**Lord of Darkness**

by AngelSlayer135

**Summary**

A twist of fate sends Harry down a much darker path. The question is not how far he will fall, but how many others he will take with him.
Lord of Darkness

Beginnings & School

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

Warnings:

I am trying to cut back on the A/N's but I feel this is fairly important for the first chapters. This is a Dark Harry story. That said he will not be a 'Voldemort', walking around the school, casting Killing Curses for the fun of it.

This is also going to be a Godlike Harry fic, as well as a 'Harem' story.

There will be: Implied underage sex and implied sex between individuals who are of age and those who are not.

Lemon content will be posted here. If you wish to avoid such content the story will be posted on Fanfiction under the same username and story title as it is here.

There will also be: Violence, coarse language, mild descriptions of torture, character death, and scenes of horror.

You have all been warned, do not complain later that something was unexpected if it fits into the above notes.

***LoD***

Fate

Karma

Doom

The entity known as 'Destiny' was known by many names, some flattering and some not, but regardless of what she was called there were certain truths about her existence:

First, she controlled the 'fate' of humans and allowed those known as 'Seers' to view parts of her plan.

Next, there was always a plan.

Third, prophecies could, and would, be as vague as possible.

Finally, meddling old bastards would always be trying to figure things out before they were to happen, and then try to change the result. The purpose of prophecy wasn't to know the future but to be aware of all the paths that life might take. Instead the man known as 'Dumbledore' had proclaimed that one of two children would undoubtedly be the ones to bring down the Dark Lord through the power of love. Which promptly caused said Dark Lord to try and interfere and kill the child, or make his own selection before it was time.
That meant that this had to be changed, because Destiny was, if nothing else, a bit of an asshole to those who sought to cheat, or think too highly of themselves.

Looking at the scene before her, as time slowed to a crawl, the Goddess began to ponder the meaning of the words she had given to the woman named Trelawney.

“The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives...”

How best to screw with humanity? Luckily the wording was vague and up for interpretation, even luckier was the fact that Destiny herself was the one doing the interpretations. “And the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal”

That was the most interesting line of all. Because how does one define 'equal'. Slowly the pale green energy continued on its path across the room, preparing to take the infant's life. Obviously the two were not equal in anyway shape or form. But then again the prophecy didn't say when they would be equal... just that the Dark Lord would mark the boy. As the spell reached the baby, and created a small scar on his forehead, reality came to a halt. Destiny strode casually through the room, stepping over the body of the boy's mother which lay on the ground nearby.

The boy was marked, yet the Dark Lord remained. Even if he was about to be destroyed... at this moment they were not equal.

Voldemort was more powerful magically and had more experience using that magic. He was physically larger and stronger. He was more intelligent, he had an army that would answer his every call, he had political power, fame, fortune, wealth, knowledge, charisma, and even magical artifacts that could be used. He also had the element of surprise, as well as the whole 'immortality' thing going for him.

What did the child have?

Two dead parents... that was about it. Sure, others could, and probably would, come to his aide, but they weren't his followers. They would not blindly charge into battle by his orders, or torture and kill for him. He had no access to his family's wealth or artifacts, at least not until he had reached adulthood, he had no knowledge of magic, or anything else for that matter, and was rather 'average' in terms of power.

Yes, they truly were the definition of 'unequal'.

So how to change that? Destiny grinned, it was always so much fun to screw with the preconceived notions that those 'all knowing' assholes always had. To take what they 'knew' was true, and then flip it completely upside down.

Normally, Destiny was limited with her interactions in the world, but not when it came to the future and fulfilling prophecies. In these cases her ability to alter reality skyrocketed.

The boy couldn't be given knowledge, such a thing would change him into someone else and thus could not be allowed. His free will was also off the table, for not even the divine could take away Mankind's ultimate gift. Immortality was not a gift either, for death too was gifted to the race of man by the Creator.

So what did that leave?
Power.

A snap of the fingers and Harry Potter's magic was raised to the level of Voldemort at his peak, aka this very instance. Of course this meant that the boy would grow in power proportional to the fact that this was his 'weakest' but that wasn't Destiny's concern.

Intelligence.

He couldn't be given knowledge, but the potential could be granted. An eidetic memory, the potential for above genius level intellect, a future inclination towards tactics, book smarts, street smarts, magical knowledge, biology, chemistry... and whatever the hell else Humanity placed value on.

Charisma.

Human's could not be made into followers, because that would interfere with free will, but he could eventually be charismatic enough that people would simply flock to him, be manipulated by him, and deceived by him. Increase that with an aura that would draw others to him, whether in servitude or lust it didn't really matter.

Talent.

The boy would need a natural gift in the magical arts to compete with someone who had a sixty year head start on him. Perhaps a natural gift never yet seen in the magical world would balance things out a bit? Still it wasn't enough.

The scales weren't quite balanced out, even with all of these gifts... so what else?

“Power the Dark Lord knows not” Well that had been vague enough to be of use. Never said it had to be something that anyone knew right? A few new magical abilities never conceived of and the boy would be in a considerably better situation to defend himself. But still...

He needed something more. A guide to take him on this journey, a companion that would forever be by his side to support him no matter what happened. The problem remained with that pesky 'free will' nonsense... A slight glance out of a nearby window had the entity grinning. A beautiful snow-white owl sat on a nearby tree.

Perfect.

As for the rest of the imbalances... eh those could be rectified by increasing the boy's magic and natural talent with it... right?

Close enough.

Stepping back Destiny once more allowed time to flow, and watched as the Killing Curse reflected back onto its caster by an act of self-sacrifice.

She grinned.

Hopefully next time Humans would learn to let fate continue naturally, rather than try and screw with it.

***LoD***

“I don't know about this Albus... I have a bad feeling about leaving the boy here...”

“It will be fine Minerva, this is the only way to ensure he grows up without the corruptions of fame...
“But will he be safe? Will he be cared for?”

“I am sure he will. Lily Evans was one of the kindest individuals I have ever met in my lifetime. I cannot imagine anyone sharing her blood and upbringing could be anything less than a remarkable person as well. There will be wards placed around this home to protect him. He will be safe Minerva.”

The woman let out a reluctant sigh, Albus was right... had to be right. The boy would be loved here, and for the right reasons rather than just for the wealth of the family he came from or the mark on his forehead.

“Alright Albus, let's just get this over with...”

The old man nodded, before placing the child on the doorstep of '4 Privet Drive'. A swift knock later and the man vanished, allowing those currently residing in the residence to take up the responsibility of raising the child.

If he had known the consequences of his actions that night he would have never took the boy there. If he had only known...

***LoD***

-Over nine years later-

“Oh this ain good, no no, ain good at all...” Hagrid muttered nervously as he departed from the doorstep of '4 Privet Drive'. Harry wasn't there. He wasn't living where they dropped him off, in fact according to the fat man he hadn't lived there in over nine years. The Muggle claimed they had dropped the newborn off at an orphanage the next day, refusing to deal with someone else's problem, especially one that was left on their doorstep with only a note as explanation.

Hagrid could blend in enough to go to one small house where the occupants knew about magic.

What he could not do was show up at a Muggle orphanage.

“No no no... ain good. Dumbledore is gonna have words with me though...” The large man promptly used his temporary Portkey to return to Hogwarts, he needed help.

***LoD***

“I'm sorry Hagrid but I simply don't have time. You know that I have other students to visit as well.”

“I know, I know but ima beggin ya Professa please!”

The dark skinned woman gave a sigh, she knew that she would cave eventually and help the man but it was such a stressful time of the year.

“I-I can help ya out. How bou I take some of yer duties. I can get yer classroom ready and yer supplies. Please Professa Sinistra...”

“Fine fine, if you could purchase the items on my list I should have enough time to go see whoever this boy is.”

Hagrid nodded cheerfully, before taking the list and starting to depart.

“Hagrid?”
“Yesm?”

“The boy?”

“Oh uh ya right yer are. Tracked him down to a orphanage, uh... got the address here somewhere...” the man patted himself down for a second, before pulling out a crumpled piece of paper and handing it to the woman.

“Sorry...”

“It is quite alright Hagrid.”

The man nodded and, once again, turned to leave.

“Hagrid...”

“Yesm?”

“His name?”

“Oh er right, its Harry Professa, Harry Potter.”

The woman practically fainted.

***LoD***

'All Saints Boy's Orphanage'

If ever there was a place in need of repair it was this one. Even magical buildings, with their preference to older looking architectures looked in better shape than this. The grass was yellow and lifeless, the building itself was dull gray, the lower windows were barred, and the upper level were covered in dirt and grime, paint was chipping, pipes were rusted, and the sound of life was noticeably absent.

It was a bleak and terrible place, how the savior of the wizarding world ended up in such a hellhole was beyond the woman. But that was a question for another time, and thus the woman straightened her back to look as professional as possible before making her way inside.

“Name?”

Sinistra blinked at the, middle aged woman sitting behind the glassed off welcome desk.

“Aurora Sinistra, I am here to see a Mr. Harry Potter.” The professor hadn't expected much of a reaction, maybe a bit of curiosity as to why she would be visiting an orphan, thus when the woman turned pale white it earned more than a little suspicion.

“S-sign below, w-we are not responsible for a-anything that might go missing or any i-i-injuries you may sustain on property.” The Witch glanced up for a moment, at the now stuttering woman, before finishing her signature with a nod.

“I will be alright, is there anything you can tell me about...”

“No, just... no.”

The teacher blinked twice, before making her way in the designated direction. "Such an odd human being, I wonder if all Muggles are so strange these days...” the professor muttered as she walked up a series of, practically rotting, steps.
“Let’s see last room on the left... ah there it is.”

A soft tapping on the door earned her a happy ‘enter’ from inside. Upon entering something felt... odd to the woman. A sudden warmth that filled her senses and her body, an odd feeling of contentment and... desire? With a mental shake of her head Aurora refocused her attention to the room, there on the worn out bed sat a young boy with messy black hair, torn up clothing, and a book in his hand.

“Mr. Potter?”

The book was lowered, and the woman fought the urge to gasp at the brilliant green eyes that gazed back at her.

“Yes?”

It was the voice of an angel, delightfully charming and light, with an care free tone that warmed the soul.

“I...” discreetly biting her tongue the woman fought back the initial, and rather inappropriate, comments she had been about to make before clearing her throat. “My name is Aurora Sinistra and I am a teacher at Hogwarts. Due to your age I am here to inform you of your admission to our school.”

The boy cocked his head to the side, and the older individual's heart fluttered.

“I don’t remember applying to your school.”

“Oh, well that is because you were chosen at birth. Your parents...” The woman caught sight of the infamous scar on his forehead, and began to stare at it as if lost in thought, therefore she missed the boy's eyes narrowing annoyance.

A rather loud 'hoot' from nearby made the woman jump, as she suddenly noticed the beautiful snow-white owl standing on the open windowsill.

It was staring at her with amber eyes.

Judging her.

“What a pretty owl you have...”

“Thank you, her name is Hedwig. You mentioned my parents?”

“Your... oh yes of course! Your parents paid to ensure your admittance when you were born.”

“What were they like? Did you know them? Are they still alive?” This wasn't what the woman had planned for, but naturally should have. What orphan doesn't want to know about those who had abandoned them?

“They were very noble, I never knew them unfortunately. They passed away close to a decade ago.”

“Oh... so what kind of school is this?”

The woman's smile brightened, this was always her favorite part. “Tell me Harry... have you ever noticed anything... unusual happen around you? Maybe something that you can't explain?”

***LoD***

'Mission accomplished' the woman mused as she made her way down the worn out stone path, and
away from the orphanage. Harry had been so very eager once she had explained magic, and had
even admitted to a few 'odd situations' he had found himself in.

Doors opening before he could reach them.

Water changing colors.

His sight improving by itself a few years prior.

All of these were signs of a vast magical potential, and she had been the one to introduce him to their
world! Maybe she would end up owing Hagrid after all; and maybe, if she kept in contact with the
boy as his first magical 'friend' she could even begin a relationship with him later on in life.

If he was this handsome and at such a young age, he would undoubtedly be immensely so when he
became an older student. In her pondering, and secret fantasies, she never noticed the owl had been
watching her ever since her departure.

***LoD***

Harry hummed happily as he lay sprawled out over his mediocre bed with a few pamphlets given to
him by the teacher, “What an interesting woman she was.”

An indignant hoot sounded from the window as the owl flew across the room, an instance later and
in its place was a beautiful girl, appearing as though in her mid teens, with porcelain skin, snow-
white hair, and amber eyes. She was thin, with slender arms and legs, and clad only in a knee length
white dress.

“I don't like her.”

The boy rolled his eyes in amusement, “You don't like anyone” he corrected easily, as he read
through them with a certain lack of interest. It was all basic information. Dress code, class overviews,
necessary supplies, how to get to the train station, and other useless bits of information.

“I like you.”

The green-eyed boy looked up from the items into the amber eyes that stared back at him, before the
girl looked away with a slight blush.

“I suppose so, what exactly is it that you disliked about my new friend.”

The emphasis wasn't lost, and Hedwig fought back against the anger forming in the pit of her
stomach. “The way she was looking at you... like you were a meal to her... It is inappropriate for
someone of her... position.”

“I don't know, it didn't bother me much.”

“You need someone closer to your own age, someone like m...” she snapped her jaw shut before
anything else could be said, but it was already too late.

“Correct me if I am wrong, but you were the one who chose not to sleep in the bed anymore.”

“I-it isn't appropriate anymore... You are starting to go through that phase.”

“I fail to see what the problem is.”

His reply was met with a huff, “Of course you don't, you are a borderline teenage boy.”
"I also recall that you were the one who would snuggle into me at night" he teased. The girl didn't quite have a comeback for that statement, and let the room fall into silence.

"Are you going to attend?"

He quirked his head slightly to the side at her whispered question, "Of course, this is far too convenient not to. Besides think of all the things I will be able to learn."

"You don't need them... you are far greater than anyone at that school as you are now."

"Perhaps, but it would be a bit odd if I suddenly showed up at this 'Ministry' and declared that I was in charge." Hedwig nodded, she knew this day would come eventually but she had always secretly hoped that he would turn them down. That it would remain 'them against the world' as it had been for the last decade. That he would simply be content with just her. There would be other girls at Hogwarts, girls that would sense his greatness and be drawn to him.

Why wouldn't they?

The bigger question was, would she interfere... or let nature run its course?

"You know that no matter what happens, no one will ever replace you." Negative thoughts were swept from the pale girl's mind with a single statement, and she smiled warmly back at her boy. Yes, he might take pleasure in other girls, but she would always be his.

"I know."

"You will come with me, yes?"

"Of course, silly boy. You can't get rid of me that easily."

"You will need to stay in your owl form... if the others were to discover what you are..."

"What would you do? If they took me away?" she muttered, tears forming in her eyes at the thought of being separated from him as she had once before. Just as she had been the one constant good thing in his life, he had been the constant in hers.

"I would burn their nation to the ground until I found you." A glance into his eyes revealed his complete seriousness in the statement, and her heart rate was sent spiraling out of control.

***LoD***

On September first a young boy clad in a black cloak entered platform Nine and Three-Quarters. As he strode towards the large steam train his presence began to garner attention.

"Who is that?"

"How should I know, looks small though, maybe a first year?"

"No way, no first year walks like that."

"What's with his robes?"

"I've never seen clothing that dark before. It is like a new color."

"I wonder where he buys them from."
“Must be a Pureblood, only we can afford such high quality fabrics and shades.”

“I wonder if he knows he can't have the owl on the train like that.”

“Where are the rest of his things?”

“How should I know?”

“He has the most beautiful eyes...”

And so on until the boy finally reached the train itself, as he did so an older student called out to him. “Excuse me, you can't have your owl out like that.” Sure enough the snow-white owl was perched on the boy's shoulder, perfectly calm despite the other people and animals cluttering the platform. “Hey, you there! Your owl has to be in a cage, it can’t...”

The boy promptly ignored the older boy and stepped onto the train.

***LoD***

Two minutes.

It had taken all of two minutes for Harry Potter to become thoroughly annoyed with the Wizarding World.

Who would have thought that they would be just a slightly different form of stupidity than the non-magical world.

They, at least he, wielded near limitless potential and yet they insisted on all wearing the same stupid outfits, carrying the same supplies, with the same animals, all locked in cages. Even worse were the scattered conversations he had already caught. Apparently gossip was just as annoyingly important as it was at the orphanage. He was infinitely glad that he had remembered to hide his scar beneath his hair prior to arriving or he would have probably left by now.

***LoD***

“Excuse me.”

The boy currently occupying Draco's reserved carriage glanced up, and his brilliant eyes stopped the blonde's heart for a second. “Yes?”

“Y-you are...” Shaking free of the slight fascination that gripped him the Malfoy heir straightened his back and rose up to his maximum height, a trick his father had showed him before arriving that could be used as a sign of royalty and power. “You are in our carriage.” Draco finished, gesturing back to the other future Slytherins that stood behind him.

The boy just looked a bit confused, ah definitely not a Pureblood then.

“I don't recall seeing your name on the door...”

“I don't recall asking if you did. Now leave.” For a second, the faintest of seconds, Draco swore he saw something in that boy’s eyes. A fire that spoke of power untold, of cruelty immeasurable that could, and would, be inflicted with the slightest of efforts. But it was gone before the Pureblood could figure out what it was.

“Well I suppose...”
“Great, now get out you dirty Half-blood, or is it Mudblood?” Pansy sneered from behind.

The boy just stared back, and even Crabbe and Goyle shuffled back a step or two in discomfort. Before anything could escalate further a soft hoot from the window broke the silence, and for the first time Draco noticed a white owl sitting on the windowsill, gazing softly at the boy.

Letting out a sigh, and raising his hands in defeat, the boy replied back, “I can't say that I know what either of those terms mean... but if you are so insistent upon this carriage then I shall find a different one to sit in.” With that he departed.

Ten minutes later Draco would realize that the boy hadn't taken any luggage with him.

***LoD***

“I know, I know... I promised I wouldn't kill anyone the first day.” the green-eyed boy scowled as he made his way further back onto the train.

A gentle hoot from his shoulder informed him that his companion was at least apologetic about restraining his retaliation, even if the intruders had certainly earned it. Another minute of walking and Harry had located another, nearly empty, cabin. Well it did have a few occupants but...

“Looking for a place to sit?”

The emerald-eyed boy shrugged

“Well come on in, we won't bite... okay maybe Ronnikins will when he is hungry but...” The twins laughed, and the younger boy, who Harry could only assume was the target of their taunts, turned bright red in anger. As he took the offered seat a rather loud 'pop' went off, covering him, and his owl, in a cloud of colored ink and staining them both.

'Perhaps having him promise not to murder anyone was a mistake' Hedwig pondered, as she contemplated pecking out the eyes of the two older boys, who were falling over each other laughing at their 'prank'.

Harry merely blinked in confusion for a moment or two, before sighing and began wiping the color from his face, unfortunately this also allowed his scar to be revealed, and thus earned gaping from the youngest of the redheads.

“Y-y-your Harry Potter! Blimey mate why didn't you say so!??”

“You didn't ask my name.” the raven-haired boy pointed out, as he continued to clean off his face.

“Your famous! What was it like?”

“What?”

“You know, defeating the Dark Lord!”

“What Dark Lord?”

“The one who murdered your parents!”

“A Dark Lord murdered my parents?”

“Of course!” now Ron was showing signs of anger and annoyance, was the celebrity being daft on purpose?
“News to me, I never knew what happened to them.”

“B-b-but your Harry Potter!”

“I am well aware”

“You must be super rich and powerful!”

“Certainly not rich, no idea about powerful.” okay that was a half lie. Technically Harry knew he was powerful but until he had a standard to judge by he wasn't quite sure how powerful.

“Oh come on mate! I bet you are gonna rule at Hogwarts! We should be best buds, I can show you...” At this point Harry stood and left the carriage, ignoring the confused looks of the three redheads.

***LoD***

“Perhaps Hogwarts was the wrong decision.” the boy mused as he strolled towards the very back of the train. Thus far he had met a handful of his 'fellow students'... and found them all annoying beyond belief.

‘Could you do something about this... please?’ a voice in his mind practically begged, earning a chuckle from the boy and a slight gesture which removed the painted colors from both himself and Hedwig.

“I told you that 'being nice' wouldn't help anything.”

The glare that the owl gave him earned another soft chuckle, she truly was far too emotional at times... which just happened to be one of the things he enjoyed most about her.

“E-e-excuse me... y-you haven't s-seen a t-toad h-have you?”

Turning slightly the emerald-eyed boy's eyebrow raised at the meek boy standing before him. “Can't say that I have. I heard that magic can do some amazing things though, perhaps one of the older students could use a locating spell of some kind?”

The boy's eyes widened, before he gave a thankful nod and ran off.

“He needs some serious work if he is going to survive in this school...”

***LoD***

“Alrigh alrigh firs years in the boats comeon comeon hurry now.” The giant proclaimed and he urged the students into the, already cramped, boats.

Harry found himself stuck with the shy boy from before, a bushy-haired girl, and another brunette. “I can't wait to start learning! Have all of you done your pre-class reading?”

The other two in the boat nodded, although the boy's was hardly noticeable. Harry merely shrugged.

“No? But it is so very interesting! I can't wait to look through their library!”

“Excuse me, why is your owl on your shoulder?”

All three sets of eyes were now turned towards the boy, who tried desperately not to roll his own. “She doesn't like being in a cage.”
“B-b-but that is against the rules!”

“I never read any of the rules, so how would I know that?”

“But you know now!”

“I didn't buy a cage for her, she likes to be with me.”

“B-but the rules...” By this point Harry had tuned her out, glancing out over the waters at the castle looming before them.

***LoD***

The ghosts were a neat trick, if a bit much for those not used to magic. The enchanted ceiling... not so much. Sure it was pretty but compared to what they could have done with it... Harry glanced around the main hall with little interest at the older students and floating candles. They were all neat tricks but seemed rather silly to him.

“Settle down please, settle down students” A bearded man proclaimed before gesturing towards a stool positioned at the front of the room. “I would like to welcome everyone to another year at Hogwarts, for those of you starting this year I can only wish you the best in your studies. Now we shall begin the time honored tradition of sorting new students into the houses, Minerva if you please.”

After a brief song, apparently sung by the hat itself, the woman lead the first student up to the stool, and placing the enchanted hat upon their heads.

A few seconds later and it would proclaim one of the four houses, before said student would be lead off to a corresponding table. Once again Harry grew bored, and glanced around the hall at the professors.

The older man gave him a nod, and raised a cup to him, odd.

A greasy haired man glared back with an unusual amount of animosity, not as odd.

A turban clad man stared, very odd considering that he appeared to have two different magical auras around him.

“Harry Potter!” Apparently it was his turn, and the boy took the offered seat before the hat was dropped onto his head.

***LoD***
Lord of Darkness

Monster

That was what the Sorting Hat saw upon being placed upon Harry Potter's head. The boy was a monster. The Hat had sorted Tom Riddle mere decades earlier, and yet even then there had been hope for the child who would become Lord Voldemort. Even then the Sorting Hat believed he could be redeemed, could be changed with time and love.

Harry could not.

It wasn't just how powerful he was, but by Merlin was the boy powerful. It wasn't just the manipulative tendencies or the intellect that he already possessed, either would be prized by Ravenclaw and Slytherin. No, it was his utter lack of empathy towards virtually all people.

The boy would kill children without a second thought.

They had to be warned, Dumbledore had to be warned. If it hadn't been for a young girl centuries ago then it would be a simple task. Back then the Hat could speak about what it saw in the mind's of those it sorted... that is until a young girl had been sent to Hufflepuff, while the rest of her family was in Gryffindor. The question had been raised, and the answer simple 'her sexual orientation will not be accepted in Gryffindor, she will do best in Hufflepuff.'

The girl hadn't returned after the winter holidays, and it was later discovered that her father had killed her in a fit of rage.

After that the Founders were split between removing that Hat altogether from the process, and ignoring this as a one time incident. Finally they came to the agreement that secrets had to be kept. That children had to feel safe in the school. Yet they also had to be sorted to where they would be thrive.

Thus the Sorting Hat was modified so that it could not speak secrets, nor could the information be extracted.

They still had to be warned, otherwise this boy could doom them all, but how? As the Hat went through its options he remembered the current state of Hogwarts, and the answer came to it. If the boy's fate could not be directly revealed, then perhaps it could encourage others to look more closely at him. To find his faults, and perhaps even stop the rise of a Dark Lord before it began.
“It must be... SLYTHERIN!”

Please notice Albus, please see what is wrong here. A half-blood boy with happiness in his eyes and not a hint of cunning, please...

Yet despite the silent begging the room was filled with applause, and the boy smiled and gently set the hat back onto the stool. As he did so his smile turned feral. “Clever” the boy whispered out, and for the first time ever the Sorting Hat felt fear.

***LoD***

“Welcome to Slytherin children. For those of you who are new to our school this will be your common room for the next seven years. The male dorms are on the left side, the females to the right. My office is before the door to the common room and is marked as such. I expect you all to behave as per the rules listed on the wall behind me. Remember that you will be treated far more harshly than the other houses and so we must provide a strong front. For that reason I do not want to hear of any arguments in public.”

With a nod to his prefects the students were thus divided and taken to their rooms to unpack.

A few minutes later and Draco Malfoy had already claimed the 'best bed' in his specific dorm room before addressing another issue.

“Something wrong with your bed Potter?”

The green-eyed boy glanced up, noting who was addressing him, “Not at all, why do you ask?”

“I don't see you unpacking anything.”

Harry returned a smile, “Oh I didn't have time to go school shopping before classes started. Hopefully I can pick some things up in the next week or two. But with my lack of money to use I am not sure how that will...”

The room practically erupted into laughter, and the boy tilted his head in curiosity.

“Having money problems Potter? I thought with all of that fame money you would be parading about already.”

The child shrugged before a white owl came flying in through one of the charmed windows to land on his shoulder. Due to their underground location magic was applied to various windows to allow for a viewing of the outside weather, along with having owls enter and exit for mail delivery.

“What do you expect from a Half-blood Draco? He probably doesn't even know what a 'Wand' is.” Again more laughter flooded the first and second year dorm at Nott's verbal jab.

Harry merely smiled once more, as if enjoying a joke that only he understood.

***LoD***

Severus Snape strode towards his potions class room for the first day of class with the newest students, a sneer forming on his face as he began to think over of what he had seen thus far. Crabbe and Goyle were just as dimwitted as their fathers were, Draco was already acting like a typical Pureblood, and none of the others had stood out.

Well, except for one, Harry bloody Potter.
How in the world Potter had ended up in his house was beyond the Potions Master. Either fate was cruel beyond belief or someone had finally managed to figure out a way to charm the Sorting Hat... his money was on the Weasley twins.

Regardless he was stuck with the boy for now, unless he could convince Dumbledore to transfer him elsewhere.

He pushed open the door as he made his way towards the front of the classroom. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed that the raven-haired boy was turning through the last few pages of his text book, glancing at each page for a moment before continuing on.

Perhaps he hadn't read in advance as all of the others had been told to do, this put the professor in a difficult spot. Severus had a general philosophy, never take points from Slytherin. It wasn't that he hated the other houses, it was for the simple task of isolating his own house more than they already were. Slytherin is the house of cunning, of manipulations, and, surprisingly enough, of unity. By forcing the other houses to develop that rivalry it helped the talented students from the house of snakes adapt and grow far faster than they normally would have.

No reason to let them get lazy after all.

The problem was that he wanted to take points from the boy so very badly. Lily's son or not, he resembled James Potter far more than the angelic woman who was his mother.

“Potter”

“Sir”

At least the boy knew respect, regardless of his father. “It appears you did not read ahead as was suggested before school began.”

The boy just smiled back, “I seem to have missed that information sir, my apologies.”

A patented sneer formed on his face, and he ignored the whimpers of several Gryffindors. “There is no excuse, so tell me... what is the last ingredient added to our first potion, the 'boil removal'?” There was no way the boy would remember such a fact, and although it would cost Slytherin some points...

“Powdered goat bones”

The man halted, the boy was right... but he certainly didn't expect him to be.

“Correct...”

Maybe he had actually read ahead and just pretended not to? Interesting... “Then perhaps you could inform the class how many times to stir a 'Wolfesbane' potion?”

It would be almost four months before they even studied this, there would be no reason he would know...

“Nine, five clockwise and four counterclockwise.”

Now even the other students looked surprised. What followed would go down in Hogwarts legend as the Professor tried nearly a dozen different questions from various chapters in the book, and Harry answering each question easily. By the end nearly all of the Slytherins had brought out parchment, along with Hermione Granger from Gryffindor, to take notes for future reference. The rest of the lions were simply staring in shock as the boy, who they all thought for sure would end up in their
"House, breeze through the 'test'.

“One hundred points to Slytherin...” If Snape couldn't take points due to the boy's failure, then he would certainly not miss the opportunity to begin working towards the House Cup.

“Wh-what that isn't fair! You didn't even give us a chance!”

Ah yes, trust a Gryffindor, especially a Weasley, to make a scene and present an opportunity. “Is that right Mr. Weasley? Tell me then, what is the last ingredient in the 'boil removal' potion?” The boy faltered, and glanced around as if to get some sort of clue.

Ignoring the desperate hand raising, practically flailing, of the bushy-haired Gryffindor Snape stalked towards his target. “Come now Mr. Weasley, surely you can at least copy Mr. Potter's answers.” The boy's face turned almost as red as his hair. A sure fire way of getting a reaction from the 'house of the brave' was to imply that they were inadequate to another house, especially his own.

“Well? I gave Mr. Potter half this time to answer. A response if you will.”

“I... I don't know sir...”

“Ten points from Gryffindor for poor preparations. I would not expect someone of your caliper to be as informed as a Slytherin but I do expect reading up on what we will be working on for that day.” With that the man turned back to the front of the room, before a wave of his wand displayed a list of components for them to collect.

***LoD***

“Welcome class, welcome. Today you will have your first flying lesson. First you will practice calling your broom, simply extending your hand out and call 'up'.

The various students did as instructed, with varying success. Some managed to raise the object a foot, before it fell back down, others were able to call it after a few tries, and a select few failed completely. None noticed that Harry hadn't even bothered with the command.

“Now, those who have succeeded in calling the broom will mount and float a foot off the ground. Meanwhile I will be helping the rest of you...” Before she got any further in her instructions the professor watched in shock as Neville Longbottom's broom took off, with him trying desperately to hold onto it.

“Mr. Longbottom! Come back here this instance!” No one was quite sure whether he heard the command over his own screams or not, but seconds later the boy plummeted into the ground, spraining his arm in the process.

A Wand wave later and the woman was busy escorting the boy towards the medical ward. “I will be back shortly, if anyone so much as thinks about taking off I will have you in the Headmaster's office faster than you can say 'Quidditch'.”

With that she departed, leaving the other students standing awkwardly in the field. A small gleam among the grass drew Harry's attention, as he walked over and picked up a small orb.

“I'll be taking that Potter.”

Malfoy again, Harry forced back the urge to reach out and snap the annoying blonde's neck as he glanced over at him. “I believe Neville dropped this, we have class with him later today so I will be able to return it.”
“Why bother? The boy is a class 'O' screw up. I would much rather put it somewhere high up where he will have to look for it.”

“You're such a prat Malfoy.”

“Weasley” The boy hissed back, focusing his attention on the redhead.

“Yeah, me. Are all you Slytherin's so stuck up that you can't think of anyone else for a second?”

“Perhaps if you were a bit more intelligent then you would actually prove to be a decent conversationalist, but I will leave that to your Mudblood instead.”

“Mudblood?” Harry inquired with curiosity, earning a wince from the bushy-haired witch standing nearby.

“It is a term for Muggleborn witches...” she whispered out, having already been called it several times since arriving at the school.

“Not one of endearment then...”

“No.”

The raven-haired boy hummed to himself in consideration before pocketing the orb, apparently more things would need to change than he originally anticipated.

***LoD***

When McGonagal shifted back into her human form she was pleasantly surprised at the started expressions staring back at her, and one not so startled. “Mr. Potter, you didn't seem all that surprised by my entrance.”

“Oh, I apologize professor, I recently had time to look over my text books and considering this is transfiguration class, and I haven't seen any stray animals or pets at Hogwarts, save for the occasional toad and owl, I assumed that you had the ability to shapeshift.”

The woman's eyes widened a bit, before her mouth turned up in a smile. “Ten points to Slytherin for brilliant reasoning. Now then as Mr. Potter here hinted at we will be studying the art of changing objects into different forms with our magic.”

***LoD***

“Welcome to Charms class everyone, my name is Professor Flitwick. I hope that most of you have had time to at least glance over your books, if not please do so before our next meeting. Now then can anyone tell me what the most important item for my class will be?”

As usual Hermione Granger's hand shot up almost instantly, earning scowls from many of the other students.

“Ah yes, miss...”

“Granger, sir. The answer is our text books.”

“A good guess, but I am afraid incorrect, anyone else?”

'Girl looks like someone just kicked her puppy' Harry noted with amusement as several other hands now raised.
“A quill and paper?”

“That would be two objects, both incorrect as well.” the professor answered the next student.

“A Wand?”

“Another good guess, but no.”

At this point the young Potter was becoming annoyed, he wanted to have at least one class where he could learn something more than just what the introductory paragraph of the text book said. A moment later he raised his hand.

“Ah yes, Mr. Potter.”

“Our minds”

The diminutive man grinned, “Correct! Ten points to Slytherin. Everything else can be compensated for with time... but the mind cannot. It is the most important tool that any of us will ever wield and the primary subject that all of your classes will focus on for your time at Hogwarts. Now then who can tell me what a Charm is?”

***LoD***

“W-w-welcome t-to D-Defense A-Against the D-Dark Arts c-class.”

Harry just stared, who in their right mind would hire someone like this to teach a defense class? Ignoring the obviously dark aura that emanated from the man, another oddity that the boy-who-lived was surprised no one had noticed, the turban clad professor was a bumbling mess.

Maybe it was just an act, like the one that McGonagall had tried. If it was then it truly was impressive, the man should have been an actor rather than a teacher.

Yet as the class continued on, and he showed no signs of improving, Harry's theory began to fall apart.

Twenty minutes later a loud bang, caused when one of the Gryffindor's had dropped their book onto the floor, revealed the man's true colors... as he promptly bolted out of the room.

Utterly useless.

***LoD***

“I warned you this would happen...” the soft voice noted as Hedwigs fingers gently wove through her boy's hair. Currently his head way laying in her lap on his bed, it was a soothing tradition that had calmed him down many times during his years at the orphanage, and stopped him from causing too many disappearances. With the other Slytherins taking part of a study group, which Harry had not been invited to due to his blood status, this had been the first opportunity they had to start again.

“I know” the boy sighed, his eyes closed and relaxed. “I just figured that there would be someone who I could relate to here... someone who would understand me... who would be like me.”

“There is no one like you... it is both a gift and a curse.”

A slight nod confirmed he was listening, and agreed.

“You will always have me though” she whispered, thus earning a slight smile.
“And you me my dear.” Once again her heart fluttered, true the boy was only eleven but with his intellect and 'childhood' he was far more mature than that. If she had to guess, his mental age was probably closer to 'thirty' than 'ten'.

“So why do we stay? Why not just leave now? We could run away from this place, from the orphanage. You have a reason to access your vault now, there is more than enough money for us to live on for the rest of our lives. It could just be us against the world, like it always has been.”

The child's eyes opened, and peered up at her. “It always will be us against the world my dear, but...”

“You want more.”

A nod confirmed her suspicions.

***LoD***

Albus Dumbledore smiled warmly as his staff entered the office. This truly was one of his favorite events of the year, when the various teachers would get together and discuss any unusually talented students that they had observed. Usually this would only apply to the first years, but occasionally a 'late bloomer' would be found and surprise everyone years after beginning their magical education. Slowly the professors filtered in and took their various seats. Refreshments, and lemon drops, were offered until everyone was appeased, then the older man began. “Quite a class we have this year hm?”

Several nods confirmed his suspicion. With so many Pureblood heirs it would bound to be a very interesting school year.

“We will start with you this time Filius, are there any Ravenclaws who stand out to you?”

The shortest professor gave a short summary, with no one being mentioned in particular before the attention was centered on the Hufflepuff head of house, who reported much the same.

“How about your lions Minerva?”

“I do have one thus far, Miss Hermione Granger seems to be exceptionally intelligent and absolutely loves to learn.”

The man's eyes twinkled happily. He loved that quality in a student above all else.

“I see, has anyone else noticed this as well?”

The others, even Snape reluctantly, nodded in agreement. “Ah, well then we will have to keep a close eye on Miss Granger to ensure that her love of learning is properly nurtured. What about you and yours Severus?”

“Draco Malfoy has reported high grades in all of his classes, especially potions.”

“Ah to be expected of Mr. Malfoy, perhaps he will take after his father and end up being a Head Boy as well in the future.” The eldest man complimented, “What about Mr. Potter?”

The potions master bit back a retort, of course it would come back to Potter. Unfortunately he had nothing ill to say about the boy... yet. “He is... above what I would have expected.”

McGonagall's eye roll was practically audible, “Oh please Severus, if he is half as talented in potions
as he was in my own class then I doubt even you could find anything to critique the boy on.”

“He is gifted Minerva?”

An excited nod greeted him, “Takes after his father I imagine, James Potter always was quite the prodigy in transfiguration, and you Filius? Does he take after his mother in charms as well?”

The shorter man hesitated, before shaking his head. “No... if I had to guess has quite thoroughly surpassed her level of growth in that field.”

Now quite a few staff members were staring. Lily Evans had been a natural in that class from the day she stepped into it. For her son to surpass her...

“Hagrid, what did you see in the boy during your first meeting with him?”

The half-giant gulped, before breaking out in a slight sweat, “Well tha thing is Headmasta...”

“I asked Hagrid to pick up some supplies for me, they were quite cumbersome and I knew he would be able to accomplish this far better than I. In return I agreed to greet the boy so that Hagrid would not be pressed for time.”

The Headmaster’s eyes twinkled merrily, while the larger man gave a slight nod in thanks.

“Ah very good, I am glad to see my staff works so well together. Well then Aurora, what was your first impression of young Harry?”

“He was...” The professor hated lying to the older man but... well she couldn't exactly confess that she had been turned on by an eleven year old child and still keep her job. Plus it would be years before she would ever have a class with him... right? “Mature, and very intelligent. I am actually very surprised he did not end up in Ravenclaw with how interested he was in learning.”

“Yes very odd... Severus, have you noticed any manipulations or shows of cunning by the boy?”

Nearby the Sorting Hat perked up, this was it. The choice made was being noticed. Now all they had to do was look further into it. All Slytherin had the capability of subtleties, now if someone could just see it...

“I'm afraid not Headmaster.”

“Perhaps he is just ambitious, how much have you actually spoken to him?” McGonagall inquired, earning a scowl from the potions master.

“I do not have time to learn the hopes and dreams of every student, keep a house in line, and prepare for the classes themselves.”

Dumbledore intervened before the conversation escalated any further, and judging by the returned glare from his Deputy Headmistress it was about to be. “Of course Severus, of course we were not expecting you to show young Harry any more attention than any other student. I was simply curious is all.”

Inwardly, the Hat let out a sigh, maybe it would take longer than it hoped. As long as the outcome was the same though it wouldn't matter... as long as the boy was stopped before he could grow anymore powerful.

***LoD***
“Neville”

The blonde boy jerked up, before his eyes widened at Harry’s presence. Red eyed with dark circles, obviously he was not sleeping much, perhaps he had been too upset for that?

“H-hello M-M-Mr. Potter”

“Now now Neville none of that, I would like to think we can be closer than a last name basis.”

“O-of c-course”

The raven-haired boy nodded, before reaching into his cloak and pulling out a small orb. “Before I forget, I believe you dropped this during our flying class. I was hoping to return it sooner but it is harder than I thought to speak with a Gryffindor alone.”

The boy's face had lit up, as he quickly took the offered object, “Thank you so m-much! It was my f-fathers...”

“Ah, an important heirloom then?”

“No... just something he wanted me to have...” the whisper was barely audible, yet Harry was well aware of the meaning.

“I see... so tell me Neville, how have your classes been thus far?”

If possible the Gryffindor shrunk further into his cloak, “I... am not doing well...”

“I understand Professor Snape can be a bit rough but surely your other classes aren't that bad.”

The shaking of his head brought a frown upon the emerald-eyed boy's face, yet internally his grin grew ever wider.

“I... can't do anything right... they... it doesn't matter...”

“Of course it does if it is upsetting you. Tell me all about it Neville, no judgments, no ridicule, just two friends talking.”

“I... I am so sick of them! It has barely been a month and all I hear about is how much of a failure I am! 'Neville can't do anything right'. 'Neville is just a stupid Squib'. 'Neville is a failure'. 'Maybe Neville can just fall into a coma like his parents'. Can you believe that!? Those stupid... stupid... gits!”

“Slytherins?”

The boy nodded, but quickly turned bright red as he realized who he was talking to, “It-it isn't just them though. The Gryffindors pick on me a lot too.”

“Hmmmm”

“I wish... I wish I was just good at something. I mean like you... I heard you are good at everything.”

Harry gave a slight shrug, as if such things weren't important to him... and if he was honest they really weren't. The classes were painfully easy... and painfully useless. “I am sure that you will find your path with time.”

“I don't know...” the Longbottom heir's voice had quieted once more, “I'm just so bad at Magic...
maybe I am a failure.”

“Only for now.”

At first Neville looked on the verge of tears, to have his suspicions confirmed, before he realized something and perked back up, “For now?”

“Yes Neville ‘for now’. I see greatness in you Neville Longbottom, a greatness that outshines every other student I have encountered thus far. You will do amazing things... once you accept this aspect of yourself. You simply lack the confidence and proper tools. Build upon yourself this year Neville, grow in confidence and knowledge and during the summer I will correct a... inadequacy that I see in you. Then come next year you shall show everyone what you are capable of.”

The blonde stared in awe at the boy, or man, before him as he slowly nodded.

Harry returned the nod, before standing to leave, “Oh and should things become too bad for you in Gryffindor let me know in a few months and you shall have a place in Slytherin as well.” With that he departed, leaving a confused, but oddly reflective, Neville Longbottom behind.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger sat on her bed, curtains drawn as she went over her homework once more, yet as she tried to do so her mind betrayed the focus she so desperately sought and journeyed to another.

Harry Potter

The bushy-haired girl knew who he was, of course, and the story behind him. She had believed that it was just silly myth and legend. Sure he might have survived, through some bizarre magic, the attempt on his life but all of the other tales? Ridiculous at best, outright lies at worst.

Then she had begun taking notice of him, the only other student who seemed to know as much, if not more, than she did. He always had the right answer when he bothered to raise his hand, which wasn't all that frequent. The few tests they had taken seemed to give him no hardships at all and the 'potion incident' had already started its own legend. Even she hadn't known the answers to some of those questions.

But worst of all was his abilities. Sure she could memorize tests, and was decent at learning the few spells and potions they had attempted, but him? Harry had succeeded at every trial... and made it look effortless.

The boy was a natural, a prodigy that even the professors had begun to notice with an interest far outweighing that which had been given towards her own accomplishments.

It wasn't fair, she never saw him studying, or in the library, or taking any of the classes seriously. He shouldn't be allowed to succeed so easily where everyone else had to put in effort.

***LoD***

“Hey Higgs, what do you see over there?”

The current Slytherin seeker followed the gesture, and glared ominously. “That Half-Blood filth, Potter...”

“Yeah, I hate that he is in our house. I mean he isn't even a true Slytherin, just some brat who is good at studying.”
The older boy nodded, his friend Adrian Purcey was right... and someone needed to put the house back in order. Who better than himself? Sauntering over the Slytherin glared down at the raven-haired boy, who was reading through an advanced book on potions. “What you got there Potter?”

Without even a glance up the boy replied, “Just reading up on some potions information in advance. Never know when Professor Snape might spring a pop quiz.”

The book was slapped out of his hand a moment later by the older boy, who promptly grabbed the younger by his collar and brought him up to eye level. “I don’t like you Potter, no one likes you. I am sick of seeing your face in the common room for the Noble house of Slytherin. You are a freak, a useless Half-Blood freak who doesn’t deserve to even be at Hogwarts much less here. You are going to regret being here Potter, I am going to make sure of it.”

Throughout his speech Harry merely stared back. He did not struggle, nor glare, there was no threats of his own or provocations. He just stared back, almost as if it wasn’t worth his time to reply. After his ‘speech’ the large boy dropped the Potter heir to the ground, before striding off and relishing in the whispers about how someone had finally ‘put Potter in his place’.

None noticed the deathly glare that had appeared on said boy's face.

***LoD***
Revenge & Obsession

Lord of Darkness

Revenge & Obsession

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

***LoD***

Terence Higgs concealed a dark smirk as he watched the young bookworm run crying down the hallway. It was a sign from Merlin himself to teach the young Mudblood a lesson, and get some enjoyment for himself at the same time.

'It is almost too easy' the boy pondered, as he slipped from the crowd and stealthily followed after her moments later. 'The Mudbloods always isolate themselves in the first few years, and who is going to believe them when they try and claim rape?'

It had become somewhat of a tradition for the Slytherin boy, just as it had been for his father. Choose one of the 'worthless' first or second years, wait for them to be alone, and then show them their place in the world.

On their knees, or their backs.

The best part? Most of the time they wouldn't even say anything. All it took was a bit of intimidation and bullying and they would silently endure the rest of their years looking over their shoulders. Even better when they would withdraw from the school instead.

Thus the older boy made his choice and followed the young girl at unawares, but neither realized that their departure hadn't gone unnoticed, that a single pair of emerald-eyes followed them as they retreated down the passageway.

***LoD***

“A troll! A troll in the dungeon!”

One feinted professor later and Dumbledore had immediately called for all students to return to their assigned common rooms while the teachers went with him after the creature. No one thought to mention, for some odd reason, that the Slytherin dorms were in the dungeons themselves.

Nor did anyone notice the dark smile that had momentarily crossed a young boy's face.

***LoD***

“Oh little Mudblood” a teenage boy sang out, in a dark and awful tone, “where are youuuuu?” His strides became almost whimsical as he journeyed down towards where his spell pointed him, true it was more fun to try and hunt for her but... well they didn't have that much time unfortunately.

As he neared the corridor which lead to the bathroom his heart rate began to increase, his palms sweating as his pupils dilated. The chase was almost as fun as the screams that would eventually reward him. 'Soon there will be a look of confusion on her face, then worry, finally fear and horror.'
Those were his favorite moments, when you could see the thought processes go through the girl's face.

It was like the finest of wines.

Suddenly a sound behind the older boy alerted him to something else in the corridor, and spinning around he was faced with an odd reversal of situations.

First confusion, then worry, finally fear and horror. A troll stalked forward, as the boy slowly moved backwards, his mind trying to come up with a solution. Troll vision was supposed to be based on movement right? So if he just took slow steps then maybe...

The beast's eyes changed, glowing a bright green as a terrible smirk appeared on it's face.

The boy screamed out, before he was silenced with a sickening crash.

***LoD***

Minerva McGonagall could have gone a thousand years without seeing the sight before her. The teachers had stumbled upon the troll only moments beforehand, and a flurry of spellwork dropped the creature before it could even react. Then she spotted the bloody mess on the ground. It was the remains of something lying in a pool of blood.

Something with the remains of a tattered cloak mixed in with organs, bones, and muscles.

The transfiguration mistress turned, and emptied her stomach onto the floor. Glancing over she noticed that many of the others looked ill as well, and Dumbledore looked every bit as old as he was.

“It... it's a student...” Filius whispered out in horror.”

“Severus?”

The potion expert covered his nose and mouth using one arm of his cloak, before slowly advancing forward, looking for any signs that might identify the child.

There seemed to be none, any house colors would have been mangled with the remains of the body, and covered in the fluids. The awful stench was a thing he never hoped to encounter again, as he retreated back to the other adults.

“Hard to say Headmaster... I suggest we... that we take a role call to see...” He couldn't say it, despite his own experiences and life up to this point even he didn't want to acknowledge what had happened so early on.

“To see who is missing...” Dumbledore finished, wiping a few tears from his old eyes. “Return to your common rooms, be discreet about it but find out... we need to inform the parents...”

“How could such a thing happen Albus?”

“I do not know Minerva... I simply do not know.”

An hour later and only two students were missing, a first year Gryffindor and a fifth year Slytherin. When Hermione was found she was given detentions for a week and docked one hundred points, seconds later she had been pulled into a fierce hug by her head of house, who was silently crying tears of relief onto the girl.

Snape didn't have such luck, and had to inform the Headmaster
“I can't believe Higgs is dead...”

“I know right? Right good guy, strong Pureblood values.”

Harry chuckled at the nearby whispers, earning a dark glare from the Malfoy heir. “Something funny Potter?”

“A bit” the boy shrugged, as he took another bite of his food, “I find it interesting that no one even bothered to find out why he was down there to begin with. Only two students were absent during this time, but not one teacher finds that odd.”

“You think he was a Mudblood lover!? Terence Higgs was a great Quidditch player and an exemplary Slytherin. She would have been honored to even gain his attention!”

“Whatever you say Malfoy.”

“You know Potter it is people like you that give the rest of us wizards a bad name. You had the potential to be great but then your father knocked up some stupid Mudblood whore and then we end up with someone like you. Worthless trash all around. Hell, I heard that they got themselves killed just so they didn't have to deal with the shame of raising you. Is it true Potter? Are you some unwanted bastard?”

Harry merely stared back at the blonde boy, and if Draco was being honest it was a tad creepy. There was no anger in his eyes, no fury or promise of retribution. He merely stared back, with an emotionless gaze.

“What's wrong Potter? Can't think of a good retort? Figures that a useless Half-Blood like yourself wouldn't be able to, isn't that right Crabbe?” With a laugh the Malfoy heir turned to the boy seated on his left, only to freeze. Vincent Crabbe, along with the rest of the table on that side, was also staring at him. No conforming laughter, no snickers, no sneers... just stares.

“What's wrong with you? Fine just because none of you could understand my joke doesn't mean...”

But glancing to his other side was just as futile. More emotionless stares. Looking around the room Draco Malfoy noticed something even more disturbing, it was silent, and all of those in attendance were staring... at him. Even the teachers, including his godfather, held him in their gaze. Their faces blank and empty, expressions never wavering even as the Slytherin first year stood and stormed towards the doorway.

“Fine! See if I care what any of you think! My father will hear of this, and when he does I will end up owning this wretched school!” Pushing the doors to the great hall open Draco stepped forward... and back into the room he had just emerged from. He blinked in confusion, what was going on? Was someone playing some sort of prank on him? Who dared to prank a Malfoy?

His eyes briefly snapped over to the Gryffindor table, but none of them even cracked a smile.

With a growl of annoyance the boy marched over to a different door, stepped through it and back into the main hall once more.

“DO YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY!?” the boy screamed, not realizing that the various students had begun rising at this point.

He did notice when they began to advance towards him, slowly walking with their empty eyes.
Draco pulled his wand out, walking backwards to put distance between the group as he did so, not that he had anything in mind but simply the act of doing so gave him hope to stop the oncoming mass.

“S-stay back!”

When he backed into the far wall he winced in shock, closing his eyes for just a moment. Upon opening them again the Malfoy heir wished that he hadn't. No eyes stared back at him... because they were all missing. Instead those advancing bodies had black, empty holes in their skulls, from which black fluid seemed to pour.

They reached out for him, grabbed onto him, pulled him down, and then...

A scream from the Slytherin table earned Severus Snape's attention, as his godson fell back off of the bench he had been sitting on, his eyes wide with terror as he shouted incoherently.

“S-s-s-stay back! STAY AWAY!”

“Mr. Malfoy what is the meaning of...”

But the boy quickly clambered to his feet and then bolted out of the room, earning confused gazes, and a few snickers from the Gryffindor table.

Turning around the potion master silently observed the student sitting across from where Draco had been moments prior, the student he had been insulting up until mere seconds ago.

Harry Potter merely shrugged, before returning to his meal.

***LoD***

“I am telling you Albus the boy is responsible!”

The aged Headmaster let out a tired sigh, thus far he had been through two different 'official inquiries' concerning the death of a student. Luckily, he had managed to hide the presence of the Philosopher's Stone from the committees. It was always regrettable that when someone so young lost their life, but Voldemort's spirit had to be stopped, a resurrected Tom Riddle would claim far more in his return than the traps that had been setup inside the castle ever would.

Still there was doubt about what he was doing, perhaps he should have...

“Headmaster?”

Ah yes, he had forgotten that the Potion Master was currently stuck on a different obsession.

“Why do you think that Mr. Potter is the one who caused Mr. Malfoy's screaming fit Severus?”

“B-b-because he is a Potter!”

Another sigh escaped the man's lips, “Severus you really must let go of this hatred towards the boy's father. From what I have seen young Harry is nothing like James Potter save for his appearance, and several of his scholarly talents.”

“I am telling you Dumbledore the boy did something. Draco was ridiculing him moments prior and then...”

“Yet you did nothing to stop Mr. Malfoy, was he given a detention, or docked house points for his
actions?"

The pale man grumbled out an excuse while averting his eyes to the ground.

"Was there any noticeable damage, save for that to Mr. Malfoy's pride?" This time the Slytherin merely shook his head.

"I have not forced you to engage Mr. Potter, despite the fact that he is under your care, but I do expect that you at least remain neutral towards him Severus. You are a teacher first and foremost, and you are therefore required to put aside any petty childhood hatreds."

"Of course Headmaster... but I hope you will allow me to continue my investigations."

With a defeated nod Dumbledore gave his approval, allowing the man to depart. Hopefully the rumors about Harry lacking any real friendships would soon be proven false, the orphan needed as much kindness as he could acquire.

***LoD***

Draco Malfoy paced back and forth in the first year dorm. Thankfully he was alone, having asked his godfather for a day off to bring himself together after the 'incident'. Snape had been hesitant, but knew that the Slytherin could not be seen as weak more than one time or risk losing respect.

The real reason was that he needed time. Time to figure out exactly how Potter had done it. It wasn't any spell that he knew of, and his father had gone over quite a few mind oriented spells with him over the last summer just in case.

Reading someones mind was possible, even minor manipulators could be done but this... his senses had been taken over, his consciousness driven as if he had been in a nightmare. But such things were high level magic, if they could be done at all. Not something that a student of less than two months could accomplish.

He had to get answers, needed answers, but most of all he needed to feel that again. It had lasted no more than a split second, but in that moment he had felt power. A darkness that had swirled around him like a dense lake of magic. Dark, twisting, terrible, tempting, seductive, all of these and more paled in comparison to that wonderful power.

But how had Potter done it? How could he wield such awe inspiring magic? He was talented, Draco reluctantly admitted, hell everyone in Slytherin had taken notice that the boy effortlessly achieved the highest grades in any class he bothered with.

He was intelligent, he was powerful, he was charismatic, he was fierce... Draco had to know more.

***LoD***

Neville Longbottom felt as though he was standing at the edge of a precipice. He had been given a chance, given hope for the first time since arriving at Hogwarts that he could amount to something, that he could be worthy.

The problem was that the one who had offered such a thing was a Slytherin... taking him up on an offer would mean that he owed the opposing house. If such knowledge came to light...

The first year paused, what would really happen? Ridicule from the other Gryffindors? That was already a daily occurrence. Bullying? Hell it was suspicious when it didn't happen at this point. It also wasn't as though the other boy was evil. He was Harry Bloody Potter after all, the one who had
destroyed the Dark Lord, savior of the Wizarding world, champion of the light... If he couldn't be trusted then who could?

He might even make a friend, the thought of such a thing brought a rare smile to the Gryffindor’s face. The idea of having someone to talk to, someone he could confide in, someone who would help me and whom in turn he could help sent warmth through his body.

***LoD***

“How did you do it?”

Harry glanced up from the book he had been flipping through to see the blonde Slytherin standing before him.

“Do what Malfoy?”

“You know what. How did you do it? Tell me!”

The emerald-eyes narrowed in annoyance, “I don't know what you are talking about, so go find someone else to bother.”

“No”

“Excuse me?”

“I said no, you will tell me or... or...”

“Or what?” Harry inquired, almost curious what the other's response would be.

The Wand was in the blonde's hand before he could think about it, perhaps as more of a reaction than anything else. The book was set down by the opposing boy, and Harry slowly stood, forcing the Malfoy heir back a few steps. But there was no fear in the raven-haired boy's eyes, nor anger, or even annoyance. It was more of apathy, as if Draco wasn't even worth harming.

“I-I-I'll...”

“Yes?”

Draco made a decision, one that he would probably end up regretting in the long run but... he had to experience it again. “I'll tell everyone about how much of a whore your mother wa...”

A hand had wrapped around his throat as the blonde was thrown against a wall faster than he could even react, green eyes blazing up at his as the skinny raven-haired boy held up off the ground with one hand alone.

“I grow tired of this banter Malfoy, and I grow tired of your comments about my family so consider this your last warning.” Black Magic flowed around the two first years, darkening the light and suffocating the Pureblood as the air grew heavy with power and rage. For a moment he could see his death in those blazing eyes.

“Do you see now Malfoy? Do you see how utterly insignificant you are? I could choke the life out of you right here, or snap your neck, or end you in one of a hundred different ways and do you know what would happen to me? Nothing, I could dispose of your remains so that 'daddy' would never know what happened to you, the only reminder to your family would be a few photos and memories.”
Releasing his grip Harry allowed the boy to fall onto the flow, coughing as his lungs struggled to make up for the air they had been denied.

Turning Harry gave one last glare before walking towards the exit.

“W-wait!”

The Potter heir paused, his fist tightening for a moment as he mentally stopped himself from simply ending the annoying boy's life. “Did you not learn your lesson?”

“I-I did... please, allow me to follow you.”

That... had not been what he was expecting.

“Pardon?”

“Allow me to serve you... my Lord.”

Turning around fully the boy-who-lived beheld what few ever had, a Malfoy on one knee, his head bowed in submission. Harry advanced towards the kneeling boy, his eyes flashing in curiosity.

“Do you know what it means to serve Malfoy? To show submission to someone whom you have always deemed inferior?”

“I was wrong my Lord.”

“Of course you were, but are you willing to give everything up? Would you forsake your riches, your family, and your name to serve me? Would you live in poverty, do whatever is commanded and necessary without a hint of reward?”

The answer was given without hesitation, “Yes, my Lord.”

“Then rise, Draco.”

***LoD***

The following day found a rarity in the Slytherin common rooms, that situation being a shocked silence. Everyone had been made aware of Draco Malfoy's utter hatred towards all things Harry Potter, save for the house points he continuously gave them, and thus watching as the two boys walked in together was a bit shocking to say the least.

“D-Draco... what are you doing!?”

The blonde boy glanced over at Pansy Parkinson, “What do you mean?”

“What do I mean... WHAT DO I MEAN!?”

“Are you sure that you belong in Slytherin Miss Parkinson? You seem to be acting more like an excitable Gryffindor than a sly, manipulative snake.”

“UP YOURS POTTER!”

“Miss Parkinson, is there a problem here?”

The girl froze, slowly turning to face her head of house. “P-professor I...”
“Mr. Malfoy is free to associate with whom ever he wants.”

“Y-yes of course.”

Snape glanced over at his godson, before departing for the main hall.

***LoD***

“Seriously though Draco what is the deal?”

The blonde glanced up at the Slytherin who had approached, “It is rather simple Blaise, I reevaluated my priorities and have decided on a different course of action.”

“But siding with Potter? Following a Half-Blood?”

“You don't know what he is capable of Blaise... he is far more than you realize.”

The dark-skinned boy paused, before glancing around to ensure they were away from prying ears and took a seat by the blonde boy. “Okay, so explain it to me.”

“Are you sure you want to know? I am following him now Blaise, if you plan on using this somehow... consider this my declaration of my allegiances.”

“I am sure. Just because I am in Slytherin does not make me a manipulative backstabbing bastard Draco you know that.”

With a nod the Malfoy leaned in closer to his friend. “He is powerful Blaise... his Magic is... I cannot describe it. It is dark and thick. When he exposed me to it I felt as if I was drowning in it with no hope for rescue.”

The Zabini whispered a few choice swear words. “You're sure about this aren't you?”

“I wouldn't have declared him to be my Lord if I wasn't...”

“Draco... do you realize what...”

“Of course I do. He asked me if I would give up everything and I said yes, and I will. But there is more to it Blaise, there is something else going on. Have you ever noticed how effortlessly he does... well everything? It is like he isn't even trying to get perfect grades, and the way he observes us, some days I feel like he is a predator watching for his next meal, and others like he is a king looking for those with potential.”

“I don't know Draco the way you are talking... are you sure he didn't slip you anything?”

“Tell you what, how about I set up a meeting. If you aren't convinced then no harm no foul, but at least you will have your answer.”

***LoD***

“My Lord, I have a small... request.”

“Oh? Barely my follower for a week and you are already making requests? I am starting to think this relationship of ours is favoring you far more than me.”

“A-apologies my Lord, I...”
“Relax Draco, what is it that you want?”

“Blaise Zabini... he has doubts about you. If I may be so bold as to make a suggestion I believe he too would follow you if he could see what I have.”

“You wish him to join you?”

“Indeed, he would be a loyal follower my Lord. Whatever your plans for the future may be, I can only assume that the more soldiers you have to call upon the easier it will be.”

“Hmm, a decent point I suppose... just keep something in mind Draco, just as no two eyes are the same so are no two perspectives. What you see in me may not be the same as what Blaise will see.”

***LoD***

“I can't believe this Tracey...”

“What? I am telling you it is just a fad or something. It will all blow over soon enough.”

“That is what we thought last month and now...” Daphne Greengrass glanced over to where the large majority of the first-year Slytherins were seated, in a large circle with Harry Potter as the obvious center of attention.

It had started with Draco Malfoy, followed a few days later by Blaise Zabini. Two days after the dark-skinned boy's change Crabbe and Goyle had been seen following the trio, and then Pansy Parkinson. Of course none of these were huge shocks after the blonde. Crabbe and Goyle were followers, not leaders, and Parkinson was practically in love with the Malfoy Heir, although her 'secret' glances seemed to stray in the raven-haired boy's direction more and more with each passing day.

“I am telling you they know something that we don't, and in Slytherin...”

“Knowledge is power, yes Daphne I know. I do pay attention when you talk after all.”

“We need to figure out what is going on, then we can decide how to best approach this.”

Tracey nodded, before going wide-eyed. “Looks like we had better do so soon, otherwise we will be the only ones left.”

Glancing up Daphone noted that Millicent Bulstrode had quietly made her way over to have a whispered conversation with Pansy.

***LoD***

“Care to repeat that?”

“You heard me Potter, I want to know how you got the others to start following you around like lost puppy dogs.”

The emerald-eyed boy tilted his head slightly at the larger girl standing before him, in the otherwise abandoned hallway, “And if I refuse?”

“Wh-what?”

The boy chuckled, “Ironic how the tables turn, I said 'and if I refuse' as in I am curious to know what exactly you are going to do if I deny your... command.”
“Not sure if you realize this Potter, but I am a great deal larger than you are.”

“Indeed, and I am not sure if you have realized this but size doesn’t matter much in the Magical World.”

“I know more curses than you precious light has taught you.”

“Considering that I haven’t been taught any spells, save for those that we learned during school, it is not that surprising.”

The larger girl gritted her teeth, before taking a step into the other student’s personal space. “Listen here you Half-Blood...”

She found herself pushed out of the nearby window, the only thing stopping her from falling being a hand wrapped around her collar. “If you insist on calling me that again I will be conducting an experiment to see just how much of you remains solid after falling several hundred feet.”

“W-wait! Please!”

“And why is that? I am growing tired of these childish games that children your age insist on playing. I give you opportunity after opportunity to simply leave me be, and yet you continue to push. I assure you miss Bulstrode, I might not be the first one to strike, but I will be the last.”

With a jerk of his arm he tossed the girl across the hallway and into the opposing wall, before making his way to the next class.

***LoD***

“Millie, what the hell were you thinking!? I told you not to pester him!”

“I... I didn't think...”

“Of course you didn’t... I told you that we follow him by choice. Do you really think we would just because he is cute?”

“N-no of course... wait, cute?”

“I...I... you know what I mean!”

“Oh I do...”

“Millie...” the dark-skinned girl growled, hand unconsciously reaching for her wand.

“I'll make you a deal Pansy, you convince him to give me another chance... and I will forget about your comment.”

The Parkinson heiress gritted her teeth, before letting out a sigh and nodding, “Fine but if he turns you into paste it isn't my fault.”

***LoD***

“My Lord, are you sure that...”

“Draco, if you ask me one more time about the fact that I am the only Slytherin staying at Hogwarts for the holidays I will think of a creative way to express myself.”
“Y-yes my Lord, of course. I will speak to my parents about future arrangements. Surely they will allow you to stay with us for the week next year.”

“Oh yes, the child responsible for the murder of your father’s previous master staying in the guest bedroom...”

The blonde Slytherin winced, before giving a nod and heading with the other students toward the carriages that would lead to the Hogwarts Express, and their waiting families. Harry, on the other hand, merely chuckled before heading back into the castle. An entire week without having people follow him around every moment of every day? It was a welcomed change.

“Mr. Potter”

“Professor Snape”

“I am surprised to find you at school for the holidays.”

"I was told not to return until the summer, it appears as though my place of residency wanted to save as much money as possible on food and heating.”

Severus Snape blinked at the deduction that the eleven-year-old had just made, before giving a curt nod. “Undoubtedly you have found that everyone else has left for the week.”

“Of course, I am terribly sorry if this is an inconvenience to you though, having to stay at school due to one student remaining.”

“I am here through the winter regardless Mr. Potter. If you need anything my quarters remain in the same location.”

“Of course sir, have a pleasant evening.”

With a nod the Potions master departed, trying to shake the feeling that his movements were being followed by some sort of monster, rather than it being a preteen.

***LoD***

One day

It had taken all of one day for Harry Potter to complete his work for the rest of the year, read all of the books available in the Slytherin common room, and make a complete mental map of every corridor in Hogwarts.

Six days remaining.

He had originally been rather excited about having some 'alone time'. After revealing himself to the Slytherins he found that his time was constantly occupied by at least one of them, as in constantly. It was beginning to become difficult for him to even use the bloody toilet without someone anxiously awaiting him on the other side of the door.

Then there had been the 'babysitting'. At first it was amusing, almost funny how the other first-years looked to him for approval. They would glance at him silently before making any comments towards the other houses, before cheating on a test or even doing homework. Then it became a bit ridiculous. The girls would ask him every day about their appearances and whether it 'pleased him'. The boys were constantly inquiring about his opinion on everything, from Quidditch, which he couldn’t care less about, to politics.
All in all he found himself even more stressed with followers than he did without, but now that he was beginning to become used to the attention, having it suddenly removed made the time he could not spend with Hedwig almost eerily silent and dull.

Of course he had missed one opportunity for excitement, one of the corridors, the one that Albus Dumbledore had explicitly told them to stay away from was still 'unmapped'. He also had another day before Christmas, which meant he had time to kill so to speak...

With a shrug, and a glance around to ensure that no one was watching him, the boy made his way to the 'forbidden corridor'.

“One locked door in the entire hallway... oh yes this is going to be so very difficult...” After sweeping aside the Wards on the barrier Harry found himself face to three faces as a massive dog stood before him, growling.

“Oh my, aren't you a big one.” With a glare of his own, and the slightest release of his natural magic, the dog went prone before retreating with a whimper.

“Now, let us see what is so very important to hide under a massive guard dog...”

***LoD***

Harry Potter stared into a mirror, and saw himself staring back, but it wasn't quite himself. This mirror image had a knowing smirk on his face.

“I am surprised it took us so long to get down here.” it intoned.

“What can I say? I wanted a bit of excitement for my first Christmas Eve at school.”

“This certainly is pushing our luck. Dumbledore might notice we are gone.”

“I can only hope so, if the next six and a half years are this boring I might just leave and start a cult or something... at least that would be mildly interesting.”

“Oh yes, because we aren't already doing that.”

The real Harry rolled his eyes, before reaching out expectantly. “So?”

“Yeah yeah here you go.”

The mirror reached into his pocket and pulled out a red rock, which was now in the real world as well. “Not like anyone else is using it right?”

“Exactly, so why not add a bit of mystery to my life.”

“You know whoever those defenses were meant for is going to come after it eventually.”

The real Potter's face turned into a blood thirsty grin, “Oh I can only hope so.”

***LoD***

“Headmaster, we have a problem!”

“Ah Severus my boy, please come in. Would you care for a lemon drop?”

“Of course not. I wanted to make a few alterations on the wards surrounding the stone but... they
were already breached.”

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled slightly, as he rose from his desk. “Recently? If so we should proceed immediately to captu...”

“I have already investigated, I figured there would not be enough time. The other traps have been passed as well. Albus, the Philosopher's Stone is gone.”

The older man paled, “Quirrell?”

“Still in his office, muttering to himself as always. Were we wrong Albus? Could it have been someone else?”

“There have been no signs of entry up until today, Minerva checked just before the students left. Even if a seventh year could have attempted it they would not have made such progress in so little time. It had to be a wizard of considerable experience.”

“Perhaps it isn't Quirrell then? Maybe the Dark Lord has taken on a different form?”

“He is the only one unaccounted for before the Troll incident, and the only one I could not place on every evening that a Unicorn was attacked. It has to be him.”

“Should we strike now then? If he is bluffing...”

“Why would he do so? Nothing is stopping him from leaving if he truly has the stone. Let us wait and see what he does with the staff at a minimum. With the celebration this evening and tomorrow this is the best chance for him to make his escape. In the meantime I will monitor every other staff member and those few students who stayed behind.”

***LoD***

Upon returning to his dorm room Christmas Eve night Harry felt himself feeling a bit claustrophobic. With the theft of the jewel someone was going to come looking, which meant that someone would be going through his possessions. While he could care less about them damaging his books, schoolwork, or any such nonsense he was rather protective of his companion, who had just awoken from her midday nap.

“It appears Hedwig, that we need to find a different place to sleep. This one is simply not private enough for my needs.”

'There aren't very many places that you can sleep without drawing notice Harry.' a soft voice echoed in his mind.

“True, but I have located one, and once there you will be able to take your other form as often as you wish without fear.”

Even without the mental connection the emerald-eyed boy could feel his companion's excitement.

***LoD***

The young Potter had to admit, that it was rather odd finding a dozen or so presents in the common room all addressed to him. In his short life he had never actually received any wrapped gifts before, and the only thing he had ever been given for Christmas was having Hedwig give him a back rub before cuddling up next to him for the evening.
This still remained his favorite gift thus far, even with the looming boxes. A slight gesture later and the pile had been moved into his new room, while Hedwig was busy soaking in the massive bathtub that he found was connected to it.

“Everything okay?”

“Quite, it appears as though my housemates have seen fit to try and bribe me with gifts.”

Harry would never tire of the musical laughter that the girl could produce. “Let me know if there is anything I should be jealous over. I noticed the way those girls look at you.”

“As I said before Hedwig, you do not like anyone.”

“And as I said before I disagree, I like you, and I like you even more that you have found a room with a private, and very large, bath.”

“I thought you would, Merry Christmas.”

Moments later the boy unwrapped the first box and found a rather expensive looking trunk from Draco. Next a pair of leather boots from Blaise followed by a wide assortment of candy and sweets from Greg and Vincent.

The rest of the gifts from his classmates had been various articles of fine clothing up until he reached a small envelope from Pansy Parkinson. In it was a magical photo, one of her doing a rather poor job of what would be considered a 'strip tease' with a note telling him to enjoy.

The boy shook his head, before sending the mental image to his companion, a broad smile appearing on his face as he heard the rather loud string of profanities aimed at the younger girl. A man named 'Hagrid' had sent him a rather lovely photo album of his parents, while his Head of House had left a library pass to the more advanced potions books, a subtle hint to earning Slytherin more House Points no doubt. Interestingly enough Professor Sinistra had also sent him a gift, a rather nice silk shirt with a card emphasizing that if he ever wanted to 'talk' she was available. This earned another round of curses from the pale skinned girl when she heard.

The final package was a small box, one without a marked sender and containing a silvery cloak and a mysterious card claiming that it had been his father's and to use it well.

***LoD***

“I still don't find it very funny...”

“Oh? I thought you would be amused by miss Parkinson's attempt at 'sexily' taking off wizard robes without revealing anything too scandalous. Or perhaps my professor's less than subtle way of hinting at desire.”

“Bitch is lucky she was wearing knickers in that photo or I would be pecking out her eyes... AND THE OTHER IS STILL TOO OLD FOR YOU!”

The boy shook his head slightly, Hedwig's jealousy seemed to be getting progressively worse as time went on in the Magical World.

“Yes, yes I know. No sex until I am married, and no murder unless in self-defense or extreme boredom. You really are taking the fun out of being child celebrity you know.”

The girl gave a 'hmph' before mentally muttering something about not necessarily waiting until
marriage.

“Well as soon as you offer...”

This comment, however, did earn him a smack to the arm from the blushing girl.

***LoD***

“Harry?”

“Go back to sleep.”

“Where are you going?” Hedwig asked in her half-awake voice as the boy made his way from their Super King sized bed towards the hallway connecting their chamber to the Slytherin Common room.

“Just on a short walk to get some air, I have been stuck in the school for too long. I will be back shortly.”

“O-okay”

With that she went back to cocooning herself into the luxurious blankets, earning a soft chuckle. It wasn't his fault that he was feeling a bit pent up. Dumbledore really needed to tell the gigantic man who sat next to him to keep his voice down while talking about unicorns being attacked at midnight, otherwise students would become interested and investigate.

Luckily Harry was just bored enough to solve yet another problem for them.

***LoD***

A/N Fun fact: In the United Kingdom they seem to use different mattress sizes than the USA. For instance they skip the “queen” size and go straight to King, then “Super King” which is sometimes called a “Queen”. 
“What a lovely night for a moonlit stroll…” As he walked through the dark forest Harry Potter became aware of movement in the clearing directly in front of him. Not wanting to miss any perceived excitement he slowly made his way out of the treeline and spotted what appeared to be a man devouring a Unicorn.

“Such bad table manners.”

The figure spun, drawing a wand instantly as it faced the small child.

Professor Quirrell

“Drats, and here I thought that I would be surprised as to your identity. What a shame that it was so obvious.”

“Potter, so is this when Albus Dumbledore charges out with the cavalry?”

“Not unless he followed me very quietly, and considering what the man considers fashionable I doubt he would be able to sneak up on a comatose man.” This earned a slight chuckle from the teacher, who still cast his gaze around for any suspected ambush. After finding none his silver covered grin turned malicious.

“Quite the mistake you made here boy. Confronting a dangerous monster like myself.”

“I am sure that I’ll be fine, although the forest is a rather dangerous place…”

“You are a fool. I know all about you Potter. I know that your defeat of The Dark Lord was a fluke, I know that you are just a slightly intelligent first year and nothing more. I know you lack any magical training that would make you a threat to me. You are out of your league.”

“Interesting, you claim to know quite a bit about me, and yet I know a few facts concerning you as well.”

“Oh? Enlighten me then Potter. What could you possibly know about one such as myself?”

“Well, considering you are drinking Unicorn Blood it appears as though your body is falling apart, probably due to the whole ‘host to an evil spiritual parasite’ thing. You are constantly muttering to yourself which means you are probably in contact with it, and that it has some consciousness. The pitiful attempt at acting implies that you wish to put everyone at ease. The fact you were the only staff member not present at the Halloween feast would suggest that you are the one who let the Troll into the castle, and you are attempting to achieve immortality through the use of an ancient artifact.”

Quirrell stared at the boy slack-jawed. How the hell had he figured out that much about him in only a
few months? Even Dumbledore did not seem to be that well informed! Then he realized something.

“The boy... he knows about the stone, make him get it for you!” a voice rasped from behind the professor.

“Oh the Philosopher's Stone? I would love to but... it is such a far walk back to the castle and all...”

“He has it! Make him give it to you!”

The normally stuttering man nodded with a sneer, before raising his wand and firing a bright red curse at the boy, who turned to the side and easily avoided it.

“Now that wasn't very nice.” An instance later, and with the slightest of gestures from the boy, everything below the older man's knees exploded in a shower of gore.

Falling to the ground, it took several seconds for the realization of what had just occurred, along with the pain, to reach the man. When it did his screams of agony echoed through the forest.

“Oh come now, surely you have some sort of spell that can regrow those. You might want to do so quickly though, lest you bleed to death.”

“Y-you monster!”

“Monster? You are the one with a Dark Lord's face attached to the back of your skull yet you call me a monster?”

Harry slowly advanced toward the professor, who began to crawl away in a pathetic attempt to escape. “S-stay back! STAY AWAY FROM ME!”

“Oh come now our duel isn't quite done yet. Surely you have some other spells to use on me? Surely this is not all that you are capable of.”

“D-demon! M-m-monster!”

“A pity, well as fun as this has been I find your teaching skills to be sub par. Hopefully your replacement will be more effective.”

The screams that echoed through the night scared away even the most dangerous of predators.

***LoD***

“Harry?”

“I told you I would return my dear.”

"Did you have a nice walk?"

“I did, it was very relaxing.”

“Good, now if you don't mind I could use some warmth and cuddling.” Hedwig practically demanded, as the boy climbed back into the bed behind her.

“I thought you would never ask.”

***LoD***
The Headmaster looked over to the Potion Master, who gestured towards the empty seat at the staff table. Quirrell had not been seen that morning. Following their breakfast the two journeyed to the man's quarters, only to find him missing. A flick of the elder Wizard's wand summoned the other staff members.

“It appears as though one of our own has gone missing. Please search the school until he is found, until then all students will be confined to their dormitories for safety.”

Hagrid reported back several hours later, that the body had been found.

“God in Heaven Albus...” Minerva whispered, as she turned away from the horrific scene they had arrived at in the forest.

It was Quirrell, at least part of him. From what Dumbledore could tell the body had been literally torn to pieces by some sort of powerful wild animal. Organs, bones, muscles, skin, and blood covered the ground in a wide area and it was only the fact that they had located part of the man's face that they could even identify the body.

“Hagrid my friend, you know more about what lives in these woods than any of us. What do you think could have done this?”

The man, who was crouching down by the remains nodded slightly. “Looks like an animal Headmaster. Strong and powerful. But ain no animal in these woods that did this. Sure some could, Acromantula be strong enough but... the body ain eaten. Whatever did this ain do it for hunger. He was killed just for the sake of killin, no animal in the forest kill for anything but eating or defense. Also he was strugglin... he was alive when it started.”

“It was not a full moon last night, meaning it could not have been a Were either.” Snape chimed in from nearby.

“That's not the oddest part though Headmaster.”

“What is Hagrid?”

“Only three pairs of tracks. The Unicorn, Quirrells, and... another person. Small, child sized. Ain no other animal tracks. Whatever did this...”

Dumbledore nodded, it was obvious the man had been possessed by Voldemort, but for something to kill him so violently...

***LoD***

“How long are you going to ignore the facts Headmaster?”

Another, this time unofficial, inquiry. Another week of questions, and now Dumbledore found himself looking up a an angry Severus Snape. Just like the last time that they had this conversation.

“I am not ignoring any facts Severus I promise you.”

“You are ignoring the fact that Potter is obviously guilty! He stayed behind during the break, he is in Slytherin for a reason, he is manipulative, and he...”

“Had the power to utterly dominate and tear a man possessed by the Dark Lord into pieces without
so much as a scratch, and without any of us realizing it? Please Severus I understand you hated James Potter but this is becoming ridiculous. The boy is not a killer.”

“And the fact that he was here for the holidays when the murder took place?”

“So were dozen of other students and teachers.”

“And the Draco Malfoy incident? Perhaps he even had a hand with what happened concerning the Troll.”

“He was with the other Slytherin students at the time Severus... unless you believe he shape shifted into the beast to kill a member of his own house?”

“Minerva claimed he was a prodigy...”

This time Dumbledore did not even try to conceal the eye roll. “Please Severus, you cannot claim the boy to be talented when it suits you and then useless the rest of the time. I do so wish you would leave behind this personal vendetta that you have towards the boy.”

“And I wish that you would open your eyes to the fact that the might not be an innocent child.”

***LoD***

“Harry we are back!” Draco Malfoy happily exclaimed as he pushed open the doors to their dorm rooms... only to find it empty.

“Uh... Harry?” the boy glanced around to ensure that only his fellow supporters were around, “My Lord?”

Crabbe and Goyle gave two very unuseful shrugs before they went back into the common room. Had Harry left? Had he decided that Hogwarts was not worth his time and simply departed for other purposes?

Before the full impact could fall upon him the blonde heard an odd sound, and let his jaw drop, along with the rest of Slytherin, as the boy-who-lived walked out of a doorway that had materialized below a picture of Salazar himself.

“H-Harry... what is... that!?”

“A good question Mr. Malfoy, I also would like to know why you have not been staying in your dorm room Mr. Potter.”

“Oh that is because I found a different room to stay in. Since it is still in the Slytherin quarters it is allowed according to the rules, just like the special rooms that the Prefects are given.”

“Wait! Why does Potter get a special room but I have to share with...” one of said Prefects interrupted, earning him a silencing glare from the Potion Master.

“If you can gain access go right ahead, but considering that there is a password...”

“And what is the password Mr. Potter?” Snape inquired, forcing down the annoyance he felt at the boy receiving special treatment despite his best efforts.

Turning the boy hissed at the wall, which promptly opened. “Unless one of you are a Parselmouth...”

The entire Slytherin house stared dumbstruck.
“No? Well then since it is not being used I might as well hm?”

***LoD***

“Stop where you are in the brewing process so that I may grade your work.” Severus Snape announced as he began to make his rounds. The Slytherin side was exceptional, as usual, up until Potter and Malfoy's, which was perfect... as usual. “Ten points to Slytherin.” he muttered, sure he wasn't convinced of the boy's innocence, but that didn't mean he wouldn't use the boy's outstanding skills to help his house along.

“Ah Mr. Weasley, a barely functional potion once again. Ten points from Gryffindor.”

“Wh-what! Why!?”

“Because Mr. Weasley, you are supposed to do your own work and not rely on your partner to do it all for you. We both know that it is Ms. Granger's efforts that keep you from failing this class.”

“B-but...”

The man had already moved on, giving Longbottom a barely passing grade as well for his work. In the meantime Ron sent a nasty glare towards the bookworm, silently blaming her for his misfortune once again.

The girl merely hung her head, her eyes downcast as she tried to stop any tears from appearing.

***LoD***

“Has there been any updates Amelia?”

The woman shook her head, “I am sorry Albus, but so far there does not seem to be any indication as to who murdered your professor. How has the replacement search been?”

“Difficult, no one is looking for a teaching job half-way through the school year. Luckily there are quite a few former students and private tutors who have agreed to help out. Otherwise I do not know what we would do.”

“From what I heard Quirrell was a pretty poor teacher to begin with, mix in the fact that the man was possessed...”

“I know Amelia I know. I had a suspicion early on but nothing concrete.”

“Next time Headmaster I want to be informed when you start having these suspicions. I am tired of Hogwarts being run as its own country.”

“I agree, and I promise that should such a situation arise again I will contact you at the start.”

The woman's features softened before giving a nod and departing through the Floo, leaving the elder man to his thoughts.

Whoever had killed the man was obviously powerful enough to overwhelm him without any serious injury. All of the blood had been identified as Quirrell's, and there was no evidence of a duel save for a single spell cast by the professor. Who could have done such a thing? It resembled an animal attack but if so why was the remains merely thrown about, why were there no tracks as Hagrid had pointed out? Even more distressing was the fact that the Half-Giant had followed the mysterious set of humanoid tracks back to Hogwarts, meaning that a student might have been involved in some way.
Luckily the number of students actually at the school during the holidays was very small, meaning that their list of potential suspects was equally small.

Still, they could not go around checking shoe sizes and impressions without a warrant, and there was no chance of them obtaining one for the students without revealing all of the facts. The murder would be easily pushed aside by the fact that Voldemort had managed to infiltrate Hogwarts, and no one would be permitted to interview the suspects.

A child killer, such an idea sent sorrow through the old man's bones as he rose from his desk and strode to the window. Outside a Quidditch match was beginning... perhaps he needed to take a small break to clear his mind.

***LoD***

“H-Harry”

“Ah heir Longbottom, to what do I owe the honor?”

“I-I...” taking a deep breath the boy seemed to gather what little courage he had. “I want to take you up on your offer. I want to be greater, I want to change.”

“Excellent, how have your studies been thus far?”

“B-better, I am still barely passing P-Potions but...”

“Oh don't worry about that, Professor Snape is simple biased towards Slytherin. If you decide to spend more time with us then...”

“I want to! I-I mean I would like to. I don't have any friends in Gryffindor and...”

“Then consider yourself an honorary Slytherin. However, before we go any further there is a rule I would like you to be aware of.” The boy paused, his eyes darkening, and Neville swore for a second that the lights flickered. “I do not tolerate any of the blood purity nonsense that is thrown around. The word 'Mudblood' is not acceptable in my presence, nor by those who stand in my presence. Do you understand?”

“O-o-of course. I-I don't use th-that word anyway.”

And like that the room brightened once more, and the tension that the overweight boy felt was gone. “Excellent! Then walk with me Neville Longbottom.”

***LoD***

“Uh... Harry?”

“Yes Blaise?”

“Any reason that Longbottom is with you?”

“Yes”

The other Slytherins paused, waiting for an explanation that was apparently not going to be given. “And that is...”

“I wasn't aware that I owed you an explanation for my actions Blaise.”
“O-of course n-not my Lord.”

“Lord?”

Harry rolled his eyes as the dark-skinned boy began stuttering out for an way to explain the title he had accidentally given the emerald-eyed boy in front of the Gryffindor.

“Yes, apparently they see fit to call me that. I am not quite sure why though.”

“Because you are our Lord Harry.”

Neville blinked in confusion, before giving a shrug and taking the seat he had been offered.

“Hey Longbottom, you are good in Herbology right?”

“Uh yeah Malfoy, why?”

“I'll trade you, I will get you a decent grade in Potions and you help me raise my Herbology grade one letter.”

“Deal”

***LoD***

“Come on move out of the way let me see!”

“Oh please like you need to check the top students...”

Shut it you prat!”

Draco rolled his eyes as he managed to maneuver past the old bickering students and to the parchment that had just been added to the announcement wall. In the last week, once grades were in, the professors posted a list of the top five students, academically, in every year. Would he be on it? Sure there were smarter students than him in their class but maybe he had made fifth place?

5th Ernie MacMillan

4th Daphne Greengrass

3rd Padma Patil

2nd Hermione Granger

1st Harry Potter

The Malfoy heir's eyes widened. Sure he knew that his Lord was smart but... he didn't realize that he was this smart. From the corner of his eye he noticed that a certain bushy-haired witch had also caught sight of the results, and had froze in shock before turning to hide her tears.

***LoD***

“Mr. Potter?”

The boy looked up to see a rather downcast Gryffindor standing in front of the table he was working at, “Yes Ms. Granger?”

“I... just wanted to say congratulations... on being first and all.”
“Oh, well I appreciate it thank you. I hear you were second, certainly nothing to scoff at considering our competition.”

The compliment seemed to brighten the girl's face a bit, before they overheard some snickering from a sixth year Slytherin nearby. “Told you the Mudblood would come seeking a compliment, she is so pathetic...”

The girl fled seconds later, earning more than a few laughs from the other members of the 'House of Cunning'.

Slowly, deliberately, Harry rose from his seat before walking over to where the older boy sat.

“Something you want to say Pott...”

Any further conversation was halted, by the younger boy's hand wrapped around the larger student's throat. “I do not like the term 'Mudblood'. My mother was a Muggleborn and I find your use of that word offensive.” the boy calmly explained, while the older thrashed about trying to free himself and breathe once more.

“I am going to make this as simple as possible, for you and everyone else in our House. If you use that word again I will cut off the oxygen to whatever brain cells you might have until your parents find it difficult to tell the difference between you and a rock. Do you understand?”

The choked reply was, apparently, not to the younger child's liking, who promptly tightened his grip, earning a whimper of pain.

“I said, do you understand?”

his time the shaky nod was accepted, and the boy dropped to the ground.

“Good, consider this your first and only warning.”

***LoD***

Ronald Weasley was furious. Grades had just been posted and he had ended up in the bottom five of the class. Clearly Granger wasn't helping as much as he thought she would be. The redhead figured that by giving up some of his precious free time to hang around with her she would take the hint and do his homework for him, let him cheat off of her tests, and generally just get him by at school. In return she would actually have a social standing in Gryffindor, besides being an annoying know-it-all. Seemed as though he was wrong on both ideas. Not only had he continued nearly failing several of his classes, but Hermione had been getting picked on even more than previously. Perhaps it was time to let her know that their 'friendship' wasn't working and that she should seek companionship elsewhere. At least when they weren't in a class he could copy off of her during.

However, this train of thought raised another problem, Neville Longbottom. Sure the boy was another 'failure' at being a Gryffindor in every sense of the word. He was cowardly, weak, poor at magic, and lacked any family to fall back on. Still though he was a Pureblood, and had been sorted into their House, which mean he could have turned his luck around and joined the rest of the 'men'. If only he had enjoyed other masculine topics, like Quidditch. Rather the Longbottom heir was into 'feminine' activities like gardening. What kind of self-respectful boy liked gardening?

Of course both of these 'issues' were dwarfed by the largest problem that Ronald Weasley was raging about. Harry Bloody Potter. He was supposed to have been a Gryffindor like the Weasleys and his own parents. He was supposed to have been Ron's best friend, sharing adventures, fame, glory, girls, and gold. They were supposed to have ruled Hogwarts together.
Instead he went and got himself sorted into the snake pit, and then had done the ultimate betrayal by befriending a Malfoy. Who in their right mind would want to be friends with one of those greasy haired gits?

Ron continued to seethe, ignoring disappointed look from his Head of House and brothers who were well aware of his academic situation.

***LoD***

“Ah Harry my boy, thank you for meeting with us on such short notice.”

“Of course sir, you asked to see me concerning the summer?”

“Yes, I wish to apologize to you Harry. I have not been able to check up on your living conditions outside of Hogwarts and I deeply regret that. How have the Dursleys been treating you?”

The boy cocked his head to the side, and Severus Snape felt an odd feeling of unease settle in his stomach, “Dursleys sir?”

“Yes my boy... the Dursleys. Your guardians?”

“Headmaster I have no idea who the 'Dursleys' are but I assure you that they are not my guardians.”

“Then where do you live my boy?” Dumbledore's tone sounded almost... desperate. As if he was trying to convince himself that everything was fine regardless of the new facts.

“All Saint's Boy's Orphanage”

The room fell eerily silent as Dumbledore's expression paled. “I... I see. I am very sorry to hear that Harry, you were supposed to be in a loving home, to be taken care of...”

“Well I am taken care of I suppose. I have my own room and everything.”

“Yes... yes of course. And you are treated well there?”

“As well as anywhere I suppose. I don't have experience living anywhere besides that and Hogwarts though.”

“I see, my most sincere apologies Harry. I will try and remove you from that place as soon as I am able but... you were placed with your Muggle relatives due to the confusion of the war. We did not know who to trust with your life, and little has changed since then. Until we are sure of a place where you can be happy I am afraid I must ask you to...”

“Return to the orphanage? Quite alright Headmaster, I was planning on doing so anyway. If that is all? I need to continue packing for the trip back.”

“Of course Harry, I will be in touch I promise.” After the Potter heir departed the old man sagged in his chair, looking as if he had aged another decade or two.

“An orphanage...” Snape whispered in horror several minutes later, both knowing full well the connection that the boy now shared with a former student.

“It does not mean he will follow that path Severus... others have been raised in such environments and turned out perfectly normal.”

“Yes, but others were not Parselmouths. Others were not present when not only a student, but a
professor were brutally killed. Others were not...”

“ENOUGH!”

Snape fell silent instantly, shocked by the rage in the elder Wizard's eyes. “I have told you several
times already that we are not going to start this persecution of the boy without any evidence save for
coincidence and your own hatreds. I have not seen any signs of darkness in the boy and neither have
you except that which you force yourself to see. Let this hatred go Severus, otherwise it will
consume you.”

***LoD***

“Welcome one and all to the closing ceremonies for another year at Hogwarts!” Dumbledore
proclaimed as the entire student body was assembled in the main hall. “It has been a long year for all
of us, there have been lessons learned, homework accomplished, friendships created and renewed,
love found and lost, along with a good number of House points.” the elder wizard paused, allowing
for a soft chuckle to echo through the students before his mood switched to a more somber one.

“This year we have lost one of our own. A young life taken far before its time. We shall mourn him,
and celebrate his accomplishments for years to come as we hold those dear to us closer than before.
Let us never forget that everyone who lives shall die, but not everyone who dies shall live. Let us
live everyday to its fullest and never forget that our time in this world is far too short for holding
back.” With that the man raised his goblet for a toast, followed by the others in attendance.

“I would like you all to join me in the final tally of House Points for this year, and the crowning of
the House Championship...” a few seconds later and the banners throughout the great hall changed to
those of silver and green with a large snake adorning them. “Slytherin!”

The respectful clapping from the other three houses was easily overshadowed by the roar from the
victors.

***LoD***

“My Lord, I hinted to my parents about your living condition and... they did not seem very
enthusiastic about meeting you.”

Harry chuckled as the Malfoy heir sat down across from him, being joined by Pansy, Blaise,
Millicent, and Theodore Nott moments later. “Quite understandable Draco, I was not expecting a red
carpet welcome or any such nonsense. Supposedly Dumbledore wishes for me to be removed from
the orphanage as well but...”

“O-o-orphanage!??”

The boy quirked his head, what the devil was Pansy upset about? “Yes... it is where I live...”

“Why didn't you tell us earlier Harry!? We could have...”

“Could have what?” The boy snarled, his eyes lighting up in a rare show of anger. “Do you believe
that you are capable of solving this problem where I am not? Do you think that I would not be
capable of living on my own should I so choose to do so?”

“N-no my Lord of course not it is just that... you could stay with one of us...”

This time the laughter that echoed through the carriage sent shivers down the other student's spines.
“Oh yes I am sure that your parents would be excited beyond belief to house the boy-who-lived,
destroyer of Voldemort in their homes. Honestly how many of your parents have no association with the former Dark Lord?"

Those present looked around nervously, before shaking their heads. When he spoke again Harry's tone was back to its usual joy filled version, “Exactly, but do not despair for me. It will be nice to have a few months to myself after this previous school year. Besides I will see you all before you know it.”

“If you feel you need company my Lord... we are only an owl away from you.” Millicent emphasized, moving her hand as if to place it comfortingly on his leg, but stopping herself with merely keeping it on her own instead. They all knew what the expectations of Wizarding society was. Upon declaring their loyalties they belonged to him in every sense of the word. However, one did not touch their Lord without being told they may do so.

***LoD***

The summer turned out to be... excruciatingly boring. Sure Harry had enjoyed the first week or so of peace and quiet, considering that everyone at the orphanage ignored or avoided him, but after a while it was just dull.

Luckily Hedwig had decided to revisit her decision on sleeping next to him, which meant extra warmth and comfort at nights and in the early mornings. The second saving grace had been the abundance of letters that his 'followers' had taken upon themselves to write him. Most of them were not-so-subtle hints that he should spend the summer at their residence while others were simply friendly communications.

Draco, for instance, was practically begging him to meet and play Quidditch, a game that the boy-who-lived had observed several times but found no interest in save for the idea of flying.

A few weeks prior to the next school year Harry finally received the letter he had been waiting for. An invitation to join the heir of Longbottom in a trip to Diagon Alley for school shopping. It was finally time to begin cultivating the boy's greatness.

***LoD***

“Greetings heir Longbottom, how has your summer been?”

The blonde, who had slimmed down a bit since the school year, blushed at the introduction before giving a nod. “I have been well, yourself Lord Potter?”

Harry chuckled, “Bored out of my mind, however this does bring up something I wish to speak with you about.”

“And what is that?”

“This whole 'Lord' business. I have decided that everyone shall have one free 'declaration' before I begin holding them to their words.”

“Uhm...”

“It means you can call me 'Lord' one time, before I begin recognizing your fealty.”

“O-oh...”

“Do not worry Neville, you are perfectly fine right now. I am certainly not going to take into account...”
“previous statements... although it would be fairly interesting to see the Slytherins react to that.”

“I doubt much would change, Harry. Most Purebloods know what it means to say such things.”

The raven-haired boy gave a thoughtful hum as the duo walked through the alley, ignoring the various stares they received.

“Blimey mate how do you put up with the attention?”

“I mentally picture them all as blood stained corpses.”

Neville laughed at the joke, not noticing that his friend appeared completely serious. “Okay, next question, what is it with you and the owl?”

“Hm? Hedwig? She has been my closest companion for my entire life. I cannot imagine life without her.”

The snow-white creature seemed to straighten up a bit as she sat on his shoulder at the praise. After retrieving some money for their supplies from Gringotts Harry led his friend to Ollivanders, much to the confusion of the other boy.

“Uh Harry, what are we doing...”

“We are going to be buying you a new wand Neville. The future Longbottom Lord should not be carrying around another person's tool. It needs to be yours not your father's.” This is the first step to you achieving your greatness, something we will be working on quite a bit in this upcoming year.

“Ah Mr. Longbottom... and Mr. Potter... I must admit I expected to see both of you here last year. If my memory serves me right you are both second years rather than first.”

The blonde glanced over to his friend, a bit confused since he had always seen Harry using a wand during class. “That is correct, however as you can see I already have what I need, we are merely here for my friend Neville. He has been using his father's old wand and while it is very well made it is not for him.”

The older man's eyes remained trained on the emerald-green ones of the boy-who-lived even as he nodded in agreement. “Yes... yes you really should have your own. But I am sure that any wand you purchased will not be as useful as one that I can make for you Mr. Potter.”

Again the boy waved off his argument, “I have made it through my entire first year without effort using my current solution, I am sure it will suffice. Now for heir Longbottom?”

A hesitant nod answered him, before the wandmaker turned his attention towards the blonde, “Yes yes, well then let us see what we can do. Right or left hand Mr. Longbottom?”

A popping sound gained the boy-who-lived's attention as a House-Elf appeared in his room, earning an startled gasp from a young white-haired girl. For a moment Harry considered moving into a different apartment, perhaps one that went unregistered so he could avoid such rude intrusions.

“Master Harry Potter!”

“And you are...”

“Dobby is Dobby! Master Harry Potter must not return to Hogwarts this year, terrible things are
going to happen this year.”

“Terrible things you say? Well then I simply must attend. I would not want to miss the fun now would I?”

“No no no no! Master Harry Potter must not go!”

“And if I choose to do so anyway?”

“Dobby... Dobby will stop you, however Dobby must!” The creature glanced over at the young girl for a brief moment, before finding himself magically thrown against a wall.

“I will tell you only one time Dobby. If you so much as contemplate doing something with Hedwig I will end you.” Shadows lengthened across the floor, the lights flickering ever so slightly as the boy’s own eyes lit up with green flames.

“Dobby is not afraid sir, Dobby is used to death threats. Dobby wants Master Harry Potter to be safe, Dobby wants to protect the great Harry Potter sir.”

“Ah, but that is where you are mistaken, death is not the worst outcome to your actions. I will be going to Hogwarts. If you are so insistent upon protecting me then you may do so during the year. Perhaps if you prove your worth I will consider a more permanent solution to your problems and desires.”

The House-Elf nodded reluctantly, before being released and popping away a moment later.

***LoD***

***LoD***
Lord of Darkness

Accusations and Flirtations

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

***LoD***

“Uh, my Lord? What are you reading?”

Emerald eyes peered up from behind the Muggle written book, “It is a book on psychology, I purchased a few during last summer for something to do during the train ride.”

“Oh, but why bother wasting your time on Muggle books?”

“Because Wizards do not have any books on psychology.”

“Psychology?”

“Study of the mind, it is rather interesting.”

“I see, so what is the plan for this year now that Slytherin has nearly been united under you?”

“Now we begin expanding into the other houses Draco. The world is not dominated by only Slytherins.”

“Ugh, please tell me we will be limiting our interactions with the Gryffindors though?”

“You did not seem to have a problem with Neville at the end of last year.”

“Well... I mean yeah but...”

“So I fail to see what is so wrong with the 'brave' of us. I am far more interested to see who our new Defense professor will end up being.”

A 'dreamy' sigh echoed through the carriage, earning a quirk of Harry's eyebrow towards Pansy, while Malfoy sneered in response. “Lockhart, the fraud.”

“Oh please Draco, you are just jealous of the man.”

“J-jealous!? The man is a complete moron!”

“Because his hair looks better than yours?”

“No! Because he is... he is... argh! My Lord tell her!”

“Tell her what Draco? I do not even know who this 'Lockhart' person is.”

The girl gaped at him in shock. “M-my Lord, how do you not know who he is?”

“Does it look as though I keep up on current events? Besides that is what I have Draco for.”
The blonde boy's chest puffed out a bit at the praise. “See Pansy, our Lord knows who to place his trust in.”

***LoD***

“Welcome students, to another year at Hogwarts!” As the Headmaster began his introductory speech Harry’s attention diverted to far more important tasks, mainly that of assessing the students of other houses. Neville was already on his side, and gaining more confidence by the day it seemed. He also had ideas on recruiting a few other loyal, if a bit easily manipulated, Gryffindors.

Hufflepuffs weren't terribly exciting, but would also be the easiest to mass recruit once the rest of the school fell in line.

Ravenclaw would likely be the most difficult, they tended to be far more socially isolated and unwilling to care about what the other three houses would value.

Regardless, Harry was anything but worried, this was turning into more of a 'school project' for himself rather than a task that he had to accomplish. Something to occupy his time with, considering he had already memorized every book the previous year and could cast the spells without effort.

Hopefully whatever 'danger' Dobby had warned him about would end up being interesting at least.

***LoD***

“Mr. Potter, after you are unpacked could I speak with you in my office please? The password is 'Razzle Berrys'.”

The boy nodded, allowing the older man to return to the professor dining table, and earning curious glances from the rest of Slytherin house.

“Something you want to share with us Potter?”

“Odd, I wasn't aware that my comings and goings were any of your business Flint.”

The boy winced, before muttering an apology, much to the surprise of the first year students. Draco merely grinned. “You will understand later tonight, do not worry about it for now.”

***LoD***

“Ah Harry my boy, I trust you had a good summer?”

“It was... productive sir, and yours?”

The older man's eyes twinkled happily, “Very good I must say. I am sure you noticed that we have a new Defense teacher.”

“I saw, hopefully he is a bit more confident than Professor Quirrell was. I found it quite difficult to understand the man through all of his stuttering.”

“Completely understandable, a lapse of judgment on my part in regards to that choice. Would you care for a lemon drop?”

The boy nodded, and took one of the offered sweets, much to the man's delight. “Oh, before I forget sir I have a small gift for you.”

“A gift? Harry my boy you shouldn't have, it is the job of adults to provide for you, not the other
“Perhaps, but I suspect this is not something you can normally obtain.” With that the boy enlarged a bag he had been carrying, much to the elder Wizard's surprise, and gently laid it on his desk, before gesturing for the man to open it. Inside was a wide assortment of various Muggle candies and chocolates.

“Oh my, I do believe you are correct Harry my boy, it is most difficult for me to find the time to buy treats of such varieties. I do so hope you did not spend too much money on this.”

“Hardly sir, with Halloween being the next holiday Muggle stores tend to sell such things in bulk supply, that bag was cheaper than a nice meal would be in a Wizard restaurant.”

“Well then I suppose this means I owe you dinner at a nice restaurant at some point my boy. Perhaps over the winter holidays?”

Harry nodded, “I will take you up on that offer sir.”

“Now to another topic I wished to speak with you about. I have been attempting to find you a suitable family to live with but with Death Eaters still in hiding or being exempt from prosecution I am afraid that if I try to get involved...”

“The Ministry will relocate me elsewhere. I completely understand Headmaster.”

“I wish I could do more for you my boy, I truly do.”

“I know, and that is all that matters. If there is nothing else I would like to get some rest. It has been a long day.”

“Of course Harry, of course.”

The boy rose to his feet, gave a slight bow before departing to the door where he paused for a moment. “Headmaster, if you have any free time in the next few weeks I would not be opposed to another one of these chats. I have always found the company of older, and wiser, individuals to be rather thrilling.”

The twinkle in Dumbledore's eyes reappeared at full force.

***LoD***

“Welcome class to your first day of actual Defense class! My name is 'The Great Gilderoy Lockhart' and I will be the one conducting you through this magical journey.”

The boys groaned

Most of the girls giggled

Harry rolled his eyes, trying not to cause the man's intestines to explode in the middle of class... but it was just so very tempting.

“Now then first we shall... oh my, dost my eyes deceive me!? Harry Potter, I thought it was you! It has been ages since our last encounter!” The boy-who-lived idly wondered if the man actually believed that they knew each other, or that if he smiled enough everyone else would just assume he was correct.

“I do not recall ever meeting before.” Since if they had Harry was quite sure that the older man
would be lying dead in a ditch somewhere.

“Oh of course we have! It was during our encounter with the Vampire of Venice, do you not remember?”

The not-so-subtle wink made the urge to kill the man even greater.

“I do not believe...”

“Well regardless, I am pleased that you have accepted my tutelage once more. We shall begin this class with a light homework assignment, and then a practical demonstration. I want you all to read ‘The Vampire in Venice’ for your studies this week and write me an essay on how my technique has changed the fundamental ways that we hunt the 'creatures of the night'.”

Draco nudged the emerald-eyed boy, before gesturing down at the paper that lay between them. On it was scribbled a short message.

I will give you ANYTHING to murder this prat

Giving a light chuckle the Potter heir returned his attention to the man, who opened a large cage with a flourish. “Defend yourselves!”

Pixies surged into the room, earning screams and shouts from the students while Lockhart suddenly found himself overwhelmed and retreating back to his office, calling out something about not forgetting homework assignments. Papers were being thrown about, children picked up and tossed across the room, obscene gestures drawn on the blackboards. Yet through it all Harry remained unharassed and seated, idly wondering if he should bother stepping in or not. Fortunately for the Pixies themselves, whom he was contemplating just burning alive, a certain bushy-haired witch cast a spell, slowing them down in the air and allowing the class to round them up.

***LoD***

“Can you believe her? The first week of class and the know-it-all is already acting like she is better than everyone else. I wish she would have just stayed home and left us in peace. It's not like she has any friends anyway.” Ronald Wealsey complained as he made his way through the halls with some of his fellow Gryffindors.

Meanwhile Hermione, who had overheard the conversation, had already ran into a nearby bathroom to hide her tears.

Unbeknownst to the others, a student stood in the shadows watching the entire incident as a smile slowly formed on his face.

***LoD***

Harry Potter let out a deep annoyed sigh. Why in the world did it have to be this bloody obvious... again! First year it had been a professor with an obvious dark aura eclipsing his own, and focused around his soul. It had taken less than a day for Harry to figure out it was possession.

This year it was slightly more interesting... but even more blatantly apparent. A young redhead, Ginny Weasley if he recalled correctly, was sitting by herself, muttering and glancing around every few moments in fear before writing a bit in some plainly evil book. Seriously, had no one ever heard of the concept of 'hidden nature'? Why couldn't the 'dark forces' at least try to make it a challenge for him to figure these things out.
The question now was, should he intervene, or wait to see what happened? If he had waited a bit longer the previous year he might have been able to face off against an immortal Dark Lord, the thought of which lit his blood aflame and sent excited shivers down his spine. On the other hand he also would have lost out on a rare magical artifact that, despite not finding a use for it quite yet, would undoubtedly be worth something in the future.

Perhaps the book had some sort of ulterior motive... maybe it was after another powerful artifact he would be able to claim? Or maybe it was just a way of attacking the Weasleys. Either way Harry found himself a bit interested in the situation. He would wait for now, and see how things played out. He could always rescue the girl at a later date and have her indebted to him.

She was rather cute after all.

***LoD***

“Psst, Harry what are you working on?”

The emerald-eyed boy glanced over at the blonde Slytherin whom he had been partnered up with for Potions class. “A project I started thinking about over the summer. I do not expect it to be done this year but it gives me something to do in order to pass the time.”

“Something other than receiving perfect marks on literally everything?”

“Yes”

Draco rolled his eyes, before returning to his own potion, which he noted was not quite the same shade of red as his Lord's was.

***LoD***

Severus Snape gave another discrete glance over at the Potter heir's work station. The potion he had made was, again, perfect and now he was working on something else. The idea of trying to make a fool out of the boy was immediately stamped out though, he had tried such a tactic before and more often then not it just proved to raise the boy's skills even higher in the eyes of his peers.

No, what the Potion Master was far more interested in was what the boy had been so studiously writing for the past twenty minutes. How to get the paper though? If he directly approached him the child might make changes or even destroy the evidence 'by accident'. What he needed was a distraction of some kind to make move.

Thankfully some Deity or another was listening, and a ruckus from the back of the room gained everyone's attention as Weasley's cauldron boiled over, earning several screams as students moved out of the way.

“What a surprise Mr. Weasley, still unable to mix even the simplest of potions. What is even more surprising is that Ms. Granger was not observant enough as your partner to stop you.” the man called out as he strode towards their shared table. On the way a simple Wandless spell had copied whatever his target had been writing down onto a blank piece of parchment on the man's own desk.

By the time he had reached the pair his secret mission was complete, and he was able to divert all of his attention to scolding the two students, earning snickers from Slytherin and embarrassment from the preteens themselves. The class ended shortly thereafter, with the students packing up their supplies and leaving in their normal disorderly fashion. One, however, paused at the doorway and glanced back at the man seated behind his desk at the front of the room.
“Professor”

“Mr. Potter?”

“If you wanted to see my notes so badly all you had to do was ask, no need to be secretive about it.” and like that he left, leaving a dumbfounded, and slightly frightened, spy behind.

***LoD***

“My Lord did you hear the news!?”

“I don’t know, what is the news?”

“I made seeker! You are looking at the new Slytherin House seeker for Quidditch!”

Pansy gave a gleeful cheer, before hugging the blonde boy with a slight blush. Several others of their year also gave congratulatory nods or pats on the back as well. Harry himself merely smiled and gave a nod.

“D-does this mean you will come my Lord? To our games I mean?”

The previous year Harry had, usually, avoided the Quidditch fields. They held no interest for him and the game itself seemed rather ‘simplified’ for what it could have entailed using magic. Still Draco had dragged him to one or two games, which Slytherin naturally won, and he had not protested.

“I suppose so, I can't exactly ignore my chief adviser now can I?” The blonde beamed in excitement at the acknowledgment of his ‘role’.

***LoD***

“So is there anything else we need to go over?” Dumbledore intoned with his normal 'grandfatherly' voice. He did so enjoy these weekly staff meetings, and if they weren't so busy he would have insisted on having them more often. It was far too difficult to keep up with all of the activities and students that Hogwarts held while keeping his other positions sustained at the same time.

“Actually Headmaster I do.” Snape replied, earning a nod from the older man while the Potion Master pulled out a piece of parchment. “It has come to my attention that a certain student has been working on a new 'project' in his spare time. Something that reeks of advanced magic and darkness. After retrieving his notes it is obvious to me that this is something we need to put a stop to.”

“Oh? And who is this student Severus?” Albus gently asked, silently praying that it wasn’t who he suspected.

“Harry Potter”

The groans were far from silent from the other staff members, even from Lockhart. It went unnoticed by none that the Slytherin Head of House had an issue with the young boy, whom everyone else saw as a near perfect student and role model.

“Severus my boy we have talked about...”

“JUST TAKE IT!”

Letting out another deep sigh the elder Wizard did as was demanded of him, and glanced over the notes inscribed in the young boy's handwriting. “Hmm, I suppose I will have to agree with you Severus.”
It looked as though the man had just won the lottery based upon the way his face lit up.

“It certainly is advanced theory. If I had not been exposed to examples of his work due to everything you have brought to me I would have thought this was done by a far older Wizard such as yourself.”

“Wh-what!? No! Headmaster please look closer at the...”

“Filius, would you please take a look, there is some rather advanced Charms work that I could use your consultation on.”

The diminutive professor nodded, before taking the paper and looking it over himself. “Interesting...”

“Not interesting! Dark! Headmaster surely you see the implications of this!”

“I see an advanced piece of work, although the true goal has not been made clear by this.”

“Perhaps” Minerva growled out, sending a glare at the greasy-haired man, “we could simply call the boy in to ask him rather than making blind guesses? Unless of course Severus doubts his ability to tell whether a twelve year old is lying to him or not.”

***LoD***

“Ah Harry my boy, thank you for joining us.”

“Of course Headmaster, Headmistress, Professor Sprout, Professor Flitwick, Professor McGonagall, Professor Snape.” The boy greeted each in kind with a slight boy, the other professors having left some time beforehand.

“We do not want to take too much of your time Mr. Potter, but there are some things we would like to clear up.” The Charms professor replied happily after finding the boy's respect more than a little refreshing.

“Of course sir, anything I can do to help.”

“IT has come to our attention that you are working on a bit of a side project, one involving quite a few areas of magic at the same time.”

Turning to McGonagall Harry gave a smile and a nod of confirmation. “I have, I hope that I did not offend anyone during class. I was trying to focus on it only during my free time but I have become rather... excited by it.”

“Mr. Potter, your grades are the highest we have seen since even before Albus went to school. There is no reason to apologize for taking on work that keeps you interested during class. I am only sorry to say that we are not challenging you enough.”

The boy gave a helpless shrug, “I just find everything to be a bit easy. Plus reading the books before school started certainly helps.”

“I am sure that it does my boy. But back to this project of yours. Would you mind explaining it to us?”

Nodding to the eldest Wizard the boy took on a slight thinking pose. “I bought a book about Runes over the summer for some light reading,” here several of the professors gaped slightly. Runes were a fairly advanced subject that were difficult to simply read about and understand. Usually a student required verbal instruction, examples, and written text in combination to get the full picture. “What I
found inside was the idea that most important areas have wards placed over them. Usually these are done by Runes to create the physical dimensions of the magic and to give it lasting effect. Considering this I began to speculate that if Charms could be incorporated with Runes then other fields of magic could as well. With this in mind I have begun small experiments to see if Potion effects could be expanded, and how they could be combined at the same time.”

“Your studies mention Leylines. Why are you messing with those Potter?”

“Oh I haven't even approached that yet. It was merely speculation that if these channels could be used like Muggle waterways, if so we could potentially use them to create larger area of Runic or spell influence.”

Before anyone else could interrupt Snape barged in once more, “And to what purpose Potter?”

“Well, I suppose one could use large diagnostic Charms or even healing Potions in response to a catastrophe. Perhaps using them to prevent natural disasters as well... but I suppose I got into this project simply because no one else has tried to yet.”

Any retaliatory remark that the Slytherin Head of House could make was cut off by the smallest man in the room. “One hundred points to Slytherin, for continuing the development of Magic. Without new ideas and innovations we would not have the wonders of this day and age.”

Snape's jaw dropped, no one had ever given his 'snakes' so many points at once before.

“Mr. Potter, if you need any help or a room to practice in do not hesitate to let me know... and Severus, if you do not want Mr. Potter in your House I would be more than happy to adopt him into Ravenclaw from you.”

With a chuckle the Half-Goblin departed with Pomona Sprout, who gave a similar offer to the boy, thus leaving Snape, Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Harry in the room by themselves.

“Harry my boy, I believe that is all we need from you tonight.” the old man replied cheerfully, before pulling out a hall-pass and handing it to the boy. “If by chance you are stopped by a prefect or Mr. Figgs simply show them this.”

“I will, thank you sir.”

“Oh and Harry, I would prefer you contact me before beginning any potentially dangerous experiments, especially involving Leylines.”

“Of course sir, are we still on for lunch Sunday?”

“Indeed my boy, I am looking forward to it.”

With that the student departed, and the scowl reemerged on Minerva's face.

“Professor Snape, if you would please wait outside of the office for a moment. I need to talk to the Headmaster about something.”

Severus nodded, already knowing he had been defeated, before leaving.

***LoD***

Twenty minutes had passed since Snape began his waiting period. It was an odd sensation, sitting outside of the Headmaster's office on a bench meant for children. He felt almost like he was a student
waiting for punishment than a professor. After another, what felt like decade, of waiting the door flung open as a furious Minerva McGonagall stormed passed him with a sharp glare.

“Come in Severus…” the old Wizard sounded tired, and every year of his considerable age.

After softly closing the door behind him, and taking the offered seat, Severus glanced up at the aged man before him.

“Minerva has made her opinion on your 'behavior' towards young Harry very clear.”

“Headmaster I…”

“AND I agreed with her Severus. This blatant bias you have towards the boy is becoming worrisome. I understand that you had a conflict with his father. I understand that the man bullied you quite actively during your school years, and we both understand that we should have done more to prevent this from occurring... but the man has been dead for over a decade Severus. It is time to let this irrational hatred that you have passed on die with him.”

“It is not bias Headmaster. The boy is up to something!”

“Yet you are the only one who sees it.”

“Perhaps I am not as blind as the rest of you are.” A sharp glare silenced the Potion Master, who now found his lap far more interesting than the man seated before him.

“You are creating evidence in your mind Severus. You see a studious and intelligent young man who looks very similar to someone who tormented you and thus you assume they are one in the same. Tell me, do you have any actual evidence of the boy's wrongdoing?”

“No but…”

“Exactly”

“But the circumstantial evidence…”

“Is irrelevant.”

Snape fell into silence once more, before a conversation came to the forefront of his mind. “You are having meals with the boy?”

“I am, he is quite intelligent and I find him pleasant to be around.”

“Then perhaps we can make an agreement? I will admit that I have been negatively biased towards the boy... if you admit that perhaps your own guilt over what happened and his living conditions has caused some bias of your own.”

Albus fell silent, his eyes closed as he went over his own actions in his mind, before he gave a weary nod. “Very well, then we should approach this as an outsider. There is circumstantial evidence that seems to be mounting against him, but if we were to approach the DMLE with this nothing would come of it... so rather than shout accusations at every chance let us observe for now. If we find anything that can be direct proof we will build a case, until then though...”

“Until then I will ease my own prejudices. If I am unable to do so then I will be the first to recommend he be transferred to a different House where he can be treated fairly.”

“Thank you Severus.”
“Ah Harry how are you?”

“Very good professor Sinistra, and yourself?”

“Good, good you may just call me Aurora though when we are not in class. We are friends remember?”

The smile on the boy’s face sent guiltily warm shivers down the woman’s spine. “Aurora then.”

Forcing away some rather unprofessional thoughts the woman cleared her throat, “And your classes Harry?” the woman inquired as she and the student continued walking down the hallway.

“A bit dull I am afraid. I have already read through all of the books and they seem to be much the same as last year. I was hoping for something different during this time.”

“I see, unfortunately you cannot take the Electives, such as Astronomy, until third year. Even then you will only have time for one or two. I do hope you consider my class though.” Her last statement had been implied a bit too huskily before she realized it. Part of her prayed that the boy would not pick up on it... but a small portion of her mind hoped that he might actually...

“It was my first choice. I don't think I would be able to go another year without regularly seeing you.”

Maybe he did know what she was doing, but Aurora's knowledge of teenage flirting was more than a little limited.

“Perhaps we could see a bit more of each other this year? Although I am rather busy most evenings I have always found myself to be a 'night owl' and if you find yourself without anything to do on a Saturday or Sunday evening we could always start Astronomy a bit early, the view from the tower is quite lovely after all.”

“That sounds nice, thank you Aurora. I look forward to seeing the rest of you as well.” with that the boy entered his next classroom, leaving a stunned woman standing in the hallway, before blushing and swiftly moving off to find a place to cool down, and perhaps take a cold shower.

***LoD***

“It seems like you have been getting even more attention this year Harry.”

The boy turned around, glancing at the white haired girl sitting at the end of his bed. “Whatever do you mean Hedwig?”

“Don't lie to me Harry... you can lie to anyone else, deceive them, manipulate them... just don't do it to me...”

The teasing smile fell and he rose to slowly walk towards her. “You are referring to the sexual attention I am receiving from quite a few women.”

“Yes...”

“Have I not told you that you cannot be replaced?”

“You have but...” Before she realized it the raven-haired boy was standing inches away from her, his arms on her shoulders as he pushed her torso back onto the bed with little effort. Any protest was
silenced as he moved forward so that his hips were between her legs which still dangled from the side, his pelvis grazing her own and sending shivers through her body.

“Quite a position we find ourselves in hm Hedwig?”

“I... I said no teasing...”

“No you did not. But who said I am teasing you.” he leaned forward a bit, his hand on either side of her head as his face was close enough for her to feel his breath on her lips. “What if I am not teasing you right now...” he whispered softly, igniting a fire in her. “What would you do? Would you kiss me back? Would you raise your hips and allow me to remove the few barriers between us? Would you give yourself to me?”

“I... Harry I... we...”

“Tell me we can't. Tell me no and I will stop. You know I would never force you into anything...”

“Harry... please...” she whimpered pitifully, and gasped as his lips found the side of her neck.

“Please what Hedwig? Tell me what you want, what you need.”

“I... I...”

“Excuse me my lord, but it appears Draco Malfoy is requesting your presence.” It was the portrait of Salazar Slytherin that interrupted their moment. Since no one save for a Parselmouth could open the chamber the room itself was designed so that it would alert anyone inside if someone wanted access.

“Ah of course.” the boy replied, before pulling his torso away from the girl who was panting on his bed. “It appears you will have more time than you thought to make your decision but...” His hands found her hips, and he rubbed himself up against her junction, earning a soft moan as the pale legs spread farther to encourage him.

“What a lovely feeling... hopefully we will be able to explore it a bit more later...” With that he departed, allowing his companion to catch her breath, calm her emotions, and take stock of her undeniable feelings.

***LoD***

Harry Potter wandered through the hallways alone, and he found this far more desirable than spending his evening in the Main Hall. Last year he had made a mistake and was forced to deal with an evening long celebration about the destruction of the Dark Lord... and thus his parents' murder.

By the end of the evening he had been rather close to snapping the first person's neck that he ran into, luckily for him a Troll had been snuck into the castle, thus allowing him to relieve his annoyances by turning a boy into a puddle of blood and various other fluids.

This year there wasn't such an opportunity, and although it was a rather enticing idea to find someone to murder it would also make his remaining years a tad more irritating than they would normally be. He could only hope that whatever 'danger' he had been warned about made itself known soon, otherwise drastic measures would need to be taken in order to bring some excitement into his life.

Upon turning the corner the boy froze, and a cruel smile emerged on his face. Before him laid a student, frozen in place. They appeared to be alive... but petrified.
Finally, something interesting happened.

***LoD***
Lord of Darkness

Action & Obsession

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

***LoD***

“Ah Headmaster Dumbledore, to what do I owe the honor of a call?”

The older man sighed, before stuffing away any pride he had built up over the years. It was time for humility, for him to place the safety of others first and foremost.

“Director Bones, I wish to inform you of a situation that we have just discovered.”

Amelia's ‘enjoying your suffering’ smile fell instantly as she stood from her desk. “Am I clear to enter.”

“You are.”

Seconds later the head of the DMLE stepped into Albus Dumbledore's office. “I must admit I did not expect you to actually contact me involving Hogwarts business.”

“I have been far too prideful in the past and that much is obvious. I want to resolve this situation before anything horrible happens.”

“What has occurred?”

“A fifth year student was found petrified.”

Her eyes widened, before she brought out a parchment to use for note taking. “What do we know?”

“They were discovered less than an hour ago and was reported by another student.”

“Names of both”

“Penelope Clearwater was the victim, a Muggleborn witch who was sorted into Ravenclaw. The one who found her was Harry Potter.”

“The Harry Potter?”

“The very same, she was discovered in a hallway near the library. According to her friends she had skipped the Halloween festival to get an early jump on homework.”

“And Mr. Potter's reasoning for not being at the festivities?”

“I have not interviewed him yet, I wanted you to be present.”

The Bones matron's monocle almost fell off her face in shock. Apparently Dumbledore really was serious about his interest in receiving help. “He is nearby?”
“Waiting outside of my office as we speak.”

“Bring him in please, I would hate to keep him up any later than we have to.”

***LoD***

“Mr. Potter”

“Madam Bones, Headmaster.” Both adults blinked in surprise at the boy’s knowledge of her identity.

“I was unaware you two had met Harry.”

“Oh we have not, but I began studying the Magical government over summer after finishing my work, I have quite a lot to catch up on after all.”

“Indeed my boy, Director Bones would like to ask you a few questions. If you find it acceptable I will represent your best interests as you are a minor and cannot be questioned without a guardian. If you wish for someone else we can hold off.”

“No need Headmaster, I trust you.”

The old man smiled, before gesturing for Amelia to begin.

“Mr. Potter, could you describe what happened when you found Ms. Clearwater please.”

“I was heading towards the library to see if there were any books to catch my interest when I turned the corner and discovered a student lying on the ground. I immediately moved forward to check her vitals and discovered she was alive but unresponsive. I then sent out an emergency flare with my wand and waited for help to arrive.”

“You did not try and find help directly?”

“I did not want to leave her vulnerable.”

“Why would you say that?”

“Last year.”

Both adults nodded gravely, before the DMLE director continued her questioning. “May I ask why you were not at the celebrations this evening?”

“I find the idea of celebrating the murder of my parents with candy and laughter to be insulting.”

Amelia winced at the cold tone, while Dumbledore hung his head in shame. He had never taken into consideration that Harry might not want to be present at the festivities, and thus had never sought to check on him.

He should have.

“I understand, did you see anything else at the scene? Perhaps a figure or anything out of place?”

“Her body was posed unnaturally with her right hand extended and her left hand placed upon her face. It appears to be similar to what I have seen other girls do when they are applying makeup using a ‘compact mirror’. This would prove correct as there was a small object located nearby, but the mirror was completely shattered. Based upon what I have seen of their durability from one of my housemates I would assume that the mirror was shattered before it fell along with her. Her eyes
seemed to have been focused on the mirror itself, there was no expression of shock or fear so I would guess she was not expecting whatever happened.”

Both adults gaped at the student in shock.

“That... is quite impressive Mr. Potter. How did you manage to remember all of that.”

“Eidetic memory. I can perfectly recall anything I have ever experienced. After a certain point.”

“A certain point my boy?” Albus inquired.

“I cannot recall my mother being murdered in front of me, nor surviving the killing curse. My first memory is waking up at the Orphanage.”

“O-o-orphanage!?” the witch stuttered in shock.

“Yes, it is where I live. I am afraid I cannot go into more detail for safety reasons.”

“I see... if anything new comes up may I interview you at a later date Mr. Potter?”

“Of course Madame, anything I can do to help.”

With that he was dismissed, leaving the woman to turn slowly to the elder Wizard. “After this situation is resolved Albus, I would like to know why the hero of the Wizarding World has been living in an orphanage for the past decade.”

“I understand.”

“Until then... what do you think we should do?”

“I am praying that this is only a prank gone wrong, but in case it is not I would like to request Aurora presence at Hogwarts.”

“You realize if we have squads roaming the halls it was cause a panic.”

“I do, which is why I was hoping we could keep it at a minimum until we know more. Perhaps one or two of the younger recruits. If this does turn out to be a prank then they could be explained as using this time for an apprenticeship or minor field experience.”

Amelia nodded, there would be no way they could justify dozen of Aurors, nor shutting the school down on such flimsy evidence. In the back of her mind she wondered that if it had been a Pureblood who was attacked if this conversation would even be happening, but dismissed the idea.

“I... have just the person in mind Headmaster.”

***LoD***

“Attention everyone, attention please. Due to the incident two days ago I have yielded to the insistence of the DMLE and agreed to the posting of an Auror on school grounds to discourage any further pranks of this caliper. I would like to introduce a former graduate of Hogwarts, Miss Tonks.”

The Metamorphmagus stepped forward with a grin. This was going to be the easiest field assignment ever! Bones had informed her that some kid had been petrified as a result of a prank so she was to stick around and make sure it didn't happen again. Although they did not know the cause Dumbledore was fairly positive that it was nothing serious, and should it escalate further reinforcements would be brought in. Basically she was being paid extra, and overtime, to hang
around Hogwarts and babysit a bunch of brats for a few months. Naturally this would be going on her record and 'field experience' and potentially even help with a future promotion.

“Wotcher all, my name is Tonks... just Tonks. I am here to make sure all of you cute little kids are safe and sound so if anyone is picking on you feel free to let me know.”

***LoD***

“I have a very important, and exciting announcement to make children! Due to the raw terror that is currently roaming our halls Headmaster Dumbledore has authorized me to start up a dueling club in each year to teach self defense. In order to save time I will be doing one year at a time. First year students have already went through their lesson and so now it is your turn.” The 'professor' cheerfully announced as he strutted around in his outfit.

“Perhaps, Lockhart, we should get on with the lesson? Some of us have more important things to do than watch you model the latest 'fashion' trend.” Snape growled from the corner of the room, earning a chuckle from the other adult.

“Yes, yes of course. Now then we will be going through the basics of Wizarding duels, and as such the first step is to have a pair of volunteers.”

“Excuse me professor, if I might make a suggestion?”

“Ah Harry, of course.”

“If you and professor Snape gave us a brief demonstration it might prove a better example.”

“Well...” a glance over towards the darker of the two men earned a pause from the fraud for a moment, before he nodded. “I suppose it will have to do. I hate to show off at another teacher's expense but it will provide valuable information for all of you intrepid youths.”

Harry forced himself not to roll his eyes in annoyance. Perhaps he should have volunteered himself, that was when he 'accidentally' murdered the man it might not be quite as suspicious.

As Severus himself took his position at the opposite end of the 'Defense professor' he overheard a whispered conversation between several of the Slytherins.

“I didn't know Snape could duel.”

“Of course he can, I imagine he is quite impressive.”

Odd that Potter knew that fact concerning him, and the way he spoke sounded almost like a compliment from the boy.

“First, we bow.”

The two adults proceeded to do so.

“Next we assume our dueling stances.”

Lockhart's was... well what every expected from the man. A ridiculous pose that looked as impractical as standing on ones head. Snape's was far more lethal, minimizing his surface area while allowing his Wand to rest in an offensive opening position.

“Then, we begin!” the blonde called out, before launching a simple disarming hex, which was easily deflected before a far more powerful spell was launched in counter, and tossed the man across the
“And that is how you duel.”

“Y-yes well... obviously I went easy on professor Snape but we simply do not have time to go into the more advanced dueling methods. Now then, two volunteers please!”

“I'll take on any of the snakes!”

Fighting back the urge to laugh at the Weasley Harry noticed Draco tense up through his peripheral vision.

“My Lord... please?” the blonde whispered, his eyes never straying from Ron who stood smugly across from them.

“Go on Draco.”

“I will take the Weasel on!”

Both students hastily climbed up the walls and onto the platform, each backed by a professor should anything go wrong.

“Ah a rivalry is born. This is a good opportunity to show the differences between how a Gryffindor and a Slytherin duels.”

Even Snape rolled his eyes slightly at this as the two preteens took on their stances, albeit far closer than the adults were in order to improve their aim.

“Scared Weasel?”

“I am going to make you even uglier Malfoy!”

Ron attacked first, sending a 'prank' hex that his brothers had used on him previously. What he had not been counting on was his opponent to duck out of the way so easily, and fire a counter curse that tossed the boy backwards several feet, and onto his ass.

“Really Weasel, a spell to turn my pants yellow? That is how children duel, not Wizards.”

“Twenty points to Slytherin.” Severus intoned.

***LoD***

“Wotcher, you must be Harry Potter.”

“Indeed, and you are Miss Tonks correct?” the boy inquired, his eyes seeming to pierce through her own gaze, as if he stared into her very soul.

“Y-yeah, I am the uh... the Auror here to make sure everyone is safe.”

“I see, well I certainly feel safer with you around.”

If it had been anyone else Tonks might have found sarcasm in his voice, but oddly there was none. Apparently the young man truly did feel safer around her, sending an odd feeling of triumph through her body.

“I am glad Mr...”
“Please, just call me Harry. I do so hope we can see more of each other as the school year goes on. Naturally I pray you solve the mystery behind these attacks though. Quite the conundrum I find myself in.”

“Um yeah... I uh... agree and stuff...”

“Well if you ever need anything Miss Tonks, it is never difficult to find me.”

“Yeah sure, I will remember that thanks.” With that the woman practically bolted down the hallway, trying to figure out why in Merlin's name she was acting like a lovesick school girl around the boy... and to calm her rapidly beating heart.

***LoD***

“So Neville, how has your studies progressed this year?”

The previously chubby boy slowed, allowing for his closest friend to catch up with him. “Very good my... Harry. It seems like Snape has backed off a bit lately, which has even helped out Potions class.”

“Indeed, quite an odd turn of events.”

“I thought you would have been the cause of that.”

“Not this time. Although I may have been indirectly, perhaps the Headmaster finally decided to force professor Snape to cease his mindless bullying.”

The Longbottom shrugged as the pair walked together. “I have to thank you though, Gran sent me a letter last month about how proud she was of my improvements. The only reason for those is your tutoring, the Slytherins helping me in a few classes, and my new wand. All of these were because of you.”

“Nonsense Neville, you have grown on your own just as I knew you would. You will continue growing so long as you can find the inner strength to do so.”

“As long as I am with you Harry I know I can do anything.”

“Then continue to walk with me Neville, and you will achieve greatness you cannot imagine.”

***LoD***

The door slammed behind her as Hermione Granger ran into the nearest stall, thankfully not occupied, and hastily shut the barrier behind her before locking it and slumping down onto the toilet. Seconds later the tears she had held back came running down her face despite her efforts to control her sobs.

This year was supposed to be different. She had rationalized that the first year was sort of an introduction to the Magical world, a test run for everyone to get to know each other and then they would come back after the summer more mature and accepting. That hadn't happened... in fact it was even worse this year. The bullies were stronger, braver, and more vicious in their words. The girls in her class would taunt her about her hair, her lack of makeup, her 'ugliness'. While the boys, usually Ronald Weasley, would laugh at her lack of friends and her 'annoying behavior'.

But she could have disregarded it, could have ignored it all if she could have just made a single friend... but she hadn't. No one had even bothered to pretend this year, unlike last when they at least
acted like they might be interested in her.

Worse still was her parents. She had been warned that it was a difficult transition for Muggle-born Wizards and Witches. Most of the Pureblood, and even some Half-bloods, already had ties and friendships established from before they entered Hogwarts, she had none. When she had returned to her family over the previous Winter holidays her mother and father had attempted to converse with her regarding school but... it was no use. They simply could not comprehend the cultural differences and the subtleties of magic.

Even worse was that during the summer her lack of exposure to the Muggle world was far more obvious than ever before. She had sat in silence for the first dinner back trying to think of something to talk to her parents about... but there was nothing they held in common. She could not keep up with recent events and could not explain the magical classes she took.

When she had attempted to do so their eyes seemed to dull, and the fake smiles that she had always dreaded appeared on their faces. It was the same as when she had tried to explain Muggle concepts to a Pureblood. They were pretending to care.

Halfway through the summer and Hermione Granger realized that she was alone. There was no one in the Muggle world she could talk to about her problems and few, if any, in the Magical world seemed to listen. McGonagall herself had grown busy with the new first years and everything else that was occurring in the school to have more than a brief conversation concerning homework. Even then the older Witch seemed almost annoyed at having to take time out of her schedule to talk about academics.

Thus the bushy-haired witch sat and cried, not only from the hateful words and attitudes but at the loneliness that surrounded her.

Why couldn't she be more like Harry Potter? She had overheard more than a few of classmates muttering this about her behind her back. It wasn't her fault that she wasn't perfect. That he was better than her in every way. That he could not only outperform her, without effort on his part it seemed, in every class but that the teachers adored him. That his entire house followed him like he was their messiah. That even those of other houses, especially the girls, could be seen sneaking glances at him whenever they thought it was safe.

He was beautiful, intelligent, powerful, charismatic, social, and wise.

Everything she had always wanted to be... and more.

***LoD***

Albus sodding Dumbledore, once again the old bastard just had to stick his neck in and ruin his plans once again.

First he had moved to shut down Hogwarts after the girl had been killed decades prior, and now he had called in Aurors thus making further continuation of the plan painstakingly slow. The memory could get away with maybe one or two sneak outs, using the girl's body, before being caught.

If only it was easier to transfer control, or fully possess the girl. Perhaps it was time to give the Basilisk a more general command, to have it target students at random to take focus away from his host and buy himself more breathing room. After all the attacks were a mere bonus in comparison to the grander scheme of resurrection.

Then all would fear the name 'Voldemort' once more.
“I don’t understand what the big deal is Daph.”

“Oh please, like you do not see what is going on. They follow him around like they are his servants Tracey!”

“If I remember right you were the one who told me that sort of thing did tend to happen in Slytherin. That those with power always lead.”

“Yes they do, but the problem is that it usually isn't like this. I mean sure each year tends to form social groups but... Tracey the seventh years are starting to follow him around.”

“I think you are overreacting.” the youngest Davis child muttered, as she flopped back onto her bed. “I think he's cute.”

“Of course he is cute but...” Daphne Greengrass snapped her mouth shut, her eyes widening in surprise as her face turned completely red.

“HA! I knew it! Even the ‘ice queen’ herself is attracted to him!”

“Tracey...”

“Are you going to try and sneak into his room like the others? Try and get a little sneak peak?”

“Tracey!”

The girl turned towards her best friend, and noticed the embarrassed anger in her eyes. “Daph... you know I was just teasing you. I didn't mean...”

“I know... I am just not used to this. It is... scary Tracey. It feels like I am being...”

“Pulled towards him? Like when he talks that no one else is in the room but you and him? Like you just want it to give him everything he could ever want?”

“Yes...”

The Half-blooded girl nodded, “I feel the same way Daph, but I don't think it is bad just a bit intense.”

“I don't like it Tracey... I don't care what the others are doing but I am staying away from him for now. I think you should too.”

“Alright alright... but just for now.”

---

Ginny Weasley sat in an unused classroom, terrified out of her mind. She had just regained consciousness less than an hour prior after another blackout period and was trying to figure out how much time she had mysteriously lost again.

The first time was scary enough, now the poor girl was beginning to doubt her own sanity. Was something wrong with her? Was she cursed or just crazy? A sob escaped her lips despite her best attempts to hold it in. She had thought about going to her brothers but... they always seemed so busy and she had no intention on having them look at her like she was evil.
After all she had woken up with blood on her hands, what other explanation could there be? Along with this her waking behavior was suffering as well. She was moody, even more so than usual, tired, stressed, and simply unpleasant to be around. That had been more than a little obvious when the few friends it almost seemed like she had made had begun avoiding her when possible.

Not that she blamed them. Now more than ever she desperately wished she could reach out to her former best friend Luna. Unfortunately the blonde had been sorted into Ravenclaw, and had been difficult to locate anytime they were not in the same class together.

The fact that Ron was always muttering demeaning things about the other Houses did not help either. Sure Luna and her had been close but... Ron was family, and that was more important... right?

Regardless the only highlight of her day was 'Tom'. He listened to her, spoke with her, and encouraged her.

If only he knew what was happening to her.

If only someone could save her from whatever was happening.

If only a certain raven-haired boy would glance in her direction.

***LoD***

“Pathetic... you are pathetic...” a choked voice whispered as a young girl sat crying in a bathroom stall. “Still running off to hide and cry... still not good enough, still not...”

A knock on the door ripped the bushy-haired witch out of her self-pity. “O-occupied!”

“Oh I know, I was just making sure this was the right one.”

Hermione Granger froze in fear, the voice that had answered was male. Was it someone come to torment her in the last place she could find refuge? Was it whoever had been responsible for the attack? Was she next?

“W-who...”

“Do you know what a Masquerade Ball is?”

“Wh-what?”

“A Masquerade Ball, it is a Muggle party in which the attendees all wear these silly little masks. Quite an interesting concept no?”

“I... I don’t understand.”

“It really is quite ridiculous,” the boy continued, “I mean if you truly think about it a tiny mask will never hide anyone’s identity. Imagine if you lived next door to a woman with beautiful bright red hair, and then when you went to this party you saw the same hair. Obviously you would know it is her, even if the outfit is different, and perhaps she has wrapped it into a bun rather than letting it flow, you would know it is the same person just by that.” the boy paused, and Hermione began to try and figure out who could be speaking to her... and why they would be doing so.

“I think...” he called out once more, “that it is the idea of being anonymous. Sure you might be able to figure out who hides behind the mask but... you can never be one hundred percent certain. There will always be the shadow of doubt in your mind. Perhaps they are purposefully talking like
someone else. Perhaps they are wearing a wig or dyed their hair. Maybe their shoes are raised without you realizing it. For instance you might be able to guess who I am by my voice but who knows how the acoustics of the room can change it. Much like singing in a shower. Perhaps the door itself is altering the tone just enough that I could be someone different than you might think, just as you may be someone else as well... quite interesting is it not?”

Now she understood, he was giving her a way of remaining anonymous. Two strangers talking without knowing anything else about one another.

It was oddly comforting in a sense.

“So tell me my dear... how are you liking Hogwarts?”

Hermione didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. It was possibly the first normal conversation she had been in since starting Hogwarts... last year and they were having it in the girl’s bathroom.

“It has been rough. The others can be mean... cruel...”

“The other students.”

“Yes.”

“In your house or in others?”

“All of them, Purebloods all seem to have friends already, while I...” she trailed off, not knowing how much she should reveal.

“Have trouble, since no one cares about seeing the real you.”

“No one cares at all, not the students, not the teachers, not my parents NO ONE!” and just like that she broke down, no longer caring about who heard her sobs. After a few minutes the bushy-haired girl managed to calm herself.

It was silent though, had he left? Had she scared away the one person who, for a brief moment, seemed to care about her?

“H-Har...”

“Just wanting to make sure you got it all out of your system my dear, here try this.” A hand emerged from under the door, holding what appeared to be a black handkerchief.

Reaching forward she grabbed the offered cloth, only for the boy to hold on and stroke her hand with his finger before letting go. Pulling her hand back the girl fought against the blush consuming her face.

“Unfortunately it is nearing time for our next class my dear, we will have to continue this another time.”

“Wait! What is your name... I mean what can I call you?”

“How about... Mr. Rochester... my dear Miss Eyre.”

***LoD***

“Albus, we have just discovered another petrified victim.”
The old man seemed to age another dozen years before McGonagall's eyes as he slumped down into his chair, “Who?”

“Mr. Creevy, a first year Gryffindor.”

“Another who is Muggleborn if I remember correctly.”

The woman nodded.

“Miss Tonks?”

“She is on the scene Albus, I can’t help but feel we are barely avoiding a catastrophe. One student at a time, and only petrification.”

“I agree Minerva, hopefully this will convince the Wizengamot to allow a full Auror investigation but...”

“But they are not Purebloods... which means it is doubtful.”

“Unfortunately, I can only hope they will see reason before it is too late.”

“Me too Albus... me too.”

***LoD***

“Excuse me... my Lord?”

Harry glanced up from the book he had been reading, to focus his attention on one of the older Slytherins standing before him. “Yes?”

“I was uhm... hoping you could help me with something.”

“And that would be...”

“My young brother, he just started this year and... well he is being picked on. I know I shouldn’t bother you with such trivial things but I just... he isn't taking it well.”

The raven-haired boy nodded, “And who is behind the bullying of one of our own?”

“The Weasley twins my Lord. They call themselves the 'Devils of Gryffindor'. I don’t know if you can do anything but... I heard that they pick on a lot of Slytherins and other students.”

Giving a slight hum of concentration the boy-who-lived paused for a moment before nodding, “Yes... I should be able to take care of this problem for you.”

“Th-thank you my Lord!”

A casual wave dismissed the third year, who promptly scurried off to speak with his brother.

***LoD***

“Let’s see... oh this is perfect! Right over here guys, this closet is empty!”

A laughing group of older students emerged from behind the corner a moment later, dragging a young blonde girl despite her struggles.

“This'll teach you to act like such a freak Looney, alright strip and toss her in!”
“N-no please don't!”

Luna's pleas went unheeded and moments later she found herself stuffed into a closet naked, with a locking charm securing the door from the outside.

“I tell you what, if we end up losing the House Cup this year because of her... I am going to leave her in the closet over the summer.”

“I hear you, hopefully whatever is petrifying students finds her next.”

The others nodded, and chuckled before departing for their next class, leaving a terrified and sobbing first year student alone for more than a few hours before the spell wore off.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger laid on her bed, staring up at the blank ceiling in her shared room, curtains drawn. If it had been a month ago she would be reading a book, studying, or doing homework. Instead she was just staring, her mind wandering as she gently held a black handkerchief in her right hand, stroking it softly with her fingers.

It was unlike anything she had even felt before, feather-light, warm when she was cold, cool when she was too hot. Even stranger though was how silky it felt, like it was made of the finest sheets she had even seen. It was comforting, as though she was connected to someone when she held it, almost as if she was holding his hand.

Her thoughts drifted back to the mysterious boy, no it was Mr. Rochester now, and the few minutes they had spent together. It couldn't have been more than ten, maybe fifteen minutes at most and yet... and yet it had been like a breath of fresh air when she had been stuck in a dusty stagnant house for years.

Now she couldn't get him out of her mind, when she slept she dreamed of him. Her daydreams were focused around him.

A part of her, the rational side, was more than a little terrified at what was happening, at the obsession that was building inside of her. Yet the part that craved attention, that part that just wanted someone to care, craved to be near him, desired for him to look at her as something more than just some silly schoolgirl, that perhaps one day they could walk hand-in-hand together, perhaps even intimately.

***LoD***

It was far too dangerous to continue accessing the Chamber. The diary's host had almost been noticed during her last return and if that happened the entire plan would be ruined. Thus the Basilisk would simply be left to continue the attacks on its own while the redhead would continue being drained of her essence.

Tom Riddle, in temporary control of Ginny Weasley, made his way down the hallway towards an empty classroom. There he would relinquish control over the girl while giving her a few more mental suggestions. Another few weeks and the ritual could be completed. Just a few more weeks and...

“Hello Miss Weasley.”

No

Voldemort's control vanished in an instant as the girl froze, her face turning bright red at the voice
she had secretly learned to covet over the past few months called out from behind her.

Harry Potter

“H-h-hello”

“A rather nice evening for a stroll is it not?” the boy inquired, as he casually walked up next to her.

“Y-y-yes...”

“Indeed, tell me Miss Weasley... or may I call you Ginny?”

The girl's heart practically exploded in excitement, and it was all she could do to nod.

“Excellent, tell me Ginny are you feeling tired?”

“T-tired? I don't...”

His hand splayed out in front of her face, and the first year fell unconscious in an instant, with only the raven-haired boy's arm preventing her from collapsing forward onto the floor. With his free hand he reached out and took the book she had been cradling next to her chest.

“How very interesting...”

***LoD***
Draco Malfoy prided himself upon several things. First he was an outstanding seeker, just ask him he would tell you for hours. Second he was above average in all of his classes, and more than adequate in a duel. Third was the fact of his blood purity, although this fact was slowly becoming less important with time. Fourth was his Lord's faith in his abilities, arguably the thing he was most proud of. Finally he was experienced in the magical world, meaning that very little could cause him pause or shock at this point...

Or so he thought, that is until Harry Potter, his Lord and Master, came walking into the Slytherin common rooms with a book in his left hand, and an unconscious Ginny Weasley thrown over his right shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

Needless to say this earned a silent confusion until someone gathered up the courage to make further inquiries.

“Ummm... my Lord?”

“Yes Blaise.”

“Uhh... you have a redhead on your shoulder...”

“I am well aware thank you.”

“Errr why?”

“Because carrying her bridal style might cause even more rumors, and dragging her on the ground seems a bit harsh.”

“Uhhhh.”

“Yes?”

“What I think Blaise is trying to say my Lord is that... why are you carrying her around?” the Malfoy heir inquired, earning a silent thanks from the dark skinned boy.

“Ahh, because she is unconscious. I couldn’t exactly leave the poor girl in the hallway now could I? Imagine what horrors could have befallen her.”

“O-of course...”

“Now then if you will excuse me, I need to begin extracting Miss Weasley’s life force from the book so that she may recover from her attempted possession.” With that the raven-haired boy opened the
secret passage to his personal quarters, which promptly closed behind him leaving a stunned group of students staring in his wake.

“Wait... did he just say 'possession’?”

***LoD***

A soft pop echoed through the living quarters of Harry Potter as a House-Elf appeared, wringing his hands and looking all around quite stressed.

“Ah Dobby, I have been meaning to speak with you.”

“Dobby knows Master Harry Potter, Dobby could feel it.”

“I imagine so after your attempt to bond with me.”

The creature winced slightly at the slightly cold tone, and the fact that his plan had been discovered so easily.

“Oh do not worry Dobby I am not going to punish you, had you failed to be useful to me then I might have but with your information concerning the Weasleys all will be forgiven.”

“Dobby is happy Great Master Harry Potter sir.”

Indeed, the boy resumed pulling a haze of red mist from the diary and redirecting it back into the girl it had originally been stolen from.

“Dobby has more news sir.”

“Oh?”

“Her brothers, the ones who prank, they have something of yours.”

“Do they now?”

“A map sir.”

“Interesting... well Dobby congratulations I believe you have proven yourself useful once more. I will make you a deal. Find out a bit more information on this map for me and I will release you from your servitude with the Malfoys and allow you to follow me instead.”

The Elf’s eyes widened excitedly, before he nodded and disappeared once more, leaving the teen to turn his focus back onto his ‘guest’. “You and your family are becoming more interesting by the day my dear...”

***LoD***

“Good morning my dear”

Ginny Weasley sat up so fast that she practically passed out again. She was definitely not in her dorms, and wasn't in the hospital wing which meant... her eyes widened as her head spun to face the boy seated next to the bed, a charming smile on his face which quickly caused her own to heat up in a blush.

“How are you feeling? I was becoming a bit worried that you would miss breakfast, it is the most important meal of the day.”
“I-I-I...”

“So you are hungry then? You must be, I doubt that the parasite fed you at all. I have taken the liberties of retrieving a few breakfast choices for you.”

“I-I-I-I...”

“For now, unfortunately, I must insist that you stay here, preferably in bed. There is a private bathroom behind me once you feel strong enough to move but your life-force was quite drained when I found you. Even after restoring it to you I am afraid that you will need some recovery time before you can be up and moving for extended periods. I understand the need for privacy but if you wish to bathe I would encourage you to inform me first. I would hate for you to slip and fall with no one around to help you.”

The 'slight blush’ had become so severe after this train of thought that Ginny's face was closer to the color of her hair rather than it's normal pale tone.

“I trust you have had 'breakfast in bed' before? A marvelous Muggle tradition I will admit. Do not worry about the Slytherins they are not able to enter here without me and I have warned them about attempting to do so. So for now eat.”

Finally the younger girl managed to nod, before staring down at the tray that was set on her lap filled with food.

***LoD***

“How odd brother of mine”

“Very odd indeed my less attractive twin.”

“Ha, that is not what your girlfriend said last night.”

“Odd, because it is what yours said.”

The twins grinned at each other, before looking down to reread the note that they had found on their bunk bed in the Gryffindor dorm rooms.

Devils of Gryffindor, I have something of great value to you. If you want it back meet us in the Charms Corridor two days from now at nine in the eve. Come alone.

“Curiouser and Curiouser Fred.”

“Indeed, and I am George today.”

“No, I am George, I told Angela that an hour ago and we have a date.”

“Well good luck with that, because she likes Fred more anyway.”

***LoD***

A sobbing Luna Lovegood lay curled up in a broom closet once more. Why couldn't they just leave her alone? Why did they have to hate her so much?

Once more flashes of the future went through her mind like horrible nightmares, each one worse than the last. The newest was her sitting alone, in nothing but dirty ripped clothing, in what appeared to be her house. There she sat, for days on end just staring at nothing in particular. There was no one in her
life, and hadn't been for years prior to her father's death. There the older version of herself sat without moving, without blinking, the loneliness finally shattering her mind.

Another whimper escaped the young girl's mouth. Why couldn't she have a happy future? Why did she have to suffer? Why couldn't someone just... care.

***LoD***

“Ummm Harry?”

“Yes my dear? How are you feeling?”

“G-good... ummm...”

“Is something wrong? Are you hungry again?”

“N-no I just... umm... could I... maybe... take a bath...”

“Ah of course, you have been sitting in that bed for well over a day now and you probably haven't had time to bathe in longer than that. Considering you were returning from the Chamber of Secrets I imagine you are feeling a bit filthy yes?”

She nodded shyly, and waited for her caretaker to stand next to the bed while helping her stand, and then walk, across the room to the add-on lavatory. Once there he gently set her down before starting her water.

“Do not fret my dear, once the water is to your liking I will go and fetch some towels while you disrobe and hide beneath the rather foamy bubbles that I have added. That will also give me time to change the bed sheets for you.”

As he turned to leave a hand reached out and grabbed a hold of his cloak.

“H-Harry...”

“Hmm?”

“Could you... help me umm...”

“Ah you are not feeling quite up to strength yet.”

She nodded in shyly, before the boy helped her up and began to undress her. It was an odd feeling for the youngest Weasley, being stripped down in front of a boy she barely knew, despite the fact that he was keeping his eyes closed in respect. His hands were gentle, and yet there was a power and nimbleness to them that surprised the first year, a feeling of comfort and security surrounded her, even with something so demeaning.

After all was said and done she draped her arm across his shoulders, allowing him to aid her into the tub, where she stood for a moment.

“Now then, that towel hmm?”

“Y-yes please.”

When he returned however, she was still standing, albeit bracing herself on a nearby wall.

“Oh my apologies my dear,” he muttered turning away instantly, “I did not realize that...”
“It’s okay... I mean you are doing all of this for me and...” What the hell was she doing? Letting some boy look at her naked? And yet... there was a desire inside her that to see something in his eyes. A spark of enjoyment, a flash of lust, approval... just something that would tell her she was attractive, that she could be more than just a skinny little shy girl with no friends. “And I want you to look.”

