentary spell but it could cause someone to be unable to stand. Most wizards and witches simply could not perform spells from their knees or back, but Lily was able to do so.

Harry once again used his reflexes to dodge each spell. The blasts of light shot underneath him and Harry went behind her.

Lily turned around and nearly found herself caught in a binding spell, one of the lesser ones that did not crush an opponent's ribs as they were tied up.

"Not bad, but try again," Lily encouraged him.

Harry's face contorted into a smile. "Oh believe me, I will, I will."

Lily and Harry circled each other and both tried to propel energy attacks at each other. The magical spells ricocheted off of each other.

The multicolored lights were fairly blinding and Harry pushed towards Lily, pinning her back against the wall.

Lily found herself very surprised with her current situation. Two straps held her up against the wall for lack of a better term. Actually that was a pretty accurate assessment. The straps held her fast and she found her unable to get free.

"I believe this constitutes me winning the duel," Harry said as he ran his fingers down Lily's cheek as trailed them down towards her collar bone.

Lily shivered as the fingers of her son's hand brush against her thigh.

'Oh how quickly have the tables turned?' Harry thought as he rested his hand on his mother's exposed thigh. He was precious inches from sliding his hand underneath her skirt.
Lily felt a heat go through between her legs at having her son's fingers brush preciously close to her womanhood was legalized torture to say the least.

"Oh, Harry," Lily breathed as her nipples nearly poked out through her shirt.

They were a few inches away from his face, he could do whatever he wanted to and he could do a whole lot.

"I won that duel and here's the spoils of war that I could take," Harry commented as he kept his hands on her thighs and Lily once again felt the heat rise through her body.

"Yes, take me," Lily breathed as Harry released her and a mattress appeared.

Harry feigned ignorance.

"I'm sorry Mum, I don't think I've heard you," Harry whispered and Lily grunted in impatience.

"DAMN IT TAKE ME!"

Harry heard that and he grabbed Lily around the shoulders then pushed her back onto the Mattress.

"That's pretty demanding you know," Harry muttered in her ear as he brushed his fingers up and down her face, with his hand reaching down closer, closer.

Lily felt shivers down her spine.

"Mum, I can make you feel so good," Harry breathed hotly in her ear.

He had instincts which was stronger than anything on Earth. His hands roamed down her legs and her breasts arched up, nearly about to burst through her top.

"You can but why show when you can tell," Lily breathed as Harry ran his fingers up and down her legs.

Harry teased her and Lily felt a burst of cool air between her legs. Then she felt something extremely warm.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry buried his tongue deep inside her quim and the redhead lifted her hips up, feeling the pleasure of an amazing tongue go deep into her. The wizard brushed his tongue into the inside of her and Lily felt him, slowly, tenderly, licking her walls.

That tongue could be classified as a weapon, there was no other description for it. It made her feel so good. So good, she panted as Harry shoved his tongue deep into her.

Harry tasted the pussy beneath him, and the fact that this was the same place that he came from, it made the act so much more exciting. He picked up the licking.

"Deeper baby," Lily breathed as she latched her creamy legs around Harry's head to ensure that his mouth never strayed too far from her dripping hot snatch.

Harry saw Lily lift her hips. He kissed his mother on her nether lips and gave her a few more licks.

The woman allowed herself to feel the moment and Harry's hands roamed up her legs, all the way underneath her shirt.
"Oh," Lily panted as he munched on her cunt and she had a hip spasm as he forced more of his tongue deep inside her quim.

Harry grinned at his mother's pleasurable moans, he was taking out of years of pent up sexual energy on her and he was just warming up. His tongue gave her a through workout and after that time, he rubbed her clit.

Lily bucked her hips, moaning and Harry licked the juices. Then he turned around and latched his mouth onto her click, sucking on it.

"JESUS!" Lily yelled as Harry sucked on her love button and caused her to orgasm like never before.

'Glad you think so high of me Mum,' Harry thought cheekily which Lily picked up.

Harry indulged himself in the moist flower between his mother's legs, licking and slurping at her. The redhead lifted her hips up and felt Harry work into her. She panted as he kept up the efforts for everything that she was worth and Harry thought that she was worth a whole lot.

"More," Lily moaned as he was eating her to the best orgasm that she ever felt.

She felt fireworks go off in her head and that's when Harry worked around her breasts with his hands. He really knew how to manipulate her flesh and push all of her buttons.

Harry could tell that he was pushing all of his mother's right buttons and his hands squeezed her breasts. His cock was about ready to burst free from the confines of his trousers, begging for his mother to treat him right.

"Let me take care of that, baby," Lily breathed as she pulled away from him and squeezed him through his pants.

Harry's cock twitched in her hand and she squeezed him.

Lily slowly unbuckled his pants, building up anticipation for the treasure.

This allowed Harry to get a better look at his mother's breasts. They were huge and round, with rosy red nipples that bounced for him, enticingly. They were so firm and he drooled at the sight of them.

"Mmm," Lily breathed as she stroked his long and thick cock. "You're so much bigger than your father."

Harry did not know what to say but he felt his cock twitch in her hand as she stroked him up and down.

"You like that baby, you like Mummy stroking your huge cock?" Lily cooed as she pumped him up and down with a tight grip around his pole.

Harry pushed himself into her hand and the redhead tightened her hand around him, playing with his balls.

"I want to fuck your tits," Harry said as he grabbed Lily and pushed her on her back.

"Of course, pound them baby, make Mummy scream your name," Lily begged as she felt her juices roll through her pussy.

Harry poked his cock between the valley of her breasts and felt the hot flesh wrap around him. His
balls throbbed as the redhead closed her eyes.

"Open them Mum, I want to see your son's huge cock, pounding your fucking hot tits," Harry stated as he hammered them.

Lily opened her eyes and she saw her son's cock spear in and out of her cleavage. She used her tongue to lick him.

Harry groaned as her tongue wrapped around his crown and she trailed it down his slit. He felt her talented mouth work around the head of his member. The woman pushed herself up and wrapped her lips tighter around him. She bobbed her mouth around him, licking and suckling him like she could not have enough of him.

"Oh, give your Mummy all of your love, darling, pound her tits!" Lily moaned as she begged for him.

"Love these tits, and now they belong to me," Harry growled as he rammed his prick between the woman's breasts, causing her pleasure.

"YES!" Lily shrieked.

"I want you to scream louder, beg for me, beg for my cum on your tits," Harry grunted as he worked into her, slowly his strokes.

"Pound them Harry, worship them, harder, harder, HARDER!" Lily cried as she felt her son's hard rod between her as she licked and sucked him when he popped out between her breasts.

Harry smiled as he hung on and kept pounding the area between her tits, feeling his balls fill up with his cum.

"I'm going to cover them in my cum, you're mine forever," Harry growled as he hammered into her and Lily moaned as Harry rammed into her.

His cock contracted and his balls unleashed his load.

Lily watched as her pussy burned with desire. His cum spurted out on her alright. Thick cum that covered her. There was a glow as it settled on her breasts. She had to get some of it in her mouth.

Lily slipped a finger and dipped it, feasting off of it. The redhead licked her tongue around her finger and closed her eyes, as she moaned, bringing her tongue up and down off of it.

Harry watched his mother eat his cum and he grabbed her, pinning her down.

His penis was harder than ever before despite draining the entire content of his nuts on his mother's tits on his juicy tits.

"I'm going to take this," Harry growled as he ran his fingers around his mother's pussy lips and stroked her tender walls.

"Yes, you will, yes, you will, yes you will," Lily panted.

She waited as she felt his cock slide into her.

It was only halfway in and Lily felt like she was getting her virginity taking all over again. Fireworks went off inside her eyes as Harry grabbed onto her breasts. The redhead lifted her hips and Harry pumped into her center and she lifted her hips up off of the ground.
Her walls closed around him and Harry felt his dick slide into his very first pussy. He was angry that he did not experience something like this and he thrust deeper between his mother's tight walls.

"Fuck me Harry, oh fuck me baby!" Lily howled.

"You're my bitch and you're going to enjoy this!" Harry growled as he grabbed Lily's hair and pinned her down into the floor. He saw the lust that was dancing through her eyes.

If this was wrong, then Harry was sick of being right.

Lily felt Harry attack her breasts, nibbling and suckling on them, feasting on the sweaty globes that beckoned for him. Harry was licking and sucking on them, and the redhead closed her eyes, as Harry speared himself deep down into her. He was balls deep into her mother's tender hot pussy.

"Pound me, wreck me with that big cock!" Lily screamed as she moaned.

Harry pounded her as he ran his hands all over her body.

He stopped.

"Don't stop!" Lily yelled as she felt the loss of her baby boy's beast between her legs.

"On your hands and knees," Harry ordered Lily and the redhead turned over, obeying Harry, swaying her hot ass in his face. "I want to see that ass as I drill you into the ground."

Harry pinched her butt cheeks, her ass was lovely. He stuck his finger up her rectum which caused Lily to moan in pleasure. He tasted her juices for a little bit. Then his next movement was to plow into her quim from behind.

Harry hung onto her waist and plowed deep into her. The walls wrapped more tightly around him as Harry kept plunging deeper into her.

Lily turned and Harry captured her lips into a burning hot kiss. His tongue rammed into her mouth and she tried to take it down into her, tilting her head back. Harry hung onto her, running his hands over her body.

The redhead MILF's moans escalated as Harry had her down and he was riding her down into the ground.

Each thrust and Harry was this close to bringing Lily to the edge of everything.

"More, more," Lily muttered as she bit down on her son's lip which added to more passion and excitement.

Harry grabbed around her waist and hammered her from behind, working his throbbing prick deeper into her.

"About ready," Harry breathed and Lily groaned as she rocked her hips back.

"Cum inside me, cum in my pussy!" Lily breathed hungrily, greedy for his cum.

"Yes," Harry groaned as he rolled his hands over Lily.

"CUM IN ME, FUCKNG SHOOT YOUR CUM INTO ME!"
Harry hung on.

"If you cum inside me, you can knock your own mother up with your seed," Lily encouraged him as she rocked her head back.

That was a half truth, she issued a contraceptive charm on herself but she wondered if it would work given that Harry's magic warped ready.

This caused Harry's balls to tighten and his semen splashed into her.

Lily moaned loudly as she felt his virile cum splash into her fertile womb. The redhead was filled up with enough cum to knock up all of Hogsmeade.

Harry sighed as his cock re-hardened.

"Oh more, well I'm ready," Lily said as she awaited for what he would do next, excitement coursing through her body.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

To Be Continued.
Chapter Three: Aftershocks.

The next morning Harry's eyes flickered open and shifting he leaned over to see his beautiful mother lying on the bed next to him. Looking closely at her he couldn't help but recall the events of the previous evening.

"Morning, Harry," Lily informed him in a sleepy voice as Harry wrapped his arm around her. She was still buck naked from the previous night's activities and that was something that brought joy to his heart. The wizard placed his hand on the side of her face and lovingly stroked her cheek.

"Morning, Mum, I guess last night wasn't a dream, was it?" Harry asked her.

Lily offered Harry a smile then a statement that got his motor running just a little bit. "Would you like me to give an encore presentation to make sure it wasn't a dream?"

Harry was not going to lie, that was something that excited him to no end. The wizard pushed her over then kissed the back of her neck. He ran his hands lovingly down her shoulders trailing them slowly downwards until her grasped her ass within his hands.

"For the record it was amazing, the best," Lily breathed out to him, shifting so Harry could kiss her on the lips, a kiss which she returned eagerly. The redhead losing herself in the feel of his lips upon hers and her nipples stiffened at the thought of it.

Lily sighed, Harry was so talented, she was proud of him. He would make a bevvy of women so very happy.

"You know, I don't know how I went this long without sex," Harry mused.

Even though she had died fourteen year ago, her new body was that of a twenty one year old, young, and pure, well it was pure until Harry debauched her last night. Not that Lily was complaining about it. Mentally speaking she was a virgin as well after her rebirth until the night previous.

"So, we got all nice and sweaty last night, I think that it would be a good idea to have a shower," Lily suggested to her son and Harry smiled.

He thought of the possibilities and he could not help but be amazed by what he could do. His young mother, twenty one years, was the legal definition of a MILF with her large breasts, flat stomach, shapely hips, toned and tanned ass, long legs, not to mention her beautiful face, was offering to share a shower with him.

Due to the nature of the bond they shared Harry didn't see her as anything but a lover, who could give him pleasure and he would give her pleasure in return.

"See you on the other side, Harry," Lily offered, standing she moved towards the shower swaying her ass and wiggling her hips the whole while. Harry couldn't help but follow her.

The redhead made her way into the shower and the steam made things even steamier. Harry kept walking towards his mother, stripping off the sleeping pants he had put on last night before they fell asleep along the way.
"Wash my back, honey," Lily said as she peered over her shoulder with a seductive glint dancing in her eyes.

Harry would be insulted if she did not ask. He placed his hands on her back and washed her down carefully making sure to give every inch of her back with an intimate caress.

Lily breathed out in pleasure, the feel of her son's strong hands all over her body was amazing. They were made for more than gripping a broomstick. The redhead felt the pleasure rush through her body as Harry cupped her tight backside and ran the shower gel that appeared down it.

"Feels good?" Harry breathed out that question directly into her ear, sending a shiver running out throughout her whole body. Lily turned around to face him fully.

"Let me get you," Lily breathed as she rubbed the soap down his chest and smiled as she ran her hands all over his body. "Let me get all of you, love."

Lily breathed in, as she ran her hands up and down his body. She saw his length twitching at her touch, which brought a smile to her face as she went lower to find his large manhood ready for her.

Things were going to heat up pretty quickly.

Smut/Lemon Begins:

Lily embraced Harry in the shower, causing the steam to envelope around them. She rubbed her large breasts up and down his chest, causing the pleasure to escalate through his body.

"Mum, feels so good," Harry breathed as Lily moved her fingers down towards his crotch.

"How about this, baby?" Lily asked as she grabbed her son's huge cock and ran up and down his member. The redhead manipulated his huge dick with her soft hands.

Harry closed his eyes and kissed his mother on the mouth, as she stroked his cock harder yet. Her hand wrapped around him extremely tightly and snugly as her nipples got even more stiffer.

"Mmm, good, tastes great," Harry breathed as he placed his mouth around Lily's nipple and started to suck upon it. She closed her eyes and felt her son sucking on her nipple.

The energy coursed through her body as Harry continued to lick and suckle on her nipple. The redhead rocked her body back into the wall as Harry brushed his hard rod against her dripping entrance. The woman was feeling the pleasure as he worked the head of him.

"Oh Jesus, Harry, don't tease your mother like that," Lily begged as Harry worked his hand underneath her breast and the redhead panted with Harry plunging his hard member into her. Each shot brought her closer to some level of enjoyment.

Harry worked his cock into her hard and Lily's tightening walls went around him. The young woman closed her walls around him as Harry pumped into her, working around her tight walls. The redhead closed her eyes and felt the pleasure that was around her walls as he plunged into her.

"Yes, Harry, yes, baby, deeper," Lily panted as she lifted her hips towards him with Harry having a smile on his face as he plowed his mother as deeply as he could have.

Harry pushed himself back and speared into her once again. Lily closed her eyes as she tightened around his huge cock with the redhead's cunt squeezing his phallus as he pumped into her, with Harry pushing her into the shower wall.
Lily's breasts pressed against the wall, the redhead closed her eyes and felt the pleasure rush even greater between her loins.

"You're mine, mother," Harry whispered lustfully as he slammed his cock into her. "You like that, don't you, don't you?"

Harry grabbed Lily's breasts as he slammed into her tight pussy, working between her legs. The redhead closed her eyes with Harry working into her from behind, slamming his massive length into her. The wizard explored his mother's tight pussy and also her lovely, squeezable breasts.

"Harry, Harry!" Lily yelled as Harry plunged his cock deep between her walls and Harry worked deep into her.

Lily's walls were so hot and warm but Harry was intrigued about another part of her body. He ran his finger down her asshole and Lily panted as Harry played with the inside of her crack.

"Harry, Harry," Lily begged him with Harry squeezing those nice breasts, and working into her. His cock worked into her center with Harry working himself deeper into her tightening quim.

Lily felt the rush of pleasure as his rock hard member plunged even deeper into her body. The woman's walls wrapped around his thick rod as Harry kept working into her, his thrusts buried into her. She felt like she was on fire.

"Who does your pussy belong to?" Harry breathed as he pressed his mouth on the back of her neck and plunged into her.

"Yours Harry, yours," Lily panted as Harry grabbed her breasts from behind, working into her from behind. He brought his dick between her walls and signified the ownership of her body with her. The woman's eyes closed with Harry working into her. The young witch breathed as her pussy hugged his rod as he filled and emptied her with a never ending loop of pleasure.

Lily felt him slide in and out of her, with the breathing go into her. His hands worked down her body, feeling the area between her pussy.

Her lips were so wet and Harry brought his fingers into them, brushing them up against his lips. The young wizard licked her pussy juices and then offered them to Lily. The redhead took them as Harry worked his dick into her.

He decided to allow for the next play as his mother's clear juices went all over his rock hard cock. The wizard pushed into her, with Harry cupping her breasts. He worked into her with Harry pushing in and out of her, with Harry going into her.

"I'm going to take your ass," Harry breathed as he grabbed her breasts from behind and Lily closed her eyes. "Do you want me to take your ass, Mum?"

Lily smiled and she mewled out in a whimpering voice, practically begging him with her eyes. "Yes."

"Say it, say what you want your son to do?" Harry asked Lily as he ran his hands around her breasts and she felt her cunt clench with potential pleasure.
"Take it, take my ass, take my ass!" Lily moaned.

Harry smiled, he was not about to let his mother down. His huge cock worked into her from behind. He stretched her ass out with Harry burying into her.

Lily worked her hands against the walls, as Harry plunged his hot prick into her tight rectum. Her nipples stuck out stiffing and Harry worked his fingers around her nipples. That caused heat to spread through her body, with Harry working himself between her legs. His balls worked against her thighs as she pressed against the wall.

The redhead lost herself to the desires, the pleasures, the utter erotic sensations that Harry brought into her, with his cock spearing into her tight rectum. His balls slammed in the side of her hips as Harry went into her, spearing into her.

"Oh, that's it, that feels so fucking good," Lily panted as Harry hammered her tight ass, working into her repeatedly.

"I know it does," Harry breathed in her ear as he plunged into her tight rear and worked into her.

"Yes," Lily mumured as she moaned and wrapped her fingers against the wall. There was a plunge of his cock going deep into her tight ass.

Lily's breasts pressed against the wall as Harry plunged into her from behind, working his hard dick between her lovely and ample cheeks.

His balls slapped against her thighs, with Harry working into her.

"About to cum," Harry told her and Lily's pussy clenched with Harry working into her. His fingers probed her pussy.

"Take my ass, cum it, mark me for your own!" Lily shouted.

Both saw stars as the steam surrounded them. He worked into her, thrusting all the way as his balls prepared to drain himself into her inviting bowels.

Harry's loins exploded and he came hard. He grabbed onto his mother, plowing her into the wall as he unloaded his prize into her juicy ass.

He saw the pleasure in her eyes and that really got him cumming hard. Several thick ropes of his seed splashed in her walls.

Lily cooed in contentment, and they continued their fun.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

"We do need to seriously plan out our day." Lily commented as she sat at the kitchen table, as they made their way through a large breakfast. After the strenuous activities that they undertook both the night before and in the shower, alongside being powerful magical individuals. They needed to be refueled so they could make the best out of the day ahead of them.

Harry smiled back at his mother, it was a slight teasing smile that tugged across the corner of his lips. "Aw, you mean having sex all day and all night isn't what's on our agenda for today?"

Lily offered him a flirty smile, with a gaze that dripped with seduction. "As enticing as that thought
might sound, we do have a lot of things that we need to do. We can't hide here forever. I'm going to have to announce that I've returned to the world, and that's going to require some doing. After all, it isn't every day that the mother of the Boy-Who-Lived comes back from the dead."

Harry offered her a pained smile, really wishing that she did not use that title.

"I thought you didn't really mind the fame?" Lily commented to Harry. "Even though the mask that you present to the world seems to not care or resent it. Due it being gained as a result of James and my actions that night."

Harry thought that much was true. He gave the aura that just wanted to be "Harry", but the truth was that he wanted to be anything but normal. Being raised by the Dursleys turned him off at being anything that was considered normal. If they were what it was considered to be normal, than Harry was not a huge fan of being such.

"The mask is something that I have to wear to make sure that people underestimate me," Harry told Lily and the witch smiled and gave him one statement.

"Fair enough, that shows why the sorting hat wanted to put you in Slytherin," Lily mused.

"Dumbledore seems to think that was because Voldemort put a part of himself in me the night he died," Harry commented and then he cringed. "You know? Voldemort putting a part of himself in me, it took me this long to find out how wrong that sounded. Which makes it even stranger that's the first place Dumbledore's mind would go."

"Yes, no kidding," Lily offered with a shudder, though now that she thought more about this, she couldn't help but wonder about what was going on in her son's head. "As you've likely figured out by now, Dumbledore and those who follow his gospel, have an extremely simplistic view of what good and evil is. To them, everything is black and white."

Harry smiled at his mother, listening closely to what she had to say. Quite frankly he could sit there quietly and just listen to her speak for the rest of his life with no complaints.

"Let's put it this way, if some nutcase tied up then raped and killed your family. You wouldn't be offering them a second chance. You'd want to make sure the bastard paid in kind," Lily said as she pushed her hands back and sighed. "There are a disturbing amount of people out there who white knight the murderous bastards as some unloved person who just needs a hug and some sugar cookies. But while some of them have serious mental issues, some people kill because they get off on it and they need to be put down."

Harry gathered that his mother suspected Voldemort was one of those people. Actually after his encounter with Tom's shade in the Chamber they both knew for a fact that he was one of those people. He watched his mother slowly lick the maple syrup that she put on her waffles from her fingers, making sure that she had his eyes locked on hers as she did so.

"If I'm going to take these people on. I'm going make sure they don't get back up again, I don't care how wrong people think it might be," Harry offered to her.

"Death Eaters wouldn't stop killing you because it's wrong, so why would you offer them the same courtesy?" Lily asked and Harry could not find any reason. "There is no prison in the world that could hold them if Voldemort wanted to break them out."

The problem was that the Death Eaters could be replaced. There was always someone who was willing to follow a cult leader like Voldemort for a little itty bitty teeny tiny bit of power.
"Dumbledore and his Order could have taken down the Death Eaters easily, but Dumbledore made them swear an oath never to take lethal actions," Lily said as she ate the waffles that were on her plate. They were good and cooked the standard way. She didn't like house elf prepared food.

 Mostly because she didn't like the creepy little bastards. That being said, it was obvious that if they weren't bound to a family, their magic would turn on them and destroy them. Something that certain people didn't bother to research before going on an overbearing campaign to free them from slavery. While she was all for implementing a way to keep them from being abused freeing the little bastards wasn't possible. "Thus they get picked off one by one. It's amazing how that worked."

Harry thought there was a tone of agitation in his mother's voice and to be honest, he could not blame her in the slightest. He sensed that she had some friends in this Order of the Phoenix who died because of this and saw a lot of death in her twenty one years of life.

"When Dumbledore finds out and judging by the time dilation properties, it should be an extremely long time before he finds out," Lily said to Harry.

"Well, that's Dumbledore for you," Harry commented as he watched his mother. "Do you think he manipulated everything regarding my life?"

"Well you don't live as long as Dumbledore without understanding a few tricks of a trade," Lily offered to Harry as she stroked her chin, more to give herself something to do than anything else. The redhead's mind was going a million miles a minute as she pondered the predicament. "I don't know what the old man's game is, but it's a dangerous one. That's how Dumbledore works, if his past lines up."

Lily added another statement as an afterthought.

"It may not be deliberate, but delusions might be worse than deliberate manipulation," Lily said as she watched him. "Given that he refuses to hear a bad word about Snape, it's obvious that he's cracked in the head."

Harry knew that Dumbledore claimed Snape switched sides and spied for the "Light" at great apparent danger and risk to himself. The only problem with that, was for all they knew he could have changed sides at the last moment and if he did it once he could do it again. It was quite obvious the Severus Snape would always do what's best for Severus Snape.

He could sense that his mother thought the exact same way as he did about this.

"Severus Snape is on no one's side, but Severus Snape's," Lily informed him as she ran her fingers back through her hair and Harry nodded. That about lined about what he suspected.

That was true, as much as she loathed to admit it, she knew Snape creepy bastard as he was, very well, and thus she liked to think that she'd have some kind of an insight into how the man operated. And he operated in a sense where he would sell out his own mother if he got an offer high enough.

Then again, given the Snape family dynamic and the fact Tobias used to beat him up like a red headed step child while Eileen did nothing, it was messed up all around.

Lily and Harry ate breakfast, both had a lot to think about but the aftershocks that were coming were going to be enough to rattle them all.

"St. Mungos is first on the list, so we can take a look at that. There's no way it should be as raw as it is so many years after you got it," Lily offered her son as she tapped his scar.
"I wonder if they can do anything. I keep being told that since it's a curse scar it'll always be like this....but I think that it's worth a shot," Harry said. There was something about this scar that made him feel that on some days his mind was not his own. "Will they blow the whistle on us to Dumbledore though?"

Lily smiled. "Harry, if you shove enough gold underneath the noses of the Healers, or anyone else in the Ministry for that matter, and they won't tell anyone, even if their lives are on the line."

Harry got the sense from his mother that there was a lot of greed at stake.

He wondered what his "friends" were going to think when he found out that he was gone from the "safety" of Number Four Privet Drive. Given their vague letters this summer, they could stand to be in the dark a bit. They deserved it and Harry was this close to cutting all ties to them.

For someone who preached about "needing to be united in these troubled times," Dumbledore sure liked to keep him in the dark. Harry hoped that all of the things that were adding up his mind didn't prove to be true, but it was becoming obvious that there was something happening in the background.

"The Ministry doesn't believe you about the Voldemort thing," Lily said and Harry looked thoughtful.

"It's time to use the Ministry's own broken system against them."

He had to look into a couple of things but a plan was forming in his head that would be worthy of Salazar Slytherin. The Ministry wanted to play games, well Harry was going to prove that Fudge was out of his league. He was only the son of one of the brightest females to ever walk through Hogwarts, he knew a thing or two about intelligence, even if the official records didn't reflect it.

"HARRY DID WHAT?"

The voice of Molly Weasley resounded throughout Number Twelve Grimmauld Place as she screamed at the top of her lungs causing Hermione, Ginny, and Ron to flinch in pain, as they were standing at the door and when Extendable ears picked up anything, they picked up everything. They were not the only ones to flinch.

Dumbledore was the only one who did not flinch at the screaming of Molly Weasley. He lived so long that he did not fear anything and Molly Weasley was something that he did not fear in any way whatsoever.

"He's gone, he ran away, doesn't he know....doesn't he know that he should have listened to you?" Molly asked.

Dumbledore smiled, but there were times where Molly's hero worship of him disturbed even him. The Headmaster's eyes twinkled as he watched her.

"I'm sure that we'll be able to find Harry before too long," Dumbledore said to the Weasley matron. Harry had a role to play and he needed to understand the need for sacrifice. Dumbledore thought that as long as Harry was alive, he was perfectly able to live a comfortable life.

"Well, you might not be able to find him, even if you look," Sirius said, he had a feeling that Dumbledore was saying some kind of half truth.

"Yes, Black, because Potter is a master of deception," Snape commented in a scathing voice.
"You know, I've been trying to cut down on grease in my diet, Snape. So if you don't stow the attitude, there's the door, don't let it hit you on the ass on the way out. I don't feel like having to sterilize it after," Sirius told him as the two locked hate filled eyes on the other.

"Sirius, Severus is…"

"On your side Dumbledore, but why did you think it was a good idea to bring him along when hunting for Harry?" Sirius asked to him. "You surely can't be blind enough to not see how much those two don't like each other."

"Now, Sirius, Severus is mature enough to put a grudge behind him," Dumbledore said in his grandfatherly I know and see all tone.

There was no question about it and Sirius wrinkled his nose at the thought of it. Severus Snape was not that mature and Dumbledore was that senile. A disgusted feeling twisted it's way through his stomach as he thought about Snape and Dumbledore.

"Dumbledore, I hate to tell you that I told you so, but I told you so," Sirius said to Dumbledore and the Headmaster looked at Sirius, with disappointment in his eyes.

He supposed that Sirius had a point, although he missed the point that he was trying to tell him. He did not want to let the Order know about the Dudley Dursley situation and he was quite disappointed with Harry as he allowed his cousin to have his soul sucked out. A poor innocent boy who did nothing to anyone had to suffer because of a moment of teenage rebellion. Dumbledore could not believe that such a thing occurred and he really hoped that Harry would have been more mature than that.

"I don't know why we're standing around here, we need to find him!" Molly yelled frantically with the same tone all Mother's used when they tell someone to "Think of the children!" That poor little boy was out there lost, scared and he could have been kidnapped. But worst of all he probably hadn't gotten enough to eat recently.

Molly felt that children shouldn't leave the house until at least they were twenty five or so, it was too dangerous for them to do so. They could get an injury and then who would protect them?

Sirius felt the urge to go use the toilet, head first, when he was around Molly Weasley. It appeared that raising seven children had caused her to lose her mind. Although given how Percy and Ron turned out, he supposed the apple did not fall from the tree. Those were the two that took after Molly the most, which was why Sirius was really truly amused by the fact she didn't see the latest situation with Percy coming. It was the same with her and Dumbledore, only instead of kissing the old man's ass, he decided that he liked the taste of Fudge instead

"The boy isn't in Diagon Alley, he wouldn't have found his way to Hogsmeade, and I know you have the magical sensors in the Ministry monitored," Snape told Dumbledore and the Headmaster nodded.

"This is correct," Dumbledore agreed.

Snape really hated that boy.

Ginny listened although she walked away from the edge of the door, with Ron and Hermione following behind her. Hermione was in a huff.

"Well, looks like Harry escaped the Dursleys," Ginny commented with a smile on her face as she could not resist saying the next few words. "Good for him."
Hermione nearly lost her mind at those words. "Good for him? Good for him!"

"Yes, Hermione, you know Harry doesn't like to be there. Well you should know in any event, as you're his best friend to the point where people think that you spent half of your time cleaning each other's tonsils out," Ginny commented in a sweet voice which caused Hermione to become scandalized.

It was not so much at the thought of being with Harry but the fact that any boy did not catch her interest. She only went out with Krum as a cover up for him, with them fabricating a backstory. Thankfully the scandal involving her, a Muggleborn, going out with the Quidditch hero would be far less than any scandal that came out about Krum's real sexual preferences. It would mean the end of his Quidditch career if that got out.

Ron shook his head, Harry Potter was Harry Fucking Potter, therefore he could do far better than someone like Hermione. He had to pat himself on the back for coming to that conclusion.

"Did you hear Dumbledore…?"

"Well I heard Mum, so she kind of spelled it out for us quite simply," Ginny said as she winced and rubbed her ear.

"It's Harry. I mean he's got to be fine, he wouldn't be Harry if he wasn't fine," Ron offered with a shrug. "I'm sure he'll be fine."

"Honestly Ronald! You're insensitive, you know that!" Hermione snapped in a shrill voice. Harry had no right to go off somewhere and not tell her. After all they'd been through, and after all of the times she helped him. She would have thought that he would have been more grateful.

Hermione was also stressing out over her OWL exams, which where ten months away at this point and it was not improving her mood any. If she didn't get anything but Outstandings, she might as well have failed everything, died or even worse been expelled. There could be no one better than her in any subject. The fact that Harry was better at her in Defense Against the Dark Arts and the practical application of magic, bothered the hell out her. But she figured that Harry should have something.

Given that he was an underachiever at best and he would have failed had it not been for her help. Hermione couldn't help but wonder if Harry had a developmental problem because he should do a lot better. There was no question about Ron and his many issues.

Ginny waited, she was curious of whether or not her mother would find out what her and Hermione had been up to. Obviously Ron would not notice because they were not on a plate and edible so Ginny had no reason to fear about that.

Ginny shook her head, her mother had planned out both weddings since her first year. She feared Harry and Hermione getting together to ruin her perfect plan.

Well that was not going to happen but a wrench of a different sort was thrown in the works. Ginny could not help but smirk at that thought. Her mother deserved everything that she had coming to her.

"Well, there's one thing that we need to do straight away," Harry offered to his mother and she shifted towards him with a smile as she leaned against him.

"What's that honey?" Lily asked to Harry as she sat in his lap and started to feed her son and lover strawberries. She popped them into her own mouth, took a bite and then pressed it into Harry's
mouth. Their tongues touched together with hot and sinful desire, dancing against each other as they shared the juices of the fruit between themselves that way.

"Well other than the fact that we need to make sure that there are no problems from you returning from the dead," Harry told Lily and she smiled as she draped her legs over his as she leaned towards him.

"Yes, that is a problem," Lily agreed with him as she faced him, their eyes looking into each other. "But I'm sure that there is an even bigger problem we need to resolve first."

"The scar," Harry offered to the redhead as she tapped his scar for emphasis and nodded.

Leaning back the young witch smiled at him. She thought long and hard about the scar, then did a bit of research. They had been in the castle for a month, although they did figure out by the display in the castle that less than a day had passed, if that had passed in the real world. She figured that by now, Dumbledore found out he was missing and there would be consequences.

"I've been thinking about what we need to do, and talking to Andromeda Tonks is the first thing we should do," Lily told him. "She's Sirius's cousin, she also works as a Ministry legal representative. Therefore she knows a few things about the loopholes that we can exploit to make Fudge's life a little bit more difficult."

Harry smiled, he was all about making Fudge's life difficult, especially given what happened. The Minister of Magic preferred to stick his head in the sand in his best imitation of an overgrown and quite pompous ostrich. Dumbledore might have been many things but he would not lie about the return of Voldemort. Although Harry was curious about why the old man did not work any of that Albus Dumbledore magic in order to make Fudge admit he was back.

For someone who was beloved by many, Dumbledore was unable or perhaps unwilling to play the game to make people believe when their lives were on a line.

Then again, trying to figure out what Albus Dumbledore was going to do was going to be a headache in a half. It made Harry want to bang his head against something repeatedly. Then again, that how Albus Dumbledore was. He was just someone who had made people want to scream in frustration with how vague he was. Hell, Harry couldn't remember a time where he'd ever heard him give someone a straight answer.

"We do have a lot to do and right now, St. Mungos awaits," Harry said as he traced his curse scar again.

To be honest, the scar did not sting as much after his nighttime activities with his mother, but he wanted to get it checked out. He wondered if Dumbledore had gotten him checked out when he was younger, although there was something that made him doubt it a lot.

Lily pulled on a nice black t-shirt that wrapped snugly around her ample breasts, which seemed to have grown a little bit more over night, but that might have been her imagination. She added a tight jean skirt to the equation and a pair of black thigh high boots. She added a layer of lipstick and clipped her hair back.

"You look hot, Mum," Harry said and she smiled at the praise from her son.

"You keep that up, Harry, and my head won't be able to fit through the door," Lily offered him in a teasing voice, as she bit down on her lip.

"Well I'm sure I'll find a way to make you fit," Harry told her and Lily laughed as she wrapped her
arms around him and gave him a blazing kiss.

Actually it was not technically a fireplace, in the traditional sense of the word. It did not require Floo Powder, in fact it was amazing even compared to other magical items, which was something to itself.

"I'm assuming that we just say the location and we'll be there?" Harry inquired.

Lily invited him to do so. The redhead's hair framed her face as she waited for Harry to touch his hand on the fireplace and he smiled.

"St. Mungos!" Harry yelled into the fireplace and he smiled as Lily and Harry saw the energy vortex open up. It was glowing rather brightly and seemed more like a portal then anything else.

He walked towards the bright light, as he followed Lily inside.

Harry had a glamor charm over his face, which prevented his most distinguishable mark from being seen by anyone. He was known by his scar which meant that if the scar was hidden, then he could take care of business.

The fact that he was connected to some snakeface crazy man with Daddy issues, that made the scar a lot worse.

"Hello," Harry said to the person at the desk. "I'm here to inquire about a specialist regarding curse scars."

"That's a very particular area to inquire about," the woman at the desk offered. She looked extremely bored, obviously just there to collect a paycheck.

Harry smiled. "Well if you're willing to point me in the right direction, I'm sure that I can pay you well."

"You better for such an inquiry," she commented rudely.

Lily frowned at the rudeness of this girl.

"It would really be a shame if you lost your paycheck," Lily coldly as she looked her straight in the eye and the woman offered a sigh as she popped the bubble gum in her mouth. "You can do this easily, or you can do this the hard way. The choice is yours."

The woman figured out where her bread was buttered and she picked up her wand, then tapped it on the edge of the desk. This allowed a series of files to appear. She waved her hand as she rolled through everything.

"Well, you'll find your expert up in Room Twelve, that's on the third floor," the woman at the desk told her. "If anyone knows about curse scars, she's does. She's been here a long time."

Lily hoped that this person was discreet, although she was not afraid to modify a memory or two if it saved a lot of lives.

Harry smiled, the moment of truth was at hand. For better or for worse, they were going to find out what they were going to do. Harry could not wait to see if this was checked out.

"Of all of the people who I expected to walk through my door, you were the last person that I expected to see," the Healer commented as she looked carefully at Harry. She made her way through his medical records, though they were very thin. The records from his many Hogwarts visits
were...lost in the owl post apparently, despite Dumbledore swearing that they would be sent. "Let me swear upon my magic, nothing that happens in this office leaves it."

The Healer knew all about Harry Potter. There were very few people out there who really did not know about him, unless they were sticking their heads into the sand for the last few years. She was an elderly woman, she had been here for a long time, which was pretty good for a Healer. It was not a job that was a long term one to say the very least and many had broke down under the stress.

"And you know that my mother has….”

"Returned from the dead. That's a curiosity, but that's not why we're here,” the Healer offered and Harry wondered if she saw so much, that pretty much nothing rattled her at this point. She looked to be the type who'd seen everything. "We are here for this matter. The mark that defines you. A curse scar, which is like no other in the world."

The Healer paused for a second.

"If you had been brought here to get checked out right after it happened, like was protocol. We might be able to deal with the problem easily but considering Dumbledore skirts around protocol, all of the time, I suspect that was too much to hope for," The Healer explained to both Harry and Lily.

Lily recalled reading the laws, any kind of dark magic was supposed to be checked out immediately by St. Mungos, no exceptions. Harry's curse scar was a weird anomaly to end all anomalies but still it left some kind of scarring influence.

"I've never seen anything like this in my life, there is only one magical signature that even comes close, but if this is the case, you should be dead," the Healer said.

Harry offered her a wry smile. "Technically speaking, I should have been dead a couple of times by this point. The killing curse just happens to be the first time it should have happened."

"That point is well taken," the Healer agreed as she placed her hands on the folder and flipped through it. She thought about the legend of Harry Potter. There was no telling how he survived the Killing Curse, other than he did. The only person who knew for sure. Considering she was set up the ritual in question that allowed him to survive, was Lily and she didn't seem inclined to offer any input on that fact.

"So, what is this theory you have?" Harry asked, he hated delays in regards to something like this, he needed to know now.

The Healer was about to tell him.

"Your scar has residue inside of it that is similar to that of a Horcrux," The Healer informed him and there was a pause as Lily watched, with a frown.

"A Horcrux…"

"The diary," Harry said suddenly.

He had to offer a brief explanation about the events of his second year involving the Chamber of Secrets.

The Healer frowned, once again another child that was supposed to be under the care of Albus Dumbledore was exposed to dark magic and was not brought to St. Mungos for some kind of prompt care. It was getting to the point where if he was not malicious, he was in fact quite negligent to say
"Well, that would be a Horcrux, but you've been more than possessed by a Horcrux," The Healer commented and she paused. "You are a Horcrux."

Lily's wand hand was getting twitchy.

"Is there a way to remove it?" Harry asked.

"Well, this really is unprecedented. A living thing is not supposed to be used as a Horcrux," The Healer continued as she touched her hand to a nearby shelf. If the living thing was the only Horcrux, it could mean that the person who created the Horcrux was a ticking time bomb.

Books appeared in front of her, scanning the titles she grabbed one, flipped through it and then placed the information in front of Harry and Lily's faces.

"Every now and again. We get a case of Horcrux possession where someone comes across an artifact of a long since deceased dark wizard," the Healer explained.

Black market books on Horcruxes were extremely popular and doing the ritual wrong, could cause the user to trap themselves within their own soul container, forever.

"What if we take this removal ritual and modify it slightly?" Harry asked Lily and his mother raised an eyebrow as she looked it over.

Yes, that could potentially work, anything could work with enough imagination put behind it. The redhead's face contorted with a thoughtful gaze.

It could really work, with Lily making the modifications. It was mostly charm work.

They would need five other females to make it work, and if she had someone like a Veela as part of it, it would be even better.

Lily smiled, she had some ideas, but it would take some time.

"I think I've got an idea," Lily told him and Harry couldn't help, but be intrigued but the hint of mystery in his mothers tone.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter.
Chapter Four: Alliances.

Now that Lily had the book listing the ritual of how to remove a Horcrux from an object, she could mull over certain things in her mind. It was amazing, if it had not been for the Horcrux that was in her son's head, she might not be here to share in his life. Yet, there was something that was really off about the Horcrux in his mind. Lily wanted her son to be whole again and she was certain that he felt the same way. So it was full steam ahead.

The two of them had someone very important to visit.

"We do need allies," Harry stated, as he closed his eyes. One could say all they would like to about Dumbledore and after the events of the final task of the Triwizard Tournament, Harry had to say plenty about him. However, for better or for worse, the man was more than well connected. "And this Andromeda Tonks….you say…."

"Andi is pretty good at what she does. There's a good reason why she was unable to take custody of you as your godmother," Lily said as she brushed her hair out of her face. "It has to do with that stupid blood relations act that the Ministry passed. Where all orphans had to go to their newest blood relatives. Even though you two are cousins as well, there was enough of a distance that they could send you to the Dursleys instead, since Petunia is my direct blood relative."

"Right, I remember reading about that," Harry said and he frowned. It was a law that was propped up by the brain surgeons of the Ministry of Magic to keep magical children out of Muggle homes. The wizard also figured that it was Dumbledore's legal justification for having him sent to the Dursleys and certain purebloods didn't fight it because they wanted a piece of the Potter pie.

Harry was not going to rant about someone abandoning him for reasons outside of their control like an unhinged brat.

"It goes without saying that there are parties who wanted to keep you secluded, and with powerful magic users, I'm sure that they could find ways block your mail," Lily said as she made her way outside of the garden. "So, I know that you get your temper from me."

"I don't have a temper!" Harry said hotly and Lily raised an eyebrow. "Okay maybe I do but still…."

"I'm going to please ask you to give a chance to Andromeda to explain. If she doesn't have an explanation that is to your liking, then say what you want to," Lily commented as she watched him. "But all I ask is for you to accept.…."

"Mum, I know. I'm not some emo bastard who goes off of rants, asking why no one hugged me as a child and whining about how much that my life sucked," Harry told his mother as he rolled his eyes at the very thought of being like that. "Shit happens, I get that. I'm not Snape."

"Good, I'm glad," Lily said with a smile, pleased to see that her son had his priorities in order. Though slightly disgusted he mentioned Severus. If there were some people who went through a quarter of the shit that he went through, they would be whining about their lot in life for the rest of their life. "So, we should call upon her."

"If she's home," Harry said.

"Unless things have changed, Andromeda works out of her home. She prefers to keep as little
contact with the Ministry as possible. She does goes in every Friday like clockwork though, barring an emergency," Lily said as she announced herself by knocking on the door.

The door swung open and there was a sight before him that took Harry's breath away. Standing before him was a tall woman with silky dark hair that framed her beautiful face. Her blue eyes took in the two people before her and her rosy red lips curled into a smile. She had an amazing bust, that was about DD-Cup. She was wearing Muggle attire, which was obviously a direct slap in the face to the pureblood idiots that she grew to loathe so much. She wore a tight black t-shirt that stretched around her breasts and a pair of jean shorts that were tight around her ass, showcasing her bare legs as well. The dark haired woman watched them with a surprised smile and there was one statement that left her lips as she surveyed them.

"Harry?" Andromeda asked in surprise or rather surprise at how much he grew since the last time that she saw him.

Harry took in the woman, he would have pegged her in her late twenties, if that, even though he knew she was up into her forties.

"Andi, it's...."

"No, it can't be," Andromeda said in shock as she looked at Lily with a surprise in her eyes. "You're dead."

"There was this incident with whip cream and cherries at my Bachorlette party," Lily told the woman with a smile. "We had a wild night and agreed never to bring it up in front of James or your husband….speaking of which how is he?"

"Dead, died a few years ago, mugging gone wrong in Muggle London," Andromeda breathed out as she closed her eyes. Her husband forgot he was a wizard or perhaps didn't want to get brought up in front of the Wizengamot on charges of breaking the Statue of Secrecy, despite the fact it would have been in defense of his life. Which had happened to many Muggleborn and half bloods after defending themselves in a similar situation. Purebloods on the other hand could get away with legalized murder. "Lily, it's you, I can tell it's you and your with Harry…..come in, I'm sure you want answers."

"Yes, a few," Harry invited as Andromeda led them into the living room.

The trio sat down, with Andromeda getting them a cup of tea.

"I don't even know where I want to start," Andromeda murmured as she rolled her shoulders back and offered a sigh.

Lily, in spite of herself, could not exactly remain silent. "The beginning is of good of a place as any for any story."

Andromeda smiled as she watched him. "It all started that night, everything happened too quickly. Myself, Ted and Nymphadora were on holiday visiting Ted's relatives overseas, so it was a bitch getting back into the country. We didn't do so until the middle part of November."

"Right," Lily commented, she remembered vaguely about Andromeda saying that she was going on a trip right before the shit hit the fan.

"And by the time that I got back….Sirius was in Azkaban and….well...Harry was sent off to them. Any attempts at correspondence that was not approve were bounced back," Andromeda said and then she remembered. "My attempt to visit ended with me teleported just outside of the so called
protections."
Andromeda consulted the notes she had made over the years.

"Dumbledore ordered one set of protections. The Ministry ordered another set, some rot about how
you were a national treasure. It's more likely that they wanted to keep you ignorant of the truth,
therefore no magical users were allowed to visit you until you were eleven and by that point….well
by that point, everything didn't go as intended," Andromeda said and Harry placed his hand on the
table.

"So, my childhood was ruined by a bunch of Ministry stooges, that's not surprising," Harry
remarked. He wanted even less to do with this stupid country and its stupid people running it now.

"No, it shouldn't be surprising and Dumbledore….well here's the thing about Dumbledore,
Andromeda stated. It was almost like she was trying to choose her next few words carefully,
extremely carefully as it turned out. The dark haired woman closed her eyes to the put where they
were shut tight. "He never does anything that one might consider to be overtly manipulative."

Lily smiled and she decided to chime in. "Yet his actions to protect people end up hurting them more
than anyone else."

Andromeda sighed and nodded in agreement. "Dumbledore thinks the best of everyone. Which has
caused him not to address certain problems….at least until they were out of his hands."

Lily and Harry knew that she was talking about Voldemort and that reminded Harry of something
that had thought about the time but with all that happened in regards to the Chamber of Secrets, it
had settled in the back of his mind and remained there until now. There was every indication that
Dumbledore knew precisely who Voldemort was but never acted upon it. The memory that Riddle
showed him backed this up. People always said that Dumbledore seemed to know everything.

Yet, he wanted to give people enough rope to hang themselves. Of course that ended up buggering
other people something fierce.

"I've got to prepare to take my lordship and then my NEWTs, because if I do, then the Ministry or
anyone else can't legally try anything with me, without ramifications," Harry told the two of them.

Andromeda nodded. She thought this was a sound plan given how much the Prophet was leaning on
Harry and trashing him. He needed all of the leverage that he could get to deal with the Ministry.

Of course, considering how stupid those idiots where. They'd probably still try something even
though it would lead to them being buried alive.

Cornelius Oswald Fudge had seen better days during his time at the Ministry of Magic. In fact, right
now he was in the pressure cooker to say the very least. He thought that he was going to ride a wave
of popularity all the way to the next election which was coming up in November. He had the support
of all of the old families and that was a fact that brought a bright smile upon his face.

Yet, he knew one thing and that was support was fleeting. In fact, support blew away faster than he
could ever realize and he was up a shit creek without the paddle.

Dementors, DEMENTORS attacked a Muggle neighborhood! Dementors attacked a Muggle
Neighborhood where Harry Potter LIVED!

Fudge engaged a few brain cells, not that he had many to spare, and realized one thing. Despite the
fact that he had tried to destroy Harry Potter's reputation at Lucius's urging, there was one fact that remained. The Boy-Who-Lived was still a household name that was beloved by many. He had all of his misguided fans, which was evident by the howlers that were sent to Fudge's office daily. He had an entire team redirecting them now. They were probably from Muggleborns and Halfbloods, therefore their opinion was of no real value, at least no one Fudge could be bothered to care about.

Fudge was not a man of Muggle religion but if he was, he would be thanking every deity that had been created or ever will be created for the fact that Harry Potter was not kissed by the Dementors. Politicians often joked about how this latest scandal was going to be the end of their career, but there was no joking about this.

If Harry Potter got kissed, it wouldn't be the end of Fudge's political career, but of his life. He wasn't just being overly dramatic about it either, Minister's had been lynched for much less in the past.

"Cornelius, surely this isn't your fault. It was just a couple of rogue Dementors."

Fudge turned around to see the infamous Dolores Umbridge. She had managed to earn her way to the top of the Ministry of Magic, well technically she was the Senior Undersecretary for the Minister, but it still counted. Though were rumors about how she rose to such a high position despite how thoroughly unpleasant she was that even he shuddered about.

"Surely, anyone would understand that you're doing an exceptional job as Minister," Umbridge commented with a sugary smile across her face.

"Yes, of course they do! Anyone could see that! But the problem Dolores! Is that people want to see prompt results. It doesn't matter what you did yesterday but what you did today," Fudge said this to her with the practiced bluster of a career politician.

Fudge felt like he was up shit creek without a paddle, as the Muggle expression went. He knew that people would start pointing fingers at him and if fingers were pointed at him, there will be some people who started to maybe think that Dumbledore and Potter were right, despite the fact that they were doing nothing but stirring up trouble.

Fudge realized what it looked like and it looked like that he tried to finish off a political opponent in Harry Potter. This may be the end of his career if he did not spin damage control really quick.

The Minister did not mince words often, he knew when he was screwed, and to say that he was screwed would be the understatement to end all understatements. No, he was not screwed, he was fucked.

He was so fucking.

A whore in Knockturn Alley could not be more fucked that he was right now.

"You know Minister, this is Dumbledore's doing, I wouldn't be surprised if he arranged for the Dementors to be sent there to Potter's residence to make it look like you tried to silence him," Umbridge said shrewdly.

"Dumbledore wouldn't sacrifice…."

"Cornelius, Dumbledore has tried to fabricate a panic to destabilize our world, do not….do not think of what he might or might not do," Umbridge remarked in a sugary sweet voice as she fixed her eyes on Fudge like a toad looking at a particularly juicy fly.

"Oh….."
Fudge did not know what to do. This would be normally the time where he send an owl to Albus Dumbledore and ask him for advice. Something like that was most certainly out of the question now and Fudge found himself lost without any hope in the world.

The Minister found himself in over his head mentally with more stress than ever before and he clutched his head within his hands. A migraine was beginning to manifest itself.

Fudge made his way down the hallway and Umbridge looked around warily.

All of the documents passed through this office. There would have to be a copy of the executive order that sent the Dementors after Potter. If this came back to her, especially with Amelia Bones on the war path trying to find out what happened, it would be the end of her. Umbridge could not blackmail enough people to get her out of this and even if she threw Fudge underneath the Knight Bus, it would still come back to her.

She reached into her desk and pulled out a file as a smile crossed her face. Cornelius was someone who was useful for the position that she was in. Still career politicians like him were a dime a dozen. She looked over the order that was in her hand, it had her signature all over it. Any forgery would be detected by a well placed charm so it would be easily verified that it was her signature.

"Do you need any help, Madam Umbridge?"

Umbridge turned around and saw that delightful young man with red hair standing at the door to her office. "Weatherby, yes, I do require your assistance."

Umbridge was careful not to touch the paperwork herself, to ensure that none of her fingerprints were on it. She carefully dropped the paperwork into Percy's waiting hands. He took it from her eagerly, placing his fingerprints all over the document. Thus, giving her another handy scapegoat.

"Dispose of that for me. It's a secure document that could destabilize the Ministry if it came to light," Umbridge informed him in her usual sickeningly sweet tone.

"It will be done, M'am," Percy said as he turned around and walked from the door.

Umbridge's eyes flashed with triumph, as her rapidly beating heart calmed down, thinking that the crisis had been averted.

She was in the clear and that brought a smile to her face. The nasty woman's facial expression became even nastier. A Muggle got his soul sucked out but she honestly did not care. One less inferior non-magic user to suck up oxygen. At least that's what she thought. It was Dumbledore and Potter fault anyway, if they had just toed the Ministry line, none of this would have happened.