The way his eyes raked over her form sent more than a few pleasant shivers through her body and to her core.

“You are very lovely my dear, do not let anyone tell you otherwise.”

“Th-thank you...”

“Now into the water, you still need to get clean... if you don’t I will be forced to wash you myself.” The huskiness in his voice gave her a moment of doubt, that maybe she should take him up on his offer...

***LoD***

“Look who it is Fred”

“Indeed George, apparently the Lord of Slytherin has seen fit to attend an audience with us.”

Harry responded by extending his arm towards Draco, who reached into his pocket and placed a few Galleons into the raven-haired boy’s hand, grumbling the entire time.

“I am curious as to how you know such a thing, would you care to explain?”

“Oh forgive us”

“Oh Slytherin Lord”

“We are but humble pranksters”

“Not worthy of your inquiries”

“Also Pansy Parkinson is a gossip”

Again the hand was extended, earning more grumbles from the blonde, who pulled out even more coins to give to the boy.

“Any chance you”

“Will explain to us”

“Why heir Malfoy”

“Keeps giving you money?”

The Potter Lord grinned, “We made a few wagers before coming here based on your reactions, thus far Draco is losing... badly.”

“Such freaking crap...” said boy mumbled.

“So now that the introductions are done we can get down to business what are you willing to give up for...”
“Actually we just showed up to tell you”

“To bugger off”

“And also”

“Give you a 'going away present'.”

Moments later a red dust dropped from the ceiling, covering the two Slytherins in what appeared to be a very 'Gryffindor' shade of crimson. The two older boys burst into laughter, even to the extent of falling on the ground. Neither noticed that Draco had, reluctantly, pulled out yet another handful of coins to give to his Lord.

“Well Draco it appears you were wrong.”

“My apologies my Lord, I thought they would be a bit more mature than Ron.”

Harry shrugged, before turning to leave, “It appears you were mistaken, they did not value their sister as much as we presumed. A pity, well regardless she will simply…”

The boy-who-lived halted in his steps, a smirk appearing on his face as he turned towards the two older students who were now pointing Wands at him.

“What did you do to Ginny?”

“Ah, not as funny anymore is it?” Harry inquired, before extending his hand, and earning a groan of annoyance from Draco before handing over more Galleons.

“Seriously how the hell could you guess that.”

“Simple Draco, people are predictable. Perhaps I will use this to buy Miss Parkinson a Christmas gift, do you think she would prefer jewelry or lingerie?”

“OUR SISTER!”

“NOW!”

“Now now no need to be rude, after all as far as you know hexing me might ensure that you never see her again.”

Reluctantly the two weapons were lowered, although neither boy appeared any less hostile.

“Let us try this again shall we, what are you willing to give up for your sister's return?”

Fred gritted his teeth, biting back the response before George put a comforting hand on his brother's shoulder. “What do you want Potter?”

“First and foremost, the map.”

“I don't know what you are talking about”

Harry's eyes narrowed in annoyance, “I have not insulted your intelligence, do not insult mine. I am well aware of the map you two carry that shows everyone in the castle. It is mine and I want it returned.”

“Who the hell says it is yours!”
“The fact that Prongs was my father.”

Both boy’s mouths dropped, before one reluctantly pulled it out and tossed it to the Slytherin.

“Now then, in return for your sister I want an oath from both of you.”

“And what would that entail?” George growled.

“That you will not prank or harass anyone below your school year...” Harry was interrupted as Draco whispered something, earning a chuckle from the emerald-eyed boy. “Exceptions can be made concerning family of course, feel free to prank Ron as much as you desire.”

“W-wait... that's it?”

“Yes...”

“You just want us to stop pranking...”

“No, I could care less about those your year or older, they can defend themselves, but anyone younger than you is now to be exempt.”

Both redheads glanced at each other, before raising their wands and swearing the oath.

“Very good, Ginny come here please.”

The shy girl stepped out from the shadows, before walking towards her brothers at Harry’s slight gesture.

“She has mostly recovered from her ordeal, but I would still keep a close eye on her for the next month or so just in case. Possessed diaries are so very irritating to deal with.”

“P-p-possession!?”

“Indeed, had I not intervened I fear she would be sapped of her life-force within the next few weeks. Oh and considering her involvement with the Chamber of Secrets I would highly suggest you keep this little incident to yourselves. If not she will either end up at St. Mungos, which your family cannot afford to use for the time they will deem necessary, or Azkaban, which she will not survive.”

The two boys gulped, before nodding and gently leading their sister off.

Neither noticed the way she looked back at her raven-haired savior, an expression of longing in her eyes as she watched him turn and leave.

***LoD***

“I don’t get it my Lord, all of that just to get them to stop pranking? She was worth way more than that.”

“Oh I am fully aware Draco, but she has already become infatuated with me, and now her brothers will feel that they owe me a favor as well. I have no need of anything they possess Draco, at least not at the moment, but the debt that I can now call upon... that is something I might be able to use.”

Harry replied, already unveiling the map and studying it intently.

“So now what?”

The boy-who-lived chuckled, “Now we need to address a small issue, before continuing upon my
plans for this year.”

As the two entered the Slytherin commons the various students stood, as was required when a Lord entered the room, to show their allegiances.

“It has come to my attention that there are rumors going around Hogwarts, rumors about my position in this house. Now I thought I had informed everyone that this knowledge was to remain secret... but apparently I was not quite clear enough.” Harry began, his eyes sweeping the room before landing on Pansy who had started fidgeting.

“Is there something you wish to say Miss Parkinson?”

“I...” the girl replied, before stepping forward and kneeling before him. “I beg your forgiveness my Lord! I overstepped my boundaries and I wish to make amends for my error.”

“Indeed... and how do you plan on doing that Miss Parkinson? What skills do you have that could actually be of use to me?”

“I... I...”

“Your grades are nothing to be excited about, your family has little power, you possess no notable skills...”

“I can...”

“Yes?”

“I... I don’t know...” the girl looked ready to break down in tears, while Harry took on a 'thoughtful' posture.

“Perhaps... well I am not sure if you would be able to...”

Pansy knew what was at stake, if she was exiled from his presence her life in Slytherin would become hell. Sure some had not sworn loyalty, such as Daphne Greengrass, but those who had were expected to stay loyal. If she was discarded her very future, including marriage to Draco, would be in jeopardy.

“ANYTHING! My Lord I will do anything you command!”

“Very well, I want you to gather information on two individuals for me. As much as you can. Everything concerning their current studies, their pasts, their plans for the future, their personalities, friends, loved ones, families, hopes, dreams, fears, ambitions... well you get the idea.”

“O-of course my Lord!”

“Good, the two in question are Luna Lovegood and Hermione Granger.”

“Ummm my Lord, with all due respect...” one of the older Slytherins interrupted, looking a bit nervous to do so.

“Yes?”

“Why them? I mean Lovegood is an old Pureblood name but Granger... isn't she that Mu...”

The look the older student received froze him in place. It was nigh impossible to get a 'read' on Harry when he did no wish you to do so, that was why when his anger was obvious it was best to reassess
your situation.

“No, please continue, clearly you have something important to say.”

“N-no my Lord, nothing...”

“You are sure? I want to emphasize that I am open to all suggestions and critiques, if you have one do not be afraid to speak up.”

“N-no of course not. I was merely missing the bigger picture, forgive me.”

“Ah of course, of course. Now then, do you have any questions Miss Parkinson?”

“O-only one m-my Lord, how long do I have to...”

“Accomplish your redemption? I do not think we need to set a definitive date, however I do not wish to seem too forgiving or weak with my compassion so... let us make it a bit interesting shall we?”

The boy's hand extended, his fingers brushing against her forehead before the girl cried out and nearly crumpled onto the ground, her body shaking as it did so. “This will persist until I deem it necessary to give you the key to your release... should you be unable to cope... then perhaps I was wrong, and you are not needed.”

“I-I w-will s-s-succeed m-my L-Lord.”

“Good, I anxiously await your results.” With that the boy departed, and Pansy slowly rose before struggling off to her room, thus missing the whispers from the common room.

“What the hell did he do to her?”

“Beats me... but I sure as heck don't want to be subject to it.”

***LoD***

“M-my Lord?”

“Ah Draco, please come in, you wanted to speak with me?”

“Indeed my Lord, it is about Pansy...”

“Miss Parkinson? Oh I do so hope she has not caved already...”

“No... no of course not it is just... if she fails my Lord, if you cast her out...”

“Oh do not worry Draco, even if she fails I am sure that I could find some use for her... even if it is on her back being used for as a sex toy.”

The blonde let out a rather shocked sound, his jaw almost dropping in the process.

“Oh relax Draco I was merely kidding, I would not use your fiance in such a way.”

The whisper was almost missed by the raven-haired boy, but he still caught it in the silent room, “Wh-why not?”

“Pardon?”

“Why... why wouldn't you use her? I mean it is your right to do so, she swore loyalty to you, she is
Harry stared at the boy for a moment, before gesturing towards a chair across from him to be taken, “Draco let me tell you a story. A very long time ago in a distant land there lived a powerful and ruthless king. Now he held domain over all he surveyed and all swore loyalty to him, but the man was a terrible monster and often sought that which he could not have. One day the king spied a lovely woman working in the castle and demanded that she join him in his bed. The girl plead for him to reconsider, for she was betrothed to another servant and wanted to save herself for their wedding night... yet the king would not be swayed from his lust and the girl was forced to do so under penalty of death for her true love. Now when the other man heard of this he grew angry, and yet the king did not fear, for he was powerful and commanded armies of unending loyalty to him. Surely this kitchen hand was nothing compared to him correct?”

The emerald-eyed boy paused, ensuring that his friend was keeping up before continuing on, “However, one day while the king was dining he found himself unable to breathe, and despite the best efforts of the nearby guards he collapsed at the table while he drowned in his own fluids in a horrific manner. Apparently the young man, whose bride he had forced, worked as a drink server and had slipped poison into the king’s evening wine.”

Piercing eyes focused in on the Malfoy heir, who gulped and nodded that he was still listening, “The moral of the story, Draco, is that no matter how powerful you are, no matter how feared or loved you may be all of us bow to death. Even the most mighty king can be brought down by a slave should he not take care in what he covets. Do you understand this lesson Draco?”

“I... I do my Lord, and I shall take heed of it. But with all due respect I do not think it applies here.”

“Oh? Enlighten me then, why is it you believe this?”

“Because my Lord, in Magical society those we declare to be our Lord we value above all things. For such a person to show an interest in a servant in anyway is an incredible boon upon them. For a Lord to approach, or even bed, the wife, husband, or betrothed of a servant is one of the highest honors known in our world.”

Silence reigned for a few minutes, as the blonde Slytherin feared he had somehow upset his master, before the other boy spoke. “It is an honor is it Draco?”

“Y-yes...”

“So you would feel honored if I took Pansy to my chambers, if I forced her onto her knees to please me...”

“I assure you my Lord, no force would be necessary. She would be more than willing to...”

“You would feel no rage if I brought her in right now and fucked her on this table right in front of you? If I took her virginity while you watched? If I demanded she use her mouth to service me...”

“I...” the blonde boy was blushing now, and Harry felt the spark of desire in the Malfoy heir as if the thoughts truly were appeasing to him. “I would feel no anger my Lord I promise you... I was the one who suggested the photos she sent last Christmas.”

“Interesting...”

***LoD***

Pansy Parkinson was suffering, sure she knew that there would be more to her redemption than just
getting information on two classmates but this...

She hadn’t been able to sleep the previous night, all due to the stipulation, and could barely focus in class. Despite her own claims she had, in fact, tried several cures, all of which failed. Then she had gone with the simplest solution of all... it had only made it worse.

Thus she was stuck sitting in Potions class, trying to pay attention to the ingredients in front of her while rubbing her thighs together as discreetly as possible. It had not been pain that was forced upon her, as so many assumed. It was pleasure, mind numbing, earth shaking, knicker ruining pleasure. Now that in of itself would not have been bad, in fact she would have broken her Lord's rules more often if that was the case, but the fact that despite the lust and stimulation surging through her veins she could not find release.

Her orgasm was being held hostage, and she could not fall into that sweet oblivion until her task was complete. Merlin it was driving her insane! She could feel it, so close that it was practically visible but never quite within reach. Like the most beautiful dress ever conceived being displayed behind a glass window that could not be broken, and just like a dress she wanted it, needed it, desired it.

Why couldn't her repayment have been something simpler? She would have gladly offered herself to Harry in anyway he could desire. She wouldn't have given it a second thought, and she did not doubt that Draco would have encouraged her... probably even would have asked for details afterwards.

But that was not the case, and thus her suffering continued as her mind attempted to come up with a plan to get information on Granger or Lovegood. Sure there was no 'deadline' for her salvation, but she was positive that she would not be able to last more than another day or two at most before she went insane.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger had a secret, one that she kept from... well it didn't really matter because no one seemed to give two craps about her at Hogwarts. McGonagall appeared more than a little annoyed every time she raised her hand in class and Gryffindors either ignored or taunted her whenever they crossed paths. The young bookworm was beginning to look forward to being verbally abused.

Not because she enjoyed it, in fact she had begun to hate and despise those who continually insulted her for simply enjoying school, but rather the fact that a pattern was beginning to emerge.

She would be beaten down emotionally, flee to a nearby bathroom, and then if it was empty there would be a knock on her stall door. Her mysterious companion would then talk to her about her day. Inquire about her studies, even provide hints about how to better perform in class.

But it was simply the fact that he cared about her that made the most impact. There was no falsehoods in his voice, no sarcasm like so many others, no annoyed sighs or groans when she would go on a rant. Just silent, and at times audible, acknowledgment of her existence.

Then there was the small article of black cloth that she kept with her at all times. Whenever she couldn't escape, whenever she wasn't able to find the isolation she needed the young Gryffindor would gently clasp it in her hand, rubbing her fingers over the silky structure until she calmed.

The obsession was growing with her social isolation, and Hermione knew it. She could see the signs clear as day in herself but... she just could not find the will to care. No one else would spend time with her, no one else would give her so much as a second glance unless it was to help get House Points or to steal an answer for a test or homework.
At this point even the logical portion of her mind, the part that was originally terrified by the changes in herself, was beginning to agree with the idea of seeking out this acceptance. If she didn't, if she ignored it and continued on her own she had little doubt that she would become part of the statistic, one in five Muggle-born students committed suicide a year after graduation.

Although the Wizarding world knew about this, they cared little for solving the problem, the social isolation that the society itself caused. Hermione Granger was determined not to fall into this, and anytime she felt the creeping depression she would find a moment to either contact her benefactor... or take a hold of his gift and fight the feeling away.

The only things that worried her now were in the future. What if the man found he no longer wished to spend time with her, and what would she do during the summer, when she could no longer reach him?

***LoD***

“M-my L-Lord...”

“Ah Miss Parkinson, how are you today?”

The gleam in his eyes made the girl want to either punch him... or tear his pants off and mount him in the common room.

“G-g-good m-my L-Lord... I-I-I h-have th-this...”

“Oh? You are finished with your task already? Well that was sooner than I thought, well done.” the boy took two offered vanilla folders before slowly going through their contents.

“Hmmm”

Pansy was practically sobbing at this point, she just wanted it to end to be able to sleep.

“Very well done Pansy... I do believe that this makes up for your indiscretion.”

“Th-thank you m-my L-Lord.”

He nodded, before going back to the information, leaving her panting in front of him. Luckily the room was empty, save for Draco, Harry and herself, everyone else having left at his slight gesture.

“Is there anything else Pansy?”

“P-please...”

“Please what?”

“P-please... let me...”

“Oh yes, how silly of me to forget. The 'key' to your release and all that, well it is a rather interesting puzzle if I do say so myself so you had best pay attention to figure it out.”

The girl whimpered, but nodded.

“The spell cannot be undone by the one who suffers from it, as you have undoubtedly noted. Instead you must use another person to bring yourself to fruition. Do that and...”

All she heard was 'another person' before reaching out and grabbing the wrist of her Lord, and
jamming his hand, along with her own, into her pants. A moment later and she had managed to get their hands underneath her knickers, before practically forcing his fingers into her.

Harry raised an eyebrow as two of his fingers slipped into something wet, tight, and hot. He knew, of course, what sex was but to actually experience a portion of it was a far different experience than what he was expecting.

The girl was practically trembling as he pushed a bit further into her, moving his digits around in an exploratory manner.

“How very interesting...”

She gasped when he found a particularly sensitive spot, and upon further rubbing of this area had the girl practically bucking into his hands, her insides tightening around him as he did so.

“Such interesting sounds you are making my dear...”

“P-p-plea... G-g-god...”

“Not quite, but you do feel rather heavenly I must say.”

He managed to slide one more finger inside of her soaked sex before she convulsed, her cunt clenching around him as a scream ripped through her throat, her body slumping forward onto him as she went boneless.

Most interestingly, however, was the fact he was still inside of her before the boy chuckled and withdrew, his fingers glistening as he did so. “Perhaps I overdid it a bit... I was going to say that your fiance was sitting over there but...” Glancing over Harry's eyebrow quirked up when he realized that Draco's hand was down his own pants, and he was approaching his own release at the sight of his betrothed using their Lord in such a way.

A soft grunt and he too was done, before slumping back into his chair.

“Well I suppose that means you will not be taking her back to her dorm room...”

“M-my a-apologies my L-Lord...”

A sigh broke his lips, this time he did pick the girl up bridal style before carrying her to her own bed, much to the puzzlement of the other girls in the dorm.

***LoD***

“So my Lord, are you going to inform us as to why you wanted the information on Granger and Lovegood? I mean I suppose they are somewhat attractive but...”

“Ah Draco I am glad that you are only in your second year.”

“Um... thank you? Why is that?”

“Because I have plans for you Draco, and if you were this shortsighted while being considerably older then I would be worried.”

The Malfoy flushed red with embarrassment as the small group of Slytherins made their way down a nearly abandoned corridor.

“Better yet my Lord,” Pansy practically purred as she inched just slightly closer to the raven-haired
boy, “why are we in this hallway?”

“Because the next part of my plan is in this hallway Pansy.” with that the boy stopped in front of a closet, before dispelling the multitude of charms on the door and opening it.

Inside, with her knees pulled up to her chest, was a sobbing, naked, young blonde girl.

“Ah hem...” Millicent growled out, glaring at the other boys who promptly looked away.

“Miss Lovegood?”

The girl's sobbing halted, before she looked up, with eyes full of confusion and fear at the boy standing above her.

“It appears as though you could use some aid.”

Her eyes widened even further, before a spark of something, hope perhaps, appeared within. Slowly she began to rise, keeping her arms positioned in such a way that it covered her modesty, until she stood in front of the boy. Her eyes glanced towards the other two girls as a blush appeared on her face, her legs shifting slightly with discomfort.

“Pansy, Millie... leave”

The two girls did as ordered, his tone allowing rebuttal, leaving the two alone.

As he slipped off his outer cloak the young Lovegood's face lit up with a thankfulness he had not beheld in years, and she graciously accepted the clothing that was slid around her shoulder to cover her from any further sight. The moment it touched her skin, however, she gasped in shock.

It was... something else. It felt smoother than silk as it practically melded to her body, dancing across her skin like the caress of a lover. It was warm, almost like a small heater and brought a comfort to her skin and her heart as it molded around her body to protect her.

Like being hugged and protected all at the same time.

“I...”

“Keep it my dear, and know that should you ever need a friend you have one in Slytherin.”

***LoD***

Memories

That was all she had of the time she had spent with her savior. Memories of his presence... and a certain emptiness that came with them. It was as if she had found something that she had lacked, found a missing part of herself that nothing else had ever come close to replacing, and then had been forced to leave it behind.

Ginny Weasley let out a deep sigh as she stared at her schoolwork. Two hours had passed and she had barely managed a single inch of writing for the essay that would be due in a week. At first she thought that her inability to concentrate was linked with 'Tom'. That perhaps whatever he had done to her, Harry had mentioned draining her life-force, had also cause mental problems as well. Even her brothers seemed to be convinced of that when she had hinted at having issues.

But deep down she knew the truth. It had nothing to do with demonic book, instead her thoughts simply focused around a certain emerald-eyed boy, and the way he took care of her, comforted her,
and looked at her.

***LoD***

“Well well well, look who it is, Loony Luna, and I heard you were seen palling around with Slytherins. What, are you such a loser than you need to associate with the snakes in order to find friends? They won’t accept you, no one will ever accept you. You are a freak and a loser!” the older Ravenclaw taunted as he stepped into the young blonde's face, forcing her to step away in the process as he slowly backed her into a wall.

Moments later a group of Slytherins, including Harry, entered the corridor, and the raven-haired boy's eyes narrowed in annoyance. “Something wrong here?”

“Bugger off Potter, this is Ravenclaw business not yours.”

“Oh but it appears as though it has become mine as well, especially since you continue to taunt a friend of mine.”

“So it is true then, Loony here really has lost whatever was left of her pathetic mind if she is friends with a freak like you.”

The area grew deathly quiet, as the younger children put just a little more distance between themselves and the older Ravenclaw, who seemed to have a death wish. They had all seen their Lord angry before, and none wished to be around the target of his wrath when it struck.

For Draco Malfoy, however, he was wondering how he had never noticed it before. Perhaps at the time he thought it was a trick of the mind, the way that the lights seemed to flicker, how the room grew just a little darker.

Now though... there was no doubt that it was not an illusion. The blonde watched in terror as the shadows crept across the floor, as if slowly reaching out for their fellow classmate. What would happen if they reached him? Would he be torn asunder? Ripped into bloody pieces? Mutilated in ways that no human ever should be?

“Wotcher Harry, fancy seeing you here.”

The effect reversed itself in an instant, and Harry's smiling face turned to face the Auror.

“Well hello Miss Tonks, and how are you today?”

He truly was the perfect Slytherin.

“Can't complain too much” the woman said with a slight blush at the attention she was receiving. “Is anything wrong here? I thought I heard someone making a few idle threats...”

“No... no nothing like that, you must have misheard us.” the Ravenclaw boy quickly replied, earning a slightly feral grin from the Metamorphmagus.

“Good, good well you better be off to class. No sense in getting hurt wandering about right?”

“Y-yeah...”

With the older student gone the Potter Lord gave a slight gesture towards the younger girl to accompany them, “Would you like to walk with us to your next class Miss Lovegood? As Miss Tonks stated, it really is not safe to be walking alone.”
The shy nod from the girl was the only thing needed to answer, as Luna joined up with the group of Slytherins.

***LoD***

“Did you see that?”

“No Draco, I didn't see the shadows literally moving across the floor like a living breathing monster about to murder some poor bastard right in front of us.”

“Shut it Blaise, how the hell did he do it though? I mean I have heard about magically created shadows and darkness but... nothing like that.”

***LoD***
Luna Lovegood had always been considered an oddity, whether it was by her friends, family, or classmates. The way she stared off into the distance, her eyes unfocused as if seeing what was beyond the horizon. The truth was that the young blonde was a seer, an individual who could view the future.

This led to a very horrible truth to the young girl, her futures were always terrible. She would emerge horrified, completely covered in sweat from a vision of herself being torn apart by monsters while on a trip with her father, or utterly abandoned in the wilderness to eventually starve.

So she started to develop survival skills, hone a few Magical spells that might save her life, and the visions changed. She would survive until adulthood in these, but would be utterly alone, her mind wasting away from a lack of social contact after graduation. It wasn't that surprising really, she had never really fit in anywhere, never had any friends, except for Ginny, and could barely even find one of her housemates to have a normal conversation with.

Even worse was when she had been sorted into a different house as her friend, further isolating her to the point of having little to no social activity outside of being bullied by her fellow Ravenclaws. When she had mentioned this to her Head of House he had merely dismissed the idea, stating that she must have been exaggerating or imagining the abuse.

It seemed as though she was doomed to a miserable existence for however long it might last... that is until one fateful day when she had been stripped down and shoved into a closet. Now that in itself wasn't terribly strange, it had already occurred twice before that, but then the most unusual of things followed.

The door opened.

There, standing like a King of old was a raven-haired boy cloaked in darkness and power. Luna, of course, recognized the most famous teenager alive but was startled when he told his followers to leave them. For a split second fear ran through her body, what would he do with her? Harm her? Take advantage of her undressed state to...

He diverted his gaze and handed her his cloak.

A simple act of kindness, one that changed her world in more ways than either realized. For the following night when her dreams were normally filled with horrific visions, instead there was peace. She saw herself... happy for the first time ever in a dream. She saw children, a husband who cared about her, sister wives, a family that supported her no matter what, peace.

Most telling of all though was the fact that her husband had beautiful green eyes, the same ones that had rescued her that previous day.
Hermione Granger stared down at the letter that had just been returned via her owl. She had already read it several times, and after the first had refused to touch it, almost as if it burned her very skin.

Hermione, your father and I will be out of town for the Winter Holidays, hope you can stay busy at school. Remember to do your best, we expect nothing less.

The bushy-haired Witch had never been away from home at Christmas, and yet this year she was basically being abandoned by her own parents. Wiping the tears from her eyes she quickly departed from Gryffindor tower, before wandering through the halls aimlessly for what felt like hours. Most of her classmates had already departed, and indeed it felt as though the castle was practically empty at this point.

Was this what her future would be? She had always pictured herself as a teacher while growing up and if that were the case then she would undoubtedly be spending the holidays at Hogwarts just like now. After all she didn't have anyone else to spend them with.

The only small joy she could find was the fact that most of her tormentors were also gone... but that meant that her personal savior, and only friend, was most likely home as well. The young girl suddenly stopped, and pushed open the door next to her, conveniently a girl's bathroom, before making her way to the first stall and locking herself in.

This time she wasn't crying, wasn't trying to hide from bullies or insults... she was just lonely. What was she going to do if it was barely a day into a week of empty hallways and silence? What would her life be like if...

“Good day my dear Eyre, how are you on our first official day of the break?”

The young girl fought the urge to sob in relief and happiness.

“I... I have been better... my parents...”

“Yes?” he encouraged in a friendly tone that she had grown to love.

“They went on vacation without me. This will be my first Christmas without seeing them.”

“I see... and this upsets you because it has become a comforting tradition yes?”

“Yes... it is... or was I suppose.”

“Well then I suppose this means you will need to make new traditions.”

“I guess so... but I don't even know how to do that, and what happens during the summer? What happens if I get home and there is just a note telling me they left? What happens if I am left alone all summer? What happens if I...” the panic was evident in her voice, her tone rising as fear mixed in.

“My dear calm yourself. I will not allow you to be left alone. Should the worst happen and they do abandon you I will come for you.”

Hermione wanted to laugh, whether due to the ridiculousness of his statement or the relief she felt in that moment she wasn't quite sure. “How? You don't even know who I am...”

“Oh my dear, do you truly believe that would stop me? Although it would become a bit awkward with the sleeping arrangements seeing as I have only one bed...”
For the briefest of moments the bookworm’s imagination ran rampant. How would it feel waking up next to someone under the covers? Would they be wrapped around her in a protective manner? Would she have her head on his chest, feeling his heartbeat? What would they be wearing... if anything at all?

***LoD***

“So Ginny, how has school been this year?”

“Fine...” the girl replied, her focus elsewhere as she played with the food on her plate. Why couldn’t she get a certain raven-haired boy out of her mind? Sure he had saved her, restored her life and ensured her freedom, had protected her family, and even fed her while she recovered but...

“Ginny?”

“Hm? Did you say something?”

Arthur's smile dropped a bit in concern for his daughter, “I asked if you made any friends.”

“Oh... yeah a few I guess...”

“Anyone you plan on seeing over the break?”

“I think they are staying at school.”

Molly 'tsked' at the thought, “Staying at school... poor dears should be with family during this time of year not in some dusty old castle by themselves...”

“So Ginny... any boys catch your attention?” Bill teased from further down the table, earning a squeak and blush from the girl.

Meanwhile the twins glanced over at each other in concern. They noticed that their sister had been acting fairly strange lately, but had attributed it to the ‘incident’. Perhaps the few days she had been with the Slytherin Lord had influenced her more than they thought.

“Ah ha, so who is the lucky prat? Anyone I need to rough up or...”

“NO!”

The room fell silent, as everyone stared at the young girl, whose eyes were wide with a combination of fear and... something else.

“I... I mean, of course not. Even if I did like a boy, if you beat him up then everyone would be afraid to approach me... it is hard enough making friends right now.”

“Thash caush you do girl shtuff” Ron mumbled, his mouth so full of food that few could understand him.

“I do girly stuff Ron, just because I don't wear makeup, paint my nails, and gossip doesn't mean anything. Besides he said I was 'lovely' anywa...” this time she clamped her mouth down so hard her teeth rattled.

“So Bill was right... our little Ginny has an admirer...” Charley exclaimed with glee.

“So who is it dear? Is he nice? Does he treat you right? Do you two hold hands?” Molly began.
“H-he is...” what the hell was she supposed to say? That she had a weird, pseudo one sided relationship with a boy who had saved her from a near death situation, nursed her back to health, and had seen her naked? Oh yes, that would go over well.

“Well come on Gin, tell us more about this mysterious boy you have your eyes on.” Arthur teased gently.

“He is in Slytherin.”

The room instantly went silent, as the girl's face turned even more red than before. Perhaps that wasn't the best fact to lead with.

“Wh-WHAT! You can't like a snake! They are EVIL!”

“Oh Ronald hush, that is absolutely ridiculous.”

“Your mother is right Ron, I knew quite a few Slytherins when I was in school and most of them were very nice. Sure there are a few bad apples with people like Lucious Malfoy but overall they are just like any other House, except they get a bad reputation.”

“Because they earned it!”

“Ronnikins...”

“Shut up”

“Before you”

“Say something”

“Even more stupid”

“About things”

“You do not understand.”

The family turned to the twins, who were practically giving their youngest brother a death glare at that moment.

“Something you boys want to share?” Percy inquired, using his best ‘adult' tone to try and mimic his father.

“We... sort of know who Ginny is...”

“Interested in”

The girl's eyes widened with a slight amount of fear, before a hand gently clasped her under the table from George giving it a comforting squeeze.

“As surprising as it sounds...”

“We approve”

“Of the boy”

“He seems to care about her”
“Nursed her back from a cold we hear”
“Kept the other Slytherins away from her”
“Even told us off about pranking younger students”
“Well well well, anyone who can stand up to the 'Devils of Gryffindor' and convince them to stop pranking gets points in my book.” Bill chimed in with a grin, and a wink towards his sister.
“Indeed, and it sounds like he is very kind if he took care of you dear, hopefully we can meet him in the summer.”
“Yeah mom... hopefully...”

***LoD***

“Uhm... my Lord?”
“Yes Draco?”
“You have a uh... stalker...”

The emerald-eyed boy chuckled, before glancing back into the hallway, only to catch a glimpse of blonde hair as the girl darted behind a suit of armor. Harry paused for a few moments, waiting patiently until the young Lovegood glanced out from behind her barricade to see she had been spotted.

“Miss Lovegood?”
“L-Luna...”

“Luna then, you do not need to hide from me you know.”
“I-I know...” the, surprisingly timid, girl stepped out into the hallways completely, her head down in slight embarrassment.

“I did not think you to be the shy one.”
“I... I'm not but... you are a Lord, and I am just... me.”

His laughter echoed through the hallway, causing flames to flicker ever so slightly. “I find you to be rather intriguing my dear, why don't you come and closer and talk to me.”

She nodded slightly, before quickly walking up to his left side, while Draco still stood at his right. “See? There is nothing to fear while you walk with me my dear.”

Her grin was like the morning sunrise.

“Now then, we truly must do something about your living conditions, I find it rather offensive that a friend of mine is...”

“I'll just sleep with you!” Luna cheerfully declared, earning a round of awkward coughing from the Slytherins that walked alongside them.

“Oh? So sure all of a sudden are you?”
“Of course my Lord. You are the King, which makes me the princess for you to ravage.”

The coughing was even louder than before.

***LoD***

“I don't like her.”

Harry Potter rolled his eyes at his oldest companion's comment. “I do believe we have had a similar
discussion about how you do not seem to like anyone.”

“She is different... I don't trust her.”

“Luna is harmless.”

“That isn't the point... she is... sleeping in your bed with you!” and indeed she had been, for the past
week the young girl had been meeting up with the remaining Potter in the evening before simply
following him to his chamber where she slept in his bed. It had been fairly easy for this to go
unnoticed with the holidays in full swing and many students back at their homes.

“You have done that before as well if you recall”

“Yes but she... it is... different!”

“Oh?”

“YES! I want you to get rid of her.”

“Well I rather enjoy waking up next to someone so...”

Hedwig summoned up her courage, and ignored the uneasy feeling in her stomach that was warning
her about her present course of action, before pushing forward. “Get rid of her Harry, now!”

Before the amber eyes could even blink she found herself pushed up against a wall, a hand around
her throat while two blazing green eyes glared into her own.

“I tolerate far more from you than anyone else Hedwig... but do not assume you can give me orders.
Do I make myself clear?”

Without waiting for an answer he released the girl, before turning and walking back towards his bed.
“As I said before, I enjoy waking up next to someone. You never even bothered to give me an
answer after our last 'encounter' earlier this year, so I fail to see why this is any of your concern
now.”

The white-haired girl picked herself up from where she had dropped, before slowly moving towards
him. He was right, as he almost always was, she had avoided the topic ever since that night months
ago, avoided looking at him, avoided being close to him...

A few nimble moves and her dress pooled around her feet as she moved forward towards the boy
she had fallen in love with years prior.

“My Lord...”

He turned, his eyes widening just slightly as his gaze focused in on her eyes.

“You looked at Ginny... you would look at Luna if she asked... but you will not look at me when I
present myself?"

“They did not abandon me the last time that I did.”

Hedwig winced as if struck. It had been a year prior to Hogwarts, he had walked in on her while she was stepping from the shower and seen a few glimpses of flesh. Although he had simply ignored the incident it was a rude awakening for the amber-eyed girl, who promptly fled in her owl form on a mission to gather her thoughts and figure out her own feelings. It had taken her four months, and when she had finally returned he hadn't shouted at her, had not screamed in rage or tortured her...

Instead he had ignored her, for over a week he had not spared her so much as a glance or a word of acknowledgment. She had avoided him for four months, he had done the same for only a week and she had become desperate for his attention.

Returning to the current situation Hedwig nodded sadly, “Yes... I did, and I am sorry. I was confused at the time, the feelings that were coursing through my veins... they were not proper for me to feel towards someone so young.”

“And what are those feelings now? You know my policy on this Hedwig, I have told you it before. Once you give yourself to me... you are mine.”

The girl laughed, almost sadly in a way, “My Lord... I have always been yours... I just refused to say it until now, refused to give in until now.”

“And now?”

She walked to his left, before sitting on the bed, clad in nothing but her own skin. “As you said... I am yours.”

“I do not want a sex toy from you Hedwig, others there will be but not you. I am not interested if you are simply going to lay there and...”

Her hand took his a moment later, before she pulled him into the same situation they had been in before, with him standing between her legs.

“I assure you... I am not going to lay here and do nothing...” she whispered, before sliding her hand down into his boxers and grasping him gently.

For the first time in her life Hedwig felt... empowered. The moment her delicate hands had wrapped around his length the boy's eyes had lit up, and a slight gasp escaped his mouth. For once she was in control of him, for once he was responding to her.

“Does that feel good my Lord?” she whispered, slowly stroking up and down his shaft, causing him to shift forward just a bit closer to her.

“Hedwig...” he practically growled.

“You are enjoying this? The way I am touching you? Do you want to feel more? This time I want you to tell me what you want. Should I continue? Do you want me on my knees? Or should we try last time again, or even a different position? I have always wanted to feel you on top of me, your body on mine, you inside of me.”

His growl was almost savage now, and sent shivers up her spine as she leaned in closer to him. “Just tell me Harry... I want you so badly that I...”
She was silenced by his mouth on hers, his tongue sliding into her mouth was an almost practiced ease. If she didn't know any better she would have swore he had been doing this for years, but she did and thus it was just another skill he was a 'natural' at. Her hand was still wrapped around his erection, still stroking when he pulled back a inch, before lowering and finding her throat.

It was her turn to gasp this time as electricity surged through her body.

“Oh Gods...”

“I keep hearing that...”

“Prat.” she groaned when she sucked a tad on her skin, leaving a small red mark on the side of her neck.

“Says the girl who still has me in her hand, it is becoming rather difficult for me to think with you teasing me like this Hedwig.”

“Wh-who says I-I'm t-teasing?” she countered, throwing his statement back at him. “I-I'm ready when... H-Harry please!”

“Please what? You were the one demanding so much seconds ago.”

“C-clothes off.”

“Your clothes are off and I must say...”

This time the white-haired girl growled, tired of him making her wait, before removing her hand from his pants and simply ripping his top off herself. “Off now.”

The remainder of his clothing vanished a moment later. She couldn't help but stare just a little at what she had previously been stroking, had he always been that big?

“Something wrong?”

“N-no just...” his mouth found her collarbone, earning another whimper from the girl. “N-not fair...”

“Very fair, you haven't given me time to explore or play with you yet...”

Both of her hands went to his length and wrapped around him, “Harry, y-you can explore and play with me later... Fuck. Me. Now.” she demanded, before guiding the tip until it was rubbing against her most intimate part.

Leaning up, she whispered into his ear sensually, “Do you feel that Harry? How wet I am? You made me like this, I want you so badly inside of me, my body needs you. Don't you want me too? Don't you want to push your big strong cock into my delicate little pussy?” She tilted forward just a tad more, licking his ear with the tip of her tongue.

“Hedwig, if you don't slow down I am going to ravage you...”

Her grip tightened just a bit, before rubbing his lower head against head, almost pushing it inside, “Maybe that is what I want. Maybe that is what every girl who has been flirting with you wants.”

He tried to buck his hips forward, only to be held in place by her hands. “Uh uh uh, I rather like being in control... maybe I want to be the one who decides when you penetrate me.”

“Hedwig...”
“Yessss?” she purred.

“Please...”

There was an almost pleading tone in his voice, and it broke her resolve as she slid him forward so that the first inch was inside. She gasped out immediately, feeling herself stretch to try and accommodate his size.

“W-wait... B-big...”

He froze, his hands falling to the blanket and gripping hard enough that he was sure he would end up tearing the bed apart.

Another moment or two of agonizing stillness followed as the girl continued taking deep breaths.

“S-sorry, girls first time hurts. W-we will... S-slow please... g-gentle...” His hand moved over her body, glowing softly as a warmth, and pleasure, replaced the pain and flowed through her insides.

“Wh-what is...” her head began spinning, lust and desire replacing anything else in her mind.

“You should have told me earlier... do you really think I would let our first time hurt you?”

A small portion of her mind swooned, he would kill others without reason but would take the time to ensure sex didn't hurt her, even if it was driving him mad. Her face shot forward, capturing his lips as they stayed still, slightly connected in an intimate way. The girl pulled back mere inches from his lips. “Inside me, all the way, please.”

He thrust in, and she fell backwards onto the bed, her back arching as her hymen was broken... and pleasure burned through her in waves, triggering an orgasm immediately. He bent at the hips, hands reaching around to her back so his fingers could run down her spine, his lips finding her nipples instantly.

“Oh God!”

His tongue coated her breast, sucked on her nub, as his finger tips finally reached her bum, sliding between her cheeks and exploring her backside with enthusiasm.

“H-Harry, o-o-other please.”

He obliged, his mouth pulling back to cover her other breast instead, seeking to taste every inch of them.

“God YES!”

Another orgasm ripped through her body as he remained completely sheathed inside of her. He pulled back, a second, earning a moan of loss from her lips, “You taste amazing... you feel amazing. So warm and wet... so tight.”

“M-move Harry.”

He pulled back, almost completely removing himself from her core, before slowly sliding back in, grunting in pleasure.

“Now I see why everyone enjoys this so much...” he muttered, slowly pulling back and pushing in again.
Hedwig merely whimpered, her body quickly approaching another release.

“So good, you feel so good... like Heaven on Earth.”

“H-heart...” He glanced up to her face, noticing her eyelids fluttering as she neared her third orgasm. “H-h-h-heartbeat... I can feel your heartbeat i-inside of me, th-through you.”

“Brilliant...”

She came again, her insides milking him to try and force his own release, but he had nothing if not mastery of his own body, and easily held on.

“C-c-cum my love... cum for me...”

“Not yet.” he growled, “I plan on enjoying this for the rest of the night... and every night after. If that means I am inside of only you then so be it, but I am not letting go of this, not now.”

“P-p-please Harry, cum. Fill me, I need you.”

“Not yet...”

“I-I-I'll give you anything...” her mind was lost in a haze of pleasure, and her body working towards a fourth, which she wasn't sure she would survive at this point, “o-o-or anyone.”

“Anyone?” he repeatedly roughly, moving his hands to her hips for better leverage.

“A-all of them, I-I-I want you to ruin them. F-for their boyfriends, f-f-for their husbands, f-for their futures.”

“All of them hm?” he leaned in, giving her throat a slow lick as he tasted her sweat. “You want me to fuck all of them?”

“Y-y-yes...”

“You want to watch don't you? Watch me push Ginny Weasley against the bed fucking her from behind.”

“Y-yes”

“Spreading Luna's legs and tearing her cute little pussy apart.”

“Yes...”

“Having the big bad Auror Tonks on her hands and knees, listening to her moan like a whore, demanding Aurora suck me off like a slut, commanding Pansy to ride my cock while Draco watches like a bitch?”

“YES!” she screamed, clamping down on him again as he thrust completely into her, coloring her insides white with cum.

He fell forward onto her, while her own legs slowly wrapped around the back of his, keeping him inside. For a minute the room was no longer filled with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh, of raw carnal sex, instead it was just two lovers, gasping for breath and they subconsciously attempted for more skin contact.

“Th-that was...”
Harry nodded against her chest, gently kissing the center of her torso.

“You should be more careful my dear... making promises during sex like that...”

She lit up in a full body blush, knowing exactly what he was talking about.

***LoD***

Albus Dumbledore awoke Christmas morning to find a usual pile of gifts placed in his office, with a chuckle, and the slight shaking of his head, he began his early morning routine before sitting down to address the wrapped presents.

Coworkers would give him clothing or various oddities that he would find enjoyable.

Politicians would send bribes of money or objects of great value, which would usually be donated to charities.

Just as he was about to open one from the Weasley family, a hand-knit sweater he suspected, his gaze fell upon a package addressed from a certain student.

To Headmaster Albus Dumbledore, I was unsure what you might enjoy for the Holidays so I went with something I have often seen you enjoy during our visits. Please enjoy responsibly.

After carefully opening the package Albus' eyes shone with glee, it was a rather large sized container of assorted Muggle candies.

***LoD***

To my favorite Auror, may it keep you warm on these cold days. P.S. If you are ever feeling lonely feel free to sop by the Slytherin common room.

Tonks shook her head with a laugh, before unwrapping the rather large fur lined coat. More than a few times she had made her patrols outside of the castle, and this promised to be quite useful for those awful occasions.

***LoD***

“Merry Christmas my Lord!”

“Merry Christmas Luna”

“I didn't have any money for a gift so I thought you could just have me instead” she happily exclaimed before starting a rather humorous attempt at stripping, unfortunately she immediately became entangled in her clothing, and thus was stuck with her arms and head stuck in her shirt, showing off her bra.

Noticing the glare that Hedwig sent him, and waving off her concerns, the boy walked forward with a smile, just as the Ravenclaw managed to free herself, while keeping his gaze fixed on the blonde's eyes. “I do believe you are just a tad bit young for sex my Moon Princess.”

The pout that emerged on the blonde's face was adorable enough that Hedwig herself almost caved to the young girl's 'demands'.

“But I wannaaaaaaa”

“Luna...” if the boy wasn't so sure of himself he would have swore the girl was trying to convince
him to stay up past her bedtime or have an extra serving of icecream, rather than having sex.

“I thought once Hedwig had her turn it would be mine.” the girl grumbled, ignoring the fact that said white owl promptly fell off of her ledge, turning back into her human form on the floor.

“Wh-WHAT!?”

Harry merely quirked his eyebrow, curious about how the young girl had figured it out.

“Well you were his first friend, and you are pretty, and you are a girl so I knew that my Lord would want you to be first, then you two had sex last night so it should be my turn right?”

“It isn't anyone's turn it doesn't work that way!”

The blonde turned her head sideways slightly, in a rather cute fashion. “Why not?”

“B-because it just doesn’t!”

“But I want him to push me down on the bed, climb on top of me and...”

“You are eleven!”

“And he is twelve... I fail to see the problem.”

Emerald eyes darted back and forth between the two arguing females in amusement, it was rather fun to watch someone actually argue with Hedwig besides himself for once.

“You should not be doing... that so young!”

“But you were okay with shagging him...”

“That is different!”

“How so?”

“Because it just is! Harry is far more mature mentally than you are. You don't understand how it works and the consequences of your actions yet.”

“Of course I do, I read through the books myself last year when daddy when on one of his trips without me...” the blonde stopped for a moment, her eyes staring off into the distance before snapping back to reality. “Anyway, he puts his penis into my vagina, then either he rams into me repeatedly or I climb on top of him and ride him until he climaxes. As long as one of us are on the potion there is no risk of pregnancy.”

“But, when you get married...” Hedwig muttered weakly, trying to find a way to regain her momentum in the 'conversation'.

“The only one I want to marry is my Lord, or if he tells me to marry someone. I still want him to be my first though, hopefully repeatedly, so what does it matter if I am a virgin on my wedding day or not?”

“She has a point Hedwig.”

“Quiet you, stop encouraging bad behavior.”

“Oh it isn't bad behavior, sex is a wonderful, beautiful thing... perhaps we could try me being on all
four with you behind, pushing my face into the blankets while you dominate me like an animal, my Lord.”

***LoD***

It was rather amusing to, once again, have a massive pile of gifts waiting for him in the common room. Hedwig's had been ‘delivered’ the previous night while Luna was trying to think up something different since her original plan had been shot down.

With a gentle sigh the boy set about his task, Draco's had been a rather large piece of parchment with dozens of designs on them, further noting that when he found one that he enjoyed the Malfoy heir would have it emblazoned on any future clothing as his official seal.

Blaise and Nott had both gone with various clothing or books, along with the remainder of those who didn't know him as well.

Neville's gift had been a rather old framed document, one specifying an alliance between the House of Longbottom and the House of Potter from centuries prior.

Pansy had gotten him something much like the previous year... except for the fact that instead of just one mildly scandalous picture it was more than a dozen... and they were all quite revealing.

Aurora Sinistra had given him a book on stargazing, with a note to visit her sometime.

Surprisingly Tonks had even purchased a small bag of candy for him.

Finally Dumbledore had sent him a book on the Potter family and their history.

***LoD***

“Merry Christmas Hermione...” the bushy-haired girl whispered to herself as she sat in an empty classroom. Originally it had been the girl's dorm, but Lavender Brown had been there, and quite frankly she was tired of listening to the girl swoon over Ron Weasley.

She had gone down to their common rooms next, hoping that she could simply read in silence... but even there the bookworm found no solace as a few nasty remarks from Dean and Seamus, two of Ron's friends, had her wanting to leave almost immediately.

Thus she sat... alone once again, but this time it was different. There were no gifts to open, no songs being sung nearby, it was just...

Empty

The Witch fought back the tears that threatened to pour from her eyes. The would not cry over something so silly. Perhaps she could go to the library and find a few books to read there?

Turning to leave she froze in place, there before her was a single package wrapped in colorful paper, like the ones her parents would always give her.

But how?

She hadn't left the room, and no one had entered. The choice of area had been a last minute one... Glancing around to ensure she was alone, and not crazy, the Gryffindor slowly stepped forward, before seeing the tag.

To Miss Eyre
Merry Christmas

Mr. Rochester

He had purchased her a gift... something even her parents had apparently skipped out on. The young girl gently tore apart the wrapping paper, her eyes widening and shining with tears of happiness moments later.

It was a book, one she knew to be rather rare and expensive if she recalled correctly. She had wanted to read it all summer after seeing it in Diagon Alley, but simply could not afford the object.

Had he been watching her there too? Had he seen and 'marked' her so early on?

The thought both worried... and excited her.

***LoD***

“Did you hear the rumors?”

“Yeah, someone died last night, I guess they are going to shut the school down.”

“That is horrible!”

“Better than being killed at least!”

Harry Potter frowned, he had been more than willing to wait and see if the adults could finally handle a problem by themselves but it appeared he had miscalculated for once. If the school was shut down he would be stuck back in that shit hole orphanage with nothing to do but try and stop himself from murdering everyone around him.

That would not do. Add onto this that if lives truly were in danger he might end up having to start from scratch if one of those he had been 'working on' was caught. Not a huge loss for the most part but a small part of him had to admit that he was enjoying both Luna and Hermione's company. If one of them were to die he would be quite upset... would which undoubtedly lead to further casualties, this time by his own hand.

Something would have to be done, and unfortunately it might mean even more attention on him.

***LoD***

Albus Dumbledore stood in the Medical Wing, feeling older than he had in years. Their luck had finally ran out, a student had been found... dead. He had already been informed that an official inquiry was to be held in a mere half an hour, and that he was required to attend.

The problem this posed was that he would be forced out of the school, where he was needed to protect the students. Luckily Amelia had intervened and was sending additional Aurors, and that the students would be evacuated.

Unfortunately, neither of these two events were scheduled until mid afternoon... the following day. This meant there would be a window where neither he, nor additional assistance would be available. Perhaps their luck could come back for just twenty four hours? Perhaps no one else would suffer a similar fate...

The aged Wizard stared down at the body of the twelve year old boy one last time, before wiping away the tears forming at his eyes and slowly making his way towards a nearby Floo system. The
only good that had come from this tragedy was that they now knew what was the cause. Snake skin had been found nearby allowing for identification that it was indeed a Basilisk.

***LoD***

A Basilisk, a bloody freaking Basilisk.

Nymphadora Tonks swore once more as she crept along the abandoned hallways, terror surrounding her heart. Sure they now knew what monster prowled Hogwarts... but without Dumbledore the Auror had little hopes of defeating the creature. She still had to try though, maybe she would get lucky?

A hissing sound from a corridor on her right had the metamorphmagus throwing herself behind a column in defense. Glancing around the obstacle she caught sight of the massive body that slithered towards her before ducking back.

She was going to die.

Sinking to the floor, despair crept over the Auror as tears began to flow down her face. Her first assignment and she was either going to be killed by the monster's gaze... or eaten by it.

Why... why her? Why did she have to die here? Why couldn't a more experienced Auror been put on the case, someone older, someone who had more time to live their life and enjoy things before being snuffed out.

But no, it had to be her, and now she was going to be murdered in this cold, godforsaken hallway.

Alone

As the slithering became louder, and her own heart rate picked up the Auror let out a few last minute prayers, apologizing to her mother for everything she would be putting the woman through with her death. A moment later the snake head came within view, but luckily, or unluckily depending on how one might see it, the eyes were facing away. Not for long though as it turned towards her and...

The eyes of the creature suddenly turned pitch black, before exploding violently, earning what Tonks could only assume was a hiss of agony as the massive snake flailed about.

Then... footsteps. Slow and methodical as if it was too much of a hassle to run.

Looking up from her seated position Tonks caught sight of raven-black hair, of emerald-green eyes, and of a calm demeanor. Harry Potter walked into her view, glanced over at her with an emotionless expression, before turning back to the Basilisk.

“Oh my my my... quite a big one aren't you.”

Before any response could be had, a hand made of pure darkness ripped forward from the shadows on the ground, slamming into the creature and pushing it across the hallway into a nearby wall, where the stone crumbled and groaned in protest of the blow.

“How unfortunate, I thought something your size would be stronger... what a pity.”

It was almost... detached, the way he spoke. Analytical and cold, like a surgeon performing an autopsy.

“Over here now, let us try one more test shall we? Let us see if you can actually manage to draw
blood on me.”

Peeking from around the column Tonks gasped in horror as the monster surged forward, and snapped into the boy's form, guided only by sound.

Then the chuckle echoed through the dark hall.

“How... disappointing.”

Lifting one hand, as apparently the fangs had failed to even puncture through his clothing, the boy-who-lived snapped his fingers and the snake was burned alive from the inside out.

***LoD***

“You may wish to hide in a nearby classroom if you want to avoid the students in the morning. I do so hope the remains are enough to keep the school open though, I so despise staying at that orphanage.” With that the boy had departed, barely glancing back at the Auror, still frozen in fear and disbelief. Somehow Tonks had managed to take his advice, and crawled into a nearby empty classroom, before sobbing for the next several hours.

She was alive, alive because a twelve year old boy had stepped forward without an ounce of hesitation and saved her. An Auror saved by a boy younger than thirteen, what the hell was she even doing with her life?

Moody had mentioned that all those who chose her path found themselves pondering this question after their first near-death experience. One would question if they truly were made for such work, and many would drop out rather than continuing to risk their lives on a weekly basis.

Tonks... she wasn't quite sure what she would do next. Could she face her colleagues, or the public? What would she say when they accused her of cowardice? What would her mother say?

An uneasy sleep finally claimed the woman for a few precious hours, until the sounds of footsteps filled the hallways due to morning classes.

***LoD***

“Ah Auror Tonks, I am glad to see you are unharmed.”

“Y-yes Headmaster Dumbledore. Headmaster about the creature...”

“Oh no need to say anymore Miss Tonks, save your story for the Prophet! I am sure they will want to have at least a few interviews to get it straight.”

The metamorphmagus blinked in confusion at the Minister's comment, what the hell was he talking about? It was odd enough seeing the man at Hogwarts to begin with.

“It appears you are still a bit shaken Tonks. Filius found the remains the morning after you slew the creature and reported that you were resting in a nearby classroom, Magical exhaustion I suspect?”

“Uhm...”

Fudge nodded, as if she had already answered the elderly man's question. “Yes yes very good, we are all very proud of you Auror. I can see big plans for you in the future, yes very big plans indeed. For one so young to single-handedly defeat such a beast and remain unscathed is quite the feat!”

“Yes, but you see sir...”
“Oh no need to explain, just get some rest. You will need it for all the interviews you will be giving! Now then I assume this whole petrification business has been solved Dumbledore?”

“I believe so Minister, but I would like an Auror presence stationed until the end of the year, just in case. After the... casualty...”

“Yes, of course. Well I will speak to Amelia to have someone swap out with Auror...”

“A-actually sir I would like to remain here if it is alright...” she had a certain raven-haired boy to confront after all. “I want to be sure that nothing else happens you understand. To see a job through.”

“Yes... yes of course you do! Quite the commitment I must say my dear. Very well I shall trust Hogwarts to you capable hands. Unfortunately Mr. Fletchley's parent's will need to be Obliviated so that they cannot expose our world... such a tragedy I must say...”

“Obliviated sir?” A voice inquired from nearby, forcing the three adults to notice Harry Potter standing in the hallway for the first time.

“Oh, hello there and you are?”

“Harry Potter, and you?”

“H-Harry Potter! Why of course you are! Very good, very good, isn't this just perfect Dumbledore? The savior of the Wizarding World meets with the Protector of Hogwarts! I do so hope you two can become acquainted for the remainder of the year. Imagine the story that will make!”

“Indeed sir” the boy replied, his gaze resting on Tonks for a mere moment before returning to the eldest Wizard. “But about Mr. Fletchley sir?”

“Oh... yes Harry, unfortunately it has been a long standing law that should a Muggleborn Wizard or Witch be killed that their family be Obliviated of their existence... there was an incident decades ago in which this did not occur and the parents nearly exposed us to the Muggle World, because of that the Wizengamot voted and...” Dumbledore's explanation was interrupted by the bowler hat wearing man once again.

“And it was for the best I assure you. Now then I must be going, press conferences and all that. I will speak with you later this week Dumbledore.”

“I look forward to it Minister.”

None of the adults noticed the rather contemplative expression on the young boy's face.

***LoD***

“Now then remember your assignments for next class, I expect detailed explanations on how my means of Basilisk disposal are far superior to those apparently used by the Aurors.” Lockhart happily reminded the class, earning silent groans from most. “Oh and Miss Weasley, could you wait behind for a minute, I want to speak with you about something.”

Ginny shivered, it had started only a few weeks prior, a shift in the man's tone when he spoke to her, one that gave her the creeps. “Uhm sorry professor but I was almost late for Potions last time, and I don't want to have professor Snape angry at me again.”

“Oh nonsense, I can always write you a note, we have things to discuss.”
She just wanted to leave, to get as far away from the man as humanely possible, and maybe for the so called professor to fall into a deep hole and never emerge. “I'm terribly sorry professor but that did not work with him last time and I almost got a detention. My family will be quite upset if I receive one my first year so I must be going.”

She finished packing up her books, before bolting to the door. She had almost made it when the man’s whispered response sent fear down her spine. “I will keep that in mind, you should consider what you would be willing to do to avoid detentions from a professor…”

To avoid being in a room with him, alone, for the night? Ginny Weasley swore to herself that she was willing to do anything.

***LoD***

“Well well well, surprisingly light amount of security for a hospital” a raven-haired boy mused as he walked through the empty halls. He had not yet purchased a gift for Neville yet, wanting to find something to further raise the boy above his meek beginnings. Luckily he had stumbled across some information that could prove more than a little useful in this regard.

Coming a halt outside of his destination the boy easily unlocked the door and made his way inside to where two individuals lay, both beyond reach by the outside world for well over a decade.

“How then... let us see what we can do here shall we?”

***LoD***

A/N Uhmmm so the sex scene wasn't supposed to be that long, but I sort of really got into it and... yeah... It was the most important one of the story though, since Hedwig and Harry are basically the primary couple. So... I apologize for nothing.

Not sure if the others will be quite this long or not, I'm hoping so because I enjoyed writing this tremendously.
Lord of Darkness

Recovery & Favors

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

***LoD***

“Excuse me, could you tell me where Neville Longbottom is?” Ronald Weasley gave a shrug, before pointing towards the main hall.

“You wouldn't happen to be related to Arthur and Molly Weasley would you?”

“Oh yeah, I'm Ron, youngest son.”

“Son?”

“Yeah, Ginny is the youngest but she's a girl so…”

“Oh, so Molly finally got the daughter she wanted, that's good.”

The pair of adults continued down the hall, leaving a rather confused redhead behind. Entering the main hall the two glanced about, until they found their target.

“Neville?”

The room fell silent, with most of the professors staring in shock. All of this, however, paled in comparison to the boy in question's reaction, which was a mixture of disbelief and fanatical hope.

“M-mom.... d-dad?”

“Sweet heart... it's us.”

He slowly stood, and began walking towards his parents, while more than a few of the more experienced teachers cast revealing and identification charms to ensure that the two were whom they claimed. None of this mattered though, as Neville broke into a run a split second later, as his parents pulled him into a sobbing group hug.

Meanwhile a raven-haired boy watched on, a small smile appearing on his face as he watched the reunion.

***LoD***

“It appears you have a visitor my Lord”

Harry stifled a groan of annoyance. Sure it was nice having everyone obey him all of the time, and it was always amusing to watch them try to please him in whatever stupidly simplistic ways students could think up but...

Sometimes he just wanted to have a little alone time... and after Luna left for the library to do some
research while Hedwig was out for an evening flight he figured that taking a warm relaxing bath would be a nice change of pace, an opportunity to simply enjoy the silence of his own thoughts.

Apparently, someone disagreed.

“Send them in...” he replied to the portrait, who nodded and allowed admittance.

“W-wotcher Harry” the voice called out a few moments later as a pink haired Auror stumbled into the bathroom.

“Ah Miss Tonks...”

“Just Tonks, you can just call me Tonks...”

“Of course, Tonks. So to what do I owe the pleasure of your company this evening?”

“I... wanted to talk to you about what happened... with the Basilisk.”

“Ah, I see. Well if you are going to arrest me could you at least wait for a few...”

“Arrest you!? Why in Merlin's name would I do that?”

“You mean besides the obvious Dark Magic I used to utterly slaughter the creature? I am sure Dumbledore will be...”

“No... no I didn't tell him. I... I am just afraid of disappointing everyone now. Everyone thinks I am this big hero and... and you were the real hero! You saved me, saved the students!”

“I am already far more famous than I desire to be. You can use the recognition far more than I, hopefully they gave you a raise of some sort.”

“Psh... the bonus was more than half my yearly pay...”

“Well there you go, so do not worry about it.”

“I still want to thank you though, I mean you saved me!”

“I can assure you that you do not...”

“And all the students you probably saved because of it! Who knows how many would have died? Hell I would be dead! And then there is the...” as the woman rattled on the boy felt his control slipping a little, he just wanted some peace and quiet... plus the fact he was sitting in a bloody bathrobe, next to a bathtub filling with water should have been enough of an indicator of his intentions, but still she didn't seem to get the hint.

“And then my mother would have cried...”

“Tonks!”

“Oh um yes?”

“Either strip, or get out.”

“Wh-what!?”

The boy gestured towards the water, “What do you think I am doing in a bathroom with a tub of
water?"

“Oh..."

“So I reiterate, either strip and get in with me, or leave. I am not taking a bath with you sitting around awkwardly waiting for me to finish.”

Tonks was about to give a teasing reply, something along the lines of charging him extra for the show or some such nonsense, until she realized he dropped his own robes... and had nothing on underneath them. Without so much as a blush he stepped into the water letting it rise up to his mid thighs as he enjoyed the sensation.

'Well... I do have to thank him, and it would be rather rude to just leave...' the Auror mentally justified before stripped down and stepping in behind him, pressing her body against his back as her arms circled his waist. Her hands found their target a moment later as she slowly stroked up and down his shaft.

“Mmmm this feels rather promising doesn't it? Baths are supposed to be relaxing aren't they? What better way to relax than a nice warm soak... and a bit of release.” She moved her chest back a forth a few times, ensuring that he felt her bare breasts pressing against him. It would be a simple means of thanking him, give him something that every teenaged boy wanted, a few more seconds of touching and...

“That does feel rather nice Tonks, but I do so hope you give me the chance to play as well.” His voice was calm, contained, and she could practically feel the smirk on his face as his length continued to harden.

'Already big for his age and he is still going...' the Auror mentally gaped as she struggled to contain her shock. Even more surprising was the fact that he didn't appear to be fighting back his orgasm at all. Most teenage boys had what they called a 'hair trigger' he should have cum the moment she began her ministrations.

A second later she felt two hand gently squeezing her rear, as the boy leaned back into her, “Quite a nice arse you have Tonks, you are going to let me turn around at some point yes?” She silently gulped as he continued to knead her fuller backside. This was escalating faster than she thought it would, if she wasn't careful it could go well beyond a quick 'tug and release'.

“I… uh...”

“It isn’t very fair to not let me play as well.”

Biting her lip she, with an odd amount of disappointment, released him, allowing him to turn around. Seconds later she couldn’t quite remember why she had been disappointed, with his lips planting kisses across her chest, and more specifically breasts.

“Oh God...”

“Mmhmmm, you taste quite delightful...”

Her hands dropped immediately to his length once again, stroking and touching in a lust-filled frenzy. “P-please...”

“Hmmm?”

“T-touch… lower...” If she had been of sound mind Tonks would have been more than appaled at
what she had just asked a preteen to do… but at this point she just knew that she wanted, needed more. The second his fingers found her slit she bucked in orgasm.

“Already so very wet hmm Tonks?”

“Y-y-you…”

“Me what?” he whispered, slowly kissing up her chest, before spending a few moments enjoying her collarbone.

“C-c-cum…” A small portion of her mind was flabbergasted at the fact that he hadn’t yet. What kind of boy was able to outlast an experienced adult?

“Oh don’t be silly, I will only release when I choose to do so. And I rather enjoy what your hands are doing right now, so why would I want that to stop?”

Her stroking quickened, one hand reaching lower to massage his sack and urge him on. There was something else now, a need that had emerged recently. She needed him to be satisfied, to enjoy her as a lover and not just give her pleasure.

His fingertips dipped down once again, and her legs spread without thought. Moments later two digits were inside of her, moving and exploring her twat as she failed to hold in a gasp. “Once more, together this time?”

Merlin she was losing her mind! She vaguely felt herself nod and quicken once more as her second release flared. This time she wasn’t alone, and when her insides tightened around him he pulsed in her hand, covering her lower body.

Her lips found his, her tongue forcing its way into his mouth, and in that moment she knew he would be the end of her.

***LoD***

Tonks bolted upright in the bed as her alarm spell hexed her awake. Where was she? What had... the woman turned to see the sleeping head of messy black hair on the pillow to her left.

Oh dear God... the Aurors mind was spinning, she had slept with a twelve year old, and yes technically she hadn’t had sex with him but she could already picture the conversation in her mind. 'Oh don't worry Director, I didn't shag the boy, I just molested him in the bathtub while we were both naked. Then after taking a long relaxing bath with the child I dragged him to his bed where we snogged senseless for a few hours. No, of course we were naked the entire time, why wouldn't we be?'

Yes, her career was over, very over. She would be lucky to not end up in Azkaban after this went public. An Auror assigned to protect the students at Hogwarts having a sexual affair with a second year? She would be locked up just to show that the DMLE had a zero tolerance policy.

Even worse was the fact that the boy made celebrities look like commoners. Why the hell couldn't she have bedded a less popular student? The rumors would be circulating before breakfast!

“God I am so dead...”

“And why is that Tonks?”

The woman practically jumped from the calm voice behind her.
“H-Harry?”

“Who else?” the boy asked, his lips finding the back of her shoulder before kissing his way upwards, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

“I-I...”

His mouth was reaching the junction of her neck now, and if he actually reached her pulse... Merlin she needed to put some distance between them and clear her head before she ended up straddling the boy. “We need to talk about this...” she interrupted, practically flinging herself out of the bed, falling to the floor in the process.

“But it is so early. It isn't even five yet... come back to bed my dear...”

“I...” she wanted to say 'no' to just leave right then and there but... God the way he looked at her, the way she felt, the way that she just wanted to please him... “I don't think you understand how bad this is Harry...”

“Bad?”

“This... thing between us...”

“The sheets? I find them quite pleasant.”

“No not those you goof, this relationship. I took advantage of you Harry! I am a monster, I am a sick perverted...”

“If I recall I made no attempt at stopping you, and if memory serves I was far from being a 'victim'. I do believe that I was the one who started our third round of... exploration.”

For a brief moment Tonks swore that the snow-white owl perched nearby looked ready to tear her eyes out at the statement from her owner. “Harry you don't get it. When my boss finds out, when the public finds out...”

“Why would they find out? I suppose unless you go around bragging about it but otherwise...”

“Wait... what?”

“I am certainly not going to tell anyone. If making this public means I can no longer enjoy your company then I will just not mention it. I am not as foolish as I look Tonks, I can keep a secret you know...”

“I... I know... I just don't want you to have to keep this. It isn't fair to you, and I feel like I am using you...”

“Oh? Well there is a solution to that.”

“Uh... there is?”

“Yes, would you like to know what it is?”

A small voice in her mind was warning the Auror against this, that a similar train of thought got her into this mess and yet... and yet she could already feel herself being drawn closer and closer to him.

“Yes...”
“Come back into bed”

Moving slowly she slipped under the sheets once more.

“If you are so concerned about this being one sided we will just have to balance it a bit.”

“Uhm what do you...”

“Simple... I will just be using and taking advantage of you for a while. Just remember what I said last night Tonks, I am a greedy man. Now that I have you I am not letting go.”

Before she could make any utterance the boy slipped under the sheets, and Tonks felt hands sliding across her body as her mind blanked once more. His fingers were... everywhere at once. Caressing her skin, teasing her nipples, exploring her body in ways that no one had ever bothered to do before. It was intoxicating the way her enjoyed her skin, sending goosebumps across every surface.

Tonks had been with a few men prior, and even one girl after a night of drinking, but never had she had someone who was so interested in taking their time. Usually it was a quick, albeit heated, snog session, a few minutes of foreplay, and then into the ‘good stuff’.

Harry though? It felt like he could, and would, spend hours without so much as nearing the juncture between her legs.

“So warm and soft...” he whispered from under the covers, earning a whimper and a bit of shifting from the woman. God she wanted him in the worst ways possible.

A sudden intake of breath marked when she first felt his tongue on bare flesh. The worst part? It wasn’t even in a sexual place. He had simply ran his tongue along her side, but Merlin did it feel like fire.

“The way you feel… the way you taste.”

“H-H-Harry...”

“You know I am never letting you go.”

The raw possessiveness in his voice sent a strange heat into her core, causing her hips to buck upwards, perhaps to give him a hint at where to lick next.

“P-p-please...”

“Not until you say it...”

“I...I...”

“Tell me that you belong to me. That you are mine and no one else’s. Tell me that your body belongs to me, that your mind and soul belong to me.”

“Please Harry… I need...”

“Say it... and I will give you what you want.”

“Yes! I’m yours Harry! Do whatever you want with me, touch me, kiss me, fuck me, anything just PLEASE!”

His mouth was on her pussy, his tongue sliding in with ease as she screamed in orgasm.
“Oh my I am quite disappointed Miss Weasley, I thought your scores would be higher than this.”

The redhead blinked in confusion, her test had been near perfect, and the third highest in the class, what was wrong with how she had done?

“I believe we will need to discuss your study habits. I will see you for detention Friday night.”

The girl's heart sank, her stomach spinning as she fought back the horrible feeling that seemed to rear its head anytime she spoke to the fraud. Barely nodding her head the young girl left to find her brothers as soon as possible, surely they could do something... and if not them then her parents.

“My Lord.”

“Neville, I am surprised to see you here. I would have thought you would be with your parents.”

“They are doing some financial and political stuff that needed to be done with their return... I wanted to speak with you because... they mentioned that the only thing they can recall since before the attack were two green eyes blazing like fire.”

“Hm, very curious...”

“My Lord... did you...”

“Did I?”

“Did you bring them back?”

“They were not dead Neville, in fact you could probably say I removed more than I restored.”

“B-b-but how?”

“An advanced form of the Obliviation spell, I figured that the reason they were comatose was due to the mental trauma and memories of the torture. I simply removed these from their minds. Sure they lost close to thirteen years of memories but...”

Harry found himself being hugged by a sobbing young boy, who was whispering his thanks the entire time.

The two older Slytherins stared in mild confusion as the 'Devils of Gryffindor', along with their younger sister, walked up to them.

“We need to talk to him”

“Immediately”

Berrow and Daley glanced over at each other, before crossing their arms in unison, “Don't know what the hell you are talking about Weasel, but piss off.”

“Look we don't like you”
“And you don't like us”

“But we need to speak to your Lord”

“Now”

“And I don't know who the hell you are talking about. This whole ‘Lord of Slytherin' nonsense is a stupid rumor, so get over yourselves and leave.”

“Just... tell him we are here”

“Weasel I don't care what you...”

“JUST TELL HIM!”

The Slytherin boy frowned, before sighing and throwing his hands up in defeat. “Fine, tell you what. I will go and announce your arrival. If anyone seems to give a crap they can speak up. If not then you will leave got it?”

“Fine”

Nodding the oldest of the four entered the common room, before making his way over to where a raven-haired boy sat in front of the fireplace, with quite a few of his classmates surrounding him.

“My Lord...”

“Yes?”

“It appears as though Fred, George, and Ginny Weasley are seeking an audience with you... they used your title.”

“Ah, it must be rather important then hm? Very well let them in.”

The older student nodded, before departing. Moments later the two redheads, along with their sister stepped in.

“Ah to what do I owe the pleasure of your company gentlemen... and my dear Ginny, why I haven't seen you in weeks, how are you doing?”

The youngest simply muttered something, before turning her face towards the ground in embarrassment.

“Oh Ginny how are you? Are you here to swear your loyalty as well?”

The Gryffindor girl's gaze snapped up towards her old friend Luna, shock written all over her face. “L-Luna?”

“That's me!”

“Wh-what are you doing here?”

“I live here now, I thought you knew.”

“N-no...”

“We can catch up later Gin,” George interrupted, “listen Harry... we uh sort of need to talk to you...
in private...”

The boy-who-lived quirked up an eyebrow, before nodding and gesturing towards them to follow him into his private chambers.

***LoD***

“We need a favor.”

“Oh? I believe you already owe me quite a bit and now you are asking for more... quite bold of you I must say...”

“This is different”

“We...” Fred began, before glancing over at his sister cautiously. “We need you to remove someone from Hogwarts...”

“Remove?”

“You know what we mean, ensure he doesn't come back... through any means necessary.”

“Ah... and who would be this unlucky bastard who has earned your hatred?”

“Lockhart.”

Harry's eyes lit up just a bit, before he leaned forward... and for the slightest of moments the twins felt a shiver of terror run down their spines at the smile that crossed his face.

“Oh? Congratulations, you now have me intrigued. What has our pathetic excuse of a professor done to you?”

“Not us... Ginny...”

Emerald eyes flickered towards the youngest redhead for a mere instance, before focusing back onto the twins.

“Go on.”

“He...”

Fred was interrupted by his sister as she spoke up. “The way he looks at me... it's... wrong, and just creepy. It is like he is imaging what I look like without clothes on, imagining what he would do to me...” The girl shivered slightly, earning a comforting double hug from her brothers.

A few silent moments later and they continued on for her, “The bastard gave her a detention two days ago for Friday evening. We don't want her anywhere near him, much less alone.”

“I see... and what do you have to offer for my part?”

The two boys blinked in confusion, earning a soft chuckle, “This is not merely intervening when your sister was in a life or death situation. You are asking me to kill someone you know. That puts me in danger of being waylaid, surely you have something you can offer in return.”

“We... uh...”

Another minute or two passed, before the boy-who-lived let out a sigh, “Pity, well good luck with
your situation. I am sure if you talk to your parents they will...”

“They didn't do anything!” Fred exclaimed, standing from his seat as rage flashed in his eyes. “We
did go to them, wrote them a letter and do you know what they said? 'We trust Dumbledore to
choose the correct teacher, you are overreacting.' Can you believe this shite? Overreacting??”

“Oooo oooo I know my Lord!”

The four students turned to the excitable blonde who had been working quietly thus far on some
homework.

“Yes Luna?”

“Since you are saving Ginny's virtue then that is what should be the price. You can never own too
many sex buddies after all.”

“WHAT!??”

“NEVER!”

“Okay...”

The twins turned in shock towards their younger sibling, who was staring down at the ground to
avoid eye contact.

“Gin you can't...”

“And if I don't? Either way my virginity is going to be taken, at least this way I have a choice. At
least this way it will be to someone my age... someone who I...” She trailed off, a blush quickly
consuming her face.

“Unless you two have something else to offer for my services?” Harry inquired, earning defeated
shakes of the two boys' heads.

“Well fear not, although I will take your sister as payment I have no intention of raping her or any
such nonsense. Now then onto business, I assume you want this done before Friday evening?” Nods
confirmed the statement, earning another nod from the boy himself. “Very well, I think we will plan
for tomorrow night then, be sure that both of you and young Ginny here have a solid alibi for the
time between seven and nine in the evening. Wouldn't want you three to be linked to the act after all,
now would we?”

***LoD***

“Neville.”

“Draco.”

“Congrats about your parents being back.”

The Longbottom grinned, before nodding, “Thanks, I appreciate it.”

“Listen... I don't know if you have anything planned for the summer but...”

“But?”

“I mean... with our Lord off doing... whatever it is he does I thought you might want to get together.
Maybe do some schoolwork or just go flying or something...

The Gryffindor blinked twice in confusion, before grinning even wider, “Sounds fun, I mean we might have to keep our parents out of it lest they start accusing each other...”

“Yeah no kidding, adults are morons.”

“Also... if I have to go flying you have to come with me on a camping trip.”

Draco paused, weighing the positives and negatives of such a thing. He hated camping, and the outdoors in general, but also knew that Neville abhorred heights. “Alright... but you have to come to a professional Quidditch game with me. One game, plus five separate flying sessions for a day of camping.”

“Four sessions, and I will buy snacks at the game.”

“Deal!”

***LoD***

“Professor?”

“Ah Harry, please come in. What can I do for you?”

“Well I was just hoping that you might indulge a request of mine. I was hoping to get an honest assessment of my dueling skills against someone above a student level so I was thinking that maybe...”

The boy trailed off, leaving Lockhart to fill in the blanks for him, unfortunately it took longer than Harry was hoping, as the man stared off into space for nearly a minute before coming to the correct conclusion.

“You wanted to test yourself against me?”

“After hearing about all of your amazing conquests sir I was hoping to see how I measure up.”

The gleam that appeared in the man's eyes was more than a little unsettling, as he cleared his throat with a nod.

“Yes... yes I suppose I can do that. I assume you want to keep this a secret yes?”

“Yes sir, if anyone else knew...”

“No, I completely understand, we both have images to maintain. Shall we make this a bit more interesting though? The winner gets to play a game with the loser for the rest of the evening.”

The boy's head cocked to the side in an innocent expression, “Game sir?”

“Yes, oh don't worry my dear child, I promise you will enjoy it.” The young potter was forced to ignore the sudden urge to rip the man's tongue from his mouth after he licked his lips in a rather disgusting manner.

“Oh, okay.”

“Perfect, let me just set up the platform.” a few waves of his wand later and the two stood opposite of each other.
“First we bow and then we begin!” the man called, before sending a stunner at the raven-haired boy.

Harry actually did roll his eyes, as he shifted slightly, allowing the spell to pass by him and raised his own arm in retaliation. It was past time for him to stop holding back the flood. Darkness surged forward, smashing into the man opposite to him and sending the professor crashing to the ground with a cry of pain.

“What was that?”

“I’m surprised professor, I thought you would have dodged that. A pity, stand back up so that we may resume please.”

The blonde struggled to his feet, whimpering slightly as he crashed back down to one knee. “I-I seem to have pulled something. We will have to resume this at a later...”

“Stand. Up.”

Lockhart froze, before staring up into the darkness filled eyes of his opponent.

“I can’t Harry...”

“Mr. Potter, you may call me Mr. Potter.”

“Yes of course... I am injured though and...”

“Does it look like I care? You bragged about how you fought off a Vampire lord with two broken legs, sang about your defeat of a pack of Werewolves without a Wand, claimed you defeated a Voodoo Dark Lord with nothing but your wits and Wandless Magic... stand up.”

“That was just fiction Harry! Just stories to sell books! I never...”

“Then what good are you?”

A rod of darkness ripped through the man’s back, impaling him through his torso before withdrawing with a sickening sound, leaving the fraud coughing up blood. “Wait... Harry...”

“Wait? What ever for? You said it yourself, the winner gets to ‘play’ for the rest of the evening. Does it look as though I am done ‘playing’?”

“Please... Harry...”

A snap echoed through the room as the man’s leg was twisted a dozen times in rapid succession, breaking the bones like toothpicks.

“Do you know why I am doing this professor?” the boy inquired, ignoring the screams of agony from his opponent. “It is not because you called me the wrong name. It is not because you are a loser and a fraud. It is not because you dared to presume you could have your way with me... no all of these things I could overlook...”

“P-please... mercy!”

“The act that condemned you was when you set your sights upon Ginny... when you dared to attempt to take what is mine. I am a greedy man Lockhart... she is mine and will remain mine.”

“I won’t... I won’t t-touch her, I-I swear!”
“Oh I know you wont…”

Harry would spent the remained of the evening finding new and inventive ways to pull apart a human being without killing them. Lockhart’s death would finally come after several hours of dismemberment. His remains would never be found.

***LoD***

“Headmaster, it appears we have a bit of a problem.”

“Oh? What is that Nymphadora?”

The Auror fought back the urge to backhand the man, before handing over a leaf of parchment, earning the curiosity of the remainder of the staff.

“It appears as though Professor Lockhart has decided to take a sabbatical…”

“Odd… he did not mention anything to me.”

The remainder of the staff shook their heads as well.

“According to his note he has left due to a family emergency…”

Snape’s eyes widened, as he directed his gaze towards the paling Headmaster. It was the same ‘excuse’ they had used in regards to Quirrell’s disappearance.

***LoD***

“I can’t believe we are still doing this…”

“Shut up Nott and shove over, I want to be as far away from Weasel as possible.”

“What did you just say Malfoy?”

“You heard me!”

“Gentlemen! Kindly shut your mouths and stand still. The picture will not come out right if you do not.”

The boys grumbled and fell into their assigned spots with the rest of their class. It was a tradition at Hogwarts that at the end of every year a class photo would be taken to show unity in Hogwarts, despite the obvious divisions among the House lines.

“Bloody hell Scabbers quit fidgeting.”

“You brought your gross rat into the picture!?”

Ron rolled his eyes at the Hufflepuff girl’s exclamation, “Of course I did… and he is not gross. He is a family pet.”

“Right, stand still children and say ‘Merlin’. With everything that has happened this photo will be going on the front page of the Prophet!”

***LoD***

“Ginny? What do you think you are doing?”
“What are you talking about Ron? I am just...”

“Talking to Slytherins!”

“Yeah... and?”

“And? AND!? They are Slytherins Ginny! They are evil!”

“They are not...”

“Yes they are! No sister of mine is going to be talking to any slimy snakes!”

“I will talk to whoever I want to talk to! You do not get to decide who I spend time with Ron!”

“You can't be seen with them!”

The young girl rolled her eyes, “And who am I supposed to be seen with then? I don't have any friends in Gryffindor, Luna is always in Slytherin, and I barely know anyone from Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw.”

“You should be with Gryffindors! We are the good guys!”

“Oh get over yourself Ron, we are in school, there are no 'good guys' or 'bad guys'. This isn't some stupid adventure book.”

“No it isn't, this is real life! What are mom and dad going to say when they hear about this!?”

“They will probably be happy I am making friends, and if not then I do not care about what they say. It is not their business who I choose to have as friends at Hogwarts, besides I already told them about the boy!”

Ron reached out to grab his sister by the arm and pull her away, and yell at her about her choice in potential boyfriends, but gripped a bit too hard and earned a cry of pain from the younger girl.

“Is there a problem here?” a voice called from behind, forcing the redheaded boy to spin around and face down two angry emerald eyes.

“Mind your own business Potter!”

“You are hurting a friend of mine... I consider this my business.”

“I said...”

“Mr. Weasley, one hundred points from Gryffindor, and detention tonight.”

“What for!”’ the boy shouted back at the Slytherin Head of House in rage.

“Harming another student, insulting your fellow classmates, and back talking a teacher.”

“Hmph, some teacher you are.”

“A week of detention Mr. Weasley, and I dare you to make that comment again.” This time it was McGonagall, who had walked into the hallway unseen moments prior.

The boy merely sputtered, before stomping off in rage.

***LoD***
“Hello Harry.”

“Good evening Auror Tonks, something I can help you with?”

The woman nodded, “Just here to do a routine inspection. With everything that happened, and now a professor’s disappearance, the DMLE wants to ensure that all of the students are safe and secure. Slytherin is the last stop on my list and since you have a private room...”

The boy nodded, before gestured to let the woman walk inside. “Whatever I can do to help.”

She nodded appreciatively and glanced around before approaching the bed and running her fingers along the sheets, caught up in previous, forbidden, memories.

“I assume you will need to thoroughly examine the bed?”

The Pink-haired Auror’s breath caught in her throat at the husky tone he had used. She knew exactly what he was suggesting... and couldn’t quite bring herself to refuse. “Of course... can’t have our students in any sort of danger now can we? I would appreciate your help in this matter.”

The raven-haired boy smiled, before discarding his outer cloak. “As I said before, anything I can do to help...”

Her clothes were discarded and she slid under the covers before even realizing what was happening. He joined her seconds later.

‘This time will be different’ Tonks noted as her eyes began to adjust to the darkness. ‘It always is. The first experience was exploratory, and now that he knows it will be straight to...’

Her mind froze as soft kisses started on her fingers and slowly began making their way up her arm. “I realized something the other day.” he muttered between his actions. “I might have touched almost every part of you but I did not yet get to taste.”

“I...”

“Shhh, just lay back and relax my dear... if you are good I might let you return the favor in... a few hours.”

‘Oh sweet God...’ she mumbled as his mouth began its slow voyage down her side and towards her legs. When he finally reached her hip the brat decided to take his time and kiss all the way around before continuing down the outside of her leg, his hands giving her a rather orgasmic massage of her sore muscles at the same time.

How she was ever going to enjoy sex with anyone after this was beyond her as he reached her feet with both his hands and lips.

“I have heard women enjoy foot rubs...” he muttered, his hands perfectly relieving the stress from her with just a touch, and when he rubbed just a bit harder.

“Oh Merlin...” she groaned. The first orgasm of the night and it had been from a foot massage. Fuck the boy could drop out of school and just do this for the rest of his life and become a millionaire.

“Not quite, but I will remember that spot for later.”

His journey began upwards once more, only this time on the inside of her legs, each kiss feeling like an eruption of fire and lust as he slowly began to near her core. Tonks tried to spread her legs, to give
him more access and encourage him to move just a bit faster, but found her limbs trapped in his arms, keeping them in the position he wanted.

“Now now Tonksie, no need to be in a hurry...”

Nymphadora Tonks was a well spoken, educated woman who had graduated quite high up in her class. She had been taught by one of the best Aurors of the past century and had graduated from the academy faster than average. Thus her well thought out and intelligent response was to growl at said boy.

“Be good and I will flip you over after eating you out...”

She practically froze, before nodding while biting her lip. No need to argue with that after all.

A soft chuckle later and he continued his voyage, until reaching the spot she desperately wanted him to... God she didn’t even know what at this point.

Soft breath flowed over it, heating her up. Kisses encircled her entrance, but never quite on it. A small part of her mind wondered if begging would help at this point before a warm wetness started at the bottom, and slowly traveled all the way up her cunt.

‘Orgasm number two’ she giggled as her body was wracked with pleasure.

“Delicious as always.” he mumbled against her skin, before sliding his tongue into her, his fingers reaching forward and finding that glorious nub on the outside while her new favorite muscle found the spot on the inside.

Her pussy clamped down so hard she was afraid it would break his tongue, as she cried out for a third time.

“MMMmmpppphhhh!”

But, much to her lust induced brain’s shock, he didn’t stop. His tongue began to explore as his fingers did days prior.

She tried, she truly did, to attempt and count the number of times her body found release, and her vision grew hazy, but it seemed more like one continuous orgasm rather than a series of them. Fluids flowed from her cunt at an almost steady rate as he continued to indulge himself... and devour her.

At some point, she wasn’t quite sure when, his left hand had traveled up her body and began kneading her breast. “M-m-more... Oh Godddddddd!”

“Where?” he mumbled, before sliding tongue back in.

She didn’t know! She just wanted him more! Her right hand found his beautiful hair, before grabbing and pushing his face deeper into her sex. The free hand, which had previously started playing with her unattended nipple reached down and took the hand he had been using on her clit. Gripping his wrist, the Auror arched up her hips, and put both of their hands on her rear, taking his fingers and sliding them between her cheeks to try and put the idea in his mind.

“I-i-i-inside now.” Rather than wait for him to process this she gripped his fingers and pushed them into her other hole, gasping out as another orgasmic scream erupted from her lips, before she flopped back down, spread eagle and covered in sweat and juices.

A few more seconds of his ministrations, giving her another few aftershocks of pleasure, and he
finally withdrew with a quiet laugh, “I didn’t realize you had so much cum in you Tonks.”

***LoD***

Harry Potter was a very intelligent boy, in fact if he was actually offered an 'IQ' test it would put him well above the 'genius' range. He could speed-read, and memorize books in mere minutes, even understanding the context of each as he did so.

He could use new spells simply by seeing them performed one time, could learn new languages in mere days, and had the highest academic achievement record in the history of the prestigious school.

All that being said the boy was a bit confused at the moment, because Luna Lovegood was actually ignoring him.

“Luna?”

She didn't so much as shift in her seat, instead continued working on an essay for the summer.

The Potter heir glanced over to where Hedwig was sitting nearby as well, also ignoring him in favor of looking through a book on exotic locations.

“Hedwig...”

The white-haired girl refused to acknowledge him as well.

Normally he would find such a situation irritating... and probably force his Magic not to lash out at the two causing him the undue stress. Oddly enough though there was a different emotion. Something he had often heard was known as 'regret'.

“Are you both ignoring me?”

No answer.

“You know...” he mused, sitting down at a nearby table as if talking to himself. “I find myself in a rather odd situation. The last time someone willingly chose to ignore my presence I was debating on whether to simply depart... and never see them again.”

Hedwig froze in her seat, recalling that incident as the memory of being ignored and abandoned tore through her mind. Was this a bad idea? Were they going to cause far more trouble than anything they could ever gain from such actions?

“But for some reason I am not feeling inclined to do so this time.”

The pale girl noticed the blonde's shoulders relax ever so slightly as well. Apparently, Luna had been sharing the same thoughts.

“The problem, however, is that despite the fact that I could violently rip into both of your minds with ease and find out exactly what the problem is I would rather not do so. This also means that I am unable to make any corrections to prevent this sort of... insubordination in the future. Since it seems you are both set in your path perhaps you could speak with each other so that I might overhear...”

“Say Luna”

“Yes Hedwig?”

“Are you still angry about Tonks spending the night again?”
“Me? Not as much, I am far more upset over the fact that someone else was chosen for our Lord to use for his enjoyment than me... especially someone who is not loyal, and he has not had nearly as much contact with.”

“Ah I see, well I am still angry about Tonks being invited into our bed...”

“My bed”

Both girls fell silent at the icy tone that permeated the air, the room darkening slightly as his Magic flowed around them.

“It is not our bed it is my bed, just as it is my decision on whom I share relations with.” he slowly rose, before pacing in a circle around the two girls.

“It appears as though there has been some miscommunication somewhere along the lines. Neither of you are my superior. Neither of you are in control of my life or my actions, and neither of you have a say in whom I choose to share this life with. I could walk outside and fuck the nearest girl and neither of you would be able to change that.”

He paused, allowing the darkness to recede and his voice to take on the happier tone once more, "However, I would like for both of you to share this life with me, and so I will take your feelings into account and attempt to involve you more. That does not mean I will stop in these activities but I will try and be more discreet.”

Turning, he addressed the young blonde directly, “As for you Luna, I am unsure as to why you are upset with me, considering Hedwig was the one who insisted I avoid even looking at you in any inappropriate way. I was planning on thoroughly exploring your body the first week you were here.”

The blonde shot an annoyed glare at the former owl, who muttered about a certain boy betraying her.

“I have upset you both though, and I intend to make this up to you. I have overheard Pansy more than once demanding Draco 'buy her something pretty' in return for her forgiveness and so I will allow you both to pick out one item from any catalog you can find in the Slytherin dorm area.”

Luna promptly gave a squeal of delight, ran over to kiss the boy on the cheek, before bolting to obtain the necessary 'research' materials. Hedwig merely stared at him in surprise.

“What, are you so shocked that I can be kind?”

“No, I know you can be. I am just surprised that you let us off so easily, that you did not punish us...”

He glanced over at her, before a smirk appeared on his face. “Oh my dear Hedwig... who said anything about not punishing you? I fully intend to make you earn your forgiveness. I am just debating on what position I want you in tonight...”

The white-haired beauty blushed deeply, before muttering something about it being Luna's fault.

“Do not concern yourself with Luna my dear...” he drawled, slowly moving so that he stood behind her. “She will be receiving her 'punishment' once we agree she is old enough for me to use her properly.” His hands slipped into the top of her dress, fingertips just above her skin. “Now then... perhaps we should do a bit of a sneak preview?”

Hedwig gasped out immediately, fighting back the urge to push forward and force his fingers to caress her. She knew better, however, and when Harry was in one of his 'teasing moods' all she
could do was suffer, depending upon your point of view, through them.

The warmth of his digits hovered just above her own flesh, moving in such as way as if he remembered the feeling, and was basking in it.

“H-Harry...”

“Hmmm?” his hands trailed downwards, outlining her body until reaching her breasts, there she had hoped he would ‘accidentally’ come into contact, but she was denied once more.

“P-please...”

“Such beautiful skin...” he muttered, his mouth now almost on her neck. Oh how she wanted to arc just a little and feel those warm lips on her throat.

“Harry please.” it was a mix between a whimper and a pleading moan, but he did not falter in his ministrations.

“Pale and perfect... soft and warm...” he pulled back, before starting all over again, this time at her legs. “How badly I want to simply give in... to feel every inch of you again... to explore you and be explored... to be inside of you...”

“W-we can...” the amber eyed girl panted out, “here, now just... this is all I have on, just... please.”

“But we can't... you need to be punished. What sort of message would I be sending if I gave in so easily?”

“Th-that I'm yours...” she groaned, “that I will always be yours. Here, now, on the desk, on the floor, anyway you want me just...”

“Luna will be back soon, imagine if she walked in on... us.”

Her mind was past 'fuzzy' and was edging on 'push him against the ground and damn the consequences' levels. She just wanted to feel him she couldn't give a damn about anything else.

“Th-then let her.”

“Let her?”

“I-I don't care! Push her down and mount her too!”

He gave a mock gasp, “But Hedwig dear you were the one insisting she was too young... who didn't want me approaching such an innocent young creature...”

“Harry please!”

Something in him snapped, he wasn't sure if it was the tension, or just missing her... but he pulled her up before pushing her back against the desk the girl had been seated at. The moment she sat upon it her legs spread, her nimble hands reaching into his pants and pulling him out as she greedily stroked him.

“Mmmmm, I have missed this...” he mumbled as her grip tightened just a little and pulled him forwards.

“Inside me, now.”
Her dress was pulled her, her legs wrapping around his waist as his cock penetrated deeply into her, earning a groan of ecstasy from both. For a moment both simple stood still, enjoying the sensation of her wetness encompassing his length, and his hardness filling her completely.

Then he pulled halfway out, and slammed back in, her arms wrapping around his neck as his own went under her dress and found her nipples.

“Y-y-yes more!”

His grunts answered her plea, along with the increase in pace, filling the empty room with the slapping of flesh against flesh.

She hit her peak immediately, her cunt clenching down around him to try and force his own.

“Not yet...” he growled, before continuing his thrusts in and out of her tightness.

“P-please Harry...” she was silenced by his lips on hers, and a rather brutal thrust, earning a borderine whimper of pain, her legs clenching around just a bit harder.

The assault continued, Hedwig pulling back and letting out a throaty moan as her head rolled backwards, allowing him access to suck and lick on her throat, which he did with fervor.

“Every. Day.”

“Wh-wha?” words failed her as her mind drifted over his own.

“This.” he growled, “I want this every day from now on. No more nights without.”

“H-Harry, too much. I won't be able to...”

The thrust that followed was hard, almost savage in its intensity. “Don't care.”

“Others...” she whimpered, “you can have others, Tonks...”

“Not enough.”

“The girls...” she tried, her mind falling back on the promises she had made the last time they had made love. She wanted desperately to claim him as hers, and only hers, but the fact of the matter was she wouldn't survive having sex like this as often as he undoubtedly wanted to. Her body would simply break from it.

He pulled almost completely out, before thrusting to the hilt, earning another orgasm and releasing his own deep inside of her with a grunt.

“Would you let me?” he whispered softly in her earn, sending move shivers through her, already sensitive, body. “Would you let me take the others? Luna, Ginny, Pansy, Tonks...”

Her mind was beginning to clear, and she knew his had already done so. This was it, she realized, the potential turning point in their relationship. Despite his claims she knew he would respect her decision. If she wanted him to herself he would do so, and would probably even suppress his own urges if he became a bit too much for her to handle.

But could she ever ask him to deny what he was, who he was?

“Every day, just so long as you don't forget me...”
His face pulled back, hands reaching up to stroke her face so gently she almost cried. “I could never forget you.”

A rather indignant 'humph' sounded from the doorway, earning their attention, despite still being joined. There stood Luna, a handful of catalogs in her arms. “So Hedwig gets to have sex for her punishment? Doesn't seem fair…”

“Luna...”

“And I went through dealing with all the Nargles...”

“Luna!” Hedwig tried again, but was ignored for the second time, while Harry pulled back and adjusted his clothing.

“I even found some books for you to read through and...”

“LUNA!”

The blonde fell silent, while the former owl gestured for her to come closer. She did so, with a bit of shyness in her step, as if she was about to be reprimanded.

“Harry and I talked... and depending on what happens this summer...”

Her pale-blue eyes lit up in excitement at where the conversation was going.

“I will be okay with you two... getting closer.”

“So birthday sex!? YAY!”

“Wh-what!? No I didn't say that!”

“Yes you did.” the blonde happily sang back.

“No I did not!”

“Mhmmm”

“You sort of did Hedwig...” Harry chuckled, earning a glare from her amber eyes.

“I said getting closer. I did not say...”

“Birthday sex!” Luna cheered again, earning a sigh and shake of the older girl's head, and a chuckle from the boy.

***LoD***

“Albus, may I speak with you please.”

The elderly Wizard glanced over at the Floo, and where Amelia Bones' head was currently being projected.

“Ah Director, you seem to have caught us in the middle of our last staff meeting for the year, could this wait until...”

“No.”

Blinking in surprise the man nodded, before allowing the head of the DMLE to step through. “Is
there a problem Ma'am?"

"Yes Auror Tonks, there is. Albus we have a situation that need immediate addressing."

"Oh?"

"Sirius Black has escaped from Azkaban."

***LoD***
**Lord of Darkness**

Minerva McGonagall struggled to recall the last time in which Albus Dumbledore looked so... defeated. The man's slumped, his back hunched over, skin pale, and hands quivered ever so slightly. It was almost depressing to see the man she always viewed in such awe appear so very old.

“When was it discovered that Sirius escaped?”

“I was just notified about an hour ago, Aurors are currently sweeping his cell along with the rest of Azkaban for any sign of him.”

The man nodded sadly, he already knew that there would be nothing to be found though.

“Headmaster Dumbledore...”

He looked up, his eyes full of regrets, at the current director of the DMLE. “Black had a visitor last night, Minister Fudge.”

“Surely we do not think that the Minister was involved...” Pomona Sprout whispered in shock.

“Or that he would be stupid enough to help the man escape... and smart enough to actually do so...” Snape muttered in contempt.

“No, he is not suspected as being involved.” Bones replied, ignoring the quip from the Potion master, “However, he did note that his visit was short. He apparently wanted to rub the fact that Harry Potter was alive and well in the man's face, and had shown him a copy of the class photos from the Prophet.”

“Stupid ignorant man...” Everyone turned to McGonagall, who had begun cursing softly in a thick accent, “now he knows what Harry looks like!”

“Albus...”

The man returned his attention to the head of the DMLE, whose eyes were wide in horror. “Mr. Potter said he lived in the Muggle world. When he returns this summer he won't have any protection, Black will be able to locate him!”

“We will relocate him of course, I was intending on doing so during the summer this merely puts more haste in these old bones.”

“But where to Headmaster? Most of the boy's friends are in Slytherin. Merlin knows that the Malfoy's would not think twice about turning him over to a Death Eater.” Severus noted, earning winces from the remainder of the room.
The elder Wizard sat in silence for several minutes, going over various scenarios in his mind before seemingly coming to a decision. “We need an expert.”

The others blinked in confusion. “An expert sir?” Tonks questioned, speaking up for the first time since her boss had entered the room.

“Yes, an expert in Sirius Black. We need someone who knows how he thinks, how he will react and plan, or at least how he used to. Amelia, please reach out and contact Mad-Eye Moody for me, he helped instruct the boy when he first joined the Aurors. I will be summoning Remus Lupin in a few...”

The snort from Snape was heard by all, and earned him quite a few glares.

“I understand that you do not like him Severus, but I hope you can agree that Harry's safety is more important than your dislike of the man.”

“Yes... of course Headmaster.”

“I will attempt to keep you both working on separate projects as often as possible to keep your interactions to a minimum.”

The Slytherin head blinked in shock, before nodding graciously.

***LoD***

“We should take him out of the country.”

“Screw the bloody country, let's get him off of the continent!”

“Oh because that will work, what do you intend to do hastily setup a bunch of wards on a random island?”

“Yes!”

“What about one of the Auror safe-houses?”

“You mean the ones Black already knows about?”

“No, I mean the new ones he doesn't know about.”

“And hope that no one in the DMLE has any dark connections?”

As the room spun with various arguments of how to proceed Albus Dumbledore directed his attention to the one person not speaking at all. The man who had taken to staring out of the window to the courtyard below his office.

What was Remus Lupin looking at? The Forbidden Forest? The Quidditch field? The Lake? What memories consumed his thoughts?

“Remus?”

The man snapped out of his stupor, and turned to look at those who had fallen silent at the Headmaster's soft, but commanding, inquiry.

“What do you suggest my boy?”
“I... don't know.”

“You knew Sirius Black better than anyone else in this room. Anything you can tell us...”

“I knew him over a decade ago... a lifetime ago...”

“I understand Remus, and we are not asking for you to perfectly predict him but... we need all of the help we can get protecting Harry.”

That single name seemed to change everything, a spark that hadn't existed before appeared in the Werewolf's eyes as he straightened up just a bit more than before, his mind working furiously in ways that it hadn't in years.

Another few seconds passed before his voice called out, calm and yet authoritative.

“Keep him moving. Make a list of safe locations that are already warded and switch them out at random intervals, at random times, and in random order. If you think there is even a hint of a pattern do something random. If you don't think there is a pattern make a random change anyway. No more than a week at any location although that is pushing it. We keep the list separate, no one has the complete version. No one knows anything more than the next hop, or an emergency location.

“Now you are speaking my language boy! What else?” Moody growled with an almost excited note in his voice.

“No Aurors, they can be bought or bribed. No one that we are not sure is one hundred and ten percent on our side. No one stays with him the entire time, sweep everything he owns for tracking Charms at every stop, change his outfit as often as possible. Use Muggle and Magical outfits, no school robes. If he will allow it change his appearance but don't force him, we do that and he will act like a teenager and rebel which will make it worse.”

“More, come on boy more!” the retired Auror encouraged, feeling life and almost intoxication flowing into his veins at being in the field once more.

“We need a list, a massive one of every possible safe-house we can use, from there we can narrow it down dramatically. Then we need a leak. Someone who is loyal enough that Sirius would trust him, but stupid enough to let out information. We give them a different list. No Aurors though and no traps. We are trying to slow him down until the Aurors catch up, not put him in flight mode. He flees and we have nothing. Right now we know what his target is.”

“Is all of this necessary?” McGonagall whispered, almost shocked at the militaristic way that the situation was being handled.

“Sirius was one of the best trackers alive. Not only physically but also in blending in. He could get in and out of virtually any fortress the enemy had better than anyone else, except maybe Peter. But he could get information. He could eavesdrop on a conversation halfway across a crowded room and pick the perfect target for a con or seduction mission. He will find Harry if anyone knows where he is going to be.”

“What happens if our luck runs out and he does meet the boy?” Snape inquired, a rare look of respect in his eyes focused on the homeless-looking man.

“Emergency Portkeys, several of them, each setup by a different person with a location unknown to everyone else. We each keep an indicator with us, should one go off, at all times.”

“Then what, he will be able to trace...”
“Then we go off the grid entirely. No contact with anyone, period. We leave one message indicating he is safe... and then vanish.”

“Meet back at the platform for school?” Filius inquired, his eyes burning brightly as he soaked up the information in the way only a true Ravenclaw could.

“No, if the emergency goes off he doesn’t go back to Hogwarts. Sirius will expect it.”

“Then what? We go on the run for the rest of his life? What happens if Black is never caught?”

“We deal with it if it happens. This is the 'emergency' protocol. If this group becomes compromised in anyway shape or form. At that point it is better for whoever has him to create a plan on the fly rather than rely on anything concrete that can be leaked. Use your best judgment, but take whatever you would probably do, and the opposite... then choose the option in the middle.”

“We will start the list immediately. Most of his housemates are out of the question due to questionable ties either directly or through family friends. However it seems as though Miss Lovegood has taken quite the liking to him, as has the young Miss Weasley and Mr. Longbottom.”

Remus nodded towards the eldest Wizard, “I can take him as well, hopefully he likes camping...”

“I am sure my mom wouldn't mind if we asked her, although considering she is cousins to Black... Either way I have my own apartment now under Auror level Wards. I can certainly let him stay with me.”

Filius, McGonagall, and Sprout all nodded as well.

“I seem to have a decent friendship with Harry, I doubt Sirius Black will suspect his Astronomy teacher of housing him.”

“Thank you Aurora, I myself would take him for the summer but with all of the meetings I have he would be in a constant predictable schedule, but I can at least take him for a few scattered days.” The headmaster replied, his gaze drifting towards Severus, who gave a sigh at the look.

“I... can if no one else will. But considering my ties to Lucious Malfoy and my current... situation I doubt it would be for the best.”

“I agree, we will certainly not force you to look after him unless it is an absolute emergency Severus.”

***LoD***

“Harry my boy, thank you for stopping up to see an old man on such short notice.”

“Of course sir, to be honest I expected this after last year. Perhaps this can be a bit of a tradition between us.”

The older man smiled, before nodding. “Hopefully under better circumstances next time. A man named Sirius Black escaped from Azkaban less than a week ago. We believe he may have chosen you as a potential target and so we are going to be making a bit of a change in your normal summer routine.”

“Oh? Might I inquire as to what this man would want from me?”

“Harry, my name is Remus Lupin,” a poorly dressed man announced from the side, as he took a
slow step towards the student. “I was a close friend of your parents, Sirius Black was as well before he betrayed them to the Dark Lord. He is the reason they are dead Harry…”

“I... see…”

For the shortest of moments the Wolf instincts in Remus whimpered back in terror, something the man had never experienced before. His eyes widened in shock, but from the corner of his eye he noticed no change in the Headmaster... and thus set the situation aside for the time being.

“So, what exactly is the plan?”

“Well Harry, the current plan is to have you stay at different locations throughout the break, to keep you safe. I am truly sorry that we must interfere with your life in this way my boy, after everything that has happened this year I am sure you were looking forward to a quiet, peaceful summer.”

“Actually Headmaster this sounds rather exciting. I was bored after the first week of break last year and this way I don't have to go back to... that place.”

Lupin's eyebrow quirked upward, he had never been informed as to where Harry was staying, only that he was 'safe'... or that he was supposed to have been. He had managed to pick up on the fact that his original location had been changed early on in his life though.

“Where... are you currently living Harry?”

“An orphanage in the Muggle world, so where will I be going first Headmaster?”

From the subtle shift in the atmosphere Dumbledore knew he would be dealing with a rather irate Marauder in a moment.

“You will be with Remus here first Harry, remember to be careful at all times. We do not know how much Sirius Black will be able to discover or how many contacts he might still have in our world.”

“Of course sir.”

“Harry... could you give me and Dumbledore a few minutes alone, we need to have a... conversation.”

The boy nodded his hand, before departing, leaving Remus to glare dangerously at the elder Wizard.

***LoD***

“So Harry, have you ever been camping before?”

“I have not Mr. Lupin.”

“Please, just call me Remus... or Moony if you prefer.”

“Moony it is then.”

The man smiled, as the two continued walking through the woods towards a small clearing that Remus had selected a few days prior, and then Warded.

“I hope this is okay with you Harry... I haven't had much luck with jobs lately and so…”

“Quite alright, I have always wanted to sleep under the stars.”
The man smiled warmly towards the boy he had always considered his godson. If it hadn’t been for Black...

“Moony... is that name because of you being a Werewolf?”

Lupin’s thought pattern, and travel froze, before slowly turning towards the boy. “How did you...”

“Amber eyes, scars across body, obvious nickname, inability to hold a job despite no signs of substance abuse or personality disorders...”

“I...”

“Also there is the discoloration in your magical aura.”

“Y-you can see auras!”

“Of course, I thought it was a common thing in the Wizarding world.”

“No Harry, that is an exceptionally rare talent, and most of the time those who actually can require deep concentration and a quiet environment to focus.”

“Ah, well I can turn it on and off. My apologies for using it on you without your consent though. I usually keep it off but with the Headmaster’s insistence upon being safe...”

“No, no that is alright Harry. I would never ask you to hinder yourself for me.”

“So I have been meaning to ask, what is Sirius Black like?”

“He... was a good friend, or so we thought. He always seemed so loyal and happy... I guess it really shows how manipulative someone can be.”

“And you do not like manipulative individuals?”

“I was in Gryffindor, we prefer brutal honesty.”

“Oh? So I shouldn’t lie to you then?”

“I... Cub I am never going to force you to tell me anything but... you never need to lie to me.”

“What if the truth is dark though? Horrible even? What if I have done awful things?”

“Cub, there isn’t anything you can do that...”

“I have killed people Moony... several already. Some were evil others... not as much, and I will continue killing. Undoubtedly I will end up killing innocent people as well. I am going to change the world Moony, whether for better or worse I cannot quite tell yet. Some will call me a Dark Lord... and they will be right.”

The Werewolf could only stare in horror at the young boy, who was practically confessing to being evil. What should he do in this situation? What could he do?

“I will let you kill me Remus, I will allow you to stop me here and now before I can commit any more atrocities. You will be able to vanish, to disappear if you want to. Or perhaps you can blame Black, or even take credit. If you tell Dumbledore everything I am sure he would believe you. Snape already has suspicions surrounding me and if you join him the old man will undoubtedly...”
“Cub stop! I am not going to kill you, I am not going to hurt you...”

“Do you believe I am deceiving you? Would you like to understand clearer?”

“There is nothing you can say that...” Remus froze as darkness washed over him. Magical power on a scale he had never felt, had never imagined roared into existence, as if it had gone from noon to midnight in an instance.

“Now do you understand?”

“I...” What should he do? Kill the child who had admitted to take lives? Stop a Dark Lord before he came to power? No, he couldn't. Even if Harry was holding a sword to an innocent person's throat he wouldn't be able to harm him. Even without being James' and Lily's son there was something else about the boy... something that drew him like a moth to a candle. Werewolves were dark creatures, he knew that, but he had never understood how much until this moment. Until every instinct in his body was screaming at him to kneel before this child, to worship and serve him until the end of his days. To simply feel his magic surrounding him.

“I do understand Harry... but I still will not harm you. I left you with Dumbledore when you were a child Harry... I left you and you ended up in a bloody orphanage, I am not going to abandon you again, never again.”

“Interesting, then I suppose I will need to work on improving opinion towards Werewolves now wont I.”

“Wh-what?”

“Well I can't very well let one of my closest advisers be treated poorly.”

The pride that Remus Lupin felt in his chest at this trust was both exhilarating... and frightening at the same time.

***LoD***

“Hey cub, what are you up to?”

“Oh just writing a letter to a potential follower.”

“Oh I don’t think that is a good idea. If Sirius tracks it...”

“That would certainly be a nice benefit, perhaps he would prove an actual challenge.”

“This isn't a game cub, Sirius is dangerous if he finds you...”

“If he finds me I can only hope he is more entertaining than a possessed professor, a fraud, or a sixty foot Basilisk have proven thus far.”

***LoD***

Sitting on her bed a young Witch stared at the book that lay open in her lap, staring but never actually seeing the words on the page. What was the point after all? Her parents hadn't said three sentences to her since she had arrived home over a week ago, and she certainly had no friends in the Muggle World. It looked as though her summer was going to be even worse than...

The soft flapping of wings started the girl, as a brown owl stood at the end of her bed with a letter attached to its leg.
“What is this...”

After giving the creature a treat or two, and watching it depart into the sky, Hermione Granger slowly opened the contents, allowing her eyes to roam over it.

Dearest Eyre,

I hope your summer has proven relaxing after the year we have just experienced at school. I am afraid that my current situation will not allow me to receive letters as I am required to 'fear for my safety' or some such nonsense. Regardless I will continue writing to you as often as I can, and I hope we can continue our conversations in the coming year.

Luckily for me I was able to purchase the upcoming school books last week, meaning that I will at least have something to do while I am adjusting to my new living conditions.

Have you begun your reading yet? I can only imagine that you have based upon the conversations between us. I can tell that you are a rather brilliant young maiden who can do amazing things in this world if you are given the chance to do so.

Speaking of which, have you thought about future career paths? I have heard rumors that the third year is when most of the electives are unlocked, if you are that age you should consider taking one or two of them.

I understand that last year was rough for you my dear, and I do so hope this summer proves to be better than your previous one. If it was my choice I would have liked to have spent some of it with you, perhaps on a faraway island or a sandy beach. Nothing but the warm sand, sunshine, and peaceful crashes of the waves, besides us of course.

Laying on the beach reading, your skin warm to the touch. Walking along it in the moonlight during the evenings, with the light reflecting in your eyes.

Have you ever been on a tropical vacation? I personally have not, in fact I have never been out of England, or on any official vacation. I suppose this year is slightly different since I will be moving around quite a bit but I would be reluctant to call it a 'vacation', more like a forced summer of relocation.

If you have not already heard there is a 'dangerous' man on the loose by the name of Sirius Black. He is wanted for several counts of murder and treason, though I doubt he would have any reason to come after you I do so hope you stay safe. I would be devastated if something were to happen to you my dear.

I count the days until we can have our next face-to-face chat, until then remember that you do have those who care for you.

Yours,

Lord Rochester

The bookworm reread the letter a few times, before giving a girlish squeal and holding it close to her chest. He hadn't abandoned her, the only light in her life had not yet given up on her happiness. She was rather saddened by the fact she could not write back to him but that just meant she would need to make a list of things to talk about when they next met. Perhaps it was better this way, considering she normally dominated the 'bathroom' conversations.

Still there was something else in his letter, something that sent her pulse racing and putting a blush on
her face. A slight flirtation in his words... something that she had long since began to think and fantasize about.

***LoD***

“Father, I wish to speak with you about something.”

“Oh, and what is that Draco?”

“I heard rumors that Sirius Black has escaped.”

“He has”

“I would like to request that we offer protection to Harry Potter this summer, surely Black would not...”

“I will not entertain the boy who defeated my Lord in my own home, Draco.”

“But father he is powerful, I informed you last summer that...”

“You told me what you saw not what is true. Your knowledge and skill in the magical arts have not matured enough to understand what true power is Draco. Rumors are being whispered amongst those of us not in Azkaban that the Dark Lord is working on his return. When he does you will be taking the Dark Mark as my heir.”

“I have already pledged my allegiances father, I will not forsake my oaths.”

“You are a child Draco. You know not what you were doing, you will show your loyalty to the Dark Lord upon his return. If you insist on continuing communication with Potter then you will use this friendship to turn him over to our Lord's whims.”

“I will not!”

“Draco” the elder Malfoy growled as he grabbed his son by the front of his shirt, in menacing fashion. “I grow tired of this fantasy you have created concerning Potter. You will respect your betters!”

“I do respect them father, and hopefully one day you see that before we end up on opposite sides of...”

The slap that echoed through the room was the only indicator of how Draco found himself lying on the floor, a red mark across his face as his father stared coldly down at him.

“This year Draco... this year you will see the folly in your ways and take the Mark. This year you will understand where your place is, and who your true Lord is.”

With that the man turned and departed, leaving Draco to slowly pick himself up while muttering under his breath. “One of us will...”

***LoD***

“I have a problem Hes...”

“I don’t understand why I let you call me that, considering your own feelings towards your first name Tonks.”
The Metamagus merely grinned, before pulling a bottle of alcohol from her fridge, “Because I bought the booze.”

“Fair enough, so what's been going on hero.”

“Ugh, not you too...”

“Oh come on, you killed a Basilisk single-handedly did you really not expect any fame to come with that?”

“I just... don't feel like I deserve it...”

Hestia Jones waved off her friends complaint. “Girl if anyone deserves the fame and fortune it is you... so long as you do not forget us measly commoners afterwards.”

“I will never forget you Hes...”

The woman grinned, before taking a drink from the bottle. “Alright, so answer the question. What has been going on with you?”

“I... have been dating a lot recently.”

“Oh? Finally decided to get back out there after finishing Auror training eh? Any cute guys?”

“Eight dates in a month... and they have all been losers or creeps.”

The woman's smile dropped, “I'm sorry Tonks but... eight? Who are you trying to get out of your head?”

The Auror laughed, they had both established the theory that when someone went on multiple dates in a short time span that the person was trying to forget about another individual.

“You know me too well... listen Hes, I can trust you to keep a secret right?”

“Yeah, course you can.”

“I'm serious here, if you tell anyone... I could end up in prison.”

The slightly older girl's smile fell from her face, “Tonks, what is going on? I promise you that I won't tell anyone as long as you aren't trying to kill yourself or something like that.”

“I... had a relationship a couple months ago...”

“Oh... you mean like when you were on duty.”

“Yeah...”

“Tonks it is fine, not like you are the first one to date a coworker or anything.”

“No it isn't that... I was working at Hogwarts Hes.”

“You... dated a student?”

“I wouldn't really call it dating...”

“You... oh my God you slept with a student?!”
The Aurors face fell into her hands, as she held back a miserable sob. “Whoa whoa Tonks... listen I just... I was just surprised that's all, it isn't that bad, so seventh year?”

“Younger...” was the whispered reply.

“Sixth?”

“Younger...”

“Fifth?”

At this point Tonks couldn't even even give a verbal answer, and just shook her head instead.

“Fourth? Third? Second... Tonks what did you do?”

“I slept with a freaking child Hess! I am a bloody pedophile!”

“But... why did you...”

“I DON’T KNOW!” the Metamorph screamed, as she stood and began pacing, finally breaking down under the stress she had been putting herself through. “It isn't like I want to be attracted to him! And I don't fancy anyone else at that entire bloody place! I mean hell I barely even want to have kids now! There is just... I just don't know!”

“Okay, okay calm down before you hurt yourself. Who was it?”

The mumbled reply earned a sigh from the friend, “I can't understand you when you talk like...”

“HARRY BLOOD POTTER!”

“O-oh... okay well... uh...”

“I mean it isn't just that though! The Basilisk? The one I got a raise, and promotion, and bonus, and and and... EVERYTHING for killing!? Nope not me, I was too busy hiding behind a freaking column sobbing my eyes out in fear while he killed it. I was saved from a monster by a twelve year old boy Hess! Then what do I do? I stand by in silence while everyone congratulates me, then I molest him!”

“So you didn't...”

“DOES IT MATTER!? We did everything except for shag like freaking rabbits! What the hell is wrong with me!”?

Hestia Jones sat silent for a few moments, while her best friend dropped onto the opposite couch and began crying. Suddenly it all made sense, and the woman stood to walk over and comfort the Auror.

“Shhh Tonks, it is okay... I understand what happened...”

“Wh-what?”

“It is 'hero worship' Tonks... you and I were both raised on stories about this miraculous hero that saved the world, someone who has been called everything from 'Merlin reincarnate' to 'Champion of the Light'. Then he saves your life from a freaking monster. You fell in love with the idea of him Tonks, that is why all of these other guys can't measure up. You have set Harry on a pedestal that no one can possibly hope to reach.”
“S-so what do I do?”

“Well, you mentioned seeing him at some point this summer right?”

“Yeah... I volunteered to look after him and... oh God I have to cancel! I can't be around him and...”

“No, this is perfect. Okay this is what you are going to do. He comes over, you set him up the guest room... and then you take him on a date.”

“Are you out of your bloody mind! I practically forced myself on...”

“Did you? Did you force yourself on him Tonks? Did you hold him down and touch him while he told you not to?”

“OF COURSE NOT!”

“So then he didn't understand what was happening? You took advantage of him not understanding the consequences of what you were doing?”

“He practically started half of it Hes!”

“So then the only thing you did wrong was have relations with someone younger than you. So relax a bit, since there aren't Aurors knocking on the door to arrest you I assume he hasn't told anyone right?”

“No... he didn't want me to get in trouble, same reason he let me take credit.”

“So he is far more mature than a normal person his age, which is why you are taking him on a date. Think about it Tonks, you can't get over him because you still imagine him as being perfect. That is why all these other guys are such losers to you. You will never be able to have a normal relationship while you have this 'perfect man' stuck in your head... but once you talk to him, get to know him, and realize he is just a kid...”

“Then the illusion fades, Hes you are brilliant!”

“You just now realized this?”

***LoD***

“Pup...”

“Yes Moony?” the boy inquired, as the two men lay on the grass, staring up at the star-filled sky.

“I am really glad you agreed to come out here with me, not just for your safety but... well I have enjoyed these past few days.”

“As have I. Although I wish we could have met sooner...” the older man's shoulders sagged as he recalled the life he had thus far missed out on. “I am glad that we can spend this time together now.” Like that Lupin's spirits soared, who would have thought that there would be someone who could affect him even more than James and Sirius used to be able to do.

***LoD***
Remus Lupin froze in shock as he watched a beautiful teenage girl walk out of his Godson's tent. When the hell had she arrived!?

“Uhm... cub... who is that?”

“Hm? Oh that is just Hedwig.”

“Hedwig... as in your owl Hedwig?”

“Yes, although she isn't an owl right now.”

“Yeah... of course, I uhm...”

“Moony, I can trust you right?”

The man focused his gaze away from the girl, who was making her way towards the river they had camped near, and back towards two emerald-eyes. “Yes, of course you can Harry.”

“Not many people know about her, it is one of my closest guarded secrets. Hedwig has been with me since as far back as I can remember... she was my only friend.” The Werewolf's heart broke for the boy. He should have been raised with friends and family, not in an orphanage with nothing but... whatever Hedwig was to keep him company.

“I am trusting you not to tell anyone about her.”

“I understand cub, and I swear I will not say a word to anyone about this.”

The preteen nodded happily, before starting after the girl.

“Oh cub?”

“Hm?”

“What uh, exactly is your relationship with her?”

“We are as close as two people can be without being married.”

“O-oh...”

“So to answer your question, yes we are sleeping together.” With that he continued on to wash up with the white haired beauty, leaving a stuttering older man behind.
“Hello there young man, my name is Arthur Weasley and this is my wife Molly. I understand you will be staying with us for a bit?”

Harry nodded in response, while Remus gave the man a warm smile, “That is the plan Mr. Weasley.”

“Please Remus, just Arthur.”

“Arthur then, I know this is imposing a bit with your summer but...”

“Nonsense dear, it only pushes back our timetable a week or two at worst. We still have a full month to spend with Charlie.” Molly interrupted in a comforting tone.

“Of course, Dumbledore took out a bit of money for myself and Harry, it should cover any expenses for him for.”

“Put that away, we are volunteering to help Remus and we certainly did not do it for compensation. Besides if I read my daughters reactions correctly when we mentioned you would be staying with us I do believe we owe him quite the debt ourselves for this previous year, and that she certainly doesn't mind him staying with us.”

The raven-haired boy waved them off, “Just doing what anyone else would in that situation I assure you.”

“I think you overestimate what a large portion of people would do Harry...” the Weasley patriarch whispered, before righting himself. “Regardless we would be honored to have you with us Harry, and I am sure that my children feel the same.”

***LoD***

“WHAT IS HE DOING HERE!?”

The remaining Weasley children practically jumped from their seats at Ron's indignant shout, while pointing at Harry who had just appeared in the doorway with his parents.

“Harry is going to be staying with us for a bit.”

“B-b-but what about Charlie!?”

Arthur gave a small sigh, he knew Ron would be the one to throw a fit about this. “We will be visiting your brother once Harry departs, a little patience won't kill you Ron.”

“BUT HE MIGHT!”

Even Molly rolled her eyes at this, “You are being ridiculous Ronald. Harry is not going to hurt you.”

“He is a snake!”

“You do realize that is just a mascot...” the boy softly inquired, earning a scowl from the redhead.

“All Slytherins are bad news! I don't want one in my house!”

“Your house Ron? I wasn't aware that this was your house. If I remember correctly I am the one paying for it while your mother maintains it, so unless either of these two responsibilities are going to pass onto you...” The boy’s silence was all the confirmation his father needed to continue on. “Then
that settles it, Harry you will be staying in Charlie's room for the time being, I was hoping you could stay with Ron but...”

“Probably not the best of ideas Mr. Weasley.”

“You can just call me Arthur, and unfortunately I have to agree with you.”

***LoD***

After a rather filling meal, Molly Weasley had insisted he take seconds, thirds, and was trying to push fourths when her husband gently admonished her, Arthur Weasley gently asked him for a word in private. As the teen entered the room he noticed that the Weasley Matron was present as well, and the two gestured for him to take a seat as they gently closed the door for privacy.

“Harry, we wanted to talk to you about what happened during the school year.”

Said teen nodded, and waited for the adults to choose their words.

“We know,” Molly began, “that Ginny was having problems making friends, and the twins told us she had been sick, which Ginny confirmed.”

Here Arthur picked up, “We also know when our children are lying to us. Ginny wasn't sick... was she?”

“I don't want to get anyone in trouble...”

The two parents smiled warmly, “You won't dear. We just want to know what happened.”

He took a calming breath, “There was a diary.”

“Diary?”

“Yes, one that was made with Dark Magic.”

The Weasleys had paled dramatically, before the man gave a gentle motion for the boy to continue.

“It was draining her life force, making her do things...”

“L-like what?”

Glancing to the side the boy muttered out his next response, “The Basilisk...”

“Oh good Heavens...”

Said teen nodded, “I wanted to tell you both when you came to the school but with so many other students around... I knew they would blame her.”

Arthur Weasley barely managed to nod, his mind spinning as he tried to process what was happening.

“She seems to be okay now, I already told Fred and George to keep an eye on her just in case but I know St. Mungos isn't cheap, I think you should send her there this summer at least for a checkup. I will gladly pay for the expenses.

“H-Harry, you don't need to...”
“I want to, Ginny is a wonderful girl and I hope to see more of her.”

“Thank you Harry, that is incredibly generous of you. We will make an appointment before we visit our other son, just in case. Why don't you go finish unpacking, I am sure you are looking forward to sleeping on a bed.”

Nodding Harry stood and left, leaving the two adults in silence.

“He really is a good boy. Loyal, kind, generous…”

The man nodded at his wife's assessment.

“Also the way Ginny looks at him...”

“So you are going to give her 'the talk' while I have to do the 'scary older dad' speech to the boy-who-lived?”

Molly laughed, “As if you can pull 'scary' off dear. I will talk to Ginny but... I mean she is around the age where they start getting those urges...”

“Too young for those thoughts.” Arthur grumbled, earning another giggle.

“Oh please, I recall the two of us having a bit of 'playful fun' back then.”

“I'll show you playful fun.” the man growled, before picking the woman up bridle style and carrying her upstairs, much to her delight.

***LoD***

Ginny Weasley did not have a problem.

There was nothing wrong with sneaking out of her room late at night, all children did it at some point in their lives.

There was also no harm in standing in front of a room belonging to an older brother, she missed him dearly after all so this was completely normal.

The fact she had silently unlocked the door and slipped into the room was also no cause for alarm, there was a 'stranger' in the bed and thus it was better that she actually should be checking on them.

In a rather flimsy nightgown, with nothing on underneath it.

Okay so Ginny Weasley did have a problem, but this was brushed aside for the moment as she silently tiptoed closer to the object of her not-so-secret desires. Harry Potter was sleeping mere feet away from where she stood, it would be so easy to slip into bed next to him, to take his hands in hers and place them upon her body. Then he would wake from his slumber... and nature would run its course.

“I can honestly say I do not recall the last time I had someone sneak into a room while I was sleeping.” The redhead froze at the voice that broke the peaceful silence. Apparently he was either far more aware than she realized, or she was not as quiet as she thought.

“H-H-Harry...”

“That is my name.”
“I-I can explain.”

“I would hope so, it is rather odd for someone wearing very little to sneak into a guests room. Unless this is some odd family tradition I am unaware of?”

“N-no! No of course not, I just... I wanted to see you.”

“You saw me all day.” the boy helpfully pointed out playfully.

“I... I wanted you to see me.”

“Once again, I have seen you all day.”

“I mean... like you did back at Hogwarts... I want you to see me.”

“Ah, well it seems you missed something in your master plan.”

The girl blinked, what had she missed?

“It is dark in here my dear Ginny, makes it rather difficult for me to see you don't you think? Perhaps you came in here for a different reason?”

“I... ummm...”

The boy merely waited, watching her through the darkness as she bit her lip and shifted between her unclad feet. It was obvious she was having a bit of a mental debate, he had seen Hedwig do similar gestures in such situations after all. “Ginny,” the girl glanced up to where he had lifted up the blankets on the bed, “do you want to join me?”

Giving a shy smile, and nod, she slowly crossed the distance before climbing into bed with him.

She had moved into a 'spooning' position immediately, her back pressed up against his front as his arms wrapped around her stomach. In that moment Ginny had never felt so safe before, somehow knowing that nothing could ever harm her so long as she was with Harry Potter.

Moments later she would fall asleep, only to awaken hours later from a rather heated dream, a pair of arms still wrapped around her as the boy's breath steadily drifted across the back of her neck. Her classmates, would kill to have been in the same position she was in now, and she was taking advantage of it by sleeping?

Her hands moved to cover his, and upon doing so began to make small circles on her nightgown with them. This wasn't bad right? Sure he was sleeping, his breathing hadn't changed at all, but it wasn't as though she was taking advantage of him or anything, just... pretending.

The motion continued as she slowly expanded the area involved. Soon his hands, being controlled by her own, traveled up and down her sides, across her stomach, pushing up against the boundaries of her breasts and down to just above what might be considered 'indecent'. Her eyes shut, teeth grazing her own lips as she fought back the urge to arch her back and moan. This was... beyond anything she had ever experienced before. Even if it was entirely her doing, just the thought that it was his hands held back from her skin by silky-thin clothing was enough to set her heart racing and ignite a flame deep inside of her.

She wanted more, needed more, she just didn't know if she would be able to stop if she took those first steps.
Still, it wouldn't hurt if she felt his hands on her bare skin... right? She slowly moved his hands down her sides, gasping slightly and she felt them on her bare legs for the first time. They had reached the bottom of her dress, the question now was should she try and maneuver his fingers to lift it up, or just keep his hands underneath her clothing.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a deep chuckle in the chest behind her. “Having second thoughts my dear?”

Ginny Weasley froze, her eyes widening as her heart practically exploded inside her chest. Harry was awake, and although he did not sound angry, he certainly did not sound as if he had just awoken either. “H-how l-long h-have you been a-a-awake?”

He hummed in consideration, the vibrations making her twitch slightly, “I would say since around the time you muttered out my name in your sleep.”

If their positions had been slightly altered, and the room just a tad brighter the boy-who-lived would have seen the young girl light up brighter than her hair. As it was he merely felt the rise in body temperature, noticed the slight shifting and squirming, and took in the scent emanating from her lower torso.

“Do you want to stop?” he whispered into her hear, causing her to fight back the urge to moan once more.

“N-n-no...”

His fingertips found her legs, just above her knees, and began to trail upwards, slowly pulling up her gown until reaching the very top of her legs, and the heat radiating from between them. Ginny had squeezed her legs together, rubbing them as discreetly as possible in order to try and relieve the itch steadily growing.

Biting her lower lip she understood the silent question, and spread her legs enough for his fingers to find her inner things, before trailing up and down them, reveling in the smoothness. Her right hand found the back of his head, tangling into his hair and gave a slight nudge forward. The gesture was returned as his lips found the side of her neck, kissing up and down gently as his hands slid up, and brushed against her most intimate of spots.

“O-oh God...”

Fingertips brushed up against her tightness, exploring the texture as her legs spread apart further, coaxing him to do more.

“You are so very wet Ginny...”

A whimper escaped her lips as he muttered between kissing her neck. The young girls free hand found his fingers, tracing them and gently pushing them against her opening. “M-m-more p-p-please...”

The moment a single digit slide into her pussy she clamped down around him, crying out in ecstasy as her first orgasm ripped through her young body.

While his one hand was occupied the other crept upwards, reaching her chest and gently playing with her erect nipples as she came down from the extreme high he had granted her.

“Quite the screamer my dear...” Despite the lustful fog still swirling about the words reached her mind, and she paled in fear. If her parents, or Merlin forbid brothers, had heard her they would know
exactly what she had been doing. As if sensing her fear the boy chuckled, sliding his hand higher, and pulling up her gown to her arms, until he reached her head where he turned her gently and his lips reached hers, sliding his tongue into her mouth effortlessly as she moaned into him.

Minutes later he pulled back, earning a desperate whisper for 'more' from the girl.

“Don't worry my dear, no one can hear what goes on in this room but us... which means we have until sunrise to continue 'playing'.” Retracting his finger from her tightness he spread her lower lips earning another gasp. “So very tight and warm... I wonder what it would feel like, to be buried inside of you.”

As if to emphasize this his hips thrust forward an inch, rubbing his still clothed erection and her bare buttocks.

Ginny couldn't find the moan that escaped her lips this time a the images he was putting into her mind, and her free hand wormed its way back between them to try and feel him.

“Looking for something Ginny?” he whispered, earning a nod from the girl.

“Y-you...”

“I'm right behind you my dear.”

“N-no I mean...” He shifted slightly, and her palm fell upon him.

“Like that?”

Her answer was to slowly begin stroking him through his pants, her pace quickening as his fingers reentered her, and sent another orgasm through her body.

“Oh Merlin Harry...”

A moment later Ginny found herself flipped onto her back, gown pulled off of her and the boy's mouth on her throat, kissing down towards her chest while he pushed her legs apart. A brief thought fluttered through her mind that she might be a bit too young for full on sex, but that idea was pushed aside as his fingers began to spread and explore her once again.

“Don't worry my dear Ginny,” he huskily whispered, earning a moan in response. “I'm not going to fuck you senseless tonight... perhaps this coming school year hm? Right now though, there is just so much of you to taste.” The redhead opened her mouth to reply, before his own reached her lower lips and any response was interrupted by an orgasmic scream.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger eagerly grabbed the offered letter from the brown owl that was perched at her window when she returned from a, once again, silent dinner with her parents. Truth be told this was the only thing she looked forward to anymore. Homework, casual reading, and time with her family, the most important activities in her life, all seemed unimportant compared to simply reading these letters. It had become more than an obsession, it was her everything and thankfully the letters had continued arriving on standard intervals. Every Friday, without fail, there had been a brown owl sitting at her window, letter in claw.

After hastily retrieving some water and treats for the creature Hermione locked her door and sat down to begin her reading. This one had, like the previous, continued the escalation from what appeared to be a casual friendship to something more... intimate. Phrases such as 'waking up next to
you' and 'warmth of your skin' had been replaced with 'your most intimate embrace' and 'taste of your skin'.

Then there was the ever growing, yet still subtle, implication of ownership. At first a corner of her mind had been more than a little hesitant to continue reading with the thought that whoever this person was had practically declared her to 'be his'. But after another week of having literally no one she found a strange comfort in it.

Someone wanted her. Wanted to speak and take care of her, wanted to spend time with her, wanted her to be his. It was something that only occurred in the cheesiest of romance novels... which made the very idea of it happening now send warm tingles down through her body.

She did not know what this upcoming school year would bring, but she was determined to continue her relationship with the mysterious individual.

***LoD***

"Are you ignoring me... again?"

Hedwig made what sounded like a hoot mixed with a 'humph' before turning her head in the opposite direction.

"And what do I have to apologize for now?" Luckily this time the girl had learned her lesson, and morphed back before pointing towards the plain brown owl sitting in a nearby cage.

"That... thing."

"What about him?"

"You replaced me." she accused with a snarl.

"I did no such thing, he is only here to deliver messages to Hermione."

"That is my job."

"Odd, I do so recall you complaining the last time I mentioned doing it."

"That is because..." well she couldn't really think of a good reason that didn't sound suspiciously like whining at the moment, but she was sure that one existed.

"Because you don't like anyone else having my attention?"

"No! Just... female attention..."

"Would you prefer if I became interested in men then? Draco does seem to stare at me a bit more than what would be considered 'normal' for someone his age, and I am sure that Blaise would..."

"Of course not!"

"Then what is the problem?"

"I DO NOT LIKE BEING REPLACED!" The second that the words left her mouth Hedwig found herself pushed against the wall, a pair of lips covering her own while two hands slid from her sides down her legs. She fought... for all of two seconds before giving in and wrapping her arms around the boy's neck in return, deepening the kiss before lifting one leg up and wrapping it around his waist.
After what felt like days he slowly broke the stranglehold he had on her mouth before whispering
softly to her, “You will never be replaced, I am using the other owl because it means you are able to
be with me instead of delivering mail.”

A moment after processing the answer the pale girl released her grip, before pushing her 'boy' back
onto the bed and moving forward to straddle him, clearly she needed to apologize for her actions...
and she knew just how to do it.

Her nimble fingers went to work, freeing his erection from his clothing in seconds. Normally she
would begin stripping down as well, loving the way that his flesh felt on hers. But not this time, this
time they both just needed relief. Luckily the only thing she wore under her knee-length dress were
panties, and these were easily pulled aside. Moments later she slid down onto him, gasping out as
pleasure shot through her body like liquid fire until he was completely inside of her.

Looking down she couldn't help but groan at the expression of lust in his eyes, his hands going
towards her hips to encourage some movement from her. She yielded to the request, raising herself
up as high as she could go before crashing down once more.

“God” she whispered, before repeating the action, the sound of their copulation filling the air as she
rode him with increasing speed. A grunt from him confirmed his own feelings, and his willpower
that kept him from moving with her.

She wanted to be in control, so he would allow her.

Her bouncing picked up, the lithe body shaking and trembling with every buck of her hips. At some
point his hands had decided to find something to do, and her dress had been removed, along with her
bra. Hedwig moaned out another orgasm as his palms found her breasts.

“I-Inside me... please.”

His nod signaled her to raise up even higher, to the point where he was still barely inside of her
warmth, before slamming down, triggering his own release as he flooded her insides.

The panting of two teens was the only sound that now filled the air, before Harry let out a soft
chuckle. “You know... if you are going to apologize like that every time I wouldn't mind a few more
arguments...”

The white-haired girl merely laughed, before nodding into his shoulder.

***LoD***

“W-wotcher H-Harry, Mr. Weasley”

The man grinned at the Metamorphmagus, before greeting her in kind. “Sorry to make this short and
sweet Miss Tonks, but we sort of have a vacation to run off to.”

The woman nodded, her face turning a bit red as she tried to keep her eyes focused on the older man.

“That's okay Tonks?” The woman nodded slightly, to confirm the older man's peace of mind,
and take the suspicion away from her. “Alright... well take care of yourself Harry we will see you at
the start of the school year I am sure.”

“Of course sir, give your best to your eldest sons for me.”

With a nod the man departed with a soft snap.
“W-Well Harry, looks like it is just y-you and me for the next week or so.”

The boy nodded as he entered the apartment.

“I know it isn't as spacious as the Burrow but it should be enough for us. There is a secondary bedroom if you want to use it.”

What the hell was she doing? Tonks had promised herself that there would be no flirting, that everything would be done as an Auror up until the date planned for that night, and then it would be strictly ‘get to know each other’. Just a friendly chat while she did away with any lingering feelings or misguided emotions.

Then she could continue on with her, fairly normal and perfectly legal, life.

That is until he had walked into her life again, and her heart started beating faster than a teenage boy in a girl's locker room, and stuttering like a first year student talking to the Headmaster. It was only through sheer luck that she had managed to bullshit her way through the initial conversation. Now she was practically hinting that he could sleep in her room.

“That will be fine, I had a rather small room at the orphanage so space should be no problem.” The woman's jaw practically dropped, there was no bloody way in hell he didn't know she was flirting... right? But his answer had been perfectly neutral, no sign of teasing, no hint of flirtation or interest... her heart clenched painfully for an unknown reason while she simply nodded in response.

***LoD***

A soft knock brought Harry from whatever inner thoughts he was having as he looked at the Auror standing in the doorway, in a rather beautiful and tight, black dress.

“Hey uh Harry?”

“Hm?”

“I uh... was just thinking...”

“Oh, you must have a date tonight, well don't feel you need to hold back for me, go out and enjoy yourself.”

The woman blinked once, then twice, before resisting the urge to scream in frustration. “Actually I was just going to say I hadn't really planned anything for dinner tonight so I was wondering if...”

“If?”

“If uhm... you know...” Merlin what the hell was wrong with her? It felt like the roles were reversed, like she was the teenager approaching the older, confident adult. “If maybe you would like to go out with me... to get food I mean!”

“That sounds rather nice, I will find something appropriate to wear.”

The woman nodded, before rushing off to the bathroom. Why she suddenly felt the need to put on makeup she couldn't quite fathom.

***LoD***

“You look... nice tonight Harry” and indeed he did. The Auror had half expected him to be wearing his Hogwarts robes or something else that a young boy might find 'dressy' but instead it was a suite
of various shades of black and gray, each color accenting the others and creating a rather amazing
effect.

“As do you” the boy replied, smiling at the woman before returning his gaze to the menu, thus
missing the huff of annoyance from the woman. It wasn’t like she wanted him to stare at her, she had
chosen the dress on a whim nothing more, but it wouldn’t kill him to pay her a little bit of attention
during the date.

'No, not a date. This isn't a date.' the woman reminded herself. 'This is to prevent dates... and
everything that goes along with that, such as going back to the apartment with the person, and
undressing in a room next to them, and maybe...' Again Tonks shook her head to rid herself of the
mental images that threatened to overwhelm her.

She should be grateful he didn't seem to care about her, that he had seemingly moved on. It was a
natural reaction after all, she was far older than him and since she would not be stationed at
Hogwarts this coming year there would be no them. This dismissal was proof of that, and how
incompatible they were.

“Hmmm the 'Ragu' sounds quite good, or perhaps the 'Tortellini'.” What are you planning on having
Tonks?”

“Wine... lots and lots of wine...” the woman muttered to herself.

***LoD***

“Whoops!” Harry rolled his eyes as the Auror stumbled over her own feet again, nearly falling to the
ground as a result. Apparently she could not hold her alcohol nearly as well as she had claimed, and
was now beyond the point of requiring aid to get back to her room. Luckily the restaurant hadn’t
been far from her apartment, otherwise Harry would have had to figure out how to Magically
transport both of them back together.

“D-did you have fun Harry?” the woman practically slurred out.

“Oh yes, I do so enjoy having a drunken woman staring at me throughout my meal while muttering
obscene things under her breath.”

“Gooooooood because it was fuuuuuuuuuun.”

“I am sure it was Tonks.”

Finally he managed to get her door open and allowed her to stagger inside, only to watch as the
woman fell over, once again.

“Whoopsie... again! Looks like you will have to carry me.”

“It is a good thing I am considerably stronger than I look otherwise I would be dragging you to your
room.” the boy-who-lived replied, before picking up the woman bridal-style and carrying her to her
bedroom and laying her down.

“Mmmmm.... where are you going?”

“To bed, I do believe the date is over.”

“Oh no no no no. The night isn't over yetttttt.” the woman purred... or at least attempted to do while
drunkenly slurring at the same time.
“You should get some rest Tonks, otherwise you will be even more of a pain in the morning while you are hung over.”

“Exactly! I am going to be hung over anyway so might as well enjoy the here and now, and the only thing I want to enjoy is you.”

With a sigh the boy turned back, and slowly approached the woman, who began to 'sexily' undress herself... or at least attempt to, “Tonks?”

“Yesssss Harry?”

“Do you feel tired?”

“No... why do you...” A second later her eyelids dropped as she passed out.

“No reason.”

***LoD***

Hedwig eyed 'her boy' suspiciously as he entered their room. She had known that he was planning on going out to eat with their current 'roommate' and thus wasn't sure if she should expect him to return or not. A moment later and she was standing against the wall in her human form, before sniffing the air. “You smell like wine.”

“Tonks smells like wine.” He quickly corrected before going through his trunk for evening clothes.

“And you smell like her...”

“Because I helped her back to her room, unless you think I should have left her at the restaurant...” for a brief moment the boy seemed to be considering it, before shrugging and continuing his search.

“So you didn't...”

“Didn't what?” There was a harsh edge to his voice, one that caused the white-haired girl to flinch slightly at the tone.

“I... no never mind I know you didn't I'm sorry.”

“I am not interested in drunk sex Hedwig.”

“I know... I just get jealous sometimes and... well you have seen what happens.”

He nodded slightly, before climbing into the bed, her eyes watching him wearily. A second later he pulled back the covers and gestured to the small space next to him. “Are you going to get into bed or not?” Her warm smile reappeared as she quickly nodded.

***LoD***

“Good morning Tonksie.”

The woman grumbled as she staggered into the living room, ignoring the obviously faked happiness radiating off the boy. She knew what had occurred the night before, and thus wasn't at all surprised that he would find someway to punish her... but couldn't he have at least been a little less chipper about it?

“I made you a smoothie, according to a book I read it helps deal with the 'after effects' of heavy
drinking.”

“Glorious” she muttered, before practically falling into the chair.

“Oh come now no need to be upset, it is a lovely day. The sun is shining, the birds are singing.”

“Oh huh.” the Auror replied, while taking a sip of the juice.

“And I didn't even take advantage of your offer for drunk sex last night.”

Nymphadora Tonks promptly spat out whatever had been in her mouth, before devolving into a coughing fit for at least ten seconds.

“What!?”

“Oh come now we both know you remember.”

“I... I...” what the hell was she supposed to say to that? “I'm sorry Harry, last night was... a mistake. I shouldn't have been drinking at all while on protection duty. We shouldn't have gone out, I shouldn't have... I'm sorry.”

“No harm done, perhaps I will cook dinner here tonight instead?”

“That would be lovely.”

Half a day later and Tonks' plans were already falling apart. Her original goal of ‘realize that Harry Potter was a child and thus not qualified for an adult relationship’ had begun to crash and burn the moment she had walked into her kitchen and seen the candlelit dinner waiting for her. Never in all her years of dating had any of her boyfriends been even half this romantic.

Even worse was that he was apparently an amazing cook, and made their dinner from the previous night look like takeout leftovers.

“It wasn't supposed to be this way...” the Auror muttered sullenly as she stared down at her plate, after finishing the delightful meal.

“Something wrong Tonks?”

“I just... you weren't supposed to be like this.”

“I am afraid I am a bit confused, what exactly are...”

“This! This perfect! You were supposed to be some stupid kid who I had a one time fling with and then never saw again until you were an adult! You were supposed to like Quidditch, and kid games, and be immature, and eat cereal for dinner and and and...” She was breaking and she knew it. If it continued she was going to end up crying in front of him.

Her, a twenty year old woman was about to have an emotional break down because of a thirteen year old boy. How pathetic could she get?

“I hear it is better to let it all out rather than holding it in Tonks...”

Merlin he was even more emotionally sensitive than the adults she had dated! Before she realized what had happened she had apparently stood, moved around the table, and had begun crying into his shirt.
There there, it is all going to be okay, just tell me how I can help.”

“J-just stop being so perfect... stop... making me fall in love with you.” The woman was certain that her muffled reply would be covered up, that the boy wouldn't hear it. She was wrong.

The first kiss had nearly taken him off guard. The second one, however, did not and within minutes she was maneuvering them through her apartment to her bedroom, their clothing falling as they went. The moment that they reached her bed she had pushed him onto it, straddling him for a moment before plunging down, taking his length into her body.

“Holy mother of...” she cried out, forcing herself to try and remain calm as what felt like three orgasms ripped through her body.

He sat up, taking advantage of her temporarily shaking body to take one of her breasts into his mouth, rather enjoying the sensation. Tonks had been the bustiest of the girls he was involved with thus far, which made her a treat to enjoy.

“S-s-slow down H-H-Harry. W-w-we have a-all n-night.” the Auror stuttered out, one of his hands tracing down her spine to take a grip of her rear.

“All night?” he purred, between shifting to her neglected nipple. “Tonks I was planning on staying like this for the remainder of the week.”

Her eyes widened, before a slight nibble from him caused another orgasm to flood her body. “G-g-good G-G-God.” She pushed him back down, leaning over him with her hands on either side of his head as she began to slide up and down on his cock, moaning each time he was fully sheathed inside of her.

“Your breasts are mesmerizing. I could watch them bounce and move for hours.”

Her body shook again, Merlin just his dirty talk could get her off. At this rate he would ruin her for other men in less than an evening. And yet she couldn't quite bring herself to care, especially when her breast was enveloped in a warm, wet mouth again.

“I-I am g-going to m-make you cum s-so h-hard later!” she practically howled, her cunt clamping down on him again.

Harry pulled back, his eyes twinkling mischievously, “Promise?”

***LoD***

“Ah hello my boy, how has your summer been?”

“Quite the experience Headmaster, and yours?”

The old man smiled warmly, Harry truly was the epitome of politeness. It was disappointing that Severus was so suspicious of him. “As well as it can be. With everything that has occurred in the past few months I won't be able to look after you for too long, but I hope you make yourself at home for the brief time you are here.”

The child nodded, before going towards his room to unpack. Moments later an owl arrived, earning a frown from the Headmaster.

“Is something wrong sir?”
“It appears so my boy. An emergency session of the Wizengamot has been called to address the situation at Azkaban...” here the elderly wizard paused. The next person 'in line' to take care of Harry wouldn’t be ready for at least another forty-eight hours, which meant that he would either have to leave the child behind or take him along to the Ministry.

“Harry... how would you like to join me in attending a Wizengamot session? It would be a rather interesting experience for you, as well as your first introduction to a world of politics if you find them interesting.”

“That would be rather delightful sir, thank you.”

***LoD***

Albus Dumbledore found himself in a rather odd situation. He was secretly wishing that instead of dealing with a room full of older Witches, Wizards, and their squabbling, that instead they could be replaced with copies of the incredibly courteous young boy who was silently waiting in a corner, while disguised of course, watching on. Surely if a mere schoolboy could keep proper etiquette then adults could as well?

Apparently not, as the great room was almost devolving into several shouting matches... and all over the least important of issues.

“No, YOU don't understand what is at stake here! If we were to raise the tax on magical transportation by even half of a percent we risk causing riots! No one would be able to afford to commute or travel. THE ENTIRE ECONOMY WOULD SHUT DOWN!”

“And if we do not!? How in Merlin's name do you expect to finance the newly colored Auror outfits without this money?”

“I say we readdress that issue entirely.” Another woman interrupted the arguing pair from nearby. “The color change from cardinal to crimson is completely unacceptable, if anything it should be carnelian that replaces the current primary pigment!”

“Only because you are in control of the largest carnelian dye manufacturer in England!”

The woman responded with a, rather pathetic, look of shock and disbelief. “I will have you know that two studies have shown a six percent increase in productivity by those wearing carnelian as opposed to those who are forced to don crimson or cardinal!” And so on, and so on until Dumbledore was practically fighting the urge to fire off a couple dozen 'cannon blast' spells to deafen everyone in the room... or at least himself.

“Excuse me Chief Warlock.”

Pausing, Albus turned to glance over at the current Minister of Magic, whose eyes were shifting between himself and the boy currently seated in the corner.

“Yes Minster?”

“Could you inform this body as to why there is a child sitting in on a closed session of the Wizengamot.”

“I am currently acting as his guardian and since I was called to this meeting...”

“That is not our problem Albus, he will need to leave immediately.”
“You would rather him wander the Ministry alone?”

The man bit back a response. With the ruling legislative government watching his every move he couldn't exactly demand a child be sent out into the building without escort.

“No... no of course not we will...” as Fudge turned back to the boy he saw his hair part for just a split second... and a lightning bolt scar hidden beneath. “On second thought I will be happy to escort him. I am not currently involved in any debates for this afternoon so I am free to show him around for a while.”

“I do not think...”

“Dumbledore” one of the representatives called out, changing his focus of attention, “we still have much to discuss. I am sure that the Minister will take good care of your charge, now if you please?”

A reluctant sigh escaped his mouth, before the elderly man nodded. “Yes... yes of course.”

***LoD***

“I am rather surprised,” Fudge began as he walked next to the boy through the halls, “that Dumbledore would bring the great boy-who-lived to a meeting of the Wizengamot.”

Harry shrugged, apparently not being surprised in the least bit at his identity being discovered. “It was last minute and we didn't have any other options at the time.”

“Of course... of course... so Harry, may I call you Harry?”

“I...”

“Good, so Harry what would you like to see first? I could show you around my office, or perhaps to the DMLE, or maybe...”

“Actually sir, I was wondering... well no don't worry about it.”

“What? What is it Harry?”

“It is just... I keep hearing about someone named 'Sirius Black’ but I haven't been told much about him...”

“You... haven't?”

“No...” Emerald eyes fell to the floor in a mixture of shame and sadness.

“Well... we will just have to remedy that wont we? Let's go and see what we can dig up, bit of an adventure eh?” Fudge grinned as the boy's face lit up in a smile.

Inwardly Harry wondered if all politicians were this idiotic.

***LoD***

“Harry!”

“Hello Luna.”

“Miss Lovegood, is your father home?” Filius inquired as he dropped the boy off at the next 'stop'.

“**End of Chapter**

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**End of Chapter**
“Oh not right now, daddy said he would be back soon though.”

“Ah of course, I should probably wait for him though...”

“It is okay Professor, I know you have a lot of preparation for school, I am sure we will be fine.”

“Well, I suppose... I will see you both in the fall alright? Stay safe Harry.”

“Of course sir.”

Moments later the man disappeared with a snap, before the boy's hand was grabbed and he was dragged into the house by the eager young blonde.

“Oh we are going to have so much fun this week my Lord!”

“I am sure we will, when should we expect your father's return?”

“September, maybe, he always says that he will 'be back soon' when he goes on a trip but it always takes him weeks to return.”

“I see.”

Luna grinned as they finally reached her room. “You can sleep in here with me!”

“Sounds lovely my Moon Princess.”

If possible her smile grew even brighter. “You know my Lord, today is a special day.”

“Oh?”

“Mhmmmm do you know why?”

The raven-haired teen took on a 'thinking expression' as he went through his mental calendar. “Well there aren't any major holidays, school is not in session so there aren't any celebrations or anniversaries there...”

The girl was practically bouncing on her feet as she impatiently waited for him to 'give up'.

“So then I suppose the only other option would be that it is your birthday.”

Her happy squeal rang through the house as she practically tackled the boy. No one had remembered her birthday in years. Not since her mother had passed.

“Which I suppose means we will be going shopping then hm?”

To the young blonde this might have been the best day she had in years.

***LoD***

“Oooo what about that store next?”

“Wherever you want to go Moon Princess, as I mentioned before it is your birthday.”

Luna nodded excitedly before doing a bit of 'window shopping'. In the meantime the boy had halted and turned to eye a large black dog that was happily trotting around. It too froze, and turned to make eye contact with him.
For a moment it seemed as though the world melted away as Sirius Black and Harry Potter stared at each other, then another second passed before a dark smile crossed the boy-who-lived's face. Turning he continued after his companion, leaving a confused Animagus behind.