Umbridge was a model of everything that a female pureblood of high breeding should be, if you asked her. She would tell anyone who would listen. She came from lineage that was some of the most amazing in the world and that really spoke of how pure her blood was.

Dolores Umbridge was not the only one who was basking in her moment of glory, no far from it. There was another person who thought that what she'd done was quite glorious. Her hands nearly rubbed together in thinly veiled glee and she wanted to mutter excellent as she held the paperwork that Umbridge had given her.

Thankfully, Umbridge did not have a clue. Her mother had taught her how to use memory charms properly since a young age and now she held the incriminating information in her hands that would bury Umbridge. If Fudge went along for the ride, then that was a nice bonus as well, although that was gravy on top of the downfall of Dolores Jane Umbridge.
The young Auror smiled as she made her way through the office to ensure that the documentation containing the order to send two Dementors to kiss Harry James Potter along with anyone else who had got in their way in the act and signed by the Senior Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic, Dolores Jane Umbridge herself, found its way into the hands of Amelia Bones.

That monster would get put in her place and it would be a sweet, sweet, victory when it happened.

"For what it is worth, I'm sorry about everything that's happened, Harry," Andromeda stated as she fixed her eyes onto her godson.

Harry couldn't help but ponder this, in another life, at another time, he might have flown off of the handle about something like this, but he knew the circumstances that caused him to live the life that he lived. All he could do from here was roll with the punches and see where life brought him.

"If you're going to apologize for everything in my life, then you'll be apologizing for a really long time for something that wasn't your fault. There's a lot of fucked up shit that's happened," Harry said calmly.

Andromeda raised an eyebrow and collected her thoughts before she offered one word. "Quite."

That might have been the understatements to end all understatements. If half of the rumors regarding Harry were true, well he did live a fairly interesting life to say the very least. The brunette witch could say that much without a shadow of a doubt. The woman's eyes locked onto Harry's and she had a wide ear to ear grin.

"It's true about the troll. True, about the Basilisk. True, about the hundred Dementors with a single Patronus charm," Harry confirmed. "And also, I managed to get past a nesting mother on a broomstick. How I did not get turned into a marshmallow, I will never know. Though, I did take a really big spike to the shoulder."

"Well, that just proves how powerful of a wizard you are," Andromeda said after she let out a low whistle. She tried not to make her comment seem too gushing, although it was hard to keep everything on the straight and narrow. The dark haired woman closed her eyes to avoid the adoring look that threatened to pass into them.

"Yes, it does," Harry offered to her, not bothering to keep the modesty out. "Then again, when you defeated a dark lord at the age of one years old. You really have a hell of an act to follow."

"Yes, yet somehow you're following it," Andromeda stated as she smiled. "Although there are a lot of people who do not think that you're living up to your potential."

Harry offered a crisp smile. "Would Severus Snape be a lot of people?"

"He may be," Andromeda confirmed as she placed her hand on his knee and looked at him. "Severus Snape has a serious depth perception problem when it comes to you. He and your mother were friends and he blamed James for stealing her away from him."

"I know. She told me as much," Harry said but that did not change anything regarding his own personal hatred regarding Snape. Honestly, to be fair it was more like indifference. He didn't care if Snape lived, died or was buggered nightly by Lucius, Draco, Dumbledore and Voldemort.

"Well, friends might not be the most accurate description. He was my stalker and I was young and naïve enough to take pity on him," Lily corrected as she showed up to join the two of them. "He never had any redeeming qualities. Sure, he knew a lot about the dark arts and potions for his age,
but anyone can learn about that with enough study. Just because you mindlessly retain facts, it
doesn't really make you intelligent."

"Well, I've never seen much of anything regarding his supposed intelligence," Harry said to both of
them and Lily and Andromeda smiled.

"The only reason the cockroach isn't rotting in Azkaban is because Dumbledore vouched for him,"
Andromeda informed him. "Snape is nowhere near powerful or influential enough to have gotten out
of trouble on his own accord. Dumbledore believes in second chances after all, along with third
chances, sometimes fourth, fifth, and sixth chances. It's why he allowed a known felon into the Order
of the Phoenix. A known felon I might add, who almost started another goblin rebellion with his
counterfeit gold scheme years back."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Whispers in the Ministry are that there was an attack on your former residence after you left,"
Andromeda informed Lily and Harry. "And your cousin…along with four others, perhaps more,
suffered the Dementor's kiss."

Harry let out a long whistle at that statement. Lily watched him very intently for his reaction and it
came out after a few seconds of thought.

"It's a shame that he was in the wrong place at the wrong time, but it's not like I could have saved
everyone," Harry stated as he pushed the hair out of his face and put his hands on his chin, stroking
it. "And, for some reason, since I disobeyed orders. Dumbledore and the rest of his Order, will try a
demonize me as the anti-Christ, because apparently I can see the future and shit miracles out my ass."

"Yes, that's unfortunate, and I don't doubt it," Andromeda agreed, she gave an extremely prominent
sigh. She wanted to shake her head in disgust but there was a part of her that stopped herself,
because it would not be dignified.

"So, you managed to figure out…..how to get your hands on certain incriminating documents," Lily
said as she watched Andromeda with a smile and the redhead could not resist adding. "I see that your
spy network is still as intact as always, but then again, you were always able to find a way to stay
well connected even though the Ministry was messed up."

Andromeda smiled at Lily. "Well, it's nothing quite that sophisticated, not really. It does pay to have
a daughter who can shift her face to look like anyone, including the Minister's latest lapdog."

"Ah, Nymphadora….""

"Who hates her name," Andromeda said wistfully before she shook her head. "I don't even
know….actually I do know why she hates it. Kids can be so cruel."

Harry did not have to use his imagination to see how people could make fun of the name
Nymphadora.

"She's supposed to be reporting back later tonight with some information that she got from the latest
meeting of the Order of the Phoenix," Andromeda stated and Harry looked at her.

"You know, there's a chance that Dumbledore could….""

"Dumbledore sees world from a very black and white perspective. Nymphadora was in Hufflepuff,
and thus she was never suspected and never will be suspected of any malicious wrongdoing,"
Andromeda said. In fact in Dumbledore's world, there were only two houses at Hogwarts sometimes,
with the other two being non-entities.

"She gives off a certain mask that will trip up Albus Dumbledore," Harry told the woman and she smiled with a nod.

"Yes, as long as she gives Dumbledore no reason to distrust her, he will blindly trust her because of his own preconceived stereotypes," Andromeda concluded in a firm voice.

"Very well," Harry commented, although there was a part of him that was looking forward to meeting Nym, as he started to call her in his head, though he might have called her that when he was very little. Nymphadora was quite the mouthful for a one year old.

A girl with those kind of powers, she'd have to be a boatload of fun. Harry could not stop smiling about the potential that a girl like that would have. In fact, Harry had a feeling that he was going to get to know her pretty well all things considered.

The wizard pushed his hair from his eyes and then stretched his right shoulder, offering the two beautiful woman before him a smile.

"Amelia Bones has had the material delivered to her," Andromeda announced.

Harry nodded, he knew Amelia's niece, Susan. Not well, but he knew her. She apologized to him profusely for the way Hufflepuff house acted during the Tri-Wizard, although Harry allowed Hermione to lead him away because he had to do homework. It was all about playing a role but the days where he allowed Hermione to lead him by the nose in an attempt to bolster her self esteem were done.

Although Harry wished that he did not because he wondered how far Susan's thank you would have gone. Oh well, he could find out later if he got the chance, after all she did have such a wonderful pair of Hufflepuffs.

"Ah, Amelia, she's going to rake Fudge over the coals and I'm sure she's going to crack open the case files regarding how you're being placed at the Dursleys was handled," Lily said with glee, almost wishing that she had a chance to see the show.

A smile crossed her face; the show would be something great, that much was for certain.

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Andromeda closed her eyes as there was a few seconds where the two of them looked back and forth at each other. She sat across from Harry and there were many thoughts that was going through her mind presently.

"You know, If I didn't know by now how stupid some of the old families were," Harry said to break the silence. There were people in the Muggle government that were not that bright either, but this was something that transcended all conventional forms of stupidity. There were laws there that claimed to help people, but Harry knew better.

If there was a really threat like Voldemort that came up, they would be doomed. There was no question about that. In fact, Harry was wondering about what Voldemort was up to, the man was lying low.

"Lily always gets the best out of people, then again, you are her son. So there should be no reason why she shouldn't get the best out of you," Andromeda told him as she thought about it. Lily actually managed to earn what she did, instead of assuming that she knew it all.
"She does, she really does," Harry said with a smile across his face. It was almost like he knew his mother his entire life.

"There will be a power vacuum that opens up with Fudge being taken down and if I know Fudge, Dumbledore might get pulled down by association," Andromeda warned him as she brushed her hair out of her face and sighed. "Although I do wish….

She paused and collected her thoughts, no matter how hard it was, she had to try. There was a huge problem however, she found it difficult to get her mind together.

"Yes, Andi," Harry said to her, as he smiled.

"I think that you're ready for your NEWTs, and if you get your NEWTs. You'll be able to collect your full Inheritance," Andromeda said as she offered him a soulful gaze.

"That's good," Harry commented, as he wondered about certain things. He was prepared, ready or not, he was coming for something, anything, wherever this world took him.

Andromeda had no doubt in her mind that Harry had a lot of untapped potential. In fact, there was even less doubt the more she stood here and picked his mind. There were people who would claim to have all of the potential in the world but there was one simple fact.

Harry had that potential and more. There were no limits to how far he would ascend in the future.

"You know most of what you need to know. Actually, you know far more than you need to know," Andromeda commented as she looked over the notes that Harry made. She thought that she would have to make a few corrections but much to her surprise, she did not need to correct a word. That was something about that which brought a smile to her face, she was not about to lie. "Well done, Harry."

"I aim to please," Harry said with a slight bow.

Andromeda's mind went wild. It had been a long time since she had been with another man and as a pureblood witch. She recognized the power that was coursing off of Harry. The wizard pushed a little bit of that power towards her.

Naturally Harry knew what he was doing and he knew the effects that he had on women. He would have to be completely blind not to notice the effects that he had on women like Andromeda. He saw something flash through her eyes and her skin became flushed.

"Are you okay, Andi?"

Harry whispered the shortened version of her name right into her ear and his whisper caused parts of her to become undone. Andi's throat clenched up and she found it extremely difficult to swallow. Actually, speaking was something that came even harder.

"Yes….yes, I'm fine," Andromeda panted, her voice quivered a tiny bit and Harry raised an eyebrow, leaning in closer towards her to close the gap.

Harry could see that he about ensnared the woman in his web, one more nudge and he would have her straight where he wanted her. It was all about timing, as his mother mentioned to him. His power needed to be stabilized.

"So, when's the last time you've been with a man?" Harry asked her in a whisper and Andromeda twitched, her eyes flooding over.
"I….um…beg your pardon," Andromeda managed in a stammering voice and Harry rested his hand on her bare thigh when he said this.

"When was the last time you've been with a man?" Harry repeated his previous inquiry to her slowly and without any hesitation as he ran his fingers up her thighs and this caused Andromeda to shiver slightly. He did not want her to have any doubt in her mind where he was coming from.

Andromeda tried to keep it together but his strong hand on her thigh, after not being touched in that way for so long. It made it hard for her to focus, it made it hard for her to even remember her name.

"You're tense," Harry whispered to her and he slipped behind her.

"Sorry it's just…"

"No, don't be sorry," Harry said as he placed his hands down upon her smooth shoulders, feeling the delicious flesh beneath his hand. He ran his hands across her them, stroking them tenderly with the palm of his hand. It was a delightful feeling and he wanted to make sure he felt every single inch of it.

Andromeda felt butterflies flap in the pit of her stomach and also a heat in her loins.

She wanted him, so badly.

Andromeda got up, shoving his hands off of her shoulders.

Harry smiled, the next play was hers. She stepped forward.

"It has been a long time," Andromeda admitted to him in a lustful tone, seduction dripping from her words and her tongue slowly traced the inside of her lip. "It's been far, far too long, I've forgotten, I've forgotten what it's like to have certain needs fulfilled."

She smiled at Harry, and gave him a lustful purr.

"Indulge me Harry," Andi said as she threw her arms around his neck and there was a few seconds where the two of them stood pressed against each other.

Harry felt her hot breath against his ear and her right hand now rested on his abs, inching lower.

"Indulge me," Andi breathed in his ear.

Harry indulged her alright, pulling her into a tight hug. The two of them connected with a burning kiss.

Andromeda felt fireworks go off in her mind as Harry pushed her back onto the bed. The woman's eyes closed as Harry had her back against the bed, her mind going wild.

Harry smiled as he pushed away from her, only long enough to pull her shirt off her body. He revealed her bra covered chest and he only had only word to say about this.

"You're beautiful," Harry breathed as he traced down her stomach and made his way down the skirt that she was wearing.

Andi shivered as she felt his hands get closer to her core. She spread her legs for him eagerly.

"I'm yours Harry, take me, make me yours," Andi begged him and Harry pinned her arms down against the bed.
"Oh, you want me to make you mine?" Harry asked her.

She offered a labored "Yes," which was all that Harry needed to hear.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry kissed Andromeda on the side of the neck, working his talented mouth all the way down the side of her neck. The woman closed her eyes, and felt the mouth of this powerful young wizard work down his body.

Each kiss brought fire through her body.

"Harry," Andromeda breathed.

"Relax, Andi, you're going to enjoy this," Harry breathed as he parted her legs and removed her panties. "And nice, you're already wet for me."

Andi closed her eyes, she felt Harry's fingers slowly brush against her. She gushed even harder when she heard the rumors of what those people with Parseltongue could do and she felt her thighs part as she offered a long breath.

He stroked the insides of her lips and Harry felt the arousal. He raised his fingers up and brought them into his mouth. His eyes closed over, with Harry sucking the tangy juices from it.

"Oh, tastes good, tastes really good," Andromeda breathed as Harry worked his tongue into her deeper.

Andromeda lifted her lips up off of the couch, with Harry bringing his tongue deeper into her. The woman's hips thrashed forward as Harry licked her insides.

"Damn, fuck, go, god, go Harry," Andromeda breathed as his tongue picked up a steady amount of momentum and he pushed deeper into her.

Andromeda felt her thighs get grabbed and Harry closed his eyes, using his tongue to bury deeper into her. He imagined himself talking to a snake for maximum pleasure.

The pureblood woman screamed as she felt Harry's tongue slither in her. It was doing things to her that she never thought were amazing. The woman bucked her hips up and Harry worked into her body, there was another jolt as she felt her quim being eaten out.

Andromeda thrashed as she thought that she was going to black out from the organism that Harry gave her. The dark haired wizard delved his tongue deep between her pussy lips, licking and suckling at them. Andromeda breathed heavily as Harry cupped the underside of her breasts, working her over. The woman's eyes closed tightly as Harry kept working into her.

His tongue delved even deeper than ever before and these actions caused the woman to become undone.

Harry removed her top and gazed upon her amazing breasts. They were perfect and round, not to mention high. Harry gave one of them a squeeze.

"Harry, I need you in me," Andromeda breathed and Harry kissed her down the neck, before stopping and nuzzling his face into the valley of her breasts.

"So good, I'm going to fuck your brains out," Harry told her.
Andi felt herself get extremely excited about that possibility. Her walls clenched at the thought of him being inside her, ravishing her, fucking her brains out like he promised. Her walls moistened and both sets of lips hungered for his meet.

Andromeda was hoisted up and plunged with his cock pushing between her walls. The woman closed her eyes, biting down on her lip as he stretched her out.

"Yes," Andromeda moaned as she felt her nipples stiffen and Harry captured one into his mouth.

Harry's mouth latched on her nipple, suckling her like a nursing babe as her hips worked around his probing penis. The dark haired woman was going to ride him into the ground. Her walls tightened around him and Harry grabbed her around the ass.

His dick speared into her body and Andromeda moaned hungrily as she felt her walls stretch out.

An explosion of fireworks went off through her mind as Andromeda rode his thick hard cock. The dark haired woman kept riding him kept bouncing up and down upon him. She was riding his dick hard and Harry enjoyed playing with her breasts as much as she enjoyed having them played with.

Harry explored every nook and cranny of the body of this MILF and that's what she was, legal definition, she was a MILF and Harry continued to fuck her brains out. She bounced higher and firmer on his thick cock, working her hips around him. Her moans intensified as she kicked things up a few more notches, riding his thick prick and milking him with her walls.

"Oh, ah, mmm, ah," Andromeda moaned as she rode this thick cock for everything that she thought it was worth and with the expression on her face, Harry could tell that she thought it was worth a hell of a lot. Her walls tightened around him as she bounced up and slammed down onto his rock hard cock.

Harry grabbed her breast and squeezed it, causing her moans.

Andromeda did not know how much she could take, the orgasm that rocked through her body. His hard dick pushed through her body and there was a lustful moan with Harry driving into her body.

Harry squeezed her tit once again and this caused her to go wild with pleasurable moans.

"Harder, oh yes, love these tits," Harry breathed as he licked and slurped them.

Andromeda was not going to say anything due to her current state of being fucked silly but if she could, she would say that these tits loved Harry as much as he loved them.

The sexy MILF rode his stiffening prick, working it between her legs. Explosive fire shot through the back of her mind.

Lily watched from the doorway with a smile, placing her hand on the top of her head as she continued to watch Andromeda ride Harry like a prized stallion. His huge cock speared into her multiple times and drove her to fits ecstasy.

Andromeda screamed and slid down, collapsing on Harry. Harry's face was pushed between her breasts.

"I think you broke her, Harry," Lily commented with a smile that crossed her face.

"Well she'll have to get over it, won't she?" Harry asked, pleased to see that his mother was already buck naked and ready for him.
Lily crawled seductively over the bed where Andromeda was laying now. She smiled as she buried her face into Andromeda's soaked cunt.

Harry watched, his still hard cock getting even harder as he watched his mother eat out the other woman. There was a few seconds where he paused and he saw his mother's ass swaying.

He did not even bother to turn down the invitation, Harry's hand dug into Lily's super heated mound, rotating into her.

Lily gave a pant and Harry dug his finger into her deeper, feeling out her insides. The redhead felt Harry's finger stroke her over and over again.

Harry pushed his finger into her even deeper with him digging his finger into her. The redhead pushed her hips back towards him and Harry smiled as he cupped her gushing cunt.

Lily's eyes widened but she kept eating Andromeda out. Harry plunged into her from behind and took her perfect pussy, slamming his rock hard phallus into her from behind. The redhead panted as Harry grabbed her around the hips and sawed into her from behind.

Her walls clamped around Harry's invading rod and he bounced back, slamming his balls onto her hips. He dribbled off against her hips and Harry breathed as he worked into her from behind. There were a few thrusts where he went into her hard from behind. The wizard's eyes filled with pleasure as he filled his mother with his super hard cock.

Lily moaned as she felt her son's cock push into her velvety walls. She gave a series of lustful moans and she kept munching on Andromeda's pussy.

Andromeda's eyes opened as Lily was eating her snatch, licking her. This brought back so many amazing memories that she could not even, no she could not even begin to think about everything. There was a sense where Harry wrapped his hands around Lily's thighs and drilled his tongue into her, licking out her insides.

Lily panted, lifting her hips, with Harry using his tongue to go deeper into her body. The redhead's pussy walls were cleaned out, pleasured by Harry.

'Ah, oh, yes,' Lily mentally breathed, cooing as Harry's tongue buried into her.

Lily pushed her face down into Andromeda's snatch as Harry rode into her from behind. He rutted into her from behind and Lily closed her eyes tightly, his balls slapping against her body. There was a heavy smack, smack, smack, as Harry continued to work himself deeper into her inviting pink hole.

'Yes, oh, yes, oh fuck, oh yes,' Lily managed mentally.

Harry could hear these thoughts, and he was encouraged to bring his huge dick deeper into his mother's inviting pussy.

He felt her velvety tightness wrap around him, with Harry working himself into her. He pushed into her and he placed his hands on Lily's back.

"Mmm, so good, so tight, fucking hell, you're so tight," Harry breathed as he rammed into her.

Andromeda moaned.

"Cum in her, oh then cum in me," Andromeda breathed.
"Go ahead, come in Andi, I'll take some from her if I'm thirsty," Lily said as she pulled back.

Harry pulled out of his mother and then shoved his dick inside his godmother's dripping snatch.

He worked his cock into her hard and Andromeda hung onto him, moaning heavily as his balls worked around her. He was balls deep into her and Andromeda closed her eyes.

"Cum for me, oh cum in me, oh yes," Andromeda breathed, she was on a potion, so she was not thinking of the consequences.

Harry smiled as he plowed into her one more time and then his balls tightened. He released his cum into her spurt after spurt.

_Smut/Lemon Ends._

Nymphadora "Don't Call Me Nymphadora" Tonks had been watching the entire scene from the doorway in abject shock.

If she could figure out what she saw she would be happy. As it was she broke everything down in her mind.

Harry Fucking Potter was in her house.

Harry Fucking Potter was screwing her mother.

Lily Evans came back from the dead.

Harry Fucking Potter was fucking his own mother.

Harry Fucking Potter was fucking her Godmother.

They were all fucking each other.

Tonks was pissed that she did not get invited and she was not getting fucked by Harry Fucking Potter.

And she really needed a cold shower right a
Chapter Five: Gratitude

Harry Fucking Potter was not going to lie; His life was turning around for the best. He was going to earn his fame, and on his own terms, not what was declared a group of slack jawed yokel wand wavers. Half of the time, it made Harry wonder if they had such low self-esteem that they had to latch onto an idol whether it be him or Dumbledore. Of course, how anyone knew about him in the first place was something that baffled Harry.

Then he remembered that Hagrid was the one who took him from of his parent's house and well, as Harry found out constantly, Hagrid and alcohol did not mix. Then again, Dumbledore might have done a better job to hush it up but it was obvious that for all of his talk of wanting to give Harry a normal life, he sure went out of his way to see that Harry was made out to be a symbol of some sort.

Harry shook his head, this world was populated by idiots but there were a few people that very nearly gave him some hope. At least more hope than he had at first. The wizard smiled at the thought of a world that was going to come apart because of one little thing and the incident with the Dementors was going to cause a lot of things to become undone.

Harry would be lying, if he said that he didn't think that they deserved a lot of the bad luck coming to them. The Wizarding World had allowed themselves to be a bit too complacent for a bit too long and Harry prepared himself for the next move.

"You're up really early."

Andromeda made this statement as she joined him. She was dressed in a thin black bathrobe that wrapped around her ample curves. Her legs were shown off and the top was parted enough to allow Harry to see a hint of the cleavage that she had to offer. The smile that crossed his face at that wonderful sight could not beat.

"Well, you and Mum didn't quite wear me out last night," Harry responded as he looked at the woman who smiled.

"I figured as much. You can go for a long time, which is going to cause you to be sought out. Mostly by females who don't have nearly the stamina that you do and won't until they hit their final maturity," Andromeda told Harry and he smiled.

"At the age of seventeen."

"Veela is of course the exception, as they hit their final maturity early, at the age of fourteen. Although they look like they are young children until then, it's a defense mechanism for when they cannot control their auras," Andromeda stated as she leaned back. "You know she owes you a life debt."

Harry smiled, Fleur owed him a life debt several times over, well actually once, if he wanted to be exact. She did owe him a debt of gratitude for saving her sister in the Lake. Then when he saved Fleur in the Maze, that formed the actual life debt between them.

"She's a Veela, that's good enough for me," Harry said, the thought of ensnaring a creature that was pure sex personified was very enticing for Harry. Actually it was more then enticing, it was something that Harry pretty much got off on, there was no question about that. The wizard prepared
himself for his next move, for his next conquest.

"So, tea, Harry?" Andromeda asked as she placed her hands on the side of her face and looked at her godson's face. The two of them looked deeply into each other's eyes, with smiles across their faces. "I know what you're going to have for dessert."

Andromeda paused as Lily was not up yet, although she heard some stirring in the other room. Still, this allowed Andi some time alone with Harry.

"I know what I'd like to have but sadly, business before pleasure," Harry said to the oldest Black daughter.

Andromeda smiled as she placed a hand on Harry's knees. She considered her words carefully before speaking them.

"That's the problem and you know that there's going to be a storm coming," Andromeda stated as she smiled at Harry.

"Dumbledore and his order, believe me, I know about that," Harry offered before letting off a low whistle. Boy did he ever know about that and he also knew the problems that were going to come from that. The wizard was preparing himself for what might prove to be an explosive reunion with the old man.

"Why are you going to do about Molly Weasley?" Andromeda asked her godson. "It's a little known fact that she intends for you marry Ginerva and have Hermione marry Ronald, so there can be one Big Happy Weasley Family."

There was laughter from Harry at that one, as amusement danced in his eyes due to some hidden secret he was privy too.

"Well, she's….she's in for a surprise then, I think in more ways than one," Harry said and Andromeda raised an eyebrow, but Harry was going to let her in on the secret. "Her daughter and Hermione have been in a relationship for at least a year, if not longer."

"Well that will make Molly's head explode," Andromeda chuckled, she felt really amused by the thought for some reason, but then again, she never got along with Molly Weasley and most self respecting purebloods didn't. Or most people who didn't have their nose firmly placed up Albus Dumbledore's ass either.

"I can suspect a rant about how it's inappropriate, just like what I'm doing is somehow inappropriate," Harry said to Andromeda and the woman nodded her head. "Hermione, doesn't think I know."

"Which was your intention," Andromeda said to him, picking up the hint straight away regarding that.

"Yes, that was my intention," Harry agreed to her as he picked up the cup of tea and drank it slowly. The fact that it had been delivered by a house elf made him think about another misinformed crusade of Hermione's.

Dobby had spoken with Harry last year, asking if he could bond with Harry and become the Potter family house elf although it would be in name only. The reason for that being was that house elves could grow very manic if they did not belong to a family. Obviously, all of the house elves at Hogwarts belonged to the family of who the current Headmaster was, but Dobby was a special case. Not properly accepting Dumbledore as his master, given that he held a debt towards Harry Potter for
freeing him from an abusive family.

"So, what happens when all the shit hits the fan?" Andromeda asked Harry and he smiled as he leaned back, sipping on the tea as he pondered his predicament.

"Good question, hopefully everything will turn out for the better," Harry stated as he kept drinking the tea and relaxing for a few seconds. He was not going to lie, he was not looking forward to many things that were going to happen in the near future.

Sooner or later, he was going to have to look Dumbledore in the eye and then the mask would have to come off.

Harry was willing to remove his mask if it served a purpose. However, he wondered if Albus Dumbledore was going to lose his if given a good reason or that he had fooled everyone especially himself. Dumbledore had grown so accustomed to having it on that Harry had serious doubts about some things. The elderly Headmaster had become the person that the world thought knew so very much and held all the answers, that Harry had to wonder if he'd had grown to believe all of the hype that people had built up around him.

"The Ministry is in a state of flux. So they have problems that don't involve trying to take you down, at least not right now," Andromeda informed him and Harry smiled. "Right now at least."

"Yes, right now," Harry muttered, shrugging his shoulders, then sipping his tea. There would be a few more things to do although he could get to them in due time.

"But, knowing Harry, he has something in mind that will help weather the storm."

Lily showed up, dressed in a pair of lacy red bra and panties and Harry had to admit, he approved of this sight. His mother looked like a treat, swaying her hips as she turned up and parking herself on Harry's lap, running her toned arse across his boxer clad bottom.

"Best seat in the house," Lily breathed out and Harry smiled as he nuzzled his face up against her neck. "I'm going to really go over the ritual today. But, I've come to the conclusion it would help if we had six females plus Harry."

"Right, power of seven," Harry agreed, seven was the most powerful magical number after all. Just because he didn't take every class and nearly drive himself to a nervous breakdown by using a time turner, didn't mean that he hadn't taken an extra curricular interest in his studies.

He smiled, there were a lot of rumors that he was not interested in the females at Hogwarts, but while that was true. It was more like with his powers, he would burn them out too fast. He thought about the sex that he required to balance out his magic and how his head was clearer now than ever before. The echo in his head that was Voldemort was less prominent as well, which made Harry mentally prepare himself for the next step.

"So, I've got a letter to send later," Harry told both Andromeda and Lily.

"That should not be too hard," Andromeda said but then she frowned. "I thought that Nymphadora was around here somewhere this morning."

Harry smiled, he could have sworn he saw the woman as well, but then again, she could be anywhere and anyone. Her shape shifting powers allowed her to blend into a crowd extremely well. From what he read about Metamorphmagi, they did not have a natural form, so asking one to see their natural form was worse than slapping someone's mother in the face. That was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Andromeda frowned as she wondered where her daughter went off to. She did not raise her to be this rude when a guest was in the house.

Lily had a grin on her face that she could not take off with any means whatsoever. "I think that your daughter might have got a bit of the Harry experience up close and personal this morning."

There was a few seconds where Andromeda's eyes widened and then she smiled.

"Well, maybe I should go to look for her, to see if she is still around," Harry said as he rose to his feet to search for the young Miss Tonks.

He was about ready to scope out another member for his Collective. The young wizard took a few steps towards the kitchen and made his way inside. He figured that he would get something to eat, after all the activities of last night had left him a tad bit famished, just a little bit anyway. The wizard made his way fully into the room and then got a sandwich.

Being able to do magic did have its advantages, on the other hand Harry did have it ingrained in his head how to make a sandwich the good old fashioned way.

He heard footsteps. For some reason, Harry always had sharp hearing; it allowed him to pick up on things that other people might not pick on. Harry prided himself on having this sort of sixth sense that allowed him to pick up on these things that others might not have been able to get a hold of.

Regardless, Harry turned around and saw her standing right there. She had short shoulder length blonde hair, at least she did today, that only touched down to that part of her body. She had an alluring pair of blue eyes and a pair of rosy red lips. She wore a white top that stretched around a large pair of breasts, she looked to have grown them to about DD Cup, perhaps much larger. Her shirt rode up as it stretched around these breasts, causing Harry to watch her with a smile. She wore a pair of tight shorts that wrapped snugly her ass. The two of them stared at each other as they took the other in.

"Wotcher, Harry," the female said as she leaned back against the closest wall, the fabric of her shirt straining around her breasts. She frowned, they seemed to be growing larger in Harry's presence.

"You must be Nymphadora," Harry said casually and Nymphadora Tonks glared at him.

"Don't call me that!" Tonks told him loudly and she was about to take out her wand so she could threaten to hex him with it, but Harry had her wand between his fingers where he twirled it ideally.

"Better keep your eye on the ball, Nymmy, you never know what might happen," Harry whispered in a low voice into her ear and she flinched as she backed further against the wall.

"Oh, really, is that a threat or is that a promise?" Tonks asked as she watched him with a smile but his lips were a few inches away from hers. She was not going to make the first move, she was going to make him make the first move because that was just the type of person she was.

'So you want to play the dom, do you, Nymmy?' Harry asked himself in amusement. 'I can play this stubborn game a lot longer than you can, girl, and you'll be begging for me to get in your panties by the end of the day.'

A flash of mischief went through the green eyes of Harry Potter and that was the kind of look that moistened the panties of every girl who had the misfortune of being caught up in it. Tonks backed up against the wall fully, the fact her back was pressed up against the wall. Well, that was the irony to end all ironies for sure.
"It's whatever you want it to be Nym-Pha-Dora," Harry breathed in her ear, stretching out the syllables and he teased a kiss but then he pulled away at the last second with a triumphant smirk on his face.

'You dick,' Tonks thought, she was going to have to change these panties now before she went to work. She tried to shake off the very vivid fantasies that were trying to poke their way into her subconscious; it was much easier said than done.

"So....it was nice meeting you, I've got a letter to write," Harry said conversationally to her, after having her pinned against the wall for what seemed like several minutes but was less than a minute really. He made sure to allow his crotch to brush against her wetness, before he pulled back from her completely and made his way from the kitchen his sandwich in tow.

Nym really was considering calling in sick and then pouncing him on her mother's table right now. The Auror department did not pay as much as she thought it did, especially for rookie Aurors so she still crashed with her mother, which pissed her off.

Not that she had a problem with people who still lived with their parents, but she just would have preferred that she didn't have to do it.

The blonde turned her hair a short brown and her assets into something more modest. Although, she figured that a short skirt and those assets would allow her to open a few more doors, but she would not want to go down that route. Plus, giving some of her co-workers in the Ministry, she would rather get in a snog session with the giant squid then touch them with a thirty nine and a half foot pole. She'd also seen a video from Japan that one of her friends owned, which seemed to indicate the Squid would be better at getting her off then any of them would be as well.

Harry smiled, he left his impression, he really did. Now he had a lot of other things other to do and the first was send a letter to send to a friend. He knew that she would be happy to help, hell the ritual that they were using to expel the Horcrux was loosely based in Veela magic. So she'd probably be even more intrigued by what he needed to talk with her about.

Working this into a letter, well that was something that was easier said than done but Harry enjoyed the challenge that was at hand. Beginning something was the biggest challenge of them all, but once again, he was about to step up to the challenge.

Tapping his quill against the parchment, he prepared to write out his request.

Working at the Ministry of Magic for over fifteen years, Amelia Bones had seen her share of incompetence. That was something that just went along with the job, there were going to be a few morons. This was the government that tried to pass stupid bills more often than most people changed their shoes.

Yet, this latest thing, this took the cake by far. Amelia could not even begin to think with how all of this was all agitating her and the woman placed her hand on her chin, rocking her head back with a frown on her face.

She could not even begin to imagine the incompetence required to do something this stupid and the woman tapped her fingers on the desk, as she went through the Ministry records. She would not be surprised if she got a visit from Cornelius Fudge in an attempt to delay the inevitable, likely with an excuse about not wanting to cause a panic.
Amelia sighed, Fudge really cared more about his own position then the lives of anyone else. If someone blew up the Ministry, then he would do everything in his power to make sure it was covered up for long as possible. Even after mass casualties.

When Black escaped Azkaban a couple of years ago. It was something that was covered up for a long time and the investigation was handled by a team hand selected by Fudge who overstepped his boundaries as Minister of Magic. Amelia was still trying to find the records of Black trail and she had found nothing, nothing at all. That made her start wondering about how it was handled. She was not about to give up no matter what and Amelia pressed forward through some more Ministry records, including the information that had been dropped right into her hand yesterday.

"Amelia, I need to have a word with you."

'Right on schedule,' the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement thought with a sigh. She knew that this was a meeting that was coming sooner rather than later and it was time to face the Minister himself.

"Yes, Minister, what is it?" Amelia asked as she leaned forward towards him acting casual and looking business like.

"You know, we don't need to get the Muggles involved with this situation," Cornelius stated to her, with what he thought was a charming smile but really just made him look like a leering pervert. He'd rather not deal with the Prime Minister any more than he had to. The man seemed very much annoyed with him last time. "It would be in your best interests not….

"Minister, I'm not getting the Muggles involved in this," Amelia informed the Minister of Magic and there was a sense that he looked rather relieved all things considered. That relief was going to be short lived as it turned out. "At least not yet, but there's something going on in the Ministry and your little scheme, whatever it is, is going to blow up in your face."

"Scheme? I didn't have anything to do….

"Maybe you didn't, Fudge, but someone in your office staff did," Amelia told the Minister and he took a step back. "And now I find out about the circumstances where Harry Potter was taken to his relatives, bypassing all Ministry procedures…."

"Now! I can hardly be blamed for that, that was Bagnold," Fudge told the woman as he pinched his nose with a sigh.

"And then there's the incident as of three years ago where there was an irregularity regarding his supposed performance of underage magic….."

"The boy was obviously trying to indulge himself in his fame, Lucius Malfoy assures me….."

"Do not talk to me unless you have an opinion that has not been force fed to you by Lucius Malfoy," Amelia snapped curtly. "I've noticed that there are several more qualified candidates have been passed up for government positions for those who have been recommended by Lucius Malfoy."

"Lucius Malfoy is a respected wizard. Surely, you cannot believe those rumors? He was under the Imperius Curse."

"He made donations to the Ministry two days before he was cleared of all charges, I doubt it's a coincidence," Amelia said dryly. "You have three days Minister."

"I beg your pardon?" Fudge asked, looking like a deer in the headlights and a rather dumb one at
"Three days, to give me the records of the trial that found Sirius Black guilty of his crimes," Amelia told the Minister, speaking slowly and clearly, as if addressing a five year old.

"I wasn't Minister then. Crouch must have had the records tossed out....."

"There would always be a record of the conviction notice, along with a transcript of the trial, and you will bring it to me," Amelia said waving off his excuses. Whether or not Black was innocent or guilty. That fact was irrelevant to Amelia, the fact of the matter was that she needed no doubt that he was guilty. To prove that, she needed to study the trial transcripts down to the letter.

Fudge looked like he was sweating like a pig in a suit. He was stuck with his back against the wall, unable to figure out what to do next.

"Black never….well...he never received a trial," Fudge stammered out in a small voice.

"Bagnold and Crouch I take it? Still, you knew this and yet still signed the order to kiss Black on sight, when there's small sliver, a chance that he may be innocent of the crimes...."

"Dumbledore said...."

"I would think given the bullshit you've been spreading, you've recently come to the conclusion that Dumbledore is not the most reliable witness in the world," Amelia said to Fudge cutting him off and then she flipped through the notes that she had. "If he said that Black was guilty, gave his evidence without a trial, fine. Yet, you seem to think that Dumbledore is mistaken about He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named having returned."

Fudge nodded stiffly, although he was trapped in the corner that he was trying desperately to crawl out of.

"You don't believe that he has returned?" Fudge questioned breathlessly, he was fearful of the possibility that Dumbledore and Potter could be right. He managed to silence that voice in the back of his mind. He had to be right, he was always right, he was the Minister of Magic.

"A body was never found," Amelia reminded him in a sharp voice and that was a statement that said everything regarding this problem, as far as she was concerned.

"Truer words have been never spoken."

The clunking of a wooden leg could be heard and Mad-Eye Moody showed up, with a wide grin on his face.

"Moody, what are you doing here?" Fudge asked him.

"I've been brought out of retirement. It isn't as cracked up as they said it would be," Moody growled as he placed his scarred hands on the wall, as he looked at Fudge with his magical eye. "Seems to me like the Ministry's in deep shit, rogue Dementors running around.....which is strange given that the Dementors have been bound to the will of the Ministry for a long damn time, although a strong wizard like Lord Voldemort could override it."

"He's dead," Fudge breathed. "Dumbledore said...."

"So you only believe Dumbledore when it's convenient? Well that's interesting, very interesting in fact," Moody said as Fudge took a step back, feeling like he was being tried, judged and found
wanting.

Fudge knew that he was in deep shit now, not that he wasn't before. The Minister of Magic felt his confidence fade although Moody did that to a guy.

"This investigation begins now, Cornelius," Amelia told him firmly. "The Heads of Department have been informed. We will find anyone who has been involved in mass cover ups, dating back to October 31st 1981 and beyond."

"I'm the Minister of Magic," Fudge argued and he was about to add that the people served him, not the other way around, but he was cut off.

"Aye, lad, but don't forget who put you in that cushy little seat," Moody commented as he looked at him with his magical eye and a gnarled finger pointed towards him.

Fudge thought that this was not over, but he was hard pressed to argue with these two formidable forces.

He could not help but think that there were going to be a few changes and he was not going to like any of them.

Amelia smiled, she could see Fudge sweating like a pig in a furnace, and it was time for him to learn that just because he was the Minister of Magic. It didn't mean that he was above magical law.

Harry smiled as he looked over the information in front of him. The Potter line and the Black line owned majority share of the Daily Prophet, along with several other magical newspapers. There were going to be a few changes made for the better now that he knew that fact.

That could happen later, right now, Harry was waiting for a special guest. He sat at the edge of the common room in the Leaky Cauldron. He had a charm up that would make it so no one that he didn't want to would recognize him. He was good enough at blending into a crowd when he wanted to and now there was nothing more that he wanted than to blend into this crowd.

Although, giving those people, he figured that this was the last place that they would look for him. Harry actually was counting on their mass stupidity in thinking that he would be hiding out in the Muggle World, likely like a lost and helpless little lamb.

The wizard smiled as he saw the young woman he was waiting for show up and what a sight she was.

Actually calling her a radiant sight might be understating her beauty, but perhaps Harry was being a bit too forward with the situation. Regardless, he saw the blonde standing there in all her glory. Her silvery blonde hair framed her glorious face and brought a smile to Harry's. The wizard saw her radiant blue eyes burn with passion and men would get a nose bleed just by looking at her.

Then again, why wouldn't they? She had perfectly firm and large breasts that were at least a DD Cup size, and a flat and toned stomach. She'd developed the perfect hourglass figure and a tight ass that could stop people in their tracks. That black top and choker that she wore, along with the fingerless black gloves stood out in the magical world. Her nails were painted red. She had long and gorgeous legs that were completely flawless, showed off by the tight black micro-mini skirt that she wore. Her legs were covered in fishnet stockings and boots that covered what he was sure was a sexy set of feet.
"Harry, it's good to see you," Fleur purred, deciding to drop that facade of a French accent, which proved that she trusted him enough to remove that mask.

"Good to see you, Fleur," Harry said as she threw her arms around him and kissed him firmly on the cheek. Her lips burned against it as tingle spread through his body where they touch, which would cause hormone overload for normal wizards. Hell, Ron nearly blacked out after Fleur gave him a tiny peck on the cheek, not the full blown kiss that she gave Harry now.

"You do realize that the entire Order is out looking for you, don't you?" Fleur whispered to Harry and he smiled towards the French bombshell.

"Yes, although they'll never find me," Harry offered to her. "I'm pretty good at Hide and Seek."

"I've noticed," Fleur said, she heard rumors about where Harry might have been, but she was shocked that he trusted her enough to talk to her. "So.....why did you...."

"I have a pretty good idea when I can trust people and when I can't trust people," Harry told her and Fleur nodded in response. "Although with you, it took a while for me to get over that little boy crack."

Fleur looked sheepish. Which, was a very different type of look for the Veela. "Well, I'd been preparing for the tournament for two years, so it was a shock that Harry Fucking Potter of all people was competing in the tournament. I mean, you're kind of a hard act to follow."

"What about Krum?" Harry asked Fleur and she shook her head.

"Flavor of the month, not that good looking at all. He could have women fall in front of him naked and he wouldn't bother to notice," Fleur stated calmly. "We are very much alike, in some ways. People don't bother to look past the surface, past their own expectations that they have of us. Which is their mistake."

"Yes, that's a common blind spot with some people," Harry said as he looked at the young woman in the eyes. "I need your help."

Fleur look surprised and she offered him a teasing smile. "Oh? The great Harry Potter, he needs my help of all people!"

"Fleur," Harry told her and Fleur smiled at him. "There's something....a ritual...that I need to undergo to tap into my full power and hopefully rid the world of Voldemort, once and for all."

"That sounds like a noble endeavor but why do you need my help?" Fleur asked him and Harry smiled.

"It has to involve me having sex with a bunch of hot women to expel the piece of him that he left in me," Harry told Fleur and the woman watched him, raising an eyebrow.

She paused for a second although to be honest, she was hoping that Harry would ravish her last year. Sadly, he had been around that snooty bookworm all year round, who obviously thought that she was better than Fleur. Then again, most girls were jealous of her, despite Fleur never having done anything to them. But this girl in particular had a lot of insecurities that Fleur hoped that she would resolve in due time, or she'd have a very miserable and lonely life until she wasted away to nothing in a library clenching a book to her chest.

"You know, Harry, if you wanted to get in my panties, I'm sure there was an easier way to do so, if you'd just asked last year," Fleur told him with a saucy smile and a wink.
"Fleur, I'm being serious," Harry said as he narrowed his eyes.

"I know, so was I," Fleur responded as she shifted her weight a tad.

"Of course, you might not be up for it," Harry told the young blonde and Fleur watched him with narrowed eyes of her own, slightly annoyed by the implication he was making.

"Oh, you think that I might not be up for it, maybe a demonstration is in order?" Fleur asked him, enjoying a challenge.

'Yes, maybe, if you think you can handle me," Harry said as he scooped Fleur up in his arms bridal style and disappeared with both of them.

Fleur's eyes widened as she was sat down onto the ground.

"Since when could you apparate?" Fleur asked him and Harry gave her a smug grin.

"Since I was like eight?" Harry told her, and Fleur watched him with a baffled expression on her face. "Oh c'mon Fleur, I survived the Killing Course, I created a Patronus at thirteen, I threw off the Imperius Curse at fourteen, why couldn't I have learned how Apparate before I even went to Hogwarts?"

Fleur offered him a grin and she looked at him. "Touche, Mr. Potter, Touche."

"Yes, I figured that was coming," Harry told the young blonde bombshell as he locked his eyes onto hers. "So are you ready for this one?"

"I was born ready," Fleur purred as she slid down to her knees in the bedroom. She had dreamed of Harry forcing her down to her knees before him, making her his slave.

"Let's start with these beautiful things," Harry stated to her with a smile as he stared at her top before pulling it from her body. "And no bra, it's almost like you had this planned."

"Let me please you, Master," Fleur begged with a pleading motion in her eyes as she scooted forward.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Fleur wrapped her hand around Harry's tool in one swift motion, slowly working it up and down and she swayed to the side, allowing her tits to sway.

"Oh, take those tits, and fuck me," Harry breathed as Fleur pumped her fist up and down him. Then she licked her tongue around the head of his member.

"Oh, you want that, well you've got that, I'm going to please you, master," Fleur purred lustfully at him and Harry pushed her down upon the ground. His cock slid between her ample tits.

Fleur closed her eyes tight, this was what she wanted, oh Merlin this was what she wanted all along. Harry rammed into her tits with several hard thrusts and she whimpered in pleasure as he fucked her breasts like he owned them.

Harry sped up the actions as her moans encouraged him. He loved her supple mounds. He realized that given her firmness and her heritage that she had, she could be young and fit for hundreds of years. And that's what Harry liked about it.

"Damn baby, work that pole, oh yes, that's so hot, I'm going to pound you all night long," Harry
grunted as he allowed several long strokes in between her breasts and that caused her body to heat up with pleasure.

"Longer, oh please, longer!" Fleur shrieked as she felt all twelve inches of Harry's rock hard dick fuck her huge tits. Most grown males could not boast of an endowment.

This was the most she ever did with a male, all other males in her age group blacked out when she barely touched their hand. They were weak, they were little boys, unlike Harry.

"Say that I'm not a little boy," Harry growled as he pinned her down and pistoned his penis out of the valley that was her cleavage. She captured his cock with a lustful suck, but Harry slowed down. "SAY IT!"

"You're….not a leetle boy," Fleur moaned as she felt juices pool down her thighs and she wondered when her panties and skirt were ripped off. She was too blinded by her lust to notice.

"You're not a leetle boy, what?" Harry asked her as he rubbed the head of his cock against her stiffening nipples.

"You're not a little boy, master," Fleur mewled as he once again rammed her tits hard and she was losing it. She shrieked as he sent little bursts of magical pleasure between her legs and caused her pussy to burn with amazing delight.

Her pussy burned with pleasure as he rammed her hard. He kept assaulting her tits.

"I'm going to shoot my load on your tits," Harry grunted as he sped up his thrusts between her amazing globes.

"Yes, make me….make me yours, master!" Fleur moaned hotly.

Harry stretched out her torment a little bit more but then he sped up ramming her breasts over and over again.

Fleur was determined to shower in his heavenly cum and sure enough, she did not have that long to wait. She had an orgasm just thinking about it, without touching herself.

Being a Veela who could not touch anyone and having backed up sexual energy was a bitch but now she had someone to release it with.

He kept jack hammering her tits as hard as he could. His balls tightened and he sent a huge stream of cum onto her. It was like a rocket that sent his juices spraying onto her luscious tits.

Wizard's cum was extremely thick, it splattered against her body, covering her delicious melons. She was showered in his cum and she moaned lustfully as Harry drained his balls onto her chest.

Harry's cum was thick and Fleur felt recharged and hornier than ever. She was swimming with primal, animalistic lust, imagining that work of hard ravishing her.

She could not wait for Harry to get hard, rather she pounced him, sinking herself down on his dick, rubbing her super wet slit onto him.

Harry used a surprising amount of strength to reverse their positions and pushed her back onto the bed, still inside her. His dick grew harder in her and he pulled out and then slammed into her, causing her hips to spasm with the most powerful orgasm she ever experienced.
"GOD!" Fleur shrieked at the top for lungs as Harry clamped his mouth on one of her nipples, licking and suckling on it.

The Veela sunk her nails into the back of the man, a move that would rip a normal man apart with her strength. However, Harry was anything but normal, his cock slid between her wet walls and Harry rammed his length deeper into her.

She made sure his cock did not stray too far into her as he rode her into a primal mewling mess.

"GOD!" she shrieked again as his member pummeled her.

"Why yes I am," Harry told her as he cupped her breasts and slowly tormented her, slowing down his thrusts to a crawl. He stalled for a moment and caused to her to whine.

Then he returned to her pussy ramming the Veela into the bed.

Nym watched from the door, hearing the moans of the young woman and she felt a powerful blast of sexual energy go to her. This caused her nipples to get extremely hard on the other side of her shirt.

Fleur was moaning, reduced to a mewling mess as she hung onto Harry's neck. All she was driven by was the need for sex and the desire for his cock that penetrated her.

Harry smiled as he felt her slick walls caress his member and Harry heard her moans. He worked himself into her as she cursed in at least three different languages and all of them sounded hot.

"So wet, and you belong to me," Harry growled as he pinned her arms back and pummeled her pussy with his huge strokes.

"YES, YES, MORE, MORE, MORE!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs.

Thrust after thrust, ticks of the clock, and each orgasm that she suffered actually caused his stamina to heighten, rather than disappear. He would wrap up this dance when Harry chose it.

"You belong to me, I'm going to take that sweet, sweet, pussy, and fuck it into the night," Harry breathed as he groped her tits. "You'd like that wouldn't you, dirty girl?"

"Yes, oh yes, oh yes," Fleur panted, begging for Harry's cock to go deeper into her. The woman hung onto him and his thick dick slid between her walls, ramming swiftly into her.

Fleur's body had erotic overload as the power of Harry Fucking Potter overwhelmed her, made her body become overloaded by pleasure and she needed more. She craved his cock, she was addicted to it.

"I want to ride you, please me ride you," Fleur begged him. "Please master, let me ride you."

Harry rolled over and allowed Fleur to slide onto his throbbing cock. She started to bounce up and down on him, working her hips down onto his. Their two organs clashed together in the age old dance of lust.

Fleur squeezed her tight walls around him, moaning and cooing as she bounced up and down upon him, driving her hips down upon his shaft. He returned fire by spearing up into her.

"So fucking hot," Harry grunted as he stroked her stomach and she whimpered even more amazingly.

"Oh, yes, oh Harry, oh, yes, oh, ah," Fleur moaned as Harry worked his thick dick into her and she
rode him.

"Faster, faster, really work me, oh that's it baby, that's it!" Harry groaned as she rode him like a blur.

Fleur rode Harry as fast as he could, her walls snugly tightened around him. She lifted him up and slammed her juice box down onto his tool. Her vaginal muscles milked him as he thrust up into her.

"You belong to me, ride me," Harry commanded her as he cupped her tit and roughly groped it which caused her to shriek out in primal lust.

"Yes, master, please master, pound my pussy," Fleur begged him as he thrust up into her and each thrust brought about new sensations in her mind.

Harry held her waist as she rode him cowgirl style and the blonde moaned as she was reduced to nothing but a drooling mess. Harry's dick felt so good pressing into her body, up against her womb.

"About to cum," Harry growled at her, and Fleur closed her eyes.

"Cum in me, cum in me!" Fleur chanted as she pushed her hips down onto him, squeezing his cock and her body would burn up if she did not get his powerful seed inside her soon.

Harry slowed down for a moment and Fleur tried to use her walls to encourage him to go faster but she found her body was not responsive.

He caused her to orgasm with a mind shattering force and her thighs felt extremely hot, with only the thrust of his manhood making her feel better.

Fleur screamed as she lubricated him with her wetness. His dick rammed hard into her dripping hot pussy.

Nym was in the corner, furiously pumping her fingers into her cunt. She was wearing nothing but a lacy pair of bra and panties. Her hair rapidly changed different colors as she pumped herself at different speeds.

She did not know that her powers did that when she was in a heightened state of arousal, but she figured that there was a first time for everything.

Fleur rode Harry, trying to milk him to an orgasm. She milked him strongly and hugged his cock with her strong walls. He sought her heat and hammered her, hard. Her eyes flooded with even more lust as she did not even notice that they changed positions. One second she rode him and the next second she was not.

Magic appeared to be the likely culprit.

Harry had her on her hands and knees before she could even blink and then ropes bound her. The ropes were tight against her nipples and pussy and this caused Fleur's mind to fly into overdrive for sure.

His cock brushed against her dripping entrance and pushed into her from behind, which caused Fleur to squeal in delight at this new angle that Harry explored.

The wizard speared himself deeper into the blonde and she clutched onto the bed sheets, closing her eyes. Harry hammered into her from behind, his thrusts getting more prominent as he hammered her dripping cunt from behind. The blonde's panting escalated to a new level and Harry kept hammering her tightness as he pushed out of her and worked out of her.
The blonde clutched the edge of the bed and her nipples were erect in pleasure as Harry was like a blur, fucking her at the speed of light from behind.