***LoD***

“Did you have fun today Luna?”

“I did my Lord! You bought me so many pretty things!”

“I am glad you enjoyed them. So is there anything you did not get for your birthday that you wanted?”

“Just one.”

“Oh?”

Her blue eyes sparkled excited as she nodded, before grabbing his hand and dragging him from the couch and towards her room. “The only other thing I want is for you to take this pretty dress off of me.”

The boy chuckled as he shook his head, giving up trying to argue with the girl. As soon as they entered her room she happily jumped onto the bed, “So how do you want me first my Lord?”

Harry gave a thoughtful hum, before walking up to where she lay and pull her gently, so that her torso was at the very edge of the bed and her legs hanged off.

“Just like this... now hold still.”

She nodded excitedly, her eyes tracing over him before widening in surprise as he kneeled down before her.

“My Lord what...” her voice broke off as his lips found her ankle, and began slowly kissing up her inner leg.

“Your skin is so smooth and pale... so soft...” he muttered between kisses, reaching to her thigh as she began to tremble slightly. “A bit... eager my dear?”

She bit her lip, before hastily nodding. His hands slid up the outsides of her legs, sending further chills up to her core as her dress was pushed upwards, finally reaching her hips and exposing her to the emerald-eyed teen.

“What a lovely sight.” he mused, before planting a kiss on her hairless opening.

For him it was a soft peck, almost like a chaste kiss between boyfriend and girlfriend in public. For Luna, on the other hand, her vision dimmed as her heart rate skyrocketed and cried out in pleasure.

“Oh my, was that your first ever my dear?”

“Y-y-y...”

“I'll take that as a 'yes', unfortunately for you I did not get a good taste yet, so you will have to keep your hands to yourself for a little while longer.”

“B-but I...”
Once again anything she might have said was interrupted, this time as he dragged his tongue slowly over her sex, sending another orgasm crashing through her body, and earning another soft cry of pleasure.

“Mmmm not quite as loud as Ginny was...”

“G-Ginny?”

“Why yes my dear, I thought you would have known I went to her house near the start of summer.”

“H-h-how...”

“Are you upset?”

“H-how did she taste?”

The raven-haired boy blinked in shock for the slightest of moments, before he let out a laugh.

“Sweet, but not quite as much as you... although I have yet to taste inside...”

“I...”

His tongue penetrated her this time, forcing her to go cross-eyed as her young cunt clenched around him, yet he did not stop as previously. Instead his appendage began to wiggle around inside of her, tasting her as he had promised to. Seconds later and the young blonde had made the most adorable squeak he had ever heard, before practically going boneless on the bed.

“H-Harry...” she whimpered, trying to spread her legs a bit more as if to encourage something different but not quite having the energy to do so.

“Relax Luna, I have almost an entire school year to make up for, so I intend to touch and taste every inch of you before our week is done.”

Before she could even process the statement her legs have been moved up onto his shoulders, lifting up the lower portion of her as his mouth went back to exploring her. For a second she had wondered why such a change in positioning, until her dress slid up, revealing the rest of her body to his eyes, and his hands.

As his fingertips began to caress her skin Luna couldn't help the smile that appeared on her face. Definitely the best day she had ever had.

***LoD***

“Hello Harry.”

“Hello Professor Sinistra.”

“Oh please, just call me Aurora. You are staying with me for the next week, no need to be so formal.”

“Of course Aurora.”

The dark-skinned woman smiled warmly, before showing him to his room. “I hope you have had a good summer so far Harry.”

“I have, and yours?”
“A bit... lonely I will admit.” In truth the professor had felt as thought something was missing or, despite her own denials, someone.

“Well luckily I can help fix that.”

“Yes, it will be nice having someone to talk to.”

The boy nodded before setting his trunk onto the floor and jumping back onto the bed with a slight bounce. “So what would you like to talk about Aurora?”

There had been something in his voice, some huskiness in his tone that broke whatever 'professional' barriers the woman had attempted to construct. Without another word she stepped into the room, closing the door behind her as she slowly advanced towards the boy.

“Oh... I can think of a few things...”

***LoD***

Aurora Sinistra almost always had a plan, usually one well thought out and even written down ahead of time. This summer was supposed to have been a test of her willpower, to break the, rather unsettling, fascination that she had discovered after waking from a rather steamy sex dream containing a certain emerald-eyed boy.

The plan was simple, take care of him for a week as if he were a student, or even a son, and break any sort of romantic ideas she had developed with him.

So the biggest question now was, how had she ended up on her hands and knees, completely naked, and with the boy thrusting into her from behind?

“M-M-Merlin!” she cried out again, her body responding to his so brilliantly as it reached another 'cliff' for her to fall down into that sweet sexual oblivion.

Harry, much to her surprising delight, simply gave her another swat to the arse as he thrust into her pussy especially hard.

They had been at it for over an hour now, and the woman was beginning to wonder if he had created some sort of sexual potency Charm. Hell most adults couldn't last this long, and he seemed to be in complete control, regardless of how hard or fast she pushed back against him.

Speaking of which, his hands slid from her hips up to her sides, a gentle pull answering the unasked question as she leaned up to put her back against his chest, allowing for his palms to squeeze and play with her breasts.

“How lovely...” he muttered, tilting his head to the side and looking at her naked torso reflected in the mirror a few feet away from them. That had been another fetish to be fulfilled in less than a day. She had always wanted to be shagged in front of a mirror.

As if sensing her renewed lust the teen gave a quick pinch to her, already hard, nipples before pushing her back onto the bed and slamming into her soaked sex. A flip of her hair and the professor looked forward once again, seeing the desperate look in her own eyes, the sweat covering her skin, the tops of her breasts swaying back and forth with every thrust, and the upper torso of the boy currently sculpting her pussy to match his own cock sent another orgasm through her, her insides clamping down to try and milk the seed from his erection.

“F-f-fuck!”
The arms previously holding her up went slack, and her upper body fell forward onto the bed. As a light drool escaped her lips the woman heard a soft chuckle from behind, before the boy thrust into her once again.

“Don't think I am going to take it easy on you just because you don't have the stamina to keep up professor.”

A brief thought flickered into the woman's mind, before it blanked once more in pleasure, 'It is going to be one hell of a school year'.

***LoD***

“Greetings my Lord” Draco Malfoy happily proclaimed as he took a seat across from the raven-haired boy, who was just finishing up with a fairly large book.

“Hello Draco, how was your summer?”

“Dull, who knew that two months sitting around a mansion with nothing to do could be boring.”

“Indeed.”

“What about you? What have you been up to?”

Just as he was about to answer the door opened, allowing for Blaise, Greg, Vincent, and Pansy to enter with their respective greetings.

“Not much, being moved between various safe houses in order to avoid a crazed maniac hell-bent on killing me, all the while seducing various Witches to have sex for hours upon end.”

Everyone simply stared dumbstruck at the boy, and he was quite sure he could detect more than a little jealousy in Pansy's eyes

“Lucky bastard...”

Draco managed to swat the dark skinned boy over the back of the head, and gave a sharp glare to follow. “I-I mean... I am incredibly impressed my Lord.”

Harry merely chuckled, “Seduction is an easy skill Blaise, all you need to understand is what attracts the person you are with and change to accommodate.”

“Sure it sounds easy,” Vincent grumbled from nearby, “but it can't be that simple.”

Emerald-eyes flashed in amusement, before turning onto the only female in the carriage, who swallowed nervously. “So Pansy,”

Again there was a certain tone in his voice that seemed to warm the entire room. “How was your summer?”

“I-I... umm... It was uh good...”

“Oh? Anything exciting happen? Any boys I should be jealous of?”

The girl discreetly rubbed her thighs together, before taking another attempt at a calming breath. “N-no o-of course not...”

“Hmmm, I am so glad to hear that. I so missed your company over those two months. Why it seemed
like I could not go a day or night without thinking of you.”

The boys watched in awe as the girl seemed her have a full-face blush, before squirming nervously. “O-oh...”

“Would you like to sit a bit... closer to me Pansy?”

The girl nodded shyly, before standing and moving towards the empty seat next to him, only to have a hand reach and and pull her onto his lap.

“Oops... I hope this isn't... too close.”

“N-n-n...” Words failed to describe the warmth rushing through her body, the images in her mind about how truly close they were. Although the other could not tell their positioning was such that if they weren't wearing clothes they would be dangerously close to having sex.

“It really is quite convenient of them to require such long robes don't you think?” At this point he was practically whispering in her ear. “Imagine what activities we could be doing under them and no one even know...”

Pansy was moments away from slipping her hands between them to free 'him' and push aside her own knickers when the train came to a screeching halt, and the lights began to flicker.

***LoD***

A/N: So this chapter might have gotten a bit too citrusy... one third is actually added on smut content. I am trying to spread out the heavy lemon chapters so that it doesn't become the focus of the story but still...
Too much? Too little? Let me know if changes should be made!
Reintroductions & Demons

Lord of Darkness

Reintroductions & Demons

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

Warning: Bit of 'suggested' rape later on. It isn't actually sexual assault, more along the lines of implying someone fantasizes about it but this could be a trigger for some people and I just wanted to let everyone know in advance. The section will be marked prior to the scene just in case.

There will be no explicit rape in my story. There may be some implications later on but it will never be graphic.

I didn't actually intend for this to be a heavier smut chapter... but it just sorta... happened...

***LoD***

“Wh-what is going on?” Gregory Goyle stammered out with a slight panic in his voice.

The Zabini heir caught a sight of something from outside, and pressed his forehead to the window to get a better look. Moments later as he saw something dark fly onto the train and withdraw with a sharp gasp as the glass surface began to ice over.

“D-D-Dementors...”

A sigh drew all of their attention a second later from the children's 'Lord'. Harry appeared almost... aggravated at the turn of events, “Figures, here I was about to enjoy a pleasant train ride with Pansy in my lap, amongst other things, and we have unexpected guests show up to ruin it.”

“M-my Lord they are... they are...”

“Dementors, yes I am well aware. An interesting turn of events though, I truly did not expect Fudge to be this stupid.”

A creeping cold began to seep through the carriage, causing the boy-who-lived to shift the girl off of him and rise from his seat before turning to leave.

“W-wait! My Lord where are you...” she called out desperately, hoping for him to not only stay where it was, reasonably, safe but also to protect them.

“To greet our guests of course, just because they do not understand common courtesy does not entitle rudeness from us in turn.”

With that he opened the door and slowly strolled down the hallway, followed seconds later by several frantic, and terrified, teens. True none of them knew defensive spells for such a situation, but it was always safer with Harry than anywhere else.

***LoD***

A certain bushy-haired bookworm glanced over at the other individuals sharing the compartment
with her. It was a bit odd, considering last year she had been forced to sit alone, to actually have someone within arms reach of her that not only wanted to be, but also that wasn't asking her for answers to homework.

She recognized the redhead as the youngest Weasley, Ginny if her memory served correctly, and next to her sat a rather pretty blonde with an airy sort of expression on her face. Two girls were both from her year except came from Slytherin, Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis, along with a younger girl she did not recognize, but assumed was related to Daphne based on how close they sat.

Thus far the conversations had been limited to two separate groups: the two not sorted into Slytherin were having a whispered, and giggly, conversation, while the other three went over their summer in quiet tones as well, occasionally explaining something to the youngest of them.

Sure it wasn't real friendship, and they were not actually including her in their discussions but it almost felt like they were. Like she had female friends to talk with, to gossip and talk about boys with, to share beauty tips and just be... friends with.

The only problem now was to actually start a conversation with them... and the issue with that was Hermione didn't know how to do that anymore. When was the last time she had a normal conversation with someone that wasn't concealed behind a bathroom stall?

“I...” Before she could so much as finish her initial thoughts the train came to a screeching halt, and the lights flickered.

“That isn't right... we should be at least another hour away from Hogwarts...” Daphne muttered in suspicion as she glanced at the window, which was beginning to ice over. “Granger, do you know what kind of creature causes immense cold by chance?”

“Several, but nothing native to this area. The closest would be the Dementors of Azkaban.” the Gryffindor answered automatically, earning a wince from the Slytherin in turn.

“Yeah... that is what I thought...”

“Perhaps we should seal the door... you know just in case?” Ginny whispered, earning a hesitant nod from the others.

“Y-yeah, I mean it couldn't hurt. I am sure that they wouldn't be near the train but...”

Any further comment that Tracey was about to make was interrupted when the door slowly creaked open, and a hooded figure slid in.

'Useless Mudblood!'

'She has no friends, what a loser!'

'How did you even get into Gryffindor?'

'You will never amount to anything!'

'Second place again, what a loser.'

'Why don't you just kill yourself and save us all the annoyance?'

Hermione curled into a ball with a silent sob, noticing that the others were doing much the same. It was like a living nightmare, her insides slowly freezing as her mind began to recycle the worst
memories of her life over and over again in a vicious cycle.

The creature closed in, reaching out for them.

Luna whimpered in the corner, while Ginny clung desperately to her. Tracey had reached for her Wand, but had already halted in fear. Finally, Daphne and the remaining girl were trying to hold onto each other for some small amount of support.

Skeletal fingers were inches from her now, preparing to do Merlin-knew-what to her when a male voice interrupted it, “My my, that isn't very nice. Why don't you leave them alone hm?”

The monster turned and glided back from the room and into the hallway, the horrific feelings subsiding slightly as the Magic was focused on a new target.

From her spot on the cushions Hermione could just make out the darkness that filled the newcomer's eyes as the demon turned to face him. Anger rippled across his normally happy features as his voice seemed to fill existence itself, “You dare!?” And then the darkness came. An ocean of pure shadow and power fell over the girls, drowning them in a sea of one man's presence. The bushy-haired head tilted just a bit more for a better view, drawn in like a moth to a flame.

Even in his fury the boy was breathtakingly beautiful.

The bookworm managed to open her eyes just a crack, to watch as Harry Potter faced down the demon, and to her shock the entity withdrew as the boy advanced slowly towards it. A few steps and it was backed into a corner, almost clawing at the wall to escape a mere child.

“Bow” It was not a suggestion, not a question or comment... it was a command. An order given by a King to those who served him, an instruction that could not be ignored.

Despite her soul screaming to follow his will the girl managed to still herself, and watched on in shock as the Dementor obeyed, and bent down onto one knee, its head dropped in supplication, before the hero.

Harry took another step forward, before reaching out and grabbing the monster's head, focusing its attention onto his own face. “They are mine, tell your kind that should any of them so much as touch what is mine I shall exterminate you from existence. Do you understand?” Amazingly it seemed to nod, before being tossed back onto the ground like a helpless prisoner.

“Get out.”

The Dementor fled faster than a professional Golden Snitch. A moment passed before glowing emerald-green eyes turned towards the six girls who still lay prone. “You are all okay?”

“Y-y-y”

He nodded as if in understanding, before turning only to find the rest of his followers in the hallway, bowed down much like the Dementor had been moments prior.

“My Lord...”

For the second time in her recollection Harry Potter almost seemed... annoyed to the bookworm as he stalked past the other Slytherins and down from the corridor he had originated from.

***LoD***
“My Lord that was...” Draco's statement finished less than a second later when a hand wrapped around his collar, and threw him into the wall.

“What” Harry growled out, mere inches away from the Malfoy heir's face, “did I say about referring to me like that in public?”

“I-I... b-but my Lord they already...”

He was pulled back, before slammed into the wall again, cracking it and earning a cry of pain from the boy. “Does it look like I care about your opinions or excuses Draco?”

“No my Lord, a thousand apologies I...” he was released, falling to the ground in a crumpled mess the moment the words left his lips.

The raven-haired teen retook his seat, utterly ignoring the blonde as he tapped his fingers on his knee in thought. “Very unexpected... but I do believe I can use this...” Harry muttered, as he began to go through calculations in his head, plans created and discarded faster than any human could ever hope to do.

“My Lord is there anything I can help with?” Pansy purred as she sat down next to him, not even bothering to hide the desire in her eyes for the teen.

“Hm? Oh yes we were in the middle of something weren't we... well we will just have to continue later Pansy my dear, the mood has been ruined a bit I am afraid.”

Although her smile fell slightly the lust did not waiver from her expression as the Parkinson heiress nodded in reluctance.

“I suppose I will need one of you to do something for me though.”

“Anything my Lord! Please allow me to redeem myself.”

The boy nodded towards his 'second in command' “Very well Draco, I do believe it is time to begin revealing my presence to the world... which means that like those who came before me I am going to need an inner circle...”

***LoD***

“Attention students, attention please. As you all have most likely heard, due to the recent prison escape the Ministry has seen fit to place Dementors around the school in an attempt to ward off and locate Sirius Black. Because of the creature's influence I urge everyone to be extra cautious this year anytime you travel outside of the castle. Dementors do not care for reasons or excuses. However I can assure you all that they will not be able to enter Hogwarts itself, thus we have asked, and received, a small group of Aurors to patrol the halls and ensure your safety.” With that Dumbledore gave a sweeping gesture, along with starting a round of applause, towards the group of six adults standing nearby.

Most were unknown, however one female stood out as her eyes swept the room until the landed on her secret lover.

Giving Harry a slight smile Tonks redirected her attention to where her commanding officer was busy assuring the students that everything would be perfectly safe and that classes would continue as they always had. The only changes planned were that one officer would be staying in a guest room in each of the four houses, while two others patrolled every night.
Risking another glance at her newest obsession the metamorphmagus fought the urge to squirm as she caught sight of Harry's intense gaze focused in on her, slowly tracing every part of her body as his hands had done less than a month prior, as his mouth had done... blinking away the memories the woman made a mental note to take a very cold shower following the dinner, and then see if she could be one of those assigned to the Slytherin commons.

***LoD***

“So my Lord, what are you planning on taking for Electives this year?” Draco Malfoy asked excitedly as he browsed through the pamphlet of choices. They had until the end of the week to make their decisions and register for classes, which would begin the following Monday.

“I already gave my word that I would be taking Astronomy. Arithmancy and Ancient Runes might also be mildly interesting as well.”

The blonde nodded, before making a note on looking into those courses as well. “Long as I am not stuck in Care of Magical Creatures with that buffoon Hagrid I will be fine.”

“Hm, although it would certainly be interesting to see all of the dangerous creatures. I wonder if any of them are truly lethal...”

Draco froze, and paled, at the thought before clearing his thoughts and making another note to definitely avoid that class.

***LoD***

“Ginny, what the hell is wrong with you!?”

The young redhead turned, before blinking a few times in confusion at the expression of anger on her brother's face. “What are you talking about now Ron?”

“I heard you were sitting on the train with a bunch of Slytherins!”

“Oh? Did you also hear that I was with Luna and Hermione as well?”

“Looney and the loser? Who the hell cares about them? We don't associate with...”

“AND that we were attacked by Dementors? That we were saved by a Slytherin? But you don't care about that do you? You and pretty much every other bigoted arsehole in Gryffindor is more concerned that I was sitting with some students from a different house than the fact I was almost killed.” the girl raged back, earning more than a few shameful glances from the others.

“Gin that isn't...”

“Ginny my name is Ginny to you Ronald. If you won't act like a brother then you are not allowed to treat me like one. So I will just tell you this now. I am going to be spending time with Slytherins, and Luna, and whoever the hell else I want. You have no say in it do you know why? Because you are just some stupid bigot who is no better than the Slytherins you hate!”

With her rage spent the youngest Weasley stomped up to her dorm room, intent on sending a letter to her savior and seeing if his offer was still on the table, if she could still join his house. Meanwhile a pair of twins glared dangerously at their younger brother from across the room, planning more than a few acts of retribution against the one who was upsetting their darling sister.

***LoD***
“Dobby”

The creature popped into existence an second later, bowing before the boy who he considered to be his greatest master.

“What can Dobby do Master Harry Potter sir?”

“I would like you to begin preparing a large trunk full of food and drink. It will need to last an adult at least a full month with four meals a day. Water would be the most preferable drink.”

“The food Master?”

“A wide variety but focused on cooked meats, and I want them to be heated in an instant, or frozen in status so that they are always ready.”

“Of course Master, Dobby will make sure there is lots of tasty foods.”

“Nutrition as well Dobby, fruits and vegetables. I would like this individual to eat as a king for a month at least.”

“Dobby will see it done Master.”

“Good”

With that the tiny creature vanished in the snap of its fingers, leaving Harry to turn and stare out the charmed window once more. Things were beginning to advance far more rapidly than he had originally intended, and while it certainly was not inhibitive towards his future goals it was more than a little annoying.

He had wanted some sort of challenge in at least one area, not to simply succeed without effort in everything he tried. What was the fun in that after all?

Letting out a sigh he shook his head before walking over to his bed.

“Is something wrong Harry?” his ever present companion inquired softly as she walked in from the bathroom.

“No, it is just becoming far easier than I originally thought it would... at this rate I will be in control of the entire Ministry before I even graduate Hogwarts.” he replied with a soft chuckle, before laying down on top of the covers.

“Is that a bad thing?” she continued moving towards him, only a few feet from his prone position.

“Yes and no. It will make things easier in the long run but that isn't really what I want right now. What is the point if there is no thrill or excitement?”

“Well you can always just try a different approach.” she whispered before stopping to stand next to him.

“And that would be?”

Hedwig smiled faintly, before climbing onto the bed and straddling his waist, “Enjoying what and who you have. I cannot imagine many teenage boys being upset over the idea of a stress-free year full of women throwing themselves at them.”

“True, and I can certainly ensure that the women enjoy it as well... now can't I?” he finished with a
husky whisper of his own, before his hands began making their way up her legs. By the time his fingers had *finally* reached the warm spot nestled between her thighs she was soaked with anticipation, and had already freed him from his own garments.

Luckily she had opted to go without knickers after a rather interesting conversation with Luna, and thus it was a simple task to shift upwards, align his manhood with her lower lips, and sink down onto him, moaning out as they joined.

Without wasting another moment she continued down, taking him entirely into her body until she had completely enveloped his erection.

“G-God Harry...”

His answer was to pull her dress up and over her body, silently happy that she had opted to go without a bra as well. The moment she was bared to him his hands went to her breasts, and another gasp escaped her lips.

Hedwig had come to a somewhat worrying conclusion a few days into their 'camping activities'.

Harry was good at sex. Actually, that wasn't entirely true, upon observing his time with the other girls the white-haired girl had altered this statement. Tonks was good at sex, Harry was a borderline *sex God*. Now normally this would not have been a problem, the opposite really, but it became a bit of an issue when the pleasure coursing through her veins was so concentrated that she stopped thinking correctly, and thus became more of a 'passive' participant rather than an 'active' one.

She wanted sex to be more than just him using her to reach orgasm, hell he could do that by himself, no she wanted more, to give as much as she received. To show him how much she cared for him.

The problem was that this was surprisingly difficult to do when she went through an orgasm every few moments, her mind blurring with pleasure with just having him inside of her, not to mention the fact that the prat knew exactly where to touch to...

“Oh God!” another orgasm racked her body, what had she been thinking again?

“I must admit” he muttered, sitting up so that their chests pressed against each other, allowing his fingers to glide down her spine towards her rear. “I have *missed* being with you.”

“L- liar... th-the others...”

“Aren't you. Besides if my memory serves I never fully enjoyed Luna or Ginny at your request.”

It wasn't fair. Hedwig was fairly certain that he could just *mention* something during sex and she would agree to it. Now the thoughts of watching a certain blonde haired girl spread her legs for him were flashing through her mind, or a redhead being bent over a table and slammed into from behind.

“Ch-ch-cheater!”

His lips found her neck, in that *one spot* he knew sent electricity through her body. Sure enough a little sucking and nibble and her body spasmed once again, her insides clenching down and squeezing him, as if it had a mind of its own and knew *exactly* what it wanted.

“I don't know *what* you are talking about my dear, just making idle conversation.”

That statement seemed to bring the former owl back to reality, at least enough to remember a mental note she had made months prior. Her hands found his chest, and pushed him back onto the bed,
allowing her to raise herself up a few inches then slam down onto him.

“I-I am going to *fuck you* until you m-m-moan my...” Hedwig’s comment was cut off with another of her own moans, much to Harry’s delight.

“Oh are you now? Well then I do so hope you can do better than that my dear, and this rate you will pass out before I even reach my first release.”

***LoD***

“Wotcher, most of you probably remember me from last year, in case you don’t my name is Tonks. I will be the Auror protecting your living area for the time being. Does anyone have any questions about the restrictions or what was mentioned by the Headmaster?”

A few older students raised their hands, concerning how Hogsmeade visits and Quiditch would be affected. Five minutes later and most of the students had dispersed for studying and class selections.

“Actually Miss Tonks I have a question about your presence here.”

The woman forced down any unusual reactions, before turning to the boy who had claimed her over the summer.

“Yes Har- Mr. Potter.”

“Where will you be staying while you are stationed here?”

“I uhm, well there is a guest room setup for parents or...” She had barely gotten the words out before he stepped closer, his voice dropped down to a whisper.

“Or?”

“O-o-or there is uhm...”

“Yes?”

“Another room... one that is harder to enter...”

“Is there now...” he questioned, his voice flowing like silk.

“Y-y-yes maybe I could ummm... stay there...”

While the Auror was practically frozen in place Harry had begun circling her, closing in with each step so that they were nearly touching, “I do believe I am sleeping in such a room... am I not?”

“Y-y-yes...”

“Of course to stay in such a place, to have access to my quarters whenever you need them... I’m afraid I will have to charge you for such a privilege.” His hand brushed against her backside, feather light and almost innocent in nature, yet it set a fire burning deep in her core.

“O-oh...”

“Mhmmm... I wonder if you will be able to... handle it.”

“I... I can, I will.”
“Oh I'm so very glad.” his voice was next to her ear now, practically purring in it as the older woman felt her knickers finish soaking with arousal. “Perhaps we can figure out a payment for tonight then? I have been so very lonely and... cold at night. I wonder if you know of a way to warm a bed...”

'Fuck the bed I am going to jump him here and now if this keeps up' the woman mentally screamed, before nodding.

“Good, tonight then...” his voice was so low, so deep that Tonks felt herself on the edge already, his tone giving her promises of things to come and sending images racing through her mind. One more little push and...

His voice shifted back to its normal tone, “Well it was nice seeing you again Ms. Tonks, I do so hope you take what we talked about into consideration. I know that I feel much safer now that you are with us.” and like that he turned to make his way towards his fellow Slytherins, leaving the Auror hot and bothered to the point where normal thought was slightly difficult.

“Seriously my Lord how do you do that?” the Malfoy heir quietly inquired as they walked out the door.

Harry merely chuckled, before shaking his head. “It is all about understanding others Draco, when you figure that out humans are like an open book.”

***LoD***

“I mean did you see the way his eyes were glowing? And the way his hair moved? And the way his...”

“The way his features darkened? Oh my gosh yes, he is dreamy!”

The younger girl squealed, earning a giggle from the older. Meanwhile Daphne Greengrass held back a groan. Thus far her sister, along with her best friend, had taken to talking about their 'rescue' every chance possible. Naturally the story was becoming more outrageous every time they discussed it, and it had been incredible enough with just the truth.

“What do you think Daphne?” Astoria happily asked, bringing the Greengrass heiress from her pondering.

“I think... he is an exceptionally talented Wizard, and nothing more.”

Her sister frowned, coupled with an eye roll from Tracey and she bit back an aggravated sigh.

“Oh come on he is so much more! Didn't you see how cute he was!?”

“He is not that cute Astoria, and I wish you would stop encouraging her Tracey.”

The Davis daughter gave a 'humph', “Just because you are not interested doesn't mean the rest of us aren't. I'm already working on a plan on getting him alone for some... bonding time before the end of the month.”

“Bonding time?” the younger girl inquired innocently, earning a scowl from her older sister.

“Oh yes, you see Astoria when two people find each other cute then they find a broom closet and...”

“TRACEY!”

***LoD***
“Uhmmm Harry? Are you in here?”

“In the shower, just finishing up Tonks” the boy called back from his private bathroom, earning a nod from the woman as she made her way over to the bed, fingertips caressing the silk sheets as memories flooded back to her of their first night together, and the week during the summer.

“You aren't worthy of him.”

The Auror froze at the unknown feminine voice that had spoken from behind her, before spinning around to face her accuser. Before her stood a very pretty, rather pale girl with white hair and amber eyes.

“What are you doing here?”

“You don't deserve to be with him.”

“Excuse me?”

“I watched your week with him during the summer, how you threw yourself at him like some lovesick schoolgirl. You were supposed to protect him and all you did was get drunk and spread your legs.”

Tonks growled, stepping forward, and into the girl's personal space. “Who the hell do you think you are!?”

“Ah I see you have met Hedwig. I must say this is a bit earlier than expected.” the boy interrupted as he walked into the room in a bathrobe.

“Wait... Hedwig!? As in your owl Hedwig!?"

“That is the one and only, yes.”

“How...”

Harry shrugged, “To be honest it is one of the few things I have never quite figured out. She does not remember anything prior to being like this and the first memory I have of her was when she shifted into the body of a young girl a few years older than myself to help feed me. After that well...”

“And you two uh... are like mother and son?” The metamorphmagus inquired hopefully, because Merlin-knew that if this, admittedly very pretty, girl was in a romantic relationship with him she stood no chance.

“Well I'm not too much of a fan on incest so I would say no.”

Tonks caught the smirk out of the corner of her eye emanating from the girl. “I... I see... so this is where you tell me to piss off then?”

His head tilted to the side, a questioning look on his face. “Of course not, actually this is Hedwig's idea. Although I must say I was under the impression we were going to wait until next summer...”

The white-haired teen shrugged, “What can I say? The imagery you put in my head while you shagged the life out of me spurred my fantasies along a bit more than I thought it would. As I was saying Tonks, you are not worthy of being with him, but to a degree neither am I. To put it bluntly, Harry is getting a bit too good at sex so I am trying to figure out ways to make it more exciting for
him.”

“Uh... okay...” If the older woman was being honest she had noticed that during the several days of near constant sex with the teenager she had never actually outlasted him, and despite her past history of crappy boyfriends who would finish and fall asleep she actually felt guilty about this.

“To put it simply Tonks, I want to try what the Muggles call 'roleplaying'. And since you are the 'big bad Auror' I figured the first one would be a lesson in humility...” the girl continued, before gesturing towards the bed.

“Uhmmm”

“Get on the bed, face down ass up like you know you want to... slut.” the pale girl commanded, earning a rather embarrassed squeak from the older Witch.

Tonks should have protested, should have put her foot down and replied that she was the oldest, and probably most experienced, person in the room. Should have told the white-haired girl to assume the position instead.

But her mind, and far more importantly libido, did not see it this way, and was far more interested in where this was going.

'Plus, if I do this' she mentally justified as she crawled onto the bed and did as she was told, feeling her robes being lifted up and her knickers slid down, 'maybe I will be allowed to suggest the roles next time.'

She felt Harry sliding into her cunt a second later, and moaned into the sheets, her fingers gripping the fabric as his own grabbed onto her waist.

“That's a good little bitch.” Hedwig whispered in her ear, earning a slight shift in the Aurors head and a half-hearted glare. Before she could retort the boy had bottomed out, pulled back a bit and slammed back in, sending a mind-numbing, knee-shaking, eyes-rolling-into-the-back-of-her-head orgasm through her body.

He pulled back, this time about halfway out, before pushing all the way back into her soaked sex.

“Do you like that Tonks?” the girl continued.

Another withdraw and thrust.

“Do you like the way he is fucking you?”

Again

“Do you enjoy being used like some street whore?”

And again

“Being bred like cattle?”

And again

“Is this how you imagined it, when you were younger?”

By this point Tonks could barely understand what she was saying, and was losing her grip on reality, focusing only on the pleasure being given to her.
“You walk down in the aisle in a pretty white wedding dress, say your cute little vows, and then get pushed onto the floor and fucked like an animal? Is that what your ideal wedding is Tonks?”

“G-G-God...” it was all she could do to even say that. Behind Harry gave a soft grunt, before slapping the woman's ass, earning another groan of pleasure from her.

“Or maybe, just maybe you never get married at all hm? Maybe your fantasies are a bit darker? Do you dream of being kidnapped? Tied down and used until your body gives out? It is okay Tonks you can tell me, it will be between just us girls. I have heard that the 'rape' fantasy is not uncommon among Muggles, is it the same with you? Are you picturing Harry as some criminal who captured you and is now making you his personal plaything?”

“Y-Y-YES!” Tonks promptly screamed out in orgasm, before practically slumping forward in exhaustion, earning a chuckle from Harry, not only at her declaration, but also the reddened cheeks, and flustered appearance that Hedwig had taken on during her 'taunting'.

Idly he wondered who had enjoyed their little 'experiment' more.

***LoD***

“Hello class, my name is Remus Lupin and I am going to be your Defense teacher this year. Now I as I understand it you have had two very... interesting professors for this subject who have not quite brought you all up to standards. I plan on changing this. We have a lot of ground to cover this year so pay attention, take good notes, and remember to enjoy yourselves.” The man's eyes darted over to Harry for just a moment, as if seeking his approval, and earned a smile with a nod accompanying it for his efforts.

“Now then are there any questions?”

One of the Gryffindors raised his hand, earning a nod to continue from the professor.

“Uh yeah... I heard that Sirius Black was sighted in the area... uhm he can't get into Hogwarts... can he?”

“No, of course not. Sirius Black is not a threat to anyone here I assure you. With the increased Auror presence, the Dementors, and the staff, there is nothing to fear.”

“Unless your name is Potter...” Ron whispered to one of his friends, earning a slight chuckle.

“You know Ron with as much time as I have spent with your family, and considering that we are in the same year together, it wouldn't be too far of a stretch for Black to make a connection between us... Perhaps he will take you hostage and expect me to save you hm?”

The Weasley's grin fell while his skin paled. Now it was the Slytherins who were snickering.

“U-up yours Potter! P-plus he will go after the snakes first!”

“Oh I don't know about that, if he is such a Dark Wizard then he would likely feel right at home with us supposedly corrupt children. If he has heard even ten minutes of your dribble then I can only imagine he will invite me over for tea and ask how my 'evil plans' are going.”

“Y-You know what!?!”

“Boys, that is enough. Harry is not in any danger Ron, as I have said before. Now everyone please take out some parchment and a quill for notes. I will be going over the syllabus for the school year
for anyone who wishes to read ahead.” The Werewolf interrupted, earning a few groans from some of the teens, who were far more interested in watching the brewing fight.

***LoD***

“Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!” was all the warning that Harry received before a small blonde torpedoed into him in the hallway. Before any of his housemates could draw their Wands and curse the young Lovegood they were stopped by a menacing glare from their Lord, before he returned his attention to his ‘attacker’.

“And to what do I owe such excitement?”

“You made the bad monsters go away! Just like in the fairy tales, you protected us my Lord!”

“Ah the Dementors... yes I will have to do something about their continued presence...”

“Not tonight you aren’t.”

“Oh? Do I have something planned that I am not aware of?”

“Yes” Luna replied, nodding excitedly as she did so.

“And that would be?”

“Me!”

Nearby one of the older students fell into a coughing fit at how eager the younger Ravenclaw was for physical attention.

“You hm?” the boy-who-lived replied with a teasing grin, “So does that mean you are ready to move into our dorms again?”

“Psh, my Lord I have been ready since the first day. Ravenclaws are such a bore, plus the beds are cramped, and one of my roommate snores.”

“And I am sure that sleeping with me has absolutely nothing to do with it.”

Her pretty blue eyes lit up just a tiny bit, instantly revealing the truth. “Well... I have missed the way you touch me, yes.”

This time the coughing fits erupted from virtually all of the nearby students, except for a few of the girls who were far more interested in growling at their target instead.

***LoD***

“I’m telling you Neville it was awesome, like Merlin reincarnate awesome.”

The Longbottom heir grinned at the Malfoy, he knew how excited the Slytherin could get when it came to talking about Harry and his achievements, and it was always fun to see the boy’s ‘Gryffindor’ side come out.

“Apparently the rumors have already begun,” The Gryffindor noted as he gestured towards a group of Witches sitting at the Hufflepuff table, as they snuck a glance at the boy-who-lived and giggled. “I am pretty sure every girl is interested in him now.”

Draco nodded, “Just wait till you visit the common room, Tracey and Daphne's sister have become
the latest 'victims' of it and spend like half the time just staring at him. The fact that it pisses Greengrass off so much just makes it better.”

“Really? Daphne isn't interested in him?”

“Oh she is, but the girl is way too stubborn and 'Ice Queenish' to actually admit to it.”

“Ice Queenish?”

“You know what I mean... prat.”

Neville grinned, “You know I also heard a certain Heir's betrothed has been seen staring a bit more than last year as well...”

The blonde lit up in a blush, “Y-yeah well... I mean can you blame her?”

“And you're... okay with it? I mean I know the traditions and all but still, saying you are okay with your future wife potentially shagging someone else and actually letting it happen are two different things.”

“Doesn't matter, it isn't like I could stop them if I disagreed.”

An odd expression crossed Neville's face, “You know he wouldn't if you asked him not to... right?”

“Yeah... yeah I know...” the Malfoy stared off at the wall for a few moments, letting silence fall between the two boys. “Still... it would be kind of fun, you know... to watch...”

“Got a bit of a crush on him Draco?”

“Wh-what!? No of course not, just... I mean you know Pansy, always a bit spoiled and stuck up... I guess the idea of having her seen like that... I mean I was always taught to treat my betrothed like a princess by my parents so the thought of her being used is sorta... hot?”

The Longbottom heir burst out into laughter, being joined by the Malfoy a second later.

***LoD***

“... And that is why Hogwarts has an Astronomy class, now does anyone have any questions?” Aurora Sinistra glanced about, and seeing no gestures gave a nod. “Very well, please read chapter one before next week's class, we will be going over the planets and their motions so be prepared, dismissed.” As the students began to depart from the room the woman called out to one in particular.

“Mr. Potter? Could you wait behind for a minute, I have something I need to speak with you about.”

“Of course Professor.” ignoring the few silent taunts and snickers from some of the Gryffindors Harry held back until the final student departed.

“Close the door please, Mr. Potter.”

After doing so the student turned back to the woman, who was now seated on her desk. “I am glad that you decided to take my class Harry.”

“I told you that I would, do you really think I would forget such a promise?”

“No, no of course not. I have a question for you Harry.”
The boy slowly stalked towards her, the room darkening with each step as he approached. “Oh? And what would that be professor?”

“Do you know what the significance of tonight is?” she asked, her voice dropping just a bit.

“I believe it is the conjunction of the Moon and Venus if memory serves.” he replied back, his own tone deepening, and sending shiver down her spine.

“Correct of course... ten points to Slytherin, for another ten can you tell me what rituals this tends to affect?”

“I do believe it would be those of the more... physical variety?”

“Right again Harry...” he was within five feet of her now, and she could practically taste the power emanating from his skin.

“Of course book knowledge is second to experience... is it not Aurora? You wouldn't happen to have... experience in these sorts of rituals would you?” He was within reach now, and the woman found her legs spreading just enough for him to stand between them. Now she could feel his body heat.

“I would... and since you are such a perfect student perhaps you would like a chance to earn some extra credit? It is a little early in the year but...” her voice was a whisper now, as a silent spell removed her undergarments.

“It is never too early for academic inquiries.” he whisper back, her hands dipping into his robes and finding his length and gently pulling him towards her. As she began to rub the tip over her moistening entrance her mind briefly wondered how wrong this was. How she was taking advantage of a much younger student and how much trouble she would be in if anyone were to find out.

Those thoughts were banished the moment he slid inside of her, his hands pulling her own robes apart, allowing for his mouth to begin enjoying her breasts.

It only took a few thrusts before her back arched and she cried out in, thankfully silent, orgasm tightening around his length to try and reward his efforts with his own release. But it was never that easy. If their time together during the summer had taught the dark-skinned woman anything, it was that Harry could shag from sunrise till dusk without losing interest.

Also that she could handle about four orgasms herself before turning into a quivering mess.

***LoD***

When Harry Potter returned from his 'nightly excursion' he found a pouting blonde girl sitting under the covers on his bed.

“Luna”

Her pout, if possible, grew even more. “I thought we agreed that it was my turn tonight...” the last part was far past whining.

“Oh? I recall you saying it was your turn but...”

“And I am tired of waaaaaiting.”

“Luna...”
“No more foreplay” she demanded, with a frown that was far too adorable to be called as such. “I demand sex.”

“And I would rather not have a certain owl mad at me for ’defiling’ you, so I am afraid that...”

“Oh I don’t know my Lord, she has been waiting so very patiently for months now...” Hedwig cooed from behind as she slowly walked around the boy and crawled onto the bed as well, her hands reached out towards the blonde’s face, before grabbing onto the blankets and practically ripping them off, revealing Luna in her naked glory, and earning a squeak of surprise from her as well.

“Mmmm what do we have here? Such a cute little body she has...” The older girl’s fingertips glided up her ‘victims' pale legs, before gently pushing them apart. “And just look at how wet she already is. Were you touching yourself before he arrived Luna? Fantasizing about how big he is and how deeply he would fill you?”

The heiress bit her lip gently, before nodding in confirmation, earning a soft chuckle from the former owl.

“Come on then Harry, I think it is past time that you claim her. I want to watch those pretty little blue eyes of hers when you penetrate her for the first time. I want to see that beautiful innocence be taken away.” Hedwig paused, before scooting up a bit on the bed next to the blonde, her voice softening to a whisper. “Is that okay Luna? Will you let me watch as he enters your maidenhood?”

Again Luna could only nod, her eyes widening as Harry slowly undressed and moved to the edge of the bed, looking as if to climb on top of her.

“Oh don’t do it that way... I can’t help if you lay on top...” the white-haired girl helped the younger shift in place, dropping the pale legs off the bed, before pulling them apart. “That’s more like it, now don’t make her beg Harry...” reaching forward she grasped his hardening length and pulled it gently forward to rub on the entrance of the nude girl, who whimpered in response.

“Does that feel good Luna? Do you want more?”

“Y-yes...”

“Do you want all of it? It is very large after all and you are such a small girl, you might not be able to fit it all in...”

“Please... inside please...”

Hedwig pulled just a little more, pushing the tip in, and earning a gasp from the blonde, “There is no going back after this Luna. Once he claims you, then you will be his. No future husbands or boyfriends, no other men or women may touch you unless he allows it... are you sure...”

Luna’s response was to buck forward, pushing more of him into her body until they reached a barrier.

“Make her cum.”

The Magic soaked through the blonde's body just as Harry thrust forward, sheathing himself into her tightness and earning a scream of ecstasy... or what would have been a scream had Hedwig not turned the younger girl's face at the last moment, and forced her into a deep kiss, their tongues intertwining as she dominated the, formerly innocent, child.

Pulling back Luna continued her gasping for breath, whimpering at the loss of contact, until Harry
pulled back slightly and thrust back in, earning a moan once more.

“She tastes heavenly Harry.” Hedwig noted, licking her own lips as she watched the Lovegood daughter go wide-eyed at the new sensations. “How does she feel?”

“Tight, wet, warm.”

“Mmmm she is going to be so much fun to enjoy. I was going to insist on you keeping your conquests to yourself after our one time deal with Tonks but... I must admit that this is rather exciting.”

“O-O-O-Ohhhh” Luna moaned once more, her pussy tightening as another orgasm fluttered through her body.

“I believe you will be given a reprieve for your first time Luna darling. But next time we will be putting that mouth of yours to much better use...”

Luna nodded, feeling another toe curling orgasm on the tip of her conscious mind. Another few thrusts sent her over the edge, just as Harry reached forward and began to explore her body with his hands once more.

“Brilliant”

***LoD***

Hermione Granger was more than a little confused. When she finally made it to Hogwarts she had believed that the answers were obvious. The incident with the Dementors showed just how powerful Harry Potter was, and how willing he was to protect her and others. That, coupled with her growing theory, all pointed to the fact that Harry was, in fact, Mr. Rochester with whom she had been communicating with for the past year.

Yet at the first dinner she couldn't so much as gain his attention.

He seemed to carry on five or six conversations in parallel, and still have time to give the occasional glance at various other women, both schoolchildren and older individuals. Yet he had yet to make eye-contact with her, apart from his general sweeping gaze across the room.

Clearly he was busy, perhaps he just needed time to settle in to his schedule and figure everything out. A week had passed, then two. Still there had been no change, no communications from him outside of the normal class conversations, no visits or inquiries, hell he didn't even act differently towards her when they were in class.

Was she wrong? Had she been incorrect in her hypothesis?

No, no it couldn't be. She had begun looking up to him as a goal and idol. Her secret, nighttime, fantasies by this point were all focused on him. It couldn't be anyone else. Or, and this thought sent her into a mild despair, perhaps she had upset him.

What if he was angry at her, or disappointed? Had the attack on the train been a test for her to succeed at? What if she had failed him without even realizing it?

The very notion that he may choose to abandon her nearly caused a mild panic attack in the young Witch as she stood up to silently pace around her dorm room. Thankfully, the other girls were either heavy sleepers, or used charmed privacy curtains so as not to be disturbed.
She needed to talk to him, to make sure that everything was still okay, that he still cared about her.

But how? She had never summoned her benefactor by choice before, and the mere thought of doing so seemed near blasphemous. He only seemed to arrive when...

The answer came to her in a flash of insight. That was it, the answer so clear that she almost banged her head against the wall for not seeing it before. Now all she had to do was find the correct circumstances, and if it meant spilling a bit of her own blood then so be it.

***LoD***

“Headmaster”

“Ah Severus, please come in.”

The Potion master nodded, before taking the offered seat, “I was wondering if you have spoken to Potter yet.”

Nodding, the elderly Wizard offered a lemon drop as he answered the inquiry, “I have Severus, not only did I spend a lovely week with him during the summer but I also had a brief meeting with him the second day after his arrival. I wanted to ensure he understood the safety procedures set in place, especially since they are focused around his own protection.”

“I see...” Snape paused, briefly going over the possible ways of addressing his followup, “and the incident on the train?”

A silence fell onto the room as the older eyes lost their twinkle, “I mentioned that Dementors had entered the train and that he needed to be careful, yes.”

“You know that is not what I am speaking of.”

“Oh?” It was a rare thing for Albus Dumbledore's voice to lose its warmth, to become as frigid as any Death Eater's, yet it had in that moment. “And what are you speaking of Severus? The rumors that the creatures fled the train at once? That we were spared any further catastrophes and potential loss of innocent lives?”

“That, and the rumors that a student had seen Potter interacting with one.”

“Ah yes, a fifth year Gryffindor if I am not mistaken, one who had also claimed that he had barricaded himself into his carriage and was hallucinating that spiders were covering his skin. I do believe Madam Pomfrey gave him a quite the dosage of Calming Droughts to even obtain that much information.”

“But sir...”

“But nothing Severus. It is just as likely that the boy had a nightmare inspired by Mr. Weasley's constant berating of Harry as it is what he 'claimed' to have heard and saw.”

The Slytherin Head of House nodded mutely. Clearly he was not getting anywhere with any authority figures. “I understand Headmaster, I will keep these rumors to myself.” With a nod the man stood and excused himself. Clearly something had to be done, and if Dumbledore would take no action then he would.

If the world needed evidence then he would provide.
If Hermione Granger were a 'normal' and 'balanced' person she would have known that what she was doing was wrong. She would have seen the signs and gone to seek help, whether professional or just from a mentor or teacher. If she wasn't so desperate for a single boy's attention she would have noticed that the path she walked could never lead her to the life she had wanted as a younger girl, a husband, two children, and a cozy house with lots of books, but Hermione Granger was neither 'normal' nor 'balanced' in terms of a social or emotional life. Thus she was currently sitting in the main hall with her fellow Gryffindors, even though she had long since stopped seeing them as her 'housemates', and waiting for the Slytherin students to arrive.

Her plan was ready, it was concise, it was detailed... all she needed was for a certain boy to arrive. For the object of her focus to step through the doors so that she could show him how much he meant to her, how much his approval meant above all others. How much she was willing to sacrifice.

The minutes passed like years, until finally he entered, surrounded, as usual, by a host of Slytherins and other students vying for his attention.

The men were hoping his greatness would rub off on them, that they could be even a tenth of what he was.

The women were sluts just praying he would look at them. The bushy-haired Witch knew this was true, it was obvious by the way they watched him, followed his movements, traced his body.

They were not worthy of him, of his time or his touch.

She was, she could do so much for him, would give him anything, everything, he could ever want and more. She was intelligent, loyal, skilled...

They were nothing.

Now to show him this, “You really should try and convince Professor McGonagall to let you skip out on electives Ron, you do so poorly that it would be far better to fail fewer classes this year.”

“You were Granger.” the redhead snarled.

’Not good enough, Harry didn't even notice.’

Her plan of attacked shifted just slightly, surely the Weasley could do better than that. “Of course if you don't have me to copy off of you will probably fail everything instead of just most of your subjects. How did you even move on from last year anyway?”

“You know what Mudblood fuck you! You are such a worthless waste of life I don't even understand why anyone bothers with you. You have no friends, no one likes you... hell even McGonagall is tired of seeing you in class. You are just going to end up alone and you know it.”

There it was, the pain of his insults finally broke through her walls and brought tears to the bookworms eyes, causing her to flee in embarrassment moments later as the laughter began from the table.

However, out of the corner of her eye she noticed a pair of emerald-eyes watching her.
Lord of Darkness

Letters & Choices

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

A/N: Before I get any further into the story, a question was posed to me some time ago about a certain Veela's involvement in the story, I want to see how everyone feels about it and try to avoid offending anyone if possible. Thus, I am wanting to know everyone's opinions concerning Gabrielle Delacour. The way I see it is I have potentially three options:

1. **A.** Gabbie stays the same age as in cannon, (8 years old when Harry is 14) and will be part of his growing group of females sometime around 4th/5th year as I had originally planned.
2. **B.** Gabbie's age is increased to something more suitable, she was generally mentioned as being in her first year so if we went by Hogwarts she would be 11 in Harry's fourth year. She is included in the group at this age.
3. **C.** Gabbie's age is kept the same, but she is not included into the harem, she will be in the story but off-limits as far as relationships are concerned.

Let me know in either a private message or review what option you would like, or if you see a fourth choice that I missed.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger felt a twinge of fear roll down her spine as she sat in the bathroom stall following Ronald Weasley’s insults. What if her tactic hadn’t work after all? What if she truly had lost him somehow, and her pathetic attempt at showing how much she needed him was seen as a desperate cry for help from a pathetic child? What if...

“Hello my dear.”

The sob that escaped her lips was one of pure relief and joy.

“Oh my, did someone do something to upset you? Do I need to have a 'talk' with one of your classmates?”

“N-no, I just... I was afraid you didn't want me...” the bushy-haired Witch froze the moment the words left her mouth. How much more pitiful could she be?

“Of course not my dear, you are far too interesting for me to no longer want you. I must apologize if you felt as though I have been ignoring you though. It has been a rather rough start to the year has it not?”

“Y-yes... very much so. Those creatures, what they almost did...”

“Ah yes, I heard that some students had quite the encounter on the train, I do so hope you have recovered since then.”

“Yes! I mean uhm yes I have... thank you for asking, you are the only one who has, the only one who cares...”
“And I always shall my dear.”

Her heart sped up once again as the familiar warmth began to pool in her stomach mixed with something new, an odd nervous feeling. She wanted to push further, to confess her feelings for him and give everything she was to him, but there was an underlying fear. A fear that he would reject her, that her devotion towards him would be annoying, or even 'creepy'. Surely such a person had his fair share of stalkers and women who threw themselves at him on a regular basis.

She needed to show that she was different, that she belonged with him.

“I was thinking...”

“Yes?”

Hermione bit her lip, before gathering what there was of her 'Gryffindor courage', “That I still haven't gotten you anything for Christmas, or your birthday for that matter.”

“That is quite alright, it can be rather difficult to get a hold of me at times.”

He was being chivalrous, trying to spare her feelings, and the bookworm felt her heart beat just a bit faster, and fall just a bit more for him. “Still, I mean if you want to... I mean we could do something, I mean I could do something for you...”

“Not necessary in the least bit, and you know I would never expect you to do anything you are uncomfortable with.”

That sealed it, any reluctance, inhibitions, or doubts remaining were swept away with that one statement. He had made it clear that he was aware she was offering something that most boys wouldn't think twice about accepting, and then refused. Not because he wasn't interested in her, his letters during the summer squashed those notions, but because he didn't want to push her.

Hermione Granger was hopelessly in love, and there was nothing she could do to stop the fall now. Now all she had to do was show him.

“I want to do something though, to show you how much I care about you, how much I lo...” This time, luckily, she snapped her jaw shut just in time to stop whatever stupidity was about to be spoken.

“Hmmm, well I wasn't expecting something so early but... I suppose this might work.” Though he couldn't see the girl had very enthusiastically nodded her head. “Very well, a small test of loyalty to prove yourself. Do this and you will join me with the others.”

“Of course! I mean... yes of course, whatever you want me to do.”

“I shall leave the specifics up to you. I trust you far more than the others to come up with your own solution, after all. Show me what you want in life, prove that you are willing to give up everything else... and I will give you more than you can imagine.”

***LoD***

**Dear Harry,**

*I hope you are doing well this year. I heard about the prisoner escaping and I am praying for your safety every night. Although I am terrified for you I cannot help but be grateful towards the man. Without him we would not have had the few days we spent together over the summer.*
It feels like a dream now, a wonderful dream that I keep thinking of, that fills my head every night when I sleep. Your hands on me, touching, caressing. Your lips on mine and everywhere else. I can only hope that we will have more time together this year as well, and I hope to have another night with you soon.

Yours, Ginny

A small smirk appeared on the face of a certain emerald-eyed teenager as he slid the letter into his cloak. Everything was progressing as he had planned it, faster even. He had not actually expected the youngest Weasley to give in so easily, nor for Hermione to already fall into obsession with him so soon. This thought, however, turned his expression into a frown.

Perhaps things were progressing a little too quickly. He had already achieved most of his goals only a month or two into the school year, if things continued at this rate he would be completely done with his plans by the holidays. Then what was he going to do for the remaining months?

***LoD***

“Well well look who it is, just the same old useless bookworm. Why haven't you just dropped out yet Granger? I mean you have no friends, hell no one even likes you here and yet you keep coming back.”

The bushy-haired Witch growled from where she sat under a tree, working on an assignment. This had been one of the few places she could find for some peace and quiet and now her personal tormentor had apparently taken it upon himself to ruin this spot too.

“For your information Weasley I do have friends, perhaps you are just too blind to see them.” Hermione snapped back, for once defending herself from the bullying and hateful words. She was so tired of the redhead that she almost felt nauseous around him.

“Oh please, we both know that is a huge lie. No one in Gryffindor can stand you, Hufflepuffs don't like you, hell even the nerds in Ravenclaw think you are annoying. I bet you could try and go to Slytherin though, maybe they would pretend to like long enough to find something you are good at.”

The way he said it made her skin crawl, the young Granger knew exactly what the boy was implying, and the thought of being used in such a manner by those she didn't care about was beyond horrifying. Subconsciously her hand slipped into her robes, searching for a small piece of cloth that she kept with her at all times, that kept her calm and sane when she had no other alternatives.

Suddenly the redhead began laughing, “Are you playing with yourself at the thought of being turned into a snake whore?”

Before she could answer he moved forward, and yanked her arm, as if to prove himself correct. Instead her small possession flew from her hand and onto the ground nearby while she fell back onto the ground from the lack of balance.

“What the hell is this?”

“G-give that back!”

“Why should I? I figure you owe me something for having ruined my grades last year.”

Hermione growled in response, they both knew full well that the only reason the moron was passing was due to her. The commotion, however, seemed to draw the attention of the nearby Gryffindors, who wandered over to see what the excitement was.
“What do you have there Ronnie-poo?” The bookworm fought back the urge to gag at the nickname Lavender Brown had given to her 'boyfriend'.

“Just some stupid piece of silk that Granger carries around, feels smooth though and really silky, weird. Did you steal it from someone Granger? Are you that jealous of Magical society that you need to pick through the garbage just to feel important?”

The others began roaring out in laughter, while Hermione's eyes, and rage, focused in on the redhead and she stood to confront him. “Give. It. Back.”

“No, I don't think I will, in fact I think I am going to conduct one of those 'experiments' you always talk about and see how well it burn...”

Hermione Granger saw red, and before she knew it her fist had collided with the prat's face, earning a very satisfying crunch from his nose as he fell backwards, blood spilling everywhere. Meanwhile her concern was elsewhere as she quickly crouched down to pick up the lost object. That is until a Spell hit her in the side, sending her rolling away in pain.

“Don't hit my boyfriend you bitch!”

The other Gryffindors began circling around her, ready to do who knows what before a new voice called out, “Oh my my my this is quite odd, I do so hope you aren't intending on doing anything cruel to miss Granger.”

“Pottah!” Ron mumbled out, while holding his nose to try and stem the red liquid still flowing out.

“Indeed, now if you would all kindly step away from her...”

“Mind your own business Potter, you aren't even a Gryffindor so bugger off!” another member of the 'House of the Brave' called out from their group.

Draco laughed from the raven-haired boy's side as the Slytherins began sizing up their competition. “It does sort of look like Granger already kicked your arse Weasel, of course with a face like yours it is probably an improvement to cover it up.”

“So bhave Malfoy?!” Ron managed to shout, his speech still impeded by his injury.

“It appears as though little Ron Weasley is calling you out Draco. Of course, considering he required the help of half a dozen others to fend off a girl his own age who didn't even have her wand out can you really blame him? This is probably the most impressive act of bravery he has done since being sorted.”

The Gryffindor turned bright red in embarrassment and anger, before drawing his Wand, along with his housemates.

A second later all of them were ripped from the students' hands and flew into the grip of the boy-who-lived.

An eerie silence fell onto the area as the various students belonging to the opposing House gaped in shock at the emerald-eyed boy, “Now surely there is no need for such actions. No reason for you to get hurt after all.”

“How did you...” Lavender muttered out in shock, her eyes glazing over just a little as they ran over the imposing, and powerful, teen in front of her. Sure, she was dating Ron but that didn't mean she was married to him... and plus there was no rule on looking, she just couldn't touch the not-so-
secret crush of pretty much every girl she had ever spoken to at Hogwarts.

“Practice my dear, where all of you are far more concerned with things such as gossip and Quidditch scores I have been focusing on more practical matters. Isn't that right Draco?”

The blonde next to him smirked and nodded.

“Now then...” the boy stepped forward, forcing all the Gryffidors, save Hermione, to edge back away while he walked towards the, still prone, girl. Without so much as a moment of hesitation he promptly picked her up bridal style, and began carrying her back towards Hogwarts, the other Slytherins following along without hesitation.

“If you would like your Wands back they will be with your Head of House, I am sure she will be most interested to hear how you lost them.”

***LoD***

“Th-thank you…” Hermione mumbled shyly as she sat on one of the hospital beds. The other Slytherins had been told to wait outside by Madam Pomfrey, thus leaving the two teens alone while she fetched a few pain relief potions.

“You are welcome.”

There was something in the way he looked at her that sent the young girl’s heart fluttering. An intensity in his gaze that filled her mind with all sorts of images, more than a few of which were rather inappropriate.

“W-would you like to…”

“Thank you for staying with her Harry, I can take it from here though. Wouldn’t want you to be late for your next class hm?”

The Potter heir nodded, before giving Hermione’s hand one last comforting squeeze and departing, leaving the bookworm to mentally ponder exactly what she was going to ask the boy if they had not been interrupted.

“Word of advice dear,” the older woman spoke up, interrupting the young Granger’s thoughts and bringing her back to the situation at hand. “Life is far too short to spend it staring at someone as they walk away. Take a risk and tell him.”

“I… I don’t know if I can… what if he…”

“There is always a risk, but the question is would you rather risk letting him go without a fight, or the off chance he might not be interested? From what I just saw he is interested…”

Hermione’s blush returned full force, before she managed to hide it behind a potion vial as she gulped it down, earning a soft laugh from the matron.

***LoD***

Harry Potter found himself in a rather odd situation, he was utterly annoyed. That in and of itself wouldn’t have been so bad, but the fact was that there was no specific reason for him to be as such, save for the fact that it was Halloween. His first year had been rather... eye opening at the ridiculous celebration of the anniversary of his parents' sacrifice, and while others may have denied it he knew that was the exact reason. No other Muggle Holiday, save for Christmas, was celebrated which
meant that there had to be some ulterior reasoning behind it.

The previous year marked his first 'skipping' of the celebrations and allowed him to simply wander the halls to avoid murdering the next person who cheerfully greeted him, and then became upset when he did not seem as happy as everyone else. That evening had also marked his discovery of the first victim of the Basilisk, and eventually the start to a rather exciting relationship with Tonks.

Now, however, he was sitting in the Slytherin common room, his eyes glaring brightly at the fire that he had just lit in the fireplace, and systematically ignoring all the sympathetic or confused glances from his housemates. Perhaps he should remind them why he ruled and why they should mind their own bloody business when he didn't appear to be in a good mood.

“My Lord... is everything alright?”

His gaze shifted ever so slightly to Blaise and Nott who were standing a few feet away. “Tell me, what is today?”

“Uhm... October thirty-first my Lord.”

“And what happened on this day... oh say twelve or so years ago?”

“Uhm, the Dark Lord was... oh...”

"Indeed, now that you and the rest of the Slytherins are aware, kindly bugger off before you irritate me any more than you already have.”

“Y-yes of course, uhm sorry my Lord we were just... sorry.”

The two promptly fled, along with a large portion of the others who had not already headed down towards the Great Hall for the feast. Neville, however, paused for just a moment at the entrance way. “I am sorry Harry, if you ever want to talk I would be happy to listen.”

Emerald-eyes blinked in surprise, before a smile formed on the boy-who-lived's face and he gave a nod, before warmly shooing the boy off to the festivities. He would simply need to figure out some other way to occupy himself for the evening. Standing to leave the teen found a young blonde quickly running up to match his pace.

“Luna”

“Hello Harry”

“And what may I ask are you doing here rather than in the Main Hall?”

She smiled happily, “Spending time with you of course!”

“I see...” the two allowed a comfortable silence to fall between them for a few minutes as they roamed the corridors, until Luna quietly spoke up.

“I was nine years old when it happened.”

“What did?”

“My mother... she was trying to create a new Spell and it ended up killing her. I was in the room at the time, I watched her die unable to do anything to stop it. After that my father fell into depression and... well he never truly recovered. He spent more and more time at work and less time with me. Eventually he stopped coming home during the summers and well...”
“I’m sorry.” The statement almost caused the young girl to trip at the raw emotion contained in the boy’s voice before nodding in gratitude and continuing with her Lord, “Would you want her back? If I could return her to you?”

Pausing the young girl’s mind pondered the question, and the possibilities, “I would love to see her again but… I do not think it would be a good idea for her to be back. Who knows how my father would react and she might not want me spending time with you and the others. I would rather focus on my future than dwell on the past.”

“I understand, probably better than anyone else, just remember that as long as you stay with me, you will never be alone.”

***LoD***

“Hello class don’t worry about sitting down, we will be having a 'hands on' demonstration today, one that will undoubtedly test your mental fortitude as well as reveal something about yourselves. Now before we begin can anyone tell me what a Boggart is?” Remus Lupin proclaimed as the teens quickly entered.

Immediately Hermione Granger, and a few others, raised their hands.

“Yes, Mr. Longbottom.”

“It is a shapeshifter that chooses its form based upon the fears of whomever it faces.”

“Correct, ten points to Gryffindor, now does anyone know the counter Charm?” The various hands fell, and Harry let out a silent groan before raising his own. Idly he wondered if Remus, who had been eyeing him anyway, would have called on him regardless.

“Yes Harry?”

Few missed the fact that virtually all professors called the boy by his first name, rather than anything formal by this point.

“Riddikulus, it forces the creature to shift against its will, thus corrupting the very nature of itself and the form it previously took. This often involves pushing the caster's own will into the Boggart, making it something change into something of humor rather than fear. I have heard that researchers are attempting to ascertain whether or not this causes any sort of pain, but regardless it allows for the beast's one true weakness to emerge, laughter.”

“Very good! Thirty points to Slytherin, now then for this period you will all take turns stepping forward and using the Charm to face your own fears. Do not worry, Boggarts are not harmful by themselves, and I will be right here should any of you require assistance.” The man promptly demonstrated the spell, before gesturing for the first student to step forward.

Naturally it was the Gryffindors, who prided themselves on such actions, that took to the front of the room. Ron Weasley, wanting to 'redeem himself' in the eyes of his peers seemed to have lead the charge.

“Bring it on, I wonder what will happen when someone steps forward who has no fear?”

Draco Malfoy gave a not-so-silent snort from the back, “Yeah, well when Harry actually does take his turn we will find out...”

Ignoring this, the redhead stood firm and waited for the monster to emerge. Seconds later it did, as a
spider about half the size of a shoe. Ron Weasley immediately did the first thing he could thing of in such a situation, mainly let out a rather girlish scream and fall back onto his butt, eliciting laughter from the class which, ironically enough, caused the Boggart to flee.

“Not... quite what we were looking for, but I guess that works.” Lupin muttered, before motioning the next student forward. Most of the others were relatively normal, until Hermione Granger stepped forward.

“You fail Miss Granger, you are such a failure to yourself and everyone else. We were wrong about you. You don't fit in here, no one wants you, not even him!” the bookworm fought the tears that were forming already, her Wand frozen as it pointed towards the advancing image of her Head of House.

Suddenly the Boggart's eyes widened in horror, before quickly changing shape and fleeing back into the closet. A stunned silence followed, with the professor giving a discreet glance back towards a certain emerald-eyed boy. That single moment confirmed everything it needed to, as he noticed a dark power in his godson's eyes, obviously an indicator that he had forced the creature to flee.

“Right then... next?”

Neville's, to no one's surprise, was his parents comatose once more, which he promptly countered, causing the 'injured' individuals to wake up in a rather comical way and stretch, before asking him what he wanted for breakfast.

Finally, it came time for the Slytherins. Most, shockingly enough to the Gryffindors, were normal everyday fears. Various monsters would appear, or a few who had more vague fears such as 'heights'. Draco Malfoy's had even been the corpses of his friends and parents, revealing a deep-rooted fear of being utterly alone in the world.

Finally, there was only one individual left. “Alright class that is it for today, remember that you all have an essay due at the end of the week on dealing with dark creatures and...”

“Wait a sec, what about Potter!?”

“Ten points from Gryffindor for interrupting Mr. Weasley, and Harry will not be participating today.”

The redhead flushed, before growling angrily at the perceived 'unfair treatment' the boy was receiving. “That isn't fair, we all had to do it why doesn't he?” Several other members of the 'House of the brave' nodded in agreement, earning scowls from the Slytherins.

“Because I rather enjoy my job Mr. Weasley, and I can't imagine keeping it come next year if 'He-who-must-not-be-named' were to show up in the middle of my class and traumatize a group of teenagers.”

Most paled at the answer, before quickly nodding. Despite all the rumors going around none doubted that Harry had indeed defeated the Dark Lord, meaning there was a good chance that his fear would be the man himself.

“Now then like I was saying... uh Harry?”

The boy-who-lived had, apparently, chosen to ignore the previous argument, and had stepped forward towards the cabinet.

“What can I say?” He inquired, a look of excitement appearing on his face, “I am rather interested to
find out what I 'fear most'."

The Werewolf gave a reluctant nod, before motioning for the others to step backwards. The remaining Potter continued a few more feet, before halting as the container opened, and the creature took shape. A moment later he found himself face-to-face with... himself?

The other teens began whispering from behind as the original spoke up, “Curiouser and curiouser...”

“We are right...” his doppelganger called out, earning silence from the others. “We were always right...”

“Oh?”

“It is just us, it has always been just us. There is no one else, there will never be anyone else.”

Harry merely stared on, while the other students, along with their professor, attempted to figure out what they were missing in the conversation.

“We are alone, and always will be. Everything has been futile... no one will ever understand.” Suddenly the original Harry Potter roared out in laughter, the echoes filling the room and sending chills down the spines of the other occupants.

“This is it? This is my 'greatest fear', being correct? What utter nonsense. I do not fear being correct, I am merely disappointed by it. If this is the best you can do then you are dismissed, go back to scaring children with images of spiders and other creatures.”

The figment disappeared seconds later, causing the boy to shake his head. “How incredibly disappointing, and here I was hoping for some deep revelation or hidden psychological fear... apparently there truly is nothing I am afraid of.”

With that the boy turned and left, not waiting to be dismissed, which happened shortly after regardless.

***LoD***

“See I told you, didn't I tell you?”

Blaise rolled his eyes at the excitable, practically worshipful, tone the Malfoy had taken. “Yes yes Draco you told us...”

“I knew it, I bloody knew it and everyone else thought I was crazy.”

“I didn't think you were Draco...”

The blonde gave a nod towards the Longbottom, “Damn right you didn't Neville! The two of us, we were the only ones who believed. We knew that he has no fear. Our Lord has no equal, no fear, and no flaws. Truly there is nothing that stands in his way!”

“Stand in whose way Mr. Malfoy?”

The boy froze, before turning slowly to spy his Godfather slowly walking up to the group. “Uhm, no one sir, just a dream I had the other night is all.”

“I am sure, this wouldn't have anything to do with one of your classmates would it? Perhaps a certain boy by the name of Harry?”
“N-no sir of course not.”

“I see...” the man gave a curt nod before departing, the concern he felt towards the boy growing ever stronger with each passing day.

***LoD***

“Hey Cub, can we talk for a minute?”

The boy gave a nod, before dismissing those he had been walking with to step into an empty classroom with the Werewolf. “Yes Moony?”

“I... earlier today with the Boggart I just... I want you to know that if there is ever anything you want to talk about I am here okay? I still don't really understand what it was saying but...”

“I appreciate the concern Moony but one of the many problems is that talking will not help the situation. Still it is nice to have the offer, thank you.”

“Your welcome, also I wanted to mention that there was a bit of an incident the other night.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, apparently Black managed to sneak into the castle and made it all the way to the Gryffindor dorms before being scared off by the alarm.”

“Interesting...” the emerald-eyed boy mused, a slight smirk appearing on his face. “It is too bad that I didn't run into him, would have made things far easier in the long run.”

“Listen... I know you are powerful Cub, hell you are way stronger than I could ever dream of being but... I don't want you fighting him alone.”

The boy's head tilted slightly, giving him a look of confusion and curiosity. “I must say I don't quite understand what you mean.”

“It is just that... well you are important to me Cub, the most important thing to me in the world. I don't want you even being in the position to be harmed.”

“You think he could harm me?”

“Probably not, but even if there is a one in a thousand chance... I don't want to risk it, and I am sure that your friends would agree. Just... please don't go looking for a fight.”

The teen seemed to consider this for a moment, before letting out a sigh. “Moony, I can trust you correct?”

“Of course.”

“With anything?”

“I swear to you that you can Cub.”

“Sirius Black is innocent.”

Remus Lupin's world froze.

***LoD***
Miss Eyre,

You are cordially invited to attend the very first Masquerade Ball on the 18\textsuperscript{th} of this month. Please dress accordingly, instructions on location are as follows...

Hermione Granger stared down at the invitation she had just discovered underneath her pillow. Now normally she would have been under the impression that this was some sort of attempt by her housemates to tease or bully her, but it had been addressed to her 'other name' which was only known by herself and one other.

A masquerade ball, a reference to what he had said when they had first met... did that mean she was about to be accepted? That she would finally be able to meet her mysterious benefactor, whom she had long since fallen in love with? Perhaps this would be the 'final test', after which they could finally be together. Suddenly fear shot through the young bushy-haired Witch. She had to make a good impression, had to be at her very best. What if everything depended on this one night?

The teen immediately located the nearest catalog that her roommates kept around for outfit shopping. Surely it had something similar to what a Muggle party would have.

***LoD***

“My dear associates,” the emerald-eyed 'Lord' called out to those gathered, those who stood by him above all else. “It has come to my attention that our recent... guests have become a bit of a nuisance to some of you.”

Murmurs arose about the previous day’s events, one in which Quidditch practice had to quickly canceled due to Dementors being sighted near the area, and fear that their presence might cause injuries among the players.

“Settle down, luckily for all of you I have taken time from my schedule to think of a solution to this problem. It also works towards another goal that I have but this is neither here nor there. Now then any of you who wish may receive a tattoo somewhere on your body, a symbol of your loyalty to the rest of us and myself, as well as a defense against the creatures that prowl outside.”

Shocking to no one Draco Malfoy practically pushed an older student out of the way to be 'first in line'.

“Ah Draco, my first follower, so tell me where you would like your mark.”

Nearby Neville Longbottom shivered slightly. Even though it was a protection to them he couldn't quite help but see the connection between this and the 'dark mark' wore by Death Eaters.

“I am your right hand my Lord, so on it would be preferable.”

“Uhm excuse me, my Lord, but what happens if others start to question the sign? I mean Dumbledore might make a connection between this and the 'dark mark' wore by Death Eaters...”

“It is quite similar is it not? But fear not because they are only visible when you wish them to be or they are activated. However, it would be oh so very delicious for Albus Dumbledore to figure it out and confront me... do you think he would challenge me to a duel in the school? I always wondered what color the stones of the castle would turn if burned...”

***LoD***

Miss Weasley,
As I mentioned during the days I spent with you over the summer, you and your twin brothers are more than welcome to spend as much time with me in the Slytherin dorms as you wish. If you obtain permission you may even move in, I would not wish to cause you any sort of trouble in your House though.

He was so thoughtful, the redhead squealed as she continued reading the letter. So many others would have either demanded her to join the immediately, or to disregard her request. But Harry? Not only did he offer her a haven but also put her own happiness first.

Luna has been most insistent that you at least come and visit her more often, I fear that despite my own requests the other Slytherins are not being as friendly as I would like. I do worry about her after all, and you as well.

The Weasley felt a shiver crawl down her spine at the tone hidden inside of the words. She already knew from Luna that the boy could be rather merciless when it came to those disobeying orders, hopefully whoever his wrath fell upon deserved it. Still the thought of spending more time with her blonde friend put a happy smile on the Gryffindors face. She had dearly missed Luna, and was hoping to confirm some of the suspicions she had about the relationship between her and the dreamy raven-haired teen. She knew the two had spent time together over the summer, and if her friend's days were any like her own...

Ginny held back the delightful tingle that rolled across her skin at the mere memory. Maybe she could convince the boy, and herself, to go a little bit further this year? Maybe having her best friend there as well would make things a little easier... and more exciting.

***LoD***

“Draco”

The blonde stood, approached, and promptly knelt before the raven-haired boy. “My Lord?”

“It has come to my attention that your father is... rather involved in politics.”

The Malfoy heir gulped silently. True he would do anything for Harry, but the thought that he may very well be ordered to kill his own parent still sent shivers of dread down his spine. “Y-yes my Lord.”

“Oh relax Draco I am not going to have him killed... at least I don’t plan on having that done. Tell me of his aspirations, I am looking for an adult that can be of use to me and yours might fit the bill perfectly, especially with what I have planned for your future.”

Draco’s eyes widened in surprise, he had always assumed that his Lord had some plan for his followers in the future but the way that the Potter heir spoke, it sounded more like his own was to be something of grandeur.

“He wants to be Minster my Lord, he desires power and influence above all else, to continue the Malfoy line into greatness.” the boy quickly replied, his loyalty more secure than ever.

“Interesting... send him an owl in the next day or so Draco requesting a chat with him. I wish to offer him a place in our future kingdom.”

***LoD***
Symbols & Plans

Lord of Darkness

Symbols & Plans

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

A/N: Voting still up for the Gabrielle Delacour situation in the future:

1. **A.** Gabbie stays the same age as in cannon, (8 years old when Harry is 14) and will be part of his growing group of females sometime around 4th/5th year as I had originally planned.
2. **B.** Gabbie's age is increased to something more suitable, she was generally mentioned as being in her first year so if we went by Hogwarts she would be 11 in Harry's fourth year. She is included in the group at this age.
3. **C.** Gabbie’s age is kept the same, but she is not included into the harem, she will be in the story but off-limits as far as relationships are concerned.

Let me know in either PM or reviews what option you would like, or if you see a fourth choice that I missed.

***LoD***

Severus Snape glanced around the alley he had just Apparated into, Wand drawn should he need to Obliviate any Muggle that might have been in the area at the wrong time. Luckily his arrival had went unnoticed, and thus after a mild Glamor was applied the Potion Master crept out onto the sidewalk, searching for his destination.

Minutes later he came upon, what he assumed, was the house he had been searching for, or at least was at one time. Now it was a dirt field, no trace of a structure to be found. Had the information been incorrect? Had Dumbledore been mistaken? Had the address been wrong?

"Excuse me, can I help you sir?"

The Wizard turned towards the voice, and spied an older looking man approaching him, “Perhaps, I was looking for Number Four Privet Drive, for a family named the 'Dursleys' to be precise.”

The look of reluctance given by the stranger did nothing to help settle the professor's concern.

“Did you know them sir?”

Snape nodded, “I was very good friends with the sister of Petunia Dursley. I recently discovered an old family heirloom from my friend and I wanted to return it. Unfortunately, I am leaving town on business in the morning, so this was my chance to return it.” The man easily lied.

“I see... I am sorry to be the one to tell you this but the Dursley's died about a year and a half ago. Summer of Ninety-Two if I remember right. Dreadful thing it was.”

Swallowing the unease that was now creeping up his spine the Wizard gestured for the man to continue.

“It was a fire, whole house and property went up in flames. Terrible thing, and so very strange...”
“What... was strange about it if I may ask?”

“Well it's just that... I have seen fires before, my brother worked in the fire department long time ago, but I have never seen one burn so fast. The entire house was engulfed by the time the first truck pulled up to try and help, no matter how much water they used it just... didn't seem to help. One of the neighbors even claimed that she could see the Dursleys inside, all sitting around in their living room... almost like they were just waiting to die.”

Snape couldn't help the shiver at the man's words as he glanced back at the property. Even the grass had been burned to ash, with no hint of regrowth. “I am sorry to hear that... I am afraid I must be going now, please give my condolences to any surviving family.”

The stranger turned back to ask the man his name, but found himself standing alone on the street, Severus Snape having long since vanished to ponder the events he had just been informed of.

***LoD***

“I cannot see a bloody thing!” the Malfoy heir ranted as he wiped the rain from his face. Seriously could they have chosen a worse time to hold a Quidditch game? Lightning flashed off in the distance, as if to reply that 'yes they could' and the blonde wrapped his cloaked just a little tighter around his body.

“Tell me about it, despite how much I love the game I wish they would just postpone, could use a nice steaming cup of coffee right now.” The Hufflepuff seeker put in as he hovered nearby. Draco gave a curt nod to Cedric Diggory before returning his eyes to the arena in desperate hopes of catching a flash of gold. At least if they won he would score even more bragging rights among the Slytherins.

“Would it kill them to at least get us some heated clothes? The rain wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't so bloody cold!”

Draco Malfoy made a mental note to purchase such a thing before the next match. Moments later another shiver crept down as his body and he began noticing the frost forming on his sleeves. He knew it was cold, but it shouldn't be that cold, at least not yet...

A moment later he received his answer, as images of his father being arrested appeared in his mind. It was a memory he had long since repressed, but apparently his subconscious could recall that day just as clear as when it had happened, the Aurors putting the man he looked up to in cuffs, and practically dragging him out of their house. His mother crying as she rocked him in her arms, the feeling of despair...

The Slytherin's eyes widened in horror as a bolt of lightning streaked through the skies nearby, illuminating the group of figures that now hovered only a dozen feet away.

“D-Dementors...” Diggory gasped in horror, as he too looked ready to fall from his broom from their influence.

Vaguely, the Slytherin noticed movement below and lights of silver as the professors attempted to ward off the creatures, but they had swarmed the entire area, more than thirty of the monsters descending from every angle and upon every gathering of Wizards and Witches alike. There were simply too many to be stopped by the few adults in attendance.

“I am going to get in so much trouble for this...” the blonde muttered, before pulling off his glove and extending his palm towards the demons that inched ever closer.
“BEGONE!” He roared out, a symbol flashing into existence on his hand for all to see. In that brief instance the darkness and fear were cast back, light pouring forth as if to change the night into day.

A horrific screech filled the air as the creatures pulled back, almost as if in fear. Those who stood before the two Seekers fled. Moments later several other cries could be heard, along with the flames of his Lord's symbol being called to use.

The Dementors fled by the dozens as Neville Longbottom stood tall, his back straight, eyes gleaming with power and determination as the monsters fled before his battle cry. Nearby he could just make out similar shouts from the Weasley twins, as well as other Slytherins who had been given the protective symbols. Never was he so glad to serve Harry.

With the large bulk of the demons fleeing the remaining professors were able to gain control of the situation, avoiding even a single loss of life or soul. Moments later the players safely landed, all taking deep breaths to attempt and calm their nerves.

“Mr. Malfoy, you and the others will be accompanying me to the Headmaster's office immediately.” Professor Snape intoned as he approached the gathering of students, his expression telling the blonde that he had no time for games or run arounds.

Said student merely nodded and watched as the other 'marked' individuals followed along.

He was going to be in so much trouble.

***LoD***

Millicent Bulstrode glanced up in curiosity as she watched a large grouping of her fellow 'followers' be led through the hallway by professor Snape. Just as she was about to stand her eyes caught sight of Draco Malfoy making a slight gesture, tapping on the top of his left hand with two fingers from his right, then giving a slight gesture towards the ceiling.

The larger girl gave a slight nod, before slowly standing and walking off towards the Slytherin dorms. The message had been received, 'inform our Lord, Dumbledore.' One of the 'precautions' that those who followed Harry had taken was to develop a silent code for what they deemed to be potential emergencies. Ways of communicating that others would not understand should the need arise.

Harry had merely found it amusing.

As soon as the girl was free from prying eyes she took off in a sprint, not daring to waste another moment as she barged into their common room less than a minute later.

“My Lord!”

“Millie.” the boy calmly intoned from nearby, as a certain blonde Ravenclaw sat in his lap, lounging about happily.

“Draco and the others are being taken to the Headmaster's office by professor Snape.”

Emerald-eyes met her own, and the female fought hard to keep her pulse from skyrocketing any more than it already was. “I see, thank you Millie. Luna dear, if you could let me up please. I am sure that I will be summoned shortly, might as well save them the trip.”

“Awww but I was comfy...”
“Neville, I assure you that none of you are in trouble, we just want to know what happened is all.”

Draco had to give the Longbottom heir credit, he had thought for sure that the moment the Headmaster had brought McGonagall in that the other boy would have cracked.

He had been wrong.

Instead the Gryffindor-turned-Slytherin had stood as still as a statue, his eyes staring at the wall without blinking or even acknowledging he had even heard the statement. He had been that way since they entered the room, and Dumbledore had offered them a candy.

“Mr. Malfoy, I do not know what you are hiding but I assure you that...”

“Severus please... now I understand that all of you value your privacy,” the elder Wizard placated with a warm smile, “I assure you that none of us are looking to expose any secrets, but there has been an incident in which lives were put in harm’s way and we wish to figure out everything that happened.”

The Malfoy bit back the first, second, and even fifth retort that popped into his mind. It did not escape his notice that none of the other students had been brought in for a 'friendly chat'. Instead it was only those who had saved lives. Yet he would not abandon his Lord's trust, none of them would.

“Mr. Malfoy if you do not answer the Headmaster's questions I will...” A knocking interrupted whatever threat the Potion Master was about to make, earning startled glances from the three adults.

“Odd... I believe I locked down the room...” Albus muttered, before calling out for the individual to enter.

In walked Harry Potter, head held high, and a bright smile on his face, happily strolling in as if he owned the castle and everyone in it. “Good evening Headmaster, professor Snape, professor McGonagall. I heard that an incident occurred at the Quidditch field earlier and I figured that I would cut out the middle man so to speak and simply come to you.”

Dumbledore gave a hesitant nod as he gestured towards an open chair, “Please take a seat Harry, I must admit I am rather confused though, the report did not place you at the field when the attack took place.”

“No but seeing as how I am the one who gave them the means to ward off the Dementors I suspect that I would be questioned soon anyway.”

“Mr. Potter, what exactly allows them to do such things?” Snape quickly snapped, earning a disapproving glare from the Transfiguration mistress who stood nearby.

“A combination of Runes and Charms.” the teen answered without hesitation.

The adults blinked a few times, allowing the silence to settle into the room as the other group of Slytherins remained deathly still as they had previously.

“Would you perhaps mind if I brought in a few experts Harry?”

“Go right ahead.”

A few Floo calls later and professor Babbling, Flitwick, Sprout, and Amelia Bones had joined the
“Given their limited involvement perhaps the other students could return to the dorms Headmaster? That is if the questioning is now complete?” Harry inquired politely, however the statement earned the older man a frown from the head of the DMLE.

“Yes... yes of course Harry you are correct no punishments, of course, as promised.”

The Slytherins, and Gryffindor, quickly departed with many practically running to write to their guardians concerning legal counsel for the boy-who-lived.

“Now then Harry, if you could be so kind as to explain what happened earlier today.”

The teen nodded to the elderly Wizard. “Of course, sir as I understand it the Dementors placed around the school to guard us from Sirius Black interrupted a game of Quidditch and attempted to suck the souls out of no less than several dozen children...”

Severus hissed in warning from nearby, however the damage had already been done. “Dementors attacking children!? Bloody Minister and his stupid plans. I swear this is not going to be swept under the rug like the incident on the train, I will be sure the papers will hear about this before the day is up!” Amelia Bones promised, a hateful glare appearing in her eyes as she swore.

“Please continue Harry, we are more concerned about the protections you gave your fellow students.”

“Followers...” Snape muttered from nearby, earning a few glares once again.

“Ah yes, well I figured that since the Patronus Charm is rather difficult to learn I needed to figure out a different means for my friends to protect themselves. By creating a Runic cluster in combination with several transportation and projection Charms I was able to inscribe symbols that would ward the creatures off. It seems I will need to work on the range though, I heard that Draco was only able to stop those closest to him...”

Harry’s rambling seemed to distract him enough for the gaping expressions of the rest of the room, especially his Runes professor, who knew the boy to be skilled but not borderline genius.

“Mr. Potter... if you could explain how these work I would be quite excited to study and...”

“No thank you.”

Professor Babbling blinked in confusion once more, “Excuse me?”

“I said 'no thank you'. The Runes were of my own design and if I were to ever go into business these would undoubtedly be one of the first I would produce. If I let you examine them you could copy the idea and take credit for yourself. It is the same reason that Headmaster Dumbledore does not write a book explaining each of his spells and discoveries before he is able to copyright them.”

“Or perhaps it is because your 'marks' are so very close to those of the Death Eaters?” Snape bit out.

Harry turned, ever so slowly, to face the man, his smile dropping instantly. “Perhaps I was wrong Headmaster, if my work is going to be compared to that of the murdering psychopath who slaughtered my parents then I will not be doing any further progress on it.”

“Harry I...” Dumbledore practically pleaded, not wanting to waste such a discovery.
“If that is all sir?”

The elderly man let out a defeated sigh before nodding, “Yes Harry... that will be all thank you.”

The student departed, and a second later the Bones Matron's scowl was in full force, “You stupid man! Do you have any idea what you could have just cost us!”

“Potter created a...”

“Way of stopping Dementors without a use of the Patronus! Do you know how many Aurors can cast the spell successfully? Less than a quarter! Need I remind you that these creatures guard Azkaban which we are required to help patrol? Do you realize how many lives have been accidentally lost because of them!”

“Amelia...”

“No, she is right Albus, I have had it with Severus' crackpot theories and accusations towards Mr. Potter. This stops now, or I will be going to the papers with Mr. Potter's discovery and the response by his Head of House.”

Dumbledore paled, but gave a slight nod, “I understand, Severus this is to stop... immediately.”

“But Headmaster...”

“If it does not the boy will be removed from your House and any classes you instruct along with a disciplinary investigation.”

Snape fell silent but gave a defeated nod.

“Now then... let us hope we can convince Mr. Potter that saving dozens of lives is worth the ire of one bitter old professor.” Bones growled.

***LoD***

Severus Snape glared at the nearly empty bottle sitting on his desk. It seemed as though another year was preparing to follow in the footsteps of the past two. Potter was going to make some amazing discovery or act of courage, receive credit and praise, and any potential darkness would be ignored.

Even worse was that his own actions had now led to the ire of the head of the DMLE, along with the not-so-subtle demands that he leave the boy be.

But he couldn’t, not when the path that James Potter’s child walked was so clearly leading to darkness, he owed it to the world to prevent another Dark Lord’s rise... didn’t he?

Another glassful of burning liquid and the man’s thoughts began to waver, why the hell was it his responsibility? Why shouldn’t he just let the damnable brat do as he pleased? Sure, he probably had killed Lockhart and Quirrell, but neither was really that big of a loss, and if his memory served Petunia Dursley was a living example of what the true Dark Lord had always preached about Muggles.

Killing her, and her rotten family, probably did the world a service if nothing else.

Why was he so hell bent on targeting the child?

Perhaps he had been wrong. He himself was certainly not free of sin or terrible actions in the course of ‘aiding humanity’ so how could he pass judgement on a teenager?
'Because you hate his father, it has nothing to do with his actions’ a traitorous voice whispered in his mind, which Snape blatantly ignored… or at least attempted to. It had been speaking to him ever since first meeting the child and now that his stomach was beginning to fill with that amber truth serum known as ‘alcohol’ he was finding it more and more difficult to keep up his mask of ‘the greater good’.

“It isn’t like I have any real evidence…” the man muttered to himself. “Perhaps holding back on further suspicions wouldn’t hurt.”

***LoD***

Harry Potter strolled towards his destination, a hidden area beneath the willow tree on Hogwarts grounds. He could have waited longer but the air was beginning to grow cold and quite frankly he was getting a tad bit anxious to get everything underway.

As soon as he entered the secret room the man, who was currently sleeping on a rather uncomfortable looking bed, perked up, gaped in shock, and promptly fell out of the bed still wrapped up in the thin blanket.

The teen paused, allowing the disheveled man to free himself and stand. “Sirius Black, I presume?”

“H-Harry... my God how you have grown...”

The boy nodded in return, “I suppose my first question is the most obvious but, are you going to try and kill me Lord Black?”

“Wha- kill? Merlin no pup! Look I know you have heard some things about me, terrible things, but I swear to you that...”

“You are innocent and were sent to Azkaban without trial while the real betrayer, Peter Pettigrew, escaped after shapeshifting back into Ronald Weasley's pet rat Scabbers whom you have been hunting.”

“No I... oh wait no that's right... how did you?”

“I looked for your arrest records and couldn't find them. As for Peter, I noticed him on the Map and used it to track him down. I figured he must be the true traitor if he was in hiding.”

“You did all of this... for me?”

The boy looked puzzled for a moment, “It took me maybe ten minutes of actual effort...”

Sirius Black blinked a few times, before muttering a few choice swear words about literally everyone in charge or in the government. A thirteen-year-old had figured out he was innocent in only ten minutes but dozens of adults couldn't do so in over a decade? Suddenly a fact came to the former prisoner's mind.

“Oh shit! I am so sorry if I scared you pup, I tried to break into Gryffindor and...”

“I am not in Gryffindor so no need to apologize, I am a Slytherin.”

“Oh... well that's okay. I mean they tend to be prats, but it isn't like every one of them turns into a Dark Lord or anything.” The man chuckled, before noticing the rather serious expression on his godson's face.
“And if I was? If I was a Dark Lord? What if this was your one chance to stop me Sirius Black? To save lives, to become a hero?”

“I...”

“If you go to Dumbledore I am sure he will believe you. Snape already suspects me, so I am sure with enough evidence you will be freed and rewarded.”

“NO! I mean... I won't do that to you pup.”

“Even if I plan on killing innocent people?”

The man gulped, but then memories of a promise long since forgotten sparked into his mind. “I swore... I swore I would protect you pup and I failed. I chose vengeance over your wellbeing. Well no longer, I am with you no matter what the destination. All those bastards left me to rot while you believe in me. Sure, I would rather you not kill people but... I understand if that is what you want.”

“Interesting... Dobby.” A House-elf promptly popped into existence, wearily glancing over at the stupefied man.

“Yes Master?”

“The items I asked you to gather for me, I would like them now please.”

'Please? What sort of Dark Lord used the word please when talking to a House-elf?' Sirius pondered in confusion as he watched the interaction between the two.

“Dobby will get.” the elf exclaimed happily, before disappearing and reappearing a moment later with a large chest.

“Please take a seat Lord Black.”

“Sirius... or just Padfoot would be great. No need for titles with me pup.”

The boy shrugged, before opening the chest and taking out a large covered dish and placing it before the man. Seconds later the former convict's senses erupted in pleasure as he bore witness to the most delicious looking food he had ever seen, now of course that was being compared to the bread and water he had been given for the past decade, but it still smelled *divine*.

Steak, well done if his nose was any indicator, along with roasted potatoes, carrots, and what he was sure was a handful of rolls with a cinnamon butter. He was practically drooling at this point, his eyes darting over the various items trying to decide what to eat first when caught a glimpse of his godson and froze.

The boy had no plate in front of him, nor food. Instead he was just watching with a smile on his face.

“Uh... aren't you hungry pup?”

“Alas I ate before making this venture, I wasn't sure if you would be here or not, so I did not take any chances, go ahead though you must be hungry. I will eat with you next time.”

The man nodded enthusiastically, before grabbing the steak and just taking a bite into it. He was right, it was cooked *perfectly*.

***LoD***
“Feeling better?”

The adult let out a belch, before nodding happily as he took a drink of water. He never knew that he could miss clean water until having to go without it for so long.

“Very good, now then there is enough food in the chest to allow for four meals a day for the next four months. I do not plan on it taking that long but...”

“Wait... what are you talking about?”

“Your innocence being declared of course. Haven't you wondered why I didn't simply go to the DMLE with the evidence I have now?”

“Uhhhhh to be honest I was more focused on meeting you... and the food.” the man cheekily replied with a grin.

“Understandable, well regardless there are a few more things that need to fall into place before you can be declared a free man. I intend on ensuring that those who left you to rot are thoroughly punished for their choice.”

“You aren't going to... kill them, are you?”

“Probably not, however I am going to ensure that others die in order for this all to happen, would you like to know who?”

“No! No... I don't think I am ready for that much truth yet. Listen pup despite the whole planning on killing people thing... well I just don't think I can thank you enough. You saved me, it should be me saving you not the other way around.”

“Think nothing of it Padfoot, besides I would like to keep you around, and I am sure Moony feels the same.”

“M-Moony is here?”

“He is, I thought it better to meet with you first, but I will have him visit when he has a break tomorrow.”

The man could only nod, joyful tears coming to his eyes at how much his life had turned around in less than an hour.

***LoD***

“Helping him, Sirius Black I mean. You shouldn’t be ashamed of doing that.”

“I know, and I am not. I am merely… curious.”

“About?”

“Why”

“You mean why it seems to affect you so much? Is it truly that odd? You are empathizing with him,
you remember those days where you went hungry and now you see him starving and relate.”

“I do not even know him, why should I care?”

“Because despite your power and proficiencies, regardless of your intellect or charisma you are still human. You have a desire to fit in and understand those whom you can relate to. It just so happens that it tends to be adults rather than those your own age.”

Harry nodded, “I suppose that just leaves more physical relationships for my classmates then hm?”

The white-haired girl shook her head, “I’m not so certain about that. You haven’t taken Hermione yet, and you seem to have grown rather fond of just being in the company of Luna rather than always naked with her.”

“I suppose… how very odd indeed…”

***LoD***

“Father.”

“Draco.” the man replied with a nod, before narrowing his eyes in annoyance towards the other individual present. “I believe we had a discussion about Mr. Potter, and yet I see you are still spending time with him.”

“Father it is…”

“Enough Draco, I have warned you before about wasting your time with those lesser than yourself.”

“Mr. Malfoy I actually requested your presence here through your son. I have a proposition to make and…”

“Do I look as if I care boy? I have no interest in funding any of your stupid childish ideas or helping you with any such nonsense. If you cannot figure it out I am an adult, which means that my time is valuable, unlike yours.”

“I assure you that I am not asking for…”

“Draco, whatever your insignificant friend wants to ask inform him that I am not interested. He should stick with the other filthy Half-bloods and Mud…”

Suddenly the older blonde found it exceedingly difficult to breathe, along with the fact that his feet no longer touched the ground. His hands went to his throat, but found nothing holding it, instead it was raw power that now levitated and choked the life out of him, Magic originating from a certain raven-haired boy, whose expression had become one of deathly calm, and annoyance.

“It appears I was wrong. Your father is clearly unusable for the task I had in mind.”

“My apologies my Lord.”

“Quite alright Draco, unfortunately it looks as though we will need to select a different Minister of Magic to replace Fudge. This will most likely push back your own nomination as well, but I assure you that you will take the role at some point.”

“Thank you, my Lord, I will begin a list of suitable alternatives as soon as we return to the common room.”
Harry nodded in acceptance, before dropping the 'adult' from where he had been floating a moment prior. Lucius, while coughing and gasping for his returned breath, watched the two boys begin to depart, his son glancing back for a moment as if in consideration, before turning to follow his proclaimed 'Lord'.

“W-wait...”

“If you intend to draw a Wand on me Lucius Malfoy I guarantee it will be the last thing you do. I did not summon you here to make Draco watch his father die but I also have no problem with doing so.”

“N-no... please I was... out of line. I apologize and if you would be kind enough... I would like to start this meeting again.”

Glancing backwards the boy-who-lived noticed the man finally calm his breath and stand, an apologetic expression on his face, and let out a sigh before nodding.

“Very well, Lucius Malfoy I have a proposition for you.”

“I am listening.”

“Minister Fudge has outlived his limited usefulness to me and I am looking for a replacement. My proposal is as such. I will make you Minister of Magic, and after you retire your son will take his place, and after him his own heir. Eventually the Malfoy name will become synonymous with the position and you will go down in history as the start to this new 'dynasty' of sorts.”

“And in return for this most generous offer?” the older blonde inquired, knowing that if the boy was intelligent and powerful enough to accomplish this there would most certainly be a catch.

“You will do as I say and pass the laws that I tell you to. For the most part I care little about what happens but there are certain issues I want addressed.”

“You want control over me...”

“Oh please Lucius... if I wanted control I could simply take it. No, what I want is someone that will do as I say in the position of power but can function and think for themselves. Whether this is you or the parent of another Slytherin, it matters little to me. I have planned on Draco becoming Minister regardless, but with you taking the role first it will be far easier in the long run.”

“I... accept.”

A cheerful expression appeared on the teen's face, “Wonderful! Begin preparing your plans and cabinet, I expect you will be in power before the end of the school year.”

“Of course,” the man whispered, before turning to leave.

“Oh, and Lucius? This goes without saying but if you cross me... I will bury you.”

***LoD***

Hermione Granger took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves as she snuck out of the Gryffindor dorms with her dress safely stored in a bag. She had considered changing beforehand but knew that the risk of getting caught would almost certainly ruin her chance of getting to the party, especially from her loudmouth roommates.

Thus, she snuck through the halls, barely avoiding the patrols, before reaching an empty bathroom
and slipping inside. Once there she quickly changed into the dress she had purchased, put on the mask, and gently held onto the invitation that would allow her admittance. A quick glance into the hallway reaffirmed her secrecy as she quickly moved towards the destination, the Slytherin common room.

A finely dressed House-Elf popped into existence, before extending its hand, “Invitation?”

The bushy-haired, she had considered trying to fix it but decided to opt with her natural look instead, Witch showed the small parchment, and earned a nod from the diminutive figure.

“Name?”

“G... Eyre, Miss Eyre.”

“Dobby will announce, please wait.”

Announce? What in the world did...

The elf opened the entrance, revealing a massive staircase leading down into what was an area packed with other students, all in mask and dress clothing as well.

“Announcing Miss Eyre!”

The entire room turned to watch her descend the stairs, and thankfully there was a handrail because otherwise the young Granger was sure she would not have made it down in one piece. Once down, however, she found only a small group waiting to converse with her, mostly females.

“Miss Eyre was it?”

“Yes, and you are?”

“Miss Greengrass, my younger sister, and Miss Davis.”

Now the young bookworm felt rather silly at having given a fake name but thanked her foresight at wearing elbow-length gloves to cover her nervous sweat. “A pleasure to meet you three.”

***LoD***

For the first time since she could remember Hermione Granger felt like she was fitting in with a crowd. Students her own age were talking to her without a hint of sarcasm or hatred, they were laughing at her jokes and she theirs, and more than a few boys had inquired if she would dance with them later.

Her, the nerdy bookworm with 'hideous teeth and awful hair' being asked to *dance* with boys! Undoubtedly if her mother heard she would have a heart attack. Still she had held back on making any promises, still wanting to find one individual amongst the sea of others.

“Ah Miss Eyre, I am surprised to find you here.”

It wasn't the voice she was hoping for, but she recognized it regardless as she turned to face the trio of redheads.

“I am surprised myself a bit as well.” Hermione confessed with a soft laugh, earning them from the others as well.

“I am sure you know my two 'demon brothers', but I am Lady Weasley. It is nice to finally have a
conversation with you. I am afraid that my... *relative* has made approaching you quite difficult.”

Undoubtedly Ginny was referring to Ron, but the girl still did not want to make any assumptions, nor offend family. “I am sorry to hear that, but your family is quite... interesting, I enjoyed the time we spent together on the train ride.”

Ginny grinned, “All except for the end I am sure. Still there is no reason to fake politeness when it comes to Ronald, the boy is a dense as a sack of rocks.”

“Still say he is adopted.”

“Oh, undoubtedly dear brother of mine.”

“Quite unfortunate that mother will not disown him.”

“Pampers him a bit too much I fear.”

“Or dropped him on his head a few too many times.”

“Perhaps both.” the twins chorused at the end with face splitting smiles.

Before she could reply a voice called out from behind her, “Ah Miss Eyre, I am so glad to see you here.”

Her heart skipped a beat, or perhaps several, as Hermione turned to the one person she had wanted to see above all else. There before her stood the mysterious 'Mr. Rochester'. He was around her age, which she had always assumed, with messy black hair and the deepest green eyes she had ever beheld, a young blonde was interlaced with his left arm while a white-haired girl, whom she didn't recognize, on the right. Even with the masks the young Granger had been able to identify everyone at the party, at least until now.

“If you two ladies would excuse me for a moment, I do believe I owe Miss Eyre a dance.” the teen all but commanded as music began to filter through the hall.

Earning two reluctant nods Hermione felt her hand be taken by his, and lead onto the dance floor with dozens of others, a Waltz starting up seconds later.

“So how are you enjoying the party?”

“It is wonderful.” the girl practically gasped back as they twirled around. Apparently, dancing was one more thing the boy could flawlessly do. “I am surprised that I have not been attacked yet though, with so many other girls staring at you.”

The raven-haired boy chuckled, “Yes well I do believe I made it clear that there was to be no fighting or arguments here tonight, they know better than to disobey.”

“So they do follow you...”

“By choice I assure you, I have never forced anyone to walk by my side.”

Hermione nodded as her heart fluttered just a bit more, the man in front of her truly was too perfect to be real.

“And what of you Miss Eyre? If I ask will you walk alongside me as well?”

The teenager bit her lip slightly, they both knew what he was asking, something she had been
waiting for since a year prior. Now all she had to do was make her choice.

***LoD***

A feminine voice gasped out as the back of the owner’s legs hit the edge of a large bed. A moment later, after kicking off her shoes, she climbed backwards onto it, pulling her 'prey' along by his coat. Fingers ran through raven-black hair as his lips found her neck.

“Oh God...”

“Not quite my dear.” he whispered back, smirking into her throat as he tasted her skin once more.

Hermione Granger knew where this was leading, knew that if she didn't stop herself soon she wouldn't be able to at all, but the fact remained that she couldn't, save for the utterly sexist ideas that women had to remain 'pure' while men could shag all they wanted, think of a reason why she shouldn't.

“Do you want to stop my dear?”

“N-no, please just... more.”

A low growl sounded from him, doing all sorts of crazy things to her body and heartrate as his mouth went down her neck and onto the exposed skin of her shoulders. Each kiss felt like fire afterwards, spreading a delicious lust from where he had been and further heightening the next.

“Oh Merlin…”

“Such high praise.” His mouth reached her, still clad, breasts and she arched her back into him, silently cursing herself for wearing a bra. Sure, it meant she had more comfort and privacy, but that didn’t seem very important now.

“You taste divine my dear… I wonder if the rest will be as this?”

If she wasn’t soaked before then she sure as hell was now. Just the mere thought that he might do… that pushed another groan from her throat. She, like many teenage Witches, heard the older class talk about what their boyfriends, or flings, would and would not do. The common consensus was that if a Wizard was willing, and skilled, with his tongue then you should stake your claim and tie him to you if need be.

A soft sound brought her, even if just barely, from her fantasies. When had he worked his hands to her back and unzipped her dress? More importantly why hadn’t she done that before getting into bed?

“You will have to forgive me my dear, but I can’t wait to get you out of this dress.”

Hermione whimpered, he wasn’t the only one and she promptly began trying to help remove the barrier as well.

“Now now slow down a bit we have all…”

“I don’t want to wait or slow down, please.” Whether it was his own excitement, or the way her voice had been borderline begging the Witch wasn’t quite sure, what she did know was that the dress had been removed from her a second later, her bra and panties following in the next heartbeat, and his mouth was now on her bare flesh.

The teen had to bite her lip to stop from moaning out as a series of tremors rocked her body, she was
only faintly aware that it was probably the very first orgasm of her life. His mouth, and blessed
tongue, seemed to be everywhere at once tasting and teasing her in ways that had the follow up
release within sight. In the corners of her mind Hermione was desperate for more, for more
connection, for the final connection. Unfortunately, she couldn’t speak words at this point, and
anytime she attempted to open her mouth to do so all that came out was a series of gasps, moans,
groans, and noises that did not actually have names associated with them.

Finally, after what she believed to have been her fourth orgasm, the teen managed to take control of
her body, slide her fingers into his hair and pull him up to where she was able to kiss him. He had
gladly reciprocated, allowing for her body to act on instinct and roll her hips against him, gasping
into his mouth as she felt something rather hard underneath his pants.

“Something wrong my dear?” he whispered sinfully into her ear, before gently beginning his kisses
along her face once more.

“I-Is that…”

“Me? It is, I do so hope you aren’t disappointed.”

Disappointed!? Good God he was going to tear her apart!

“I’m…”

“If you aren’t ready or willing then simply say so, I am enjoying myself quite thoroughly even
without…”

She had begun reaching down the moment he had started speaking, already making up her mind on
the course of action. The second her fingers had wrapped around him he had paused, his eyes
lighting up for a moment. Hermione Granger quickly added this to her official list of ‘most amazing
things ever’.

“Just… go slow…”

His pants slipped down, and her legs spread just a bit further as she placed the tip of him against her
opening with one hand, her other reaching around to firmly grasp his butt. Okay she didn’t actually
need to do the second part, but if she was going all the way she might as well throw caution into the
wind and feel him up a bit while doing so.

The very second the head penetrated her, and what felt like electricity arched through her very veins,
her ‘free’ hand squeezed and pulled him forward, not caring whether it would hurt or not, she just
needed to feel.

And feel she did, her body exploded in pleasure as he took her virginity, arching up against his
naked torso with her own. At this point she didn’t even have the consciousness to ask when his
clothing had vanished, and quite frankly didn’t care as a crescendo spiked through every inch of her
body and Magic.

“God you are tight…”

“M-m-more…”

His chuckle was ambrosia to her ears as he pulled back, before sliding into her once again.

“Oh God more!”
The grunt that sounded caused her legs to wrap around his waist without her even meaning to do so. Her parents had always emphasized how important it was for her to ‘remain pure’ until her wedding night. How she had a ‘duty’ to remain a virgin until finding, with absolute certainty, the one she loved.

So, either she was spitting in their faces, or she had to find some way to believe that the ball had been a wedding and that she was now being ravaged by her husband.

Either of these two were very acceptable as he nearly pulled out completely, before thrusting into her, earning a tightening of her pussy around him.

“Going to choke me if I’m not careful…” he muttered with a whispered laugh, she wasn’t sure if he meant with her insides or with how tight she was holding onto him using her arms and legs.

“P-please… more.”

At this point he was simply hammering into her, shaping her to be his… and Hermione Granger couldn’t be happier, until the moment where she tensed up for what had to have been her sixth or seventh orgasm, and he filled her completely, releasing his own inside of her depths.

She passed out with a dazzling smile on her face, clutching onto him for the remainder of the night.

***LoD***

A young Gryffindor blinked several times as she awoke the next morning in an empty bed, it was at that moment that a sliver of fear and doubt wormed its way into her heart and mind. What if it hadn't been Harry she had given her first time to the night before? What if it had all been some sort of long winded prank just to get in bed with her? What if...

The doorway to the bathroom opened, and into the room walked a memorable emerald-eyed, raven-haired boy wearing nothing but a towel.

“Oh, good morning, I was going to have breakfast for you when you awoke but it seems as though I was a tad bit late.”

She could only stare, the concerns dissipating like smoke on a breeze, at the teen standing before her.

“Is everything alright Miss Eyre? Well I suppose now that the mask is gone I can't quite call you that now can I. So, would you prefer Miss Granger or...”

“Hermione! Uhm I mean just call me Hermione, after last night well...”

He grinned, but not the one she would expect from a boy who had 'conquered' but rather a cheerful one full of warmth. “I am glad to hear that Hermione, I hope you enjoyed all of last night.”

“Yes! I mean yes I did, the party, the dancing, and... the sex...”

“That was most enjoyable. Now I am curious if you would like to try a different tradition, one that I am quite fond of.”

“O-oh?”

He moved forward until he was standing at the bed before letting his towel drop, “I believe they call it 'morning after sex'. Would you be interested?”

Her eyes widened at his form, before quickly nodding and watching as he slid under the covers and
crawled towards her.

***LoD***

Expect major event followed by massive political fallout within the next three weeks. Once this occurs you will wait three days, and then call a press conference at Hogwarts to announce your 'surprise findings'.

Memorize information enclosed below.

**HP**

Lucius Malfoy scanned over the information attached, before pouring himself a rather large cup of alcohol and downing it. The boy was right, if this 'event' was as ground shaking as he promised Fudge would be dragged out of office before a vote of no confidence could even take place.

Considering that he would be the one to announce it... there was little doubt in the Malfoy Lord's mind that all Potter had to do was stand beside him at the podium and he would win by a landslide. One month, the boy had only needed one month to do what both the Dark Lord and Lucius himself had failed to do in over a decade.

One month to become Minister of Magic. The blonde gave a very uncharacteristic grin, he could hardly wait.
Lord of Darkness

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

***LoD***

“You know I heard a rumor Granger.”

The bookworm fought the urge to even *acknowledge* the redhead who walked up to her table in the library. Was it too much to ask for a little peace and quiet to try and collect her thoughts about everything that had happened?

“I *heard* that you weren't in the dorms last night.”

“Keeping tabs on me Ronald? Seems a bit creepy, you should probably stop so Lavender doesn't get jealous.” She wasn't quite sure where the comeback came from but was more than happy for it.

“Psh, as if you are worth my time, I just wanted to confirm that you are, in fact, a snake whore.”

Hermione's mind froze, how could he have known that she slept with someone, or even about the party? Maybe he didn't and was just guessing, or maybe his gossipy girlfriend *had* been told something by a Slytherin.

“Ah, so it is true huh? So, what, couldn't find a good respectable Wizard to bed you so you just spread your legs for the first guy who glanced your way, is that it huh? I know you are pathetic and desperate, but this is a new low even for you, what will your parents say when they hear about your activities I wonder? Will they pull their precious little slut of a daughter from Hogwarts?”

Ron, along with the small group of friends he had gathered, snickered at her embarrassment, while the bushy-haired Witch was fighting back the tears at the thought of never seeing Harry again. Suddenly, a new voice called out from behind her.

“Well well well look who it is. See Blaise, I told you I smelled chicken. That meant that it was either someone who is a slob and doesn't understand the concept of 'bathing', or one of the so called 'brave' Gryffindors being an utter coward. To be honest I didn't think it would end up being *both* at once.”

“Malfoy.” the Weasley growled out, his hand moving to his Wand, along with the rest of the Gryffindors.

“The one and only, luckily for you.”

“I don't see your precious *leader* around here anywhere Malfoy. Surprised you could even bother coming out of the dungeons.”

“Well at least I don't need to outnumber someone five to one in order to actually confront them Weasel.”

“It’s like that is it? Are you the one she was on her back for, you hear that Parkinson? Your little boyfriend has a shag buddy on the side.”
“Oh, it isn't like that Weasel, I'm not sleeping with Granger... I just don't *like* you.”

“Yeah well, the feeling is mutual, you stupid git!”

“Pompous moron.”

“Jerk.”

“Reject.”

As the two boys continued their insults the dark-skinned girl merely rolled her eyes, before walking forward towards the Witch who had been caught in the middle. “Hey Hermione, why don't you come with us, that way they leave you alone.”

The Gryffindor looked over to where Pansy had gestured, and noticed that Tracey Davis and Daphne Greengrass were standing nearby, trying not to get dragged into the ‘measuring’ contest that the ‘men’ were having.

Hermione nodded, before whispering out a few words of thanks and moving away from the confrontation.

“How do you know... why? Why are you being so nice to me suddenly?”

The Parkinson heiress gave the girl a smile, “Because Harry welcomed you, and as long as you are accepted by him you are one of us. Slytherins might not be the friendliest House to outsiders, but once you are ‘in our group’ then we will support you.”

The Gryffindor nodded, dumbstruck, before being lead out of the library. Who knew that a single night could change her outlook on life by so much?

***LoD***

“Padfoot?”

“Yeah Moony?” the man replied as he plopped another helping of mashed potatoes onto his plate. If he was being honest he hadn't eaten this well since... well, he couldn't even remember at this point. The last time he could recall a home cooked meal was about a week before Prongs had gone into hiding, and even then, it had only been a hastily put together chicken dinner.

“What do you think about Harry?”

Sirius paused, it was an, obviously, loaded question but more important was whether his best friend wanted to imply that his godson was wrong... or correct in his methods.

“He is a smart kid Moony, powerful, cunning, devious... bit of all of us I guess.” he replied, meaning the former Marauders.

“Yes, but what about his plans for the future? What about... well we both know you sensed the darkness in him just as I did.”

The Black Lord halted, trust Remus to cut straight to the point. The difference now was that the conversation had become about the one person he cared about more in this life than anyone else, the person who had not only saved him, but who had promised to free him. “You are right, I do feel it. But I was also stuck in a hell hole prison for over a decade because a bunch of pompous assholes couldn't bother checking facts or doing anything more than taunt me at every chance they got. Fact
of the matter is that pup could burn down the Wizengamot at this point and I would be right alongside him, roasting some marshmallows on the flames.”

The two men made eye contact across the table, both of their faces stone cold as they examined one another. Then both of their expressions shifted into grins.

“Just so long as we are on the same page Padfoot.”

Sirius nodded, before shoveling some food into his mouth, “Good thing too, I would have hated to have been forced to kick your arse if you thought about abandoning him again.”

Lupin's smile faltered for a second, before his gaze fell on the table, “No... no I can't do that, not again. I failed them so many times Padfoot... never again.”

“Hey, I failed them too, which is why we are going to succeed here and now. Even if we have to act like...” the man shuddered dramatically, “adults and be pup's moral compass.”

“I don't know if we are the best ones to be anyone's moral compass Padfoot.”

The convict shrugged, “Better than someone like Lucius Malfoy or Dumbledork.”

“Hey, Dumbledore isn't all bad...”

“The bastard stuck my godson with a bunch of assholes who dropped him off at an orphanage the next day without a second thought, then proceeded to ignore the both of us until he could find a use for you. I think the old prat has it coming, and from what I have heard pup has quite the prank to pull on him.”

“I don't think I would call completely rebuilding England's Magical government from the ground up with those he chooses as a 'prank'.”

“You're right... more like a freaking masterpiece.”

***LoD***

“My Lord.” Draco Malfoy called, before bowing slightly.

“Draco, you wanted to speak with me?”

“We did my Lord,” Pansy replied from next to the blonde, before biting her lip in hesitation. “We... have a request.”

“Something to do with the holidays no doubt.”

“Yes, my Lord. Have you ever heard of the phrase, 'jus primae noctis'?”

“A supposed ancient tradition in which the Lord would be given a bride on her wedding night before the husband. What of it Draco?”

“Well it isn't all that 'supposed' my Lord. The Muggles got the idea from before them and the Wizard culture completely split, and although there are few true 'Lords' remaining, the tradition is still expected, and welcomed, to those who swear fealty.”

The raven-haired boy quirked an eyebrow at the two teens, before gesturing to continue.

“It is also more... extensive than that my Lord and...”
“Draco and I were hoping to do some 'bonding' this holiday break, but first tradition states we ask for your permission... and allow you... well...” Pansy’s voice trailed off, a faint blush adorning her cheeks.

“Ah, so you two want to shag but you aren't allowed to until I say you can...”

“Uh actually my Lord...” Draco muttered, his eyes shifting around in embarrassment, “we can't do anything until you say we can... and are offered first rights.”

Emerald-eyes blinked once, in actual surprise, before glancing over to the girl, whose blush had deepened considerably. “What you are trying to tell me is that you have to ask my permission to... even kiss?”

“To be alone with each other...” The Parkinson heiress whispered in correction.

“But also, I am supposed to have my way with you first... such an odd set of traditions you have Draco...”

“Lordship is more than just authority, it is a sign of superiority. When we took our oaths, we are acknowledging you as greater than us, my Lord. Pansy has been... quite excited over the prospects of being worthy of your attention and touch.”

“As you said last year, it is an 'honor' for me to have my way with your betrothed.” Harry mused, earning soft mutterings from both teens.

“Perhaps we could think of it as an... early Christmas gift?” the Parkinson heiress inquired shyly.

***LoD***

Harry Potter gave a content sigh as he leaned back into his chair. Things were progressing nicely, quite nicely in fact. Soon his plans to take control of the Wizengamot, and Ministry itself, would come to fruition and he could begin making the changes he saw as necessary many years back.

Really the Wizarding world was far too lax in its social and ethical progression. Concepts such as ‘Blood Purity’ and irrational fears towards those with curses, like Werewolves, were so behind the times it was ridiculous. Although not all their cultural oddities were negative.

Glancing down the boy-who-lived took note of one tradition he was rather enjoying at the moment, a head of black hair bobbing up and down in his lap as a certain heiress showed her ‘commitment’.

“Enjoying yourself Pansy?”

The lovely way her throat hummed a moment later sent pleasant shivers down his spine as she attempted to fit more of him into her mouth. Really, he hadn’t had someone this good at giving oral since Tonks, although receiving was a rarity for him.

What could he say? He enjoyed watching the prestigious ‘noble’ women writhe in ecstasy and lust before moaning out his name. Let no one say that Harry Potter was not ‘a giver’.

“You are surprisingly skilled at this Pansy, I wonder where you learned such vulgar talent.”

The heiress pulled back, looking up to meet his eyes as she ran her tongue along the underside of his length, tasting him as she let out a slight moan.

“My mother...” she whispered out, before planting kisses up and down his shaft, earning a grunt of
approval from her ‘Lord’. “She has been ‘accidentally’ leaving out books since I was told of my betrothal.”

The girl paused in her explanation to swallow him down to the base once more, gagging a bit before pulling back, “Probably thought I needed to understand how to please my husband like a good Pureblood wife.”

Giggling the dark-skinned girl pulled his shaft up a bit to give some attention to his balls, humming in delight once more as she did so.

“Probably never.”

“Figured I could.”

“Do so.”

“With just.”

“Telling him about.”

“How big you are.”

Each of her comments were broken up with some rather skilled oral ministrations, sucking, kissing, or licking, the two globes that hung in her face.

“Ah, so Draco will enjoy hearing about you being on your knees hm?”

Pansy laughed before stroking his cock a few times, “He made me promise to tell him everything the moment we get back onto the train. I think he is secretly hoping for more than just a story on how I sucked you off… and I’m hoping for more too.”

Two hands reached for her shoulders, before picking her up off the floor and pushing the girl onto the desk, the various homework assignments forgotten underneath her. A rather high pitch squeak of surprise, and excitement, escaped her lips as two very dexterous fingers reached down and began making their way up her leg.

“Oh Merlin…”

“Odd how everyone has that reaction to the slightest touch…”

The Parkinson’s back arched, her head tilting back to expose her throat subconsciously as he finally reached the junction of her torso. When she felt a pair of lips on her neck, sucking in such a way to just barely leave a mark the heiress felt her body spasm and tremble as an orgasm rocketed through her.

“G-G-G-God…”

“No, but I am certainly glad you are enjoying yourself my dear.”

Harry almost paused when he found a lack of knickers but gave a mental shrug and continued his ‘exploration’ by gently running a finger over her moist center. “So then Lady Parkinson, how would you like to proceed? I have been told I am rather skilled with my fingers and my tongue if you wish for your future husband to claim your first time for himself.”

The female tried, really she did, to process all of the possible, and unbelievable sexy, options currently given to her… unfortunately most of her higher brain power was currently shutdown and
what remained was focused on having the man currently standing between her legs ravage her body in every way possible.

Her hands moved without thought, one to begin pulling at her, already loosened, robes to give him more access, and hopefully encourage more exploration, of her upper body. The other went to encircle his manhood, guiding him forward and beginning to spread her own femininity using his lower head. It was at that moment that a spark of consciousness did make its way through with startling clarity.

He seemed to have gotten larger since she had gone down on him, or else she had grossly underestimated his size, because at this point she was sure he was going to ruin her completely. This thought seemed to erase any lingering doubts, much to Pansy’s own shock, and encouraged her to give a gentle pull on him.

“Last chance Pansy…”

“Inside me, please.”

Despite her words she didn’t expect him to thrust forward until he was hilted inside of her cunt, nor did she expect the absence of pain normally caused when a girl’s hymen broke. Strangest of all was the fact that she wasn’t even aware that her body could have three orgasms… at the same time. In her moment of clarity, she decided to express these newfound facts with her Lord and thank her for the wonderful sensation.

What came out instead was, “Hrmnggaaa”

“Mmmm I agree.” What little left of her school robes were pulled open by the, apparently anxious, young man before his mouth went to work on her collarbone, shoulders, arms, neck, breasts, and anything else he could reach.

“Ooohhhmmmggggoooo”

She really should consider writing down her thoughts and musings in a book, it would probably turn into a best-selling novel at the rate she could create such beautiful imagery.

At some point he had began thrusting, she wasn’t quite sure when, and another orgasm, or two, set her blood aflame.

“I clearly need to have a talk with your betrothed,” Harry whispered against her skin sending electricity coursing through her. “If he is not enjoying you in such a way there is something clearly wrong with him.

Pansy Parkinson would have agreed, save for the fact she was well beyond any understandable speech at this point and her only means of communication were moans of pleasure, finally managing to wrap her legs around the other teen’s waist, and using some of ‘those exercises’ she had stumbled upon to tighten her pussy around him.

God, she needed more.

As if he had read her mind his thrusting increased in speed and strength, while his hands found, and touched, any part of her body that his lips could not.

“I do so hope Draco does not mind if I claim your womb first, because I cannot find a reason to pull out before filling you.”
Somewhere in what remained of her conscious thought she agreed, and her inner muscles began
tightening in such a pattern to create a ‘milking’ effect to encourage him to do so. A few minutes
later when he did allow his own release Pansy blacked out from the pleasure, a deliriously happy
grin on her face as she did so.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger sighed happily as she sat curled up on the couch in the Slytherin common room.
How strange to think that just one year prior she had been sitting alone, crying and feeling miserable
at the mere thought that her parents didn't want her and that her own housemates hated her existence.
Now she hadn't even bothered to plan on returning home and couldn't care less about whether her
parents would be in the country or not.

As for her housemates, she had found that spending time with either Neville or Ginny was quite
enjoyable, and once they had gotten used to her the Slytherin girls were very kind as well. Sure, they
asked for advice on schoolwork occasionally, but there wasn't any of the demand that there had been
in Gryffindor, and instead often pointed out minor corrections she could make in potions or other
classes. More than that though, was the fact that she had begun sneaking out in the evening, and
simply having 'girl talk' with the others her age.

Even now, with nearly all the Slytherin House returning home for the holidays, she found it was a
peaceful quiet, rather than one of stress and loneliness.

“Ah Hermione, enjoying a book in front of the fireplace I see.”

A grin split her face as she turned to greet the raven-haired boy. “I am Harry, would you like to join
me?”

He nodded and took the spot next to her. “I assume you will be joining us for Christmas morning?”

“If you will have me.”

His smile turned sultry, “Anytime and anywhere my dear, you know that.”

The bookworm's face lit up in a pretty blush, “You best be careful Mr. Potter, or else I am going to
have to put this book away and take you up on that offer.”

“And you had best be careful my dear, or else I will be spending the remaining days until Christmas
ravaging you.” he whispered back, before his lips found her neck.

Moments later she had wrapped her arms and legs around him, and he had carried her up towards his
room, the girl's book left forgotten on the couch.

***LoD***

“What is going on Luna?” Hermione whispered, not that she needed to do so but for some reason felt
the inclination to.

“Shh, the walls have ears... also Harry has really good hearing and I want this to be a surprise.”

Hedwig rolled her eyes, as a warm smile crossed her face, despite the blonde's antics the girls had
grown remarkably close, and the white-haired girl would be lying if she claimed that she didn't enjoy
having female friends.

“Okay, so what is the 'surprise' you troublemakers?” Tonks inquired as the group of four sat together
on the floor.

“Christmas silly, we need to plan out a gift for Harry. He is always so nice to us, we should make this year special.”

“So, what are you thinking?” the bookworm questioned, already having a guess based on the blonde's usual train of thoughts.

“Well since we can't exactly take over the world for him... I was going to kidnap Ginny... and then suggest an orgy.”

Hermione lit up like a Christmas ornament, while Tonks burst into laughter and Hedwig rolled her eyes. “One track mind as always Luna.”

“Well, do any of you have a better idea?” The Ravenclaw asked back with an innocent tone.

“Harry isn't difficult to buy for, he is just... simple. He doesn't really need anything.”

“Except sex, lots and lots of sex” Tonks corrected the changeling, “I mean have you seen the way he goes through women? Merlin that boy acts as though he breathes orgasms, both his partners and his own. Never knew a guy who could finish one minute and be up and ready again in less than another.”

“Okay Tonks, we get it Harry is ridiculously good at everything including sex.” the Gryffindor interrupted.

“Actually, he seems especially good at that, like that thing he does with his tongue when he...”

“LUNA!”

***LoD***

It was getting a little bit... ridiculous for the boy-who-lived as he came down into the Slytherin common room on Christmas morning. Over half the room was now filled with gifts, which the delivery owls had apparently decided would look far better stacked up in a rather intricate throne shape.

“Let it never be said that owls do not have a sense of humor...”

Various articles of clothing and sweets, books of all types, and more than a few innuendo-laced letters were discovered as he slowly unwrapped the various packages.

Luna had, very thoughtfully, gotten him a lifetime subscription to the Quibbler, something he found far more enjoyable to read than the useless gossip of The Prophet.

Neville's had been a book on his family ancestry and that of the Longbottoms, indicating a connection between the two, along with a promise from his parents to take him out to dinner during the summer and possibly even offer him a place to spend the free months.

Hermione's gift was a simple hand knit scarf, do to lacking the money of the other children. Still it was rather warm, and, in her card, she had mentioned spending the night with him at some point.

Sirius and Remus' gifts, however, had been a simple card that mentioned visiting them as soon as possible.

***LoD***
Ginny Weasley had been lying on her bed, staring up at her ceiling for the past three hours. It had been a ‘typical’ Weasley family Christmas, complete with her brothers all being home, her mother making an extravagantly large breakfast, and Ron making a complete idiot out of himself, and therefore earning a few stealthy pranks by the twins.

A few gifts had been exchanged, usually from her older brothers who actually had the money to purchase them, but otherwise it was simply a day for family togetherness and sharing stories.

She should be content, happy even, and she was. But there was still something missing, or maybe someone would be a more accurate statement.

A knock on her bedroom door shook the girl from her thoughts as her mother gently walked in, “Everything alright Ginny?”

“Yeah just… taking a breather from breakfast I guess. It was really good mom.”

The older woman smiled, before sitting at the end of her daughter’s bed. “You know I have raised six children, with you being the seventh. I grew up with several brothers and sisters myself, so trust me when I say I recognize when something is wrong.”

“Mom I…”

The woman gently held up her hand, earning silence from her daughter. “You know I want you to be happy right? We all do Ginny. Your father, your brothers, even Ron when he isn’t being… well himself.”

The pre-teen grinned, before nodding in acknowledgement.

“So what is wrong, and what can I do to help?”

“Nothing, I promise. I always loved spending the holidays here you know that I just… miss friends from school I guess. I am with them so much that there seems to be piece of my heart missing.”

“Perhaps one shaped like a certain raven-haired boy?” Molly Weasley inquired, earning a blush from her daughter. “It is alright dear, your father might be a bit slow when it comes to recognizing the signs but I was your age once, despite what you may think. I also know when a certain daughter of mine sneaks into the room of a certain houseguest late at night…”

“Mom we didn’t…”

Again, the Weasley matron held up her hand to earn silence from her daughter. “I am not here to scold or punish you Ginny, I just want to make sure you are happy and safe.”

“I am, I promise.”

“So I should not be worrying about grandchildren quite yet, correct?”

“Mom!”

“Ginny…”

“No… we haven’t… done that…”

“But you are moving towards it.” It had not been phrased as a question, and Ginny could only nod in embarrassment.
“Just… make sure you are being responsible. Unlike your father and brothers, I understand that girls
are not the innocent beacons of purity and virtue that Wizards want to pretend we are. You have
hormones and desires Ginny, there is nothing wrong with that so long as you understand the
consequences.”

“I do, we do.”

“Good… now what about the rumors concerning his… other ‘friends’.”

Ginny’s face erupted in a blush once more but knew that there would be no slipping away from the
conversation.

***LoD***

“Pup.”

“Padfoot, Moony I got your card, what do you wish to discuss.”

“Your gift cub.” the Werewolf replied, glancing over at his friend, who nodded in agreement. After
this there would be no going back, not that either had the slightest doubt to begin with.

“You realize that neither of you need to get me anything. One of you is still on the run and I
understand you have monetary issues of your own due to the current government Moony.”

“That is why we thought of something a little more… practical.” The Black heir intoned, before
kneeling on one leg, along with the other Marauder.

“I, Sirius Orion ‘Padfoot’ Black do hereby swear loyalty to you, Harry James ‘pup’ Potter.”

“I, Remus ‘Moony’ Lupin do hereby swear loyalty to you, Harry James ‘cub’ Potter.”

The boy merely stared at them, before smiling and gesturing for them to rise. “I hope you both know
what you are getting yourselves into.”

“Doesn’t matter pup, I swore to be with you back when you were a baby and I let you down. I am
not going to leave you again.”

“Well then I do suppose this makes you two the oldest of my official followers.”

“Just promise us one thing cub?”

“And that is?”

Both men looked at each other, before grinning, “That when you take over the World you give us
really cool positions in your new empire.”

The boy chuckled, before nodding, “But of course Lord Padfoot, Lord Moony.”

***LoD***

Nymphadora Tonks was not a stranger to fetishes or the stranger side of sex. She had always found a
thrill in getting away with sex in public, more than enjoyed a bit of bondage, and could experiment
with the best of them. With the previous summer’s activities her own inhibitions had been crushed
down even further to the point where it was more of ‘as long as the person is consenting and
understands what is going on what is the problem?’
This, however, was pushing those limits just a tad. It had started off innocently enough, well as
innocent as giving a blowjob to a thirteen-year-old boy could be. Sometime since the summer Harry
had come around to the idea of receiving oral as well as giving. She could appreciate, hell borderline
fall in love with, the kind of person who was focused more on performing such deeds on another but
still always found the idea of having the teenage hero’s cock wrapped in her lips to be both
empowering and erotic at the same time.

Then she had almost committed the cardinal sin of biting down in shock when a voice whispered in
her ear, a very feminine voice, “Could you show me how to do that?”

Instead Tonks managed to pull back enough to take Harry from her control, and gape at the blonde
Ravenclaw currently seated on her knees not six inches from where she had just been pleasuring the
boy.

“L-Luna…”

“That’s me! I always heard the Nargles whisper about using your mouth but I never actually heard
how. You seem very good at it if our Lord’s face is any indication and I was trying to think of a
Christmas present since you all turned down my ‘orgy’ idea but the best I could come up with was to
allow him to shag me any way he wants… which isn’t much of a gift seeing as how we do that
anyway and Hermione has been using a good portion of his time since she just discovered how
wonderful it is to have him thrusting in and out of your pussy until he erupts and fills you with…”

“LUNA! Jeesh girl slow down. Look if you want to watch…” Tonks bit her lip, this was so beyond
protocol, and ethics, that it was almost painful but… it wasn’t like the blonde didn’t know what she
was doing, she just wanted some help. And really isn’t that what the Auror was at Hogwarts for, to
help out students? If she couldn’t protect them from potentially painful oral sex then what kind of
adult was she?

“Okay so here’s the thing. First rule is no teeth. The second is to keep your mouth and lips very wet.
Once you get good at the basics it is just a matter of slowly getting rid of your gag reflex, learning to
use your tongue, and eventually getting past the taste of cum.”

“Does it taste bad?” Luna inquired, her eyes taking in the hardness currently being stroked by the
older woman with more than a little lust in her eyes.

Tonks hesitated for a moment, taking past experiences into mind along with who she was talking
with. “Well I mean some guys do yeah… Harry is, of course, an exception and tastes like… well he
tastes amazing.”

The blonde nodded in understanding, and anxiousness.

“Here, on my lap and you can give it a try okay?”

An excited smile appeared on the youngest individual’s face as she shifted over and slowly took
some of Harry into her mouth, meanwhile Tonks gave a mental shrug before sliding her hands up the
young girl’s shirt to have a little fun of her own. No reason to make the first girl’s attempts without a
bit of manual stimulation as well right?

Minutes later when Harry did erupt into the young blonde’s mouth she noted he tasted like a very
rare candy she hadn’t had since her mother had bought it for her as a child and was promptly
addicted.

***LoD***
Tracey, I understand what you want but I don’t want my first time to be a threesome!”

The third-year rolled her eyes at her best friend’s exaggeration. Sure, she had suggested that they both offer to give their Lord a more ‘personal’ gift but it didn’t mean that it had to be sex. “I didn’t say go all the way Daph, I was suggesting something more along the lines of maybe half-way.”

“So, what, snog the life out of him?”

“Or something else involving our mouths.”

“TRACEY!”

“What? Don’t act like you don’t eavesdrop on the older girls. Haven’t you ever been just a bit curious? Wonder what it would be like having him completely under your power? Have his pleasure under your control, his attention focused on you?”

“W-well I mean…” the Greengrass heiress stuttered, before falling silent. Sure, she had been having a few more vivid dreams lately involving a certain emerald-eyed Wizard and considerably less clothing than they wore during class but that didn’t mean she was willing to go that far. Hell, she had just managed to talk her younger sister into waiting at least another year before approaching Harry herself.

“Plus think of it this way Daph, if it is both of us then you don’t have to be as nervous. You can just pretend he is focused on me.” Tracey remarked in a slight teasing undertone. They both knew how secretly competitive the Pureblood could get.

“I… I’m just not ready for this yet. I mean we are only thirteen for Merlin sake! M-maybe next year…”

The other teen pouted, before earning her one of ‘those’ looks from her friend. “Fine fine we will wait… on one condition.”

“Which is…” Daphne already had the sneaking suspicion that this was going to come back to bite her in the arse.

“We have a threesome next year. It doesn’t have to be your first time, but I want to watch Harry turn the famous ‘ice queen’ into a moaning little skank.”

“Why you!”

The ‘insulted’ Witch promptly threw a pillow at her best friend, earning one to the face in retaliation before they devolved into a full out ‘battle’.

***LoD***

“What are we doing out here my Lord?” The blonde Ravenclaw inquired as she walked, arm intertwined, with the boy for support as they made their way across the newly fallen January snow. Harry had promised her an ‘exciting day’ and had even included several of those from his group of followers when they had finally returned from the holiday break.

“Simple my dear, I have decided to give you the rest of your Christmas present, the others are here to observe as well. This is not just a gift to you, but to our society.”

The young girl nodded as she glanced back at the Slytherins, and a few Gryffindors, following behind them. Even Hermione Granger had opted to join with Ginny, which made the blonde even
happier. She could only hope that this would be as exhilarating as her heart, and mind, was making it.

The group continued along until reaching a small alcove just outside of the Hogwarts Ward system. There several gasps were heard as they stumbled upon a group of students tied, while gagged, to wooden poles.

“Wh-what is...” Neville stuttered out in shock, before Luna burst into happy tears and hugged the raven-haired boy. The rest of the students merely stared in confusion.

“Oh, thank you my Lord! Thank you so much!”

“I-Luna, what is... who are...” the youngest Weasley inquired, more than a little confused and frightened.

“They are the ones who continuously bullied my dear Moon Princess, her personal demons so to speak.” came the answer, along with a rather dark smile from their leader.

“What are you going to do to them?” It wasn’t an accusation, and Hermione Granger was rather shocked at herself that she didn’t feel bad for these other teens in the least. She had long since put bullies in the same category as rapists and murderers. Anyone who could willingly pick on someone as innocent as the young girl mere feet from her deserved whatever was coming to them.

“I won’t be doing anything; however, they will be ‘fed’ to my friends. This will be the first step to transforming the world my dear Hermione. Their deaths will be the catalyst for change to improve everyone’s lives, through them the failing government will be toppled, and the prejudices that have long since governed so many futures burned away.”

Seconds later all understood, as Dementors swarmed into the area, their presence on the followers halted by the Lord, while the bound individuals screamed in silent terror.

“Y-you are going to kill them...”

“Yes Neville, I am. I warned all of you that there would be deaths at some point, but if you do not wish to witness this you are free to leave.” The Longbottom heir tried to watch, but the moment that the first monster closed in on the helpless individual he turned and left, emptying his stomach after making it to the Wards.

One by one the souls were ripped away from the teenagers and devoured by the monstrosities. Afterwards the beasts departed, leaving several pale, and a few who watched on with glee, behind.

“How did you enjoy your gift my dear?”

Luna’s smile brightened ever further, “It was perfect my Lord!”

***LoD***

A frantic knocking alerted the Headmaster of a presence at his door, which was quickly opened by the old man to see what the emergency was.

“Sir, there... has been an attack.”

The old man paled, had Sirius Black truly found a way inside of Hogwarts? Was Harry and the other students that usually surrounded him alive? Without waiting for any further explanation, the eldest Wizard sent a Patronus to alert Amelia Bones, before gesturing for the Auror to lead him on. Several
other professors joined in as the group finally made their way out of the castle and towards the Ward line where the ‘incident’ had been discovered.

Ten minutes later and the bearded Mage felt what little life inside of him draining away. A half-dozen students lay in a clearing, pale and unmoving. He could already see signs of the blue-tinted lips and hollow eyes, indicators of ‘The Kiss’.

“Sweet Merlin... Albus what happened here?”

Turning, Dumbledore gave a slight nod to the head of the DMLE, along with the other Aurors that had accompanied her. McGonagall had been forced to turn away and had emptied the contents of her stomach onto the ground nearby.

“It... it appears to have been Dementors...”

“My students...” Filius whispered, as he fell to his knees, tears brimming at his eyes at the loss of so many young souls.

A few moments of silence passed, before Severus chose to interrupt the moment, “What should we do Headmaster?”

‘Action first, mourning later’ the older man decided as he raised himself to his full stature and authority. “Cancel all outside classes immediately, evacuate all students into the school and place them in the common rooms, take a full head count. Should anyone be missing it is to be reported immediately. Director contact Azkaban and tell them to send a full retrieval unit today. I want these monsters off Hogwarts grounds before sundown, or else I will go hunting for them.”

Contrary to popular belief it was possible to kill Dementors, but the feat was incredibly difficult. Only a handful of Wizards alive could boast to ever doing such a thing. Albus Dumbledore was one of them.

The other adults merely nodded wide eyed at the change in the man. This was not Albus Dumbledore the Headmaster or schoolteacher. Not the man who led the Wizengamot or represented them in the ICW. This was Albus Dumbledore the warrior, the man who had defeated Grindewald in single combat, the only person that the Dark Lord Voldemort ever feared.

“Chief Warlock.” Amelia Bones inquired, her choice of titles surprising no one, “we will need to contact the Minister and the Wizengamot, as well as the parents of the... deceased.”

“I will take care of that. I am the one responsible for the safety of every student at Hogwarts, the burden for this failure falls onto my shoulders.”

“You did not fail Albus, I do not know what happened, but you could not have predicted this would be the outcome.” McGonagall muttered, earning a sad denial from the man in question.

“But I should have...”

***LoD***

Neville Longbottom took a deep breath to calm his nerves. It had taken several hours, of soul searching but he had finally come to his decision. Sure, there were probably easier, safer, ways of doing this but he had dismissed those. He was breaking a vow, going back on his word he had made years prior. He would suffer the consequences of his actions, whatever they may be.

He only prayed that his parents would not suffer as well.
“Excuse me, Harry?”

“Hello Neville, is everything alright?”

“Actually... no it isn't. I need to speak with you.”

“Of course, do you wish this to be in private or...”

“No, it is better to do it now in front of everyone.”

The raven-haired boy nodded, before gesturing for his friend to continue. “Harry I... I can't do this anymore. I know I swore an oath to you but... I cannot follow you any further.”

“Wh-what!? Neville what the bloody hell!!?” Draco cried out from nearby, his tone a mix of surprise and anger.

“I can't stand by and let innocent people die. I can't justify it to myself, I am sorry. I tried to, I really did. I made excuse after excuse on why it would be necessary, on the fact that it could be making the world a better place but... no matter what I just keep seeing their terrified expressions, the horror in their eyes as they realized no one was coming to save them.”

Harry nodded, “I understand, you must choose your own path Neville, I knew this from the very start. I always figured that you would leave my side one day.”

“I am sorry, I know how much you have done for me, for my family...”

“YOU OWE HIM YOU BASTARD!” the blonde Slytherin roared out, “HE SAVED YOU, HE BROUGHT YOUR PARENTS BACK HE...”

“Draco, enough. I will not force anyone to go against their conscience. Your mark will vanish when you leave the room Neville, so I suggest you avoid Dementors until you are able to learn the Patronus spell.”

“I understand, what else?”

The emerald-eyed boy cocked his head to the side, “What else?”

“My punishment? I have abandoned you, I just ask that you leave my parents be. I will bear any retaliation that you see fit.”

“There will be no punishment.”

“B-but my Lord...” one of the nearby, older, Slytherin’s began to protest.

The boy-who-lived's expression darkened, along with the room. “Have I not made myself clear? Did I stutter or mislead you all somehow? I have told Neville that there will be no punishment... that includes all of you. No one is to harm him or his.”

The Slytherins, and few members of other Houses, nodded in understanding.

“Go now Neville, seek your greatness through your own path. I hope that we may still remain cordial towards each other, but I understand if you feel the need to talk to the Headmaster or your parents about...”

“No, no I won't do that. I will not betray your confidence in such a way.” The Gryffindor swore.
“Very well, take care of yourself Neville, I will see you in Potions class I am sure.”

The blonde nodded, bowed, and departed, giving a few nods towards those he had grown close to as he left the Slytherin common room for the last time.

***LoD***

Barely twenty-four hours passed before the Minister of Magic was onsite at Hogwarts, making his speech before a large group of members from the press. Behind him stood the full Wizengamot, to show their support. To one side sat the entire student body of Hogwarts, along with the staff, and across from that the families of the victims.

“As many of you have heard yesterday an incident occurred in which several young lives were lost. There is much speculation as to the cause of this, but I assure you that...”

“Excuse me Minister, but is it not true that the victims have signs of Dementor exposure?”

“Well yes but this is hardly conclusive and a full investigation...”

“The Dementors,” another reporter interrupted, “were placed at the school on your orders, in hopes of catching Sirius Black correct?”

“They were but the man is dangerous and is a clear and present threat...”

“Minister is it not also true that several Aurors have also been placed at the school, and that not one sign of the killer has been seen for over a month?”

Fudge gulped, before wishing he had his hat to fiddle with, and glanced around for any sort of support. Unfortunately for him, Dumbledore merely stared back in contempt, no longer showing any signs of pity for the man. Amelia Bones, along with the rest of the staff, chose to follow his example.

“Oh well you see the Dementors were never supposed to attack any children of course and...”

“Is it not true that the monsters also attacked well over a hundred students during a Quidditch game, nearly resulting in even more deaths if not for... ‘the timely intervention of several faculty members and students’?” another reporter called out.

“Um no, I mean yes, I mean well that is true, but they are under Ministry control you see and...”

“Ministry control?” Rita Skeeter suddenly chimed, causing the man to pale even further. “Are you going on record as to say that the Ministry has control over Dementors at all times?”

“Well uhm...”

“Because if you are then it implies you had some hand in ordering these attacks...”

“Of course not! The Dementors clearly ignored orders and...”

“So, you put these demons amongst our children without proper protections in place!?" One of the, thus far silent, parents of the victims roared out in anger and shock. This promptly signaled the furious writing from nearly every journalist present.

“No! I mean, they usually follow our directions and...”

“What about the incident on the train!? My daughter told me that she and several other girls were nearly attacked there as well!” It was the Lord Greengrass who spoke up this time, earning even
more furious whispers as several of the Wizengamot members nodded along with their brethren.

“I-I-I...” the flustered man hastily looked around to locate his biggest supporter, Lucius Malfoy, for aid. The blonde gave a curt nod before standing and striding towards the podium, which was easily given to him by the Minister.

“Families of the victims, friends of the fallen, faculty, students, members of the Wizengamot, members of the press I stand before you at the aftermath of a tragedy the likes of which has not been seen in recent times. I also stand here today to inform you that this disaster could have... *should have been avoided entirely. It was brought to my attention earlier today that an individual, a mere schoolboy has uncovered a horrible truth.*” The man glanced over towards the students of Hogwarts, his eyes locking onto a pair of emerald-green ones before calmly nodding.

“Mr. Potter, would you please join me at the podium.”

The staff stared, wide eyed, as the teen rose and walked forward, meanwhile the various camera bulbs were exploding with light, while quills were being prepared with fresh parchment.

A teenage boy stood before hundreds and cleared his throat. “Sirius Black... is innocent.”

***LoD***
Politics & Revenge

Lord of Darkness

Politics & Revenge

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

***LoD***

For the briefest of moments Lucius Malfoy idly considered that a single statement had managed to do what he had never been able to even in his wildest dreams, silence a gathering of reporters. Everyone, from professor to student, parent to member of the press was staring dumbfounded at the teenager standing next to him.

Then all hell broke loose.

“What do you mean Sirius Black is innocent!?”

“Have you been in contact with the accused!?”

“What proof do you have concerning this!?”

“Have you and Mr. Malfoy joined efforts in this situation!?”

“How does it feel to be the boy-who-lived?”

“What is your favorite class at Hogwarts?”

“Are you seeing anyone, if not do you have plans tonight?”

The student merely stared at the assembled group, before mentally sighing and counting backwards... from a thousand. Then he raised his hand, and all fell silent once more.

“Sirius Black was wrongfully arrested over a decade ago and placed in Azkaban without a trial. I discovered this during the summer when I was taken by the Minister to the archives to research more information about the man. Initially I was planning on informing either an Auror or professor, but I also realized that the trial manuscript may very well have been sealed for secrecy. Since I had very little knowledge concerning Wizarding law and was kept in protective custody for the remainder of the summer, I was unable to progress further until the school year.”

“Why did you not inform Headmaster Dumbledore?” Rita Skeeter called out, “Is it because of an inherent mistrust between you and the Wizard? Is there more going on at Hogwarts than we realize? Perhaps something even scandalous?”

Emerald eyes blinked a few times at the questions, before the child tilted his head in confusion, “Who are you again?”

“Rita Skeeter, reporter for the...”

“So, you are a reporter, your job is to investigate then I assume?”

“Well yes but...”
“So then why are you asking me to do your job for you? Surely you can find your answers without having to rely on a thirteen-year-old student.”

The Malfoy Lord hid a grin under his ‘Pureblood mask’ as chuckles sounded through those assembled, and the woman ducked her head in embarrassment, the boy was far more clever than they could even comprehend at this point.

“As I was saying, throughout the year I was gathering shreds of evidence, but it never added up to anything concrete. I did not want to burden the most famous, and overworked...” here a few more chuckles arose, including from the man in question and teachers, “man in our society. Besides if I was wrong and protection was weakened or even removed it could have been disastrous. It wasn’t until a few days ago that I fully realized the truth.”

“And what happened?” A man called out from the crowd, while others held their quills still in anticipation.

“I found Sirius Black.”

More cries of shock and confusion rippled outwards, followed by further questions until Lucius himself stepped in, “Perhaps if you give the poor boy time to speak he will answer you. What none of you seem to realize is that Mr. Potter is not used to such celebrity and interviews, coupled with the recent tragedy I believe that a little professionalism is more than warranted.”

The blonde stepped back, observing that the crowd had been successfully rebuked, and gave a gentle gesture for the teen to continue. “Thank you Lord Malfoy, as I was saying Sirius Black confronted me just outside the Wards several days ago and claimed he was innocent. He even tossed away his Wand as a sign of surrender if I would hear him out. So, I did.”

“Weren't you terrified for your life!?” One, slightly crazed looking man shouted earning an eye roll from the boy.

“Of what? A half-starved escaped convict with dirty clothes, a barely usable Wand, and no resources to speak of? We have had far more dangerous situations at Hogwarts for the last three years than what he posed.”

“If he did not betray your parents and kill the Muggles, then who did?”

The boy nodded, before pulling out a small box from his pocket. “The real traitor.” With that he opened it, pulled out a rat and tossed it into the air. Lucius reacted instantly, casting the spell to reverse an Animagus transformation and revealing an overweight man sitting on the ground.

“Peter Pettigrew, who had spent his time disguised as the Weasley family's pet rat, Scabbers.”

Nearby Ron paled as he made the connection.

“H-H-Harry, so good to see you again, you look just like your father, we were best friends you know!” the man rattled helplessly, as the adults watched on in shock. “I-I just... you don't know what he is capable of! You, none of you can understand! I just... I WON'T GO TO THAT PLACE!”

The man slid a Wand into his hand, and someone screamed in panic. A dozen adults went for their own but were too late as the traitor was bound, gagged, paralyzed, and stunned in an instant. Even Amelia Bones gaped as the boy-who-lived continued pointing his Wand at the man.

“Too slow Peter...”
“I do believe this brings quite a few things into question...” The head of the DMLE muttered as Aurors moved forward to apprehend the man.

“Those children did not need to die, if someone had spent ten minutes researching the man they would have found what I did. I sent a letter to Lord Malfoy because my godfather, Sirius Black, suggested him as someone who could be trusted, who had political power and neutrality in the situation, and as a family friend considering he is married to Lord Black’s cousin Lady Narcissa.” Harry called out, eyes never wavering from the bound form.

“As much as I hate to do this following a tragedy some things cannot wait.” The elder Malfoy announced, as he made a sweeping gesture. “I call for a vote of ‘no confidence’ in Minster Fudge. It was his orders that sent the monstrosities to Hogwarts and his that are ultimately responsible for the creatures that attacked and took so many innocent lives. The Minister should have done his due diligence prior to the deployment of Dementors rather than relying on a schoolboy to do so for him.”

Nods and shouts of agreement sounded from the members of the Wizengamot, wanting to distance themselves from the, now trembling, political leader as quickly as possible. Like rats from a sinking ship.

“I hereby announce my own candidacy for Minister of Magic. For too long have we had stagnation rather than continuing forward. Too long have we depended on others to solve our problems while the government does nothing but hold us back, but most importantly for too long has our leader jumped into poor choices without even bothering to look for himself... and we have paid for it.”

Several others quickly announced themselves as well, including Amelia Bones, while Harry departed from the podium, making his way back to where the Slytherins sat.

“Mr. Potter, what about you? Who do you support?”

He turned slightly, looking into the eyes of the assembled reporters. “I chose Lord Malfoy to trust before, I would choose him again.”

***LoD***

“Lucius... how could you?”

The blonde halted, before shifting so that he could just make out the, soon to be former, Minister of Magic.

“I am not sure I understand Minister.”

“Y-you betrayed me! You told all those terrible lies! You manipulated and deceived the boy!”

“I did nothing of the sort. I do not owe you any allegiances, so I cannot betray you. I do not recall lying even one time during that speech, and I assure you that I did not deceive nor manipulate Harry Potter. He was the one who came to me with the information on your... failure.”

“I... I did not fail!”

“Sirius Black is innocent, and you did not even bother with researching your ‘plan’ before placing Dementors at the school.” Despite his monotone the Malfoy Lord was more than a little angry at the useless man before him. Draco had written him home about the attack during Quidditch, and the fact that he only survived due to ‘outside interference’. He had later learned that this was due to Harry himself.
If Fudge's stupidity had cost him his son, and more importantly heir, the man would have found that being tossed out of office to be the least of his concerns.

“I-I... there wasn't time! The man was sent to Azkaban, who was I to question...”

“Exactly, and that is the reason you are not fit to lead this country. You are weak. Weak willed and pathetic. You follow where you should lead and nod your empty head where you should question. You are a dog, not a man. Men lead Cornelius, while you, as the dog you are, should simply stick to following.”

***LoD***

“Harry, why didn't you tell us?” Dumbledore quietly inquired as he sat with Amelia Bones and the boy. He had softly asked the teen to follow to his office after the press conference to get the facts and answers straight.

“If a thirteen-year-old boy approached you claiming that a man who everyone knew was guilty was actually innocent but had no proof what would you say?”

Albus wanted to reply that he would have investigated the situation and taken the student's word... but with everything else going on there was little truth in that statement. “I see your point, but Lucius Malfoy of all people?”