"Now, ready," Harry breathed hungrily in her ear which gave her another orgasm just because of her words.

Fleur closed her eyes, she knew that once Harry came in her, she would be his forever and that was something that she was perfectly okay with. The ropes tightened around her nipples, making her even more horny as he invaded her sexy body.

His cock burst and he shot a huge load of cum in Fleur's inner chambers, her body accepting him as her mate. He emptied the contents of his balls, sending his powerful seed into her insides.

It caused her body to heat up with unbridled pleasure and she dropped in a drooling state, her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Harry left Fleur a drooling mess on the bed, but he was still hungry for more.

He saw Tonks in the corner, cornered, and he could smell her arousal. A predatory grin spread over his face as he saw her look up at him. Half of her expression swam with lust and the other half looked like the little girl who had been caught by her mother nicking cookies from the cookie jar.

Only this time, instead of being caught by her Mother. Nymphadora Tonks was caught with her hand in the nookie jar by Harry Fucking Potter.

**To Be Continued.**
Chapter Six: Experimentation.

Harry Fucking Potter offered a predatory smile towards Nymphadora Tonks. The young witch having found herself backed into a metaphorical corner after he'd caught her playing with herself in the aftermath of his session with Fleur.

She could not be more than five or six years older than him, yet he towered over her, in more ways than one. Right now, her hair was a bright red, which he figured was better then her face turning red. It was not so much that she was embarrassed by the state that he'd found her in, but rather, that she was caught in said state.

"Well, well, well," Harry commented with a smug smile as he fixed his eyes onto the woman, whilst wiggling his finger mockingly. "Someone's been a naughty voyeur."

"No, it's just...you know what...this is my room!" Nym yelled as she finally found her voice, it had been caught up in the back of her throat until now. She tried to stand a bit taller in an effort to look intimidating, even though the look that Harry was giving her slightly undressed body was causing no lack of shivers to runs through her body.

"Oh, is it? I hadn't noticed," Harry asked the woman as he placed a hand on the side of her face and she glared at him, her eyes burning with firm determination.

Trying to collect herself she managed to choke out one more statement, even though she was about to lose this one and badly. "Yes...yes, it is....YES IT IS!"

It was then that Nym realized that Harry had both of his hands on either arm of the chair and she was boxed in. They weren't about to touch her thighs yet, although they were about to come very close to doing so. Her eyes shifted into a lustful shade of violet and that's when she shifted her eyes so that she was looking into the side mirror. She doing her best to look anywhere she could except for Harry's eyes. Knowing that if she did, she'd melt in a pool of unbridled lust. The young woman closed her eyes, before she swallowed then took in and out a deep shuddering breath.

"So, you've been naughty and spying," Harry whispered as he rested his hand on her soft bare thigh. Given her powers though, she could make her skin as soft or rough as she wanted to.

"I....I wasn't spying, I just....was caught off guard," Nym murmured hotly and Harry gave her one of those looks. Nymphadora Tonks really wished that Harry Fucking Potter was not giving her one of those looks right now, because it was something that distracted her a lot.

She felt her nipples stiffen until they were diamond hard and her center burn with lust, as Harry placed his hands on her knees and ever so agonizingly slowly edged them upwards along her bare skin.

"Oh, you were caught off guard, were you?" Harry asked, his tongue making a nice pop at the word "you" as he waited for her to make a move. He took her wrists into his hands gently as a way to indicate that he was the one leading this dance.

Nym felt a pulse of heat rise up between her legs. *This*...this...was legalized torture, no question about it. She closed her eyes, trying to return herself back to reality. Trying to grab onto some focus, any focus, something that would allow her not to lose herself to the age old feeling of lust.
She was pushed back against the chair, squirming a bit as she clenched her legs together. He was still naked and she was mostly uncovered.

'Oh sweet Morgana,' Nym thought to herself as she felt her breasts ache. She needed something, anything, she would do anything to feel some relief. There was a gaping hole between her thighs that needed to be filled in the worst way possible.

She was pretty sure she never stuffed anything that big inside herself before, so it was going to hurt.

'Damn it, are you a Metamorphmagus or not? You can make it fit!' Nym reprimanded herself mentally.

Harry smiled; He could hear her muttering to herself with his sharp hearing and he could smell her arousal from a mile away. He was like a jungle cat, stalking its prey, his instincts telling him that she desperately wanted this. The woman's eyes flooded over with unmistakable lust and Harry had her trapped in a corner.

She finally gave in, as something in her mind snapped. She threw her arms around him and pushed her lips onto his in an amazing kiss. The young Auror determined to shove her tongue down his throat as far as it would go and practically strangle him with it. She closed her eyes tight and felt the rush, along with his hands as he groped her young and perky breasts.

'Damn! Oh damn,' she mentally murmured, her chest rising and falling as Harry worked her over. There was no question about it. He was giving her everything that she needed and then some more.

Harry smiled, her lips tasted like strawberries, well her upper lips did, there was no telling what her lower lips would taste like until he tried them for himself. He idly wondered if she could alter her body to taste like anything that she wanted to. Give her powers, Harry figured that the sky was pretty much the limit for her and the possibilities were endless.

Harry lifted the young Auror up out of the chair turning deposited her onto the bed. Continuing to indulge himself in her body, and his passions with each passing minute. He ran his hands all over her tight frame and started to kiss her even more deeply.

Nym figured if was going to give herself to a man for the first time, that she might as well start at the top. The boys at school begged her to see her natural form in hope that it would endear her to them. What a joke that was, they had no imagination and pretty much insulted her by begging to see her natural form. She was a fucking Metamorphmagus. She had no natural form, none, period, at all, whatsoever. Anyone who said differently was a liar, and if anyone should know, it was her. According to her Mother, she had been shapeshifting even while in the womb.

Her hair circled through a multitude of colors, flashing from blonde to black to red to blue to green to pink and every color in between as Harry continued to kiss his way down her body as the games were about to kick up a notch.

She was not sure how she ended up on her bed, but she was just going to roll with the punches.

*Smut/Lemon Begins.*

Nym felt herself melting underneath Harry's touch and her hair went wild with an amazing sensation of hues as Harry grabbed her breasts and squeezed them. She closed her eyes as she felt the pooling of moisture go down her thighs and her heart beat a little bit quicker.

"Yes, Harry," Nym panted as she felt Harry's hands moved down her and he continued to taunt her body with kiss after kiss.
His hands were firm but gentle as he indicated whom her body belonged to. His mouth continued to kiss all the way down the woman's body, causing jolts of pleasure to spread over her very being. Her nipples stiffened as he made his way down and captured one of them in his mouth.

Harry slowly used his tongue on her, stimulating her breasts. He gave a slight hiss with his tongue which caused her body to jolt with erotic sensations. The wizard pushed his fingers down her stomach and rubbed her hot nub with his fingers.

Nym subconsciously lifted her hips towards him, the woman craved his touch and she would receive even more of it. His tongue licked down brushing against her stomach and Harry then stuck his tongue inside her dripping hot snatch.

"Oh, great Morgana!" Nym moaned as Harry used his tongue deep inside her, licking her walls and causing her pussy to twitch.

Harry smiled, she caved into him mentally, a witch like this would always bend underneath his will. She craved sex and his tongue gave her a mild amount of relief. It built up even more in her mind. His tongue buried in her caused her to heat up with even more pleasure.

"Harry, I want your cock," Nym panted and Harry eyed her, teasing her for a second and then returned to her juicy nether lips, denying her the treat.

He never once broke momentum as he continued to lick her inner walls, trying to capture even more of the juices she had to offer him. His slurping got even more intense and Nym closed her eyes, this was almost too much for her. Sometime in the meantime, he had shifted into a sixty nine position, his cock dangling inches away from her upper lips.

He furiously ate her snatch, never once breaking momentum, waiting for her to take the hint that his cock was ready to suck.

She almost forgot that there was a cock a few inches in front of her lips, practically beckoning for her touch. The Metamorphmagus gave it a loving kiss as she slipped it into her mouth, wrapping it around the shaft and started to hungrily suck on it.

Harry closed his eyes as Nym's lips tightened around him as she slowly and hungrily sucked his cock. She expanded her throat just enough to take him in and clenched it tight, to ensure that he had a warm and pleasurable experience. The wizard's eyes flushed as he went down between her legs and continued to munch on her cunt, bringing his tongue into her.

'Ooh, yes,' Nym thought, she could not speak given that her mouth was too full of Harry's cock.

The wizard's hands were moving around her and his tongue was rattling inside her pussy. The woman's eyes flushed over as Harry's tongue was rattling back and forth, causing her nectar to go between her.

Nym closed her eyes and Harry pulled his cock out of her mouth, causing her to whine from the denial. He shifted where he was straddling her, his cock was an inch away from her and he slid further between her legs.

She whined, it was so close but so far in entering her but before she could receive all twelve inches, Harry pulled away.

"This pussy belongs to me," Harry told her and Nym wrapped her legs around him to try and encourage him. She caused her blonde hair to drape seductively across her face as she looked at him with adoring blue eyes.
"Yes, stud, that pussy belongs to you," Nym said as Harry reached forward. With one swift motion, squeezed her breasts and Harry rubbed his throbbing cock head over her dripping pussy. The woman's eyes flooded over and Harry was about ready to enter her, to shoot the pleasure to the next level.

The fact that this was the same cock that just fucked a Veela into a semi-catatonic state was not lost on Nymphadora Tonks and that caused her pussy to juice even more.

He was about halfway inside her and Nym's walls pushed up towards her. Her walls tightened around his throbbing prick and Nym kissed him hungrily.

"Stick it in me, please," Nym begged him and Harry smiled as paused to build up anticipation, teasing and tormenting her.

Then with one more fluid motion, he slammed his cock into her tight cunt.

Nym felt her walls stretched apart as Harry sawed into her tight center. He slammed into her, with her walls pushing up and Harry kept working into her. Each thrust sped up over and over again, as the woman's walls clenched him. He went faster, faster, faster, each movement bringing her to an explosion of sensations.

Her first climax with a cock inside her body is honestly amazing.

Fleur woke herself up and she drooled, as she rubbed her clit.

"Oh, that's so fucking hot," Fleur mewled as she greedily watched Harry's massive cock appear and disappear through the snatch of the Metamorphmagus witch.

The woman reversed position as her thighs turned him over and Nym's pussy rubbed his throbbing cock. The woman pushed herself around her walls and she slammed down around him. She lowered and raised her hips, and brought the tool into her body, feeling the moment of the emerald eyed sorcerer spearing her tight body.

He reached up and claimed her breasts for his own, fondling them. The Veela moaning as she finger fucked herself encouraged Harry to grab her breasts harder. They grew in his hand, giving him more tit flesh to squeeze and grab.

"Yes, oh, harder, yes," Nym breathed as she felt his hard cock went into her. She gyrated her strong hips around him and speared down on this massive member.

The dance escalated in tempo as she rode him up and down.

"So hot, love this, oh you're cumming so hard baby,' Harry breathed as his cock went around her tight core and her liquids pooled around his cock. He slammed into her as hard as he could with her inner muscles expanding and contracting to accept and trap the movements of his cock.

Nym was losing it. "Oh, so hot, I want your cum, in me, I need it, I want it, GIVE IT TO ME PLEASE!"

He flipped the position and threw her legs up into the air and jack hammered her pussy. She sunk her nails into his back and he rammed into her over and over again.

Fleur panted hungrily as she licked the dripping honey from her thighs.

"Going to cum," Harry said as he pinned her down onto the bed and kissed her madly. He could see
her breasts go larger as her arousal escalated. He ran his hands through her blonde hair and would not finish until he had his way with her gushing cunt.

"Yes, inside me, cum inside me," Nym begged as she looked at him with thinly veiled lust dancing through her eyes as his balls tightened and he gave another huge push into her. The woman grabbed around him and Harry's balls tightened as he was about ready to slam down into her. Another push and his cock was as far into her as he could go.

He injected his hot seed into her and Nym breathed with Harry working into her pussy. The wizard's tool worked into her hot box as he injected into her. Several ropes of his hot cum splattered into her. Her hot vaginal muscles milked him dry until his balls were empty, at least for now.

Nym's breathing was heavy as she saw him leave her and the cum oozing out of her cunt. She came down from a really spectacular fucking orgasm.

Fleur pounced on Nym no sooner than Harry went out and started to drink Harry's cum from Nym's pussy liking a starving kitten. The blonde's tongue worked her magic as she wiggled her tight ass invitingly towards her master.

Harry smiled as his cock got hard right away and he groped her ass. The woman's hips were gripped rather hard and he slammed inside her delicious and exposed cunt, causing her to moan out in pleasure.

The wizard's cock pushed into the tight and hot pussy of the Veela. Her molten hot center wrapped snugly fit around the invading tool and he Spears into her.

"Keep eating her, oh that's it," Harry grunted as he ran his hands down her body, cupping her glorious breasts. Fleur mewled with pleasure as Harry's rod worked deep into her center over and over again.

He felt the lust radiating off of her aura and he plowed into her from behind as Nym was a drooling, moaning wreck thanks to what happened.

Fleur's mouth was busy on Nym's dripping cunt as Harry plowed into her from behind, with the wizard's cock spearing go into her. Her juicy cunt milked his probes as he sped up the tempo and increased a greater speed. It was the warmest place that Harry had been and a Veela pussy was a good fucking place to be.

"Oh, that's so good, keep eating her out," Harry encouraged Fleur as he felt her juices get hotter and slick around him he sped up the thrusts. He roughly handled her breasts because her pussy got wetter as he dominated her.

This heightened Fleur's enjoyment as did the moaning of the young Auror beneath her. She brought the older girl to even more pleasures and she kept eating her, channeling her allure through her tongue, burying it into her with a corkscrew motion.

The wizard's hands ran over her body and cupped her ample and full breasts, channeling the energy threw the tremendous set of tits. That caused Fleur's mind to nearly snap with an explosive orgasm.

Harry's climax was about ready to reach his end, he kept slamming himself deep into Fleur's dripping hot center and worked into her. His balls tightened as he gave another slam. He sped up, feeling his climax was near.

Fleur hotly squeezed her lover's cock as she encouraged him to continue. Her walls wrapped around him like a hot vice and Harry speared himself into her.
With a grunt, Harry concluded the first round of several, causing all three of them to share an orgasm together. His white hot liquids spilled into Fleur's inner chasm.

_Smut/Lemon Ends._

Fleur, after coming back for a second round, was truly done for now and Harry looked at both of the girls on the bed. They were fastened securely in restraints and completely out for the count, with bodily fluids dripping from their hot centers.

"Oh, that feels good," Harry concluded as he looked down at the carnage that he left, their bodies completely ravished in every way.

"That was hot," Andromeda said, from where she watched at the doorway.

"Apparently, voyeurism runs in the family," Harry said to his Godmother, as he stepped forward to trap her against the wall while offering her a playful smile. "Oh, what ever am I going to do with you?"

Andromeda returned the smile with one of her own. "I think you'll need to punish me, my lord."

She had on thin robes that wrapped around her lovingly and Harry got a great view of her exquisite breasts. He reached forward and pulled the MILF onto his lap.

He was always up for more. The more sex he received, the stronger that he got.

"So, with once I have my NEWTs. I suppose that the cat's going to be out of the bag," Harry said as he went over a NEWT standard potion textbook. Some people would call him nuts for taking NEWTs before he took OWLs, which was possible but not recommended for most people. Taking your NEWTs without having taken your OWLs would give you the same grade in both tests. So if he got an Outstanding in one subject, he would get the corresponding grade on the test below it. On top of that you only needed your OWLs to take NEWT level classes, not the test itself.

It was a NEWT standard potion book from the year 1945, almost fifty years ago, in fact fifty years ago exactly. There was a smile on Harry's face, as he realized that standards had in fact changed during this time. What was OWL standard then, was NEWT standard today and all of the NEWT standard material was phased out by the Ministry. Likely, because they feared someone else becoming as powerful or as knowledgeable as Dumbledore or Voldemort, so as a result no one should learn it.

"Well, I'm sure a lot of people will be in for some extremely nasty shocks," Lily said and it was hard to mistake the great degree of mirth flashing through her eyes.

"Good," Harry said, the sooner that he got out of this world, the better everything would be. He felt his IQ drop every minute he remained in the Wizarding World of the Magical United Kingdom. Snape, greasy douchebag supreme and creepy stalker that he was, got one thing right. They were too reliant on foolish wand waving and silly incantations.

He studied so obsessively, one would think that his last name was Granger, although he hadn't quite reached that degree yet. He only learned the basics and his mind would piece together things to make these basics better. If one went by what was in the books alone, they would only scrape by with an Acceptable, even if they got everything perfect. The examiners weren't looking to see how much of the theory you retained, but rather how you applied it.

"You're ready, as we have established," Andromeda said to Harry, but he only half paid her half a
mind as he focused on the book.

"It's fascinating how much the educational standards have regressed since this time," Harry muttered, it had been said a lot already but it bared repeating.

"Even from our time," Lily agreed as they had been over this many times but it was still shocking to see how much everything had regressed. The excuse that they gave was so that it wouldn't lead to the creation of another Voldemort and most likely another Dumbledore, but the real reason was to allow witches and wizards to become complacent and dependent on the Ministry of Magic.

Lily closed her eyes and frustration swam in the pit of her stomach. It was what happened when people stuck to the status quo for too long.

It was one thing if they tried to maintain the standards of society. It was another thing if they tried to hold back progression that would eventually lead to everyone who learned of it becoming more enlightened. Lily read accounts of the Founders and it was not the spoon-fed Ministry mandated sleeping pill that was Hogwarts: A History. The founders would not have approved of the Ministry or the way that Hogwarts was being run. At all.

In fact, Rowena Ravenclaw herself would be rolling over in her grave. That much was for sure and Lily could only imagine the fit that Lady Ravenclaw would throw if she learned someone like Snape was allowed to be near and "teach" children in her school. And she used teach, in the loosest sense of the word. Throwing instructions up on the board and calling people dunderheads was most definitely not her idea of teaching.

"I can't help but wonder how much better I would have been, if I had learned on my own," Harry said.

"Didn't you learn most of the most useful charm work and other spells that you know, when you weren't being taught by the teachers?" Andromeda and Harry nodded.

"Lupin taught me the Patronus spell, can't deny that's been useful, but I'm not sure that knowing how to make a pineapple tap dance will help me in defeating Voldemort," Harry said dryly.

"There really is a lot of magic that's useless. That's not meant as a knock on the teachers, well some of them, they're just doing what the idiots at the Ministry tell them to. If Dumbledore really wanted to improve the standards of education, he would have done so a long time ago," Lily continued. "And he wouldn't have hired a greasy man child, a ghost that cures insomnia, and a fortune telling charlatan."

"She did make a few correct predictions," Harry said but Lily scoffed.

"A blind squirrel finds an acorn every now and again, Harry," Lily said as she pressed her hand on his shoulder. "I'm not saying that….actually I am saying that Divination is a load of crap, because the future is not set in stone."

Lily shook her head and she was angry about prophecy for one simple point.

"If Voldemort hadn't been a paranoid nutcase and believed that stupid prophecy, none of this would have happened," Lily continued and Andromeda got the feeling this upcoming rant had been brewing inside her for a long time. "That's why prophecies become true, because there's someone like Riddle. Who thinks that they're high and mighty, so they…..well they think that it applies to him. It never mentioned what seventh month and what Dark Lord."

"Oh, there's a prophecy? Of course there's a motherfucking prophecy," Harry groaned then face
"I didn't believe it, but thanks to Dumbledore and your Father. No one else is going to lift a finger to help you defeat Voldemort, because they all have it in their heads that you have to beat him," Lily continued, pacing back and forth in agitation before shaking her head. "If the Order had any fucking brains in their skull, they'd all jump the snake faced bastard at once and beat him to death with bludger bats."

"Well, that makes a surprising amount of sense," Andromeda said, but Lily just smiled, although it was more of an annoyed one.

"Which is why these dumbshit wizards won't do it, because if it's a solution that doesn't involve their little sticks. They think it's not worth their fucking time," Lily said as she blocked her hand from hitting her face. If she face palmed all of the time because of something those idiots did, she would have brain damage.

Harry got what his mother was thinking and he would have to agree. Voldemort was just like every single other magical user out there; he had a weakness, one that could more than likely be easily exploited. All he had to do was take the opportunity and seize it. The young wizard pondered what was going to happen next.

"We'll worry about getting my NEWTs right now," Harry said to both of the witches and they agreed. "Then I'll deal with Dumbledore, my friends, the Ministry, Voldemort, and any other shit that comes my way."

He knew he had to get Outstanding's on his NEWTs in order to claim his lordship, otherwise it would divert to the Ministry. It was a law put in place regarding half-blood lords of a pureblood family and Harry didn't have to think that long and hard to figure out who precisely pushed that one through. It reeked of Lucius Malfoy so badly that Harry could still smell his stench all the way from here.

Harry would shatter all expectations. He was the son of the smartest witch to ever come out of Hogwarts, so he had genetics on his side.

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore was not used to being summoned to any place by anyone in the world. Yet, Amelia Bones had ordered him to come to this meeting. The Order of the Phoenix was busy preparing to guard the prophecy. It was imperative that Lord Voldemort did not hear the prophecy.

He ignored warnings from Minerva, Moody, and Sirius that Voldemort had likely, already figured out the prophecy and they should strike first before Riddle did. Dumbledore was determined to win this war without a drop of blood being shed to ensure that his way worked and that they could win without killing anyone.

"So, Albus," Amelia said as she fixed her gaze on the elderly wizard who stood in front of her desk. She had come face to face with Dumbledore more than a few times in the past, but she had never thought that he looked as old as he did right now.

"Amelia," Dumbledore replied in a grandfatherly tone, it appeared that he was going to offer her a lemon drop only to remember at the last second that he wasn't in his office. There was a hesitance to his actions that suggested that he knew that he was in trouble. Yet, he couldn't think for the life of him what he could have done to incur the wrath of Amelia Bones.
"Please sit down, Albus," Amelia offered him, pleased to see that she was in a position to request things of the great and powerful Albus Dumbledore.

Dumbledore wondered if this was how one of his students felt when they were on the other side of his desk. Regardless, he sat down with good grace and locked his eyes on Amelia Bones.

"Albus, I'm going to cut to the chase. You told Fudge that Lord Voldemort has returned," Amelia said and this got the old man's attention to say the least.

"I can assure you...."

"Were you present when he supposedly returned?" Amelia asked bluntly, she was not sure what to believe. She knew what she had to do and she knew that Dumbledore was in the position to deliver the one key witness that could break this entire case wide open.

"No, but the Ministry....Cornelius thought it prudent to get the main accessory to the crime out of the way and give him the Dementor's kiss."

"Yes, Crouch Junior," Amelia confirmed without once taking her eyes off of Dumbledore. She knew that Fudge and his cronies were covering that up pretty heavily for obvious reasons. Once the news broke, some people were in for some rather pointed questions.

Amelia wondered how tall Fudge was going to build his mountain of lies before it toppled onto the ground and crushed many innocent people in its wake.

"So you see the predicament that I'm in, do you not?" Albus asked Amelia and the woman offered a stiff nod towards him as she folded her hands in front of her mouth and looked at Dumbledore with one raised eyebrow. Much to Albus's frustration, Amelia Bones was one of the few people that he could not get a distinct read off of and while he enjoyed a challenge, what he did not enjoy was being frustrated.

"Harry Potter is alleged to be a witness to Voldemort's return," Amelia continued as she carefully studied Dumbledore's face for a reaction.

Albus saw where this was going and he knew that he was not going to like it at all. The wizened old Headmaster knew that he was going to have to come up with answers, because Amelia Bones was not as easily satisfied as some.

"The Ministry investigated the incident at Number Four Privet Drive," Amelia continued and that caused Dumbledore's posture to become rigid.

"There was no need...."

"You and Cornelius would be in agreement about something for the first time in weeks, then," Amelia interrupted in a brisk voice as she could see that Dumbledore was trying very hard not to let on how nervous he felt. She cut to the meat and the potatoes of this meeting. "Albus, I want you to bring Harry Potter to the Ministry to meet with me. I wish to interview him about what happened the night of third task."

"Cornelius wouldn't have approved of such a thing," Albus muttered, more to himself than to Amelia even though the woman heard him and a frown crossed her face.

"Cornelius is merely the Minister of Magic, he does not have dictatorial control over what I do. I'm the Director of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. It's my job to investigate claims such as this," Amelia said coolly and she decided to stare Dumbledore right in the eye without blinking.
"And neither do you for that matter."

Dumbledore looked at her, looking almost hurt by the accusation.

"Hestia Jones, Arthur Weasley, Nymphadora Tonks, Kingsley Shacklebolt, Sturgis Podmore, do I need to keep going do the list of who you have spying on the Ministry?" Amelia asked him and Dumbledore looked absolutely flummoxed. "I haven't said anything until now, but don't think for a moment that I don't have my own eyes and ears in your little inner circle. And I'm sure Fudge does as well."

Albus shook his head, he trusted Severus Snape...everyone in the Order.

Then again, he trusted Sev...Peter Pettigrew….no Dumbledore must not allow himself be torn apart by such petty suspicions. The Headmaster was bold and strong, he not about to, no he must not no matter what.

"We're getting off of the subject at hand. I found out that Harry Potter was not at the residence listed as his home address and his relatives were not cooperative," Amelia continued, although the Dursleys not being cooperative was an understatement. Amelia was very tempted to make them the first Muggles to see the inside of Azkaban. It would teach them some much needed respect.

Dumbledore looked sad. "Well their son was unable to be saved in time from the Dementors."

"Who were you expecting to save him?" Amelia asked Dumbledore, in disbelief. "As regrettable of a tragedy as it is, it's out of my hands. The only thing I can do now is find the person responsible and bring them to justice."

"Yes," Dumbledore muttered, he was disappointed that Harry ran off, although Petunia's delusional rants about Lily continued to run through his mind like an oddity he could not explain.

"You will bring Harry Potter to me," Amelia told Dumbledore in a voice that left no room for argument.

"I'm afraid that's impossible," Dumbledore argued after a few seconds, hoping that somehow she would see reason. The fact that he did not even know where Harry was, well the Ministry must not know that.

"It's very possible. You bring him to the Ministry and then to my office," Amelia said to him. "Given that you're not his legal guardian, you have no legal leg to stand on to keep him anyway."

Albus Dumbledore felt despair as he cast one last disappointed look to the woman as gears grinded in the head of the wizened wizard. To say that he was in a tight jam would be putting it mildly. If he admitted that he did not have Harry, well he would look worse by association. If he told Amelia what happened, then that would raise a few more questions.

The years caught up to Dumbledore.

"You have forty eight hours to bring me Harry Potter," Amelia warned him fiercely. "Unless you'd like to admit that you're the delusional crackpot that half of the Ministry believes you to be."

Dumbledore knew that his bluff had been called and the old man was trying to figure out a way to get Harry there. Polyjuice would be seen through by Amelia in half of a second, the monocle she wore on occasion had the same enhancements on it that his spectacles and Moody's eye did, so that avenue was out.
"Remember, Albus, the security of the Wizarding World might depend on this. The Ministry will continue to assume that you've lied or worse coerced the boy into telling lies to restore your fading glory," Amelia stated bluntly and without any room for argument. "And if you're holding a minor against his will. That will be interpreted by the DMLE as kidnapping. You have a few friends left but many more enemies that would enjoy seeing you burn."

Amelia thought Dumbledore should have retired fifteen years ago and it really showed.

"I will bring you Harry Potter," Dumbledore said trying to maintain control.

Amelia knew that Dumbledore did not have Harry Potter but she was more than willing to allow the Headmaster to dig his grave. He would rather climb a tree and tell a lie than stand on the ground and tell the truth.

In fact, she was not sure that Dumbledore gave anyone a straight answer since he learned how to talk.

Little did Amelia Bones know that there would be no need for her to ask for Harry Potter to make his way to the Ministry of Magic, as Harry Potter was coming there himself. His eyes were a different color thanks to the glamor charms he'd cast upon himself but never the less, he was there incognito.

Andromeda informed him that the Department of Magical Education would be discreet, especially if a few extra Galleons were slipped their way. So Harry was able to make his way to that department of the Ministry with little issue. He craned his neck in an attempt to listen for anything interesting that was going on around him.

Harry was not going to lie, he half expected the members of the Order of the Phoenix who worked at the Ministry to jump in and try to smack him down. Then again, perhaps he was thinking of the worst case scenario a bit too much. He really didn't want to become as paranoid as Moody before he even hit his next birthday.

The wizard at the desk looked fairly bored and Harry figured that he would be able to move forward without a problem. He just seemed to be the type of person that wouldn't look up from his book even though there was a riot going on around him.

"Excuse me," Harry said cordially to the wizard. The wizard looked up at Harry, with a bored to death expression on his face and he informed the wizard why he was here. "I'm here for the eight o'clock for the Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Examinations,"

He checked the ticket and there was not even a blinking in his eyes, as he read over the paper with a nod then shrugged as he nonchalantly pointed him towards the next room.

"Straight this way, Mr. Potter," the bored wizard at the front of the desk stated.

Harry looked at the man with bemused interest, his name might as well have been John Smith given the look of passion that the clerk in front of the desk gave him. Talk about someone who was only in there for the paycheck but Harry suspected that Dumbledore and Voldemort could crash through the front doors of the office in a duel for the ages and no fucks would be given from this guy.

With bold steps, Harry made his way to the examination room, thinking about what he was going to do next.

'About a year inside the castle to study.' Harry thought, although less than a week had passed in the real world. He was amused that he was given a bit more time to prepare himself then the people who
were around him. ‘Then again, I need to get all Outstandings, and I want to get the highest marks possible.’

Harry wondered if he was going to….no...there was no time to second guess himself. He needed to do what needed to be done so he sat down to take the exams. The wizard was ready, for better or for worse. He was ready.

"Mr. Potter, sit down, sit down," the elderly witch said. She tried not to get all in a tizzy that she was in the midst of a living legend. Harry tried not to be amused by her trying to remain professional.

"Don't mind me, I'm just another student here to take his exams," Harry said casually.

It wasn't going to be easy, but Harry knew that he was going to have to do what he needed to do. The wizard offered a smile as he braced himself.

"You have one hour to complete each set of examination questions," the witch told him.

Harry smiled, the room had a few time dilation properties that would allow him plenty of time to take every exam which lasted about an hour each, he researched it before coming here. It was tricky magic to pull off and Harry had to pay a fee to allow him to take his NEWTs separately, plus another small fee to indicate that what happened remained discreet until his exams were tallied.

"I'm ready," Harry said with a smile.

"I'm certain," the woman commented, although she had heard a few things regarding Harry Potter.

It was quite curious to see how his Ordinary Wizarding Level exams were skipped over, given that it prepared them for the NEWTs and it was highly recommended to take them first. Yet, if one was willing to pay the fee, then the Department of Magical Education and its certified experts were able to allow them to sit the exams.

It was a rigorous process to get certified, the only black mark on them would be Dolores Umbridge who flunked out of her examination but she had a relative high place within the Ministry and used her pull to get her certification that way. That made several of those who worked hard to get theirs quite angry but that's often times what happened in regards to that woman.

Exams ended, they went a lot smoother than Harry could have hoped. He was curious to see how he would do but he would not know for a period of forty eight hours, as they had to go over his exams with a fine tooth comb before the marks were tallied. He did every single practical spell with perfection, and then some. He was not leaving anything to chance.

Harry smiled as he walked out of the Ministry of Magic Department of Education with a wide smile on his face. All he would have to do was take the key and meet his mother back at the castle. He figured that some time had passed for both of them, although different amounts. The time dilation spells were not as strong in the test taking chamber compared to the ones at the castle.

Harry saw Nym standing out front waiting for him. She was dressed in her red Auror uniform.

"Dumbledore's pulling his beard out looking for you," Nym informed him in a low whisper, although she smiled at the very thought of it.

"Oh, is he?" Harry asked, Nym was spying on the Order of the Phoenix for Amelia Bones, because….well, he gathered that Madam Bones thought that Dumbledore was to blame for just as many deaths as Voldemort for his inaction and withholding of information that could have saved
lives during the first war. Including members of her own bloodline and her husband to be.

"Yes, and Snape has threatened to throw you in detention for the rest of the school year for making him give up his free time," Nym said in amusement. "Because, we all know that Professor Snape is the master of the night life."

"Yes, Severus Snape is a really ladies' man," Harry said to Nym who rolled her eyes in response. "I don't think I'll able to look myself in the mirror in the morning with a straight face after saying that."

"I can't even look at you with a straight face right now either," Nym informed him with a long sigh as she placed a hand on the top of her head, brushing her hair out of her face. The pink haired Auror smiled as she looked over her shoulder. "I get off after lunch."

"A good enough time as any to get off," Harry said with a mischievous grin and she returned it.

"Yes, well I don't get many hours, being a peon Auror and also….no Dark Lord means we don't get any hours anyway," Nym told Harry as she sighed before mockingly waving her finger at Harry. "Damn you for ruining my pay hours, just damn you."

"I've been damned by a lot of people in my time," Harry commented without missing a beat and he then added with a teasing smile. "Many of them have decided to call for my blood after that."

"No kidding," Nym whistled in sheer amusement. She grew serious "So there is really no reason for either of us to stick around here. I mean, Dumbledore's eyes and ears are looking for you everywhere, so you wouldn't want to stick around any place for too long."

"Yeah, well, most of them who couldn't catch the plague during the dark ages," Harry said with a smile although he was on his guard. Even though he didn't need to use his wand, he was not taking any chances whatsoever. He had to remain vigilante. He almost heard the ghost of Mad Eye Moody screaming in his ear about constant vigilance.

Which was weird, given that as far as he knew Moody wasn't dead and he never technically met the real deal, just an imposter. The young wizard shook his head, it would be best if he didn't confuse himself but rather he waited for Nym to follow him.

"So, I guess we'll head off to lunch since you get that off," Harry told Tonks and she raised an eyebrow. "I'm buying."

Nym could not resist making the very obvious joke. "Well you can afford it more than I can, as I am just working on a meager Auror salary."

Harry fired back towards her. "Oh you poor thing, how will you ever cope?"

"I don't know, I guess I'm going to have to mooch off of you," Nym commented with a wicked smile across her face and Harry watched her lead the way, swaying her hips all of the way.

A hearty slap to the ass caused her to grow serious.

"I guess as much," Harry told Nym and the two of them left the area around the Ministry to head out for a nice lunch, not knowing that they were being watched by someone who was very interested in their movements.

Her eyes followed the two's progress as they vanished, it was by a freak chance that she stumbled upon them. The rumors were that Dumbledore had him moved to safe house and not even the Minister of Magic knew where he was. That he was under house arrest for murdering his fat Muggle
The woman snorted in a very un-lady like manner as she recalled hearing this from the hooked nosed greaseball. Given that's how the side of goodness treated those who had given their lives for them, it was no wonder many turned to the Dark Lord. Not that he treated them much better, he hadn't forgiven their failure to find him. He also tortured followers just when he was bored after all.

Yet the woman sensed one thing and that was opportunity.

She figured it out immediately and that was there was far more to Harry Potter than previously met the eye or perhaps that he allowed himself to show the world. The Wizarding World took a simplistic view on black and white, good and evil. They believed that things were as they seemed, which was amusing given how much of magic was based off of illusions and trickery.

The woman smiled, she would have to arrange a meeting with him. He was nothing like her son said but then Draco was prone to exaggeration and Narcissa Malfoy personally felt that he was full of shit, on top of being as bent as a coat hanger.

He got that from Lucius.

To Be Continued.
Fireworks

Chapter Seven: Fireworks

Albus Dumbledore closed his eyes; he was trying to figure out where things went wrong. There was one thing stood out in his mind, a statement that repeated over and over in his aged mind pretty much constantly and there was no denying that it was the truth.

In hindsight, using Mundungus Fletcher as security might not have been the best idea in the world. He was good at bargaining for information that might help the Order, at least Dumbledore hoped he bargained, he did give Fletcher a decent allowance to purchase vital information for the Order from the other side but so far, it hadn't paid off.

Dumbledore was all about giving people second, third, forth, fifth, sixth, and seventh chances for that was the most powerful magical number. So as a result, he was willing to overlook Dung's counterfeit gold scheme about fifteen years ago that nearly caused the goblins to shut down the economy by blocking magical users from their gold. There were people who threatened to kill Dung if they saw him on the street and sadly, Dumbledore believed it. It was unfortunate that people were predisposed to violence.

He felt that problems could be solved through peace and understanding, everyone deserved a chance at redemption. Surely, the violent crimes committed by Death Eaters were merely a cry for help. Dumbledore knew that he had been saved and others could be saved by being brought down the path of redemption.

There was just one flaw to his thinking and that was that not everyone wanted to walk the road to redemption that Albus Dumbledore had. He felt such sorrow at that fact, he gave Tom ample chance to make something of himself, to not embrace the hatred that consumed his very being utterly, but he decided to throw that chance in Dumbledore's face and laugh at him. Laugh at him! Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore: Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Order of Merlin, First Class; Supreme Mugwump of the International Confederation of Wizards, Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, and Grand Sorcerer! It was something that saddened the old wizard beyond all else and he wondered if Harry was capable of the same darkness.

That was why he let out a sigh of relief when Harry was sorted into Gryffindor. Dumbledore thought that Gryffindor was the house that allowed the world to stay on the straight and the narrow, the sign of all that was good and just. All of the houses had their pluses but Dumbledore always had a soft spot for Gryffindor, it members showed bravery and virtue, as well as the ability to stand up for what someone believed in.

Yet, there were times where Dumbledore wondered about typecasting students at such a young age, but he put the thought out of his mind. It was how the Founders did it therefore it was the best way to do things.

He could not afford a philosophical debate about the nature of the Hogwarts sorting! No, that was not something that he could be bothered with right now. He needed to….well he needed to figure out what to do about the Harry Potter situation and much to his dismay, Harry was no longer within his sights. How could the boy get guidance if he was not there to give it to him? Dumbledore wished to have an heir to replace him, to continue to lead the side of Light, long after he'd since passed onto that next great adventure.

Dumbledore didn't like to admit it, especially given that he always felt that he should be in control.
However, if someone like Harry could keep a few steps ahead of him, maybe he was losing his touch? Just a little bit? The twinkle had died in his eye, he had failed to keep Harry safe. The Death Eaters had preyed on his deepest desire.

Dumbledore felt his heart leap as he saw something fly in through his window, dare he hope?

It was an owl, and not just any owl! No! Owls like this one weren't common, at least not in this part of the world. Dumbledore knew that to be a fact and he'd seen this one around the school before. The Headmaster watched the arrival of the owl with excitement and once again, he wondered, dare he hope? The Headmaster kept his eyes fixated on the arrival of the new owl and he looked at her as she settled down on a perch in front of him for a brief moment. Hope burned anew in Dumbledore's heart.

It was Harry's owl! Hedwig, if Dumbledore was not mistaken and he frequently wasn't if he did say so himself.

Flying from the perch to him, Hedwig casually dropped a letter on Dumbledore's head and turned around to fly off. If Dumbledore hadn't thought the matter to be absolutely absurd, he would have thought that the owl showed contempt towards him.

The Headmaster held the letter in his, and then performed a charm to make sure it was not rife with traps.

'See Alastor! I do listen,' Albus thought to himself with glee, even though the man in question couldn't respond to his words. Due to the fact he wasn't even there and even if he was there, he would not be privy to Albus Dumbledore's inner thoughts.

Still it was wise to check the letter for any jinxes, hexes, or assorted nastiness. Dumbledore remembered what happened to young Hermione Granger last year when she opened a letter last year and had an unfortunate encounter with bubotuber pus.

He was extremely disappointed in her; he thought that she would have figured out that she should scan all correspondence. Especially given her blood status, it should have been common sense that someone might try to take her out. She might have been book smart but Dumbledore sadly realized that young Miss. Granger lacked both common sense and logic. It was only fortunate that many of her fellow witches and wizards did as well.

Dumbledore continued to scan the letter and found that it passed muster. He opened it up and recognized Harry's writing.

_Dear Professor Dumbledore,_

_How was your summer? Mine has been fantastic since I left the Dursleys, I'm having the time of my life._

Dumbledore dropped his head and closed his eyes. There was one thought that went through his head.

'Oh my! The poor boy has suffered Stockholm syndrome,' Dumbledore thought to himself, he was disappointed that Harry had allowed such a thing to happen. Never the less, he figured that he should continue reading the letter.

_The last four years of Hogwarts? It's been interesting in more ways than one. I don't think any student in living memory has ever had a teacher with a shadow of a Dark Lord growing out of the back of his head, fought a giant fifty foot snake, had to deal with soul sucking monsters, or be forced_
into a tournament with a magical binding contract that he didn't enter. All at the safest place on Earth.

How did that work anyway? I'm sure the great Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore could clue me in on that one.

By the way, my mother came back from the dead! Shows what you know about no magic being able to revive the dead. Well...technically she wasn't dead, so what do you know? You're still right, in a way, kinda, I guess. It's technicality yes, but hey...you can rest easy knowing that you could be right. She was in some kind of limbo, trapped between life and death, triggered by the scar on my forehead.

Was that what caused the glint of triumph in your eye? Or were you just having a stroke?

Anyway, I'm learning about Potions! I find it much more interesting when an insanely hot twenty-one year old red head is teaching me, rather than some greasy, anti-social, rabies infected, pile of bat droppings.

Dumbledore clicked his tongue. He trusted Sev...Severus did not deserve any of this disrespect. Why! Albus thought he was a sweet and beautiful man with a beautiful soul in desperate need of a hug if one looked beneath the surface.

While, I'm sure the Order of the Phoenix has been looking for me underneath every rock. I'm actually willing to meet with you, face to face at The Hog's Head Pub. I trust you know where that is? Here's a clue! It's in Hogsmeade.

Albus smiled, naturally he knew where the Hog's Head was.

'I'm going to let you in on where I've been and what I'm going to do. As for me ever going back to the Dursleys? Well there's been a slight change of plans. Shame about Dudley, I guess, honestly I'm really surprised that he even had a soul after Petunia and Vernon got through with him. I figured their combined DNA would negate that. Guess that shows me, eh?'

Dumbledore was saddened to hear that Harry was taking a such an attitude towards his family who took him in and raised him, giving him a proper home. That didn't matter though, he needed to go back to the Dursleys; It was the safest place for him.

To Albus Dumbledore family was everything.

So, I'd say more, but I figure anything I want to say, I'll say it to your face.

See you then.

Sincerely,

Lord Harry Potter-Black-Peverell.

There was a postscript at the end.

Do feel free to bring a date. I'll be bringing one and she's very interested in meeting you, Professor.

Dumbledore figured that he should call in Severus and say that the search was over because Harry agreed to meet with them.

Snape arrived after being summoned by Dumbledore. Much like an obedient dog who jumped when
his Master called him.

"Potter sent you a letter," Snape said with contempt dripping from his voice.

"Yes, Severus…"

"You do realize that there is a chance that this could be a trap because the Dark Lord would like to see you dead," Snape stated to him, casually as if discussing the weather.

"Yes, but…"

Snape looked at Potter's commentary about him on the letter and his eyes flashed with rage. How dare the boy spread such malicious lies about him?

He was not rabies infected.

Harry Fucking Potter waited patiently; the moment of reckoning was at hand. The only question he had on his mind was whether or not Albus Dumbledore would come alone or whether he would drag along all of his friends. That was something that the inquiring mind of Harry Potter wished to know. He tapped his fingers on the edge of the table that he sat, along with Lily and Andromeda.

The Hog's Head was practically abandoned, not that it was the bustling center of commerce in the first place. Andromeda suggested this to Harry as a meeting place and after looking into it, Harry thought that it would be slightly better than the Three Broomsticks because two rather public figures meeting would cause a stir all things considered, at least that's what Harry assumed and he did not feeling like dealing with the drama.

Still that moment of anticipation was the very worst thing and Harry patiently waited for the other shoe to drop. Soon he would come face to face with Dumbledore and knowing him, Harry suspected that considering how much of a diva the man was, he would have to make a bit of a grand entrance all things considered. That's why he waited, with focused intensity flashing through his green eyes.

"Not nervous, merely preparing," Lily whispered to Andromeda, who nodded seriously in agreement.

Sure enough, Dumbledore walked through the door, dressed in bright purple robes that nearly caused Harry to suffer vertigo or at least some kind of headache inducing ailment. They looked really colorful compared to Snape's outfit which was black on black with more black along with a side of black, and Harry would be cheating himself if he did not mention that Snape was wearing black. Seriously, didn't the man know how to at least set it off with a trim to break things up?

Harry prepared himself as Dumbledore took a step forward.

"Harry, I'm very disappointed….."

"Are you now?" Harry interrupted before Dumbledore could get a few words out.

"You should have never fled the safety of your home! It's the safest place for you after all! But don't worry! I'm here to save you!" Dumbledore said boldly but Harry stood up and interrupted him again.

"The sad thing is that you really believe it," Harry tutted shaking his head sadly.

"I wonder if the magical world knows what dementia is? Because Dumbledore's exhibiting a lot of the symptoms right now," Lily offered calmly.
Snape stopped, he looked like he saw a ghost, because for all intents and purposes he did. His eyes widened, it was a nearly comical effect as they bugged out of his head and his mouth hung open for a second.

Lily mentally and then pulling out a camera snapped a picture of his face, it was priceless! His hair was greasy, his eyes were black, his skin was sallow, with his rotting teeth, he was a thoroughly foul and repugnant human being. He had a face only a mother could love and that was even after alcohol.

"Lily..." Snape managed to breath out and there was a few seconds where he stared at the woman like she was a piece of meat.

Harry did not like the way that Snape was looking at his mother, in fact, he wanted to gouge the foul man's eyes out just on sheer principle. Judging by the look on Lily's face, she would be standing right next to Harry.

"It can't be," Dumbledore breathed.

"There was this incident with your brother, you, and six goats that...."

"Lily!...It's....how?....You should have told me that you survived," Dumbledore managed, as he tried to recover quickly.

"Well, I didn't find out myself until about a week ago," Lily said with a casual statement that sent Dumbledore's mind into overdrive.

Dumbledore wondered if there was some kind of dark magic going on. He was going to have to take Lily down and he was going to have to act quickly, because Andromeda Tonks was sitting there and the woman scared the crap out of him. Thankfully! Her daughter was nothing like Andromeda, who had refused point blank to join the Order of the Phoenix despite the fact Dumbledore requested. Then threatened legal action against him for creating and funding an illegal private militia if he wouldn't stop bothering her.

Nymphadora wasn't that skilled but she did have an ear inside the Ministry, so that was something that Dumbledore had to be grateful for.

Harry saw that Dumbledore was about ready to hex his mother, likely thinking that she was some dark arts construct or whatever insane theory was rattling around in his Alzheimer's addled brain. So Harry was going to take swift and decisive action.

Without another word, Harry disarmed Dumbledore. His wand flew out of his hand and landed into Harry's, before Dumbledore could even lift his arm.

"You insolent brat! How dare you! Five hundred points from Gryffindor and a year's...."

Snape was disarmed and silenced in two spells by Harry.

"That will be enough out of you," Harry hissed in an icy voice. He was not in the mood to deal with Snape's shit today, not that he was ever in the mood to deal with Snape's shit. But today of all days, he was not in the mood.

"Why, Harry?"

"Well it's simple really, for the past four years, I've passed every test that has been put in front of me. I think you remember them all," Harry said directing that icy glare towards Dumbledore. "It's time that I move on, perhaps it's time you move on as well, Headmaster."
"You should have never left your home…"

"I should have never been put there," Harry countered to Dumbledore, doing an admirable job in keeping his temper in check.

"Your cousin lost his soul because you of…"

"Oh! Don't give me that fucking bullshit, Dumbledore!"

Lily, on the other hand, had far less tact than him.

"Do you expect Harry to be able to predict when Dementors were going to fucking attack him?" Lily said, practically foaming at the mouth as she stared down the aged wizard. "Even that fruit loop of a Divination teacher you employ wouldn't fathom something that fucking far fetched! Honestly, do you fucking think before you open your mouth?"

Even Albus Dumbledore was a bit intimidated by that one.

"If he was there…."

"Oh! So you wanted me to be there! So I could save him, thus using my magic, and knowing the Ministry, they would have brought me in on trumped up charges to further discredit me in the eyes of the public, then you would have swept in to rescue me in an attempt to make yourself look better in my eyes," Harry told Dumbledore, not backing down from the old wizard for a second.

Dumbledore had not thought about that, but that did sound like a wonderful plan, regardless of that he tried to remain rather bold and tall. The Headmaster was not someone who was going to back down from accusations; No! He was going to face them head on, even though he thought that Harry was very much mistaken about him.

"Harry…."

"Albus, we have business to discuss, real business," Andromeda informed him and there was a certain tone of smugness to her voice that Albus Dumbledore did not like.

"What sort of business?" Albus asked in a tense voice, he was pretty sure this was going to be worse than a trip to the hospital wing.

"There's a property in Harry's name, that you're using without his permission," Andromeda told him and there was sense that the Headmaster felt something was going to come back to bite him hard in the ass.

Snape scowled, which was the only thing that he was capable of in his present predicament.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about," Dumbledore said and that was a typical response from Dumbledore, so Andromeda decided to spell it out in plain English.

"It's a property that you're holding under a charm that you shouldn't, because it would violate Clause A-13 of the rights of Pureblood Lords," Andromeda replied. "I trust you're familiar with that law. No magical user is to hold a dwelling owned by a Pureblood head of family without their permission, and any one caught doing it will be subjected to a five hundred Galleon fine or a ten year sentence within Azkaban."

Dumbledore recalled that law and thought it was harsh. The Ministry required written permission to perform the Fidelius Spell as well, because it would be easy for people to put themselves in hiding
when they had broken magical law. Naturally Dumbledore got around that both times he had the charm performed, because there were times where things needed to be done that were outside of the law. He was also Chief Warlock in both cases, so in essence he was the law.

"You're going to bring us there, or my client will press full charges and the Dumbledore name will be more defiled by this than by anything the Ministry could do to you," Andromeda said, making sure Dumbledore understood that he had just broken sacred Pureblood law, which was higher than any Ministry law.

"You know....."

"Albus, if you have one shred of dignity left, you'll know that this is our game, shut the fuck up, and bring us to the property in question," Andromeda stated to him bluntly.

"If Harry will just give me my wand back...."

"I think that I'll keep it for insurance purposes for now," Harry offered, he was not foolish enough to relinquish Dumbledore's wand to him. In fact, even though he considered wands to be quite frankly useless, there was something about this wand that was different about all other wands, he just couldn't put his finger on as to why.

He might want to hang on it for a little bit longer and he formulated a plan in his head to do so.

"Write it down on paper and bring us there or we'll go straight to the Wizengamot," Andromeda warned the old man.

Dumbledore knew that Amelia Bones was not his biggest fan right now, so that was the last thing that he wanted to do. He was all for a good rogering now and again but she was a female. And that was not to mention the other representatives of the court that wanted to see him go down hard in flames.

He knew who held the cards, like it or not, he had to comply. It would give him time to think.

And as long as Harry held his wand, he was limited. Again, Albus wondered if Harry ever knew what he truly held, again he was thankful for the fact that he was secluded from Wizarding culture.

"Harry, do not relinquish that wand, especially if it is, what I think it is," Lily whispered, as she worked on some charm work to construct a fake to fool Dumbledore for a little bit.

Number Twelve Grimmauld Place was just as Andromeda remembered it. A horrid shit hole. Even though she could not pull the address from her memories until Dumbledore told her the secret.

Snape once again was silent as he stewed in his own juices. There was no one with a wand that would willingly remove the silencing charm that brat Potter placed upon him. He was going to throw him into Detention forever and then his children and his children's children and his children's children's children and his children's children's children. The only way Snape thought that justice would be served was if an entire legacy of Potter brats scrubbed cauldrons with their tongues for the rest of their lives.

He felt a headache come on every time he tried to look at Lily. She should have been his! But Potter stole her away from him! She was his property! the Dark Lord promised him Lily! It was only fair after all his mommy didn't love him! And his daddy used to beat him!

"So we're here and it's the same dump I remember," Andromeda commented with contempt in her
eyes, as she looked at the house. There was no question about it really; it was still a horrid shit hole.

Lily felt anticipation, even if it was a twisted sort of anticipation. She was going to come face to face with Molly Weasley, nee Prewett. She recalled that she was a legend during her time at Hogwarts, but not for good reasons.

She had gotten even worse with age if Lily's observations through her son's eyes had been correct.

Dumbledore carefully stepped inside. Andromeda knew why, her daughter had mentioned the horrible portrait of her aunt that yelled at everyone. The woman took a half of a step forward and smiled, she knew that the portrait was only made to yell at people who were not supposed to be there and technically Dumbledore and his Order of the Phoenix didn't have the needed permission to be there. Andromeda made her way into the room, hairs standing up on the back of her neck.

"I require your permission to continue the Order meetings…"

"No. You're not going to get it, because your Order has not done anything. In fact more of you have been killed, then you have done anything," Harry said firmly.