“He is Draco's father after all and married to Narcissa Black.”

“Also, a former Death Eater.” Amelia pointed out, breaking her silence.

“Over a decade ago perhaps, but I doubt anyone is completely free from sin or wrong doings. Surely you two have killed and done a few deeds that were not quite as innocent as you would have hoped.”

Both adults nodded sadly, war did tend to bring out the worst in all involved.

“Besides, I needed someone with enough political knowledge and power to back my statement. It would be hard to find someone like that in Slytherin who wasn't somehow associated with the darker arts.”

“Nor should we condemn them for having that interest, you are correct Harry I apologize for my statement.”

The teen merely smiled and waved him off, “I am not upset Headmaster, I am simply glad that justice was served. I only wish it had been sooner.”

“As do I my boy, as do I.”

***LoD***

“Are you upset with me?”

The beautiful white-haired girl glanced up, from where she was sitting, to the man she had fallen hopelessly in love with. They had yet to have a full conversation concerning his actions, and because of this it felt as though a wall had been built between them.

“I... wish that you had chosen a different course of action, but I am not angry with you. I know that this incident will save future lives, end bigotries, and make society a better place but...”
“But you dislike the notion of killing people to get there.”

“I do, especially children.”

“They were not innocent Hedwig, they were cruel and merciless bullies for the sake of being bullies.”

“I know, I saw how they affected Luna. What they did to her was awful.”

The raven-haired boy paused, “You seem to have actually grown a bit... fond of her, haven't you?”

The owl-turned-girl blushed slightly, “After I got used to her... yes. It is nice having someone to talk to that is a girl, no offense.”

“None taken, I find her company quite pleasant.”

“And I am sure that has nothing to do with how pretty she is, especially naked.”

His lips curled up into a smirk, “So you think she is pretty hm?”

“Wh... n-no I mean... yes but...”

“I will be sure to inform her of your newfound feelings, she has been pestering me a bit lately as to when we will have our official 'threesome' after all.”

The pale girl was left sputtering, and without a proper response.

***LoD***

“This night we light candles for those precious ones lost.” Albus Dumbledore softly called out to the nearby staff and student body. Normally there would have been a ceremony in the Great Hall but considering how many had died it just did not seem fitting. Instead they lit candles outside, each student carrying one as they gazed into the night sky.

“Each was a friend, a brother or sister, a son or daughter, a future parent... each was taken before their own time. Let us not forget them, but instead carry them with us for all our remaining days. Let their lives inspire us more than their deaths ever shall and let us all become greater for knowing them.”

All bowed their heads in silent mourning, and thus none saw the smile on a certain blonde Ravenclaw’s face.

***LoD***

“Sirius Orion Black.” Lucius Malfoy intoned with a calm and steady voice as he walked towards the man. “As representative of the Wizengamot, and the government of Magical England as a whole, I would like to extend our most sincere and deepest apologies for the travesty you have had to endure for the last twelve years. Although it means little now I assure you that all prisoners are currently having their cases reviewed to avoid such an appalling fate as you have had to suffer through. We have made a deposit into your accounts, but as we all know time is worth far more than gold. I can only give you my solemn word that this shall never happen again.”

It was missed by none that Minster Fudge was not present at the ceremony, citing personal reasons for being at his ancestral home instead.

“Thank you, Lord Malfoy.” Harry had informed him that he was to act civil during any public
meetings with the man, despite any history they might have had. The teen had plans for the blonde and doing anything to disrupt them would cause problems that the former convict did not want. “I appreciate your sincerity and humility in this matter. I can see why my godson has spoken so very strongly in your support.”

The Slytherin's mouth twitched ever so slightly, a sign of annoyance. Both men, being of Pureblood origins, knew that in such a meeting there was always a secret competition, who could act the most humble, and thus garner a favor from the other.

Thus far Sirius was winning... and they both knew it.

“Yes, and I would be remiss if I did not thank you and he once more. I do so hope that you will accept the invitation to the ball I am throwing in your honor this summer.”

“Only if you will agree that all fund raising will go towards your election. I have the utmost confidence in you spending it well.”

Back and forth they went for over ten minutes, negotiating in a way that even had those of the 'minor' Pureblood lines confused. Finally, they settled for what appeared to be a truce, and ended with a slight handshake and simultaneous bows to each other.

***LoD***

“Looks as though Malfoy has a definitive lead.” Remus noted as he glanced over the newspaper that had just been delivered. Currently he was sitting in a small apartment in Hogsmeade, with Sirius and Harry, while enjoying a dinner just delivered by the boy's House-elf.

“I still don't know about this pup, I mean Malfoy was about as slimy as they came. You sure that you want to trust him?”

“It isn't about trust Padfoot, the fact of the matter is the man has his uses and his son even more so. Technically I could have made you or Remus Minster, but neither of you wanted the position.”

Sirius grinned at the thought, “Minister Padfoot... you know it does have a certain ring to it...”

“Oh please, like you would ever be caught sitting behind a desk doing paperwork...”

The Black Lord scrunched his face, “Fair point Moony... so what now pup? I mean... assuming Malfoy agrees to be your little errand boy you pretty much control the Ministry.”

A sigh escaped the raven-haired boy's lips, “I know... I was thinking it would take me at least until I graduated to do that, I am starting to run out of things to occupy myself with...”

Both men stared for a moment, before bursting into laughter, “Only you pup would be upset at being too successful.”

“Well think about it from my point of view. If you achieve all of your plans by the time you are fourteen what do you do afterwards?”

“Shag every girl willing and build myself a harem... preferably of Veela.” Sirius replied without hesitation or a single sliver of humor in his voice.

“Of course you would Padfoot...” The Were muttered in annoyance. “But he does have a... slight point Harry, maybe you should just enjoy the rest of the year. Take a break and just relax a bit.”
“We have a problem Albus.”

The elderly Wizard glanced up to where his close advisor stood, “And what would that be Severus?”

“The fact that Lucius Malfoy is going to become the next bloody Minister of Magic!”

Frowning, Dumbledore gave a silent prayer that this argument would not end in another ‘Harry Potter is clearly the Devil’ speeches.

“It is not set in stone my boy; the debates haven’t even begun yet.”

“Can’t you see that it doesn’t matter? Harry Potter supports him, which means…”

“I was not aware that a thirteen-year-old boy chose the leader of our government.”

That statement brought the Slytherin to a pause.

“If Mr. Malfoy is indeed elected as Minister then it will be because the voters and the Wizengamot agree with him and his ideals, not because of Harry.”

“He will have an impact though.”

“Oh, most definitely, but one celebrity’s vote will not force the will of an entire country.”

“Ah yes, my mistake Headmaster. I have forgotten that there is no precedence of those who have defeated Dark Lords being given incredible political power in any way.” The sarcasm was not lost on the Supreme Warlock, nor how it related to him.

“I like to think it was more than just my one act that causes others to follow me Severus.”

“Perhaps you should take a walk through Diagon Alley someday under the Glamour Charm, you might be surprised at what the sheep of this country are willing to do.”

A stern glare brought the statement to a halt, “I assume you are trying to find some way to blame the attack on Harry as well? Perhaps that he has found some way of controlling Dementors that none of us knew about?”

“He created a method of repelling them that has never been seen before, it would not be that far of a stretch to...” Snape’s jaw snapped shut at the sudden drop of temperature in the office, and slowly looked towards the elder Wizard whose gaze had caused it.

“I will give you the courtesy and pretend I did not just hear that Severus, unless you are prepared to go before a courtroom and claim that Harry Potter caused the slaughter that has occurred less a month ago.”

The man bowed his head, knowing when to admit defeat before the enraged Wizard.

“Then I do not want to hear any more of this nonsense. Supporting a candidate, even one we do not care for, is not an indication of evil. But the assumption behind it is. If we start declaring anyone who disagrees with us a Dark Lord, we become no better than the darkness we strive to fight. This is democracy Severus, meaning that the people decide who they wish to follow, not a small group of men sitting in an office.”
“Do you, Lucius Malfoy, swear to uphold the honor of the office of Minister of Magic? Do you swear to guide this great nation into prosperity and happiness, to put the needs of the common Witch and Wizard above your own? To reject corruption, to seek safety and peace?”

“I do.”

The official nodded, “Then as representative of the Wizengamot I hereby welcome you to your first term Minister, I hope to see many more follow.”

The blonde bowed, before turning back towards those assembled. “My friends, opponents, allies, and those who stood against me, I stand here now by the grace of the people of this great nation. It was a hard-fought battle and I can only hope to return the faith that has been given to me by the country. Thank you.”

The hall erupted into applause and cheers, while the Malfoy Lord mentally smirked. In less than a year he had accomplished what the Dark Lord could not in a decade. Now it was time to cement his control, and his family’s legacy.

***LoD***

“Draco”

The teen paused, fighting back the urge to start hexing the owner of the voice, before turning slowly to face him. “Longbottom.”

Said boy winced slightly, before nodding in acceptance. “I uh, I heard your father was sworn in as Minister the other day.”

“He was.”

“I just wanted to say uhm... congratulations.” With that the Gryffindor turned to leave, before the Malfoy called out to him.

“Neville... hold on for a sec,” the other boy did as requested, and turned back around. “Thank you, I know that things haven't been exactly easy for you lately with all the Slytherins distancing themselves and the Gryffindors... being Gryffindors but, thank you.”

“You are welcome.”

“So, uh...” Jeesh what the hell was he supposed to talk about? It had been so natural mere months earlier but now... there seemed to be a rift between them. “How are your parents doing Neville?”

“They are okay, still trying to adjust to missing out on so much of their lives. Everyone being older, having kids, or just...”

“Not being here anymore.” Draco finished, earning a nod from his former friend. “I can't imagine what that is like, to just wake up and everything be different.”

“Sort of happened for me actually.” Neville muttered, earning a surprised look as he continued. “I mean not exactly but... well one day I was a useless failure who had lost his parents and was stuck with people who hated me and then...”

“Harry.”

“Yeah, I know you don't understand Draco, why I had to choose what I did, believe me it was the
“But you couldn’t live with yourself if you didn’t. I get it Neville, I really do. It is just a bit different for me. I can justify the sacrifices as long as the end is greater.”

The Longbottom gave a small smile, “I guess that is why you are in Slytherin, and I am in Gryffindor.”

***LoD***

She had given it months… months! Three months, approximately ninety days, of time to work it out of her system. To move past the incident and onto more important things. Draco’s courtship was beginning to move forward, Lord Malfoy had been elected Minister, and everything seemed to be pointing in the direction that the teenage blonde himself would be ascending to that position in a few decades at most.

So why then were her thoughts constantly being dragged back to a single afternoon that happened just before the holidays? Why was she still fantasizing about Harry Potter?

She knew why, of course, not only was he practically the perfect person but sex with him had been mind-blowing, Earth-shattering, panty-soaking, scream-inducing amazing.

But that didn’t mean Draco wouldn’t be as well. Surely her future husband would be wonderful in bed, would give her more than a few breathless nights of pleasure.

Except that Draco seemed to be taking after his father more and more with each passing year. That mischievous twinkle, a trait his mother possessed, that had been so prevalent in their early years was starting to dim, replaced by the cold calculating logic that was far more Malfoy in nature. This had been something she was hoping to avoid, not because she hated politics, and indeed she rather enjoyed the argumentative and manipulative nature of it like any Slytherin would, nor was she upset with the fact that Draco would remain a blonde.

No, it was the fact that her own mother had taken her aside this previous holiday season, after visiting with the Malfoys, to give her a warning.

“Pansy, darling, since you are betrothed to Draco Malfoy I wanted to give you a bit of warning, so you are not disappointed in the future. Narcissa gave me an offhand comment about the lack of… passion in her marriage. From what I gather Lucius was interested in her, physically, only as far as conceiving an heir after that the well has ‘dried up’ so to speak. Obviously, we will not be canceling the contract with them, but I just wanted you to be aware.”

It had been a lovely way of saying ‘once you are pregnant your husband isn’t going to shag you again.’ To say she had been a bit upset was an understatement, but she also knew what was at stake and was certainly not going to jeopardize her, or her family’s, future simply because she wasn’t going to get laid.

If Narcissa had managed to deal, so would she.

This conversation, however, had led to more than a few heated dreams involving a certain emerald-eyed boy instead, and why shouldn’t it? If Draco wasn’t going to be interested in her sexually, and all signs were beginning to point in that direction, then why couldn’t she make herself open to her proclaimed Lord instead? It wasn’t as if it could be counted as an affair or even considered scandalous. Hell letting Harry shag her like an animal would probably help her husband’s career, and their families, in the future once the boy-who-lived took over.
All she had to do was have one child with Draco, afterwards her ‘obligations’ would be fulfilled, so long as she kept herself clean of anyone besides Harry. After that she could practically live in the other man’s bed… and at the rate things were going this would not only be acceptable for Draco but encouraged.

***LoD***

“What do you plan on doing now Lucius? I thought you would still be celebrating your victory.”

The blonde glanced up from his paperwork as his beautiful wife entered his private study. “The time for celebrations is over, now I must make use of this new power.”

“And how will you do that? I do so hope you will not be spoiling Draco more than you already have.”

His mouth twitched slightly, barely avoiding the urge to grin, perhaps he did spend a bit too much time and money on his son, but after being introduced to Harry Potter it had been more than worth it.

“No, of course not. However, we will need to speak with him this summer concerning his attitude and comments at school. He now reflects us and the government whether he realizes it or not.”

“I suppose so, does this mean our summer vacation will be canceled?”

“Yes, if I had come into office a few months prior perhaps I could have afforded to still attend but…”

“I understand. A pity, Draco was looking forward to spending time with his betrothed.” Narcissa noted with a bit of sadness in her voice. The summers were one of the few times that she left the house for more than just social gatherings with the other wives.

“You are upset by the cancellation.” the man intoned, earning a nod from the Witch. “I expect this will worsen as time goes on and I am home less and less, even during the summers.”

“I expected this eventually, we both dreamed of you taking office after all.”

“Perhaps, but this does raise another topic I wished to speak with you about, something that might improve your mood.”

“Oh?”

Lucius nodded, he wasn’t quite sure how his wife would take this conversation, but usually it was met with excitement, especially among the older generations who had settled into a more monotonous lifestyle. He was also very aware of his own lack of ‘physical relationships’ with the woman whose drive had never ceased in that area.

“You likely have heard that Draco has sworn loyalty to the Potter heir.”

She bristled slightly, her back straightening just a bit as her eyes narrowed. “I have” was the curt reply.

“It was he who set the stage for my ascension. Without him I have no doubt Fudge would be remaining in office.”

If possible, her eyes darkened even more, “And?”

“There is a possibility that I too will be taking an oath towards him this year, if that happens you know what is to be expected.”
Her face went into a full 'Slytherin' sneer as she practically hissed at her husband. “So, I am to drop to my knees before a child then? Or perhaps he will prefer our marriage bed, and me on all fours like a common animal!”

“Narcissa, you know this is the way of…”

“Do not ‘Narcissa’ me Lucius! You were not the one humiliated the last time you swore allegiances, or do I need to remind you?”

“You do not.” The Malfoy Lord remembered all too well of what she spoke of. Upon swearing an oath to a new Lord, it was tradition for the servants to offer either themselves, their spouse, or even a mistress, to the Lord for his or her pleasure and use. Often this was refused, whether it was due to those in power being uninterested, already married, or simply not attracted to those being offered. Regardless the rejection was often very formal, and no harm was done to their honor.

If the Lord accepted not only would the individual being offered raised up, but so too would their family due to the privilege of being desirable.

Narcissa had offered herself to Voldemort... and he had laughed at her, mocked her appearance, and even ridiculed her blood purity. It had been more than just a slap to the face for the Malfoy family, but also to the Black family and the woman herself. Lucius had been forced to redeem the honor himself and had nearly worked to death to do so for over a month.

“The Dark Lord was... of different tastes. You know he refused Bellatrix as well…”

“I am well aware, I spent more than a few nights talking to her and listening to her whine and cry about it.”

“From what I have heard about Potter... he is far more carnal in those regards. Do not pretend as though you are not interested in the idea of a younger lover.”

The former Black paused, it had been years since Lucius had bothered to even look at her in anyway more than as a business partner. Once she had conceived for the required heir it had been the end of their, rather lackluster, love life. Unfortunately, with her husband’s presence in the political world they had both agreed that affairs were not an option. If either partook in such sin, and were discovered, it would be disastrous for not only themselves, but their child as well.

“Do not think too much into it” the man interrupted, ripping her from her thoughts, “this may never even come to pass. Rumors circulate of the Dark Lord’s return even now, and we may be called into his service once more.”

For a moment Narcissa felt an odd sense of disappointment. Perhaps her life had become so mundane that even the briefest spark of excitement was enough to cause her to fantasize. Regardless she would do what was necessary. Bowing, the woman turned and departed, intent on taking either a very warm soak in their private bath... or a very cold shower.

Lucius, on the other hand, turned his attention back to his paperwork, a formal investigation, and pardon, for an old family friend, Bellatrix Lestrange. Potter had inadvertently opened the door into such precedents with the discovery of Sirius Black’s innocence. Now the paperwork for new, and easily rigged, trials was easier to push through than Hogsmeade permission slips.

***LoD***

“Are you absolutely sure Remus? You have been the first truly skilled Defense professor we have had in years.”
The Werewolf gave a smile towards the Headmaster as he continued packing up his belongings. “I am sure, I want to be with Sirius and Harry this summer, which means I wouldn't have time to plan for next year. I do not want to deprive students of any learning opportunities.”

Nodding the old man let out a sigh, “I understand your reasons and I admire your commitment to Harry and Sirius. What are you planning to do about lodging?”

“Sirius and I will be cleaning out Grimmauld early on, then taking a nice long vacation with our godson.”

“I...” Dumbledore paused, searching for a way to address the topic without insulting the man or causing rifts, “am just concerned about exposing Harry to the festering Dark Magic that might still reside there.”

“We are as well Headmaster,” a voice called from the doorway as the Lord Black walked into the room. “Luckily for us pup has a few friends who were more than willing to volunteer to house him for the first few weeks while we get rid of that crap. Heck I must thank you both for that. It was you and Remus' plan which established the connections last summer that we can now rely on. The Weasley's, Lovegood's, Tonks, Professors Sinistra, McGonagall, and Flitwick have all volunteered to help. Not only that but more than a few of Harry's Housemates have written me asking if we needed a place to stay temporarily.”

Albus nodded cautiously, “I am glad to hear of so many offering their time and homes. I do hope you err on the side of caution when it comes to any former Death Eaters however. I do not wish for the boy to be harmed.”

“Nor do we Albus, we have sent thankful declines to most... but...”

“But?”

“My cousin’s prat of a husband is being quite insistent considering pup's backing of his political campaign. Apparently, his son is just as bad, constantly nagging about having my godson visit for at least a few days.”

“It seems as though you have taken on more work simply sorting through the requests than will be saved by their help.”

Both Marauders laughed, earning a smile from the elder Wizard. “Although my schedule can be quite demanding do not hesitate to contact me should you need anything. Enjoy your summer gentlemen, if anyone has earned a long vacation it is you three.”

***LoD***

“Hedwig.”

The owl shifted back into the girl a moment later, her eyes darting between the two godfathers of her beloved.

“Harry isn't here right now.”

“We know, we actually wanted to speak with you.”

Her eyes narrowed slightly, unsure what they could possibly want with her.

“Uh you see, well this is sort of awkward but uhm... well with the summer coming up and all...”
Sirius stuttered a bit over his words, before looking over to his friend for help. Luckily the two adults had reached the agreement earlier, and the Werewolf just sighed before nodding.

“We want to take Harry on vacation.”

Her amber eyes blinked a few times, before nodding slowly, “That is a good idea, he has never really been on one before and...” Her mind caught up to the situation, why the hell would they be asking her privately unless... “You don’t want me to come as well.”

Both Marauders winced at the cold tone, “Hedwig... listen I know you and Harry are close, probably closer than anyone else is with him, but... we want to have an opportunity to bond with him too.”

“And you can’t do that with me there because...”

“Er... we were hoping to go to the beach? You know get a tan, lounge in the sand, play in the ocean... check out some girls...” the last part was whispered by the Black Lord, earning a deeper scowl.

“So, let me get this straight, you two want me to give up the person that means the most to me in this God forsaken world for the summer...”

“Not the entire time, just like a few weeks or...”

“DO NOT INTERRUPT!”

Remus’ mouth snapped shut, knowing better than to argue with an upset female. “And while you take him away from me you are going to be trying to get him laid as much as possible with random women... and I am supposed to just be okay with this!?”

“No... not ‘okay’ but maybe accepting? We missed out on over a decade of his life Hedwig, we failed him time and time again and then he goes and protects us, helps us...” Sirius faltered, before an idea came to his mind. “We will make you a deal though.”

“And what” the white-haired girl scowled, “could you possibly offer me in return for allowing this?”

“We will convince him to take a vacation with you next year. Just the two of you.”

The girl fell into silence. This was something she had wanted for years now, to be away from everyone else, to just pretend it was the two of them, that maybe they were newlyweds or just a romantic couple.

“I...”

“Anywhere you want Hedwig, hell we will pay for it and keep everyone else out of your hair. We will answer his mail, do his summer homework, and take care of everything.”

The two men looked almost desperate, and the beauty sighed. ‘It is for Harry... and he deserves some time with them, maybe even a break from me...’

“Fine...”

The Marauders grinned.

“BUT, I am going to hold you to this. Anywhere I want for two weeks next summer.”

“We promise, we will have to sort out the exact date with cub, but I am sure we can convince him.”
“AND, one more thing.”

Glancing at each other the older Wizards nodded slowly. “This is a vacation for the three of you, which means I better not hear about him being dropped off somewhere while you two morons chase skirts.”

“Of course not, pup will be our number one priority I promise.”

“He better be...”

***LoD***

“Lucius”

The blonde bowed slightly, but stopped short of declaring his allegiance, there would be time for that later once the Dark Lord had returned. There could only be one true master of the world, and it would undoubtedly be one of the two he served. For now he only had to keep up appearances, such as arriving when summoned.

“I have two tasks for you.”

“Of course, what can I do?”

“First,” the teen slipped a small journal from his cloak and presented it to the blonde, “A list of changes you are going to be pushing through the Wizengamot. Do not worry, all of them will benefit your public appearance greatly. You will choose one and have it passed by the end of the summer.”

Malfoy nodded, before pocketing the object. “And the other?”

“How are your connections with the guards at Azkaban and the DMLE?”

***LoD***
Rewards & Bonding

Lord of Darkness

Rewards & Bonding

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

A/N: Fun fact, this and the next chapter were originally going to just be one… but then I kept adding in scenes and realized I was at over 7k words and still had more to add…

***LoD***

“My Lord you came!”

Harry forced himself not to roll his eyes at the youngest Malfoy’s declaration. “Yes Draco, I told you I would this summer did I not?”

“Well I mean yeah but... it is just awesome that you did!”

“You realize I am not spending the entire summer here correct?”

“Yeah, but... bugger just come inside already!” the blonde exclaimed, before grabbing his friend's arm and pulling him into the mansion.

“Ah, Mr. Potter it is good to see you again.”

“You as well Lord Malfoy. I hope I am not interrupting anything.”

The man merely shook his head, “Of course not, unfortunately I do need to leave, there is a meeting at the Wizengamot concerning several new laws and I wish to be there to support them.”

A raven-haired head nodded, “I wish you the best of luck.”

With that the man left, leaving only the two boys and Narcissa Malfoy alone.

“Draco,” the woman's voice called out, earning the teen's attention, “Please go and finish unpacking from school.”

“But mommmmmmm.”

“No buts, you may spend time with your friend afterwards, this is your punishment for not doing this when you came home last week.”

The boy promptly sulked off, leaving only two, plus Hedwig, in the room. It was at this point that the older woman slowly paced around the boy-who-lived, examining him. “You may have them both fooled, but not me.”

“Oh?”

“I can see how weak you are, how childish. My son seems to believe that you will rule the world, my husband is beginning to believe him as well. I, however, am unconvinced.”

“I wasn't aware I cared whether you were convinced or not.”
The woman sneered, “You are a stupid boy, a child who has no idea what kind of world this is. You think that you are in control when in reality you are just as stupid and ignorant as any other child. Your fate is to be swept away in the tide just like so many others who believed themselves better than they truly were. You are not worthy of the title of 'Lord' and I will see to it that my husband and son see this.”

Harry stared back, face expressionless and silent until he shrugged his shoulders, “Whatever you think is best. If you will excuse me, I would like to unpack for the short time I will be staying here.”

***LoD***

The moment Harry Potter arrived in the room that Draco had directed him to Hedwig shifted back into her human form, her eyes narrowed dangerously, “That bitch.”

“It does seem as though the Malfoy matron is not a fan of mine...” the teen noted, as he continued his unpacking.

“I should have ripped her fucking eyes out of her skull. She dares to talk to you like that!? Some stupid worthless housewife? What has she even done with her miserable existence hm? Spread her legs and pop out a kid?”

“Hedwig...”

The white-haired girl turned to her lover, a sneer still on her face before she walked forward towards him. “I want you to promise me something Harry.”

“And that would be?”

“I want you to swear to me that when Narcissa Malfoy realizes the truth, that when she changes her mind and comes to you swearing her loyalty and offering herself... I want you to demand she do so on her knees. I want to hear her beg for you like the slut she is. I want you to promise to use her like a cheap whore, to debase the worthless skank and treat her like a sex toy rather than the oh so proud 'lady' she claims to be.”

The boy's eyes lit up, as the girl finally reached him, “Go on... you know how much I love it when you get all dark and vengeful...”

“After she is done begging I want you to use her mouth, to face-fuck the bitch, to show her how useless her opinions are and what she should be using that slutty mouth of hers for.”

His own mouth went to the former owl's neck, kissing up and down it as he muttered for her to continue, sending waves of pleasure down her spine.

“Th-then you put her on her hands and knees, like an animal. Treat her like one Harry, use her like the breeding bitch she is. Abuse her body and...”

Hedwig found a pair of hands wrapped around her waist, before she was tossed onto the bed, Harry following shortly after.

***LoD***

“Welcome Lord Pup to the fabulous newly christened 'Hall of the Marauders'!” Sirius triumphantly proclaimed as the trio, along with Hedwig on his shoulder, entered Grimmauld Place. “Ahead you will notice a rather large hole in the wall, soon to be filled with... well I would like to place a giant portrait of some half-naked woman but Moony here keeps telling me no...”
“Padfoot, as hilarious as I think it would be to replace the portrait of your dead mother with a woman who constantly strips for guests I don't necessarily think that is the best option...”

“Awww come on, what could be better than that!?"

“Scenery, something calming and yet expansive that shows change, either seasonal or time. Perhaps a sunset or sunrise.”

The two men glanced over at their godson, who had taken to glancing around the rest of the entrance. “Uh... pup?”

“Yes?”

“Why...”

“Because if you ever hope to bring home a female to your house the first thing she should be seeing is not another naked female on your wall, especially if you hope to keep her in the house for more than ten seconds.”

The Black Lord blinked a few times to process the information, before hastily grabbing a nearby quill and piece of parchment, “What was that about a sunset again?”

“Anyways... cub we have finally finished remodeling which puts us at seven total bedrooms, you can have first choice of...”

“I assume the two of you have already chosen? I can pick from the remaining five.”

“But pup... we declared you our 'Lord' for a reason and...”

“And it is your house. I am not the Dark Lord Padfoot, I have no intentions of taking anything from you or making such demands. Keep the rooms you want to have, I grew up with virtually nothing, so I will be content with any room at this point.”

Hedwig flew off his shoulder, shifting back to her human form and clutching his arm a second later. “So long as the bed is big enough for at least two people... do any of the remaining rooms have attached baths? Because we had one back at Hogwarts and it was practically a delicacy.”

“At least two eh? Plans on having company stay over sometime pup?”

Harry shrugged, before gesturing for Hedwig to pick out a room for them and earning a happy giggle from the girl. “Always plan for the unexpected Padfoot, you know this.”

***LoD***

Two days after moving into the house the four were eating dinner together when Harry interrupted the peaceful silence. “I nearly forgot, your gift arrived today.”

Judging on the fact that he had focused his attention on them the two men glanced at each other in confusion. “Uh pup? What gift? I thought we told you that it is our job to buy for you.”

“But I didn't buy this one, I did however put in a request for it, so it is non-returnable.”

“Cub...” Remus muttered with a warm smile forming on his face. “we really do appreciate it, but you know you don't have to get us any gifts. You have done enough for us already.”

“Ah but that is the epiphany I had the other day. A Lord takes care of those who follow him does he
not? I have begun making plans for all of my most loyal followers.”

“That is incredibly kind of you Harry.” The Lord Black chimed in, “Usually it is the other way around, but we are thankful nonetheless... is it a Veela harem?”

“Padfoot! Ignore him Harry...”

“Is that what you want Sirius? I am sure I could make arrangements for...”

“Ah hem...” Hedwig interrupted before Sirius could answer. “As much as I would love to have a group of scantily clad sex crazed females in the house with us...”

“Uh yeah right... maybe once you get a place of your own pup... so uh... what is it?” The former convict's expression had gone from apologetic to excited in a heartbeat earning a frown, followed by a smile, from his best friend.

“It is in the basement, I didn't want either of you to stumble upon it and ruin the surprise after all.”

Sirius nodded, quickly shoveled the remaining food into his mouth, before standing and motioning for the boy to continue. The teen did, walking through the house with Hedwig at his side and the two Marauders following. The quartet ventured down into the dark basement until stopping at a door.

“Inside.” the emerald-eyed boy gestured and allowed Sirius to practically charge through it. Within was a rather odd sight, a single chair was bolted to the middle of the room, with an individual tied to it, gagged, and covered in runes.

Both older men froze, before Sirius snarled in rage, “Peter.”

“Quite, it appears as though there was a slight paperwork error and miscommunication at Azkaban and a rapist was given 'The Kiss' instead of being released on a technicality, so unfortunate when these things happen. I stumbled upon the man just as he was being released and, naturally, wanted to ensure that he was kept in good condition for your reunion.”

Both men glared darkly at the, now beyond panicking, traitor.

“I do so hope you both enjoy your gift.”

Turning the boy left with the amber-eyed girl, closing the door just as the two Wizards began to advance upon their former friend.

***LoD***

“It is a bit odd...” Harry muttered as he ran his fingers up and down his lover’s spine, sending shivers through her body, “that we always seem to have the best sex after I do something evil.”

The couple had almost made it to their room before she had pushed him up against a wall and slid her hands into his pants, wrapping her dainty fingers around his shift to stroke him, muttering about how ‘intoxicating’ he was.

He had, naturally, responded in kind by tearing her dress off her body and ‘attacking’ her breasts with his mouth. The moans she had replied with had only spurred him on, and they had navigated into their bedroom, before he threw her onto the bed, before pouncing onto her, ripping her panties aside and delving into her, already soaked, core.

Hedwig had answered such a ‘statement’ by rolling them over, pulling him around so that he could
continue his ministrations while she could devour his own pulsating organ. She had overheard the phrase ‘sixty-nine’ tossed around a few times in the Slytherin common room, but the excited giggles had nothing on the real thing.

Their encounter had escalated from there, quickly turning into pseudo wrestling match with each trying to, strangely, force the other one on top.

The white-haired girl wanted him to be dominant, to thrust into her mouth as he would, soon, be doing to her cunt.

Harry, on the other hand, had always heard of the phrase ‘face sitting’ and was rather intrigued by the idea of Hedwig being in a position of control over oral sex for once.

Needless to say, both ‘won’ their bout through multiple orgasms and groans of pleasure. An unspoken truce had followed, with the two gasping for air and simply cuddling into each other… for all of three minutes.

The older of the two ‘teens’ broke the peace first, realizing that she couldn’t exactly force him to be dominant during sex itself she planned to turn the tables by mounting him with her ass on display.

‘Reverse-Cowgirl’ it had been termed, and she very much enjoyed it. Harry seemed to as well up until his hands gripped her things, pushing them both forward until she was on her hands and knees with him taking her from behind.

Hedwig had considered complaining when his hand squeezed her right butt cheek, until she pushed backwards hard enough that he got the message and spanked her instead. “Now now Hedwig” he had growled. “It’s my turn to be in control.”

She had arched up immediately, allowing her change in leverage to push him back onto the bed and her to straddle him sideways. “But my Lord I haven’t finished riding you yet…”

The girl wasn’t quite sure how but a second later her shoulders were on the bed, Harry crouched over her and slamming down into her pussy from above.

“I can’t see as much from that position though, and you looked so tired from being in control.”

Her upper torso twisted, flipping them both in a way that seemed to surprise the boy. Half a second later and he found himself in a very odd position, his legs spread as she reversed the roles in such a way that it looked as though she was the one shagging him.

“A-amazon p-position” she gasped out, rolling her hips and enjoying the newfound sensations and power.

Harry’s arms reached forward, possibly to change them once again, but Hedwig had moaned out for him at the last possible second.

“N-no please just… let me.”

It was almost pleading, and he had relented instantly, allowing her to take charge for the better part of an hour, until she collapsed forward onto him, her body exhausting itself after nearly ten orgasms.

Now that they had settled it was peaceful, and the girl felt more relaxed than she had in weeks. A happy giggle escaped her lips, before she placed a few gentle kisses on his chest. “I don’t think letting them have their revenge was evil… in fact I think it was rather kind of you.”
“Or perhaps I am finally starting to corrupt my innocent young Hedwig.”

Her amber eyes met his emerald green ones. “You do know I am older than you correct?”

“Ah so it is your fault then, that I am so easily tainted and used by older women. You are to blame the entire time.” The teen replied with fake horror in his voice.

“Oh ha ha, yes I am the one who is responsible for you shagging so many older women...”

“Well as long as you admit it Hedwig...”

She rolled her eyes playfully, before settling back down onto his torso, “I am going to miss you...”

“I won't be gone long you know, Padfoot and Moony said they were only planning a week, maybe ten days.”

“That will still be the longest time we have been apart...”

He nodded, “Absence makes the heart grow fonder...”

“So, I’ve heard… just try not to have too much fun and forget me… okay?”

“If you do not want me to be with anyone...”

“No, I want you to enjoy yourself, I just… want to make sure I still have a place in your heart afterwards.”

“You will always have that place. I sent a letter to Luna, she is ecstatic to spend time with you. Apparently, Ginny will be joining you as well.”

“It will be nice to have just some girl time...” the female muttered sadly.

“Hedwig...”

She shook her head, “It is okay Harry, and do you know why?”

“No, but I hope you will tell me.”

She rolled on top of him, straddling his waist. “Because right here, right now? This is what matters. The fact that you would choose me over a hundred nameless faces vying for your attention, the fact that I am the one living with you... that is what matters to me.”

“And the vacation next year?”

She grinned, before reaching backwards to grasp him and then lifting her hips, “That too. Now less talking more thrusting, we have to make up for the time we will be apart.”

***LoD***

“Hedwig!” The excitable blonde squealed as she practically hug-tackled the girl, following her hug of Harry. “We are going to have so much fun together! Ginny is going to come by and spend a few days with us too! I also owled Tonks and Hermione! Last year Hermione's parents weren't very nice to her, so I told her to stay with me this summer.”

The boy-who-lived merely grinned as Hedwig sent a 'help me I don't know what to do' look at him. “Hedwig isn't used to doing 'girl' activities Luna, so take it a bit easy on her okay?”
The Ravenclaw nodded eagerly, “That's okay I'm not either, maybe Tonks can show us what girls do?”

“Just think about it pup...” Sirius whispered from behind the boy, “All five girls... in nothing but their underwear... having a pillow fight...”

“Oh, don't be silly Lord Padfoot.” Luna replied with a huff as she interlaced her fingers with the owl-turned-human. “We wouldn't do such a thing.”

“I know I know, just playing to the typical teenage boy fantasy.”

“No, I mean we wouldn't be having a pillow fight in our knickers. Even I know that it is always done in the nude.”

Sirius began to violently cough, earning a sympathetic back slap from Remus. Meanwhile Harry rolled his eyes.

“Don’t worry my Lord, we will take pictures to send to you... and next time we will send you an invite.”

The coughing was even louder, as the Black Lord struggled to catch his breath.

***LoD***

Lucius Malfoy raised a glass of liquor to his lips, before taking a sip. He had just received confirmation from a 'benefactor' that the Dark Lord would be rising again in the coming school year... and that apparently Harry Potter was the key to it. It was also a command for information on the teen, on how to lure him into a situation favorable for the dark, on his weaknesses.

If the Malfoy Lord went down that road, if he used what knowledge he had obtained...

He had known since the first rumors of his Lord's second coming that he would be put in this situation. No man could serve two masters, especially when they would undoubtedly be working against each other. The only question now was who to support?

Voldemort had legions of followers, experienced Wizards and Witches at his beck and call. He had far greater resources and Magical knowledge, had control over both private and government sectors, and was undoubtedly immortal.

Harry Potter on the other hand had defeated the man at least once, even if by luck. Then of course there was the issue in power. The boy was strong, unfathomably so. Was he greater than the Dark Lord in this regard? Lucius wasn't quite sure. He had never seen either at their peaks, which meant that it was anyone's guess at this point. The boy was also a genius, after all he had arranged for his own ascension to Minster within only a few months.

He had to choose carefully, whichever 'bet' he made was going to be 'all in' and if the dice did not roll in his favor...

The blonde shuddered to think what either would do to him or his family if he was supporting the one who lost.

Potter or Voldemort.

Voldemort or Potter.
Which would emerge victorious... and which would reward him, and his family, the greatest his participation.

***LoD***

“Here we are pup! Nothing but sun, sand, water, and most importantly girls!”

Remus rolled his eyes at his best friend’s antics, while Harry merely smiled. “Sirius, I don't think you should be calling him 'pup' in public... especially if we are in the Muggle world.”

“So 'Lord Pup' then? I guess we can go with that, but I feel as though…”

“Sirius...” the Werewolf growled, earning a laugh from the Black Lord.

“Alright alright keep your shirt on Moony... at least till we get to the beach and then feel free to try and show off your pale ass, but I will warn you now. Once all the ladies get a look at my smoking physique they will forget all about you.”

“Oh yes silly me, I forgot how the hottest trend is 'hairy old man who looks like he got out of prison last year'.”

“Listen furball...”

“Funny coming from you, should I go and find a stick to toss around?”

“I don't know, you want me to get you a doggy dish to drink out of?”

“That was you remember? Hell, Prongs didn't even have to dare you, he just sort of mentioned it and you ran off and followed like an order.”

“At least I am housebroken!”

“At least I can go an hour without trying to smell some girl's butt!”

“Hey, I'm telling you she had a really nice one!”

“And I am sure she really appreciated...”

“Sirius, Remus you two do remember we are in the Muggle world correct? Conversations like that will get you stared at... and not in the flattering way.”

The two older men fell silent in an almost embarrassed way. It was one thing to be told they were acting like children, it was another to be told so by the child they were supposed to be caring for.

“Right... ahem well uh Harry, what would you like to do first?”

“How about lunch.”

“Great idea Harry!” Sirius interrupted whatever his friend was about to say, “And maybe we can even find someone who will be interested in Remus... I read up on this thing called 'furries' and I bet...”

“SIRIUS!”

***LoD***
“Ginny!”

“Luna!”

The two girls gave each other a happy hug while Hedwig smiled from nearby, it was a rather beautiful thing to see such childhood innocence despite what they had been through.

“So, when does Tonks and Hermione arrive?” the redhead inquired with more than a little excitement in her voice.

“Nymphadora is picking Hermione up right now. Ooooh this is going to be so much fun! We haven’t had a slumber party in forever!”

“I know! Is your dad going to be here?”

For a second the joyful light in the blonde’s eyes dimmed and was replaced with something far darker and full of spite. It was gone a moment later before either other girl could comment, “No, daddy is off doing his usual summer voyage.”

“Well that just means that we will have the house to ourselves” the former owl chimed in, bringing back the Ravenclaus grin in full force.

“We’re heeeere”

“Tonks! Hermione!”

“Her name is Nymphadora, Ginny…”

“That is *not* my name you little brat!”

“Nymphadora, Nymphadora.” Luna happily sang out, before ducking under an attempt by the Auror to grab her and promptly fleeing while giggling.

“Come back here and I’ll show you Nymphadora!”

“Oh? I didn’t think you were going to undress that quickly, so which body part did you name after yourself?”

The growl was far louder this time, as the older Witch attempt to chase down the young Lovegood.

“Hello Hedwig…”

“Hello Hermione, how has your summer been?”

“It has been... okay so far. But I think it will be much better now.”

The white-haired girl smiled, “This will be my first slumber party too you know, so no reason to be nervous.”

The bushy-haired teen merely smiled shyly, before nodding.

***LoD***

“Pssst hey Remus... two babes at our seven O’ clock.”

'Lord Lupin' rolled his eyes at his friends whisper... and the military code usage, before sneaking a
glance over his shoulder. For once Sirius was correct, there were two very attractive women sitting at a table less than twenty feet from them.

“Wonder if they are together or...”

“Sisters.” came the bored reply from opposite the two men, who promptly swung their heads towards their godson.

“Uh... what?”

“They are sisters, not lovers. Body language is all wrong for a relationship of that nature, plus they have similar facial structures and noses. The one on the left is slightly older, three years at most, while the younger is a bit ‘wilder’.”

“Harry...” Remus muttered out while his godson glanced over a pamphlet of local attractions, “that is amazing...”

“Just attention to detail, also it appears as though they might not be completely turned off of the idea of a foursome.”

“What!” Sirius declared, a bit too loudly, before chuckling and lowering his voice to avert the eyes of the other occupants of the restaurant.

“As I said they aren’t lovers, but their close proximity indicates a comfort with each other not normally found in siblings, same with you two by the way.”

The two men stuttered for a few moments. “Uh well you see Harry... uhm back at Hogwarts Sirius and I well...”

“We agreed to a threesome with a girl... and man she was hot, do you remember her Moony? Long legs, wide chest, the way she moaned when...”

Harry rolled his eyes before standing and excusing himself to use the bathroom. Much as he enjoyed the stories about his godfather’s sex lives he found himself a bit bored less than three hours into their vacation. If his guardians were so pent up, then perhaps it would be an interesting experiment to do as the Muggles said and ‘be the wingman’ for once.

“Uhm excuse me...” he softly inquired to the two women whom his godfathers had glanced at previously.

“Oh, hello there, what's your name dear?”

“Harry, miss.”

The two older women, slightly younger than Sirius and Remus if he had to guess, smiled. “My name is Ella, and this is my younger sister Diane, how can we help you Harry?”

Internally the boy-who-lived rolled his eyes, it was almost painfully easy to figure these things out at this point. “Well ummm you see...”

“It’s alright Harry you can tell us.”

“I am on vacation with my godfathers and... well my parents passed away a while back and I had no family so...”

“You poor thing, I am so sorry.” Ella replied, earning an almost sad whimper from her sister.
“Thank you miss... luckily my godfathers took me in. They even canceled their vacation that they had planned to take me somewhere and... well...”

“Go on Harry, you can trust us.”

“They mentioned how pretty you two were, and I see them keep looking over here and uhm... do you think you could maybe say 'hello' to them? I don't want them to give up their summer just to try and make me happy...”

The two women looked heartbroken at the 'sob story' and promptly nodded, “I think we can do that Harry, why don't you go back and sit down, we will wait a few minutes and then come over, so they don't think you are the reason okay?”

He nodded happily, before returning to his seat.

“What do you think Diane?”

“I mean... could you imagine having a teenager dropped into your lap and having to take care of him? It sounds like he is a bit traumatized too... maybe his parents died unnaturally...”

“That is awful... I think the least we could do is go over and sit with them, no harm ever came from having a conversation after all.”

“You're right... and you did just break up with your shitty boyfriend... and they are hot...”

Ella rolled her eyes, trust in her sister to instantly go there... even if she was correct.

***LoD***

If Remus Lupin had not already known about Magic, and how it worked, he would have sworn his godson was a Wizard. The boy left for less than three minutes, came back, and then five minutes after that the two girls who him and his best friend had been eyeing promptly came over and asked to sit with them. There was no way that could be coincidence... and yet there didn't seem to be any spells affecting them, no dulling of the eyes or confusion in their voices. They just seemed... naturally interested.

The Werewolf knew that Harry was insanely charismatic, knew that he could probably talk a Dementor into giving up a soul it had just devoured, and knew that his godson was involved... but when the older, and in his opinion more attractive, woman put her hand on his thigh he knew that he couldn't care less. If the slight gleam in Sirius' eye was any indication, then the former convict agreed... and that Harry would be getting a truckload of gifts for his birthday and Christmas this year.

An hour later, along with a giggle filled walk to their hotel room, and the two couples were sitting on the couch, lips sealed together. Well 'sitting' was a bit of an odd term considering the women were straddling him and his best friend but regardless it was more than a little amazing.

Oddly enough it was Sirius, the man whom Lupin swore had never even heard of self-control, who halted the fierce snogging that had begun minutes prior. “W-wait... I can't...”

“What-wy not? Is it something I did? Something I said?”

“No! No, you are... God you are amazing it's just that... we are here for Harry and as much as I want to indulge for the rest of the night I can't...”

That brought the Were from his lust fueled mind as well, before the door to Harry's room opened and
the boy stepped out into theirs. “Oh sorry, don't mind me just passing by.”

“Harry, hold up we will...”

“Stay and enjoy yourselves. The boardwalk is open until midnight and I haven’t been able to see the ocean yet, I would like to go before the sun sets.”

“Harry it is okay we can...” One of the women started before the teen shook his head.

“I will be fine, I need some time to clear my head anyway. Don't worry about me, just have a good time doing... uh... whatever it is you were doing that I in no way shape or form want to be told about.”

Sirius gave a low chuckle, “Alright fine you win just... be careful alright? And don't stay out too late... we worry about you, you know.”

For a split second a confused expression appeared on the Potter heir's face, as if he didn't quite understand the statement, before it vanished, and he nodded and departed.

“That was amazing of you to put him first...”

“Yeah well... I mean I sort of think of him as my son...”

“Mmmm have I ever told you how sexy I find men with responsibility?” Both of said men grinned, before picking up their respective dates and carrying them into the master bedroom, giggles once more filling the air.

***LoD***

“We need to talk.”

The other four girls glanced up at Hedwig, who had brought in a tray of tea for them each to enjoy.

“That uh… isn’t poisonous is it…”

The white-haired girl rolled her eyes at the Auror’s question, “Of course not. This is simply to calm the nerves, I know we joke around and this has been an amazing couple of days but there is something we need to discuss.”

“And that is?” Ginny inquired as she took one of the offered cups.

“Having sex with Harry.”

The oldest woman began coughing, somewhat violently, while two others blushed. Luna merely giggled, of course.

“I am sure you all know that Harry has a rather… healthy appetite for physical interactions…”

“More like he can shag you cross-eyed…” Tonks muttered, earning some light giggles from the others.

“Yes, that too. Listen I know better than anyone that he enjoys female company and will undoubtedly continue to do so and take additional lovers but… it is different with us. He is different with us.”

“I have noticed him acting a bit more interested towards those in the room than say Pansy.”
Hermione noted, earning a nod from the others.

“Exactly, and as he finds more this will become more apparent. Harry… is unique, different than anyone else you will ever meet. Not just in the sense that each of us are different but in the way that there is no one like him. He is alone, even with me by his side Harry has always stood on an island unto himself, never truly connecting with anyone, or being understood by anyone. That is one of the reasons he enjoys sex so much, it is a connection. But recently I have seen him grow beyond just the physical aspects with us. We affect him just as he influences us, and each of us need to be careful with that.”

“Do you think someone would use that against him? Target him through one of us?” the redhead inquired, a note of fear in her voice.

“Eventually? Yes, but far more is the emotional impact we have on him. Harry is physically beyond anyone else in this world and is far more magically powerful than anyone who has ever lived… but deep down he is still a teenage boy who grew up with only one person to care for him. He might be far more mature mentally but…”

Luna nodded in understanding, “He needs friends not followers. Having Draco and them follow him around isn’t the same as having them care about him.”

“So, what do we do? How do we help him?”

Hermione bit her lip in concentration, before the answer popped into her mind, “We show him that he can trust us, that we can be more than just a source of pleasure.”

“We can be that too though… right? Cause let’s be honest here, sex with Harry is mind blowing.”

***LoD***

For the first time in his life Harry Potter felt... small, insignificant in the world. Staring out at seemingly unending ocean as dusk began to settle the boy-who-lived began wondering just what else was out there. He knew there was far more to the world than just England or France but... just how much. Would his takeover of a single island lead to the surrounding countries? Would it continue to the continent of Europe itself? Would his ideals spread to lands beyond the great seas and oceans?

Did he even want it to? With Lucius in power, and from what he heard growing more influential by the day, it was only a matter of time until all Magical England was controlled. This had been a goal of his from the start, but he had always calculated it taking until after graduation to pull off. At this rate power might be solidified before the end of his fourth year at Hogwarts.

Then what? Take over Europe before completing his education? The World a few years following? What would he do if everything was accomplished by the time he reached thirty? What would be left?

“Excuse me?” Turning the teen idly noted a group of three, slightly older, teenage girls approaching. “Are you alright?”

Harry gave a nod, “I am, just... lost in thought I suppose.”

“Anything you uhm... want to talk about?” a different one questioned shyly.

It was painfully obvious, even to those who weren’t geniuses, where the conversation was leading.

“This is my first time at the ocean... I did not realize it would be such an experience.”
“Are you here with anyone?” the third chimed in, before earning a scowl from the first.

“Of course he is Claire, why would he be on vacation by himself?”

As they bickered the boy idly considered indulging, he had never had a ‘foursome’ before and they were certainly pretty enough.

“My two godfathers brought me, they are enjoying some alone time with their own company though.”

“Some alone... oh...”

Harry shrugged, “It is their vacation too, who am I to complain.”

“So... they are going to be busy for a while?”

The boy nodded, allowing the three to eye each other for a few moments, as if carrying on a silent conversation. In the meantime, the Wizard made a rather odd discovery, he simply had no desire for them. There was no spark, no excitement to be gained from bedding one, or all three, of the girls. When had that changed?

When had he changed?

“Then you should come with us. Our parents always rent a beach house for themselves and then one for us three, so we have some privacy. It will be fun.”

Harry didn’t even need to gesture at this point, easily entering their minds and removing the past few minutes of their memories before adding different ones. Instead of approaching him they had simply agreed to return home and go to bed early, then he simply turned around and ignored their brief confusion before they continued their walk, whispering to each other and giggling into the night.

Confusion spiked across his mental connection with Hedwig, she was curious as to why he hadn’t ‘indulged’.

For once he didn’t know, and simply couldn’t answer the question.

How very odd.

***LoD***

Sirius Black sat fidgeting on the couch, watching as his friend paced back and forth in their living room. It was well after midnight, their dates having fallen asleep a few hours prior, and Harry still had not returned home.

“He should have contacted us by now...”

“We are just overreacting Moony, I am sure he is fine.”

The Werewolf snorted, before gesturing towards the nervous tapping at the Lord Black’s foot had been doing for the past ten minutes.

“Okay fair enough... ten more minutes before we go looking?”

“Sounds good, I swear if something happened to him...”

“Happened to who?” a voice questioned as the teen in question opened the door.
“Harry!”

“Sirius.”

“Are you alright? Where were you? Did something happen?” the man immediately rambled while standing and moving towards his godson. Remus had already begun ‘inspecting’ the boy for injuries or anything out of place.

The Potter heir, in the meantime, merely stared in confusion. “You do realize that I killed a Basilisk last year without effort correct? Do you honestly think there is anything on a Muggle beach that can harm me?”

“Doesn't matter, we were still worried.”

“How... odd.”

“What is pup?”

“Your concern, I do not believe anyone has ever been that concerned for me before.”

Both Wizards froze, before shooting each other a quick concerned glance. “Never cub? I mean what about Hedwig?”

“She has always been with me and knows what I am capable of. Sure, she has been mildly worried at times but never like this.”

“Well... we just are Harry... are you sure you're okay?”

“Positive, how was your evening?”

Both men grinned, “Gonna have to buy you something really nice for your birthday this year pup. They even convinced us to 'swap' after the second round.”

“I told you they were more comfortable with each other.”

Remus nodded, “Diane did mention the idea of a foursome tomorrow morning but uh... well we don't want to disturb you or anything...”

“Don't worry Remus, I have been told to expect my foursome this coming year, you may enjoy yours. Though I must say I enjoy the idea of three girls far more than two couples as you two are planning, good night.” With that he departed, ignoring the gaping expressions on both of his godfather’s faces.

***LoD***

“You three are certain?” Luna, Hermione, and Ginny nodded, earning a sigh from the Auror. “Fine fine I will do what I can, but you are still in school, so it isn’t like I can just stop my job to teach you dueling.”

“They aren’t looking for dueling practice, they are looking for combat experience.” Hedwig chimed in from nearby. She had considered the same option, of asking the older woman for training, but figured that it would be rather difficult for her to obtain a usable Wand. Add on the fact that she was already years behind and it simply made the idea irrelevant for her.

“Yeah I get it I just… look you three have Harry looking after you.”
“He can’t be everywhere at once,” Hermione countered with ease, having already gone through numerous versions of this conversation in her mind over the past few days. “If we want to help him, to *stand* with him then we need to be able to do so. Just start us on the basics Tonks… please?”

“Alright… look I will show you the standard stuff and get you an exercise plan. We won’t have time to go over more combat ready spells though.”

“We can get those from our Lord’s godfather’s. Surely the Black family has books full of usable Magic.” The cheerful blonde chimed in, earning a nod.

“Should be easy enough, besides Harry men are *painfully* easy to manipulate sometimes. Plus, once we tell them it is to help protect his godson Sirius will probably *throw* books at us.” Ginny finished, earning a few chuckles.

Tonks nodded. “True enough, alright but under one circumstance… when my uncle starts giving you three the extra info I want in on it too, can never be *too* prepared right?”

***LoD***
Returns & Relaxation

Lord of Darkness

Returns & Relaxation

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

A/N: Fun fact, this and the next chapter were originally going to just be one… but then I kept adding in scenes and realized I was at over 7k words and still had more to add…

***LoD***

“Cissa darling how have you been?” The Malfoy matron fought the urge to cringe at her ‘dear’ sister’s appearance.

Azkaban had not been kind to her.

Still, she was family, and Narcissa was incredibly grateful towards her husband for rescuing her from that awful place. She had inquired as to why he had gone through such lengths, but he had waved her off, claiming that it was merely to repay old debts.

She didn’t believe it for a moment, but for now had no reason to look further into it. The only stipulations he had were to keep her out of the public eye, and away from any dark activities. Being linked back to a Death Eater could be potentially disastrous for their family if word got out.

Thus, she led her sister to the south wing of the house, the one rarely used even for guests, to keep the woman away from any unnecessary interactions.

“I have been doing well Bella, how do you feel?”

“I feel wonderful. Everything is so bright and cheerful, just makes me want to go out and torture a few unsuspecting Muggles.”

Narcissa hissed in warning, before practically pushing the deranged woman into an unused room. “Not when you are in this house you won’t!”

“But cissy…” Amazing, even after over a decade in prison her sister could still whine like a child.

“But cissyssssyyyyy”

“No buts, Azkaban does terrible things to your skin… and hair… and eyes… and teeth… and… well you know what just everything. Luckily for you Lucius was able to purchase a few trunkloads of recovery potion. You will be good as new by the holidays.”

That seemed to brighten the older Witch up, as she gave a, admittedly very gross, grin.
“Who knows, maybe your husband will be out by then too.”

The smile fell, and Bellatrix practically snarled in disgust. “Hope not, maybe Lucius can take his time getting that useless idiot out? Or even forget about him altogether and just leave him in the cesspool.”

“Bella, I thought that…”

“Rudolphus is a bloody loser Cissa! I mean he is so boring! Even before we went to prison it was all ‘politics this’ and ‘political intrigue that’! He never wanted to just go out and do something. He would rather sit in a quiet room reading the paper than go to a party, cause a fight, or just shag in the rain!"

Luckily Narcissa caught herself before she reacted to the last statement, “Well some men just aren’t into public displays Bella.”

Her sister snorted, “It wasn’t just public Cissy, it was anything. The only time we consummated was on the bed on our wedding night, after that one disappointing time he was far more interested in spending time with his brother… alone… if you understand my meaning.”

“You believe he was…”

“Moaning like a little whore while he pleasured his brother on his knees? You bet your arse I do, probably because I caught them doing it!”

“Wh-what did you do?”

“The bloody hell can I do? Those stupid marriage contracts made what he was doing perfectly legal.”

“B-but he didn’t inform you of the affair, the stipulations…”

“Family” Bellatrix hissed, “there is an exemption for direct family members. Probably because so many of our ancestors were inbred perverts.” The woman gave a defeated sigh before falling on the bed, staring up at the ceiling with a wistful look in her eyes. “What I wouldn’t give for a real man. Someone who enjoyed sex…”

A giggle escaped her lips while Narcissa watched on in shock, secretly noting their situations to be eerily similar, along with their responses.

“Someone passionate, maybe into a bit of roleplay. Rough when I want it… maybe even someone younger. I’ve always dated older bastards and look where it got me, I wouldn’t mind having a youthful man in my bed for a change maybe even…”

“A schoolboy…” Narcissa finished without realizing it, her eyes widening as the older of the two shot up to a sitting position, a knowing grin on her face once more.

“Oh Cissa… you are a bad one, aren’t you? A much younger man for you hm? Do you already have one? Is he as… enthusiastic as I think he might be?”

Years of Pureblood training allowed the Malfoy woman to hide her blush, “Of course not Bella, I am faithful to my husband.”

“Oh please your husband looks about as boring as a Crabbe and duller than a Goyle. Honestly when was the last time he actually made you excited.”
“I…” shite when was the last time? Narcissa bit her lip in concentration, a habit she had long since suppressed until now.

“When was it dear sister?” Bellatrix whispered as she slid off the bed and slowly prowled towards her younger sibling. “When did you last see that look in his eyes of appreciation. When you could feel his gaze sliding over you… taking you in.”

It had been so long… and they both knew it. Had he looked at her in that way after Draco had been conceived? Had he ever looked at her like that before?

“How long has it been since his fingers grazed your skin in a teasing manner? How long since his hands explored your body, since his lips tried desperately to taste more and more of your skin? Days? Weeks? Months?

Before she even realized her mouth had opened the younger had already whispered out her answer, “Years…”

“He doesn't deserve you Cissa, neither of those two losers have done anything to earn us. All they do is sit around all day scheming and talking to other losers. They are not men of action, not men of power. You crave it too, I can see it in your eyes even now. You want something more, something exciting and new. I bet if I spent five minutes watching you and your so-called husband in a room together I would see it even clearer. The separation between you, the boredom that you are suffering from and the fact that he either doesn't notice... or doesn't care.”

“He knows... or at least suspects... he has encouraged the idea of taking a lover before.”

Bellatrix practically let out a squeal of joy, earning a warm smile from her sister. It had been over a decade since she had last seen the woman and even longer since seeing happiness and excitement in her eyes.

“Well then how about we make a deal hm? You know like the ones we did growing up? First one who gets a 'toy' shares him with the other?”

Narcissa tried valiantly to say 'no' or to simply find a reason to do so... and yet for the life of her she couldn't. Her life had been so very boring for years, what better way to spice it up than to share a younger man with her older sister?

***LoD***

Harry,

I just found out that Bellatrix Lestrange, my aunt, has been released from Azkaban and is currently staying with us. Undoubtedly my father has something to do with this due to his political connections, I will make further inquiries as subtly as I can.

Draco

The boy-who-lived gave a sigh before putting down the letter that had just been delivered, it was the last official day of his vacation with his godfathers and they were just finishing up saying their 'goodbyes' to the two women they had met. It was a rather interesting experiment, to find satisfaction not through himself but by ensuring that those closest to him were happy. If he was to continue this pattern it would mean not tearing Lucius Malfoy's organ's out through his throat, as he was sure that Draco would be somewhat upset if he did.

“Who knew that having followers would be so very complicated...” the teen mused as he prepared a
letter to send back to the blonde. Still, he had to admit that it was rather refreshing to see an adult create a plan to defeat him rather than simply trying to confront him in a hastily put-together battle or attempting to convince others of his misdeeds.

“I suppose that is one reason to keep the man around... still I will have to ask Sirius and Remus about her.”

“About who pup?”

The boy turned around to spot two grinning older men 'swagger' into the room, “You know despite my own activities I still find the way you two walk after getting laid somehow disgusting...”

His godfathers grinned and sat down at the table he had been occupying. “You'll understand when you get older pup.”

Harry rolled his eyes but smiled nonetheless before handing his friend's letter to Sirius. “A letter from Draco, apparently Bellatrix Lestrange has been released from prison and is spending the summer with him. If memory serves she is your cousin correct?”

The Black Lord had practically dropped the parchment, his mouth gaping in shock as he stared back at his godson.

“Bloody hell...” his friend whispered, earning a slight nod from the Animagus in agreement.

“Bellatrix is crazy with all capitals pup.” Sirius finally explained once he had slowed his heart rate, “she was Volde's most skilled follower, and probably his most zealous as well. She was very skilled in dueling, especially with the torture curses.”

“I see...”

“We need to be careful cub.” Moony chimed in, “If Malfoy got her out then he can probably get others as well. It sounds like something big is in the works. If Death Eaters are involved it can't be good, especially for you.”

“It does seem that way, of course the last time someone was released I ended up with another godfather out of the deal, so it wasn't all bad.”

The two older Wizards stared for a moment, before pulling him into a group hug, laughing happily as the wrestled down onto the floor.

***LoD***

“I look ridiculous...”

Ginny grinned at the mirror as Hedwig huffed back at her reflection. Currently the white-haired girl's face was covered in green paste, while her hair was wrapped up in curlers.

“No, you look like someone who is undergoing a transformation into something else. This is just part of the process, relax and have fun.”

“I was relaxed when we were soaking in the hot tub that Tonks conjured... up until Luna decided we should go 'au naturale' and started trying to strip us.”

The redhead's grin widened, “Oh come on, we all enjoy her antics. Plus, you can't tell me you haven't had just a little bit of fun.”
The amber-eyed girl tried to hide her smile but failed. “Yeah... I have been. It has been nice just... being a girl for once.”

“You should be one more often Hedwig, we could have slumber parties in the Slytherin dorms this year!” the young Lovegood called from nearby while she and Hermione received their own 'makeovers' from Tonks.

“Oh yes I am sure that would be a great idea... just tell a few more people about me, I am sure none of them would try and use that information for their own gain.”

“They wouldn't.” Oddly it was the formerly bushy-haired Witch who replied with such certainty. “I haven't been around very long but even I can see that everyone in that house is deathly afraid of disappointing Harry. Could you imagine what would happen if one actually targeted you?”

The oldest female nodded, “She is right Hedwig, between adoration, lust, love, and fear I doubt anyone would even think about crossing our 'boy toy'.”

Luna giggled at the term as the doorbell rang out.

“Bloody buggering shite... Ginny can you get that?”

“Sure thing Nymphadora.” The youngest Weasley happily skipped away, fully aware that although she would pay for her little comment later, the Metamorphmagus could not do anything while trying to care for two others.

Reaching the front door Ginny swung the door wide. “Helllll....o” and stared back into a pair of emerald-green eyes.

“Greetings my dear Ginny... and how are you today?”

“Uh... I'm... uhm.... fine... I mean good! I mean great! Yep doing g-great just great!”

“That is great, I missed you these past few weeks.”

“Y-y-yeah me too...” Merlin what the hell was wrong with her, she was fine thirty seconds ago and then Harry just appears, suddenly she is back in shy old Ginny mode again.

“Are the others inside by chance?”

“Huh?”

“The other girls.”

“Oh... OH! Yes inside, come please... inside, I mean come inside me please, I mean come with me... inside, come with me inside the house, yeah that one.”

He smiled warmly at her stutter, before following to where the others sat, backs turned.

“Hey Gin, who was at the...”

“Hello Tonks.”

All other conversation stopped as the various females spun around to see the teen. “H-Harry? You look... different?”

“Do I? Must be the tan that Padfoot insist I try.”
“Or the fact you are in a t-shirt and shorts...” Tonks mumbled while licking her lips.

His eyes trailed over the various females, pausing just long enough to earn a blush from each before settling on his oldest friend.

“Hedwig?”

“Uhmmm hello Harry....”

“You look...”

“Awful?”

“Good, you look good...”

The former owl snorted, “Oh yes, green crap on my face, hair up in curls, this... ugly smock covering me and...”

“A smile on your face, a gleam of laughter in your eyes, happiness in your voice.”

Her face lit up bright red, earning a few giggles from the other girls. “I... missed you...”

“I missed you as well, more than you realize.”

“What about me my Lord... I missed you too.” Luna chimed in with a pout, earning a chuckle from the boy-who-lived.

“Of course, Luna I missed you dearly as well. I have missed all of you, but I am glad to see you are all getting along so well.”

“Ooooo! My Lord since you are early you should get a makeover too!”

For the first time in her life Hedwig swore she saw a hint of fear in the young boy’s eyes and wondered if he ran into a Boggart if the form would be dramatically different now.

“I am not sure about that Luna, I still have to unpack and...”

“Nonsense my Lord” Tonks replied in a cheeky tone, before grabbing his hand and pulling him towards an open chair.”

“That was your freebie Tonks...” he muttered, before sitting down with a sigh.

“Yeah yeah, you love me, and you know it. Now then just sit back and relax. I am finishing up with Hermione and Luna, Hedwig just needs to wait for her 'beauty mask' to finish up and Ginny...”

“Ginny can help you to relax my Lord.” The blonde chimed in from her chair, an almost devilish smile on her face.

“Wh-what?”

“Oh come on Ginny, you and I are the only ones here who haven’t actually had sex with Harry yet...”

Tonks stumbled slightly as her eyes flashed to Hermione, before shaking her head, not quite sure why this fact surprised her.
“I-I can't... I mean... not with everyone here... watching...”

“So, if we weren't here...”

“LUNA!”

The Ravenclaw giggled, quickly earning laughter from the others as well.

***LoD***

“Come onnnnn”

“Ronald” Molly Weasley snapped, “a little patience will not kill you. We are still waiting on our guests.”

The redheaded boy frowned, before crossing his arms with a huff. If they missed the initial World Cup ceremonies he was going to be furious. Luckily for him, and his siblings who had been quite eager as well, the doorbell rang moments later.

It was his father who answered the door, a bright grin appearing on his face as he did so, “Come in! We were just finishing up preparations.”

“Wouldn’t want to rush you Mr. Weasley, sorry for being so late, Moony here had to apply some flee powder.”

The other man growled at his friend while their host merely waved off their concerns, “Nonsense, and please just call me Arthur.”

“Mr. Weasley” a third voice politely greeted, earning the fourteen-year-old a smile from the older man.

“Hello Harry, and please just Arthur will do, after all…”

“What is he doing here!??”

The father turned to level a glare at his youngest son, while the rest of his children began to enter the packed living room.

“Harry, Mr. Black, and Mr. Lupin are our guests Ronald.”

“B-b-but…”

“HARRY!” Ginny cheerfully shouted, before practically tackling into the boy, earning laughter from the adults.

“He can’t be here! This was our family vacation, Charlie and Bill even came in to…”

“Ron” the Weasley matron hissed, “It is only because of Harry and his godfather’s incredible generosity that we are able to attend the World Cup. They were gifted a private box by the Minister and were kind enough to offer us free tickets to accompany them. Not only that but to share their reserved camping spot.”

The boy’s protests ended when the rest of his brothers glared at him as well, discreetly telling him to ‘shut his mouth’.

“Right then, ready to go Arthur? We have the Portkey all setup and ready.”
Suddenly the youngest girl's eyes widened in epiphany before dashing back upstairs, shouting that she had almost forgotten to pack something and to give her a few minutes.

“Well would you three like to have a quick bite to eat before we go? It is the least we can do to thank you again Mr. Black.”

“Sounds delightful and please, just call me Sirius, you can call Remus here ‘fuzzy’ if you want to though.”

***LoD***

“I don't understand why we have to share a tent with... him.”

Fred and George promptly double slapped their youngest brother on the back of his head.

“Seriously Ronald”

“I swear”

“You must be”

“Adopted”

“With how dim witted”

“You can be”

“At all times”

“What these two are trying to say Ron,” Bill chimed in as he entered the 'common' room of their side of the structure, “is that to rent a space and buy something like this isn't cheap, especially for seven children and two adults. So, why don't you try to be nice for once and just thank Sirius, Remus, and especially Harry for inviting us and paying for everything. Otherwise you would be sitting at home doing chores and hoping for decent coverage in the paper if you ever read it.”

Charlie nodded from where he sat at the table, “You didn't hear this from us but... mom and dad have been having money problems lately. Bill and I have been sending what we can back but having so many kids in school and trying to afford everything else is... well it isn't easy right now.”

“Well yeah but I mean... why can't the snake just sleep outside with the rest of...” the boy promptly yelped in pain from a stinging hex sent by his enraged sister who had walked in from the other side.

“Say that again Ron and I'll be mentioning the detentions you've gotten the past few years along with the very colorful language you've picked up.”

The boy paled, while his oldest brothers shot dangerous glares, secretly promising to find out exactly what their youngest brother had been saying.

Alright Weasleys we are finished setting up and the first rounds start in about an hour. Everyone ready to head up and... is something going on here?” Arthur inquired as he noticed the atmosphere in the room.

“No, nothing at all dad. Just making sure Ron knows to be nice to the ones whose generosity allowed us to go on this vacation.”

Their father's gaze shot to his youngest son for a moment, before he nodded. “Good, I don't want to
“Hear about any more issues or problems with Harry or his godfathers, am I understood?”

“Yes dad” the children chorused, earning a nod of approval.

“Good, then grab a snack and meet us outside.”

***LoD***

“GOAL!” The announcer rang out, as fans jumped from their seats cheering and hollering for their favorite teams.

Meanwhile up in one of the spectator boxes the Weasley sons were also voicing their opinions of the game, along with Sirius.

“I'm telling you Krum is going to win this for sure! The only ones who stand a chance of beating him would be the Cannons!”

“Oh please Ron, the Chudley Cannons have about the same odds of making it to the World Cup as you do of being declared Dumbledore's replacement in the Wizengamot as Chief Warlock.”

“You really think I have a shot Bill?” The boy inquired excitedly, earning a mass eye roll from everyone in the room.

“So, Ginny, how are you enjoying the game so far?” Harry inquired as he sat next to the young girl in the front row. Currently they were the only two seated in their section, with most of the others standing almost against the glass, Remus getting another round of refreshments, and the two Weasley parents sitting near the back.

“It's great! I love how much energy there seems to be in the air!”

“Mhmm”

“It’s too bad none of the others could come with us.”

“They simply weren’t that interested, and Hedwig understood that I wanted to spend more time with just you.”

She flushed, about to reply, and probably get tongue-tied and make a fool out of herself, when another goal was scored, and the teenage girl acted without thinking, reaching out and grabbing the boy-who-lived's hand in excitement. Her eyes widened in shock the moment she realized what had happened, but by then he had already interlaced their fingers together and begun gently rubbing his thumb over her hand.

She turned to him, her face as red as her hair to see his smile returned to her, sending more than a few pleasant shivers down her spine.

“I find myself enjoying this far more than I thought I would.”

From a few feet away, Molly Weasley smiled as she observed interaction and gave a gentle nudge to her husband before gesturing discreetly at the two teens. Arthur's face shifted into a smile as well. “I told you it would be this year...” She whispered to the man, earning a sigh and a promise to give her a back rub every night for the rest of the summer. A year prior the two adults had placed a bet on when the teens would 'acknowledge' the feelings that seemed to be developing between them.

Ginny leaned in a bit closer, before resting her head on the other teen's shoulder, “Do you have your
own room?” she whispered, earning a slight nod from her current pillow. “Any chance you would let me sneak over tonight?”

His head turned, “Do you really think I would stop you?” he muttered into her hair, before gently kissing the top of her head, earning a giggle from the girl, along with one from her mother nearby.

***LoD***

Her door silently slid open, and Ginny Weasley sent another mental thanks to Sirius and Remus for getting a tent big enough so that she didn’t have to share a room with anyone else. With a large bag in hand she crept forward, moving as slowly as possible so as not to wake anyone en route to her destination.

Unfortunately, she had failed to take one very important detail into consideration. A lantern burned to life revealing her mother sitting in a chair in the corner of their common room. “I was wondering when you would be up and about.”

“M-mom... I uh... I can explain... uhm you see...”

“Take a seat.” The teen gave a defeated nod, before sitting down in a chair across from the older woman. “Listen... Ginny... I know it may surprise you, but I was a young girl once upon a time as well.”

Her daughter gave an exaggerated gasp, earning her one of ‘those’ looks.

“What I’m trying to say is that I know what you are going through, I understand the urges, peer pressure, hormones, and everything else you are feeling. I also know where you were going and what you were planning to do tonight.”

“Mom I...”

Molly held up a hand, earning silence once more from her daughter. “I’m not here to punish you or anything like that... I just want you to really think this through. A person’s first time is special, whether they are a girl or boy. I just don’t want you regretting anything later by rushing into the more adult parts of a relationship.”

“I... I know, and I’m not I promise. I know what I'm doing mom.”

The older woman gave her a speculative stare, one she had developed when the twins were growing up, before nodding and opening her arms, welcoming her daughter into a hug. “Alright... I just want you to be safe and happy.”

“I know mom, and Harry does make me happy. Plus, we both know he keeps me safe.”

“Yes, I know. Let's just... keep this from your father for a little while longer hm? Maybe a few years...”

Ginny laughed, before giving another hug. “You're the best mom...”

“I know, now go stake your claim on that part of his heart and remember; door locks, silencing Charms, and anti-pregnancy Spells.”

“Mom!”

***LoD***
“Uhmmm hi...” Ginny shyly muttered, shifting slightly as she was let in by the smiling boy.

“Trouble with your mom?”

The redhead stared at him for a moment in shock, before bursting out into laughter, thankful that Harry had setup silencing spells moments prior. “One of these days you're going to be surprised by something.”

He grinned back, “Well if it makes you feel better, I have no idea what is in the bag.”

The younger teen glanced over at her 'surprise', something she had come across last Christmas in a 'Teen Witch' magazine. “Uhm yeah... that's uh... well I got it last year and I just thought that maybe... I mean if you don't want to I understand since it's a bit weird and I'm a bit weird but...”

His lips covered hers, silencing her anxious rant and earning a whimper from the redhead before pulling back from her. “It is hard for me to tell you I am fine with it if you don't tell me what it is. Also, I like your weirdness.”

Her heart fluttered, as she fought the urge to simply give in without even trying for the plan she had been working on, but still she persevered. “I uh... just need to uhm... use your bathroom and change really quick...”

His head tilted to the side, an odd expression on his face, “You know that you don't need to try and impress me with fancy clothing, right?”

“I-I know I just... well I had this... I mean I know some people have fantasies and Tonks mentioned some stuff she was into and I just thought that maybe...”

“You have a fantasy you want to act out?”

“Y-yeah... but if you don't want to...”

His smile sent her heart racing once more, “I am more than willing to try anything with you.”

Yup, that was it. Good bye logical Ginevra Weasley, hello 'madly-in-love-and-you-won't-convince-me-otherwise' Ginny.

“I-I just need to change really quick...” before Harry could even reply she had bolted into his private bathroom, slamming the door shut and locking it behind her. Once inside she struggled to calm her breath and racing heart. This was it, the ‘moment of truth’ so to speak. He was going to see just how weird she was, how much of a freak she was when she thought about him.

“No... no he wouldn’t do that.” She muttered to convince herself and quiet her nerves. A moment later and she opened the bag she had delayed their trip for and changed into her outfit. Less than ten minutes later she was staring back at her reflection in the mirror, cursing her own stupidity and childish nature.

It wasn’t Ginny Weasley that stared back, but rather ‘Princess Ginevra’, a persona she had long ago created in her mind.

A princess, that was what she had always dreamed of being, and what little girl didn’t? The difference was that she was no longer a little girl. She was a teenager… wearing a princess dress she had bought out of a catalog and silently praying that the hero in the room waiting for her would indulge in this utterly ridiculous fantasy of hers.
“I’m such a loser…” she muttered, leaning over the sink and fighting back the tears that were forming at her eyes.

The redhead wasn’t one hundred percent sure that she wasn’t hallucinating when a voice replied to her through the door a moment later, “I don’t think you are a loser.”

Her laughter was humorless and full of self-loathing, “Of course I am… if you could see me right now… I am such a freak… all because I had this stupid dream when I was growing up…”

Silence prevailed, until the boy spoke up once more, “I had a dream growing up too…”

“Y-you did?” Merlin when had she started crying?

“Of course, when I was much younger I dreamed of having parents… of having a family. Sure, I had Hedwig but… it just wasn’t the same.”

There it was, a single moment of weakness… and he had shared it with her. Memories from earlier in the summer came flooding back, of a conversation had with those closest to Harry. He didn’t need a fangirl, he needed someone who cared.

She unlocked the door and pushed it open, revealing that he had, indeed, been standing on the other side. His eyes trailed over her outfit, allowing for a warm smile to form on his face.

“You look beautiful.”

She was quite sure that her cheeks were as read as her hair with just that one comment. “I always dreamed of being a princess as a child, it’s stupid and silly but…”

“I don’t think it is, you look like a princess to me.”

The girl hesitated for a moment, biting her lip as she worked out what to say next without sounding too ridiculous. “Uhmm so maybe just for tonight… I could be the princess and you the knight in shining armor?”

He smiled again, before his outfit seemed to melt and reform taking on the appearance of metal plates, like a Muggle knight of old.

“Showoff…”

Grin widening, Harry offered her his hand, and upon taking it he guided her back into the room. “If you would like I can make you one this year as well.”

The girl nodded quickly, “I would, but until then…”

“How may I be of service, your highness?”

Ginny froze in shock at the way he had bowed to her, one arm behind his back as she had seen ‘knightly’ individuals do in some of the Muggle books she had been given by her father while growing up. Harry Potter, her proclaimed Lord, the boy-who-lived, leader of just about every Slytherin of the past few years, destroyer of the Dark Lord, Basilisk, and Merlin knows what other dark creatures, savior of not only her but so many others… was showing fealty to her.

It was… wrong on so many levels she couldn’t even choose just one. This was supposed to be the other way around. She should be on her knees, bowing and worshiping him. He was the leader, the genius, the borderline Magical God… she was just plain old Ginny Weasley.
“Your highness?” he inquired again from his position, snapping her back to reality… or whatever had happened to it in the last few moments.

‘It is an act.’ She realized in that moment, ‘I asked for this.’ Pushing aside the guilt, and mentally promising to make up for this perceived humiliation, she focused in on continuing the ‘game’.

“I… wanted to thank you good knight, for rescuing me from the beast.”

“It was an honor your highness, I am merely relieved you were not harmed.”

Goddess could he be any more perfect she thought, her heart rate skipping a few beats at how easy he flowed into these roles that he was clearly not meant for. He belonged on a throne and in the finest of garbs, not bowing in armor.

“You life was put in danger, you risked it to protect me, to save me. Not only did you slay the beast, but you disposed of the terrible warlock as well.” Okay, not part of the original plan but who the hell cared? It was fun to play pretend, to be someone else for a night. Who could say if Harry would ever put up with this sort of thing ever again?

“The man was a fraud, not worth being in the same kingdom as you, your highness. It was an honor to dispose of him.”

‘Lockhart’ she mentally gasped. The teen hadn’t even thought about him when making up this little scenario. Harry truly was always a dozen steps ahead.

“Still, you have shown bravery, loyalty, and skill beyond any other.”

“Your highness I…”

“I know,” she interrupted, and silently prayed for his understanding and forgiveness, “that my father sent word out to nearly a hundred others upon my kidnapping. That nearly half refused even some who swore loyalty to our kingdom, that another dozen fled in fear and cowardice, and that the remaining perished. All save for you. You, good knight, are the greatest in our kingdom and beyond.”

“Y-your h-highness… you honor me.”

He could even fake being timid and a stutter! Ginny mentally prayed that he would be willing to try this sort of thing again, she had other ideas in mind and she would certainly make it worthwhile for him. “That is why I have called you here today, there is a matter I wish to speak with you about.”

“Of course, your highness.”

The redhead paused, mentally going over how exactly she wanted this to happen. There were just so many paths and opportunities, “As I understand it you have not been properly rewarded for your actions. I know my father gave praise to you in public but that hardly seems fit for such achievements.”

“Y-your highness…” Harry interrupted, his cheeks flushing just a bit, much to Ginny’s amazement, “That is not necessary. It was an honor and privilege to be able to save you and preserve the kingdom. The knowledge that you are safe from harm is more than enough.”

She waved her hand, “I disagree, and I would like to thank you personally. I am not sure you are aware, but one of those who chose to flee from the danger was the prince I was betrothed to. This simple fact has led to my father canceling the wedding.”
“I did not know, I am sorry if…”

“You merely saved me from a future failed marriage amongst other things. As such I would like to offer you something that is mine alone to give. If you had been born of royalty you would be offered my hand in marriage, I fail to see why this cannot still be the case.”

“M-my lady I am… not worthy of such a thing, I am merely a knight…”

“I had expectations…” she whispered softly, making her way to the bed before running her fingers along the blankets covering it, “all princesses do, of our wedding days. It would full of music and laughter, the sun would be shining without a cloud in the sky. I would be in a white dress, led to my future husband by my parents… then the oaths and the kiss.”

She paused, fidgeting slightly before turning back towards the, still kneeled, man. “After hours of merriment the sun would set and the prince would take me to the bed chambers where he would lay me down and become one with me… I had expectations of this that now seem so very far off, and that is what I want to give to you tonight. I want to give you my body and my innocence. Without you I would have lost both, so it is only right that I give them to you now.”

“M-my…”

Her arms went around to the back of her dress, loosening a few of the ties that held it in place. “I understand if I am not what you are looking for in a bride, if you would prefer to darken the room or that I keep my clothing on I understand but…”

He moved without her even seeing it, his lips capturing hers, and silencing the rant, in an instant. Despite the ‘game’ they were playing he was still Harry, and thus she moaned into his mouth a moment later before he pulled back, stuttering out apologies about ‘being too forward’ and ‘taking advantage of her’ all the while assuring her that she was ‘the most beautiful woman he had ever seen’.

Lady Ginevra’s kissed him to silence before he could continue, her hands finding his own and leading them to her waist, encouraging him to do more. Her own returned to his torso, gently untying and removing the armor that protected him with featherlight touches.

Harry’s persona seemed hesitant, simply by the fact that she had stripped him down to a simple shirt and pants before he had even touched her skin. Ginevra took a step back before addressing the situation, “You are allowed to touch… I want you to.”

“I-I know it is just…”

He was too noble, she realized, before her hands went to work slipping her dress onto the floor, earning a gasp from the boy standing across from her. Now she stood only in a pair of knickers and a bra. Memories came flooding back of the summer a year prior, of how he looked at her, how he touched her. Her panties began to dampen as she bit her lip.

“Your turn, I want to see all of you.”

“…hope you are not disappointed…”

Before she could assure him that she would not be he slipped his shirt off, and her eyes widened in shock. He was covered in scars. Had he been this way before, or was this another part of the ‘fantasy’? Did they hurt? Who, or what, had given them to him?

Ginny stepped forward, and he paused as his hands went to slide down his pants. Her fingers
reached out to caress the one crossing his chest first, slowing following it down.

“D-does it hurt?”

“N-no my lady, it is an older scar from a battle early on in my career.”

If she asked ‘Harry’ about it would it break the illusion? Would he become angry?

“I am sorry if…”

Her lips found one on his shoulder, and his body shivered from the contact. “Keep going, please. I want you to be the first man I see, the one I give myself to.”

When his remaining articles of clothing were dropped she stepped back to take in his body, eyes widening in shock. Had he always been that big?

“I-if you do not wish to…”

Her bra and knickers were slid off before he could even finish. “I do, now claim your reward, claim me.” She whispered huskily, before pulling back the covers and sliding under them, the boy following moments later.

The raven-haired boy’s mouth began to descend on her neck, before slipping lower onto her collarbone, thankfully she had been expecting this, and gently grabbed his head before pulling him up to meet her eyes. “I assure you I am plenty ready enough and as much as I would enjoy allowing you to taste me for the remainder of the evening I want something more.”

Her hand trailed down his body, before grasping his erection and rubbing it against her core. “As I said, I am ready. Now take your prize.”

His hips thrust forward, pushing just the tip into her and earning a gasp of ecstasy from her lips.

“M-more…”

He pushed, another few inches entering until he reached her hymen.

“M-more please.”

One final thrust and he was sheathed inside her, and she was crying out in orgasm. He paused, only for her legs to wrap around his waist.

“D-don’t stop…”

He pulled back, before thrusting back inside once more, his own gasp mixing with her whimper as the pleasure built. Several thrusts later and they had reached their tempo, with Ginny groaning in pleasure and his mouth beginning to explore her skin until he found her breasts once more.

“P-p-please m-more.”

“You taste so amazing your highness… you feel so amazing…”

Her legs tightened, hands going to his back before sliding down to cup his rear, earning a slightly harsher thrust from the action.

“S-so full… so good…”
Another orgasm ripped through her body a moment later, her mind losing count of how many she had been gifted already.

His body seemed to slow, bringing her slightly back to reality, as she looked up at him.

“I-I need to… I am nearly…”

Her grip on his arse tightened, pushing him deeper into her. “I am not letting you go am I?”

A grunt escaped his lips, before warmth flooded her inside, sending her mind through another body shaking orgasm as they both reached their peaks. His lips fell onto hers once more, with less heated, but no less passionate, kissing. They slowly pulled back from each other several minutes later.

“Harry that was…”

“Good for your first time?”

“Amazing”

His smile was back, and she mentally breathed a sigh of relief before pushing onto a more pressing matter. “Harry… the things I said to you…”

“Hm?”

“I… you are not upset with me, are you?”

“For what, indulging in a fantasy? Of course not, I found it rather refreshing.”

“The… the scars… are they real?”

“No, do you find them…”

Her arms wrapped around his torso, pulling him close as she breathed a sigh of relief. “I was so worried… that you had been hurt…”

He had, oddly enough, frozen up before returning the hug as best as he could from his position on top of her. “I am fine, I assure you.”

“Good… uhm…” and like that shy Ginny was back, “do you think that maybe… I mean if you want to… this coming year… I mean there are a few other ideas…”

“More sexual roleplaying, well I suppose I could agree to have passionate sex with you again while pretending to be in a different scenario…” His tone implied that it would not be such a difficult thing for him, and she gave his arm a playful swat in return before falling back into the silence of simply listening, and feeling, him breathe.

“You know…”

“Hm?”

“Could you uhm… let me up?”

“Oh, of course my dear.”

His manhood slid out of her, eliciting a disappointed moan, before he sat back up and gave her some breathing space.
“Thanks… I think believe my heroic knight could use some more thanks.”

He was about to say something, before she rose up into a sitting position and leaned forward to slide her lips around his erection, earning her a deep groan that sent all sorts of electricity down her spine.

***LoD***

On a list of things that Ginny Weasley had been hoping to avoid, ‘getting caught sneaking back to your room by your entire family after having sex with a teenage boy for the entire night’ was close to the top. Only her mother, and the twins, seemed to take her appearance the next morning, as they were sitting down for breakfast, in stride.

“Ginny dear, either sit or go and wash up. We still have another day or two of the events, so you need to make sure you eat breakfast. Will you be joining us Harry? Your godfathers went out early too…”

“Wh-WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?”

Naturally, it was Ron who decided to voice his opinion first, and normally Ginny would have been rather flustered and embarrassed… but something had changed last night. It wasn’t just the absence of her virginity, or her consummation of her relationship, and loyalty, to Harry. No, it was something else, something far deeper, it was a newfound confidence she had never noticed before.

“Oh come on Ron we aren’t eight anymore. I think everyone knows what I did.”

“B-b-b-but…”

The girl rolled her eyes, before reaching back and taking Harry’s hand to give it a gentle pull towards the dining table and her, mostly silent, family members.

“Ginny you… but you’re too… and he’s… you are too young for sex!” Bill practically ranted, earning an overly dramatic sigh from his sister.

“Oh please, you are only saying that because I am your sister.”

“N-no! You are only thirteen!”

“Funny, if the rumors are true it didn’t stop you from shagging a thirteen-year-old when you were a fifth year.”

The boy’s jaw snapped shut faster than the top speed of a Firebolt, earning him a chuckle from his father… and glare from his mother.

“And you Charlie, I remember Ben Copper was only fourteen when he snuck over to our house and ‘slept’ in your room without mom and dad knowing.”

The parent’s glares shifted to their second oldest, who was busy trying to sink down into his robes.

“Don’t even get me started on you Percy, since the grapevine told me you were dating three girls at the same time.”

“I-I-I… uh…”

“Fred and George… well you both know what dirt I have on you two.”

The twins grinned mischievously, ‘honor amongst pranksters’ as it were. So long as they didn’t give
her a hard time she wouldn’t give them one as well.

“As for you Ron, I am surprised Lavender Brown will even put up with being around you after the comments you have made.”

“At least I didn’t shag a snake!” he snapped back, earning a cold look in the girl’s eyes, which reminded him of a ‘talk’ they had been through at the start of the trip.

“I would have thought you would be okay with a Slytherin considering the vocabulary you have in common with some of them.”

Their father’s voice broke the silence that had fallen, “What would that be… Ronald?”

“I-I… it’s nothing I just…”

“Nothing? You constantly belittled and taunted Hermione. Hell, you even called her a ‘Mudblood’.”

“Ronald…” his parents growled in unison.

“But she…”

His mother reached out and grabbed his ear, before practically dragging him from the room, followed closely by her husband. Just as they were about to exit she called back, “Make yourself at home Harry.”

With a shrug he sat down with Ginny, turning to her brothers with a smile, he received one back from the twins, but ‘older brother glares’ from the others.

“Don’t think this is the end of the conversation Potter, just because you got us Quidditch tickets doesn’t mean…”

“Bill, you heard about what happened Ginny’s first year right? With the Basilisk and all?” George interrupted, earning a scowl, and a slight nod, from the eldest.

“Well it is a poorly kept secret that it wasn’t Tonks who killed it… but Harry. Not sure about you but I sure as hell wouldn’t want to be threatening someone who did that over a year and a half ago.”

The older three paled as Ginny seemed to cuddle just a bit closer to her personal hero.

***LoD***

After a rather stern talking to, along with the promise of chores and housework for the remainder of the summer, Ronald Weasley was dismissed from his parent’s room. “So… are we going to talk about this?” Arthur Weasley inquired with an edge in his tone.

“Talk about what dear?”

“Oh, I don’t know… maybe the fact that Ginny just admitted to having sex last night and you don’t seem the least bit surprised?”

Molly gave a sigh, before rising to shut the door, and give them some added privacy, “I confronted her when she was sneaking into his room, so yes I knew.”

“And you didn’t stop her or tell me because?” he snapped back, earning a glare from his wife.

“Because I knew this is how you would react. Father’s are always so damn overprotective of their
daughters, but I notice you haven’t even bothered giving a talk to your sons who we knew were doing the same.”

“W-well… I mean… that’s because…”

“Because they are boys and not girls? This is what I was avoiding, you scaring Ginny and Harry away from each other and ruining any relationship they might have just because of some archaic notion of women being required to keep their virginities while men get to play around with it as much as they like.”

“B-but…”

“Let me ask you this Arthur,” the man’s wife continued on, her glare deepening and causing the man to sweat just a tad, “If my father had threatened to Hex your bits off when we first started seeing each other in school what would you have done? Would you have been respectful, and kept your hands to yourself, given up and found someone with fewer ‘issues’, or continued going behind my parents’ backs and having secret rendezvous?”

“Uhmmm….”

“Exactly, I would rather Ginny trust us enough to talk with us about her life rather than create distance and mistrust. If we start bullying every boy away from her then if something does happen she will find someone else to ask for help from. Believe me, I had enough female friends go through this same thing to know.”

The man gave a defeated sigh, before falling back onto their bed. “I just… I just wanted her to be my little girl for a few more years… or decades…”

“I know you did,” Molly whispered softly, taking a spot next to him, “and she still is, but she is also growing up and becoming an amazing young woman. She isn’t going to let him take advantage of her, and I gave her the ‘be safe’ threat several times now.”

“I suppose she will start having slumber parties with him now…” Arthur muttered, earning a laugh from the woman next to him.

“At least she will have other girls there with her.”

His neck snapped to where he was staring at his wife, slack jawed as she laughed even louder, and began to explain the ‘facts of life’ to him.

***LoD***

It had started as the group were making their way back to their temporary residence to pack up after the final game. The first indications were the shouts from nearby, smoke rising in the distance, and the glow of fire further down the seemingly endless rows of tents.

Four adults immediately drew Wands.

“Fred, George get the kids and take them to safety. Bill, Charlie, Percy with us.” Their father commanded in a tone none of his children had ever heard before.

The twins nodded, before ushering Harry, Ginny, and Ron in the opposite direction, and towards a tree line that overlooked the encampment. Nearby a panic broke out, with Wizards and Witches of all ages running in every direction possible. Ginny and Ron ended up separated from the other three, with the older of the two dragging his sister out of the crowd and towards where he estimated the
rendezvous point was.

“Ron, what the hell!?”

“It’s fine Gin, the twins will catch up and then we can just hang out here until then…”

“That’s your plan? What about the ones doing the attacks, what happens if…”

“Well well well looky who we have here.” A voice interrupted, paling the two children as they spun around to view three cloaked men walking

“You kiddies really should learn not to sneak off away from your parents, who knows what might happen to you.”

Ron went for his Wand, only to be stunned and tossed to the ground, leaving Ginny alone to back away from them as they advanced on her. The third man took that moment to chime in, a sickening grin underneath his mask. “Such a pretty little thing you are. I bet all the boys want a piece of you hm? Now why don’t you be a good little girl for us and open those robes of yours so we can…”

“Step away from her.”

The adults paused, before glancing over at the newcomer, a raven-haired teen.

“Harry!”

“Harry?” one of the men inquired, before roaring out in laughter, “Harry Potter!? This is the famous ‘boy-who-lived’? Some stupid little brat!?”

The other two joined in the laughter, before turning their attention completely to the older child, missing the look of absolute relief on the redhead’s face. “Maybe we ought to teach the little hero a lesson? Show him who he is…”

The oldest man, a relatively low-level Death Eater who had managed to escape prosecution due to sheer luck, suddenly found it rather difficult to breathe. Panic coursed through his veins as his hands went to his throat but found nothing there. Beside him his two ‘companions’ seemed to be in a similar situation.

“I do not recall giving you permission to breathe the same air as us…”

One masked man fell to his knees, struggling for even the slightest of gasps.

“How disappointing adults are. You believe yourselves to be so superior simply due to age and yet all I need to do is take away the ability to expand your lungs and you are helpless. Lose the ability to speak or wave around a stick and you become even more worthless than a Muggle.”

Minutes later and three corpses were all that remained.

***LoD***

“GINNY!” Molly Weasley practically screamed in relief as she sprinted towards her daughter and swept the young girl up into her arms, meanwhile her husband had pulled Ron into a hug as well.

The three wayward children had been located an hour later by the frantic adults after being found by the twins. Needless to say, it had been one of the most terrifying for the two parents.

“You okay pup?” Sirius whispered as he pulled his own godson into a hug.
“Of course, why wouldn’t I be?”

Remus laughed softly from mere feet away, “We were just worried about you, that’s all…”

“More like scared out of our bloody minds! You need to stop getting into trouble pup!”

“It wasn’t as if I went looking for trouble…” If the two men didn’t know better, they would have sworn their godson was pouting.

“Ginny… did Harry?” Molly inquired softly as she pulled the young girl off to the side.

The teen nodded, “Yeah mom… I told you I was safe with him…” Her mother wiped a few more tears from her eyes, before giving another sobbing laugh.

“I do hope you find some way to thank him.” There was a slight twinkle in the older woman’s eyes, a mischievous spark that Ginny instantly interpreted as another thing to not mention to her father.

Ginevra Weasley laughed, “Yeah mom… I have a few ideas.”

***LoD***

“So, my Lord... how was your summer?”

Harry gave a slight shrug, “Quite interesting.”

“No uh... shagging everything that moves again?”

This time the boy-who-lived rolled his eyes at the young Zabini’s comment. “Not this time Blaise, sorry to disappoint you. Just the normal amount of sex.”

“Uhm no offense my Lord, but your definition of 'normal' isn't quite the same as ours...”

“Oh?”

“Uh yeah... most of us have never even seen a girl naked...” The young Malfoy muttered, almost as if in shame.

“Come on Draco don't be ridiculous... none of us have seen a girl naked...”

“Not true.” Pansy remarked, before standing up and moving to sit on her Lord's lap, not noticing the slight shift he made in seeming discomfort. “I see girls naked in the shower all the time, and I know my Lord has as well...”

“Okay yeah, but I mean the rest of us...” Blaise replied.

The Parkinson heiress gave the slightest of huffs in indignation, “Not our fault you... fall short. So, my Lord... any chance we will have some... alone time later this evening?”

Harry’s face had turned to look out the window, how odd for these feelings to be popping up again. He hadn’t felt this way since that evening on the beach. “Not tonight Pansy, I have other things to take care of.”

Though he did not see it, he was most certainly aware of the confused look the girl shot towards her betrothed, or the confused shrug he replied with.

***LoD***
“Welcome back students and staff, to another year at Hogwarts!” Dumbledore declared. “I wish to extend the warmest of greetings to our new students who have just been sorted and I promise to make the announcements brief so that the feast may begin. The 'banned items' list has been updated and will be posted outside of Caretaker Filch's office as well as the Main Hall and outside of my own. The Forbidden Forest is, as always, forbidden, and I urge all prefects to keep your younger Housemates in mind when traveling through the halls. I wish to welcome our newest Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Alastor Moody...”

The man gave a loud huff, before taking a swig of his flask, much the various professor's annoyance.

Harry, in the meantime, merely gave a sigh. Was it always going to be this obvious with the 'dark' individuals? The man practically reeked of Polyjuice.

“Finally, and I wish for all to hold back their reactions for the time being, Quidditch will be placed on hold, and there will be no Quidditch Cup awarded.” As if on cue the entire hall erupted into protests and shouts of horror, while the Headmaster patiently waited for the students to work the anger out of their systems. Minutes later they finally did, and the elder Wizard spoke once more.

“The reasoning behind this is because Hogwarts has received a great honor, we will be hosting the return of the Triwizard Tournament!”

This time hushed whispers began throughout the various tables, with more than a few eager eyes glued to the man still standing. “Two more schools will be arriving in the next few weeks, Beauxbaton and Durmstrang. Once they have we will begin the process of selecting one Champion from each. The victor will be awarded a thousand galleons and eternal glory. Keep in mind that for safety reasons the age required to enter has been raised to seventeen.”

Again, shouts sounded through the hall, while Dumbledore gently motioned for silence. “This is for the safety of all and was chosen by the Ministry. There have been casualties every Tournament, and we wish to avoid them for the first time since its inception.”

***LoD***

_A/N_: So… I got a bit carried away with the Harry/Ginny Lemon scene, and I will admit that it was unbelievably fun to write… so prepare yourselves for future ‘roleplay’ content in later chapters… as well as other ‘fantasies’ and ‘kinks’ that I might be exploring. Because let’s be honest here, if I was Harry, and had this many women pining for me, you bet your arse I would be indulging.
The boy-who-lived sat on the edge of his personal bathtub staring into the water. He had been doing this for well over an hour when Hedwig finally returned from her evening flight and gently walked up behind him, “Harry? What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know.” He confessed in an oddly vulnerable tone. It was true though, something had changed since the previous summer, but he couldn’t figure out what it was. It had started on his vacation to the beach, with the dismissal of the girls who had been interested in him. Odd, but nothing alarming.

Then he had dismissed a few of the ‘casual’ offers to ‘get reacquainted’ with several of his housemates, including Pansy, citing a long train ride and simply wanting some peace and quiet. Not technically a lie, but not the entire truth either.

The next few days seemed to follow this pattern, with Harry avoiding any ‘physical activities’ with various girls. This seemed to culminate when he had been asked to stay behind by Sinistra… and had made a poor excuse of needing to speak with his Head of House before quickly leaving to find privacy elsewhere.

What was wrong with him, what was happening to him? He was feeling guilty about the attention he was receiving, a knot forming in his stomach every time he looked at one of the girls he had grown to care about.

“Harry… talk to me, I can feel how confused you are. I want to help.”

“Something is different… I keep… avoiding people, not wanting to engage in sex with anyone…”

Hedwig sat behind him, her arms wrapping protectively around his torso and pulling him close as she had when they were much younger. It was the only source of comfort the boy had ever found growing up, the only friendly contact that he ever had. Orphanages were not known for their comfort, and the other children either ignored or teased him. The staff wasn’t much better.

The owl-turned-human had been the only thing to keep him stable, to help ease the emptiness and sorrow any child would experience in such an environment.

Her head rested gently on his shoulder, gently listening as his breathing became slow and steady. “Come on… you need a good night sleep, there is no sense in you staying up all night worrying.”

His head nodded in agreement, and she stood, gently pulling him up and leading him to the bed where she gently tucked him in, watching as he fell asleep moments later. Something needed to be done, she decided, he was worrying and stressing over enough that he didn’t need to add ‘relationships’ onto that list.
“Alright quiet down quiet down... I SAID SHUT THE HELL UP YOU BRATS!”

The room fell silent, save for the heavy step, followed by the thud of the professor's wooden leg as he slowly made his way around the perimeter.

“Now then... you lot are here to learn how to defend yourselves against the forces of the dark, and in their infinite wisdom the school board and Headmaster decided that I would be the best choice to teach you.” He paused, his Magical eye focusing in on Harry for a moment, before spinning wildly once more.

Said teen, in the meantime, stifled a groan of disappointment. Seriously how did the other professors not notice the man's behavior... and the fact he had to take a drink at least once an hour?

“You can put your books away,” the man continued, “we won’t be using them during this year. Instead I am going to be teaching you far more useful skills. How to counter Dark Magic, how to identify the worst creatures you are likely to run into... and how to fight.”

“You mean duel?”

The disguised Death Eater spun in place, fixing a glare upon the redhead who had interrupted him. “Ah, a Weasley eh? Your mother and father fought in the war you know? Brave ones those two, notice you were sorted into Gryffindor yourself.”

Ron grinned, straightening up just a bit from the praise.

“Too bad you are also about as dimwitted as a Troll.”

“Wh-what!?”

“Dueling and fighting are not the same thing. Dueling is some pretty display that adults do in order to either show off, earn points in a competition, or settle a dispute without killing each other. Fighting is what you do in war. There are rules in dueling, but the only rule in war is to make sure that the person trying to kill you dies while you don’t.”

The youngest Weasley son bit back any further argument, before crossing his arms and grumbling about how ‘unfair’ it was.

“Now then, first thing you will all be learning are the basic Curses and Hexes used by Dark Wizards.”

“Excuse me, but isn't it illegal to be studying Dark Magic?” Lavender Brown inquired from next to her boyfriend, Ron.

“Normally yes, but I am trusting you lot not to actually use the spells. The purpose is to know what you are facing to defend yourself. How else do you know what shield to use, or what Counter-Curse if you can't identify the spells being thrown at you?”

Normally Slytherin was a very unified House, especially after Harry had taken control. Today, however, the Common room was observing what had steadily become a rather normal occurrence.

“We do talk, like all the time!”
“We do not!”

Draco Malfoy forced himself not to start slamming his head up against the nearest wall in frustration, “What are you talking about Pansy!? We talked last night for like two hours.”

“No, we did not. You talked about Quidditch scores and the laws being worked on by your father.”

“Well yeah what else would we talk about?”

“How about my favorite color!?”

Draco gulped, before glancing over her outfit, then to a few of the other students in the room for some sort of hint.

“Uhmmp, oh wait it’s gold! You know since you like pretty stuff so much.”

Pansy Parkinson growled, before stalking towards her future husband. “No, you idiot! Just because I like ‘pretty’ things doesn’t mean gold is my favorite color!”

“Oh, uh… green then? I mean you wear green a lot and…”

The snickering from nearby was barely audible over the snarl that escaped her lips. Before she could reach her target, however, a voice interrupted with a sigh, “Purple, her favorite color is purple Draco.”

All attention immediately shifted to Harry, who had begun making his way across the room and on towards the exist, he had begun feeling the need to get some fresh air and it had finally reached a breaking point.

“Uhhhh how did you…”

“Because her favorite thing to wear are purple socks, like the ones her cousin bought her when she was a child for Christmas one year.”

“But… how!?” the blonde boy repeated, breaking the stunned silence.

The emerald-eyed teen paused halfway to his destination, “The same way I know what your uncle’s name is, and that miss Davis’ favorite food is Muggle pizza, and that Astoria Greengrass’ most treasured gift is a small necklace that her older sister bought her. I pay attention Draco, I wouldn’t be a very good ‘Lord’ if I didn’t know everything about my subjects, now would I?”

With that he continued on through the silence, before departing into the hallway.

***LoD***

“Potter”

Harry paused, clenching his fists and forcing himself to calm down lest he turn the owner of the irritating interruption into paste on the walls. “Yes professor?”

Snape’s lips twitched into a sneer as he made his way towards his target, “It is past curfew, what are you doing out of the common room?” He had received an alarm, from the Charm he had chosen to setup at the start of the year, that the Common room door had opened and immediately went to investigate. No reason to give Slytherin any cause to lose points this early into the school year.

“Just taking a walk sir, I need some fresh air.”
“Not without approval, and I certainly did not approve. You are turning out just the same as your father Potter. You believe that the rules do not apply to you, that you are somehow special, better than everyone else. I am here to tell you that you aren’t, in fact…”

The Potion master froze as a shiver rolled down his spine, something was wrong. It was fear, but of a different sort than he was used to, the kind long since burned into the instincts of mankind, both Magical and Muggle alike. It was the feeling one had when standing at the edge of a cliff, there was no direct danger, nothing presently threatening him… but it was the inevitable danger that crept along the edge of his mind, warning him about progressing further.

Focusing in the man noticed the tensing of the teen’s muscles, the way that the hallway seemed darker than before, the dimming of the lights…

“I find it odd professor,” the boy replied, his voice sounding cold, like the whispers in a graveyard that you felt more than heard. “All these years and you continue to go after me, continue to push and challenge me despite everything else that has happened. Did you do the same when Dumbledore stood by and allowed the Dementors free reign? Did you speak up against his choice of Defense instructors when Quirrel and Lockhart were chosen? Or did you nod your empty head like all the other sheep. I wonder if you are already blind to what is happening this year as well…”

With that he continued on his path, leaving his Head of House standing frozen behind. Less than a minute later and Severus Snape was back in his personal quarters, reaching for a bottle of Firewhisky, before halting as he took a hold of the alcoholic container.

His hand was shaking, not trembling, not twitching… but shaking, as if he had just survived an encounter with a Dragon and barely emerged with his life.

“Bloody hell…”

***LoD***

A boy stood alone before a tombstone, his eyes staring vacantly at the names inscribed upon it. It was the first time he had ever been in this place, the first time he had ever felt enough confusion to seek out solace with the dead.

“Mom... dad...” his whispers went unanswered save for the wind in the trees. “I... don't know what to do. I just... I have always chosen my path, always had a clear goal and means to achieve it but now... I need guidance, I need someone to help me…”

The shadows seemed to waiver on their own accord, like the gentle hand of a parent comforting their child.

“Please...” he plead, but the dead cannot answer the living, they can offer no reassurances or answers, no warmth of a hug or encouragement. Harry Potter remained in the cemetery for the rest of the night, falling asleep on the ground where his parents lay in their final slumber.

***LoD***

“Mr. Potter.”

Harry had returned the following morning just before breakfast, only to find Severus Snape standing at the entrance to Hogwarts, apparently waiting for him.

“Professor”
“You have returned I see.”

“I have.”

Snape paused, uncertain for a moment on how to continue, it was a well known fact that he wasn’t skilled in comforting students in anyway shape or form, but he was still a Head of House and thus expected to take care of his own.

“I wish to apologize to you for last night, I should not have made accusations nor brought up the deceased, I am sorry.”

The teen halted mid stride, before giving a slight nod and continuing on, slowing down enough for the instructor to keep stride with him. After another few moments he chose to speak, “I went to see their grave for the first time.”

That single statement nearly caused the older to trip, “You… were never there before?”

“No, Sirius and Remus were the first to inform me of the location, and offered to take me if I wanted but…”

“But you wanted it to be personal, solemn…”

“Yes”

“I am sorry, I have not been very kind to you since your start here.”

Harry shrugged, “I was told that you and my father did not get along in school.”

Snape felt the corner of his mouth twitch up in a smile, “That would be putting it lightly, yes.”

Nodding the teen continued on towards the Slytherin common room, “I am sorry to hear that, but I am not him.”

“I… see that now, and I should have far earlier. I understand your need to get away from things as it were, I only request that you inform me should you choose to do so in the future.”

“Of course, professor.”

By that point the two had entered the area, and Harry continued on to the location of his personal chambers while the man held back, “Mr. Potter…”

The teen halted just as the gateway opened for him. “Yes professor?”

“If you were to have any problems in school, perhaps with a professor…”

He turned to look back at the darker man, before giving a slight nod, “I will do so, I do have a question though on a potion sir.”

“Yes?” how curious, the boy was a genius in the subject, for him to ask for assistance…

“How often would one need to drink Polyjuice in order to maintain a form?”

Snape answered almost without thought, “Once an hour on average.”

“I see… thank you professor.”
With that he entered, and the wall, protected by a portrait of Salazar, reformed leaving the Head of House to ponder the teen’s odd inquiry.

***LoD***

“Please director, I know I can be useful if you just give me a chance.”

Amelia Bones gave out a sigh, she had no idea why her most promising officer was being so insistent upon such an unimportant job, but it was getting a tad annoying. “Auror Tonks, why are you being so stubborn about this? There is no reason to even have any of our operatives at the Triwizard tournament. The Minister, Mr. Bagman, and Mr. Crouch have all assured me that the only danger will be to the those in the Tournament itself, and they will have to volunteer and be chosen.”

“I know ma'am but...” Tonks bit her lip, there had to be something she could say to convince her boss to let her be stationed at Hogwarts again, she was positive that if she attempted to go ten months without seeing Harry she would lose her mind, especially after receiving word that all of those foreign students would be at Hogwarts, she couldn’t lose any more of his attention than she already had to girls his own age.

“Tonks... is there some other reason for you wanting to be stationed at Hogwarts?”

“N-no of course not, why would you...”

“Because you seem incredibly determined to be there despite having obvious cause, perhaps someone caught your eye? A professor maybe?”

Shite, if Bones found out she was crushing on a fourteen-year-old she would be kicked off the force without hesitation. “I uhm... well I mean I made friends there over the last two years and... well...”

“So, there is someone?” The aged director let out a sigh, before removing her monocle and rubbing the bridge of her nose. Days like this made her want to step down and go back to field work, she wasn’t paid enough to deal with hormonal young Witches and Wizards.

“Listen, Tonks... I understand that Hogwarts has become sort of a ‘default’ for you after the past two years, and that you might have even started some sort of affair with one of the professors while on duty...” she raised her hand to prevent any argument from the younger woman, “and I don't care about that. You accomplished your job both times regardless and so there will be no disciplinary issues. The fact of the matter is, however, that the DMLE is not a dating service. We do not make up assignments just so that our members can have an easier time continuing relationship. Your job is to protect and serve the entire community, not just those at one school.”

“I understand ma'am.” the metamorphmagus replied, a bit sullenly.

“However, I will make you a deal. If the Minister makes any requests, you will be at the top of the list from those I will choose from.”

Nymphadora nodded excitedly, “Th-thank you ma'am! I appreciate your consideration.”

“Of course, that will be all Tonks.”

“Yes ma'am.” the officer turned and departed, a slight skip in her step as she felt hope reemerging.

***LoD***

“Hey, Tonks wait up!”
The Auror mentally cursed, before forcing a casual smile and turning to her best friend, or at least the one who used to be.

“When did that change?” she wondered for a moment, before addressing the woman, “Heya Hess long time no see.”

“Yeah I noticed, you avoiding me?”

The metamorphagus’ face fell, “No… no I’m not, at least I’m not trying to I just… life got busy and…”

“Alright alright enough of the guilt trip here Tonks, how about we do a girl’s night this week, you bring the booze and I’ll bring the forgiveness.”

Smiling the Auror nodded, “Sounds good, let’s plan for Friday at eight.”

***LoD***

“Granger!”

Hermione paused, before glancing back at the group of Slytherin girls quickly walking towards her. It was rather ironic, she mused, that a few years back and this scene might have scared her, a group of girls approaching her at night after her last class... but now?

“Pansy” the bookworm greeted back as she came to a halt in the hallway.

“We need to talk,” the Slytherin girl practically hissed, earning a raised eyebrow from the Gryffindor, who nodded a moment later and followed the group back to the dungeons. Once inside the girls made their way to their living area, where Luna, Ginny, and Hedwig already sat.

“Is this some sort of attempt to threaten us Pansy? If so you should really reconsider…”

“What? No, of course not. We want to know if you are cutting us off.”

Ginny chimed in next, “Cutting you off from what?”

“Harry” Daphne replied, earning confused looks from those closest to the boy. “He has been rather… distant lately. I mentioned the idea of a more physical declaration of loyalty from my sister and I and he turned the offer down almost immediately.”

Luna’s gaze shot over to Hedwig, whose own eyes had fell to the floor, “It isn’t just you” the white-haired girl muttered. “And it isn’t anything we did, it started during his summer vacation as far as I know, Harry distancing himself physically from other girls. He turned down a rather tempting offer from several French girls and has yet to figure out why, although I have some suspicions.”

“And those are?”

“Why do you have sex?”

The other teens froze in silence, staring at the former owl in confusion until Pansy decided to answer, “Uh… because it is fun, exhilarating, amazing, orgasmic…”

“Yes yes for the pleasure of it correct?”

“And the closeness…” Hermione muttered, “I mean it is for me, just having that connection with him, feeling wanted is…”
“Amazing, I agree. The thing is that most males are ‘programmed’ to seek out sex for just the physical pleasure of it, especially in their teenage years. Harry is different though, you must remember that Harry grew up with only me to care for him, despite his intellect and maturity he is still a teenage boy who grew up in an orphanage. The other issue is that he feels alone in the world. Despite everyone else having Magic no one is as powerful or gifted as he is. He is already more intelligent than most adults and this combined with his natural aptitudes… well he doesn’t connect with anyone very easily. Sex is one of the ways he does. He feels normal doing this, like he is just like everyone else enjoying intimacy like everyone else.”

“So, what is the problem then? Why is he pushing everyone away? Even Sinistra is noticeably uptight without Harry giving her… attention.”

Hedwig’s gaze fell onto one of the Charmed ‘windows’ that allowed them to view the outside, and have somewhat natural light, “Because now he thinks it isn’t normal. How many people do you know carry on sexual relationships with close to a dozen people at the same time? At heart Harry is still an insecure teen who was abandoned as a child. His Boggart was his own consciousness confirming that he is alone in the world, that there is no one else like him… can you imagine how frightening that would be?”

The teens glanced between each other with solemn expressions, before Luna asked the question on everyone’s mind. “What can we do to help him? I don’t want Harry to change, I love him for who he is not what society thinks is normal.”

The amber-eyed girl smiled at the young blonde, “We just need to show him that it is okay to be the person he has turned into. That just because Draco Malfoy isn’t interested in sex or Theodore Nott can’t get laid doesn’t mean he shouldn’t be sleeping with ten different women over the course of a week.”

Ginny snorted in an attempt to stop from laughing, “I hate to tell you but from the looks other students keep giving him… it might be more than that pretty soon.”

“Not to mention the other schools, Merlin he is going to be smothered in girls pretty soon.” Pansy growled in slight annoyance.

“We should make a schedule.” Hermione muttered, earning stares from the others, which promptly forced her blush from the attention. “I-I mean so that we get to have our time… if all these other girls… I mean it was just a suggestion and…”

“I think Hermione is on to something here, why not make our claim known while we can?” Daphne noted, a smirk forming on her face while the others nodded in agreement.

***LoD***

“Please stand to welcome our guests for the year. First up will be Durmstrang!” Albus Dumbledore declared as the doors to the main hall burst open and the fur-coated individuals marched in.

“My Lord do you see him?” Draco excitedly whispered, earning a raised eyebrow from Harry, “Krum... the Victor Krum is here!”

The other teen gave halfhearted shrug replied, more interested in a book, and his own thoughts, than the ‘parade’ that was commencing.

It was Pansy who spoke her own opinion next, “I just don’t see what the big deal is about some Quidditch player, who cares if he perfected something called the Wonky-Faint or whatever.”
“Wronski Feint” Draco seethed, earning an eye roll from the girl.

“Yes, yes whatever...”

“D-do you think he will walk over here? Or even look in our direction my Lord?”

“Draco, it almost sounds as if you have more loyalty towards him than me...”

The blonde paled but noticed the slight smirk from the raven-haired boy and gave an embarrassed scoff. “Of course not my Lord it is just... I mean he is famous and amazing. I have always wanted to meet him.”

The boy-who-lived gave a thoughtful hum, before the Headmaster spoke up once more, “Next give a round of applause to our allies from across the channel, Beauxbatons!”

In danced a rather large group of blue clad individuals, earning grunts of dismissal from the more rugged Durmstrang students.

“Veela...” The Malfoy heir sighed, his eyes glued to a group of women at the front of the procession. Meanwhile his betrothed growled from his other side.

The remaining Potter merely glanced up, eyeing the attractive women, before returning his attention to his work, he had seen a few Veela during the Quidditch Cup over the summer and these ones were just as disappointing. Sure they were pretty, but over exaggerated in his opinion. Because of this he missed when one in particular caught sight of him and nearly tripped at the lack of attention she was receiving.

Fleur Delacour mentally noted the appearance of the only one not to give her attention.

***LoD***

“I don't see what the big deal is...”

“Of course you don't! Your betrothed was not staring at some girl like she was prancing around naked giving out free Galleons!”

Draco Malfoy rolled his eyes, which was clearly not the wisest of ideas if the growl from Pansy was any indication, “I'm not marrying her I was just... looking. Besides everyone else was as well!”

“I am not marrying everyone else!”

“So what, I am supposed to be deaf, dumb, and blind just because we are in a contract together?”

The dark-skinned girl gritted her teeth, “No, but it wouldn't kill you to give me a little more attention.”

The Malfoy heir threw his hands up in exasperation, “Bloody hell Pansy how much more do you want?! I eat with you at every meal, I study with you, I ride on the train with you, I owl you almost every week during the summer, we spent Christmas last year together!”

“I would like to feel wanted as more than just a bloody business partner!”

Nearby Ginny gave an understanding sigh, “Poor Pansy, stuck with someone like that as her future husband...”

“Draco isn't that bad, he just needs to think before he speaks. Sometimes I think your brother and
him share tips on how best to irritate females.” Harry replied with a slight tone of amusement in his voice.

“No, not that, well I mean yes that but I meant the whole sex thing. Could you imagine only doing it until you had an heir and then just giving it up? That would be awful.”

He gave a noncommittal hum, “If I was forced into the situation I suppose I could. Being married means making sacrifices after all and I do believe it is frowned upon to be have marital affairs.”

The redhead fell silent for a moment before turning towards her lover, “We wouldn't care you know.”

“Hm?”

“If you married one of us and kept being with the others, we would be okay with it.”

“Ginny, what are you...”

“Hell I feel bad enough that if you wanted to keep shagging Pansy I would be okay with it. I mean if I was in her situation...”

By now all of the raven-haired boy's attention was shifted onto the girl, who failed to finish her sentence and merely went back to the magazine she had been glancing through.

***LoD***

“Today” Moody growled, as he began his usual prowling around the classroom, “we will be discussing the darkest of Magics, the foulest of spells... the Unforgivables... who can name me one?”

Draco slowly raised his hand, earning a nod from the man, “The Imperius.”

“Good, probably figured that out from your father eh Malfoy? Him and his Death Eater buddies all plead innocent when the Dark Lord fell last time, paid for nice little tickets out of Azkaban for a bit of gold.”

The boy held back his snarl, which was ignored by the crazy-eyed man.

“NEXT!”

“Crucatius.” Hermione mumbled from nearby, earning an uncomfortable shifting from Neville.

“Correct, the torture curse. Heard your parents woke up from their nap last a few years back Longbottom, quite amazing considering they are the first to do it. The last one then?”

The room fell quiet, none of the students wanting to either upset Harry, or to say the name of the foulest of the three.

“No? No volunteers... very well then, how about our resident genius then. Potter, the last of the Unforgivables, and the one you are probably most familiar with eh?”

“The Killing Curse.” Emerald-eyes stared back into those of the older man, daring him to make any further comments.

“Right... now then as many of you probably know the use of any of these on a human being carries a life sentence to Azkaban, save for during special war-time situations. Even then they are not viewed in... pleasant ways. The Dark Lord himself was an avid practitioner of them. One of the reasons he is
so feared.”

“Don't you mean was feared professor? The man is dead after all, killed by an infant I hear.” Harry called out, earning a snarl from the disguised murderer.

“Is as in currently feared Potter, don't you notice how people still flinch at his name?”

“Because they are used to doing so and taught their children to follow. If you walked up to a child who had never heard of him and said his name they would probably just laugh, it is a rather... silly name isn't it?”

“You know nothing Potter, you did not see his rise to power, the Magics he wielded...”

“What? The ability to kill someone? Oh please, a first year could kill with a water-creation spell in the right situation. The ability to take a life does not make one powerful, if so then Muggles are far superior to Voldemort.”

Moody sneered, advancing on the seated boy slowly, his wooden leg being the only sound save for the concerned breaths of the other students. “Muggles superior to the Dark Lord!? I see you have lost your mind Potter, he was clearly greater than they were. They are insects to him!”

Harry smiled, leaning in closer to the man, who had stopped mere inches from the desk. “Careful” he whispered softly, so that the other students remained unaware, “your Death Eater side is showing Crouch.”

The professor reared back, eyes wide and darting about as if expecting an ambush from the staff or Aurors, when nothing happened for several moments his gaze returned to the teen still seated in front of him.

“Homework tonight, write an essay on how to defend yourself against one of the Unforgivables... class dismissed.”

***LoD***

Hermione Granger made a mental note to record the date in her calendar, for the significance could not be understated. For the first time in her life, perhaps the first time ever, Harry Potter looked actually surprised and not his normal 'I am acting surprised but we all know I am clearly not and probably knew this was going to happen three weeks prior' expression.

No, her Lord had actually halted while writing and turned to stare at her, all because of one simple comment.

“Is something wrong Harry?”

He blinked a few times, before slowly shaking his head, “No... I am just a bit... surprised...”

'A bit' she mentally giggled, before forcing herself back to the casual expression she had chosen. “By what? I just mentioned that Daphne looks very nice today.”

“No, you did not. Your exact words were 'I wouldn't mind seeing her without her robes on'. That is not even close to being the same.”

The bookworm gave a shrug before nonchalantly returning to her homework, trying desperately not to either smile or glance up at him, because she was sure his gaze still lingered on her. She had to admit that Hedwig’s plan was rather ingenious. If Harry believed that his actions, and feelings, were
unacceptable they would just show that it was perfectly natural to lust after others. If that led to indulging well then so be it.

Hermione, however, was well aware that her own efforts were amateur at best. She was never going to win an award for acting. Luna, on the other hand, was so damn convincing that the bushy-haired Witch had to convince herself that it was an act. Sometimes she still wasn't completely convinced. Speaking of which the blonde happily skipped into the room before making her way over.

“Hello my Lord, hello Hermione.”

“Good afternoon Luna.” he greeted, while the Gryffindor merely gave her a nod.

The Ravenclaw smiled, before she walked around the table the two were sitting at, her hand casually brushing against the back of Hermione's neck, sending shivers down her spine and forcing the older girl to bite her lip in order to stifle her reaction. Seconds later the blonde took a seat next to her 'target'.

“So my Lord, I have a question.”

“Yes Luna?” he inquired as his attention returned to the paper he was finishing up on.

“Do girls taste differently?”

That had both of the two older teens staring up at the excitable younger girl.

“What?”

“Taste, I mean I assume we all do. Like always figured I would taste really sweet while Ginny would be a bit more mild.”

The boy-who-lived blinked a few times, before organizing his thoughts into the most obvious question he could think of, “When you say taste...”

“When you are eating us out obviously. I have thought about doing a research paper on it for the Quibbler but it would be very difficult for me to do so without first-hand experience and since you seem to have the most knowledge...”

By now the other conversations in the Slytherin Common room had stopped, and Hermione had already turned bright red.

“Luna that isn't...”

“I know you have tried at least five of us but that isn't really a good number for my research. Do you think you could taste Pansy and Daphne in the next few months? We should definitely find a few Hufflepuffs as well, there could be arguments made for each House's members having a unique flavor as well. If it is popular enough I think a broader article on sex skills would be an appropriate follow up, do you think Gryffindor or Slytherin would be better at performing oral sex?”

“Luna” he interrupted with a bit of tension in his voice, “that isn't... appropriate.”

Hermione had to give the girl credit, the confused look she followed with even had her fooled.

“Whatever do you mean? Do you not like being with us?”

“Of course I...”
“And we like being with you.”

“Yes but...”

“So what is the problem?”

Somewhere along the line Harry Potter began questioning when he began losing the conversation to the young girl, and what that would mean for the rest of the school year.

***LoD***

Bartemius Crouch Junior, disguise as Mad-Eye Moody, took one more look around the empty hallway, before darting inside his chamber at the school and locking the door behind him.

The boy knew, the bloody boy-who-lived bloody knew who he bloody was.

“Bloody hell…” he muttered, before pouring himself a rather strong drink. After that he needed something far stronger than Polyjuice. He had spent the entire remaining hours of the day on constant alert for any hint of a trap or attack, but nothing came.

Dumbledore hadn’t done any ‘surprise inspections’ there wasn’t any sudden Auror presence, hell he hadn’t even been followed by the other professors. Had the boy truly not informed anyone of his discovery?

“No, no they must just be waiting… perhaps they know of my plans already, of his plans… no that can’t be right either.” The man muttered as he began pacing, while doing the occasional shot of burning alcohol.

In this slightly inebriated state he came to his answer, “The boy doesn’t think I’m a threat… he thinks he can deal with me like the other rumors. Yes, that must be it, he thinks that just because he got lucky a few times that I’m not a threat to him, well I’ll show him. I’ll show them all! He has no idea what he is ignoring with his own stupidity, but he will, oh he will know. When my master arises once more all will understand and despair.”

***LoD***

“Is this seat taken?”

Harry glanced up, ignoring the blatant ogling that the other men in the room were directing towards the blonde French Witch, that now stood at the, previously occupied, chair directly across from him. Moments prior Hermione had been sitting but had forgotten a book back in her dorm and had gone to retrieve it.

“Actually yes, my friend Hermione will be returning shortly.”

The Veela stared back at him in shock, before shaking off her confusion and moving on to more direct flirtations, her accent thickening just a tad as she flipped her hair over her shoulder in a casual manner. Her smile returned once more, “I am sure she would not mind. You must be Harry Potter, I did not expect someone so very little but you are quite young still. I noticed the scar on your forehead and...”

As soon as the girl had made this statement Harry promptly turned his attention elsewhere, primarily to the dark-skinned Parkinson heiress seated two seats down from him. “Pansy, what do you think of our newest Defense professor?”
Both girls were practically gaping at him now, that is until the Slytherin noticed the expression on the blonde's face, and the attention she was finally receiving from the boy-who-lived. Her mouth immediately curled up into a 'triumphant grin', “I find him far more interesting than Quirrel or Lockhart were of course, but Lupin was superior in his methods as far as I can tell...” she paused, her eyes flicking over to the, clearly enraged, French Witch before returning to her Lord's location. “However, I would love to discuss it with you more... privately later. Perhaps you have time tonight?”

Harry nodded, but gave no word of commitment, earning an internal frown from the girl.

“Excuse me.” Fleur practically growled, “We were having a conversation, and it is quite rude to...”

The lights flickered, and the Delacour heiress swore that the little sky visible from the windows darkened as well.

“No,” the teenage boy replied, his voice colder than ice, “we were not. I do not have conversations with fangirls more interested in my fame than anything else. And I assure you it is far more rude to stare at someone's scars than to shift conversations. You might be used to men staring at your assets, but I do not appreciate it in the least.”

The older teen stared, dumbstruck, as the boy promptly waved her off in a dismissing fashion, before she quickly stormed out of the room already beginning to plot her revenge.

***LoD***
Angst & Apologies

Lord of Darkness

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY!***

A/N: Real quick, due to a few people requesting it I have created a Twitter account for my Fanfic writing, it will be under Anglslayer135 and I will be doing my best to keep it up to date concerning my writing progress.

***LoD***

“My Lord”

Harry paused in his work to glance up at this second in command, “Yes Draco?”

“I... need to ask you for a favor.”

“Oh?”

The blonde nodded, before taking a deep breath, “I need you to shag Pansy until she blacks out.”

This comment earned silence from the others in the room, and from the boy-who-lived, who promptly focused all his attention on the Malfoy heir. “Pardon?”

“I mean she has become such a nag lately! Constantly going on and on about how we don’t talk anymore or how I don’t understand her and her emotions. I mean it wasn’t like this last year after she had that grin on her face during the holidays. That had been nice and quiet, peaceful even, she was like an entirely different person!”

“Draco…”

“And over the summer she must have owled me like fifty times! I don’t even speak to my own mom that much!”

“Draco”

“It isn’t even just normal talking anymore either! She wants to talk about feelings and emotions and junk, I mean I’m a boy for Merlin’s sake I don’t bloody know anything about wedding colors or what I want our future child’s mild name to be!”

“DRACO!”

“Huh?”

Emerald-eyes flashed in annoyance for a second, earning a gulp, and silence, from the ranting Pureblood.

“Perhaps” the seated boy seethed, attempting to calm himself, “if you simply talked to your betrothed it would solve the problem hm?”

“B-b-but I…”
His whining was ignored, however, as Harry stood and left the room to calm himself.

***LoD***

Nymphadora ‘don’t-call-me-that’ Tonks sighed as she read over the letter for the third time. This was not how things were supposed to go, after the previous year this one should have just been nice and relaxing, a time to simply recharge… and have tons of sex with a certain emerald-eyed boy.

Instead she was waiting for anything to happen so that she could have an excuse to visit him, and worse was that now it sounded like their entire relationship might be in jeopardy.

Tonks,

We might need some help with Harry. Since school started he has turned down sex no less than twenty times with at least a handful of different students, including those of his own house and some that he has previously had relations with.

He is beginning to show signs of social withdraw and maybe even depression.

His lack of interest in sexual intimacy is slowly expanding to us as well.

Hedwig is very worried.

We have a plan to try and shake him out of this but thus far we have not seen any results. If you can, please visit as soon as possible. We are writing his godfathers as well.

Sincerely, Hermione

“Bloody buggering shite…” how the hell was she supposed to help? Despite being ‘involved’ with him Tonks had no clue as to the workings of a teenage boy’s mind, especially one that was avoiding sex. Regardless she needed to find a way to be there, even if just to give her support.

***LoD***

The frown deepened on the current Lord of Black’s face as he skimmed over the parchment just delivered via owl. A few moments later Remus entered the room and noticed the expression on his best friend’s face, “Something wrong Padfoot?”

“Looks like it… it is a letter from Ginny Weasley.”

The Werewolf’s back straightened as he promptly took a seat opposite of the man, “Is it Harry?”

“Yeah”

“What’s wrong, do we need to step in or visit him?”

Sirius chuckled humorlessly, “I seriously doubt Dumbledore is going to let us show up to talk with Harry just because he is turning down offers of sex.”

Remus Lupin blinked a few times as he attempted to process the information. “Uhm… what?”

“Yeah, apparently pup isn’t feeling up to having wild hot sex with all the girls who keep offering. Now that would be weird enough but apparently he has also been a bit temperamental lately and distant.”

“He is that age,” the scarred man noted, a scowl forming on his features as well, “I’m sure you
remember when Prongs was a prat most of his fifth year.”

“Sure do, but still…”

“You want to help him.”

Sirius nodded, “Everything he has done for me… for us and… he shouldn’t have to be unhappy Moony, out of everyone I have ever met he is the one who deserves happiness the most.”

“I agree, but like you said we can’t exactly go and talk to him on a whim, maybe next Hogsmeade visit?”

Nodding the Animagus prepared to write back with his suggestion.

***LoD***

Theodore Nott gave another glance towards the secret target of his affections. She was perfect, the way her hair shined, the paleness of her skin, tone of her voice, the curve of her body…

Yes, Daphne Greengrass was perfect to him, and given time she would be his. Sure, there were rules regarding who had first claim, but the fact of the matter was that his Lord had barely even given his future bride any attention even after her loyalty was declared.

All he had to do was show her how superior he was to their classmates, and she would be his in no time. Seconds later Harry entered the room, and his target’s eyes, along with that of her best friend and little sister focused on him.

Okay, no big deal, it was always important to gauge his mood to figure out if they should leave the area or not.

The trio of girls continued staring, eyes sweeping over their Lord’s form… and then lingered…

No…

Davis leaned over and whispered in the beautiful girl’s ear, earning a giggle from Daphne and another sweep of her gaze over the raven-haired boy. His future lover bit her lip.

NO! No this wasn’t right! Anyone else, anyone else and Theodore wouldn’t have cared, but Daphne was his! Hell, Harry didn’t even want them! He had a dozen or more other girls who would give a fortune to sleep with him, why did she have to be one of them!

Nott growled low, forcing himself to calm down. Now was not the time to act foolishly, just because Daphne was attracted to him did not mean he wanted her as well. She would still belong to the Nott family in time, she would be his future wife, whether she knew it or not.

***LoD***

“Harry”

“Yes Ginny?”

The redhead sunk down into a chair next to his as he went over some sort of project she couldn’t understand, for a moment she wondered if he had invented a new language using only Runes but ignored that for more pressing matters.

“Could I ask you for a favor?”
“Of course my dear, what is the problem?” He inquired, looking up and focusing his attention onto her, thus earning a small blush in the process.

“I uhm… well I wasn’t able to finish my Astronomy homework for tomorrow evening and…”

“And?”

“Could you please shag Sinistra into a good mood? I mean no offense, but she has been a huge bitch lately.”

“Ginny…” he softly growled, the constant attempt to set him up with women was getting a bit irritating at this point.

“She’s right,” Hermione chimed in as she approached the table from behind. “We have received more homework in the past two weeks than we did the last three months of last year.”

Harry, however, would not go down without a fight, “We are a year older now, perhaps the increase in homework is due to this.”

“If only,” the bushy haired Witch sighed as she sat down as well, “it isn’t just the number of assignments, but the length of it. I mean we had to write an essay on the historic differences between every planet on Monday, and then an essay on the similarities on Wednesday.”

This had the emerald-eye boy gritting his teeth for some odd reason, why the hell was it his problem that Sinistra was acting more uptight lately? “I am sure that…”

“Harry, I know you haven’t had much experience dealing with older women and their hormones… but trust me, this is because she isn’t getting laid.”

Hermione nodded in agreement with the redhead, “She is clearly willing, I don’t understand what the problem…”

“Maybe the bloody problem is I am sick and tired of solving everyone’s damn issues! If she is so pent up, then she can go to a bar and find someone to fuck like a normal adult rather than depend on a BLOODY TEENAGER!” He shouted, before standing up and storming off to his room, leaving a stunned common room behind.

“That went well…” Ginny muttered, while Hermione muttered out a few choice curses towards herself and the ‘plan’.

***LoD***

The boy-who-lived sighed as he sat down on his bed, putting his head between his hands to attempt and calm himself down. What the hell was wrong with him lately? Yelling at people he cared about for no reason, ignoring others…

“Harry? What’s wrong?”

“It hasn’t gotten any better…” he muttered back to Hedwig, who softly approached and sat down next to him. “If anything, it is worse. I yelled at Hermione and Ginny for no reason…”

“I don’t believe that, there is always some reason.”

He growled before standing up and beginning to pace back and forth, “I am so sick of being some sort of problem solver to everyone. First year was Quirrel, the Stone, and the Troll. Second had the
Basilisk and Lockhart. Last year was proving Sirius innocent, helping Remus, getting Lucius elected, dealing with politics and all these people who want my attention…”

The white-haired girl stood, before gently taking his face in her hands and putting their forehead together, “You are overwhelmed and tired.”

“I had a vacation, I shouldn’t be.”

“Not physically,” she easily corrected, “but mentally. You have been stressing yourself out over every little thing and now that you have turning people down…”

He pulled back immediately, eyeing her in a way that that spoke of mistrust, and it broke her heart. “You are part of this… this attempt to manipulate me.”

The former owl had to focus so that her voice wouldn’t crack in anguish, “Yes, it was my idea.”

“Why?”

“Harry… you spent so many years denying who you are, what you are. Even now you do it every single day. You are constantly on guard, constantly scheming and manipulating for others while inadvertently hurting yourself. I… we just want you to be happy.”

“And you think that fucking everything that moves will do this?”

Her amber eyes turned sorrowful, “Are you not happy with us? Are you not happier now that you have Hermione, Ginny, and Luna in your life?”

“I am… but the others…”

“You are human Harry. Despite everything else, despite your power and intellect, despite your maturity and capabilities you are still a teenager. Why are you trying to change that? Why are you trying so hard to deny yourself pleasure in life?”

“Do you think you are not enough? That the others are not enough?”

“Of course not, I know we are, that I am if I wanted to be… but that is another sacrifice. All you do is sacrifice for others, to give up happiness in exchange for a smile. Can’t you see that we just want you. We want the real Harry, not the perfect person you keep trying to be, not the one who conforms to society or acts like everyone else. Would you want Luna to do that? To change so she fits in?”

“Of course not” he snapped.

“Then why do you think we want you to do that?”

“I… because… it isn’t…”

She closed the distance, and this time he made no move to pull back. “Ask yourself this, if you were happy last year but unhappy this year… what has changed?”

***LoD***

“So, Tonks”

“Hm?”

“How did your little… issue get resolved?”
The Auror looked up at her friend, confused for a moment before the truth hit her like a Blasting Curse, she had forgotten that her former best friend wasn’t in the loop regarding Harry.

“Oh… yeah that uh well there’s no more problem so all good!”

“Tonks… you’re stuttering…”

“No I’m not, you’re stuttering.”

“Tonks…” her friend growled, getting tired of the avoidance that her friend seemed to be doing, it almost was as if… “Oh my God…”

“What?”

“Y-you… you’re still with him!”

“No! Of course not!”

The Metamorphmagus felt a pang of shame as she subtly clasped her Wand, she didn’t want to Obliviate her friend but if it came down to a choice between her and Harry…

“So,” Hestia Jones continued, ignoring the fact her friend was beginning to pale, “you have been in a relationship with someone way younger than you for several years, enjoying what I can only imagine is all sorts of inappropriate and immoral behavior with said teenager, and you decided to hide it from your best friend, is that it?”

“Hess I…”

“I only have one question for you Tonks.”

The Auror sucked in a breath, her fingers tightening around the tool at her side.

“How good is he?”

She immediately erupted into a coughing fit, much to the other woman’s amusement. “Wh-what!”

“Oh come on Tonks, if you have been keeping him around for this long it clearly isn’t some one night stand, and since I know how physical you can be from all your gloating I bet you are sleeping with him. Thus, my conclusion is he must be halfway decent in bed.”

The, currently pink haired, woman continued to stare in shock, earning an eye roll for her behavior.

“So? Spill Tonks!”

“I… I’ve missed you Hess…”

The woman was about to start laughing at how ridiculous her friend was being, before she noticed the completely sincere look on the opposing’s face. “I missed you too Tonks, now come on you promised me alcohol and a girl’s night.”

***LoD***

“I’m sorry, I should not have yelled at either of you. I was stressed but taking it out on you was wrong.”

Hermione blushed and muttered her forgiveness, while Ginny just rolled her eyes, “Oh please, I
think that was the first time you ever have been upset with any of us. We all have bad days Harry, and you have been long overdue to have a bit of a freak out.”

The Ravenclaw, in the meantime, began hopping in place, raising her hand like she had just figured out the answer to a question in class.

“Yes Luna?”

“Does this mean makeup sex?”

The girls just groaned in unison, while the boy smiled at her question.

“Luna, we didn’t really have an argument to begin with…” Hedwig noted, earning a pout from the blonde.

“Fine… then angry sex?”

“Anyways…” The bookworm interrupted, forcing them back on track. “We didn’t want to upset you Harry, so I guess what we all want to know is whether you want us to stop our ‘encouragement’ or not.”

Giving a sigh the boy-who-lived closed his eyes to think it over. Luckily, or unluckily depending upon who looked at it, the Lovegood heiress decided to answer for him. “We won’t need to anymore Hermione, clearly our Lord is ready to get back on the Thestral and start shagging everyone again.”

“I…” Harry tried, but was interrupted again.

“Well the sign up sheet has gotten rather long…” Hermione noted.

“Wait…”

Ginny nodded, “And Merlin knows all of Slytherin is getting beyond sick of listening to Pansy complain about not getting any action.”

“What about…”

“Tonks has also been rather worried,” Hedwig finished, while Harry continued to be interrupted, her gaze softening as she looked her lover in the eyes. “Not just about having sex with you but just about you in general. Same with your godfathers. We all just want you to be happy Harry, and if that means pushing the self-proclaimed ‘Slytherin Princess’ face first into the floor while you shag her in front of Draco Malfoy… well then we will all simply have to make sacrifices.”

Luna’s eyes promptly lit up in excitement, “Ooo that sounds fun! I call the first threesome!”

“LUNA!”

***LoD***

Several days later and the boy-who-lived found himself confronted by his closest female companions, this time in what appeared to be some sort of ‘intervention’.

“Would you care to repeat that please?”

“It is very simple my Lord,” Luna happily repeated, while sitting at a circular table that had somehow found its way into his room... along with Hermione, Ginny, and Hedwig. “We didn't get enough time with you over the summer or this year so far, and we know how stressful this has made you. To
help you we made an agreement to take turns sleeping with you, along with the occasional threesome.”

“I see... and I suppose this is one of those few instances in which I do not have a say in the matter?”

“Correct” Hedwig replied with a knowing nod.

“We all talked about it.” Ginny added.

“And this was the best possible solution we could come up with.” Hermione followed.

“Well... that they could come up with. My idea was just an orgy every night, but they vetoed me...” the blonde finished with a pout.

Harry blinked a few times, processing the information before giving up and shrugging. “I assume that since Hermione is involved there is a schedule?”

The four girls nodded, before pointing to the calendar on the wall nearby.

“You do realize that giving me a 'sex schedule' that does not include certain individuals is going to create some enemies... correct? Also, I am curious as to why Wednesdays are marked as ‘Slytherin’.”

“That is due to the amount of ‘requests’ we received from your House from Pansy, Daphne, Tracey, etc. We just decided on making that day for them and let them fight over you.”

Harry fought off the headache that threatened to form at the thought of that conversation. “Lovely… and the weekends?”

“Catch up time and the list we mentioned earlier, obviously some aren’t able to meet with you during the day, such as Sinistra or Tonks, and we wanted to give them time as well.” The youngest Weasley explained.

“And this list you keep speaking of?”

Luna giggled while her freckled best friend answered, “Hermione’s fault, she kept getting asked to pass on notes to you that she just made a sign up sheet so people would stop bothering her during library time… and well…”

“It’s a long list my Lord.”

The remaining Potter merely sighed. Still, if this helped the situation, and his mood, improve then he was willing to give it a try. However, the idea of letting a group of teenage girls dictate his sex life did send a shiver of uncertainty down his spine.

***LoD***

“Hello Tracey.”

“H-hello Harry.” Good God, being around him was one thing but the Davis daughter had never actually been alone with her Lord, much less the center of his attention. The differences were like night and day.

“You have a very... interesting choice of locations.”

The two were standing in the Prefect’s bath, conveniently emptied out, for her first official night, in more ways than one.
“Y-yeah I uhm... if you don't like it...”

“Oh no, this is fine. I have never had sex in such a large bathroom before.”

She noted his choice of wording, and blushed at the thought of him going at it in a different location. Had it been shower sex or in an actual bath tub? Maybe he had even done it in a pool...

“Tracey?”

“Hm? Oh yeah uh just uhmmmm daydreaming a bit.”

His smile was of the 'knicker ruining' variety and she suddenly felt a bit lightheaded as blood began to pool in a more southern portion of her body. “Are you sure that you want your first time to be here? I was told it is usually somewhere a bit more... comfortable?”

“Yeah but I guess... well I just have always been a bit different, less romantic and more uh...”

“Physical?”

“I was going to say dirty, but that is a nicer way of putting it.”

“Nothing wrong with that.” he easily commented, earning a soft smile from her as well.

“It depends on who you ask, I can't imagine any future Pureblood husband being very happy with my interest in uh... dirty talk.”

“Ah, an interesting kink I must say.”

Her blush was nearing 'Weasley' levels at this point, “So uh would you be okay with that? You know a bit more vulgar stuff, and uh if you wanted to be a bit rough or demanding...”

“If that is what you want I will be happy to oblige, now slowly take your robes off.” The second half of his statement had been different, commanding even, and her heart rate skyrocketed as she slowly began to undress. A minute later and she was down to her knickers and bra when he stepped forward, halting her task as his arms encircled her waist and roughly grabbed her arse.

Tracey practically jumped, before moaning as his hands went to work kneading her lower cheeks with ease.

“O-oh Merlin Harry that feels...”

“Master”

“Wh-wha?”

“Master, you will not refer to me as 'Harry' slut. You may call me Master, Lord, or daddy if your perverted mind finds that erotic.”

God help her she did.

“D-daddy I...”

He ripped off her bra a moment later, flicking her already erect nipples with a laugh, “Already turned on are you whore? I bet your knickers are soaked aren't they, just can't wait to get rid of that precious little innocence hm?”
“Y-ye...OHMIGOD”

He had interrupted her by roughly pushing his hand down into her knickers, stroking her outer lips with a thick laugh, “Oh my you are... and I see you already came once, what a bad little girl you are. I believe the rules state that I cum first.”

“P-please f-forgiv...”

His index finger entered her, shattering any ideas in her mind and sending her body through a knee-shaking orgasm. “Two already... my my what a little harlot you are, you claim to be so innocent and pure and yet here you are moaning like a whore.”

“Y-yes... y-yours...”

“Mine.” he emphasized, sliding another digit into her before beginning pumping in and out of her cunt roughly, earning another groan from the teen. “Repeat after me and maybe I'll take it easy on you, 'I am Master's dirty little whore, my body belongs to him and he will use me whenever, and however he wants'.”

Tracey Davis attempted to do so, but all that came out was “Tmohmygodyespleasemore.”

“You know...” he mused conversationally, before tearing off her knickers with his left hand and giving her backside a rather hard swat. “I am beginning to think that you like being treated this way. I mean I give you one simple task, and you can't even begin to complete it. What, was it too hard for your slut brain to comprehend? Well then how about we try this one, on your knees slut.” he ordered as his fingers slid out from her pussy.

She fell immediately, before understanding what he wanted and quickly dropping his pants. The sight of him dropped her jaw, even in her lust filled haze she understood that he was huge.

“Well? Don't just sit there drooling, get to work.”

“I-I don't...”

His growl send shivers down her spine, but the way that he grabbed her hair and thrust into her mouth earned another body trembling orgasm.

“What an incredible disappointment,” he grunted out as he began to use her mouth like a sex toy. “You act so willing and yet I have to do everything myself. It does make me wonder why I bother to keep you around.”

Her eyes began to water as she gagged a bit, yet not as much as she had originally expected to based upon how far open her jaw was being forced.

“I must say though I do enjoy the sight of you on your knees with a cock in your mouth at least. Gives me a chance to shut you up for once, although Pansey is far better at sucking dick than you, at least she gives some effort.”

It was a slap to her pride, and yet the girl couldn't think of a comeback. Finally, he pulled out of her mouth, before pulling her hair with more force, earning a wince of pain mixed with pleasure.

“Disappointing, truly truly disappointing. You are on orgasm what, five now? Do you see me though? Do I look even slightly satisfied with your mediocre performance? If you can't even get me off with your mouth then I will take what I want from your cunt.”
With a slight push she was on her back, the stone floor freezing compared to her burning skin. “I will give you one favor though. Since your best friend promises to be such a good fuck I will let you choose what position I abuse your pussy in.”

For a split second his eyes were sincere, and Tracey realized that he truly was giving her a choice despite the roleplay they had found themselves in. With a nod she rolled over onto her hands and knees and presented herself to him.

“P-please daddy...”

His hand swatted across her again as she felt his length sliding between her cheeks for a moment.

“Such a good little slut, now let's hear how dirty you can be hm?”

“Daddy please, use my cute little p-pussy, f-fuck me and fill my womb.”

She had no warning before he slammed into her innocence, bottoming out in one thrust as she felt her body go numb with pleasure. A small voice in her head cursed Daphne for making her wait this long for such a thing. As soon as they had a threesome she was going to take advantage of her best friend.

“A bit better, at least now you don't need to actually do anything...” he mused, pulling back and slamming back into her, earning another moan of pleasure.

A few thrusts later and he found his, much to her delight incredibly rough, tempo.

“I thought I told you.” he grunted as his balls slapped against her clit, “that I want to hear how dirty you can be.”

“Y-yes! Daddy yes! Please more!” her voice came rambling out while her pussy clenched through continuous cumming. “Fuck me, use my body daddy! Make me your little whore, your bitch, your slut! Fuck me and fill my cute little pussy! Don't stop until you cum daddy! Fuck me pregnant with your manhood please!”

“Ah, bit of a pregnancy kink too hm? Aren't you just full of surprises.” His hand found the back of her neck as he pushed her face into the ground. “Much better, face down ass up as they say hm? Perfect for a little slut like you.”

Meanwhile she had lost the ability to speak, merely whimpering into the floor as he continued to use her body for his pleasure, and undoubtedly her own as well. Minutes later she found her consciousness fading, and somehow he must have as well, as he pushed all the way in with a grunt, and the teenager felt her insides flooded with a brilliant warmth before passing out.

Harry merely chuckled lightly at the 'fucked silly' smile on her face, before a wave of his hand cleansed her skin, healed the few scratches she had received, and clothed her body.

“Dobby” The Elf appeared instantly, looking rather excited to be needed once more. “Please return miss Davis to her bed, she is very tired.”

“Dobby will do, thank you master!”

The two popped away, and Harry glanced at the rather large bathing area already full of water, “Might as well enjoy a warm bath.”

***LoD***
Daphne Greengrass paced back and forth in the empty classroom she had chosen as a meeting spot, all the while pondering what in the hell had possessed her to put her name down on that list Hermione had made. Sure, Pansy had done it, no surprise there, but Tracey had practically demanded to be second on the exclusive ‘Slytherin list’. The only reason her own baby sister hadn’t requested to be added was that she had threatened the younger girl with writing home to their parents if she did so.

Astoria was only twelve for Merlin sake, despite turning thirteen in only a few short months

Even Millicent had looked ready to take the leap, but had chickened out at the last moment, likely due to her own self-esteem issues.

A week of nagging was all it had taken from her best friend and Daphne had finally added herself to the roster. For a time, it appeared as though it would be a moot point, their Lord had been aggravated, especially when it came to anyone mentioning his sex life and had shown no interest in any physical intimacy outside of with a very small few.

Then everything had changed, Hermione had informed her that the issue had been resolved and that the signups were going to be honored once more. The bushy haired girl must have seen her doubt and had inquired if there was still interest.

She had almost backed out, but a glance from her best friend nearby had squashed the hesitation.

Now, however…

A knock echoed through the room, and Daphne cleared her throat to calm her nerves. “C-come in…” A second later her Lord entered, looking as every bit as amazing as he had when Tracey, her sister, and her and spied on him a month prior.

“Ah, hello Daphne.”

“G-greetings my Lord.”

“You don’t need to call me that if you don’t want to you know.”

She nodded, before taking a few calming breaths.

“Perhaps you would like to sit down and talk?” Had she been that apparent? Regardless the Greengrass heiress swiftly nodded and a wave of the boy’s hand Transfigured a group of desks into a rather longer couch. On which he took a seat a moment later at one end, allowing her the choice of where to sit afterwards.

‘I wonder if he realizes how thoughtful he can be’ she mentally pondered, taking a spot in the middle. Normally boys would try to invade the personal space of a girl they were with, but Harry? He was trying to simply make her comfortable.

“How are your classes?”

“Good, they are good… Potions is well… Potions and… can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Did you really know what my sister’s favorite gift was just by listening?”

“Yes, why?”
Daphne bit her lip, time to ‘go for broke’ as the saying went, “What is my favorite food?”

His head tilted to the side, “Marinated chicken, why?”

“And my favorite color?”

“Orange”

“Favorite gift?”

“A bracelet you received from your grandmother.”

“Class?”

“Potions, considering you are working towards an apprenticeship after school though that is not surprising.”

Daphne gave an almost sad laugh, “You know more about me than my closest friends, maybe even more than my relatives…”

“I am sorry to hear that.” She couldn’t tell if he was just trying to comfort her or not, but it didn’t matter anymore. Anyone she ended up marrying would undoubtedly be someone like Draco Malfoy, he would care only as far as receiving an heir and a portion of her family’s money.

If she was lucky, there was just as much chance of being sold off to a much older man, she had heard enough horror stories to know it was a very real possibility.

So why shouldn’t her first time be to someone her own age? To someone she was attracted to? Why shouldn’t she have a say in who she gave herself to?

Indecision passed, and Daphne Greengrass rose, walked over and sat on the boy’s lap. The moment his hands clasped her, still clothed, sides a spark shot through her body earning a wide-eyed stare from the girl.

“Wh-what was…”

“A trick I learned quite a few years ago. That was the toned-down version, I didn’t want to overwhelm you so soon or without permission.”