"Harry! My boy! We cannot be like them. We are better than them."

Lily sighed, Dumbledore was the type of person who would try to redeem the rapist whilst condemning the rape victim, saying that they were asking for it. Obviously, he held a guilt complex about something, although Lily did not completely know why.

"Albus did you….HARRY!"

Molly Weasley took a step forward towards Harry but Harry stepped back to avoid the stampeding cow.

"Where were you?!" Molly demanded of Harry as she bared down upon them. Harry could see a sea of red stepping into the room.

"I was around," Harry said in a tense voice and he could see his mother's tension also escalating a little bit as well.

"You were around?!" Molly asked him and there was a sense that Mount Molly was going to blow her top. "You shouldn't have left…..

"He had every right to leave, because he was with me," Lily stated crisply as she stared down Molly, who only took half of a step back.

"Who do you think you are?" Molly asked, wondering what Dumbledore was thinking bringing this imposter here.

"You know, your mouth looks empty without someone cock in it," Lily replied which caused the twins and Ginny to burst out into laughter, Hermione to look disapproving, and Ron to look confused. Which was pretty much the usual expression for two of them.

"Lily! I'm disappointed in you," Dumbledore said.

"You know, one could say the same about you, Headmaster, given some of the rumors about you," Lily said and Mount Molly erupted.

"HOW DARE YOU?!"
"How dare I?" Lily asked in a calm and confused voice. She was confused because she couldn't believe that someone like this existed, someone that could be so pushy, overbearing, rude, fat, and everything else along those lines.

Then again, given that it was Molly Weasley, there was a huge part of Lily that could in fact believe just that. Her eyes flared with anger as she looked at the overbearing bitch.

"You know, you'd be a lot less annoying if your mouth was silent," Lily said which caused Harry to smile.

"Well! I can see where Harry gets his trouble making streak from…"

"And I can see where Percy gets his ability to stick his tongue so far up an authority figures ass from," Lily countered and that stuck a nerve.

Ginny mouthed one word to the twins who nodded in agreement. "Ouch."

Molly was not happy that was brought up; it was not her fault what Percy did! She was a good mother! Percy was the one that took after her the most. If he was not going up against Dumbledore, she would be happy of what he was doing. Anyone who went against Dumbledore! For he was an extremely great and powerful wizard! Must have something wrong with them!

"Listen here you! You come back after….

"I've saved my son from an abusive environment, which is more than you ever did," Lily said to the woman and she used that term very loosely when referring to Molly the Mouth. "You were told that the Dursleys put bars on his windows and you thought that was logically sound, didn't you?"

Molly thought that the twins were trying to get out of trouble when that happened, so she didn't really think too much of it. And she didn't really think anything was wrong with it. To be honest, it seemed a wonderful way to ensure the children were safe in their rooms.

"I think that I know what's best for Harry," Molly argued. If this was Lily Potter, and Molly had her doubts that it was her, she'd only been a mother for a year. Molly had seven children, so she was sure that she knew far more about being a mother than anyone else in the world. Ever.

Lily's smile became a bit pained at that and there was a sense that she knew Molly was going to try and bait her into doing something. Of course, it would be something that Molly was going to regret and not Lily. A glorified house wife was not going to get the better of her.

"Yes, because you carried Harry for nine months," Lily bit back and there was a few seconds where the two women locked onto each other. "You took Harry into your house! Good for you, but was that really out of the kindness of your heart or out of some demented fairy tale desire about having one happy Weasley family?"

"I think Ginny and Harry would be perfect together," Molly said and Ginny put her face in her hands and groaned. This was going to make her look really bad by association.

"Do you really think that?" Lily asked that was a bit of contempt in her voice before continuing "Because if so, you must not know your daughter at all."

"She heard the stories! She said that she wanted to marry you when you two grew up," Molly commented with a gushing tone to her voice and this caused Ginny to go red.

"Mrs. Weasley, I'm afraid that I'm not Ginny's type," Harry stated as he tried to lock eyes with
Ginny. "A shame really, but oh well."

"She wanted this."

"No, Mum you wanted this!" Ginny shouted, finally losing her temper. Her mother's demented dreams were making her look like a harlot and she was not going to stand for it.

"Now, Ginerva, I'm only trying to do what's best for you…"

"Well, after the incident with Tom, I'm turned off from having an intimate relationship with the male sex forever!" Ginny yelled.

"That was…"

"Yes, because apparently it was my fault that Lucius Malfoy dropped an enchanted diary, one that had a highly powerful compulsion charm on it, that an adult wizard would have trouble breaking, in my books," Ginny said as she stared her mother down. "Get it through your head! Mum! I don't want to be your mini-me! Luna and I have been together for a year and Hermione's joined us after I got her out of a tight fix with some Slytherins who she pissed off…"

"Hermione's supposed to be with Ron!" Molly shouted. "Ginny, I won't tolerate such an abnormality!"

"Ginny should be able to make her own decisions," Harry told Molly barely able to look at her face thanks to the disgust he felt.

"Thanks Harry," Ginny commented gratefully. She was glad that Harry did not tar her with the same brush as her mother.

"I don't like those type of people! It's unnatural! Headmaster, couldn't you talk some sense into her?" Molly asked as she turned to the Headmaster.

"Molly, you must be tolerant," Albus retorted, his voice growing suddenly cold at Molly's declaration against those type of people.

"You sound like the Dursleys do about magical people," Harry said and Molly looked gravely offended at this accusation.

"You're being ungrateful…"

"I paid your husband for room and board even single year I stayed over during the summer," Harry told her and Arthur, who had just shown up, confirmed this with a nod. Molly rounded on him.

"Why was I not informed about this?"

"Molly, it wasn't anything that you needed to know. Harry paid a fair rate, he paid double the rate in fact," Arthur commented, he begrudgingly took the money but he was proud to see Harry manned up. He didn't see that trait in two of his sons right now.

He was also not going to say that Molly really had no say, given that he slaved away at the Ministry everyday, while she sat at home and ate. Having seven kids didn't help but Molly used magic to clean and cook and did very little physical exertion, which was recommended for witches who have had at least two children.

"We're getting off the subject," Andromed said, she was not in the mood to deal with any Weasley
family woes. There was something about that which gave her a headache and she refused to even think that much more about it further.

"Yes, we're getting off of the subject, where is Sirius….oh there he is," Harry said as Sirius turned up.

Normally he would be happy to see Harry, but he didn't know what to believe. He was like a dog in the headlights, seeing Lily there, alive, although perhaps he was being fooled. Even Remus stood there staring in shock.

"Hello Remus, what in the hell is on your face?" Lily asked as she looked at Lupin carefully. "Did some furry animal climb up onto your face and die?"

"Lily….it's really her," Remus whispered in surprise and he looked at her. "How….."

"You were dead," Sirius stated but then he realized how stupid that particular statement was. Lily's lips curled into a mysterious smile and she offered one statement.

"Well, I got better," Lily replied as she hid her amusement.

"Sirius, yes, I know your innocent, but you didn't have any right to offer Dumbledore and the Order this house. I do realize that he may have offered you the implication that he's working to get you a trial," Andromeda said.

Sirius nodded, he was a desperate man. And desperate men did desperate things.

"Sirius, you can stay in the house, as can Remus, the rest of these people, get the fuck out," Harry ordered firmly.

"Harry you can't do that…"

Harry turned to Hermione, he was honestly surprised that she did not make herself heard before now. Hermione Granger, if nothing else, always had to have the last word. She had a need for attention, hence her habit of volunteering information that she memorized without any original thought of her own.

"You'll find that I can," Harry replied to Hermione calmly. "For the past four years, I've allowed you to get away with trying boss me around, because I didn't want to destroy your self-esteem. Whatever, issues you have at home? That's not my fault. It's a shame that the Wizarding World doesn't believe in counseling, otherwise I wouldn't have been sent home to people who hated me after I saw someone die in front of me."

Dumbledore opened his mouth. "The Dursleys don't hate you Harry."

"How can you stand the smell of bullshit coming out of your own mouth?" Harry asked Dumbledore and any respect he might have had for the old man was gone, not that he had much to start with. His accomplishments, maybe, but not the man. "It's time for me to go, and I would advise you to step away."

There was no word given by Dumbledore.

"I'm leaving Hogwarts. I'm going to write to Professor McGonagall and tell her not to expect me back and here's why," Harry stated as he took out a folded piece of paper. "This is merely a copy, so feel free to do whatever you want to it."
Hermione was the one who took the paper from him and her eyes widened when she saw what was written there. Harry got to take his NEWTs! He got perfect scores on his exams! Her eyes widened in shock and horror.

"You need to return to Hogwarts….it's the safest place for you."

Even Ron broke out into laughter about that statement from Dumbledore.

"I've taken my NEWTs. I'm done with that place," Harry stated bluntly as he turned around but then he paused. "I want everyone but Sirius and Remus cleared out of here by Monday morning, no excuses."

Given today was Tuesday, Harry thought that he was giving them more than fair notice.

Snape managed to step forward and he couldn't resist doing what he did next.

Harry knew that Snape was not that dangerous without his wand but never the less, the greasy foul man was not someone who you wanted to turn your back on. The two of them locked their eyes onto each other and Snape tried to push himself into Harry's memories.

It was unfortunate that Harry was prepared for Snape's intrusion and his mind was rattled by Harry when he counter attacked him. He suffered a splitting headache as well as being pushed back a few feet back, but not before he saw the memories of Harry and Lily in a very private moment.

This caused Snape's head to throb and Harry turned to Andromeda.

"What is the penalty for a mental probe on an underaged wizard without the consent of a parent or guardian?" Harry asked Andromeda.

"Life in Azkaban," Andromeda said grimly as she was pleased to see that whatever Snape saw scarred him.

"Ginny, Fred, George, good luck, the rest of you? Well I might see you around but don't count on it," Harry stated and he turned around without another word, Lily and Andromeda following in his wake.

Dumbledore found he had his wand back in his hand, well what was left of it. It seemed that Harry had broken it in one last act of defiance before he departed.

No one noticed that Molly Weasley had been gagged suddenly with an apple, because no one was willing to break the silence.

Hermione's eyes were locked on the NEWT scores in front of her and she wept. She hadn't even taken her OWLs yet and Harry had gotten to take his NEWTs. He'd gotten better marks on these exams than she ever gotten on any of hers.

It was not fair.

"Dumbledore really didn't know what hit him," Nym concluded with a smile crossing her face as she sat in the castle with Harry.

"He definitely didn't know what hit him, I don't think he was expecting that I'd get my hands on his wand either, and by the time he figures out that Mum gave him a fake….well much too late to do anything," Harry said with a wide ear to ear grin.
"We have the Wand and then there's the Cloak, that's two out of a set of three items," Lily stated as she flipped through the book that was on the table. "It's called the Deathly Hallows, although it has other names."

"Yes, this Mastery of Death thing….I refuse to believe that a little stick of wood is this powerful," Harry said in a dismissive voice as he waved the object around. Since the moment he learned about magic, he managed to do whatever he could to learn whatever he could about performing any magic without a wand. It appeared to be a great handicap to rely on a wand or any other magical artifacts. In fact, it might make someone less powerful if they grew overly dependent on them. Yet, at the same time he was willing to admit that some could more than likely greatly enhance your abilities. But they were a tool, no more, no less.

Of course, the fact that there were some people who believed in this rubbish meant that Harry needed to think really hard about what he needed to do. Plans to that nature formed through his mind.

"I wonder if Fleur is enjoying the outfit that we got her," Harry remarked with a grin.

"Well, she seemed eager to be able to earn a few extra galleons, I'm not sure if the skirt is regulation length or not," Lily stated and Harry grinned widely. She could tell that Harry was not someone who cared about whether or not any skirt was regulation length, especially considering the circumstances.

Harry got up to his feet and decided to check up on Fleur. Walking forward, Harry's smile got even wider as he made his way towards her.

She was wearing a French Maid's outfit, although it was obviously made for his enjoyment. She had on a top that caused her cleavage to be seen as far as the eye could see. Her breasts were fit to burst out. Her skirt was so short that it could be classified as merely a belt, if that. She wore sheer white stockings that covered her legs and wore high heel shoes.

She wiggled her ass and Harry stepped behind her, placing his hands on her thighs.

"I think it's time for us to make a mess again, so you can clean it up again later," Harry breathed into her ear, she shivered as Harry parted her skirt to reveal what she was wearing or rather what she was not wearing underneath.

Harry sunk his fingers into the dripping quim of the sexy Veela, causing her eyes to flutter over with an immense amount of pleasure. He was knuckles deep in her sensual pussy and working even deeper into her. His efforts were not about to be lost in vain.

"Oh, Harry, you're so good," Fleur moaned and Harry cupped her breasts, they were large and gave him plenty of flesh to squeeze.

"You are a bit overdressed for the occasion," Harry told Fleur as he ripped her top open to reveal her impressive breasts, which he squeezed and this caused her eyes to flutter open, desire spreading through her face, dancing through her eyes.

"Yes, oh yes, my tits, they belong to you!" Fleur screamed.

"You better believe it and your ass as well," Harry commented as he smacked and groped Fleur for emphasis, her legs wrapped around him. His hands cupped her breasts and ran his hands all down her body, feeling her smooth skin underneath his hands as he explored it. He could sense her panting and wanted to increase the pleasure, double it. The blonde's eyes clouded over with more pleasure as Harry ran his fingers down her body.
His pants were pulled down and she grabbed him around the shaft with surprising strength. Slowly, inch by inch, the Veela popped his cock into her mouth. It hit the back of her throat and Harry squeezed her breasts, causing her to pant lustfully as she ran her mouth all the way down his shaft, until it hit the back of her throat.

"Mmm, ah, mmm, ah," Fleur moaned as she worked her mouth against his cock hungrily as he pushed it all the way down her throat. She used her hand to squeeze his balls and then kept slurping around his shaft.

The blonde's mouth latched upon Harry's phallus and she looked up at him.

"Oh damn, suck me, harder, oh yes, baby, so good," Harry grunted as he worked his long length deep inside her mouth. It went as deep as he could manage but he wanted to go even deeper. He wanted to gag this Veela goddess on his penis.

Fleur was getting soaked at his domination; it was very rare that a man would be strong enough to dominate a Veela. He grabbed her head and forced her to suck his cock harder. She took his entire length into the back of her throat, nearly choking on him. Somehow, she managed to stay the course, even though it was hard to breath given twelve inches of dick went down her throat.

Harry rubbed her clit furiously, causing her more pleasure and cupped her pussy, playing with the folds. He stroked her nipples and pinched them, causing her to squeal as he pumped his cock into her mouth.

After her jaw was nearly rendered sore by the face fucking, Harry pulled out.

Fleur found herself restrained against the wall, spread egged, her body able to be explored and Harry traced down her body, hungrily. He took some of her juices into his mouth and fed them to her.

"Dirty girl, eating your cum," Harry breathed as he smacked her hard on the ass and she offered a squeal as he groped her from behind.

With another fluid attack, Harry speared into her pussy, which was his sole property. His dick speared into her superheated core and caused her to moan.

Fleur felt herself pressed against the walls as Harry's huge member eagerly sought out her heat over and over again. She almost was about ready to work his cock into submission, using her walls to milk his thrusts.

"Mmm, ah, oh, deeper!" Fleur moaned as she wish she could have her arms free so she could dig her way out.

Fleur's eyes were closed as she found herself moaning in pleasure, she was cooing really loudly at the pleasure. His dick went into her willing walls, stretching her out and she was panting from the pleasure. His throbbing length beating a path into her was one of the best things she felt she could feel and she tried to push her hips out to meet him, but it was hard to maneuver herself in the restraints.

Harry explored the nether regions of this Veela with his cock and he kissed her hard on the lips. She returned fire, her tongue working into him.

"Oh, fuck, keep this up," Fleur moaned. "Take me, any way…you want to."

"I'm going to take you, every way that I want to," Harry told her as he stuck a few fingers up her ass for emphasis.
She moaned as Harry sped up his thrusts and her clear juices were practically oozing out of her. She was giving off so much of her allure that it would cause every man in a near radius to pass out.

"Oh, ah, mmm, ah, mmm, ah," Fleur moaned.

Harry bit down on her neck and that caused her to squeal in delight. He kept licking and working his way around the sensitive flesh of her. His hands pawed her breasts as she kept moaning as loud as she could.

"Damn, so fucking horny," Harry growled as he let her out of the restraints and pulled out.

This was only to expose her ass. Harry was lubricated with her juices and he used her pussy juices to lubricate her anal core.

"In me, please," Fleur panted.

Harry smiled as he ran his hands down her ass cheeks, squeezing them. He took one hand to steady her and another hand groped her DD Cup breasts, cementing his domination over her. His cock brushed against her tightest hole.

"FUCK!" Fleur yelled as she felt Harry's might rod invade her rectum.

It hurt for a brief second but Veelas were able to recover from anything. The wizard's hands roamed all over her body, as he went into her so hard. His thick dick speared into her as he stretched out her anal cavity.

His hands roamed over her, groping her breasts, claiming her luscious globes for his own. He speared even deeper into her ass, his balls slapping against her tight rectum. He was going as deep into her as she would allow him and then going that extra mile.

"Oh, more, more, please," Fleur breathed as Harry conjured a dildo and shoved it into her pussy.

Thanks to magic, the dildo began to vibrate within her. She closed her eyes, her nipples got rock hard as he plowed his even harder cock into her quim. She breathed as she was pressed against the wall. Her pussy juices soaked the vibrator within her as Harry plowed into her ass, causing her to not be able to sit down for a week.

In her lust hazed mind, she thought it was worth it.

"You're going to be so fucking wet, it's going to be so good," Harry breathed as he pinched her nipples and she mewled in delight at his actions.

Harry pulled her off of the wall and threw her down onto the bed.

She was situated on her hands and knees on the mattress, with Harry spearing into her from behind.

His cock went as far into her as he could manage and she was on her hands and knees, drool dripping down her chin.

Fleur lost all sense of coherence, all that mattered was Harry's cock spearing as far into her body as it could go. It filled her moist snatch up nicely.

"Oh, mmm, ah, mmm, ah," Fleur breathed as Harry hammered into her, working himself up into the home stretch.

"About to finish," Harry commented as he nipped the back of her neck and she squealed in pleasure,
with Harry taking her to the edge. She was going to be pleasured like she was never pleasured before, Harry could feel it. His cock was hugged by her sopping wet walls and he plunged himself as deep into her as he could manage.

His balls tightened and Harry came, rope after rope of thick cum splashing into her insights.

Fleur had a powerful orgasm of her own that clenched Harry's cock like a vice. Having his extremely powerful seed pump into her body was something that excited. The wizard hammered her tightness and felt it enter her.

"Fleur, I want you to write to your mother and sister. I believe I have something that they'd be very interested in helping me with," Harry breathed and Fleur nodded.

"Oui master...once I...catch my breath," Fleur commented breathlessly, although she was excited at the possibilities that were to come.

To Be Continued.
Chapter Eight: Pheromones.

Fleur Delacour offered a smile, she'd been really out of it a little bit, but after taking a moment to catch her breath and focus, she managed to get right back into the swing of it. The blonde's smile grew even wider when Harry Fucking Potter pulled her onto his lap so that she was facing him.

"Sooo Monsieur Potter, one French Veela isn't enough for you, is it?" Fleur asked with a teasing flirty grin on her face and Harry held her naked body tight against his muscular chest.

"You can never settle for just one of anything," Harry commented as he ran his fingers downwards through her hair. The blonde smiled and let out a pleased gasp as Harry cupped her ass. "The more sex I have, the more powerful I get, and I need...able bodies...two more of them."

Fleur smile brightly as things clicked together for her.

"Oh! Oui the ritual! I'd almost forgotten thanks to all the amazing sex we've had recently," Fleur commented with a smirk then she leaned towards Harry and pressed her lips onto his in a searing kiss. Her legs wrapped around his waist then she pushed him down onto the bed. The two young lovers continued to exchange a hungry kiss but they could not go much further because there was a lot of business at hand.

Fleur's pleased smile became a playful smirk and she let out a small squeal when his strong hand slapped her rather hard on the ass. She always fond herself rather pleased, when Harry left marks signifying his ownership over her during the course of their lustful activities. Most men could not really go the distance, even for a few seconds in the presence of a Veela. It was rather sad really how most men in the Wizarding UK seemed to blow their wads whenever she walked into a room. Yet, she could allow Harry to experience everything to its fullest extent and that thought made her rather hot.

"I'll see you later," Harry commented, before giving her another tight squeeze around the waist and then he let her go.

"Bye, Harry," Fleur let out breathlessly. Then she leaned forward to grind her nubile body against his, taking special emphasis to grind their crotches against each other. Their tongues tangled together as they exchanged what was supposed to be a kiss, but was more like a battle for dominance between the two. Reaching up, Harry grasped her hair tightly within his hand then pulled roughly upon it, causing her gasp out into the kiss and allowing him to deepen it further. The blonde was determined not to be outdone, but Harry kept her under control, never once breaking his dominant hold over her.

She managed to get away from him, reluctant as it was. She did not bother to get dressed, at least not right away, which allowed Harry a nice view of the spectacular naked ass of the French Veela and that was a delicious sight indeed.

"See you later, Fleur," Harry told her with a smile on his face as he watched her leave, her ass swaying all the way. Before she left the room completely, she turned to look over her shoulder and offered him a hungry look that matched his own.

One of the most powerful women in Magical Europe. A creature that was the pure personification of
sex and he controlled her utterly. Dominated her every waking thought. That fact more than made him smile. He continued to watch her as the sexy blonde finally exited the room, her hips swaying in a seductive manner all the while.

"She's in the palm of your hand and quite the woman to have there," Lily said to Harry eying him from where she sat hidden in the corner, having eagerly watched his activities with Fleur. He'd known she was there though, the bond between them was so strong now that he always knew where she was. In fact, if he concentrated hard enough he could feel her heart beating from across the room. Standing up, she moved to close the distance between them.

"Yes, she is," Harry remarked with a grin as he watched his mother move towards him. When she finally reached him, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in close. Lily eagerly crawled onto her son's lap than rested her head against his shoulder. The two of them always enjoyed the time that they spent on each other.

"Your NEWTs were excellent," Lily told Harry.

"Of course they were. I think I might have broken Hermione's brain though," Harry told her with a smirk. "You know, I'd thought that she'd be a bit more loyal given all I've done for her."

"She does owe you a life debt. But she's the type, that seeks to be a reformer but when the heat is on, falls quickly into line with authority," Lily said to her son and Harry nodded in agreement. He'd learned that fact for himself pretty quickly about Hermione, as much as it really pained him to admit it. She was not someone who was willing to do anything that broke the rules too much. She was always the type of person who went squealing to an Authority figure at the first sign of trouble, as the incident with the Firebolt had proven.

Harry was all about breaking those trends; the rules that were in place were in place to be broken creatively, especially the rules that were stupid, of which there were many. Andromeda had actually spent the better part of four hours walking him through a current listing of Ministry rules and regulations, then broken down how stupid they were and how to get around them, one by one. The young wizard mentally prepared for the future, as calm as could be.

"Now, that you're out of Hogwarts. We can focus on tying up one or two loose ends...."

"There's a part of me that wants to leave and allow Voldemort to destroy everyone in his wake," Harry stated as he rubbed his chin. "But knowing how these things work, the twenty percent that are worth saving are going to be taken down a lot easier than the eighty percent that aren't worth saving."

"That's how these things go," Lily agreed with a frown, it was always the innocent that got caught in the crossfire between two warring sides. As much as she hated to admit it, it was always the case and it was something that was going to be a problem for them moving forwards. The redhead placed her hand on her son's shoulder and focused intently. "I hope...."

"There is plenty of hope, no matter what," Harry offered. "Although, I'm not sure how much hope there is for this Wizarding World."

One might consider that statement to be a contradiction but there was a statement that passed through Harry's mind. This was a world that made their own monsters and Harry was not too happy having to deal with the monsters this world had made. No matter what, he was going to have to clean up the messes that he had no part in making. Perhaps if they read the signs, there would be no Voldemort around.
Then again, there was another phrase that Harry was reminded of and that was that those who made their mistakes were often times doomed to repeat them. He wished that was not the case but often times it was.

"As much as I hate to give the devil his due, Voldemort is not going to be an easy one to put down," Harry said to his mother and she smiled sadly.

"He's a snake, who has the tendency of slipping out of his own skin, when it suits him," Lily agreed, as she felt her son's strong arms wrap around her nubile body even more tightly then they were. The more the redhead thought about it, the more she cursed the prophecy. She cursed the fact that Snape told Voldemort the prophecy. She cursed the fact that Voldemort and Dumbledore believed a silly bit of fortune telling. She cursed James for believing in Dumbledore. All in all, she cursed a lot of people in her head and if given a chance she would curse each of them physically. Except for James, because he was dead, something that he should be grateful for.

However, the fact that he believed it was what caused Lily's frustration to escalate. If he had not been so paranoid, the world would be a very different place.

Although, Harry had made the most out of the situation he was in.

"When he's out of our lives, we have no obligation to this world or the people in it," Harry continued. "If I stick around, I'll be expected to put out the next fire or get made into the next martyr, depending on the mood that these people are in, or the weather, or which team won which Quidditch match, on any given day."

"Yeah," Lily agreed as she felt her son's arms tighten around her waist and the redhead sunk down onto his lap.

It was moment's like this, where she cherished the silence.

"We have a lot to do," Harry informed his mother. "Number Five and Number Six might join us soon."

"Then the Power of Seven Ritual can commence," Lily stated, marveling at her son's genius. The fact that the participants were closely related in a few cases, would make the power of the ritual even more amazing.

She couldn't have come up with a better idea if she tried and she had come up with some very good ideas in her day. A wide smile flowed over Lily's face.

"We'll be one step closer to seeing a world without Tom, My Mom and Dad didn't love me, so I'm going to take it out on the world, Riddle," Harry told his mother and mirth danced through his vibrant green eyes as he thought about that extremely happy moment.

Albus, he of too many names and titles, Dumbledore, offered a pained sigh as he reflected over a lot of the problems that occurred over the past couple of weeks. The return of Lord Voldemort was something that he half expected to happen. Given the lengths that Tom went to ensure that he was not going to be taken onto that next great adventure, it was only inevitable. His plan to get a hold of the Philosophers...or...was...it...the Sorcerer's stone? He could never remember, was foiled. Dumbledore could not even begin to figure out what might have happened if Ginny Weasley had her life force sapped completely by the diary Horcrux.
Dumbledore knew that the return would happen some day, he also knew that based on the prophecy, Harry would be the only one who would be able to defeat Voldemort. He knew that there would come a day, where Tom would not be as afraid of him as he was now. Dumbledore felt the aura of invincibility and wisdom that he had created for himself lessen with each passing day.

The fact that he lost the Elder Wand to Harry so effortlessly? That was the straw that broke the Hippogriff’s back.

Dumbledore noticed, although it was much too late for him to do anything about it. That the broken wand he’d been handed was a fake, albeit a well crafted one. He was going to have to give Lily Evans-Potter that much. She was someone who took a lot of pride in her work, as deceptive as it was.

Losing that wand was worse than losing an arm. Dumbledore wondered if Harry could properly understand the amazing power that he carried. With great power, there came a certain amount of responsibility. Dumbledore was certain he read that line somewhere, although he was not sure where. He'd also never really taking it to heart. Better to gently nudge people into doing what you wanted by acting like their favorite Grandfather, who offered you sweets, each time they came to visit.

He could not worry about that mystery right now. He saw the Daily Prophet was calling for him to step down from a public life. They claimed that he couldn't relate to the average wizard or witch on the street.

Grudgingly, perhaps a little bit, Dumbledore wondered if these people had a point. He had been slipping ever so slightly over the years, to the point where he wondered if he still had the abilities that he did in years past.

Those years past might as well have been a really long time ago. The Headmaster closely looked at the newspaper in his hand. They'd been really railing on him more and more lately. Quite frankly they'd bent him over a barrel, then given him a good hard rogering and not in the way he would have liked. Although for some reason, they had backed off on their criticism of Harry.

The fact that there was an ongoing investigation based on the attack of Number Four Privet Drive made Dumbledore think that they were backing down so as not to be seen as being in poor taste.

The Ministry, well he was sure that when Amelia had her way, with Alastor’s help, all of the skeletons would be out of the closet and on the table for the world to see. Dumbledore had been unwilling to remove Cornelius from power because that would upset the applecart too much and divide a world that needed to stand together when Lord Voldemort made his move.

So far, he'd yet to make his play for the prophecy.

That was a huge problem and Dumbledore remembered that when Gellert was at the height of his power. Those with dark hearts operated on a very delicate waiting game. There was a sense where….actually there were more than a few problems regarding what was happening. When Dumbledore did not have all of the cards on the table, well, that made him extremely nervous and made him wonder if he was losing sense of himself.

He was closed his eyes, there was a sense that he regretted a lot about his life.

He regretted that he did not impart to Harry a bit more that he should stay in his home, it truly was the safest place for him. He would have to allow Harry to live for the rest of his life with the fact and guilt that he was responsible with allowing his cousin's soul to be sucked out. Vernon and Petunia
were obviously shocked that their dear sweet son was gone, so their rudeness could be excused. The fact that Vernon told him that he would sue Dumbledore and the rest of you FREAKS! for everything that they were worth, made Dumbledore wonder how the corpulent man thought he was going to pull it off.

There had been Muggles who’d tried to expose the Wizarding World before. Mostly the parents of Muggleborn Aurors, who were killed in the line of duty. They had been declared legally insane and locked up with the key thrown away.

Albus was thinking about the one thing that he’d refused to acknowledge until now, mostly, because it ruined what his entire world view of magic.

Lily Evans-Potter returned from the grave. Well technically she wasn’t dead, despite the fact that a body was left at the scene.

This was magic that most baffling to Dumbledore. The Headmaster was at a complete loss as to how to even piece together the different parts of that mystery. There were too many angles, it was monstrous to even comprehend.

The ritual, the latent blood protection did something; it had returned Lily or perhaps a shade of her back to life.

Albus was not about to deny the bond between a mother and her son, but Lily's appearance was most inconvenient. She was fiercely independent and she did a lot to encourage those qualities in her son's mind.

Dumbledore could see already that there was one huge headache coming on.

He knew what he must do, Harry had told him as much, quite rudely he might add. They resounded through Dumbledore's mind like a wicked twisted symphony of terror, that was replayed over and over for him.

'It's time for me to leave, perhaps you should do so as well.'

Dumbledore heard those very words or something along those lines, more than a few times in recent years. He tried to push the thoughts out of his mind, he could not leave yet, there was so much that he had to do.

Yet, there was an echo that resounded in his head and it made him wonder if there was some truth to that statement. Maybe it was time for him to leave, maybe it was time for Albus Dumbledore to walk into the sunset.

"Albus! What happened to Severus?"

Madam Pompfrey's head popped up in the fire to break him out of his thoughts.

"I beg your pardon?"

The Hogwarts Healer was short on words and even shorter on patience, so she stated what she meant, as clearly as possible, as if he was a small child with a mental handicap. "Snape! You know! Snape, Snape, Severus Snape!"

"Yes, I recall who your speaking of Poppy," Dumbledore stated, it was hard to forget anyone like that, that amazing and quite dashing dark haired man. He was quite dreamy really, with his long flowing greasy black hair, sallow complexion, hooked beak of a nose. Dumbledore quite fancied that
he looked almost like that Rickman chap who'd been in the most recent Robin Hood movie, now if only he could convince him to grow a goatee.

"He's mumbling under his breath, and saying that it's all Potter's fault. Now admittedly, he says it about twenty times over the course of the day, but he keeps muttering it over and over alongside a bunch of other gibberish," Pomfrey told him.

"This behavior is common from Severus, surely you know that," Dumbledore countered as he waved his hand a very dismissive manner. He was no more surprised to hear Severus talk about Harry in a derisive manner than he was to hear that the Ministry of Magic was mismanaged.

"He keeps saying that she should be mine, she should be mine," Pomfrey informed him.

Dumbledore placed down the quill that he held within his hand. He had no idea why he randomly picked it up and in fact he forgot he picked it up until he was in his office. He placed it on the desk by his side.

"Well, that's curious," Albus said as he looked around, wondering where he put his quill.

He had plans to make, he knew that Gellert was going to make his move soon. It was imperative that Harry defeat him, it was his destiny.

'Gellert,' Albus thought as he shook his head. What was that Dark Lord's name again? 'Riddle….Tom Riddle…yes him.'

Perhaps...perhaps he should retire, he'd nearly forgotten who the current dark lord was. Perhaps he should retire for the greater good of his own mental health. After all, Gellert had already been defeated.

Or maybe he would feel better after a nice long nap.

Harry Fucking Potter smiled, it was always a fun prospect to meet the mothers of one of his girlfriends. Especially given how easy this mother was on the eyes, if the brief glimpse that Harry caught of her during the Triwizard Tournament task showed him anything. Though, admittedly it would actually be the first time he met the Mother of one of his girls, he'd already fucked Andromeda before he meet Nymphadora.

He waited inside Andromeda's house, Nym had to go into work. Lily was making some last minute alterations to the ritual which would happen very soon. Harry was intrigued by these mysterious Hallows and he wanted to complete the set.

Of course, it was more to keep them out of the hands of others. Who would assume that they were, what the legends said they were. Harry was still not completely convinced. He remembered the ability of the Wizarding World to over exaggerate a lot of things and he knew that this was one thing that was not going to be anything different, at least that's what he was going to assume.

He was going to wait and see.

There was a knock on the door and Harry couldn't help but grin in anticipation at the thought of the fun and games to come.

'It's go time,' Harry thought as he made his way to the door, that same bright grin on his face. Said
grin got even brighter as he opened it up and saw the person standing on the other end of it. A part of his clothing got a fair tighter as well, once he saw what the vision before him was wearing.

She was quite tall, a bit taller than her daughter actually, who was no slouch in the height department. Her blonde hair shined in the sunlight like liquid silver. Her perfect flesh was a treat to his eyes, as he could see that she did not have a blemish on her body. She was wearing a white top that wrapped firmly around her breasts and showcased a nice amount of cleavage. Her breasts were larger than her daughter's, which was again something really special. She wore a pair of tight leather pants, that wrapped snugly around her nice hips and ass.

"Monsieur Potter, it's an honor," she stated in a breathy voice and then she throw her arms around him for emphasis, pressing her breasts into his chest.

Harry relaxed into the embrace, as he felt her rather spectacular rack pressing into him. It was quite the feeling, Harry was not going to lie.

"The honor is all mine, Mrs. Delacour," Harry commented, as he felt her aura pulse quite a bit more stronger than her daughters. It was obvious as to why.

"Please, Harry, call me Appoline," The older Delacour told him and she leaned towards him, to capture his lips in a burning kiss. "That was in gratitude for saving my daughters during the Triwizard Tournament. It was an outrage that they did not guarantee their safety but you fought quite valiantly to save them both. I will say that it only a down payment, there's much more to come."

Harry smiled. "It's more than a pleasure to help such a beautiful set of girls."

From where she stood behind her mother, Fleur mouthed out the word "charmer," shaking her head as she said that statement but she was smiling.

"It's a pleasure that's all mine since it brought into our lives," Appoline stated as she took a sip of the drink that she'd been offered. She leaned back and her shirt, a couple of sizes too small, strained mightily to contain her massive melons.

Harry was not about to complain about that view, not in the slightest, but he did have one question for her.

"Where is Gabrielle?"

Appoline offered him an apologetic smile. "She regrets that she cannot join us considering how much she wanted to see you again. But, she's going through the change."

Fleur had informed him about the change that all Veelas went through, when they reached their maturity. Harry recalled the information with picture perfect clarity, Gabrielle would have to be sequestered in her own private room to ensure that she didn't overwhelm anyone the first time she gained access to the allure. It was a precaution more than anything else and Harry understood that fact, although it was a shame that he could not complete the set straight away.

Well not yet, anyway. Soon as he got the chance he was going for the strike.

"So how long does she have before the change is complete?" Harry asked Appoline and the woman was prompt to answer.

"It should not be that long now," Appoline admitted as she looked back at Harry. She shifted slightly, showcasing her cleavage for his inspection. She paused for dramatic emphasis. "It shouldn't be more than a day or so. I'm sure that she'll be pleased to have an opportunity to make up for lost
time later."

"I'm sure that we will," Harry stated with a smile from where he stood across from Appoline. "And
I'm sure we've got something to discuss."

The Veela raised an eyebrow directed at Harry, before she offered a short "Oh?"

"Yes, we do in fact, have something to discuss," Harry remarked with a smile on his face as he
closed the gap between the two of them quickly.

Appoline recognized the same thing that Fleur had about Harry pretty quickly. Most men would not
be able to be in the same room with a Veela blasting the full force of her allure for more than a few
seconds. Yet, Harry was staring her the eye, which was the surest way to get a full blown blast of it.

"I'm sure you can open doors with just a smile and a wink," Harry said as he placed his hands on her
flanks. His hands just brushing underneath her ample breasts. Her allure tried to ensnare his mind so
naturally he was going to give her more than she bargained for.

Appoline closed her eyes as she felt pleasure course through her body. He was just barely touching
the undersides of her covered breasts and already she could imagine what he could do with a few
more brushes of his hands.

"I'm not making you nervous, am I?" Harry asked, practically whispering in her ear and this caused a
warmth to spread between her thighs.

"No...of....of course not," Appoline managed as she felt her throat dry a little bit.

Fleur smiled, the younger French Veela was not going to lie. Watching Harry seduce her mother? It
was hot as well. She was getting wet just watching him go about his work.

"Are you sure that I'm not distracting you?" Harry asked, as he took hold of her slander wrists then
pushed them around her back and held them gently in place there.

Appoline, didn't know know when she'd been pulled up to her feet so she could face Harry
completely. In fact, she didn't really know what was going on all.

Her pheromones were going wild, that was something that she recalled with picture perfect clarity.
Her mind was buzzing and all her senses where overwhelmed.

"You can't control your desires right now, but you don't need to. Not around me," Harry breathed in
her ear and she couldn't help but twitch at that.

Harry grabbed her breasts and tugged the fabric of her shirt upwards. She couldn't stop him even if
she wanted to and there was one point that was perfectly clear in Appoline's mind.

She didn't want to stop him.

"Just think what we could do," Harry said as he pressed her against his body. Her bra clad breasts
were completely exposed. The fabric was thin and he got an even better view of her amazing
cleavage.

One would have to get a bra like that specially made.

Harry smiled, he was ready to make his move like the hungry jungle cat and he could have sworn he
felt something deep inside of him roar.
Appoline felt the cold air hit her nipples as Harry ripped her bra off of her. Her massive jugs were squeezed as Harry worked another hand down the front of her panties.

"Oh, Harry," Appoline moaned before his fingers worked its watch down between her legs and started to rub on her dripping snatch, causing pleasure to go throughout her body.

Fleur sat down, and decided to enjoy the show. On the off chance that her mother got tired, she was here to tag out.

Normally that would not be a concern with Veelas but with Harry, that was a potential problem. She watched with rapt anticipation dancing through her eyes as her mother dug Harry's massive tool out.

"Oh my, so big," Appoline cooed as she stroked it, feeling every inch of it.

"It's going to feel even bigger when you're on your knees and it's down your throat," Harry commented as he stripped her, revealing her smooth and shaven mound, working his fingers up and down her dripping hot slit, to cause her pleasure.

"YES, IT WILL!" she moaned as she felt his fingers pulse into her. She felt his fingers drill into her.

Appoline closed her eyes and then she felt his cock. It was large and throbbing, it was a work of art and she could not wait to stick it down her throat so far that she was practically gagging on it. She licked her lips and with another swift motion, she stuck it down her throat.

"MMM, mmm, nnnmm," Appoline slurped as she pushed her mouth up and down his invading pole, working it up and down her throat. She worked her hand down and fondled his balls, causing him pleasure.

Fleur rested on the bed and thankfully she came prepared. She removed a magical vibrator, charmed to go far faster than its mundane counterpart. It was nowhere near Harry's cock but it would do for good.

She felt the sexual fire course through her body as she rammed it up her.

"Faster, yes, that's it, faster," Harry breathed as he pushed his cock down into her mouth. "You're my slut, and you want nothing but to choke on my cock and my cum, don't you?"

Appoline could not speak on the account of having her mouth so full of Harry's cock and he rammed all the way down her throat. The blonde's eyes closed and she rammed his cock all the way down her throat.

It went down her throat and his balls throbbed with desire.

Harry's hands pumped into her pussy and felt it, caused pleasure to explode form head to toe.

"Damn, you're gushing for me, aren't you," Harry groaned as he worked his rod down her throat, he was going to feed this starving Veela. "Oh, you're thirsty, you want me to cum?"

She nodded and Harry was not going to let her down, well after a nice tease. He was going to really make her choke for it and Harry pumped his thick load down her throat after a few minutes.

Appoline slid back, feeling his cum pump down her throat.

"Feels so good," Appoline moaned and Harry placed the fingers that were soaked with her cum into
her mouth which she sucked upon.

"Dirty, slut, eating your own cum," Harry breathed hotly and he slammed her on the ass and prepared her for insertion.

Appoline felt the rush of the biggest thing that would ever enter her.

"Oh, so big!" Appoline moaned and she hung onto Harry, as his cock nearly slid completely out of her. Then it slammed back into her all of the way which caused her to have a mind numbing orgasm that caused her eyes to nearly water.

Harry felt her core lubricate his invading rod and he picked up the pace. The Veela Pussy was the best thing, they could gush like no one else. She sunk her nails into his back and this allowed him to pick up the pace as he beat his meat into her gushing pussy. It tightened around her.

Appoline felt orgasms rock her at least once every moment. She never felt anything this good as his rod spearing her center.

"You're mine," Harry breathed as he nibbled on her ear. "Say it."

Appoline moaned out loud as his cock punished her pussy. "Yes, I'm yours."

"Are you?" Harry breathed as he cupped her breasts and kept working into her.

"Yes, yes, oh fuck yes," she moaned as she felt his rod push between her walls, there was no question about how this felt. His hands sent jolts of pleasure all over her body and her pussy gushed fluids. It was so slick and she clenched him so hard. His cock was strong enough to pummel her pussy when she was at full power and that made it even more erotic. "My breasts, my ass, my pussy, all yours, master!"

"Yes, I'm your master and you're my sexy MILF Veela slave," Harry grunted as he hammered the MILF with his invading pole. "You belong to me, you crave my cock!"

She nodded her head and things were silent for a while as Harry focused on rendering her to an extremely wreck of mono syllable words. She was panting heavily and she tried to push her hips further up towards him.

"You're mine, mine, you belong to me, this pussy is mine," Harry grunted as he kept his invasion of her up.

She wanted him to cum so bad, she was being pounded into the second hour, third, she lost count completely.

All that mattered to her was this monster of a cock spearing all the way into her walls. His balls slapped against her walls. She clenched around him and she kept being hammered with his long length, going into her.

"Mine, oh, ah, ah, yes," Harry grunted as he felt his balls tighten with the pleasure and he was about to tear this Veela MILF all to pieces with his cock. He was having his way with her and he knew that he was going to cum.

His cum came in a current, injecting his hot seed into her. He claimed her cunt for his own as ropes of his cum injected into her.

Appoline collapsed, the combination of her's and Harry's juices flowing from her overflowing cum.
The thick white cum splashed from her juicy cunt.

"Oh, Fleur, come and be a good daughter and clean your mother's pussy," Harry ordered.

Fleur walked over, her hips swaying and she did just that. She was eagerly hungering for her mother's cunt, drool dripped from her lips as she dove in.

Harry grabbed her ass and ran his hands all over her body. The blonde closed her eyes and Harry kept running his hands all over her body. He could feel her shivering and Harry knew that he had in the palm of his hands.

Fleur's tongue worked through her mother's pussy, she had to admit that the combination of her mother's and Harry's juices were a savory combination. Her pussy burned with hungry desire and it was filled by Harry's monstrous cock.

"Eat, faster, make your mother cum," Harry ordered as he rammed his cock into her tight quim, roughly emphasizing his ownership of her.

Fleur was turned on, her cunt tightened all around him. Her nipples hardened even more and the blonde's eyes flooded with even more lust. She was panting heavily and she kept slurping her tongue, lapping up her mother's juices along with Harry's like a starving woman.

Harry pumped his cock into her cunt.

"Fleur, so fucking hot, hotter than a fucking furnace," Harry grunted as he cupped her massive swinging breasts and plowed another few inches into her.

He alternated between long and powerful thrusts and short thrusts but he drove her to passions.

"That's it baby, eat me, eat your mother, oh fuck," the MILF moaned as she felt her daughter's talented tongue.

Harry smiled, this was a beautiful sight and his balls throbbed because of it. He plowed into her from behind and his balls slapped against her thighs, hammering her pussy. The blonde's walls kept hugging him as he worked into her.

The dance continued with Harry picking up the momentum. He was determined to bring Fleur down, banging her sweet pussy into submission.

"Oh, fucking close, so fucking close, going to fucking cum," Harry groaned as he ran his hands all the way down her body as he pummeled Fleur doggy style.

She was too busy eating her mother's pussy to answer verbally but Fleur's walls clenching his cock answered what she wanted from him.

Harry plunged himself deep between her thighs, he worked his rod as far into her as he could sliding in and out of her. His balls slapped up against her and she panted as Harry went into her one more time.

His balls tightened and he sent a flood of cum into her waiting cum, pumping her up with so much cum that she could not stand it.

Fleur passed out as did Appoline, and Harry saw how much time passed, both inside the real world and inside the time bubble.
It had been almost three days inside the time bubble.

Harry could not help but allow one statement to escape from his mouth.

‘Two down, one to go,’ Harry commented as he held the two drooling blondes next to him, after putting them through the paces.

Narcissa Malfoy made her way through the Ministry of Magic, with a calculating smile on her face. She was a true Pureblood, not the type who hid behind their gold and liked to talk big. She was nothing like that. Her husband was someone who preferred to hide behind the throne and only open his mouth when he was sure that the biggest bully on the playground was able to protect him. Well, she supposed that he also opened his mouth to take a cock inside of it.

Her son had even less sense than Lucius did. She mused that it was a good thing that Harry Potter was not the type that would take Draco's venom seriously, because he had every single call in the world to make Draco pay for his mouth. And there would be very few at Hogwarts, from what Narcissa heard, that would fault him for it. The only reason Draco wasn't beaten senseless by half of Slytherin House, with the rest cheering them on, was due to the fact that the other half of it was filled with children from a bunch of old families, who needed favors from the Malfoy's. Oh, and the head of house was his Godfather, but the less she thought about Severus the better in her mind.

Narcissa thought that if the rules changed, her son would not last long at all unless he got down on his knees and she offered a shudder at that thought. Draco was a fool but that's what happened when Lucius's blood got mixed into the situation.

Lucius was not feeling his best these days. He contracted, well, let's call it a rare virus, that would either leave him dead or stripped of his magic, with only a seven percent chance of him surviving without any complications. It was more likely that he would be either dead or worse than dead, for losing one's magical abilities was a Purebloods worst nightmare come true.

Narcissa was glad that she could not contract the virus due to being immunized against it when she was young. Lucius's father apparently thought that this rare virus couldn't affect the strong and powerful Malfoy blood. She had to fight hard not to snicker wherever she heard that one.

He had sealed his own son's coffin by refusing to go for an extremely obvious vaccination. At least that's what Narcissa was hoping people would believe. After all, it took her quite a lot of effort to make sure he caught the rare virus in question.

It was obvious that Draco might be exposed to the virus as well. Though, that really depended on her mood moving forwards.

It was fortunate that Narcissa convinced Lucius to sign some papers in his extremely delirious state. The virus came in several stages.

First one lost their sense of smell.

Taste would soon follow.
Then they would not be able to feel.

Then they would lose their sight.

Then one day, they would not be able to hear, all sense of everything would be gone. They would wither and die, unless they were the fortunate few, who had strong enough magic to restore their senses at the cost of their powers.

Narcissa smiled wickedly, somehow she didn't think Lucius was strong enough to weather the storm.

Pausing, she looked carefully around as she thought she'd heard something, but then again, perhaps she was jumping the wand. There were going to be of people running around the Ministry, or lurking to hear office gossip. Much like she was doing so now. The woman tilted her head to the side a few inches and listened carefully.

'Just an owl,' Narcissa thought. Obviously an office worker, stuck in the nightmare shift, wanting to send an owl home to a loved one in an attempt to retain some degree of sanity, at least that's what she figured.

The blonde shifted her stance a half of an inch to the right and then a half of an inch to the left. Her heart thumped a tiny bit as she kept walking forward.

Okay, there was most certainly someone or something, close behind her. She thought she saw something in the shadows. Perhaps she was losing sense of herself but she was certain that there was something here.

'Easy, Cissa, you're not Mad-Eye Moody,' Narcissa told herself, though the sheer amount of scars he had almost proved his point. It wasn't being paranoid if someone was out to get you and in the magical world? Someone was almost always out to get you. The blonde closed her eyes and her heart beat a bit more steadily as she listened carefully for the person. Who, seemed to be following her.

There was nothing, not even a whisper, not even a hum. God, how she fucking hated people who hummed.

That was until a strong arm grabbed her around the waist and pulled her up tight against them. She nearly shrieked out in fright, but the other hand had reached up to cover her mouth.

"Well, well, Narcissa Malfoy, what a pleasure it is to see you," the very familiar voice whispered in her ear. His breath was hot and his tone was low.

"Who…"

"Come on, Cissa, You don't mind if I call you Cissa do you? It's very easy to put together," the young man whispered as he pressed himself firmly against her back and she offered a lengthy sigh as she was up against the wall, both figuratively and literally.

"Oh….yes," Narcissa moaned out, not being able to help herself.

"I understand that you've been asking around about me, you seem rather curious about me, now that I recently decided to remove the mask," He breathed once more into her ear. "Then again, being a Slytherin, you can appreciate better than anyone else how we all wear masks?"

"Yes," the blonde Slytherin stated, as Harry kept her arms firmly behind her back and his lips were a few inches from touching the back of her neck.
"And you've worn those masks well, pretending that you can tolerate people that you would sooner stab in the back on sheer principle," Harry whispered hotly as one of his hands moved slowly underneath her robes as a brief tease. "But don't worry, things are going to be change, although I wonder if you're going to be on the ground floor for it or get buried in the basement with the rest of the dreck."

Narcissa closed her eyes with a whimper and bit down on her lower lip until she left an indent, in an attempt to stifle the shuddering moan that wanted to escape her body so desperately.

"Lucius hasn't been seen in public for a long time," Harry said to her as his hands were placed firmly on her hips.

"He's….he's….ill," Narcissa managed, but she wondered how much Harry knew. It was obvious that he knew more than meant the eye. After all this mysterious virus, hadn't been seen in almost two hundred years.

"Well that's a shame, but I trust his will is in order, so his gold doesn't fall into the goblins hands," Harry said.

"What….."

"Cissa, I said nothing," Harry commented to her even more as he brushed his hands against her stiff nipples for a brief moment and he saw her legs subconsciously spread. The clothes was the only barrier between them having an extremely intimate meeting. "I don't know what you think I might be implying."

Narcissa felt something hard brush against her covered thigh and she allowed a moan across her lips.

"I love older women," Harry breathed hotly in her ear and she felt herself clench together and she knew that she would have to change her panties. "So much more sophisticated, so much more mature, so less likely to burn out."

Narcissa closed her eyes due to the overwhelming pleasure that she was feeling.

"Draco's only redeeming quality is that he allowed you to punch your MILF card," Harry breathed in her ear.

"Harry Potter," Narcissa moaned, but there was nothing there.

He was gone and Narcissa was left there frustrated and wet. In the middle of the lift in the Ministry of Magic.

He was there and he was gone.

Was he really there or was he a manifestation of her horny and frustrated mind? There was few fantasies more taboo than going at it with your son's most hated enemy and the young man who foiled your soon to be late husband's master.

Narcissa walked punch drunk out of the lift as she tried to reconcile everything but all she imagined was Harry Potter pushing her down onto the bench in front of her and having his wicked way with her over and over again.

To Be Continued.
Revenge

Let's get this over with since this story has been written since November. Super marathon posting of unedited chapters within the next 24 to 48 hours or so, check out my other work for stuff that I actually had passion for when I wrote it. So as the fact that many women, who may or may have been real, may or may not have told me in the past, let's get this over with.

Chapter Nine: "Revenge."

Lily had to admit, she did not think that anyone still sent these. Although she recalled that this particular woman still sent them to her children. Public ridicule was apparently a good form of parenting, who knew. She saw the red envelope in her hand and she was not worried, she was not scared, in fact, she was smiling.

Carefully, Lily tossed the envelope into the air and placed it into a bubble. The envelope exploded and Molly Weasley's ranting was done to dead air. Lily could almost hear it despite the sound proof bubble that she put it in. Something about her not being a proper mother and all that bullshit.

Given how one of her sons turned out to be a kiss ass that ran to the Ministry and acquired the taste Fudge at the earliest opportunity and one of them turned to be a human black hole that ate every piece of food within a five hundred mile radius of all sides, that seemed to be mother of the year material. She supposed that the other five turned out decently, although if they did not have issues thanks to Molly, Lily would have been extremely surprised. Actually she figured that they might but the twins and Ginny seemed fairly decent, at least they had experienced the least of it and she figured that the other two must be level headed because they had the sense of when to get the fuck out of the country when they did.