Her lips found his, and in between the frantic kisses she managed to whisper, “You have permission.”

His fingers made their way through her robes to find her bare sides seconds later, gently tracing up and down earning open-mouthed moans from the Greengrass heiress. When his hands failed to stray from her sides Daphne decided that a little encouragement wouldn’t hurt, before pulling back and pulling her own shirt off, showing off the frilly black bra she had on underneath. The second his hands went back to stroking bare skin her mouth was back on his.

The heiress’ tongue stroked his lips the same moment his arms encircled her waist and his fingers began making their way up her back, tracing and exploring every inch of warm skin. Yet, to her surprising disappointment, skipped over the clasp of her bra and simply went for her shoulders instead.

Reluctantly, she pulled back an inch, “You can go faster, it's okay.”

His emerald-green eyes pierced into her own windows-of-the-soul, making her breath catch at the
intensity in them. “There is no reason to rush or compare yourself to Tracey. Everyone is different Daphne, take your time.”

The sincerity caused her heart to skip a few beats as she undid her top with ease and tossed it to the side, exposing her breasts to him completely. Before she could encourage him further his mouth found her right nipple and began to tease it gently, earning a body trembling she was not unfamiliar with, and yet had never experienced in such a way before.

“Oh-oh Merlin...”

His chuckle sent warm shivers up her spine just as a hand gently began to show its appreciation to her unoccupied breast.

When the boy-who-lived's teeth gently slid over her nipple Daphne had no choice but to throw her head back in a full-body moan. The fact that his lips found a particularly sensitive spot on her throat an instance later just brought her blood to a boil that much faster.

“H-H-Harry...”

The way he hummed into her throat made her whole body shake as she came, and a rather embarrassing whimper escape from her own lips. This was a trigger for him to slow down a notch, his hands gently returning to her sides while he gave her reddened throat a reprieve.

“Are you okay?”

“Y-y-yes”

“Do you want to take a break?”

“God no” He chuckled again, before she gently pushed him back a few inches and slid his shirt off instead. “I just need to balance things ou...”

His eyebrow quirked up at her open-mouthed stare, “Something wrong?”

“N-no...” except everything was, her hands reached forward to trace the muscles of his chest. Merlin he was beautiful, why couldn't he be her betrothed? Why couldn't they be fated for marriage?

He was perfect, in every way. Kind when needed, fierce when called for, compassionate, and if the hour long story her best friend had told her was true more than willing to be exciting and kinky in bed.

The Witch he married was a very lucky bitch indeed. At least she had him for a night, maybe more after she put her name back onto the calendar.

“Enjoying yourself?”

His question drew her back to the moment at hand, and the fact that she was still very much enjoying his upper body.

“Oh uhm, sorry about that.”

His grin was contagious, “Don't be, it is a very interesting sensation.”

Daphne practically choked, “Th-they don't... do this?”

The boy-who-lived chuckled, “Usually no, by this point most of the girls tend to want me as far...
inside them as I can go and are on their sixth or seventh orgasm.”

Her head snapped forward, beginning at his neck and kissing across his collarbone. “I could worship you” she whispered, before sliding her hand down his abs and onto his crotch, eyes widening at the bulge she felt contained inside of his pants.

“We do not have to...” His suggestion was silenced when her fingers dipped underneath the clothing, and gently began to explore his length.

“I want you so bad...” she whispered into his skin again, “just... be gentle please?”

“Apparently your friend did not warn you, it will not hurt I promise.”

Mentally cursing Tracey, and recalling the knowing gleam in the other girl's eyes, as if she knew some secret that she wasn't sharing, the Greengrass heiress pulled back and stood to drop her own panties, while he slid his off.

“How would...”

Once more he was interrupted when she climbed onto his lap, before lining him up and sliding down an inch onto his shaft.

“O-oh G-God...” She had planned on taking it slow, but the moment he was even the slightest bit inside of her, and her inner walls contracted in pure pleasure, the teen slammed down, back arching and head falling back in a silent scream as he attacked her breasts and throat once more.

“Wonderful” he muttered into her chest as she continued bouncing up and down on him, guiding his own hands to her hips while her own encircled his shoulders, capturing his mouth with puffy lips. When their tongues began to intertwine she gave another whispered moan of orgasm, and he sped her up just a bit.

Up and down she rode him, until she felt him began to stiffen inside of her soaked canal, and wrapped her legs around his waist, reaching her final orgasm as he flooded her with his seed.

***LoD***

“Harry” the Astronomy professor called out just as class was ending, “I need to go over a few things after class, stay behind please.”

Taking into account the last few times the woman had tried this approach she didn't actually expect his response to be an affirmative, and to leave his supplies on the table while the other students departed.

“Oh... well uhm thank you...” the woman awkwardly responded, before gently closing the door and locking it. “I uh... have a question for you.”

“Of course.”

“Did... did I do something to upset you?”

His face fell slightly into one of remorse, “No... not it isn't anything you did I just needed some time to figure a few things out.”

“With the other girls I assume?”

He nodded, “Yeah, and just with myself too.”
“I see, listen if you want to put a halt on, well whatever this is between us I understand.”

“Do you want to do that?” he questioned back, actual curiosity in his voice for once.

“A teasing grin formed on his face, “Well who am I to say no to that?” with a single move he hopped back onto the desk. She was on him a second later, practically ripping his pants off and vanishing her own as she pushed him down flat. He was inside of her a second later, as she fully enveloped his cock, moaning at the sensation she had missed out on for so long. When he reached up to pull open her shirt, the professor forced his arms down just above his head. “Oh no, it is my turn to be in control, and I am going to ride you until I am satisfied.”

With that her hips rose, before slamming down onto him at a blistering pace, earning moans of pleasure from the woman. She had a lot of time to make up for after all.

***LoD***

There he was, her target. Fleur subconsciously licked her lips as she stealthily followed behind the group of teens she had located minutes prior. Among them was a certain English celebrity, Harry Potter. What had started off as an anomaly in her mind had grown into a far more serious aggravation.

He was ignoring her; this little teenage brat was ignoring her. She was Veela, beauty incarnate, and desire made physical. Everyone from teenage boys to old men glanced her way when she walked into a room, and even the strongest found the urge to stare, lust overtaking their thoughts.

But not him, not the boy-who-lived. She had strolled through the Great Hall with confidence and just a hint of sensuality... and he had ignored her. She even gave him the gift of her attention, speaking to him directly and taking time from her own schedule to do so.

And yet he has brushed her off as unimportant.

*Her, Fleur Delacour, unimportant? No, she had dealt with enough dismissal from her parents over the years, from her father’s anger at both her and Gabrielle being born females to her mother’s useless submissive tendencies when it came to the man’s decisions. When she had started school as a child she had concluded that she would never be ignored again, never be looked over or seen as an ‘unwanted’ burden.*

*Her father may see her as an object to be used in future negotiations and to continue his ‘prestigious’ bloodline, but *she* was going to make her own decisions, carve her own path, and that started with Harry bloody Potter.*

*She would show him just how important she was, she would bend him to her will, turn him into a drooling puddle of teenage hormones begging for the opportunity to breathe the same air as she did. Then she would humor him for a few days, have the child carry around her books and fetch her meals, debase him on a personal level and show everyone how truly insignificant and pathetic he was compared to her. Then she would break his heart, shatter it into pieces with a dismissal and a laugh at how pitiful his feelings and obsessions towards her truly were. Yes, that would be her revenge at the boy who dared to ignore her.*

“Excuse me, Harry Potter?”

The group slowed, before turning back towards her. “Yes?”
Ah there it was, now it was time to show them what being a Veela truly meant. Her Allure surged forth, coating those before her in a Magical lust. Her hair would glow like the sun, her lips moistening to perfection, her curves would be amplified, and her voice would be that of the most intimate of lovers, promising pleasure unending for those who simply obeyed, for those who would kneel before her.

The various teens adopted the expression she had seen so many times before, unfocused eyes, dopey grins, slackening faces. She could practically feel the desire radiating off them, see their complacency, taste their...

"Is that it?"

Her thoughts froze at the curious tone from her primary target, the focus of her Magic. Harry Potter stood, one eyebrow raised ever so slightly as he stared back at her completely unaffected.

"That is the famous Allure? How... trivial."

"B-b-but... my aura..." How? How was he resisting her? How was he still so... calm?

"Aura?" the boy mused, a slight smirk forming on his face, "You call that an aura?"

"I..." but before she could even respond, or think of a way to do so, the world crashed down around her. Magic so incredibly dense that she could feel it surrounding her body, flooding her senses, overwhelming her mind. She fell to her knees instantly, gasping for breath as if drowning in darkness... and lust. Whether he was aware of it or not, to a Veela Magical power was practically an aphrodisiac mixed with pheromones, and her instincts sang out to claim him as her own, to obey and follow him, to give him all the pleasures of the world and be pleasured in turn.

Fleur Delacour edged forward, practically crawling towards the source of the wonderful power that threatened to overwhelm every part of her mind, body, and soul. After what felt like miles she had reached him, the logical portion of her brain no longer functioning as she simply wanted to be with him, in anyway shape or form.

Her arm raised, hand reaching towards where she knew was the one part she could manipulate better than anyone else.

His own hand swatted it away, as if she were some annoying insect or whiny child rather than a Veela attempting to... Goddess she didn't even know what to do at this point, just that she needed to please him.

Trying again she was denied once more and whimpered as her body screamed out for something.

This time the condescending bastard chuckled. "Aw, does the little Veela think she is worthy enough to touch me? I assure you that you are not. If I wanted some little slut to suck me off I would walk into one of the House common rooms and point to a female. What makes you think you are better? What makes you think you are good enough?"

"P-p-please..."

"Pathetic." he growled before gesturing towards his recovered friends and walking away, leaving a certain French Witch to slump forward, supported only by her hands and knees as tears began to fall down her face. She wasn't quite sure why she was crying, just that every bone in her body was telling her to do so.

***LoD***
I can't believe it my Lord..."

Harry glanced over, as they made their way back to the dungeon, towards his 'second in command',
“What is it that you cannot believe Draco?”

“That you turned down Fleur... she is a Veela!”

“Yes... so what?”

“So what? So what!? My Lord they are like... sex itself!”

“I do not care for her personality Draco.”

“Yeah, but I mean... it isn't her personality you would be shagging...”

An angry growl from nearby paled the blonde boy as his future fiancé pushed past him, took the
emerald-eyed boy by the hand, and promptly began practically dragging him away towards their
common room, more specifically her own dorm. “If you will accompany me my Lord, I have a rather
burning desire that I am finding can only be sated by either Hexing my betrothed into a coma or
shagging you into one. I find the second option to be far more enticing at this moment.”

“B-b-but Pansy...” the Malfoy practically whined, before earning a glare from the dark-skinned girl.
“What did I do?”

“When you figure that out Draco you may buy me something pretty to apologize.”

***LoD***

Harry Potter was by and large the most intelligent of individuals at Hogwarts, including the staff.
However, for all his knowledge he couldn't quite figure out why the women usually surrounding him
had become so very... aggressive lately.

It had started with Pansy, which he could completely understand, Draco wasn't known for being
completely subtle and the girl was more than a little upset by her fiance's attraction towards the
Delacour girl. If it had just been that he could have easily ignored it, attributing it to jealousy.
However...

“Harry, I was hoping we could do some studying... just the two of us.”

“Oh, hello Hermi...” the boy's reply was cut off as the bushy-haired Witch grabbed a hold of his
wrist and began pulling him towards a nearby, thankfully empty, classroom.

The next day a similar event had occurred with Luna, with her asking him to take a walk while it
was still warm out... it ended with her pushing him onto the grass and mounting him.

Later that evening Tracey Davis had ambushed him and dragged him into a broom closet.

An hour later they had emerged, only for Aurora Sinistra to be 'conveniently' taking a walk nearby,
and demanding his presence outside, which would be a rather interesting experience as he hadn't had
sex outside, and at, night since camping with Hedwig over a year prior.

Daphne had found find next, and apparently decided that the empty corridor was more than sufficient
for sex, or maybe she had a bit of a voyeur fetish.

When he finally made it back to his room he found Ginny Weasley waiting on his bed... naked.
“About time my Lord, no offense but you sure know how to keep a girl waiting.”

“Ginny I...”

“Have been fucking every nearby girl for the past day and a half, but it seems you missed one, me.”

“Yes but...”

“Strip.” she demanded, before turning around and getting down on all fours on top of the bed. “I want you shagging the life out of me in the next twenty seconds Harry... or there will be consequences.”

Despite the fact that it was a rather ironic situation, being threatened by a girl younger than him, the Potter heir sighed, before doing as he was told.

He woke up the next morning with Hedwig under the covers, her mouth sealed around his lower extremity.

“B-bloody hell Hedwig... what has gotten into everyone lately...” the teen groaned.

“Besides you my Lord?” Ginny whispered from next to him, running her fingers over his chest. “If you want to blame someone it would be that Veela slut.”

“Wh...” he had a momentarily lapse in brain activity due to a certain white-haired girl's actions before collecting his thoughts once more. “What does she have to do with it?”

“Oh please Harry, you denied her... denied a Veela. That action by itself would have earned you our attention, but then that skank has been staring at you ever since then, undressing you with her eyes. Can you blame us for being a little... possessive? We just want you to remember the rest of us...”

For a split second the teasing tone was replaced by something else, something far more... vulnerable. The boy-who-lived promptly grabbed the redhead by her hips and slid her on top of his face, earning a surprised yelp by the girl, followed by a moan as he began reminding her that she was not going to be forgotten.

***LoD***

Another quill snapped in half, earning a few choice curses, some in French others in English, from the Veela. How in the hell was she supposed to concentrate on doing homework after what had happened? Ever since she had been engulfed by Harry Potter's Magic she felt as though she had been seeing the world through a haze. Everything else, everyone else seemed so very bland and dull in comparison to the object of her new obsession.

The fact that she hadn't been able to come down from her lust induced high wasn't helping either. Masturbation, even with the few toys she had brought along, did nothing but make it worse. Despite her denials she knew what had occurred, as her mother had given her the talk years prior. Veela were very physical creatures and enjoyed that part of intimacy far more than humans did. They were also far easier to please than a human girl could be.

There was, however, a catch.

It was known as the 'Veela Bond' and while it did not enslave an individual, and did absolutely nothing to the opposing person, it did alter the Veela's sex drive and functions revolving around it. Simply put, once she found someone that her Magic, and more primal instincts, found perfect she would 'bond' with them, and crave them above all others. She could still marry others, still find
romance but the itch would never be truly satisfied.

Worse was the fact that once this link was established she could no longer find relief by herself, and in rare cases anyone else save for her 'chosen'. Clearly it had been Harry, but Fleur Delacour was nothing if not proud. The idea of being bound to a fourteen-year-old boy was not just annoying, it was insulting. Whispers taunted her at night, usually sounding like her disapproving father, about how weak she was, how pathetic she would be fall victim to a mere child years younger than her. Thus, she convinced herself that her instincts were wrong, that it was simply a reaction to his Magic and nothing more.

Another quill broke.

And if she was wrong... then she would be forced to take more drastic measures.

***LoD***

“Attention please, settle down, thank you. I wish you all the best of luck and urge you to trust in the Goblet of Fire’s choice for the three Champions.” Dumbledore declared, before a spark from his Wand shifted the blue flames to crimson.

A moment later a single piece of paper was jettisoned out, which was easily caught by the elderly man.

“Victor Krum!”

Roars of approval sounded through the hall, before another name was added, earning silence in anticipation.

“Fleur Delacour!”

More cheers of approval before another paper, and another name.

“Cedric Diggory!”

The Hufflepuff table went crazy, along with polite applause from the other three Hogwarts Houses.

“How then with that settled the other judges and I are off to...”

The Goblet lit once more, earning a stunned silence through the Main Hall.

***LoD***

“I am glad you let me come with you my Lord.” Luna chirped happily as the two made their way through the empty halls. Despite the ceremony that was taking place Harry had opted not to be present. He always hated October thirty-first and was sure that if anyone had chosen to make a snide comment towards him there would be a pile of bodies as a result.

Luckily for him the younger blonde had invited herself along.

“I am glad you accompanied me.” he easily replied, before waving off an odd bit of Magic that had neared him.

“You know... it is a very nice night...” she mused, drifting a bit closer to him.

“It is.” the Magic from before had returned, stronger this time but he pushed it aside once more.

“And there are so few times where the halls are truly empty... we should take advantage of it...”
"Oh? And whatever do you have in mind?" His eyes narrowed as whatever it was attempted to bind itself to him for a third time, now it was not only being rude but irritating as well.

Her hand slowly slid into his, "Well we could just do this... or you could push me up against the wall and see what kind of knickers I am wearing..."

His smile sent waves of heat, and lust, through her body, before it fell to be replaced with annoyance.

"Is something wrong my Lord?"

"It appears as though something very old and persistent is attempting to bind me..."

"The Goblet..." she whispered, earning an even more angered expression from the boy-who-lived.

"You should get behind me..."

She quickly did so and watched in shock as he extended his hand and exerted his own Magic and will. Energy rippled into existence, sending a terrible noise through the air as the two sources of power met, the castle itself groaning from the force of the conflict and the walls appearing to bend outwards as if reality itself was warping.

Back in the Main Hall the Goblet shuddered and shook from the force. The object was designed to send out a spell to each of the chosen Champions and link with them, thus establishing the binding contract. Apparently, one had chosen to disagree, and was fighting back.

Normally this would not be an issue, with the artifact as old as it was it possessed far more power than virtually any living Wizard or Witch, this boy, apparently, was an exception.

The students, and staff, watched in shock as the Goblet began to show signs of melting, before a burst of power sent it flying across the room, cracking it in the process as its flames were extinguished. The paper, which bore the name 'Harry Potter', slipped from it as the cup rolled to a stop, before it was burnt to a crisp, leaving no evidence of the attempted binding.

***LoD***
Lord of Darkness

Suspicions & Creatures

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories.

***LoD***

“What an annoying inconvenience.” Harry Potter muttered, second before he was spun around, and a pair of lips smashed into his own. The boy’s instincts immediately kicked in, and he promptly pushed Luna backwards up against the wall, pulling back for a second before seeing the glazed look in her eyes. This was all the information he needed, as he returned the kiss, lifting her up by her backside, thus allowing her legs to wrap around his waist and her fingers to run through his messy black hair.

The frantic snogging was interrupted for only a split second when the boy-who-lived discovered that the girl was, in fact, not wearing any knickers, and promptly freed his length before pushing into her with one stroke, earning a throaty groan from the Ravenclaw.

“I have missed this…” he muttered as his mouth went to claim her throat, causing a tightening in the moist canal he was currently wrapped in. Pulling out a few inches he, in a far gentler manner, pushed back in, savoring the warm sensation and her whimpers as he bottomed out against her.

His whispers continued against her skin, passages of lust and love intertwined as the two joined again and again until he head was pulled back and, with a bit of balancing, he ran one hand up along her face, “Let me see your eyes.”

Luna complied immediately, the pale blue windows of her soul gazing back into his with no small amount of emotion contained within.

“Beautiful”

She came with a gasp, and he joined her a moment later.

***LoD***

Severus Snape continued watching the Headmaster examine the damaged artifact, all the while keeping his actual attention on their newest Defense professor. The Potion master had seen it, that for a split second the man’s features had become enraged when the Goblet had been thrown backwards.

The question now was ‘why’. What had prompted such a shift in personality, a dropping of masks so finely engrained that it appeared to have everyone, including himself up until moments ago, fooled.

‘Moody’ took another gulp of his flask, and Snape noted the time.

***LoD***

“I promise this will not take long Harry, we just needed to clear a few things up.”

The boy-who-lived nodded, while Luna sat next to him, happily swaying her legs back and forth
with an occasional giggle. Across sat the Headmaster, along with the Heads of each House.

“...It has come to our attention that you were not at the ceremony tonight Harry.”

Said teen promptly nodded but offered nothing further.

“May I ask why?”

“Of course sir, asking questions should always be encouraged in a school don’t you think? I also have a question of my own as well. Why is it that you always have such important ceremonies on the anniversary of my parents' murder and expect me to show up and partake in the celebrations?”

Most of the adults winced slightly, with even Snape silently agreeing that the situation could have been handled differently.

“I understand my boy, and I will make a better effort I promise. However, I would still like to have an answer if it is not too much trouble.”

“Luna and I were exploring.”

The elderly Wizard nodded, before Flitwick stepped forward, “I did not realize you two were so close. May I inquire as to where you would still be exploring? As I understood it you had mapped out the castle quite well your first year Mr. Potter.”

“Don’t be silly professor, we weren’t exploring Hogwarts.” the pretty blonde emphasized with a slight giggle.

Minerva McGonagall blinked in confusion, “If you were not exploring the castle then what...”

“Each other of course.” Luna replied.

“Wh-what!?”

Harry merely rolled his eyes before letting out a slight sigh, “We were having sex professor.”

“Lots and lots of it, in fact we had just found a rather interesting position on a staircase when we were interrupted by your footsteps, if you would be so kind as to finish this up I would like to resume it.” The Lovegood heiress responded.

“WHAT!? Albus surely this is... but they are... she is... detentions for both of them!”

Harry nodded, “Acceptable, but if you are punishing us then I will naturally demand that I see all of your prefects join us. Rumor is that the Head girl and boy are also rather adventurous as well.”

Flitwick bit back a laugh at seeing the Deputy Headmistress with such a horrified expression on her face before noting that Snape was working on concealing a small smirk.

“There will be no punishment Harry, so long as both you and miss Lovegood are consenting and no one is being harmed I do not see any problems.”

“But Albus!” McGonagall protested feebly.

“Oh, I assure you Headmaster, we are both enjoying the act very much.”

The Transfiguration professor looked ready to start a Scottish tirade at the blonde's words before Dumbledore raised his hand to interrupt. “That is all I ask. One more thing Harry, it appears as
though the Goblet of Fire was damaged this evening, would you happen to know anything about that?”

Harry merely smiled back, “How could I sir, I haven’t approached it since the announcement of the age restriction.”

The elder nodded, before dismissing the teens and settled down to weather the storm that was Minerva's rage at the 'inappropriate actions' going on in the school. Neither noticed Severus Snape slip out moments later.

***LoD***

“Potter!”

The boy-who-lived turned to focus on the disguised professor.

“Yes professor?”

“Your Wand.” Moody growled in demand.

The raven-haired boy cocked his head to the side for a moment, “My Wand sir?”

“I want to check it for spells that might have damaged the Goblet. You have everyone else fooled but not me. I am not convinced by your innocent act, or her lies.”

Emerald-eyes narrowed, as if contemplating the pros and cons of ripping the man apart in the hallway, before another voice interrupted, and Snape entered the corridor, “That will not be necessary, you have no authority to demand the Wand from one of my students.”

“An Auror...”

“Has the authority yes, along with the guardian of the minor. As far as I recall you however are retired and not a guardian of the boy.”

“Fine” Crouch growled, “then you check him. Him and his little friend were the only ones not present during the incident after all.”

Snape's eyes narrowed, before turning to the raven-haired student, “Mr. Potter, if you would be willing to provide your Wand I would appreciate your cooperation.”

Harry shrugged before handing over the object to his Head of House. The moment Severus took the offered tool he immediately froze in shock. “This... is your Wand?”

“Yes, you should be able to identify it being my professor for so many years sir.”

The wooden object was twisted in his hands several times as Snape continued to pale. “I see...”

“Well, what is it Snape!?” Moody growled, but was ignored as the other continued his examination.

“Is there a problem sir?”

“No... no of course not. There is no need to examine it. I trust you will be more careful in the future with whom you lend this to.”

“Of course sir, but I trust you after all.”
Snape nodded, still ignoring the protests of the Defense professor, “That will be all Mr. Potter.”

***LoD***

“My Lord!”

“Draco”

Luna happily giggled and jumped into a nearby chair in front of the fireplace, before extending and wiggling her toes to warm them.

“I heard you were brought before Dumbledore... again.”

“I was.”

“And that professor Snape spoke with you after.”

“He did, although he turned the oddest colors when he examined my Wand.”

The other Slytherins nearby looked up in confusion at the conversation, before the Malfoy heir spoke up, “Uhm... why?”

Harry gave another shrug, before passing said object over once more. “You tell me.”

The moment he touched it in examination Draco too froze. “M-my Lord...”

“Yes Draco?”

“This is...”

“What is it Draco?” Pansy called from nearby, happy for any news on their proclaimed leader, “What's wrong?”

“This is... just a stick... but you have had this since first year, that means...”

“He has been doing Wandless Magic the entire bloody time...” Blaise whispered nearby, earning another giggle from a certain Ravenclaw.

***LoD***

Fleur,

We have received confirmation that you have been chosen to represent Beauxbatons in the Triwizard Tournament. Should you succeed there will be no doubt as to your value as a future wife, do not embarrass me.

I have decided that we will make the trip to England depending upon your success in the first task. Should you fail I will find a suitable buyer for your hand in England and your return will not be required.

Keep in mind I still have your sister to carry on our family name if need be.

Jean Delacour

The Veela fought the urge to scream at the top of her lungs, why was everything she did simply not good enough for her bastard of a father? Why did he constantly have to drag her innocent sister into
all of her personal failings?

She knew what the man had planned for her life, knew that he was grooming her not to be an heir, but rather to be sold off in an attempt for a male grandson.

The man was as manipulative as they came and had been parading her in front of potential business and political partners for years in the hopes that one of them would show interest and he could get rid of her.

Luckily for both her younger sister and Fleur all of the older men had been wary of entrapments and being bound to the Delacour family in such a way. The young Witch fell back onto her bed, all she had to do was deal with another year or two until she could get a decent enough job to support both herself and Gabbie, then they could leave the two adults behind and find true freedom.

A few more years, all they had to do was last that long without being sold off like cattle.

Fleur shuddered at the planned future for herself and her baby sister.

***LoD***

“I cannot believe them!”

Harry gave a sigh as he allowed the bushy-haired Witch to continue her rant. He wasn't quite sure what she was so very mad about, but it didn't really matter either way.

“Last year was bad enough with the Runes! I mean who could possibly call you evil for stopping Dementors!”

The boy-who-lived ignored the urge to point out that he had also caused the creatures to eat the souls of several children a few months later.

“And you killed a Basilisk!”

“Technically Tonks did that.”

Hermione halted and turned to glare at her pseudo boyfriend, who wisely smiled and made the motion of zipping his lips.

“It is all professor Snape, he has had it out for you ever since you started. Who knows why the Headmaster keeps that horrible man around with his bullying and obsessive behaviors, he is the absolute worst teacher!”

“You are funny when you get mad Hermione.” Luna helpfully chirped from where she was working on a homework assignment nearby.

“I am not funny.”

“Are too” the blonde sang innocently.

“Am not”

“Are too”

“AM NOT!”

“She is right Luna...” a voice whispered next to the Gryffindor, sending shivers up her spine. “I
wouldn't say funny I would say... intoxicating. I do so enjoy the way your eyes light up, how your lips tremble...”

“H-Harry” the youngest Granger moaned as he pressed himself into her back, his arms wrapping around and allowing his hands to begin trailing up her thighs.

“Oooo can we take a study break my Lord? I have always wanted to have a threesome with you and Hermione.”

“B-b-but...”

“Not interested in the idea Hermione? You know I certainly won't force you to do anything, but I must admit the thought of watching you push Luna's head into you while moaning in ecstasy is...”

Any further temptations were interrupted as the bookworm grabbed his wrist, marched over to the blonde to grab hers thus earning a cheerful 'yay' from the girl, and promptly dragged the two towards Harry's bed.

Luna was practically tossed onto the bed and immediately began undressing while Hermione paused, suddenly unsure of herself. What if she wasn’t good enough? She certainly was pretty like the other girls Harry had access to. Her hair was a mess, she wasn’t athletic, wasn’t long legged or…

“You are beautiful, you know that don’t you?” a voice breathed over her ear as her lover’s hands made their way up from her thighs to her hips. “You all are, in your own ways. Different but beautiful, do not compare yourself.”

The bookworm nodded, before she began to hesitantly undress as well and finally made her way to the bed where the naked blonde was sprawled out, and of course giggling. “Just relax Hermione, this is supposed to be fun. I’ve always been curious about being with another girl and our Lord.”

“C-could we maybe uhm… just take it slow… please?”

Harry nodded at Hermione’s plea, “This isn’t supposed to make anyone uncomfortable.”

Ignoring the blonde’s pout, the male moved forward and began to place kisses up and down the bushy-haired Witch’s throat, earning a moan as Luna began to focus on while licking her lips. “Does she taste good my Lord?”

Hermione let out a gasp as the boy’s teeth scraped against her left nipple, causing her hands to go to his hair and give a gentle push downwards. “Someone’s anxious”

The Muggleborn tried to give the blonde a glare but failed when her lover complied with her wishes and warm breath flowed over the junction between her legs. This time she did not bother to hide her moan as his tongue met her wet folds.

Luna, in the meantime, slid down the bed and began to undress Harry directly before sliding him into her own mouth, no reason to waste the opportunity to do some tasting of her own after all.

***LoD***
“You wanted to see me director?”

Amelia Bones nodded, before giving a slight gesture for Tonks to enter the room and close the door behind her. “I did. I am sure you are aware that the selection for the Triwizard Tournament took place a few days ago.”

The Metamorphmagus merely nodded in confirmation, secretly hoping that this conversation was leading where she so desperately hoped it was.

“I have received a report from Headmaster Dumbledore that there was an… incident… during the selection process and that the artifact was damaged.”

“D-damaged ma’am?”

The elder sighed before gently sitting down into her chair, “No known suspects at this time but there has been some understandable… agitation with the foreign bodies and representatives.”

“Shouldn’t the Minister be handling that?”

The director’s mouth twitched at the humor as she suppressed the urge to laugh, “Normally yes, but Minster Malfoy has been busy with passing new laws and making other inspections of the Ministry for corruption and other irregularities. He has asked us to step in and help preserve the peace.”

“Us?”

“I have not forgotten about your request from earlier in the year, but I need to make sure you are focused for this.”

“I-I am ma’am, I promise.” The Auror emphasized.

“Are you sure? You can’t be sneaking away from your duties in order to steal alone time with your chosen person of interest Tonks, we are being watched by the other nations and our own citizens. We cannot afford any screw ups.”

“I understand, I will not let you down ma’am.”

Amelia nodded once again, before sliding a large vanilla folder to her employee, “Good, then start reading this over and remember this is all classified. The first task is planned on being Dragons…”

***LoD***

It was an odd moment for Harry Potter to find the twin Weasley brothers looking rather... sad, rather than their normal excited mischievous selves.

“And what has you two so down?”

George glanced up, before shrugging lightly. “We were just hoping one of us could make it into the tournament. Considering what happened earlier in the school year and all.”

“Which was...”

This time it was Fred who answered, “Asked our parents to consider investing in a dream we’ve had for a few years now, but neither took us seriously. Mum wants us to get good reputable jobs like Percy or Bill and Dad... well he just follows whatever she says anyway. We even wrote our older brothers but Percy shot us down immediately, while Charlie and Bill don’t have the funds on hand.”
“Oh? And what is this dream you are so depressed about?”

The two glanced at each other, “We are trying to start up a joke shop.”

“In Diagon Alley.”

“Sell all sorts of prank materials.”

“Create some mischief.”

“Cater to the youth to follow.”

“Spread some joy.”

“Make some laughs.”

“And a few coins along the side.”

Harry blinked, but nodded thoughtfully. “And I suppose the thousand Galleons would have helped with this?”

“Helped?”

“More like been more than we needed.”

“Not by much mind you.”

“But enough.”

“Get our location.”

“Pay rent for a few months.”

“Buy the supplies.”

“Do some advertising.”

The boy-who-lived nodded, before pulling out a piece of parchment and scribbling a few notes on it, much to the two older boys’ confusion. He promptly handed it over a second later, a draft note for Gringotts.

“Fifteen-hundred Galleons. If a thousand is enough then this should help just a bit more. Don’t worry about paying me back now, I figure a decade should be enough time.”

“But... why?”

“Because unlike the adults I see the potential in you two. Potential for something greater than just pranksters, and I wish to encourage this and watch it grow.”

***LoD***

“Excuse me Mr. Potter, a minute of your time please. Rita Skeeter for the Daily Prophet.”

Glancing backwards Harry frowned inwardly before giving a slight nod, “Yes?”

“What are your thoughts on the selection of Champions?”
Giving a slight shrug the boy replied, “The only ones I have had any contact with are Cedric Diggory and Fleur Delacour. I have not spoken to him due to our age difference, although I heard he is a good Seeker, and I have only spoke with miss Delacour for a few minutes, but....”

The Quick-Quill flowed across the parchment as the woman nodded her empty head. “Yes yes of course Quidditch and all that. So, what of the others? How do you feel about the fact that a non-human is participating?”

“A what?”

“Non-human, Fleur Delacour is...”

“Veela, I am aware.”

“And the fact that she was chosen over good Purebloods? Doesn't that upset you at all?”

“Considering I myself am a Half-Blood? No.”

“Well at least your father was a good Pureblood, it really is a shame that...” the woman froze at the darkening in the boy's eyes, before promptly excusing herself.

***LoD***

Harry looked up from his essay to see Ginny Weasley slowly enter his room, her eyes trained on him. “Hello Ginny, is there something I can...”

“You know I heard the most interesting thing today.” she huskily whispered, earning a mental sigh from the boy. Apparently, he wasn't going to be finishing his homework right now after all.

“Oh?”

“Mhmmm, it seems as though someone has taken an interest in my brothers and provided them with funding on their dream business.”

“Ah yes, the store at Diagon Alley, quite a novel idea I must say.”

She had finally reached him, before dropping down to her knees, “I really must express my gratitude for everything this individual has done for me and my family...”

Amongst the very pleasurable thoughts that promptly began overriding his mind Harry made a mental note to work on his ability to enjoy such sensations and continue working at the same time.

***LoD***

Fleur Delacour Growled in annoyance as she glanced up from the poor English imitation of French food. Her plan should have worked. She had been selected as one of the three Champions, showing that she truly was the best of the best.

Her parents and sister were planning on arriving in the next month or two in order to watch her compete.

The few classes she had actually bothered attending at Hogwarts had been pathetically easy, revealing that Beauxbatons had a far higher standard than at least one of her competitors.

No less than twenty boys had asked her for a date since arriving.
Yes, she should have been happy, elated really, but she wasn't. The reasoning why was very simple, Harry bloody Potter. Said teen, and quite frankly the only one at this godforsaken school she gave a shit about, hadn't said five words to her since the ceremony, and it wasn't that she hadn't given him the opportunity to do so either!

Every day she sat down in her new seat... at the Slytherin table. She often found a reason to be in the same corridor as him after class, or before class, or in his free time, or literally anytime. But he had yet to even notice her presence.

Didn't he understand who she was!? Didn't he understand what he was doing to her!?

The French Witch stealthily rubbed her thighs together, but still found nothing but pent up fire coursing through her blood. Her damned Magic and instincts had marked the boy and now she was stuck with the only option being him to find release with.

Not that she minded, of course. When she had first spied him during their arrival she had dismissed his appearance and personality, but the more she pursued him the more her opinion had changed. Not only was the boy mind numbingly intelligent, but far more charismatic than most politicians she had ever met. Add into this the fact that he was very beautiful and... well even if the Veela inside of her hadn't demanded it she would be pursuing him.

He was perfect, she was perfect, why shouldn't they be perfect together.

“Anyone else...” she quietly seethed, “any other boy, or even girl would have given in by now. Would have felt honored to even receive my attention... but not you.”

Secretly her gaze fell upon the teen, who was halfway down the table.

“Uhm excuse me, I er... well I was just thinking that uhm... maybe you would like to... you know...”

Her eyes shifted to the stuttering Durmstrang boy standing next to her, clearly trying to work up the courage to ask her out. Normally she might humor the boy for a few moments before replying in the negative, maybe even toy with her food for a bit.

But not now.

“Piss off.”

“Uh yeah okay sure.”

He quickly scampered away, and her gaze returned to her true prey... only to notice something was different. He was still nodding along with whatever meaningless conversation the other Slytherins were having but there was a change to him, a slight smirk on his face.

Then, for half a moment, such a short amount of time that she wasn't even sure it was real, his gaze fell upon her... and his smirk rose just a little more. Before she could even call out or reply his attention was refocused elsewhere.

He knew, the bastard knew what he was doing to her... he was making her suffer!

Fleur grit her teeth, resisting the urge to walk over to him and either punch him in his smug face... or drag him off to the nearest room and rape him.

***LoD***
'You have FAILED me!' a voice roared in Bartemius Crouch Junior’s mind, dropping the man to his knees in agony.

“P-please my Lord…”

‘Please what!? Forgive your failure? Forgive your incompetence? You had but one task and you have failed!’

Another whimper of agony escaped the man’s lips, “B-but my Lord the Goblet… the boy was entered, he should have been selected.”

Hundreds of miles away the homunculus that contained Voldemort’s spirit paused for a moment, this was the second time that the boy had somehow done the unexpected when it concerned his plans. Memories resurfaced of years prior in which he had been forcibly removed from Quirrell’s body before fleeing. Back then he had been sure that Dumbledore had been there, had set a trap and made it appear as though the child had somehow been responsible for his defeat.

It was a rather brilliant plan for the elderly Wizard, to have his nemesis assume that the boy would be untouchable and thus grant him some semblance of immunity. Still there was doubt, what if the Headmaster hadn’t been involved, what if the same Magic that had protected the boy a decade prior had somehow risen up against him once more?

Tom Riddle’s inner musings were interrupted by his cowardly servant’s attempt at bargaining for his miserable life, “M-my Lord I can still succeed, Potter will be at the graveyard I swear on my life!”

‘Yessss’ the voice hissed, earning another wince from his servant, ‘on your life.’

***LoD***

Daphne Greengrass took a deep breath as she forced herself to stop pacing in Harry’s room. She wanted this after all, hell she had traded her best friend for her turn, in exchange for doing Tracey’s Transfiguration essay that was due in a few days.

It should have stopped after the first time, a one-and-done as it were. One evening of pleasure, the ability to choose who she gave her first time to, and then that would be it. She didn’t need Harry Potter… or the way his fingers felt against her skin, or the electricity that shot through her body when his lips found her neck, or any other part of her body.

So, what was she doing here? Why was she spending her free time daydreaming about being with him in every way possible?

‘You know why’ a mischievous voice whispered in her mind, ‘because of the way he makes you feel. Like you are important to him, more than just a trophy or a womb to bear his heirs. You want to feel loved and desired.’

It was true, she had heard Pansy complaining enough about Draco that she knew what sort of life she might be condemned to in the future. Passionless, cold, dull. But Harry was none of these, there was no deceit in his words when he called her beautiful, no manipulation in his touch while he explored her skin…

The memories of everywhere he touched returned with so much force that Daphne was unaware of the object of her desires entering the room until he spoke.

“Hello Daphne,”
The heiress spun so fast she practically fell over, before forcing herself steady on one of his bedposts. “H-Harry.”

He nodded, his warm smile starting those pesky butterflies in her stomach once more. “I was told you traded with miss Davis for today.”

“Y-yeah, I uhm… I just…”

“You have nothing to explain, are you still in the mood for what you had requested?”

And that was another thing that had changed. After word had gotten out about Ginny Weasley’s first time, much to the redhead’s embarrassment, the ‘sign-up sheet’ had included a ‘request’ portion if the Witch had a fantasy they wanted to explore.

Daphne had been hesitant, until she had overheard a pair of older Slytherin girls giggling about one they had in mind. Something that had sent her heart racing and blood boiling at the thought.

“Yes, I am.”

He nodded, “I believe the safe word is Snitch?”

“O-okay”

His eyes closed for a moment, and when they reopened she had to force back a gasp. The light normally present was gone, replaced with an inferno.

Flames of rage.

“You think this is funny Greengrass?” he growled, stalking forwards towards her. It was only years of ‘Pureblood upbringing’ that allowed her to maintain her calm and reply without stuttering.

“It is not funny Lord Potter. I trust my father has contacted you?”

“Oh yes,” the boy sneered, before pulling out a piece of parchment she recognized as her personalized request. “He informed me of this little game you two are playing.”

Despite her rapidly accelerating heartrate Daphne maintained her outer calm appearance, but just barely. “I assure you this is not a game Lord Potter; the marriage contract is quite real and perfectly legal. Since your guardian was never legally accepted we did not require his consent. We have been married for well over eight hours now.”

“Have we now?” he growled, “and why exactly would a pampered princess like yourself have any interest in marrying a, what did you call me again, ah yes, a ‘useless Half-blood’?”

The Greengrass heiress made a mental note to suggest acting for her Lord, if he could be this convincing in such a short time he would make a flawless performer, “Your fortune of course, and now that you are the heir to the Black family as well it has made you… acceptable.”

A growl escaped his lips, and before the girl could blink she found herself spun in place, and pushed forward onto the bed, a voice whispering maliciously into her ear. “I think you are forgetting something Greengrass… our wedding night.”

“You have not earned the right to touch…” her pretend protest was interrupted by a hand pulling her pants down, exposing her knickers.

“Oh, but that is where you are wrong. We are married, aren’t we? That means consummation does it
“A-an heir is required s-so make it quick…” she meekly replied, falling back onto her ‘Pureblood training’ that was the norm for all heirs and heiresses, just in case they should be married to someone far older, or of a gender they were not attracted to.

“Quick?” the boy gave a deep chuckle, as he pulled slid her hands up her sides and under her bra to cup her breasts. “Oh no beloved, if you are going to manipulate me I am going to enjoy you as much as possible. I am going to get the most out of this pretty little body of yours.”

“P-Pott…”

She was interrupted when her panties were pulled aside and he slid into her, earning an attempted cry of protest, which in actuality was far more like a moan of orgasm.

“At least my wife is a tight little bitch.” He grunted, before pulling back and slamming into her again, holding her upper body and arms against the bed as he began to thrust into her cunt. “This is what you have to look forward to dear, me using your little pussy every night and every morning. I am going to turn you into my personal whore, but at least you get paid for it don’t you?”

Daphne tried, she really did, to continue with their little ‘scripted’ encounter, but without intention her backside pushed backwards, encouraging him to fuck her even harder than before. “And what’s this? Already enjoying yourself hm? What ever would daddy say if he saw his precious little angel bent over her bed being using like some cheap slut hm?”

“P-please…”

“What’s that? Something to say dearest?”

“H-harder, please…” a hand slapped her arse, echoing through the room as the boy gripped her hips and slammed into her, earning another knee-shaking orgasm from the girl.

“Look at you Greengrass, not even one day and you are already my little bitch. Are you looking forward to being tied to our bed? To being used as a breeding tool whenever I so desire? Is that what you have been looking forward to?”

A silent scream escaped her lips as her eyelids fluttered for a moment, another orgasm having her cunt clench down on him as he finally released inside of her. She would never admit it, but the things he had said were starting to become a fantasy. Of coming home every day to someone who desired her, who valued her…

What she wouldn’t give to be married to him.

***LoD***

Theodore Nott forced down the urge to shout in anger as he watched his Daphne step out of Harry’s personal chambers, looking giggly and very satisfied.

No, no this is not how it was supposed to happen! She was his! His father was going to make an offer to Lord Greengrass sometime in the next year! Clearly it was Davis’ fault, the Half-blood bitch had corrupted his future wife, turned her against the Pureblood traditions and towards the meaningless sins of the flesh and temptations of lust.

But he could forgive Daphne, he would give her a chance to earn her place at his side once they were betrothed. He simply needed to be patient, to bide his time like a true Slytherin while
continuing to gather his power and resources.

***LoD***

‘Forty-five minutes’ Snape noted as Moody took another drink from his flask. It was the longest the Potion master had seen the man go without a drink, and yet it did not seem to be alcoholic. Whatever it was the Defense teacher was incredibly secretive of it, something that Dumbledore had dismissed as simply being one of the odd quirks of his old friend.

“I trust him Severus” the Headmaster had explained days prior, “as I trust you.”

Severus gritted his teeth in annoyance, of course Dumbledore would pull that kind of crap to have him back down, the old man certainly knew what buttons to push to force the reaction he was looking for.

Still, his curiosity would not be so easily dissuaded. Harry had clearly meant something in his cryptic inquiry about Polyjuice, and thus far their newest professor was showing signs of being someone he clearly was not.

***LoD***

“Ladies and gentlemen after a month of preparation it is finally time for the very first task of the TRIWIZARD TOURNAMENT!” The roar of the crowd greeted the announcer, who grinned in anticipation. “Each Champion will be required to steal a golden egg from the nest of a vicious mother Dragon. The one who is most effective will receive the highest points! LET THE GAMES BEGIN!”

First up was Krum, who tried his luck on combating the beast directly. After a flurry of piercing hexes, all the while trying to avoid the flames of the furious beast, blinded it the Bulgarian managed to slip around its flank and reach his target. What he had not counted on, however, was the rage that consumed the monster, whose tail lashed out and destroyed the nest, and nearly the Quidditch star as well.

Luckily, his reflexes had just managed to kick in and he had ducked in time, before rolling behind a series of rocks and making his way back to the exit.

Then came Diggory, who had Transfigured a nearby boulder into dog to distract the Dragon long enough to sneak his way past. It had almost worked too, up until the point at which the decoy was caught, and the flames of the creature were turned back on the Hufflepuff. He still managed to escape, but not without mild burns covering almost half of his body.

Last up was the French Witch, whose use of mind manipulation spells proved quite effective, but not as much as she had been banking on. The girl had nearly made it back to the exit with her cargo intact, after putting the Horntail into a trance, but it awoke a moment too soon, and claws slashed into her back as she leaped through the exit, earning a rather severe set of wounds.

***LoD***

While awaiting the final scores from the judges a conversation took place in the Slytherin section of the stands.

“That was awesome wasn't it my Lord? I mean did you see the way Krum dodged those flames!?”

Pansy rolled her eyes from where she sat at Malfoy's right side; the boy's hero worship was getting a bit ridiculous at this point. She almost considered asking to annul their future relationship so that the
heir could simply marry the Bulgarian.

“Indeed Draco, although I am a bit curious as to why we aren't being dismissed to head back to the school yet...”

The other Slytherins glanced around and noticed that the boy was correct, and none of the others had been let go from the stadium. Even more curious was the fact that the Champions were reentering the arena.

“Witches and Wizards, we have an exciting announcement. All three Champions have agreed to get a group photo taken, in the ruins of the arena, that will be sold in order to raise money for charity! Let us give them a round of applause for their generosity, and make sure you purchase one yourself!”

***LoD***

'Utterly ridiculous' Fleur seethed as she slowly made her way to the appointed spot. They had barely managed to sit down before one of the English bastards had insisted that they all do a handful of group photos to sell, and not for one second did she believe that any of the proceeds would be going to 'charity' as they claimed.

Even worse was the fact that they still had one of the Dragons chained up nearby, claiming that the addition would make the photos 'more exciting'. Personally, the oldest Delacour daughter would have been happy never being within ten miles of one ever again.

“Now now come on get a bit closer, really show that camaraderie you three have developed.” Bagman insisted gleefully.

Even Krum rolled his eyes at that, the Champions had not been in the same room as each other since the 'Weighing of the Wands' and even then, it had been tense, knowing that each was in it not only for themselves but their school and national pride.

Cedric shifted slightly closer to them, and further from the chained monster nearby, as he continued glancing at one of the creatures that had nearly killed them less than an hour prior. “Could uh... we hurry this up please... I mean as much as I love being near a giant fire breathing monster...”

“Yes yes of course just another few pictures. Now then if we could get one of Fleur laying down on her side with the two boys standing triumphantly, you know to really show the difference in the gender roles.”

The French Witch was about to tell the English prick where to shove his camera when a roar, followed by the sound of metal shattering echoed through the stadium. Fleur didn't even need to hear the screams to ascertain what had happened, the Horntail had managed to free itself...

Turning slightly, along with the other two teens, her eyes widened as the beast snarled and began advancing towards them, knocking the handlers away with pathetic ease.

'This is it, this is how I die.' the Veela mentally cried as thoughts of her sister raced through her mind. She had known how dangerous the Tournament would be... but to die in it...

Her eyes closed, tears rolling down her face as she took her last few breaths of life and prepared herself for the Dragon's wrath... when instead she was met with a sudden silence. Was this what the afterlife was like? It wasn't so bad really, but she had been hoping the pain in her back would at least vanish.

Risking what remained of her sanity the girl opened her eyes a sliver, before they flew open in
shock, her jaw practically dropping as well.

The Dragon had halted mere feet away from them, stopped as it quirked its head to examine the teenage boy who had somehow appeared between them and certain death.

Harry Potter

***LoD***

The arena had fallen silent as a fourteen-year-old boy appeared between the Champions and the creature set to devour them. More than a few professors had drawn their Wands in the hopes of somehow buying the participants time to escape but knew that any direct attacks would turn the beast's attention onto them, and the surrounding crowd of students.

Thus, everyone was merely waiting to see what would happen, that is until the boy-who-lived smirked and took a step forward... and the Horntail took a step back.

Each stride from the teen was met with one of the, much larger, animal. Halfway back to its nest the Dragon's demeanor changed, head dropping, wings curling in.

McGonagall practically gasped when a very frightened whimper sounded from the beast. Eventually the pair reached the nest, with the Dragon curling around the eggs in a last-ditch effort to try and protect them, or perhaps beg for the safety of its young.

Harry merely grinned, before turning and walking back towards the entrance, each stride calm and relaxed as if what he had just done was a normal thing in his world. When he finally reached the others, it was Krum who whispered out the question on the minds of all present.

“B-b-but... *how*?!”

The raven-haired boy merely shrugged, “It's an animal thing” before continuing towards the castle.

***LoD***
Lord of Darkness

Taming & Dates

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories.

A/N: Real quick I would like to address a large amount of the comments directed towards the amount of sex present in the story. The simple fact of the matter is that I often see writers doing the same story over and over again, to me this seems terribly boring. Thus, one of the things I am attempting to do with every FanFic I write is to include a different theme or writing style.

This story’s unique traits just happened to be the darker/psychological/sexual side of writing. The next FF I write will not have nearly as much, if any, of these things.

***LoD***

“Ah greetings Tonk...” was as far as Harry Potter got in his greeting before the Auror pushed the boy into his room and began snogging the life out of him.

“Stupid... dolt... making... me... worried...” the woman muttered out between taking breaths and returning her lips to his.

“Ah hem...”

The older woman pulled back, before glancing at the peeved white-haired girl standing nearby, tapping her foot in annoyance. “Well?”

Nymphadora grinned sheepishly, “Well to be fair... he did just face down a Dragon about two hours ago...”

Hedwig’s eyes widened, before her glare fell back onto the teenage boy, “In that case...”

“I can expl...” Harry attempted, before being silenced by a slight gesture from the teen.

“Bed. Now.”

“But Hedwig...”

“Harry you have ten seconds to be on that bed and naked or I am going to tear those clothes off of you!”

“But I...”

Tonks nodded in agreement, “You heard her, now strip!”

The boy-who-lived was contemplating when the power dynamic had shifted away from him in the various relationships, up until he felt two mouths begin covering his body... and then he stopped worrying about such things.

Hedwig, he noted, was always one of the more passionate lovers. Although adventures she would
usually want to take things a bit slower, to be more romantic and loving in their ‘sessions’. Thus, she was the one currently planting kisses across his neck, a welcome change from his normal actions, while slowly slipping his top off, her hands tracing the muscles underneath his skin.

Tonks, on the other hand, was more of a ‘throw me on the bed and make me scream’ type of girl, hence why she had almost immediately dropped to her knees, pulled his cock from his pants and began frantically sucking him off.

An odd sensation if ever there was one, slow and passionate, while fast and lustful at the same time.

“Enjoying yourself Harry?” the white-haired girl whispered as she ran her tongue across his pulse. “Do you enjoy the way Tonks deepthroats you? Frantically sucking on your cock like a woman possessed? Does her mouth feel good? Is she able to completely fit you inside?”

Her hands trailed down his chest and across his abs, while she purred in excitement. “Do you have any idea how sexy you are? How much you drive us wild with just the slightest touch, how we long to spend the days simply being with you in bed, without any barriers separating us?”

By the time her hand finished its southern trip, tracing around the rod Tonks was currently feasting on, and settling on his testicles with a gentle squeeze and a soft caress. “Are you going to use her soon? Like we always talked about? Put her on her hands and knees and use her body?”

Tonks trembled at the conversation taking place a few feet above her, Merlin knows she had fantasied about such a thing during more than one lonely night.

“I would love to be pressed up against you, feel your every thrust while you pound into her, move my hips with yours… caress and touch you while you enjoy her pussy, maybe finger the slut just for the sake of doing so.”

The Auror almost came with the images flooding her mind. Good God that was hot!

Nymphadora Tonks gave a pleased sigh as she stared up at the ceiling. Following the incident with the Dragon her Director had promptly called her into the office and flat out told her she was going to ‘ensure the blood sport was free of further incidents’.

This had led to the short report, and Tonks practically bolting to the nearest Floo to track down her lover, who she promptly helped Hedwig tag team during a half-a-day long sex marathon.

Still, she would need to make her investigation, and report, in the next day or two at the most. Questions were burning in her mind: how had the safety Wards failed? Did it have something to do with the Goblet being damaged? Was this all somehow connected to Harry? But most relevant above all was, whose hand was currently stroking her inner thigh.

Glancing down she traced the limb back to the boy and gave another sigh, “You know, I’m starting to think we are encouraging bad behavior…”

“Perhaps,” he noted with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, “but you like bad behavior.”

A grin emerged on her face, no sense arguing with him.

“Hey Harry, could I talk with you for a sec?”
The raven-haired teen glanced back at Cedric Diggory, before nodding in acceptance and following the older boy into a nearby empty classroom, the only other occupant being the Hufflepuff’s girlfriend.

“I uh just wanted to say... well thanks and stuff.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah... you know for uhm...”

Cho rolled her eyes, sometimes her boyfriend was a bit of a klutz, despite being so very sweet. “What he means is for saving him during the task Harry. For saving all of them.”

The hero’s eyes shifted to her for a split second, and in that moment, it was all the girl could do to remind herself that she had a boyfriend... and that he was currently standing in the room with them.

‘Merlin how has his classmates not jumped him at every turn by now?’

Unaware of the arousal his girlfriend was currently fighting, the Champion nodded in agreement, “Yeah what Cho said. I mean... without you Harry we probably would have been killed so I owe you one, big time. Anything I can do you just name it alright?”

Harry nodded, his eyes shifting back to Cho for a moment before refocusing on Cedric. “I certainly did not expect anything, but I will keep it in mind, thank you Mr. Diggory, Miss Chang.”

Diggory nodded, before motioning for the Ravenclaw to follow him, she did so but paused for a moment at the door to look back at the boy-who-lived. What she saw was his eyes slowly taking in her body, and she gulped before fleeing the room to go after her boyfriend... and to calm her heart rate.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger fought the urge to find ‘Rita Skeeter’ and skin the bitch alive. It had been less than a week since Harry's triumphant display at the Tournament, one that she felt should have resulted in him being declared Champion, and already an article had appeared about how the young boy was 'dabbling in Dark and forbidden Magic'.

Add to that two more stories, in which he had been called everything from a 'future Dark Lord' to 'glory seeking fraud', and the young bookworm was considering enlisting the help of his followers and plotting the woman's torture and assassination. Her Lord was the best thing that had ever happened to her, and the fact that some ugly slut was implying such things made her blood boil.

Yet throughout this the target of the 'character assassination' had merely chuckled and ignored the writings.

“Relax Hermione” he had said, “I have been called far worse things by far more intelligent people. Let her imply whatever her simple little mind can come up with, we all know the truth.”

And he was right, of course. Whatever 'mystique' that the boy-who-lived had held before in Hogwarts had skyrocketed to beyond legendary proportions. Everywhere he went students, staff, and even the occasional adults, who had at first managed to sneak into the school, had been looking at him in awe. Hell, he had received more requests for autographs in the past two days than Lockhart had probably gotten in years.

But that didn't bother the bushy-haired Witch, no it was the far more irritating female attention he had
been receiving. Before the various girls were at least trying to be subtle. A few giggles when he would smile in the direction of a girl, whispers behind his back about how good he looked on certain days, or even the occasional flirtatious greeting. Not now though. Now they were a bit more... forward.

“Say Harry, are you busy after class? I have a cramp in my thigh and I would love for you to take a look at it.” One girl had whispered to him right before he had gone into their Charms class.

That had been the most discreet of the offers. Older students would whisper him sinful promises in the hallways or at lunch.

Those younger would try and show off some skin, lick their lips, or wink in order to gain even a glance from him.

But the worst? The worst was their own year. The Patil sisters had gone up to him and made a not so subtle offer of a threesome.

Hermione ground her teeth just a little more. How the hell was she supposed to compete with that!?

A threesome with twin sisters was practically a required fantasy of every teenage boy. It would take him less than a month of this attention before...

“Hermione?” The girl glanced up from her brooding to see the object of her affections standing over her, “Is something wrong my dear?”

“I uhm... no just... no its nothing.”

“Ah, I see. Well I am glad, I was concerned you were feeling a bit angry at all of the ‘offers’ I have been receiving lately from our classmates.”

Forcing herself not to react Hermione merely pushed a smile to her face, it really was unfair at how easily he could read everyone.

“I do want to assert that they are not going to replace you or anyone else who I have been spending time with. I rather enjoy sleeping with you, especially when we do not sleep very much.”

Hermione blinked before glancing to her left and noticing a rather dumbstruck Ginny Weasley, who had clearly overheard the conversation as well. A few seconds of silent communication later and the two girls rose, before pulling the boy out of the common room and towards his bed.

‘It is always an interesting situation with these two,’ Harry noted as the moment they were alone both Ginny and Hermione began to freeze up as their shyness kicked in. Naturally, he made the first move by moving his mouth to the bookworm’s throat, sliding his hands through her robes as he did so and earning a mew of pleasure. ‘They can be so demanding, so spontaneous and assertive one second and then virginal in the next.’

Seconds later and the older Gryffindor was down to her knickers, before being gently pushed back onto the bed, the boy-who-lived’s eyes going to the redhead as he stalked towards her next. “You better be naked by the time I am done with Ginny.” He playfully threatened, earning a squeak of surprise from both girls. ‘Sometimes it is nice to be the dominant one in bed’ he noted, before quickly undressing the Weasley daughter as well, tasting her collarbone and freckled shoulders as he did so.

A few seconds later and she had been guided back to the bed, where the bookworm now lay nude, and with a gesture took a seat on it. “Kneel over her face.” He ordered, earning a sharp intake of air from both girls as they met each other’s eyes shyly.
“I uhm… I mean if Hermione doesn’t mind…”

“I…” She wasn’t quite sure what to say to the acceptance of the redhead, but the older teen promptly found herself less concerned when her legs began to spread, and Harry’s length ran over her moistened sex.

“I assure you, her assistance will not go unrewarded…”

Ginny nodded, before slowly sliding over and putting her knee onto the other side of her friend’s face, “Just uhm… if you don’t want to…”

Before Hermione could response her male lover slid into her, causing her to moan into the redhead’s pussy, earning another sharp intake of breath.

“O-oh God…”

Hermione had never been with another girl before, not in that sense at least, and thus was caught in an odd position of hesitant exploration… and giving into the carnal pleasures currently coursing through her own body and simply devouring the soaking entrance above her. Within a few minutes, and several orgasms, the girl finally found her rhythm, and had wrapped her arms around Ginny’s thighs as the younger girl’s own fingers wove through her hair, pulling her head deeper up into her cunt.

“M-more… God Hermione please more…” She wasn’t as skilled as Harry, of course no one really compared, but she was certainly enthusiastic the young Weasley noted as she approached her own orgasm. When she did finally reach her climax, she felt the body beneath her begin to tremble, and a deeper groan from behind signaling Harry allowing his own release. “Th-that was…”

The soft chuckle interrupted her as Harry pulled out from the other Witch’s canal, “Oh we aren’t done yet Ginny… I believe it is your turn to be on bottom…”

“B-but I…”

“She doesn’t have to do that Harry,” Hermione whimpered out, trying to catch her breath from the pleasure slowly receding. “I mean… I’m sort of full and…”

Ginny bit her lip, her world was slowly becoming larger in terms of sexual exploration, and while she would have been appalled at such a thought a few years back… now it was a bit, exciting.

“I… don’t mind… I mean as long as Hermione doesn’t…”

“Good, then lay down my dear, Hermione straddle her face.”

***LoD***

“I have heard a few rumors my Lord.”

“Oh? Do tell Pansy, I can always make use of your information.”

The girl's smile seemed to brighten, before she quickly continued her train of thought, “My sources say that the French Champion, Delacour, is becoming rather obsessed with you.”

“Yes, I am aware.”

“Also, that she is planning on asking you to the Yule Ball.”
“Interesting... but I do believe I have quite a few others who...”

“Oh, you should definitely go with her my Lord, the Wrackspurts would be most jealous if you did.” The group turned to the blonde Ravenclaw, who grinned back happily in response.

“Luna...” Hermione practically growled, after all she was hoping to be asked to the dance by Harry as well.

“Just think about it Hermione, what better way of showing the uppity spoiled bitch where her place is than making her ask our Lord? Everyone else previously fawned over her so it is only fair that she embarrasses herself in return.”

The bookworm blinked a few times at the rather sudden shift in the bubbly girl's personality, before taking what she had said into consideration. It was rather obvious that more than a few girls had been rather annoyed at the Veela for the way all the boys seemed to be obsessed over her.

“Actually Luna... that is a really good idea,” the Weasley daughter chimed in, a devious smirk of her own forming. “It would be rather satisfying to have the precious Champion on her knees choking on his...”

“GINNY!”

“What? Come on Hermione we both know it would be well deserved after what she tried to pull on us and Harry.”

“That,” the young Lovegood called out, “or to have her on her hands and knees like a dog while our Lord demands she use her tongue on us one after another...”

“LUNA!”

***LoD***

“I do not understand my Lord, where are we going?”

“Patience Draco, you will see in a few moments.”

The blonde nodded, rather impatiently, as the two Slytherins continued walking towards the Quidditch field. “Have you finally agreed to go flying with me, my Lord?”

“Not quite Draco.”

“If I may ask, then why did I bring my broom?”

“Ah Harry Potter, I have been expecting you.” Draco froze as the voice of his not so secret idol called out to them.

“Hello Mr. Krum.”

“Please, call me Victor. You did save me from death after all.”

The boy-who-lived nodded, while the Malfoy heir merely stared in awe.

“Ah yes how silly of me to forget. Victor this is Draco Malfoy, he is quite the fan and a Seeker himself. I was hoping you might have some time to give him a few pointers.”

The Bulgarian nodded, before mounting his broom. “Perhaps while flying?”
The blonde managed to whimper out an affirmative, before getting onto his own broom. Chuckling at his friend's excitement Harry walked up into the stands before taking a seat and watching the two Seekers go after a Snitch that had been released by the foreign Wizard.

“I don’t think he can ever top this one.”

The boy-who-lived glanced over his shoulder to spy Pansy standing nearby. “I do not expect him to. I did not set this up so that he would owe me one, I simply recall him wanting to meet the man.”

The dark-skinned girl snorted, “Wanting to meet? Oh please, my betrothed was practically having wet dreams about being in the same building as his idol.”

This earned her a soft laugh from her Lord, before he gestured to the seat next to him. “Personally, I am not a fan of Quidditch, but if it makes Draco happy then who am I to judge.”

With a nod the Parkinson heiress sat down and studied the two players, who at this point were high above the stadium. “You know...”

“Hm?”

“I could always try and pay you back... you know for my future husband.”

“Oh? And how would you propose on doing that?”

The girl gave a flirtatious smile, before moving her hands towards his pants.

***LoD***

“Alright now shut your traps you brats. Today we are going to be doing some... practice. Dueling, that is, for those of you too stupid to understand. To make things a bit more interesting you will notice that all four Houses are currently present. If any of you didn’t notice this then perhaps you should consider dropping out now.” The Defense instructor called out, earning excited, and a few worried, whispers amongst the students. This would be a way for him to study his target, see what kind of spells Potter might know and sort out the mystery of how he had survived the Dragon and all the other incidents that seemed to be linked to him.

“Now then, first we will take some volunteers...”

“Malfoy is mine!”

The fraud rolled his eyes at the youngest Weasley son's declaration, before giving an exasperated nod. “Fine fine, anyone else?” He was hoping the boy-who-lived might show a bit of arrogance and make a challenge to him as the professor, but no such luck. A few others had pick rivals, but most remained unsorted, leading to 'random' assignments. Neville was paired up against Hermione, with Harry and Lavender Brown facing off.

“Hey! I don't want Potter anywhere near my girl, why are the girls dueling boys anyway!?” Ron cried out upon hearing the match.

“What, don't think women can duel eh Weasley? How about you go a few rounds with Bellatrix Lestrange and we will see how you fair eh? Tell you what though, since you are so insistent then you and Malfoy can go first to set the example. If you win then you can challenge Potter instead.”

Ron nodded eagerly, before facing down his self-declared nemesis. “This time is going to be different Malfoy, you are going down like the snake you are.”
Draco sighed, before drawing his Wand and bowing as instructed. “I am curious Weasel, what are you the most upset about, the fact that the Victor Krum went flying with me or that your girlfriend seems more interested in Harry than she does you?”

The redhead merely growled before raising his own Wand. Seconds later the battle began, with the blonde quickly parrying the few simple spells thrown by the redhead and countering with his own barrage of borderline Dark Magic. Less than a minute later it was over, with Ron being thrown backwards and crying in pain.

“Well what a surprise, a Malfoy beat a Weasley... again. Now while I am busy fixing this dunce the rest of you pair off and begin.”

***LoD***

“Promise you will go easy on me Hermione?” The Longbottom gently inquired as he faced down the bushy haired Witch, who grinned in response.

“I don't know Neville, you did turn your back on Harry. I think that earns a bit of a beating.”

The boy chuckled, before nodding in defeat, “Yeah... yeah I guess that is fair... just uh... could you at least take it easy on my face?”

“Why? Does Susan Bones have plans with you tonight?” the Witch teased.

“Actually, yeah.”

She nodded in reply, “Fine, fine no spells to the face.”

***LoD***

“So, uh Harry... about last year...”

“I believe Hermione has gotten over it Miss Brown, so no hard feelings.”

The girl nodded, remembering very vividly how easily the boy standing across from her had beaten the group of Gryffindors. The only hope she had was winning by surprise. “That's good, I mean I am really sorry about... Stupify!”

The boy-who-lived casually brushed the spell away, as if it were an insect before he slowly walked towards the Gryffindor. “You know Miss Brown we really never have had a chance to just sit down and talk...”

A few more spells were chanted by the girl, each tossed to the side or against the ceiling as if without thought.

“How are your classes going? Are you having a good year?”

Lavender tried one more spell, one that an older girl had taught them for emergency situations, such as a boy getting a little too aggressive, it too was easily deflected.

“You and Ronald doing well? I would hate to hear about the 'power couple of Gryffindor' having problems.”

Her shoulders slumped. Clearly, she had already lost. Harry had defended her entire arsenal and hadn’t even pretended to be slighted by any of them. “Yeah I umm I guess so...”
“You guess? You can talk to me Miss Brown, Slytherins might be many things but we do know how to keep a secret.”

“Lavender... just call me Lavender, and I... well with the other school arriving, and Krum and the Veelas and... I just haven't had much of his attention and it hurts you know?”

“I can imagine, but rest assured I am sure he will come to his senses... otherwise I might just have to steal you from him hm?” the boy finished with a warm smile, sending shivers down her spine.

***LoD***

“Fleur?”

The French Champion's head snapped around, before her face lit up in excitement. “Gabbie!”

With a squeal of excitement, the younger girl ran across the hall to where her sister had crouched down before throwing herself into a hug.

“Oh, Gabbie I have missed you so much!”

“Ah hem...”

The Champion fought the urge to simply Curse the owner of that voice, before standing straight and giving a curtsey as she had been taught, “Greetings father, mother how was your trip?”

The older man was already looking around the castle in barely-concealed disgust, “Uneventful, I would not have made the trip out myself save for your reported scoring in the tournament thus far. Although I am rather disappointed you are in second place.”

‘I am never good enough for him, no matter what I do.’ The teenager mentally seethed, before her thoughts were interrupted by a pulling on her hand. Looking down she spied the excitement in the eyes of her sibling.

“Is he here!?”

“Who?”

“Harry! Harry Potter!”

For a moment something ugly flashed inside of the older girl’s mind, a jealousy that frightened her back to reality as she smothered the feelings towards her innocent younger sister.

“Oui, I have seen him a few times.”

“He saved you, didn't he? From the Dragon? Like a knight saving a princess!”

Fleur smiled at the young girl, “I wouldn't say I am a princess Gabbie...”

“Of course you are Fleur! Which means Harry must be a knight... or a prince! Then you two can get married!”

“A very nice idea Gabbie, but he also saved two others. Two boys even, should he marry them too?”

The younger girl frowned after being confronted by the new logic, before being pulled into a hug once more. “I have missed you so much little sister...”
From further down the hallway a certain boy watched the reunion with an odd expression on his face. Perhaps he had been a bit quick to judge Fleur after all.

***LoD***

“You are allowed to be wrong you know, it isn't the end of the world.”

Harry rolled his eyes at the white-haired girl, “Yes, I am aware of that Hedwig.”

“It would also not be the end of the world to go to the Ball with a certain pretty older French girl.”

“I suppose...”

“And if you end up shagging the girl senseless...”

“You know I do recall a certain someone being rather against the notion of me having sex with every girl who looked at me once upon a time...”

The amber-eyed girl merely blushed, “I mean... I didn't say you had to be with all of them... just that... well I mean I think it is rather sweet the way Fleur was with her sister.”

“Yes... yes it was.”

“So, she is a bit better than we initially thought.”

He nodded.

“Will you at least consider it if she asks you?”

“Of course, but I am rather certain that I will not be allowed to show up with a dozen dates to the dance. If I go with Fleur there will be more than one rather irate female.”

“And if you don’t go at all everyone will be upset with you, including me who cannot no matter what.”

Harry let out a sigh, before flopping back onto his bed, “Why do I feel as though dealing with hormonal girls is far more difficult than taking over a country.”

A grin formed on Hedwig's face as she straddled him, “That, my Lord, is because it is far more difficult.”

“I hope it is more worthwhile, so far all that taking over England has gotten me is an annoying older blonde and his wife, both of whom seem intent on pissing me off.”

“Well... if memory serves we haven't had a threesome with Hermione yet...”

***LoD***

Jean Delacour swirled the wine in his glass around a few times as he pondered his observations thus far. His eldest was... a disappointment, but then again, she always had been. First being born female, and thus unable to pass on their name in traditional circles, and then inheriting her mother’s... Allure. Veela were not well received in most societies outside of being objects to show off, trophies for the rich and powerful.

Fleur would never be able to go into politics, never have a career that involved business of any kind because of the inherent mistrust that future allies or clients, along with their spouses, would have. She
did have an above-average skill in school, but that meant little for a family as prestigious as the Delacour's. Becoming a teacher, Auror, researcher... any of these would be seen as dramatic steps down from their social standing.

He could potentially marry her to an ally and have future children be declared as heirs, but such a thing would put the husband’s family into a position of power, and such a thing could not be allowed.

Gabrielle was just as useless to him, perhaps more so if her lack of Magical skill was any indication. At least Fleur could add ‘Triwizard Champion’ onto her future resume as a wife.

His best, perhaps only, option was one he had long since realized and begun planning for. To sell them both off to the highest bidder for wealth or political favors. Such a thing was common to those who had children with ‘creature blood’ in them. Luckily, he had a nephew that was well-raised and could inherit his title, once his own daughters were out of the way. The boy, however, wasn’t set to be the main heir so long as his two children were in the family, which meant they had to be taken out of the equation, thus his plan. Even a normal marriage would still give them control over his estates, but being sold, with the correctly worded contract, would negate this.

The man nodded as he took a sip of his drink, now all he needed to do was find a suitable buyer. It would be difficult to do since he was stuck at this worthless school, and any attempts to do such business elsewhere in England would raise suspicion on his intents, and further reduce his leverage against the buyer. That left professors, Tournament officials, and students.

“A student would be the obvious choice, perhaps an heir who does not know better...” It would require a guardian’s consent most likely, but still doable. Perhaps if he was lucky he could even sell off his youngest as well, a two-for-one deal if you will.

For a moment the man’s face shifted into an ugly sneer as he recalled his own past. If only he had not been so reckless in his choice of brides. His own parents had passed away when he was young, thus leaving him vulnerable to the Magical charms of his current wife.

She had ensnared him, and by the time he had realized the truth of what she was it was far too late.

***LoD***

“Uh uhm hi uh...”

Fleur forced herself not to Hex the living daylights out of the stuttering redhead who was standing over her while she was eating.

“I uh... was just uh wondering if ummm...”

Could he not see she was eating, that perhaps he should stammer out a sentence when she wasn't preoccupied?

“Well I just uhm was wondering if uh... you know... the dance and uh... if you would go with me...”

“I do not dance with boys.” the French Witch managed to growl out, before spotting her target sit down a few tables away from her. “Now if you will excuse me, I have a man to speak with.” She promptly stood before walking towards the emerald-eyed boy who had become an obsession for her, and apparently her younger sister, in the recent months.

“Excuse me, Harry?”
For once he glanced up, before nodding in acknowledgment of her. For a second the girl wondered if he knew the effect such a simple gesture could have on her heart rate.

“I was wondering if you had a date for the Yule Ball.”

Most of the Great Hall had fallen silent by now, with Ronald Weasley merely gaping in horror at what was transpiring.

“I do not.”

She nodded in confirmation, it had been rather embarrassing, but the older girl had finally put aside her own pride and decided that if she truly wanted to advance their relationship she would need to take the initiative herself. She also knew that her father would, undoubtedly, disagree with her decision to think for herself and ask out a boy that ‘gave her no political advantages’ which just made her decision that much easier.

“Perhaps you would accompany me?”

He fell silent in contemplation, drawing out the tension already present in the room. A few seconds later he nodded in affirmation, “I would be delighted to go with you Miss Delacour. Shall I pick you up at your carriage at seven?”

She nodded hastily, and perhaps a bit too enthusiastically.

“Wh-WHAT!?”

Harry rolled his eyes before turning to face the youngest Weasley son. “Something bothering you Ron?”

“Y-you... but she... and I... but that isn't fair!”

“What?”

“I asked her first!”

“No, I believe several boys asked her before you did.”

“B-but you are a Slytherin!”

“After four years I am well aware of this.”

“But she should go with me!” the boy practically shouted, earning him a reprimand from Snape as he came striding over to the incident.

“Ten points from Gryffindor Mr. Weasley for causing a disturbance, now take your seat and stop bothering my students.”

“B-but...”

“Now.”

The redhead gave a last-minute grumble before sulking off towards his unfinished meal, not noticing his own girlfriend run out of the hall, tears pouring from her eyes.

***LoD***
“I'm sorry.”

Lavender jumped in shock, before spinning around and seeing Harry Potter standing in the entrance to the empty classroom she had chosen to cry in.

“I didn't think Ron would be that insensitive towards you... did he not ask you first?”

The curly-haired girl shook her head, before wiping her tears away on her sleeve. “N-no, b-but that's o-okay I mean he...” a few more sobs shook her body as the boy moved slowly forward and offered her a tissue, which she took with a whispered thanks.

“No, it is not okay. Even I know you two are in a relationship, he should have asked you before anyone else.”

“I-It's not his fault, I mean F-Fleur is...”

“Pretty, yes I am aware. But do not blame the Allure on your boyfriend's actions. Unless it is focused it only creates an effect when someone is in close proximity. Nothing forced Ron to ask her out.”

“I-I just... I mean I know she is prettier than me but...”

“Would you like to know a secret?” She blinked, before nodding slowly at the, frankly gorgeous boy who was currently talking to her. “I can tell you why everyone considers Fleur so very beautiful... and it isn't just because of her heritage.”

“Wh-why then...”

He looked around conspiratorially, before gesturing for her to come closer. She took a few steps, before he gestured again, this time she shuffled up practically next to him, allowing him to lean in closer to her, his face next to her own.

'Goddess is this what it feels like to be so close to him... no wonder girls can't control themselves' the Gryffindor thought as his breath ghosted over her ear.

“It is confidence.” He whispered huskily, “The way she walks, the way she talks, the certainty she has in her actions, the way she carries herself... that is what makes her sexy. It is something that anyone can learn.”

At that point Lavender was sure that if he so much as grazed her skin she would offer herself to him, and not just because her boyfriend was being a total arse.

“How...”

“Stop doubting yourself. Stop second guessing who you are and what you can do. Believe that you are attractive, that when you walk into a room people notice you. Know that you are unique and beautiful... and others will see it too.”

“O-o-oh...”

He stepped back, allowing the Gryffindor to breathe again. “Simple really, just remember that and you will be fine. Personally, I think you should consider going with someone else to the Yule Ball, someone who won't make you their second choice.”

She managed to nod as he turned to leave, pausing as he reached the door. “Oh, and Miss Brown?”

“Y-y-yes?”
“If I was Ron I wouldn't be letting you out of my sight... or my bed.” With a chuckle he left, leaving behind a very red-faced teenager.

***LoD***

“See something you like my Lord?” Draco inquired as he followed Harry's gaze towards a certain French family, and a young Veela who was waiting nearby where her parents were talking to their older daughter.

“She is a child Draco, do not be ridiculous.”

The Malfoy heir shrugged, “Veela mature faster than humans do. She probably began experiencing puberty last year. Pansy said she was eight after all.”

“Still far too young.”

“Eh I don't know about that, she is quite pretty already and...”

“Draco.”

“Yes, my Lord?”

“Keep your opinions, and your hands, to yourself.”

“Y-yes my Lord.”

Seconds later Gabrielle Delacour spotted them, and discreetly made her way across the room to where the two boys were seated.

“You are Harry Potter?”

“I am, and you must be Fleur's younger sister.”

“Oui” the girl nodded happily, her eyes staring into his own. “Fleur said you accepted her invite to the dance.”

“I did.”

The pout that appeared on her face was adorable on the Luna scale.

“Oh poo.”

“Something wrong my dear?”

“I was hoping you would ask me instead.” the way she fluttered her eyelids earned a chuckle from the teen, she was certainly going to be a handful later in life.

“Well I simply did not have the chance. Besides I am but a lowly celebrity, I could not work up the courage to ask a princess such as yourself.” The young French girl grinned at the compliment.

“Then I can forgive you... this time. But I will expect an invitation from now on.”

Harry nodded cordially, “Of course, if there are any further inter-school dances this year you will be my first choice.”

“Good, also I will expect flowers and...”
“Gabbie!”

The younger girl winced slightly at the tone her sister had called out with as the French Champion stomped over to where she was.

“You are done with mama and papa, Fleur?” the young girl inquired, as innocently as possible.

“Oui” Fleur all but growled out, “and now that you have met my date I believe mama and papa would like to...”

“Meet your date as well Fleur, how thoughtful of you to offer.” her father interrupted as he looked over the boy-who-lived, with his wife standing silently nearby. Said student promptly rose and gave a slight bow to the man.

“Lord Delacour, Madam Delacour, it is an honor to meet you both.”

“You as well Lord Potter, we have heard quite a bit about you.” he returned, earning a cheeky grin. Fleur, on the other hand heard something else in her father’s words, and it sent trembles of uncertainty down her spine.

“All good things I hope.”

“Nothing but the best I assure you. I also heard that my daughter asked you to the Yule Ball.”

With a nod the teen matched his gaze, “Yes, it was quite surprising I must admit. We hadn’t really spoken much up until that point, so I am unsure as to why your beautiful daughter would have chosen me.”

The man’s eyes shone with cunning as he began his plotting immediately, “Perhaps we can discuss it in private? As a father I simply must insist on getting to know my daughter’s choice in dates.”

Before Fleur could voice her protest, Harry had nodded his consent, and she felt her stomach drop.

***LoD***
Dancing & Romancing

Lord of Darkness

Dancing & Romancing

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

***LoD***

“So, Ron” the Irish Gryffindor began, trying to force the redhead's attention away from glaring at the Slytherin table. Sure, he liked spending time with his roommate, but he would be the first to admit that the Weasley had more than a few jealousy problems. “Are you planning on going to the Ball?”

“Hm?”

“The Yule Ball Ron...” Dean chimed in, thankful for the distraction, “You know, that big dance that all the girls want to go to...”

“Oh... yeah that. I mean Lav is going with me so...”

“Uh... are you sure...” Seamus inquired, gesturing over to where a few boys were talking with said girl. Ron stood, and stomped over to where his 'girlfriend' was sitting and being flirted with.

“I'm just saying miss Brown that you can do so much better than Ronald Weasley of all people.” An older Gryffindor huskily whispered, earning a blush and giggle from the girl.

The youngest Weasley son promptly stood and stomped over, gritting his teeth as he approached the group, “What. Are. You. Doing!”

“Oh, hello Ron, I am sitting here talking to some of our Housemates.”

Glaring at the older boys, who proceeded to return the look, the redhead’s face continued to shift colors to match his hair until a few more moments passed before the younger boy snarled and grabbed her by the arm before pulling her out of the Main Hall and into a more private corner.

“What the hell is wrong with you!? Flirting with some... some boys?”

Ripping her arm from his hold she was quick to snap back, “They were flirting with me and I don't see the problem in it.”

“The problem is that we are together, which means that you are going with me to the Ball!”

“Oh?” the girl put a finger to her mouth in contemplation, “You know I could have sworn that I saw you asking a certain French Witch to the Ball not even a week ago...”

The boy flushed with an embarrassed anger before muttering back, “I mean... that isn't... that doesn't mean anything...”

“Oh so you can flirt and ask someone else, but I am not allowed to?”

“Exactly! If Potter can have more than one girl...”
It was her turn to growl back at the boy, forcing him back a few steps as she poked forcefully at his chest. "You are not Harry and you listen to me Ronald Weasley. If you want any chance of going to the dance with me then you are going to ask me..."

"Lav I..."

"PROPERLY!" She interrupted with a shout, scaring away any lingering students in the area. "You are going to do it in the middle of the Great Hall, with everyone watching. You will get down on one knee and you will tell me how much of a prat you have been and beg for me to take you back and forgive your stupidity. Then and only then will I go with you."

"B-b-but Lav... that's embarrassing..."

"You think it was any less embarrassing having my so-called boyfriend drooling and stuttering over some foreign girl when I was in the same room, which Harry did not do by the way!"

"I..."

"You have your answer. I expect your reply by this weekend, or I will find someone else to go with."

With that she stormed off, leaving behind a sulking Gryffindor who took to muttering about how everything was 'Potter's fault.'

***LoD***

Minerva McGonagall took a few deep breaths to calm her nerves and force the blush from her face. "V-very good Harry. It seems as though you don't need dancing lessons after all..."

The raven-haired boy merely smiled, before giving her a very gentlemanly bow and thanking her once more for the dance. It had been the first day of the mandatory lessons, and due to the odd number of students the Potter heir had volunteered to be partnered with the instructor, much to the snickering of several other Gryffindors.

That is until he had carried her around the room with more skill than she had seen in even Pureblood ballets. By the time the music had halted the other students had given up stepping on each other's toes and simply watched the two. The Transfiguration professor had been out of breath and needing a few minutes of rest... that and a very stiff drink.

"That class, is how you dance... now we will take a short break before we begin again. Harry, if you have free time would you consider staying and helping me guide the others? I could certainly use an extra pair of eyes and hands."

"Of course professor, I would be delighted."

Based upon the excited gleams there were also more than a few girls who were 'delighted' in the idea of his hands 'correcting' them as well. The Deputy Headmistress noted with a chuckle.

'Ah to be young again.'

***LoD***

"Uhm my Lord... could I speak with you for a second... in private?"

Emerald-eyes glanced up from the book they had been studying before the owner nodded and stood.
A few minutes, and relatively empty hallways, later and the pair stood in a deserted classroom, the girl glancing around in an uncharacteristic shyness.

“Is something wrong Millie?”

“I uh... just wanted to... well ask for permission.”

“Permission?”

“To the Ball, to go to the Ball I mean...”

“Ah, someone finally asked you, good. May I inquire as to who the lucky man is?”

“Well I mean, I know I'm not... well... pretty or anything but Gregory Goyle asked about an hour ago and... well I mean I figured I should ask your permission first... you know...”

“Ah yes, those silly Pureblood traditions stopping you from so much as passing a fork to someone without begging for my approval.”

The larger girl blushed, before nodding slightly.

“Well you certainly are allowed to dance and hold hands and whatever else you wish Millie. I hope you have a good time.”

“Thank you...”

Nodding he turned to leave, before she called out to him one more time. “My Lord?”

“Yes?”

“Would you... I mean I know that every girl probably asks the same thing but...”

“But?”

“Would you like to... I mean if you want to... you know... I mean I have sworn loyalty to you, so I belong to you and... if you wanted to touch anything...”

Turning back to her completely, Harry took a moment to study her appearance and posture, before smiling warmly. “My dear Millie, I do not think that is the best idea...”

“O-oh, I mean I understand that I'm not...”

“It isn't that, I just mean that if I were to start I certainly wouldn't want to stop, and I'm not sure if you want to go quite that far.”

The girl lit bright red, before nodding and quickly vacating the room, thus earning a chuckle from the other teen, it really would not do to have his followers suffering from self-esteem issues.

***LoD***

“Ah Harry please come in, have a seat.”

The teen took the offered chair across from the Delacour patron as the man himself took his own seat. “Now, I imagine you might be a bit concerned hm? I myself remember quite a few rumors about those overbearing fathers and their ‘touch my daughter and I will bury you’ speeches.” A silent gulp and nod ‘confirmed’ the man’s theory.
He let out a soft, almost condescending, chuckle. “Don’t you worry about that, I am the one with the significantly older daughter so if anything, you should be warning me.” This joke seemed to calm the teen, who relaxed a bit into the chair.

“Thank you sir, I’m… well just a bit nervous. This is the first time I’ve gone to a dance.”

Jean Delacour nodded in understanding, “Quite alright Harry. No, the reason I asked you here today is to speak with you about your future. Do you have anything planned out yet? I understand you are heir to two different Pureblood houses and that can mean betrothal contracts after all.”

“Uhm… I don’t think so? I wasn’t really told much about my family before my godfather officially took me in, and even then, it has only been one summer. He didn’t mention anything yet though.” It was a lie, but Harry didn’t care much for the man at this point. It had been one of the things he asked Sirius about the previous summer and was flat out told there were no marriage contracts involving him.

“I see… well I know you are young, but it is not uncommon to begin thinking about what you may want in a future wife, or even wives.”

The boy-who-lived gave a shocked look, that apparently completely fooled the older individual, “W-wives sir? A-as in more than one?”

The Frenchman nodded, “Indeed, it is not as uncommon as you may think, especially when one is the potential heir to multiple Pureblood houses. Now I know this may be quite a bit to take in at once but perhaps it is fortunate that you consider such things now.”

“S-sir?”

Mentally the man smiled, the boy was confused, which made him pliable. Now all he had to do with put the thought in his head, and with a little bit of encouragement he could solve both of his problems before the summer. “You are aware of my daughter’s… lineage I assume?”

Nodding, the teen gave a shy, almost uncertain, response, “They are, I mean at least Fleur is, Veela… right?”

“Indeed, what you may not know is that any children that a Veela may have are naturally beautiful, it would certainly be a fine way to continue the Black and Potter lines.” The Delacour saw no reason to mention that Veela were also almost guaranteed to have only daughters, but that wasn’t important at the moment.

“Ch-children? I-I mean I thought maybe after I graduate but… I mean…”

The foreigner raised his hand to silence the boy’s fake rambling, “I am not implying you have offspring now Harry, I am simply saying it is something to consider for the future. I have always wanted the best for my two daughters, to know that they are safe and happy. Fleur seems rather smitten with you and my youngest has spoken of you at great lengths even before your first meeting. I would be more than a little relieved to know they are in such capable, loving hands.”

“I-I barely know Fleur sir and Gabrielle…”

“Is a bit young I understand, I am not asking for a proposal right now Harry, just that you keep the offer in mind hm? Just remember that Veela are very amorous creatures and having sisters would certainly open up the possibility for a few stimulating moments.”

With the blush the Delacour lord knew he had succeeded in placing the idea in the teen’s head. It
may not work against a *true* Pureblood, but younger boys always had the weakness of thinking with their lower half’s more than the upper.

***LoD***

Theodore Nott took a calming breath as he glanced up from his reading, across the common room, and onto the seated form of his future wife. True, she hadn’t been *informed* of this yet, and as far as he knew his family had yet to approach hers, but it was only a matter of time. He had already written home to his father with his demand and was assured that everything would be done to accomplish it and continue their line.

‘Still’ the teen pondered, ‘perhaps I could get a sneak preview…’ with that thought the Slytherin stood and made his way over to where his ‘prey’ sat. Upon arriving at the table, he cleared his throat, earning the attention, and secret annoyance, of the three females currently seated. It was his ‘future wife’ along with her younger sister and best friend.

‘A pity Astoria is already in a contract to the Malfoy’s’ the male noted, before focusing his attention in on his prize, “Greetings heiress Greengrass, I wish to enter into negotiations with you in regard to the social arrangement that is quickly approaching us.”

Daphne stared back at him, causing the boy to shift his weight in uncomfort, “It means I want to…”

“I *know* what it means Nott, and the answer is no.”

His jaw almost dropped, *she* was refusing him!?

“B-but… *why!*?”

“Several reasons, first off you have no asked our Lord’s permission, second I have no real interest in going to the Yule Ball, third I don’t appreciate the way you attempted to look more important in front of my sister and best friend by using fancy language, fourth I do not like the way you made asking me to a dance sound like a business deal, and finally I just don’t like you very much.”

The explanation earned a giggle from the youngest girl present, causing a shift of the Nott heir’s ire onto her, “Mind your own business.” He snapped, earning a pout from her and glares from the older two girls.

“Bugger off Nott and leave my sister alone if you know what is good for you.”

“And if you know what is good for you then you will watch your *mouth* Daphne.” He snarled, leaning in closer to the girl. “*We both* know that you will end up *belonging* to me before the end of our seventh year, *maybe* if you start acting a little more *generous* I will whisper a few good words in Malfoy’s ear and he won’t *use* your sister before she is old enough hm?”

Daphne shot out of her seat, rage contorting her features as she glared back into the offender’s eyes, that is until a voice called out from the behind them.

“Something I should be made aware of?” The two turned as Harry took a few steps towards them, shifting his gaze between the two. “I do so hope I am not *interrupting* anything, I am sure Professor Snape would be most displeased if he heard about fighting in his common room.”

“It is nothing.” Nott snapped, before storming off to write his father another letter, this one to demand his father enter into negotiations with the Malfoys concerning her sister as well.

Meanwhile, the boy-who-lived turned his attention towards the, still fuming, girl, “Perhaps you will
be a bit more open to conversation?”

“It… was nothing you need to be concerned about my Lord, Nott was just being a prat to me and Astoria.”

The raven-haired boy hummed in acknowledgement, before glancing down at the girl’s younger sister, “Well I do so hope you bring any future… issues to my attention. I would hate for misconceptions to appear between my followers about my policies concerning owning another person.”

Daphne gulped, but nodded. Although it had never been directly mentioned most of those closest to Harry had long since figured out that the teen was against the concept of ‘owning’ another person without their consent. Sure, there were oaths of loyalty and devotion, but the purchasing of a person, regardless of context, was slavery in his mind, and thus considered to be anathema.

***LoD***

Lavender Brown sat down at the Gryffindor table, far enough away that if Ron wanted to start a conversation with her he would be required to stand up and move. Three days after their talk and he rose as expected before sulkily walking around towards her, hoping that the normal commotion would drown out his actions.

Unfortunately for him a certain Slytherin caught sight of the action and weaved a few spells that would quiet down those in the room and bring emphasis on the pair.

Ron made it to within ten feet, before realizing that the room had grown silent, save for a few giggles from younger students. A few more steps and he was able to whisper to his potential date, “Lav... come on don't do this please, this is embarrassing...”

“Then perhaps you can go back and beg Parvati or her sister to be your date... like you asked yesterday.”

Ron winced at being caught, before muttering a few choice curses and whispering once more, “Will you go to the dance with me?”

“Nuh uh uh, not like that, we talked about this Ronald. On one knee, or I am going to demand two.”

The boy cursed silently, before doing as the girl demanded, and spoke a bit louder. “Lav would you...”

“Lavender Brown, and louder if you please,” she easily corrected.

“Uhm... Lavender Brown,” he replied, loud enough that the others could hear him. “Would you please go to the Yule Ball with me?”

“Hmmmm I don't know Ronald, that doesn't quite sound like an apology to me. It sounds like you are only asking me now that you have run out of options, perhaps if you were a bit more apologetic I would consider.”

The redhead gave a last-ditch glance around the room, but at this point even McGonagall had been fed up with his attitude, especially that towards women. It also did not escape her attention that he had been one of the few to not attend the dance lessons she had made mandatory.

“I am sorry for asking other girls before you Lavender, but if you go with me then I will...”
“Then I promise.”

“Then I promise,” he repeated, “that my attention will only be on you. Please forgive me.”

The female gave a few moments pause to think it over, making the boy sweat and earning more than a few chuckles and snickers from the other students. “Very well Ronald Weasley, I accept and will accompany you to the Ball. But I will hold you to your promise, I expect your attention focused on me for the evening.”

“Y-yeah! Of course!”

“Good, and you will be taking dance lessons, because I will not be embarrassed again.”

The sulk returned as the boy grunted out a confirmation.

***LoD***

It was the morning of the Yule Ball, and instead of getting ready, putting on makeup, and styling her hair with her mother and sister Fleur Delacour found herself sitting in a small study that her father had setup in their private carriage.

“I assume you will be preparing for the dance soon?”

The French Witch was half tempted to draw her Wand and just Curse her father into a coma but resisted the urge to do so… barely. “I will be doing so as soon as I have a free moment.”

He frowned at her tone, before shifting the conversation to what he had originally planned, “I understand that the Yule Ball will continue until ten?”

She nodded in confirmation.

“Then I won’t expect you back until ten tomorrow morning.”

Fleur blinked in confusion, what in the world was he talking about? Seeing this, her father went on to explain, “It is very simple, you invited him to the dance did you not? Then it is your duty to provide entertainment for him. I expect you to do this in the fashion in which Veela are best at.” He sneered, earning a growl from the girl as well. She had planned on trying to seduce the boy regardless, but to have her own father tell her to do so was more than a little infuriating.

“Offer yourself to the boy, let him use you in any way he desires, ensnare him so that he falls in love with you… or at least your body.”

“And if I do not!?”

Anger flashed across the man’s face, and for a moment Fleur swore he would strike her. What followed next, however, was far worse, the man’s raged expression shifted into one of dark hatred instead. “Do not forget that I have two daughters, and one of you will be betrothed or bartered by the time I leave England. If you do not offer yourself to the boy then I am sure your darling sister can be convinced to wear a very revealing outfit for him instead.”

The Witch gritted her teeth as tears began to form in her eyes at the not-so-subtle threat.

“I have already hinted to him that both of you are up for sale. I plan on making the official offer before the end of the tournament, so do try and keep yourself alive hm? After all, without you who is to stop your date from taking what will be his from Gabrielle?”
“Y-you… monster!”

The man scoffed before turning his attention down to the papers on his desk, “Your opinion does not matter anymore… and to be honest it never really did. Now go and prepare for the dance and remember your sister’s precious innocence depends on your ability to seduce a fourteen-year-old.”

***LoD***

Sirius Black frowned down at the letter sent to him by his godson, apparently some French arse by the name of Delacour was attempting to coerce the teen into buying his two daughters as wives, something the Black Lord could tell was rather upsetting to the boy.

A shiver rolled down his spine, Harry was easily one of the kindest, and most forgiving, people he had ever met… but when he was truly furious it was damn right terrifying.

“Something wrong Padfoot?” the man’s best friend called out as he strolled into the room with two steaming cups of coffee, one immediately being offered to the Animagus.

With a nod of gratitude, the cup was taken and sipped on, “A bit yeah, some prat is trying to convince pup to buy up his daughters.”

Moony began coughing a bit, before turning wide eyes onto his friend, “I’m sorry, did you say buy!?”

“Yup, pup thinks it has to do with the girls being Veela. Either way the old man sounds like a royal piece of trash.”

“Agreed… what’s he going to do?”

Sirius gave a light shrug, “He was asking for some info on the laws and procedures behind it, probably to screw the bastard over.”

“He would still have to buy them though… right?”

A loud sigh of defeat escaped the former convict, “Yeah… at least at first. I mean annulling the contract afterwards should be fairly easy with the right wording but still… I know how much he hates shit like this.”

“Almost makes me feel sorry for the father.” Remus noted, before seeing the slight smirk forming on the other man’s face.

“Almost.”

***LoD***

“Lord Potter” Gabrielle Delacour greeted with a giggle as she curtsied daintily.

“Lady Delacour, it is wonderful to see you again.” he replied with a flourished bow of his own, earning another giggle from the young girl.

“My sister is doing some last-minute preparations, I have been asked to keep you company.” The truth was she had been asked to do more than that. Her papa had briefly talked to her an hour prior and advised her to act her best towards him.

“Your sister may be marrying Lord Potter in the near future. If you are kind to him perhaps he will marry you as well, so that you can continue seeing your sister.” Gabrielle wasn’t a fool, she knew
that her sister and father were having problems, and if forced to make a choice she would choose Fleur over her parents any day of the week. This meant that she had to do her best.

“And I could not ask for anyone better.”

“Would you like to sit?”

The boy nodded, before taking a spot on the couch. A moment later the younger girl took a seat as well, right next to him.

“I noticed you are dressed up as well tonight Lady Delacour.”

She nodded with a bright smile, “I wanted to look my best for your arrival.”

“Seeking to steal attention from your sister?”

The teasing tone earned an even bigger smile, “Is it working?”

“My eyes are on you are they not?”

“Ah hem...”

Fleur was standing at the doorway, giving her sister an admonishing look, and earning a giggle in return.

“Do not blame me Fleur, papa told me to keep him company.”

A flash of anger surged through the older girl, one directed at her father. “I see that, but perhaps you do not need to be in contact with him the entire time hm?”

The younger sister pouted, before Harry chuckled and rose to greet his date, moments later they were off to the dance.

***LoD***

“Delacour”

“Diggory”

“Delacour”

“Krum”

The two male champions, and their dates turned to Harry, who had thus remained silent.

“Champions” he greeted with a grin, earning one from the rest of the few assembled as well.

Krum had chosen a Durmstrang student to be his date, a rather beautiful Norwegian girl if Harry had to guess. She had sent him a not-so-discreet glance over upon his arrival, and the blush told him all that he needed to know. Before any further conversation could be had, however, McGonagall entered the private room.

“We are almost ready to begin. You will be entering in the order of your current standings in the Tournament and proceed to the center of the room where the Champion's Dance will begin. I trust you all have prepared?”
The nods confirmed her suspicions as she quickly left to begin the announcement, and the doors opened.

***LoD***

“So Harry,” Fleur whispered as the two twirled around alongside the other Champions, “should I be worried about my sister laying her claims on you?”

“My eyes are on you, are they not?”

“I do believe you used that same line with her as well.”

“And I believe it earned me a giggle back then, surely I can at least get a smile this time?”

Fleur rolled her eyes, but smiled regardless, “Why do I feel as though you have your eyes on more than just the person in front of you?”

“One must always keep their senses sharp, lest they walk into a busy street and get hit by a car.”

“I... do not think that is a saying in England...”

He grinned, “It was originally Greek, and does not translate well to English I am afraid, but you get the idea.”

“I have heard you are quite... popular among the girls at your school.”

“I am, though I am sure you have been known to turn a few heads as well.” he countered easily, earning a soft laugh.

“Perhaps, but I did not bed half of them.”

“And I have not bedded half of my school either. I like to keep the number in the double digits at most.”

“And those here? I am not blind Harry, I see the way that even the other dates look at you.”

“I assure you that I have not had any relations with the other Champions or their dates... not matter how many signals Cedric might be sending me.”

This time Fleur could not stifle her laughter, earning a few glances from the other dancers.

“Careful Mister Potter, else you are likely to wind up with a ravenous Veela later tonight.”

“One can only hope.”

***LoD***

“Ah Lady Delacour and Harry, I do believe I am next in line to greet you two for the evening.” Albus intoned warmly as the pair approached the Champion’s table.

“Headmaster Dumbledore, it is an honor to be here.”

“Nonsense my dear, the honor is all ours. I hope you are finding Hogwarts to your liking?”

“Perhaps not the weather... or the food, but...” her eyes fell onto her date for a moment, before refocusing, “there are quite a few things to enjoy.”
The elderly Wizard chuckled, “Yes, yes I believe you are correct. If I could have a moment of your
date's time?”

“Of course, but I will insist that you ask my permission before stealing him for a dance Headmaster.”
she joked, before moving to sit down with the others, earning a laugh from the old man.

“Harry”

“Headmaster”

“I must say I am more than a bit envious of your outfit.”

Said teen’s clothing was an entirely black robe, with various sparkles making out the constellations
of the night's sky adorning it.

“And I yours Headmaster, though I doubt I could wear such colors as well as you.”

Albus smiled once more, before becoming a bit more serious. “There is something I wish to speak
with you about Harry, concerning your date for the evening.”

“Of course sir, and what would that be?”

“I am not sure whether or not you have done any research on Veela but... well along with their
Allure there is another embodiment of their nature. One that only appears when they undertake more
physical activities.”

“Oh? Should I expect the feathers and talons to appear later tonight?”

Dumbledore gave a humored chuckle, before shaking his head. “I sincerely doubt it, but a Veela's
aura does change during more amorous activities, creating a haze of arousal around them. Now for
their mate this does not pose a problem, but the area can expand out quite far and well... I just want
you to be mindful of where you might choose to continue your date... should it go that far.”

“I understand sir and will be extra cautious should the evening look as though it is proceeding that
way. I did overhear that Lord Delacour is expecting her back no later than five after midnight, so I do
not expect anything to come to pass.”

The older man nodded, a twinkle shining brightly in his eyes, “Yes, but it would not be the first time
that a Champion left the Ball early or arrived at their carriage a bit later than originally intended.”

***LoD***

Lavender Brown was not happy. She had thought that after the borderline public humiliation her
boyfriend would at least wise-up and learn his lesson about being discreet. Apparently, she was
wrong.

If it had just been the occasional wandering of his eyes, or light conversations with someone sitting
nearby she would have understood. She herself did not know much about Quidditch, and quite
frankly didn't care about it either, so she would make poor conversation about his favorite topic of
choice. She was also aware that everyone at the Ball had taken the time to make themselves as
attractive as possible.

If it was just a few glances she wouldn't have cared... but after sitting next to them, watching him
stare at various other girls for well over an hour and she was beyond angry.
“Ron, perhaps we should dance at least once while we are here?” She gritted out, hoping to at least have some fun.

“Uh what?”


“Oh, uhm sure yeah okay.”

Nodding the girl grabbed the boy by the forearm and dragged him onto the dance floor. Less than a minute later, and several bruises now forming on her feet, she regretted that decision.

“Ron,” she hissed, “I thought you said you took lessons with McGonagall!”

“I did! I went to like a few minutes of one and figured it was easy, you just hold onto someone and move right?”

Biting back the urge to scream, or at least Hex the boy, Lavender motioned for them to retake their seats.

“Oooh looks like they brought out more food, I'll be back.” the redhead cheerfully exclaimed, before wandering off without even waiting for a reply.

“Take your bloody time...” Lavender muttered, before reaching down and gently rubbing her sore feet. “What a disaster...”

“I'm sorry to hear you are having a bad time, anything I can do to help?”

The teen bolted upright, to see Harry Potter standing next to her looking... concerned.

“I uhm... no, it isn't anything you can do, Ron is just... Ron.”

“I see that, step on your feet a few times?”

“Y-yeah...”

“May I?”

Before she could answer he had bent down and gently ran his fingers over them, creating a cooling sensation that removed the pain instantly.

“Oh Merlin...” she groaned, before blushing in embarrassment at her tone.

“Glad I could be of assistance. If there is anything else simply let me know.” he turned to leave, before her voice stopped him.

“Harry?”

“Yes Lavender?”

“Could you uhm... help me with my dress for a second, I think something came undone...”

“Of course, where...”

“In private?”

***LoD***
If she were to ask herself last year, hell maybe even last month about what her ‘first time’ would be like Lavender would have told you something cheesy and romantic. ‘On a beautiful bed, my wedding night, to the man I love.’ Would probably have been her first reply. Depending on how big of a prat Ronald Weasley was being at the time he may or may not have been said man, making slow beautiful love to her.

Regardless, however, her answer would most certainly not have been ‘on a desk in the Transfiguration class room, dress pulled aside while the Harry Potter tastes every inch of my skin.’

The Gryffindor let out another throaty moan as his mouth switched breasts for what felt like the fourth time. Her original plan was to lead him back to the dorms, or perhaps somewhere with a bed at least, before slipping out of her dress. They had barely gotten two hallways from where the Ball was being held before she pulled him into a room and slipped her hand into his pants to wrap herself around his manhood.

‘And what manhood it is’ she mentally giggled as his length slid up and down against the outside of her soaked knickers. During one of their more ‘heated’ sessions she had felt her boyfriend’s own tool through his pants, but it wasn’t even half of what Harry was working with.

Still, it wasn’t about the size of the boat, but the ‘motion of the ocean’ as the girls in her dorm would whisper… and what an ocean it was. She had passed three releases already, and her fourth was already looming in the distance. At this rate she wouldn’t even be able to go back to the dance with how wobbly he was making her legs.

Her body shuddered once more as his fingers trailed across her inner thigh.

‘To hell with the romantic crap,’ Lavender decided, before her fingers gripped the man and pulled her knickers to the side. She knew what to expect, from the bathroom talk led by the older girls. It would be painful, but assuming the boy knew what he was doing and gave you time to adjust it would melt away to pleasure soon enough.

Lavender also knew that Harry was very large for… well anyone, and thus she would probably need more than a few minutes before he could begin the real fun.

What she didn’t know was how in the bloody hell he managed to thrust completely inside her, and instead of pain she felt nothing but pleasure. She also wasn’t quite sure how her body managed to pull off two orgasms at once. When the boy began to pull out, before gloriously thrusting back into her, Lavender’s legs moved on their own, wrapping around her lover’s waist to draw him closer to her as his mouth went back to work kissing her chest and neck.

In the back of her mind the Gryffindor knew she shouldn’t be doing this, that she had a boyfriend… but also that she just didn’t care at the moment.

***LoD***

“Greetings Mr. Longbottom, Miss Bones.”

The Gryffindor nodded towards his former friend and the French Witch standing next to him, “How are you this evening Harry?”

“Good Neville, and yourself?”

“I am doing well.”

“I can imagine with such a lovely girl in your arms.”
Susan blushed, earning a smile from the two boys. “Th-thank you Lord...”

“Please, just call me Harry. We are classmates are we not?”

Neville gave a gesture towards Fleur in kind, “And you are looking beautiful as well Champion Delacour.”

Fleur gave a slight curtsey, before the couple turned to make their ‘rounds’, as required of the participants of the Tournament. “Good, well we must be off, others to see and such. If you have an opening in your schedule Susan, I would love for the chance at a dance later this evening.”

With that the pair departed, leaving Susan blushing even brighter than before. A few minutes later and Neville broke the silence between them.

“It is okay if you want to.”

“Wh-what?”

“If you want to dance with Harry, or... well I mean do anything else. It is okay, I understand.”

She practically snapped her neck turning her head towards him, shock evident on her face. “Neville what are you...”

“Susan, I spent almost two and a half years with Harry, I recognize when a girl is attracted to him.”

“I-I'm not...”

“Yes, you are and that is okay I swear. I'm not offended by it like others might be. If you are interested in him I can always ask...”

“Neville...” she reached forward, taking his face in her hands. “I will admit that Harry is attractive. Hell, he is practically sex walking but... I am interested in you not him. I am not going to sleep with him or anything else... okay?”

“Yeah, okay.”

She nodded before returning to her the food on her plate, “Although... I wouldn't protest a threesome in the future between the three of us...”

Neville lit up bright red, before muttering about 'crazy girls'.

***LoD***

“My Lord...” a voice quietly greeted as the boy-who-lived glanced up from where he had been seated. His date had been dragged off by her Headmistress for an urgent message concerning the Tournament, leaving him to simply enjoy the thinning crowd of students and staff. Upon raising his eyes, he blinked once in surprise as he took note of Millicent Bulstrode and her date standing mere feet from him.

“Millie, Gregory you two look lovely this evening.”

Said girl, who had cleaned up rather nicely including her hair tied up in a bun, blushed while the large boy next to her stuttered out a few words of thanks.

“Is there something I can help you two with?”
“I uhh... well I was going to head back to the common room soon and...” The Goyle heir shifted his weight slightly, before glancing over at his date. “I just... wanted to make sure Millie had a good time and all... so uh... a bit of help here?”

The female bit her lip, before nodded slightly, “I can take it from here Gregory, thank you for the lovely evening.”

He nodded, before quickly heading off.

“Isn’t much of a party person, is he?”

“He just doesn’t like dress clothes I don’t think.”

“Well you look lovely in that dress, I am sure he thought so as well.”

“He did,” Millicent nodded in confirmation. “I was wondering if you had time for a dance?”

***LoD***

“Mind if I cut in Draco? I heard Krum and Diggory were going to talk about Quidditch for a bit.”

The Malfoy heir practically threw his betrothed at Harry before quickly moving through the crowd towards his targets. Chuckling the emerald-eyed boy took her hands in his and continued the dance, far more smoothly than the previous boy had been.

“Finally notice that he needed saving?” She teased, earning a smile and a nod.

“That,” his hand made its way to her lower back, “and I have been meaning to dance with you.”

“Hermione, Ginny, and Hed will be so very jealous.”

“Undoubtedly, but I promised them all dancing in the next week anyway, so they should be satisfied with that.”

She moved in closer as they swayed, “And what kind of dancing would that be?”

His mouth moved to her ear, “The kind that starts with clothing on, but ends with it off...”

“No one, save for a certain French Witch, noticed when his hand slipped onto the dark-skinned girl's bum, or when she made an excuse to use the restroom, and he followed moments later.

***LoD***

“You know I still cannot understand why Draco acts the way he does” Harry mused as he slammed his cock back into the soaking wet sex of his dark-skinned lover. “I mean has even tried sex before? It is such a wonderful experience after all, to give you up is simply… bizarre.”

Pansy would have agreed, save for the fact she was currently bent over a sink in the girl’s bathroom, occasionally looking up into the mirror to see the toned chest of the boy shagging her silly. Another part of her conscious, one far deeper than she would admit to, was secretly glad Draco wasn’t
interested. This way she could enjoy the raven-haired sex God as much as she wanted. With that thought she pushed back a little, earning a slight whimper as her intent was met with his thrust.

The Pureblood heiress made a mental note to explore that during their next session as well.

***LoD***

“Hey Cho, could you give me and Krum a few? There is something I need to talk to him about, you know Quidditch stuff.” The girl nodded, albeit in an annoyed manner, before wandering off to find someone else to speak with. Sure, her boyfriend was very nice, but he still had a few antiquated ideas about girls and the sport they both played.

A few minutes later she found another person having been, apparently, left by his lonesome.

“Hello Harry.”

“Ah, Miss Chang, how are you this evening?”

“Good, Cedric is a bit... distracted right now though.”

“Oh? What a shame, especially after you spent so much time selecting such a lovely dress...”

The Ravenclaw glanced back at her, still completely distracted, date before leaning in closer to the emerald-eyed boy. “You know Harry, I hear Cedric still hasn't properly thanked you for saving his life.”

“I suppose not, you know how very distracted he has been lately...” the boy countered in his own whispered tone, sending shivers down the girl's spine and removing any last hesitations she might have had.

“Perhaps I can help with this... somewhere a bit more... private?” she huskily breathed in his ear, before gesturing towards a doorway leading off into an empty hall.

***LoD***

‘Much larger than Cedric’ Cho Chang noted as she attempted to, once again, deepthroat the boy who was seated in front of her. Sure, she had originally planned on just sticking with ‘manual’ stimulation but after dropping his pants… well could anyone blame her for being up to the challenge?

And what a challenge it was. Cho wasn’t exactly innocent regarding sex, but she had never even heard of anyone being this blessed. ‘No wonder the girls can’t keep their hands off him’ she noted, gagging slightly as she took another inch of him into her mouth.

Glancing up she shivered in excitement to see his glowing emerald-green eyes staring down at her in enjoyment. Upon taking him into one of the empty classrooms she had mentally promised herself that this was as far as she would go. She wasn’t in love with the boy after all, just hyped up on lust and hormones.

Still, with the way he was looking at her, almost as if he wanted to devour her, she was beginning to think that maybe a bit farther wouldn’t be too bad.

“Miss Chang,” his voice huskily interrupted, sending a wave of pleasure through to her lower body.

“As amazing as this feels I was wondering if you would like to try something I have been told is referred to as ‘sixty-nine’.”
Faster than she thought was possible Cho had pulled back, pulled up her dress, slipped off her panties, and was laying down on the floor, no reason to waste time, right?

If the speed in which he covered her body, his tongue running slowly up and down her folds as she, once again, attempted to put his length into her mouth was any indication then he was in complete agreement.

***LoD***

Fleur growled angrily as she watched her date return with a different girl for the third time thus far. He was supposed to be paying her attention, not running off to fuck every slut who would spread her legs or drop to her knees at the first kind word and glance in their direction. Sure, she was busy with her ‘duties’ as Champion, but that didn’t give him an excuse to constantly find other entertainment!

Finally, he made his way back to their table, a content smile on his face as he sat down next to her, close enough for her whispered snarl to reach his ears, “Having fun?”

“I am, are you not?”

“I would be having more fun if someone would remember who they are with!” she ground out quietly, to avoid making a scene.

“Oh? I do recall you leaving more than a few times as well.”

Her patience snapped, before she grabbed his arm and pulled him from the Main Hall as discreetly as possible, once in a secluded hallway, and a few privacy Charms thrown up, she let loose her frustrations.

“You are supposed to be with me! Not shagging every girl here!”

“I assure you I have not shagged...”

She pushed him back against the wall, her lips claiming his and silencing his protests. For what felt like hours she greedily devoured his mouth, tasting every inch of him as her tongue intertwined with his. Finally, she pulled back, gasping for breath and glowing with satisfaction.

“You have not shagged me. But I assure you that is going to change now. My date will not be fucking every girl at the dance and then leave me unsatisfied, now either lead us to your room or I will be finding the nearest classroom and claiming you on the first desk I see.”

***LoD***

Lucius Malfoy glanced down at the letter that had just been delivered to his office.

*June 24th Little Hangleton Graveyard, Nine O’ Clock*

The Minister reached for a nearby bottle, and poured himself a full glass of liquor, before downing it in a single gulp. He had made his choice, and the die were cast. Now all that was left was to see if his gamble would pay off or not.

***LoD***
By the time that Fleur and her prey had reached his personal quarters the Veela was at the very border of her self-control. Her date smelled like sex, sex that she hadn’t been involved in, and the creature blood within her was practically screaming to ignore etiquette and simply throw him to the ground and take what was hers.

But she held off, at least until they were alone, and that teasing grin was back on his face. “So, would you like a cup of tea or…”

She had his back against the wall, her hands desperately pulling through his clothes as her mouth hungrily kissed across his neck before he could even finish his statement.

“No more tea…” she muttered, before running her tongue up and down his skin. Good God if the rest of him tasted even half as good she would be addicted to him before the end of the night.

“No more talking.” She found the pulse in his neck and sucked greedily, leaving a few marks.

“No more jokes.” Her fingers finally made their way through his robes and splayed on out skin, sending electricity through her body.

“No more games. I have heard whispers you are very talented with your mouth and tongue, but it is time you see what a Veela can do.”

Before he could reply she had pulled open his shirt, before practically attacking his collarbone and upper chest, slowly making her way down as her fingers continued searching, almost desperately, for more skin to caress.

When she finally reached his waist, promptly dropping down onto her knees, Harry had given up arguing and simply closed his eyes to enjoy the sensations. He did, however, allow himself to grin, rather cockily, when she gasped out in shock upon pulling his pants all the way down.

“M-Mon Dieu…”

“Something wrong Fleur?”

“I…”

“Yes?” he drawled out, and when she glanced up at him she immediately saw his expression, earning a slight pout from her in return.

Ignoring her previous shock, and slight hesitation, the Witch wrapped her hands around his shaft, gently stroking him back and forth. “I simply do not understand how your classmates are not shagging you at every opportunity.”

His smile, if possible, broadened, “Who says they don’t?”
With a deep breath Fleur opened her mouth before engulfing the head of his cock, her tongue lapping around it as her eyelids fluttered. He tasted even better down here, and without a second thought she slid down him, attempting to gorge herself on his manhood.

In the meantime, Harry merely hummed in pleasure, his hands reaching forward and gently weaving themselves into her silky hair, while her own found his testicles to massage. As she began to pump up and down his grip tightened for a moment, pulling her down onto him and earning a few chokes as she deepthrottled him without warning.

When his fingers loosened, and she pulled back with a half-hearted glare, he merely gave a slight shrug, “If it makes you feel better you can do the same to me later tonight if you want.”

Her eyes shone, and she returned to her self-appointed task, before one of her hands positioned themselves over his own to encourage him to redo his more forceful approach.

***LoD***

Thumping echoed through the room of the boy-who-lived as his older date late out a deep moan while continuing to bounce up and down on his lap. Although she had been slightly disappointed at not bringing him to climax with her mouth he had ensured her that she could try the same with her body instead, leading to the girl tossing him onto the bed, tearing off her knickers and riding him while still in her dress.

This had only gone on for a few minutes, before he had pulled it up off her, and went to work touching every inch of skin while she groaned in ecstasy.

Fleur leaned forward, hand tightening against the headboard of his bed for more control and allowing him to capture her breasts in his mouth, sending what she swore was her fourth orgasm fluttering through her body.

The Delacour heiress had always heard the term, ‘it will be worth the wait’ but had never truly taken it to heart until this moment. The boy she was currently fucking was more than worth the time it had taken to finally bed him. When his hand slowly slid down her stomach, and gently ghosted across where they were joined, her body tensed up once as she threw her head back in a silent scream of pleasure.

Normally she would be very vocal during such pleasure, but this teen, this man had completely taken her breath, and at this point mind, away.

“My turn” a voice whispered from below, and Fleur found two arms wrapped around her torso before she was rolled onto her back, legs wrapping around his waist on instinct as he began to slam into her. With his hands splayed out on either side of her head the French Witch took the opportunity to move her own, fingers tensing as she scratched across his, surprisingly muscular, shoulders and back.

Seconds later her cunt tensed once more, clamping down as she arched up into him, earning a very appreciative mouth on her nipples as she orgasmed once more. This time he slammed completely into her, and she felt him empty into her, more than ready, womb.

Her vision dimmed a bit from exertion, before she finally fell back onto the bed, gasping for breath.

“M-M-Mon Dieu Harry… that was… incredible!”

He laughed softly from above her, before softly kissing down her torso, “Was? Mon Cher with all the teasing and promises, do you think I have any intention of stopping before dawn? Now if
memory serves I did promise you a bit of control in the next part… let me see how a Veela tastes.”

***LoD***

Harry Potter released a pleased sigh as a certain blonde-haired French Witch peppered his chest with feather-light kisses. “You know, I had heard that once they got in the mood Veela could go for hours. I never expected to be on the receiving end of this type of treatment though.”

She giggled into his skin, “Don’t tell me you are getting tired mon amour…”

“Hardly, it is just a rather odd circumstance for someone to be able to keep up with me in bed.” This statement earned a brighter smile from Fleur, as she went back to her ministrations, before pausing a moment later.

“Harry…”

“Hm?”

“Can I… ask you for a favor? I… I will do anything you want, anything you ask if you just…” She was silenced by a finger on her lips, and a teasing smile on the raven-haired boy’s face.

“Perhaps, mon cher, you should ask before making promises hm? You never know when someone might just be in a good enough mood to not ask for anything in return.”

For a second, he swore he had seen a light blush tint the older girl’s face, but it was gone a moment later, “My father… he has spoken to you about my future… and Gabrielle’s?”

The boy nodded in confirmation.

“She has offered to let you… buy us?” For a moment, less than the time it would take someone to blink, Fleur swore that the room darkened, that the stars themselves flickered just a bit, and the moon’s pale light dimmed… but then it was over before she could even comment on it.

“Your father has… mentioned this, yes.”

The Delacour heiress nodded, before taking in a deep breath, “I… do you think you could… would you accept his offer?”

Harry paused, blinking in surprise before opening his mouth to reply, “I must say, of all the things you could have asked for… that was one I did not expect.”

Holding back, but just barely, her amused laughter Fleur shook her head, before her expression became grave once more, “You do not know my father like I do… he is determined to get rid of us. If he does not find a…” here she paused to find the correct words, and reign in her temper, “buyer in England he will find one elsewhere… at least this way I might… I cannot bear the thought of never seeing my sister again, of having her taken away and… and…”

Tears formed at her eyes, before being dried by a gentle caress from her lover, “That isn’t going to happen Fleur. I will not let anything happen to either of you, so relax…”

She nodded thankfully, before a cat-like grin formed on her face, “Then you must let me thank you… and make it worth your while,” before venturing south with her mouth once more.

***LoD***

Gritting his teeth Theodore Nott fought the urge to throw down his book in anger. He had been
denied once more. It was bad enough that his future bride did not know her place, to be at his side, for the Yule Ball... but to deny him when he propositioned her to relieve some of the tension currently soaking all of them was...

‘It is all his fault’ the boy seethed. Their so-called Lord was enjoying himself at their own expense. It wasn’t enough that he had every girl in Slytherin practically begging for his attention, or most of their class. No, the Half-blood had to take a Veela as well, as if to show off to the rest of them and make them suffer.

Almost as bad was the way that his Daphne would occasionally glance at the portrait hiding the emerald-eyed teen’s room. The look in her eyes, that of longing and just a hint of lust, was enough to send the Nott heir into a fit of rage. ‘She should be looking at me in that way, not him!’

But there was still hope, his father had made promises, and hints of change that would be coming at the end of the school year. Barely concealed hints of the return of a Dark Lord, a true Dark Lord, and that rewards for those most loyal would be given.

“Perhaps…” the Slytherin whispered to himself. “If my father cannot give me what I want, then the Dark Lord will…”

***LoD***

For once Harry Potter wished for a Muggle invention, a camera just to take a picture of the expressions adorning the Slytherin common room as he walked Fleur to the doorway.

“You are sure you do not want an escort?”

“I would love one, but I am far later than I planned on being... by over seven hours... If you were to come with me now I would be even more distracted.”

The younger teen nodded, before accepting the gentle kiss and watching her leave, then he turned back to categorizing the various faces.

Most were very jealous, both male and female; some looked exhausted, and a tad bit angry; and finally there were a few who looked up to him as if he were a God. Secretly those amused him the most.

“Something wrong?”

“My Lord…” Nott practically growled out, “not that we do not find your latest choice in women fitting but...”

“Could you have at least shagged her somewhere that wouldn't have made us horny as all hell!?" One of the older girls interrupted.

The Potter heir merely quirked his head to the side in confusion, “Odd, I just assumed you would have solved this problem with your boyfriend, as you did last time.”

The Sixth year fell silent. Her eyes, along with that of her nearby boyfriend, falling downwards to avoid the glares and judgments. As Draco had once pointed out, once they declared Harry to be their Lord, as the couple had the previous year, then they were required to ask his permission before undertaking such activities. Harry, of course, wouldn't have cared if they did, but that wasn't the point to the rest of the room.

They had disrespected the rules and spat in the face of centuries old traditions.
“I will assume...” the Malfoy heir growled out, “that you will be apologizing today for your betrayals...”

The sixth-year girl, and her seventh-year boyfriend, quickly nodded to alleviate the searing glares.

“I have a question my Lord, why are you still wearing your outfit from last night?” Pansy inquired from nearby, breaking the tension and redirecting the focus back onto the boy-who-lived.

“Hm? Oh, my it seems I forgot, my mistake. I should have changed it back by now.”

“Changed it back? That does remind me, you never told us where you got that material from. I overheard you telling Dumbledore you made it but...” The blonde Slytherin was interrupted as Harry tore off a piece of his midnight-black, star covered, cloak, watching as the material evaporated, before it regrew a moment later as it usually was.

“Sort of difficult to explain the fact I am wearing physical darkness... hm?”

***LoD***

“Merry Christmas Harry.”

The boy smiled at the sight of Hedwig, clothed only in a rather large bow, laying on his bed. “Merry Christmas to you too. I have the strangest feeling I won’t be able to top this one...”

Her amber eyes lit up in excitement, “Well originally Luna had insisted on a rather large orgy... but I managed to convince her to hold off on that, at least until later.”

“Oh?”

“Mmmm, wouldn't want to leave Fleur out of the fun, now would we?”

The teen chuckled, before moving towards the bed.

***LoD***

Lavender Brown lay in her bed staring up at the ceiling, all the while going over the past day in her mind. There had been the dance, her stupid boyfriend being… well himself, and then Harry. She unconsciously bit her lip, rubbing her thighs together at the memories of the previous night.

After she had returned to the dance a furious guilt had formed in her gut. Sure, Ron was... well a huge prat, but she had still cheated on him, slept with another boy. Lavender’s brain had froze in horror, Harry had been on a date with Fleur at the time, not only had she cheated on Ron but potentially convinced the boy-who-lived to cheat on his date as well. All of this led to her acceptance of the redhead’s offer to find a broom closet and ‘play’ for a bit. She had even considered going all the way with her boyfriend, as a sort of messed up way to apologize, that is until they had begun kissing.

It felt... wrong. Not painful but just lackluster and dull, it was almost as if the boy had never kissed a girl in his life and was trying to be bad at it. After a few more minutes she had called it quits for the night, claiming that she was exhausted.

Instead of trying to sleep she had spent the past hour comparing her boyfriend to the boy she shouldn’t be thinking about. ‘Although…’ she mused, ‘there is that signup sheet in the Slytherin dorms I heard about…’
She giggled at the thought.

***LoD***

He would have let it go, would have ignored her pathetic attempts at ridicule and mockery so long as she kept her sights solely on him.

But she hadn't.

*Veela sisters attempt to force their will on Boy-Who-Lived.*

Harry’s eyes scanned down the page, his face slowly twitching in displeasure as he took in the article. Apparently, Rita Skeeter had believed that not only was he too weak to resist the Allure, but also that Fleur and her sister were attempting to turn him into some sort of mindless slave for their sick desires.

He was... *upset*... and it was becoming rather clear based upon how most of his House had opted to vacate the Common Room and seek relative safety elsewhere. It was a foolish notion really, if he was truly upset with them there would be nowhere they could run or hide.

No one was beyond his reach, and this fact had been true for years.

“Dobby”

The Elf appeared instantly, head bowed in what it perceived as a respectful notion of servitude.

“Yes, Master Harry Potter.”

“I would like you to setup a meeting between myself and Miss Skeeter.”

“Oh course, Master when shall Dobby arrange this to be?”

The raven-haired boy gave a thoughtful hum. The sooner the better really, he was sure that the article would be reaching the two French Witches by noon which would undoubtedly cause quite a fuss and...

He paused, when had he begun caring about their feelings? Previously the only one whose emotions he even *mildly* considered was Hedwig... but that had changed, grown since beginning Hogwarts. Luna had been added onto that list, and then Ginny and Hermione, soon after Tonks had even managed to make her way there as well.

And Draco... and Neville...

Bloody hell, he wasn't even sleeping with them...

Dobby cringed backwards, whimpering at the apparent displeasure, and raw power, that was radiating from his Master. The slight noise refocused the teen’s emotions. Apparently, he could add Dobby onto that growing list as well...

And his godfathers.

“This afternoon Dobby, if she refuses go to the owner of the paper.”

“Dobby will do, thank you Master.” the small creature blinked out of existence once more, leaving Harry to contemplate his newly found *feelings*.

***LoD***
“We should have bought him more...”

Remus gave an exaggerated sigh, his best friend was still, apparently, hung up on the fact that they hadn't been able to figure out enough of what their godson wanted to fill a room completely full of presents.

“Padfoot it is _fine_. I doubt Harry would want half that stuff anyway.”

“B-b-but... Quidditch...”

Moony rolled his eyes, “If you were a teenage boy would you rather have a bunch of flying gear that you will never use... or a week full of sex with multiple girls?”

The man had the _audacity_ to think about it, earning a growl from the Werewolf.

“I'm kidding Moony relax, I just... I mean I missed out on a _lot_ of birthdays... and holidays... and just... days.”

“I know how you feel Padfoot, trust me I do. But we can't go back and change that, besides I think that Harry...”

A soft pop alerted the men to Dobby appearing in the room. “Master's godfathers.”

“Dobby is everything okay?”

“Master Harry Potter would like to know how easily the Daily Prophet could be purchased.”

Lupin blinked a few times in confusion, while Sirius himself took on a rather contemplative expression. “Well assuming the owner wants to sell we could own it by dinner at the latest. Doubt it would cost us even a percent of the Black Fortune... Oooo is that what he wants for Christmas? Cause we can make that shit happen!”

The House-Elf nodded, “Master Harry Potter is going to be...” the creature paused, almost as if uncomfortable for a moment, “speaking with them about their article... if that does not work he will want to buy.”

“Wait... what article?” The scarred man inquired, causing the creature to hand over said paper before departing.

Grimmauld Place was filled with rather angry snarls and profanities for several hours afterwards.

***LoD***

“Please have a seat Harry, may I call you Harry?”

“No.”

Rita hid her wince, before nodding with a slight, uncomfortable, laugh and setting up her parchment and Quick-Quill. “I understand you wanted to speak with me?”

“Yes, you will be posting a retraction about what you wrote concerning the Yule Ball. I do not appreciate my personal life being thrown around on the front pages and I will not allow you to make up facts concerning the Delacours or myself.”

“Come now Har... Mr. Potter, this is how the press works. Since you would not give me an interview I had to make do with what I had available. Surely you understand that as a Slytherin.”
“I also understand that you should consider who you are writing about before publishing.”

“Making threats Mr. Potter? You really should know better, never start a verbal war with a journalist, we have a habit of finding out exactly what you don't want revealed.”

The teen merely stared at her, no expression on his face, allowing her to continue, her confidence building as she ‘smelled blood in the water’. “Perhaps a story about all of your little escapades hm? Or all the 'relationships' you are having. It would be quite the story to reveal that not only an Auror, but also at least one teacher was sleeping with a student. And how do you think the Weasley's will feel about their daughter spending so much quality time with you? Then there is that lovely little blonde... what was her name again? Oh yes, Luna. I hear her father runs the Quibbler, I am sure that...”

Something moved in her peripheral vision, odd considering they were alone in an interview room. Rita turned slightly, before she was thrown back against the table, falling to the floor as pain shot through her body. The discomfort was forgotten an instance later as she beheld exactly what had attacked her.

There were no words for the monstrosity now pinning her to the floor. It was a demon from the darkest pits of the worst nightmares. Spider-like legs, a twisting, disgusting body, and dozens of mouths and eyes covering nearly every inch. It was large, and pitch black, the eyes glowing red like fire in the shadows.

She tried to scream, but found pincers wrapped around her throat, preventing her from doing so as her limbs were held down by the monster's own. It began to lower itself towards her torso, a gaping maw sliding open as razor sharp teeth prepared to tear into her body.

Skeeter looked around in horror, desperate to find anything to save her... but found only a single boy, watching with expressionless, and pitiless, eyes as the creature bit down and...

A scream echoed through the office of the Daily Prophet, sending several reporters and staff barging into the room to see Harry Potter rising out of his chair in concern, while Rita Skeeter flailed about on the floor nearby.

“Skeeter! The hell is wrong with you!?” Before her colleague could reach out to shake her, the woman seemed to wake up, and screamed even louder, scooting back against the wall as terror filled her eyes.

“What did you...”

Before the editor could finish his accusation towards the only other person who had been present in the room the boy's eyes lit up in anger themselves, “I don't know what kind of paper you are running that would have me interview with someone who is clearly out of their mind, but I assure you that you will be hearing from my godfathers, and their lawyers. If this is who you have printing lies and falsities about me I will have you shut down in a week!” The teen rose and stormed off, muttering to himself about inept and incompetent adults.

***LoD***

A soft knocking interrupted the Delacour's, rather late, lunch. The matron rose to answer the door, answering loudly enough that the others would be aware of their guest.

“Greetings Lord Potter.”

“Please, just Harry, Madame I was hoping to speak with...”
“HARRY!” Gabrielle squealed happily as she bolted into the living area.

Her father and sister followed afterwards, with Fleur chuckling as the young girl had practically tackled the teenage boy. “Harry, what are you doing here? Is everything okay?”

“Not quite, but I figured it would be better for me to stop in now rather than later after you read the article.”

“What article?” The other male inquired, before being handed the Daily Prophet. Moments later his eyes gleamed with *something*, although whether it was approval or annoyance his family didn’t quite know.

“Dear, what is...”

Jean Delacour frowned slightly, before tossing the paper onto the table, not even bothering to allow his wife to read the article, “It appears as though some of the English reporters have taken to voicing their opinions on the relationship between our daughters and Lord Potter.”

“I have already taken care of it sir.”

The family turned to the boy, who grinned back. “Seems they did not understand the implications they were making, a casual reminder or two of who could very easily own their paper and they were more than happy to agree about printing an apology later today.”

“I appreciate the courtesy.”

He nodded, before turning to leave.

“Oh, don’t go Lord Potter, we were just sitting down for lunch. Please join us.” the older woman spoke, gently steering him back into the carriage.

“Well...”

“Not only that but I am sure we can continue our discussion on business a bit later hm?” the oldest man noted, earning a, seemingly hesitant, nod from the other male.

***LoD***

Needless to say, when Sirius Black and Remus Lupin had heard about the ‘incident’ they had practically jumped at the chance to defend their godson’s honor, despite the fact it had already been taken care of.

Thus, the duo had used the Floo and booked an impromptu meeting with the head of the Daily Prophet.

“And I swear if I even *think* that you are attempting to interview my godson without my permission again I will have you, and every bloody employee in *this building* arrested!” The Black Lord shouted, while the Werewolf merely paced back and forth in the office of the newspaper owner.

Said, slightly overweight and balding, man merely stuttered out his reply, “Y-yes o-of course L-Lord Black. I p-promise y-you that...”

A pair of hands slammed down on the table, making it shake from the force as the scarred man loomed in towards the man, who promptly shrunk back in fear, “Do. Not. *Promise*.” He growled deeply, his voice melding with the beast inside him. “Just do.”
Barely managing a nod the man practically squeaked in terror as Sirius rose, before placing his hand gently on his best friend’s shoulder. “Come on Moony, I think we have spent enough time in this place. If a retraction is not printed in the next twenty-four hours I will have you sued for everything you are worth.”

With that the two turned and left, slamming the door behind them. With that the man let out the breath he had been holding, before shakily reaching for his Wand to summon one of his writers.

***LoD***

We here at the Daily Prophet would like to apologize for the article written earlier today concerning Lord Potter, the French Champion Fleur Delacour, and her younger sister Gabrielle Delacour. It has become very apparent that the author, Rita Skeeter, has been suffering from mental health problems, and that the article was written without any factual or circumstantial evidence. Miss Skeeter has been put on a leave of absence until such time that she can be certifiably cleared to continue her work.

Rest assured that we at the Prophet take our reporting, and fact checking, very seriously and will be going over all publications of the past year for previous errors caused by our own employee. Once more we apologize for any damage that may have been caused to any of those involved.

Harry smirked as he set down the paper, he sincerely doubted that Skeeter would ever be recovering from the trauma he had put her through, and if she did well... there could always be a follow-up interview.

“That was sweet of you Harry.”

He glanced up to his white-haired companion as she walked closer to him.

“You didn't need to do that. I know you slept with Fleur but to spare her and her sister's feelings... it was very kind.”

“Rather uncharacteristic of me isn't it...” she smiled, before straddling him on the chair he was sitting on.

“Lately, no and I think it is a... rather beautiful change.”

His hands found her legs, before traveling upwards towards her thighs. “Perhaps I have a slightly different opinion on beauty... and would like to see a bit more of it right now...”

He claimed her mouth, before silently locking down his room for the rest of the day.

***LoD***

“Welcome all to the second task of the Triwizard Tournament! Each of the Champions has one hostage located at the bottom of the lake, they will have one hour to retrieve them, points shall be scored as to how effective their method is along with the time they take. BEGIN!” Albus Dumbledore called out, earning wide eyed shock from the three participants as they hastily made their preparations and leaped into the water.

“So...” Draco began, before drumming his finger on his leg several minutes later, “this is... exciting? I guess?”

Pansy rolled her eyes, “You would think after the first task they would have something equally visual...”
Harry merely shrugged before settling back into his chair. Forty-five minutes later and Cedric emerged from the water, carrying Cho in his arms. Five minutes after that Krum would emerge as well. Well after the expiration had passed Fleur finally emerged, bleeding from several small gashes and hysterically.

“Gabbie! Gabbie is down there!” Seconds after her mother moved to comfort her while her father merely watched on with a stony expression.

Harry, in the meantime, frowned in annoyance. True, he had no real stake in either French Witch, but if he was being honest with himself then he had grown quite fond of Fleur, and her younger sister reminded him of a slightly naiver and more innocent Luna.

“I suppose I did make a promise...” he muttered, before standing and walking directly into the lake several feet later, much to the puzzlement of the students who had actually noticed.

***LoD***

“You there, halt,” one of the indigenous peoples living in the lake demanded of the human who had strolled into their domain as if he owned it.

The child merely laughed back, sending shivers of fear and uncertainty through those nearby, “Oh I think not, you see it appears you have the sibling belonging to a friend of mine and she is quite distraught over the loss. I would like her returned please.”

A crudely made spear was pointed at him in response, “I think not human. Your kind made a deal with us, any that remained after the time was up stays here.”

The emerald-green eyes, that at first seemed to shine so very brightly, dimmed into pools of blackness as the teen's demeanor darkened with them. “I don't think you quite understand the situation. I am doing you quite the favor by peacefully retrieving miss Delacour rather than slaughtering you like the animals you so see fit to act like. Such a gift should not be squandered...”

“Y-you impudent...”

The creature's retort was interrupted by a gargling sound, as its hands went around its own throat in panic. The other Merpeople watched on in horror as it began suffocating. “Quite an odd sensation isn't it? You are so used to living underwater that you have never experienced the feeling of drowning before have you? Let me put my request in a different manner, if you do not bring the child here in the next two minutes then the Unspeakables are going to have quite the exciting time examining the rest of you in order to determine how an entire race of amphibious being drowned in their own lake...”

***LoD***

“Excuse me, Fleur, I believe I have something of yours.” a voice called out, interrupting the French Witch's misery and sobbing. Looking up she saw that her lover had just walked out from the lake, all the while carrying her sister in his arms.

“GABBIE!”

The few reporters, and school staff, that had crowded around the French family had been batted aside as the Witch sprinted towards the pair. Moments later her parents joined her as the boy-who-lived handed the younger girl off to her older sister, before returning to his classmates.

“Fleur...”
The sobbing Champion wiped her eyes, before leaning closer to hear her sister's whispers.

“I... think I'm in love...” she finished, her eyes locked on the retreating form of her rescuer, much to the older girl's shock.

***LoD***

“Harry.”

The boy turned to see both Luna and Ginny standing at the entrance to his room.

“Yes?”

“We wanted to thank you for... well for what you did during the task. Saving that girl was...” Ginny paused, trying to think of how to explain what she meant. If it had been one of her brothers, except maybe Ron, that had been trapped.

“Yep! And according to Hermione the three of us still haven't shagged yet so...” the blonde immediately began pulling at her robes, before becoming entangled in them once more.

Ginny fought down the blush at her friend's brash comment, before laughing at her apparent defeat by clothing.

“Oh no, it appears our dear Luna is stuck... perhaps we should take advantage of the situation. What do you think Ginny?”

More and more the youngest Weasley was beginning to think of herself as less 'straight' and more 'straight unless Harry is in the room with another girl, in which case I am totally okay with going both ways,' as she advanced on her best friend.

The fact that the blonde let out a slight breathy gasp when her hands began touching skin sent shivers down Ginny's spine as well, before she leaned forward and gave a gentle kiss to the exposed collarbone.

‘She does taste rather good’ the redhead noted, before gently pushing the blonde back onto the bed while shedding her own clothes. By the time Harry reached them, and had stripped, Luna had extracted herself and the two friends made eye contact.

That was when it happened. She felt the blonde’s body shake from the force of being thrust into, her best friend’s eyes lighting up like Christmas morning, and a gasp of pleasure escaped her lips.

Ginny couldn’t help it, she immediately dove in and captured the Ravenclaw’s mouth with her own, tongue pushing in to taste the vocal pleasure. When Luna’s own fought back, intertwining with hers, she couldn’t fight the whimper that escaped.

“I do believe I now understand why men enjoy the idea of watching two women snog, it is a rather exhilarating scene.” Harry whispered, causing the redhead’s sex to dampen even more.

When the two friends broke the kiss, and Ginny began to kiss up and down the neck of the girl currently lying under her, she heard the blonde give a whimpered plea of her own.

“G-Ginny next... I-I want to see her the moment you are inside her too.”

***LoD***

It was not uncommon for Harry Potter to find himself being 'summoned', especially by an adult. He
did, however, find it a tad annoying that the patron of the Delacour line thought that he could do so as he pleased.

The teen knew, naturally, what the man wanted to discuss, and thus decided to attend the meeting and not turn the man inside out. “Although…” he mused as he continued down the hallway towards the main entrance, “it would be a rather interesting experiment.”

Crossing the field that separated the lodgings of the various schools the boy knocked on the carriage that he knew temporarily housed the French family. The door opened a moment later, and Jean Delacour gestured for him to enter and take a seat.

“I am glad to see you here Lord Potter,” the man began, taking a seat opposite in turn, “I am sure you are aware of Fleur’s growing fascination with you, as well as my younger daughter’s as well.”

The boy flushed, avoiding eye-contact in pretend embarrassment.

This behavior merely confirmed the French Wizard’s plans, and he pressed onward, “Now now Lord Potter, there is nothing to be nervous about, I for one am happy for this turn of events. You recall what we spoke of some time ago yes?”

“A-about… uhm… buying them?”

Jean nodded, “Yes, it would truly comfort me to know that my daughters were in such good hands,” the man lied, continuing to push the issue with a small amount of guilt interweaved into his strategy. “It is a father’s greatest fear that his daughters will fall in love with someone undeserving of them, or even worse to end up alone and uncared for. I know you are not the kind of man to be either of those.”

“N-no sir of course not.”

The Delacour nodded, inwardly grinning in victory, “I am glad to hear that Harry. It is difficult for a Veela to find love rather than just lust in this world, but I see the potential in you for such a thing.” With that he reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a folded piece of parchment, before presenting it to the boy-who-lived. “This agreement summarizes everything we have spoken about up until now. A simple bequeathment contract that turns both over to you.”

“I…”

“Now I understand that you are nervous about such a thing, and that is perfectly okay. How about you take it back and read it over a few times hm? I would request, however, that this be kept between us. With the negative press surrounding you and my children I have no doubt that any outsiders will take this sort of thing poorly and the rumors will begin to fluctuate once more. I think we can both agree that is the last thing anyone involved wants.”

Harry quickly nodded, stuttering out his agreement, “Y-yes I mean no I mean… I don’t want them to go through that again sir.”

“Good, then take a few days to think it over hm? The terms for payment are quite low for such a thing, more of a formality and show of their value to you than any substantial amount of gold. Shall we meet again in say… a few days?”

***LoD***

Fleur smiled happily as she grabbed her Wand and silently peeked out from her room. Luckily her parents went to bed early, even luckier was that they were heavy sleepers. She had been planning to
see her new lover for several days now, and it just so happened that her mother and father had retired earlier than expected.

One silencing Charm later and she had easily made her way through the magically expanded carriage and to the front door, before pushing it open and...

“What are you doing?”

The French Witch froze, silently cursing her luck before turning back to see her younger sister standing behind her.

“Gabbie!” she quietly hissed, “It is late, go back to bed!”

“No.”

“Now Gabbie!”

But the young girl was not to be deterred, “You were sneaking out, weren't you?”

“I... yes, now go to bed!”

“Were you going to see Harry?”

Fleur fought the urge to bang her head against a wall, why couldn't her sibling be like every other member of her family and just stay asleep? “If it will make you go to sleep then yes I was now...”

“I want to come!”

“Shhh! The Champion bit out, her eyes falling on the door to her parents' room and breathing a sigh of relief when she heard no sounds from it. “You are not coming with me Gabbie, this is... an adult party and...”

“A par...” Fleur's hand covered her sister's mouth to stifle the excited, and rather loud, exclamation, allowing the older of the two to glare downwards.

“Yes, a... party, now go to bed. This isn't for children.” That was the understatement of the century. She was hoping to spend the next several hours in bed with the boy, certainly not something she wanted her sister to know about.

“I'm not a child!” the younger whispered, before stomping her feet and pouting.

Rolling her eyes at the behavior, and thus proving her point, Fleur let out a sigh. “Listen Gabbie I don't have time to talk right now. I promise we can talk tomorrow and...”

“Take me with you! I want to see Harry too!”

“NO absolutely not!”

“Then I'll just go and wake up mama and...”

“I can stun you...”

“And then you can explain yourself tomorrow...”

Fleur growled, fighting the urge to strangle her little sister. “Fine but you cannot wear... that.”
The girl glanced down at her pajamas, “What's wrong with them? It is night time isn't it?”

“Gabbie, adults do not wear unicorn covered dresses outside, much less to parties! If you want to come you have to promise to do what I say and that includes wearing something proper.”

“So, I should wear something like you are?”

This time the older Delacour bit back her immediate affirmation. She herself was dressed a bit... revealing and seriously doubted her innocent little sister had anything even close to comparing, not that she should.

“No, just... how about a nice dress or skirt?”

“Oh... okay, give me a minute and if you leave without me I'll...”

“Just go!”

Gabrielle ran back to her room, giggling the entire time and earning another sigh from Fleur, she was going to have to explain why her sister was with her... and probably cancel her original plans as well. It was going to be a long night.

***LoD***

“Harry!” the younger individual practically sang out as she charged into the boy, wrapping herself around his midsection in a diving hug.

“Well hello there Gabrielle, I wasn’t expecting you tonight.”

Fleur bit her lower lip with worry. Would he be upset that the younger girl had come along? Would he be annoyed with the two of them that he was seemingly forced to deal with a child? Would he…

The boy-who-lived patted the younger girl’s head, “I suppose we should get started hm? Perhaps a walk around the lake to show you there is nothing to fear from it?”

Gabbie hesitated for a moment, before nodding excitedly and grabbing his hand to lead him towards their destination. Fleur merely ran to catch up, mouthing a silent ‘thank you’ to the other teen when she did.

***LoD***

“Fleur.”

“Yes Gabbie?”

“Thank you for taking me tonight.”

The older sister smiled at her sibling, before giving her a strong hug. “I'm glad you had fun. I have missed spending time with you.”

“I missed you too.”

The two continued on their walk back to the carriage in silence for another few minutes before the younger spoke up once more, “Do... do you think he likes me?”

“Who, Harry? I’m sure he does Gabbie.”
“Like… a lot?”

Fleur slowed a bit in her walk, “What do you mean?”

By now her sister had completely stopped, tears brimming at her young eyes, “Do you think he would take me too? That he would take me with you? I know he really likes you but… I just don’t want you to leave me.”

Eyes widening, the older sibling quickly scooped up her baby sister into a tight hug, whispering that everything would be okay into her ear repeatedly, as if to convince herself just as much as the other girl.

***LoD***

Jean Delacour viciously smirked down at the parchment laying on his desk. The boy had signed it! Now all that remained was for him to sign and the two useless brats would be out of his hair, and his family, forever. The ‘official transfer’ would not take place until the end of the tournament, to avoid suspicions concerning the timing. He would be able to play it off as his eldest and the boy falling in love over the course of the tournament and holding off on any sort of committed engagements until it was over.

The fact that the younger sister was pathetically attached to Fleur made the entire situation even easier to explain away.

Even better was the nice bit of gold he would be making on the deal as well. True, he had told the boy that the exchange would be small, and it would, at least the initial payment. However, the Potter brat was a child and thus completely ignorant of the way that the financial world operated.

Over the next decade his wealth would increase by a very substantial amount.

Not wasting anymore time the man hastily signed his name, before making two copies and sending them off via owl to the British and French Ministries respectively. In his haste he never noticed the fact that after being signed the contract’s wording shifted as the illusion placed just on top of the paper ended.

***LoD***

“Welcome one and all to the third, and final, task of the Triwizard Tournament! Based upon the scores thus far each Champion will be entering the maze to reach the Champions Cup in the center. Whoever reaches it first will be crowned the true Champion!” the Headmaster called out, earning excited shouts from the spectators.

“First up will be Victor Krum… BEGIN!”

***LoD***

Harry was beginning to feel rather left out as the group of students and staff stared at the hedge rows, with nothing but the occasional flash of light in the maze as any indication that the task was even taking place. Seriously, had the judges been afraid that after the near catastrophe with the Dragons that those watching might become a bit squeamish?

Utterly ridiculous, no one was forcing them to watch after all.

The teen was idly considering just walking into the maze himself to find something to do when a Wand was pressed up against his back.
“Charms have been setup around us Potter so don’t bother screaming.” Moody's rough voice growled from behind. “Now we are going to take a bit of a walk, you have a ceremony to attend.”

' Hmm, to kill him or not to kill him. On one side killing would make things a bit more interesting, but it would also spoil the big surprise... ' With a shrug the boy-who-lived stood and proceeded as ordered until the convict activated a Portkey and they vanished from sight.

***LoD***

A/N: Fun little fact, there was originally an actual party planned, something along the lines of a ‘rave’ but it just didn't sit well with me after I finished writing it.
'Could have at least chosen a nicer setting' the boy-who-lived mused as he was pushed along through a creepy graveyard by the disguised schoolteacher.

"Keep walking Potter!"

"Yeah, yeah I heard you.” The man gave a growl, before pushing a bit rougher this time, earning a backwards glare from his 'prisoner'. “Touch me again and I'll break your arm you insect.” The tone caused Crouch to pause for a moment, before muttering to keep moving.

Finally, the two came across a small clearing, in it lay a cauldron along with another man nearby.

“Avery!” the disguised murderer snapped, “Is everything ready?”

“It is, everything is ready and prepared, all we need is a bit of blood.”

Crouch nodded, before reaching out and grasping the teen’s shoulder, while drawing a knife. Harry responded exactly as he said he would, by grabbing the offending arm and snapping it like a toothpick in annoyance.

The disguised man fell to the ground, crying out in pain as the remaining Potter strolled forward, ignoring the man named 'Avery' and glancing into the cauldron. Inside a rather ugly fetus-like creature lay.

“Potter!” it screamed, instantly recognizing the baby it had tried to destroy over a decade prior.

“You are one ugly little bastard, aren't you? I mean seriously, were all those dark rituals worth it if you don't even have a real body?”

“Avery!” the creature screeched again. The man moved forward at his master's cry, only to be stunned without so much as a gesture from the teen.

“Now now that wasn't very nice Tommy boy, we have so much to catch up on after all.”

“You think I wasn't prepared for your insolence Potter? That I would not have planned for you? There is nowhere to go…”

A snickering nearby earned a raised eyebrow from Harry, who looked up in curiosity as Bellatrix Lestrange stepped out from behind a nearby tree. Moments later she was joined by dozens of others. Instantly he recognized Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape being among them, with both looking rather passively towards him.

“Oh my my my, you really have been busy, haven't you Tom?”
“Scared Potter!? Betrayed by your precious Minister who you fought so hard to elect?”

Harry rolled his eyes, he had probably spent less than three hours doing anything for the Malfoy Lord.

“But that isn't all, oh no… behold...” three more Death Eaters emerged from nearby, dragging the Triwizard Champions along with them. “Your blood, for them!”

“And if I were to simply drown your miserable dickless body right here? Hmm? What would you do then Riddle?”

“Then they would die, and I know how fond you have grown of your little toy. Now what do you have to say hm Potter?”

Emerald eyes glanced over the three hostages, lingering on one in particular, before he let out a sigh, “Fine, how much do you need?”

***LoD***

“Avery, the object.”

The newly revived man shiftily glanced about, taking in the weary expressions on more than a few faces as they moved back from the area. “Master, with all due respects...”

The response was shouted back at him, “NOW! The world will know of my return, shall feel fear once more!”

“Y-yes my Lord...” the Death Eater mumbled, before retrieving a small orb from nearby and with a wave of his Wand caused it to float. “The Viewing Orb shall broadcast everything across the Magical world, they will all witness your resurrection my Lord... but the others, they will be revealed...”

“THEN MOVE BACK!” the creature screamed in rage, earning a wince from the man as more than a few of his followers moved back from the area to remain unidentifiable.

A mocking laughter escaped from the nearby teen, “Oh my Tommy boy, looks like your little bitches are camera shy.”

Voldemort growled, before gesturing for the ritual to commence. Less than a minute later and the few drops of blood were being added with a flourish. “Blood of the enemy, forcibly taken, you will resurrect your foe!”

Just as the cauldron shattered the orb lit up, revealing the Dark Lord in all his glory and power to tens of thousands across the world.

“I live!”

***LoD***

Sirius Black stood, froze in horror as he watched a nearby image appear of a resurrected Dark Lord... and even worse was that standing not twenty feet away was his godson.

“MOONY!” He roared in panic, before grabbing his Wand and sprinting to a nearby cabinet. With strength he didn't even realize the door was practically ripped off, displaying half a dozen suits of armor and various weapons. The Blacks, if nothing else, were a paranoid lot.
“Padfoot” the Were growled as he entered the room. Sirius turned, and did a double take. His best friend’s features were roughened, his hands constantly clenching and unclenching. But it was his eyes that spoke the most.

A deep amber color filled them, the wolf was angry, it wanted out. The beast wanted to hunt, to kill, to feast. Not for the first time did the Black Lord feel a shiver of fear roll down his spine. Remus could be the kindest man in the world, but when he got like this he could just as easily tear a grown man apart with his bare hands.

“You saw?” It was more of a statement then a question, and Lupin barely nodded in answer. “Good, grab some Dragon-hide armor and the meanest looking weapon you want. We're going to go get our cub back and murder some bastards in the process.”

***LoD***

“What a lovely new body I have.” Voldemort mused, flexing his limbs and spinning his Wand deftly between his fingertips.

“Not sure how much of an improvement it is, I mean we all sort of caught your pale ass emerging from that pot and I have to say... really, no genitals at all? I mean call me silly, but I would have put something there at least. Course maybe you never got laid growing up, so you don’t know what sex is like... in that case I commend you on your choice to continue your celibacy oh Dark Lord Tom.”

The Dark Lord snarled at the boy’s insults, before his own face shifted into something far darker. “Carrow, Rabastan, If Potter addresses me by anything other than 'Dark Lord’ I want you to enjoy his pretty little friend...”

The two men, who were the ones currently nearest to Fleur, grinned as well.

Harry, on the other hand merely turned to face them, his face staring at them in a way that sent shivers of unknown fear down their spines.

“A duel then Potter?” Voldemort declared with a sneer. “Good, good... Avery make sure you focus in on us with the orb. I want the entire world to watch as I destroy their precious savior!” the cowardly man quickly nodded, before slowly encircling them to capture every angle.

The two Wizards met each other's eyes, before striding into the middle of the opening in unison. Voldemort drew first, not that Harry even bothered to do so, “Avada Kedavra!”

Harry sidestepped the bolt of green energy, allowing it to strike the Death Eater who had been positioned behind him during their movements. Avery fell to the ground, his eyes blank and lifeless. With his death the orb dimmed and fell, cracking on a nearby stone as it stopped its broadcast.

“Whoops, sure hope he wasn't important...”

Rage ripped through the Dark Lord once more, “Crouch! The orb, NOW! I want my victory shown to the world!”

“Y-yes my Lord...”

Meanwhile, Harry let out an exasperated sigh, “Do we have to stand around and wait oh Dark Lord? I mean I do have things to do, places to be and such...”

Voldemort growled, before raising his weapon once more.
Sirius Black and Remus Lupin Apparated into the clearing they had been just informed of to meet Dumbledore at. Even still they estimated several miles of distance to where their godson was. This wasn't some hastily planned action, it had been in the works for some time if the Dark Lord's followers had set up such a massive Ward.

“Remus, Sirius!” a voice called out

The two men turned to see the Headmaster gesture them from a short distance away. The two hastily made their way over to see a large group of Aurors, including Tonks and Amelia Bones, along with the elderly Wizard himself. Several were currently working on what appeared to be analyzing the barrier separating them from their objective.

“Albus, what happened?”

“I am not sure, but from what we have gathered Harry was kidnapped by Alastor Moody shortly after the third task of the Championship began. It was then that Severus was summoned by the Dark Lord, but not before sending me the coordinates.”

“And thus, here we are.” Director Bones chimed in, as a few more Aurors appeared nearby, adding to their forces. “I am not sure if this will be enough Albus, at least not with hostages involved.”

A growl answered her, “Then we make do, that monster is not going to take my godson from me.” Remus swore, earning a nod of agreement from his best friend.

The others fell silent, before the Ward breakers continued their duty of bringing the dome down.

In all her years Fleur Delacour had never felt such despair. In her heart she knew that this night would be the end of her, that she would die in this horrible, wretched place... if she was lucky. Kidnapped Veela were rarely given a pleasant end, and often suffered through hours, if not days, of violations before being granted death.

The only thing currently stopping this was a boy. A single fourteen-year-old child who stood against a Dark Wizard, decades greater in experience. Yet the boy stood, and in that single fact she found some solace. At least when her end came it would be with the one she had fallen in love with. With the boy who had shown her something greater in humanity, and in herself, than she had ever thought possible. Perhaps her last moment would be staring into his beautiful eyes one last time.

The Veela's thoughts went next to her own sister.

Gabbie, if only there had been more time, time for goodbyes and tear-filled whispers of 'I love you'. Her younger sister meant more to her than anything else in this miserable world... and yet she would never see the bundle of joy and sunshine again.

'At least she will be safe, at least she isn't here...' It was a small miracle, but at this point the French Witch would take whatever she could get.

On her other side Krum made a desperate struggle to free himself, only to be punched by the older man holding him hostage.

Cedric, it appeared, had given up long ago.
A roar of anger brought the girl's attention back to the duel, and to where her only hope of salvation lay.

***LoD***

“Running away Potter!? Like a coward!?”

Harry let out an exasperated sigh as he twisted his body, avoiding yet another Killing Curse. Seriously was that the only spell the Dark Lord knew?

“Actually, I was hoping you would do something a bit more impressive, you know some sort of awe-inspiring feat of Magic not... *this.*”

The snake-skinned man growled, glancing over to see Crouch still fumbling around with the Magical viewing sphere. Bloody useless man, the Dark Lord made a mental note to kill him after he returned to whatever mansion he would commandeer next.

“Stop running Potter, or I will turn my wrath on your friends next! Now stand still, be a good little boy, and die!” The man roared out the Killing Curse once more, and this time the boy made no hint at dodging the bolt of energy. Instead he raised his right arm, before swinging it before him.

Flames as black as the darkest midnight erupted in front of him, as if summoned from Hell itself. The Magic sent forth was enveloped, immediately burning away as if it had been made of paper. Silence fell among those nearby, the Dark Lord's Wand slowly lowered in disbelief as he stared at the boy, whose expression turned savage as he raised his hand once more.

“Dodge,” he growled, before snapping his fingers. Fire erupted once more, of the same darkness. But this time it roared towards Voldemort, as if taking the form of a great beast preparing to devour him. In that moment, the single instance of time Tom Riddle saw his death, before managing to Apparate out of harm’s way.

The blast collided with a nearby mausoleum. The resulting explosion shook the ground, as the structure, and the nearby graves, were blown asunder, and a child laughed, his left arm crossing under his right as he snapped once more.

“Too predictable...” he muttered as Voldemort appeared on his right side, forcing the feared murderer to teleport once more to avoid another devastating attack.

This time he appeared to have learned and flashed into existence a dozen feet behind the teen, before sending a barrage of silent spells and Curses towards his intended victim. They never reached within five feet of the boy before being engulfed in flames that appeared from nowhere.

“My Magic is borderline sentient at this point Dark Lord, it will protect me even if I was unconscious...” True enough the fire surged forth, this time as a river towards the attacker. Voldemort Apparated once more, never more thankful that although the Wards prevented intruders, it did not stop those from moving about inside the area.

Riddle growled, before taking a moment to assess the situation at hand, allowing Harry to turn towards him with a patented smirk on his face. “You know... you are going to run out of places to run eventually...”

“Potter...”

“I mean you keep Apparating round but... well just look.”
And the man-turned-monster did, noticing the flames still present, and slowly growing by the second. Some were even quite close to him, with hardly a thought he flicked his Wand, casting an extinguishing spell to remove the annoyances.

It was only due to years of practice that he had the reflexes to pull his arm back as the blaze flared upwards towards him, as if seeking to devour his very soul.

“Oh, didn't I mention?” the boy mused, loud enough for everyone to hear. “These flames of mine burn all things, including Magic itself. If I were not in control of them they would eventually reduce all of creation into ash.”

***LoD***

Lucius Malfoy fought to contain the trembling that was threatening to consume his body.

This wasn't how it was supposed to go. Potter was supposed to have been destroyed by the Dark Lord upon the man's return. Instead the boy had... well the Malfoy Lord wasn't quite sure what was happening. But he did know that Voldemort was in retreat, fleeing from the teen like boy was the Devil himself.

Not that he blamed the man. The moment those flames began to burn away Magic Lucius was sure that he himself would have died. For a second something else flooded into the blonde's mind. If Harry Potter won... he was under no illusion that the emerald-eyed child knew who was responsible for freeing the Death Eaters, hell the Dark Lord had pointed him out directly.

What would happen to him? How devastating would the child's wrath be?

He glanced over at a very pale Severus Snape, who was eyeing the remaining captured teens. Perhaps his friend had the right idea, if they could do a show of loyalty, of freeing those Potter cared about...

Lucius shook his head. Undoubtedly the victor would know of his involvement in that as well. Regardless it appeared his future was quickly fading away.

***LoD***

Bellatrix Lestrange trembled from where she stood, watching with unblinking eyes at the ‘duel’ currently underway.

Well, it wasn’t much of a duel at that point. Dueling implied that there were two active participants in a battle, this was more like a Wizard taunting a Muggle at their inability to even comprehend what was happening.

A quivering voice whispered from nearby, “I-It is alright Bella, don’t be afraid. Our Lord will emerge victorious as he always has, as he always will. And when he does everything will go back to the way it should be.”

The Witch rolled her eyes. Seriously, why the hell did her sister’s moronic husband have to free her own idiot of a spouse? After so many years of marriage the dunce still couldn’t tell when she was frightened and when she was excited?

Fact of the matter was that she hadn’t seen such power, such dominance in years. Not only that but from what she had gathered from overheard conversations, gossip magazines, and just using her own eyes the teen was not only appreciative of his followers, giving his blood to save some girl, but also rewarding of them. How else could she explain how Lucius had become Minister in such a rapid
time?

Most important of all though was the poorly concealed carnal desires. If the boy was shagging at least a Veela, and the girl’s sister, then it was clear he was far more interested in sex than the losers she had been with previously.

For now, she was content to watching, while discreetly rubbing her thighs together, the one-sided battle currently being waged. Later though… later she would find a way to show just how much a deprived woman could teach a younger man.

***LoD***

“Oh come on now! You give me this big speech about running away and here you are, fleeing from a child!” Harry shouted to out into the graveyard as he slowly walked between tombstones, looking for his target.

Meanwhile the other Death Eaters shifted around awkwardly. Not only was Potter displaying more power than most could ever dream of, but their master was hiding from him. Crouch had long since given up trying to reactivate the device designed to display the Dark Lord's 'triumphant return' and had simply taken to hiding behind cover instead.

“You can't hide forever Dark Lord” the teen called out once more, growing a bit annoyed at the situation. Seriously, why bother resurrecting yourself just to hide? Well he had more than one way to deal with this. “You know, my followers do not call me a 'Dark Lord' like so many of yours address you... they have a rather different name for me. Do you know what it is?”

Nearby Voldemort sneered, the boy was clearly trying to get him to drop his defenses... that is when a horrible pain shot through his leg, as if he had been stabbed. Glancing down his ruby eyes widened in horror at the blade that had emerged from the shadow of the building he had sought cover behind.

“The Lord of Darkness” Harry answered, “you see Dark Lord, you cannot run from me. You cannot hide from me!”

Tom managed to extract the object from his leg a second later, and immediately dove forward to avoid another object slicing up from the shadows. Unfortunately, he was in the middle of a graveyard, surrounded by weapons that could be utilized by the teen. Soon he was Apparating, dodging, and diving simply to stay one step ahead of the vast array of objects that could be conjured by the boy in an instance, and from virtually any angle.

“ENOUGH! LUMOS!” the man roared, creating such a powerful beacon of light that it pushed the shadows away from him, limiting any source of angled attack.

Harry turned, smiling as he finally found his target. “Finally! About time you do something different. Although to be fair... you missed one.”

Another spike shot through the Dark Lord, as he fell forwards with a cry of pain.

“Did you truly believe that your own shadow was exempt from me? That there is not darkness beneath your own feet? When I said there was no where you could hide... I meant it.”

***LoD***

“Dumbledore what in the bloody hell is taking so long!?”

“Patience Sirius, the Ward system is complicated, they are overlapping and strengthening each other
Remus snarled in annoyance from nearby, and the Animagus agreed with him. The Headmaster was treating this like some bloody school assignment, not as if a bunch of teens were trapped in a heavily fortified area surrounded by psychopaths.

“To hell with that, move.”

The Black Lord raised his Wand, before starting to mutter out an incantation to himself. The Aurors promptly heeded the advice and jumped out of the way, but Dumbledore did not. “Sirius my boy I assure you that…”

“Either move or I’ll go through you.”

With a sigh the elderly Wizard nodded, before standing aside, earning a bit of calmed curiosity from the nearby Werewolf. Why would Dumbledore be so opposed to... Remus’ eyes shot open the moment red energy began crackling from the Marauders Wand as he spun it in a large circle over his head.

Sirius was using dark Magic, ancestral dark Magic, the kind that had the hairs on the back of his neck standing up and the wolf inside quivering in anticipation. This wasn't the sort of spell one would learn as an Auror, it was undoubtedly something he had either found in the Black Vault or had drilled into his head by his deranged parents.

The muttered chant ended with the Black Lord slashing his tool down, sending a massive bolt of red energy blasting into the Wards, which groaned from the effort to stabilize. Sirius merely gritted his teeth and forced more energy into the assault.

***LoD***

“Come on now I've given you plenty of time to rest and think. I'm getting fed up with chasing you around, do something new.” Harry urged with something that sounded almost like boredom in his voice.

“New...” Voldemort growled, “you want new? You want exciting!? THEN HOW ABOUT THIS!? BURN POTTER!” A massive snake made of bright amber flames streamed from the Dark Lord's Wand, illuminating the area and earning gasps of awes from the Death Eaters.

Without so much as a gesture the pale hybrid sent the serpent towards his enemy, who merely smiled in delight. Just as it was about to reach him the boy opened his mouth... and took a deep breath, inhaling the flames as if it were mere oxygen. A split second later the Magic was gone, and the boy exhaled a bit of smoke, before letting out a deep burp.

“Not bad, I would say a bit spicier than Hogwarts usually makes it but... not bad really.”

Once more stunned silence greeted him, before Riddle began to stutter out his enraged protest, “H-h-how!? How are you so strong? How are you able to do that!?”

Harry quirked his head a tad, blinking a bit in confusion. “What?”

“THAT! THIS MAGIC!? HOW ARE YOU SO POWERFUL!?”

“Powerful?” the boy repeated softly, “You think this is power? You think that this is my limit? You stupid man... let me show you what real Magic looks like.”
The shadows lengthened, and the lights flickered just as the moon, previously bright in the night sky, became eclipsed by darkness.

Lucius Malfoy noticed it first. A slight tremor moving through the ground. In fact, if graveyard had not been so deathly quiet he was quite sure he would have missed it.

A few seconds later another tremor.

Then another.

Followed by another, each increasing in intensity just slightly. However, after a minute or two the others seemed aware that something was wrong as well. Turning his head slightly, as he caught sight of it.

“No...” the man muttered, spinning completely, so that he could take a step back, fear filling his eyes. “It isn’t possible. There are limits, rules that must be followed...”

Nearby a young boy began to chuckle, which quickly escalated into full blown laughter... which turned malicious. Dark and terrible, it filled the area as the shape continued approaching them, its body covering the stars with ease.

The creature was larger than any structure the Malfoy Lord had ever bore witness to... maybe even Hogwarts itself. Hundreds of feet tall, it was humanoid in shape… and yet it at the same time the very opposite of what humanity could be considered.

Did it have two arms or twelve? Was it fur that adorned its body or writhing tentacles? It appeared to have a single head… and yet movements in the dark seemed to suggest multiple mouths.

Regardless of the shape, the monster was dark. As shadowy as the night sky. Whatever features might have adorned it were obscured in this darkness... save for the eyes. Two blood-red circles were visible at the very top, giving an indication of how truly massive it was... for the Death Eaters themselves were forced to tip their heads back just to see those ruby orbs.

And then it roared.

It was a primal sound, something born from the darkest corners of the deepest jungles and evolving in the shadows of human fear. It echoed through the area, low and deep as tombstones and mausoleums alike crumbled from the force. Like straw huts attempting to stand before a hurricane.

The Death Eaters froze in place, as their hands went to cover their ears crouching down in mere instinct to try and protect themselves, paralyzed in a terror they had never experienced before now as they looked upon the monstrous shape of death itself, and elsewhere, miles from where they stood, a group of Aurors halted in their actions, eyes widening in shock and fear.

The boy’s laughter hadn’t ceased, and the monster finally came to a halt. For a brief moment the teen quieted, and silence reigned, for even the Dark Lord himself dare not speak lest he draw attention to himself.

Then the air was split by a massive arm. Fingers tore into the ground, ripping apart the earth as a person might do to loose sand.

Voldemort barely had time to raise a barrier before it struck, the defenses cracking and shattering near instantly from the force. Yet he had survived, being tossed to the side due to the collision, and
undoubtedly breaking several bones as he crashed through stone and rubble.

Harry merely smiled, before waving a hand and dismissing the giant, which promptly evaporated into smoke, then standing back and patiently waiting for his enemy to stand.

Seconds passed, and then minutes as the boy grew impatient, tapping his foot as he began to mutter to himself.

“Come on come on get up get up get up get up get up get up...”

Tom Riddle pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, gripping a nearby chunk of rock to attempt to rise, yet the pain coursing through his body brought him back to the ground an instance later.

“Come on...” Harry growled, allowing the man to try once more, and fail. “Come on! GET UP! HEAL YOUR WOUNDS, REGROW YOUR BONES, SUMMON YOUR DEMONS! HIT ME! FIGHT ME!”

Yet the murderer could not, and merely slumped forward, gasping for breath despite the almost hysterical shouts from the boy-who-lived.

“Pathetic...”

Lucius Malfoy might have agreed, save for the fact that he was convinced that the boy standing before them could probably take on all Magical England at this point and win without so much as a scratch.

“I let you live for all these years and this was the best you could do?”

“Wh... what?” Riddle gasped out, shifting around to watch in horror as the teen produced a very familiar looking diary.

The boy-who-lived merely scoffed in annoyance, “Your little soul anchors of course. I could have killed you years ago... hell I would have if I had known you would be this pathetic.”

“I-I-Impossible... how...”

“The Minister of course, which does remind me that he and I need to have a little chat once this is all done about slipping my followers possessed items...”

Malfoy felt his insides nearly freeze in fear. He was quite sure that there wouldn't be much left of him after the teen was done with his vengeance, that had seemingly built up over the years.

“Well regardless it doesn't really matter now. I suppose I should let you go, give you a chance to become more powerful and maybe give me a decent challenge in the future hm?” Harry turned, and began walking back towards the Death Eaters assembled nearby.

Voldemort did not see a second chance, however. What his corrupt mind saw was a mere child turning his back on him... as if he were nothing. What he saw was someone else telling him that he wasn't worthy, wasn't good enough, wasn't strong enough.

“AVADA KEDAVRA!”

“Stupid fool...” Harry muttered, before spinning on one foot, his 'Wand' appearing in his hand just as his other discreetly activating the viewing orb which had lain dormant nearby the entire battle. It activated just as a beam of light was fired against the Killing Curse.
White met with green, and the two balanced for a mere moment, before the brilliant spell of his began to consume the other, flowing towards the Dark Lord at an alarming rate until it reached his Wand. There is entered, producing cracks and fissures, first in the weapon and then the man's own body as the shining energy filled him.

Then the Dark Lord exploded, illuminating the entire battlefield as if it were noon, several beam of concentrated light arching outwards in various directions... targeting various objects that still bore fragments of the man's soul.

The eruption quickly overwhelmed those assembled, throwing them backwards, or onto the ground itself, and shattering the display sphere in the resulting shock wave.

Then all fell silent, and dark, once more. That is until a young boy sat back up and stretched.

“Now then... where were we?”

***LoD***

Severus Snape made a discreet gesture of pulling back his sleeve, to reveal a blank arm... it was true. Voldemort was dead. The Potion Master resisted the urge to shout in joy, to scream and holler, to dance like a lunatic.

Years... over a decade of scheming and planning... and it was over. All he had to do was survive this night, and he could retire. No more spying, no more hiding his thoughts in fear of being discovered. No more double agent. No more pretending.

All thanks to one person.

His mind froze, Harry Potter, the boy who he had picked on and borderline tormented had suddenly become the source of his freedom. Lily's son, whom he had played a part in making an orphan, had been the key to his own salvation... and redemption.

Before he could think upon this further a sickening wet sound filled the air, followed by a scream of pain. Looking to his left he noticed that Amycus Carrow's hand had been rather cleanly separated from the rest of his arm. This notion immediately became known to Fleur Delacour, whom the man had been holding hostage, and she threw her head backwards into his chest, knocking the wind from his lungs and dropping him, to the ground before sprinting across the devastated landscape.

“Foolish girl...” Lucius Malfoy muttered from nearby, earning the Slytherin's attention. “No one would dare raise a Wand against you now...” Severus agreed, judging by the terrified expressions of every Death Eater present, he doubted any of them would so much as look at the girl now that her allegiance was made apparent.

The boy put a comforting arm around her, while her face buried into his shoulder to conceal her sobs of fear, and relief. Emerald-eyes turned to Rabastan Lestrange next. This time, however, the man seemed to take the hint and, raised his arms in a submissive gesture.

The boy raised his hand once more and snapped, the flames incinerating the Lestrange brother, and earning a scream of rage from the remaining, and a secret cheer from Bellatrix.

“Y-y-y-you! WHY!?!” Rudolphus screamed in rage and confusion, earning the slight tilting of the boy’s head.

“Whatever do you mean? I told them both that they were going to die…” With that declaration the, still screaming, Carrow was silenced as dozens of blades ripped through his torso from the ground
“Well, if that is all then you can all go.” The teen turned, transfiguring a bench out of the nearby rubble, and sat down, allowing the girl to promptly fall onto it next to him.

The adults, and the two remaining champions merely stared in shock, “Y... you're letting us go?”

“Yes.”

“Why!?”

Snape fought the urge to murder whatever dumb bastard was trying to argue for them all to be torn to pieces by a fourteen-year-old. Why couldn't they just shut their damn mouths and be grateful?

“Because none of you are a threat to me, and I believe it is obvious now that if you try going after someone I care about the consequences will be... most unpleasant. Thus, I could care less about what happens to any of you. My guess is that you have around three minutes before my godfather finishes breaching your Wards and a group of Aurors, led by Albus Dumbledore, arrive so that gives you all a decent head start. With Voldemort's return being displayed across the world your return will be as well... which means that life will be quite a bit more hectic for most of you in the coming months.”

One by one the Dark Lord's followers disappeared, leaving only Malfoy and Snape, along with the four teens.

“My Lord I...”

Harry didn't even bother looking at the man, his gaze now directed onto the blonde Veela, “You should probably clean up those bodies Minister. If your pardons are linked to what happened you will undoubtedly find yourself in Azkaban... and I am finding it difficult to care what befalls you.”

The Malfoy Lord visibly flinched, before nodding slightly and departing with the nearby corpses. Snape gave the slightest of nods as well, before Apparating to maintain his own cover.

A minute passed, before Cedric spoke up to break the silence, “You aren't going to get away with it Potter...”

Turning, the raven-haired boy gave the Hufflepuff his attention, along with a curious expression.

“We know the truth. We heard your death threats, felt your dark Magic, watched you let murderers go free... and Malfoy calling you a Lord?”

“You should probably take your shot then.” The two male champions blinked in confusion, earning a further elaboration. “In case you aren't aware I just stepped on the most powerful Dark Lord of the last several hundred years like a bug. If you plan on trying to defeat me, now would be your best chance.”

Krum gritted his teeth, before putting a hand on Cedric's shoulder and shaking his head. “You are just like the other Dark Lords, and you will fall just the same. Durmstrang will join Hogwarts and unite against you. Fleur will...”

The Bulgarian halted mid speech, watching as the French Witch turned a glare on the two other Champions. “I do not understand why you were chosen for loyalty Cedric. Harry has saved our lives twice now and you turn your back so easily...”
“B-but Fleur... what he has done...”

“What has he done? Killed a Dark Lord? Brought about change to remove bigotry from England? Saved innocent lives, saved our lives?”

“He is evil. You feel it just like we do Fleur! He slaughtered human beings!” Krum declared gruffly.

“Dark, not evil. Veela are classified as ‘Dark Creatures’ too. I am tired of being treated as an object to stare at and lust over. Tired of being seen as something less than human...”

She turned back to her lover that still next to her, “Please... I wish you serve you. You saved me, gave me hope when I had none... I want to be with you now and forever.”

Harry smiled, before reaching out and gently rubbing her face, his fingertips brushing against her lips. “So very pretty... but that isn’t all is it? Triwizard Champion, Witch, sister... all of these contribute but not one defines you completely.” His attention turned back to the growling older boys, “I would highly recommend you waiting a bit before giving Dumbledore your side of what happened.”

“Why is that?” the other Hogwarts student snapped, “Planning on wiping our memories?”

“Don't be ridiculous, if I was going to do that I would have already. No, I want no doubt about your mental states, if you go to him immediately, shouting about how I am evil after being kidnapped and held hostage by a Dark Lord they will dismiss you entirely. I want Dumbledore to find out, to begin planning against me. I want a challenge, and with Voldemort dead the defeater of Grindelwald appears to be my only option left for this.”

The Wards fell, and a minute later the area was swarmed by Aurors.

***LoD***
Interviews & Ramifications

Lord of Darkness

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

A/N: Quick one, Kingsley Shacklebolt might be more than a little ooc in this story. Honestly, I never got to the point in the movies or books where he showed up and he appears so rarely in fanfiction than I’m not sure on his personality. Apologies for anyone who dislikes my use of him.

***LoD***

It was an unspoken agreement that led to Remus Lupin pushing Aurors out of the way for Sirius Black, and himself, to reach their godson first. Sure, they had both seen the boy destroy the Dark Lord once and for all... but that fact did not seem to register in their minds until they had pulled him off the bench, much to the annoyance of the girl who had been practically glued to his side, and into a protective hug.

“Merlin pup... don't ever scare us like that again...”

“Sirius... when you are done I believe we need to have a talk with the boy you are currently suffocating.” Albus called from nearby, earning a growl from the Werewolf, who was equally crushing said boy in the hug.

The kindly old man, along with several adults promptly approached, before starting on their questions.

“Is what we saw true?”

“Is he-who-must-not-be-named gone for good?”

“What about the others who were here?”

“Can you identify anyone?

“What happened?”

“What was the first thing you remember?” The last question had been asked far more gently, by the eldest Wizard, but there was still a feeling of force behind it, one that neither of the two Marauders appreciated.

“You may talk to Harry and us after we have taken him to get checked over.”

“Sirius my boy we simply...”

This time the man’s response was far less pleasant, “After Dumbledore. He did just kill Voldemort, I am sure whatever you want to know can wait an hour to ensure any injuries are healed.”

Shacklebolt looked ready to protest the ‘command’, until a look from his director promptly silenced him, “I agree with Lord Black. There is enough residual Magic in the area to keep the department
busy for days even without his testimony. If we were to try and use what he says now at a trial it would be thrown out based on trauma until he is diagnosed healthy.”

Dumbledore nodded, “Hogwarts then? I am sure Madam Pomfrey…”

“Considering that professor Moody was the one who brought me here? I don’t think that is the best idea.” Harry muttered, earning a scowl from Lupin.

“St. Mungos it is. We will be taking any of the Champions who want to go along with us.”

Fleur immediately volunteered to the offer given by the Pureblood, but the other two Tournament participants opted to return to Hogwarts instead.

***LoD***

“This way please, Harry.”

“That is Lord Potter if you will.” Sirius had to stifle his giggle at the snarl from the Veela. Originally, they had been greeted by an older Wizard to do the diagnosis, but he had been called away on some emergency and thus a, much younger, female had taken his job. One that taken more than a few seconds to look over the teen when she had approached them.

“Um, yes of course. We will be doing the scan in a private room over here; the examination will be in private so Lord Potter if you could step inside we will begin…”

This time the blonde practically growled at the Mediwitch, “I do not think a private exam is necessary. Surely you can do your job with us three in the room hm?”

***LoD***

Two hours, and a rather disappointed young Witch, later and the two teenagers had been given a clean bill of health after a few minor healing Charms along with some calming drought. From there the group had simply taken a few more minutes to relax, before addressing the issue currently before them.

“So Pup, what do you want to do about this interview Dumbledore and Bones want to have? Obviously, they are anxious to speak with you, but you are our priority. Say the word and we can tell them to shove off.”

The boy paused to contemplate the idea, before shaking his head, “No… that will just make things more difficult in the long run. It is far better to just get this over with and see where it leads. Of course, you are free to make whatever decision you wish Fleur, I assume you will want to see your sister soon though?”

Nodding, the Veela finally felt a wave of exhaustion flood over her. Up until now it had been one life-risking event after another during this final task. Now that it was all over, and the potion was beginning to take effect, she felt herself falling asleep.

***LoD***

“Now then, could you tell us what happened my boy?” Dumbledore gently inquired, after Harry and his two godfathers had been seated in the room at the DMLE. Also present were Amelia Bones, Shacklebolt, and, the real, Moody.

It had been an hour since Harry was completely released from St. Mungos, meaning that it was also
well after midnight. Fatigue was beginning to set in, and more than a few tempers were flaring because of it.

“Crouch,” the man's identity had been discovered shortly after the ‘rescue’ of the Champions from the graveyard, revealed by the true Alastor Moody after he was set free, “put a Wand to my back and led me out of the stands before activating a Portkey. Once we arrived at the graveyard they talked about some ritual and needing my blood. Naturally, I refused until they brought the others in and promised their deaths if I did not cooperate.”

“And you thought that reviving the Dark Lord was a good idea!?”

Sirius Black stood, rage in his eyes being directed at the Auror, “If your mutt can't keep his damn mouth shut then we will be leaving Director.”

Said woman gave a, more than frosty, glare towards the dark-skinned man, who was promptly silenced. “He will behave Lord Black, please continue Harry.”

Nodding, the boy went on, “After I cut my hand that guy threw a couple more things into the cauldron, including his finger, and seconds later old snake face showed up.”

Bones nodded, that part had been projected, along with the start of the duel at least.

“He demanded a duel to ‘settle things once and for all’ and again threatened my friends. Luckily I was able to dodge the first couple curses he threw at me.”

“Sounds like more than just luck Potter.” the scarred Auror chimed in with a sickening grin. “Got yourself some talent there I think. If you’re interested I can...”

“We do not recruit or train underage Wizards and Witches Alastor.” Amelia growled, before gesturing towards the teen once more.

“Anyways, I basically just stayed alive until I had a clean shot and then... well you saw what happened.”

“Yes, what spell was that Harry?” Albus inquired, curiosity gleaming in his eyes.

“My own creation, I had been doing a bit of spell creation and research the past few years and figured out a way to reverse the Killing Curse. I didn't realize it would actually blow him up though... might have to work on that issue...”

Amelia chuckled, the boy was acting like he hadn't just created a defense to one of the most feared spells of all time. “Perhaps when you do that we could convince you to teach a few of the Aurors as well Mr. Potter? With the Death Eaters still free...”

“Exactly, what happened to them Potter?”

Harry just shrugged at the dark-skinned man, “Beats me, I lost consciousness when Voldy-shorts exploded. When I came to Fleur had placed me on the bench and the other two champions were nearby. I guess they just ran when they realized that Sirius Black was bringing swift and terrible vengeance.”

The Black Lord grinned, giving the boy a comforting nudge.

“Can you identify any of them Harry?” Amelia inquired gently, earning a shake from the boy's head. “They were wearing masks and it was pretty dark at the time.”
“Potter that isn't what...”

“I believe this interview is over.” Remus interrupted the man, before rising with his best friend and godson. “If you have further questions you may run them by us first Amelia, but with all of the reporters and issues we are going to be dealing with in the upcoming months I don’t want Harry bothered more than absolutely necessary.”

“Of course, I will owl if anything else comes up ahead of time.”

The two men nodded, before directing the teen out towards the Floos.

Before they fully exited Dumbledore called out once more, “Harry, about the Spell you used...”

He received a nod in return, “I would be happy to teach you Headmaster... but I am afraid the only way I can get it to work thus far is in Parseltongue so...”

The old man merely chuckled, “I suppose that is our luck, isn’t it?”

***LoD***

Four hours.

Severus Snape had been free for several hours now... and yet he couldn't stop himself from checking his arm every few minutes.

How long had it been since he could look at his arm and not see that God-awful tattoo?

“Thank you for coming my old friend.” Dumbledore greeted as he sank down into his oversized chair. The Potion Master had received a request from the Headmaster to speak in private, and although he wanted nothing more than to just leave he couldn't help but feel inclined to accept one last time.

The Headmaster gave a weary sigh, before standing and moving towards where he kept his hidden supply of alcohol. “I would offer a lemon drop but... perhaps the situation calls for something a bit... stronger?”

Pouring two glasses he offered one to his former student, who promptly tipped it back and downed it in one gulp, earning a chuckle from the older man before pouring another.

“I am sorry Severus, for years... years I have been ignoring your warnings, turning a blind eye... but now...” The man seemed to age another decade at least as he slumped down into the chair once more. “I have just finished speaking with Cedric Diggory and Victor Krum... and you were right. You have always been right. Harry has been using dark Magic, taking lives needlessly, having others declare him 'Lord'... he has fallen without my ever noticing.”

The bearded man paused, before muttering out another statement, “Or perhaps I did notice, but just refused to see.”

Snape ignored the man's eyes, not wanting to feel any pity or remorse any longer. It was true, he had warned the Headmaster close to a dozen times over the years, and all he had received in response was scolding and warnings.

But perhaps it had been for the best.

“I need your help Severus, now more than ever.” The Slytherin Head of House blinked, his mind
returning to the situation at hand. “I need you to take up your position once more. To go to Harry and...”

“No”

The Supreme Mugwump blinked back, startled at the response. “Severus my boy what...”

“I said ‘no’ Albus. I am done with this game. I am done playing spy and pretending to be someone I am not. I am done with the wars and conflicts, done with all of it.” In the stunned silence his mind went back to the previous years. Despite being right he couldn’t help but feel wrong. He had judged the boy as being evil without any evidence and sought to torment him at any chance he could find.

'Lily...' he fought the tears that burned at his eyes, 'what would you have thought at my behavior? Would you have been disappointed at how I treated your son, even with his actions? Should I not do everything I can to...'

“Severus, I understand that Tom is gone but there is an even greater threat looming. If we do not act soon all could be lost.”

Snape finally met the man's eyes, before cracking a smile... and laughing. “Lost!? Albus you have already lost. What do you think is going to happen now? The boy killed Voldemort in front of the entire Magical World. He managed to get Lucius Malfoy elected Minister last year and since then the man has only pushed anti-bigotry laws. Harry Potter could walk into the Wizengamot and kill half of them and would probably be elected King the following day if he wanted!”

“We have not lost... so long as there is one foolish enough to stand up to the darkness.”

Snape nodded at the man’s words, “You are probably right Albus... but that person is not me, not anymore. You were right, I was blind in my hatred for the boy. I saw him only as his father until I watched him do what we could not in over two decades. It was not my interference that avenged Lily’s death. It was not your cunning or the Aurors... it was a child Albus. A child who destroyed the most powerful Dark Lord of the past century, if not more. I have fulfilled my oath to you, I will not turn against Lily’s son, not again.”

He rose, before turning to leave.

“You will go to him then? Choose to serve another Dark Lord?”

“I will protect a boy whom I have always hated. I will try and lead him as best I can towards a brighter future... but I will not betray him. Sirius Black and Remus Lupin stand alongside him Albus, along with dozens of others. Do you think they are blind? Do you believe that none of them are aware? He is remaking the world, and it is a future I want to see... and be a part of.”

***LoD***

More than a few of the Slytherin girls had 'hinted' at joining Harry for a celebratory night, that is until the death glare sent to them by a certain amber-eyed girl had them rethinking their choices. Even Luna and Hermione had been turned away by Hedwig, who claimed that after such a night he just needed to sleep.

It was sort of a lie. Technically he could go days without rest and function, but she had seen something in his eyes before he had gone to his room. As she joined him in the bed, and gently placed her arms around him.

In that moment she could feel them, wet spots growing on her dress as his body shuttered.
For the very first time, Harry Potter was crying.

Her hug strengthened, pulling him closer as her fingertips wove into his hair.

“Shhhh it's okay... just let go...” She didn't need to ask, knowing instinctively what was causing his breakdown. Despite the strong appearance he had always put forth he still had the same insecurities that many orphans did growing up.

He longed for parents, for a family, and he always had. When he had found out about their murder he had been... upset and swore a terrible vengeance upon those who had taken them away. Hours ago, he had finally achieved it.

Voldemort was dead, his parents were avenged...

A weight had been lifted from him.

“They would be so proud of you Harry...” she muttered into his hair, “They loved you, they would want you to be happy.”

He would not find sleep until the sun rose, and he exhausted himself emotionally.

***LoD***

“This is such bull...” Blaise muttered in annoyance, as he tried to decipher the language on yet another envelope. “Someone should be helping us with this.”

A few grumbles of confirmation were heard, before a rather chilling breeze seemed to fill the room. “The next person who suggests that my, currently sleeping, Godson wake up and help with this better be preparing a flying Charm for when I throw them off of the Astronomy Tower.”

The boy paled as he caught sight of a rather furious Sirius Black sitting in his own pile nearby.

“N-no not our Lord I mean someone's father who got us into this bloody mess!”

The Marauder blinked, before glancing over at an embarrassed Draco Malfoy, before nodding in turn. “Oh... well then yes you are correct.”

“It isn't my fault... I tried to contact both of my parents and never heard back...”

“Seriously, how in the hell does he have this much fan mail!” Pansy interrupted suddenly, throwing the letter she had been trying to read into a pile marked 'some language we cannot figure out'.

Hermione rolled her eyes from nearby, “Do you not remember the whole ‘this duel will be shown to everyone in the Magical World’ explanation by Voldemort? The entire Magical World saw Harry kill the most powerful Dark Lord of the past century. Add in his natural magnetism, and did you really think he wasn't going to get a few marriage proposals out of it?”

“Of course we expected some,” Daphne exclaimed, while her younger sister excitedly 'swam' around in a rather large pile next to her. “But, can you honestly say you predicted enough letters to fill the common room... three feet high!”

Hermione shrugged, before glancing around a moment, “Has anyone seen Luna?”

Said girl promptly burst out of a nearby pile, a letter securely in her teeth as she giggled happily. “Found it!”
“Found what?”

“The letter!”

“Luna, you have found ‘the letter’ twelve times today. What makes this one special?”

“This one has a pair of triplets posing starkers in it, our Lord will be very happy I’m sure!”

Ginny smiled at her friends’ antics. With her ability to see the future Luna had designated herself the ‘finder of letters containing naked pictures’. Thus far she had a rather impressive pile going.

Suddenly a loud 'hoot' was heard, and most groaned as another hundred owls flew in to drop letters, and packages, into the growing mess.

“Ooooo I've got a good feeling about that one!” Luna exclaimed, before submerging back under the ‘waves’.

***LoD***

“Fleur, honey, please take a seat.”

The blonde Witch did as her mother requested, noticing that her father, Amelia Bones, and Albus Dumbledore sat nearby.

“Relax Miss Delacour,” the eldest man gently intoned, “you are not in trouble, far from it. We have already spoken to Cedric and Victor but since you passed out at St. Mungos we decided to wait until this morning to speak with you.”

“I heard you spoke with Harry last night...” she muttered, earning a glare from her father at the rude intonation she had used. Dumbledore, however, merely laughed it off.

“Yes, I am afraid we did. We should have waited longer but it seemed far more important... at least at the time, to get his statement.”

Nodding Fleur fell silent once more, allowing Amelia Bones to step forward. “There have been some... accusations concerning Harry Potter.”

“I...”

“We need to know if he displayed any sort of dark Magic, anything that would be seen as illegal or dangerous.”

The teen bit her lip, how was she supposed to answer, especially with her parents standing so close to her.

“Fleur” her father snapped, “answer the Headmaster's question!”

“He...”

“YOU CAN’T” a voice suddenly shouted from the doorway, drawing the attention from the entire room as Gabrielle stood, face red in anger. “YOU CAN’T DO THIS! HE SAVED YOU! HE BOUGHT US BOTH! WE BELONG TO HIM!”

The older sibling just watched on in shock as her mother pulled the younger girl from the room, earning an angry grumbling from her father.
“You were saying Miss Delacour?”

The kindly old Headmaster was back... but this time the French Veela's defenses were ready. She could hear it now, a sort of slight desperation in his voice that wasn't there before. He was trying to get her to turn on her savior, to forsake the one who had saved her.

“He did nothing of the sort Headmaster. Harry Potter saved me from a fate far worse than death, he is a true hero.”

Dumbledore's shoulders sagged just a little, while Amelia Bones turned a slightly annoyed glance on him.

“Fleur, tell them the truth” her father growled, knowing when she was lying.

From the corner of her eye the teen could see the change in that man as well. She had known that he had fought with the elderly Wizard in the previous war against Voldemort, perhaps he was trying to relive a former glory, or to receive some sort of political boon.

Or maybe he just wanted to prove that his 'offspring' were worth something. Either way, she was done with him, he had made his choice concerning her and her sister, and they had made theirs.

“I am, there is nothing else to tell father.”

“Thank you for your time Miss Delacour, Mister Delacour.” the Head of the DMLE replied, before gesturing for Dumbledore to leave with her.

Moments after they left the Delacour Head’s glare deepened as he directed towards his daughter, “Once we are home there will be a long and painful discussion about this betrayal…”

"Well I hope that has appeased your fears Albus.”

The elderly Wizard looked anything but comforted by the DMLE director's comment. “Amelia, I understand that you are reluctant to believe me but...”

“Reluctant? No Albus, I am not reluctant I am outright saying you are wrong. The testimony of two traumatized boys who were attacked, put under Merlin knows what sort of spells, and then interviewed less than an hour after they had gone through such an ordeal is not indicative of someone being an evil tyrant, especially if that person is a teenager who was just shown destroying a Dark Lord!”

“He is not what he seems, surely you cannot deny that it is suspicious.”

“The way you are denying the fact that you are just now believing the words of a certain Potion professor, one whom I want to point out has apologized and remained silent as to any further guilt of Mr. Potter? Or the fact that you are ignoring the testimony of two other individuals, both of whom were there during the battle as well?”

“And the destruction done to the graveyard?”

“From the Spell that Mr. Potter himself admits he wasn't one hundred percent certain about? We know that it was strong enough to damage the Viewing Sphere, perhaps it released all of the Dark Lord's Magic at once as a side effect?"
“Amelia...”

“Albus, I am not going to arrest a fourteen-year-old boy, days after he killed the most feared Dark Lord of our generation. If you can find actual evidence I will investigate further, but as of right now I am dealing with the corruption in the Ministry, the pardoning of dozens of Death Eaters, chasing down those who fled the graveyard, and helping the Wizengamot with the political pressures from all of our allies concerning the event and Mr. Potter as well.”

Dumbledore nodded, allowing the woman to excuse herself as she used the Floo to return to her office.

Something had to be done. Maybe he was wrong, and Harry was still able to be redeemed, if so he would need to gather what allies he could and investigate the situation further. The boy had connections to quite a few of the former Order members, perhaps some of them could reach out to him.

***LoD***

Lucius Malfoy sat in the dark silence of his personal study, a bottle of alcohol half gone on the desk, within arm’s reach. What the hell was he going to do now? Everything he had worked for, planned for now seemed to be dissolving before his very eyes.

Voldemort was gone, he was under investigation, the most powerful Wizard the world had probably ever seen was probably planning his torture and demise, and more than a dozen Death Eaters were currently sending him periodic letters asking for advice.

How the hell was he supposed to know what to do?

“Funny how things come full circle...” the blonde muttered, grabbing the bottle and taking a long drink. He had berated fudge a year prior about the man's weakness in leadership and now here he was, locked away in hiding.

A knock sounded at the door.

“Go away.” he replied, his voice cracked and harsh. Apparently, the alcohol, combined with lack of sleep and stress, were beginning to finally wear on him.

The barrier opened regardless of his demand, and in walked his wife. “Lucius, what is going on? What happened?”

The Malfoy Lord laughed humorlessly, “Potter happened... my own damn stupidity happened...”

“So, it is true then... what I saw?”

“Yes, Voldemort is gone, the Dark Mark is gone... our future is gone.”

The woman hissed as she walked further towards him, lighting a few candles to try and illuminate the room, “And what did you do?”

“The Malfoy Lord laughed humorlessly, “Potter happened... my own damn stupidity happened...”

“Freed dozens of the Dark Lord's servants, informed them, and their master, about Potter's friends and weaknesses, set the boy up to die... watched as a teenage utterly destroyed the most powerful Dark Wizard I have ever seen.”

Narcissa swore quietly, before taking the bottle from him, and taking a sip herself. “I suppose my own actions towards him have not... aided in his acceptance of us...”
“He will demand my head... of that I have no doubt. Our son warned me about going after his followers and I did not take heed. Thrice now I have offended him, once when we first met, once when I betrayed his confidences, and once when I released his enemies. I will not survive the summer...”

“And myself? Draco?”

“I will take full responsibility and plead for both of you. Of that I swear.”

“It will not be enough.”

The blonde gave a very Muggle-like shrug. “There is nothing else I can do. I have nothing to offer that Draco himself will not have access to after my death, and he was the one who gave me the position of Minister.”

“You could offer... me.”

The man's eyes shot up from his desk to meet those of his wife, before chuckling darkly. “We both know that he is aware of his... rights. He can claim you regardless of what I offer, and that is not including the hundreds, if not thousands, who I have been told now seek his attentions. He is the most eligible bachelor the world over.”

“Then we will accept our fate as Purebloods. Invite him over for the summer, do what you can to make amends and I will as well. If for nothing else than to pardon our son.”

Lucius gave a curt nod, before preparing a letter.

***LoD***

“Uhm my Lord...”

Harry glanced up at Draco Malfoy, who stood in front of him, his head downcast and his arm extended forward, holding a letter.

A letter addressed to him.

The boy-who-lived took it, before slowly opening and scanning the contents, earning the attention, and silence, of those nearby.

“Pup?”

The boy-who-lived gave a humorless chuckle, “It appears as though Lucius Malfoy wishes to invite me to spend the summer with him and his family.” If it was silent before, it was deathly so now, with none wanting to interrupt the rage that now covered the faces of Remus and Sirius. “I suppose I should go, would be rude not...”

“ABSOLUTELY BLOODY NOT!”

Harry Potter blinked, before blinking again, confused at the outburst by Sirius Black. “Pardon?”

“You heard him cub, the answer is no.” Remus spoke up, standing to walk next to his best friend, who had risen in fury.

The teen slowly stood, his eyes locking onto those of the two men. “Excuse me? Who the hell do you think you are?”
“We” the Animagus growled back, “are your godfathers, and we are telling you no.”

“And you forget that you swore loyalty to me. That means you do what I say.” the boy replied, his eyes flashing in annoyance.

“And we do, we will follow you through hell and back Harry, but we are also your godfathers, and as your godfathers we are telling you no.”

Most of the room had taken more than a few steps back, to distance themselves from the impending, and undoubtedly one sided, fight.

“And if I tell you to shove your opinions where the sun doesn’t shine?”

“They...” Remus glanced over at his best friend, before receiving the silent confirmation, “we will have no choice but to ground you.”

If the atmosphere wasn’t so tense Draco Malfoy would have burst out laughing. Who in the world thought they could ground the most powerful Wizard alive?

The three men stood staring at each other, neither side backing down... until, amazingly enough, Harry’s shoulders drooped, and gave a nod. “Fine... I assume that I will be allowed if you accompany me or speak to him first?”

Sirius blinked in confusion, along with his best friend. Neither had expected the boy to give in. “Uhhh yeah that will be okay.”

The teen nodded, before rubbing at the bridge of his nose, suddenly looking old and tired.

“Pup? Are you... okay?”

“Just... tired.”

“Go get some rest. You didn't have much sleep last night and if rumors are true a certain group of girls has been running you ragged all year. Just get some sleep.” Several of said teens looked away guiltily at the command, and the knowing glance by the Werewolf.

Harry nodded at Remus’ order, before slowly making his way towards his room, followed by Hedwig, who locked the door behind them.

***LoD***

Harry Potter destroys Dark Lord!

For once the Potter heir was contemplating whether he had made the wrong choice or not. Sure, having Voldemort destroyed while the entire world watched was helpful in the long term, but currently it was proving to be a bit... irritating.

“Exactly how many award assemblies do you think I am going to be put through?”

Sirius grinned like a mad man, “Considering what you just did, and the fact that women practically faint when you glance at them? I would say at least ten before the end of summer.”

A groan escaped the boy's mouth, before he closed his eyes in annoyance, “Do you think I could just... skip them all?”

Another laugh from nearby echoed through the room as Remus looked over another 'official
invitation’. “You probably could but then they might start getting intrusive... well more than they already have been.”

Therein lied another source of annoyance, the reporters. Dumbledore had been forced to setup a Ward around Hogwarts just to keep the press from trying to sneak in. It had been a rather humorous sight, watching Filius chase a member of the press out of his classroom after the man had snuck in, thinking that Harry had been in the room at the time.

“Bloody hell... if I had known it was going to be this much of a pain I would have just let the man go and killed him in a year or two...”

“Yeah, but then you wouldn't have a stack of provocative photos to... enjoy.”

Harry rolled his eyes, the number of ‘proposals' he was up to had passed triple digits within the first twenty-four hours, and that wasn't counting his classmates, whose stares had become far more blatant since the end of the Tournament.

It was at this moment that a certain lovable blonde decided to chime in, “Oh, don’t be too distraught my Lord, I heard that the wait list for your attention has grown quite long lately. You will have so many girls to keep you company.”

The boy groaned again, “Maybe I can just start living under the invisibility cloak...”

***LoD***

“Hey uh... Harry? Could we talk for a second?”

Said boy gave a nod to the Auror, before leading her to his room for privacy. “What can I do for you Tonks?”

Shifting a bit, the older woman gave a sigh before sitting down on his bed, “I don’t like what is going on... there has been a change in the department and it just... it feels wrong.”

“Oh?”

Tonks nodded, “It doesn’t feel the same as when I first started, I don’t feel like I am helping people anymore... just going through the motions and being given orders by politicians.”

“And you don’t like that.” He noted, earning a nod.

“I hate it, I became an Auror to defend the weak, to protect people and now...”

Harry sat down next to her, “You are feeling conflicted with what you are doing here and at your job?”

Her head snapped up in shock, “What? No! No, it isn’t that, it is the Ministry. We are being ordered around, chasing whispers and ghosts like we are their personal servants or some bull. Then there is the half who are trying to cover their own asses or investments and it’s just... I’m getting so sick of this.”

“You need a vacation, time to get away and just have some time to think.”

The Metamorphmagus nodded, “Yeah, I think you’re right... say, aren’t you taking a vacation this summer with Hedwig?” He nodded, earning a grin from the woman, “Well then, why not take another?”
Theodore Nott paced back and forth in an empty classroom he had chosen. Now what was he supposed to do!? With the Dark Lord destroyed his chances of procuring Daphne, along with his rise to power as future Lord of his own family, were quickly fading.

Something had to be done, but what?

With a sigh of defeat the Slytherin slunk from the room with an unchosen destination, ‘Perhaps if I just wander for an hour or so I will think of…’ The teen’s thoughts came to a screeching halt as he narrowly avoided plowing into the Hogwarts Triwizard Champion, Cedric Diggory.

“Hey!” the other boy snapped, “watch where you are going you damn snake!”

The younger student said nothing, merely observing the other as he stormed off, muttering about how the Headmaster could allow them to still be at Hogwarts.

And that was when inspiration hit the Pureblood, if the Dark Lord could not stop Potter, then perhaps a Light Lord could.

Neville Longbottom sat, alone, in the library, the book in front of him ignored as his mind tried to process everything that had happened in the past few days. Thus far it had been a flurry of rumors, accusations, and gossip.

What the other students had managed to agree upon was that the images that had been shown to them were real. Harry truly had destroyed Voldemort less than an hour after being kidnapped and forced to bring the monster back to life. What no one seemed to be able to decide upon was how epic the battle had been.

Gryffindors had, naturally, begun boasting about how they could have done better, about how the Potter heir had gotten lucky and how he was just an overrated student. Naturally most of these had been the male portion, as the females were busy either staring at him from afar, writing him love poems in diaries, or outright trying to find a way to proposition him.

Ravenclaws were busy studying and trying to analyze how the fight went down, while Hufflepuffs were caught between celebrating Cedric’s supposed ‘victory’ or forgetting about him altogether and focusing on the Potter heir.

Neither of these two facts escaped the rest of the students, and a petition was rumored to be making its rounds to declare the raven-haired boy the ‘true Champion’ of the tournament, considering he had saved the others and possibly the World while he was at it. The fact that Slytherin House had probably been the ones to start said request surprised no one, ever since the first task they had been practically shouting about his accomplishments, and how the other three older students weren’t fit to breathe the same air as their chosen one.

As for Neville himself? He was one of the few outsiders with in depth knowledge on Harry and his abilities, and he had already figured out what had occurred.

It wasn’t a fight, it had been a slaughter. The Potter heir had probably toyed with Voldemort, laughed at the man’s pathetic attempts to rule the World and kill him, and then torn the bastard apart with his bare hands.

That would have been fine with the Longbottom heir, better than fine actually. Hell, he was
considering writing his former friend a letter and seeing if they could setup a dual birthday party of some sorts during the summer. The only problem lay with three followers of the former Dark Lord, all with the last name of ‘Lestrange’.

Neville wasn’t a fool, he knew they had been released, his parents had warned him earlier in the year not to leave the school grounds for that very reason. He also knew that if Harry had killed them as well, he wouldn’t have bothered hiding it. Which meant that he either had let them go, had them swear loyalty, or killed some but not others. Currently the Longbottom heir was betting on the third of these options.

This single fact put them, once again, in opposite corners of the moral spectrum, but regardless of that, or how often he felt Headmaster Dumbledore staring his way during meal times, he wasn’t going to betray his former friend.

Harry had given him back his parents, had let him go of a Pureblood oath without consequence, and had even killed the one most responsible for the torture of his mom and dad.

The boy let out another sigh.

“What’s wrong?” a feminine voice inquired softly from behind him. The old Neville would have gasped in fright, and possibly fallen from his chair, but after spending close to three years with someone like Harry he didn’t even blink, “Nothing… I just… am having a hard time with all this stuff.”

Susan took a seat next to him, placing her hand on his own, “Stuff involving the Dark Lord?” A nod answered her, and the silence from her boyfriend pressed her onwards. “Are you thinking about trying to make amends with Harry?”

“Yes… no… I don’t know…”

The Bones heiress allowed the space between them to fall silent for a few more moments before breaking it, “You do know that you two can be friends without having any obligations, right? I’m not saying I dislike your housemates but… well Ron is a prat, and I wouldn’t mind having a few girls to talk to during your birthday party this summer.”

Neville laughed, raising his hands in mock defeat before reaching for a quill.

***LoD***

“Attention ladies and gentlemen, with the interruption during the final task of the Triwizard Tournament we are unable to officially announce a victor. Due to this the other judges and myself have decided to declare it a three-way draw and split the Galleons among all the Champions.” Dumbledore declared, earning respectful applause, but nothing even close to the cheers when the initial selection of Champions had occurred.

“I think…” the man continued, after the room had fallen quiet once again, “that the greatest reward is the fact that all of our Champions have emerged unscathed, especially considering the ordeal they were forced to endure.”

The elderly man raised his own goblet, signaling the room to do the same, “To new friends and allies.”

As they toasted the Headmaster’s eyes fell upon one boy, who matched him in turn. For a moment the room seemed to fade away, leaving only them to have a silent conversation.
'I know what you have done Harry, and what you are planning to do. I will stop you if I must.'

'Headmaster,' the older could practically hear the younger's dark laughter, 'you have no idea what I have done, or what I am planning.'

***LoD***

“Come along you brats, we are leaving this God forsaken island and…”

“Excuse me,” A voice called out, halting Jean Delacour in his stride towards their carriage, and the eventual voyage home, “Where are you taking them?”

The man turned, putting on his best ‘courteous’ expression before he could snap angrily at the boy-who-lived. “My daughters and I are returning home with their mother.”

Emerald-eyes narrowed in what appeared to be child-like annoyance, “That wasn’t what we agreed upon. Fleur and Gabrielle were to stay in England after the tournament.”

By now several other adults and students had stopped to see what the commotion was all about.

Straightening his back slightly, the Frenchman held back the snarl that threatened to form on his lips, “And I recall that the contract stated they would return to France and pick up their belongings. Besides that, I have not received your end of the contract either.”

The boy’s head tiled slightly, and those closest knew what was coming next. Harry was about to make the man look like a liar or a fool.

Perhaps both.

“But we have. The contract stated that in return for what you so nicely wrote down as ‘ownership’ all I had to provide was a place for them to sleep, you just wanted to get rid of them as soon as possible.”

Sneers and anger whispers from the crowd currently gathering were now being directed onto the man, who knew he had to somehow reclaim the momentum in this little ‘war’ they were waging, “Then perhaps we should use the official contract hm? That should settle things once and for all.” A gesture from the older man had his wife leaving to retrieve the parchment.

Minutes later she returned with the object in question, which was promptly snatched from her hands by her husband.

“You see? It says right here that…” he froze as his eyes went from skimming over the contract to reading it in its entirety. It was not what he had signed, the wording, the loopholes… they had been changed.

“Is there a problem Monsieur Delacour?”

“This… this isn’t what I signed! You… you did something didn’t you! You cheated you little…”

The man’s hand went to his side, only to freeze when a frosty voice interrupted, “Surely you are not making threats against a student… especially my student.” The sea of bodies parted as Severus Snape strolled forward, eyes hard and emotionless as he stared the man down, his own Wand already in hand.

“He… he did something…”
“Did he now? You are contesting the contract?”

Jean Delacour straightened once more, before giving a sharp nod. “I am.”

The Potion Master extended his hand and took the parchment before looking it over. “I see no problems… did you use a security Charm so that it could not be altered after a signature was applied?”

“I… I did…”

“Then you are claiming this is not your Magical signature?”

The air shifted, along with the man’s stance, “It… it is but…”

“Is this your signature Mr. Potter?”

Harry nodded, “It is sir.”

“Then I see no legal issues. I am curious on why you would sign such a thing though Mr. Potter.”

The boy seemed to flinch, eyes immediately becoming downcast in his schoolboy persona, “I… I just wanted to protect them sir. I hate slavery, but Fleur told me that her father would do worse to her and her sister this coming summer. I am going to try and free them as soon as I can I just… no one should be treated as an object.”

Snape gave a curt nod in acknowledgement, “Well the good news is that there are more than a few loopholes that Mister Delacour seems to have overlooked in his haste. There is no transfer of identity which means both girls are still legally Delacours and thus heiresses. Transfer of liability is also not stated and while this does not matter for the eldest, her younger sister can very easily claim negligence in a court of law that her father disposed of her. Such a thing can often result in the transfer of properties and wealth to said child from the offending parent.”

Jean paled considerably, he knew he had included both things in the original paper, so how had it changed? He had double checked everything before signing it and yet…

“As I said, you aren’t taking them anywhere. I expect to see them both back here after they have retrieved whatever personal items they have from your carriage. My godfathers will be sending solicitors to your home in the next few days for anything they still might want.”

Fleur’s eyes teared up as she pulled her younger sister in closer to her. In the end he had come through. Harry had saved her, first from a dragon, then from her own pride. After that he had rescued her sister and protected her from a Dark Lord.

And now? Now he had rescued them both from the greatest monster of all, their own father.

“Fleur?” Gabbie whispered, earning her older sister’s attention, “does… does this mean everything is going to be okay?”

The older girl could only nod, “Yes Gabbie, everything is going to be wonderful.”

***LoD***

A/N: Ahhh more author’s notes!

Before anyone asks I was planning on including lemons but decided not to at the last second, the reason being is that there is going to be A LOT coming up in the next few chapters and I don’t want
to burn myself out before it happens.
**Oaths & Discipline**

**Lord of Darkness**

**Oaths & Discipline**

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories*

***LoD***

“I don't know about this Padfoot, this feels like a really bad idea.” Moony emphasized once more, as the duo made their way up to the front door of the Malfoy mansion.

“Same, but pup wants to, and quite frankly I feel like bashing Malfoy's face in.”

The Werewolf nodded in agreement, before Sirius reached up and knocked on the door. A moment passed before the door was opened, revealing Lucius Malfoy, in all his pretend glory, to stare down at them. An awkward minute or two later and the blonde stood aside and allowed the two to enter.

“I am surprised that our Lord is not with you.”

Snarling Remus took a step forward, as if to maul the man, before an arm reached out to stop him courtesy of his best friend, “Really Malfoy? After the shit you pulled you expect him to just walk into your home without so much as a heads up? We are tired of your crap, so before our godson takes one step into this place you are going to explain yourself to us.”

Lucius was about to sneer back a retort, when his wife entered the room with a tray holding cups of tea.

“Sirius...” Narcissa greeted, before gesturing for them to sit down on a nearby sofa and passing out the refreshments. The Black Lord did so, while Remus seemed far more content to just standing in agitation.

After taking a few sips the Animagus began the conversation anew, “So, what's the first excuse?”

The blonde bit back a retort, before taking a few breaths to calm himself, “I have no excuses, you both know why I did what I did. I will only say that Narcissa and Draco had no role in it.”

“Obviously,” Sirius remarked with a roll of his eyes, “my cousin actually has a brain and your son is devoted to the winning side. But it does raise the question of what to do with you.”

“Sirius, I know you are angry but please... could you at least talk with Harry about sparing my husband?”

The man practically jumped to his feet in rage, “Where the hell do you get off Narcissa! You look me in the eyes and tell me that if this situation wasn't reverse that you wouldn't be demanding my head on a platter!”

Her eyes fell to the ground, face burning in shame as she muttered out an apology. This brought back memories of their childhood and served to, at least partially, defuse the tension as her relative sat back down.
“I understand your reluctance.” Lucius started, raising a hand to interrupt any protests from the two men opposite him, “I do, as you said if the situation was reverse... but it is not. If he wants me dead then so be it but I would at least like to try and prove my worth. Not only to him but you as well.”

“And how” the Werewolf growled out, “do you expect to do that!”?

Pausing for a moment, the blonde stood and went to a nearby cabinet to retrieve several glasses and a bottle of alcohol. Returning to his chair he summoned a table and poured out the liquid before handing each individual a cup. “Did he tell you, our Lord that is, what happened during his duel?”

Sirius eyed the glass suspiciously, before seeing his cousin take a sip and did so as well. “Not really, saw enough though don’t you think?”

“No”

Both of the former Marauders paused, “Excuse me?”

“You did not see enough, you did not see what I saw... he has an Archon Black...”

The other male Pureblood froze, eyes widening in both shock and awe as his trembling hand brought the cup full of amber liquid to his lips, allowing him to gulp it down at once. The other two in the room merely stared on in confusion.

“Bloody hell...”

Lucius nodded, while Remus merely cleared his throat as his logical side took the reigns, “And uh what is an Archon exactly?”

“An incredibly advanced form of Magic...” Sirius muttered, earning a snort from the blonde.

“More like the most advanced form of Magic... something only passed down by Pureblood Lords in fairy tales and myths... although I have heard Dumbledore achieved the feat.”

The other Lord nodded, “That is the rumor... except it probably took him fifty years to figure out even with the books to do so. What about Voldeshorts?”

Lucius shook his head, “He couldn’t accomplish it. I hypothesized it had to do with him splitting his soul but who knows. What we do know is that the first one to ever make mention of it was Merlin himself.”

This time even Remus swore, with Narcissa tipping back her glass in one gulp, as if in agreement.

Sirius just nodded, “Bloody hell...”

***LoD***

“Right this way please...” the Malfoy Lord requested, as he led the group composing of his son and wife, Remus Lupin, Sirius Black, and Harry Potter towards the east wing of the mansion. “My apology is behind this door.”

After the conversation with the boy’s godfathers they had left and returned with the teen a few hours later so that he could begin the next stage of trying to earn his forgiveness. Standing aside he allowed the boy-who-lived to enter first. Upon opening said door the boy paused, before chuckling softly.

“Oh Lucius... how very disappointing...”
Inside were all the freed Death Eaters, standing around in groups having various discussions, which promptly halted as the schoolboy strode in. The child’s godparents, along with Draco, immediately drew Wands, only to be halted by a gesture from their Lord.

“My Lord, this is...” the blonde older Malfoy began, before falling to his knees, gasping for breath.

“Stop speaking.” Harry commanded, his eyes roaming across the various murderers assembled before him. “You know Lucius if you had been just a bit more clever I would have overlooked this. I mean your betrayal during last summer was quite well done, well thought out, rather innovative... but now you are just becoming so dreadfully dull.”

A sigh escaped from the remaining Potter's lips, “Oh well, I suppose we should get this over with then hm? To make this a bit more interesting let's say... I won't use my hands this time, and I will let all of you attack first. I mean the results will still be the same, but it might add on a bit of amusement as I carve you all into bloody pieces.”

Bellatrix, surprisingly enough, stepped forward first, before kneeling in a submissive posture. “We do not wish to harm you my Lord.” If one were to listen closely they would have picked out the slight purr in the older woman's voice, but most ignored it.

“Oh? So now you wish me no harm hm?”

“No, my Lord,” she continued. “They... we were wrong, and we wish to serve you.”

Lucius, who had been released from the Magical hold moments prior, finally caught enough of his breath to chime in as well, “That is what I wanted to show you my Lord, they wish to follow...”

The boy's laughter echoed through the large room, earning winces from the Death Eaters, “Draco, would you mind explaining why I might be a bit reluctant to agree to such a thing?”

After pausing for a moment, the blonde spoke up, “Loyalty, if they truly were loyal to Voldemort then they are probably going to try and betray you. If they have joined you then that means their faithfulness is fickle and weak, they might betray you if someone else has more gold or shows more power.”

One of the nameless individuals began protesting immediately, “Th-that isn’t true! You would trust a child over us!?”

Harry took on a ‘thinking’ pose for all of three seconds before nodding, “Of course I would. Draco has served me loyally since my first year at Hogwarts, whereas I doubt if I can name even a third of you. But I am not without prudence, and thus I shall give you all time to make your choice. anyone who wishes may return here no later than one week from now and make their arguments, or offers, just as each of my current followers has done. Those who have second thoughts will have no penalty and will be released, just keep in mind… I do not tolerate betrayal from my followers, especially those without use to me.”

***LoD***

Bellatrix Lestrange rolled her eyes in annoyance as she overheard her husband talking to another handful of former followers of the Dark Lord. It had been almost adorable, for the first day or so, how the man went about trying to gather the cooperation of others to mount a future coup.

Adorable, up until the point it had begun pissing her off. Was he truly stupid enough to believe that a handful of third-rate duelists would be able to take down the boy who had destroyed the most powerful Dark Lord of the past century?
Based upon the excited whispering Bella decided that yes, he was.

“I’m telling you this is how it starts. Allowing a Mudblood into our ranks? His inner circle being composed of children?!”

And it was, the former Black daughter noted. Harry’s friends had arrived a few hours prior, them being several, rather pretty, young girls including the blonde from the graveyard, and he had since spent his time with them and his godfathers in private conversations. It was clear that his ‘inner circle’ had mostly been chosen, which merely meant she had to work a bit harder to convince him that she was also worthy of being a part of it.

Interesting enough Lucius, despite being the owner of the mansion, had not been purview to several of these meetings.

Perhaps if she could convince her younger sister into starting a threesome with their new lord, and maybe giving up her idiot of a husband, he would accept her?

***LoD***

“You summoned me, my Lord?”

The boy-who-lived gave a curt nod and gestured toward a chair opposite him, the Malfoy Lord immediately noticed that the rest of the teen’s chosen ‘inner circle’ were also in the room, along with his own wife.

“We need to have a chat Lucius, about a few things that have happened recently. You see the problem I am faced with currently is how exactly to deal with you. As I have told the others I do not tolerate betrayal and you have done so several times now.”

The man gulped nervously before beginning another apology, only to be silenced halfway through, “My first train of thought had been to have something dark and horrible slowly eat you alive in front of the others as an example... but it occurred to me that such a thing might be a bit traumatizing for Draco here. Next I figured I could just torture you for a few weeks until I grew bored, however the problem with this is that it would undoubtedly make you even more useless, and I have already granted you the position of Minister, despite you screwing it up. Now I could easily choose another but doing so and getting them elected would probably take me several days and quite frankly I am tired of wasting my valuable time on such things.”

Nodding, the blonde’s mind raced towards what his eventual punishment would be. Would he be disowned? Humiliated? Sent to Azkaban?

“After a few minutes of continued considerations I have come to a compromise. You see I realized that your betrayal was due to the notion you have that you are somehow more important than you truly are. That you are far more useful and powerful than your current status, I believe it is time to correct this error in judgment. Thus for the remainder of the summer you will be assigned the role of ‘servant’ to my closest allies. If they tell you to do something I expect you to do it regardless of what it may be. Now there will be certain limits such as breaking my rules or betraying me further but otherwise I expect your cooperation, and it goes without saying that these tasks will be done by you, no House Elves are to aid in this.”

“B-but my Lord...” the man winced at his own, rather whiny, tone. “Surely there is something else that I can...”

The boy frowned in annoyance, “You know we can always go back to the idea of having you
believe you are on fire for the next few months...”

“No! No this will be fine my Lord, thank you for your generosity.”

Harry gave another nod, before rising and turning to the others, adults and teens alike, “I have matters to attend to, I am sure you all will inform Lucius of his duties hm?”

More than one devilish grin appeared as the Potter heir departed and attention shifted to the Malfoy Lord, who suddenly felt like he had become targeted by a pack of hungry predators.

“Oh Lucius darling.” Sirius Black called out, earning a sigh from the other man. “I think we should set a few ground rules before we get into the more... fun parts of the next few months.”

Mentally reminding himself than any humiliation would be infinitely better than the alternatives, the Pureblood nodded and stepped forward, “And what would those be Black?”

“Well first off we need to work on this language of yours. I think that proper titles are more suitable hm? In my case you will refer to me as 'Lord Padfoot', and obviously Remus will be 'Lord Moony'. I am sure the others will have their own ideas but regardless of whom you are addressing I think that thanks is a proper response for any command we give. I mean we are saving your life after all.”

“Thank you” the man practically growled out, “Lord Padfoot, for your generosity.”

The Black Lord waved him off, “You are quite welcome Lucy darling, you don't mind if I call you 'Lucy' do you? It just seems so fitting after all.”

“Oooo perhaps we could find him a nice maid outfit to wear.” Luna chimed in, earning a glare from the man while several others grinned.

Narcissa, in the meantime, merely tapped her finger on her face in thought, “We do have a few lying around I am sure we can enlarge... but I wonder if our little circle is going to expand when others are selected. I have seen the way my sister looks at our Lord and with her own skills, and a bit of suggestion, perhaps he will see fit to include her as well.”

This had the man paling, wondering exactly what he had done to anger his wife to earn such punishment, but before he could comment the woman beat him to it, “I think the first thing I will have you do is apologize, for every wedding anniversary you forgot about and each of my birthdays you 'conveniently' schedule business trips during.”

“And you know, I heard that we have quite a few summer assignments before next year.” Hermione mused, earning gleams of excitement from the other teens. “Now I enjoy doing my own homework but I imagine that your son Heir Malfoy will appreciate having some extra free time.”

A certain French Witch nodded as well, “And with my graduation I could use a new wardrobe, perhaps I can bring him along shopping with me, I could use a set of arms to carry my purchases.”

“Oh please my dear you simply must let me join you, we will make a day out of it with the other girls, nothing like a few hours of shoe shopping to help take your mind off of a near-death tournament hm?” The Malfoy matron insisted, paling the blonde man further and further, while Remus and Sirius snickered nearby.

***LoD***

Draco Malfoy glared angrily at the paper in front of him.
Dark Lord destroyed! Investigation into Death Eater escape underway! Cornelius Fudge brought back by Wizengamot as caretaker Minister of Magic due to pending investigations!

He had already overheard his father grumbling and groaning about this, and how it wasn't his fault... despite that fact that it had been. The man had been put 'on leave' from the office of Minister of Magic while the investigation concerning the pardons and escapes was underway, which meant that the Wizengamot was currently handling the duties, as ineffectively as always. Even worse was the fact that if the DMLE did not clear him soon Fudge would be elevated to 'interim Minister' until such time as the trial could take place.

Even if his father was cleared it would it would seriously damage the Malfoy name, undoubtedly harm his own future career in politics as well, and probably upset Harry in the process. With a sigh of defeat the boy went to find the raven-haired teenager, and present him with the facts.

He located his Lord several minutes later, sitting in a room with a book on advanced Magical theory in his hands, “My Lord...”

“Draco.” the boy greeted back, setting down his book to focus his attention on his classmate.

“I believe we have a bit of a... problem.”

“Oh?”

The other teen nodded, before gently displaying the article to the teen. Said raven-haired boy took the offered object, his eyes narrowing in annoyance.

“Of course... you know with the amount of time he spent setting this up you would have thought your father would have been a little sneaky about it, what the hell did he think was going to happen?”

The Pureblood merely sighed in agreement, “I'm all for having my father try and solve his own problems, but the issue is that without the political power, and he himself under investigation...”

Harry nodded, “He is more likely to screw it up more than he is to fix it... bloody hell, and here I was hoping for a few quiet days before my vacations. Fine, if anyone asks I am off to fix another stupid problem caused by incompetent adults. Make sure you find something useful for your father to do while I am gone.”

The boy stormed off to the Floo, where he tossed in a handful of powder and disappeared.

Meanwhile the remaining Slytherin went in search for his male parent, he did have a few essays that needed writing before the end of summer after all.

***LoD***

“Hey Tonks, can we talk to you for a sec?”

The woman nodded, following the two Marauders into a private room, and noticing the door locking behind her. “You know I am an Auror, so if you think you can take me without a fight...”

Sirius waved off her concerns, “Relax it is nothing like that, we just wanted to talk to you without interruptions.”

“Okay, about what?”

The two men glanced at each other, before the Black Lord continued, “You know things are going
to be changing now... right? Voldemort is gone, Death Eaters have been freed, and Dumbledore is eventually going to figure out what happened.”

“Yeah, and?”

“And,” Remus interrupted, taking a slight step forward “we wanted to make sure you knew... because you are going to have to pick a side Tonks.”

The Metamorphmagus froze, she had been pushing off this mental debate for some time now, years really, and now she was running out of road.

“I...”

“Look, we aren't saying you have to pick right now...” Sirius began, calming her slightly, “but this is important Tonks. Bones isn't going to let Harry take over England, and neither is Dumbledore. I don't know what side your mom is on but...”

“But it might not be Harry's...” she whispered, tears filling her eyes at the thought of having to go against her only remaining parent.

“Look, we can talk to Andromeda, us and your aunts. At the very least we can try and convince her to stay neutral. But you still have to make a choice regarding your boss and...”

“I will choose Harry.” She immediately interrupted, earning concerned looks from her uncle.

“Tonks, you realize that...”

“Yes, I do. The only hesitation I have is in regard to my mom and maybe a few of my friends. I respect my boss and Dumbledore, but I do not feel any unwavering loyalty towards them. They didn't save my life, they haven't been working to improve society, they didn't stop a Dark Lord and turn around his followers. Harry did.”

The two older men nodded, “Just making sure you thought this through. We will talk to Bella and Narcissa today and owl your mom.”

“Thank you.”

***LoD***

“Narcissa”

“Lucius”

The man shifted uncomfortably as he stood in the doorway to their... her bedroom. One of her first 'orders' had been for him to make use of one of the guest rooms so that she could enjoy a full sized bed for herself.

“I was wondering if you had given thought to... well...”

She looked up at him, eyes betraying nothing as she waited for him to finish.

Clearing his throat the man pushed on, “To what we had spoken of... in regards to our Lord and making amends.”

She took on a thoughtful expression, drawing out the moment for a few more seconds with a slight hum. “Oh, you mean about what else I am going to make you do for the next few months... well I
have always wanted a drawing room of my own and with Bella staying here she will need a nicer room for herself, perhaps with a private bath and..."

He coughed to, in a hopefully gentle manner, interrupt the woman, “I was referring to your own part in the apology.”

“Ohhh, you mean when I plan to approach our Lord and offer to let him use me for his own pleasures?”

He winced once more at the edge in her voice. “I understand that this is nearly all my fault, but you have your own guilt in what occurred last summer and the way you treated him.”

She nodded, “Very true, and I have asked to speak with him about it when he has a free moment, but considering how busy he is lately with saving our family’s reputation, keeping you out of jail, organizing dozens of the former Dark Lord’s followers, and working on his own projects I felt it would be rude to insist upon a private meeting at my convenience rather than his.”

Lucius nodded, “Very wise... and uhm, one more question, merely out of curiosity.”

“Hm?”

“If he should choose to take the opportunity... would there be any chance of perhaps saving a memory for me to...”

“OUT!”

He promptly bolted from the room, and the furious Witch who looked ready to cut something dear to him off.

***LoD***

Rita Skeeter twitched nervously as she sat in a dark corner of a nondescript Muggle pub. The note slipped into her desk drawer had designated this spot to be where she needed to be in order to have ‘the story of the century’ traded to her for a favor.

Normally the reporter would not have been caught dead in such a place, especially considering she hadn’t yet recovered from her mental ordeal of her last interview. She had been on leave up until a few weeks prior, and she still developed a noticeable twitch if left alone in a dark room for too long. The only reason she had shown up was that her career was teetering on the edge of failure. If she could not get a decent article written her employment would be terminated.

Trembling hands reached down to grasp her cup of warm tea, something she had ordered in the hopes of calming her nerves and brought it up to take a soothing gulp. By the time she lowered it back down a voice calmly spoke out from the seat next to her, a spot which had been empty moments prior.

“How are you holding up Miss Skeeter?”

The woman practically screamed, not that it would have mattered with the silencing and repellent Spells lacing the air. “P-P-Potter…” Rita had slid backwards, nearly reaching the end of the booth, and perceived freedom, when the boy spoke again.

“Oh come now Miss Skeeter, we both know that if you leave now your career will be over and who knows what will happen to you once your enemies find that out hm? All I wanted to do was have a pleasant chat.”
Eyes darting back and forth, as if looking for an escape path or possibly even an ambush, the woman paused for a few moments before nodding and bringing out her notepad and a quill. “Y-you said y-you had a story?”

“Mmmm I do, but I must insist that you come just a bit closer first.”

The woman bit her lip, before shifting a few inches towards the teen.

“Closer…”

A few inches more.

“A bit more, come now I won’t bite.” That comment earned a wince, before the adult slid close enough that they were nearly touching.

“See, now that wasn’t so bad hm?”

“Th-th-the story?”

“Ah yes of course, it seems as though the Aurors are making a terrible mistake when it comes to their investigation into Lucius Malfoy in regard to the release of the Dark Lord’s former followers. I do suspect that if you search just a bit more thoroughly you will find that it was Minister Fudge who put their escape into motion.”

“Th-that isn’t true… I have done r-research and…” Before she could finish her rebuttal, the boy’s hand snapped out and grasped hers. In that moment an incredible heat and exhilaration flooded the reporter’s body, coursing through her veins like liquid fire.

It was like the most amazing drug Rita Skeeter had even experienced, and she had done her fair share of illegal substances in her days. She tried, and failed, to hold back the moan of ecstasy, lust, and adrenaline. It was a rush that had no words, a sensation that could not be described in a thousand years.

He pulled back, and although the sensation receded slightly it still lingered in her blood.

“Just a small taste my dear, why don’t you go home and just relax for a few hours hm? Think about what we talked about and get back to me on your answer.” With that he slipped from the booth and departed, leaving the reporter to make her way back to her apartment alone. Once there she promptly stripped down, groaning again as the mere feeling of air against her skin caused her body to convulse in pleasure. She would spend the next four hours ‘enjoying’ her heightened senses, and the responses that her flesh and Magic gave to every touch and caress, even if just from her own fingertips.

***LoD***

“Excuse me... my Lord, you have another seeking audience.”

Harry turned in curiosity, “How very interesting, I did not expect to see you here professor.”

Severus Snape bowed slightly, before glancing around at the other assembled Death Eaters. He had been informed that it was the official day that many would be dedicating themselves to the boy. “I wish to pledge my loyalty.”

A soft chuckle escaped the boy’s lips, “How interesting, I assume you will be retaking your role as double agent for Albus Dumbledore then? It seemed to work quite well against Voldemort after all.”
Half the room growled at the Potion master, while Lucius only smirked, “I knew it would come out someday old friend.”

“Y-you knew!?” one of Voldemort's former minions accused, almost hysterically, at the Malfoy Lord, who merely rolled his eyes.

“Of course I did, Severus and I are close friends. Frankly I am surprised his lies held up this long.” The man's comments drew in further Death Eaters, who began to argue and shout, ignoring the fact that two in the room remained silent.

Snape and Harry, staring at one another, as if in mental debate.

“Everyone else leave.” the teen suddenly called out, earning silence from the remaining adults, and students. Draco immediately nodded, before being followed out by those closest to the boy-who-lived. The other adults, however, made no sign of movement, earning a twitch of annoyance from their Lord.

“Unless your name is Severus Snape... get out!” This prompted a mass exodus, with the Death Eaters practically falling over in their efforts to run from the room, the door sealing behind them leaving only the boy and his teacher. “I assume that you would want a more private audience to explain yourself.”

The man nodded in agreement, and thanks, before clearing his throat. “I owe you an apology Po... Harry. I have been unnecessarily cruel and suspicious towards you since your arrival at Hogwarts.”

“Funny, since you are the only one to actually be correct about me.”

The man's mouth quirked upwards in a smile. “Perhaps... but you are not the Dark Lord. You do not torture or kill your followers, you have been improving Magical England...”

“But I won't forever. Eventually I am going to kill, I already have. And my actions might not always lead to a better society.”

Snape thought for a moment, before shrugging, “No leader is correct in every action. Sacrifices must be made for anything to be accomplished. Even Dumbledore has taken lives.”

“Quite, but I wonder why you chose to join me. Why not just stay neutral, or keep with your previous master?”

“Because of your mother. She and I were... friends a very long time ago, back before I made some very foolish decisions and she fell in love with your father. After she died I swore to myself that I would avenge her death and did everything I could to further that goal. Somewhere along my path I began to hate James Potter, and you by extension, for taking her from me. I am sorry, and I wish to make amends for my actions. If I cannot avenge her death I wish to at least try and help the only thing she left behind.”

The teen nodded,

A small box was pulled from the man's cloak, and gently handed to the teen. “It is customary to present a gift upon acceptance into a Lord's graces, although Lucius will undoubtedly be required to give more than one after his betrayal... I hope you will accept this as mine.”

Nodding once again, Harry gently opened the container, expecting vials of some rare Potion or artifact. Instead it was filled with photographs, curious the boy took one out and froze. It was a young redheaded girl, laughing happily as the animated picture moved about.
Minutes ticked by as Harry stared at the photo of his parent, holding in and dealing with the emotions as they roared about in his chest. How many years had he longed to simply know what they looked like? To know that they cared for him, to know about them. Even when he had entered their world he was met with folktales and exaggerations. But recently so much had happened, so much had changed in his relationship with them and their memories. This was just another piece of the puzzle.

Finally, he broke the silence, “She looks... happy.”

“She is, that was the summer going into her third year, she would have just turned thirteen.”

“She is beautiful.”

Snape nodded, even from a young age Lily Evans had been a lovely individual, both physically and spiritually.

A single tear passed down Harry's face, before he gently put the picture back into its container.

“Accepted...”

A faint smile crossed the Slytherin's face, before he rose once more, to unlock the door and invite the others back in. “Professor...”

Halting, the man turned back towards the teen, “You need not call me that my Lord, especially not during the summer.”

The boy continued undeterred, before a twist of his hand brought forth a small red stone from the darkness cloaking him, one that caused the older individual to go wide-eyed. “What is it you desire most?”

***LoD***

“My Lord” Bellatrix whispered sinfully, from her bowed position. “I wish to pledge myself to your service: body, magic, and mind.”

“Oh, and what do you have to offer that would be of use to me?”

Her head rose ever-so-slightly, to reveal her lust-filled eyes and the way her tongue slowly moistened her lips. “Myself, in any way you desire…”

Harry took on a pondering expression, before sitting back and glancing to his ‘inner circle’. “Well, what do you all think?”

The adults, and most teens, stared back at him in shock.

“Uh pup… this is sort of your call, not ours.” Sirius pointed out.

“True, but I do not know the woman nor whether I can trust her. You all have far more experience than I in that department.”

“She is the one who tortured Neville’s parents.” Hermione muttered from her spot, “she is also the Dark Lord’s most loyal follower…”

“Was” Lucius interrupted, “as in past tense. The Dark Lord is gone now.”

“And that matters why?” Remus inquired, “she practically worshiped him, can we really trust her not
to betray us, to betray Harry?”

“She is my cousin Moony…” the Animagus muttered sullenly, “I’d rather not see her cast aside or worse…”

“And my wife’s sister, we can guarantee her loyalty.”

“Like you guaranteed your own?” Fleur snapped.

As the various ‘council members’ began to argue Harry turned to the one, thus far silent, man standing away from the group. “What do you think Professor?”

Snape’s head rose, surprise in his eyes that the teen would trust him at all. “I know her far less than her family would.”

“True, but you have seen both angles, as Dumbledore’s follower and under Tom’s reign. Besides I already consider you as part of my inner counsel and thus I trust your opinion.”

The Potion master blinked, before nodding slightly. “Bellatrix was the Dark Lord’s most zealous follower, she was also among his most skilled. Few could claim to be able to duel her and live. She was personally tutored by the man which means her knowledge of the Dark Arts is surpassed by very few, if any. I believe that if her loyalty can be assured she would make a valuable asset, but it must be assured.”

“Wise words…”

“I will do anything to prove myself my Lord.” The woman replied.

Harry nodded, before glancing over the others assembled, pausing slightly over one in particular. “Hermione…”

“Yes Harry?”

“What are the laws concerning inheritance should a spouse be killed?”

The bushy-haired Witch bit her lip for a second as she pulled out the knowledge from her mind, “If there is no other next of kin or legal document in place then everything goes to the spouse unless a court says otherwise.”

The boy-who-lived nodded, “Very good, then I have one simple task for you Bellatrix, if you perform that you will be admitted.”

Whispers and murmurs began spreading through the occupied chamber as the woman nodded excitedly and rose, hoping for a more sensual task.

“Kill your husband.”

The room fell silent in disbelief.

“Wh…”

“It is quite clear that Rudolphus Lestrange has no desire to actually join us, instead he simply came here to try and gain information and betray me. Now normally I would simply kill him for such stupidity, but I will give him this chance, if he can defeat you he will be allowed to leave but you will not be admitted, if he dies then you will be welcomed.”
She turned slowly, a dark gleam in her eyes as she stared down the man, whom everyone else quickly distanced themselves from.

“N-now Bella… honey… let’s talk abou…”

The Wand was in her hand before he could finish, and he was forced to leap out of the path of several Curses fired at him before he could draw his own.

“Come now dear;” she taunted in a sickeningly sweet voice, “don’t you think we’ve talked enough? I want to play.”

A shield was hastily formed to block a series of cutting and bludgeoning Spells, giving the Lestrange enough time to dive to the side before it too gave way under the onslaught. “N-now Bellatrix stop this. I don’t want to hurt you but…”

Flames roared from her Wand, earning a hiss of pain as the burned his leg before he could properly dodge. “I don’t think you need to worry about me my dear husband. You always were a shoddy duelist at best.”

Rudolphus raised his Wand, a curse on the tip of his tongue before his wife’s own Crucatus hit him square in the chest, earning scream of pain from the man as she pranced towards him in glee. A swift kick knocked his weapon from him, allowing her to crouch down to have a more ‘personal’ conversation.

“Don’t think of this as revenge for all of the shitty years you made me put up with you and your useless brother who you insisted on having live with us, nor payback for all the times I had to listen to you two going at it like squealing pigs. Instead this is just my way of trading up for a far younger and more attractive Lord who I am hoping to convince to shag like rabbits.”

“B-Bella pl…”

She silenced him with a slash to the throat, letting him bleed out rather than use the Killing Curse, on the off chance she might offend her new ‘Lord’. Turning she grinned widely at the seated boy, who nodded back.

“Welcome to the family, Bellatrix Black.”

***LoD***

What followed, after the end of the Lestrange line, was a rather pathetic attempt to impress a fourteen-year-old boy by adults at least twice his age.

“And that my Lord, is how I came to inherit my families controlling stock over the largest soybean producing farm in England.”

The boy-who-lived was considering just assigning someone else to choose who would actually be useful in the future, but a slight glance to those he trusted most showed that they had long since passed the 'bored out of our minds' stage.

Hermione and Fleur were reading, Sirius and Ginny were eyeing the former Death Eaters as if deciding which ones would be the most amusing to prank, Remus and Luna had fallen asleep, Snape was actually grading papers, and Draco had long since started working on his own summer homework.

Why did he have to always be the one to act like an adult?
“... from there it was child's play to take over the Department of Agricultural reform!” the man finished in his 'boasting' before smiling brightly, as if his story had been impressive.

“So in summary, it took you a decade in order to take over a section of the Ministry that contained you and two other individuals...”

The adult's face froze, “Uhm, well you see...”

“Fine, whatever you still have political ties so stand with the others.”

“B-b-but... I thought that with my connections I would be higher up, perhaps sitting at the long table?”

Harry quirked an eyebrow, “This is reserved for those truly loyal or useful to me... you are neither.”

“B-but... that blonde girl is there!”

“Who, Luna?” Said teen promptly sat up, as if being called on in class. The remaining Potter continued on as if he hadn't just woken her up from a nap. “Luna is my most loyal follower.”

“I thought I was your most loyal my Lord...” the Malfoy heir cheekily replied, although there was a certain tone in his voice that implied he was being serious to a degree.

Harry stared back for a few moments, before nodding in acknowledgment, “You believe so Draco?”

“Of course my Lord, I would not hesitate to follow any order that you give.”

“Very well... Draco, kill your father for me.” The boy froze in shock, his eyes shifting over to where his father had also frozen, albeit in more acceptance that surprise.

“I... I uhm...”

“Well? You did say without hesitation Draco.”

“I... I just thought that... well he is useful to us still my Lord and...”

The raven-haired boy gave a comforting smile, “Relax Draco I was merely kidding, I did not actually expect you to do it.”

Letting out a sigh of relief the two Malfoys relaxed a bit, that is until Harry glanced over at the Lovegood heiress instead.

“Luna dear, the next time you see him, kill your father.”

“Okay my Lord.”

Now it was the entire room's turn to stare in shock, with more than a few mutterings about how there had been no hesitation in her voice what so ever.

“That, Draco, is why Luna is my most loyal. To her a request from me is a command. There is nothing to be upset about, I keep you not for your zealous loyalty but for your political ambitions and cunning, just as Hermione is intelligent and organized. Even the adults have their reasons for being in my trusted confidences. Professor Snape, for example, is a Potion master, expert spy, and skilled duelist. Everyone has their own reasoning for being at my side, even if you do not see it.”

With that the boy gestured for his newest followers to approach, “It is time to give you all your mark.
Voldemort had his and I have mine, the difference being I am not stupid enough to make them visible and otherwise useless. They are a means of communication, a way of locating each other, and to ward away Dementors should it become necessary for you to do so.”

As they began to step forward the boy did pause to consider something, “Before this, however, I do need to reinforce something. I have a few... rules that you will all be required to follow, nothing major like your former Lord had, I assure you but some things that you need to keep in mind.” With a flick of his wrist a list appeared on the nearby wall, pitch black lettering standing out against the ornate stone structure.

***LoD***

“You have information for me?” It had been a simple message written on a nondescript letter, 'If you want information on Harry Potter, meet at the alley behind Hogs Head, Thursday at ten. Come alone'. Dumbledore was weary of a trap, but knew he had little to lose and potential information to gain.

The student nodded, fighting the urge to smirk horribly. Soon vengeance would be wrought on his classmate, the so-called Lord of Darkness.

“I do, word has it that professor Snape has pledged his loyalty, Potter knew he was a spy the entire time.”

Dumbledore let out a sad sigh, “I see, and the others?”

“Most have bowed as well, the few that didn’t either failed to return or, in the Lestrange’s case, were killed. Word has it that Bellatrix was very eager to join him.”

The older Wizard gently pressed the issue, “How good is your information?”

“Good enough, Draco might be clever but not enough to check everything for spying Charms, especially on items only accessible by his 'loyal' Slytherins.”

“I see, I must admit I am rather surprised that you would come forward and help our cause. What do you get out of this?”

'I get her’ he internally mused, before merely shrugging. “A return to the natural order I suppose. I hate having to bow down to someone just as much as anyone else.” With that the boy turned and departed, leaving Dumbledore to question whose side the teen was truly on.

***LoD***

**A/N**: I know I know there isn't any smut in this one either, but I promise it is coming! (pun not intended). I figure there will be a chapter with quite a few and I might have to make one a bonus chapter for Archive with as much as I am planning.
Preparations & Atonement

Lord of Darkness

Preparations & Atonement

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories.

A/N: There is a bit of 'forced' stuff below, nothing too intense but I don't want to trigger anyone by accident, feel free to skip the first scene if this may be a concern

***LoD***

A shadowy figure slipped down an empty hallway, sticking to the walls so as to avoid any light falling upon them. A silent Charm extinguished the candles nearby, further allowing their stealthy voyage towards the chosen destination, an occupied room at the farthest end of the mansion. Once there another silent swish of a Wand unlocked the door and allowed access.

Glancing in she noticed that her target was currently sleeping in a rather large four-poster canopy bed. The owl was missing, which meant this might be her only time to accomplish the mission she had set out to do.

Tiptoeing in, the woman made her way, silently, to a nearby desk covered in parchment and books. A swift glance identified several that seemed of interest and she quickly pocketed a few. One more turn of her head confirmed the teen was still sleeping soundly, and that meant all she had to do was leave undetected.

Once more the Pureblood crept across the room, this time towards where she had first entered, but just as she reached the door a voice called out from the darkness, “Leaving so soon Bellatrix?”

She began to spin in place, hand going for her Wand on instinct... only to find herself thrown into the wall face first, her arms seemingly glued to the structure. A soft chuckle emanating from behind her as the boy rose from his bed, “You aren't as quiet as you might think my dear, I heard you coming before you even left your room.”

“Potter” she spat defiantly, attempting to twist her wrist around enough to get a shot off at him, that is until another jolt slammed into her again, forcing her to drop the instrument with a cry of pain.

His chuckling grew louder, and darker, until it was right behind her ear, “Now now, no need for that hm? After all you were the one who snuck into my room... which makes me think you are up to no good.”

Before she could answer a hand crept down her arm towards her shoulders, slowly caressing her skin through the fabric of her robes. Her body tensed and the hand continued down her back, before sliding forward on her side and into her clothing.

“Wh-what are you...”

They felt around, examining the silky cloth, before sliding into them and reaching bare skin. The Witch tried to contain her moan, but despite slamming her mouth shut it still vibrated through her body as his fingers trailed over warm flesh.
“How interesting, only wearing a bra and knickers under these hm? Perhaps you were after something different than what I originally assumed.”

“How interesting, only wearing a bra and knickers under these hm? Perhaps you were after something different than what I originally assumed.”

“Burn in Hell Potter!”

He laughed again, hands lingering on her stomach, tracing a few more idle designs, and sending shivers through her body, before moving into one of the pockets of her robes, “Ah here we are, oh my you have been a naughty girl haven't you?” Stepping backwards, he glanced over what she had stolen ignoring the muttered curses and profanities she was directing at him. “So what was the plan my dear Bellatrix? Get close enough to me so you could steal something significant and then what? Turn it in to the Aurors, to Dumbledore? You are a psychotic Death Eater who was illegally removed from Azkaban and likes to torture people for fun, who in their right mind would believe anything you have to say or show them?”

She fought for an argument, but none came. When presented with the facts her plan was rather shortsighted.

“The way I see it your only option is to stay here, but if word got out about your betrayal... well I suppose you had better just hope I can figure out someway to make use of you hm?” His hands returned to her side, slipping past the outer garments and finding her skin once more, despite her attempts to shift away from him.

“Let go of me you...”

His grip tightened, earning a sharp intake of breath from his prey.

“And why should I do that hm? Why shouldn't I enjoy such curves?”

The teen's hands wandered south once more, reaching the top edge of her knickers before skimming around it, teasing the edge as they traveled the circumference of her hips. “When was the last time your late husband enjoyed them?”

“N-none of your damn business!”

His body molded up against hers, lips against the back of her neck as something hard pressed up against her cloaked ass. “Quite the stutter you have there Bella, perhaps someone is getting a bit more turned on than she admits?”

“No” she growled out, earning a soft chuckle as his tongue slid across her exposed skin.

“Delicious” he purred next to her ear, “I wonder if the rest of you tastes just as good... shall I find out? Do you want me to taste your skin Bella? See if every inch of you is just as delectable?”

She fought the shudder than ran down her body at his sin-filled words. “No, don't...”

But he had already taken a step back, “You sound so very convincing... but I wonder what the rest of you says hm?” Gripping her cloak he flipped the bottom portion up, revealing her, barely, clothed arse to the pale moonlight. “You know despite my general choice in women I have always enjoyed the fullness of an older woman's curves, they are just so very touchable.”

A slap echoed through the room, earning a cry of pain mixed with pleasure from the stuck woman as he swatted her exposed cheeks.

“Now then, let's get these undergarments off of you and explore a bit more hm?”
His attempt to slide down her knickers, however, was met with her shifting away from him as best she could. “If you th-think I'm just going to let you touch me you Half-Blood bastard you are wrong” she snapped, earning a frown from the boy.

He pulled back once more with a sigh, “The way I see it Bella you have a choice here. Option ’A’ is that you stop being so difficult and you get some pleasure out of this as well. I doubt you have been eaten out in over a decade, perhaps even longer depending on how shitty your husband was.”

She bit out a few more choice insults, earning another chuckle as the boy shook his head, “As I was saying, option ’B’ is you continue being a bitch... and I treat you like one. I don't need to give you pleasure as well Bella, I can just as easily use you like a sex toy if that's what you prefer, your choice really.”

“Or” she snarled, “you can take your little limp dick and go fuck one of your little whores while they pretend to actually enjoy it hm!? Do they moan and groan just to make you feel better before asking if it is in yet Potter?”

He didn’t respond, earning a cackle from the Witch in triumph.

“Wait until everyone hears how pathetic their Lord is, I bet your little friends are already sleeping around behind your back just to get some release, is that it Potter hm? Are they...”

A hand gripped her hip, earning another flinch of pain from the woman, while another went further down and pulled her knickers to the side, exposing her cunt to the air.

“Wh-what are you...” She halted as something large began pressing against her, something that was pulsing with life and energy. “W-wait...”

“Wait? Why the hell would I bother? I am just a little boy remember?” He began pressing forward, her pussy being spread by the head of his cock as she cried out once more.

“W-wait! I-I'm not...”

“Not what? Ready? Do you think I give a fuck about your needs? You should be plenty ready... now scream for me bitch.”

His hips slammed forward and the former Lestrange screamed out in pain and pleasure as her insides were practically torn open.

“F-fuck! Stop! Y-you are too big!”

“Aww what was that?” he whispered into her ear, “I thought I was so little, that all my lovers were too busy getting laid behind my back? You talk all this shit and you can’t even handle half of me.”

“H-h-half!?”

Pulling out a bit, he thrust forward again, pushing more of his length into her quivering sex and earning another scream as her body began trembling, insides clamping down on his length.

“Oh my, are you... you had an orgasm already!?” he laughed out in a manner similar to what she would do, “How pathetic can you be Bellatrix? You insult me and yet you are the one acting like a little virgin.” Sliding back a bit he pushed in once more, before beginning to hammer into her at a decent pace, hands gripping her sides as he pulled her back a bit so that she was leaning forward onto the wall she was still stuck to.
“You know I was going to do this differently,” the teen mused as he continued ramming his length into her gushing pussy. “I would taste every inch of your flesh, play with your breasts and body, maybe eat you out to the point you are begging for me to shag you. Then we could have gone to the bed, and continued from there, I always enjoying playing with a woman's body during sex and the one I am with enjoys it too despite your little taunting, but alas that isn't what is going to happen here, now is it? You decided to go with the less” here the boy gave a particularly hard thrust, earning a cry of pain and pleasure from the woman as her body convulsed once more, “fun option. Of course considering how you are cumming every few seconds perhaps this was your plan. Do you enjoy having a young man fuck you from behind like this? To have me using your body like a whore? Are those Pureblood genes whispering for you to spread your legs just a bit farther apart, hoping that I will breed you like an animal? To use your 'superior' womb?”

“P-please...”

“Please what? If you ask me right now, beg me right now I will pull out but I want to hear you. Go on Bellatrix, beg.”

Any words were lost in her garbled response, and the teen simply gripped tighter before slamming all the way into her, filling her full with a grunt as she climaxed once more.

***LoD***

“So...” Bellatrix purred as she cuddled up next to her Lord, “how was my initiation?”

Harry merely chuckled fingertips dancing across her flesh underneath the blankets of the bed, “Initiation hm? If I remember correctly you were the one who requested that sort of fantasy.”

Her head lowered, kissing his neck a few times before dragging her tongue over his throat. “And did you not enjoy dominating me? Forcing yourself onto a ‘terrible Death Eater traitor’? Using me for your own pleasures?”

“Oh I certainly did, I am just pointing out that it was just as fun for you.”

She grinned, “If not more so.” before beginning her journey south along his body, tasting and kissing his upper chest as she slipped beneath the blankets.

“Still, it makes me wonder if this is a Pureblood 'thing' like cuckolding is for your men.”

The purring on his stomach gave an indication of where exactly her mouth was, “Hasn't my sister approached you yet with her own fantasies?”

He shook his head, before mentally chuckling at the knowledge that she wouldn't be able to see such a gesture, both because of the coverings and the darkness in the room. “No, but she did mention wanting to apologize for her behavior the first time we met.”

“Mhmmm” I bet she did, Bella whispered against his skin, “And I did make a deal with my sister to share any toys we might have... you don't mind being shared do you my Lord? Cissa and I will play nice with you... unless you would rather us not play nice...”

***LoD***

It started with whispers and, if she was honest, Fleur was used to such things. She had gone to school, after all, and there had certainly been more than a few rumors circulated about her by both girl and boy alike. It was a bit different this time since it was mostly Harry's followers, the 'adults' of society, who were responsible for it. Still she was able to ignore these things and would have
continued doing so if it hadn't been for them talking about her sister.

The moment that the elder Delacour heard a group of useless men jokingly whisper about when their Lord would have the younger sister on her back put fire in her veins and murder in her eyes. Her hand was on her Wand before she could even form a plan, an incantation on her lips when her targets drew their own weapons as well.

“I do so hope that you aren't planning on attacking a friend of mine.” A voice called out, freezing those present in place as Harry strolled into the room, glancing between both sides.

“O-of course not my Lord but she...”

“She what?”

The man hesitated, but the other, if Harry recalled correctly Theodore's father, pushed what he perceived as an advantage.

“She drew upon us first my Lord, we were merely defending ourselves.”

Emerald eyes shifted to the blonde girl, who bit back an angry retort, “Is this true Fleur?”

“I... yes, but the things they were saying about Gabbie...”

The Nott Lord waved her complaint away, “You clearly do not understand how society works little girl. You and your sister are second class here and we will treat you...”

“How I tell you to.”

The man turned to the boy with a retort, but promptly snapped his jaw shut at the look he was being given.

Seeing the compliance the teen continued on, slowly walking a circle around the men as if he was a predator stalking a meal, “I do believe that everyone in this building are mine hm? That you have pledged your loyalty to me?”

“I-I, yes my Lord but...”

“But nothing” Harry growled as the lights flickered. “I do not appreciate the bigoted comments you and your friends are making, and I assure you that there will be consequences for these. If I hear you are making them again...”

“We will not my Lord, I swear it.”

The Potter gave a nod, before gently leading Fleur from the room.

***LoD***

“Ladies and gentlemen, HARRY POTTER!”

The crowd erupted into applause and excited screams as the boy stepped forward to receive the ‘Order of Merlin' award from Albus Dumbledore.

“I am proud of you Harry, to accomplish such a great thing at such a young age is unprecedented.” the man softly spoke as the boy smiled back at him. “I can only pray you will continue on this path and abandon the one we both know you are planning.”
“And what would that be sir? As far as they are aware the only things I have been invested in are curing bigotry, saving lives, and destroying Dark Lords.”

“Yet we both know that isn’t all.”

For a moment the boy's grin turned dark, before the expression vanished, filling Dumbledore with dread. “We will just have to wait and see won’t we sir?”

With that the boy continued up to the podium for his mandatory speech, pausing just a moment to call back to the man. “I will see you in September, at school sir.”

Albus froze, the thoughts returning that he wasn't dealing with Tom Riddle, that Harry was a hero in the eyes of the public and was still a child. He would be returning to a school that worshiped him for three years still.

Something had to be done, perhaps it was time to consult with Cornelius about more drastic measures.

***LoD***

“Hi there!”

Gabrielle Delacour rose immediately to curtsy, as her mother and father had always instructed her to do upon meeting someone new, but the other blonde seemed to take it as an invitation and immediately pulled the younger girl into a hug instead. “My name is Luna, this is Ginny and Hermione, you must be Gabbie right?”

“G-Gabrielle D-Delacour.” the Veela managed to reply while being squeezed by the excitable Lovegood.

“Luna, let her breathe...” the redhead admonished, earning cooperation from her friend. “Sorry, Luna is a bit... happy to meet new people.”

“Especially those with our Lord, and you're so cute too!”

Hermione muttered a soft 'down girl' from behind, causing the blonde to stick her tongue out in retaliation.

“Uhm, thank you, you're very pretty too.”

Luna gave a patented, 'this somehow means I win' smirk before reaching out and grabbing the youngest girl's hand, “We heard your sister is doing some boring legal stuff right now, come play with us!”

Gabbie barely managed to nod her head in agreement before being practically dragged from the room.

***LoD***

“Hey there Andi, long time no see.”

Andromeda Tonks glared back at her cousin, before her gaze shifted to Narcissa standing next to him, and another woman, obviously under a Glamour Charm, as the third individual. “What do you want Sirius?”

“What, I can’t come and visit my favori...” an elbow to his side promptly interrupted his reply,
before he coughed to cover up the yelp of pain, “I mean uh *one* of my favorite cousins?”

“Considering you have been out of prison for over a year and are *just now* doing so… no.”

“You wound me Andi, you wound me deep.”

“Sister,” Narcissa spoke up, saving the man from further embarrassing her, “I was wondering if we might have a talk about a few things and catch up on old times.”

“Oh? Like when you *cast me out* for choosing who to marry? Or perhaps it was the *death threats* you and our psychotic bitch of a sister sent me every year for my birthday? Or maybe we could all have a nice talk about the shady characters you hired to follow and harass my husband when we first married?”

The Malfoy matron’s gaze dropped to the ground, “I… have been a rather awful sister haven’t I…”

Her rage faltered. She had always *hated* making her sisters feel bad, and even after all these years it seemed to be something that didn’t change. “Fine… come in, I trust I do not need to take your Wands from you?”

Sirius answered for the trio, “No, no of course not. We aren’t here to fight or threaten anyone I promise.”

Nodding Andromeda led them inside, before gesturing to a couch and two chairs setup in the living area, “Make yourselves at home, I will get tea.”

“Thank you, sister.”

Minutes later she reentered, only to freeze at the sight of Bellatrix Lestrange glancing around the room from her couch, the disguise having worn off moments prior.

“What is *she* doing here?”

“I…”

“I. Don’t. Care. Get *out*!”

“Andi please…”

“I do not want that *psychotic bitch* in my house!”

Narcissa rose, snatched her eldest sister’s Wand from her hand before marching over to the other and handing it to her. “We are not here to fight Andi… I promise.”

The middle child’s eyebrow rose, before slowly taking the offered object and glancing over to her, now pouting, older sister.

“Fine… tea is ready.”

Taking the tray, the Malfoy gently distributed cups before sitting down herself and taking a sip.

“So, uh… this is nice…” Sirius chimed in, earning glares from the women. “Alright alright so it is super awkward and tense, look Andi we are here to talk about your daughter.”

“And her relationship with your godson I take it?”
The only male nodded, “Yeah, that too…”

“I am certainly not going to try and jeopardize it.”

Bella’s mouth quirked up into a smirk, “What, didn’t send a marriage proposal like every other Witch in the world?”

Andromeda scowled, “No I did not. Just because my husband passed away several years ago does not mean I am ‘in the market’ as they say.”

***LoD***

Harry Potter let out a deep sigh as he shuffled through the papers covering the desk he was seated at. When he had planned for becoming a future ruler he had no idea it would entail so much paperwork.

“No wonder there has never been a truly successful Dark Lord, they always get stuck with this crap…” he muttered in annoyance, perhaps he could make Lucius do it, the man was still itching to continue apologizing after all.

Suddenly the door to the office burst open, and four individuals entered, two of them being very giggly and dragging the other two along.

“Ginny I can’t believe you did that!”

Said redhead shrugged, before pulling the door shut and giving a slight wave towards Harry, “Oh shush Hermione it was funny, plus he was being a prat.”

“Yes, and now he is…”

“Oooo here is perfect!” Luna interrupted, as she dragged a, somewhat frightened, Gabrielle Delacour over to where the remaining Potter was seated. “Excuse me, my Lord.” she happily remarked, before wheeling his chair backwards, and promptly shoving the young Veela under the desk. Ginny immediately giggled in excitement, before pushing an outraged, bookworm under and climbing in with the others. The blonde went under last, before grabbing his chair and pulling it back to where he had been moments prior.

The emerald-eyed boy merely blinked a few times in confusion, before shrugging and going back to work.

‘Lucius would definitely be the best choice for the paperwork, although with all of the Death Eaters sitting around being utterly useless I could just as easily make use of a few of them...’ he mused in thought, before the door was promptly slammed open, once again, and in stomped an enraged older Death Eater, whose hair had been colored pink and face covered in so much makeup that a clown would be jealous.

“You little...” the words died on his lips as he stared back at a rather annoyed Harry Potter. “Uhm... uh... excuse me my Lord but uh... you haven't by chance seen four young girls... have you?”

The boy-who-lived swept the, relatively empty, room with has gaze before quirking up an eyebrow. “Do you see anyone else in here?”

“Oh yes of course I can.” the teen happily replied, earning a nod of appreciation from the man, and a silent, sharp, inhale from one of the girls currently seated by his legs. “Let me just stop planning for
my eventual takeover of the Ministry and Wizengamot so that I can help a fully-grown adult hunt down a group of four teenagers who, apparently, pranked him.”

“They uh... weren't all teenagers...”

Harry's expression fell into one of annoyance, and the man promptly took that as his cue to leave.

“No wonder Voldemort never managed to take over the country, he spent his entire time babysitting grown Wizards and Witches...”

Hermione let out a sigh of relief, “Thank you my Lord...” before she began pushing his chair out, only to have her wrists captured by Luna.

“Hermione, we can't just leave! Harry protected us... we really should thank him...”

With that the blonde's fingers began working at his pants to, at least partially, undress him while Ginny giggled and joined in as well. “You haven't been with Harry yet have you Gabbie?”

The Veela shook her head shyly at the redhead's attention, earning another giggle from the Weasley daughter.

“You really must try it.” Luna noted, before finally slipping his length from his pants and promptly sliding it into her mouth with a moan.

“What she means is that only if you want to Gabrielle, Harry isn't going to rush you and no one else will either.” Hermione clarified as she watched the other girl begin licking and sucking on the boy's testicles.

The youngest girl merely gulped, she had only caught a flash of flesh but she could tell the boy was quite large. “I uhm... have never...”

The other blonde pulled back, giving Ginny enough time to take his cock into her mouth instead, “Oh that's okay, our Lord took all of our virginities as well. Oh I know, you could have him shag you on the desk! I have always wanted to sit up on one with him between my legs pumping in and out of me as his hands...”

“Luna!” the bookworm hissed, flushing a bit red from the description she was being given, “If Gabrielle doesn't feel comfortable yet, or with us around, then she doesn't have to.”

Pouting, the Lovegood heiress gave a half-hearted glare, “I know Hermione, but... I mean you remember how amazing your first time with him was right? Wouldn't you have rather had it earlier?”

Biting her lip the older girl paused. True, she would have rather been with Harry earlier on, not suffered as much loneliness, had friends earlier, been in love earlier... but that wasn't the same for everyone, and the, practically trembling, blonde next to her was far younger than any of them had been.

Luna shrugged, before going back to where Ginny was still enjoying herself and giving the girl a slight tap on the shoulders to pull back, they then began licking up and down the length on either side.

“Look...” Hermione whispered, turning to the young blonde in the dim lighting, “no one, especially Harry, is going to force you to do anything you don't want to. Yes, I wish I had been with him earlier but you are still very young so no pressure alright? We all will accept you regardless of when or if you choose to be with him.”
With that she too moved forward, interested in seeing if she could get 'in on the action' as the other two girls had been doing.

***LoD***

“My Lord? I was hoping to speak with you for a moment.”

Harry turned from where he had been packing to see Narcissa Malfoy standing in the doorway to the bedroom he had been using, clad in rather tight robes with an uncertain look on her face.

“Yes?”

“I... wish to apologize for my behavior towards you, last year especially. I understand you are planning on leaving.” He nodded, after the events surrounding Fleur and her sister had been revealed Harry had promptly inquired about housing from his godfather and earned an instant confirmation that the Black mansions would easily be changed up for their residence, along with future meetings. This had earned a mental gulp from the woman, and her husband, knowing how badly it would damage their, and by extension Draco’s, future prestige if they chased off their Lord due to rudeness in their own home.

“I assure you that is not necessary, your friends are more than welcome to stay for as long as they wish.”

“Yes, but I feel it would be rather counter-productive if they are treated poorly by you and your guests. After all the former Death Eaters are supposed to be my followers now, it would be a shame for me to have to slaughter them less than a week after their oaths of loyalty.”

Narcissa bit her lip, shifting a bit awkwardly at the blatant threat. “I will personally ensure your friends are not treated poorly, I... that is all three members of my family hope you will consider staying.”

The raven-haired boy gave a shrug, his gaze piercing into her own, peering into her very soul.

“There is something else you wanted.”

It wasn't a question, but a statement, and one that made the matron slightly weak in the legs. She took another step in, before closing the door behind her. Nearby a snowy-white owl watched on with amusement, and a bit of vengeance in her eyes.

“I was hoping to... swear my loyalties to you, and to hopefully make up for my husband’s transgressions...”

“Oh?”

His tone urged her on, and yet remained deceptively neutral. She was sure he knew what she was offering, but perhaps wanted something a bit more obvious. “Yes, it is tradition in Pureblood society to offer one’s spouse, betrothed, or even offspring, to their Lord as a gesture of loyalty.”

“And so, you are offering yourself to prove your loyalty hm?”

She nodded, a slight blush appearing on her cheeks. It really was all Lucius’ fault though, if the man hadn't royally screwed up their future, or had simply practiced the more physical portion of their own marriage, then she wouldn't be acting like such a shy schoolgirl.

“And why...” he questioned, stalking towards the woman, “would I want someone who is giving themselves to prove a point?”
“I...”

He was next to her now, and slowly circled her frozen figure, “Unless, you are doing this for some... other reason? Perhaps your husband isn't quite meeting... expectations?”

“No...”

“No what?” his voice was deeper than she remembered it, husky even, and sent delightful shivers down to places she had ignored for so many years.

“He hasn't touched me in so long...”

His hand reached out, hovering an inch above her dress, sweeping across as if imaging what she felt like, “What a shame... to not enjoy such a... figure.”

Narcissa barely bit back a whimper.

“A woman such as yourself should be treated like a queen...” this time the woman did whimper, “or perhaps as something a bit... less? Maybe, just maybe, you find yourself tired of acting the good Pureblood woman. Have you ever disguised yourself and walked among the Muggles? Looked on enviously as they wear clothing that barely covers any flesh, wondering what you yourself would look like in such tatters.

She closed her eyes, it had only happened twice. Two times in two decades of marriage, surely that did not condemn her. Surely a few fantasies did not make her a bad wife or mother.

“Such a long time... have you taken up your husband’s duties yourself? Pleasured yourself when he was found wanting?”

His voice was sin itself, dark and tempting in all the wrong, and right, ways. At this point her body was practically screaming at her to push forward and claim whatever she could of him.

“Do you think of him when your fingers trail down your body? Or are your thoughts elsewhere, on other men? Are your fantasies that of being gently placed on a bed, surrounded by rose petals and soft music or are they darker? Do you lay on your back, legs spread while you follow through in the same age-old pattern of consummating your vows... or are you treated like a whore? Do you think of yourself on your knees in front of some faceless man, or perhaps with your face pushed into a pillow, used like an animal?”

“Please...”

“Please what?”

Her eyes snapped open, and she lunged forward to try and claim his lips, only to be jerked backwards, and pushed down onto her knees. Glancing backwards her eyes widened, the haze of lust lifting ever so slightly as a white-haired girl gazed down with cold, amber eyes.

“Who...”

A hand grabbed her chin, and pulled her back towards Harry, “Do not look at her, you have not earned that right.”

A small portion of her mind wanted answers, a far more dominant part did not care and simply wanted to be used like he had promised. Another was secretly hoping the, rather pretty, girl would get involved as well.
“Well...” a feminine voice whispered from behind her, “get to work whore.”

She would have protested, save for that the mysterious girl's hand now gripped her face and pushed her forward, taking the suggestion she made short work of his dropping his pants, before her eyes widened at the organ presented to her.

“I knew she would back out, I told you she was worthless.” The voice behind her mocked, earning a scowl before the Malfoy matron dove forward, pushing the oversized cock into her mouth with a slight cough. She had never actually gone down on a man before, Lucius preferring the typical Pureblood doctrine of ‘if it isn’t for conception then it is wrong’ in regards to physical love and lust. Still she knew the basics from overhearing other women and her occasional tea outings.

Narcissa managed only a few inches in before she couldn't go any further without gagging, earning a snort from the feminine voice. “Pathetic, she looks more like a teenage girl trying to impress her friends rather than someone with actual experience. We should just go find her sister or Tonks, I remember how much you enjoyed their oral skills.”

Harry gave a hum of consideration, earning a mental glare from the woman currently on her knees. Like Hell she was going to give up this close to have the life shagged out of her for the first time in over a decade. She pulled back before bobbing back and forth on his length, taking a bit more in each time.

“At least she started understanding the basics...” Hedwig mused in an almost bored tone. “I mean seriously, oral sex isn't that difficult, especially when giving a blowjob. Any better Harry?”

He gave an uncommitted shrug, “Not the worst I suppose, but certainly nothing to be amazed by.”

“I'm telling you it is a sign, if the bitch is this bad with her mouth can you imagine how dull she would actually be during sex? Masturbation would be preferable at that point. A Galleon says she just lays on her back and expects you to climb on top of her while she remains motionless.”

The mother pulled back with a growl, “I'll show you dull...” she promptly stood, pushing the teen back onto the bed before straddling his waist, pulling her knickers aside and plunging down onto his cock with a groan.

“O-oh my God...”

A laugh sounded from behind her, “What's wrong? I thought you had a husband. You should be used to sex by now at least.”

A sneer crossed Narcissa's face, before she slowly rose herself up, before slamming back down at a quickening pace, moaning the entire time.

“There it is!” Hedwig laughed as she came to stand next to them, “That is the Malfoy matron in her true nature, bouncing up and down on another man's cock like a wanton whore, moaning like some schoolgirl slut.” Reaching out the white-haired girl ripped the woman's top open, exposing her bouncing breasts to the teen below her. “That's better, Harry likes to watch if he is going to be on bottom and if you aren't going to strip down then I'll do it for you.”

“I-I-I can d-do... oh God... can do it...”

Hedwig leaned in close to the woman's ear, “Then do it bitch, take off that dress and show him that cunt swallowing him up, show him exactly what your slutty pussy is doing to his young virile cock. Let him play with that body of yours like you so much want, just don't forget to return the favor hm? If you bore him...”
The mother didn't need to hear the rest of the threat, leaning over the boy to quicken the pace she was riding him, her mouth finding his neck while one arm braced her position and the other reached back to begin massaging his testicles. His own hands were on her breasts, teasing in ways that had her seeing stars seconds later as her entire body tensed up, shaking as her insides begun to try and wring the cum from his length. Moments later he allowed himself to cum as well, filling her as she let out a loud moan into his throat and went limp on top of him.

“So?” Hedwig teased as she went around to look into the emerald-green eyes of her love. “Are you going to fuck her again?”

He chuckled, “I certainly don't see why not.”

***LoD***

Sirius Black finished what was his fifth time circling around a package on the Malfoy's dining table, glaring at it all the while, as Lucius and Severus entered the room.

“What in the world are you doing Black?”

“He is currently trying to 'psyche out' the 'obviously trapped' package.” Remus answered, in a somewhat amused tone, from nearby.

“And how is that going for you?” The Malfoy Lord inquired, earning a growl from the former convict.

“I don't care what anyone says, a mysterious package being sent to my darling godson? It is clearly a means to assassinate him, AND I SHALL NOT STAND FOR IT!”

The Werewolf rolled his eyes at the over exaggeration of the Animagus. “Perhaps if you just opened the package...”

Sirius slowly nodded and drew his Wand... before taking a few steps back and putting a, rather expensive, chair between him and the package.

Just in case.

Also, it made the blonde owner develop a bit of an eye twitch.

A flick of the wrist later and the wrapping was undone, revealing a very large bottle of what appeared to be an alcoholic beverage.

“Odd gift to send a fourteen-year-old...” Remus muttered, while Sirius took a closer look. “Seems expensive though.”

“Very, high class stuff right here, you know I really wouldn't be doing my duties as a godfather, and loyal follower, if I simply let my pup taste it without ensuring it isn't poisoned.”

Before the other three could protest the Black Lord conjured up a shot glass, opened the bottle, filled the cup, and drank it in a single gulp. Waiting to see if the man would become ill, or in Snape's case dead, the remaining adults stood in silence, before Sirius gave a grin.

“That... is some good stuff.”

The Potion professor gave a huff, “Please Black, you wouldn't know good alcohol if someone poured it down your throat. Let the professionals examine it.”
Said greasy haired man promptly poured a separate glass, before swirling it gently, inhaling the scent and giving it a slight sip.

“Good texture and flavor...”

“Perhaps,” Malfoy interrupted, “I could be of assistance in assessing the liquid? I have a wide selection in my own stores and can identify many by the slightest of tastes.”

Snape nodded, while Sirius gave a nudge to his best friend, “We will need you to help as well Moony for uh... reasons and stuff.”

Forty-five minutes later Narcissa Malfoy, Nymphadora Tonks, Bellatrix Black, and Harry Potter entered the room to find four very drunk men trying their best to sit around the table, laughing and swearing quite loudly. Correction, only three were seated, as Remus had fallen off his chair about ten minutes prior.

“Cissa!” Lucius exclaimed happily, attempting to stand and promptly tripping over himself as he face planted into the carpet.

“Lucius...” the woman growled back, beyond annoyed and embarrassed at this point.

“The chairs are safe!”

Blinking in confusion, the Malfoy matron glanced over at her niece, sister, and Lord. Receiving confused shrugs from the three she let out a deep sigh. “Yes, Lucius I see that... thank you.”

“You will never know pup...” Sirius muttered as he glanced up, “THE SACRIFICES WE MADE HERE FOR YOU TODAYYYYY!”

Snape nodded, “Sacrifices indeed... FOR THE GREATER GOOD!”

“FOR THE GREATER GOOD!” the other three cheered in agreement, just as Snape fell forward and finally passed out.

“Of course...” Narcissa muttered, before levitating her husband off the floor. “Do you three mind?”

Bellatrix, rather happily, chose Snape and ‘accidentally’ smacked him around a few times as she began dragging him to a nearby guest room.

Tonks had chosen her ‘dear uncle’ which left Harry to tend to the Werewolf.

Ten minutes later and the four men had been tucked, or in some cases thrown, into various beds to sleep off their conditions.

“I am sorry my Lord, clearly my husband is... an idiot.”

Bellatrix stifled a laugh of agreement.

Tonks did not quite succeed and burst out in laughter.

“Quite alright, I would never have consumed that much regardless, and it provided a good 'bonding experience' for them.”

Bellatrix gave a glance at the other two women, before a smile crept onto her face. “Perhaps, my Lord, we can do some... bonding of our own...”
When asked later Tonks wouldn't quite know how to explain how they ended up in the Malfoy master bedroom, watching as Narcissa rode her lover with reckless abandon as the woman's sister greedily lapped at her breasts while being fingered by the only male in the room. As for the Metamorphmagus herself, she was content with simply sitting on top of his face, a skirt barely covering his own oral ministrations. Normally she wouldn't be such a prude as to remain clothed during sex, but unlike her aunts she wasn't quite comfortable enough with being naked in front of family.

***LoD***

A knock at the door was quickly answered by an older woman, who looked down with a smile at the group of teens standing before her, “Here for the party I assume? Well come on in then, Neville is in the larger sitting room, second door to the left.”

The group nodded excitedly, before practically running to meet the 'birthday boy'. Upon finding him, Seamus walked up and shook the Longbottom's hand.

“Good to see you Neville!”

He grinned back, “You too Seamus, Dean, how has your summer...”

The boy was interrupted before he could answer by a rather loud exclamation, “Hey where's the cake?”

Neville's face morphed into a frown, before directing his glare onto his two housemates, “I told you two I did not invite Ron.”

The two held up their hands in defense, “Look we didn't either... he just sort of showed up and followed us. I mean we are roommate with him, and yeah he's a bit of a prat but...”

“That isn't the problem.” the teen hissed, “I invited some of my former friends as well and I would rather not have a fight breaking out during Susan's and my joint party. It was hard enough convincing her to do this.”

The Irish-born shook his head, “It will be fine mate, promise. Worst comes to worst and we will tie Ron up and shove him into a closet or something okay?”

Before the Pureblood could respond there was another knock at the door, seconds later Draco, Pansy, Hermione, and Harry entered the room.

It began with a banshee-like shriek, followed by a stream of curses from a certain redhead, “What is he doing here!?"

To his credit Malfoy merely quirked up his eyebrow and glanced around, “Who?”

“YOU! THEM! ALL OF YOU!”

Harry gave a soft laugh, “I believe we were invited unless...” his eyes strayed towards Neville, whose heart immediately went into overdrive at the slightest of glances, “someone did not want us after all? We are not here to make a scene or cause problems. If it will be an issue then...”

The youngest Weasley son's next comment was cut off by Susan, “Of course not Harry, we both agreed to invite you and I am happy you are here, plus you brought some reinforcements for my side.”
“B-b-but... Nev you can't seriously be okay with this!”

The 'birthday boy' looked over to his housemate. “Why not? I still talk to Draco and Hermione all the time and at one point Harry was my best friend.”

'Practically my brother' the Longbottom noted with a hint of sadness, but refused to sat it aloud. The look on the Potter Lord's face, however, seemed to give him the reassurance that he felt the same.

Hermione and Pansy, in the meantime, both grinned, before wandering over to begin catching up with Susan and Lavender, who had arrived earlier without her boyfriend.

***LoD***

After lunch had been served, and seconds, thirds, and fourths for Ron, Dean had suggested that the betrothed couple open up their gifts.

Susan received several 'cute' outfits from the Slytherin girls, as well as a book on fashion from Hermione.

The Longbottom, on the other hand, was gifted a new Herbology kit, a new Wizarding Chess set, which Ron promptly called first game, and a few miscellaneous treats. Only two hadn't seemed to bring gifts, the redhead boy and Harry.

“What, too good to bring a present for Neville, Potter?”

Dean coughed gently, “Uh Ron you didn't bring anything either…”

Waving him off the Weasley was about to continue his argument before Harry stood and walked towards where the birthday couple sat, “Hardly Ron, I just figured that they would be given quite a few physical gifts, so I wanted to give them something that you couldn't buy.”

With that he gestured for Neville to stand but for Susan to remain seated, and led the boy to right behind his betrothed. “Now then hands on her shoulders, right here.”

The Bones heiress quirked up her eyebrow, noticing the grin forming on many of the other girls' faces as this was happening. Before she could ask, however, Harry continued on his next instruction, “Now push in with your fingers as such with a little more pressure than you might think is okay.”

“Oh dear Merlin…” the girl groaned as the tension in her upper body evaporated.

“Now move your thumbs down to here and rub just like that,”

Susan let out a whimper as she practically fell forward onto the table she had been seated at.

The two boys continued on though, ignoring her noises for the time being, “Now that you can access her entire back you run your fingers down her spine like this until... you feel that?” Apparently Neville nodded as the raven-haired teen continued, “Okay, then move about... this far until you feel this muscle group and then push just a little harder than before and...”

“Ughhhhh” Susan swore she had discovered something known as a 'micro orgasm' in that moment as her entire body trembled slightly.

“And that Neville, is how you get your betrothed to relax after a long day.”

Mentally Susan swore she was going to find someway to talk her future husband into a threesome with the boy-who-lived... maybe as a Christmas present?
“Y-your joking... tell me you are joking, this is one of those famous Marauder pranks right?” The Death Eater, he was inconsequential enough that Harry had never bothered learning his name, begged.

“No, I am not joking, and I fail to see what the problem is.”

“You are leaving us!” another wailed, earning eye rolls from those closest to the teen.

The boy-who-lived let out a sigh, silently wondering if Snape went through this every year, before replying to the man. “I am going on vacation, which means I will be back.”

“But when!? How will we reach you!? What will we do until then!?”

Emerald-eyes stared back at the crazed adult for a moment, earning a wince of embarrassment. “Well, I suppose I will just have to give you all homework then. To be honest I was originally content with just letting you spend your summer as you wanted but clearly I cannot trust you all to do this...”

Said statement promptly earned the man glare from virtually the entire room, and more than a few muttered death threats from adults who had not done 'homework' in decades.

“I made up assignments to be done in the next year or so but instead they will be for the summer. I expect each of them to be accomplished before I return. Should an emergency arise I trust one of my inner circle will be able to handle it, that being Padfoot, Moony, or Severus.”

A knowing grin from the two Marauders had the blonde Malfoy wincing slightly. He already had the suspicion that due to his own 'punishment' he would be the one actually babysitting the other adults, “Perhaps my Lord it might be better if someone else were selected? Perhaps with a bit more etiquette?”

Seeming to think it over for a few seconds the boy gave a thoughtful hum, “Very well, add Narcissa and Bellatrix to that list as well.”

Said women gave very dangerous smirks, causing the men to pale even further.

“As I said, I trust a room full of adults can handle themselves for a month and a half without me looking over their shoulders. The only contact I will be having is with the one currently on vacation with me, which will be my closest friend at first. Afterwards I understand there is a...” the boy paused to let out a sigh, earning snickers from his godparents, “schedule of who will be taking her place a week at a time.”

“There is my Lord,” Hermione happily called out, as she had been the one to make said plan. “We had to make sure everyone was included, and there is a lot of us after all.”

“I am aware...” he muttered.

With that the boy, and his mysterious white-haired companion that the various Death Eaters had learned not to ask about activated their Portkey and vanished.

“So, Hermione... when is my turn for a week-long sex marathon with Harry?” Ginny innocently inquired from nearby.
A soft knocking at her door earned the attention of Fleur Delacour as she called out for them to enter.

“Hello Fleur.”

Smiling, the older sister paused in what she was packing into a suitcase and pulled her sister into a hug for a few moments before releasing the hold. “Gabbie, how are you feeling?”

The slight shrug that the girl responded with earned a frown from the other, and a gesture for her to take a seat.

“What is wrong?”

“I just...” the preteen faltered before giving another shrug, “I am just being silly...”

Fleur shook her head, “Then you should tell me what it is, I could go for some silliness.”

Taking a deep breath the younger sister plunged forward, “I am already missing you and you have not even gone on your vacation yet.”

A soft smile appeared on the former Champion's face without her realizing it as she thought of the week she had alone with her love. “It will not be for long Gabbie, besides I hear you have been getting along with Luna, Ginny, and Hermione.”

Gabrielle nodded, “I have... it just isn't the same.”

“Well I will be back before you know it, besides I haven’t even left yet, and still wont for a few weeks.”

“I know...”

There was a certain tone of defeat that gave Fleur pause, “That isn’t what is wrong. I know you Gabbie, just tell me.”

“I don't want you to be upset...”

The elder took a seat next to her sister, “I promise I won’t be, so tell me.”

“Everyone is getting a week with Harry... except me.”

Fleur gave a soft chuckle, earning a frowning pout from the other girl. “Gabbie not everyone is getting a week, only a few of us are and besides you aren’t quite old enough for that kind of relationship yet.”

“B-but I know how...”

Holding up a hand the teenager silenced the other girl, “I know you understand the mechanics Gabbie but it is more than that, there needs to be a connection. Harry has enough casual relationships at school that he does not need another. I want you to choose someone to fall in love with when you are ready for that.”

“But I am”

Shaking her head Fleur rose to continue packing, “The fact you are whining about it means you are not. This isn't a game Gabbie, it is a major step and I don't think you are emotionally ready for it.”

As she sorted through another handful of outfits the younger girl broke the silence once more,
“Could... could you help me then?”

“Help you with what?”

“Being ready, help me grow up. Mama wasn't going to and papa...” She trailed off, both falling silent once more at the feelings that such memories brought back. “Take me with you? Please?”

Fleur shook off the memories before turning once more to the pleading girl, “Gabbie, this isn't a vacation like you are used to.”

“I-I know, but I can be grown up I promise!”

“Gabbie...”

“Please Fleur? I won't get to see him for over a month and who knows what school will be like.”

The older bit her lip, she liked spending time with her younger sister but this was supposed to be just a week for her and Harry, one where they could spend half the time in bed if they wanted to. She certainly couldn't do such things with her baby sister hanging around. But at the same time she knew that despite making a few friends the younger girl was still in a very emotionally vulnerable time in her life. Leaving her alone for a week sent a painful jolt to her heart.

“I will... ask Harry okay?”

Gabrielle gave a cheerful exclamation before tackling her sister with a hug, missing the disappointed expression forming on the other's face.

***LoD***

“Dumbledore”

“Caretaker Minister Fudge”

The politician sneered a bit, not forgetting about how the elder Wizard had ‘abandoned’ him during the Dementor incident fallout. Still the Headmaster had been the one to instigate the plan to return him to, at least temporarily, office and given him, unknowingly, the tools for his revenge against Lucius. He could ignore the masked insult for now.

“I take it you are here regarding our progress against Malfoy?”

Albus nodded, “I am sure you understand the time constraints we are facing. If we cannot locate evidence directly showing his involvement in the next few months the campaign will lose its momentum. Worse, Harry will be returning to school in the fall.”

“One problem at a time Headmaster. We are still investigating, and making progress, against Malfoy and the Death Eater releases. The man covered his tracks, but he will have slipped up somewhere along the line enough for the DMLE to make a proper arrest. As for Potter... I may have an idea for that. You need someone to push him, to get him to show what he truly is yes?”

A nod confirmed his suspicions and the politician pressed onward, “My undersecretary is loyal to me and willing to do what is necessary for the cause. She will reveal the evil inside of him for the world to see. Once that occurs we can return England to the way it was, to the way it is supposed to be. Due to the incident at the end of the Triwizard Tournament the Wizengamot has approved the hiring of a more reliable instructor for the Dark Arts and I recommended Dolores. Give her leeway Dumbledore and she will give you what you need.”
An hour after Dumbledore has departed the temporary Minister’s office he returned to his own, and was greeted by one of his closest friends and advisers.

“You sure about this Dumbledore? Fudge was the one who put the Dementors at Hogwarts remember?”

“I do Alastor, but I have recently come into information pointing to Harry as being the cause of the massacre. Cornelius may not be the best leader, but he is certainly better than allowing a future Dark Lord free reign over the government.”

“Like you have been doing?”

The elder Wizard shot a glare over to his friend, who merely returned it back in force, “Just saying Dumbledore, you were the boy’s biggest advocate from what I’ve heard. Snape told you time and time again that he was dark and you ignored him.”

“Yes, I am well aware of my own failures, but that does not mean I cannot correct my mistakes. I have been blind towards Harry for too many years, thinking that Severus saw only the darkness due to his hatred for James Potter. It took the collaboration of several others to open my eyes. Now I must due everything I can to prevent another evil from taking hold.”

Moody gave a light snort, showing exactly what he thought of trying to do so when it seemed the boy had already triumphed, before nodding as well, “Alright, so what is the plan?”

“First we begin by weakening his hold over the government and the people. Tom was able to do far more damage through his followers than he would have ever been able to do alone. If his support can be removed Harry will become vulnerable.”

“And how do you propose we do that?”

“By identifying those who are loyal to him.” Albus answered, already beginning a list in his mind of those most likely fallen to the boy’s side. “Some will be obvious, others not. Lucius Malfoy is undoubtedly one and I fear many of the freed Death Eaters will flock to his cause as well. There are also some of the Harry’s classmates who will choose him over the lives of the innocent, and while I truly hope we can save them they may be already passed our aid.”

“Do we even know what his goals are? If we could figure them out, we might be able to cut him off before he achieves any more success.”

Dumbledore shook his head, “Unfortunately no. Thus far the only ambitions he seems to have are subtle political manipulations and gaining control over the government, although his lack of involvement in placing Mr. Malfoy back into power is a bit odd.”

The former Auror growled in agreement, earning a soft chuckle from the older man, who gently took off his glasses to rub at the bridge of his nose in weariness.

“Truth be told Alastor I am not sure what Harry has planned, all I know is that he is continuing to grow stronger and more influential as time passes. If something is not done, we may lose the next war before it even begins.”

***LoD***
The moment Harry and Hedwig appeared on the sandy beach the girl tossed off her shoes, allowing the sand to cover her feet with a slight giggle. “Luna told me I should stay barefoot, sounded like good advice.” She explained, earning a smile from the boy next to her, who promptly followed her lead as the began to walk across the empty coast.

She had chosen a tropical vacation for her ‘week’ and Sirius had been quick to provide. Originally they had mentioned she could spend both there, but with the addition of the other girls requesting time the white-haired girl had relented and stuck with only a single five-day period.

“So,” she inquired as they made their way, hand in hand, towards the small cottage in the distance, “what do you want to do first?”

A smile formed on his face as he took a deep breath of the ocean breeze, “To be honest I am just looking forward to a nice peaceful week. No distractions, no politics, no dealing with other people’s problems, just the sand, sun, and ocean.”

“And me,” Hedwig teased, earning an even broader smile from the teen.

“How could I forget? Now I do recall Sirius saying something about having a pool out back, perhaps we should take a look?”

The amber-eyed girl let out a happy sigh as she cuddled a bit closer to the boy next to her, all the while staring up at the stars in the night sky. “It is beautiful tonight.”

“Mmmhmm.” he muttered, hand stroking up and down her bare back, “not as beautiful as you though.”

She snorted, but could hold back the smile as she smacked his arm half-heartedly, “Prat... besides you are just saying that because you are stuck with just me for the next three days.”

“No, I have always thought you were beautiful, you know that.”

She shifted a bit closer, “I know... it is just nice to hear. With you being busy with the others so often I just... have missed it being the two of us.”

He turned towards her, eyes softening as he looked into her own, “Some things will always just be the two of us. No matter how close I become with the others we share a connection that is deeper than that.”

Reaching up she lovingly ran her fingers through his hair. “I know, but sometimes it is nice being
able to talk to others about you.”

“You have grown rather close to the others.” he pointed out gently, earning a smile once more from the white-haired girl.

“Of course, they are practically my sisters at this point. Some of them might require a bit more patience than others but they are still family, we just all happen to share the same lover.”

Silence filled the air as the two settled into simply enjoying each other's presence before Harry spoke once more, “Are you happy Hedwig? With our life?”

“Of course I am.”

He nodded, “Sometimes I look back at everything that has happened and worry that it will never stop, that my life will continue to be this way forever.”

The girl's hand stilled, before sliding to his cheek with the other doing the same in an effort to focus his eyes, and attention, on her. “It won't be this way forever Harry. You are making change, one after another and eventually the World will begin to shift. The avalanche is coming, we just need to wait for it to bury the remains of the old world with the potential of the new.”

“You are starting to sound like me.” he teased, earning another smile from the woman.

“What can I say? I guess some of your greatness finally rubbed off on me.”

The boy-who-lived shook his head, “It is the other way around, without you I would have never made it this far, I would have strayed into a darkness that I would have become lost in and never found my way out. You saved me Hedwig, whether you realize it or not this new world I am building is all because of you.”

“Well then maybe you can find a way to thank me hm?”

His responding smile warmed her heart, “You know how much I enjoy sex under the stars with you.”

“Well I am nocturnal after all…” She rolled onto top of him, reaching down to grasp his hardening length, and a few quick strokes later slid down onto him. “No matter how often we do this…” she moaned out, earning a soft chuckle from the boy.

“It always feels amazing, like we were meant for each other.”

“D-doesn't hurt with our c-connection.” she groaned out, bouncing up and down as her pale body was illuminated by the moonlight.

Just as the boy sensed she was on the edge of her release he sat up, pressing their bodies together as he covered her mouth with his own, tongues intertwining as her body began to shake with orgasm and he found his own.

***LoD***

“Hey pup, can you hold up for a second?”

The duo had just arrived back from their vacation when Sirius Black had called out to them while they were on their way to unpack. Harry halted, turning to where his godfather currently stood in a nearby doorway before giving a slight nod, “Of course,” his gaze shifted back to Hedwig, and gave
her a smile before she returned it and continued on towards their room at the mansion. He then followed the older man into the private area.

With a gesture Sirius had the teen sit, before pacing back and forth a few times then taking a seat himself, all the while fidgeting with his hands. “Is something wrong Padfoot?”

“Uh... maybe? I'm not sure if it is considered wrong or not, or even if it is going to happen but I still feel like you should know, because it does concern you and it is important if it does happen... you know?”

The emerald-eyed boy stared back for a moment, before giving a slight nod to continue, “I uhm... well the thing is pup I just... listen when Malfoy told us about what happened in the graveyard, about what you were able to do... It might have some implications further down the road if it comes to light.”

“Such as?”

Here the man shifted even more in his chair, clearly uncomfortable with the situation, unfortunately he had taken it upon himself to inform his godson personally, and hadn’t told his best friend of the plan yet. “It concerns your children.” the man paused, before suddenly went wide eyed and stammered out the rest of the words, “I-I mean if you have any that is! Because you don’t have to, or you can have a ton you know? I mean you can have as many as you want and Moony and I will support you... but if what I think is true turns out to be correct... well there are going to be some important things to consider when and if that time comes. I didn’t want to worry you with something that might not even be true yet... you know?”

Harry’s gaze had focused on the wall behind the man with a far-off look, before he snapped back to the situation at hand, “Yes, yes I understand and you were right to tell me, now tell me everything.”

***LoD***

“Are you sure about this Harry? We could do something different instead, I know a lot of people think of vacations as relaxing and this is...”

The boy put his finger on the bookworm’s lips, silencing her rant, “I already told you I am more than fine with this Hermione. The few vacations I have all been on are always in one spot for the most part, so getting out and seeing a bit of the World sounds like a very fun week, even if it is focused on architectural sights and libraries.”

She blushed, muttering about him teasing her as they continued walking through the crowded streets of Venice. “I figure we could spend a day in each city, that gives us about five places to see.”

“Sounds fun, I assume you already have the itinerary planned out?”

Seeing her nod excitedly Harry chuckled, lacing his arm with hers as they continued towards their destination, the Library of St. Mark’s.

***LoD***

Severus Snape stared down at the letter in his hand, his mind racing. He had already read and reread it over a half-dozen times, but it had yet to sink in. For so long he thought about this day, a freedom from his obligations and ‘duties’, then he could do what he wanted, live his life as he wanted to, but now that it was finally here he simply found himself being manipulated by the Headmaster once again.
An emptiness filled his chest, combined a certain sense of displacement and uncertainty. What would he do now? What could he do now? For a brief moment he considered sending a letter to his Lord, asking for advice or, even more embarrassing, aid.

No, he wouldn’t do that. He was an adult, and Harry was a teenage boy almost certainly still on one of his vacations for the summer. The Potion master mentally assured himself that he could handle the situation, he had always done so, by himself, before and he could easily continue to do so.

‘But you don’t NEED to’

The voice in his head was soothing, gentle, and feminine. It was the moral compass he often suppressed, and yet leaned on, the voice of the woman he loved to this day, trying to ease his pain.

‘You were alone before because you had no options, no one to turn to… now you DO. You have friends and allies. You have those who understand you, that you no longer need to hide from.’

“I do not need their help, I am strong.” He argued against himself.

‘How strong do you need to be though? All these years suffering in silence… why not just let someone help you for once? Imagine what the world would be like if you had done so decades ago…’

It was all the convincing he needed, and the man promptly stood, letter in hand, before walking into the Floo and disappearing in a burst of flames his destination, the Malfoy manner.

***LoD***

Sirius Black and glanced up in confusion from the morning paper he was reading as his former school nemesis walked into the room. He hesitated for less than a moment before giving the man a nod and tossing him an apple from the fruit bowl located nearby.

Snape caught it instantly, a raised eyebrow asking the unspoken question.

“No, it isn’t Hexed or anything like that, pup asked me to refrain from pranking anyone in the inner circle. That means you are immune.”

Remus smirked, “Harry threatened to make him do even more babysitting of the adults if he did.”

“Indeed… but the others?”

A shout of ‘BLACK!’ rang through the corridor from one of the other former Death Eaters, earning a grin from the Animagus, and a soft chuckle from Lupin, “Like I said, no one in the inner circle.”

Snape hid his smirk, before taking a bite of the fruit and giving the man a nod in return. “Speaking of, our Lord is not currently here is he?”

“No, still on vacation with Hermione. He’s probably shagging her in a library or something right now, why?”

The professor considered opening up to the men but deemed it to sound far too much like whining and merely shook his head. “It is nothing, I merely wanted to speak with him.”

“Ah Severus, I am surprised to see you here, shouldn’t you be preparing for school?” Lucius Malfoy called from the doorway as he strolled in with his wife and sister in-law.

“There has been a… change of plans in that regard, it is something I wish to speak with our Lord
“about, hopefully before classes begins.”

“If it involves Harry then it shouldn’t wait Snape.” Sirius chimed in, his expression and demeanor focusing.

“It is nothing I cannot handle…”

“You don’t sound so sure of that.” The Werewolf interrupted.

Snape forced back a sneer, they were just trying to help after all, “It is not worth interrupting his vacation for.”

“Then don’t, we were put in charge for a reason Severus. Let us show Harry we can handle things while he is away.”

The professor paused, before sighing and giving a nod to the Malfoy matron, he promptly revealed the letter and passed it to Sirius, who was currently the closest one to him.

Taking the offered object with a flourish the man cleared his throat dramatically before reading it aloud, “Dear Severus Snape, due to recent faculty changes your continued position as Potion instructor as well as Head of Slytherin House is no longer required. You will continue to be employed on Hogwarts salary until such time as the school board approves your dismissal. Albus Dumbledore.”

The room fell silent, up until Bellatrix gave a shrug, “So what? You still get paid and you don’t have to deal with whiny brats all year, sounds like a win-win to me.”

Lucius interrupted, before Snape could answer, with a hiss, “The big deal is that Severus is our Lord’s Head of House. Dumbledore is clearly trying to manipulate the situation now that he knows the truth.”

“Wait,” Sirius chimed in, “Dumbles can just switch you out like that? I thought it required board permission to make staff changes.”

“Only in terminations,” Remus corrected. “It doesn’t require a vote to hire or swap anyone around. Right now, Severus is still employed he just isn’t assigned to any position.”

“So, what do we do? Even the board cannot force Dumbledore to change his mind on these decisions and impeaching him would be incredibly difficult and time consuming at the moment.”

“Oh Cissa dear you are making things too complicated. We just wait and see what idiot Dumbledork finds and kill them, then they will have no choice but to put Snape back in the spot.”

Said professor rolled his eyes, “Brilliant strategy Bellatrix, unfortunately that will only draw more attention to us and achieve nothing of value.”

“So, then what do you suggest professor? Oh, wait we can’t call you that, now can we?”

As the adults began to argue Sirius was, oddly enough, quiet and contemplative until he came up with his own idea. “Lucius” the conversations halted at the interrupted, with the blonde raising his eyebrow in acknowledgment. “You still have contacts on the school board, right?”

“I do, but after the start of the investigation into my time as Minister I was temporarily removed from it.”
“That’s fine, reach out to them, find out as much as you can about what the new professors and what Dumbledore might have been telling them. Snape, do you think you could make a list of anyone qualified to replace both of your positions?”

The greasy-haired man nodded slowly, not quite sure how to take the change in the Black Lord.

“Good, I will start prodding around the Wizengamot, see what kind of gossip I can pick up. Cissa if you could do the same with the housewives you usually have tea with it would be appreciated.”

“What is your plan Padfoot?”

“Simple Moony, we are adults and we need to start acting like it. Pup is always the one who must make the effort, to collect information and further the plans. He put us in charge, which means it is time we started acting like it. Even if we can’t solve the problem completely we can at least help out.”

“Does that mean wolfie and I get to go out and torture people for information?” Bellatrix inquired excitedly, earning eye rolls from the others.

“No, you two are stuck on babysitting duty concerning the other Death Eaters.”

The woman pouted, before her smirk reemerged as she realized that her assignment could still involve torturing people.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger glanced over the top of the book she was pretending to read in order to discreetly observe her target. Seeing him idly wandering about her frown deepened as she silently cursed herself. She was so stupid to suggest such a thing, clearly Harry was not enjoying himself. He had been acting a bit odd ever since their arrival, almost as if he was lost in a fog. She had tried to suggest they change their plans but he had waved off her concerns in that infuriating manner of focusing completely on her rather than his own wants or needs.

’We seriously need to break him of that’ she noted in agitation, gripping the book just a bit tighter before closing it and adding it to her bag to purchase. Minutes later the two departed, and one Floo jump later were back in their hotel room.

“Are you mad at me?”

The boy froze, turning back to look at the bookworm with more confusion than she had seen in his eyes since they had gone through the ‘no sex’ period earlier in the school year. “What? No of course not, why would you...”

“Because you have been acting distant ever since we arrived on vacation. I know you want me to be happy so you went along with my plan but I also want you to be happy too...”

His shoulders sagged as he took a seat on their bed, “I am not mad at you, I promise. I am just feeling a bit overwhelmed. Sirius told me something before we left and I am trying not to think about it too much but... well it brings up the future and it is starting to stress me when it shouldn’t.”

Her face softened as she took a spot next to him, “Do you want to talk about it?”

A slight smile formed, “It may not even come to pass so I don’t want to worry anyone else about it quite yet. Let’s just say it is something I have thought about but with everything else going on...” he trailed off, leaving her concerned once more before he let out a deep sigh. “What do you want to do
with your life Hermione? After school I mean, where do you picture yourself in five, even ten years?"

"I..." this time it was her turn to pause, she had so many dreams and ambitions growing up, all of which had changed and shattered upon finding out she was a Witch. After that they had been different, and then those had been slowly twisted and mutilated over her first two years of schooling... up until she had met 'Mr. Rochester'. At that point things had changed, and her dreams had begun to stabilize around him. "I want to be with you obviously, but apart from that I think I would like to be a teacher maybe, or run a charity, maybe even volunteer. I want to help people, to change the world and aid those in need rather than the ones that those in power tell us to help."

He needed, "I think you would be amazing at any career you pursue. What about your personal life? Do you want to someday get married and have children? Look forward to coming home to someone every day that focuses on you?"

"Of course I do," the bushy-haired Witch answered immediately, "but I also realized a long time ago that you aren't going to just choose me, even in my wildest dreams." she stood, before walking over to the dresser in order to hide the tears that had formed at her confession. "But that's okay, because I realized something too... do you know what?"

"Tell me," he gently encouraged.

"That I also want to share you as well... that this means I already have a family. I have sisters, older and younger to care for and who care for me. I have a prat cousin named Draco, and two mischievous fathers who like to play pranks but would protect me in a heartbeat if I needed it. I get some aunts and uncles who, while a bit stuck up, are still fun and own mansions. I might even have a raven-haired husband in the future who loves me for me and a few children who have plenty of brothers and sisters to play with."

She turned back to him, no longer bothering to conceal the droplets running down her face, "I am an only child Harry. I never had friends growing up, no cousins to spend time with... the only people I ever truly felt I could confide in were those in books and stories, but now? Now I do. I know that I can talk to Tonks or Fleur if I need older girl advice. I know that if I am feeling sad that Luna and Ginny will try to cheer me up. If I need someone my own age and maturity that Hedwig will set aside what she is doing to spend time with me. You have given me a family Harry, I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you and those around you. I want to watch as you change the world and help you every step of the way. I want you to be happy Harry, all of us do."

"What about your parents?"

That single question caused her to hesitate. The relationship between her and the two elder Grangers had been strained her first few years of Hogwarts, culminating in the summer into their fourth year where she saw them for only a few minutes before they left on a vacation. She had promptly done the same with Tonks, and hadn't so much as sent them a letter since. This year she had conducted a further experiment, and hadn't returned home at all, curious on what would happen.

Thus far it didn't seem as though they had even noticed.

"My parents are gone Harry... I think they have since finding out about Magic, slowly slipping away from me so that they could distance themselves from a world they cannot understand. I want nothing to do with them."

The girl walked back to the bed, before falling back down onto it, "Enough of the serious conversation, I do believe we owe each other some naked time."
He grinned, before standing and moving to position himself between her legs, “I agree miss Granger, now let's see if we can put that extensive vocabulary of yours to use hm? Would you like to try some dirty talk?”

Blushing, the older teen nodded shyly as he inched forward, fingertips sliding up her legs and pushing her panties to the side in one fluid motion. “I can't wait to hear you screaming my name while I fuck you.”