Lily heard snickering over her shoulder and that snickering was accompanied by her son making his return. Lily sat rigid and she looked over her shoulder, seeing Harry slip the Invisibility Cloak back into the bag.

"Well it sounds like you had a very productive morning," Lily stated lightly and Harry offered his mother a smile.

"Because I have," Harry stated to his mother and she raised her eyebrow, obviously expecting some form of an explanation.

"Details, I must have them, honey," Lily said presently, as she threw her arms around her son and he pressed her breasts into his face.

Harry had to admit, that was an enticing thing to get his attention.

Harry pulled back and sat down on the bed next to her. "Well, I bumped into Narcissa Malfoy at the Ministry and I left her wet and frustrated….although to be fair, I think she has plenty of experience with being frustrated with Lucius."

"I'm surprised Lucius kept it up long enough to conceive an heir, but potions can do wonderful things," Lily said but then she added. "Also disappointed."

"The apple does not far from the tree," Harry commented, although that shed an entirely new and disturbing light on Draco’s obsession with him throughout Hogwarts. Although Harry did knew that and there were a small group of witches at Hogwarts who thought that they should get together.
There were people who were completely and utterly fucked up in the end, because anyone who thought that Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter was an actually good couple, they needed to get their heads examined.

Plus, if Harry was gay, he thought he could do a hell of a lot better than Draco. Not that he spent that much time thinking about that particular situation but never mind.

"So, Molly the Mouth sent you a howler," Harry said and Lily's lips curled into a smile.

"That was her nickname at Hogwarts or so I heard," Lily replied to him and she chuckled as the thought came into her mind. "She earned that reputation…..

"I don't want to think about it," Harry said, waving off her words. Mrs. Weasley may have been attractive about four or so children ago but now she looked like the poster child for why magical users should only have three children at maximum.

Lily looked thoughtful before she said the statement that she had on the tip of her tongue. "It's time for Molly Weasley to learn a lesson in humility."

Harry looked at his mother and he saw the slightly evil glint in his eyes. He had been glad that he had not been Molly many times in his life but now he was especially glad that he was not her right about now.

"I'm not one of her children that she could cow into submission by screaming her lungs out," Lily said with a bright grin on her face. She tapped her fingers on her wand, even though she did not need it. She just had it for show. She would not fall into the same trap that most witches and wizards fell into, being dependent on a frail piece of wood. She twirled it between her fingers carefully. "She needs to be taught respect in the worst way."

It amused Lily slightly that despite Molly had seven children, there were some ways that she did not grow up. And Arthur being so submissive did not really work out for the best for her. It was time for Molly to go to school and learn a valuable lesson.

"What are you thinking about, Mum?" Harry asked her.

Lily smiled. "Now it'd spoil the surprise."

She never liked how Ron had betrayed Harry last year and Harry only grudgingly accepted his feeble apology last year because that was the role that was expected from him. It was time to teach Ron that same lesson and there might be a few people.

The latest Daily Prophet dropped down in front of them and Harry snatched it, a smile crossing his face.

"Rumors are that Dumbledore is retiring from public life," Harry read and he flipped through the paper. "Fudge is claiming that it's because of disgrace, but while he's half right, it's not because of disgrace because of anything Fudge did."

"Fudge would be the type to take all of the credit and none of the work," Lily said. "And your number six…..

"She'll be auditioning fairly shortly," Harry confirmed with an eager smile. "The ritual can only work properly if I've had one on one sex with the occupants before we do the ritual."

"So, you did read up, very good," Lily said approvingly.
Harry was also reading up and practicing spells that would allow him to have sex with multiple partners simultaneously. He thought that would be something that would be extremely useful to know, very useful indeed. He had a few witches that he would collect, although some of them would not until they became of age.

He knew all about his unique magic that would burn out under age witches and leave them unable to perform magic for a short amount of time. Constant couplings would make the damage even more permanent. Although to be honest, the younger witches were someone who Harry thought lacked the maturity and understood what their duty was.

Narcissa was always on his list and the third Black sister was someone who intrigued Harry, although that was that small manner of getting her out of Azkaban. He was researching a way to strengthen his Patronus charms although given the ritual, his magic would be boosted to an entirely new level.

Harry smiled, there was plotting in his mind. He had a meeting with a young Veela and also he had a few things left to do in this world before he gave it the middle finger and left. After he got a taste of how the government worked, he did not see himself staying in Britain after his unfinished business with Voldemort concluded. There was so much of the world to see and a world that was beyond the limited wand based magic that these idiots thought was the be all and end all.

Plus the fact that most of these people lacked basic common sense made Harry realize that his IQ might drop each passing year. Anyone who had sense, well might be witches that he would sleep with but other than that, there wasn't many people who had potential.

The only reason he would deal with Voldemort is because his idiotic behavior would affect those who did have potential.

Number Twelve Grimmauld Place was a location that was grim, as the name indicated. It was not a location that many people thought when they thought that something interesting was going to happen. In fact, with Molly Weasley going through the location with fury and trying to turn the house upside down, many were annoyed. The Order had been banished there, although they had three more days to wait to see if Dumbledore could convince Harry to see the light and allow them to stay.

The biggest issue was that Harry Potter did not budge easily. He had a stubborn streak that was a mile long and that meant trouble for Dumbledore. Big trouble with a capital "T" and the Order wondered what kind of rabbit the old man would pull out of his hat this time.

"I can see Harry's point even though the adults are too blind to see it," Ginny stated in a lowered voice to Fred and George, not wanting to incur the wrath of Mummy dearest. Not that she was afraid, but she wasn't in the mood to deal with her mother's shit.

"Yeah, if he owns the house, then Dumbledore should have checked that out," George said and his twin nodded feverishly.

"Actually, shouldn't have Sirius known it?"

"Actually, the Black records are such a convoluted mess, I couldn't begin to figure it out, I naturally assumed that I did," Sirius stated as he turned up from behind a corner. "Despite being cast out of the family, Andi knew a lot more about all of those skeletons and how they were buried. And I'm guessing she knew that I was innocent."
Sirius wondered why Andromeda did not say anything or offer him help in getting him a trial. Then again, Sirius figured that it was that one point where he never asked. The problem with pureblood politics was that if one asked for such help, there was going to be a powerful magical debt that would be invoked so Sirius tried to avoid that whilst he could.

There was a snort from inside the kitchen.

"Your brother's eating again?" Sirius inquired Ginny lightly.

"Depends, is he still breathing?" Ginny asked as she tried to look through the crack of the doorway.

There was another snort on the other end of the door and Ginny placed a hand on the side of her hip. She could have sworn that something was off, even more so than usual. She wondered if she could get involved, her hand was nearly at the door, preparing to open it up.

"Are you hearing weird noises in there too?" Remus asked, his sharpened hearing perked up.

"Yes, there was….I don't know," Sirius stated with a shrug.

"What are you two doing, we're supposed to be having an order meeting?" Snape demanded as he turned up.

"Severus, I assumed that you would be….recovering from your mental illness," Remus commented in a light voice.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Snape replied acidly, for the past couple of days, he had been taking potions which to block certain parts of his memories. He preferred not to relieve them and it was good that his prodigal talents were able to block out the memories where he could not even think about them.

The only time where they burned into his consciousness was when he was asleep but Snape had decided to forgo sleep. The ramifications of that would be worth not seeing those unholy images of Harry Potter ravishing Lily. She had been seduced by him, and Snape saw the image of them doing it in a variety of different locations and position.

"Well, I don't know why you're so buggered by this situation, you can just open the door," Sirius stated.

He noticed that Snape's eye twitched at the word buggered.

"Harry won't be happy that you're here either," Ginny commented.

"Miss Weasley, mind your tongue and for your information, Potter does not have dictatorial control over me or anyone else, no matter what fantasy he has built up in his egotistical little mind," Snape replied as he took a step forward and was about ready to open the door. There was a clicking sound.

The door opened and a pig in a tuxedo jumped out with a squeal and knocked Snape over. A pig in a wedding dress followed the pig in the tuxedo down the hallway. Snape was down on the ground and no one was about to go out of their way to help him up.

"What was that?" Snape demanded as Dumbledore turned up.

"Did I just see two pigs running down the hallways?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes, you did," Sirius commented as he looked over his shoulder and watched them. There was a
sense that he was putting two and two together as only Sirius Black could.

Snape turned around to glare at the man in question as he chuckled.

"What did you do Black?"

"First of all, there's this Muggle invention known as tooth paste, I would recommend you look into it, along with shampoo," Sirius stated to Snape as he fanned his face, as if miming that Snape had bad breath, along with his bad attitude and bad everything else. The fact that there were a small portion of demented fan girls that saw Snape as attractive really gave Sirius the willies but nearly that was not here or there. "And second of all…..why do you assume that I did anything?"

"Because it's always you, Black," Snape grunted as he gave him a nasty glare.

"Yes, it's always me, it's always me, but this time it isn't me," Sirius commented as he smiled. "Believe me, if I did this, I would take full credit for it."

"I believe that Molly and Ronald have been transfigured into pigs," Dumbledore said in a calm voice, even though he was trying to figure out how to get his hands on the pigs. They were faster than he could have thought.

Sirius let out a loud and barking laughter and Ginny and the twins looked amused.

"This isn't funny," Dumbledore lectured them, disappointed that they would see such amusement out of the unfortunate plight of another.

"No, Professor, you're right, it's not funny," Ginny commented and Dumbledore was pleased to see that young Ginerva saw the error in her ways. "It's fucking hilarious."

Dumbledore wondered why the youth of today had such callous disrespect but that was not the time to have this discussion.

"Now, remember, Headmaster, when you go down the hall calling for them, you have to yell… SOOYEY, SOOYEY!" Sirius advised Dumbledore, trying his best to be helpful.

He wanted to see Dumbledore do a pig call that would make him so happy, he didn't care if he died by some convoluted mean like falling behind a curtain. He would die happily knowing that he got to see Albus Dumbledore do a pig call.

Sadly, Sirius did not get that pleasure which made him disappointed.

"So, does Ron eat a lot of bacon?" Sirius asked casually.

"Ron eats anything that's edible," Ginny said although she was amused by what might happen if he had eaten bacon again. Actually it was an extremely hilarious thought that she could not shove out of the back of her mind.

Meanwhile Albus Dumbledore was chasing two pigs down the hall and the to add to the horror, the female pig looked to be jumping the male pig.

"Potter, it's all, Potter's fault," Snape said, figuring that this was the most logical answer.

Sirius looked over his shoulder. "Is that….is that the default response that you have hard wired into your brain, blame Harry for everything?"

Snape ignored Sirius, it was Potter's fault, it was always Potter's fault. Everything that ever happened
in his life, it was all Potter's fault. The images came back to him and Snape's torment continued.

Sirius now was wondering what Snape saw in Harry's mind because it was reallybugging the piss out of him.

Harry figured that there would need to be some business that he would need to get taken care of. His NEWTs were the first thing on his checklist and then it was to take some assets out of his Gringotts vault.

It was a good thing that he didn't have so much gold that if he pulled it all from his vault it would collapse the British magical economy. It was a good thing that his net total that did not have more zeroes than the entire Ministry of Magic combined, as the Quibbler stated.

Harry shook his head, he did not even begin to figure out where people got half of the crap that they spewed out of their mouths. All he knew was that there were going to be people who were going to come up with the most outlandish of outlandish rumors, no matter how far they passed from reality.

Never the less, he was outside of Gringotts, Lily was with him and Nym was there, incognito, which given her powers was extremely easy to pull off.

"So, you're leaving," Nym told him.

"Not until I tie up some loose ends," Harry corrected her. He thought about this even before he found out that his mother returned from the grave.

"The Ministry is being turned inside out," Nym informed him lightly and Harry offered her one smile.

"Good, if anyone deserves to sweat, its those people," Harry stated, he was not going to lie, he was not the biggest fan in the world of the Ministry of Magic, in fact he might have been among their biggest haters. They made the bed that they had to sleep in, now it was time to climb inside and get smothered underneath the covers.

"POTTER!"

Harry recognized that voice, that snide tone, he could almost hear the grease dripping off of the tone. The vile and sickly nature of his voice. He heard it far too many times for his liking.

"You know, Severus, stalking is an offensive punishable by Ministry Law and especially against a pureblood lord, you could really get into a lot of trouble," Harry stated to Snape and he slowly turned around to face the man. "You know, you could brew fame, bottle glory, and stopper death all you want, but it's not keeping you out of trouble with me."

"It's Professor Snape, you ignorant little…"

"Your ignorance is something that I find almost charming," Harry interrupted but there was a bit of a warning to his tone. "Trying me on this day or any other day….really Snape, are you that ignorant or are you just doing a good job of it for show?"

Harry smiled a sweet little smile as Snape was at a loss for words. Silent was how Harry liked Snape the best, and out of his face because he could solve all of the world's energy crisis's by mining his head.

"You saw my NEWTS, after Hermione got out of her catatonic state I'm sure, tell me, how does it
feel be outclassed by an ignorant little boy at both Potions and Defense Against the Dark Arts?"
Harry asked him. "The only thing that you had going for you in your miserable existence is that you
know about the subtle stirrings of Potions and more hexes than anyone else but guess I took that
away from you."

"Potter, you must have bribed….

"I don't need any help, unlike you, who the only reason why you're not rotting in a hole in Azkaban
is because Dumbledore would miss his snuggle buddy on those cold nights," Harry told him with a
knowing grin. "Let's face it, I know what you've done to get that little blemish on your forearm and it
wasn't hugging cute little bunnies and kittens. I'm no longer your student, so your power over me as
gravely diminished. Not that you ever had much leverage over me, and I'm sorry Dumbledore gave
you that impression."

Snape was about to take his wand out but he found it twirling in Harry's hand once again.

"You really should be a bit more careful Snape, if you keep losing your wand, you might find that
you'll lose a lot more," Harry stated to Snape and the two of them locked eyes on each other.

"I'll make you pay for this, Potter," Snape said in his most nasty tone of voice and the two of them
locked eyes with each other.

"You know, last time we went face to face, it didn't really end so well for you, did it?" Harry asked
Snape and there was a second where Snape's burning gaze of hatred moved on him.

"Look at my son like that once again, and you'll pay," Lily told him, in a tone that any sane person
would know to run in the other direction towards, immediately.

"You….you should have been….

"No, I wouldn't touch you with a thirty nine and a half foot pole!" Lily snapped fiercely. "And given
all of what you've been up to, I'm really upset that I thought that you might be a decent person."

"I tried to tell the Dark Lord….

"Let's be obviously, the Dark Lord didn't force you to be a nasty bastard," Lily told Snape and there
was a sense that both of them were about to go face to face.

"My wand, Potter."

"No," Harry told him. "I don't think that I have any reason to give your wand back because….."

Snape lunged for Harry, and it was a split second later after he acted that he realized that this was
likely a really stupid fucking idea. He tried to go for Harry but Harry dodged the attack with one
fluid motion.

There was a loud crack that was Snape's skull and he ended up on the ground.

The memories that he pulled out of Harry's mind, they were playing in his mind over and over again.
In fact, that was the only memory that Snape could even focus on. No matter what he tried to do, he
could not focus on anything else.

"MAKE IT STOP!" Snape yelled as he got a front row view of Harry's sexual prowess. Over and
over again, as he felt the memories assault his brain over and over again.
Potter had mastered the ability to shield his mind from mental intrusion and he had done it in the most horrifying way. He had pretty much locked away all of Snape's memories and forced him to relieve this horrifying memory, for the rest of his life.

Snape heard the shrieks of pleasure that Lily had and he could not even lift his hands to render himself unconscious. His blood curdling shrieks echoed and Nym, Lily, and Harry already slipped into the bank.

"NO, NO, MAKE IT STOP, POTTER, TWELVE INCHES, MAKE IT STOP!" Snape screamed as he found himself unable to claw his eyeballs out because he forgotten how to lift his arms.

"Okay, just calm down…"

Snape tried to get to his feet but he lost his balance and fell into the mud. He was lying in a pool of mud and his own blood. He felt his limbs go completely numb as the memory played over in his mind over and over again until his mind completely and utterly snapped.
"Lily, that's so sick and wrong," Andi breathed as she shook her head.

"How do you know…..

"Trust me, when your mother gets pissed off at someone, she doesn't do things half assed," Andromeda told Harry. "Sirius and Remus could tell you stories of what she does out of petty vengeance."

"Nothing petty about my vengeance, Andi, dear, I just want to ensure that Molly learned her place," Lily corrected. "And I wanted to thank Ron for his loyalty to my son as well."

Lily thought about turning Hermione into a rat terrier and dumping her in the middle of Marge's bulldog farm but her only crime was that she was OCD and had too much of an unhealthy obsession towards authority figures. So Lily was going to let Hermione go and hope that she would grow out of it.

Perhaps she should have a talk with young Ginerva about ways to train Hermione to keep her in line. Because she would not last five minutes outside of the walls of Hogwarts with the current attitude that she had. That much was something that Lily said and the fact that Hermione had the gall to tell Harry that SPEW might be something that his mother was into made her want to shake some sense into the girl.

Although from what she learned from Harry's house elf stalker Dobby, the house elves were afraid of Hermione and thought that she was bonkers, referring to the girl as only "her" or "she". At least that's what she found out and Hermione had problems about learning about others and understanding their culture. She thought she understood everything but in reality, she knew very little. She was nothing but a photographic memory, never having invented a charm or improved on a potion in her life.

Harry heard a knock on the door and he knew that his guest was here. The young wizard walked forward and he twisted the door knob open.

Little Gabrielle had shown up, only she was not so little any more.

She looked like a super model, her blonde hair was down to her back, silvery and shining in the sunlight. She was wearing a tight white top that wrapped around her D-cup breasts and it went down towards her toned and flat stomach. It looked smooth without an ounce of fat on it. She had tight jean shorts that wrapped around her hips and showcased her dazzling long legs. There was a sense where Harry saw her with a smile. She wore a pair of sandals that covered her amazing feet.

"Hello, Harry, good to finally see you again," Gabrielle said breathily as she threw herself into his arms without much preamble. "I didn't get a chance to thank you properly after you saved me from the lake."

"No problem Gabi…..

"I don't know what the Triwizard judges were thinking with that task but you must have been so brave to go down there, Merpeople can get very violent if their territory is stepped on," Gabi told him as she ran her hands over his body but she stopped at the topmost button on his shirt, playing with it.

"I don't really know what those people are thinking half of the time."

"I feel…obligated to do many things with you, but even without the debt, I would not have needed much prodding," Gabrielle said with a wicked grin.
She was so glad that she shed her eight year old form and it was just in time because she wanted Harry so much that it hurt. Her nipples stiffened and her pussy dampened with arousal, pushing him against the walls. Her legs spread, ready for mating.

"Fleur told me about the ritual," Gabi commented with a purr as she slowly licked her lips. "I'd be happy to help."

Harry reached over and cupped her firm young ass through her shorts.

"I'd be happy to accept help," Harry breathed as he ran his hands down her legs. The blonde's sigh became prominent through her body as he kept running his hands all over her.

Gabrielle felt his talented hands roam her body.

"So strong," Gabrielle breathed heavily as she felt something tingle between her thighs and there was a need for it to be fulfilled straight away. She felt the hunger stir up inside her and she knew how close she was towards him, how close she was.

"So, I can tell what you want," Harry breathed in her ear.

"Yes, I know you would," Gabrielle stated with a smile crossing her face as she closed the gap between the two of them.

"So, are you ready?" Harry asked her and Gabrielle offered him a warm smile.

"Born ready for you, I feel like I've been waiting for this for my entire life," Gabrielle stated and she leaned towards Harry.

The two of them locked their arms around each other and kissed each other madly. Gabrielle wrapped her young legs around Harry and he marched her up towards the nearest bedroom.

The young blonde threw her down onto the bed and ran his hands over her breasts which beckoned for her, along with her center.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

"Oh, Harry," Gabi moaned as she felt Harry's hand roaming down between her legs and he cupped her. He felt her pussy and it felt so good to have his talented hands explore her.

"You want me so bad, don't you?" Harry asked her and the young Veela nodded her head, thinly veiled lust going through her body.

He parted her legs and felt her panties, they were soaked to the brim. Harry rubbed his thumb against her dripping hot slit. The woman panted as her hips pushed up and down, his thumb pushing so deep into her.

"I can't wait," Gabi whined as she grabbed his pants and ripped them off. She wanted his cock and so badly.

She grabbed her hand around it, pushing it up and down his length and she was practically drooling at the sight of it. Without any further preamble, she pushed her lips down onto it and took the entire thing down her throat with one swift movement.

She was a natural at being able to deep throat his cock and Harry grabbed her head, allowing the teenage vixen to ram herself down on his cock. She tried to choke herself out with it, but managed to
stay the course. The blonde's eyes bugged almost out of the side of her head as she kept working herself up and down his hard flesh pole, as she reached and grabbed a handful of his balls.

"Oh, keep that up, honey, yes," Harry said as she worked her juicy lips around his throbbing hot pole and continued to go down on him.

Fleur turned up, just in time to see her little sister give Harry Potter a magnificent blowjob.

Harry saw the older Delacour sister and he decided that this might be the time to try for the charm that he had been working on for a little bit.

Fleur was watched spell bound and she suddenly felt her top rip off. Harry appeared behind her, and he was intangible.

She was turned on by the complexity of the charm's work and the fact that he cupped the underside of her massive jugs, feeling her up. The Veela closed her eyes and felt the pleasure enter her body. She was really losing sense of herself and Harry squeezed the underside of her once again.

"Please," Fleur moaned and Harry rubbed his finger up and down her clit, stroking it and bringing pleasure through throughout her body.

"Please what?" Harry asked her with a smile and he pinched her delicious ass cheek.

"In me, please," Fleur panted and Harry smiled.

Gabrielle was now on her hands and knees and wiggling her rump at Harry.

"You want it, don't you?" Harry asked and he smacked her tight little ass for emphasis.

"Yes," Gabrielle breathed as she closed her eyes and felt the pleasure. His finger entered her ass, teasing it and his cock was pressed up against her warm entrance.

Harry could tell how wet and hot this Veela babe was, all of her body heat was diverted to her core and Harry aimed over her again and again.

"Oh, fuck me, fuck me hard!" Gabrielle yelled and she felt her little cunt be drilled by his throbbing hard cock.

She hung onto the bed sheets and bit down on her lip as sweat rolled down her young face. Her pussy was damp with pleasure and Harry continued to work her over.

Fleur was handcuffed against the wall and she felt his cock invade her insides. She thought that this Harry was close enough to the real thing to count. His hands roamed her body and he speared into her from behind, driving up the sexual pleasure.

"I'm going to take that sweet ass," Harry breathed in her ear. "It belongs to me."

"Yes, it's.....it's yours," Fleur moaned as she felt Harry's fingers probe her nice little pussy and he made her taste her own juices. This caused more to spill out of her quim, staining the carpets beneath her as they dripped on the floor.

Harry picked up a steadier pace, his balls worked off of her thighs and he continued to go into her. Her walls worked his pole over and Harry continued to rock into h.

"Oh, more, please, more, oh, yes," Fleur panted as she felt his fingers work all over her body. It sent little magic touches on her and there was a second where she thought she was going to lose her
mind.

"Room for one more?"

Appoline showed up and there was another Harry who showed up, sprawled on the bed, his cock standing at attention for her.

"Does that answer your question?" Harry asked her and the MILF smiled as she surveyed the merchandise.

"It does now," she purred and she wrapped her hand around him, pumping him until he was standing at further attention.

He closed his eyes and she licked his head ever so briefly and pushed herself up. With one more swift and fluid motion, she worked her hips around his large pole.

"Oh, yes, feels good," Appoline moaned as she rocked her hips against him and Harry reached up, grabbing her breast.

Each touch of him caused her pussy to get even wetter. The fact that this god of a man had his way with her two daughters, this caused her to feel even better. The blonde's walls wrapped around him and she worked around him.

Harry pumped his cock into her body. She worked around him as she pushed herself up and down upon him, riding his massive pole. The feeling of flesh upon flesh was delightful enough to cause her to really moan.

Gabrielle on her hands and knees bit down on her lip as he taunted her core.

"Say, it, say it," Harry growled in her ear, pulling on her hair which only excited the young Veela.

"Your….I'm your bitch!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs.

His cock went into her as far as it could go and then he pulled out at the last minute. He teased the edge of her with the tip and then pushed back into her.

"Yes, you are," Harry agreed with her as he pushed his cock into her hard and her walls tightened around him. The blonde wrapped her hands around the edge of the bed, panting heavily as he kept working into her from behind.

"Yes, I…."  

Fleur's moaning got even louder as Harry pumped against her into the wall. The wizard was really working into her as hard as could be. His cock pressed against her tightening walls and he pulled all the way out, then with another thrust, worked into her.

"So close," Harry breathed at her but he was nowhere near.

The mother rode him on the bed, the blonde's walls rocking all around him. She was really working him over between her molten hot thighs. She closed her eyes, feeling the rush as she clenched around him, rocking up and slamming down over him. She continued to ride him for everything that he was worth.

"Oh, yes," she moaned as his cock speared into her and the Veela MILF drove all of her energy to him as Harry turned her around. His cock brushed over her entrance and he pulled himself all the
way out of her and then kept pummeling her with a few more thrusts. He worked her body over, going deeper and deeper into her quivering quim.

His hands worked all over her breasts and each thrust, it caused him to speed up, not slow down.

"More, want more, please need more," she moaned as Harry pushed his tool up into her invading quim. She stretched her walls around him as he continued to push his prick up into her center and she rode down onto him.

"You're so fucking hot," Harry groaned as she rode him.

"You know it," the blonde moaned as she kept working her hips up and down upon him, riding him. She was going to milk Harry dry of every single last drop of cum that he had in him and then she was going to ride him some more until he passed out from the pleasure.

Gabrielle's mouth went wide as Harry was preparing to finish her off as he finished himself off. He cupped her breasts and then squeezed her ass, signifying the great ownership that he had over her young body.

"You are mine," Harry told her hotly and she nodded her head.

"YES!" she moaned wildly.

Harry speared into all three Veelas in different positions in different parts of the room. He wanted to make them his and only his. He was not about to give in until they blacked out from the immense pleasure that he gave him.

"Oh, fuck, oh yes!" she moaned out loud and Harry's cock invaded into her body, going as deep into her as it could manage.

"Hot, so hot, about to cum," he told them and they clenched themselves around his tools as she worked back against him. The blonde tightened herself against him.

The explosion of cum followed and their climax hit a peak that would have effected all around them had their not been precautions all around the room.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Harry was not going to lie, he was very satisfied with what happened. He saw Fleur, Gabrielle, and Appoline lying on the bed, all with smiles on their faces as he looked down at them.

"So, this would be number six," Lily whispered as he looked at her son, three Veelas having been left in his wake, completely wrecked. Most people could not even hang tough with one of them but Harry was able to deal with three of them.

Lily was not going to lie, she had a lot of pride in her son for that fact.

"Yes, that would be number six," Harry offered with a smile as he pulled his mother onto his lap.

"Ritual should start tomorrow, if you're ready," Harry breathed and Lily looked into his eyes.

"Yes, tomorrow," Lily agreed to him and the two of them prepared for what they were going to do next.

Both could agree that the ritual would be amazing and it would remove the last barrier that tied Harry to Voldemort. Then the end would come for the Dark Lord. There was nowhere on Earth that he
could hide.

To Be Continued.
Ritual

Chapter Ten: Ritual

"So, now we've got the ritual ready, if you think it's going to work?" Harry asked.

Lily did not say anything, at least for the moment. Rather she hunched over, consulting the many notes that she had made. She had been spending most of the time not only trying to find a way to improve the ritual for Harry but also hurt certain other people as well.

 Whilst Voldemort taking his blood broke the seal that prevented Lily from returning to the world of the living, she still was not too happy about the fact that he stole her son's blood. Theft of blood was a highly taboo thing, even though blood was used in many dark rituals. Leaving a person who stole the blood alive had certain ramifications.

These ramifications were going to be what Lily was employ, she was going to make that disgrace of a dark wizard pay. All of his daddy issues lead him to that point and now she was going to look over everything.

Appoline made her way into the room, dressed in a thin black robe. The robe adhered to her body and Harry saw the outline of her ample breasts. This was a situation that he very much approved of as the Veela made her way into the room.

Harry greeted her with a short one armed hug and pulled the woman into his body. The two exchanged an extremely heated kiss with the other, both trying to battle for domination with the other. Their eyes closed tightly with each other and Harry pulled her in as close as he could, his tongue twisting around hers.

They broke apart and Appoline offered a slight smile as she shook her head.

"Right, down to business," Appoline commented and he saw Andromeda walk there. She was wearing a very skimpy set of black lingerie, walking into the room. She swayed her hips as she walked down.

"Best seat in the house," Andromeda commented, as she sat herself down on Harry's boxer clad lap. He pulled his godmother into a tight hug and offered a kiss on the back of her neck. She shivered at his actions and she felt his fingers skim her lower back, making her feel excitement and the potential for pleasure.

"You got that right," Harry breathed in her ear and this breathing in her ear caused shivers to erupt all over her body.

"Down to business," Lily commented with a smile as she looked over the ritual. "Once, Gabby, Fleur, and Nym get here, we get this show on the road."

"Right," Andromeda commented as she looked over the ritual.

She was impressed, most people, she would not trust to make such drastic modifications to charm work. Yet, Lily was not most people, she was to a class all to herself. She was able to make many modifications and all of them were for the better. The dark haired woman offered a smile as she reared her head back.

"So, we know this will work," Harry commented.
Appoline shifted her weight, she was waiting for her daughters and Nymphadora to get out of bed. She thought about rousing her daughters but after Harry had fucked them silly last night, it might be kinder to allow them a bit more sleep. Even thought they were having a bit of a lie in right now.

'So, yes, my daughters are going to get their sleep but I'm sure that Harry will have an opportunity to wear them back out before too long,' the Veela MILF thought to herself with a smile.

Then again, the residual soreness between her thighs indicated that she felt the power of his massive cock as well. She was just a lot more at ease with trying to deal with things like that, at least that's what she's doing.

"So, do you think this ritual is going to work out well?" Harry asked his mother and Lily offered him a smile.

"I think that it's going to work out better than expected," Lily informed Harry and the green eyed wizard offered his mother a smile. "Give your mother some credit, she's been fine tuning these things for a very long time. I think that you'll be in for a few surprises."

"Good, I'm glad," Harry offered, he knew that he should trust his mother, most likely because she gave him no reason to not.

Andromeda shifted on Harry's lap and took a closer look at the notes that Lily had on the table. It was a combination of different forms of magic, mostly Charms and Runes, but Lily threw in a few things.

It appears that she worked some blood magic in there. The Dark Lord hung himself with his own custom fit noose when he took the blood from him.

"And also, if I'm correct, the knowledge that Voldemort has will be yours, although it will take you some time to understand and master it all," Lily commented to Harry and there was a smile that crossed Harry's face.

"Believe me Mum, time is the one thing that is most certainly on my side," Harry told her and there was a nodding motion with his head.

"I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm really glad," Lily said, she was proud of her son's ambition.

Harry was mentally preparing himself, with the cloning spells, he would be able to have sex with six women. The modified power of seven ritual would release the soul fragment, the corrupted parts of it, whilst allowing Harry to retain his gifts, including Parseltongue, which was a useful talent in the bedroom.

Harry realized that people thought Parseltongue was evil because those who had the skill were naturals at oral sex with women. Granted, somehow Harry did not see Voldemort using that particular skill. He was the type that seemed to be extremely and utterly asexual for many means, but perhaps that was just Harry's impression of the matter.

Of course, Voldemort's sex life was not something that Harry wanted to think about and he doubted that anyone should even give it a moment of thought. Regardless he prepared himself for the next round.

"Never forget to double check the spell work," Lily commented to herself and she watched Harry. That could be a difference between a pass and a failure.

"I wonder if Dumbledore's undone….what you've done," Harry said.
"I doubt it, although I'm sure it will give him something constructive to do," Lily offered with a smile.

"I don't know what you did to Snape," Andromeda commented to Harry. "Rumor has it that he made quite a scene."

"And as far as anyone knew, I wasn't even around, so he just dropped down and snapped on his own accord," Harry offered, he could not help himself but he was grinning, he was grinning a lot. His emerald eyes flashed with mirth and amusement.

"I would say that I feel sorry but considering it's Snape…"

"Bastard had it coming," Nym commented as she walked into the room, with long blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She wore a tight blue top that stretched around her sizeable breasts and a red skirt that was about a size or two too small. She was not wearing any shoes, which added to the atmosphere. "So are we about ready to do this?"

"In a few minutes, Lily is checking her math," Andromeda commented.

"Oh, gives me time to take some Stamina potion, with Harry….well with Harry, I need it," she commented as she nudged her mother out of Harry's lap with a grin and threw herself onto it.

"You know, you're not too old to get a spanking, Nymphadora," Andromeda told her daughter and Nym just looked at her with a wicked grin.

"You wouldn't do it."

"Would I not?" she asked.

Lily was still preparing for the next round, it was about go time.

"I wanted to ensure that this ritual goes off without a hitch," Lily offered as she finished drawing the last rune around the walls of the room that she prepared. She was not going to take any chances, although she figured that there could be so many things that could go wrong.

That was why she took an extra few hours to go through everything and make sure it was alright. There was really no use in trying to do a flawed process, although Lily figured that there were so many ways that everything could go wrong. On the bright side, if she figured this out, there were going to be so many ways where everything could go right.

So in the end, she needed to figure out a method that would work and she would figure out this method. The process of trial and error would be concluded and Lily would have what she needed to do.

Lily sat there, dressed in a sleek black body stocking. The stocking wrapped around her curves, presenting a visual treat of her nice breasts, ample ass, flat stomach, and long legs. She looked like someone that was rather like a treat.

Appoline entered the room, she was dressed in a white corset and stockings, and not anything else. Her smooth sex was bare and ready. She had felt that the few times she had been with Harry, it had been like an amazing treat and she was ready to indulge herself in much more.

Andromeda made her way into the room, wearing skimpy lingerie that only barely covered what needed to be covered. The forty five year old pureblood had a body that put most women half of her
age to shame and she had no problem whatsoever in showing it off. Her ass swayed deliciously as she turned up.

Her daughter turned up, wearing a pair of red bra and panties. She was experimenting with different hair colors and seeing what worked. Nymphadora was proud of her powers and the young woman crossed her legs, waiting.

Gabrielle showed up, dressed in a lacy black bra and a thong. She swayed her tongue body, as the lingerie tightened around her body. She felt her breasts grow in a size after her meeting with Harry. Her bare feet were uncovered and looked extremely delicious.

Fleur looked like a beauty queen. She was dressed in a transparent nightdress that went all the way down to the area of her thighs. Her cleavage was showcased in a delicious manner. Her ass was displayed quite wonderfully as well as she bent over.

"So this ritual to simply put it, we all have to have sex with Harry," Lily commented.

"But it's far more complex than that," Fleur offered with a smile across her face.

"It's far more complex than that, yes," Lily agreed as she watched the young Veela, a smile crossing her face. "It's way more complex than that in fact."

"So….we're going to have sex with Harry, and then….

"It will strengthen his powers to reject the soul fragment that is located in his scar," Lily commented to them all. "But before the connection to Riddle is completely broken, it will pollute the blood that is flowing through his veins."

"In all luck, Riddle should die once the ritual is done," Harry offered.

"Providing it goes to plan, yes," Lily offered, although she wondered if this was going to go to plan or not.

Although she was not going to say that this was all going to go to plan, until it all goes to plan. Lily knew by now better than anyone else, that there are so many things that could go wrong.

"The potions are going to allow us to do this in a more comfortable way," Lily told them and Harry smiled.

"That's always good, the better this goes, the more at ease I think that we'll be," Harry offered her and the redhead reached around his back, pulling him into a tight hug.

"It will be fine Harry, it will really be fine, you can count on that," Lily offered to Harry and there was a sense where he had a smile.

He was building up this ritual in his mind, he wanted, and he was going to be whole again. If there was one thing that Harry looked forward to, it was that his mind was going to be his own. His scar had not been hurting that much, just a slight tingle now and again when he figured that something was not going Voldemort's way or something was going his way. He figured that strong emotions such as hatred were going to bring that down.

Harry once again prepared himself, once again, he had to focus, for if he focused, he could get the job done.

"So, are we ready?" Andromeda asked and Lily held up a hand to silence her. The woman went
silent and Lily was trying to work her way around the room in an attempt to figure out if her spells were casted in the right manner.

"Momentarily, yes," she told Andromeda as she closed her eyes, feeling the sense of the power that was flowing in.

She placed her hand on the wall, a smile on her face. Everything was working out as it should, which meant that she was closer to activating the ritual. The redhead placed her hand on the top of her head and closed her eyes.

'So far, so good,' she thought to herself but she needed to ensure that everything was going to work as well as it should. Her hand placed on the wall would serve as some kind of beacon to what was going on.

Lily turned around and she smiled at the group.

"It's time to go," Lily commented and she placed her arms around her son's neck, as he pulled her into her. He cupped her ass with his hands and she smiled at him. "So are you ready to lead this dance, Harry?"

Harry smiled as he pulled his mother's delicious body into his chest and offered her a wide grin as he watched her. "I'd be delighted."

"I figured you would be," Lily commented as she watched him and they got ready for their round of fun. His strong arms wrapped around her body and the two of them pressed against each other as the kiss prepared to deepen.

Lily closed her eyes, feeling the rush of power and it spread throughout the room to everyone.

It was time for the ritual and all of the hard work to pay off. Harry slowly pushed Lily down onto the bed, and ran his hands down her body.

She closed her eyes and Lily's legs wrapped around her son's body as he deepened the kiss.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Lily closed her eyes and wrapped her arms tightly around Harry's body. She ran her hands down his body and he returned the favor, pulling the body stocking from her body.

"Oh, these are always nice," Harry commented as he grabbed his mother's full breasts in his hand and squeezed them.

"So nice, and so yours," Lily moaned as she closed her eyes and allowed her son to play with her tits. They were amazing and she could not have enough of him working over her. She closed her eyes and felt the pleasure as he ran his hands all over her, each inch of her being pleasured and manipulated with his strong hands.

Andromeda got down on the floor and Nym joined her. She licked Harry's balls as Nym grasped his cock.

"Oh, delicious, I can't wait to have it in my mouth," Nym cooed as she pumped his length and placed her lips on the tip of it.

"OH FUCK!" Harry groaned but he buried himself in his mothers breasts.
Fleur was on the bed, waiting patiently, when another version of Harry showed up. He stepped over and ripped her top off.

"I think you want this so bad," Harry commented as he pressed his fingers between her legs, rubbing her smooth sex.

"YES!" Fleur cried lustfully and Harry threw her onto the bed and dove between her legs, devouring her womanhood with a series of frantic licks and slurps.

Fleur rested back on the bed, feeling Harry's tongue dig deep between her legs. She was really feeling the pleasure of him into her. The woman's eyes closed and Harry licked around her.

Gabrielle got on her hands and knees and captured Harry's cock into her mouth. She sucked his cock like a proper little whore, looking at Harry with widened eyes.

She closed her eyes as she felt her mother spread her legs and go between them. Appoline felt her daughter's moist pussy and rubbed up and down her. There was a sense that the blonde was about ready to lose her sense. She continued to rub that precious little pussy up and down, causing pleasure to escalate through her.

Appoline licked and slurped on her daughter's inner walls. There was a few seconds where she continued to devour the young cunt beneath her.

Gabrielle hummed hungrily as she slurped and sucked on Harry's huge cock. He was so delicious in her mouth, that she did not have enough of him. She pushed her lips around his lips and his cock worked into her tight little mouth. Her hand wrapped around his ball sac and massaged him, a hungry look dancing in her eyes. The blonde was about ready to take him for everything that he was worth and her tight mouth wrapped around his throbbing cock. She was this close to bringing her lips tight around him, tighter as she could go.

"Oh, Gabby," Harry grunted but he returned to licking Fleur's walls and the young Veela panted as she lifted her hips. She was enjoying Harry's efforts and she encouraged him to go as deep into her as he wanted to, using his tongue.

Lily now had Harry back on the bed, she stroked his cock until it was at full length. She eyed the organ and pushed herself up.

With another fluid attack, she slammed her tight hips around him, wrapping around his throbbing tool. She worked her hips up and rocked down upon him. She moaned as she felt all twelve inches of him fill her.

"Fuck," Lily moaned loudly as she kept rocking her walls around him. She was feeling the burn and feeling this amazing cock enter her.

Harry grabbed Andromeda's hot cunt and pushed it onto his face, eating on the witch and she rubbed her dripping hot mound all over him.

Nym got a naughty idea.

'Oh, you dirty girl,' Andromeda thought as her daughter made her tongue larger and drove it up her own mother's bum.

Nym smiled as she dug her tongue into her ass. She was really tasting her mother, making her feel good. Her tongue scraped against her mother's tight ass. She closed her eyes tight and the woman's breathing got more intense.
Lily continued to go up and down his cock, rocking around him. Her hips squeezed his tool as she experienced her first orgasm.

Thanks to the nature of the ritual, her mind exploded in a rainbow of sensations. His hands found their way to her breasts and caused her to moan.

"Fuck," Lily mewled as she squeezed his tool and he thrust up. So many juices were gushing from her pussy.

Harry smiled as he grabbed onto her hips and rocked her back and forth.

Fleur had now had her pussy completely warmed up and she was ready for action from Harry. Her warm chambers wrapped around his throbbing hard prick. She closed her eyes and felt the pleasure as he entered her. Her walls wrapped around him, going extremely tight around him as she rocked herself up and down.

"Oh, fucking, yes, oh yes, YES!" Fleur shrieked as she continued to ride him. The blonde was determined to get the most out of Harry as she kept riding his tool. She made her way up and down on him, her walls wrapped around him.

Harry closed his eyes, he felt her tighten around him. The blonde was going up and down on him with rabid fury.

"Fuck, oh, fuck," Fleur moaned as she rocked him.

Gabrielle found herself chained to the wall and another Harry ramming into her pussy at super speed or what it seemed to be at least. The sex was so amazing that her mind was assaulted by some sensations.

Harry had Appoline down on the floor, running his hands down her tight ass and ran his hands over her ass. She closed her eyes, feeling the rush and the gush of her tight pussy. Harry's fingers probed around her ass and he stuck a finger up her ass.

His finger was replaced by all twelve inches of his cock.

"MERCY!" the Veela MILF shrieked out loud as she bit down on her lip so hard that it almost bled. The pleasure could not be denied with what she was feeling. Each thrust rocked her body and she clenched onto the bed.

Harry felt her ass, so tight, even tighter than a normal ass.

Andromeda's eyes closed as her daughter was shifted into a carbon copy of her. Harry grabbed onto Nym's hair and rammed into her tightening pussy from behind. His cock rocked her from behind as he hammered into her.

Nym's mewling increased as Harry rammed into her. He saw the runes on the wall growing as he pulled all the way out of her and slammed into her. Her pussy snugly hugged him and Harry continued to work into her.

"Good, it's working, keep it up," Lily breathed and there was a few seconds where she was flipped over and another version of Harry plowed her ass. Harry grabbed her sizeable melons, cupping them as he speared as far into her. The woman's eyes closed and Harry hammered into her.

Harry rammed into her and drilled her, yes he could feel the rattling in his head but he summoned all of the power into himself. He did not focus on the dark thoughts that rattled around his head, rather
he focused on fucking his mother into submission.

His cock planted into the place where he came from, which proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he could come home again. His balls slapped against her thighs as he kept riding her into the bed. He cupped her and ground into her tight ass.

"Oh, fuck me, baby, oh that's it," Lily moaned.

"FUCKING HELL!" Fleur shrieked and Harry's cock up her ass was an amazing sight. She was munching on her mother's pussy.

They had switched positions so many times that it was extremely hard to tell. The blonde's tightening ass was being stretched apart.

"Keep it up, oh fuck keep it up," Lily breathed, she was glad the stamina potion was working, although her ass was going to be sore as hell when it wore off.

Given the circumstances, it was more than worth it however.

Harry hung onto her nice breasts, cupping them and he closed his eyes. He felt the protection of his mother's sacrifice amped up and it was slowly burning the soul fragment out of his mind. He plunged into her.

"FUCK!" Lily moaned as Harry slammed into her.

"Yes, harder, ooh good Nymphadora," Andromeda moaned as her daughter's tongue grew into her and made her feel so good, it was touching her womb.

Harry worked into Nym from behind, rocking her with a few more thrusts. He was building up a lot of momentum, not to mention a load of cum in his balls. He was about to unload into her. Her walls wrapped around him and he kept going into her.

His thrusts got deeper, as there was an explosion of white light around them.

The Horcrux ripped from his scar and glowed. There was a moment where Harry paused and his balls tightened.

As the Horcrux was released, so was his cum and it exploded into all of their young bodies.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The ritual was done and Harry saw that there were bodies as far as the eye could see, well six of them. It was carnage but it was the good kind of carnage.

There was something else that came with the conclusion of this ritual and that was clarity. He was beginning to see everything clearly now, or at least more so than ever before.

Lily had not been kidding when she warned Harry that he would essentially be getting an information dump downloaded into his mind. The wizard's hands were placed on the top of his head and he closed his eyes.

There was a thumping through the back of his head. He saw memories of magic that he was pretty sure had been lost to all but a select few. And others that had that knowledge, well he could tell from the memories that Voldemort had them killed in the most creative ways. That way, he was the only
one to have this hordes of knowledge.

Not all of it was magic, Voldemort appeared to know a lot more. Mostly about ways that Muggles could kill him. He was so paranoid about death that he learned Muggle methods and devised ways to block them with magic.

Clarity went through Harry's head, even though the pounding headache that he had was not quite ready to cease as of yet.

He saw much clearly now or at least as clear as he was going to see it. He shook his head, he was not going to lie, his head felt like he was ringing.

Other than the ringing that went through his head that resounded through his ears he was mostly okay but he had something that he was sure that Riddle never shared a living soul with. In fact, with all of Voldemort's memories, he could be more than sure he never shared such a thing with another living soul. He wondered if Dumbledore knew or at least guessed.

Then again, right now for Harry, what Dumbledore might have known or guessed, it really was not relevant at all. All that was relevant for Harry was the fact that he was able to piece together a lot of important memories. He knew more about the so called most feared Dark Lord in a hundred years than all of his Death Eaters combined. Clarity was brought into his mind and then there was something else that was brought into his head as well.

'Horcrux,' Harry thought as he heard the word.

He actually destroyed the first Horcrux, he recalled back during his second year at Hogwarts. He realized that if Riddle ever found out that Lucius had used the diary in such a way to satisfy a vendetta, he would be a dead man.

Given that it was Lucius Malfoy, Harry could not really say that he felt all that sorry for the man. Riddle should have known that someone like Malfoy would not understand like that. They might have acted intelligent but Harry saw that they were a fairly dim lot all things considered.

'Horcruxes, multiple, myself and the diary, the first and one of the last,' Harry thought to himself as he continued to think about what he had to do.

He knew that there were going to be a few problems regarding tracking down certain items, these Horcruxes.

He knew that he had a better idea where most of them were.

"Well….that was amazing," Andromeda commented, she was the first to really come to her senses, although many of her senses were still going wild.

"After effect of the ritual, try not to move, for at least another hour, any more than is necessary," Lily told the woman and there was a pause and Andromeda nodded her head.

"So now what?" Harry asked her.

"I'll let you know when I come down from the high that I was put on," Lily commented to herself in a mostly distracted voice. Her head was still rattling, in fact it was hard to really keep her head up to the ground.

"The ritual didn't...."
"No it didn't, it made me stronger or at least it will once I come down from what happened, along with you and the rest of the girls, along with any future girls that you bond with," Lily commented. "I take it that there was a complication regarding Tom."

"Do you mean that complication is that he's still living?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, that would be a complication," Lily commented to her son as she gave him the opening to explain what he found out. She knew that it was going to take Harry a little bit of time to get his mental facilities together but they had plenty of time, given that scant seconds had only passed in the real world.

"The diary….it was another soul container," Harry offered. A part of him figured that out and Lily seemed unsurprised as well.

"I think that there are problems that go deeper than that one fact," Lily commented to Harry and he raised an eyebrow before he continued.

"Pretty much it goes far deeper," Harry informed her and Lily was only too quick to motion for Harry to see what he had to tell her. "You see, the soul container that was the diary and the soul container that it was me…."

"Riddle made them, he would have split his soul into multiple fragments," Appoline interjected, finally coming up from the area that she rested, tangled up on the floor.

"Multiple, as in six times, although seven accidentally," Harry offered.

Andromeda managed to weakly lift her arm to slap her palm onto it. "Does he realize how potentially dangerous that is?"

"I think he might realize that," Lily commented with a smile crossing over her face as she leaned back. She was trying to return her mind to some semblance of sanity but she reared her head back, cracking her neck as she sighed. "The question was does he really care?"

"No," Harry offered, he knew that now more than ever.

Horace Slughorn had warned Riddle of the consequences, in horrific detail. Well maybe not detail but still, it was a danger to split a soul one time. He recalled knowledge that Riddle acquired, how there were instances where people tried the Horcrux ritual and failed badly.

As in they sealed themselves in their own soul container, where they languished for all eternity. It took Riddle six months to prepare his Horcrux.

There were Horcruxes that had been lost to time and there were many legends of possessed objects that made Harry wonder if those were Horcruxes that got lost throughout the annals of time.

"We've got to prepare," Harry offered to them.

"If you figure out where all the Horcruxes are, we might be able to track them down, and eliminate them," Andromeda commented.

"Fiendfrye burns them to a crisp but it's rather difficult to control and I'd prefer not burning down any place that I'd like," Harry commented to them. "The good news is that Basilisk Venom works wonders."

"And there's a supply of it down in the Department of Mysteries…."
"So it's true that you slayed the monster," Nym commented in awe. She really wished that she would have been there during that year.

Things were boring during her first six years at Hogwarts, the most exciting thing happened during her final year when there was a troll and Quirrell was possessed by Voldemort. It scared her a little bit to think how close she came to danger.

"Yes, it's a long story, but we've got to deal with the Horcruxes," Harry commented.

The good news was that he knew all where they were and where they were hidden, so that was a start that he could build on.

Narcissa Malfoy was not going to lie, she knew what was at stake a long time ago. She knew that the Dark Lord was not going to be forever, even though a bunch of pureblood idiots swallowed his lies like no other. She just had to nearly choke in disgust at what those fools would believe. Yet, they had been given a promise and a world that they knew that they would never had.

Muggleborns tried to make changes that were too drastic. Many purebloods were paranoid about these magical users who had popped up without any ties to the old families. The whispers, the whispers that there were more squibs than ever and more than were born from mundane families, that was not something that was a coincidence. There were many individuals who thought, nastily as that might be, that there were those Muggles who found a way somehow, beyond all reason to steal magic.

Muggleborns were considered to be people who had stepped into a world that they barely knew and rarely took a chance to understood. There were some who had not even bothered to understand it, trying to push through reforms that made the world of magic to be like the world of the mundane.

There were purebloods that thought that these crusaders of good should have stepped back and taken a closer look. They should have realized that it was essential to just leave well enough alone. That it was really essential to just allow things to roll by in a manner that would just go with the flow.

There were those who tried to make a name for themselves and they failed. Narcissa heard the story about Hermione Granger and despite her extraordinary grades, she would not be getting far in the Ministry. The best she could hope for was a dishwasher at Knockturn Alley, and that was if she did not keep making some extremely powerful enemies.

Her son was amongst the most vocal of the people who had condemned the Granger girl but there were others who remembered her name. Purebloods did not like being showed up. They believed that less was more and it was unwise to draw attention to yourself.

Granger had broadcasted that she wanted to stand out and she had done it so often, that she was going to get shut down painfully.

The only reason why someone did not try anything to shut her up was that Harry Potter was essentially her protector. On her own, she would have been silenced.

With Potter, there was a chance that she would leave to say what she had to say. Narcissa thought that the girl should learn more from Lily Evans, later Potter. That woman was someone who was extraordinary but did not push herself a bit ahead of the pack.

She stood up tall, granted but she did not become too pushy and she was not someone who was going to make too big of a scene. She worked her way into the system and in a few situations, found exploits that took some of the more obnoxious old family members down a couple of pegs.
There was something that Narcissa had to respect about that. The blonde flipped her hair out of her face and prepared for her next move. She offered a smile on her face as she turned her head around and recalled that meeting at the Ministry.

She thought at first that she must have imagined that little scenario but the more she thought about it, the more that she realized that scenario was true.

'Potter seems to be more devious than he allows us to believe,' Narcissa commented, although she was a bit amused by that.

It was the type of quality that her son aspired to have but he fell rather short. Then again, Draco was someone who was more blow than show, if he put half as much work in actually applying himself than complaining about everyone besting him.

If he had just stopped bitching about Harry Potter and Quidditch, he might have actually made something about himself. If he had stopped bitching about Granger and academics and spent more time proving himself to be better than her, then things would work out well.

Draco was the worst of Lucius qualities amplified.