The Gryffindor's mouth practically dropped, before she managed to recover from the shock and cleared her throat to try and respond, unfortunately he chose that moment to slide a finger inside of her, sending ripples of pleasure through her body.

“N-n-not fair...”

“Oh I think it is very fair. You are always such a prim and proper girl that I think you need to loosen up a little. What ever would your parents think if they saw their precious daughter in such a position?”

“Th-they would b-be so d-disappointed,” she managed to moan out as he explored her insides, “S-seeing th-their innocent v-virgin daughter being u-used like this... t-taken advantage of.”

“Mmmm and there is so many things I can do to take advantage of you. Use your cute little body for my wicked desires, fuck that formerly virginal cunt of yours until you are screaming my name, use your pussy for my own pleasure. In fact I think I might just do that right now, what do you think of that miss 'innocent virgin’?”

She nodded, too out of breath, and on the edge of orgasm, to actually voice a response.

“Nuh uh, I want to hear you say it.”

“P-please H-Harry, f-fuck me u-until I...”

He rammed inside of her a second later, earning a scream of pleasure as his hands slid further up her body, touching and caressing as he went.

***LoD***

Harry Potter and Hermione Granger walked out of the Floo, hand in hand as they arrived back from their week-long vacation.

“My Lord!” a happy squeal of excitement greeted them as Luna, once again, tackled him.

“Luna, you do know we are going to spend a week together after Ginny and I return.”

“Oh I know, but I just missed you so much!”

The two older teens smiled down at the lovable blonde, until an adult cleared his throat from the doorway.

“Hey pup, how was your time… to be honest I’m surprised you two aren’t carrying more books…”

Hermione blushed deeply, before gesturing towards the bag she had securely wrapped around her arm, “Expansion Charm… there are a lot of books…”

The boy-who-lived merely smiled, he had purchased enough to keep the bushy-haired Witch busy for at least a full year of reading, much to her protest on how he ‘shouldn’t spend so much’.
Sirius grinned as well, “I hope you paid him back for them” he teased, earning another confirming blush from the girl. “Hey uh pup, before we get off topic we sorta need to talk with you before you go running off with Ginny.”

“Of course, let me just help Hermione unpack and…”

A snap echoed through the room as a rather irritated House-elf appeared, grabbed the bags, and disappeared again all the while muttering about how ‘Master was taking away work from good, honest Dobby.’

“Or not…”

“Go on ahead Harry, I want to catch up with the girls anyway.”

Nodding, the emerald-eyed boy followed his godfather into the sitting room, where minutes later the other adults of his inner circle joined.

“Black…” Snape growled in annoyance, “I thought we agreed this wasn’t a necessary interruption.”

“We aren’t interrupting, Harry is between vacations and it is important Snape, so swallow your damned pride and just get on with it.”

The Potion master bit back a response, before sighing and producing the letter sent to him a week prior by Dumbledore. Once handed over the boy skimmed over it, his eyes narrowing in annoyance as he took it in. “How… irritating. A piece on the board changes color and Dumbledore moves to neutralize it.”

This wasn’t the first time Snape had thought of the Headmaster as a ‘Chess Master’ and had often wondered his own role in the game.

A knight? A pawn?

“Oh relax professor, you are certainly one of the ‘important’ pieces. The pawns are those I have no use for. Regardless this little intrusion will not stand, Dumbledore believes himself two steps ahead, but I am prepared for him.”

“I understand my Lord.”

“My side project will likely be done by next summer at the absolute latest, until then take a vacation professor, when was the last time you had one?”

Severus Snape paused to consider, “It… has been more than a few years.” He noted.

“Good, then relax. So long as you are still being paid there is nothing to worry about. If worst comes to worst, we will simply have you move into one of the many homes Lucius or I own and give you a stipend until we can secure a steadier source of income.”

The blonde promptly cleared his throat, “You might as well simply start with that now Severus, you have been in and out several times a day over the past half of a week, why not just move in temporarily? We certainly have the rooms available.”

“That will not be…” the man attempted to argue, before Sirius took that moment to add in his own thoughts.

“I’m not sure if you have heard Snape, but Lucius is basically our little servant for the next month or
so. I mean why not enjoy it while it lasts if nothing else?”

Bellatrix nodded excitedly, “We even got a little bell to summon him with!”

Letting out a sigh, the Malfoy Lord began to regret making the offer in the first place.

***LoD***

“If I didn’t know better I would have thought you were trying to send me a message...” the boy noted with a hint of teasing, earning a slight blush from the redhead. Currently they were walking down the hallway towards their hotel room, now this in of itself would not have been odd save for the request of Ginny for their room, the ‘Honeymoon Suite’.

“I uhm....” The young Weasley wanted to think of something to defend her choice that didn't make her sound so odd, but she just couldn't, not that it mattered to her 'husband'.

The raven-haired boy merely smiled, “Relax my love, I always enjoy trying something new. Plus, I have always wanted to spend a week in Paris.”

She smiled warmly at the boy she had fallen in love with. He could have anyone he wanted, could have them in any way he wanted and yet he still let them choose and respected their requests. Upon their arrival at the designated room the teen unlocked the room before turning back to his 'bride'.

Ginny quirked her head to the side, “Yes? What is wrong Harrrry!?” the girl immediately squealed as he swept her up into his arms before carrying her into the room, grinning while she giggled with delight.

He set her onto the bed a moment later as their mouths met, tongues intertwining as the two teens began the hasty procedure of undressing each other. Minutes later he began kissing down her neck, his intent obvious, when she grabbed his face and pulled him back up to her own.

“Oh no, this is our honeymoon Harry. That means sex first, second, and third. Everything else can come later.” With that she reached down to take hold of his erection, before guiding it to her, already moist, slit. Without any further encouragement needed he began to slide in, causing her to throw her head backwards with a loud moan and exposing herself to him once more.

Leaning forward the boy-who-lived began one of his favorite pastimes involving the redhead, kissing the freckles that covered her pale skin. She was already beginning to develop signs of being curvier than Hermione or Luna would be, her hips widening and breasts growing faster than the others, but there was still a lithe and athletic feel to her limbs and stomach. His hands caressed up and down while her own grabbed his ass and pulled forward, eager to have him completely enveloped inside of her.

His hips thrust forward, and she let out a deep groan as her body trembled from the pleasure coursing through it. “Oh God yes...”

He hummed in agreement against her throat before pulling back and thrusting in at a slow, but steady, pace. Soon enough she was on the edge of her second orgasm as she wrapped her legs around his waist, her body shaking with need and delight.

“Tell me what you want Ginny.” he whispered into her ear, sending more shivers through her body at the huskiness lacing his voice.

“I-inside me,” she whimpered back in response. “D-don't pull out, fill me Harry, make me a mother please.”
He sped up at her encouragement, and minutes later they climaxed in unison, her arms tightening around his back to bring him into a sweaty hug. Moments passed before he chuckled lightly, “Bit of a pregnancy kink too hm?”

The Weasley daughter merely blushed in response.

***LoD***

“I cannot believe this!”

Hedwig paused as she stood at the doorway to the kitchen, before entering in to spy Fleur Delacour fighting the urge to tear a letter into tiny pieces.

“What's wrong Fleur?”

“Th-these... arseholes! You know that Gabbie applied to Hogwarts? Well we just received a response... they said no. She can't go back to Beauxbatons, what are we going to...”

“Fleur, take a deep breath, sit down, and relax. Harry isn't going to let anything happen to you or your sister. As soon as he gets back we will tell him what happened, but until then let's talk with the others and come up with a backup plan okay?” With that the two set out to locate the other adults, and found them gathered in the sitting room a few minutes later.

As the two girls entered Sirius frowned at the expressions they were bearing, but before he could inquire Hedwig took it upon herself to address them, “It seems as though Gabbie has been denied acceptance to Hogwarts, most likely as some means of discrimination or as revenge for her joining Harry. Obviously, he will be rather upset by this so let's see if we can come up with a plan in the meantime.”

Snape nodded first, “Since I am unable to return to Hogwarts myself I can teach her Potions in my free time. I may dislike dealing with a room full of idiots, but I have always enjoyed the individual apprenticeships and the amount of skill that can be passed down through them.”

“I am a bit of a Transfiguration prodigy, so I should be able to help her there.” Sirius chimed in next, with a confirming glance over to his best friend he continued, “Plus Moony taught Defense two years ago and is pretty darn good at Charms.”

“I would be happy to go over politics, social etiquette, and English if she requires it. While Draco is away at school I have nothing else to do besides sit around and gossip with the other Pureblood mothers, this will be a nice change of pace.” Narcissa noted.

Fleur held back the happy tears, before moving forward and pulling Hedwig into a surprise hug. Her own mother and father would not have gone through half of that amount of effort if they had still been in France, and on speaking terms.

***LoD***

“How is your meal my dear?”

The redhead glanced up, smiling warmly at the boy seated across from her. “It's amazing Harry! Thank you so much for bringing me here... and paying... and just, everything.”

He grinned back in response, “Well worth it just for your company.”

“And the nights?” she teased.
He took on one of his 'thoughtful' expressions, “Oh I don't know about that, if memory serves I recall *someone* passing out last night from pleasure but I don't *think* it was me...”

She blushed, muttering something about him being a prat before shoving some more food into her mouth.

“Don't be upset my dear, just some light teasing, I promise I will make it up for you later hm? That or when we go shopping.” He returned to his meal, missing the guilt crossing over the girl's face.

Moments later her whispered tone had him halting mid bite, “I'm not a very good girlfriend am I...”

His eyes snapped up to take in her sad expression, “Ginny...”

“It's true... I mean you are paying for everything, indulging in my childish requests, going on the vacation that *I* wanted to go on... this isn't fair to you.”

He reached across the table faster than she could react, grabbing her hands in his own, gently yet firmly. “Ginny, I don't *care* about any of that. Between my own fortunes and my godparents I have more money than I could ever hope to spend, I chose to go with you to Paris because...” he faltered, frowning as if unsure of himself.

“What? Harry what is...”

“Because I didn't know where to go myself... have you ever wondered why I every time I go on a vacation it is always what someone *else* wants to do? I wouldn't know what to do if it were just me, I don't... really know how to just relax and plan something like this.”

Her expression softened, “Harry... this is why we practically *demanded* you take us on these. Luna, Hermione, Hedwig... all of us see how you are constantly busy, constantly *working* all year at school. Between protecting us, pushing your plans, schoolwork, dealing with professors and all the constant life-or-death situations... we want you to learn to relax and just be a normal teenage boy.”

“And that is something you can help me with, it is something that you can teach me that *makes* you a 'good girlfriend'.”

“That...” she noted, before slipping her foot out of her shoe and rubbing it up his leg underneath the table, “and I am sure there are *other* things I can do for you later...”

***LoD***

Sirius Black let out an exaggerated sigh, earning the attention of the others in the room, “You know we have been working for a really long time, I think we should take a break. All in favor?”

Nearby his best friend nodded, before stretching his arms and back, Narcissa, meanwhile rolled out her shoulders and Bellatrix reached for a small bell on the table before giving it a slight ring.

Moments later Lucius Malfoy, practically stomped in, annoyance evident on his face. “You *rang*?”

“Ah Lucy *darling*, we have been *very busy* and have decided to take a slight break. Be a dear and bring us some refreshments.”

The man gritted his teeth, “Of *course* mistress Bellatrix, anything in *particular* you would like?”

Tapping her chin the woman glanced back at the others, and in particular her grinning cousin. “How about something light? Maybe some wine and a light snack?” the Lord Black replied.
“Yes Lord Padfoot I would be happy to get you those, thank you.” He borderline growled, before turning to retrieve the objects.

“Oh Lucy, before I forget, what is for dinner?”

Malfoy Lord, barely managed to bite back the profanities that rested on his tongue, before taking a breath and turning back to the group. “I will have to ask the House...”

Narcissa immediately shook her head, “Now you know that simply won't do Lucius. I believe the Elves could use night to catch up on all the cleaning they are being required to do with the servants constantly coming in and out of the mansion. I really think you should take care of dinner.”

It looked for a moment as if the man were about to scream, or at least whine, but held back and merely gave a curt nod. “I will see what I can make with what we have in stock.”

***LoD***

“This way Harry, we are almost there!”

“I do believe you said that three hours ago Luna...”

The blonde merely giggled happily as they finally reached a small tent in the middle of cluster of trees. “Here we are!”

Blinking a few times, the boy merely chuckled in disbelief, “For our vacation you wanted to go camping?”

She nodded excitedly, “When my father and I used to go camping I always felt alone, abandoned, unloved... and I hated it. So, I wanted to make some good memories of the outdoors instead.”

He took another step towards her, before turning her around and pulling her into a hug, “You are never going to be alone again Luna. The other girls and I won't let that happen, you understand?”

She nodded, fighting back the tears threatening to form in her eyes. They stood that way for a few minutes, before she pulled back a bit and smiled at him, “Thank you Harry... you don't know how much that means to me.”

His smile fell into one of understanding, and it took her breath away for a moment, “Actually I think I might. If it hadn't been for Hedwig... you and I are far more alike than you might realize Luna.”

The two made eye contact, as if in silent communication for a few minutes, before Luna smiled warmly and gestured towards the tent, “It isn't Magically expanded I just... wanted to do something a bit more natural.”

“Sounds fun.”

“There is a stream nearby with fish and we can make a fire and...”

“Luna,” he interrupted the girl's slight rant, “I told you before, it sounds nice. I enjoyed camping with Moony in the summer before I met Padfoot I am sure I will enjoy camping with you.”

She nodded again, “Then there is just one more thing...”

He quirked his head to the side, “Oh?”

She grinned before pulling her shirt off, “No other people around for miles and I have always wanted
to spend a week naked.”

The Potter heir laughed, before beginning to strip down as well.

***LoD***

“Okay, so how are we doing on The List?” Sirius inquired, a hidden twirl of his Wand causing a sound of thunder to echo through the room for extra drama.

The other adults rolled their eyes at his display, before Lucius cleared his throat to answer, “We have already agents assigned to the following tasks: investigate Delacour finances, keep tabs on Skeeter, obtain information from the school board, infiltrate Fudge’s cabinet, discover identity of substitute Potion professor, discover identity of substitute Head of Slytherin, and discover identity of next Defense professor.”

“And how many of these tasks are actually done?”

Shifting uncomfortably the blonde let out a sigh, “None... most of the information is still rumors at this point, Fudge is being far more paranoid than before, and the Delacour’s are rather connected in France, far more than we are.”

Rubbing at her eyes, Narcissa let out a slight groan, “What about the other tasks? Why haven't those been assigned?”

Lucius snorted, “It was hard enough finding volunteers for the simple things much less the life-threatening ones.”

“It doesn’t matter, we know what has to be done.” Sirius argued, earning him a glare from the Malfoy Lord.

“The general consensus is that Lupin be the one who hunts down...”

“No.” Snape growled from where he sat at the table, “The assignment was to bring Greyback in alive. If Remus goes there is guaranteed to be bloodshed.”

Gazes drifted over to the man in question, who seemed to be struggling to hold in his own anger at the situation.

“Snape's right, besides why not just send him to speak with the Weasley's? Our Lord wanted to see how setting up their business was going and he ran in their circles if I remember right.” Narcissa intoned, earning a nod of agreement from the others.

“That still leaves the murderer...” The Malfoy Lord muttered.

At that Bellatrix let out an annoyed sigh, “Oh for the love of... fine I'll go drag the arsehole back here by his tail. No wonder our Lord needed a vacation from all the whiny brats.”

***LoD***

“I'm going to kill him.”

Harry brought his head up a bit to look down at the blonde laying on his chest. She had mumbled into him, but still he had heard her clear as day.

“You know that I am not requiring you to do that Luna, I would never demand you kill anyone for me, especially not your father.”
She shook her head, “I want to, I need to. After everything he did to me... there were so many times I should have died because of his own neglect, so many moments I should have not returned from one of his trips... and he didn't even notice. He doesn't care about me, maybe he never did.”

Harry reached down and gently pulled her up so that he was face to face with the blonde, “We do care Luna, you know that right? I told you when we first arrived here that you will never be alone again and I intend to honor that. We love you, all of us do.”

She nodded quickly, wiping away a few tears as she struggled to force the smile back onto her face, up until a hand gently caressed her cheek. “You don't need to pretend around me Luna, not here. Show me the real you, the one who isn't trying to hide from the pain and taunts, the one who doesn't shield herself behind the imaginary creatures. I want to see all of you, the light and the darkness.”

“That show me,” she replied, “if we are going to spend the next four days without clothing then let's spend these days without pretending. I want to see everything you hide from us as well. No more pretending to be the perfect person. Show me your flaws and imperfections.”

He flipped her over onto her back before she even realized what he was doing, pinning her arms above her head as he pushed tongue into her mouth dominating her even as she let out a whimper in response.

With his forearm holding her wrists his other arm went down her body, squeezing and touching where he wanted until he reached her legs and pulled the one up, allowing him access to her sex which he promptly pushed into, earning another gasp from the girl, which was easily covered by his mouth once more. With that he pulled back and rammed back in, brutally fucking her before he realized she had wrapped her legs around his waist, pushing back against him in ecstasy.

“M-more, harder, Harry. Make me forget, make it hurt.” Luna demanded in a darker tone between gasping breaths.

His lips dropped to her neck, biting into her hard enough to earn a gasp of pain and pleasure as he reached up to squeeze her breast.

“Harder, harder! Fuck me like you own me!” the blonde growled, pushing back with her hips just as roughly as he was thrusting forward, “Show me how strong you are, dominate me like you should. Teach me why you are my Lord, why every girl spreads her legs for you. Fuck me like I am nothing but your property!”

His arms left her, before grabbing her hips and raising her ass off the ground to get a better angle. At this point she no longer had any ability to move, and simply reached back to grab her lover's arms, gripping them as if desperate for him to never let go while he abused her body. Seconds later she screamed out in orgasm, her pussy clenching down as he found his own release and completely sheathed himself into her.

The two stilled, riding out their pleasure before he gently released her waist, leaned forward and slid his hands behind her back to bring her completely into his lap and pulling her into a deep kiss.

***LoD***

Rita Skeeter sat at her desk, long since being the only one still at the office. Her eyes continually attempted to read the parchment set in front of her, but it was hopeless. She simply could not concentrate on anything at this point.

Reaching out the woman took a hold of a bottle and tried to bring it to her lips, the alcohol within
being one of the few sources of comfort she could manage. Unfortunately, her hand was trembling so badly that she could no longer keep a steady grip, and instead dropped it onto the floor where it shattered into hundreds of pieces.

“Bloody buggering shite…” she swore, before dropping her head onto the desk covered in paper. A second later she began to cry. Her life was falling apart all over again, and this time she couldn’t escape it.

The woman’s body was going through withdrawal, her mind barely functioning enough to get through the day, and her mood shifting so quickly even she couldn’t predict it from one minute to the next. Something had to be done.

She needed to have that feeling again, the weightlessness and adrenaline that had burned through her veins a month prior.

She needed Harry Potter.

The problem was that he wasn’t an easy person to contact, and even if she could reach him it would be a matter of convincing him to give her another dose of pure ecstasy. Perhaps she could simply offer him the use of her body?

No, that wouldn’t work, her features were already beginning to diminish, and the boy had hundreds of women begging to share a bed with him even for a single night. She knew what he wanted, knew what would be required of her in order to receive what she needed in return.

With a defeated sigh she reached one trembling hand over to a quill, and slowly began to write out a request to meet him.

***LoD***

A/N: Sorry if the Lemon content wasn’t as good as usual, been a busier week than I intended it to be and it just feels a bit lackluster.
**Travel & Positioning**

**Lord of Darkness**

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories.

***LoD***

Harry stared down at the pamphlet handed to him by the Auror, before glancing up at her, “Skydiving Tonks?”

The woman merely grinned in reply, “Sure! But not just skydiving, a whole week of exciting, heart stopping, adrenaline pumping fun! Just think about it Harry, we could rent a Muggle car and go racing around a track, jump off a bridge, go rock climbing, white water rafting!”

Musing it over for a moment, perhaps just to make the Witch sweat a bit, the teen nodded in acceptance, “Sure, sounds like fun. So, what's first.”

Her smile broadened, “Have you ever gone kayaking over a waterfall before?”

***LoD***

Amidst the awards, public speeches, investigations, and fears surrounding the still-at-large Death Eaters the news concerning the death of Xenophilius Lovegood, due to an accident while in the mountains of Norway, went almost completely unnoticed. What was noticed, however, was the sudden influx of cash to the Quibbler, now under the ownership of Luna Lovegood, from several anonymous donors. Within weeks it had changed from ranting and raving about various ‘imaginary’ creatures to being a more honest, and gossip free, source of news for the Wizarding community.

The articles concerning Nargles and other creatures were now placed towards the end of the papers, intended for a younger audience or those who needed a cheering up with everything else happening in the world.

Rather than being, rather obviously, politically aligned the Quibbler went for neutrality, mentioning all sides of the political spectrum, and even containing a few notable happenings from the Muggle world as well.

By the time the summer was ending it would be the second most read newspaper in Magical England, with only The Prophet being slightly ahead in sales. There had been initially some concerns about its continuation when the young girl went back to Hogwarts, but the fears were dismissed when she named Remus Lupin ‘Editor-in-Chief’.

***LoD***

“I gotta admit lover boy, this has been one hell of a week.” The Auror exclaimed between bites of her dinner. They had gone to an amusement park earlier in the day and her adrenaline was beginning to subside enough for rational thought and normal conversation. The only problem with this being that it also made her more aware of the time and date.
It was the last evening of their vacation, and soon she would not only have to return to work, but also go back to not seeing Harry for weeks, possibly months, at a time.

Seeing her expression fall a tad the boy smiled and nudged her leg under the table with his foot, earning a snort and a smile as she engaged in a childish game of ‘footsies’ with him at the restaurant.

“It’s too bad we don’t have more time, we could have gone on at least one more adventure.” She muttered wistfully.

He glanced to the side for a moment, before returning his attention to his date, “Who said we can’t?”

Tonks’ lips curled up into a grin, “Ooooo, got a plan in mind hm?”

“You might say something like that, finish up your dinner though, we have a few minutes.”

The woman stared back for a few seconds, before giving up trying to guess what was going on and simply resigning herself to a surprise. Ten minutes later they paid, and he gestured for her to follow him out into the street.

By that point the sun was beginning to sink below the horizon, elongating the shadows and sending beautiful streaks of color through the sky. The pair continued traveling the, slowly vacating, streets as the woman stared around in wonder, having so little time to simply enjoy the scenery and beauty of the World. As they came to an alleyway the boy held out an arm, stopping her as he peered around the corner.

It was then that she realized what was happening, and crept behind him, “So…” she whispered, “who are we following and why?”

“We are following one of the men from the restaurant… and because the chase is often as much fun as what comes after.”

She blinked in confusion, pushing aside the unease forming in her gut, “And uhmmm… what comes after?”

He turned to look back into her eyes, a dark grin forming on his face that she had never seen before. “Why the kill of course.”

Barely holding in a gasp Tonks staggered backwards a few steps, “K-k-kill? You are going to kill someone!?”

“Of course not my dear… we are going to kill him. You wanted a thrill, correct? Think of this as the ultimate one.”

Fighting back the urge to heave up the contents of her dinner the woman could not fight the paling of her skin, and the teen let out a sigh, “Listen Tonks, thus far you are the only one who follows me that can still claim to have never seen this side of what I do. I kill people. I have before, and I will again. This is part of my plan Tonks, the revolution I am planning is not without bloodshed.”

“B-b-but…”

“If you do not wish to be a part of this I understand, but aren’t you the least bit curious as to why?”

“Wh-why? Why what?”

“Why him” the boy emphasized as he glanced around the corner at their prey once more. “You
spend so much time tracking down killers, dealing with murderers and monsters… aren’t you the least bit interested as to how we choose our victims?"

She wanted to scream ‘NO!’, to beg him not to take a life needlessly, to try and change him into something else… but there was also something deep in her mind that was curious. A darker portion that she had kept locked away for years. A part of her conscious that craved sin, crime, and violence. It was one of the reasons she had chosen to become an Auror after all. She could have picked a dozen other careers to help people with, such as a Mediwitch like her mother. But no, she had picked the career that mixed the violent and darker side of society with helping others, thus feeding both of her personalities.

“I… I guess…”

The boy’s grin was now a mixture of excitement and monstrous ambition. It both unnerved and thrilled her to a point she wasn’t happy to admit.

He gave a slight gesture for her to come closer and spy with him. Upon doing so she found herself looking at a rather suspicious situation in and of itself. The man was meeting with another in a dark corner of the alley, both with hoods tossed over their heads to hide their features despite it being rather warm.

“He is a trafficker.”

Nodding, the woman gave a slight twirl of the Wand in her pocket, enhancing her hearing to pick up the conversation taking place. A trick she had learned as an Auror.

Never did she imagine using it in preparation for murder.

She could just pick up a few key words before the pair broke off in separate directions, but what she could gather there was a rather large shipment in preparation to be sold, but it had to be moved in the next day at most. The authorities were, apparently, becoming suspicious.

Idly, she considered asking her lover what it was the man was trying to sell, but he answered before she could do so. “People.”

Her head snapped towards him, eyes widening in horror.

“He is preparing to sell people, children to be exact.” The teen spat in disgust, “When we were at the restaurant, I picked up the generics in a sweeping use of Legilimency that I occasionally perform when I have suspicions towards someone. He has fifteen ‘products’ in a storehouse nearby but needs to sell them off in thirty-six hours to avoid the police.”

“But I thought he said…”

Shaking his head, the boy crept along after their target, with Tonks moving quickly behind him, “A common ploy, if the seller seems desperate than the buyer believes the price to be lower than it actually is. Gives the illusion of haste to the transaction.”

Nymphadora’s mouth went dry. Sure, there were always rumors of such things occurring in the Magical world but most of it was just that, rumors. The idea that Magical children could go missing and not be noticed was anathema to Aurors. But it wasn’t in the Muggle world, and that was something she had never truly been able to grasp. How could anyone do such a thing to children!?

“Now you understand,” his tone was cold and dark, with promises of unimaginable pain to those at the receiving side of his wrath. “I do not kill without reason Tonks. I destroy those truly deserving of
it. True there will be times others question my actions, but I have a goal in mind, a bright future I am working towards. A future where scum like him do not roam free to prey upon the innocent.”

Fighting back the new source of revulsion the Auror gave a curt nod, “I’m in, when do we fry the bastard?”

She found herself matching the grin forming on his face, “Soon, once he returns to check on his ‘wares’ we strike. That way a call to the police concerning a dead body will have them investigating the area and finding the children immediately.”

Nodding she followed his lead, practically melting into the shadows with him as they trailed the bastard through the, now almost empty, streets of the town. It was at this moment that Tonks understood what he had said earlier.

It was a rush unlike anything she had ever experienced. The knowledge that this monster was going to die and didn’t realize it, that she could take his life at any moment and he would be none the wiser, that she could reach out and strangle him without him even knowing she was there had her heart pounding and pulse racing.

The Auror, although at this point she would not consider herself to be one, was tapping into something long dormant in herself, a primal urge to stalk and hunt, to kill and take vengeance upon those who so justly deserved it. This is what she had been missing in her job, in her life. The ability to go around the rules and laws, to spit upon the bureaucracy and pointless regulations that their ‘civilized’ society saw fit to use to protect the filth that corrupted the innocent.

If she were on the job she wouldn’t be able to do this, couldn’t be tailing a man without probable cause or suspicions. She couldn’t do anything until a warrant was procured, until the higher ups were informed and signed off on the actions, until those who might be in on such a disgusting thing were informed and gave their approval.

Repulsion filled her stomach, but it was not in her own actions. No, it was towards those who would try and protect such a person, to allow crimes to go unpunished simply because of technicalities. It was towards the society that valued the rights of the potentially guilty over those of the victims.

“We’re here.” Harry whispered, and she nodded. Yes, this was perfect. Off the beaten path to shield them from onlookers, but not enough that the police would have trouble locating the spot.

“The children?” she growled and noted a slight gesture from the boy towards a barred arch window at street level. “Are you sure that…”

“Muggle repelling Charms are useful, but Muggle attracting Charms can be more so. The officers will feel compelled to investigate.”

A nod answered him, it was far past the time for words, now was the moment for actions. For deeds that were best taken in the dark of the night. For blood to be spilled.

“Go on, become their angel, save them by smiting him. Make him regret every life he has ruined, there will be no help for him this night, no last forgiveness despite his pleas. Make it hurt.”

Tonks said nothing but drew her Wand and sent a piercing Curse through the offending man’s left knee, he fell to the ground screaming in almost instantly, but the silencing Wards were already up.

‘No reason to interrupt the fun yet’ the boy mused as he watched the woman stalk forward, hair shifting through colors as she eyed her target. The criminal collected himself enough to reach into his cloak for something, a gun most likely, but a darker spell she had learned a summer prior had him
screaming even louder, and for help, as his skin began to boil.

“Oh, don’t bother,” she called out, almost playfully, as an imitation of Bellatrix, “we are going to have a lot of time together. See the problem with people like you is that you fear the law so much that you go out of your way to hide from it. You are a long way away from anyone who might even bother helping you.”

Another twist of her wrist, and muttered incantation, had the skin from his legs flayed, his eyes burning, a feeling of drowning forced into his throat, and spiked barbs covering his torso.

“So much time.” Tonks growled again, before setting to work on the man. An hour later and she decided that the kids had waited enough, a few minor spells hid any sort of evidence that might point to Magic and with that she returned to the boy who had been patiently waiting nearby.

A nod of her head had him grinning, before he gave a slight gesture and then took a step back with the woman, shadows coating them from all sight. There they waited for another ten minutes before the police arrived and discovered the kidnapped children minutes later. The two slipped away, unnoticed by all as they returned to their hotel room.

“So, Tonks… how do you feel?” the boy-who-lived inquired as the two entered the room, and a silencing Charm was cast over the area to ensure no one would overhear them. Instead of a verbal response he found himself pushed up against the wall, lips covering his throat and a pair of hands desperately clawed at his clothing in attempts to rip through them.

Fire coursed through her veins, a heat that, unlike during the rest of the vacation, had not been extinguished with a chilly walk back through the night. She wanted, needed, more. More release, more excitement, more passion. Never had she felt so alive, so hungry.

And she knew exactly what she wanted to feast upon.

“I…am…going…to…shag…the…life…out…of…you.” She muttered breathily between ‘love bites.’

Instead a pair of hands grabbed her waist and spun her around against the wall before sliding down and pulling her pants from her body.

“Not if I fuck you first Tonks.”

The older woman growled, before pushing him backwards, slapping him across the face, and tackling him onto the bed. As she did so her own hand went south, and gripped his, nearly hardened, manhood. “Oh no, I’m in charge this time you little shit. So tell me, whose cock this is hm?”

She made a mental note to ask Harry how exactly he managed to flip them over once more, so that he was on top, without removing her hand from his pants.

“Mine you slut, now bend over and take your fucking like a good little whore and maybe I’ll play with you after I am done using you.”

“Fuck you!” she bit out, wrapping her legs around him to spin them once again, thankful that the bed was just large enough to do so. “I am going to ride your fucking cock until I milk your balls dry, and then I am going to tie you to this damn bed!” With that declaration she ripped his own pants off, not bothering with their shirts, before gripping him again and slamming down onto his shaft, taking him entirely into her bed as she groaned out in ecstasy.

In that moment of weakness Harry rolled them back to the center, pulled halfway out of her before
slamming back inside at a quickening pace. “What was that Nymphadora? You were saying something about shagging me? See the problem with that is you talk big but then act like a fucking virgin, cumming as soon as we even start. So maybe you should just stick to laying on your fucking back while I…”

The Auror growled once more, after coming to her senses following the full-body orgasm, and managed to twist them in such a way that she ended up straddling him while he was seated. It was then she began bouncing roughly up and down on his erection, before biting into his shoulder.

“I said I am not fucking done with you yet you little bastard. Now how about you sit there like a good little boy and let me take advantage of your cute little teenage body hm?”

His hands went up to squeeze her breasts, rather roughly, earning a whimper and halting her ministrations. Seconds later he had her spun around, and on her knees, face first in the mattress as he pounded her cunt from behind.

“Oh I’m sorry what was that miss big bad Auror? You were saying something about being in control but now you are face down, ass up like a common slut.” The room echoed as he slapped her ass, causing her to moan once more. “You know I rather like you in this position Nymph, face down, unable to talk, being used like a breeding whore. I think I’ll keep you like this for the rest of the night. Maybe if you beg I’ll play with your ass while I’m at it.”

She attempted to push herself up, only to have him pull her arms behind her back, holding her wrists together as his other arm groped her breasts. “I’m not finished with your body yet. If you want to get up, you will beg, like a whore.”

There was some muttering from the bed, earning a quickening of pace from him and another clenching of her pussy, signifying yet another orgasm. “What was that, you should speak up.”

“P-please…” she muttered mid-groan.

“Louder you bitch”

“Please let me up!” she practically screams, her body trembling in pleasure.

He grinned, releasing her arms as he did so, “That is fucking better.” She was up on her hands and knees a second later, pushing back to meet his thrusts with her entire body, moaning even louder than before.

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck…” the Auror chanted, as the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room.

His hands found her hips, allowing him to lean forward next to her ear, “About time I use your body like it was meant to be…” he growled, “and breed you like you so obviously want.”

“Yes!” her insides clenched down, massaging him in a vice-like grip as her body urged him to climax as well. He finally did, bottoming out inside of her with a grunt. Seconds later they both fell forward, covered in sweat and bodily fluids.

***LoD***

“That was my first time…” she muttered into his skin as her lips planted kisses up and down his chest, “taking a life I mean. I got pretty lucky so far in my career that I never had to, well you know.”

He turned his gaze to her while running his fingers across her side, “Do you regret it?”
Tonks paused to consider her feelings but eventually shook her head, “No... no not really. I mean the guy was human garbage if ever there was any. The world is a better place without him and I understand you a bit better now.”

“You do know that your director, Dumbledore, and most of society for that matter will never be okay with taking the law into your own hands.”

The Auror shrugged, “To hell with them, most of the people would understand and probably agree with me anyway, in private at least.”

Harry chuckled, “Too true.”

Seconds ticked by before she paused once more, “What about you? What was your first time taking a life?” His caressing halted, eyes taking on a faraway look as he recalled back into his childhood, in that moment she knew she had asked the wrong thing, and quickly began stuttering out an apology.

“I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ask that I just...”

“No, no it is alright. It was back at the orphanage, before I went to Hogwarts, I was about seven at the time. Back then it was just Hedwig and I but one day I found this stray dog hanging around in the forest behind the building. I took a liking to him and would go out every day and feed him whatever was left from the table scraps.”

He smiled as the memories began to resurface, but for Tonks a knot formed in her stomach at how this would eventually lead to him taking a life at such a young age.

“One day I went out and he wasn't there, nor the next few. A week passed, and I hadn't seen him and assumed he had wandered off or been taken in by someone... until one of the other children, a bully in his teens told me to check out by a small pond a quarter mile or so from the orphanage. I did and found the remains of the dog. Apparently, the other boy had discovered me taking care of him and decided to kill my 'pet' to make me more miserable.”

The woman gasped, tears forming at her eyes, “So... what happened?”

“I buried the dog of course, a small unmarked grave out in the forest where I had first found him... and then I went after the boy.” A dark and twisted smile formed on the teen's face, “I tricked him to coming outside after dark, and then slowly tortured him to death like he had with the dog. I took my time slowly breaking bones... cutting him to pieces... I suppose that makes me quite the sociopath hm?”

Shaking her head, the woman took his face in her hands and focused his eyes on her own. “No, a sociopath has no empathy Harry, you do. You wouldn't have buried the dog if you didn't care, you wouldn't have taken care of us if you were such a person or given people second chances. That bully? He was the real sociopath. Torturing animals is a sign in the Muggle world of such things.”

The Potter heir nodded, “I know, Hedwig said the same thing when I told her what I had done and was worried about it. That was the first time I began to think of things in a different perspective. If I hadn't killed that boy he might have gone on to kill others, right? Just like the man you killed tonight. Who knows how many lives we have saved with taking just two.”

***LoD***

“Skeeter”

The woman gave a slow, shaky, nod to the voice that came from the dark alleyway. She had
received instructions to meet regarding her ‘request’ several weeks prior. At this point she was likely
to do whatever they wanted just to get some relief. The woman could barely make it through a
morning at work without having to take a break to calm her nerves.

And therein lied another problem, the only way she had found, thus far, to keep herself from
breaking down was through rather heavy drug usage or drinking herself into a stupor at night.

“Y-yes…”

The cloaked man, most definitely not Harry Potter, much to her dismay, brought out a large
envelope, “Everything my Lord requires is inside, feel free to admonish or make up facts regarding
how you figured it out like you usually do.”

A year ago, and she would have had a comeback, but then again, a year ago Rita would also have
been able to make it through a meeting without her body shaking.

Seeming to notice this the man gave a dark chuckle, “Sure messed you up huh? I would toss it to
you, but odds are you can’t catch right now so I’ll just set it here.” He gestured for a nearby pile of
garbage and put the object gently on top, then turned to leave.

“W-wait!”

Pausing mid-stride, the obscured man turned back to her.

“I-I… I need something to help me through, anything.”

He seemed to consider this, before reaching into his robes once more and pulling out a small box and
throwing it to her. Just as he predicted she failed to catch it, and it fell into a nearby muddy puddle.
This seemed to be the last thing on her mind, however, as she immediately dove in after it, opening
the container and seeing, with a sigh of relief, that it contained a dozen vials, all unharmed.

“Don’t take too many at once, this needs to last you remember.”

But Rita Skeeter was no longer paying attention, and immediately uncorked one before pouring it
down her throat with a moan of ecstasy, her body shivering and trembling with pleasure as a joyful
expression formed on her face. It was just like when he had touched her, the same wonderful
sensations flowing through her body.

The former Death Eater almost felt sorry for the woman as she clutched the potion-filled box close to
her chest, cradling it like a child on the ground… but she had also been one of the reasons his family
had almost lost everything they owned several years prior, due to one of her toxic articles.

***LoD***

“So, my dear Fleur, where would you like to go for vacation?”

The blonde Veela smiled, before shaking her head, “In a moment my love, we are still waiting for
one more.”

His eyes blinked twice in confusion, before a very chipper voice called out from behind the pair,
“Sorry I had to pick out a bathing suit.”

The former schoolgirl shook her head in disapproval, “Come now Gabbie you have known about
this for weeks and…”
“Perhaps I could be included in the plan?” Harry inquired, earning a blush from the two sisters.

“Well Harry, since I was informed that I was to be included in the ‘vacation schedule’ I thought it might be okay to bring my sister along as well. She is still having trouble completely adapting here and I would worry about her.”

“I-if you don’t want me to come along I can…”

“No, no it’s fine I just prefer to be informed before we are ready to depart.” He quickly answered, before shooting the older sister a look that said, ‘I am going to find a way to punish you for this later’.

Her response back was a smirk that stated, ‘I am looking forward to it.’

“So, have you two decided where we are going to vacation then?”

“We discussed it with the others. Since you and Hermione toured Europe, Luna wanted to go camping, Hedwig got a private island, and Ginny claimed a week in Paris were hoping you would be okay with an American city, perhaps New Orleans?’

He nodded, “Sounds fine with me, I have always wanted to visit our neighbors across the ocean.”

***LoD***

“Ah yes here is your reservation, Mr. Potter is it?”

The boy-who-lived nodded at the receptionist’s inquiry, leading to them searching through a nearby box of keys. Meanwhile Fleur and her sister were looking over the various paintings adorning the walls.

“It is so pretty here!” the younger exclaimed, earning a smile from her sibling.

“Are you hungry Gabbie? We could get something to eat after we drop off our bags.”

Receiving a happy nod, the former Champion went back to perusing the artwork until she was called out to by the woman at the desk. Returning, she noticed a slightly annoyed look on her lover’s face, and a very apologetic, and almost worried, one on the attendant’s. “What is wrong?”

“I am terribly sorry miss, we have recently begun switching over to our computerized system, but some information is still processed by hand. There has been a mistake on our part and it seems as though your room has been given out to another party by mistake.”

Fleur thought about telling the young woman in front of her exactly what she thought of the situation, but the fear in the woman’s eyes held her back. It wasn’t necessarily her fault.

“Very well, is there another room available?”

The woman bit her lip, and the Veela fought the urge to growl in response. “N-not that meet your specifications I am afraid. You see there is a convention currently going on and so most hotels are almost completely booked.”

Well shit, turning to Harry the older girl gave a sigh, “Perhaps we can find another that is not full? Otherwise we will have to change our plans. A pity, Gabbie was so looking forward to spending the week here.”

“Th-there is another option I just… do not know if you wish to consider it…”
Turning back to the employee the male gave a gesture for her to continue.

“Although we don’t have any multi-bed rooms there is one room still available with a single Queen-sized bed… I just…” the woman glanced between the two in front of her and then to the girl still naïve to the situation at hand. “I am not sure if that will fit your situation.”

Harry was about to answer, when the blonde interrupted, “We will make do. If the other hotels are just as busy, then this will likely be our only option.”

***LoD***

A knocking on the door had Molly Weasley rushing to answer it, before inviting the two men inside moments later.

“Sorry to interrupt anything Mrs. Weasley…”

She waved Remus’ apology off before ushering them inside, “Nonsense, you are always welcome here. Is Harry with you?”

Sirius shook his head, “Still off on one of his fabulous vacations, I am actually surprised you and your husband let Ginny go on one with him.”

Molly smiled, “She needed to do something on her own, to get out and see the world a little. Although I don’t regret it, Arthur and I married right out of school and I was pregnant not soon after. I love my children more than anything else, but I wish I could have just been a young adult for a few years rather than immediately settling down and starting a family.”

The Lord Black gave a nod, “Hey just say the word and I’ll set you and Mr. Weasley up on a tropical vacation, Harry took advantage of that a few weeks ago and loved it.”

“Oh, no we couldn’t impose in such a…”

This time it was the Marauder’s turn to wave off her argument, “Please, that was the first time they have been used in years. Someone might as well take advantage of how much money my great-great-grandfather spent on the darn thing. But anyway, we are here on a bit of business. Fred and George home by chance?”

The woman frowned, before shouting up the stairs for her twin boys, “What did they do this time…” she half-muttered as the sound of footsteps filled the air.

“Yes?”

“Mother dearest”

“Light of our lives”

“Star of our hearts”

“Best cook in the entire…”

She interrupted their tirade before it could continue by gesturing to the two older men, “Sirius and Remus are here to see you. I do so hope you haven’t done anything wrong…”

“They didn’t Mrs. Weasley, I assure you.” The Werewolf gently intoned, “Actually we were here to talk to them about their future business plans.”
The twins’ eyes widened in excitement, while their mother gave a sigh and motioned for them to take a seat on the nearby couch. “I will make some tea then hm? Can’t have you discussing work on empty stomachs.” As she left, she just made out the enthusiastic conversations starting up between the four men and a smile formed on her face. It was always one of her dreams for the two mischievous of her children to find their calling in a way that would continue past school.

***LoD***

“Fleur?”

The older blonde looked up from where she had been reading through a list of local attractions to where her sister was standing nearby, twitching a bit nervously. “What is wrong Gabbie?”

“I uhm… thank you for letting me come along with you and Harry. I know you wanted it to be just the two of you but… thank you.”

A warm smile formed on the older girl’s face, “Of course Gabbie, and I am glad you came. I love spending time with you.”

Nodding slightly the girl continued shifting a bit, a sign of anxiety. It was then that Fleur noticed another little quirk, her sister was making a rather obvious effort of not looking to their bathroom, where Harry was currently relaxing in a bath.

“Gabbie…”

Her soft voice brought the younger from whatever had captured her thoughts, “Y-yeah?”

“Is something else wrong?”

“No… no of course not…”

The older Witch stood, before slowly making her way over to the, now slightly trembling, girl before kneeling to eye level. “You are a dreadful liar Gabbie… tell me what is wrong.”

“I…” this time the younger did glance over to the bathroom, before blushing slightly and quickly diverting her eyes to the floor.

“So that is the issue.’ Fleur noted with a mental smirk. Her sibling was certainly in the age where Veela began to feel the urge to begin experimenting, so it wasn’t all that surprising, and while she had personally been hoping for her baby sister to wait a few more years for such activity there was no denying that if she had to choose a future lover for her it would be Harry. Someone who would take it at the younger girl’s pace rather than rush things and then grow bored.

“Gabbie, would you like to join Harry? I’m sure he wouldn’t mind…”

***LoD***

A soft knock on the door earned a confirmation of entrance from the boy-who-was-currently-relaxing-in-a-bubble-bath. The entrance quietly opened, before being quickly shut once more as the younger Delacour sister made her way inside.

“Gabbie, is everything okay?” he inquired, his eyes still shut with his back to the door despite being submerged up to his chin in water.

“Uh-uhm… I was just wondering if… if I could maybe…”
“Would you like to get in the tub?”

She nodded, not realizing he couldn’t see the gesture.

“I can get out if you would rather…”

She quickly interrupted, a bit louder than originally planned, “NO! Uhm I mean no that’s okay, I don’t mind if you don’t.”

“Not at all my dear.” Luckily the tub was rather deep, meaning that despite being almost completely under the water Gabbie was able to get in as well without overflowing the sides. “Just tell me when I am allowed to open my eyes again.” He called out to the girl, who blushed as she had just slid in.

“I have a uhm… bathing suit on…”

“Ah” he opened his eyes, noting that she did, in fact, have on the bikini. Noticing his gaze, the girl lit up even brighter as she finally slid into the water with a happy sigh, all the while trying to avoid sitting on his legs or feet.

Shifting around a bit she finally found a comfortable place and fell into silence merely enjoying the warm water and bubbles surrounding her.

“So, are you enjoying your vacation so far?”

Gabrielle nodded excitedly, “I am, thank you for letting me come along.”

He smiled at her innocent excitement, “Of course my dear, I am happy you could join us.”

“I know that Fleur wanted it to be just the two of you but…”

“But your sister loves you, so it is no problem at all.”

She nodded once more, falling silent as she bit her lip in concentration, “I told her…”

The raven-haired teen quirked up an eyebrow in curiosity, “Told her what?”

“About uhm… that one day when we were under the desk… about… uhm…”

“Ah, about how uncomfortable you were.”

The blonde nodded, “She told me it was okay but I still… I wanted to help but…”

“But?”

The girl’s face scrunched up as she searched for the correct wording, “Fleur said I should ask you about trying by myself… that maybe I was embarrassed because the others were there.”

He nodded at the logic before giving a slight shrug, “If you want to.”

This time she nodded, before scooting a bit closer to him, her hands finding his legs and gradually sliding up, electricity running across where their skin met. When she met the teen's upper thighs she let out a gentle moan as her back arched slightly.

“Enjoying yourself?”

Gabbie, eyes closed as she took in the sensations, quickly nodded as she continued to scoot closer,
hands enjoying the odd sensations of not only his skin, but also being underwater at the same time. Finally, she reached his torso, and paused there, opening her eyes shyly as she met his gaze.

The boy's eyes were warm as he stared back into her own, “You can stop whenever you want to Gabbie, there is no rush.”

She nodded slightly once again, her hands moved once more, this time finding his erection and eliciting a slight gasp. With an eager innocence she stroked up and down his shaft, curiously examining it with nothing more than her fingertips. At one point she caressed his testicles, looking up at him to ensure she was not causing discomfort and earning a smile in return.

“C-can... see?”

He gave a slight shrug before sliding out of the bath and sitting on the side, allowing her curious exploration to continue, this time unhindered by the bubbles and water. As she touched a familiar heat began pooling below her stomach, a flame that grew with each passing moment of skin on skin contact finally culminating in a whimper as her body shuddered, forcing her to release him and almost fall back into the water, save for his arm suddenly being wrapped around her back and gently pulling her out.

“Perhaps you should take a bit of a breather to cool down hm? Seems the water was a bit too warm.”

She could only nod in agreement, her skin flushed bright red as she enjoyed the last remnants of her very first release.

***LoD***

’It is amazing’ Fleur noted as the teen pushed into her once more, his fingers trailing across her stomach and up to her breasts with the gentlest of touches, 'how he can be so many things at once. One minute the tenderest of lovers, and the next going at it like we are animals.'

It had been over a half-hour, and the pace had slowed to one of loving, caring, compassion. It was as if they were taking turns exploring each other for the first time. Her legs spread another few inches, hands traveling up his arms and enjoying the hard muscles contained within them.

'Perhaps when I reach his chest we will go hard and rough again, I certainly wouldn't mind walking with a bit of a limp tomorrow'. A giggle escaped her lips, following by a moan as he sheathed himself completely inside of her, his mouth finding his breasts as her fingernails dragged gently up his back, insides clenching around his pulsating member.

“You are so perfect,” she gasped out, earning feather-light kisses across her sternum in response.

***LoD***

“Could I ask you something?”

The boy next to her gave a slight nod as she curled up next to him. It may have taken her a few days, but she had finally convinced her younger sister just to give them some alone time for the evening. With Gabbie sleeping on one side of the bed they hadn’t had enough privacy for anything ‘physical’ and thus it had been the first time for sex during their vacation.

Harry had calmed any fears she had about her younger sister being alone in the hotel by applying a few Charms that caused practically anyone not directly being talked to by the girl to overlook her, thus ensuring her safety.
Fleur took a calming breath before continuing on, not exactly sure where the question would lead her but knowing that she had to ask it regardless, “What was your childhood like? I have seen the way you smile at Gabbie’s excitement and innocence, the way you are around those younger than you so I just… if you do not wish to tell me it is fine, but I wanted you to know that if you ever wanted to talk about something…”

“It wasn’t a happy time.” He gently interrupted, causing the girl’s eyes to widen. She, of course, knew about his parents but had always assumed that either Sirius or Remus had raised him based upon how protective they were. “You undoubtedly know about the first year or so, and after Voldemort killed my parents, I was sent to my Aunt’s to be raised. Sirius had been imprisoned and Werewolves were still far too untrusted so instead it was my mother’s Muggle sister that Dumbledore saw fit to take care of me. Apparently, she disagreed thus I lived at an orphanage.”

He fell silent, hand still stroking her back as his mind took him back to his earlier years, “Hedwig was my only friend back then. I believe it had something to do with my developing Magic that I hadn’t had enough control over as the other children hated or were terrified of me, same with the adults. My first human friend was probably Draco… although he started off as a follower like many others.”

“Harry…” she whispered, tears forming at her eyes at his explanation. She had always assumed he had been a very happy child growing up but with a darker streak, but this?

“It is quite alright, everyone has their own problems as children hm? You and Gabbie had a rough time with your parents did you not?”

The blonde nodded, “Yes, I suppose we did I just… I’m sorry you did not have more friends.”

The boy-who-lived shrugged in response, “It doesn’t really matter now regardless.”

“True, and now you have all the friends and lovers you could want.”

“Including one with me right now.” He finished, before grinning at her as she rolled on top of him.

“Perhaps…” she whispered huskily, “We should go for round…”

Whatever she was about to say was interrupted by the door slamming open with an excited squeal, “Fleur! You will never guess what they have on the third floor!”

Practically throwing herself off the teen, the older girl wrapped herself up as best she could, without taking any of Harry’s coverings, before glaring at her younger sister. “GABBIE! What did I say about knocking!?”

Giving her best ‘but look how adorable I am’ smile the girl gave a shrug, “Oh come on Fleur it isn’t like I haven’t seen you naked before, we used to take baths together remember?”

“Yes” she Witch hissed, “I also recall never having sex in front of you!”

Blinking the girl glanced back and forth between the two teens laying in the bed covered in blankets before blushing a bit. “Oh… uhm sorry? But does this mean we can have a slumber party in bed tonight?”

Fleur merely bit back a groan, before nodding slightly as her lover chuckled beside her.

***LoD***
“You’re sure about this Draco?” Pansy inquired as the two teens walked down the hallway of the mansion, “I mean knowing about, and approving, are one thing but this is a bit...”

The blonde huffed, “For the fifteenth time, yes I am sure. It is a way to cement my loyalty to our Lord, to elevate myself above all others and show him exactly why I am the best choice for future Minister of Magic.”

Forcing herself not to roll her eyes the dark-skinned girl merely nodded. It was all just a poorly scripted excuse from her betrothed, they both knew that Harry was going to make him Minister regardless of whether he went through with this latest plan or not. Hell, he had even told the boy he would despite all of Lucius' numerous betrayals. Draco just wanted to finally get his chance to watch like he always talked about, nothing more.

“Fine, so long as you are okay with it. I don’t want you getting all weird and ruining any...”

The Malfoy heir gave her a hush as they reached the door to their Lord’s office, the teen having returned from his official ‘vacation time’ the day prior, “Of course not, now remember the script alright?”

Pansy sighed but gave a nod. True she had considered trying out one of the 'fantasies' that had been the talk of the various girls at Hogwarts and leave it to her future husband to practically demand they try one out.

Taking a deep breath the blonde gathered what courage he could before pushing open the door, to Pansy’s surprise completely unannounced as he marched into the office. Harry immediately glanced up from his work, before setting down the papers and leaning back in his chair.

“Draco, Pansy... is something wrong?”

The Malfoy heir gave a curt nod, “It is over.”

Quirking up an eyebrow the boy-who-lived held back a response, waiting for his second-in-command to finish his statement.

“This” Draco growled, or as best he could with his hands practically trembling due to stress. “Using my betrothed for your own pleasures, taking advantage of her! It ends now.”

Silence fell between the three present, with Harry taking on a contemplative expression, clearly ignoring the discomfort of the other two teens. Finally he let out a sigh of disappointment, “Very well, if you feel so strongly about this then I clearly have no choice.”

The future married couple blinked in confusion, sharing a glance in silent communication as if to confirm that the other was just as concerned before Draco cleared his throat once more, “Well... good, I am glad we have settled that.”

“Indeed, if that is all?”

“Oh... yes, yes it was.”

Harry nodded before giving a dismissive gesture and seeming to return to his work. The others looked at each other once more as if saying 'Did he not understand?' before turning to walk towards the door.

“Oh, Draco?”
Pausing, the Malfoy heir turned back to the, still seated, teen. “Yes my Lord?”

“Could you send a letter summoning Blaise please? I will need to brief him on what is expected when he takes the office of Minister.”

Pansy’s eyes widened in shock as her betrothed began stammering out a reply, “Wha-what?”

“Well I think it is rather obvious don’t you? I clearly do not keep you around for your skills and expertise Draco, I was willing to make you Minister of Magic because your fiance is such a good shag but if you two have changed your minds...” The boy gave a ‘what can you do’ shrug.

“I...” but before the blonde could reply Pansy caught onto the situation and managed to hide her grin. She had been told about this, that their Lord's acting skills were second to none.

“You think you can blackmail us!” she exclaimed, earning a smile from the boy.

“Of course not Pansy dearest. This isn’t blackmail, I am simply telling you what is going to happen.”

“Y-you can’t!” Draco put in, catching on to what was happening a second later.

“Ah, but you see I can... however I am not without mercy as your father will tell you. I will give you two an option, a rather simple task. If you can complete it then I will refrain from touching the future Mrs. Malfoy ever again, and Draco will be allowed to keep his position.”

The Parkinson daughter bit her lip, glancing over at the teen next to her for a moment before back to their Lord. “What... what kind of task?”

“A very easy one for you. Draco, take a seat, Pansy dear come closer.”

She, with a bit of false trepidation, did as she was commanded, while the remaining boy took a spot off to the side, several feet away from the desk but with a clear view.

“What do I need to...”

“On your knees.”

The dark-skinned girl's eyes widened in shock, “Wh-what!”?

Harry let out an exaggerated sigh, as if it should be obvious, “You are going to get on your knees and suck me off Pansy, while your betrothed watches and touches himself. IF he can last longer than I do then I will never so much as look at you inappropriately again, and your grandchildren will be Ministers of Magic. However should you fail...”

The girl spun towards her fiancé, who was already flushed red and fiddling with his belt, “We... we don't have much of a choice Pansy... one more time and we will be free, I promise.”

She gave a fake 'how could you consent so easily' look of helplessness, before 'giving up' and nodding as she dropped down in front of the raven-haired teen.

“Remember Pansy, your futures are dependent on how skilled you can be with your mouth. So do try and put in an effort hm?” With a growl she began to undo his pants, trying desperately not to ruin 'the mood' by acting too hasty. When was the last time she had actually slept with him after all?

Finally she had his length in her hand before giving him a few 'reluctant' strokes.

“You may wish to move a bit faster my dear, it seems as though Draco isn't one to wait...”
Glancing back her eyes widened as she saw that the blonde had barely gotten his pants down mid-thigh before he had begun stroking himself hastily.

Without another moments hesitation she returned her attention to the man before her, and plunged her head down, nearly swallowing him to the base in a single motion. ‘Merlin has he gotten even bigger since last time!?’ she questioned, choking a bit before beginning to bob her head up and down, savoring his taste.

“Mmmm not bad I suppose, but now that I have had a bit more experience it isn't nearly as impressive as I once thought. Narcissa is very enthusiastic after all.”

A pitiful groan from nearby broke her concentration and almost caused her to roll her eyes mid-blowjob. Leave it to a Malfoy to get even more excited by the idea of his mother going down on another man.

“Best hurry Pansy, I doubt I am even half-way satisfied and your future husband seems to be moments from his climax.”

Pansy pulled back, continuing to stroke the large organ before her as she turned back to the blonde, “Draco slow down if you don't we...”

She was interrupted by the boy letting out a gasp, and cumming all over his clothing. She immediately heard the sigh of disappointment from the man attached to the large cock she was still touching, “How terribly disappointing, Draco barely managed to last what, five minutes if that?”

“I-I'm sorry Pansy I...”

The Witch returned his gaze to the man towering over her, a pitiful look in her eyes, and thus earning another sigh from the Lordly man. “I suppose that isn't quite fair now is it? To have your body put on the line just because your betrothed doesn't have the stamina... so I will make you a deal Pansy, double or nothing as the Muggles would say.”

“Wh-what?”

“Simple, you will take your fate into your own hands and use your cunt this time. If I reach my climax before you do I will pull out and the same rules as before applied. If not however I intend to continue using you for my own pleasures, including bending you over this desk and breeding you in front of your future husband.”

She glanced back at the, still winded, Malfoy heir in consideration.

“Don't look at him Pansy, this is all on you now. He already failed. You can still walk away and I won't touch you again... but his career in politics will be over before it can begin.”

The girl smoothed her facial features into those of determination, before standing, sliding her knickers down from underneath her robes, climbing on his lap and rubbing her core against his cock. A few second later and she slid him inside of her cunt, moaning loudly as she did so, and feeling the electricity coursing through her body once more.

Opening her eyes she growled at his cheeky grin, “Miss me that much hm Pansy? You know you could always just give in and admit that I'm a better shag than your betrothed.”

“Never” she growled, before rising up and slamming down onto him, biting her lip as pleasure wracked through her body with every inch.
Moments later she had found her rhythm, bouncing up and down on his shaft while groaning lewdly, her hands latching onto the chair at first, and then his shoulders. “You know...” he noted conversationally as she tried desperately to hold back her own orgasm. “If you strip down it might help you win, I mean men are more visually stimulated and the sight of your breasts bouncing up and down could give you that slight edge.”

She tried to glare at him, but failed as she felt her insides begin to tighten around his manhood.

“O-oh G-G-God... YES!” she screamed, plunging him all the way into her depths as she tightened around his hardness with pleasure, panting as she immediately collapsed forward onto him.

Seconds passed until the Witch realized that he was still inside of her, and currently drumming his fingers lightly on her thighs. “Well I must say this was a rather interesting test, I outlasted both of you and the end result has been that I still own your slutty cunt whenever I want it hm?”

“Y-y-yes... my Lord.”

He nodded, “Good girl, now why don’t you go take a nap hm? Normally I would keep using your body until I was satisfied but I think Draco is going to get a rash if he tries for a third orgasm.”

Glancing back she shook her head, apparently the blonde had caught his 'second wind' and had finished again.

“Oh and Pansy?”

“Yes my Lord?”

“Next time you two want to do a cuckolding roleplay, make sure you knock first hm?”

***LoD***

“I don't know about this...”

“You promised!” the other girl argued, earning a sigh from her best friend.

“Yes Tracey, I know I did but...”

The girl crossed her arms with a huff, “Fine, go ahead and back out like I knew you would.” Daphne's eyes narrowed in annoyance, they both knew she was a sucker for such taunts. “But on your way out shut the door, you already got more turns than I did at school with Harry, so I intend to have my turn now.”

Sputtering and stammering the Greengrass heiress finally found her voice, “Tracey... this is my bedroom!”

Shrugging the half-blood gave a look that said 'I could care less' before making her way over to where the boy had been sitting silently, watching the argument with amusement. “Like I said, you had your turn Daph, so either join in or get out. You owe me one anyway so either way I'm shagging on your bed.”

The Greengrass heiress seemed to consider her options before giving up with a sigh and moving to join in where her best friend had already begun straddling the emerald-eyed boy. She had promised after all.

***LoD***
Although they had talked about it Daphne Greengrass never actually thought she would be interested in a threesome with her best friend and Harry... that is until it actually happened.

“That's it, fuck her slutty cunt, I want to hear her moan like the little bitch she is.”

She also wasn't sure if she would enjoy ‘dirty talk’ when it was directed at her in such a demeaning way but the way Tracey was doing it...

“Merlin your are ripping her fucking apart, do you like that Daph hm? Do you like him using your perfect little Pureblood pussy for his own pleasure? Fucking you like some cheap whore rather than the esteemed 'lady' you always claim to be?’

It was derogatory, humiliating, and more like a little misogynistic being called such names but for the life of her Daphne could help but get more aroused by it.

“Is this how you imagine your wedding night Daph hm? Harry pinning you down to the bed in your beautiful white dress, tearing your knickers off and just hammering into you like he owns your perfect little body? Course you aren't so perfect now are you? What ever would your daddy say if he saw his 'pure, innocent' daughter being filled with a big fat cock, all the while moaning like a little slut. Who is going to marry you now Daph hm? You can't even claim to be a virgin on your wedding night anymore, hell I doubt you will be able to even feel any future husbands with how big Harry's cock is, ramming into you and shaping you to his manly dick.”

It was a good thing that her mother and father weren't home, because she doubted that even with silencing Charms she would be able to hide their activities for very long.

“God the two of your are so fucking hot right now, I can barely wait for my turn... in fact I don't think I will.”

Daphne was dimly aware of her best friend's leg crossing over her head until she was looking directly into her friends wet pussy.

“Go on Daph, eat me out like the little bitch you are. I know you want to.” Despite her demand the Greengrass daughter heard a bit of uncertainty in her friend's voice, as if unsure if she was taking things a bit too far. She promptly leaned and and slid her tongue across the girl's slit, earning a moan of pleasure and reassuring the other Witch that this was certainly not the case.

***LoD***

By the time Harry had left Daphne’s bedroom, and the two very tired teenage Witches inside, several hours had passed. Musing at how they hadn’t lasted nearly as long as he initially predicted they would the boy made his way through the hallways towards the Floo when a voice called out to him from behind.

“My Lord?”

Halting in place, he turned on one foot to glance back at the younger Greengrass sister standing at the doorway to her own room, wearing a knee-length skirt, shirt, and looking rather shy for a change.

“Ah the other miss Greengrass, how are you today?”

The younger girl bit her lower lip, before muttering out a response, earning a nod from the boy in turn. “Good, I hope you don’t mind my presence I was just having a conversation with your sister and miss Davis…”
“I heard them!” she blurted out, before turning bright red, apparently shocked by her own interruption.

Harry, on the other hand, took the comment in stride, “Oh?”

“Yes… my… my sister didn’t know I came home early and… I guess she forgot the silencing Charms.”

He chuckled, “How very scandalous, I am sure this is something that your sister will never be able to live down, quite a bit of blackmail you have on her now hm?”

“I… I guess. Uhm… you know I swore loyalty to you… right?”

A nod answered her, “I am aware, yes.”

“Do you want me to uhm… prove my loyalty?”

A frown formed on his face as he began to slowly make his way towards her, backing up against the doorframe until he was practically invading her space, “No, because I don’t demand such things from my followers.” He leaned down, his mouth mere inches from hers, his breath ghosting over her face and making causing the younger girl to go weak-kneed. “Now if you wanted to do something a bit physical, I would be more than happy to oblige.”

“P-p-please?”

“Please what?”

She continued stammering out her reply, face growing hot with embarrassment and something else, “I… I want to, with you… but I want to here not at Hogwarts where I share a dorm.”

The older teen nodded, “Then lead on my dear.”

***LoD***

‘Rather like her sister’ Harry noted as Astoria sat on her bed, shyly wringing her hands together as he glanced about her room. He could practically taste the uncertainty and tension emanating from her, it really was a good idea she had found him, trying to initiate any sort of contact when she was worrying about classes and other students walking in would probably give her an anxiety attack.

“I didn't realize you enjoyed drawing.”

Her head snapped up to where he was looking over several papers on her desk, her heart rate immediately doubled as she realized exactly what she had drawn.

Him, more specifically Harry in all sorts of manners of outfit, and lack thereof. The younger Greengrass let out a sob, she was probably going to die of embarrassment at any moment now.

“Now now none of that, you should not be ashamed of your work, I rather enjoy your portrayal of me.”

She managed to clear her throat enough to reply, “Y-you do?”

“Mhmm, how long have you been working on these?”

Mentally she tried working out exactly when her fascination had begun. Technically they had first ‘met’ on the train in her first year, but she had always had a bit of a fascination with the lore and
stories surrounding him. What young Witch didn't?

“Y-years...”

“Ah,” he paused, giving a slight chuckle as he picked one up off the desk to examine it closer, “planning our wedding out already hm?”

Never mind, she was back to 'dying any second' again.

There was a fond smile on his face when he returned the paper to its original spot and turned to face her. “You really need to learn to relax a bit Astoria.”

The way her name fell from his lips sent shivers through her body, and she barely fought the urge to rub her thighs together. “Y-yeah I-I know I just... don't know how sometimes...” the last bit had been whispered out, and he frowned in response, talking a few steps closer to her before she even realized it.

“Find something that helps you calm down, something that you enjoy. If you truly do love to draw then don't hide it, embrace it. The reason you are so stressed is that you are afraid of how others will react, how they will treat you when your secret comes out.”

Nodding she silently urged him to continue.

“Don't be. Stop fearing what everyone else thinks, stop worrying about every little consequence. Enjoy life while you are young and have the freedom to do so.”

“C-could you help me?”

She expected him to roll his eyes, perhaps to give a scoff at how annoying she was being or how childish her behavior was. What she did not expect was for him to reach out and brush his fingers across her knees, nor the jolt of pleasure that instantly shot through her body, directly to her core.

“O-o-oh God...”

“Too much?”

“Not enough” she replied without thinking, immediately blushing as he took a more direct approach and began tracing circling on her knees and the small stretch of skin between them and the bottom of her skirt.

“And how about this?”

She nodded, her pale arms bracing back behind her to keep her upright from the warmth traveling higher and higher up her veins. Biting her lip she managed to reach with one dainty hand, grabbing his wrist and pulling him higher onto her leg, pushing up her clothing at the same time. “Don't stop... please?”

“Then lie back.”

Her body shuddered at the gentle, and yet somehow forceful, command and allowed herself to lay back onto the bed, relaxing as his hands gently touched and caressed the soft skin of her legs and thighs. When they neared the junction of her body she found her legs spreading on their own, allowing him access, and she hoped encouraging him, to her wet sex.

With a slight touch to her knickers her back arched, an orgasm flooding her system as she bit back a
“Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot, I stand before you humble and contrite. Two years ago, I made a grave error in judgement and several young people paid for it. I admit my mistakes, and my sins. I come before you now at Interim Minister because we are facing a catastrophe of equal proportions, Death Eaters still walk amongst us, plotting chaos and destruction. Despite the recent exonerations of few none here can argue that most who went to Azkaban belonged there. Yet many of them walk free despite our DMLE’s best efforts.”

The man paused, eyes sweeping the gathered members of what he would consider to be his government.

“Hogwarts, our children need to be protected, to be cared for and nurtured. For four years we have had calamity and near catastrophe. We need a change ladies and gentlemen, we need to show the students that we have their best interest in mind, that we can and will protect them. That the government is their ally in this time of darkness and confusion. I am sure we can all agree that with everything happening recently that the younger generation is more important than ever, and we will need their support. If we allow an entire generation to continue mistrusting us, we put the very future of our country in harm’s way.”

One member rose, calling out over the whispered conversations that filled the brief periods of silence in the former Minister’s speech. “And what do you propose Minister?”

Fudge nodded towards him, “We need to show that we see the situation and are paying attention, that we can make changes for the better and that we are in control despite all that has occurred. I am have written several ‘Educational Decrees’ with help from my Undersecretary Dolores Umbridge that will restore order and provide safety for the children.”

A different member stood, this time an elderly woman, “It sounds as if you want to control them Interim Minister. We have all bore witness to what giving you such power leads to.”

With a scowl Cornelius turned to face in kind, “Freedom is not free madam. As we always have before we must do now and that is make a choice. Safety and security or freedom. We cannot have both for they cannot exist with each other. Just as we gave up freedom with the Statute of Secrecy to obtain safety from the Muggle community, we must choose which is more important now, the safety and lives of the children or the freedom for them to do as they please in a school that has shown to risk their lives nearly every year.”

“I call for a vote!” one man declared, earning shouts from the other members as they began to show their support one way or the other.

Dumbledore could only watch on from the side as the fate of Hogwarts, and its students, was decided. All the while he could not help but take heed of the dread stirring in the back of his mind.

***LoD***

A/N: I uh... think I went a bit overboard on some of the scenes again... whoops?
Bellatrix Black, formerly Lestrange, paused in her strides before glancing back to the darkened alleyway she had just walked past, and the snarling emanating from it.

“You are a pretty shitty hunter if your prey *hears* you, you know that right?”

From the shadows emerged Greyback, face contorted in anger as he stared the, frankly unamused, Witch down. “What are *you* doing here Bellatrix?”

“Looking for you *obviously*, why else would I be in a place that smells more like wet dog than an *actual* wet dog.”

His growling increased as he began to encircle the Witch, body tensing in preparation for a fight. “And *what* do you want me for?”

“Oh, it isn’t for *me*, it’s for my Lord. He wants to… well actually I’m not even sure what he wants with your dirty ass, but I would imagine dissecting you or something.” She gave a ‘what can you do’ shrug just as the man decided he heard enough and lunged for her throat.

Her Wand was in her palm, and a Curse impacting him before he made it within five feet.

Another roar came from her left, as a second member of the pack emerged and leapt forward to avenge her fallen alpha. But Bellatrix was ready, and easily danced out of the path, before setting that one ablaze, cackling madly as the beast cried out in pain.

A third barely left a nearby doorway before he too fell, this time to a piercing Spell through the skull. The Witch laughed, happily dodging, spinning, twirling, and evading out of the reach of any each attacker before dropping them in kind. The bodies of the unconscious man’s pack began to fill the area just as one managed to leap from a nearby rooftop towards her exposed back, only to be sliced in two before ever reaching her, a scolding coming from her apparent savior.

“How clumsy of you Bellatrix. It is a good thing I decided to come along and watch your back.”

A half pout, half glare covered her face as she stomped her foot down onto the ground, “I didn’t *need* your help Snape. I *definitely* had that one.”

“Indeed…” he drawled, before glancing about at the corpses littering the ground. “You do realize *you* are going to be the one to clean this up correct?”

“Nuh uh, *my* job was to retrieve Greyback… and I *am* retrieving him, that means the rest of the mongrels are for *you*.”

“And I” he countered, “am not even required to be here.” he retorted, staring her down as silence fell
onto the scene. Moments later they seemed to nod in respect of each other as they came to the same conclusion.

“Make Lucius do it.”

***LoD***

“Well well well, look who it is. I am surprised to see you here Mrs. Malfoy, what with your husband’s… situation and all.”

“Ms. Zabini,” the matron greeted in her usual ‘Pureblood’ fashion, “how nice to see you again, and who is the flavor of the week for you this time?”

The opposing woman’s mouth twitched, fighting the urge to either frown or sneer in response, but they both knew such a reaction would mean that the married woman would ‘win’. “Oh, a very attractive young man I met at the Ministry just the other day. Naturally he was completely smitten with me and practically begged to be my escort to the ball.”

“Mmm” Narcissa hummed in acknowledgement. Honestly, she just didn’t care, at the moment, about the woman or her latest ‘conquest’.

The dark-skinned Witch glanced around for a moment, “Strange, I don’t see your husband here. Still too caught up in work to be interested?”

Both Witches knew exactly what she was referring to, and it wasn’t the party itself.

“He is, but I had another ask to accompany me instead.”

“Oh? And which one of Lucius’ old friends did he have to bribe to…”

“Narcissa? Ah there you are, I have been looking for you. I hope the Champagne is to your liking, took me forever to find it while avoiding the crowds.”

Smiling, the woman looked over to where her date was approaching with two glasses and, noticing the shocked expression on her ‘friend’, smiled just a bit more. “Quite alright Harry, I was just having a short talk with Ms. Zabini here.”

Emerald eyes glanced over to the other woman, whose breath caught in her throat, “Ah, I will have to mention it to Blaise the next time I see him, nice meeting you Ms. Zabini.” He promptly returned his interest, and attention, to his date, “I heard they were going to start the dancing soon, if you would like to join me Narcissa?”

“I would be delighted.”

She interlaced her arm with the one he offered, and they made their way towards the larger main hall, ignoring the sputtering of the one they had left behind.

***LoD***

“Thank you for that,” Narcissa whispered as they swayed on the dance floor surrounded by other couples. “She can be…”

“A bit taxing?”

The woman bit back a snort, “Something like that, yes. She never fails to point out the fact that I have been coming to social events alone for more than a few years now.”
“Because of Lucius” he noted easily, earning a sigh and a nod from the woman he was dancing with. “It truly is one of the greater mysterious of this world. Why on Earth so many husbands and fiancés choose to ignore their lovely significant others for the dull world of politics and money.”

She gave a slight shrug, while moving in just a bit closer towards him. “I just wanted you to know I have had a wonderful evening, normally I grow bored with these events but you have made this one rather fun, it feels like I have…” she bit her tongue to prevent any more words from slipping out, words she didn’t want him, or anyone else for that matter, to hear. Narcissa Malfoy was a woman of prestige and control, and she was certainly not going to tell a teenage boy that their evening together had made her feel loved and desired once again, as if he was the one married to her rather than Lucius.

The smile he returned sent warmth through her body and gave her the sneaking suspicion that he knew what she had planned on saying regardless of her own interruption. “As I told you Narcissa, though you may not have been given a week of my time I certainly think of tonight as yours.”

“Then perhaps…” the married woman mentally paused for a moment before working through the wording in her mind, “we can continue the evening back home, in our… I mean my chambers?”

***LoD***

While Harry shut the door behind them Narcissa lit a few candles, just enough for some lighting. When she turned again towards the teen, he was staring back at her with an expression she could just make out in the glow of the flames.

Desire

The way his eyes slowly trailed up and down her form, which just so happened to be accentuated by the tight dress she had chosen. A slight twitching in his fingers implying just how much he wanted to touch her. Even the boy’s posture seemed to be one of barely enforced restraint.

Narcissa Malfoy gulped, before reaching back and slowly unzipping her dress, allowing it to pool around her feet, a few seconds more and she stood uncovered to his gaze, her knickers and bra joining her outfit. With a slow sensuality she had nearly forgotten the woman made the few steps to the nearby bed, before crawling under the blankets, fully aware of his gaze the entire time.

“We had quite an evening together.”

He gave a slight nod in agreement.

Her tongue dragged across her lips, wetting them as she trembled slightly under his, still burning, gaze. “Might we continue it in bed?”

Again, he nodded, only this time he slowly moved to join her, his own clothing being discarded until he stood at the bed as well. When he moved to pull the blankets back, however, her own stopped him.

A curious gaze formed on his face in a silent question, “Could you take a step back? You had time to look upon me, but I have not yet had time to look upon you.”

The raven-haired boy did as requested, allowing her time to reach out and gently caress his body, the muscles prominent on his chest and abs, the hardness that would soon be inside of her…

If only they had more than one evening, she could, and undoubtedly would worship and explore him for days if given the chance. Unfortunately, they did not have the time, and she, somewhat
reluctantly, moved back and allowed him to slip under the covers. Her hands went to his sides in an instance, preventing him from doing anything else besides laying on top of her, fitting into the mold made as she wrapped her legs around his without a moment’s thought.

He was inside of her a second later, burrowing his length up to the hilt in her warmth while his mouth went to lavish his breasts.

As the two began their intimate moment Narcissa banished the thoughts that *this* is how her marriage should be, that what they were doing, in her marriage bed no less, was what she had always hoped and dreamed of, that they were acting far more like a husband and wife than her and Lucius ever did.

But those thoughts led to realizations of the difference between them, and that such a thing could never happen. So instead her legs tightened, arms reaching around to grab his rear and pull him deeper and deeper into her with a whimper as his own continued their, slightly limited, exploration of her own body.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger let out a relaxed sigh as she slipped deeper into the warm water. She was going to miss this at Hogwarts, true there were baths but most of them were for Prefects only or were constantly occupied by her classmates. Not that she would mind sharing, so long as they were the ones she was currently enjoying the room with.

“Now this is the life,” Tonks noted from nearby, interrupting the bookworm’s musing. “A nice dinner, steamy bath afterwards with good friends and a bit of alcohol, and an evening of pampering ourselves.”

“Mmmm it certainly is nice.” Fleur chimed in, groaning a bit as the water seemed to relax away some tension she had been feeling in her leg since the morning.

Nearby Ginny, Luna, and Gabbie were all happily splashing about in the oversized tub.

A few moments later Tonks gave an impatient sigh before looking at the door, “I swear this is the last time I ask Hed to get us something to drink, girl takes forever…”

“Better than Luna, you would end up with so many things mixed together you wouldn’t know what you were tasting.” The French Veela noted in a teasing manner, earning a giggle from the blonde from nearby.

Soon enough the door did open, and the white-haired girl arrived, carrying with her several bottles of miscellaneous drinks. “Sorry it took so long, apparently Lucius is paranoid enough to actually write the labels *in code* so no one can figure out what they were.”

“You uh… sure they aren’t poisonous?”

“Well” another voice chimed in from behind them, as Pansy, Daphne, Tracey, and Astoria walked in, each clad in their own bathing suites. “We made a *subtle* inquiry around Lord Black and he promptly *told* Lord Malfoy that if something happened to one of us, he would immediately blame, and sic Harry on, him.” The Greengrass heiress explained, earning a grin from the eldest Witch present.

“Oooo very cunning of you. Ten points to Slytherin, and ten more if you got something *really* good out of it.”

Upon distributing the bottles, more than a few of them being just juice for the younger girls, the
remaining Witches entered the waters and took up spots around the massive pool. It was at this moment that Tracey Davis made an inquiry she had been trying to figure out for some time. “Hey, question for all of you, why are you all so okay with sharing Harry?”

The various teens, and Tonks, fell silent as attention shifted to the Slytherin girl, “I mean, I don’t have a chance with him, not like you all do. I will never be that close to his heart but… I see the way he looks at all of you and… why would any of you want to be less than number one?”

“Because we are ‘number one’.” Hedwig replied a moment later, earning confusion from the girl. “Just like you said, he looks at us differently than anyone else. When we are with him, we see how much we do mean to him. It isn’t about being the best, it’s about filling a place in his heart that no one else can. It’s big enough for everyone, trust me on that.”

“Plus, all of you.” Luna muttered, “I… never had much of a family after my mother passed. My father was always so… distant and Ginny was always just a friend. But after I joined Harry, I was given a family. All of you are my sisters now, Sirius and Remus are my fun uncles, Lucius is the stuck up one, Narcissa and Bellatrix are my aunts… It is the biggest, closest family I can imagine. Why would anyone ever want to give that up?”

***LoD***

Yaxley let out an annoyed sigh as he continued shuffling through notes and papers in one of the many safehouses that the former Death Eater, Avery, once used. Seriously, why couldn't anyone just organize their projects like a normal person so that when they died it would be easier to replicate?

The man paused, skimming over a piece of parchment, eyes widening in triumph before scowling and realizing it was merely part of the solution he was looking for. “Whatever my Lord wants with another of these ‘Viewing Orbs’ it had better be worth the time and effort of creating one…”

***LoD***

Jean Delacour halted as he heard a voice call out for him. Turning, he noticed a man briskly walking to catch up, before giving a slight bow in thanks. “Mr. Delacour, a moment of your time please?”

The Frenchman growled slightly, before giving a curt nod and walking towards his office, “My time is very precious, and I have little to spare, what can I do for you Mr…”

“Gibbon sir, I am hoping to speak with you about a business proposition.”

By now the two had entered the room, and the door closed behind them for privacy. Jean gestured for the man to take a seat as he took one himself behind a large, ornate, desk. “I am listening.”

“The proposal from my Lord is as such, you will give your daughters seventy percent of your wealth, you may keep any properties or businesses so long as they are compensated for monetarily, and then you will never return to England, approach, or make contact with them ever again.”

The man had frozen in place, before his face morphed into an ugly sneer, “Now you see here. I will not be bullied by you or whoever Lord you may serve!”

A soft chuckle sounded from the newcomer opposite him, “Really? Because rumor has it that he already took your daughters from you in that contract…”

“Potter…” Delacour growled, “you serve that freak!”

Gibbon’s frowned in annoyance, he had been told not to harm the man, unless in self-defense, but he
was walking a thin line at this point. “I serve someone far greater than you can ever hope to be.”

“And what” the French Wizard continued, “would I receive out of this so called ‘deal’?”

The former Death Eater nodded, before shifting a tad in his chair, “You will be left alone, and no further action taken towards you.”

“That’s it!”?

“Of course, this is a kindness towards you Mr. Delacour, we can just as easily take everything you have and leave you out on the streets or worse.”

Jean stood immediately, rage filling his eyes at the threat, “Get out! Go and tell your Lord that he will regret the day he ever chose to deceive me. I will have my vengeance soon enough, and then we will see who ends up the victor!”

Gibbon gave a slight shrug, before standing as well, “A pity, my Lord knew you were going to go down this route, that you would be too prideful and stupid to take the offer but… well at least we can assure your daughters that we tried to give you a last chance.”

He departed, leaving the Frenchman to stew in his anger and hatred.

***LoD***

“As you can see my Lord, with a few subtle changes to these three laws and trade agreements our profits will increase at a rate of three percent every year” The man explained, gesturing to, yet another, piece of parchment he had placed upon the teen’s desk. Thus far the former Death Eater had spent the better part of three hours trying to convince the Potter heir that an incredibly intricate, and political, scheme would yield enough benefits for them both.

Harry knew this was a lie, obviously, but had simply used the time to do a bit of daydreaming and planning of his own, especially in regard to what the former Lestrange had brought him days prior.

“If you look at this statistic, my Lord, you will see that…” Any further conversation was interrupted as Bellatrix Black practically kicked the door to the room open, before swiftly walking in, grabbing the boy’s arm and starting to drag him away.

“Now see here Bellatrix, we were in the middle of...”

The woman spun to face the man, her eyes promising a rather painful response if he finished his statement and causing his own to die before it left his throat, “Don't care, you're boring. besides it is raining outside, and my Lord promised me an evening before end of the summer like he gave Cissa. I choose this one starting right now, outside, and shagging.”

Letting out a ‘defeated’ sigh the raven-haired boy gave a shrug before allowing himself to be pulled from the room, calling back an order for them to give their proposal to Lucius Malfoy in his absence.

***LoD***

The door was slammed open as a man stormed into the Malfoy study only to find Narcissa rather than her husband sitting behind the desk, the irritation obvious in her eyes.

“Can I help you Nott?”

“Where is Po... I mean our Lord?”
Her frown deepened, easily catching the near-slip from the Wizard, “He is currently out, what is the problem?”

“Out where?”

Her mood now effectively ruined, the Witch set down the parchment she had been reading over to focus her attention, and now anger, on the man. “He is currently out with my sister on an errand.”

Nott scoffed in irritation, “So he is wasting his time with frivolous activities and pleasures. He should be investing into the future, growing his wealth and political power, and optimizing his time.”

Narcissa rolled her eyes, secretly wondering if men realized how utterly dull they were when talking like that.

The other individual, however, continued on, not realizing the woman's thoughts towards the situation, or him, “I need to speak with him concerning my son's future and his own influences. I have been planning for my son Theodore to have Daphne Greengrass as his future bride and if our Lord were to...”

“Harry doesn't like arranged marriages, so I wouldn't bring that up to him.” the mother interrupted, earning a confused look from the man.

“What exactly do you mean by 'doesn't like them'? They are tradition and a cornerstone of our society!”

The Malfoy matron shrugged, “I don't think he cares. He does not appreciate the mentality of selling people to others in anyway shape or form. He understands betrothals that are accepted by both parties but the type of contract you are talking about is something he is opposed to.”

“Eventually he will have to...” the man attempted to argue, earning a snort from the woman instead.

“Will have to what? Be married off by his godfathers? Neither Sirius nor Remus are going to do that, and no one else is stupid enough to even suggest it. He 'bought' the Delacour sisters as a way to free them and it is my understanding that any attempts to enforce such a thing on anyone else he knows will be met with rather unpleasant consequences. Consider this a friendly warning, from what I have heard Daphne Greengrass does not seem interested in your son and unless she is it would be very unwise to force them into a relationship of any sort.”

Giving a growl in response the elder Nott turned and left as angry as he entered, muttering to himself that his family legacy would be continued no matter what anyone else thought.

***LoD***

Not far away from where Narcissa Malfoy had been ‘dealing’ with the Nott family head a couple sat outside, in the room, completely ignorant of what had just transpired. Though if either were asked, they would have easily responded with how little they cared as well. Bellatrix Lestrange sat in the lap of her proclaimed Lord, rocking her hips to and fro with a fire roaring inside of her. Naturally they were both completely nude, which gave her easy access to his back, allowing her fingernails to form slashes on him as she continued bucking on his erection.

A growl emanated from his lips as he bit down just a bit harder on her nipple, earning a hiss of pain mixed with pleasure from the woman. She had always wanted to have sex rough enough to leave bruises and cuts, and she was finally getting it.

His right hand left her waist, while his left remained, and reached up to squeeze her free breast,
ensuring another black and blue spot for the morning as her fingernail dug in just a little harder while she continued trying to please him with her cunt.

“FASTER… F*** FASTER YOU BASTARD!”

His response was muffled around her bust, but she got the jest of it, that being she was the one on top. “D-don’t fucking care!”

The teen’s grip tightened, and the former Lestrange found herself flipped over onto her back, legs instinctively tightening around his waist as he began to hammer into her from above, luckily she was still able to maintain her hand positionings, and add a few new scratches as she lost herself in the blissful moment of being dominated.

***LoD***

It had been years since Draco Malfoy truly felt this level of dread. Sure, there was a moment back in their third year, due to the Dementors, and even when he had been dealing with his father’s betrayals, but this time it was different. This time it felt as if he was betraying his Lord.

The blonde-haired Pureblood stared down at the letter he had just received from Hogwarts, one declaring his status as Prefect.

There could only be one prefect per year, per House, per gender. That meant that Harry wasn’t one of them. Perhaps his Lord had been elevated to Head Boy instead? Usually that meant he would be Prefect as well, but it wasn’t always the case, especially when said individual was younger.

Draco took a deep breath before exhaling. His best friend was taking care of some last-minute projects, which meant there was still time to figure out exactly what the bloody hell just happened. He would approach his own godfather about potential options and reach out to his classmates to see what they knew.

***LoD***

“Gotta ask, you sure about this Albus?” the former Auror inquired as he made his way into the man’s office and fell back into the chair offered. “I see where you are going with it, ‘sew dissention amongst the enemy’ and all but I mean… a Malfoy really? Coulda swore I heard someone tell me once that the kid’s father was a bad guy.”

Dumbledore let out a slight chuckle, “Yes my old friend, I have heard similar things. Luckily at such an age being a Prefect does not give young Draco very much power or influence.”

Moody snorted, “Course not, isn’t like we are working on dethroning a fifteen-year-old Dark Lord or anything…”

The Headmaster waved off the argument, “Harry is different, you know that. This will create mistrust and further weaken Harry’s power base, slowing down his growth while we continue working towards other goals.”

“And what would those be Albus?” the scarred man inquired gruffly, “I am all for stopping the next Dark Lord but are you prepared to murder a teenager to do it? If so where does it end, do we kill Malfoy because people follow him around and he’s got a dark history?”

Shaking his head, the eldest of the two rose and made his way to the window so he could look out onto the terrain. “No, no of course not. I am trying to avoid that Alastor. Contrary to what you may think I don’t want to kill Harry, I want to find a way to divert him from this path, to show him there
are other options rather than death and violence.”

“By causing him to mistrust his followers? By targeting the boy’s friends?”

“No, by reminding him of what he cares about. I want to show him how much good there is in the world, how much happiness he could have by simply walking away and staying with those he cares about.”

Moody shook his head, “This isn’t going to end the way you think it is Albus, and we both know it.”

***LoD***

“We all know why we are here, so let’s just get right down to it shall we? What do we know?”

“I received a Prefect badge in the mail along with you Draco.” Pansy answered, sliding out the shiny object she had unwrapped a day prior.

“I believe you two are the only ones who received them for those following Harry.” Hermione noted as she gazed around the room.

A snort from nearby, however, drew everyone’s attention, “It is way worse than that. Some moron decided that my brother should be named Gryffindor Prefect for his year.”

The silence was deafening, along with the incredulous stares, “Y-you’re joking… I have to spend more time with Ron Weasley!? Who in the hell thought he would make a good authority figure!?”

“Probably the same people who decided not to choose Harry, we all knew there was going to be fallout once Dumbledore realized the truth.” Luna wisely put in, forcing a smile onto her face to hide the anger currently swirling in her chest.

“What can we do? I mean professor Snape is no longer in charge of Slytherin and we can’t exactly petition the Headmaster…”

Draco shook his head, “There isn’t anything we can do Daphne. We just have to endure this for now. Hopefully Harry won’t be too upset by this… I call not being the one to tell him though.”

The room exploded into exclamations and curses from those also trying to get out of telling their Lord the bad news.

***LoD***

“This isn’t fair Malfoy. You are his second in command, why should I be the one to tell him?”

Said Pureblood heir went through the list of reasons he had prepared, just in case, “Because Daphne, he isn’t going to be mad at you. Pansy and I were both nominated which immediately puts us on his bad side. Plus, if he is mad at you it just means an afternoon of angry sex.”

Said girl turned to hide her blush before sighing once again, she was still a Slytherin at heart, after all, which meant she was going to get something out of this ‘deal’. “I still want something in return Malfoy, if I am going to be getting you and Pansy out of trouble there should be something in it for me.”

“Fine, what do you want?”

“Your family holds a marriage contract with my sister despite your betrothal with Pansy, I want it given to Astoria, so she can choose what to do with it.”
Draco bit his lip in thought. It was true that his father had mentioned the younger Greengrass being bought as a consort, but quite frankly he didn’t want another woman around the house. Dealing with Pansy was difficult enough, he couldn’t imagine having two pregnant females in the same house at the same time.

‘Plus’ he thought, ‘there is the chance Harry would be most unhappy with my own status this coming year and hates those type of contracts anyway.’

“Deal, but I want you to convince him that it wasn’t mine or Pansy’s faults… through any means necessary.”

“Yes, yes of course I will do whatever I can.”

***LoD***

“Draco and Pansy have been named Slytherin Prefects. We also know that Ronald Weasley and the Patil sisters are also in the group.”

Harry Potter glanced up from where he had finished up the last of his summer homework, insisting on doing it himself despite the dozens of offers from adults and other students, to where Daphne Greengrass walked into his study after closing the door behind her.

“And you are the one telling me this because…”

“Draco is a coward.”

He nodded in understanding, “Ah, that does explain it… well it was a good choice with him and Pansy regardless, perhaps not the best idea nominating a betrothed couple, but it doesn’t really matter.”

The heiress nodded as she finally reached his desk, “I was asked to ensure that you are not upset with either of them.”

“Oh? Curious as to why it was you and not some hapless adult… or Lucius.”

She gave him a knowing smirk, “Because I actually agreed to do it, in exchange for the return of the consort agreement they have with my sister.”

“A good trade then.” The boy noted with approval, Daphne was certainly one of those whose career he would be helping push forward post-Hogwarts.

“Indeed,” she licked her lips as her eyes wandered over him for a moment. “I did agree to… convince you though… and I was warned that there would be ‘angry sex’ involved…”

He chuckled, before pushing his chair back and standing, “Well I certainly would not want to be responsible for the violation of your contract, now would I?” He gave a slight ‘come hither’ gesture with his finger, and Daphne obeyed, biting her lower lip slightly as she took the few steps needed to be in front of him.

“Where would you…” before she could finish her question his mouth silenced hers, hands pushing her back so that she was seated onto the desk. Within moments her skirt, she hadn’t bothered with actual pants, was pushed up enough to expose her pussy which he eagerly began to caress and play with.

Her attempt to moan, or really respond in any verbal way, was quickly smothered by his tongue
sliding into her mouth, his free hand sliding into the top of her robes and pulling them open to find her bare breasts and begin touching and caressing them as well.

Daphne’s legs spread on their own, though she certainly wouldn’t have done anything different if she had been thinking clearly at that point, with her hands reaching into his pants to stroke his hardening manhood. Vaguely she recalled him mentioning something about how little attention the other girls, and women, would give his body during these intimate sessions and she was starting to understand why. It was bloody hard to remain functioning at this point.

When her fingers finally did free him, the heiress could think of nothing more than having him sheathed completely inside of her quivering sex, and a slight pull seemed to give him all the information he needed as he slammed in, bottoming out and causing her to break the kiss with a head-tilting, back-arching, knee-shaking moan. Naturally, the teen took this as incentive to begin kissing and sucking on her neck and throat, his hands sliding up her legs, then sides, and finally returning to massage her breasts.

“O-oh God” she groaned out as he pulled halfway out of her, much to her disappointment, before slamming back in at a quickening pace, his mouth becoming more demanding, and a bit rougher, as the minutes passed. At one point he sucked on her throat hard enough to leave a light bruise on her throat, something she was just enough aware of to breathe out a shaky comment on.

“M-m-marking me n-n-now?”

His response was a nod, followed by a husky chuckle, “Would you rather I not?”

Somewhere, in the very back of her mind, she knew he had timed the question to the exact second of her second orgasm, and also made a note to figure out a way to make up for her lack of participation in their ‘session’.

***LoD***

“Your orders Lord Pup?”

Harry rolled his eyes at his godfather’s attempt at being a loyal follower, “I will be returning to Hogwarts tomorrow, which means that communications with me will most likely be more scattered. For now, we will continue building political power through subtle means. There are times to strike and there are times to bide one’s time. Undoubtedly Fudge will make a mistake at some point in the future and do something horrendously stupid as he has in the past. When that occurs, we will pounce, until then most of you will keep a low profile. Those who are still seen as law abiding will support the political agendas I have laid out for you.”

“B-but what about me!?”

The boy-who-lived gave an overexaggerated sigh as he turned towards Bellatrix Black, which she now demanded to be called at the threats of violence towards her fellow adults, “And what is the problem Bellatrix?”

“I won’t be able to see you! What will I do!?”

“Function as a semi-normal adult Witch?”

The woman pouted, “Your friends got to whisk you off and have you to themselves for over a month! I finally find someone interesting to shag and you’re leave me again. I only got an evening with you over the summer.”
Most of the adults began coughing, some rather violently, at the nonchalant declaration.

“There are always Hogsmeade visits my dear Bella, and potentially time over the holiday break. Spend the time getting healthier and polishing your dueling skills with the others, from what I have seen most of them have become far too lax to be useful in a combat situation. With Dumbledore knowing of my less than flawless past he will be gathering his own forces as well.”

“Fine…”

“Besides this gives you time to catch up with your sister and cousin does it not?”

“I guess so…”

Harry nodded, before picking up his bags and leaving for the Floo with the remainder of his friends. What he hadn’t mentioned was that there would undoubtedly be issues throughout the year that would require a more direct approach. Bellatrix would be perfect for such problems.

***LoD***

“So, uh… how was your summer my Lord?” Blaise inquired with a bit of hesitation. It wasn’t as if he didn’t want to know, it was just that he always felt so very inadequate in comparison.

“It was… interesting… I had over a month of different vacations, quite the experience.”

The dark-skinned boy nodded, “With your godfathers again?”

Draco beat Harry in answering, with a snort, “Of course not, he spent a week with various women having what I can only imagine as being mind-blowing sex…”

“Ah, well that uhm… is good…”

“And how was your summer Blai…” the raven-haired boy’s inquiry was interrupted by a knocking at the door, which promptly opened before permission could be so much as contemplated, much to Harry’s annoyance. Behind stood an older, portly looking man in rather nice dress clothing.

“There you are, Harry Potter!”

“You must be Mr. Slughorn.”

The man stared back for a moment in puzzlement, before grinning widely, “That I am my boy, that I am! I would like to extend you and your friends an invitation to my exclusive carriage to be a part of my exclusive ‘Slug Club’. It has been the launching point of many prestigious careers over my tenures as professor and has included several parents to those in this very carriage.”

“Sorry, we would but our Prefect meeting starts in a few minutes.” Pansy muttered, before sighing and motioning for Draco to join her.

***LoD***

“So, Harry my boy what have you been up to this summer?”

The boy-who-lived forced himself not to roll his eyes at the poorly concealed attempt to get information from him by the new instructor. “I took a rather long vacation sir, I had only been on one before with my godfathers, so it was nice to have a longer one.”

“I see, and if I may inquire as to where you went?”
“All sorts of places. Camping in the forest, tanning on the beach, visiting different cities across Europe and America, and I even spent a week touring Paris.”

The man frowned but nodded regardless. Dumbledore had been correct in how effortless the boy could divert a conversation, but he had to go through with the Headmaster’s plan, to pay back the debt he owed the elder Wizard for helping him out a few decades prior.

“Do you have any exciting plans for the future Harry? Perhaps a career goal after graduation?”

That had the teen halt in his musings for a moment. Sure, he had plans, goals that needed to be achieved, and manipulations to be had but the problem was that these seemed to be completed faster and faster as of late. He really hadn’t thought much on a career, however.

“I… am not quite sure Mr. Slughorn. I would like to stay busy and happy but…”

For a moment the Potion master forgot he was supposed to be ‘interviewing’ the teen in front of him, forgot that it was an act to try and get information and manipulate the boy, and even forgot about all the usual tricks he would put on for his own benefit. Instead he saw a student, full of potential and yet lacking in guidance.

“Well, the good news is you have plenty of time to think about it Harry. There are several publishers who work together to post job listings each week along with the skills needed, I will look into getting a few for you so that you can see if anything catches your eye. Remember that if you choose a job you love, you will never work a day in your life.”

The boy nodded thankfully, before another student approached and broke up the conversation by asking the older man a question concerning a potion she had attempted to brew over the summer.

***LoD***

“Welcome back new students and old to another year at Hogwarts!” the Headmaster declared loudly as the various children and teens looked up at him. “Undoubtedly some of you have noticed that there have been some changes to the staff for this year. First let me introduce our new Potions instructor, professor Slughorn!”

Polite, if a bit morose, clapping from the Slytherin table was overshadowed by the shouts of relief from the remainder of the houses. A raised hand from Dumbledore silenced the cheering, allowing him to continue.

“Unfortunately, due to a family crisis Severus Snape was unable to return to his customary position as Head of Slytherin House, and thus I would like you all to welcome Madam Umbridge as our newest Defense Against the Dark Arts professor, and the Head of Slytherin House.”

This time there was no hollers or cheers, instead confused, and somewhat nervous, clapping from all four tables while the woman stood.

“Ah hem, thank you all for your wonderful greeting but we will have to do better next time yes? Now then a few announcements are in order hm? I have here a list of decrees, approved by the Minister of Magic himself, to take effect starting on the first official day of classes. These are for your safety in the light of such dangerous criminals being on the loose, you should all write them down and there will be a list posted on every classroom door.”

The pink-clad woman paused, allowing her statement to sink in to the ever-growing horrified silence. Dumbledore himself immediately began questioning his own compliance in allowing such a thing to come to pass. True, he needed to stop Harry’s growing darkness at all costs, but with these
restrictions put in place Hogwarts was starting to become more like a prison than a school.

***LoD***
“Excuse me, Madam Umbridge, may I borrow Mr. Potter for a few minutes?”

The woman gave an unhappy nod as she turned and continued leading the remainder of Slytherin towards the dungeon. Meanwhile Dumbledore silently gestured for the teen to accompany him back to his office. Moments later Dumbledore practically fell into his chair, a sigh escaping his lips from the stress already building up. The boy-who-lived, on the other hand, simply began examining the various knick-knacks on the shelves lining the room.

“Quite a pleasant woman, isn’t she?”

A soft chuckle emanated from the older man as he nodded in agreement, “She certainly was not my first choice, but you did force my hand on this Harry.”

“You give me far too much credit Headmaster, I am only a schoolboy after all.” He easily replied as gaze shifted from one item to another.

“We both know that isn’t true.”

Harry gave a noncommitted shrug as he turned his attention back to the elder, “I suppose opinions do vary, but regardless it was you who decided to remove professor Snape from his position, not me.”

“Because he sided with you Harry.”

The teen laughed, “Ah yes I forgot the old adult mentality, ‘if it isn’t exactly the way I want it then it is evil’.”

“You will not succeed Harry. There are other paths, ways that will lead you to happiness rather than the darkened one you now walk. I am trying to save lives Harry, yours included and… and I will stop you myself if need be.”

Emerald-green eyes lit up in excitement, “Oh I do so hope you try.”

“Ah hem, your attention. Now then as your new Head of House we will be going over the rule changes. As those under my direct care I insist that you follow far closer than the others, we want to present unity do we not? Now then I want each and every one of you to keep an eye on your housemates and classmates. If you see anyone being inappropriate, or breaking any rules, I want you to tell me immediately. Remember the Minister is counting on you to do the right thing.”

That had been their second ‘introduction’ to the woman that the students would eventually come to despise. Not only had she practically shut down any sort of inter-house socialization outside of class but had also managed to make one of the more interesting subjects, Defense Against the Dark Arts,
into one of the most boring.

Her insistence that ‘practical’ defense training was irrelevant, and that instead the course would focus solely on memorizing information about the Ministry and their safety procedures.

It was bad enough that even Hermione found herself hating the class, and the book that went along with it.

***LoD***

“Mr. Weasley, a moment.”

The redhead halted, a bit clumsily, and turned to face her with a scowl evident on his face. “What do you want?”

“Tut tut, is that any way to speak to the one who helped make you Prefect?”

It appeared as though the situation finally hit home with the youngest Weasley son, and he promptly snapped his jaw shut before shaking his head slowly. “Uh no… sorry…”

She gave one of her disgustingly fake smiles before motioned for the boy to walk with her, continuing the conversation as she did, “I… we need your help Mr. Weasley, it is why the Headmaster and I pushed for your status.”

“And uhm… what do you need my help with?” Ron’s back had straightened with pride the moment he heard the word ‘Headmaster’. That meant Dumbledore himself had faith in his abilities and needed his aid!

The woman’s smile widened, showing a shark-like grin, “We are going to get rid of a certain individual in the school. A student by the name of Potter.”

“What can I do?” the youngest Weasley son replied immediately, never once taking a moment to consider exactly who he was helping.

***LoD***

“This is such bullshit.”

“Ginny, language…”

The redhead rolled her eyes, “Oh come on Hermione, you can’t tell me that you aren’t just a tiny bit upset over what this bitch has been pulling!?”

Biting her lip, the bushy-haired Witch struggled to come up with some sort of redeeming quality for the new Defense professor, but ended up drawing a blank, “Okay fine she is a total bitch, but that doesn’t mean it is entirely her doing.”

“How do you figure?”

“She mentioned they were Ministry decrees, right? That means they had to be approved by at least the Minister of Magic to have them legalized.”

“So, Fudge is being a dipshit again, what a shock.”

Hermione fought back the snort that threatened to escape, “He certainly is a rather big prat isn’t he… but it isn’t like Malfoy was much better with everything he caused.”
The youngest Weasley sighed, but nodded in agreement, “Yeah… I guess so, I mean at least we have each other to go to though, Luna must be out of her mind by now. Is there anything we can do to help her?”

“I don’t see how, with the school practically in lockdown and mail being confiscated the only way we can talk to her is during meals, class, and through the Marks. Unfortunately, Harry seems to be the only one skilled enough to have normal conversations through them, and he warned me about trying until it was perfected.”

“Bloody hell… I could really use a shag right now too…”

“GINNY!”

***LoD***

Luna sat on her bed, privacy curtains surrounding her, in silence, a single person on her mind.

*Umbridge*

Umbridge had taken Harry, and even her sisters, away from her, had isolated Hogwarts from the rest of the Magical World… and Dumbledore hadn’t even pretended to oppose her. The old man was beginning to push her last nerve, and she made a silent promise to help get rid of him when the time came. He was working against Harry, against the man she loved.

Albus Dumbledore would burn, if for no other reason than that.

Now, though, there was another, and more pressing issue. How to get rid of Dolores Umbridge?

The Quibbler could be used, assuming enough information could be collected on her and used in a way that maximized its efficiency. The problem was that although the temporary Minister was a corrupt bumbling idiot who was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, guilty, his Undersecretary did not appear to be as well. Oh sure she was a moron, anyone who thought they could just isolate several hundred teenagers and expect to have no consequences easily fit in that category, but thus far she had not done anything worth being removed or, more appropriately, killed for.

Luna closed her eyes once more, focusing on attempting to force out a vision once again. There had been a few brief flashes throughout the days since returning to Hogwarts, but nothing concrete, nothing that she could positively identify and use.

A flash of red.

A girl grimacing in pain, tears running down her face as blood flowed from her hand.

Twisted, sadistic, laughter behind her, demanding the ‘writing of sins’.

*Ginny*

The blonde shot up in her bed, trembling slightly as she attempted to calm her heart rate. The redhead would be the vile woman’s target, but she couldn’t let that happen. Luna had no doubt that her friend would resist any sort of torments, but the youngest Weasley was also far too kind for that sort of thing. She wasn’t hardened like others in Harry’s command were, wasn’t used to surviving no matter the cost.

Luna herself, on the other hand, was.
“I cannot believe this!” the elder Delacour sister raged as she stomped out of the Floo system and into Grimmauld Place. While she and her sibling had been perfectly fine staying with the Malfoy’s, while Harry was there, it had become rather uncomfortable once he returned to school. Between the comments made by his various adult followers and the atmosphere, which reminded the girls a bit too much of their former home, the French Witches asked if they could move in with Sirius and Remus, who immediately agreed and gave them each their own room to stay in.

Speaking of the homeowners, “What’s wrong Fleur?” Sirius inquired, entering the room upon hearing her angered exclamations.

“Those…those… branleurs!”

The Animagus flinched, in the few days they had come to know the Veela, Remus and he had picked up on the fact that when one slipped into their native language it wasn’t good. “Okay, how about we get you a strong drink and you tell me how I can help?”

Taking a deep breath, the girl nodded, before following the man into the kitchen and accepting a shot of Firewhisky a moment later.

“Now then, who pissed you off?”

“Your Ministry.”

“Ah, of course they did. Let me guess they wouldn’t hire you because you are a Veela?”

“YES!”

Sirius nodded, “Remus had similar troubles back during the war and still does today. Even with the anti-bigotry laws Harry is pushing through some arseholes just won’t take a hint.”

Fleur slumped forward in defeat, “What am I supposed to do? I don’t have the experience for any private sector work that isn’t going to be something degrading and I need a job.”

The man scoffed as he waved his hand in dismissal, “You do know you and your sister are living here for free right? I have more money than I could ever hope to spend in a dozen lifetimes, and that isn’t including the Potter fortune. You don’t need a job.”

“But I want to be helpful.” The graduate stressed, “everyone else has their role or is moving forward. I don’t want to simply sit around and do nothing.”

The Black Lord nodded, before taking on a thinking position. After a few minutes he gave a half-hearted shrug, “I can’t really think of many options at the moment, and word is all mail is being intercepted between us and pup on orders of the Ministry, so that leaves out asking him as well.”

“ Asking who?” A voice inquired as Remus entered the room, a mug of steaming coffee in his hand.

“Harry, I was going to ask him if he had any suggestions about Fleur. Apparently, she had about as much luck as you have with a government job.”

The Werewolf frowned in understanding, “Why not just use the mark?”

Sirius stared at him for a moment in confusion, “Uh… what?” earning a sigh from his best friend.

“The mark Harry gave us Padfoot, it does do more than just ward off Dementors remember?”
“Uhmm… I think I might have been working on pranks when he explained that…”

The other two merely sighed in unison, before the man went to send a message to his godson.

***LoD***

“Very good class, now then for homework this week I want an paper on the effects that Saturn can have on Nordic rituals. Harry if you could stay behind for a few minutes please…”

“Ah hem, that will not be necessary Miss Sinistra, Mr. Potter is required to be in his room and I would hate for him to receive any punishment for being late.” The Slytherin Head of House suddenly interrupted from the doorway to the room, earning a frown from the Astronomy professor.

“I will write him a note, it is just a small issue I need to…”

The pink clad woman interjected once more, much to the other’s annoyance, “If it is a small issue then it can wait, I have put my House under a curfew and this is the last group to be returned to our common room. Come along Mr. Potter.”

At that moment Dolores Umbridge officially made it onto Aurora Sinistra’s ‘bitch list’.

***LoD***

“Okay I’ll admit… this is pretty bloody cool pup.” Sirius complimented in wonder after an image of Harry manifested before them.

“Still need to work on a few small issues but this is a rather interesting trial run.” The boy noted as Remus and Fleur nodded in agreement. “Alright, so what is the problem?”

The Veela blushed. She was an adult now, and was struggling to take on more responsibilities, yet here she was asking a fifteen-year-old boy for help. “I uhm… tried to get a job in the Ministry, to help out with your goals and be able to pay for Gabbie and myself but it seems that being… well a ‘non-human’ is still a red flag.”

Harry’s face twitched slightly in aggravation, before he took a calming breath, “I see… well then it is time for ‘plan B’.”

“Plan B?”

Nodding the raven-haired boy continued, “Of course I planned for this, the second option is an application with Gringotts.”

“Uhm, no offense Harry but… I am not that skilled in math or banking.”

The teen waved off her concerns, “That isn’t what you are going to be doing though, the Goblins are unlikely to hire another species for such a job and wouldn’t pay well even if they did. No, my dear, you are going to show them exactly why they want to hire you…”

***LoD***

A soft knock at her door alerted Amelia Bones to her next appointment, and a wave of her Wand unlocked the barrier for the Auror to enter in and take the offered seat, with a slight amount of hesitation.

“You… wanted to see me Director?”
The older woman nodded, “Yes Tonks, we did.”

“We?”

A second later Albus Dumbledore entered through the woman’s private Floo, “Ah my apologies for my lateness Director, I had a few details to finish up in regard to the budget.”

She waved off his apology, “Of course Headmaster, we understand please take a seat. Now Tonks we called you in here today to speak with you about a few things concerning your whereabouts last summer, and your relationship with Harry Potter.”

Nodding, the Metamorphmagus schooled her features and prepared for the questions.

“Now then, when did you first meet Harry?” the elderly man questioned first, puzzling the woman as to why he would be involved.

“Uhm… I guess about three years ago? It was during the whole Basilisk attack incident and I’m sure I ran into him at one point or another while patrolling the halls.”

Her boss chimed in next, “What was your relationship at that time?”

“Relationship? He was a student at the school and I was there to protect him and the other children.”

“Of course, Tonks, of course, when did it first escalate past this?”

Okay, now she was getting a bit annoyed at this whole ‘two-person interrogation’ crap they were pulling, and her tone showed it with a harsh bite, “I suppose when I volunteered to protect him for a week over that summer, after a so-called murdering psychopath escaped.”

The two older adults frowned and glanced over at each other in silent communication. “We were informed of your involvement with him earlier in that year.”

“And what involvement are you implying?”

“A relationship of a sexual nature.”

“With a twelve-year-old? Am I under arrest?”

Dumbledore shook his head, “No Miss Tonks you are not. We are simply trying to get to the truth in all of this. Now should we assume that your relationship escalated further during your week together?”

The younger woman’s eyes narrowed, “You can assume whatever you want, it is clear you already have your opinions formed. Is there a reason I’m here?”

“Tonks!” her director admonished, before adjusting her glasses and glancing down at the packet of information open on her desk. “We do know of your affair with Mr. Potter, but we are willing to overlook this in return for your assistance.”

“What kind of assistance?” She had been warned, by both Sirius and her mother, that this would be a potential outcome of the escalating conflict between Harry and Dumbledore. Lines were being drawn and, as someone involved with the teen, she would not be able to sit on the sidelines and wait it out.

The Auror had never expected her boss, the woman she had looked up to, would be involved in it as well, however.
A blank piece of parchment was slid across the table, along with a quill, “Information Auror Tonks. We want to know everything you do about Mr. Potter and his activities since his second year onward. We want to know who he may have been in contact with, and if the rumors are true concerning his relations with known Death Eaters.”

“Death Eaters? Why would Harry ever spend time with them? No, he doesn’t ‘associate’ with those terrorists.” It was technically true. They had stopped being Death Eaters the moment their allegiances had changed.

Both opposing figures frowned, “That is not what we were told Auror Tonks.”

“If you are going to ignore what I say then why even ask me?”

“We were giving you a chance Tonks,” Dumbledore replied with a heavy sigh, “but it appears you too have chosen your intended path in this war.”

Ignoring the sinking feeling in her stomach the Metamorphmagus pressed on, “I wasn’t aware we are at war Headmaster.”

“It is something we are trying to avoid Tonks, no matter the cost.”

***LoD***

“That certainly went well…” Amelia Bones muttered as she pulled out a bottle from her desk drawer to pour herself, and the elderly Wizard seated across from her, a drink.

“It is necessary Amelia. With as much time as Harry has been spending with the Malfoys, we cannot ignore…”

“Ignore what” the woman snapped, “all this digging of yours, all these manipulations and threats and you have yet to bring about a single shred of evidence Albus.”

He raised his hand gently in a defensive gesture, “I understand that you require proof Amelia, and it is coming I promise. But regardless of whether or not I am correct on Harry the fact remains that Tonks is likely guilty of having an inappropriate relationship with an underage individual.”

The woman sagged into her chair. They both knew that such a scandal would prove disastrous for the Aurors at a time where they needed to inspire confidence in their capabilities, not create more issues for the press to feed on. It seemed she had little choice, at the moment, other than to play the elderly man’s game, sacrifice one career in order to keep the rest on the trail of known murderers.

***LoD***

Harry glanced over at the peacefully resting redhead, Ginny had practically begged him for an evening together after having a rather awful week, and with the help of her brothers, along with a certain Cloak and Map, she had managed to sneak into the Slytherin Common room without being discovered. They had spent a rather enjoyable evening together, culminating in a whispered phrase that had, for some unknown reason, caused a tightening in his chest.

Silently sliding out of his bed, the boy made his way out of the Slytherin area and through the, mostly abandoned, hallways. It was almost a bit disappointing, the lack of life at such a late hour, usually there would be at least a few students hiding their affairs in closets or abandoned classrooms.

Now though it was silent, another irritating byproduct of Umbridge.
Finally, the teen began his ascent to the top of the Astronomy tower, and there stepped into the open breeze at the very height of Hogwarts. It was a location he had taken to enjoying quite often, and not just with his dark-skinned professor. A place far enough away that he could clear his mind, breathe some fresh air, and bask in some solace.

“Hello Harry, I did not expect to meet you up here.”

The raven-haired student gave a slight nod in the Headmaster’s direction as he walked closer to the edge to peer out over the landscape. “I find the peace and quiet up here to be a nice change of things from the hustle and bustle of classes.”

Nodding, the older man walked closer, also peering out over the lake and forest beyond.

“I find myself having so little time so just sit back and smell the roses.” Dumbledore confessed, earning a small smile from the boy. “So, what is it that has you up here so very late at night? I did not know you to have difficulty sleeping.”

“A…” Harry paused, wondering how much he should reveal to the man who was his enemy, but mentally shrugged the suspicions away, “…friend of mine said something to me and it… well it seems to have made things far more complicated than I thought they would be.”

I love you

A smile formed on the elder’s lips, “Love and sex do tend to have that effect. I assume it was either Miss Granger or Miss Weasley then?” If his intention had been to earn a startled reaction, it failed as the teen merely chuckled instead.

“Ginny”

“Ah, yes I suppose that makes sense, she always has been quite taken with you, hasn’t she?”

“Indeed”

“But surely one of your many lovers have confessed such feelings before, I know Miss Lovegood isn’t one to hide her feelings behind veils of secrecy or falsehoods.”

“No, but this just felt… different… I always assumed Luna loved me because of the future she saw, and others because of other outside forces or due to the passion of the moment.”

“But Miss Weasley doesn’t seem to be forced into this, bound to you in such a way, and she confessed her feelings when the flames had already settled.” Albus replied knowingly.

“It is confusing, these feelings that I have inside, the way my chest warms when I see them.”

Albus turned to face his student, a hint of shock in his old eyes, “You have felt love before though Harry…”

“To those I grew up with, and who took care of me yes, but not in this situation… last year was complicated enough but now it is different.”

“I… I am so sorry Harry. If I had checked up on you, if I had appointed a more diligent guardian…”

“Then I would not be the person I am today, surely you have past regrets but would not want to change the man you are today simply to have a better childhood hm?”

“No… no I suppose not, to save others yes, but not just for me.”
The boy-who-lived nodded in agreement, before returning his gaze outwards towards the horizon. Minutes passed in a, strangely comfortable, silence before the younger spoke again, “Have you ever been in love Headmaster?”

Now it was Albus Dumbledore’s turn to hesitate. Yes, they were having a nice peaceful conversation but the child standing before him had the potential to become the most powerful Dark Lord of all time, how much should he reveal?

“I was once, a very long time ago.”

“But no longer?”

“Not in many decades no. We could not agree upon the future and ended up on opposing sides.”

“Ah, Gellert Grindelwald then?”

Dumbledore said nothing, but at that point no longer needed to, earning a soft chuckle from his adversary.

“Do not worry Headmaster, I believe we both respect each other enough to keep romances and lovers out of our little game hm?”

As he turned to depart Albus understood exactly what the meaning was behind the boy’s words. He had already targeted those close to Harry, which meant his own past was fair game.

***LoD***

The Goblin known as ‘Grishak’ frowned as he read over the application he now held. “So, Delacour is it?”

“It is, though I have no association with that name any longer, it is more of a fill-in at this point.”

Growling the smaller creature nodded before returning to the paper, “Also says here you have no experience in finances.”

“Correct” the blonde replied. He had to give her credit though, despite the thinly-veiled insults she hadn’t stuttered or looked embarrassed even once since sitting down in the room.

“Little political experience, average grades in mathematics, average skills in economics, hell the only reason you are even here is because of your references… why would Gringotts ever want to hire someone like you?”

Fleur smiled, and Grishak felt that he had somehow walked into a trap.

“Because what I can give that none of your people can.”

“And that is?”

Her smile looked almost predatorial now, and the smaller of the two suppressed a shiver. “Lead me to a room where one of your employees is talking to a human and I will show you.”

***LoD***

Algol Travers frowned as he began to skim over the parchment laid out before him. After his son’s own stupidity in getting caught performing Death Eater activities he had been forced to give up a large portion of the family fortune in order to secure his release to a mental hospital rather than
Azkaban. The fact of the matter was he simply did not have the political power necessary to blackmail his way out of trouble like the Malfoy’s did.

His child had finally been released a few months prior, and what did the moron immediately go and do? Join up with a group of Death Eater sympathizers and go on a raid of course!

‘Obviously got his brains from his mother’ the man mentally sneered, ‘the woman truly was only good for laying on her back and popping out an heir.’ Now that his son was, once again, in Auror custody Algol was the one being forced to seek a loan to secure another hefty bribe, hence his visit to Gringotts.

Goblins were always interested in loaning gold the trick was to make sure one did not get in over their heads in the process of making the deal. Luckily, he had decades of experience in financing, and was sure that any attempt to confuse or manipulate him would be…

The man’s thoughts came to a halt as the door opened, and in walked the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on. Blonde hair that fell just past her shoulders, perfect skin, flawless facial features, a lithe body with perfectly sized breasts, long legs…

“Travers! Time is money, review the agreement.” The Goblin assigned to his loan snapped, and the man shook his head before returning to his gaze to the document, yet she was still in the room.

“Oh, I am so very sorry, I believe I left my necklace in here, please forgive my intrusion.” Her voice was light and innocent, her accent with a flavoring of French that made the man’s blood boil. How long had it been since he had been in the company of such beauty?

The loan manager growled but nodded in consent a moment later.

Her footsteps were light as she began her search, first along the tables and obvious surfaces before crawling onto the couch in the corner and searching between the cushions. By Merlin her arse was perfect, and Algol couldn’t help but begin sweating.

“Human!”

“Hm? Oh yes the contract of course…” his attention returned, or at least attempted, to the loan agreement. This was important, it was for his son, his heir, if anything happened to the boy he…

The blonde walked past him, her scent flooding his senses and he would swear to any deity in existence that her fingers brushed against his, now trembling, arm.

“Ah ha, I found it!”

His neck straightened, and he turned to look at her ‘victory’, and promptly forgot how to breathe. She indeed had a small silver necklace in her hand and was tying it around her neck, but what was more important was that she had somehow unbuttoned her shirt in the process, showing off the top of her cleavage where the twinkling object now lay.

“Thank you for allowing my search, I am sorry for the intrusion.” Her eyes met his for a moment, eyelashes fluttering ever-so-slightly as her brilliant smile lit up the older man’s soul. With that she practically pranced from the room, her body swaying just enough to finish drying the man’s mouth.

“HUMAN!” the Goblin roared in impatience, bringing him back to the present.
“Wha? Oh yes everything is in order of course.” Algol sputtered, before hastily signing the document. He hadn’t actually checked it, but the Goblins had never deceived him before, and he knew that if he hurried, he could catch up with the blonde goddess.

***LoD***

From behind a Magical one-way window, conveniently disguised as a painting, Grishak and his immediate supervisor, Karnair, stood observing the incident. All Goblin glasses were Charmed in such a way as to see through the barrier to receive instructions if need be, and the two had given the order for the loan advisor to allow the girl to trespass.

The results had been beyond what either had expected.

“She just earned us twenty-thousand Galleons in less than five minutes with his negligence.”

Karnair nodded in agreement. She was good, very good. It did not go unnoticed by the higher ups that Goblins were inherently mistrusted by Humanity, whether it was because of the history between them, their own reputations, or their appearance it didn’t matter. The girl, however, had been the focus of the man’s thoughts, and desires, from the moment she entered the room, she hadn’t even needed to use the full force of her Allure, just the natural radiance was more than enough.

“Summary of her resume.” He barked in demand.

“Former French citizen, graduate of Beauxbatons last year, and selected in Triwizard Championship. Eldest daughter of the Delacour main branch family but sold off by parents along with her sister. Average skills, at best, in fields we deem useful.”

“How did she manage an interview?”

“Came highly recommended by Sirius Black, godfather to Harry Potter, same one who bought her.”

This earned the attention of his superior, it did not escape the Goblins that the boy-who-lived had been one of the sole reasons for Lucius Malfoy’s ascension to Minister of Magic, nor that the moment he had begun his ‘career’ in politics that a wave of anti-bigotry laws had begun sprouting up.

Grishak seemed to know exactly what he was thinking, and nodded in silent agreement, “Her connection to the boy could work in our favor. We show a bit of kindness towards one he claims as his own and he may feel inclined to further our cause in the Wizengamot. The legislations concerning Werewolves, and recently Veela, have snowballed and are reaching towards even higher levels of influence.”

“What is she asking for?”

“A position as ‘negotiating consultant’, citing what she would ‘bring to the table’ in terms of manipulation. It is a full time position we have always contemplated having.”

“Salary demands?”

“Three times what we were considering.”

Normally a Goblin would have winced, or growled in outrage, at such a request. Karnair, however, was not one to jump into emotions without first looking where the leap would take him.

“She would have earned us more than her yearly salary with just that one incident… hire her
immediately, make an offer of four times what our initial estimate was.”

“A-are you sure sir?”

The older nodded, it was a political game as much as a financial one at this point. If Harry Potter saw his friend treated kindly by them it may endear him to their situation as well.

“One more thing sir.”

“Hm?”

Grishak pulled out a folded document, before handing it to his supervisor for analysis, “Our agents inform us that this took place two days ago.”

Karnair’s eyes widened slightly, it was a denial of employment from the Ministry of Magic for Fleur Delacour. Now this would not have been a big deal, applicants were turned down all the time for Ministry positions. No, the important fact was the reason marked as why.

Account of being non-human

A Goblin’s grin is said to be one of the most uncomforting sights in the Wizarding world, and the manager’s, in that instance, was a perfect reason as to why.

***LoD***

“I can’t believe them…” Tonks muttered sullenly as she took another sip of her very strong alcoholic beverage. The ‘talk’, more of an interrogation by her boss and Dumbledore in actuality, had ended with a dismissal from the Auror force for ‘conduct unbecoming an officer’ and ‘lack of cooperation’.

Basically, they didn’t like the fact she hadn’t broken down immediately and told them everything they had wanted to hear, that she chose to side with the man who was changing the world for the better rather than ignoring all the problems like everyone else did.

Everything was being pulled in different directions, Dumbledore seemed hell bent on keeping everything the same as it had always been, no matter who got in the way. Even worse was the sheer intolerance he was pushing for, anyone who disagreed with his methods risked having family or friends targeted.

Now, it seemed, the Ministry was throwing their hand in with the old Wizard, and the only one opposing them, the only one who appeared to be on the side of unity and acceptance, was Harry. Sure, he wasn’t the pure and the shining beacon of hope that everyone thought he was… but did that make him wrong? He was taking lives, but they were few and far between, not counting the fact that these killings were either aimed for the scum of society itself or had created a domino effect that led to far greater changes.

“They were right… I have to choose.”

With one final tip back of her glass the former Auror departed, a destination already in her mind.

***LoD***

Dolores Umbridge growled in annoyance as she compared the two pieces of parchment lying before her. One had been from her ‘recruit’ and the other from Dumbledore’s anonymous agent that had infiltrated their target’s group.
It was more than a little apparent which had been written by the redhead, the spelling and grammar errors alone gave it away along with the food stains. Still, try as she might the woman couldn’t place the handwriting of the unknown individual.

Another huff escaped the dreadful woman’s lips as she ignored the identity, for the time being, and focused on the information displayed. Both were lists of those closest to the Potter brat, potential targets that could be used for manipulating the boy into making a mistake, forcing him into taking action, or even blackmail.

Ronald Weasley’s happened to leave out his sister, which the other included, while the Gryffindor had simply put ‘all the snakes’, undoubtedly a reference to Slytherin House as a whole.

Interestingly, however, the more thorough list did mention a ‘white-haired girl with amber colored eyes and pale skin. Not a student.’

Umbridge couldn’t recall any of the Death Eaters matching such a description, and if there was no name attached then perhaps this could be her ultimate target.

The ugly woman’s mouth curled up into a smile, soon her task would be complete, and everything would go back to normal. Minister Fudge would return to his rightful place at the top, and her at his right hand.

***LoD***
Corruption & Harm

Lord of Darkness

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

***LoD***

The 'pink toad', as she was now secretly called, cleared her throat to earn her the attention of the students seated in the room, “Now if you would all turn to page twelve in your books our time today will be spent reading about the method that our illustrious Ministry uses to sort the various creatures into their categories. Make sure you take good notes, as there will be a test tomorrow about what you have read.” Her eyes shifted over to a certain raven-haired boy, secretly hoping he would make some sort of argument or show defiance. If going after those he cared about was taking this long then perhaps it would be easier to go after him instead.

But the teen merely did as she ordered and shifted into a more comfortable position in which to read. Grinding her teeth in annoyance the 'professor' glanced around for other potential targets, but found that those who had been noted as being the most loyal were all following his example.

‘Fine then, perhaps there are other ways to attack.’ she seethed, before calling out to the class as a whole, “Ten points to Gryffindor for Mr. Weasley's outstanding posture and attentiveness.”

More than a few looked over to where the boy had practically fallen out of his chair at having his name called, apparently almost falling asleep moments prior.

Harry, on the other hand, hadn't even looked up, further drawing the ire of the woman in charge.

***LoD***

“Ah Mr. Weasley, please take a seat.”

The redhead nodded a bit annoyed that she was stopping him before lunch. He immediately glanced around for any snacks the woman might have on her desk. Dumbledore kept candy in his office, after all, so it wasn't that much of a stretch to think she would as well.

“I notice you have been taking your status as Prefect very seriously.” He grunted an affirmation, albeit a tad annoyed and hungry at the moment. Umbridge continued on as if she hadn't noticed his response. “The Headmaster and I have had several meetings concerning you Mr. Weasley, and we would like to see you take a more active approach at disciplining the students, including your fellow Prefects.”

That brought the teen's attention to the woman as he blinked several times in confusion. “Are you saying...

“If you were to become more involved and, should I say, aggressive in disciplining others, especially those who may be associated with a certain 'leader' in the Slytherin House then we could certainly be looking into a future position of Head Boy for you.”
“H-H-Head Boy? Me?”

She nodded, “Indeed Mr. Weasley. The Minister of Magic himself and I have spoken with Headmaster Dumbledore about affording you more leeway than the other Prefects when it comes to discipline. Think of it as a promotion to ‘Lead Prefect’ if you will. Do not let us down Mr. Weasley.”

***LoD***

“Mr. Lupin, could I speak with you for a moment please?”

Remus glanced up from the papers he was going through at the Metamorphmagus standing at the doorway to the room his best friend had declared to be ‘Office de la Moony’ and gave a nod, “Yes of course Tonks, please take a seat.”

Nodding the woman closed the door behind her and sat down before taking a calming breath, there was no reason to be nervous after all, it was just a simple request. “I uhm… wanted to ask you about something.”

“Relax Tonks, and you don’t need to call me ‘Mr. Lupin’, just Remus will be fine.”

“Oh, uh okay well Remus I was wondering if... well I mean I heard you were put in charge of running The Quibbler while Luna is at school and... do you need any reporters by chance?”

The Werewolf paused, before his eyesight narrowed in on the younger woman, “Tonks, is everything okay?”

“Y-yeah of course, why would...”

“Because if something is wrong and you need money for something... you only need to ask you know that right? Sirius and Harry are wealthier than you can possibly imagine.”

“Yeah, yeah I know and it isn't that I promise I just... I was fired yesterday because of... well just because.”

The man's lips threatened to curl up into a snarl, “Because of Dumbledore? Did he convince your boss to do that?” Her helpless shrug was all the answer he needed, “That conniving son of a...”

“Remus... listen just... don't tell Harry please, at least not yet. I don't want him thinking it was his fault because it wasn't. I'm a big girl, I can take care of myself.”

“Alright, well the good news is that we can definitely use more help, are you sure this is something you want to do? I mean there are other careers that are more Auror-like.”

She gave a soft laugh, “I think I need a break from the politics and all that crap for now, if you don't mind...”

“No, no of course not.” The man promptly straightened his back and shuffled some papers around in a very business-like manner, “Well Miss Tonks I can say that after looking over your credentials and application that you would be a perfect fit here, when can you start?”

She immediately gave him a thankful smile.

***LoD***

She had finally done it, Dolores Umbridge grinned happily as she looked over the little blonde's homework. One of his followers had finally screwed up, which meant she could begin the process of
extracting evidence against the Potter brat.

“Detention tomorrow night Lovegood, for a poorly done homework assignment.”

The hideous woman's smirk widened as she noticed the disappoint, and anxiety on the girl's face.

Perfect

***LoD***

“Detention”

“For what!”? Ginny snapped back, earning a huff of 'superiority' from her brother.

“Associating with delinquents. That means detention Friday.”

The younger redhead growled in aggravation, she had finally made Seeker for Gryffindor this year and if she had detention she would miss a game, and potentially lose her position. But it was more just that, because she noticed something else as well. “Quite a big vocabulary there Ron... someone tutoring you?”

“I... don't know what you're talking about. As for Quidditch I am sure I can fill in.”

Fighting the urge to try some rather inventive curses on her family member the Weasley daughter merely bit her tongue before storming off.

***LoD***

“Ah Lovegood right on time, take a seat.” The, normally excitable, young blonde did as she was told as the ‘professor’ set down a special quill and parchment on the desk in front of her. “Now then, you will be doing lines. One hundred should suffice I think.”

“What should I…”

“You” the woman snapped in sudden malice, “will be writing ‘I will do as I am told’ and hopefully this will get it through your empty head to respect your betters!”

Luna nodded, before putting the quill to the paper and beginning to write, only to halt as pain shot through her hand.

“Is something wrong Lovegood? Surely you are not refusing your punishment hm? If you are then I am sure one of your friends will be happy to take your place, perhaps Ginny Weasley?”

“N-no!”

“Then write you brat!”

The girl bit her lip, before continuing her punishment. As she began to mutilate her hand with the words etched over and over again, blood slid down between her fingers and onto the paper as the sadistic woman watched on in silent glee.

By the time she had finished, over an hour later, the Lovegood heiress shakily made her way back to the Ravenclaw dorm where she silently gasped painfully into her pillow.

‘It is for Harry, I am doing this for him.’ She mentally repeated until it had become a mantra that would eventually lull her to sleep.
A whiny, and in Ginny's opinion rather pathetic, sigh emanated from the corner of the Gryffindor common room once again. That made four times in the past hour and if the slight increase in pressure on Hermione's quill was any indication the bushy-haired Witch beside her was in silent agreement at how irritating their Housemate was behaving.

“It just isn't fair” the third year complained, yet again. “I was going to sign up for an evening with him this year, then we were going to fall in love and live happily-ever-after. But now Umbridge has gotten in the way of our future together.”

The redhead would have snorted, if Romilda Vane wasn't acting so sure of herself that it was more than a little creepy. Apparently, Harry had 'made eye contact' with her at the Welcoming Feast and she had taken it as a 'sign' that they were going to be promptly married to one another.

This, naturally, ignored the fact that the curly-haired girl would probably be kidnapped and murdered by no less than a dozen Witches if such a thing were even implied to happen.

The younger girl let out another sigh to her two friends she was seated with, “It would be a summer wedding, of course, and I would have the most beautiful dress ever made. Everyone would be there and would talk about how perfect we are together and it would be so romantic, filled with flowers and pretty ribbons. Then we would spend the next week in Paris, seeing the sights, eating from the fanciest of restaurants, giving interviews to all of the jealous older women who thought they had a chance...” Vane let out another dreamy sigh while her friends looked as though they were stuck between rolling their own eyes in annoyance, and nodding in agreement.

Ginny merely huffed, before muttering to her friend seated next to her, “Would almost be worth it just to watch Harry push the brat's face into the dirt and shag her like a cheap prostitute...”

Hermione managed to cover up her laughter by coughing, shooting the youngest Weasley a look that said 'are you trying to kill me?'

An innocent smile was the redhead's only reply, before she returned to her homework, only to snap her quill a second later when she heard another sigh from the younger Gryffindor.

***LoD***

Wh-what?”

Umbridge crossed her arms and merely glared back at the Malfoy heir, “You heard me Mr. Malfoy, Prefects are not permitted to participate in Quidditch.”

“B-but what about Weasley!? He is their Seeker!”

The woman dismissed his objections with a wave of her hand, “Mr. Weasley is not my concern nor should he be yours. My Prefects will be focused on their duties and setting an example for their fellow classmates rather than worrying about some silly game.”

Draco took a moment to consider which of the two options he considered more practical at the time, whether it was being Seeker, and thus kicking Ron Weasley's arse, or maintaining his status as Prefect. Luckily, a voice in his head, one that sounded suspiciously like his father when the man would admonish him about his grades, reminded him of his future career in politics, and how it wasn't all 'fun and games'. Thus the blonde merely gave a curt nod before stalking off to find some Gryffindors to take points from, that always seemed to cheer their former Head of House up and he figured it would be worth a try.
Luna staggered back to her dorm after another one of Umbridge's detentions, blood starting to dye the cloth she had tied around her hand as a makeshift medical wrap. 'This is for Harry, Ginny, Hermione, and so many others.' she mentally repeated as she finally made her way up the steps and to the girl's dorm where she practically fell into the privacy of her bed.

She could take it, could deal with the pain and loneliness... the others couldn't. She had seen glimpses of what might have become of Hermione, had Harry not intervened, and she knew her red-haired friend wouldn't be able to take the torment.

She was strong though, years of neglect and forced survival training had made her strong. It was just a matter of time until she could collect enough evidence and get it to someone outside of Hogwarts. One or two incidents might be explainable, Fudge had recovered from far worse after all, but another month or two and it would be the final nail in his, and Umbridge's, coffin.

As she fell into a fitful slumber the blonde dreamed of what would befall the horrible woman. Would it be Harry who tortured her in retaliation or Bellatrix? Would it be merely psychological or physical as well when they began to carve her up into bloody pieces?

Would she be allowed to watch, or maybe participate?

LoD

'Account of being non-human'

This, readers, is only the latest of the Ministry's signs of poor leadership and bigotry under 'Minister Fudge'. We have confirmed that several individuals have been turned down for various positions simply because of having what the Ministry defines as 'Creature Blood'. Now I ask you, what is to prevent those in charge from continuing the escalation of these 'regulations' to other properties they deem 'unfit'? Will we sit by and let the Minister pass laws that dictate only Purebloods can be Department Heads? Or that only those who subscribe to specific political parties are allowed to obtain security clearances?

Where does it end?

And I have a far more troubling question for readers near and far, how exactly are they ascertaining blood status? Will all future employment require blood tests, normally regulated by Gringotts or for identity verification?

Does the Ministry store this information?

What else are they testing for?

Who has access to this information?

This, my dear Witches and Wizards, seems like the first step towards further biases and controls over who is allowed to do what, and before you ignore this as a remote incident that doesn't influence you, stop and consider the following:

Are you sure that you possess the qualifications that will always be considered 'correct'?

Remus Lupin

The day following, a new Educational Decree came through banning The Quibbler from Hogwarts.
The creaking of her door alerted the youngest Delacour to someone entering her room in the middle of the night. Shifting slightly she was mere inches from her Wand when the figure stepped into the moonlight coming in through the nearby window.

She instantly froze as her young eyes recognized the form of Harry Potter standing mere feet from her bed.

“H-Harry...” she softly called out, hastily climbing from her bed to greet him.

“Gabbie” he whispered back, his tone deep and husky, sending shivers through her body, “I am done waiting for you.”

“Wh...” but before she could reply he had pushed her back onto it, his mouth claiming hers, dominating hers, as his hands began to roam across her body.

“You are mine” he hissed as he pulled back, his mouth moving to her neck and causing a soft whimper to fall from her lips. “I own you remember? You are mine to do with as I please, and it is time I enjoy you for myself.”

His hands moved down and began pulling the bottom of her nightie up... 

Gabrielle Delacour shot up in bed with a gasp, covered in sweat and pulse racing as she frantically looked around the room for the emerald-eyed teen. She found no one, and let out a sigh of disappointment before climbing from her bed and gently calling out for a House-Elf to change the sheets to something more dry as she changed her own clothes, after rinsing down in the bathroom.

After stripping and washing her skin clean the young girl reached for a different garment, but stopped just as she grabbed one. 'If I woke up covered in sweat once then there was a chance I will again,' Gabrielle rationalized, 'maybe I am just too warm, it isn't like it would hurt to just... wear nothing.'

Nodding to herself the girl peeked back into the room, and seeing it was empty, now with fresh sheets, quickly walked to the bed and slid under the covers, letting out a slightly breathy moan as the silk seemed to caress her bare skin.

She had been told by her older sister that this would eventually happen, waking up from more ‘physical’ dreams and being rather sensitive afterwards. What Fleur hadn't mentioned was the warmth pooling in the lower part of her body and the occasional thoughts of the boy she had fallen in love with flashing through her mind.

‘Perhaps that will teach you and your freakish paper to stay out of the Ministry's business hm?” Umbridge snapped, before practically pushing the blonde out into the hallway.

A second after the door shut Luna found herself staring at the wooden barrier with hate-filled eyes, contemplating whether her plan was worth it or if she should just go back and murder the bitch herself here and now.

'No, not yet...' turning, the Ravenclaw began her slow stagger back to her dorm room. 'She is going to suffer, to scream and cry, to beg for mercy... and she won't be able to do that here.'

It was clear to almost everyone that Dumbledore had been somehow involved with the woman's
appointment to the position of professor. To Luna, and the others that were closest to Harry, that meant it was undoubtedly a way of attacking their Lord. If she went to him now who knew what would happen, his plans might be pushed back, even canceled, all because she couldn't deal with a bit of pain and blood loss.

“No...” she whispered, knowing what she had to do. 'If I quit now Ginny would be the next target, and I won't let that happen. Harry protected me, and I will protect him and the others. I can do this, I will do this.'

***LoD***

A frown formed on the face of Lavender Brown, one that had been slowly building up over the past few days as she watched her so called boyfriend speaking with another of the younger Gryffindor girls. It wasn't that she cared who he talked to, they weren't even considering a binding relationship after all, it was how he was communicating.

The other girl seemed upset, almost frightened, as he spoke to her. Seconds later the younger student gave an nervous nod and practically fled up to her dorm room, giving her time to speak with the redhead.

“Ron” His gaze fell on her and for the first time Lavender felt an uneasy feeling crawl down her spine when under his stare, “What was that about?”

He shrugged off her concern, “Nothing, just Prefect stuff.”

The frown deepened, “Really? Because Parvati said something about you causing some girl to cry the other day. About making threats to her if she didn't do your homework for you.”

“Well she should mind her own business.” He barked, earning a wince from the girl.

Lavender's next statement was far softer, more subdued, “She is a Prefect too Ron...”

A scowl formed on his face, something ugly that she would never have attributed to him before, “Not like me she isn't. You've seen how Umbridge favors me right? That means the Minister and Dumbledore do too, they have even told me I am the 'Lead Prefect'. I am practically guaranteed to be Head Boy next year.”

“Ron, I've heard what the others are saying about you, about how you are changing and...”

“What others?” he snarled, taking a menacing step towards her, and forcing her to back up towards an opposing wall. “What have they been saying about me huh!?”

She shook her head, “Exactly what I am seeing now, that all this so called 'power' is going to your head. That you are becoming bitter and angry at everyone and taking it out on them whenever you feel like it. If this is how you are going to act I don't...”

Lavender found herself pushed back against the wall, Ron's hands planted on either side of her head as he loomed in closer, eyes blazing with anger and spite, “You better think long and hard about what you are going to say next. Things are changing at Hogwarts Lav, the sooner you wise up and learn who to follow the better off you will be. Who knows what might happen to you if you choose the wrong side. But stay as my girlfriend, maybe do some favors for me and I might even put in a good word for you with the winners. You could be Head Girl next year... or your remaining time at Hogwarts could be miserable, think about it.”

With that last, not so subtle, threat he left and she slowly slid to the ground wondering how
everything could have become so dark and twisted in such a short amount of time.

***LoD***

“Now then, what would happen if we were to add a pinch of Moon Dust?”

To her credit, the young Delacour barely even slowed her stirring of the cauldron placed in front of her, “Moon Dust has a misting reaction. If placed in now it would likely evaporate part of the Potion away.”

Snape nodded, “Good, and if we did so after the stirring and heating but before it had settled?”

Gabrielle’s face scrunched a bit, one of the signs of deeper concentration, “We would lose a more significant part, but the portions remaining would be of higher concentration, maybe even dangerous levels.”

A nod again put a smile on the girl's face.

“Correct, in small doses this can be used if we need to treat a more serious condition right away, however add more than ten grams, or two and a half teaspoons, and it runs the risk of creating an overdose.” The man explained, earning a nod from the blonde.

“Severus, are you nearing the end of your lesson?” a voice called from the doorway as the Malfoy matron entered the room, earning a nod from the man.

“Yes, we can continue tomorrow with the heating process, I assume your lesson is next?”

She nodded, and waited a few moments for the two to finish before leading the girl to the nearby sitting room for 'etiquette' class.

***LoD***

“You seem rather... distracted today.” Narcissa noted earning a small sigh from Gabrielle Delacour. “Do you wish to talk about it?”

“It's... embarrassing...”

The older woman scoffed, “Oh please, I am a mother dear. I have undoubtedly seen worse from my own son or heard worse from the other Pureblood mothers when we go out for tea. I am happy to listen and help if you want to share.”

Nodding, Gabbie took a steadying breath, “I have been having... dreams...”

“Dreams?”

“Yes... uhm... physical dreams...”

“Phys... ah, dreams of the more sensuous sort?”

The girl nodded shyly, “I wake up sweating a lot and thinking about uhm...”

Narcissa shared a knowing smile, “Thinking about a certain boy hm?”

“Y-yes...”

“I see, well that is all perfectly normal dear. You are the age when young girls, especially those with
Veela blood, go through that sort of thing so it is nothing to worry about.”

Gabbie shifted in her chair a bit, “They aren’t always... normal though. I mean in them he is... rough and...”

“Dominating?” Again the young blonde nodded, earning a soft chuckle from the older woman. “I am not sure how much your mother taught you or your sister told you but that is perfectly normal. I am sure you have heard that Veela are ‘dark’ correct? Well this is part of that reason. Your sexual development can go through some very dark phases, and sometimes never changes from these. Your sister might enjoy being in control or 'stalking her prey' whereas you might become more excited by the idea of being controlled. Harry still has the contract of ownership correct?”

“Yes, he was going to get rid of it last summer but held off due to our father's own potential actions. He wanted to keep some evidence just in case.”

Narcissa hummed in consideration, “Do you want him to get rid of it? Or would you rather him own you? There is nothing wrong with such a thing as long as the person in control is not cruel towards you, some Pureblood spouses actually write up such contracts to further continue this fantasy.”

“I... I don't know. I mean I don't like the idea of someone controlling me but with Harry...”

“It is different, well don't worry dear there is no rush to make a decision now. Think on it and see if you can come up with a decision by next summer, it wouldn't hurt to involve your sister as well though.”

***LoD***

“Astoria” the girl's older sister hissed as she caught her heading towards their common room, “what are you doing!?”

The younger girl spun, a pout evident on her face, “I am tired of waiting Daph. I am going to go see Harry.”

“No you are not,” Daphne growled, before grabbing her sister's arm and beginning to drag her back to the dorms. “You can't be trying to do that kind of stuff right now, not with Umbridge lurking about.”

Ripping her arm free she stood her ground, “I don't care! You made me wait all this time to be with him and now that I had a few moments last summer you are telling me I have to wait longer!?”

The older girl's eyes widened, not realizing that her sister and Harry had even been in the same room as each other over the break, but quickly focused back on the situation at hand. “Astoria, look... I get that it is hard to deal with, we are all having trouble with the situation but trying to rush anything right now is dangerous. Once Umbridge is gone...” she trailed off, wondering exactly what she should promise her sibling.

“Once she is gone what? Am I allowed to sign up for a night with him then?”

Daphne bit her lip, this was not something she had thought about or planned around. She wanted her baby sister to be happy, of course, but she had always thought her obsession with her Lord was just a child's fancy, that she would eventually move on and find someone else to marry and be happy with.

“Look... how about this. Once the woman is gone, and we can talk without worrying about people overhearing us, we will figure out exactly what you want and where to go from there okay? You are still young Astoria, there is no reason to rush into a sexual relationship at your age.”
“Like you did?”

Biting back the immediate retort, the older teen took a calming breath in the face of her sister's insult, “I waited until my fourth year.”

“And then you let him shag you silly, got it.”

“Astoria...” she growled, earning a defeated sigh from the younger as the girl nodded in acceptance.

***LoD***

The Goblin finished reading over the suggestion, before glancing up at the Veela seated across from him. “You have been in our employ for a little over a month Miss Delacour, and you already think it is a good idea to begin making suggestions of such magnitude?”

Fleur nodded, “Considering how well I understand humans? Yes, I do. I also know one of the reasons you hired me is for the political power you hope to gain through Harry Potter.”

A scowl formed on the creature's face, before he gestured for her to continue.

“Think of this as a political donation of sorts. Not only that but it will show that you care less about gold than you do about following the laws that are currently being manipulated by the Ministry. It will endear you to the Magical populous at first announcement, and again when they learn what Harry intends to do with the money.”

“It is a *lot* of gold Miss Delacour.”

“I am aware, but I have also been studying up on economics. I am sure you know that money sitting around collecting dust does nothing to help the bank, if anything it is simply accruing interest and *costing* you more.”

It pondered for a few minutes, before nodding slowly, “I will speak to the manager, such a transaction will need to be approved first.”

***LoD***

Harry Potter stared up at the ceiling from his bed, pondering over the various changes happening not only in his life but also in the lives of his followers and the school itself.

'Things are proceeding as planned,' he mused, 'the next stage should be set for the Winter holidays. It wouldn't have been *necessary* if the Ministry wasn't so bloody incompetent but after the past year they have shown it simply isn't worth the effort.'

He let out a sigh, true it was somewhat nice to have free evenings to himself, away from the near-fanatical schedule that Hermione and the others had set the previous year, but he also was beginning to miss the closeness.

'That, and sex is rather amazing.' He noted with a chuckle, which quickly morphed into a frown over the thoughts of one girl in particular.

Luna

She had been distant for the past two weeks or so, with Ginny saying the same. Were her classmates picking on her again? ‘Perhaps they did not learn the last time...’

Either way he did not like the gap that seemed to be widening between the lovable blonde and
himself, and resolved to fix the situation when he figured out exactly what was wrong.

Blonde hair immediately brought back thoughts about Fleur and her sister. There hadn't been much time, or privacy, for communications between himself and the elder and whether this was a positive or negative was yet to be seen. Still, he trusted the two to reach out to him, or at least Sirius and Remus, if there were any problems. The same with Tonks.

'And perhaps' a traitorous part of his mind whispered, 'you are a bit eager to become more involved with little Gabbie hm?' Harry promptly, and ruthlessly, crushed the thought.

“She shouldn't be doing such things for years still...” he muttered to himself, earning a snort from his inner monologue as images flashed back of their vacation and time spent together over the summer.

'I clearly have too much free time.' he noted, 'Perhaps it is time to decide what exactly I can do with Greyback.' But the teen already knew what the biggest issue was, and it was certainly not the lack of projects or assignments.

It was loneliness, despite being surrounded by followers, and having Hedwig for company, he was missing the others, and it was clear the former owl was as well.

***LoD***

Hatred

It was almost frightening how much of it now burned inside of her chest, all focused around one person.

Dolores Umbridge

Luna hated her, more than she had ever hated anyone else, maybe even more than Dumbledore. But there was enough anger in her heart for him too, the conniving manipulative old bastard knew what was going on, but said nothing, did nothing.

'He should be the one writing with a Blood-Quill, not me.' The girl seethed, before a snort escaped her lips, followed by a soft laugh which quickly escalated into something far darker and sinister.

The thought of Dumbledore and Umbridge sitting behind desks meant for children, both cringing in pain as they carved their sins into their hands was hilarious for some reason.

Years ago Luna would have been scared by such a thought, maybe even a bit horrified at the notion of wanting to hurt someone so badly.

But not now. Her perspective had changed, due to Harry and just her life at Hogwarts itself. Her Lord was great and powerful, he had an entire harem of women, along with dozens, maybe even hundreds, of others praying for just a single night with him.

He was reshaping the world, changing it to fit his design, and those who followed him would be a part of it. Hermione was the intellect, Ginny the moral conscious. Tonks was the righteous anger, while Daphne the cold Pureblooded princess. Hedwig was his heart, and Bellatrix his weapon. She could even see Gabbie becoming an intricate part of his future, but what role she would fill who could say.

The others? They were distractions. Pansy might be good on her knees but that was all she would ever be.
Up until that moment Luna had always, secretly, questioned her own place. Where did she fit in with girls this pretty or talented. Why did Harry need her when he had others whose bodies he could use for his enjoyment or to carry his future heirs and heiresses.

But now she knew, now she saw exactly what she could, and would, be for him. She was his darkness, the twisted part that would do whatever was necessary while the others were held back by morals and innocence. She would not be, though. She would torture, maim, kill, slaughter, and destroy all in his name. She would be his Bellatrix, one that could walk by his side and do whatever he asked without a second thought.

Hadn't it always been this way? She gladly gave him her body whenever he so much as looked her way. The connection they shared wasn't one any of the others understood. They were connected through darkness and shadows, through a fate both had avoided, and yet become bound by. It was the hatred that they both knew so well.

But Harry needed to reject some of this, needed to keep a calm head and collected sense of right and wrong for the future.

She did not. Luna would hate for him and would do so happily. The girl made a mental note to go through the Black Library during the upcoming holiday break for darker Curses, it never hurt to be prepared after all.

***LoD***
Articles & Removal

Lord of Darkness

Articles & Removal

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

***LoD***

“Has there been any progress?”

Dolores Umbridge looked almost remorseful as she shook her head, “Nothing so far Minister. Potter still remains the 'perfect' student as always and those around him seem to follow his example.”

“And what of Lovegood?”

Dumbledore shifted uneasily. He had been informed two weeks prior that the Minister's Undersecretary had selected Luna as her target with which to force Harry's hand and push him to make a mistake of some kind. Despite mentally reassuring himself time and time again that this was all necessary in order to stop the rise of a Dark Lord, to save countless lives he still hated what they were doing in order to accomplish that goal.

The knowledge of the punishment, borderline torture, of a student, no matter what affiliation or path they had selected, had kept him awake more than a few nights thus far due to guilt.

That and the times sleep had not evaded him his dreams had been haunted by the ghostly form of his long departed sister staring at him in disgust. Surely she would understand though? That the needs of so many vastly outweighed the happiness of a mere few.