Although Narcissa smiled, her husband saw better days and what remaining days that he had left, it did not good. This illness spread to more than a few Death Eaters and Snape…well Narcissa was not quite sure what drove Snape to be stark raving mad. He was locked in a padded room in St. Mungos for his own protection.

'Not even Dumbledore wants to touch him,' Narcissa commented but she shuddered at the thought. 'And there are a few pureblood crones that get off at that fact.'

She wondered what was going to happen, actually she had a pretty good idea what was going to happen. The blonde twitched her hands around the parchment.

She needed to write a letter, although she was not sure about where to begin. She saw an owl approach and drop down in front of her.

Narcissa saw that the letter was addressed to her husband but since Lucius was pretty much indisposed, she did not see the harm of opening up the letter and taking a closer look at it herself. Carefully, Narcissa opened up the letter and prepared to read it. She was not going to lie, a slight smile etched over her face.

'The Dark Lord is in bad shape,' she thought to herself. 'That's unfortunate.'

Lucius had told her about the Dark Lord and his performance. He seemed at a loss where the Dark Lord failed.

Narcissa saw it clearly, she saw several very obvious, very fundamental flaws with the Dark Lord's plan.

He left Potter alive, when he should have killed him. He could have given his evil villain monologue later to a corpse if he so needed to get it out of his system.

He untied Potter and gave him back his wand, giving him a fighting chance. If the Dark Lord would have gotten himself killed, well Narcissa would have been highly amused.

He had a two way Portkey, the reasons of that still baffled Narcissa and likely any other person with a few functional brain cells.
It was not a plan that was the most sound in the world, anyone with a functioning few brain cells could figure that out.

In other words, no one had marred their skin with a dark mark. Narcissa managed to get her way out of getting mark, because she knew that if the Dark Lord would have went down, then......well she figured that he would have some kind of failsafe there to screw pretty much every one with a mark over.

If the Dark Lord went down, he was going to take them all with him and something like that.

Narcissa shook her head, she could have sworn that she heard someone behind her. She must have been thinking too hard.

The problem regarding Bellatrix was that she tended to throw herself behind who the greater master was.

Narcissa was beginning to see the light, if she found a stronger master for her sister, then her attention would be diverted elsewhere. She thought that the Dark Lord's time was rapidly running short and there would be a dark age for all in the magical world whether they would be reborn into something different or the British Magical community would become extinct in no time flat.

She had to work, she had to plan.

She had to do.

She would have a plan.

To Be Continued.
Chapter Eleven: Aftershocks.

There were many things that came with clarity and Harry was not going to lie, he figured out that clarity was going to come with him immediately. The moment that the Horcrux was removed from his head, his mind was going to be cleared once again.

"This procedure was more about clearing your mind, and getting Riddle's knowledge, it was about vengeance," Lily offered and there was a sense that Harry got from his mother that whatever vengeance that she acquired, it was not nearly strong enough for her to be sated. Harry mentally made a remark that his mother could be pretty bloodthirsty when she put her mind to something.

Harry was pretty glad that he was on the good side of his mother.

"You got the diary, that's a good start," Lily informed Harry as they took some notes.

"The Cup is going to be the hardest, given that it's presently in the Lestrange family vault," Harry offered and Andromeda chimed in with a few words of her own.

"And the Lestrange family vault is currently underneath the control of my middle sister, Bellatrix," Andromeda said to them both as she sat up and sipped a drink, still feeling the ravishes of what happened. "And given that she's in Azkaban, I don't know how you're going to get her permission to access the vault."

Harry offered a smile. "I'm just going to ask her."

Andromeda raised her eyebrow and offered one statement to Harry. "Are you serious?"

Lily opened her mouth to make the obvious retort but Andromeda's stern expression said it all and there was one word. "Don't even say it, I know it."

"Yes, well…it was obvious," Harry offered in an absent minded voice as he scrawled on the paper. "The snake might be the hardest of them at all, with the ring being the most easy."

"And that's saying something with the dangerous charms and the temptation of it," Lily offered. "The ring, the diadem, the locket, the cup, and the snake."

"Then Voldemort himself," Harry reminded her. He was not going to discount Voldemort as being part of that hunt, but he was at the top of the mountain and the final person that Harry had to knock off. Even if he assumed that the moment that he removed the last Horcruxes, Voldemort would drop dead, he was going to make sure the body was devoid of breath, life, and blood was from him.

"Yes, but he's the very last," Andromeda told him.

"Saving the worst for last," Lily commented although she was going to be pleased when Riddle saw his final breath. Right now, she figured that there might have been some long term damage.

She also hoped that it would cause him a lot of misery, although Lily had no idea how much it would do. With the Horcruxes, they were walking into some uncharted territories. If she was lucky, as many Death Eaters would be taken down with him as possible. She offered a smile at the thought of it.
Before they could step forward with the next part of the plan, an owl arrived. Harry watched the owl arrive in rapt anticipation and there was a second where he paused. The owl looked regal and dare he say it, a bit pompous. He saw Andromeda’s eyes went with rapt anticipation and she looked over her shoulder to watch Harry.

"It's Narcissa….I wonder what she wants," Andromeda commented.

"Well after the meeting we had in the Ministry, I can only imagine what she wants," Harry offered her and there was a second where Andromeda and Lily exchanged a curious expression and it was Andromeda who chimed in with another statement.

"What did you do?" Andromeda demanded of Harry and there was a crisp smile on the face of the young wizard as he shook his head.

"Just watch and wait," Harry commented to her as he prepared to open up the letter. He was more than curious with what Narcissa had to say, especially with the seeds that he planted in her mind after what happened. The wizard unfolded the letter and he saw that the parchment was among the best in the world. He smoothed it out despite that and prepared to read the letter.

Dear Mr. Potter:

I'm sure that I am one of the last people that you expected to write to them, given that your animosity between yourself and Draco is infamous throughout those who gone to Hogwarts. Although I'm sure that I should take anything that he says about you with a grain of salt.

"Yes, Narcissa was always smart enough not to judge something that she did not see with her own eyes," Andromeda commented in an approving voice. There was a second where Harry eyed her and she waved towards Harry to continue.

Despite that fact, and despite my son's claims, I have been extremely interesting in meeting you for an extremely long time. After the winds of change have been blowing, we need to figure out how these things blow. And I know that there are going to be certain situations where we are going….well we are going to have to stand together.

With the Dark Lord's returning being rather underwhelming, there are going to be a lot of opportunities that present themselves. Opportunities that I cannot speak of during a letter for correspondence can get intercepted.

I hope that you understood the need to meet with me in person and I swear, that there will be no deception. If you wish to bring an audience, I understand. Bring as many people as you wish and I assure you that I have pretty much nothing to hide.

I hope to be in touch with you soon,

Narcissa Malfoy.

Harry looked at the letter, there was a smile on his face as he scanned every bit of the letter. He understood one thing about purebloods and that was they were the masters of the double meaning. He was used to playing with double meanings, most knowledge he learned was made by him being able to read between the lines. He closed his eyes and he ran his hands down the piece of parchment.

Andromeda saw Harry look over the parchment and she wondered what he was going to do. She felt her own nerves escalate and she leaned to face Harry, asking him one thing.

"So what are you going to do?" Andromeda asked him and Harry craned his neck to look at her.
"That's a good question," Harry admitted to her. There was a second where the young wizard and he raised his eyes up into the air.

He saw Narcissa Malfoy, who despite having conceived a rat bastard of a rat bastard, she was fairly attractive. She had the perfect fit body, with the blonde hair, the stormy grey eyes, the luscious red lips, the nice ass, the bountiful breasts, the flat stomach, the long luscious legs, curves die for.

She was a woman to be sure.

On the other hand, Harry knew that her beauty was a mask of how dangerous she could potentially be. So he needed to step forward and prepare himself. He knew he was potentially walking into a den of snakes.

He heard Andromeda's warnings and headed them well. The blonde was someone who was a true Slytherin. The woman was everything that Draco assumed himself to be but fell rather short off of the marker. The wizard's eyes flashed.

He would meet Narcissa Malfoy but he would do so on his own terms and his own terms would ensure that he would be leading the dance. It amused him to think that this woman, so used to leading the dance would be one that he would lead.

He was amused at the games that would happen. The green eyes flashed with Harry rolled his hand over and he prepared for himself. He was going to take the next step and prepare for everything.

Narcissa Malfoy had so many emotions that fluttered through her mind. The foremost emotion that went throughout her mind was that of nervousness. She felt her stomach turn a little bit as she waited and watched. The blonde's eyes flooded and she reared her head back, closing her eyes, wondering what might happen next.

Her heart pumped a bit more and she wondered what she was getting herself into. That brief meeting at the Ministry with young Mr. Potter, well Narcissa was not going to lie. It stirred up several thoughts and emotions in her mind. The blonde's eyes glazed over and she closed her eyes as she heard footsteps.

It wasn't Harry Potter just yet.

'I'm sure Harry will show up when he's ready to show up,' Narcissa commented, she got a brief note that stated that he would be here by noon and it was not late yet. Although she was hoping that this visit might be a little bit more early. The anticipation building up in the back of her mind was quite nasty and she could not shake off the fact that there was something.....well she could not shake off the fact that there was something regarding his visit that made her excited.

Anticipation built in Narcissa's mind and she waited, sipping on her drink as she wondered when he would show up.

"Mrs. Malfoy, as promised, I've made my appointment."

Narcissa looked up and she very nearly swallowed a lump that manifested in the back of her throat. She saw him standing there, vibrant green eyes, messy black hair, the things that what wet dreams were made of to most women. In fact, every witch from about the age of eleven to a hundred and eleven had certain thoughts of Harry Potter at one time or another.
And those thoughts resounded through the mind of this woman.

"Mr. Potter, I'm glad that you made it," Narcissa commented as she regained the poise and elegance that was expected of a woman of her stature. "And please, it's Narcissa."

Harry smiled as he sat down. It was a smile that caused the panties of a woman to become absolutely and totally soaked. "Then I insist that it's Harry as well. After all, we shouldn't feel uncomfortable with each other, now should we?"

Narcissa offered a slight smile, in spite of herself. "Quite."

Harry ordered a drink to join her. This was a fancy magical establishment, then again the world had more places for a meeting than the Leaky Cauldron, The Three Broomsticks, or even the Hog's Head. Harry figured out that much but this was a place that only the most elite purebloods can get into.

Naturally, Harry's scar was more than sufficient to allow him entrance. He did not make a habit of utilizing his fame too much to get what he wanted but when Harry did, he felt it prudent to do so in style.

"So what is on your mind, Narcissa?" Harry asked her.

'A loaded question, Harry,' the youngest of the Black daughters stated, not realizing that she was projecting every thought, seedy as they might be, straight into the mind of one Harry Potter. She shook her head and managed to calm herself, realizing that this would be a situation where she would have to remain poised and fairly dignified.

"Well, I'm sure you noticed that my husband is not well," Narcissa remarked, carefully not bringing up their encounter at the Ministry.

"I heard, and you look fairly well," Harry commented, "inadvertently" brushing his hand across her bare thigh in order to get an extra napkin.

"Yes, thank you," Narcissa commented.

"No, one should not thank the truth, my lady," Harry told the blonde and despite the fact one could not see it from this vantage point, Narcissa was really smiling. "The fact of the matter is that, your husband is not well, because the misdeeds of all of the purebloods are catching up with him. So, tell me, how is Riddle?"

"You are referring to the Dark Lord?" Narcissa asked.

"Yes, your pureblood Messiah is nothing more than a bastard abomination of a squib and a common Muggle, I'm sure that it may be safe to brand all purebloods in the league with him as blood traitors," Harry offered as he sipped his wine and smiled. "It would be unwise to throw your worship behind false idles, Narcissa."

"If you say so, Mr. Potter," Narcissa commented, Harry Potter was nothing like she had ever experienced before and that was a good thing, an extremely good thing. She shook her head, bringing herself back to reality, or what passed as reality for her.

"But you're not completely in the league with him, are you?"

Narcissa blinked. "I beg your pardon."
"I know someone as intelligent as yourself, you'd never mar your skin with that mark," Harry commented as he looked into her eyes and Narcissa found herself staring back at them, in spite of herself. Despite the fact that she considered herself to be of the highest breeding, she was susceptible to the charms of Harry Potter.

"No, I found my reasons to never be presented….with the mark."

"And that will save your life," Harry told her and Narcissa blinked. "The Dark Lord is not just ill, the moment that a few more threads that he has tying him loosely to life are pluck he will go…."

Harry made a slitting motion with his throat. As crude as that gesture might have been, Narcissa closed her eyes and her heart beat a bit more steadily. She looked at him.

"Are you serious?"

"No, I believe that's my godfather," Harry commented and Narcissa closed her eyes in bemusement.

"You know, he wore that joke out by the time he was four or five," Narcissa said to him but she smiled at him in spite herself.

"I know, that makes it all that much more hilarious." Harry commented to her as he leaned back and offered her what he thought was a winning smile and Narcissa would have to agree, in many ways, it was an extremely winning smile.

"Yes….well despite that fact, I know where the person who framed him is," Narcissa commented to him.

"You mean, Pettigrew don't you?" Harry asked. Harry had not forgotten about that particular item on his list of things to do before he left this crummy world behind. If he could prove Sirius's innocence then he could make those at the Ministry who offered the order of the Kiss even more like fools.

"Yes, disturbing man that he is," Narcissa commented. Lucius had been one of the few privileged enough to know of whom the spy in the Order was and he had not naturally spoken up in Black's favor.

Although if Sirius Black was smart, even though he was not guilty, he should have tried the Imperius Curse defense. He did have sufficient gold to get out of trouble but she supposed that pride came before a fall. The woman looked at him.

"He's in a place called Spinner's End, it belonged to…."

"The recently fallen Severus Snape," Harry commented as he looked almost saddened, although Narcissa could see that it was a front. "Thank you Narcissa, I'll make sure to thank Peter for all that he's done for me. He does owe me a debt and he turned around and resurrected that snake faced bastard with Daddy issues."

"Well I've never quite heard the Dark Lord referred in such terms," Narcissa offered.

"He is just a mere man named Tom Riddle," Harry said to him.

Narcissa could not resist making the next statement. "And you are….."

"Dear Narcissa, you'll find that I'm more than mere ,my dear," Harry told her as he leaned in close to her and closed the gap with a searing kiss that made her toes curl up in delight.
She found herself pressed back on the table and knew what was going to happen next.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry pulled back her robes, revealing a tight green top that wrapped around her breasts. He smiled as he saw her cleavage and held his finger up, slowly but surely tracing down the side of her cleavage, causing her to shiver for a second. The wizard kept working his finger down her cleavage and kissed the side of her neck, which caused her to whimper.

Harry's hands ran down her legs and he pushed his fingers down her.

"It's been a long time since you've gotten anything, hasn't it?" Harry asked as he cupped Narcissa's pussy and she whimpered.

"YES!" she screamed as he rammed his fingers deep into her, playing and cupping with her extremely moist womanhood. The blonde's whimpering breathed and Harry worked into her. She lifted her hips up and Harry kept running his fingers down her snub, and pushed his fingers deeper into her dripping pussy.

"Oh, you're so tight, this has barely been touched, but then again, figures Lucius wouldn't know to do with a piece of pussy like this," Harry growled as he licked the inside of her pussy.

"Oh, but you do, my lord," Narcissa panted as she felt her nipples get so hard that it almost hurt. Harry pinched her breasts and caused her moans as his mouth worked over her smoldering core. He was licking and sucking her.

"I need you, I need you inside me," Narcissa moaned as she was stripped completely naked. Harry saw her perky breasts, along with a flat stomach. She had a shaven pussy and Harry cupped her pussy. She felt the pleasure as he grabbed her breasts, mostly tender and untouch.

"On your hands and knees," Harry told her and Narcissa submissively rolled over, on her hands and knees. Harry lifted his hand up and slapped her right on the rear, which caused her a slight whimper.

"My lord, please," Narcissa breathed and Harry slapped her across the ass once more. "You're going to take this, like a woman," Harry told her and he cupped her pussy from behind and rammed into her from behind.

Narcissa's eyes practically bugged out as her pussy stretched out to accommodate his probing tool. The wizard hammered into her back and forth from behind, driving his thick tool as deep into her dripping pussy as he could.

"This pussy belongs to me," Harry growled and he cupped her tits, hammering into her over and over again from behind.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, oh yes!" Narcissa shrieked out loud as she offered her agreement to this declaration as Harry speared his huge length between her thighs. The wizard was going to pound her down into the ground and he held onto her breasts, pumping into her as deep as he could.

Harry growled as he felt her quim squeeze around his snug tool and he saw Andromeda and Lily awaiting from the crowd. Lily was unbuttoning her top, to reveal that she was not wearing anything underneath. Harry offered a rather prominent grin as he rammed into Narcissa.
He grabbed her hand and Narcissa felt pleasure as he ran his hands all over her body. He always kept her touching with how he was touching her. Her pussy wrapped around him as he plunged into her smoldering center.

Andromeda stepped forward and she caressed Narcissa's face as she was coming down from a high.

"Hello, my sister," Andromeda said to her in a smile as she traced her fingers around her nipples.

"Andi….I should have know….you'd be a part of this," Narcissa moaned and Andromeda got on the table and pulled down her pants.

"I want you to eat me," Andromeda told Narcissa and when there was a hint of protest, Lily shoved Narcissa's face into Andromeda's snatch.

Narcissa was so fucked silly that she did not even question the fact that a dead woman just shoved her face into her older sister's vagina. The woman happily slurped her pussy and closed her mouth around it, working its way.

"Oh, that's fucking it, fucking drill her," Lily told Harry and Harry did not really need telling twice. His throbbing hard cock buried between her walls and Harry kept ramming into Narcissa.

Narcissa was about to be fucked into submission and another Harry appeared, splitting off. He appeared between Lily, running his fingers down her naked body, cupping her breasts and pressing her against the table. The red head closed her eyes and felt Harry slip into her with ease.

Lily screamed hard as Harry hammered into her. Her son's most useful tool slammed deep into her quim, causing her to lubricate his pole, and rammed into her. Her walls tightened around him and Harry pressed down onto her, her hips arching to meet his tool.

"Oh, yes, oh Harry, oh fuck!" Lily mewled as Harry slammed into her hot pussy and the woman's walls hugged him snugly as Harry pounded into her. Her hips rose up and lowered down, as the two of them worked into each other.

"Yes, that's what we're doing….time to include Andromeda in on this," Harry grunted.

Narcissa passed out and she switched positions with her sister, with a little aid from Andromeda. Andromeda was on her hands and knees, her delicious rump was presented. Harry cupped Andromeda's pussy and rubbed it from behind. His cock pushed between her walls and he hammered into her.

"FUCK ME!" Andromeda begged as Harry hammered into her from behind. Her pussy was stretched out by Harry's cock as he kept hammering into her from behind. Her snug walls got even tighter around his rod.

"Yes, that feels so good, doesn't it?" Harry asked her and Andromeda nodded as Harry wrapped his hands around her hips. Harry worked his long dick into her, hammering into her and the pureblood MILF closed her eyes.

Lily felt the pleasure as his hands rolled over her body and he hammered her pussy, working her lips apart and she lifted her hips up, moaning as her son speared his length as far into her body as he could go. She felt him stretch her walls apart and her legs wrapped around him.

"Harder, faster, please, please," Lily mewled. Sure enough, Harry was not going to hold down, he was going to slam into her tightening quim even faster. The redhead's walls hugged him snugly and Harry kept working into her. She closed her eyes, digging her nails into his shoulder with frecocity,
and she felt her hips pushed apart.

Harry gave her an attack to her pussy, slamming into her. His balls were about to tighten.

"Yes, cum in me, oh cum in me!" Lily moaned as her pussy tingled with pleasure and Harry slammed into her.

Andromeda kept munching on her younger sister's pussy and Harry hammered into the older Black sister. Her MILF cunt stretched around his magic tool and hammered into her at super speed. The woman's walls tightened around him and Harry kept working into her, at an intense speed.

His balls slapping against her thigh was very good and her tight and warm walls kept going snugly around her. Her slick walls caressed his hard cock as he rammed into her over and over again. The woman's walls hugged around him tightly as she lifted her hips. Harry kept hammering into her, going even deeper into her, even harder.

Andromeda closed her eyes and felt the pleasure course through her loins. His cock was a wonder and she could not have enough of it. No matter how hard she tried, she could not imagine anything like it and her life would have a void if she did not experience that thick tool that went between her legs.

"That's so fucking good, isn't it?" Harry grunted and Andromeda's moans were all of the answer that he needed. Harry plowed into the oldest Black Daughter.

Harry smiled as he had sensations course through his balls and his loins tighten. With a few more thrusts, he came into the women, fucking them into the ground.

Lily, Andromeda, and Narcissa all were fucked into silliness and Harry was fulfilled, at least for the moment.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The once proud, although perhaps a place like this might have never looked proud, Gaunt Shack was the destination for the group. Lily, Andromeda, Nym, Fleur, and Harry walked outside of the shack and looked up.

"I can feel the magic in the air," Harry commented as he reared his head back. There was a sense that the magic that he felt, it was not good.

The good news was that thanks to having Riddle's memories, he knew everything that he did, every curse that he did. The real problem was that the power of the ring combined with the Horcrux that would cause some problems. The green eyes of Harry flared for a second and he focused one everything.

He needed to make sure he recalled everything with the strongest and most picture perfect clarity. The ring was the easiest, but there were a lot of traps around it.

Harry stood on the floor board of the house, it rotted right through, and he was not sure it was not entirely through the magic.

The walls of the house flashed for a second, everything was almost sentient.
"Okay, this is kind of creepy," Nym muttered as she walked into the room, her wand out.

"Only kind of creepy?" Harry asked her and Nym shrugged.

"Okay, this is very much creepy," Nym admitted as she barely suppressed a shudder that she had. Harry placed an arm around her waist and pulled her in closer to him.

"Don't worry, we'll figure out something….one way or another," Harry commented to the woman and she nodded, placing her fingers around her wand as she held it. She took a nervous step forward and her eyes blinked.

"What is…."

"Curses, jinxes, hexes, a deadly combination no matter how you slice it," Lily offered without missing a beat as she walked over. "So Harry…."

"Stand back," Harry offered to them and he waved his hand. "This should freeze anything nasty for about fifteen minutes but we should assume less just in case I'm wrong."

"Of course," Lily said, but she was confident that her son was correct. Never the less, the redhead made her way forward into the area and nearly swallowed the lump in her throat. She shook her head, she had to focus as she made her way forward.

The boards were pretty much rotting and Harry peeled them from the floor. There was a pit, it was not big enough to classify as a basement, it was more or less a pit, and it allowed him to climb down.

Fleur, Nym, Andromeda, and Lily followed him down into the pit.

"Are you ready?" Lily whispered to Harry and he performed a few more spells to access the enchantments.

He pulled out the Basilisk Fang that he carefully wrapped in a piece of dragon hide. The edges were sharp, so if he got stabbed with them, it was not going to feel very pleasant at all. His green eyes flared with a slight bit of annoyance as he prepared the fang, it was primed and ready to stab anything that got in his way.

He saw the ring and he knew what it was. He doubted that Riddle even knew, actually given his memories, he did know that Riddle found the legend of the Three Keys of Eternity, the Deathly Hallows, whatever one wanted to call them, to be a fanciful legend at best. Harry thought them to be intriguing but he never put such stock into things.

Given the British Wizarding World's inability to tell a straight story, he was not about to say that there was going to be something that he was going to believe or not.

Regardless, if this object was as powerful as one said it was, it would survive its destruction, long after the Horcrux had been destroyed. With steady hands and a steadier glance, Harry clutched the Basilisk fang in his hand. He lifted it over his head.

He heard an echo in the ring, a temptation to put it on, one that he would have succumbed to, had he been one of weak will but Harry Potter was not one of weak will, no he was strong, he was strength, he was going to stab that stone straight through and damage it.

He stabbed the fang straight through to the stone, causing it a great amount of damage. There was a hissing as the stone busted apart and the venom caused the stone to ooze straight through, the venom destroying.
The four witches behind Harry braced themselves and they waited for the other shoe to drop.

"So far, so good," Harry offered with a smile on his face, as he looked over his shoulder. The wizard shook his head.

He scooped up the ring and placed it inside a magical box and closed his eyes. He then disapparated with a pop, landing on the Hogwarts grounds.

'Take that Hogwarts: A History,' Harry thought to himself in amusement. He had read that book once before and he had never seen anything that was the epitome of the British magical world, a contradiction of lies.

Then again, given that the book had a stamp of endorsement from the Ministry of Magic, why was he not surprised? He had read several unbiased books that had been censored by the Ministry about the founders, including several accounts verified by magical historians outside of Ministry control.

Harry slipped the cloak over his body and made his way up to the school in record time. He followed Voldemort's memories, like it was a map. He knew where the room was, and he knew what he had to do to get inside.

The wizard waited outside of the room and entered it once a doorway presented itself. He navigated through the mountains in the room before he found out what he needed. Piles of rubbish as far as the eyes could see, broken cauldrons, ripped textbooks, shredded up notes, likely with blackmail material in them as well.

That was not what Harry was concerned, as he passed a love letter to a girl named Dolores from some bloke named Fenrir. He saw Ravenclaw's Diadem laying on the pile.

He understood that most of the magic in the Diadem had faded during Rowena's lifetime, but it was still a priceless artifact. The type that would have called to Riddle's egocentric behavior.

Harry stabbed straight through the artifact. The basilisk venom pumped into the highly magical object caused it to collapse in a pile of dust.

Harry scanned the room for anything else of value but much to his disappointment, there were no hidden treasures.

Next was the cave with the locket and Harry disapparated from Hogwarts to outside the cave just to prove that he could.

He closed his eyes and used a handy little charm that allowed him to fly forward over the waters to the cave. There was no way that he was going over Inferi infested waters in a boat.

The field of anti-gravity charms over the waters nearly knocked Harry out of the sky but he managed to negate them and land outside of the cave.

He closed his eyes and pulled a beater bat out from his cloak. He super charged it with magic and smashed the basin open, causing the fluids to flow out. He created a barrier before the fluids flowed out and stirred up the Inferi in the lake.

An idiot would think that they would have to drink the potion to make it disappear, but Harry was always one to think outside of the box.

Harry levitated the locket but found that there was a note inside.
Well, we might have a bit of a problem here,' Harry thought to himself.

Lord Voldemort had seen far better days than the day he was currently living. The Dark Lord was feared by all but he spent more time in his chambers than he spent out with his Death Eaters. Of course, the less time that he spent with those cowards and fools, the better that he could.

Riddle felt that some of them had acquired some kind of illness. He wished he could retrieve his most powerful and loyal followers from Azkaban and he was making plans.

The problem was that he required sleep, his body was rejecting the blood transfusion and he could barely keep his head high in the air. The Dark Lord wondered what was happening to him and he wondered if Wormtail botched the ritual.

It had to be Wormtail's fault, but that worm was suffering for things. Once Snape returned from the sabbatical that he was on, he would make sure that Snape had Wormtail suffer. Although Voldemort amused himself with the fact that he did not really know which of the two suffered even more from the situation.

Never the less, it was an amusing situation for sure and the Dark Lord wished that he could find more humor out of it.

He felt a stirring pain throughout his stomach and he wondered why he was feeling these problems. He had underwent rituals that would make him stronger than most mere mortals, no not most, all mere mortals.

He was the most feared but there was one minor thing that got in his way and that was time and time again, Harry Potter managed to avoid getting murdered by him.

The Dark Lord did not know how Potter managed it, in fact he was not too happy that Potter kept managing it. Yet, somehow, someway, Potter managed to escape.

He had to torture a Death Eater who suggested that he should have killed Potter when he had him tied up. They simply did not get it.

He tapped his fingers on the chair and tried to get up but he was weak. Weakness was not something that the Dark Lord was used to and it was not something that he would accept, not now and not ever.

'Pettigrew, that fool I will have a talk with him,' Voldemort thought to himself as he had the Daily Prophet delivered to him.

He crumpled the paper up in his hand out of abject anger. The fact the Ministry of Magic were going to meet reforms, that did not fit in with his plans, at all. The Dark Lord closed his eyes and opened them up. Although they did not open up too far, for they remained narrow. He wondered how many of his well kept plans would be ruined.

There was another amount of news that caused Riddle great anger.

Harry Potter had taken his NEWT level examinations just this past summer and it was publicized that he achieved the highest scores, beating the mark set over fifty years ago.

Voldemort was none too pleased, that meant another defeat at the hands of Potter in his mind and that was not something that he could abide by, not now and not ever. The Dark Lord furiously
crumpled the paper in his hand but felt a stabbing pain go through his arms.

If he thought he could summon his Death Eaters, he would, but he would not summon them in such a state. He would survive this. His prodigal skills would not fail him, he would not suffer a setback such as this.

He looked at the crumpled paper, there was a flashing picture of Harry Potter on it, it was pretty much mocking him. There was only one statement that flashed through his eyes.

'I'm better than you and I know it.'

There was news about the Ministry and there was also news about Dumbledore stepping down, along with speculation if he was dying. Voldemort hoped so, there was no one person who he wished to say more than Dumbledore, well unless one counted Potter.

"My Lord."

Wormtail arrived, he whimpered practically as he stated this.

"This had better be important, Pettigrew, enough to leave your post," Voldemort commented, his voice had no humor, no sympathy, nothing but the cold and distinct malice that one expected from the greatest Dark Lord that ever lived.

"Apologizes to you, my Lord but….I saw her in Diagon Alley and her vengeance will be horrible!" Wormtail yelled, practically losing his head.

Voldemort did the only thing that he knew to calm down a hysterical man.

"Crucio."

Wormtail's screams got even louder let and the Dark Lord looked at them. It was music to his ears, the pain and suffering of others. He enjoyed torturing humans and animals, seeing their suffering, and since Wormtail was technically both, it was something that Voldemort got off of a lot.

"What are you blathering about, you worthless worm?" Riddle hissed angrily and he nearly bared his teeth at Wormtail.

He gulped in spite himself and shook his head.

"Lily Potter, she lives my Lord…"

Voldemort had one word to say that. "Impossible."

Wormtail shook his head so much that the Dark Lord would not have been surprised if it twisted off from the over-exertion. "No, my Lord, I saw her, she was in Diagon Alley and Snape must have seen her as well, for his mind snapped."

"Snape's mind snapped because he has been working too closely to Dumbledore for too long," Voldemort said in a dismissive voice. "He will return after his sabbatical and after his mind as well. Until that moment, you are to return to Spinner's End. People do not return from the dead, Wormtail."

Wormtail wondered why his master would not believe him but looking at him….no he needed to focus on his own wellbeing, because Lily would kill him, slowly and painfully.

He feared her vengeance and he made his way back to Spinner's End, where he would hide in a hole
in the wall as a rat. Yes, that was it, no one would ever find him.

His stomach growled, and he shook his head, he needed to eat, after all, man or rodent, someone has to eat.

He scrounged around for scraps on the floor and took a step forward, seeing a piece of cheese that had been dropped on the floor. And it was the good type of cheese as well.

The moment Wormtail placed his paws on the cheese, he disappeared and then reappeared into a small glass cage where there was nowhere out.

"Hello, Peter."

Wormtail saw two sets of green eyes on the other end of the glass cage and started to squeak madly as his predicament set in.

**To Be Continued In the Next Chapter.**
Chapter Twelve: Plotting.

"Look what we caught here Harry, our very own traitor vermin rat," Lily offered to him with a smile on her face.

"Oh, Mum, how could we have been so fortunate to catch something pathetic like that?" Harry asked in a mock insightful voice and he could hear the rodent's pathetic squeaking but he smiled. "You know, Peter, you're kind of sad when you think about it. I almost really pity you, almost I do, not quite, but I really almost do."

"I think you might be getting soft on him," Lily offered, there were any number of devious things that she could do to Peter the more that she thought about it. It was the proper level of imagination that was required. The redhead's lips curled into an amazing smile. She tapped her fingers on the side of the glass and peered out towards him.

"I don't think I'm getting soft on him, trust me, I made a mistake with letting up on the little vermin before, far more cunning than I think we all give him credit for, the little rat bastard," Harry whispered and there was a slight squeak from the other side of the glass. "Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter, if you only knew what you brought upon yourself. You should have stayed as a rat, you should have never ventured to Albania, you should have taken the Dementor's Kiss like a man."

Harry shook his head.

"Are you feeling a bit puckish, Pettigrew?" Lily asked as she offered an expression of mock sorrow. "This has been a long time coming, I can hardly wait to see what I'm able to do to you."

Pettigrew started to squeak like…well like a rat. He tried to push himself back and forth but no matter what, he could not break out of his predicament.

"Poor, pitiful, Peter Pettigrew," Harry offered as he shook his head. "I know what you want, you want to go see your old friend, Sirius, I'm sure he'll be really pleased to see you, wouldn't you agree?"

It was obvious that Peter did not agree, Peter was shaking his head, practically mad. He could not transform, not even if he wanted to. Given that she was a charm's prodigy, it would be an insult if such work did not hold up under pressure.

"Peter, Peter, Peter, you should have known that if you would have put your hat in with the wrong crowd, you would have suffered consequences," Lily said as she tapped the glass. "Your capture….well it's going to cause some chaos I'm sure. Fudge won't know what hit him, I'm sure that the Ministry will self destruct as we know it."

"It's not going to end well for you, Wormtail," Harry concluded in a light tone of voice as he heard the frantic squeaking. "Oh, don't be so melodramatic, it's going to be all over before you know it. It might not even hurt, it might be relatively painless. It would be more kind to hand you over to the Ministry, then to hand you over to the Death Eaters that you've killed with your blunder."

Wormtail started squeaking like the mad rat that he was. Harry's face contorted into a grin as he decided to enlighten the traitor on the matter.

"Oh don't you know…..you giving the Dark Lord my blood is killing him, along with all of the other
Death Eaters, and that is a crime most foul against a magical pureblood lord of a far higher standard than the Pettigrews," Harry offered to him with a smile. "I'm sure your rat brain can figure out how deep of shit that you're in."

Wormtail frantically looked up, once again looking for a way out but he could see the stone cold eyes of Harry Potter staring at him like a cold hardened force that he was.

"I'll save you the trouble, you can try all you want, but there's only one way out of here and you know what it might be," Harry offered to him. "I could kill you, but you wouldn't learn anything. Of course, if I killed you I might be doing you a favor. Something pathetic of yourself might not last twelve minutes in Azkaban, not to mention twelve years."

Harry paused and amended.

"Of course, given that the Ministry seldom enjoys looking like idiots, twelve minutes might be pushing things," Harry offered to him and the smile got even wider. "I know what you want Wormtail and you're not going to get it. You want out of that cage, don't you?"

"Your greed got you in trouble Peter, you thought that he would give you a little bit of power," Lily said with a smile. "And I'd like to thank you, because none of this would be possible. And if you believe in the afterlife, you're going have an angry mass of Death Eaters that you personally killed waiting for you there."

Harry chimed in. "Your own personal hell."

Wormtail really started freaking out which Harry found oddly satisfying. After all that man had done, Harry's sympathies were lacking with him. He had let him go and then he turned around and resurrected the Dark Lord. Even though Voldemort's resurrection was not going as planned, Harry still thought that he was to need to suffer.

"So what to do with him, what to do with him," Lily offered as she eyed this pathetic mess in the cage. She found it rather stomach wrenching to even look to him. "The Ministry is in chaos....."

"However, with Amelia Bones running a tighter ship, she'd override any of Fudge's protests," Andromeda offered as she turned up. "It's in the Prophet.....she's cleaning up the Ministry, all of the top members of all of the departments are being investigated for wrong doings. Moody has come in to help lead the charge."

Lily gave a grim grin; if Moody was there to clean house, well she could see that there were going to be a bunch of people who were going to shake in terror. The redhead knew that Moody was the best in the world at what he did and what he did was not very nice, so he was going to turn the Ministry inside and out.

"So do you think we're going to get a fully competent Ministry?" Harry asked, although he sounded skeptical of the possibility.

Andromeda offered him a tense look. "You're talking about an organized government. Even in the best of times, they tend to falter pretty badly. I think there could be some hope but there's more of a chance that everything might fail big time."

"Okay, but at least Amelia Bones is better than what we got," Harry commented, he had briefly met her niece....well actually he had shared Herbology classes with her for four years, so Harry would have to be pretty damn dense not to know who she was.

Ron might have but not Harry.
"Yes, she is," Andromeda said, although Amelia was the type to not care how many enemies she made or how powerful they were, as long as some kind of justice was served. That was going to be a situation to keep an eye on.

Harry smiled. "Well, I'm sure the future Minister of Magic might want to correct one of the biggest miscarriages of justice that the Ministry of Magic has ever done."

Lily saw the gears in her son's head turning and a plan formulating. The thought of that made her proud and made her smile.

Sirius Black was sitting at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place on Monday Morning and he was going to see Molly Weasley and her brood out the door, along with the rest of Dumbledore and his members of the Order. Granted, Sirius did not necessarily mind most of the Order or the Weasleys, but there was some of them.....well some of them got on his nerves.

Like Molly for instance, Molly almost made him appreciate his own mother and that was a scary thing. He was even more insulted that Molly would actually make him appreciate that bat.

"You know, you better clear out of here by the time the clock strikes noon," Sirius offered to them and Molly shook her head.

"Harry can't...."

"He can, and if he can't.....well the ancient magic of this house will enforce it, as you should know given that I've explained this to you all weekend," Sirius said, now knowing which one of his parents Ronald Weasley got his intelligence for.

Of course, it took a huge chunk of the weekend for Molly and Ron to get turned back from the pigs. Sirius was disappointed that Dumbledore finally worked his magic although it did take up a good chunk of the time.

"I don't see...."

"Harry has gotten all outstanding NEWTs, including in subjects that he never took, so I think he's more than qualified to tell you what to do," Sirius said as he saw Hermione's eye twitch out of the corner of her eye.

Ginny was thankfully keeping Hermione on a shorter leash that normal. Sirius wondered about the circumstances where those two got together, although being a man, he was more than curious about their relationship in general.

Sadly, Azkaban had ruined Sirius's ability to experience certain pleasures but thankfully it had not removed his mind from the gutter, where it resided a good portion of the time.

"So, I'm sure that you have time for one last meal before you're evicted," Sirius said and he smiled. "I dare say you'll have plenty of time to pig out."

Molly cringed for a moment and Sirius offered her a grin, that statement having gotten the reaction that he desired. He was glad that she was uncomfortable for she tried to enter his house, well technically Harry's house, all summer and run things like it was the Burrow. Now that Sirius was back in charge, he was going to get several things done.
"So… who's up for bacon?" Sirius asked cheerfully and this caused Molly to turn extremely pale and a bit green.

"Oh, I'll have some!" Ron yelled cheerfully.

It seemed like Ron's brain was still located firmly in his stomach, although Sirius thought that everyone needed to have something that they were good at. For Ron, it was the ability to make food disappear in the blink of the eye and the lad was so talented that he had no need for any spells.

Bless his little cotton socks on that.

Sirius shook his head, he was hanging out at this house way too much, it was starting to addle his mind even more so than usual.

He heard the doors open and he waited for his mother to start raging but there was a scream of abject horror and the smell of smoke.

Sirius suddenly bolted up and he saw a beautiful sight, a wonderful sight, a sight that warmed the absolute cockles of his heart.

'Heh, cockles,' Sirius thought, amused by his own thought but he stood up, ready to go, marching towards the hallway.

He saw his mother, in fire and Kreacher dropping to his knees, sobbing in a way that was normally reserved for national tragedies.

There was only one thing that Sirius could think.

'Ding dong, the witch is dead, which old witch, the wicked witch.'

Sirius was almost bouncing up and down but then he realized how much it made him look like a teenage girl on a sugar high, than he stopped.

"I'm here for your last call, you're going to leave this place, the easy way or the hard way," Harry said to them.

Ron mumbled something with a mouth full of bacon.

Thankfully, Ginny was well versed in gluttonous idiot, so she was able to translate. "Ron wanted to know if he can finish his bacon."

"He can have a doggy bag, I need to get you people out of here, now," Harry said.

Ron wondered who would be so cruel and inhumane to put a dog in a bag, and why he would need one for his bacon, all he wanted was his sweet, juicy bacon. Bacon, bacon, bacon, that was what he wanted, sweet, delicious, smoky bacon.

'Bacon, bacon, bacon,' Ron's brain chanted, that was about the only thought that he could be capable of.

Lily shook her head, wondering if Ron would eat anything if it would stand still long enough.

"IT WAS YOU!" Molly yelled.

"Molly, you will speak to me in an indoor voice, or I swear, I'll remove your voice box," Lily said as she looked at her. "Now, do I have to smack a bitch or what?"
Ginny, who was drinking milk, started laughing. Fred and George drank make for the express purpose of it coming out of their nose whilst they were laughing.

"Yes….I think she might have to…"

"Smack a bitch!"

Sirius shook his head and Lupin tried not to look really amused.

"YOU TURNED ME AND….."

Molly started ranting to thin air for Lily silenced her and the silencing charm would fade in a week or two, maybe a month, unless she decided to remove it. It was comical seeing Molly unaware that her voice had been removed.

"You should be careful who you give Howlers to, Molly," Lily said as she shook her head. "Respect is for everyone, pity that you haven't learned it."

"We'll find our own way out," Ginny offered, and she followed the twins. They were already packed, they knew that Harry would come to evict them.

Hermione was not speaking to Harry because of the fact that he got perfect scores on the NEWTs. He was really cheating the system by taking his exams early and she had never gotten completely perfect scores on her exams and Harry got completely perfect scores on the exams. That meant that by proxy she was no longer the top student in her year and that was her entire sense of identity.

She saw her mistress give her a look and Hermione followed her out the door.

Ron and Molly did not leave willingly, so Harry evoked the ancient magic in the house to evict the two Weasleys. They went flying out of the door and Harry was not sad to see either them leave. He dumped Ron's belongings on both of their heads.

"This portkey should take you back to the Burrow," Harry offered and he smiled. "The key word is happy trails."

"Right, see you….well I guess I don't know when I'll see you because you won't be going to Hogwarts because of your fifteen outstanding NEWTs," Ginny offered with a smile.

Hermione blinked and she looked at the paper that she had been reading numbly for the past three days. Fifteen….Harry took NEWTs for classes that were no longer offered at Hogwarts….and he could have taken more but he chose not to. It was only offered to those heirs of pureblood families and Hermione thought that was unfair.

"Don't worry, Hermione, if you need any tutoring, you can write to me, I won't bite," Harry offered with a smile as Ginny activated the Portkey.

Hermione looked like someone ripped a book in half right in front of her face.

"So I'm guessing that the only reason that you're here was because you wanted to evict the Weasleys, after you warned them in advance, and Molly, stubborn harpy that she was, chose to stay," Sirius offered as he shook his head.

"Amongst other reasons," Lily said to Sirius and Sirius raised his eyebrow, his curiosity getting the
better of him.

"Oh do tell," Sirius said as he waved his hand, inviting Lily to jump in with her tale.

"I will tell, thank you very much," Lily offered him and Sirius could tell by the smile of her face. "We performed a ritual to remove a Horcrux from Harry...."

"A HORCRUX?" Sirius asked, nearly jumping up to his feet.

"You know what it is," Harry said to him.

Sirius waved his hand. "The Black Family is swimming in the dark arts so much, that it's a wonder that we didn't drown in it. Naturally, I know what a Horcrux is."

"Right," Lily offered to Sirius. "And Riddle had them...six of them, with Harry being the unintentional seventh one."

"Are you serious?" Sirius asked Lily.

Lily could not resist. "No, that's you."

"You do realize that joke was worn out by the time that I was five years old, don't you?" Sirius asked in a would be casual voice. Lily raised an eyebrow. "So....bloody....Riddle made six of those damn things. Not many people can make one."

"Yes, and Voldemort was more obsessed with the magical nature of seven, so he split his soul in seven pieces, incasing six in little containers, and scattered them, but the problem is that his vanity," Lily offered to him. "He went for highly magical objects, objects of value, objects that are easily recognizable....."

"But, it appears that someone beat us to one of the Horcruxes," Harry offered Sirius and the Black heir looked at him. "Some chap named RAB....."

"Regulus!" Sirius yelled in immediately recognition.

Lily had one of those looks where she figured that was the case but she wanted to be for certain that it was Sirius's brother who did the deed.

"As you know, Regulus joined the Death Eaters, but he got a case of cold feet and killed on Voldemort's orders," Sirius stated as he looked at Harry with a forlorn look. "He was always the prized child. My mother died with the assumption that he died fighting some blood traitor....."

"Well in a sense she was right," Harry said and Sirius looked at Harry. "By joining Voldemort, all of the purebloods have forsaken their values. It is a creed in many families never to kneel before someone of a lesser blood and Voldemort's mother was practically a squib and his father was a common Muggle. The only credibility that Riddle has was his connection to Slytherin."

Harry paused.

"Riddle kills anyone who does not get in his way, he claims he wishes to not spill magical blood, but he's insane to the highest degree and fairly intelligent, although he didn't have fifteen Outstanding NEWTs," Harry offered and he smiled. "Something that he's in a rage about."

"Are you sure it's wise to antagonize him?"

"In the back of my mind, Riddle fears me, he knows that without a shadow of a doubt, I'm the one
person who could beat him," Harry retorted and Sirius was surprised by the ground swelling of confidence that Harry gave.

The one thing that Sirius did not realize was that Harry knew everything about Voldemort. Every sorrid detail of his past, all of his fears, all of his weaknesses but if his calculations were correct, there was no need for Harry technically defeat Voldemort when he already defeated himself by making his Horcrux.

"So, Regulus….he may have betrayed Voldemort in a really bold way," Lily offered and she gave Harry the opening to continue.

"He took his Horcrux and destroyed it….it's a locket…"

"A locket, you say?" Sirius asked, as his mind flashed back to something that he saw during the house cleaning from hell.

He could have sworn that he threw the locket out but a part of him knew better. He could have kissed that house elf….okay maybe not that far, but if Kreacher had…..well there was only one way to find out.

"KREACHER!" Sirius yelled and the house elf appeared with a slight pop.

"Master is calling Kreacher, in the presence of the Mudblood and this blood traitor elf….."

"You will be silent and cooperate," Harry said and Kreacher looked at him. "You will only speak to when I give you an question and you will not offer any commentary on the matter. Is that clear Kreacher?"

"Yes, sir," Kreacher offered and his throat was this close to saying something but the ancient magic that bound him was unable to stay back.

"Did you by any chance hide a locket?" Harry asked Kreacher.

"Yes, yes, yes, sir, I did, Master Regulus made Kreacher swear….his very last order before….before he died!" Kreacher yelled and he tried to keep the panic out of his voice. Yet it burst through like a dam. "Kreacher….Kreacher never has….he never will….he has failed, oh his master must be so disappointed if he saw what he failed to do. I have to destroy that locket, for it is the key to stopping the Dark Lord."

"So, it's a Horcrux," Lily said sharply.

Kreacher offered a stiff nod, barely meeting that eye.

"I will help you carry out Regulus's last wish and I will destroy the Horcrux, but you must bring it to me, and yes I know you took it when it was thrown out," Harry offered, taking a look into Kreacher's eyes and seeing the house elf's fairly simplistic thoughts flowing through his mind.

"Master is too kind, much too kind," Kreacher said and Harry had no idea whether or not it was sincerity or sarcasm.

"I would have strangled the little tosser if I was you, Harry," Sirius whispered.

"Just watch and learn, Padfoot," Harry told him and he smiled as he watched Kreacher slip off into the night to get the locket.
The locket was returned, the house elf holding it within trembling hands. It was hard to keep it up.

He was like a weight and he did not like the look and the feel of it, those whispers, it made him terrified, he did not like them, no not at all.

"Sir, is….it is here," Kreacher whispered to Harry and Harry smiled as he gently took the locket from Kreacher.

"I thank you, Kreacher," Harry told him with a smile.

Kreacher nodded, taking a moment to back off and he felt his heart hammer in the back of his chest. Harry sensed the locket, the locket had the same vibe as the Diadem and the ring did and he knew that he must work quickly.

Basilisk fang was at the ready.

Harry was not going to waste any time with the dramatic effect.

The locket was stabbed, the hissing of the venom destroying it.

"It's done, your master would be proud of you," Harry said as he saw the melted pile of the locket.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," Kreacher said to him and there was no sense of sarcasm in his voice. "So, shall Kreacher make sir and miss, breakfast?"

"Of course," Harry said to him. "And you've done a great service."

Sirius shook his head, there were times where he did not understand his godson at all.

Narcissa actually was pretty happy to reconnect with her oldest sister after all of her years. They were spending some time talking about how the Black family likely messed up the lives of several of its members.

"Our aunt….I think we can agree was a bit nuts," Andromeda concluded after a second.

"Our uncle wasn't much better, although he looked particularly lucid next to her," Narcissa commented to herself as she looked at herself in the mirror.

Lucius had been admitted into St. Mungos, although he would be unlikely to last the week. Given that Narcissa transported a good chunk of the Malfoy family fortune out of her own personal vault, St. Mungos did not have that much to siphon off.

They only kept you there if you had gold to burn, hence why the Longbottoms were still in the permanent damage ward. Narcissa was pretty sure that by now, the Longbottoms could have been cured of their ailment but they chose not to. In fact, there was a chance that the really corrupt healers at St. Mungos.

"Lucius….well he should have known better," Narcissa said. From what Harry said, it seemed like the very dark mark was poisoning the Death Eaters slowly. "But there's one problem….Bella…."

"Bellatrix has never been the most stable of witches," Andromeda commented in a light tone and she paused before she added. "I fear if anything, Azkaban has made her much worse than she ever was
before."

"She is still our sister and I do not wish for her to have the same fate as Lucius and the others," Narcissa said as she read the latest Daily Prophet. The epidemic of pureblood illnesses were talked about, although the fact that they were Death Eaters who all claimed they were under the Imperius Curse was not lost on everyone.

Whether anyone was ill in Azkaban, Narcissa could not say. Of course, the Dementors would not notice the prisoners if they were ill. They were merely just a means to feed themselves, their deepest and darkest desire.

"Bellatrix was given life in Azkaban, which is worse than being sentenced to death, given her participation in the torture of the Longbottoms," Andromeda said as she sipped her tea. "And…..well she did not act like an innocent person….."

"I understand that Bellatrix willingly joined the Dark Lord, she always had several father issues," Narcissa stated. "In her own twisted way, she saw the Dark Lord as a replacement father figure and…..given her devotion to him…..well it is perfectly normal for us purebloods, although…..it's still unsettling."

"Is it unsettling because it is the Dark Lord?" Andromeda asked her sister quietly.

Narcissa just smiled a pained smile, her sister was the one who hit the nail right on the head more times often than not.

"So, we have two more Horcruxes to go," Harry offered with a smile on his face as he turned up and faced both of the Black Sisters.

"The Cup in the vault and…..you now the goblins will never allow you inside that vault, the Ministry tried and they were sent away with their tail tucked between their legs," Andromeda told Harry and Harry whistled for a second before he said one thing.

"Yeah, I know, believe me, I know," Harry said to them. "However….there's something that we can do, although it's risky."

Nym turned up at that point and did not like the look in her lover's eyes. It was one of pure mischief and the young Auror was not going to lie, she kind of shuddered about it. Yet, there was a huge part of her that was curious and she asked a question that she almost regretted asking the very moment that it left her mouth.

"What are you planning?"

Harry offered her one of the infamous Harry Potter smiles, although that was something that Nymphadora Tonks was not fooled with for a second. "I don't know what you could be talking about, Nym."

"You're up to something, I know that look," she offered, putting her hands on her hips.

Harry smiled back at her. "Again, I don't know what you're talking about, Nymphadora."

Her eye twitched, although the way Harry said her full name, it got her all hot, which made her hate it even more. That awful name should not sound so very arousing to her, yet coming out of Harry's mouth, it did.

"I'm planning many things, as you might be able to see," Harry offered to her, the smile going even
wider across his face and he walked behind Nym and placed his hands on her hips. His hands then slowly moved on and touched the bare flesh that was her waist. "Perhaps, if you're a good girl and you beg properly, I might be able to let you in on a little bit of what I'm doing."

Nym was not going to lie, that thought got her excited and she could have sworn that Harry's hands brushed the side of her ass.

"Are you….are you…." Nym breathed and Harry slowly kissed the side of her neck.

Narcissa and Andromeda watched as Harry worked his magic on the younger girl.

"Oh, you're a good girl, a very good girl," Harry breathed as he placed his hands higher on Nym's chest. They were about ready to brush the underside of her breasts but he did not quite touch them, not yet. She closed her eyes, feeling good.

"I'm a very good girl," Nym managed as she shook her head and Harry patted her on the head and he turned her around, kissing her madly against the wall.

Nym returned the kiss with fever and passion, feeling her lover's fingers move down her body, giving hundreds of pleasurable little touches. She closed her eyes and felt the pleasure, as Harry roamed her nice and supple body, feeling every single inch of her.

"You're a very good girl," Harry breathed in her ear and this caused her to twitch and he parted her skirt back to reveal that she was not wearing any panties.

"Oh, Nymmy, you've been a very bad girl," Andromeda commented from the other end of the room. "It's time for you to get a spanking."

Nym was lead over to her mother.

"Well, honey, Mummy knows best," Harry said as he removed her skirt and put her over Andromeda's lap, exposing her bare ass for the world.

Nym's eyes widened and she felt her mother's firm hand slap her on the ass. There was a huge crack that echoed.

"You're a naughty girl, walking around without panties like that, in my house!" Andromeda said as she started to spank.

She could see Harry's cock grow larger and larger, about ready to tear through his pants. Narcissa watched it hungrily.

"Here, let me help you with that, Harry," Narcissa said as she removed his pants and then pulled down his boxer shorts.

His cock was exposed and Narcissa cupped her hand and ran her hand up his throbbing cock. The blonde's hand wrapped around his large cock and started to rub him up and down. The blonde MILF was stroking his cock and Harry lifted his cock up, allowing her to stroke him.

"Oh fuck, baby, fuck, so fucking good," Harry grunted as Narcissa kept pumping her hand up and down on him.
Meanwhile, Andromeda kept spanking her daughter. Her pussy dripped with juices and she kept spanking her.

"Oh, oh, ah, yes!" Nym yelled and Andromeda kept ramming her hand off of her rear again and again. The woman twitched with pleasure as she was whacked on the ass.

"That's what you like, isn't it, you dirty girl?" Andromeda asked as she continued to spank her daughter, smacking her hand off of her. She spasmed as her mother kept spanking her.

Harry leaned back against the chair as Narcissa's lips wrapped around his cock and there was a few seconds where the woman paused, her lips wrapped around his cock and she pushed all the way down his rod. It went almost all the way down the back of her throat and Harry's cock started to twitch firmly, almost ramming all the way down her throat.

"So, fucking good!" Harry groaned as Narcissa continued to blow him like the pro that she was. Her walls wrapped around him and Harry grabbed her around the back of her head, pushing her face down upon his hard rod.

She made a series of popping sounds with her mouth, blowing him like she was a pro and to Harry, she was.

Nym was pushed back and Andromeda removed her skirt and panties, revealing her smooth and shaven pussy. Her legs were spread and she pointed towards her mound.

Tonks got the matter and her face was pushed between her legs. She started to lick and slurp at her pussy. Andromeda wrapped her legs around her face and pushed her daughter's face into her cunt. The woman kept working her over and eating and slurping her.

"Oh, fuck, so good, so fucking good!" Andromeda managed.

Harry was now working his fingers down Narcissa's pussy. Narcissa cooed and moaned as she worked her talented mouth around his huge cock, hammering into her mouth.

She felt as Harry turned her, so he could eat her pussy. The woman's tangy juices were taken from her pussy and Harry drove his tongue as deep into the MILF pussy of Narcissa Black as possible. The blonde's thighs closed around him.

Narcissa kept going down on him and Harry pulled himself up.

"Suck that dick like it's the best thing in the world," Harry demanded towards Narcissa.

Narcissa was not going to say anything on account of having her mouth completely full of cock but she was going to say that it was the most important thing in the world, at least to her. Her lips tightened around him and Harry pushed all the way down her throat, making her close her throat around him, manipulating his cock with her throat, like it was a vagina.

Harry dove between her pussy walls, licked and slurping her. He was really sucking the juices from her pussy and she bucked her hips up, using her pussy and started to lick her inner walls. She closed her thighs around him and Harry was slurping her even further.

'Oh, fuck me, fuck me with your tongue, oh baby,' Narcissa managed and Harry kept going into her, using his tongue to really make her feel it.

Andromeda was leaned back onto the table and Nym went to town on her pussy. Her own bared pussy was exposed.
"I believe this belongs to me," a duplicate of Harry said as he cupped her pussy and squeezed it, causing her to moan out loud.

Harry brushed his finger into her dripping pussy and she whimpered as Harry was about ready to give her pleasure.

He teased her pussy with his tongue, and then he reared back and pushed his cock into her pussy from behind. She used her powers and her pussy control to squeeze him.

"Damn, so tight, oh grow your hair so I can pull on it, that's fucking it," Harry grunted as he rammed into her.

Andromeda's vision was blurry but seeing Harry's twelve inch cock spearing into her daughter while her daughter was eating out her pussy, it was hot. She lifted her pussy up to allow her daughter better access. Her daughter was really working into her.

Harry wrapped his hands around her breasts and slammed into her. The wizard hammered into her from behind, with a super powerful thrust into her.

Narcissa had now finished sucking Harry's cock.

"And still hard for me, very nice," Narcissa breathed and Harry turned her around. "Please Harry….I need you in me."

Harry pinned Narcissa onto the chair and he hovered his cock over her pussy. The blonde's pussy was dripping with pleasure and Harry brushed his throbbing prick against her. The blonde was whimpering and was about ready to be filled with unmistakable pleasure, not to mention his hard cock.

Harry pushed himself all the way around her and felt her pussy wrap around his tool as he entered her. Her nice tight MILF pussy hugged his walls as he squeezed her breast and rammed into her at super powerful speed.

Narcissa closed her eyes as Harry rammed into her from behind. The blonde's walls clenched around him and Harry hammered into her. Her hips lifted up and met his thrusts as it entered her. The blonde's walls tightened around him and Harry kept hammering into her.

"Oh, such a good pussy, oh it feels so fucking good, I enjoy it," Harry grunted and he rammed into her tightening cunt. The blonde clenched his rod and Harry continued to push as deep into her as he wanted to. His balls slapped against her thighs.

Nym whined and Harry worked into her. The woman's tightening hot pussy clenched him and Harry rammed as far into her. His thrusts got even more frantic.

"You're so wet, you naughty girl," Harry breathed as he slapped her. Her pussy got even tighter thanks to her abilities, milking him. Her hair turned into a multitude of colors, and it was now a long blue, with pubic hair to match, shaped like a lightning bolt.

Her breasts swelled to about an E-Cup and Harry squeezed her large breasts, ramming his throbbing cock as far into her as he could manage. His hands groped her and slammed into her, her wet walls hugging him. The woman's walls pushed around him and Harry kept working into her from behind. Her walls rubbed him up and down, working his throbbing rod over with pleasure and more amazing pressure yet. She was about ready to squeeze his probing python into submission.

Harry sped up the actions and rammed into her over and over again from behind. His balls slapped
against her.

"Oh, Harry, oh Harry!" Narcissa moaned as his balls drilled into her and he rammed himself balls deep into her.

His cock was touching her womb and Harry pushed all the way out of her and rammed all the way into her quivering quim.

Harry pinned her down onto the bed and hammered into her tightening cunt, working into her gushing core. The blonde's walls clenched him and Harry hammered into her from behind. The blonde closed her legs around him and Harry slammed into her from behind.

"FUCK ME!"

Narcissa's moaning escalated and Harry rammed into her. Her walls worked him up and down from behind. Her walls tightened him and Harry slammed his throbbing member into her.

Nym was being pleasured with his hard cock, slamming deep into her. He was balls deep into her quim and Harry pleasured her. The woman was reduced to a whimpering mess.

Harry enjoyed feeling how her pussy clenched around him and he held onto her breasts, hammering her tightening quim from behind.

His hard tool slid in and out of her, feeling her warm box clench him and milk him.

Harry worked over Narcissa, hammering her into the chair and his balls tightened.

"Cum in me," Narcissa moaned, knowing that if she got a child by Harry, it would be far better than that last poor attempt.

Harry's balls tightened and unleashed a spurt of cum into her, going off like a fire hose. The wizard unleashed his cum into her and Harry spilled his cream into her.

Nym got a huge load of cum of her own and collapsed down to the ground, feeling pleasure course through her.

"So, after we got side tracked," Harry managed as he came down off of his high. "I believe that we were going to talk about something, weren't we?"

"Yes, we kind of were," Nym agreed as she was cross eyed and drooling as she was handcuffed spread legged to the wall, where her aunt's head once was.

"So, we got to complete the set, the Black sisters set, a must for every wizard named Harry Potter," Harry said. "So, we're going to need to break Bellatrix out of Azkaban."

Nym shook her head. "Sure, Harry, and maybe we can stop for Chinese after we're done."

"Don't doubt me, because I've got a plan," Harry said with a smile.

Nymphadora Tonks was not going to lie, she had never felt a more arousing combination of fear and excitement in her life.

To Be Continued.
Breakout

Chapter Thirteen: Breakout.

It was an extremely scary event when Harry Potter was plotting. For some, they thought that meant that he was going to do something where his plan, even a well laid one, was going to blow up in everyone's face. For others, when he was planning, it simply meant that he was this close to finding some way to accomplish something great.

There was something that needed to be said about the best laid plots, which is why Harry Potter did not jump head long into anything, even though he gave that impression to the outside world. Thanks to the magic inside the castle, he had a very long time to plan this, even he had a very short time.

"So you're just going to storm Azkaban, and break Bellatrix out like it's nothing," Andromeda commented and Harry raised an eyebrow.

"I wouldn't be able to get the Polyjuice Potion, plus based on the laws of succession, she's kind of my property anyway," Harry said and Andromeda raised an eyebrow. "As you know, when Draco Malfoy challenged me to a duel, he invoked the Law of Pureblood Succession. All of the Malfoy Assets were on the line, even though he was not the head of house. The Malfoys were one of the twelve that signed the pact."

"Yes, and he thought that you would not claim those assets for his father had assured him that you were ignorant to magical culture," Narcissa chimed in, speaking up for the first time. She could have throttled her son for pulling such a action. He was the one that showed ignorance.

"Yes, well you create your own monsters and I think that from that day forward, I wanted to get the better of anyone with the last day Malfoy," Harry said to the group.

"Admittedly not hard," Lily commented to them, she had a very low opinion of the Malfoys for reasons that were numerous. It wasn't what they knew that got them so far, it was who they blew.

"No, it wasn't too hard," Harry admitted as he brushed a strand of hair out of his face although it was more to give his hands a break from the floor plan that he was making marks on in Azkaban. "I could have struck at any time and ruined them but I have a role to plan. A mediocre student who has no worth of his own, to quote Severus Snape."

"Goes to show that you can fool anyone," Narcissa offered Harry. She knew not to take Draco's word seriously and really Snape's either. Snape was determined to see James Potter's mini-me. He was still butt hurt about the Lily situation.

Although if one believed the rumors of Dumbledore and Snape, being butt hurt was not something that Snape was entirely unfamiliar with but that was a horrific thing that Narcissa vowed not to think about too much.

"So, I storm the gates of Azkaban and I get Bellatrix out, should be nothing too hard, should it?" Harry asked and Lily offered him a smile.

"And again I ask, after that's done, what do you do with the rest of the day?" she inquired to Harry and Harry offered her a smile in return.

"Well, it's not going to be easy, but I never do easy, I've never done easy, I never will do easy, easy is just not the Harry Potter thing to do," he admitted as he prepared to look at the plans and a smile.
crossed his face as he went over every single censior.

If he just stuck to the plan, he would have Bellatrix out and once she had a chance to be healed, he would have the cup. Then Voldemort would be done and then he could leave the sheep to sink or swim as they saw fit and given their actions so far, Harry knew which of the two it would be.

"The look in his eyes when he plots, it's scary, it also reminds me if you," Andromeda stated.

Lily's smile grew wider as she said the obvious point. "We should be quite thankful that he takes after me a fair bit."

"Yes, we should," Harry agreed as he flipped through the floor plan. His father was a good man but he was the epitome of a Gryffindor through and through, so they did not have that big of a shelf life. Harry flipped through the papers and smiled.

As it turned out Voldemort did have a plan of taking down Azkaban but given that it involved making friends the Dementors, that simply was not going to fly with Harry. The ritual should in fact strengthen his Patronus and he was intrigued to see the results as he stormed the prison.

The memories did offer him a complete check list of who were Death Eaters and who were not. Many had claimed Imperius Curse but Harry did take note that there were a number of Ministry Workers who have taken extended leaves of absence due to illness. They would not be coming back, the ritual was going to seal their fate.

As for the ones in Azkaban, well Harry was under the assumption that they were dying as well but he knew what happened when people made assumptions. So he was going to step into the prison and make sure that those Death Eaters were going to go down. Only the attractive female deserved to be spared. Dumbledore might argue for sparing them despite they had raped countless, murdered many, and tortured several. Perhaps he was looking for more cuddle buddies like Snape.

Harry once again put the thought out of his mind.

Andromeda could not help herself from taking a peak at her godson's plan and a smile crossed her face. "That plan is amazing, magnificent."

Harry could not help but smiling regarding said plan.

"Of course that plan is amazing, I was the one who created it," Harry said to her, showing a bit of that arrogance but it was not the Potter arrogance that he was showing.

Azkaban was just one step away and he needed to release his guest from the prison. A smile crossed Harry's face as he figured out what he needed to do next.

People should have pitied the Aurors who had to brave the shift in Azkaban.

Azkaban was a place that does not offered warm security. The winds blew through the air and offered a sense of extreme cold. The fog choked anyone who dared walk through it and it had the ability of someone who would walk through an ice box.

'Damn, all I want to do is go home,' one of the Aurors cursed at the thought of what was going home. He wrung his hands out and closed his eyes.

One could hear the shrieks of the people who were troubled by the long term exposure of Dementors. It was enough to rise goose bumps on the arms of anyone who experienced it even
though people would concede that others deserved it. Be that as it may it was still unnerving and the Auror at the gates was mentally ticking down the seconds until his shift end.

Those horrors passed once again. His Patronus was decent but not good enough. It was not Harry Potter level. There was this rumor that he murdered a hundred Dementors who had tried to swoop down on him at Hogwarts.

It seemed outlandish but there were a lot of rumors regarding Harry Potter that did. He was an urban legend that was coming to life and there were any number of stories. For a brief time, Potter had been a topic for discussion from upper levels of management for the Ministry. He had claimed that You-Know-Who had returned and that was not something that the Ministry did.

There was a part of this particular Auror that hoped that You-Know-Who did return. It would allow him some excitement and everything along those lines.

'Damn, where is the relief?' he asked as he saw those floating terrors pass again. He really wish that they would just get a move on, they moved at glacial speed.

It was like that they were tormenting him but he suspected that this was the idea. He shook his head and felt his hands grow even numb. The man's hands nearly got...well it was really hard to hold his head up. He swayed his body.

"Your relief is coming through," a young woman commented, as she stepped by with a hood.

"Auror Davis," the young Auror said as she shook his head.

"Yeah, I drew the short strong," the Auror commented although if he only knew what was going on in there.

"Well, I don't envy you right now, I'm going to go and warm up," the young male Auror said as he scrambled away and tried to go as fast as he could. The young man could not get out of there soon enough and that was not really a bad thing per say, it was an extremely good thing for sure.

The female Auror smiled as she looked over into the shadows.

"Coast is clear, Harry," she whispered to Harry.

"Thanks, Nym, you've done well," Harry offered.

It was just a matter of putting a sleeping potion in the drink of the Auror who was next on duty, and then modify her memories slightly to make sure she was on duty. Given that Davis was a bit of an idiot, unlike her cousin at Hogwarts, it was not too hard to slip her a drink.

"Yeah...don't take too long..." Nym said as she saw the Dementors. "How can they not sense you?"

"I'm very good at blocking my emotions," Harry said in a stoic voice. He was also good at misdirecting his emotions which made certain people think that he was easy prey. Then again, they did not really know better.

Harry took half of a step towards the gates of Azkaban and placed his hands on the cold, hard steel. He could sense the Dementors but they did not really affect him as much as they did in the past. That was an extremely good thing, it would allow Harry to keep his head above the water and move forward towards what he needed to do.

There was a creek and Harry stepped inside. The Dementors would get stronger and Harry knew
what he had to do. In fact he prepared himself for it. The high security wing was a few steps away and Harry needed to keep moving, for if he did not make it there, he would be in a lot of trouble.

'High security and the greatest concentration of Dementors are there, that really figures,' Harry thought to himself as he scrambled as quickly as his legs could carry him.

Harry perked his ears up and he could see them. They were gliding, they sensed him, despite the fact that he was able to block his thoughts for a little while. The green eyes of Harry Potter flowed with power as he lifted his hand.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

The Patronus flooded out in a fury and the creatures were backed off. Harry had seen them back off but he never saw Dementors run out of the way and he most certainly never saw them steam rolled. The wizard's eyes watched the progress and he could have sworn that he heard an inhumane shriek, these shrieks got even louder, louder, louder.

Harry busted his way up the hallway and he could hear the Death Eaters screaming. One of them had scratches on his face and it looked like he was about ready to claw his eyes out. Harry could see more Dementors coming and once again, another Patronus was sent down the hallway.

Harry reached into his bag and pulled out two vials of red potion, putting them on the walls of the cell. He reached forward and grabbed the side of the cell.

He cut it open and saw the gaunt face of Bellatrix Lestrange. The lights appeared to be on and no one was home.

Harry pulled out the key and grabbed Bellatrix.

'Nym, we're coming down,' Harry informed her.

'Harry, there's no way out, the Dementors are coming up the stairs, there must be a thousand of them at least,' Nym thought and Harry was certain that that figure was an exaggeration but where there was a will, there was a way.

He opened the portal and slipped Bellatrix's limp form through. Then he would get Nym and replace her with the Auror that he knocked out.

The perfect crime and that corrosive potion would eat through the walls, burying all of the Death Eaters alive.

Harry Potter was really pleased with himself after what he accomplished. Then again, it was not every day where someone was able to storm the gates of Azkaban and liberate someone. Plus he had dealt a huge blow to Voldemort's forces and no doubt that particular man was going to blow a gasket and do something stupid that might get himself killed.

Which would make Harry's job entirely easily to do. If he could get Voldemort out of the way, then he could move on with his life.

"So, you're basking in your moment of triumph," Gabrielle said as she leaned against the wall, walking over and shamelessly throwing herself onto Harry's lap. The young Veela offered him a bright grin and he wrapped his arm around her waist as she leaned back into him.

"Best seat in the house," Harry whispered in her ear and the blonde nodded with a bright smile.
"You know it, Harry," Gabrielle said as she allowed Harry to stroke her hair. She smiled, she had dreamed about him for a long time, as if there was any other men on Earth that could sate the desires of a Veela, along with any other women it was Harry. "So...only a powerful wizard like yourself could be the only one who could even take down Azkaban. It was so amazing."

"Yes, and I got the most valuable asset, it's most female prisoner," Harry said and he smiled. "She's in pretty rough shape well."

"Well she did spend all that time in Azkaban," Gabrielle said and she hated the concept of Azkaban and hated that those creatures were given purpose. There was a long standing hatred between Dementors and Veela, with Dementors being creatures of hopelessness and Dementors being creatures of hopelessness and despair.

"Yes, that's not really something that I wish on my worst enemy," Harry admitted to her and he kissed the back of her neck. The blond relaxed against him.

"She's been put through the ringer," Fleur said as he showed up.

Harry thought that he might not find anything better than a Veela in his lap but then again, two Veela perched against him, that was an amazing thing for sure. He stroked their hair and they smiled at each other.

"Well, she's been in there, in the high security wing, and Sirius got put through the ringer pretty well," Harry offered to her and Fleur offered a smile as she nudged Gabrielle out of the way, so she could straddle Harry's lap.

"Well, maybe I should give you a full examination since you got out of Azkaban," Fleur commented to him in a saucy voice as her smile got even wider and she ran her hands down Harry's chest, and reached his stomach, pulling his shirt off to reveal his muscular chest. "I would hate to see anything happen to you and...I wouldn't want anything to happen."

"Hey, Fleur, I was here first," Gabrielle stated as she balled her fists up and looked about ready to throw fire.

"Yes, but I am older than you," Fleur said to Gabrielle as she turned around and gave her younger sister the evil eye. "Therefore I am more equipped to deal with what Harry needs."

"Oh, you think so, don't you," Gabrielle said as she stared down Fleur and the two of them locked onto each other.

"Ladies," Harry said clearing his throat. "The two of you will be behave."

"Harry..."

"I think the two of you need to be taught a lesson in sharing," Harry offered and he looked at Fleur who moved over. "The two of you need to work together or you'll be in for a very unsatisfying time."

"Sure you wouldn't withhold sex!" Fleur shrieked, she thought about life without Harry's cock and that was a life that was empty and barren.

Harry offered her a smile and looked at the Veela. Her eyes widened and she offered him a slight pout that grew even more prominent each moment that he was looking at her. It was amazing to see such a thing in her eyes and Harry watched her. He was milking anticipation for the moment.
"You know, I'm sure that if you don't behave, there might be some kind of punishment in order," Harry told her as he placed his hand on her shoulder and flipped her hair out of her face. "And not the good kind of punishment either."

Fleur's eyes widened and she locked her eyes onto Harry. There was a second where she stopped, she could not properly find her voice. In fact, she found it extremely hard to swallow.

Gabrielle looked properly smug but Harry caught that look on her face. Slowly he decided to tell her what was up.

"And that goes for you too as well, if you don't learn to behave," Harry said.

"What, are you going to spank me?" Gabrielle asked saucily and Harry looked back at her.

Harry smiled as he build up some anticipation in her mind and there was no lying about it, the young Veela shuddered as she saw his burning gaze that was locked onto hers.

"Well, that would be the sort of thing that you would get off on, wouldn't it?" Harry asked her and Gabrielle could not keep the anticipation out of her eye. "Spanking would not fit to punish you. I think that we should tie you up and make you watch as I fuck other girls, fuck them into a drooling mess, fuck their brains out, fuck them until they can't walk."

Harry spoke these words and both of the Veelas tried to take a step forward but suddenly they realized they could not. Ropes were wrapped around them. They loved being tied up but not to the point where they were going to be left hanging.

"You are evil, master," Fleur moaned as her pussy burned for desire and she could not imagine it not being filled by her lord.

"Yes, I know," Harry admitted gleefully, he would do an evil laugh if it did not sound cartoonish.

He left Fleur and Gabrielle to comprehend the lesson that he was trying to teach them and he prepared to meet with his mother to see what was going to be done about Bellatrix to fix as much of the damage that Azkaban did to her.

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A shit storm rained all over the Ministry of Magic and Amelia Bones thought that she had picked the perfect time to be in the middle of everything.

Cornelius Fudge resigned this morning, given that the fiasco of Azkaban, he really had no choice to resign. Of course, resigning was not going to save him from being brought on with charges, as Amelia found that several Death Eaters who claimed to be under the Imperius Curse had made sizable donations to the Ministry of Magic.

Perhaps, that could be forgiven because that technically was not under Fudge's watch, although the true nature of his relationship with Lucius Malfoy had been speculated time and time again. That was not anything that Amelia wished to think about at this moment but still, dangerous Death Eaters being allowed to walk on the street because they were well connected, that was an instance of something that Amelia could not even begin to forgive.

However, there were the crimes of recent years that brought to Amelia Bones attention where Fudge thought that he was above Ministry law. Amelia did not only know where to begin.

There was a scandal during Fudge's first year in office where all of the Muggleborn and half blood employees had their salary's restructured. Under the Fair Labors Act of 1959, it was stated that those
classified as Muggleborn or half blood wizards and witches would not be given a short change of their salary. Granted it was rare that anyone but the old families got into prominent positions but Fudge had ensured that everyone who earned their jobs where shuttled with that.

Okay, Amelia could chalk that up to pureblood stupidity, because that was going to be an old prejudice that was not going to die. To do anything right now was going to be akin to locking up the henhouse after the foxes already got inside.

So, there was what happened during the 1992-1993 school year, the entire Chamber of Secrets mess. Hagrid was brought into Azkaban without so much as a trial or an investigation. Despite the fact that these things were protocol, Fudge decided that the law did not apply to the almighty Minster of Magic. Amelia did not know about this situation until it was much too late and by the time she got a hold of Fudge.

Then there was Black's escape. Amelia pushed for trained Aurors to be placed around Hogwarts, those who would understand the difference between a thirteen year old boy and the supposed follower of the Dark Lord, something that Amelia had many doubts with to begin with. Regardless, Fudge had ordered the Dementors there, without going through the proper channels. Thankfully Harry Potter was not kissed because there would be rioting in Diagon Alley if that happened and Amelia was more than willing to throw Fudge to the wolves if that happened.

Fourth year, well there was Potter's being placed into the Triwizard Tournament. Although why the tournament didn't end in a disqualification after that, was based off of sheer Ministry incompetence. Then again, given that Crouch was not in sound mind, maybe he forgot. She did not expect Bagman to remember and Dumbledore...wells Dumbledore was going even more senile by each passing year.

Then once again, Fudge bypassed the standard channels and had Barty Crouch Junior suffer the Dementor's Kiss. She was irate when this happened. Even if Crouch was a raving nutcase, there was still a question of a security breach at the very least given that a man who was supposed to be dead turned up.

Then there was the incident with the Dementors, Amelia shook her head, it always seemed to be going back to those accursed things.

Just like the incident this morning with the creatures had raised far more questions then there did answers. Amelia had to pause for a few seconds.

'How in the bloody hell does a group of creatures who insight fear shriek in it,' she wondered to herself and she had no clear answer to that one and that was something that caused her a tiny amount of frustration.

She managed to hold her head up, even though there were going to be some problems, more than a few problems in fact. A good portion of Azkaban's prisoners disappeared off into nothingness, the entire high security wing might as well have not been there in the first place.

Then there was a letter on Amelia's desk. It would not have made it to her desk if it did not pass an extremely rigorous screening process. Her smile became rather fixed as she held the letter up. She was about ready to open it but she paused.

Working with Moody closely over the past few weeks most certainly had a few drawbacks. She would have chuckled had the situation not been so serious. Regardless, she flipped over the paper in her hand and opened up the envelope to reveal that there was in fact a letter inside.

Dear Madam Bones,
First of all, I'm sure that you've heard of me, even if you aren't obsessed with me as some people are. My name is Harry Potter.

Amelia snorted at how casual that statement came across but never the less, she plunged into the letter.

I'm sure you've been wanting to meet with me for quite some time and I know that you'd want to get straight down to business. Therefore, I'm going to cut to the chase. I'll be at the Ministry of Magic at noon tomorrow. Given Fudge's resignation, I believe that presents a unique opportunity for you.

Amelia raised an eyebrow, implications that she could potentially become Minister of Magic was unnerving to say the very least. It was not something that she dreamed about or even considered. Then again, given the potential issues of anyone else getting into the role of Minister of Magic, she thought that it would be an idea to take one for the team.

I have one more piece of business to take care of but I want it assured that the sheep are in good hands.

Amelia paused, she almost wanted to issue a reprimand for Harry Potter and his verbiage directed to the British Magical World or would have, if it's true.

We have plenty to discuss and I'll see you shortly.

Sincerely,

Harry Potter.

Amelia was both intrigued and apprehensive. There was just one thing that changed the world and she was thrown into that sea of change, whether she liked it or not.

Lord Voldemort, the self proclaimed greatest Dark Lord of this generation or any other, was in a towering rage. He had never been more pissed off in his life and he blamed several people for it.

His followers of Azkaban, among his most loyal and talented, they died. Not to mention several of his Dementors had been terrified almost to death. There was barely anyone around to take his frustrations out on and what was worse, the stabbing pain in his chest would not go away.

It was all the fault of Harry Potter, the Dark Lord Voldemort knew that much. He refused to believe that any of his misfortunes were of his own. The child had defied him for the last time, there would be no way out.

He suddenly felt cold and hot and angered as well. He was very angry and people would not like Voldemort when he was angry. The Dark Lord pretty much snarled underneath his breath, sounding more like a dog than a snake and that was a hint that Voldemort did in fact lose his mind.

His followers did not come when he had summoned him, he could not believe that anyone would be so arrogant as if to defy him. He placed his palms up into the air and dropped them down. It did not matter if his followers were almost on his death bed. They only died when he gave them permission to die.

For an unbiased observer, Voldemort was losing his mind.
"WORMTAIL!" Voldemort howled at the top of his lungs.

That rat did not come when called. He was going to torture the rodent. First he was going to peel off his skin and then he was going to cook him in oil. Then he was going to force him to view Pensieve Viewings of Fudge's political speeches.

Yes that would show anyone who would defy him true terror. Fudge once gave an eighteen hour speech that everyone felt like they aged fifteen years in. Voldemort smiled, he did have some amount of respect for the Minister for being such a devious master of torture.

"WORMTAIL!" Voldemort yelled again.

Once again, he was not able to answer.

"Worthless," Voldemort hissed, letting out his breath between his teeth.

Wormtail was just as useless as Harry Potter was just like his common Muggle trash of a father was. Tom Riddle he thought that he was all high and mighty, and he used his mother for quick relief and then left her to die in the Orphanage. Lord Voldemort, the greatest Dark Lord in this generation or any other, was forced to live in that Orphanage with its substandard food, awful interior decorating, and the ugliest fucking children that the world ever saw.

He did not have a pleasant childhood and it warmed it up inside to know that Potter had it worse. He had gotten a few flickers of his memories thanks the ritual that returned him to his body. The boy's Muggle relations would be almost someone that he could respect, if it were not for the fact that they were Muggles and thus they were not worthy of his respect.


Voldemort's eyes were still narrow but he was rocking back and forth like a soiled toddler that got his prized teddy bear decapitated. Come to think of it, Voldemort did something like that, only it wasn't a plush bear that got decapitated, it was an actual bear cub.

There were memories that resounded in Riddle's eyes. Then every time he closed his eyes, he saw something within his eyes, the echoes a failure. As much as he hated to admit it, he remembered everything that happened with the most prominent of clarity. His red eyes flashed before him.

It was Harry Potter and the Dark Lord Voldemort locked in a duel. The two of them surrounded each other, it was a moment of truth right there.

Voldemort went down in a heap and Harry Potter had defeated him about as easy as someone blowing their nose. Although to be fair, for most wizards, that might have been a challenge but regardless the analogy still stood. Harry Potter triumphed over Lord Voldemort, the greatest dark lord in this generation or any other, and it was a disgraceful loss.

The fact that the Dark Lord Voldemort thought that it would be as easy as taking candy from a baby when defeating Harry Potter the first time was something that he mentally ignored, at least for now. He shook his head and there was a second where he paused, as more images flashed through his head.

There were children, Mudbloods and Muggles, dancing around his corpse. His eye twitched as he could not get these images out of his head. They were dressing his destroyed body up in all sorts of awful costumes, he was dressed as a Muggle clown and much to his horror he was dressed as one of
the most horrifying creatures known to man, a female.

There were chants, loud chants that resounded in his ear.

"DING DONG, THE WITCH IS DEAD, WHICH OLD WITCH, THE WICKED WITCH!"

Voldemort's ears rang and the Dark Lord Voldemort shook his head, none of this was real but yet he saw letters burning on the wall. He stepped over and there was a sense that it was freshly burned in the wall. Maybe it was real, maybe it was another product of his illusion.

Seven little seven little Soul jars.
One got destroyed, it's gone by far.

Six little six little Soul Jars.
One more got destroyed, it's gone by far.

Five little five little Soul Jars.
One more got destroyed, it's gone by far.

Four little four little Sour Jars
One more got destroyed, it's gone by far.

Three little three little Soul Jars
One more got destroyed, it's gone by far.

Two little two little soul jars
Soon it will be destroyed, it was gone by far.

One little, one little soul jar.
Soon it will be destroyed, by far.

No little, no little, no little soul jars.
Soon you will be dead, by far.

Soon there will be none.

Voldemort collapsed on the ground almost like he was having a seizure. His new body was failing him and he looked at his hands, his skin was rotting off of the bones. He gave a pained howl.

This was all Wormtail's fault.

To Be Continued.
Chapter Fourteen: Diplomacy.

"So where are the Delacours?" Nym wondered and Harry paused with a smile as he looked at the Shape Shifting Auror.

"Oh, they're tied up at the moment," Harry commented cheerfully as he took half of a step forward and Nym missed what he was saying. Then again, he supposed that one would have to be there. He walked forward with great strides and kept his steps. "So, today, I've got a meeting with Amelia Bones."

"One of the few competent people in the Ministry," Nym said as she shook her head. "I guess the law of averages would pan out that at least one person would have some brains. How, she didn't crack being around all of those idiots….""

"Is a testament to how good she is," Harry offered Nym and Nym's mouth half hung open.

"Not exactly where I was going, but yes, the sentiment is there," she agreed as she walked with Harry. "The Order is all in a panic at the slaughter of the poor defenseless murders, rapists, and torturers."

"Well, that just proves that some people just don't get it," Harry commented and he kept walking.

He was pretty sure that once Bellatrix recovered from her ordeal, he could get the final Horcrux. Goblins did not give a flying fuck about who was guilty and who was not by human law, in fact any attempt to make the Ministry's lives more inconvenient would be bad.

Narcissa had been going around all of the pureblood wives of the dying Death Eaters to convince their husbands to sign documents for their gold. They might have implied that a new law was passed that should they die, their gold would go to a charity that would help Muggleborns, which was something that appalled them. So they could not sign over all of their worldly possessions fast enough.

The wives got a small amount of gold, more than enough to live on for at least thirty years, if not more depending on how smart they were. And Harry got the rest of the gold for his own vault. After taxes, he would still be making a lot.

Of course, being the last member of an ancient pureblood family, Harry was qualified for a shit load of exemptions, something that he would take every advantage of. After all, he was not a fool.

"Yes….well Snape's still….well you know," Nym said, as she made cuckoo motions with her hand.

"He's visualizing his worst memories over again," Harry offered her and Nym had no need to ask how it was.

"Hello, Harry," Appoline commented and she grabbed her lover around the waist. She wrapped her arms around him and stuck her tongue down his throat. Harry returned the favor and the two of them exchanged an extremely passionate kiss with each other.

It was to the point where Nym thought that she was being left out. She sat against the wall and twirled her wand in her fingers. It was nowhere as big as Harry's wand and nowhere capable as good of magic but there you went.
The two left each other.

"So, we're all heading to the Ministry soon, yes," Appoline told them and Harry smiled.

"Yes, I have a meeting with the soon to be Minister of Magic," Harry informed the Veela and she placed a hand on her hip and smiled brightly at him.

"Well, I have a feeling that should be productive," Appoline said with a saucy smile that got even wider as she looked at Harry. "I'm pretty sure that.....I'm certain that your mother would have liked to attend that meeting."

"Yes, but currently she's trying to make sure Bellatrix is....well saner," Harry said. From what Andromeda and Narcissa told him, Bellatrix was not the most stable of people before her time in Azkaban. Then again, she willingly joined the Dark Lord, out of some sense to prove herself.

That sense got extremely sour rather quickly.

"Well, she does have an uphill battle but if anyone can brew the proper restoration Potions, it's Lily," Andromeda said. "She was the best Potions student in her year, by far."

"Yes, I know," Harry offered, he knew that his mother's talents far outstripped certain greasy, anti-social bats. Speaking of which, Harry was not going to lie but there was a part of him that thought that Snape got off a bit too lightly for his crimes, his many, many crimes.

"Yes, she is amazing," Andromeda said, she had many nights with Lily in the past. Unlike some Muggleborns that she could name, Lily was willing to learn about pureblood culture and not change things because of it not meshing with her worldview but that was a point that was neither here nor there.

"Right, she would have to be, she gave birth to me," Harry said.

"And you've inherited her ego," Andromeda offered as she shook her head. She remembered Lily busting James's chops about his arrogance because he did it with less style and Lily was almost insulted that he had an ego if he was going to be so sloppy about it. Plus he looked like a stooge, he and Sirius both come to think about it.

"Well, I take after the very best, my lady," Harry told her and he grabbed her hand and offered a slight kiss to it.

"So what are my daughters doing?" Appoline asked him.

"They're tied up at the moment," Harry offered with a straight face although there was mirth in his green eyes.

Appoline raised her eyebrows and then her mouth curled a bit more into a smile. "Oh, my daughters have been naughty."

"Yes, they have not learned to share properly," Harry told the woman and Appoline's lips curled into a smile.

"Well that is something that is difficult to learn from two high strung daughters, I hope you understand," Appoline told him but the woman's eyes continued to look at her mate's lovingly.

"Then again, given your strength and how well you assert yourself, I'm sure that you'll be able to teach them a bit of respect."
"I'll do what I can," Harry told her with a smile, although he would be lying if he said that he could work miracles.

"Meanwhile, I'm going to try and reopen relations between the British and French Ministries, given that Fudge…damaged the relationship greatly, I figure the type is ripe for another attempt," she commented and Harry's eyes locked on her.

"Well, I'm sure that you'll do well," Harry offered her and there was a smile that crossed her face.

"Oh believe me, I intend to do well," Appoline said as she smiled and she wrapped her arms around her lover once again. She could not get enough of him, she had spent nights dreaming about his cock but naturally dreams were better than reality.

"Well we better head out now,' Nym commented as she closed her eyes. She made sure she looked professional enough for work. She was technically acting as Harry's bodyguard and she made sure she guarded his body, in painstaking and never ending detail. She took her job extremely seriously after all. She reached forward and walked in front of Harry. "I'll lead the way."

Harry smiled as he watched Nym's swaying ass in front of him. She had the perfect shape in those tight leather pants that would sadly soon be covered with robes. Robes really were the devil's tool, especially with attractive witches.

On the other hand, wizards should always be covered up with robes and they should also in many cases be forced to wear masks. If Harry had any way, that would the law. Witches, attractive witches, would wear far less clothing and wizards would wear far more.

Amelia Bones waited as she tapped her fingers on the edge of her desk. She had a stack full of memos as tall as Gringotts on her desk or so it seemed. There were many department heads that were admitted to St Mungos for strange symptoms. A rare magical disease had gripped them although it was hard to really say it was rare when so many people were grabbed with.

The Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement let in one breath and she was waiting for a very important meeting. She knew that he was going to be well sought at by the Ministry, although now that he had fifteen NEWTs, they were turning around to kiss his ass after trying to nail him to a cross, figuratively speaking.

In other words, it was the Ministry wizards being as hypocritical as always.

She could not really be bothered by that, rather a knock on the door brought her back to life. She craned her head up and offered one word.

"Enter."

He did enter and Amelia watched him for a second. He was a lot taller than Susan had told him. He did have the messy dark hair and alluring green eyes. She nearly swallowed a lump that was in her throat and she saw him walk closer towards her. It was very hard to keep her wits about herself but never the less, she shook her head as she saw him coming.

Those green eyes, she recalled how Lily's eyes were always a subject of many fantasies and many of them were witches as well. It was some quirk of magic where most if not all witches were bisexual, given the able wizard to witch ratio, collectives were not uncommon. Those who were only married to one witch did so because they were unable to satisfy them.

She managed to see where the hand of Nymphadora Tonks was placed upon Harry.
"Auror Tonks, that is highly inappropriate behavior," Amelia commented in a stern voice.

"Oh, and checking out his package is, boss?" Nym asked in a cheeky voice and Amelia flushed a moment.

"Ladies, please," Harry offered as he stepped towards her. "Madam Bones, I have heard many wonderful things about you."

"I have heard much about you, Mr. Potter," she offered and she smiled at the thought. Susan was understating exactly the type of aura that he gave off, she could say that much.

"Oh, tell me more?" Harry asked.

"I trust you've met my niece, she's in your year, or rather was in your year, in Hufflepuff," Ameila commented.

Harry smiled, he would have to be dense to not know the name of someone that he shared Herbology class with for four years. "Yes, Susan, such a nice girl, hard working, although given the house that she was in."

Nym did not say anything about the Hufflepuffs in Harry's year group but when she heard about their entire behavior during the entire Chamber of Secrets mess, she wanted to send out mass howlers to every single lot of them. They did not embody the Hufflepuff spirit and their attitude made her disappointed to be a part of the house of Puffs.

Then again, she figured that they learned their lesson the hard way.

And obviously how some of them acted last year, was rather childish. The Hufflepuff values that she came up with did not reflect upon personal glory. It was more of a Slytherin thing to do, well the stereotype of Slytherin. Or Gryffindor even, because they tended to do some fairly reckless things in the name of getting attention.

"Well, I'm glad you think so highly of her, she'll be pleased," Amelia commented as she shuffled the mountain of memos away. She would have plenty of time to deal with those later when her interview with Harry. "And Madam Delacour, an honor as well."

"Yes, I think that the French Ministry wishes to reopen discussions with a more close partnership with the British Ministry…given that certain elements have been eliminated from this government," Appoline offered.

"Yes, I think that would be wise," Amelia commented, pleased that Fudge's past idiotic actions and there will be many. "But perhaps after my business with Mr. Potter concludes, we can arrange a meeting."

Appoline offered a bright and winning smile towards Amelia. "Of course, of course, anything that you want, just arrange the time, you'll find that I'm extremely flexible."

'That much is for sure,' Harry offered and Nym placed her hand on Harry's lap and decided to see how much she could get away with, without Amelia reprimanding her once again.

"I'm glad but now down to business," Amelia commented as she shifted herself towards Harry. She placed her hands on the desk and smiled.

Harry got a good look at her, now that the mounds of paper had been properly cleared away. She had long red hair that flowed freely down her shoulders. She had extremely bright blue eyes that
shined like dazzling sapphires. The robes wrapped tightly around her body, exposing the fact that she had a nice pair of magnificent breasts underneath it. Her stomach was flat and she had long legs. She was rather tall and Harry was pretty sure her ass got nicely.

"There is going to be a power vacuum with Fudge out, and there will be a few idiots who are going to try to fill it," Harry commented to Amelia and there was a second where the woman watched him and she shook her head.

"Believe me, I know."

"I'm glad that you do," Harry offered to her as he leaned back. "While a lot of purebloods….are indisposed…."

"What do you know about this?" Amelia asked before she could really stop herself.

Harry offered a smile and he looked at her. "Well, what are you implying….actually I do have a good idea what might be happening."

Amelia raised an eyebrow, honestly surprised by his honesty. She held out one hand and asked Harry to continue and he did.

"When Lord Voldemort….yes I know but follow me, returned to power, several of his marked followers were latched onto by him, and he was going to ensure that they pay for their lack of loyalty," Harry offered the woman and she placed a hand on her chin in the thinker pose. "And you notice a lot of the people who checked in with the same illness…."

"Are among those who had decided to claim that they were placed under the Imperius Curse," Amelia chimed in.

"Smart and beautiful, two things that Cornelius Fudge did not have," Harry commented and Amelia shifted for a second as she stared Harry down.

"Yes, we are, we need someone to fill the power vacuum that Cornelius Fudge is leaving and I'm sure that….a certain woman who once worked in his office is being taken down for the ride," Harry told her and Amelia smiled as she stared down Harry.

"If you are referring to the woman known as Dolores Umbridge, then you're correct," Amelia commented to him.

"Good," Nym offered in a short voice. She encountered Umbridge maybe about three times when she was at the Ministry but it was about five times too many.

With wizard math it added up, trust her.

"Well, yes, but you should try and make yourself impartial regardless of your personal opinion…."

"Even though she was a hag with no redeeming qualities," Nym said as she shook her head and Amelia offered her an exasperated glance.

"Yes, Nymphadora, even with that," Amelia offered and she knew that she would make more of an impression if she used the Auror's given name then her surname.
Needless to say that got the message and Nym watched her superior and Amelia tapped her quill on the desk.

Harry smiled as he shook his head and cleared his throat. Amelia's eyes snapped back onto his and she continued to speak.

"Fudge and Umbridge are out….Rufus Scrimgeour is someone who is popular enough to get the job, but he doesn't want it and the pressure of having the job….he wouldn't handle it that well," Amelia offered to him.

"You'd be perfect for the job, you're well respected, you satisfy the pureblood idiots, and you don't have an agenda….."

"Yes well…." Amelia said, she was trying to figure out whether or not she could argue against Harry but she was having a mind lock with what she was saying.

The fact of the matter was that no matter how hard she could think of a counter argument, she could be one.

"I don't think you'd even be there for that long, maybe a few years or so," Harry offered her and he could tell that he had the hook dangling in front of Amelia. She was about ready to grab onto it and Harry was about ready to reel it in.

"Well it's a very interesting offer."

Harry gave her one of those smiles that was pretty much intended to reel someone in and cause them to fall under the sway of a person.

"It's one of those offers that come along only once in a life time," he told her and the smile once again flickered over his face.

Harry's smile got even wider as he could see her resistance go flying out of the window and it was not because of the Minister of Magic thing.

Amelia felt a bit hot and bothered, perhaps it was the fact that she had been working tooth and nail over the past couple of weeks.

"I need to take care of something," Amelia said suddenly, saved by a memo marked urgent on her desk.

"Of course, take your time, Amy," Harry breathed in her ear.

She closed her eyes, she would have hexed any other wizard who would have used that particular name in her presence but she bolted out of the office.

Nym's smile got even wider to the point where it looked to be fixed on her face.

"You're something else, you know," Harry offered as he kept his eyes locked on Nym and the young Auror looked at him.

She could do the puppy dog eyes better than most, given that she could change the shape and the color of her eyes thanks to her powers. Although she looked at Harry.

"What?" Nym asked and Harry grabbed her arm around her and grabbed her around the ass, causing her to give a pleasurable squeal.
"Oh, don't act so innocent, you are fucking insatiable," Harry said and he grabbed Nym around the arms, pushing her against the desk.

Nym closed her eyes as she felt Harry brush back against her. Appoline watched and she felt a heat coming from her as well.

"So, tender, so young, so beautiful," Harry breathed as he brushed his fingers up and down her covered entrance.

Nym felt her breasts slowly grow, along with her ass getting wide and more shapely than it already was. She could make herself as tight as she wanted to and for Harry she could make herself extremely tightly.

"I think that you want this, don't you?" Harry grunted and he slapped her on the rear which caused her to moan.

Nym said something, a slow whimpering word. "Yes."

Harry offered her a smile, drawing out her torture. "I can't hear you, you're coming to have to speak up, Nym...Pha...DORA!"

He kissed her neck as he emphasized each syllable of her name.

"Please...don't...."

"What, should I not do, my little Nymph?" Harry asked as he pulled off her robes and the tight top was getting even together. "You horny slut, you're going to make yourself ready for me, aren't you?"

"Yes," she breathed, they were touching, the only barrier was their clothes.

"I think that you should beg for it, shouldn't you?" Harry asked her and he grabbed her arms and roughly pinned her down against the desk. Their crotches pressed against each other and she tried force their connection but he pulled back, denying her for now.

"I...please don't..."

"You were giving the puppy dog eyes earlier," Harry said as he saw Appoline stripping off her shirt and skirt, where she was dressed in nothing but an extremely lacy pair of red bra and panties. Her cleavage dipped all the way down and she barely had covered what she needed to cover. "You want this, don't you?"

Nym looked at Harry, lust was in her eyes but her arms were magically pinned down to the desk. She could not move along her own accord and Harry watched her, her lust getting even more impressive.

"Keep growing until they bust out...Nympo...Dora," Harry breathed in her ear, his hot breath bouncing off of it.

She had unrestrained wetness going throughout her loins and thought that she would lose it. Harry's hands brushed all over her body but missed her covered breasts.

"Please, master, please, please, please!" she begged him and she was so wet that she could end draughts.

"What do you want me to do to you?" Harry asked, as he feigned ignorance and she offered a lustful
moan and she closed her eyes.
"FUCK ME!" she demanded.

"Not until you say the magic word," Harry offered as he gave her ass a squeeze and she panted heavily.

"NOW!" she shouted and there was a ballgag in her mouth.

"I think that we're going to have to teach you a lesson in politeness, my naughty Nymph," Harry breathed hotly in her ear and he brushed against her.

Appoline stood, she was stripped as naked as the day that she was born and her arms and legs wrapped around him.

Her full Veela aura was radiating.

"I'm ready to serve you, master," she commented as Harry pushed his hands on her and the barrier disappeared between the two of them.

Harry lifted her up and positioned himself on the chair. He pushed her sopping hot cunt onto his meat spear and her walls stretched apart as she rocked back and forth onto him.

"YES!" she shrieked and Harry grabbed her breasts, squeezing them. The pressure of her cunt amazed him.

"Fuck, work me with that cunt, oh baby!" Harry grunted.

"I live, for pleasing, my master's big cock," she moaned as she bounced up and down on his pole, feeling the pleasure. Her juices lubricated him as he slid in and out between her wet and hot walls. The Veela cunt worked him as she rode him, moaning and writhing as she worked his cock in between her hot lips.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," Harry grunted.

Nym thought that she was going to lose it, what Harry was putting her through, this was fucking legalized torture at its finest. Her arms were weighed down and she could not masturbate. She felt her breasts rip through her shirt. Her waist was narrow, like the perfect hour glass and her hips widened a little bit to give her a nice round ass.

She watched the progress of Appoline's cunt slurping up Harry's cock. She pressed her lips in between him and rocked him up and down. The blonde was really working him over and Harry grabbed her breasts and gave them a firm squeeze.

"Oh yes master, yes, they are fucking yours!" she squealed as her hips pushed around him. She was gushing her clear cum onto him and lubricated his pole. She rocked up and sank down onto him. The woman was riding his cock like it was a prize that she could not get enough off. Her panting increased as she played with her stiffening nipples and Harry captured one of the buds in his mouth, sucking on them.

That escalated her emotions as his huge prick slammed deep into her waiting walls. Her cunt clutched his hard rod as she bounced high up and slammed onto him. His balls slapped against her ass.
"I fucking love this ass," Harry grunted as he grabbed it.

"It belongs to you, mark it, mark it!" she begged him as she sank her nails into his back and her cunt squeezed his python, gushing around his pole. She bounced up and worked her hips around his pole, gyrating it around his member.

Nym watched and once again she was sweating, unable to masturbate herself raw like she wanted to. Her arms were tied down and there was a burning sensation through her pussy that she knew now could only be filled by one thing.

Harry's twelve inch cock went between Appoline's thighs and fucked her senseless. There was drool that dripped down her mouth as her gushing pussy tightened around his hard member. The blonde lifted herself up and rocked down onto him.

'Ooh Morgana, I need to cum, why won't I, of fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!' Nym moaned as she tried to push her hips forward but she could not move.

Suddenly she blinked as the position on the desk was reversed.

She was now on her hands and knees, her ass was up in the air. She was completely stripped naked. She had a pink strip of pubic hair, shaped like a lightning bolt right by her vaginal area and she felt a pair of strong hands on her ass. She felt another set of strong hands on her breasts and she knew that there was a Harry in front of her, along with a Harry behind her.

"You're going to beg to suck my dick while I fuck you in that nice ass and if you're nice, I'll take your pussy as well," Harry informed her.

The gag was removed. "Please master, I want to suck your dick, it would make me feel so good, and then put it up my ass."

"If you insist," the Harry behind her said as he swallowed his ass and pushed her cheeks apart, preparing for insertion. "Make your ass as tight as you can, I want you to feel it, I want to feel it."

"YES!" Nym yelled as she felt Harry push his magnificent rod between her cheeks.

Appoline was now pinned against the wall and his cock slid in and out of her with ease. The blonde Veela took it.

"Fucking hot," the Veela grunted as she worked her hips up and down against him, being driven to mind numbing orgasm after mind numbing orgasm.

Nym had her lips, her juicy and hot lips, wrapped around his pull. They were true dick sucking lips and Harry wrapped around her head as she sucked his cock. He played with her large tits were could have doubled as crash bags.

"I love…oh fuck suck my cock honey," Harry groaned as Nym went down on his cock, pressing her nose against his pelvic bone.

He slammed his cock deep into her ass and Harry really went against her. His cock was all the way into her bowels and she squeezed him nicely.

"Fuck, oh fuck," Appoline managed as she was getting rapid fire orgasms and she dug her nails into Harry's shoulder.

"That's it baby, oh that's it…."
Appoline returned and she saw a sight. She wondered if she had been working too hard and that her mind pretty much snapped from said overwork.

She saw one version of Harry Potter that was nailing a Veela against the wall and judging by the look on her face, said Veela was being fucked into submission.

Her Junior Auror was sucking off another Harry Potter, giving him what looked to be amazing head as he grabbed her breasts. Her ass was being hammered but he slowly pulled out and slammed his cock into her pussy. The Auror's eyes told the story of how much pleasure that she was getting.

Amelia had never had sex with anyone, having been married to her work but her eyes slowly followed the progress.

"Hello, Amy," Harry breathed in her ear and placed his hands on her hips and he placed his mouth on the back of her neck. "You look, tense."

She closed her eyes.

"I….I'm fine," Amelia breathed and Harry smiled as he slowly played with the clasp of her robes, slipping them down her shoulder a tiny bit.

Her mind barely registered the fact that there seemed to be a fourth Harry Potter in her office and he was naked. She could not stop staring at his cock.

"Look at it, it's okay, you can touch it," Harry breathed to her and he put Amelia's hands on the base of his cock. "You're a woman, you have needs, and I'm the best person to fulfill them."

Harry placed a hand on her covered breast and looked into her eye. "I'm the only person who can fulfill them."

The longer a wizard played with the wand the less stamina that he had. Harry slipped her robes down and revealed that she was wearing a black breast.

"Must be an E-Cup, maybe more," Harry offered as he weighed the breast in his hand, doing scientific study as he ran his hands down them.

"Yes…oh yes," Amelia breathed as she watched Harry double team Tonks and then there was the Veela who was leaving an imprint with her body against her office wall.

Her panties were off and Harry lined his cock up against her.

"I'm not going to do anything, unless you ask nicely," Harry breathed in her ear and she shuddered. "Don't worry, my darling Amy, I'm not going to bite, unless you ask me really, really, really nicely."

She broke at that one, that was the one final push. She managed to expand her desk with a quick charm which was quite the feet in the state that she was in. Then she slammed Harry against the desk.

"No, I lead this dance," Harry said as he rolled her over and he felt her jug like breasts and ran his hands down her body, feeling her dripping hot pussy.

"Please, please, please," Amelia breathed and he cupped her nice pussy, untainted, untouched.

He would ruin her, she would be is.

Harry prepared to line his cock, performing the necessary numbing spells and slammed into her.
Given that she, like many young witches, rode broomsticks, the resistance was not there but still she was rather tight.

"FUCK!" Amelia mewled.

Appoline slumped against the wall and Harry smiled. He had fucked her silly and now he replaced his dupe.

"You get the real thing now," Harry said and Amelia watched, his cock was horrifically huge and he placed his hands on her hips.

He worked himself between her walls and her pussy tightened around him. The redhead witch lust her mind at the lustful sensations.

Nym was still staying the course and now, to give her mouth a break, she had one Harry ramming her in her pussy and the other Harry taking her ass.

"I think you crave this, don't you, my little naughty Nymph?" Harry asked her hotly, breathing in her ear as he slammed into her from both sides.

"YES, YES, YES!" she moaned.

Amelia offered similar statements of pleasure. Her mind exploded into sensations that she never thought was possible.

Harry took her on a pleasure ride and she never wanted it to end. He expertly manipulated her body and she mewled underneath his efforts.

She was supposed to be an independent career woman.

"Always the most stern are the most naughty underneath these layers," Harry grunted as he worked her over.

She was not to be a slave to a cock even though it was a cock of epic magnitude.

He slowly but surely fucked her into submission, her walls clenching him, tightening around him, and she clenched around him.

He spilled his cum into her, pumping a huge load into her. She felt fulfilled as his cum entered her womb. She wondered if it would be enough to knock her up but given that she, like all self-respecting witches, were on a potion, she figured that she would okay.

Unless his cum overpowered it naturally.

Appoline and Nym were fucked and Amelia had her head resting on Harry's chest as he wrapped his arm around her.

"So, your first time, wasn't it?" Harry asked her and she nodded with a half lidded smile and an even greater grin on her face.

"Yes, and it was….it was amazing," Amelia said.

If word got out to many witches about this….well they would be trying to track down Harry for some loving in some droves. Of course, he would burn out any poor witch that did not undergo her third maturity.
"So, can I count on you to help me?" Harry asked her and Amelia paused for a second.

After what he did to her, it was really hard for her to say no.

"That's if I win…." 

"Oh, you will win, there's no way that you wouldn't," Harry offered with a smile.

Now that he was in the bed with the new Minister of Magic, it would keep certain people off his ass so he could get certain things done.

"So, do you think that Riddle is coming to the realization that all of his followers are gone?" Nym asked as she returned to the castle.

Harry smiled. "He won't know that….he likely thinks that they are all have forsaken. The ritual should have made him very paranoid."

"And he wasn't before," Nym said as she shook her head but Harry smiled as he wrapped his arm around his lover's back.

"Believe it or not….actually he was but this is going to make Moody look cheerfully optimistic," Harry said and she blinked.

There were really no words to how bad that was.

"So my aunt….the wicked witch…any luck with her?"

"She currently has to be rebuilt mentally and physically, Azkaban was not pretty, although she was quite the looker back in her days," Harry offered. "Fortunately the blood of three close blood relations will restore her, that's a key component in the potion."

"It's very handy that you have people like that at hand," Nym said and Harry slapped her on the ass with a smile.

"Very handy, indeed," Harry said as he pulled her towards him and she offered him a bright smile as she relaxed against him.

"So how long do you think it would take?"

Andromeda popped up with a smile on her face as she looked at them.

"Bellatrix has been given her potions, it should take anywhere between twenty four to forty eight hours, rarely less, sometimes more," Andromeda said.

"Vague, but I suppose that we should be thankful that we have that much to work with," Harry offered and Andromeda smiled.

"Quite," she said as she wrapped her arms around her lover and he pulled her into a kiss. Being with Harry had made her feel younger again and that was not something that was hyperbole, she was pretty sure that his semen had some kind of fountain of youth quality to witches that were in their thirties or older.

Granted it only turned the clock back an extent but that was an extent that made her feel really good once again and his lips pressing against hers was also an extremely amazing feeling. The way that he groped her ass was also good.
"So, I see that you're in a frisky mood today," Harry said as he felt her nipples press against the front of her top and by extension, into his chest.

"Well, yes, but I can never get enough of you or that not so little thing between your legs," Andromeda breathed huskily.

"I'm sure, like mother, like daughter," Harry said to her and there was a few seconds where both witch and wizard locked onto each other.

"I'll be getting a piece of that, but the Black Sister foursome awaits for you later," Andromeda commented to him.

"A fantasy of many wizards I'm sure," Harry offered her and Andromeda looked at him, her smile getting even brighter.

"Very true," she whispered hungrily in his ear and she felt his hand wrap around her backside.

"However, it's not one that many would be able to survive," Narcissa said as she stepped inside. She was dressed in a tight white top that really showcased her amazing breasts and had cleavage that was flaunted quite shamelessly. She wore a black leather skirt that Harry could see she was wearing a very skimpy thong underneath. She wore thigh high boots. "Good day, beloved."

Harry pulled the youngest Black sister into him and their tongues clashed together for the epitome of domination. The two of them rocked back and forth in each other's embrace and Harry placed his hands on either side of her hips.

Narcissa felt amazed and also she was extremely turned on by his actions. His hands were everywhere and she was about ready to mentally come undone. He grabbed her ass and she responded by wrapping her legs around him tightly.

Pressed against the wall, their tongues continued to battle back and forth and the blonde succumbed to the desires of his magical mouth.

Narcissa slumped against the wall, she had been kissed breathlessly and thus loved every single moment of it for sure.

"Wow," she managed and Harry backed off.

"Yes, wow," Harry agreed with her as he ran his hands down the side of her neck, the blonde MILF shivering.

Harry groped her ass and smacked it which caused a yelp from her.

Narcissa had a secret desire to be dominated which was being fulfilled with Harry and his amazing attributes. She closed her eyes as she thought about a life without him and it was extremely barren.

"Still, you would not have lived, until you experienced all three of us at once," Narcissa said as she smiled.

Andromeda offered her baby sister a shifty grin. "You know….it's technically never happened before."

"I know, but you cannot deny that it would be amazing," Narcissa said and she saw Harry's wide grin got even wider. "And Harry agrees with it."
"Who would argue with something like that," Harry said and in response, Narcissa bent over to pick something up that he dropped and showed her a view of her nice thong clad ass.

"You're such a slut sometimes, Cissa," Andromeda said shaking her head at her sister's antics.

"I'm sorry, who was bent over the counter this morning screaming at Harry to make her his own personal cum dumpster?" Narcissa asked with a smile on her face and Andromeda looked gobsmacked with that fact. "That's what I thought."

"Ladies, ladies, I've tied up one set of sisters already, I could make it two for two," Harry warned them and the two Black Sisters backed off, submissive looks in their eyes.

"Sorry, my lord."

"It won't happen again, master."

They got on their knees, which was a position that Harry thought suited Narcissa especially. For such a high class woman there were times where she looked like a wanton whore. Not that Harry was complaining about that fact, in face he was encouraging that fact.

"So Andromeda was telling you about it."

Harry could see his mother, dressed in a silk green robe that pressed around her amazing breasts, flat stomach, and delicious ass. When the robe flapped open.

Harry grabbed Lily and the two of them kissed.

"Mmm, the taste of Amelia Bones," Lily said as she licked Harry's lips.

"And you know….""I should tell you the story sometimes, in great detail," Lily offered as her hair flipped in her face. "She…mentored me at Hogwarts in some ways. I was eager to learn about Pureblood culture, mostly so I could find all of the holes to exploit."

"Well, I'm sure that you were quite adept at exploiting certain holes," Harry said and Lily smiled.

"And you are too," Lily said Harry as she stepped him back. "How about a little mother-son bonding time?"

Harry's smile got wide as he saw his mother lean forward, and he placed his hands on her, before scooping her into his arms.

"If you had to ask," Harry breathed as he walked her into the room.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter.
Bellatrix Lestrange shook her head, it was difficult for her to put everything together but somehow, she was finding out that her mind was getting stronger than ever before and she was returning back to the land of sanity. Much of the last twenty years of her life had been a blur and Bellatrix tried to scramble together the details that she did.

She did piece together enough of them to get a general overview of the situation at least. That was something, she thought.

Exactly how much of something, well that could be something that could be debated. She did remember the night at the Longbottoms where she made her way there. She was planning to torture them, to ensure that they spit up information involving the whereabouts of the Dark Lord.

Then again, the more she thought about it, the more she remembered how much Lucius Malfoy played her like a fiddle. He had claimed that the Longbottoms had information on their master and she, her worthless husband, his even more worthless brother, and the product of Barty Crouch’s semen made their way to the Longbottom residence. Things got out of hand.

She found out whilst in Azkaban that Lucius would get control of the Lestrange family vaults upon her Death. Many of the prisoners in Azkaban did commit suicide to escape the Dementors but Bellatrix was not among one of those weak people.

She stood in the cell as her sanity stripped away. She actually had it more together than most and that was a thought that terrified even herself. The fact was she saw a few Death Eaters descend into shrieking madness. Her looks faded away, Dementors had an unnatural quality of aging the people that were placed into their tender loving care.

Bellatrix gave her head a rather ugly shake as she sat up in the bed. She was not dressed in her ragged Azkaban clothes, which was a fact that gave her a certain amount of pause. No she was dressed in a white nightshirt that went down past her knees. She was unfortunately wearing a pair of knickers, which she felt constraining.

Bellatrix turned towards the mirror and saw her face.

It was not the gaunt and horrifying face she would thought that she would take a look at whilst in Azkaban. Her hair was sleek and dark and framed her pale face to give it a seductive quality as well. Her violet eyes were shockingly unique and shined with an alluring passion. Her thick dark lips were pursed and her slender neck was free of blemishes. She had a nice set of breasts, much larger than both of her sisters, a flat stomach that indicated the perfect hour glass figure. She had a nice wide set of hips as well to off set that and a tight juicy ass.

Overall Bellatrix Lestrange was a pinnacle of womanhood but she held up her forearm, she noticed one thing that was conspicuous by its absence. She stared at her forearm like it was some kind of oddity, like it was something that she did not understand any more.

The dark mark that rested upon her forearm, it was no longer. She watched, an awed glance in her eye as she hung her mouth half open.

"So, you're finally awake."
Bellatrix saw him standing in the doorway and she could feel the absolute power radiating off of him. It allowed a heated pulse to escalate through her legs and she looked up at him.

"So, I guess I'm going to have to thank you for my rescue," Bellatrix said in a voice that was not full of rage like she thought it might have been. It was merely full of curiousity.

He gave the type of self-assured smile that soaked the panties of women and Bellatrix found herself getting wet at the thought of him. "Well, it wasn't anything that was too big of a problem when you think of it."

"You broke into Azkaban," Bellatrix offered and she raised an eyebrow. Once again she checked her forearm with the curiosity that was blinking through her eyes and in the back of her mind. "And you removed my dark mark…".

"And I restored your looks to what they should be and I must say, quite beautiful," Harry said as he sat on the bed, next to Bellatrix.

"You know I've done many evil and vile things throughout my time as a Death Eater, don't you?" Bellatrix asked.

Harry's voice was even tempered, to the point where Bellatrix was almost very unnerved by how even tempered it was. However there were two words that were spoken with such a picture perfect and even clarity that it almost took Bellatrix aback. "I know."

"So you do," she whispered and her heart once again skipped a couple more beats.

"Yes, I do," Harry offered to her as he watched her. "Lord Voldemort…"

"So you speak his name," Bellatrix said to him. Once again, she did not have the violent reaction she assumed that she might in another life.

Harry smiled back at her and again that smile was something that caused her to shiver. It was the type of smile that should be classified as a weapon of mass seduction. Along with his eyes, those eyes, women were weak and helpless against those eyes.

She shook her head and awaited his answer.

"Yes, I speak his name, he's nothing but a filthy half blood named Tom Marvolo Riddle," Harry commented to him. "He's from a random union from a Muggle and a squib, not as noble as he pretends to be."

Bellatrix felt her eyebrows raise and she challenged him. "How do you know this?"

Harry smiled back at her. "He told me."

Bellatrix was really taken aback by these words, but then again, this was the type of logic that could not honestly be disputed by any means. Her mouth hung half open in abject shock as she saw it. She looked into his eyes and she knew right now that no one could be that much of a liar. The woman had more questions and there was only one person there who could give her answers.

"So, my dark mark?"

Harry's smile got even wider yet and she felt herself once again be taken in on it. His response was simple but she thought that it got to the point. "Yes."
"And why...."

"Getting a tattoo looks absurd past a certain age first of all," Harry said to her and Bellatrix raised her eyebrow once again. "And the dark mark would have killed you once he died."

"He's...."

"Voldemort is arrogant enough to ensure that all of the Death Eaters would go down with the ship should he die," Harry offered as he placed his hand upon her bare thigh. "Therefore, I'm going to save as many that I can....that would be useful."

Bellatrix looked at him. "You'd find very little useful Death Eaters in that lot. Most of them are complete idiots."

Harry offered the middle Black Sister a smile. "You know, you and I are on like minds about that."

"I've made many mistakes," Bellatrix offered and she saw Harry before her. She lifted her hand and placed it on his leg and slowly worked it up with each word. "My gravest mistake was having an inadequate master who spent more time playing with his wand in a corner and his snake, I can't forget his snake."

Bellatrix smiled as she squeezed Harry's package without any shame.

"But you have no problem with letting girls play with your snake, do you, Harry?" Bellatrix asked as she slowly worked her hand down his pants.

"Not at all," Harry offered her as he relaxed under her soft but firm grip.

Bellatrix held his stiffening pole in her hand and a smile spread over her face as she pumped Harry up and down. She felt him grow in her hand and it was an amazing sight, his large, thick cock. Most wizards....well they left a lot to be desire.

"Mmm, I'm going to suck you dry," Bellatrix said as she slowly licked all the way down from the tip of his cock down to the base and snaked her tongue around his balls, enveloping it all in wet goodness.

"You can talk the talk," Harry said as he grabbed her face and she opened her mouth wide to accommodate his cock. "But can your mouth back up your words in, other ways."

Bellatrix speared his massive tool all the way down her throat, her lips closed around him as she rocked her head up. She rammed her mouth all the way down as far as she could go and the dark haired woman felt her shirt being pulled off.

Her breasts were tan and extremely firm with dark nipples and Harry twisted them in his fingers, causing her to go down further on him. Bellatrix worked her talented mouth down on that pole.

"That's it Bella, suck it, suck it like it's the only thing....oh baby!" Harry groaned as Bellatrix blew him and made humming sounds with the back of her throat. Harry groped her breasts and she encouraged his rough handling of her as he slammed her mouth, fucking it and she moaned and cooed, as she wrapped her lips around his pulsing python.

Harry paused after a few minutes of intense sucking. "Time for me to take a taste of you."

Harry had Bellatrix's head firmly wrapped in his hands and he was pushing her down upon his cock.
The dark haired witch blew him like it was her job and in the back of Harry's mind, it was.

Harry parted her thighs and stuck his tongue between her thighs. She was gushing with juices and Harry smiled as he was taking the juices down onto his tongue. There was a few seconds where he kept licking her and pleasuring her.

Bellatrix panted as she lifted her hips up and Harry was licking her and really getting an amazing taste of her. The dark haired witch allowed herself to be a slave to this wizard's efforts and she felt herself being brought straight to heaven.

Harry knew that he was just getting her warmed up for the main even that was to come. His tongue was delving so far into her sopping hot hole that he felt her hips buck up towards him and nearly hit him in the face. Harry grabbed onto her thighs and licked her insides. She closed her eyes tightly and Harry continued to work her over, using his tongue to bring her to pleasure.

Bellatrix's mouth sank down onto him and suddenly she felt a slight hiss through her pussy. She jammed as much of his cock into her mouth and really if she choked on it, it would be the best way to die. The woman's lips wrapped around it and she closed her eyes. The woman's mouth kept wrapping around his thick pole and his tongue vibrated inside her pussy.

Bellatrix's thighs clenched around his face and Harry came up for air, her juices rolling down his face.

"I think you should clean me up, you've only made an awful mess," Harry said as he pulled Bellatrix over and the woman started to lick him.

"Of course….master," Bellatrix moaned as he squeezed her breasts and she used her tongue to give his face a bath. She felt the pleasure and soon she felt something else that excited her.

He lifted Bellatrix up around the waist and pushed her down onto his cock, pushing it in between her legs. She clenched his hard rod as she rocked up and down, riding him like his cock could cure all that iled in the world.

"Damn, you're fucking hot," Harry groaned. "Such a naughty, naughty girl."

"Yes, I'm bad, and you know it," Bellatrix said as she moaned and dug her fingernails into Harry's shoulderblades as she kept riding him. "You can have me any way you want me, master."

"Every way eventually, every way," Harry whispered and that caused her cunt to clench his rod.

It was like every word that he said, it was making her wetter and hornier. She grabbed onto his shoulder and sank her hips around him. The dark haired woman panted as she kept riding him and her hips were really working him over. Her panting escalated, getting even more frenzied as she kept working her hips up and down his pole. Her hips slapped against his balls as she rode him.

'Oh fuck me,' Bellatrix thought and Harry pushed her back onto the bed and pulled out.

She whined at the loss but then she was on her hands and knees, pressed faced down on the bed. Harry hovered over her entrance, his cock head brushing up against her wet slit and she closed her eyes tightly, as she felt him enter her with ease.

"FUCK!" she yelled.

"Yes, indeed," Harry grunted as he groped her breasts and pummeled him. "Who does this pussy belong to?"
"You master, fucking destroy it!" she yelled at the top of her lungs and Harry smiled as he hammered into it.

"That's right, you cock slut," Harry breathed hotly in her ear.

"Not just a cock slut...yours," she whimpered and Harry got an even wider grin as he delved further and further into her tight cunt. It wrapped around him. It was obvious that she had not been touched at all, even with the potion that destroyed her. He grabbed her tits and pushed as far into her, with Harry going into her, his balls

Harry smiled at this declaration for he figured that it was completely accurate. Her walls hugged him and he slammed himself as far deep into her cunt as he could go.

His cock touched her womb and Bellatrix felt that she was on fire. His hands roaming over every last inch of her body, well that was causing her to tingle inside as well. The dark haired witch panted heavily and Harry pulled nearly all the way out of her before slamming deep into her. His balls slapped her thighs and he pulled out of her.

"Looks like a party," Andromeda commented as she showed up, with a smile on her face. She was dressed in a black robe and Narcissa was wearing a green robe, with a color that matched Harry's eyes.

"You haven't lived...until...foursome," Bellatrix moaned.

"Words were scrambled, sentiments were appreciated," Narcissa said as she stripped off her robes to reveal she was not wearing anything underneath.

Harry kept pummeling Bellatrix's super tight cunt, working as far into her as he could go. The woman's eyes screwed shut as Harry worked into her and his balls tightened before he gave a mighty roar, pushing himself into her smoldering pussy.

His balls unloaded several thick strings of rope inside her, splashing against her pussy. Her pussy overflowed with it and she was flipped over the bed.

The nude forces of Andromeda and Narcissa were licking Bellatrix dry, sucking all of Harry's cum form her cunt. This was a sight that got Harry's motor running and caused his cock to stiffen immediately.

"Harry," Narcissa cooed as the MILF wiggled her delicious rump at him.

"Whenever you're ready," Andromeda stated as her legs were parted for him.

"I'm always ready for some MILF action," Harry growled as he grabbed Andromeda around the thighs and he worked his cock down the edge of her tight hot pussy.

Andromeda felt her legs part and his cock enter her. She squeezed him as he entered her and she placed her face down, to munch on her sister's pussy.

Bellatrix closed her eyes, feeling her older sister munch on her cunt. It was really amazing and the woman pumped her hips up towards her mouth. Her snatch was being munching on and it felt amazing. The woman was being eaten and slurped every second of the way.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Bellatrix stammered.

Narcissa slid Harry's cock between her legs and her pussy swallowed his massive member. He
grabbed her tit and squeezed it.

"Please master," Narcissa moaned as he buried his face in between her breasts and he worked his hands around the MILF's tight ass. The woman's eyes were flooded over with the embodiment of pleasure and his cock rammed into her tight snatch.

Bellatrix was now prepared to be drilled into the bed by another Harry. His cock pushed all the way into her cunt, filling her up and then working her apart.

Narcissa was riding Harry now for everything that he was worth. Her tight hips snaked around him and worked down his massive pole. The blonde rocked herself up and down, squeezing his huge member with her dripping hot cunt.

"Mine, mine, oh yes," Narcissa panted as she closed her eyes and Harry worked far into her, her cunt squeezing him as he rammed as far into her as he could go. His pole was clenched and Harry worked into her hot cunny.

Andromeda was moaning lustfully, she looked like a whore, albeit a high class one, as Harry plunged his massive meat stick into her. He pulled her hair which got her all hot and bothered. He worked into her as far into her as he could go.

Harry was working three of the most powerful witches into submission and he loved every single moment of it.

They moaned as he filled their holes again and again with his cock until his balls tightened and he sprayed a heavy stream of cum into them.

"You all belong to me," Harry said and the Black sisters nodded submissively.

The final tally was three Black Sisters fucked into submission as Harry saw Narcissa, Andromeda, and Bellatrix laid out on the floor.

The Cup would have to wait for a couple of days although it would be less than a minute thanks to the time dilation properties of the castle so Harry had plenty of time to burn.

He was going to let his two naughty Veelas stew for a bit longer before he gave them the final stage of their punishment.

Now that pleasure was out of the way, Harry could focus on business and Bellatrix casually walked with him. Andromeda followed them, it would be wise for Bellatrix to have a minder. Nym kept walking behind them, again she was acting as Harry's bodyguard which was a job that she took extremely serious. Really serious if the look in her eyes was any indication.

"So, now that you've tamed my aunt, I doubt that there are any more challenges for the great Harry Potter…"

"Well I still have to tame you, something that I have not put the proper amount of effort into," Harry said.

He could see that the light burned bright at the end of the tunnel, all he needed to do was focus on getting the Cup and destroying the Cup. Then there was one more thing, although the consequences of having a living object as a Horcrux, especially your sole Horcrux, was extremely grave. He wondered if the snake would even sustain Riddle.
He should burn the corpse and all traces of Riddle's DNA just to make sure, although he was pretty sure that once Riddle died, the disease that gripped the remaining Death Eaters would end up finishing them off.

At least that was the thought that kept swimming through his mind. The green eyes of the wizard flashed brightly as he made his way to the front desk. The goblins were surly as ever but if one dealt with idiotic wizards day in and day out, they would be pretty surely. The lead goblin, a particularly ugly one, leaned towards the desk.

"Yes, may I help you?"

"I need to access the Lestrange vault to collect an item of great value," Harry told him.

"Well given that the Mistress of the Vault is currently in Azkaban, you'd find that quite difficult," the goblin said. He would have gutted most on sheer principle but he was not going to lie, he liked how up front and honest this one was.

"Actually, I was paroled," Bellatrix said and the goblin saw her.

Given that Gringotts had methods to verify identities.

"Well, the Ministry are in for a problem with you on the loose," the goblin commented in a nonchalant manner, although the fact that the humans would be in for problems excited this particular goblin. He was going to have to go into a dark room to get some relief after this news.

"Yes, well we do need to access that vault," Bellatrix said and while she did not treat the goblin with the callous lack of respect that most of her fellows did, her eyes still flashed with warning and there was a hint that she preferred that he would get these matters done and then soon.

"Yes, naturally…..Griphook report!"

Harry disregarded the goblin who was looking at him in recognition, as far as Harry could recall, he had never met the goblin in his life.

"You may not remember me Mr. Potter…."

"Sorry, I don't….."

"I'm Griphook," the goblin told him.

Harry paused and looked at him. "Sorry, doesn't ring a bell."

"I took you to your vault, the first time, you and the half giant Gamekeeper," the goblin persisted.

"So what is your name again?" Harry asked him.

"GRIPHOOK!"

"Well, Gary….mind if I call you Gary, you know it was four years ago," Harry offered to him with a shrug.

Griphook shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"Lead us to my vault or your supervisor will be hearing about this," Bellatrix commented and the goblin who was named Gary in Harry's mind threw his hands back and nodded.
Gary apparently was hiding some kind of dirty secret and he knew that he was on the bubble, at least that was what Harry was picking up from his mind. There was something about house elf prostitutes, but Harry did not know that such a thing existed, so that could not be right.

"So, Gary, to the vault," Nym commented.

"It's Griphook!"

"No, I like Gary better," Nym said with a smile.

"Are you have trouble with him?" another goblin commented.

"Gary here is being difficult and pestering, the Lord of two ancient and noble houses," Andromeda offered.

"My name is…"

"Gary, you were warned," the goblin stated and he was lead in to goblin resources which was much like human resources, except it was far more painfully.

Nym watched with a smile.

"Can you believe that he thought so much of himself to think that you would remember a goblin that you met four years ago?" Nym asked.

"Oh, I remembered him," Harry admitted.

Bellatrix offered him a grin. "So you were just being a dick."

"Yes," Harry said without any preamble and Bellatrix gave an excited squee and threw her arms around Harry's waist and gave him a hungry kiss, which she would return.

Andromeda decided to take her sister in hand before she dropped to her knees and started to service her master because Bellatrix did not have the best attention span in the world. She was distracted easily. And as much as that thought enticed Andromeda, she did have a job to do.

"Bella, focus," Andromeda hissed in her sister's ear.

"Right, focusing," Bellatrix said, although since Harry experienced the mandated by law, Black Sisters foursome, she was hoping for an encore. He survived one time around with all three of them but she was really hoping to test him.

There would be plenty of time in the future however.

However her older sister's hand on her hand and the fact that said hand was twisting said ear indicated that she had a job to do.

They walked to the Lestrange Vault.

"My idiot husband managed to capture a few treasures, although he let the most obvious one slip away, but given the fact that he and his brother spent too much time jerking each other off, that was to be expected," Bellatrix offered without a word.

Nym's nose crunched up, which she could do better than most thanks to her powers. "Yeah, that will fucking be in my nightmares."
"Sorry, Nymphadora, I will make it up to you, promise," Bellatrix offered as she pulled her niece off to the side and build her face into her breasts.

"If you're quite done seducing my daughter, Bella, we do have work to do," Andromeda said and Harry was inside the vault.

"The cup is on the top shelf," Bellatrix told Harry helpfully and Harry nodded, with a smile.

It was just as it should have looked but naturally Harry required Bellatrix's help.

"All of the charms should be cancelled since I'm here but at the same time, be ready to duck just in case," Bellatrix advised him.

Harry paused and he said only one thing. "Thanks for the head's up."

"No problem," Bellatrix commented in a conversational tone as she looked over her shoulder and she was almost sure that something was going to happen.

Time stood still for an instant as Harry grabbed the cup but the treasures in the vault to bury them alive.

They had the cup.

Now that they had the cup, half of their job was done but that meant that they had a fair bit of their job to do.

Harry took a moment to gaze upon the Hufflepuff Cup that was in his hand. It was such a magnificent treasure, in fact he could not even believe how it was tainted. Legend had that Helga Hufflepuff refused to drink out any cup but her own personal one.

Legends did have an ability to get twisted and turned all around, something that Harry reminded himself of constantly. He was living proof of that and things did not get better the more years went by as his exploits at Hogwarts, outlandish as they might have been, got even more publicity. He could not begin to shake up the fact that he was sure that the fifty foot snake that he fought was at least up to five hundred feet, with three heads by now.

They were mixing up two creatures, because Harry knew where he got the three heads for.

He saw the cup and there was a compulsion to drink from it that he ignored. He knew why it was there, Voldemort would have liked to poison anyone who would have happened upon his prize Horcrux. At least that was the thought that resounded around Harry's head.

'Okay, time to stab, don't think about what he might have done, even though it's....well, beautiful cup, but you're going to die.'

Harry stabbed the cup with the fang and he caused it to melt into a smoldering pile of gold. It actually seemed like imitation gold and Harry did briefly wonder whether or not this was Hufflepuff’s real cup but he knew that it was a Horcrux as the black mist rose from it.

There was one thought that went through his head and he could not even begin to register his excitement with what happened.

'One more left,' Harry thought.

He wondered what happen, hell the snake Horcrux was something that was an interesting curiosity.
He knew that Riddle's sanity was hanging by the loosest thread and now there was a chance that with this final non-snake Horcrux it could snap.

"You're almost there," Lily offered as she entered the room and she slid onto his lap as she looked at the melted metal that was once the Hufflepuff Cup.

"I'm glad," Harry said to her as he placed his hands underneath his mother's breasts and she leaned back towards him as she felt his strong hands play with her.

"And soon, you don't have any responsibilities, the one loose thread of this world is removed, you deserve a long vacation, an extended vacation, after all of the work that you've done," Lily said and Harry spun her around and she straddled his legs as he leaned her back.

"Yes, I know," Harry breathed in her ear and she twitched a slight bit as he had her pinned up against the table, the remains of the Horcrux cleared up.

Lily let out a breath that she was holding in and Harry had her back against the table and she closed her eyes. Harry's lips were half of an inch from touching the side of her neck and he drew back with a moment of a tease. He then smiled at her.

"You enjoy teasing your poor mother," Lily said with a slight smile.

"No….I just merely have learned from the best," Harry said as he brushed her hair back and looked into her vibrant green eyes, identical to his own. "You know, you've taught me so much."

Lily could not help but smile as he kissed her on the side of the neck and ran his fingers all over her youthful body. She hitched in a breath and hitched out another breath. "And it seems like that I have created a monster."

"Well, you only have yourself to blame," Harry said as he held his mother in his arms and her amazing breasts pressed against his cheek. The two of them enjoyed the warm and tender embrace as they felt their power against each other.

"Riddle expects some fight to the finish where he's standing triumphant over your body.…."

"He's going to have to resign himself to disappointment," Harry said and Lily offered her son a smile.

"Given his followers….well most of them, he should be resigned to disappointment a long time ago," Lily said. "He was smart enough to surround himself with idiots that would never have the ability to overthrow him."

"And he doesn't even have that," Harry said as he saw the molten metal in the corner.

He knew that the end would come soon. Slowly Riddle would become paranoid and think that everything, including his own shadow would be out to get him. It would be a horrifying existence. He would be worse off than Snape.

And given the number that Snape got put on his mind, that was some really shocking company to be put into again.

Harry felt his mother's hands run down the bare part of his chest, it seemed like she unbuttoned his shirt when he was distracted by his musings.

"I think that I should figure out whether or not a certain pair of sisters have learned their lesson about
"sharing," Harry said and there was a second where Lily offered a smile.

"Well, if they haven't, more corrective therapy might be in order," Lily said with a naughty smile crossing her face.

"Their mother most certainly agrees," Harry said with a smile on his face and he squeezed his mother's tight bum before the two of them offered a kiss.

Their tongues battled together for supreme amount of domination, with Lily attempting to choke her son out with her choke but Harry returned as he squeezed her breath and let her wet, with stiffening nipples.

"Later," Harry told her.

"You better," Lily said as she imagined her son's huge member taking her again and again on this table, filling all of her holes.

Harry slipped out and he made his way to the bedroom where he was no doubt ready to keep two extremely horny French Veelas now. They should have learned to share, otherwise they would not have spent all this time tied up.

"HARRY!" Gabrielle whined as she saw him and her eyes were swimming with lust.

"You know, I might not let you out of those ropes," Harry offered both of them and a smile crossed his face. "I might just allow both of you to stew a little bit longer, until you're pretty much choking for it."

Fleur offered a slight whine and a pout that got even wider over her face. "But we are choking for it….HARRY!"

It was so adorable how she moaned that last word out and Harry could see her nipples practically poking his shirt. He stepped forward and placed his finger on the edge of their panties, where their arousal was practically soaking through.

"In a minute, darling, just wait, you're going to enjoy this," Harry commented to both of them and both of the French girls tried to look up at him with adoring eyes. "I think you haven't been punished enough."

"Please master…"

Harry smiled as he walked around and Nym waited outside of the hallway for him. She saw the girls and she saw Harry. It was so hot how much they were begging and how they wanted Harry to fuck their brains out.

"Nym, I think we should give the final round of their punishment, could you get Mum from the study, please, the one on the second level?"

Nym smiled, given how big the castle was, it was necessary to qualify what study was meant. She walked forward and he saw the two girls sitting there.

"So, I think it's time for you two to learn your final lesson," Harry told both of the girls and he could see both of them staring at each other, wondering what was going to happen.

Lily and Nym showed up and Nym stopped.
She had a wicked grin and she knew how to make this more interesting. She closed her eyes and she turned her hair into a silvery blonde. She had the same matching blue eyes that Fleur had and the same massive breasts, flat stomach, delicious ass, and long shapely legs.

"Well, don't I look magnificent, mon ami?" Nym asked in a very bad French accent which Harry cast her a stern look and she threw her hands up, sheepishly.

"Don't do that again, ever," Harry told Nym as he placed her hands on her waist. "Mum, don't think I forgot about you."

Fleur watched, and suddenly she found herself gag. All she could do was watch Harry fuck a carbon copy of herself right before her very eyes.

"Don't worry, Gabi, you're next," Nym stated to the younger Veela with a saucy smile.

Gabrielle felt an involuntary twitch of her pussy. Perhaps she was being a pervert but she was turned on by the idea of watching herself get fucked, in a sense.

Harry gave Nym a slap on the ass.

"I'm sure that you're going to love this, Fleur, make sure to look in your face darling, when you see this," Harry grunted as he gripped Nym's tight ass, a perfect replication of Fleur's ass.

Meanwhile Lily was completely stripped and riding the cock of the Harry dupe. She wasted precious little time on formalities but then again, given that her pussy was sopping wet thanks to the fun that they were having in the library, it was just as well.

"Fuck me, Harry," Lily moaned at the top of her lungs and she felt her son's massive pole slide between her thighs and ram as hard into her as it could go. She whimpered as her thighs clenched around him and Harry kept going into her.

"Of course, my love," Harry said as he feasted on his mother's tits.

Nym was on the table, facing Fleur and Gabrielle. She made sure Fleur's face was facing the original and Harry grabbed her around the hips.

"Pussy or ass, that's the question, isn't it?" Harry asked as he scraped his cock head against her dripping hole.

"Both….but pussy first, please," Nym begged him and she rubbed herself against his cock head. With an invitation like that, it was hard to turn it down.

Fleur watched with widened eyes as her twin was plowed from behind.

"Oh, fuck this French slut's hot pussy," Nym managed as her breasts tingled and Harry groped her from behind.

"Don't worry, you're not escaping without this."

Harry rammed her with every word and he could see Fleur get more and more soaked as he watched herself being nailed from behind. There was an adoring expression in her eyes and burning lust. The Veela inside her was getting more ready to come out and play.

"FUCK!" Lily shrieked at the top of her lungs as her son's cock buried its way between her thighs.
"Yes, love, you're right," Harry said with a smile as he kept hammering his mother against the wall, just the way that she loved her. He pinned her arms back as his balls slapped against her thighs and his mouth lavished her amazing breasts, worshipping every inch of them.

"Yes, more, more, more!" Nym chanted as Harry hammered her from behind. "TAKE MY ASS, TAKE IT!"

Fleur watched as she could see a reflection on the wall in front of her, seeing Harry's cock line out with her own ass, technically speaking. She felt empty as a result of this and Harry brushed his cock head against the duplicated French ass in front of him.

"Oh, fuck, fuck, FUCK!" Nym shrieked at the top of her lungs as she felt this monster of a cuck push her puckered anus apart.

"You get off on this, you dirty girl," Harry grunted and he eyed Gabrielle with wicked intentions in mind. "But I'm ready for something a bit more compact."

Nym got the message loud and clear and her body shifted to that of Gabrielle. Now it was her turn to be tormented.

Lily was pressed against the wall and Harry continued to manipulate her pussy, her tightness working over his throbbing hard prick. The woman panted and cooed as Harry pushed all of what he had inside her, her walls clenching him tightly.

"Fuck," Lily moaned loudly and Harry groped her breasts.

"Yes, Mum, indeed," Harry breathed hotly in her ear and he kept working all of himself into her. The redhead was really giving his cock a going over and Harry knew that it would be time.

Gabrielle watched her double form being screwed from behind in the ass and she could hardly believe it. This was so hot and she was not the one experiencing the joy and the fun. She offered a pleading whine as she looked up.

'Come on, come on, come on,' she mentally chanted to herself, she just wanted a taste of his cock inside her warm and hot buns.

Harry smiled, he could tell that there was a part of her getting off on this torture. He alternated between screwing Nym as Gabrielle and Fleur until she could not take no more. Harry unloaded his cum into her, shooting it into waiting and fertile womb.

She collapsed on the table and Harry smiled as he walked over to them.

"Now, I'm certain that you girls have learned your lesson about sharing," Harry offered and he waved his hand.

Gabrielle and Fleur talked amongst themselves and Gabi got the tongue while Fleur got the cock.

Harry felt the elder sister slam her way onto his cock, her tight walls squeezing his massive pole. He felt pleasure ricochet all through her body. The blonde's tight walls got even tighter as his prick was being pushed up and down.

Gabrielle moaned and cooed his tongue traced patterns around her cunt and she rode him back and forth. Her whining got even more prominent but never the less, Harry was making her feel really good. The wizard kept licking her until she could not take any more.
Lily was now succumbing more to his pleasures and the more she folded against his cock, the more she felt…well that was beside the point. The redhead's cunt clenched the massive rod coursing between her and he went into her, going deeper, deeper, deeper.

His balls slapped against her and her heated core worked him over. The redhead moaned as she arched her hips and pushed back against him. His cock pulsed even stronger as it went all the way into her. Her snatch lovingly hugged him and he kept going even further into her.

"More, please, master," Fleur panted and she felt her sister's hands on her breasts. It was an erotic sight, her baby sister playing with her tits as she rode the tongue of their lover.

Gabrielle shrieked as he stuck a finger up her ass but it was not a shriek of pain but a shriek of pleasure, a shriek of fulfillment.

"More, more, more, please," Gabrielle whimpered and Harry kept using that tongue to go as far into her as he could, licking the inside of her tight little ass as well as her pussy.

Gabrielle and Fleur switched after about an hour. Fleur took his tongue and her pussy was given a through licking. Gabrielle bounced up and down on his cock like a child on a trampoline. She used her pussy to give him pleasure, that was the only thing that mattered.

Her youthful snatch hugged him and her young hips bounded down upon his member. He pushed back up into her and he groaned as he grabbed her young ass. Her moans got even louder, more prominent and Harry was about to climax on several levels.

His balls tightened as he shot his load into all of the snatches available, filling them up nearly to the brim.

Fleur, Nym, Lily, and Gabrielle all looked nice and fucked, with drool coming out of their mouth as they laid.

"I hope you two girls learned a valuable lesson," Harry offered as he held Gabrielle against him, the young Veela snuggling against him.

"Yes, we have, master," Fleur commented with a smile.

"For sure, master," Gabrielle said as she leaned back against his chest.

"I'm glad you have," Harry told them sternly.

After that, it was time for his final confrontation with Voldemort and he was sure many thought it would be epic.

Albus Dumbledore made more than a few mistakes during his time but he was willing to rectify them now even though he was in the last years of his life.

He had lost much more than he would care to admit out loud. The wizened wizard took half of a step forward and held his head up in the air as he kept walking. His heart skipped a beat and a half as he continued to walk.

There was a purpose in his eyes, there was a purpose in his mind, there was a purpose to everything that he was doing. Every single mistake the old wizard made, it rebounded in the back of his head, a constant symphony of terror, an echoing of doom in the back of his head.
There was something that Harry said to him that was correct. He could have defeated Voldemort at any time but he chose to believe the Prophecy. It was a folly that left him just as much to blame with what happened as the Dark Lord himself was. It was going to be a folly that would be corrected in due time. He kept walking, his head up straight and his feet on the ground.

It was with a purpose as he walked to the house, the Riddle House. It was almost devious in the sense that Voldemort made sure that the few who knew who he was, knew how much he loathed the unworthy Riddles which he came from. Those who did not know, well it would have been the perfect hiding place never the less.

Dumbledore stood at the door and watched calmly. He saw the door on the hinges about blown off. There was a sense of darkness in the air that the old man could not even figure.

He did recall his theory that the Dark Lord would have made more than a few Horcruxes. However, he shook his head and kept pressing forward. His eyes burned bright, he could destroy the body, trap his soul in something.

He heard a pained hiss and Dumbledore wondered if Tom had forgotten to feed his snake.

The old wizard gave a tut with his tongue, there were some people who just could not handle the responsibility of having a pet. The Dark Lord Voldemort would be no exception to this rule. It was a shame that he likely corrupted that snake.

"And now we venture into the unknown, Harry," Dumbledore commented as he looked over his shoulder.

The fact that no Harry Potter was standing beside him like he did when he envisioned this scene did not even matter.

Dumbledore took a step inside and nearly choked on the dust. He shook his head, he was going to have to have a serious talk with Gellert about home improvement, there was no way that he should have left his home to fall into this amount of ruin.

"Harry, stay closely behind me, and when I give the signal, you will help me contain him, but naturally, do not kill him, for he is not beyond redemption," Dumbledore offered as he stood over his shoulder. "Very good, remain underneath the cloak, that's a good boy. I'm sure your parents, if they were alive, they would be proud of you."

There was no response but Dumbledore figure that was just Harry being shy. He continued to venture into the unknown and the Headmaster kept walking.

'Almost there,' he thought to himself as he made quicker strides inside. If he was not mistaken, Gellert Gridelwald would be upstairs.

"WORMTAIL, I TOLD YOU TO COME THREE DAYS AGO!"

"Oh dear, it appears that Gellert has lost his mind, calling for someone called Wormtail, it's a pity when someone loses all sense of reality like that," Dumbledore said ironically.

There was a moment's pause and everything appeared to be silent, almost like there was a whistling in the wind. Dumbledore stood, his neck craned, his back arched, and he kept waiting. There was a few seconds where he paused long enough.

"GELLERT, YOU ARE TO COME OUT AND FACE ME, THIS HAS GONE ON TOO LONG!" Dumbledore yelled.
"DUMBLEDORE?" Voldemort asked in confusion and he got up from his chair, resembling a walking skeleton more than a man. His flesh was completely gone and he looked like he was only being held together by magic.

Inferi looked better.

"Gellert, I see that you've seen better days," Dumbledore offered as he looked at the image of what he perceived as Grindelwald.

"YOU!" Voldemort shouted as he suddenly saw Dumbledore's body, almost like an image had been switched in his brain, shift into that of Harry Potter. "HARRY POTTER….YOU WILL PAY FOR BESMIRCHING THE DARK LORD VOLDEMORT!"

The most powerful Dark Lord of this time or any other, he noted.

Dumbledore and Voldemort stood face to face with each other. The two of them were about to square off and face each other.

It was like a showdown in the old west, although Dumbledore saw the man who broke his heart in front of him and Voldemort saw the boy who got more NEWTs than him in front of him.

Nagini gave another pained hiss and her body began to swell.

'My lord,' Nagini hissed loudly as she felt something swell up inside of her.

Then the Riddle House blew to smithereens, taking both Voldemort and Dumbledore with it, in an earth shattering kaboom.

Harry turned up outside of the house and looked at the crater in the ground where they once stood. He shrugged, turned around, and went back home.

Lord Voldemort died just like that. He always did come across as someone who didn't have very much staying power but that was absolutely absurd.

'Well that was kind of disappointing,' Harry thought and he shrugged before he did a little jig, realizing that since Voldemort was done, so was he.

Technically speaking, Harry supposed he did fulfill the prophecy, he did defeat Voldemort, because he destroyed his Horcruxes which caused a chain reaction leading to the final one going up.

To Be Concluded.
Postscript:

Harry was not going to lie, he felt the triumph wash over his body after what happened, although there was a sense that he was not sure what he expected. However, this end was not what he expected. It also appeared from all indications that Dumbledore was the one that went down with the ship as well, which was a nice little bonus all things considered.

Dumbledore was put out of his misery, Voldemort was put out of his misery, and he was pretty sure that a whole bunch of marked Death Eaters just dropped death from the backwash of everything. All and all, Harry would have to say that this was an extremely productive day. At the very least, he had a couple of loose ends to tie up and then he would be on his way.

The Ministry of Magic was in a chaotic panic, even more so than usual. Harry felt himself quite amused by this fact although he thought that Amelia had her work cut out for her.

"So, we have a new Minister of Magic," Andromeda said as she made her way down the Hallway. "Your….well your endorsement caused it to become a landslide. It seems like the readers of the Daily Prophet who believed that tripe that the Ministry threw down were the extremely vocal minority."

"Well, that minority is very vocal and not to mention extremely obnoxious," Harry offered as he took a few steps forward. "Some might say that I'm abusing my power….but I'm doing no more than many purebloods have done before me."

"So you're respecting their traditions in a way," Andromeda commented with a slight smile on her face and Harry nodded.

"Exactly."

The woman shook her head before she made one final bit of commentary. "Just like your mother, exploiting their idiotic traditions to screw them over."

"Well that's the name of the game," Harry offered as he pulled the eldest Black Sister in close to him. "And there's a lot going on that they don't even know about. I'm not even sure if they know Dumbledore is dead yet."

Andromeda raised an eyebrow. "Are you going to enlighten them?"

"I'm going to give the Minister the heads up, and then…..well she can do what she wishes to do with the information," Harry said as he walked up the long standing stares. Nym joined him.

"You know, this has been a very weird day," Nym offered Harry lightly and the wizard grinned back at her.

"Yes, that's kind of the story of my life, Nymm," Harry said as he pulled her in close to him and the two of them walked next to each other, going shoulder to shoulder with each other.

"Well yes, I suppose," Nym said in a grudging voice as they made their way to the Minister of Magic's office. Harry knew that she would have to be a step up to Fudge, an early morning bowel movement was a step up from the disgraced former Minister of Magic.
Fudge really suffered from what happened and Harry could not feel sorry for him. His pet toad was suffered a little accident when it came out that she was the one who sent the Dementors in an attempt to discredit Harry. It appears that Fudge might have leaked that information to save his own ass, although the rioters that were currently outside his home indicated that it was too little too late.

Nevertheless, Harry took his hand and raised it, knocking on the door and waiting to be permitted entry.

"Come in," Amelia offered in a tense voice and her voice got less tense when she saw who was entering her office. "Harry, it's good to see you again."

"Excellent to see you as well, Amy," Harry offered her with a smile as he pulled her into a nice hug. "And congratulations on….your roll as Minister."

"Well I should be thanking you, you practically gift wrapped the post and handed it to me," Amelia said to Harry.

Harry smiled back at her. "Not so, I just merely gave the sheep the proper nudge so they could follow the right shepherd."

"Right," Amelia said, as much as it pained her to admit it, the sheep analogy was appropriate because most witches and wizards were in fact easily lead. It caused her a slight amount of pain to admit this fact but it was an undisputed truth. "So what do you plan to do?"

"Well I'm pretty much done in this world," Harry offered to her.

"You would be a…"

"Amelia, as a favor to me, I wish for you to pass a law where no Minister of Magic can be elected unless they reach the age of thirty five," Harry told her and Amelia blinked. He figured that by then, he should have sufficiently erased all traces of himself from the Wizarding World and the name Harry Potter would only be spoken in whispers, as an urban legend where people wondered if he truly existed or not.

"Well it is sound legislation," Amelia said. Somehow, thanks to his father being rich, there was a wizard almost three hundred years ago who was twenty one years old and got himself elected to become Minister. He nearly bankrupt the government, exposed them to Muggles, and caused two goblin rebellions.

Granted a goblin rebellion could be caused by not getting a salt packet at lunch time but it was a pretty grievous offense.

"I'm going to assume that your unfinished business is finished," Amelia told him and Harry smiled.

"If you're referring to Voldemort, then yes, he's been done, kind of went out with a whimper, although technically he went out with a bang but it was a whimper in other ways," Harry said.

Amelia could not make heads or tails of that statement.

"Dumbledore and Voldemort had a battle and apparently, the dwelling that they were in blew up," Harry said. "I spent hours doing scanning spells and have the data written down. I'm sure the Ministry's crack team of experts will be able to figure out whether or not they are dead."

"Right, I…"
"Yes, you have to be sworn in as Minister, but for now….good luck," Harry said as he offered his lover a kiss and then he departed just like that.

Amelia blinked, no one could teleport from her office like that, there were enchantments that prevented it.

Then again, Harry Potter, he was the exception to every single rule of magic.

Harry took this moment after the final battle, if one could call it that, to really reflect on what happened. He would be lying if he thought that he was completely pleased with what happened but the fact of the matter was that the end result was obvious.

Voldemort was done and that was Harry's end goal in mind. Some might have not called an ending very exciting but any ending where Harry had to put in the most minimal effort possible, without risking harm to those around him that was a good idea all together.

No doubt that he was going to be getting letters as rumors gained traction. Really when Harry thought about it, there was one simple fact to realize and that was, most of the sheep did not even know that Riddle returned. He never got around to printing an announcement in the paper. He doubted that many believed Dumbledore after his senility had been properly proven so all and all, Harry thought that it was an amazing day.

"So, you're basking in your triumph," Lily said and she stood behind Harry, lazily wrapping her arms around her son.

"Well, it's pretty triumphant, my final battle against Voldemort was a five star classic," Harry said with a cheeky grin. "People were literally hanging from the rafters, it was a main event in any dueling arena in the world."

"Oh yes, a true classic duel, one for the ages," Lily commented with a smug smirk as she buried her face against the back of her son's neck and he lazily rested against her. "That blood ritual, it really turned out alright, didn't it?"

Harry felt his mother's magnificent breasts pressed against his back and there was only one word that escaped his lips. "Indeed."

"Yes," Lily said as she traced her son's muscles absent mindely. Of course, he was more than looks, he had fooled everyone for four years to make them think that he was a slacker and a fairly lazy one at that. Of course, that went to show everyone that looks can be deceiving. Lily's lips curled into a slight smile as she now played with her son's hair.

Harry smiled.

"Well that was four years of my life….I wouldn't say it was a waste," Harry told her and Lily's smile got more prominent.

"Well you did fuck some really hot bitches along the way, so I would have to say so," Lily offered Harry.

"Yes, that's always the most important thing," Harry said to his mother and she smiled.

Lily was glad that her son had his priorities exactly where they should be. Of course, a bunch of old and idiotic pureblood men had been wiped out like they there was nothing. In fact, there was nothing about that, they were nothing.
She could not help but smile at that thought. The redhead brushed her hair and shook it as she looked towards the castle where they were standing.

"And I prepared for what seemed like years," Harry added as he looked at the castle.

He had his NEWTs, he defeated Voldemort, he had enough gold, a good portion of it liquidated into Muggle money and invested in Muggle businesses because there was a chance the magical economy was going to take a plunge and there might be another goblin rebellion forth coming, so Harry was not going to get caught with his pants down and without access to his money.

He pretty much did everything. He actually cut ties to certain people, perhaps some day, they might meet up again when they could be appreciated even more.

For now, he was going to move on to another life and cut his losses from this world. Dumbledore and a lot of the idiots in the Ministry being gone made his ability to leave even easier. He knew that the future….well he did not know what the future would hold for the magical world. He figured that it would limp along like it had for the past few generations, a couple of changes would be made for the better, but it would be an uphill battle as being a hidden world become more and more obsolete.

"Just thinking about the future," Harry said as Lily now thought in front of him.

"Something that would get you stoned in the Wizarding World, as they are living in the past," Lily said as she smiled. "They'll learn, but forcing the change is futile."

"And those who are smart enough will have some kind of fallout plan in place," Harry said.

Lily's facial expression turned extremely grim. "Which aren't many, Harry."

"No, they aren't many," Harry said as he smiled.

There was a letter that was delivered to him and he saw the very familiar writing on it.

He shoved the letter into his bag, so he could bin it later, without reading it. He knew that nothing this person had to say would be of any value of him, because they were too proud and stubborn to admit that they were wrong. Plus, he knew that any time someone how performed her at something, it was in a jealous rage.

Plus, no doubt she'd be demanding answers that she was not entitled to or demanding that he get her to sit her NEWTs early. Which given her inability to delve beyond the course material and what was approved, it would not end really well for her.

Harry would have thought that she would have been a bit more grateful given that she would have been dead a couple of times over if it was not for her.

He decided to read the letter after all. He figured that he would need to cut all ties.

\textit{Harry,}

\textit{Why did you do it?}

\textit{Hermione.}

That letter was short and cryptic. It could have meant any number of things and all of those answers, were something that she should not know.

"Harry?"
"Vacation, Mum, that's all I need right now," Harry said and he threw the piece of parchment on the ground where the wind blew it and he walked into the sunset, with his girls, never to return to magical Britain.

Where he went from there, that was debated for ages.

The End.

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