“Well keep on her!” Fudge barked in anger, bringing the Headmaster from his thoughts. “I have pushed through a temporary silencing order on The Quibbler but it will only last another week or two at tops before the Wizengamot votes to deny it.”

Umbridge scowled in annoyance, “They should simply approve it. Can you imagine? Letting people write whatever they want regardless of the consequences that might have for our leaders. If they had any brains between them they would pass the censorship laws that were suggested a century ago! If our ancestors knew that these so called 'liberties' would lead to instability, then those alive now should realize it as well.”

Nodding in agreement the Minister gave a few more vague orders to continue on as they had planned while Dumbledore merely sat in silent consideration. A dark path lay before them, one that could possibly lead to the forfeiture of individual freedoms and rights for not only the press, but also the individual as well, and the article written by Remus Lupin merely showed that it was beginning to affect other parts of life as well.

After the threat involving Harry was quelled he would set about restoring true democracy once more, and the privileges that it granted.

***LoD***
Ginny Weasley had noticed it first, the slight change in her best friend. Luna had been acting odd, at least for her. It was small things at first, being a little less vocal in class, having just a little less joy in her step and moving a bit sluggishly in general. There was also a darker edge, and tone, to the blonde.

The redhead had attributed it to simple loneliness and lack of sleep. The youngest Weasley herself always slept better with Harry or near him, thus thinking nothing of the change. That is until she noticed the hand wrappings one day.

“Luna, hey wait up for a second.”

Pausing, the Lovegood heiress turned back towards her classmate and gave one of her wide smiles, that Ginny instantly noticed looked wrong and forced.

“Oh hello Ginevra, whatever can I do for you today?”

Ginerva? Said girl frowned a bit, her best friend had never used her full name before. “Just wanted to talk to you for a bit, we have barely spoken in the last few weeks.”

Blue-eyes dimming just a tad Luna nodded slightly, “I am terribly sorry, I have just been rather busy lately and...”

“Something wrong with your hand?”

The blonde froze, it was too soon to reveal what was happening, especially to her friend Ginny would want to put a stop to it immediately but that would ruin everything. She needed more time,

“Just a slight burn during Potions class, I have been a bit clumsy lately and...”

“It was an accusation, but what surprised Luna the most was the amount of hurt barely concealed within those words, and what it did to her own feelings. She had thought that hatred had all but replaced any other emotion, but apparently she was wrong. Her best friend thought that she was trying to be cruel, and the thought woke something up deep within her soul.

“I-I'm not...”

Ginny immediately grabbed her friend's arm and pulled her into the, luckily empty, bathroom, before locking the door and refocusing her attention.

“Why” Now it was pleading rather than accusatory.

“I... I need time to sort something out Ginny that's all...”

“Is it something to do with Harry? With me? With the other girls? Are you having second thoughts? Are you...”

“No! No, nothing like that.”

The redhead's eyes narrowed, “What is really wrong with your hand?”

“I told you, just a mishap during Herbology and...”

“You said it was during Potions.”
“Ginny... please...” it was honest, pleading, and emotional. The hate was being pushed to the side for her friend, for their future.

“Show me.”

“Please don't...”

“Show me!” the Gryffindor practically screamed, shocking her friend to such an extent that she froze, before slowly undoing the wrap and extending her arm, earning a gasp of horror.

“Luna... my God who did this to you!?"

“It... it isn't as bad as it looks...”

“Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell Harry!?"

Tears were forming in the eyes of both girls now as they wept for different reasons with the same cause. “Because I can't help him yet, I'm doing this for him Ginny, to help him.”

“Luna, how could you possibly help him by being mutilated like this!?"

“Evidence...” the blonde whispered, looking down at the floor in shame, “I am gathering evidence for him against Umbridge, this will get her removed but I have to find a way to...” She was silenced with the Weasley daughter grabbing a hold, even more forcefully than before, of her friend's upper arm and dragging her from the bathroom.

“Come on, we are going to find Harry...”

“Ginny, please...” But she was ignored and continued to be led through the halls despite her protests and attempts to free herself.

Fifteen minutes later the raven-haired teen had been located and immediately stood and left the company of his normal associates to approach the two girls discreetly standing in the hallway.

“Something is wrong.” It wasn't a question, but rather a statement that sent shivers down the two teens' spines.

Ginny took a step back, before nudging the blue-eyed girl forward, “Show him.”

“It's nothing...”

“Then show me, if it is nothing I will certainly not be mad.”

She slowly presented her hand allowing him to gently take it into his own and rub his fingers gently over the scarring.

Fighting back her tears of embarrassment Luna choked out a response to his silence, “Please don't heal it yet. I... I know how much getting rid of her means to you.”

“Not as much as you mean to me...” He whispered, his eyes narrowing and the corridor beginning to darken in his anger. “When is your next... session with her?”

“F-Friday...”
Ginny's eyes widened in horror, she hadn't considered the possibility of the torture continuing. “Harry we can't...”

“And we won't. I told you Luna that you are mine. She will not touch you again.”

***LoD***

“Is something wrong dear?”

Nymphadora let out a small sigh as she picked at her food before looking up at her mom, it had been over a week and she hadn't quite found the courage to speak to the woman yet about her newest job.

“I... sort of need to talk to you about something mom.” Andromeda nodded, before putting down her utensils and focusing on the younger woman. “Director Bones... let me go a few days ago.”

A silence fell on the two for what felt to be years to Metamorphagus, before the older woman growled, “Did Dumbledore put her up to this?”

“He was there yeah...”

“That...” a few deep breaths were taken while she calmed her rage. 'How dare that manipulative bastard go after my daughter!?'

“Listen mom, everything is going to be fine I promise. I already got another job so I can still help with house payments and...”

“Oh sweetheart, you don't need to do that. I told you that if the worst happened I can always get another job or move to a smaller house.”

A silent sob wracked her daughter's body, “I know how much this house means to you, the time you and dad spent here before... well before he passed away... I want you to be able to live where you want. I promise this job isn't bad or anything illegal, I am working for The Quibbler as a reporter while Luna Lovegood is still in school and Remus Lupin is running it.”

“Are you happy there sweetheart? I know how much being an Auror meant to you.”

Tonks gave her mother a warm smile as the older reached over to firmly grasp her hand. “Actually, yeah I am. It is nice getting away from the politics and... well one thing they don't tell you in the academy is all the times you have to let the bad guy get away because of technicalities or someone just having more money than everyone else. I don't have to do that now, I can safely investigate the monsters without having to make sure that they don't have friends in the Ministry first.”

“But you are being careful right?”

“I am, I promise. I still have all those finely tuned skills I developed. Plus, Remus and Sirius have been showing me a few defense spells just in case. Your cousin isn't all bad you know.”

Andromeda smiled warmly at her daughter, “Yeah... I know.” Maybe it was time for her to finish mending the bridges she had torn down so many years prior.

***LoD***

Dolores Umbridge snickered to herself as she wrote down her weekly report, an odd ritual she had decided upon a few weeks prior that would show her absolute loyalty to the Minister, once he succeeded in completely returning to power over the government.
It had been another successful night involving the Lovegood freak. Her newest punishment, writing down the phrase 'I will trust in the Ministry', was sure to rattle the teenager's self-proclaimed leader. It was strange though, she had expected to change out her special quills every couple of weeks due to overuse, yet they were still just as pristine as they had been nearly a month ago.

“No matter,” she muttered to herself, making several notes on what to use for her next 'instructional phrase', “they are clearly of higher quality than I anticipated. Once the results of my success are published, the Minister will be able to use this as a basis to add the use of Blood-Quills to standard educational reform. Perhaps they will even name them after me for their first successful deployment.” Her half-crazed smile widened at the thought of 'Umbridge Quills', and her fantasies of being declared as future Headmistress of Hogwarts.

Meanwhile, Luna skipped happily back towards the tower, her hand free from blemishes or injuries once more. This really was the best possible outcome, the crazy bitch believed that she was still torturing children and the students themselves got to have an extra period of 'quiet study' while the woman was hallucinating.

The Lovegood heiress made a mental note to simply go to Harry before she began to make any plans next time. Although the compassion he had shown her, along with the very nice evening of sex, was a very nice benefit, her Lord had far better ideas, and the means to implement them.

But that hadn't been all, and a darker smirk crossed her face as she turned a corner, remembering the conversation that she had with him.

"I want to be there my Lord, when you deal with her."

The boy-who-lived glanced up from the paper he was looking over, an understanding look in his eyes, “Of course, I was planning on having you participate my dear. Umbridge is going to be yours to deal with, as soon as her wickedness can be used to the fullest. Take this time to prepare, read up on some of the darker spells, learn about anatomy and how to inflict pain. When the time comes you will have your revenge, I promise.”

Staring back at him the blonde made no reply, earning the quirking of his eyebrow, “Is something wrong?”

“I... have been having nightmares.”

Harry nodded slowly, expecting something along this line after what had been revealed, “I will take them away if you wish.”

Luna knew what he meant, to use Magic and erase them, and although the thought was tempting, she had something else in mind. “I don’t want to forget what happened... but I want something to replace it.” Now he had a look of curiosity on his face, something that she always enjoyed seeing. “Show me that fear can be good, that pain can be beautiful, like you did on our vacation. I want that again, to hurt and feel loved at the same time.”

“You’re sure?”

“Positive”

Nodding his raven-haired head, the boy stood and walked towards her, “The safe word will be...”

“Nothing,” she interrupted, surprising him a bit. “I told you, I want it to hurt, I want you to dominate and control me. I was never in control with her and I hated it, now I want to enjoy it with you.”
Staring back into her eyes he was silent for several moments, before giving a nod. A moment later Luna found herself spun in place and pushed forward onto the desk, bent at the hip as Harry's fingertips traveled up her legs, earning a whimper from the girl.

“Now now, no need to be impatient.” he whispered into her ear, “We have so much time, and I intend to enjoy exploring your cute little body.”

Her legs were forced apart, though she did nothing to stop him in the first place, allowing his fingers to pull aside her panties and rub her moistening sex. A gasp escaped her lips as the first digit pushed inside of her, followed by a second while another slid up to find a separate hole she had never explored.

“What lovely sounds you can make...”

As he slid thrust a finger into her arse her back arched, allowing him to grab her hair with his free hand and pull, sending a shock of pain and pleasure through her and earning a half-cry, half-moan from the blonde.

“Beg” he growled once more, a hand grabbing her throat while the other tightened around her waist. “Beg for me to use you. Beg for the abuse.”

“P-please...” she managed to whimper out, “Harder.”

She was answered by a thrust so hard she swore that stars appeared in front of her eyes as her head tiled backwards to give him more access to her body.

“That's a good girl, such a good little slut for me aren't you? Do you enjoy being my toy little Luna? Enjoy having me fucking your cute little pussy hm?”

“Y-ye...”

His hand tightened, promising to leave bruises on her throat just as her moist core tightened around him, as if begging as well.

By that point she was sure her body was in one long, constant orgasm as he huskily growled about how he was going to keep her around as a breeding tool, to use her pussy, and womb, whenever he wanted, to knock her up whenever he desired.

That final image her a half-scream of excitement mixed with orgasm as he completely filled her, and in that last moment whispered about how beautiful she was as their bodies pressed against each other completely.
“Password?”

Luna snapped back to reality, and realized she had probably been standing at the entrance to the Ravenclaw commons for several minutes, and also that her knickers were undoubtedly ruined due to her fantasies. She promised herself to ask her Lord for another one of those shags soon enough, another scream filled love making evening.

'And soon' the girl whispered to herself, as she answered the riddle and gained access to the dorms, 'soon I will get to hear her scream.'

***LoD***

Truth revealed, conspiracy at the highest levels of government!

My faithful readers, I would like to tell you a story many of you are familiar with. Approximately two years ago Lucius Malfoy won the election to become Minister of Magic following a terrible tragedy involving the former administration. The following year we became aware of the 'fact' that Minister Malfoy was involved in the freeing of over a dozen convicted Death Eaters and their release back into our society. These actions came to a climax with the resurrection of the Dark Lord, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and the monster's attempted assassination of Harry Potter.

We all know what happened next, all watched in shock and horror as the monstrosity bore down upon our child hero, only to be defeated forever in a clash that will be sung of for centuries. Following this an investigation was headed into the return of these terrorists. The end results were simple, Lucius Malfoy was removed from office, Cornelius Fudge was reinstated as temporary Minister of Magic, and we went back to reading about the latest gossip.

These are the facts we have been told... and yet they are not the facts that have occurred. Dear readers the reporter inside me has always had a problem with how neat these results were. With how easy the solution was to grasp. Lucius Malfoy was a previous Death Eater, and thus had to be guilty of freeing his former colleagues.

But... what if it wasn’t that simple? What if the more fantastical answer was the truth? I began to do my own investigation, to dig deeper into the reports, sightings, and information than even the Aurors bothered to do. I read through thousands of documents, spoke with hundreds of witnesses, and ventured down dark alleys that I, along with most of our society, never thought existed.

The truths I found... are terrifying.

We were manipulated, lied to, and treated as children, or perhaps pawns would be a better word. Although the official record states that the release of Death Eaters, such as Bellatrix Lestrange, began in the early summer of 1995. The truth is that this began approximately ten months prior. Now I know what you are thinking, because I thought the same when I discovered this, 'how was Lucius Malfoy able to smuggle these individuals out of Azkaban without the amount of pure political power of being Minister of Magic.

The answer is he wasn't, because it was not Lucius Malfoy who freed them.

It was Cornelius Fudge.

Prior to the escape of Sirius Black, wrongly imprisoned though he may have been, the number of Dementors present at Azkaban Prison was two-hundred and fifty-six. Orders from the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, sent a portion of these to begin the search for Sirius Black and to guard Hogwarts. After their deployment records state that the number of Dementors was two-hundred.
This means that the numbers of Dementors sent out was fifty-six.

Why then, did the official transfer papers record a number of sixty-six?

Now when I first read this I assumed what any sane person would, that it was an obvious error. Somewhere a scribe heard the wrong number, was thinking of the cost of their dinner the night before, or any number of reasons.

But then I dug deeper.

Azkaban Prison has only three scheduled arrivals and departures each day and all by sea, one for morning, noon, and night, yet there was a fourth departure scheduled on the same day that the Dementors were sent forth from the island in pursuit of Sirius Black. Only a departure.

Readers, Dementors do not travel by boat.

What was the purpose of this voyage? Who was on it? Why is it only mentioned as a side-note rather than a large indication of the breaking of procedure, especially when security and oversight should have been at an all-time high?

A shipment of Dark Artifacts intended for destruction goes astray.

Friends of the Minister report that the eastern-wing of his mansion is closed off for ‘maintenance’.

Several after-hour Floo calls take place in the Minister’s office.

The convenient discovery of evidence against the Minister who replaced him.

The insistence of placing Ministry officials, who have no teaching expertise or experience, into influential positions at Hogwarts.

What does it all mean? What does it add up to?

I will tell you readers, with my final, and most damning, piece of evidence. A discarded letter meant for Minister Fudge, one in which the previous Undersecretary Madam Umbridge states that her efforts to torment Harry Potter into confessing some make believe sins has not yet bore fruit…

But that her torture of his friends would continue until it did.

That’s right, torture. In this letter it also speaks of plans to frame everything on Mr. Potter and Lord Malfoy. When I say ‘everything’ readers I mean it. The attack from the Dementors in Mr. Potter’s third year, the release of the Basilisk in his second, and the return of the Dark Lord, apparently all a part of some delusional plan they created to persuade us that Mr. Potter orchestrated his own fame, and even aided the freeing of Death Eaters.

‘Why would they do this though’ you may ask?

Because of change, because our government has been changing for the better and they fear it. The fact of the matter is that Cornelius Fudge and Dolores Umbridge hate Muggles, and Muggleborn students, just as much as any Death Eater. They dream and plot of ways to harm those who take the opposite stance, of ways to control the Wizarding World much like He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had done in decades prior. Minister Fudge’s previous stances on Muggleborns were to get himself elected, to gain trust, and to blind us all towards his true motives.

Make no mistake, both individuals are monsters.
The article was delivered to houses and institutes across Magical England. When Aurors were sent to bring in the acting Minister and the Head of the Slytherin House for questioning they both had long since fled.

***LoD***

To call the reaction of the public ‘outrage’ was to refer to Lord Voldemort as a ‘bad person’. The various ‘factions’ of the Wizengamot generally did not get along very well with each other, but one thing *all* of them agreed upon was that children were *never* to be harmed.

When a journal was released by the press, somehow being missed by the investigating Aurors, about the lengths of Umbridge’s tortures, arrest warrants were issued immediately. But therein lied another problem, the public’s faith in the Auror department itself had waned due to accusations from various parents and politicians alike that Umbridge and Fudge had been warned prior to the impending arrests, and that the officers themselves were delayed in order to give the fugitives time to escape.

Hogwarts professors were brought in for questioning concerning what they might have witnessed, and Dumbledore was forced to temporarily step aside as Headmaster to answer for his own part in the hiring of Umbridge and her activities.

Luckily, classes had only been days from being dismissed due to the holidays, but all manners of ‘educational decrees’ were lifted, and communication put back into play between students, those who were planning to stay behind, and their parents, many of whom insisted on being able to speak with their children in person rather than trust the Ministry to interfere.

No one was quite sure what would happen when classes resumed if the investigations were still heavily underway, and Dumbledore was not returned to his position.

***LoD***

Dolores Umbridge growled menacingly from where she crouched, hidden amongst the trees. This was not the proper place for a woman of her intelligence and skills. She should be in a cozy office, giving commands to those beneath her and reaping the rewards for her loyalty and ingenuity.

Instead that little bastard had gone and ruined everything. The Minister had gone underground, barely avoiding the Aurors sent to detain him just as she had done. She was on the run, moving between safe houses like a common criminal.

But there was still a chance. Dumbledore's 'source' at the school had managed to send a letter to her noting that Harry Potter had elected to stay behind at Hogwarts during the holidays, to give some measure of comfort to the students, and their parents, who also were staying at the castle. All she had to do was wait for her target to leave the security, and she had finally overheard his plans for a shopping trip. A few more minutes of patience and she would be able to strike.

The woman stilled as voices rang out over the newly fallen snow, “It was really nice of you to take us to Hogsmeade Harry.”

“Yeah, with everything that has been going on lately we just didn't feel safe going by ourselves.”

Umbridge recognized the voices of the two *inferior* Indian girls, the petals or something like that, which meant that according to her sources her true target should be right there with them.

“Well I had a lovely time,” the boy-who-lived replied, giving the sisters a warm smile that had them
giggling.

Parvati made her move first, stepping just a bit closer to the boy, and earning a glare from her sister, “You know our unofficial date isn't quite over yet, we still have a few hours left before midnight and McGonagall won't be back for at least another day...”

“Well Professor Flitwick barely pays attention at all, it would be really easy to say... sneak in and continue our date there...”

“I am sure that Harry would prefer the Gryffindor common room, after all it is far more comforting and has a nice relaxing fireplace.”

“Yeah well Ravenclaws have way better furniture and much more comfortable beds.”

Harry practically rolled his eyes at the argument that was starting, before two red lights flashed from the nearby trees, knocking both girls unconscious as his former Head of House stepped into the area.

“I truly hope you have a good reason for interrupting my date...” he noted in annoyance, earning a sneer from the woman as she pointed her Wand at the remaining student. With a slight gesture she ushered him into the forest where her plan would commence in earnest.

Unfortunately, she underestimated just how easily Harry could become bored with walking through the Forbidden Forest in silence.

“Excuse me, but are we going somewhere? Not that I hate nighttime strolls with women, but you hardly classify as one and this trip is getting dull.”

Umbridge snapped at her supposed captive, “Shut up brat!” before giving him a nudge to continue on towards the clearing, not realizing that the teen had already made his summonings through the mark all his followers bore.

A few minutes later they reached their destination, a small clearing far enough away from Hogwarts and the road that Umbridge was sure of their privacy, “Now then Potter you are going to do exactly as I say, understand?”

“Listen...” he paused, before letting out a deep sigh, “I get that you, like many women, are unnaturally attracted to me, but it just wouldn't work out between us. I mean you are obsessed with pink, I dislike the color. You are a stickler for the rules, I enjoy a bit of rebellion. You are an ugly unpleasant sack of flesh masquerading as a human, and I am an actual person.”

“SHUT UP!” she roared, squeezing just a bit tighter on her Wand. “You are going to confess to what you did. You are going to tell me how you were behind the Death Eaters being freed, how it is all your fault that Minister Fudge was wrongly accused, and then we are going to the Ministry so that you may tell everyone that...”

The former Undersecretary's Wand was ripped from her fingers, before an unknown perpetrator's arm was draped over her shoulder, their Wand pressing against her throat.

“Hello my Lord” a woman purred.

Dolores Umbridge froze, knowing full well the owner of the voice. How? Why was that... that woman here of all places?

“B-B-B-B...”
“Awww do you have trouble remembering me from Azkaban, here say it with me, Bellatrix.”

“B-Bellatrix L-Lest...”

“BLACK! BELLATRIX BLACK! SAY IT, SAY IT!” The mad woman screamed in hysterical anger, as she spun Umbridge around to push her Wand into the woman's throat hard enough to leave a bruise.

“Black! Bellatrix Black!” she hastily repeated back in terror, watching as the former Lestrange's expression morphed from fury back to one that a normal person would give while watching a child play with a toy.

“Awww see you do remember me, I'm so happy because I remember you. All those times you would come and talk to me, call me names, threaten me, talked about how better you were than me...” she fell silent, as if remembering the past, before snapping back to reality. “So, what's with the pink bitch my Lord? Please don't tell me you are going to shag this ugly whore...”

Umbridge thought about arguing that she was a perfectly natural and normal looking woman, thank-you-very-much, but stopped herself from doing so due to the situation at hand.

“... Because if you were wanting an older woman I would be more than happy to satisfy you... or Cissa... or both of us really, we haven't had a threesome in so long.” the last part was practically whined out, earning a chuckle from the boy, whom Dolores only now realized didn't look scared, or surprised, in the least bit.

“Of course not Bella dear, she is actually a gift to a pair of followers of mine.”

Bellatrix's expression shifted into something a pout, “Awww, who are the lucky bitches?”

Harry gestured around at the empty clearing, “Do you see anyone else out here Bella?”

And like that her face went from upset to gleeful, with a squeal, as she froze her future victim in place before prancing over and pulling the boy into a hug, pressing his face into her substantial chest. “Oh thank you thank you thank you my Lord! This is the best present ever! Next time my turn comes up to share your bed I am going to rock your world!”

The teen merely chuckled, before being released from the, rather pleasant, suffocating hold. “I will hold you to that Bella dear, just remember the rules hm?”

“No sexual assault, no Cruciatius Curse” she obediently recited, earning a smile from the boy and a smack her rear which made her giggle in excitement.

“Correct, the other who will be participating is Luna, I expect you to teach her what she wants to learn and give a helping hand where needed, other than that...” his eyes turned towards the woman, losing all of the warmth and joy in an instance, “make it hurt.” With that command he departed, leaving the two women alone as the crazed woman began to make enthusiastic conversation about all the ‘fun’ they were going to have together.

***LoD***

“H-Harry?”

“Yes, my dear?”

“Wh-what happened?”
The raven-haired boy looked over at the two sisters currently lying in bed, “Our walk was interrupted by a former… well attempted professor of ours, Umbridge. Afterwards we had a small chat on the error of her ways and after a few minor threats I let her leave and proceeded to float you both back to Hogwarts. Unfortunately, Madam Pomfrey is out for the evening but it appears you are both completely fine other than the few bumps and bruises from your falls.”

Padma nodded in understanding, “So ummm… would you like to make sure that we are alright? Cuts can become infected if left untreated and…”

“We would be so very indebted to you if you were to make sure we were okay… every inch of us.”

A smile appeared on the Slytherin’s face, “It would be rather unchivalrous of me to say no wouldn’t it?”

***LoD***

Parvati managed to grin, even as a groan of pleasure made its way through her lips. She had been a bit concerned about her sister's social development and how much time she spent studying, so when she had agreed to come out with her, and Harry, to Hogsmeade the Gryffindor had been delighted.

When she noticed her sister actually flirting with the emerald-eyed boy though... then it had turned into a bit of a competition.

Another moan sounded from in front of her, encouraging the 'more fun' of the two siblings to grind forward on the boy-whose-face-she-was-riding. This really was the best outcome though. She finally was able to see what everyone was always going on and on about in regards to the boy underneath her, and she was able to watch her prim-and-proper sister ride his cock like a wanton slut.

Speaking of, the other girl seemed to pick up on what she had been thinking, and bounced just a tad faster, her bra-clad breasts swaying just a bit more. Biting her lip, Parvati waited until her sister had closed her eyes, head thrown back in orgasm, before reaching forward and ripping the front fabric, freeing the globes to bounce more freely.

The air had, apparently, shocked Padma enough to glare at her sibling, who merely gave a cheeky grin back, before letting out an pleasure filled gasp herself as she felt a tongue press deeper into her.

***LoD***

Harry was fairly certain that he knew who was ultimately responsible for the rumors going around about his ‘amazing defeat’ of Dolores Umbridge and his ‘heroic defense’ of the two terrified sisters.

He also made a mental note to ‘punish’ the girls at a later date, and if the way they eyed him in the hallways and during meals was any indication it would be more than acceptable.

Still, the gossip had reached a point where the outside world began to hear of it, and thus he was seated before a pair of Aurors once more, his godparents seated on either side of him.

“Harr…”

“**Mr. Potter**” Remus growled in correction from the other side of the table. Sirius and he had come to an agreement at the end of the summer, it was high time they put an end to the belief, that all adults seemed to have, that their godson was public property and could be interviewed or harassed when anyone felt like it. The changes were going to start with how strangers acted like they were on a first-name basis.
The Auror seemed to have gotten the hint, and cleared his throat with a nod, “Y-yes of course. Mr. Potter, we have received rumors that you were approached by a Miss Dolores Umbridge several days ago.”

“Oh? I wasn’t aware that the Auror department investigated school gossip.”

This statement earned slight blushes of embarrassment from the two officers, who began stammering out excuses and justifications to their actions. “Could we get on with this? Our godson has been through enough lately and you morons still haven’t managed a single arrest in this whole fiasco.” Sirius interrupted.

The slightly older Auror quickly nodded, “Mr. Potter, were you approached by Dolores Umbridge upon your return from Hogsmeade several days ago?”

“I was”

“Could you walk us through what happened please?”

The teen nodded, “She stunned my two dates…”

“Wait, two dates?” the other, in his mid-twenties, man interrupted, earning glares from the two older men.

“Yes, two dates as in two girls. As I was saying, they were both stunned, and Miss Umbridge ordered me into the Forbidden Forest at Wand point. Once we had walked about quarter-mile or so she stopped at a clearing and demanded that I make a public statement about how I was responsible for the investigation against Minister Fudge. I calmly informed her that I was not in charge of the Auror department and this did not seem to go over well in her mind. She continued to threaten me until I pointed out that she was a very wanted individual, and with the small number of students still at Hogwarts, and the situation consuming the Ministry, our absence would be noted quite quickly. After this she screamed a few hysterical comments at me and left. I returned to where my dates had fallen and floated them back to the castle.”

“You did not report this…”

Harry shrugged, “Report what exactly? That a crazy woman demanded crazy things from me and then left? If anything I figured it would create more chaos in the Auror department and waste more time, maybe even something like focusing on the rumors spread by students.”

The younger officer appeared flustered, before pointing harshly at the youngest individual in the room, “Now see here…”

Luckily the other interrupted before his partner could commit political and, based on the expressions of both Lupin and Black, physical suicide. “Did Umbridge say anything else to you? Anything that might point to where she would be going or planning? Maybe something that could indicate where she was staying?”

The boy-who-lived paused for a moment, tapping his jawline in concentration, before answering, “Her clothes were wrinkled and dirty, but she had taken care to move through the forest, so it would imply she is not living in a well-kept house. This is supported by her wanted level and the general dislike that has been associated with her. She is not from a rich family, so I would begin by looking through the cheaper apartments and hotels that don’t tend to ask questions. She was always very insistent upon her blood-status, so this would probably rule out anything in the Muggle World or anywhere far overseas. Floo travel is monitored but I did not hear any sound of Apparition which
implies Portkey. I would begin my investigation into the known vendors who do not require ID and operate in less populated towns.”

The two men stared at the boy, who had probably just made their jobs a lot easier, in shock. “Uhmm…”

“Well,” Sirius Black interrupted, as he stood and theatrically stretched his arms and back, “sure does look like you two have a lot of work to do so we will just be going now.”

“W-wait the interview…”

Remus’ amber eyes glared back into the Aurors’, whose comment died with a squeak of fear. “I believe our godson has done enough of your job for you.”

“Y-yes of course, thank you for your assistance Mr. Potter.”

“Of course.”

As the trio departed and made their way towards the public Floo system of the Ministry a familiar voice called out to them, “Excuse me, Harry? Could the Quibbler get a statement from you? If you have the time of course.”

The two older men gave each other a knowing look, before politely excusing themselves and continuing on.

Harry, on the other hand… “Of course Miss Tonks, anything for a friend.”

***LoD***

Tonks had always wondered, once the true scope of her family tree was revealed, how similar she would be in regards to her uncle. Sure she enjoyed causing mischief and pranks, along with the occasional, and not so occasional, bouts of sarcasm, but otherwise she generally considered herself fairly level headed and a stickler for the rules.

Thus when the former Auror just ‘happened’ to mention the fact that the Aurors were incredibly busy at the moment, and that he had just ‘happened’ to notice Madam Bones on her way out on an important errand when he had been leaving his interview.

“F-f-f-fuck! Don't you dare fucking stop you…” was as far as she could get in her dirty talking before her body convulsed under the pleasure, pussy spasming around him as he stilled inside of her, enjoying the sensation and biting her neck, another fun little fetish she had quickly discovered he was more than happy to indulge in.

***LoD***

“Oh miss Loooooovegooooood,” a voice cheerily rang out as Bellatrix pranced into the dining area where those who had opted not to stay at Hogwarts were eating. Seeing said adorable blonde perk up the older Witch continued on, “Our toy has arrived. Finish up your lunch and then come down to the basement hm?”
Few recognized the slight gleam of hatred and darkness in the girl's eyes like the former Lestrange could, and it made her grin widen just a bit further.

Oh, they were going to have so much fun.

***LoD***

“Now then, where should we start first hm?” Bellatrix inquired as the two made their way to where a gagged Umbridge was strapped to a table in nothing but a bra and knickers.

The older woman had considered, for more than a few minutes, whether to strip the ugly whore down and have to deal with such an unsightly, and unsettling, figure but had opted to in the end. Being naked in front of one’s captors always created an uneasy feeling in the one about to be harmed. The only reason the former Undersecretary was still clothed at all was due to the fact that Bella was positive both her and the lovely young blonde would be vomiting by now if she hadn’t.

Luna had immediately gone for the tray of sharp, and very painful looking, instruments, much to the bound woman’s horror, before the older grabbed her wrist with a hiss of disapproval. “No… you can’t start with the main course my dear. Think of torture like sex, if you just start going at it fast and heavy it isn’t as much fun. You need the foreplay, the scenery and setup. We already are dressed for the occasion, as is our date, but now we need to wine and dine the bitch. One must always pamper their date if they expect to fuck afterwards hm?”

“Harry wouldn’t care about that…” the adorable girl had mumbled, earning a laugh from the older woman.

“True, but he didn’t just bend you over and fuck you into oblivion your first night, did he?” A cute blush, followed by a shake of denial, answered the Black matron. “See? He took his time and savored the moment as must we. Now then, another reason we take it slow is far more practical. If you start cutting out her organs then she either dies quick, or you need to use Potions to keep her alive. The latter of these two need Healing Charms to be effective which will numb the pain, and thus prove counterproductive.”

“So…” The remaining Lovegood paused, considering her choice of words, “how do we proceed?”

Bellatrix fought the urge to pull the teen into a hug, she was so cute when she was curious about something, especially when she made talking about it cute as well. “We start with the simple things. Tell me, how does one choose what method of torture to use?”

Blinking a few times, the girl quirked her head up in consideration, “What they have experience with?” She finally answered, earning a nod from the woman.

“True, but what if they don’t have experience?”

With a gentle, something most would not attribute to her, shake of her head the older Witch took pity on the younger, “Most of the time it is what the torturer fears. What they find unpleasant or horrifying they subconsciously assume others do as well. If a man has a fear of fire, then that will be what he primarily wields the first few times.”

A slow nod, and realization, came from the Ravenclaw, “So we start with what she did… what would be her fear then?”

“I would say disobedience, or perhaps blood but I think it is much simpler than that. I do believe that
our dear Madam Umbridge fears confession, the idea of writing your sins for all to see, of being branded with the truth.” A gesture directed the blonde towards a nearby chest of drawers and seconds later the girl had let out a gasp, indicating she had found what Bellatrix wanted.

In her peripheral the former Death Eater noticed Umbridge raising her head up to try and catch a glimpse of what had excited one of her victims. Perhaps it was a secret love of the art, or just a twisted desire to see what would soon be in store for her. Regardless the answer was revealed a second later when Luna spun in place, a black quill in her hand.

“Our dear Umbridge here gave us the idea,” the older Witch explained as her pupil slowly made her way towards the, now panicking, woman in question. “A modification of the Blood Quill that contains a rather powerful Compulsion Charm. Once activated it will force the wielder to write out their darkest secrets, the ones that haunt them to this very day. Instead of merely their hands though it carves it across every inch of them. Would you care to do the honors my dear?”

Darkness gleamed in the blonde’s eyes as she nodded, turning a hate filled glare upon the bound individual and forcing the object into her hand, which seemed clenched around the tool without consent.

The gag was Magically removed, allowing for the woman a moment to try and beg, but instead all that emanated from her mouth was a piercing scream as her wrist began to move on its own, and words slowly ripped across her skin in a bloody design.

***LoD***

“Hello Bella”

The former Lestrange spun in place, a wide smile adorning her face as she spotted her lover walk into her ‘play area’. “My Lord! I, er we, are so happy to see you!” The blonde, who had been reading over a book labeled 'psychological torture' had perked up from nearby as well and come running over.

He smiled back, sending shivers down their spines in anticipation, “I can tell, how goes your newest pet?”

“We uhm… sort of uh…”

“The thing is…”

“Luna, Bella…”

“It isn’t our fault! The bitch didn’t die of blood loss or anything, I made sure of it! She just sort of… died.” The older woman argued, while the younger nodded in agreement.

Harry frowned, it wasn’t uncommon for stress to simply kill a person, although it did tend to take a rather large amount, especially for Magical individuals. “A pity, I had plans for Umbridge… oh well, I assume you kept the body?”

The two nodded excitedly, before escorting him over to where a, rather bloody, corpse lay strapped to a table.

“A bit messy hm?”

“Well you said no Cruciatus…” The Black heiress practically pouted, earning a chuckle from the teen before he reached over and gave her arse a squeeze, much to her delight.
“That I did… well it doesn’t much matter, this does give me an opportunity to conduct an experiment of sorts.” He noted, before extending his hand towards the body.

Bellatrix Black and Luna both opened their mouth's to inquire as to what he was talking about, when dark tendrils shot forward from his fingertips, slipping into the woman’s eyes. Seconds later the blood vanished, her form restored as Dolores Umbridge sat back up, almost scaring the women to death in the process.

“When my Lord” the former deceased cooed.

***LoD***

Elphias Doge held back the sigh that threatened to escape his lips. What a catastrophe the holidays had turned out to be thus far! More investigations spurred on by that dreadful Skeeter, this time aimed at the temporary Minister, Cornelius Fudge; potential corruption in the Auror department, hinted at the reason that both Fudge and Umbridge had been able to escape; disapproval with the Ministry itself, and its policies, were at an all time high according to recent polls; and finally, the sheer number of Death Eaters still reportedly on the run and gathering influence abroad.

It was a volcano ready to erupt, the only question now was what would be the final triggering point, and what direction would the blast be aimed in? Looking around the man noticed the atmosphere in the Wizengamot was far more tame than usual. Gone were the hated stares and snickers behind everyone’s backs. Instead it was hushed whispers and suspicion.

Everyone thought their neighbor was either a spy for the, now deceased, Dark Lord, working with the former Minister, giving information to the Aurors and press, or corrupt.

Hell, maybe some of them were even right.

The circular room was filling quickly, with only a handful still missing, when a woman dressed all in pink entered in with a strut. Those present fell silent as Dolores Umbridge made her way to the center of the room before turning to address the members.

With a flick of her wrist she pulled a single envelope from her coat and cleared her throat as she opened it, revealing a small piece of parchment inside. From this a single flame emerged, dancing in midair in a hypnotizing manner.

“Ah hem, The Minister sends his regards.” With that the spark became an inferno.

***LoD***

A/N: Despite what has been mentioned in the chapter, ALWAYS have a safe word, regardless if you are male or female.
Moments before Umbridge entered the Wizengamot chamber

“Excuse me, Madam Bones, could I talk to you for a second?”

The director of the DMLE paused in her travel towards the meeting to notice Sirius Black hurrying to catch up with her, “Ah, Lord Black how can I help you today?”

Waving off her formality the man gestured to an open space out of the hallway, “Just hoping for a bit of an update, with Harry being an obvious target by at least Umbridge we have been worried about him.”

Amelia nodded, “Yes I can imagine. You were an Auror once, so you know I cannot give you details on an ongoing investigation, but I can tell you that thus far we have not had much luck in tracking her down. Between interviewing teachers, dealing with potential corruption in the department, press interviews, tracking Death Eaters, and now this…”

The Black Lord raised his hands in mock surrender, “Hey I know you and your department are working hard. Despite my brief stay at Azkaban I remember what it was like dealing with all that crap. I just want to know what I should be expecting.”

“You are quite welcome. Of course, perhaps we can catch up a bit more after the meeting? I will make some tea in my office if you would like.”

His patented ‘foxy’ grin reappeared, “And if you don’t mind me being a tad late, I have heard you enjoy biscuits from a certain well-known baker just down the street…”

She flushed slightly in embarrassment, before he offered his arm and began to lead her towards the meeting sanctuary. By the time they had taken five steps, however, an ear-shattering explosion erupted, shaking the building and causing both to fight for their footing for a moment.

Both adults stared at each other, before sprinting towards the, thankfully closed, doors and pulling them open. Eyes widening, they observed the chaos present before them.

It looked as though a bomb had gone off at the center of the room. Bodies were thrown about haphazardly. The floor, and many of the desks that would be used by the members, were stained red with blood and moans of pain echoed in a horrible symphony that reminded both adults far too much of the previous war.

“B-bloody hell…”

Seconds later other Aurors began to arrive one immediately raising the question that the others were
thinking, “Wh-what happened here!?"

The Director immediately shifted into her 'Auror mode', as she called out orders, “Get the wounded out and to St. Mungos, tell them it is an emergency and to lock down their facility for anything but extreme cases and to call in all hands. Begin locking down the Ministry.”

A younger Auror nodded, before raising his Wand to begin levitating a nearby injured politician, before Sirius practically jumped him, “No don't!”

“The hell is your...”

“We don't know what caused this you moron! You cast a spell in here and you could trigger another explosion due to unstable Magic!”

Madam Bones bit back a few choice curses. The former convict was right, it wasn't common, but such situations had been encountered during the previous war with the Dark Lord's 'experimentations', “Lord Black is correct, start carrying out anyone you can move without complicating their condition. Sirius could you...”

“Already on it, I'll start with the opposite side.”

***LoD***

It was rather amusing, the boy-who-lived noted as he strolled down the deserted hallway of the Ministry. Such a thing would be unheard of during normal business hours, but his little act of 'retaliation' had Ministry officials running around like terrified children, making slipping in unnoticed almost trivial. Really, he could have snuck in without such a distraction, but this way was just so much more fun, and useful for the future. If he was going to steal something why not remind Dumbledore why the older man shouldn't mess with his followers in the process?

Still, his destination was close by, the 'Department of Mysteries'.

“Such a dull name for something so... mysterious.” he noted as the sealed doors opened before him with a slight gesture. This single act immediately brought the attention of several Unspeakables, who moved to confront the boy.

“Halt, you can't...” All of them promptly froze, eyes glazing over, before they began muttering to themselves and wandering off in random directions, oblivious to the events around them. Really it was quite rude of them to interrupt his afternoon stroll, who did they think they were after all? He had originally considered just massacring the group, but it was far more fun to play the political game for the time being, and a group of bodies would not aid in that agenda.

“Love Chamber, dull. Space Chamber, slightly less dull. Death Chamber, mildly interesting... ah here we are, Brain Room.” With that the student strolled inside, to find what he was looking for.

***LoD***

“Malfoy, hey can you hear me, you alright Lucius?”

“B-Black?”

Sirius nodded, before crouching lower to the blonde, “Everything still attached? Bleeding anywhere?”

“What happened?”
“No time, we need to get you out of here. Is anything hurting more than normal? Anything broken?”

“N-no...”

The Black Lord gave another nod, before slinging the injured man's arm over his shoulder and gently lifting him up, earning a groan of pain. “Yeah yeah suck it up, at least you are still in one-piece you whiner. Others aren't so lucky.”

Looking around, though his vision was still blurry and his ears ringing, Malfoy noted that the man's words were correct. More than a few bodies visible from his vantage point were torn apart in ways that made him wretch.

“Try not to puke on me alright? I still have more people to try and pull out of this catastrophe.”

The blonde could barely wrap his head around the situation, and absently noticed his voice was beginning to tremble due to the shock, “Wh-where are we going?”

“Just outside, we have stretchers being setup to take you to St. Mungos, but we need to get everyone out of the room first. No idea how stable it is, and we can't start Magical treatment until you are clear.”

“N-Narcissa?”

“She's being called in. Do you want me to try and get her assigned to you?”

Lucius had just enough clarity to give a slight shake of his head, “No... too much emotional attachment.”

Sirius shook his head just as the man passed out, going limp against him. “Figures, you would be awake just enough to make my life more difficult...”

***LoD***

With his initial 'choice' made, and several more Unspeakables left wandering off in random directions, Harry casually walked back into the main hallway when another door caught his eye, “Time Room... how interesting...”

A glance around showed no one else in the area, earning a slight grin as the teen went exploring once more.

***LoD***

Narcissa Malfoy fought the urge to strangle her, currently unconscious, husband. Apparently, the man was stubborn enough to make a request to her cousin so that she would not be the one to treat him.

‘If only Bellatrix was trained… or not wanted for murder, how fun it would be to have him waking up to her care.’ The woman mused before shaking her head. It didn’t really matter anyway, because the former Black daughter had a backup plan. Sure, it technically meant she would owe her older sister a favor, but she had been meaning to come up with more excuses for them to interact.

The three women had been apart for far too long.

“Mrs. Malfoy?” The woman glanced up, noticing the questioning look in one of the nurses’ eyes, “Do you want to take over treatment of your husband or...”
A quick shake of her head answered the question, “No, my cousin informed me that Lucius did not want any conflict of interest. Please have him moved to my sister Andromeda’s care. A nod of understanding from the, slightly pretty, girl confirmed she understood as the matron moved onto the next victim.

It was going to be a long day.

***LoD***

Amidst the chaos currently consuming the Ministry the arrival of Albus Dumbledore went relatively unnoticed, that is until he approached Amelia Bones directly and announced his presence.

“Director... what happened here?”

The woman seemed to be in an odd state somewhere between collapsing from exhaustion and running a marathon. Combined with the constant orders she was giving to virtually everyone who entered the room, and the Headmaster was relieved that he had finally found the person in charge.

The madam gave a short nod to him, before directing another handful of Aurors, and gave a slight gesture for him to follow her into a vacant office. Once there, and the door shut behind them, the woman seemed to fall into one of the empty chairs.

“Amelia?”

“There was an attack Albus... on the Ministry itself.”

His eyes widened, before hardening a moment later. Clearly the Death Eaters had no intention of remaining dormant as they had hoped. “What do you know?”

“Less than four hours ago an explosion took place in the Wizengamot Chamber. There was a meeting scheduled for minutes after the incident, so we assume that the members were the target. Thus far we can confirm over twenty dead. I have called for an evacuation of all levels of the Ministry and a full sweep by Aurors.”

“Do we know how the attacker entered?” he questioned, earning a defeated shake of her head. “I see... are there any...”

A knocking on the door cut the man off, before a younger individual's voice called for the Director once more, upon hearing her consent an Auror stepped in, before giving a slight bow to both individuals, “Uhm Director we found something...”

She nodded, before waving her hand for him to continue.

“As you know all meetings of the Wizengamot are recorded for official record unless declared otherwise.”

Both elders nodded, “I am aware, continue.”

“Er, well ma'am we found that the record book had been secured at such an angle that it received only minimal damage, and well...”

“It recorded who committed this attack?”

The young man nodded, before gently handing the book over.

“Dolores Umbridge.”
Despite his injuries the Malfoy Lord had been released after less than a day at St. Mungos. Apparently, there were far more urgent patients, and save for the dulling pain he was given a clean bill of health.

Returning home, he idly wondered where the Potter heir would be at that point of the day. With the holidays in effect the students had been given a rare opportunity, the right to move back and forth between their homes and Hogwarts through Floo, and carriage, travel. Most, naturally, had chosen to stay home but it appeared that the raven-haired teen had opted to go back and forth.

“Welcome home Lucius.” Narcissa pleasantly intoned as the man slowly made his way into the living room, a slight limp in his step from the pain still present. “Draco will be down shortly with our Lord.”

The man's eyes widened in surprise, before giving a curt nod and eyeing his favorite chair longfully. He wanted to just sit down and relax but knew that it was not proper to do so, especially when their Lord was in the house. He would need to bear the pain and wait until...

“Take a seat Lucius, you know I don't care whether you act all prim and proper around me.” Harry's voice sounded from behind him, causing the Pureblood to jolt in surprise as he turned around.

“M-my Lord I...”

“You are still in pain, take a seat and relax.”

“Th-thank you my Lord...” the blonde stuttered, before collecting his pride, calming his heart rate, and slowly dropping himself into the cushiony object with a sigh. The teen took a seat on the couch opposite, while his son took a spot on the other end. Moments later his wife reentered with a tray of refreshments for the group.

“I see you are recovering quite nicely.”

The Malfoy Lord nodded, “I am, the healers estimate I will be fully mobile within the next day or two at most, and pain free by the end of the holidays if I am able to minimize physical activity and stress.” A moment later he took the offered glass of, rather expensive, alcohol offered by the matron of his house, while she herself paused to assess where to sit.

“Anywhere you would like Lady Malfoy.” The boy said, answering the unspoken question.

'Probably doesn't realize that she would prefer to be sitting in his lap' Lucius mentally mused, as his wife took a spot between the two teens, although slightly closer to Harry than her own son.

“Now then, I assume you have questions?”

“I...” the blonde paused, it was a rather delicate situation. How did one question their Lord about a potential assassination attempt made on their own person? “I do, my Lord, if you do not mind.”

A carefree wave urged the man on.

“Shall I assume that you were the one behind the attack?”

“In a sense. Can't be wasting a loyal follower, now can we? That does remind me that I need to pay Bella and Luna a visit before going back to Hogwarts though. Your sister-in-law has been rather insistent lately.”
Noticing his own wife's struggle to contain her sarcastic comment the older man made the connection instantly. Bellatrix was clearly whining about not getting enough sex... again. Still it wasn't his concern, or place, to question his Lord's carnal habits, even if his own wife was involved. “Have I... displeased you my Lord?”

The boy quirked his head to the side slightly, “No, have you done something lately that you believe would displease me Lucius?”

He wanted to claim 'no' but who could honestly say? Perhaps his Lord was simply fulfilling his retribution for all his previous betrayals. “I have not, but... well I was part of the attack you planned... my Lord.”

Okay, so it came out a bit more petulant than the blonde had intended, but he had almost been blown up.

“Yes... and yet you are still breathing, with all of your limbs still attached I might add. Do you truly believe that is by accident Lucius? If I was displeased with you then neither of these things would be true right now.”

The older man’s eyes widening in realization, and more than a little shock. In that moment the Malfoy Lord understood exactly how dangerous the boy could be. Not only had he pulled off a massive assassination on one of the most guarded groups of individuals in the Wizarding World, but he had done so in such a way that he controlled how much damage had been done.

“The fact of the matter is,” the teen continued on, snapping the blonde from his own thoughts, “that you are in a rather powerful position right now Lucius. Your influence in the Wizengamot has more than tripled with the thinned-out numbers. Minister Fudge will be blamed for this entire situation, which gives you a chance to recoup your political status as Minister, and you have the sympathy card to play with your injuries. Hell, I imagine you could even try and get some sort of medal bestowed upon the survivors of the attack, thus giving you an appeal to the more militant in our society.”

The boy-who-lived was right, he hadn’t considered all the political ramifications that one simple act could cause. The Ministry was still in a very vulnerable state, the people were terrified, and the normal sides were being rearranged faster than Severus could drop Gryffindor's House Points.

“Ah, I see you are finally grasping my vision... well the parts I have given you a glimpse of at least. This isn't quite the end, but the dominoes have already begun to fall.”

Before he could make any further comments, Narcissa broke her silence, “Thank you my Lord for such a generous gift you have bestowed upon my husband and family.” One did not need to be a Slytherin to hear the purr in her voice. “I do so hope you will be staying the night here, I have missed your presence around the house.”

Even Draco rolled his eyes at the blatant flirting.

***LoD***

“You did not mention his planned attack.”

“That is because he didn't mention it. I cannot read his mind you know, and even if I could I wouldn't be stupid enough to try. Clearly you can tell he is dangerous.”

Dumbledore gave a defeated sigh, “Yes, that much is abundantly clear.”

The schoolboy nodded curtly, before turning to leave. “I will speak with him and attempt to find out
why, but knowing him…”

“His plan may very well reveal itself in the next few days.” The Headmaster finished, “Perhaps a more direct approach is required.”

Nott shrugged, “Most of the Slytherins are gone for the holidays like usual, but he remained behind. If you are going to act, it would be best before the others return.” With that he left, leaving Dumbledore to silently ponder the boy’s words.

***LoD***

Silence

An almost unnerving quiet blanketed the Slytherin common room, one that Harry had nearly forgotten about. There were no students around, and even his female followers of different Houses had left for the break, at his own request. To say they had been a bit upset was an understatement, but he had assured them that it was necessary for his plans, and that was true. The situation would not be nearly as successful with others constantly following him around.

He was sure they would be upset with him afterwards though.

Still, there was no avoiding it. The last part of his plan, a project that one of the former Death Eaters had been working on, had just been delivered to him the night prior, which meant that now all he had to do was wait.

“Funny…” he whispered to the empty room, “In the end it all comes down to the actions of another.” For a brief moment the teen thought that maybe Dumbledore wouldn’t take the bait, that maybe he would choose a more diplomatic option.

But those thoughts passed a second later, floating away into the soft crackle of the nearby fire. He had an odd habit of second guessing himself when he was completely alone, something that had emerged when he was still at the orphanage.

Harry was sure that the Headmaster would make his move, as sure as the sun would rise the next morning. The only thing he wasn’t sure of was the outcome of their next encounter. There was a possibility, and really it always existed, that he wouldn’t be walking away alive. His thoughts shifted like a gentle breeze, images of those he cared about flashing before him as a smile formed on his lips, before falling.

“They will be okay. Even if the worst happens, they will be okay, I made sure of it.” He wasn’t exactly sure who he had been trying to convince in those few moments, but the only one person in the room couldn’t even believe himself.

***LoD***

Attack on the Ministry leaves Wizengamot crippled!

A deep sigh escaped the lips of Amelia Bones as she dropped the front page of the Daily Prophet onto the large wooden table. She knew that the truth would get out, it was hopeless to try and hide something like this, but she had also hoped for another day or two of crisis management before the full scope of what occurred was circulated.

As it was the attack had happened less than forty-eight hours prior, and the Ministry was still in absolute chaos. Most employees had not returned, and the few that had were mostly being denied access to the building for safety and investigative purposes.
All active Auror vacations and time off had been canceled and all officers put on mandatory overtime until the crisis was resolved. The initial investigation, and the few interviews that had taken place, all pointed to the fact that Dolores Umbridge had in fact been the source of the explosion, and that it had taken her with it.

The sound of footsteps brought the woman from her pondering as a man entered the room with a slight grin on his face, one that, despite knowing it was fake, still brought a smile to her own.

“Well good afternoon young lady, I was just in the area and thought I would stop by for some tea, would you care for a cup?”

“Well, hello to you too Sirius.”

The Marauder's chuckle filled the underground chamber as he took a seat near her, “So... I'm the second one to show up huh... you know it is bad when I'm not late.”

Before she could reply another voice called from the hallway as a pair entered from the same direction, “Or this place is just bloody hard to find.”

“Or you are just really bad at following directions Frank. Seriously Alice, why do you keep that man around?” The Black Lord teased as the Longbottoms entered the room.

“What can I say, I have gotten used to him and it is just far too much of a hassle to look elsewhere.” The woman replied in a similar tone, earning a pout from her husband as they too took seats. Within twenty minutes the other chairs had been filled, the remainder of the Wizengamot now fitting around a single round table. Of the original fifty-seven members, only fifteen remained.

“So, what's on the agenda?”

Lucius spoke up first, flinching slightly from the pain still present in his arm, “I think the most important order of business is securing the Ministry and preventing this sort of thing from happening again. Has there been any progress in the investigation Director?”

“Some, we are working under the assumption that Umbridge was not working alone, based upon her ability to not only gain access to the Ministry itself, but also the explosive device she used.”

“Any more information on that?”

Bones nodded, “It wasn’t easy, with the little that remained, but the initial analysis has shown that is appears to be a mixture of several different compounds. We can say for certain that a few of them are from the Muggle world, while the only one identified that is Magical, thus far, has been Dragon's Blood.”

“An odd choice,” Lucius noted, “Combining ingredients in such a way is incredibly difficult and dangerous. If someone were trying to make a weapon there would be easier means of doing so.”

“But not if they wanted something to slip through security.” Sirius chimed in, “Assuming that things haven’t changed much from when I was an Auror, the only objects to receive a full scan are packages above two liters in volume. If we take that into account, the number of methods that ensure large scale destruction drop dramatically.”

“They could have used an artifact though, or Charmed a bag to bring more in.” Frank Longbottom remarked.

The Lord of the Black House nodded, “Yeah, but I don't think it's a coincidence that it took
Umbridge with it. I mean if someone else is pulling the strings then they wouldn't want it linked back to them. Any object that survived could be a link. They probably figured that we wouldn't look into the Muggle side and stick with Magical causes.”

“And we almost did, the only reason we even thought to check this route was an offhand comment made by one of our Muggleborn Aurors about remembering the smell from her father's collection of firearms.”

“So, gunpowder was one of the chemicals?”

She nodded, “It was. It appears the attacker wanted to combine several very unstable substances into a single container. Best we can figure they did so and immediately and placed it under some sort of stasis Charm that would deactivate upon use of a trigger.”

“Do we have any further clues on motive?”

“Nothing concrete yet,” the eldest present noted in a slight amount of defeat. “Our original assumption was that the Wizengamot was the target, but we have also found well over a dozen Unspeakables wandering about on the lower levels, seemingly unaware of their surroundings. This could also have all been part of a much larger plan to acquire some sort of artifacts or knowledge as well.”

Silence fell on the room once more, until it was broken in a softer tone, “Not that I want to be the first to make the accusation...” one of the younger members called out, “but have we heard any word on Fudge? He was rather close to the woman, after all, and her own journal has revealed an almost zealous focus on him. Not only that but he would have had a good deal of knowledge about security and the layout of the levels containing the Unspeakables.”

The other members shifted around, more than a little uncomfortable with how the conversation was going, despite having similar thoughts.

“We... have not found any signs of him yet, no. With all of our officers pulled back to work on securing the Ministry...”

Sirius interrupted, this time with understanding in his voice, “Amelia we get it, way too much going on and not enough Aurors to do even the normal duties. This entire year has been one giant disaster from the start. Let's just hope luck is on our side for once and we get a bit of a reprieve.”

***LoD***

He may have fooled the others, even Amelia Bones, but Dumbledore knew who was truly responsible for the attack. Theodore’s information, along with the testimonies of both Cedric and Victor Krum from the previous year, all pointed to Harry's involvement. But this was a far greater escalation than he had originally anticipated.

The article written about Corenlius Fudge was an obvious retaliation against their move against Lucius Malfoy, and there would undoubtedly be more damage done once the boy decided to act against his own neutralization of the Delacour sisters and Tonks.

Albus Dumbledore let out a mental sigh as he moved through the near-empty halls of Hogwarts. He hadn't wanted to do such things, but it had been imperative to remove as much of Harry's own influence as possible. He would not make the same mistakes as he had against Tom Riddle decades prior. Voldemort had been allowed to grow unchecked, to build influence without any interruption.

Not this time.
But then Harry had gone and committed this atrocity, to destabilize the government in such a way that it could cause a potential civil war, with the teen himself the obvious intended victor. No, he would not allow such a thing, even if it meant going against every moral code, against every principle he held sacred.

Harry Potter must be stopped, and Albus Dumbledore knew he was likely the only one left who would, much less could, accomplish such a feat. But action had to be taken immediately, the teen, Albus flinched when he realized just how young the killer was, would be far too secure during the summers and acting with other, innocent, students nearby was out of the question.

That left him with only a few short days to act. The staff was at an all-time low due to the investigations and holidays, which meant that now would be his best opportunity. The only time he had to take the life of a Dark Lord before more could be lost.

Albus Dumbledore focused on the future, and the good that would be done with one act of violence, before steeling himself and entering the Grand Hall, where he knew the boy was currently eating.

***LoD***

“Hermione, could you pass the potatoes please.” Fleur requested, her voice subdued and almost empty. It wasn’t her fault though, she hadn’t seen Harry in months and had been more than a little upset when she had learned he wouldn’t be spending the holidays at home with them. All of the other girls had returned, even Hermione and Luna, but he had stayed at Hogwarts for ‘various reasons.’

It wasn’t as though she didn’t like spending time with the others, both she and her sister loved being around them, but there was just something about Harry that made everything different. Life was more beautiful around him, more fun. She could have a conversation about anything with the teen and he would often add in comments that she didn’t even know about originally.

“Here” a bookworm replied, her tone virtually matching the Veela’s, and the sadness in her eyes telling the blonde all she needed to know. It wasn’t just Gabbie and her that missed Harry, it was all of them.

Ginny let out a sigh from nearby, she had been alternating between spending time with her family and the others for the break thus far, but still felt rather lonely overall, “Could someone get me a refill?”

Her, normally chipper, best friend nodded, taking the glass and moving to the nearby counter where the juice was sitting. Just as she reached out for it Luna froze, her eyes widening as the cup fell from her hand, shattering on the ground and breaking the silence.

“Luna? What is…”

Tonk’s question died on her lips, watching in horror as the young girl’s eyes filled with tears, her hands flying up to her mouth in silent horror. They all knew she had seen something, but what they hadn’t known was the image she beheld.

Harry, barely upright, covered in his own blood with Dumbledore’s Wand pointing at him preparing for the final blow.

“HARRY!”

***LoD***
The Headmaster met the gaze of the only other person in the room, “Harry” he called out.

The boy’s face remained passive, even if his gaze was intently focused on the elder Wizard, eyes widening in shock a second later.

“It is time…” With that, Dumbledore diverted his attention to the doors for a split second, and a wave of his Wand sealed the room, ensuring that the few other students or staff could not interrupt. Because of this he missed a slight gesture from his target that took place under the table.

“It is over Harry. All of your lies, your manipulations… it ends today.”

The Potter heir’s head tilted to the side, “I’m not quite sure what you are talking about Headmaster. If anyone is manipulating things it seems to be you.” With that single declaration the atmosphere went from calm and serene to hurricane-like in an instant. Dumbledore’s Wand rose in an instant, firing a barrage of spells while his intended target fell backwards from the bench he had been sitting on, narrowly avoiding the flurry and flipping the table up on its side as a makeshift barrier.

A second later the wooden shield was tossed across the room by the older man’s Magic, only to find his prey had used the time to move further down, and sent a few stunning and disarming Charms in retaliation, to have them swept aside by the Supreme Warlock.

“I am disappointed Harry, I thought you would put up a better fight than this.”

***LoD***

Frowning, Albus Dumbledore raised another Magical Shield, harmlessly dissipating the spells cast by the boy-who-lived. Something was wrong, he just didn’t exactly know why. By all accounts Harry should be even more powerful than Tom was, and yet he was dueling at a level that, although impressive for someone his age, was not nearly up to par to defeating a Dark Lord.

Why was he holding back? Why was the teen purposefully avoiding his more powerful spells and Magic?

A thought emerged in the older man’s mind, perhaps he wasn’t. Maybe Harry had been enhanced when facing Tom for the same reason he had survived the Killing Curse all those many years prior? Perhaps when he had faced down Quirrel, Lockhart, and the Basilisk he had used a potion or ritual to enhance himself ahead of time? None of the deaths in question, which the elderly Wizard now knew had all been the Potter heir from the start, had been instantaneous battles. No, they all bore the signature of someone who knew what they were undertaking. A casual certainty that one wielded when victory was assured.

If that was the case Dumbledore knew that he had to end the battle before the teen could escape. Should Harry be allowed to develop a strategy against his own casting the results could be disastrous.

“So, I feel the need to ask Headmaster,” the boy called out from where, it seemed, he had taken a slight break to catch his breath. “What exactly did I do to earn apparent execution from the great ‘Champion of the Light’?”

Dumbledore shook off the warnings going through his mind about pausing their duel, surely no one deserved to die without knowing why? Not only that but it certainly would ease his own conscious to speak the boy’s sins out loud.

“Where to begin my boy? Your dealings with Lucius Malfoy perhaps?”
Even from where he was standing the Supreme Warlock could see the boy roll his eyes, “Oh yes, I forgot, supporting a politician is punishable by death now. Obviously, Fudge was a much better Minister of Magic, right? I mean it isn’t like he put Soul devouring monsters at Hogwarts to kill an innocent man. You know rumor has it that he is under investigation for the attack on the Wizengamot, are you so sure that you have your allegiances straight?”

Frowning, the older man considered going over the facts once more but denied himself at the last possible second. No, there was no more time for second guessing, for over analyzing, or for doubts. Once more Albus raised his Wand and unleashed a torrent of lethal spells, once more Harry was able to dive out of the path in the nick of time, swearing as he did so.

***LoD***

“You know sir…” Harry gasped out as his free hand gripped just a bit tighter over the wound on his other arm, trying to slow the blood loss with pressure, “I am starting to think you want me dead.”

Albus chuckled, leave it to a Potter to find humor even in the face of death. The thought of explaining his actions to the boy’s parents upon his own passing filled him with dread, but he pushed it aside. There would be time to face all those he harmed, directly or indirectly, when the time came.

“I am sorry you feel that way my boy. Rest assured I had truly hoped it would never come to this, that you would have been able to find your way back to the light.”

The attempted snort was interrupted by a deep, and slightly bloody, cough. Moments later the teen had recovered enough to give his reply, “We both know that isn’t true. Ever since I started at Hogwarts you have been throwing life-or-death problems at me. The troll that just happened to sneak its way into the castle, the Professor that you all claimed left for family problems but was murdered, the artifact you held in the castle to lure in the Dark Lord… and that was just my first year! The Basilisk in my second, Dementors in the third… and let’s not forget the disaster that was last year.”

Dumbledore frowned, he wasn’t quite sure what the boy would gain from blaming him for all these things, but he wasn’t about to play along. “I fail to see why these were my fault Harry, as for last year…”

“Oh please, do you really expect me to believe you never once suspected Alastor Moody, one of your closest friends, to be a Death Eater in disguise? Hell, even Professor Snape had suspicions, but you brushed him off, didn’t you? Told him to ignore his gut and just continue like usual, and the other years, really? You chose to use Hogwarts as a trap for an evil spirit. You ignored the warning signs of the attacks from the Basilisk until someone died. You allowed the Dementors to go unopposed, and for students to be placed in harm’s way for things as insignificant as Quidditch.”

“There were other circumstances Harry, the greater good to be taken into account…” the Headmaster tried to argue, only to earn another laugh, this time showing off the blood-covered teeth of the boy, courtesy of a blasting Curse he had taken to the torso minutes earlier.

A few seconds of laughter quickly devolved into coughing as the boy bent over one of the few remaining chairs that hadn’t been destroyed in the duel. The Grand Hall now resembled more of a war zone than a place for children to sit down and eat. “Greater good…” the teen muttered, shaking his head wearily, “what a pathetic excuse. Your ‘greater good’ is however you define it, and you have declared that anything opposing your own views is ‘evil’. That was why you had professor Snape removed, because he would no longer march to your drum at your whim. That was why you put Umbridge at the school too, wasn’t it? How much did Cornelius Fudge pay you to put her in power over children hm? How much blood money did you receive?”
Albus opened his mouth to answer, but found no words would come out, and merely closed his jaw instead, earning the shaking of a young boy’s head. “Or maybe… maybe it wasn’t him after all. Maybe it was you. All of this: the possessed professor, the monster, the Dementors, the impersonated best friend… Umbridge, all of it to test, and kill me, isn’t that right?’

“Harry, I assure you that none of this…”

“All because you wanted your perfect little soldier, your martyr. But when I didn’t die, when I stole your glory from you and destroyed Voldemort, that was when you made the decision to turn me into the enemy… wasn’t it?”

Eyes widening in shock Dumbledore stood frozen, trying desperately to connect what Harry was saying and make sense of it. “Harry… what are you…”

“I know sir, about the prophecy, about your plan, about the piece of Voldemort’s soul that was stuck inside of me. So, what was the plan hm? Let Voldemort kill me in the graveyard and then triumphantly stroll in and claim victory over another Dark Lord?”

“H-Harry… you weren’t… how did…”

The boy managed a scoff, despite the fact he was barely able to stand even while heavily leaning on an object for support, “My mother and father told Sirius, just in case, and he took me to hear the prophecy the first summer we spent together. You know he also mentioned that it had been your idea for the Fidelius Charm, and that you had hinted about using Peter for the Secret Keeper. Did you plan their murders too? Was Sirius being sent to Azkaban all part of your master plan? With all the political power you wield it seems hard to fathom that you couldn’t have gotten him a trial. So, tell me sir where do your manipulations end?”

Falling silent, the Headmaster bowed his head in contemplation, he had been confronted with his own sins, or at least how they were perceived by the child, and found wanting. What would he do now?

“I… I am sorry Harry, truly I am, for everything that has befallen you. If I had been a better Magical Guardian, checked up on you then maybe…”

“Maybe what” the boy spat in outrage, his eyes practically aflame with rage. “Maybe I wouldn’t have grown up in a bloody orphanage? Maybe I would have been with those who would have cared for me, shown me love and attention? Maybe I would have turned into your perfect little obedient tool!? Well no thanks, I would rather be denied affection and a family than turn into a mindless weapon for your glory. To hell with you. You might play God with people’s lives, treating them like bloody Chess pieces in your great scheme but I am not one of them. I walk my own path, you miserable bastard.”

With that last act of defiance, the strength left him, and Harry collapsed onto the ground, his back being held up only by the wall behind him, watching as the elderly man gave a solemn nod and slowly approached, Wand raising as he did so. “You are right Harry, you have always walked your own path, and I am proud of you for that… but this is the end.”

A last laugh escaped the boy’s lips, “Well, you are right about one thing. This is the end…” with that he gave a slight nod to his right, which Dumbledore followed with his own gaze. The slightest sparks of Magic from the boy dropped the Cloak of Invisibility to the floor, revealing a glowing orb that it had been covering since the start of the fight.

A Viewing Orb, identical to the one that Voldemort had used a year and a half prior floated
motionless in the air.

“Checkmate”

***LoD***
Albus Dumbledore stared in horror at the object floating less than twenty feet from him, before giving a soft chuckle, “Clever my boy… very clever.”

“What can I say, I guess all those classes with Binns managed to teach me to learn from history rather than ignore it… although I still don’t know crap about the Goblin Rebellions.”

That earned a warm smile from the Headmaster, it almost felt like they were friends once more, laughing and talking over a cup of hot tea rather than standing in the utterly destroyed Great Hall of Hogwarts, one of them bloodied and near death at the hands of the other.

Almost

“Very Slytherin of you I must say.”

The teen shook his head, “I’d like to think there was some of my parent’s Gryffindor bravery in there, trust a lion to let yourself get beat up just to win.”

Nodding, the older man raised his Wand in preparation to complete his task, even if the entire world knew he still had one last chance to… A cracking sound alerted the elderly Wizard to his protective Wards failing, and seconds later the doors burst open as Aurors, led by Amelia Bones with Sirius Black and Remus Lupin not far behind, stormed into the room.

“Albus Dumbledore, you are under arrest for the attempted murder of a child, aiding in the murders of James and Lily Potter, circumvention of the laws of the Wizengamot, false imprisonment, hundreds of counts of child endangerment, and who knows what else once this investigation commences. Surrender, now!”

Shoulders sagging the man turned back towards the boy one last time, “Your move Harry,” he whispered, before extending his arm and calling out for his familiar, which burst into flames before vanishing with its master a second later.

Harry Potter, eyes heavy and covered in injuries promptly slumped to the side before passing out, his last memory being of his two godfathers running forward in dismay.

“This isn’t necessary…” Hedwig muttered for what felt like the tenth time in an hour as she walked alongside the small procession through the Malfoy mansion. Originally Sirius Black had demanded that his godson stay at the Black manner, but with Dumbledore having held several meetings of the Order of the Phoenix there, it was deemed safer for the unconscious boy to be somewhere that never had any of the former Headmaster’s influence. Currently the only ones, besides the white-haired girl,
were Draco’s parents, Sirius, Remus, and Bellatrix.

The other girls hadn’t been informed yet, the adults wanting to get their Lord settled and setup treatment before dealing with hysterical teenagers.

Lucius scoffed as they went through the third set of Wards placed on the northern wing of the house, which had been vacated for who would be its sole resident. “We already discussed this, with Dumbledore still free there is no such thing as ‘too much’ security. Two adults with him at all times.”

The former owl gave a defeated sigh as she shook her head, and the group entered what would soon be referred to as the ‘inner sanctum’. There they unlocked the door to the master bedroom, guiding in the boy-who-lived on the stretcher he still lay on, completely unresponsive in his coma-like state.

“Personally,” Narcissa began as she went to check on the boy’s vitals, after he had been set onto the bed, “I would prefer more guards than just two…”

Something in the statement served for further ire the former owl, who scowled in annoyance at how helpless everyone seemed to be making her boy. Turning, she pointed at the woman’s husband, “Cast a stunner at him.”

The blonde raised an eyebrow at the ‘demand’ before shaking his head, “Why in the world would I…”

“To prove he isn’t helpless, go ahead. Even if you succeed it won’t harm him anyway.”

Glancing around Lucius hesitated, before giving a slight shrug and drawing his Wand.

At that moment everyone froze… because they were no longer alone.

Something was in the room, or perhaps always had been but only decided to make itself known in that moment. Regardless, the Malfoy Lord had to force himself not to run screaming in terror, and still found his arm trembling at the presence. It was as if some great beast was staring him in the eyes, and he had only now noticed it. A presence curled around him, and everyone else, ready to strike them down at a moment notice, to devour them should they prove any threat.

“No, now do you understand?” the girl whispered into the silence. “Harry’s Magic isn’t like yours, or anyone else’s for that matter. It is almost like a living breathing entity, more like a watchdog than a person. Either way, it protects him just as fiercely as a familiar would. Normally it is kept under force and chains by his will, restrained so as not to strike without permission, even when he sleeps. Now though… now it is off the leash. The only difference between Albus Dumbledore bringing forth and entire army, and a first-year student seeking revenge is the number of corpses we would have to clean up after the massacre is over.”

***LoD***

“Andy, what is taking so long? Shouldn’t he be awake by now?” Sirius practically growled as he paced back and forth in his godson’s temporary quarters, the other adults there for the initial checkup as well. Narcissa had been the one to insist upon contacting her sister, knowing that the older Witch would be able to help speed the recovery.

“Normally yes, but I have run into a bit of a problem.”

The collected group froze, most silently thankful that the younger girls were not in to hear any bad news. “A-and that is?” Remus inquired hesitantly.
With a sigh the woman gestured towards her Wand, which lay on a desk nearby, “I can’t so much as touch a Wand without well…”

“His Magic retaliating… bloody freaking hell of all the times…” her cousin muttered in half-annoyance half-concern.

The woman nodded, “Correct, he is still healing, but it is limited to mostly his own natural abilities at this point. I have patched the wounds and applied salves where possible, but it is dangerous to try and use Potions on the unconscious and I am not even going to pretend that Muggle syringes would be of any use.” She let out a deep sigh, “I am doing everything I can. I don’t want anything to happen to him either Sirius, especially with how attached my daughter is to him but…”

“But there is not much more you can do.” Narcissa finished, earning a weary nod. “Is there anything else we can try?”

“For now, just make him comfortable, change the wrappings, and apply the medications on the schedule I have made. He will be fine, but do not expect him to resume consciousness for several days at least.” The woman gathered up her supplies and departed, a second later her younger sister hurrying after her.

“Andromeda, could you wait a second please…”

The Medi-Witch paused, before turning back, “Narcissa I already told you there is nothing more I can…”

But the Malfoy matron merely shook her head, “I know, unlike most of the rest I am skilled enough to understand what you are doing I just… would you be able to stay over while he is here? I would feel better with you around and… well I just… Bella and I miss you.”

A small smile formed on the departing woman’s face, before she gave a small nod, “I would like that. I have missed you too Cissa, and I suppose Bella too at times. Let me get home and pack a few belongings into a trunk and I will be back.”

“Great, that gives me time to get a room ready near mine and Bella’s.”

***LoD***

Hermione Granger growled in anger, practically storming through the halls after her target. She had been part of the group to be informed after Harry had arrived and been secured. Needless to say, there had been more than a little outrage, and hysterics, between the six females.

After the sobbing, and there had been more than a little of that, had finished the bookworm had taken up the role of making a schedule for who would be staying with Harry and when. She had assumed that Hedwig would be demanding the first watch, she was closest to him after all, but had been shocked into silence when the amber-eyed girl had merely shaken her head.

“No,” she had replied, “I can take the evening shift, someone else can stay with him first. He is going to be fine anyway.” Before departing without a second glance back.

To the bushy-haired Witch that dismissal was tantamount to betrayal, and she intended to make her opinion known to the girl. Finally, she caught sight of the other teen entering an unused room, and promptly barged in as well, “What do you think you were…” she shouted, before her question, and rage, dissipated into the wind.

Hedwig was clearly distraught, despite attempting to calm her features. Tears pooled at her reddened
eyes and her chest heaved as she gulped in air.

“Y-yes Hermione? Something you need?”

In that moment the Granger daughter understood. The woman before her did care, maybe more than any of them, but by putting on a calm facade she was trying to help relieve the fear of others. Hermione moved forward without a second thought and embraced her friend. “He’s going to be fine.” She whispered out, earning a nod from the older girl.

“Of course he is, Harry is always fine…” Hedwig confirmed, although they both could feel the shared tears, the worried shaking, and the despair in the other’s voice.

***LoD***

“I screwed up Harry…” Sirius Black whispered into the darkness, and his godson’s comatose body. “I just keep screwing up. I failed your parents, I failed Remus, I failed you by going after Peter…” he trailed off, fighting the urge to find an amber liquid to help him forget. “I come back, and you are the one taking care of me. Everything good that has happened to me has been because of you and your parents and now… Merlin now this…”

The man stood, paced a few times in a circle, before sitting back down to resume his fidgeting. “I don’t know how to do this Harry… I don’t know how to be a parent to anyone, much less a teenager who is smarter than me. You already seem to have everything sorted out, already have all these plans and I just… I am just there being useless…”

“Not useless.” A voice called from the doorway, snapping the Black heir from his tangent as he looked up at the blonde man. “You are far from useless Black. Useless are those who believe they are helping and are instead getting in the way. You are neither of these two things.”

“Then what would you call letting your godson almost get murdered!?”

The Malfoy Lord considered the question for a few moments, before taking a seat in a nearby chair, “Human, if anything this incident should show you that everyone can, and will, make mistakes. I certainly have made more than my fair share. Even our Lord, as powerful as he may be, can be wrong. You cannot claim that there were no alternatives to,” here the man gestured towards the bed, and the boy laying on it, “this. He could have written another article, tricked the man into revealing himself some other way, used one of the dozens who seek his favor. Instead he charges in head first and leaves us with the cleanup.”

Sirius growled, standing immediately with an anger in his eyes, “The hell do you know Malfoy. Would you trust any other moron to such a task?”

Lucius shrugged, “Perhaps, perhaps not. But I do know that he is our Lord, and it does no one any good for him to be incapacitated. Like I said Black, everyone makes mistakes the next step for you is to learn and grow from them. Be a better godfather, a better parent, whatever you need to be.”

His anger burned out, Sirius fell back into his chair with a weary nod, “Yeah… thanks Malfoy. You may be a world class prat, but you aren’t too bad sometimes.”

The man replied with a very Muggle-like eye roll.

***LoD***

Harry Potter walked down the sidewalk of the busy street. Everywhere he looked there were happy people, happy couples, and for some reason his chest was constricting harder with each passing
moment, a pain growing in his heart.

He glanced over at a blonde-haired girl and her younger sister on what was clearly a double date with a pair of handsome young men, hands clasped as they whispered to each other.

Across the street a blonde and a redheaded girl sat holding hands, leaning into each other for the simple sensation of feeling each other’s skin.

A bushy-haired girl and her boyfriend kissed on the corner of an alleyway, ignore all the sounds of laughter and happiness surrounding them, and yet swimming in it at the same moment.

An older woman with the oddest shade of pink hair walked past, leaning into her companion with their arms intertwined.

Another pair of sisters whispered excitedly with their dates, this time the girl’s having dark hair.

Worst of all, however, came when he saw a white-haired girl sitting across from another man. Despite being in a rather intimate conversation she glanced up and made eye contact with him. For that moment the world around them slowed, words forming on his lips that could never be spoken. Then it was over, she returned her attention to her lover and he was left.

Alone

His heart ached at what he had lost, at who he had lost. The boy’s eyes closed as he fell to his knees, pain coursing through his body as the nightmares continued.

***LoD***

A fire crackled nearby as a teenager sat motionlessly in a large chair, it would have been a relaxing scene, had it not been so tense due to the recent events. Light, from the flames, and the shadows they created danced across Neville’s face as he stared forward at nothing.

What the hell had happened!?

Despite everything he had been through the Longbottom heir had always held certain beliefs close to his heart. Good was good and bad was bad. Good people didn’t do evil things, and evil people rarely did good things.

‘You know better, you are not so ignorant’ a traitorous voice whispered in his mind, and it was right he did know better.

Harry Potter was a living contradiction of this idea. The other teen had defeated the most feared Dark Lord, twice, stopped a monster Basilisk, killed a possessed professor… and yet he had also killed innocent children.

‘Were they though? Were they truly innocent? Would innocent people bully someone like Luna?’ the voice called again, causing the boy to narrow his eyes. He knew that Harry could do both terrible and great things… but he had never imagined Albus Dumbledore could as well.

The Supreme Warlock had always been placed on a pedestal in their society. He was the epitome of the light, of goodness, of justice, and what all young Wizards and Witches aspired to be like.

Hadn’t he?

Now the teen wasn’t so sure. Everything that had come to light, even if he could ignore the blatant
attempt by the elder Wizard to kill his former best friend, had painted a rather horrifying view of the Headmaster. Too many things were now adding up, too many coincidences and problems that had been ignored for far too long.

Even the incident in their third year, the attack during the Quidditch match, now began to appear differently than before. Snape had been the one to drag only those who protected the other students to the Headmaster’s office, but at no point had Dumbledore ever corrected him. He hadn’t called their parents or guardians, hadn’t interviewed anyone else who was at the game…

The blood in Neville’s veins froze. That had been the second attack of that year… and yet Dumbledore had done nothing about the Dementors. Hell, Susan’s aunt hadn’t been any more effective either. If those two had protested, had demanded that the monsters be removed from the grounds, would the students have been killed later? Would Harry have found a different path to what he was aiming for?

‘Of course he would, he is a genius after all.’ The voice continued, ‘It was all Dumbledore’s fault anyway. He allowed the situations to get out of hand, to test Harry without any evidence that he would be able to succeed. Imagine if the old bastard had been wrong? Imagine the catastrophes that could have occurred. He continuously placed everyone in danger, even before your friend attended Hogwarts.’

A sudden gasp escaped his lips, realization passing over his features. If Dumbledore had a hand in Sirius Black’s imprisonment and the death of Harry’s parents… had he also been involved in the attack on his own as well? Had Frank and Alice Longbottom been collateral damage, or was there something else involved?

He had brought it up to his parents, the fact that both Harry and he shared the same birthday, along with the prophecy Harry had mentioned. Neither of the two adults seemed willing to give him a solid answer though, and he could see they were hiding something. Even worse they were almost hesitant to condemn Dumbledore. They certainly hadn’t said the man had been correct, but also had given excuses such as ‘we don’t know the whole story’ and ‘fights are rarely caused by only one side’.

Sure, Harry had probably done something to tempt Dumbledore into the attack, and most likely had been involved in the attempted destruction of the Wizengamot but considering how most of them were all awful bigoted idiots who wasted time on useless arguing it wasn’t that much of a surprise.

The most important things now, at least in Neville’s mind, were figuring out how he was going to deal with this sudden shift, and what Susan would do as well.

***LoD***

“Lupin”

“Snape” the man greeted in kind as the Potion’s master took a seat at one of the chairs in the corner of their Lord’s room.

“Has there been any changes?”

Remus shook his head, “None, but we aren’t really expecting anything for a few days at least. I am actually surprised you are here, what with all the rumored investigations going on at Hogwarts.”

The greasy-haired man silently stared at the boy in question, before letting out a whispered response, “I understand why you would think that, I certainly have not been very kind to him during his life. That is one of the reasons I insisted on being here, to try and make up for it. I failed him, failed Lily
when it mattered most…”

“No, because you are here now. I let him down too Snape, so did Sirius. We all have made mistakes when it concerns Harry, but you are trying to change for the better. You aren’t like Dumbledore who just keeps making it worse.”

Snape sighed, allowing some of the tension, and regret, leave his body. “I suppose you are correct. I still wish I could do more though…”

A peaceful silence filled the room once more, broken only by the sounds of gentle breathing.

“How are things out there? We haven’t gotten much news and the one time I tried to read the paper… well I got about three words in before losing my focus.”

“Things are… complicated. Dumbledore is still on the run, the Ministry is still in panic mode, Hogwarts has been temporarially shut down… everything is on the edge of a knife right now, one small nudge either way and everything might crumble.”

***LoD***

Looking back at the situation, Hestia Jones would admit the grabbing her best friend by the arm and pulling the Witch into a room without first warning her probably wasn’t the brightest idea, especially considering everything that had happened in the past few days.

Thus, when the Auror found herself tossed up against a wall, Wand pointed between her eyes she could only blame herself, well that and give one of her cheeky grins. “You know Tonks if you wanted to get rough with me you could at least buy me dinner first…”

The Metamorphmagus’ eyes widened in shock as she lowered the weapon, and the noticeable tension in her shoulders dissipated. “Hes? What the hell do you think you were doing!!?”

“Uhmm… would you believe trying to have an actual conversation with you?” Judging by the look in the former Auror’s eyes the answer would be a very resounding ’no’. She shrugged, “Sorry, I didn’t mean to freak you out, it’s just that with everything going on and all…”

Tonks sighed, “Yeah, sorry, I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“Ha! As if you could hurt a champion Auror like myself!” though she did give a discreet roll of her shoulder to help ease the pain a bit. Her best friend packed a hell of a lot of strength into her moves. “Anyway so… what’s been going on?”

But despite her attempts she could see that the other Witch pierced through her misdirection easily. “What do you want Hes?”

“I… okay listen. Bones has been conducting interviews with Hogwarts staff members and students since… well since it happened but then she took me aside yesterday and told me she needed to talk to Harry about it. I know he’s hurt, and I mentioned it, but she was just so… I don’t know, cold about it. It was like she didn’t care about him just what he knows…”

The Auror trailed off as her eyes widened in shock at the range of emotions that crossed her friend’s face. Anger, fear, sorrow, worry, stress, betrayal, and just so much more in the flicker of a moment, before disappearing into a frozen calm that was even more unsettling.

“He is still unconscious. When he wakes up and recovers enough to speak with your Director then I will mention her request.” Tonks turned to leave, but was stopped by her and grabbing her arm, far
more gently this time.

“Wait Tonks I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“What did you think was going to happen?” the other Witch snapped, forcing Hestia to withdraw as if burned. “Your Director kicked me off the force, betrayed me and took Dumbledore’s word over mine without even talking to me first. Now you are trying to use me to get to the person who helped me in my time of need!”

“No! No, I’m just… I’m worried alright? All this stuff that’s been going on… first you are fired and then this nightmare with Umbridge, then the Ministry, and now Dumbledore. When Bones couldn’t find any information on Harry, she started pushing me to ask you and it just… I’m scared Tonks, and I don’t know who to turn to anymore.”

The Metamorphmagus sighed, “Listen Hes I can’t tell you what to do or what side is right, you need to determine that for yourself, like everyone else. You know which side I am choosing. I love him Hes, and my mom is helping out as well.” she paused, before a knowing look formed on the face of the former Auror. “You wouldn’t happen to be… interested in Harry would you Hes?”

“N-no! Of course not! He’s your guy not mine, plus waaaaaaay too young and…”

Tonks waved her arguments aside, “He isn’t mine Hes, he is with lots of girls, plus you didn’t seem all that concerned when you found out we were still together. Look tell Bones what I told you and that will get her off your back. When he wakes up, I’ll let you know, until then just… think about it okay? We both know you secretly want to have a threesome with me anyway.”

With a mischievous wink the reporter turned and left, leaving a blushing Auror behind.

***LoD***

Luna slowly walked up to the bed where the comatose boy still lay, in the background she managed to make out an awkward cough while Sirius and Bellatrix excused themselves to get some coffee. A small smile graced her lips. Harry’s godfather, despite his flaws, really was a very kind man, and her own mentor could be surprisingly empathic in the right situations.

“Like with you and me…” she whispered out, gently reaching out to run her hand against the teen’s cheek. “You need to wake up Harry… I miss you, we all miss you. We are lost without you here…”

A tear fell down her face as she took his hand and placed it over her heart, “Can you feel that? It’s my heart, it has been yours for so many years now and it is breaking seeing you like this, seeing you hurt…” She immediately broke out in silent sobs, and only after a few moments of deep, calming, breaths was she able to soothe herself to be able to speak once more.

“I would give anything… everything for you. I will do anything you ask, just… please wake up.”

For a moment she thought the boy would stir and open his eyes, but her hope was fleeting, and she had to fight the urge to fall to her knees and cry once more.

***LoD***

Aurora Sinistra paced back and forth in the small room she had been directed to just over ten minutes prior. The response, to what they had all borne witness to, had been efficient and borderline ruthless. Classes had been canceled immediately, students ordered to return to their common rooms to await further instructions, and most professors borderline dragged into what had become the temporary Auror headquarters until the Ministry could be completely swept and secured.
Thus, the Astronomy teacher waited, but not for her own ‘interview’ to begin, no she was far more concerned about the status of the young boy who had been attacked.

Was Harry okay? How bad were his injuries? Was he being cared for at St. Mungos? Could the doctors there even be trusted?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Amelia Bones along with two other officers. “Take a seat Miss Sinistra, we have some questions for you.”

“Is Harry alright? Is he receiving treatment? How bad is it? Can I see him?”

Blinking in confusion the older woman narrowed her eyes in thought before letting out a sigh, and gestured, once again, towards the empty chair.

“Take a seat.” This time it was not a request, and the posture shift of the two guards made that evident. Begrudgingly, Aurora did as commanded. A quill was setup nearby to record everything that was said or transpired for official record, and with that the interrogation began. “Now then, we have some questions for you Miss Sinistra, as this is an official investigation you are permitted to hire counsel. Would you like to…”

“A trade”

The older Witch frowned in confusion, what in the hell was the woman talking about? “I don’t understand what…”

“I propose a trade,” Aurora continued, “I will waive having a lawyer and answer your questions, in exchange you will answer some of mine. No lies for either.”

“Questions within reason, but very well. Did Albus Dumbledore ever approach you about concerns to harm Harry Potter?”

The interviewee shook her head, “No, of course not. If he had I would have said something, I would never do anything to harm Harry.”

If Bones noticed the, almost fanatical, tone in the woman’s voice she didn’t show it. “Have you ever had reason to believe Albus Dumbledore was directly involved in any of the attacks that have occurred at Hogwarts?”

It was a loaded question, and they both knew it. Sinistra bit her lip in concentration, trying to figure out how best to word her answer, “I was aware that traps were setup during the ’91 school year, but not as to what they were protecting. I also knew he was reluctant to conduct a full evacuation during ’92. There did not appear to be any indications of his involvement during the Dementor attacks, nor the Dark Lord’s resurrection though.”

“And Miss Umbridge?”

The snarl that formed did warrant a reaction, of slight shock, from the Director. “I knew she was a bitch if that’s what you are asking. We all knew.”

“Even Dumbledore?”

Sinistra snorted, “Of course, he wouldn’t be a very good Headmaster if he didn’t know about his own staff.”

Bones nodded, “And what of her actions? Were you aware of her torturing students?”
“As I told you last time, no. If I had been, I would have reported it, consequences be damned.”

The room fell quiet, save for the scribbling of the quill as it struggled to keep up with the recording. After what felt like hours the Head of the DMLE gave a slow nod, “I believe you, which means I have only one question left. What exactly is the nature of your relationship with Mr. Potter?”

***LoD***

“Do not take this the wrong way, but I am surprised you are here.”

Fleur’s head snapped to the side, a snarl already on her face as she prepared to tell the Malfoy matron exactly where she could stick her opinions. Luckily, the woman had already held up her hand in a placating manner, “I meant no offense, it is just that there are other classmates of our Lord who were not entitled to be in this area and yet you and your sister are here despite knowing him a considerably shorter time.”

Though the anger faded a tad, it did not completely dissipate from the Veela’s posture, “Perhaps we are closer than the others are hm? Besides, if what I heard was correct you also have not known him very long.”

Narcissa nodded, “True, yet I assume that is in part due to the physical relationship I share with him. I assume you have also been with him since you took a vacation together, but has your sister?”

Gabrielle’s head lowered in perceived shame, eyes welling up in tears once more, despite having become red and puffy from the sobbing she had already done. “She is not quite old enough for that sort of thing, but she still feels attached to him, as I do. He saved us, not just during the tournament but from our parents as well.”

The woman hummed in agreement, “I know how strongly Gabrielle feels about him and I know how protective one can be of their sisters. If you would like my advice though, do not wait. Show him how much you care even if it doesn’t mean sex. If this horrible incident has taught us anything it is that life is short and precious.”

With that the woman excused herself from the room to make some tea for them, leaving the two girls alone, his other ‘guardian’ had been the woman’s husband who had been called away from a crucial meeting of the Wizengamot.

“This isn’t right” the younger blonde muttered out, trying to look up at the boy, but having to divert her eyes each time as tears began to form. “He shouldn’t be hurt, he shouldn’t be like this…”

“I know Gabbie, I know.”

“I… I want to help him. I just… I need to do something. All I ever do is get in the way.”

Fleur shook her head, “That isn’t true Gabbie, no one thinks that.”

The girl stood abruptly, stress fusing with anger in her actions,

“But it is true! I got in the way at the Tournament, when you went on a date with him at night, during the summer on vacation… it is all I ever do! I am not helping anyone, I am not of any use!”

“Gabbie…” the older Witch whispered softly, standing to place her hands on the other’s shoulders, “you are a child still, no one expects you to be involved in big plans. Do you think that Ginny helped him overthrow the Ministry, or that Hermione helped him plan Dumbledore’s fall? None of us help him in that regard.”
“But you still make him happy, he enjoys your body and it makes him happy…”

Letting out a sigh the teen shook her head, now she knew what the *real* problem was. “You are upset because you have not slept with him yet, you feel left behind and childish.” A nod of acknowledgement was her only answer, and Fleur promptly crouched down to be at eye level. “Gabbie… your time will come, you still have years left for that sort of thing. You are still far younger than even those who were with Harry first. There is no shame in waiting.”

“But that is why I am here… why else would he keep me around if not for that.”

“Perhaps because he enjoys your company?”

Gabrielle shook her head, “No, he helps me, provides for me, has given us a home and teachers. I have not given him anything back yet… and it hurts.” Her tiny hands dropped to a place right below her stomach, “It burns right here Fleur, I know what I want I just can’t…”

“Then don’t, take it slow and steady. How about this, when Harry wakes up, we will figure out a way for you to find a way to be ‘useful’ to him hm?”

The younger blonde merely nodded, allowing the older to sigh in relief. Sometimes being an older sister was far more difficult than she remembered it being.

***LoD***

“Ginny sweetheart why don’t you sit down and get something to eat first? You just got home.”

The girl shook her head, “Sorry mom, can’t I am going over to see Harry and…”

Molly gently put her hands onto her daughter’s shoulders, steering her towards a chair, “Take a seat Ginny, we need to have a talk.”

With a notable reluctance the teen did as she was told, putting her bag onto the floor and waiting for her mother to take the spot across from her.

“Ginny…” the woman let out a sigh as she gently rubbed her hands over her face. It was a stressful time for their entire time, and it had been showing more and more on both herself and her husband. “I know you care about him sweetie, really I do I just am a bit worried that you are putting too much emphasis on just him.”

“Mom… I *love* him of course I am…”

“Dear, you are *fourteen*. People and feelings change rapidly at that age. I know that Harry is at least seeing other girls along with you correct?” The redhead flushed, but nodded in acknowledgement, “And as long as everyone involved is aware of that and being safe and happy then that is fine, I just don’t want you to think he is the *only* boy out there. There is nothing wrong with having fun at your age Ginny but thinking he is the only option is… well I just don’t want you to be disappointed if he chooses someone else.”

Unknown to her mother, Ginevra Weasley had already spoken to the other girls about this and they had reached an agreement sometime prior. No matter what happened, no matter *who* Harry ended up with, no one was going to be abandoned or forgotten. Even if their mutual lover chose just one of them to stay with and refused to be with the others, they would remain sisters and would continue to support each other.

But Harry *hadn’t* shown signs of this. There was no indication that he would pick one and reject the
rest, that their current lifestyle would ever come to an end.

Until, that is, Dumbledore interfered, and the old man had threatened to take the boy away from all of them.

“…Worry about you dear and… Ginny are you okay?”

She shook her head, “Sorry I just… have been under a lot of stress lately.”

Molly smiled sympathetically, “Your father and I are worried about you Ginny, that you are spending so much time with just a small group of people, that you aren’t thinking about your future at all…”

The teen’s jaw almost dropped, “What?”

“No, I heard you but… you are worried about me!? Harry is in a bloody coma after Dumbledore tried to kill him and you are concerned that I am not thinking about my future!?”

The woman shifted a bit, uncomfortable at where the conversation was heading. “Ginny dear we just…”

“You don’t have any idea do you!? You and dad never do!” By now the girl’s volume was increasing, her anger building at how ridiculous the situation was, at how blind her parents, and seemingly most adults, were.

“Young lady, don’t take that…”

But her daughter was already on her rant, and there was no stopping it. “My grades are in the top ten percent of my class! I have been looking at future careers and jobs unlike most of my classmates and do you know why!? Because of Harry and the others! Harry and Hermione help tutor us, Tonks has given us advice on future classes, Sirius and Remus had advice on our NEWTS, even Draco’s mom and dad have mentioned some future careers and what they might require during school. I have more friends than I ever had before and yet all you care about is that I’m just dating one boy!? Why don’t you and dad yell at Ron! At least I’m not the one acting like a stuck-up spoiled prat, bullying students, and just making everyone miserable because of a shiny badge!”

With that the girl stood, pushing her chair out from the table before grabbing her bag and storming to the Floo, disappearing a moments later in a flash of green, and leaving her shocked parent behind.

Hours later, when Arthur Weasley would return home from work, he would find his wife still sitting at the table, nursing a cup of tea in silence. When asked she would simply tell him that they needed to speak to their youngest son.

***LoD***

“Bellatrix, I want to ask you something.” The eldest Black daughter perked up, turning to her younger sister in curiosity. “Why are you here Bellatrix? Why are you with him despite everything he has done?”

The former Death Eater let out a sigh. She wasn’t really surprised that Andromeda wouldn’t understand, they hadn’t talked in such a long time after all. “Have you ever felt… unworthy? Flawed? Not good enough? Like you will never succeed as a wife, as a follower, a mother, or even…”
“A sister?” the other woman snapped, “Or perhaps a daughter? Yes Bellatrix, I do understand. I wonder if you understand what it is like to be rejected by your own family!” Her anger had the desired effect, and the older sibling’s shoulders drooped in shame.

“I… have been a rather awful sister, haven’t I?”

“You and mother. Not that Narcissa has been much better.”

Bellatrix flinches slightly, somewhat easing the fire burning inside of the other Witch. “I am trying to do better.” She muttered in a defeated tone, earning a sigh.

“You can start by answering my question, why him Bellatrix?”

A quick glance over to the sleeping boy had a surprisingly soft smile forming on the woman’s lips, “Because he doesn’t make me feel any of those things. Unlike my former husband, the previous Dark Lord, and even our mother at times… he just accepts me for who I am. Sure he has a few rules but otherwise… he doesn’t demand perfection, doesn’t scorn or torture me when I make a mistake, doesn’t look at me as a means to an end… he just… seems to care.”

Andromeda nodded slowly, her own gaze turning to the comatose boy as well, “My daughter said much the same thing.”

The two sisters allowed stillness to fill the room before the younger spoke up once more, “I am still not one hundred percent okay with you being in a foursome with my daughter…”

She tried, really she did, to hold in her laughter, but the former Lestrange couldn’t and what started as a snicker turned into a full-blown laugh, which prompted her sibling to begin laughing at the ridiculousness of the statement as well.

***LoD***

A sigh escaped the lips of the current, at least for now, Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts. She had always presumed to know how Dumbledore thought, that he would always do what was right and what was for the best. Now though… now she wasn’t sure anymore.

The Philosopher’s Stone, McGonagall had known it was risky to keep at Hogwarts, being one of the few informed of what had been secured at the school, but Albus had promised the students would be safe. Voldemort’s spirit still lingered, at least he had claimed at the time, and stopping it from doing any harm trumped any minor inconveniences for the children.

She shook her head, the had barely avoided any catastrophes directly related to the object, and yet a life had still been lost. Then the following year…

Minerva shook her head as she stood and made another lap of the room. They should have evacuated as soon as the first student had been petrified. She should have demanded they done so, to sweep the school for any issues and find the cause before potentially endangering lives. But she hadn’t, and once more had sat back and nodded her head at his orders like always.

Taking a seat once more the professor dared to look back upon her failures with Sirius Black and the Dementors themselves. They could have done more, should have done more. Outside activities could have been canceled, the castle could have been more thoroughly secured, the Wards expanded to help protect the students… she could have looked more into the past of a previous student… kept an innocent man from Azkaban if she had done even the bare minimum.

This train of thought brought her to the most recent year, and the biggest of her failures. Umbridge
torturing students and Dumbledore's fall into... into what? Insanity? Delusions? Was the elderly Wizard out of his mind or did he know, and plan, exactly what he had done?

She wasn't sure which option she preferred at this point.

Still, children were being harmed under her watch, a student had been bloody tortured, and she hadn't even noticed... or perhaps she had and simply chosen to ignore the signs, urged on by the Headmaster's silent complacency.

If the greatest Wizard of all time didn't notice a problem, then how could there be... right?

The woman wasn't sure anymore, wasn't sure about a lot of things at this point.

Before she could examine her thoughts further the door to her ‘interview room’ opened as Amelia Bones stepped in and closed it behind her. But it wasn’t who had entered the room so much as the state of that individual that shocked the professor most. The Director of the DMLE looked exhausted.

“Miss McGonagall, please take a seat.”

Doing so, Minerva continued discreetly glancing over the woman opposing her, her frown deepening as the Auror looked ready to fall asleep at a moment’s notice.

“I have some questions for you, questions that pertain to Albus Dumbledore.”

***LoD***

“Harry…” the former owl whispered as she brushed some hair from his eyes, “you need to wake up my love. I need you, we need you. Everyone is worried and stressed all the time, my sisters are crying almost constantly. Even Luna’s attempts to stay positive have begun to wane, she keeps making promises to you if you would just open your eyes. I think the latest one was a threesome with her and Bellatrix.”

A laugh escaped the white-haired girl’s lips, “And she isn’t the only one. Tonks has been mentioning bringing her friend Hess in for some group fun with you, and even Hermione is showing signs of agreeing to a giant orgy… if you would come back to us… please Harry just come back to us. How can you change the world if you are lying in a bed? How can you make all those witty remarks, know what we are thinking even without us saying it, prepare some ludicrously complex plan and then explain it in a way that makes our hearts beat just a little faster if you are asleep?”

Her hands found their place on either side of his face, gently cupping his head, “We need to hear your laughter again, to see the happy sparkle in your eyes, to bathe in your attention and that infectious smile that has everyone else grinning with you. We need you to come back to us… please Harry, just come back.”

***LoD***

The office was empty, and nearly pitch black save for the occasional lights that illuminated doorways or the occasional desk. The Aurors had, mostly, gone home for the evening with only a skeleton crew remaining for emergencies, and they were out on duty or working on various tasks in the, still closed, Ministry.

All save one, Amelia Bones.

With a deep, weary, sigh the woman pulled out a flask from her desk drawer and took a sip
grimacing as the hard liquor burned in her throat. She really did need to scold Alastor Moody one
day for introducing her to the disgusting habit. Still, it was a decent replacement for the rest her body
so desperately craved.

Her mind trailed back to the series of interviews she had finished. The situation at Hogwarts was…
troubling, and in more ways than one. Albus Dumbledore’s attempted assassination of a schoolboy,
along with all his other crimes, was the most pressing certainly but not the only reason to secretly
insist on a Ministry intervention into the staff and setup of the school.

Blatant favoritism amongst the Heads of House, professors who, quite frankly, had no business even
being near a classroom much less teaching in one, and not-so-secret student-teacher relationships
were all on the list as well.

Change would be needed, but it had to be encouraged safely. The public was outraged with the
government, including the Aurors, and if they made the wrong choice again, if children were put into
harm’s way again it would be disastrous for everyone.

“The staffing structure needs to be changed.” She murmured to her silent office, lit by only a single
lamp on her desk. “Get rid of some of the useless professors, show the other countries that we are
still one of the tops in education.”

An image of Aurora Sinistra flickered into her mind, and a scowl formed on her face. The woman
was clearly in some sort of relationship with the boy, although whether it was one sided, or
reciprocated, she still wasn’t sure.

Of course, with all the rumors going around I certainly wouldn’t be surprised if they were
shagging…” Amelia Bones may be old, but she wasn’t deaf, dumb, and blind. She had overheard
several of the many conversations her niece and friends whispered about when they spent the day
together. Apparently, the boy had a bloody signup sheet for those wanting to sleep with him, and that
he had been asked to stay after class more than a few times from the Astronomy professor.

Then again, almost everyone had heard the rumors about all the marriage proposals Harry Potter had
received following his defeat of Voldemort. The fact that Susan hadn’t demanded a threesome with
him, and her fiancé, spoke volumes of either the teen’s willpower, or insecurities.

Still, a relationship between a teenager, and a much older professor, was more than a little
scandalous, and that was assuming they had only just started such an affair. Likely they had been
secretly meeting since before this year.

“I will just have to interview him, see how he feels about it and inform his guardians…” she
muttered. Great, and now on top of everything else she was having to supervise teachers and explain
to parents about their teens’ sex lives.

***LoD***

“We have a problem”

Sirius Black glanced up, from where he was attempting to eat something, to make eye contact with
Lucius. “And what would…”

“A moment, I have summoned the others. I believe Andromeda will be sufficient to watch over our
Lord for a few minutes.”

Sure enough, the other adults, and the teens who were present in the mansion, arrived in the room,
uncertainty on many of their faces.
“Okay, what is going on Lucius.”

The blonde cleared his throat, a note of discomfort on his face, “There are… rumors circulating amongst the ranks, the Ministry, and even the press that…”

“That…” Remus urged, wanting to know what the big issue was.

“That our Lord has been killed.”

Silence followed and then cries of outrage and anger before he was able to silence them. “Can you blame them? Everyone saw his state when he was removed from Hogwarts. St. Mungos has been infiltrated dozens of times as reporters look for even scraps of a story, and none of us have made any sort of public announcement. Add into that the fact that those closest to him including his godfathers haven’t been seen outside of emergency government sessions and the conclusion isn’t so surprising."

The Black Lord scowled, “And his so-called followers? What the bloody hell is their excuse?”

“It isn’t much of a surprise actually,” Bellatrix remarked, a twisted smile forming on her face, “they all jumped ship when the previous Dark Lord was killed that there are bound to be some cowardly rats among them. We should remind them of their place in this world, and why it is not healthy for them to question their superiors.”

“To hell with them...” Hermione practically snarled, continuing on before anyone could interrupt her, “any of the cowards who think he is dead then have no business serving him. We should make a list of everyone who doubts him, I am sure Harry would love to hear about all those who show such loyalty.”

***LoD***

It was dark, everything cloaked in twilight and shadows, as the teenager walked down the silent path devoid of life. This was it, his entire existence leading to a void of nothingness. No friends, no family, no one to love or to love him in return.

But the boy wasn’t surprised, he had always known this was a possible outcome, that those closest to him would see him for the monster he was, would abandon him in horror and disgust...

“They haven’t abandoned you Harry.”

He spun in place, eyes widening in shock at the first sound, the first human contact he had experienced in what felt to be an eternity. There, standing before him were two adults. The first was a handsome man with raven-black hair and glasses, the second a woman with red hair and beautiful green eyes.

A warm, comforting smile formed on her face as she opened her arms, “Sweetheart…”

Without even realizing it, Harry had crossed the distance that separated them and had been swept up in a tight hug, the man joining in a second later. Tears formed at the teen’s eyes as he began whispering his apologies.

All his failures, all his triumphs, his acts of cruelty, and even those of kindness. He confessed his soul to the parents that fate had robbed him of, the loving family he had dreamed of when he was a child.

And for their part the two adults took it in stride, whispering words of support and love to their son. After what felt like hours the living Potter had finally run out of things to say, and merely looked up at his mother, who returned his gaze with a smile.
“Oh sweetie, we already know all of that.”

James nodded, “Sure do, being deceased has a few perks. We get the general idea of what goes on down there but without all the creepy stalking and perving that you might think. I gotta say though, blowing up the Wizengamot? HILARIOUS!”

The redhead promptly smacked her husband, before letting out a sigh, “What your father means to say is that although we do not condone all of your actions we do understand. I wish you had chosen a different route in your third year but… regardless you are doing wonderful things Harry.”

“Always knew you would, though I will be kicking Padfoot’s and Moony’s arses when they finally pass on for not taking care of you, bloody idiots.”

Lily nodded, “And Severus, he might have been correct in his assumptions, but it does not excuse his behavior. But most of all Harry we just want to say how proud we are of you. Despite everything you still have a wonderful kindness inside, and you continue to help others regardless of their actions or Dumbledore’s.”

“Bloody prat is what he is, swear I’m going to shave his bloody beard when he moves on for screwing with you and everyone else like that.” The former Marauder muttered darkly.

“Can… can I stay here? With you two?” Harry questioned softly, earning sad smiles from the two.

His father answered first, seeing the tears well up in his wife’s eyes, “Not yet son, it isn’t your time. You still have amazing things to do and mischief to make, plus a lot of girls to shag which I must say… nice…” noticing the not-so-subtle glare in the woman’s eyes he quickly cleared his throat and continued on, “Keep walking your own path Harry, cut through the foliage, hell level a mountain if you need to, just keep at it. Show them what a Potter is made of.”

“And as for those plans you are working on… they are very sweet, and we approve. Now go back and to those who love you and love them in return. Have lots of children…”

“Your mother always did want a dozen or so grandchildren so really having this many girlfriends and potential wives is for the best…” James muttered, earning another glare and swat to the arm from his wife.

“But most importantly live your life, and don’t let anyone get in the way.”

With that the trio shared one more group hug, and Harry Potter’s eyes opened once more.

***LoD***
The very first thing that Harry Potter noted, upon waking from his coma-like state, was that the mental restraints he had placed upon his passive Magic had evaporated. For a second his heart clenched in concern, he knew exactly how protective, and therefore aggressive, his defenses could become even towards those he cared about.

What if something had happened? What if someone close to him had been hurt, or even killed? Instinctively he reigned back his powers, reapplying the chains that kept his Magic from lashing out at anyone even attempting to harm him. Next, he extended his senses to locate those whose presence he had long since memorized.

His link to Hedwig was still active, albeit locked off from his side, and she was unharmed as far as he could tell. The teen could also detect Luna, Hermione, Ginny, Fleur, Gabrielle, Tonks, and both of his godfathers within a relatively close distance.

No blood on the walls meant that Dumbledore hadn’t been foolish enough to attempt an attack.

The boy-who-lived took a slow breath, calming his heart rate back to normal levels and quieting his mind. Everyone seemed okay, which meant on to the next order of business. His internal clock was clearly off, which meant he would need to reset that at the next opportunity. Gently flexing his muscles one by one the raven-haired boy found that although he was still rather sore his limbs were all still attached, and he lacked any serious injuries.

One of the few doors to his room softly opened as a woman entered, her eyes widening slightly in surprise as she noticed the conscious bed occupant. A few quick strides and she was at his side, checking his pulse.

“How are you feeling?”

Swallowing he replied in a low, raspy, voice, “A bit sore still, and hungry. It feels like I have been asleep for…”

Nearby he heard a gasp, followed by a crash and then a yelp of pain, which was further followed by a string of curses and profanities before his godfather slammed open the door to what the boy could only assume was an attached bathroom, based upon the fact that the man still had toilet paper stuck to his shoe.

“How-Harry!” The man practically leapt at the bed where his godson was still lying, only to find himself floating in mid-air courtesy of his cousin’s Wand.

The woman, now with a disapproving frown on her face, merely shook her head, “He is still recovering Sirius, that means you can’t jump on the poor boy.”
“B-b-b-but Andy…”

Her frown deepened, and the man gulped slightly in concern, “How about you go and inform the others he is awake… and then wait outside. I need to check him over to ensure he can deal with the stress and excitement of a room full of people before exposing him to that.”

Sirius Black nodded before being lowered to the ground and moving towards the door. Once there he paused, glancing back before giving the teen another smile, “I’m glad you’re awake again Harry, we are going to have a talk about all this but for now just work on getting better.” With that he left, closing the door gently behind him.

“So, you must be Andromeda Tonks?”

The woman nodded, before glancing down at her Wand, “Is there any chance I could…”

A sigh escaped the boy’s lips, “Yes, go ahead. Sorry if I scared or… hurt anyone.”

Shaking her head, the woman began a few diagnostic Charms, “It wasn’t your fault; besides you didn’t harm any of us anyway. Your friend Hedwig gave us enough of a warning even if your Magic didn’t.” Another minute passed before she picked up a piece of parchment that held the information.

“Seems you are healing quite well. Still signs of mild malnutrition but that is to be expected considering you haven’t really eaten since you went under. I will make up some nutrition Potions for you to take until you can handle solid foods again. If you were to try now your stomach would probably reject them. There are a few more restrictions we need to go over still but…”

She trailed off, glancing over to where he heard the excited whispering from just outside of the door.

Letting out a sigh, and giving a shake of her head, she turned back to the parchment in hand. “Stress levels seem fairly normal. Do you feel up for visitors? We will be keeping and physical contact to a minimum but…”

He gave a nod and she began walking to the door, only halting when he gently called out to her, “How do you feel about your daughter’s relationship with me?”

Andromeda Tonks paused, before glancing back to him in confusion, “Why ask me? Nymphadora is an adult and surely…”

“Besides Ginny’s parents I have never really had a conversation with the mother or father to one of the girls I am sharing a bed with. Even then, the Weasley’s never really had a talk with me about it. I am curious as to how you feel about the situation.”

The older witch turned before making her way back to the bed and gently sitting down at the edge, “I am not necessarily thrilled with the idea of my daughter being in a polygamous relationship… but I also know how good it has been for her overall. She has made some very poor choices in men over the years, many who saw her as nothing more than an exotic trophy. I know more than a few insisted she change her appearance anytime they went out in public… but as far as I know you never have. The way she talks about you… I just hope you understand what you are getting into Harry, these girls are going to fall in love with you if they haven’t already.”

“Yeah…” he whispered out, eyes dropping down to where his hands were rubbing gently against each other, “I know, and I’m not always sure what to do when it comes to them.”

A gentle smile crossed her features, “And that is why I am okay with all of this. You still worry about doing your best and making them happy. Try and relax a bit Harry, let your guard down around them every once and a while. No one expects you to be perfect, they just want you to be...
you.”

With that she stood and went to the door, informing those on the other side to be calm and gentle, before letting them inside.

***LoD***

After over a half-hour of tears and joyful reunions the various adults, and teenagers, that were closest to the boy-who-lived, managed to cram themselves all into his temporary bedroom, with many of them standing along the walls, all waiting for the inevitable confrontation.

Sirius Black had been chosen, or demanded depending upon how one looked at the situation, to be the one to start the questioning. Thus, he went with the most obvious one first, “WHAT IN THE BLOODY HELL WERE YOU THINKING?!”

The teen, for his part, merely remained silent as his godfather continued his rant.

“GETTING YOURSELF HURT, ALMOST KILLED, JUST TO GET RID OF DUMBLEDORE!!? YOU TELL ME THERE WASN’T ANOTHER WAY, YOU TELL ME RIGHT NOW THAT THERE WERE NO OTHER OPTIONS TO DO THIS!” He gulped in air, trying to catch his breath and prepare his vocal chords for another go.

“What Sirius is trying to say Cub is that you scared the hell out of us, and we just can’t figure out why you did that.” The Werewolf implied gently, trying to calm the mood enough to get a normal response from his godson.

The boy remained silent for a few moments, before choosing his response, “It is as I said, a Chess game. It was a calculated risk.”

“CALCUL…” the Black Lord erupted, only for his best friend to gently grab his arm in an effort to force him to take another deep breath.

In the meantime, Snape took a turn to voice his mind, “If that is the case, then you are a rather poor player. Even beginners know that the goal is to take the King, not sacrifice it.”

A small smile edged its way onto the teen’s face, “If that is the case then perhaps you are the one who is a bad player professor. The goal in Chess is not to take the piece, but rather put it into jeopardy.”

“How you are arguing semantics Cub, they are one in the same.”

Harry nodded, “True, however you are all making an assumption, you assume that Dumbledore and I are the ‘Kings’ of our respective sides of the board.”

“Well, we do call you ‘Lord’ for a reason… my Lord…” Lucius noted, a small smile teasing at his lips.

“That is because you choose to do so. However, if you recall the King is not the most powerful piece on the board, just the most vulnerable. Dumbledore and I would be the Queens if anything.”

Sirius had finally calmed himself enough to furrow his brow in confusion and ponder the statement, “Wait… but you said ‘Checkmate’ at the end of your battle, if it isn’t you then who the hell is the King?”

“Not ‘who’ Padfoot, but what. The King is not a person, but an idea. It is the view of our morals and
objectives. Tell me, which members of his ‘Order of the Phoenix’ will rally behind him now? Which Aurors will come to his aide? Who will offer him financial support? With one action I stopped a potential civil war from erupting."

“Then why not let someone else do it.” The older Veela calmly intoned, “If it was this important but all you needed to do was let Albus Dumbledore nearly kill you then you could have chosen one of over a dozen others to take your place. A few sips of Polyjuice and it would be an easy disguise to maintain.”

Harry turned to her next, “Tell me Fleur, would you rather have Dumbledore try and kill me or your sister?”

Her eyes widened in shock as she glanced over to where the younger sibling looked equally confused. “I-I don’t know what that has to…"

“If Dumbledore found out it wasn’t me, through any dozens of methods, there was chance he would go after someone else in order to lure me out. I would rather him fight me then someone who would have no chance of surviving. I believe we can all agree upon that?”

A lamp was thrown across the room, shattering against the wall and shifting the attention onto the former convict once more, “The hell we do! This isn’t acceptable Harry, I can’t… I won’t let you throw your life away for some stupid plan! We are the ones who are supposed to die not you! It is my job! My job to be the one who sacrifices himself to protect you NOT THE OTHER BLOODY WAY AROUND!”

Silence filled the room, broken only by the deep, furious, breathing of the man.

“I am not going to apologize for saving your life…” Harry whispered, before staring back into the man’s eyes, which were once again filling with anger. “I will, however, agree that I did not make the best choice. I should have informed you along with the others and discussed this before taking action and I apologize. I am used to doing things on my own and depending upon myself rather than others. I don’t think it is too selfish to want a revolution without loss on our side though.”

This seemed to deflate his godfather, who slumped back into his chair, allowing for the Malfoy Lord to speak up instead, “I think we can all agree upon that, but this is more than just a revolution, it is a war, and everyone here knows that there are casualties in war that cannot be avoided.”

The emerald-eyed boy nodded, “I understand that, but is it so wrong to try and avoid as many of these as possible?”

“No Cub, it isn’t but would it really be so terrible to let us help as well?”

He shook his head, “No… no it wouldn’t be.”

“Good, because you are grounded!” Sirius proclaimed, earning chuckles and more than a few eye rolls.

Harry, on the other hand, merely nodded in acceptance. “Very well, from what and for how long?”

“Huh?”

“When you ground someone it generally means you are prohibiting them from doing something for a set amount of time Black…” Lucius replied with a note of humor in his voice.

“Uhhh oh yeah sure that’s fair uhmm….” The Black Lord seemed at a bit of a loss, “Oh! I got it, no
sex for…”

“AH HEM” Narcissa immediately interrupted with a sharp glare, forcing the man to cower back into his chair. “Perhaps dear cousin you misspoke, because clearly you are not suicidal enough to piss off more than half a dozen Witches, some of whom know where you sleep at night.”

Reading between the lines Sirius cleared his throat, before shifting a bit uncomfortably under the glares he was now subject to. “Uh… yeah of course uhmm… well no Quidditch then until…”

“I don’t actually play Quidditch.”

The man paused, before biting his lip a bit in concentration, “Oh yeah… uhh… OH! I got it! No Magic, political, or leadership stuff for uhmm… well we will figure it out once you are able to stand and walk on your own.”

Harry merely shrugged, “If that is your decision then I am fine with it.”

“Good! Because I am your godfather and what I say goes!”

Snape, in the meantime, merely sighed a shook his head, “You do realize that means that we are stuck being in charge of everything until then correct?”

The Animorphmagus blinked a few times, before swearing under his breath once more.

***LoD***

Andromeda Tonks, formerly Black, let out a small sigh before packing up her remaining outfit into the travel trunk she had brought. “All good things must come to an end...” she muttered softly as she closed the compartment and began her walk to the door, only to be halted as the Malfoy matron practically walked into her.

“Andy, there you are I was...” the Witch halted, eyes glued to the case, “you're leaving?”

The older sister flinched, recoiling back a tad to avoid the guilt swelling in her stomach. “Harry woke up and I figured…”

“You figured that we only wanted you around because of that? Andromeda, neither Bellatrix nor I want you to leave. We were hoping you would stay longer, maybe even through the summer.”

“I Just... didn't want to impose…”

The younger woman shook her head, “How many times do I need to tell you sister, you are never imposing. I lost most of my family years ago and I have finally gotten my cousin and two sisters back, I can't bear the thought of losing any of you again.”

Nodding, her sister sat down the case and moved forward to bring her sibling into a hug, “You aren't going to lose me, I promise. Let's go find Bellatrix and have some tea okay?”

***LoD***

Harry Potter frowned slightly as the tension in his stomach increased. It had been a few minutes since the adults had vacated the room, leaving the most important females in his life, and yet none had spoken up. There had been no shouting, no anger, no threats just… silence.

Deep down he knew what he was worried about, as unlikely as the outcome might be. It was them choosing to leave, choosing to be hurt rather than angry and the logical option in such a situation
would be to remove that source of pain from their lives.

Namely, him.

“Harry…” Hedwig began, breaking the silence in a quiet tone. “We just… we want to know why. Why didn’t you tell us? Why did you…” she shook her head, wiping away a few tears with the back of her hand.

“Do you hate us?” One could almost hear the snap as the bedridden boy’s head shifted in the direction of the Weasley daughter, confusion evident on his face, “I mean… you chose to let Dumbledore almost kill you, why else would you do that if you didn’t…”

He chose to interrupt at that point, “This world…” he began, “the one I am striving to make, to forge… it is a world of peace, of balance. One where people no longer need to live in fear of going out at dark, where parents do not need to live in terror when their child shows up a few minutes late, where hatred can be replaced with joy… I think we can all agree that such a world does not need those who would murder children in order to achieve such ends.”

“You think… you think that you do not deserve this?” Fleur stuttered out, shaking her head in disbelief. “That you do not deserve to be happy?”

“I think that of everyone here I am the one who deserves it the least, not only because of my actions but what I am willing to do to achieve my goals. If you were an outsider looking in would you choose to save an innocent person or a mass murderer?”

Tonks slammed her fist against the wall, “BUT WE AREN’T!” After taking a few deep breaths the woman calmed herself to the point where she was no longer shouting in order to continue, “We aren’t looking in you… you… stupid prat!”

“She is right Harry, it isn’t that simple. We know you, both what you have done and what you were willing to do. We still stand with you. Doesn’t that mean anything?” the Lovegood heiress whispered.

He nodded, “Of course it does, and I made certain to have backup plans should something happen to me that would ensure you would all be taken…”

“I DON’T CARE!” Luna practically screamed, earning shocked looks from the others, “I DON’T CARE ABOUT THAT! I DON’T CARE ABOUT MONEY OR POLITICS OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT! I JUST… I just want you. That’s all any of us want…”

The injured teen’s eyes swept the room, “Still? Even after all of this, after all the pain I have put you through…”

“Of course you dunce!” Tonks snapped, earning a nod from the others, “Do you really think we would abandon you so easily!”?

His expression softened, almost into one of sadness, “Maybe in a dream…”

None understood, save one. One that had been with him longer than any others, “Harry…” the white-haired girl whispered out, taking a step forward, “I… was it like last time?”

“With everyone else there as well…”

She bit back a sob, before slowly walking to his side and pulling his had gently into a hug, “We aren’t going anywhere Harry, we aren’t going to leave you, so stop trying to leave us.”
“Did you… have a nightmare Harry?” Fleur gently inquired, receiving a nod from the former owl instead.

“We thought they were over a long time ago, but after all the injuries and everything else…”

The others began to move forward as well, taking spots on his bed to simply be closer to him.

“I’m sorry… I’m so sorry…” the boy practically whimpered out into the torso of the amber-eyed girl, who held him just a little closer.

A group of teenagers, along with two young adults, sat in a large circle in what had now become their unofficial ‘meeting room’. All were silent, waiting for a certain bushy-haired Witch to finish skimming over the parchment she held in her hands and give them a summary. Harry had been bedridden for over a day now while conscious and, needless to say, everyone had been going a little stir crazy.

Andromeda Tonks had just finished another checkup, and dropped off some parchment to them before heading off in the direction of the boy’s godparents.

“This… is going to make things a bit complicated…” she muttered, biting her lip in concentration and no small amount of stress.

“Well? Come on Hermione speak up! We can’t all read over your shoulder.”

The bookworm shot a mock-glare towards Tonks, who grinned cheekily back in response. “It is a list of restrictions finalized by your mother, and they are quite… thorough.”

Fleur sighed before nodding, “Alright, let’s just get this over with. How bad are they?”

“Not… awful but they are going to drive him nuts. No Magic except for healing and diagnostic purposes, no alcohol, no difficult to digest foods, no leaving bed, stress kept to an absolute minimum…”

Ginny cleared her throat nervously, “Does it uhm… say anything about… you know…”

Hermione lit up in a blush, “It doesn’t explicitly say anything about not having sexual contact, but it does say that he should try and remain calm and rest as much as possible, to not push his limits, especially early on.”

The former owl nodded with a sigh, “So yes Ginny, I do believe that means no sex, at least for a day or two. We want him to get better, I think we can hold off on stripping him naked to help speed that up.”

Upon seeing the pouts on the other girls’ faces she let out a far deeper sigh, “We will have plenty of time before he goes back to school and during the summer, although we should probably have someone start writing letters to the girls he has grown close to at Hogwarts.”

“Make Draco do it, I am tired of him hogging Harry’s time with stupid Quidditch score updates and whining about how unfair Umbridge was to him anyway.” The older Gryffindor griped, earning nods of agreement. “What I am more concerned about is the bathing situation. He can’t get out of
bed on his own yet and we should not be using any Magic to levitate or help him. Harry has been lying in that bed for days now I can’t imagine how gross he might feel.”

Several nodded, and a few pointed out the possibility of a ‘sponge bath’ before a certain blonde Veela spoke up, “Actually…” Fleur noted with a gleam in her eyes as she looked at her younger sister, “I have an idea…”

***LoD***

A soft knocking earned the Potter heir’s attention as he sat up in his bed and called out for them to enter. In walked the two French sisters, one of which had her gaze focused on the ground, with the occasional shy peek upwards to him.

“Fleur, Gabbie… is something wrong?”

The older of the two shook her head, “Not at all Harry, we were just discussing some of the restrictions that have been placed upon you by your doctor and how to help you with them. I think we have come up with a method of resolving your ‘bathing’ problem.”

His eyebrow quirked upward slightly, “I wasn’t aware I had a problem…”

Fleur flashed a smile, “You have been sitting in a bed for several days now, you are beginning to get a bit dirty, and that is where Gabbie comes in.”

Based upon his, frighteningly large, knowledge of medicine the teen knew where the conversation was headed. “Despite not being allowed out of bed I assure you that I am fully capable of giving myself a sponge bath Fleur.”

She nodded in turn, “Oh yes, we know. But after some discussion we decided that this would likely be rather inconvenient for you. Changing out water, and with all those hard to reach spots… instead the other girls and I came up with a far more practical solution.”

“And that would be?”

The older blonde gave her sister a bit of a push, “Go on Gabbie, you were so eager to accept remember?”

If Harry didn’t know better, he would have sworn that Gabrielle was related to Ginny in that moment, based upon the shade of red she blushed, but the girl moved forward regardless, reaching the bed before pulling back a corner of the covers and crawling under.

The teen was about to ask exactly what they were thinking when he felt a mouth begin kissing his unclad feet, followed by a pair of gentle, if eager, explorative hands.

“My sister volunteered to give you a bath herself… with her mouth and tongue. I will leave you two alone.”

Somewhere in the distance Gabrielle Delacour heard her sister depart and the door shut behind her. But that was miles away, a distant land and memory that was no longer important. What was important at this moment was one thing, and one thing only. Harry Potter, her sworn Lord, the man who owned her in every definition of the word. A mere teenager who, despite being younger than her older sibling, had saved both of them from countless horrible things.

And by God was he intoxicating.
Gabbie had assumed there would be some excitement, of course, in performing this deed for him, both due to her fantasies and also when she had touched him the previous summer and felt the energy of his skin.

This, however, was completely different. She had barely reached his ankle when she had opted out of 'kissing' him and instead taken to licking and sucking on every inch of flesh she could find. Her body trembled, her heart beat faster, and her mind began to fog over.

She was drunk on him, on his presence, his scent, his taste. The problem now was she couldn't get enough. Sure, she was able to push up his pant leg but eventually it would begin to get in the way.

The young Veela needed more.

“H-H-Harry c-c-can I...”

“Whatever makes you more comfortable.”

She nodded to herself, before reaching up to his waist and hastily pulling his clothing down, absently noting that the rustle from further up probably meant he was completely naked now.

Her body temperature rose, skin warming as she now felt entirely too hot as well in her own garments.

But could she undress as well? It wouldn't be proper, she was here for him not for her own pleasure. The young girl's mouth went back to work, her tongue trailing up her leg as her eyes practically rolled to the back of her head.

It was a taste she could never describe, like the greatest foods she had ever tried all put together and amplified. He was intoxicating in every sense of the word.

And she needed more.

By the time she reached his upper thigh her clothing had been pulled off, leaving her in undergarments. There was a heat radiating near her face from a source that she had become more than a little fascinated with since seeing the previous summer.

Gabbie gulped down her anxieties and doubts. She needed to clean all of him, but debated on whether she should wait until last for that. Instead she found his hand nearby, and took one of his wonderful fingers into her mouth, gently sucking it clean before moving onto the next, a moan rumbling deep in her chest as she imagined it was something else in her mouth rather than just his digits.

With his hand 'clean' she made her way up his arm, savoring his wrist, feasting on his forearms, and delighting in the toned muscles of his upper arms.

One treacherous hand of her own made its way down to remove her last pieces of clothing, leaving her naked body so close that she almost sobbed. What she would give for him to flip them over, to hold her down and push into her body, to take what was his and use her for his own pleasure. She wanted, needed to have his pulsating girth stretching her out past any limits, to have him ramming into her with groans of pleasure while she clenched down to further his enjoyment of her pussy.

But that was not today. Today was about him, today it was her task to show that she could be useful, that she would worship his body like a good little slave, that one day he could use the rest of her for his enjoyment... or not. Because by the time her mouth and tongue and crossed over his shoulder and collar bone, encircled and tasted his nipples, and made their glorious passage across his abs Gabrielle
Delacour decided she could spend every day for the rest of her life just doing *this* and still be happy. Even if he never touched her, never spoke to her or gave her a second glance, just the privilege of tasting him like this, of being able to do *something* for him was pure fulfillment.

Despite not being able to see, she *knew* what was left, *knew* where her mouth was purposefully avoiding with her feather-light kisses, *knew* what she still had left to clean.

With one more deep breath, inhaling his amazing scent that sent flutters through her body, she placed a gentle kiss on the base of his shaft before making her way up and down, crisscrossing his erection with the more gentle of motions.

No wonder the other girls had been so excited to perform on him under the desk, it was beyond words.

She lapped at his testicles, sucking on each one as her body twitched and trembled, her tongue licked the entire length of his cock in lock streaks as her hands delicately explored his skin, her own body occasionally touching his legs, giving shocks of passion from the merest of contact.

He was 'clean' and yet she hovered above, gently placing kisses on the head of his shaft, her heart beating so fast she almost thought she would die from the anxiety. Instead she opened her mouth, pushed her lips over her teeth, and slid his length into her mouth.

It was... more than she could imagine. Even with her sister and the other girls talking about oral it simply did not measure up.

She could feel his heartbeat through her tongue, hear a slight gasp from him as she managed as much as she could without choking, not even halfway she noted sadly. Sliding back she plunged back down, in and out, up and down, her tongue licking any inch she could, her hands alternating between the inches she could not quite reach and his balls.

The girl wanted, *needed*, him to cum, to receive pleasure from her. She needed to pay him back for everything she had done for him, to show him she *could* do something, could give him pleasure.

If this was the only way she could, then she would gladly take this role on for the rest of her days, being there to suck his cock whenever he needed a break or quick release.

“Gabbie...” he muttered in warning, but she merely quickened her pace, and was rewarded a moment later with liquid spilling into her mouth.

***LoD***

Nymphadora don't-call-me-that Tonks fought the grin that was forming on her face. It wasn't often that she got to see a look of trepidation, borderline fear, on Harry Potter's face, but when she did it was always in a rather humorous situation.

Of course, she knew very well that if the situation were reversed she would probably be more than a little scared but it was still funny to watch a teenage boy's widen in anxiety at the news that he was once again allowed to engage in sexual activity.

Now this in and of itself would probably not have raised many, if any, concerns. But, the fact that her mother had chosen to reveal such a fact while the room was full of hormonal teenage girls, along with her own two sisters, all of which had been forced to refrain from shagging the poor boy silly for the past week and a half, along with most of the school year, meant that the Wizard was now facing the equivalent of almost ten 'predators' all more than a little interested in sating their 'hunger' on him and his body.
“Uhmmm...”

He looked ready to bolt for the door, or perhaps break the rules and Magically escape, when the Metamorphmagus decided to step in before he forcibly stripped and pulled into a mass orgy. “Hold on there, just because my mom said he could have sex doesn't mean we can take advantage for the next week.”

Tonks wasn't sure which was less surprising, the fact that Luna looked like someone had just kicked her puppy, or that Bellatrix looked like Christmas had been canceled. “As for Harry... you are all gonna have to wait, because I get first dibs according to the schedule, seeing as how it is my turn to take care of him tonight.”

Now there were more than a few angry looks directed at her, while her mother gave a discreet wink. That single gesture threw her off balance for a moment, had her own parent been trying to hook her up?

The thought sent all sorts of emotions fluttering through her, both dread and a strange feeling of curiosity.

***LoD***

“I never thought I would be saying this but... thank you for stopping a room full of horny Witches from raping me Tonks.” the boy-who-lived teased, earning a grin from the former Auror.

“Anytime my Lord, besides I wasn't lying when I said it is my turn to care for you, I figure that means everything from making sure you eat a proper dinner, to safeguarding your virtue.”

The boy rolled his eyes, but smiled nonetheless, “So what did Dobby make tonight?”

Nymphadora grabbed a nearby tray and brought it over to set it up for him, “Oysters, pomegranates, cooked asparagus, celery, and chocolate.”

The boy froze, blinking a few times in concentration, “Odd... aren't those all aphrodisiacs?”

A feral smile formed on her face, “They are, I saved you from a room full of women Harry, but that doesn't mean I don't plan on taking advantage of you myself for the rest of the evening...”

***LoD***

Tonks wasn't quite sure how it all happened. She knew it had started with a nice dinner, and yes maybe she chose the food selections because they had a tendency to increase sex drive but in her defense she had gone quite some time without being fucked hard enough to forget her own name. Somewhere along the course of the evening, however, things had gone a bit off track.

One moment they were sitting across from each other, enjoying some light banter and the food in front of them. Minutes later and she was mounting him on the table, pushing his length into her soaked cunt harder and faster, like a woman possessed. Looking back she would probably have blamed her food selection, after all there had been little, if any, reason to include strawberries and chocolate syrup for a dinner.

All she knew was that the way he had been eating that piece of red fruit was sinful enough that it had made her blush, also that pouring chocolate onto one's breasts was a fantastic way to earn more than the usual amount of attention from the teen she was currently fucking.

***LoD***
Harry Potter glanced up at the door as a knock sounded through his room, upon receiving his reply to enter the most important females in his life, and those closest to him in age, strode in, before shutting the door behind them, earning a curious quirking of his eyebrow. True, he had been expecting more demands of intimacy, but wouldn't have assumed that 'group sex' would be insisted upon so soon.

“Something I can help you with?”

Hedwig nodded first, “How are you feeling?”

Rolling his shoulders out a bit he twisted and turned his body a few more times before letting out a sigh, “Better, I won’t be running any marathons for a few weeks, but I have been cleared to at least be walking by myself on the condition that I stay inside the mansion.”

The bushy-haired Gryffindor nodded, “That’s good to hear, we are glad you are recovering but there is something we need to talk to you about.”

“And that would be?”

“Consequences Harry.” Ginny answered, “we are going to talk about the consequences of your actions, of not including us, of how much you worried us.”

Pausing, the emerald-eyed boy slowly nodded, “I understand, I did not mean to upset any of you, but I acknowledge that I did, I am sorry.”

“We have made a list of rules that you will obey,” Hermione noted, pulling out the sheet of parchment and handing it to him, “You need to understand how much you hurt us, and just like if we had done such a thing you need to be punished for it.”

Harry blinked, before reading over the list and blinking again, “Not that I am arguing with any of you but… are you sure this is the correct list?”

“Very sure my Lord, we spent a lot of time discussing it and decided this would be for the best.” Luna answered, a very serious expression on her face for once.

A slight twitch formed on the boy’s eye, “I am sure you did but… could one of you explain exactly what number three is supposed to mean?”

Fleur nodded diplomatically, “Exactly as it says Harry, anytime a girl is on or in your bed both of you will be required to be naked at all times… to ensure your safety and that you are not hiding anything from us.”

“I see… and I suppose it was Luna’s suggestion for the rule that I am quote ‘not allowed to bathe by myself’?”

“Actually,” Tonks chimed in, “that one was my idea. You never know when you could slip and hurt yourself or try and think up some devious plans when we least expect it.”

“Which would be when I am in the shower…”

“Or bath, either really. I am sure you have had more than a few plans form while covered in water… naked… your hair soaking wet as the water drips down…”

Hermione cleared her throat, ripping the former Auror, along with several of the others, out of their impromptu fantasy. “We just feel this is for the best Harry, we don’t want you to feel like you are
alone but also don’t want you trying to avoid including us again."

His expression shifted into something apologetic, and the Witch looked away with a blush on her face, “I understand, and I appreciate the gesture. I am a bit curious on how you intend to enforce these on anyone besides those currently in the room though…”

“We have them posted on the door…” The youngest girl blurted out, before blushing an even deeper red and looking away in embarrassment.

“Gabbie is correct. Besides we have already discussed these with Lady Malfoy and Lady Black. Any visitors that come over to help care for you will also be informed, though I doubt Pansy or Daphne will be bothered by these much.”

“No…” Harry remarked with a sigh, “I am sure they won’t be.”

***LoD***

The two teens sat in a comfortable, understanding, silence. Harry slowly ate the dinner Hedwig had prepared while the white-haired girl watched on with a warm smile on her face, neither needing words at this point in time to have a conversation.

It was just like it had been before Hogwarts, before any of the others, back when it was just the two of them ’against the World’ as the former owl had often called it. He had been sick, or injured, few times as a child, but those rare occasions had allowed her the opportunity to take care of him in a way that made her heart swell with both pride and happiness. Harry had always been a very independent child, never needing much in terms of nurturing or comfort... at least on the outside. She knew that emotionally he had always craved acceptance and love, much like any child, especially orphans, did. The chance to care for his needs was one that allowed her to reassure him, and more importantly herself, that she did belong. That he did need her for more than just mental comforting.

His eyes slowly traveled to meet her own in understanding, knowing full well what she was thinking at that moment and silently reassuring her that he would always need her, and that she was never far from his heart or thoughts.

Her smile brightened at the emotions flowing across the reestablished link between the two. It had been torturous having him unconscious, not feeling any connection to him, even if sometimes he blocked out parts of it. It was like being locked in a dark room, not knowing when she would see the light of day, breathe the fresh air, or feel the breeze on her skin again.

The smile faded just enough for her to know that he was apologetic, that he had not wanted to worry and upset her or any of the others, that he would not be doing such a thing again.

She blinked away the water that gathered at her amber-eyes, turning slightly in a failed attempt to hide her tears. So rarely could they spend such time together alone that it could easily become emotionally overwhelming if she was not careful.

Fingers gently caressed the top of her palm, before she turned her hand over and clasped his in comfort.

It was going to be alright, everything was going to be okay. The happiness they had dreamed of was coming closer every day, and it was even brighter than either of them had originally imagined it would be.

***LoD***
Lucius Malfoy glanced up from where the documents he was working on as the door to his study was flung open and a group of former Death Eaters practically marched inside.

“Is it true Malfoy?” One growled out, earning the raising of one eyebrow from the man, “That Dumbledore killed him, that the boy is dead?”

Gently tapping his fingers across the wooden surface, the blonde let out a sigh before rising from his chair, “No, it is not. Our Lord is recovering quite nicely.”

One of the men, that the former Minister of Magic recognized as being Nott Senior, stepped forward with a scowl upon his face, “Why were we not informed!?”

‘It would almost be funny’ Lucius mentally noted, ‘if they weren’t so convinced of their own importance.’ Instead the man cleared his throat, before stepping from around the desk and gesturing for them to make a path and follow him, “I was not aware it was any of your concern Nott. Our Lord informed those of his inner circle and no one else, as I am sure you can understand the reasonings behind.”

The opposing man sneered as he took a spot next to the Malfoy, the others following closely behind, “He is a child and should not be making such decisions. If this is how he is going to act then perhaps someone else should be in charge of overall affairs hm? He is neglecting his duties as a Lord.” The Pureblood continued to rant, ignoring their destination. “I placed a request for my son to be given the Greengrass heiress in marriage and yet he refused for no reason! This is not…”

“Actually, I believe my reason was quite obvious in the reply.” A voice called out from the room they had just entered, all freezing, save Malfoy, at the sight of the boy sitting at a dining table with his Godfathers at either side of him. “Have I not mentioned before that I find the forced marriage contracts to be a disgusting tradition that is no longer to be taking place? Correct me if I am wrong but it is even on the list of rules that such things were not to be written out unless I was first asked about it and given time to speak with all involved.”

Most of the opposing adults fell silent, shifting awkwardly around in place as they avoided eye contact with the teen, “As for wanting to be in charge, take your shot.”

“Uhm, my Lor…” one awkwardly began to reply, only to be cut off by a wave of the boy’s hand.

“I still have not completely recovered, this will most likely be the only time any of you have the slightest of chances to defeat me, I know quite a few of you were utterly convinced I was either deceased or useless so why not try and finish the job hm?”

One, rather stupid, man decided to take advantage of the opportunity, and drew his Wand. What happened next caused more than a few cases of vomiting and gasps of horror as the man went rigid, lifted a foot off the ground before his limbs shot straight out, and were promptly ripped into bloody pieces, the fluids spraying across everyone save for the teen, his godparents, and the owner of the mansion.

“Oh my, it appears my control still isn’t completely back. I only meant to tear him into three pieces, not five…”

***LoD***

“Open”

Harry gave his current caretaker a ‘are you seriously going to do this?’ look and earning a glare from the redhead in return.
“Open” she growled, earning obedience this time as she helped him eat.

After swallowing the boy mock-scowled at the youngest Weasley. “You do know I am perfectly capable of feeding myself, right?”

“I am well aware I just… want to help okay? I want to take care of you, like I would if…” she couldn’t finish the statement. There was enough going on in both of their lives without her trying to hint at marriage.

But regardless of her intent he always seemed to know what she was thinking, and flashed one of his understanding, knicker-ruining, smiles. “It is nice to be taken care of for once, rather than be the one to take care of others…”

Ginny nodded, “How about a compromise, you finish up your soup while I run you some bath water?”

He seemed to think the suggestion over, a smile tugging at the edge of his lips indicating that he was about to suggest something she would undoubtedly enjoy. “That depends, are you going to join me in the bath?”

“You know the rules,” she teased back, not quite sure where the sudden confidence boost had come from but not complaining either way, “you aren’t allowed to bathe by yourself. I will just have to make sure you are completely clean.”

With that 'threat' the redhead made her way into the attached bathroom to begin filling the, rather large, bathtub with water. A minute later and she had decided that she would truly not be doing her 'duty' if she didn’t check the temperature to make sure it wasn't too hot. Somewhere in her mind this translated to 'strip down naked and soak your feet' and the rest of her conscience had decided not to argue with that logic.

A groan escaped her lips as she leaned back a bit on the edge of the tub, they had all been so full of stress and worry for the past week that having a moment to sit back and just relax was beyond words. The knowledge that Harry would be coming in and stripping down naked was just another, rather large, perk.

“Enjoying yourself my dear?” a voice whispered in her ear as a pair of arms wrapped around her waist. The girl, would have jumped in surprise, maybe even uttered some sort of embarrassing shriek, except for the fact she hadn’t felt his skin on her own in so long that she forced herself not to react. Instead she leaned back into his embrace, and happily found his bare chest behind her.

“I am... and you better not be wearing anything right now...”

One of his famous lip biting, knicker-ruining, fantasy creating chuckles ghosted past her, and she was certain that she knew what hardness brushed against her arse just as his hands began trailing gently up her torso to tease her breasts.

“Indeed, but you know I figure if we are going to take a bath and get clean, we should at least be a bit dirtier first... what do you think?”

'I think that if you keep this up I am going to find a way to shag you standing up' she internally replied, before tilting her head to the side and enjoying the way he began trailing kisses up and down her neck.

Luckily, the Gryffindor managed to keep her head together enough to slide her hands around, giving his own arse a squeeze before maneuvering to find his hardened shaft a moment later. She had made
herself a promise while he had been comatosed, that she was going to take a more active role in their sexual activities. They all knew how easy it was to become lost in his embrace, to lose your mind in the pleasure and orgasms that he so effortlessly provided and forget to respond back.

No longer

“Harry...” she whimpered, “you are so big and hard, I want you so badly.” Ginny was quite sure that her face was completely flushed at this point, but the fact that his hands had squeezed just a little harder, and that his tongue seemed to taste her skin more than a moment prior made it all the worth while.

“That time in my first year when we were all alone...” she continued on, “I wanted you to think I was pretty so badly, I was so desperate for your attention, and I still am. You are so beautiful Harry, so perfect that I can never measure up. I want to but...”

His hand had left her breast and tilted her face towards him before she could even react. His mouth claimed hers, tongue wrapping around her own as her eyes fluttered closed. After what felt like hours of the hottest snogging session she could imagine ended he pulled back. “You are beautiful Ginny.”

“Show me...” The Weasley heiress whispered back, “and let me show you how beautiful you are.” She pulled back from him, before gesturing for him to sit on the edge as well, the water turning off automatically when it had reached the top height. From there she straddled his waist, sliding her pussy down to completely engulf his cock.

Her body began trembling instantly, and she let out a loud moan before finding her focus and kissing his throat, her hands exploring his chest as his explored hers.

***LoD***

“I’m not saying ‘no’ Astoria I am just saying that you don’t need to be rushing things. You are still young and...”

“Daphne...” the younger girl borderline growled as she turned to the other, “I love you and all but I swear if you give me another one of those ‘you should be responsible and wait for your future husband’ talks I am going to Hex your mouth off.”

The Greengrass heiress’ jaw dropped, while her best friend giggled from behind her, “She has a point Daph, you tend to be a little overbearing and well... prudish when it comes to Harry.”

“I-I am not!”

“Totally are.”

“Am not!”

“Are too!”

“Am...”

Astoria snapped, letting out a hiss of annoyance as she interrupted the two bickering friends, “Enough, Daphne, I am coming with you to the Malfoy mansion two days from now, and since I was invited too you can’t stop me, furthermore I am going to work up the courage to try and sleep with Harry, with or without your approval.”

“I just...”
But the younger girl was done arguing, “No! You promised me we would talk about this when Umbridge was gone, well Umbridge is gone. I am done waiting, so you can help take care of him when we are over there but afterwards, I get him alone, or else I am going to tell mom and dad exactly who you invited over last summer when they weren’t home.”

The elder sibling merely groaned, ignoring the snickers from Tracey and giving a nod of defeat.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger entered the room carrying a large bed tray. Seeing the boy move to get out from under the covers to help her she stopped and gave him a ‘menacing’ glare, earning a sigh as he merely slid back down under the covers.

“That’s better.” She noted, a slight teasing grin on her face as she placed the object, along with the plates and bowls on top of it, over his legs. “Now then, Dobby was kind enough to make some homemade soup. You are going to eat it all, and if you are good I will read you a story.”

Harry chuckled slightly, before nodding in defeat, “Who am I to argue with a Witch on a mission.” She nodded once more, before taking a seat in one of the chairs beside his bed. “Will you sit in bed with me while you read?”

Although his voice was innocent there was an undertone of something far less innocent as well, secretly something that the bookworm enjoyed very much. There was always a bit of doubt in her, and many of the girls’ minds, about whether Harry truly was interested in them, considering it had been them to setup their nightly sessions for quite some time. Having him actually do the flirting was a welcomed change, and one she suspected he knew.

“I don’t know… can you behave?”

The rules were still in effect, and her being on, or in, the bed meant clothing would be coming off.

His innocent expression was back, and in full force, “I promised all of you I would be on my best behavior, you don’t think I would do anything improper do you?”

She shook her head with her smile growing ever wider, “No, of course not, who would ever accuse you of such a thing. I suppose if you are going to be a good boy then I don’t see any problem with sitting under the covers as well.”

“I mean… you don’t have to be under the covers, the room is so dreadfully dull that having something to look at while I am eating would be a welcome change.”

After disrobing and climbing into the bed Hermione began to read she paused a moment, feeling his eyes on her body, but when she glanced over his attention was focused exclusively on the bowl of food in front of him.

Her eyes returned to the book once more, and almost instantly she felt his gaze tracing over her, almost caressing in nature. Once more she looked up, but found that he didn't even seem to notice she was there.

When she looked back down the girl had a plan, this time she would be constantly watching him, the way his bare chest rose and fell, the movements of his throat when he would drink a spoonful of soup. The steady, and yet confident, motion of his hands and arms, muscles flexing just beneath the skin...

Hermione Granger bit her lip, discreetly attempting to rub her thighs together, this wasn't what she...
had planned at all! *He* was supposed to be the one having trouble sitting naked next to her, not the other way around!

It wasn’t fair... and the young bookworm didn’t care whether the statement sounded like whining or not.

When the boy-who-lived dribbled a bit of broth down his lips and began to lick it up with his tongue the schoolgirl reached the end of her rope. Her book was tossed onto the floor, his tray, and soup, thrown off to the other side as she pulled back the covers and swung her leg over him, not so secretly delighted that underneath he *too* was showing very prominent signs of arousal.

He was inside of her a moment later, and as her own tongue pushed into his mouth, her hands into his hair, and his own palms finding her waist the bushy-haired Witch couldn’t be happier.

***LoD***

“So, like this?”

“Oh *yes* my Lord, *just* like that, a little higher and... perfect!”

Harry chuckled slightly, “Now then, are you sure you want this *there*?”

“Mhmmm it will fit perfectly, I just know it.”

The boy-who-lived did as asked, reaching forward and tying another corner of the sheet onto a bed post. Luna had decided that since it was her turn to ‘comfort him’ they would go camping like they had during the summer. Unfortunately, Andromeda had reminded them both that Harry was not allowed to leave the house, and thus the sole Lovegood decided to take the last remaining Potter, make a ‘blanket tent’ and camp out in his room instead.

As soon as the two crawled into the makeshift fort the blonde immediately began stripping down, “The rules haven’t changed my Lord, no clothes on remember?”

He nodded with a smile as he began undressing as well, “You know, it does get a bit chilly at night, and with the blankets forming a tent we will likely need to figure out a different way to keep warm.”

Luna paused, before turning to him with a happy grin, “Don’t forget my Lord, I might get you all to myself tonight, but this summer Bella and I promised you a group camping session...”

With that she tackled him onto his back, before pushing his legs apart and practically swallowing his length all at once, quickly sucking up and down on his shaft at a furious pace before grabbing his arm and placing it onto her own head, hoping he would understand.

His grip tightened, as he began to 'help' her, showing he did *in fact* understand and accepted this new idea of forceful sex.

“As much as I enjoy fucking your mouth” he growled out, pulled her back before pushing her onto her arse instead. “I do so enjoy that beautiful body of yours.”

For a second Luna froze, eyes looking back into his with uncertainty.

“I mean it Luna... I know why you keep insisting on group sex, why you invited Bella to join us... you aren’t disappointing me, you aren’t a failure, and I am not growing bored of you. You are *beautiful* no matter what you might think. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.”
She hastily wiped away the tears that had formed as she nodded, “O-okay... thank you Harry...”

“Now, get on your back and spread your legs, I haven't enjoyed that tight little cunt of yours in far too long.”

***LoD***

Pansy Parkinson practically ran through the hallway of the Malfoy mansion, nearly knocking one of the less important of Harry’s followers over in her haste. Ignoring the indignant shouts behind her the girl neared what would become known as the ‘Private Wing’ only to halt as she reached the Warded double doors that separated her.

“Shite, I don’t have time for this…” she muttered, and it was true, she didn’t. Draco had finally written her a letter after almost a week of silence. Harry had been injured but was recovering. Their Lord would not return to Hogwarts for some time yet and was still being taken care of nearly every waking moment. Therein lay the cause for her rush, an offer had been extended to her to join the ‘rotation’ of those helping him recover. There were rules, naturally, but she was sure that she could follow them regardless of what they might entail.

Her Lord needed help, and she had been among the few deemed worthy of providing it. This was a chance to separate herself from all of the other affairs he normally held during the school year, to show that she was not only a skilled lover but could be a provider as well. This single event could make or break her future with him, perhaps even the possibility of bearing him a child.

The thought sent shivers down her spine, and to a certain part just below her belly. She had to be at his side first though, before she could do anything else, she needed to find a way past this barricade and...

“Name?”

Pansy blinked, before looking down at the House-Elf that now stood between her and the door, Dobbie if she remembered the name correctly. The creature’s eyes narrowed as it tapped its foot impatiently, “Name?”

“P-Parkinson, Pansy Parkinson”

It nodded, before snapping and opening the door for her to proceed, the barrier closing again behind her. Once inside she continued down another hallway and neared another set of, rather ornate, double doors. Just as she reached them and entered another large living space a voice called out and brought her to a halt.

“Pansy, hold up a second.” The dark-skinned girl turned to where a certain bushy-haired Witch was walking up towards her, a rather large piece of parchment in hand. “Have you read over the rules and restrictions Harry is under?”

Biting her lip the schoolgirl wondered which answer would get her in less trouble. The truth, that she had barely skimmed it, or a lie and hope for the best. “I uh...”

Hermione rolled her eyes, “Of course not, it isn’t that surprising but still... alright look read this over real quick. Harry isn’t under serious restrictions or anything but since it is your assigned night you will be in charge of taking care of him. That means making sure he eats, bathes, and generally stays relaxed. He isn’t allowed to be doing any sort of political or Magical work yet, including schoolwork, so keep that in mind. You can cook for him if you want, otherwise the House-Elves will take care of it. Understand?”
The heiress nodded, before stiffening slightly, “Wait... does he need help with any of this?”

A sigh escaped the bookworm's lips, “Don't be ridiculous, we just want him to take it easy. Besides we all have rather enjoyed taking care of him and having him be dependent on us for once and decided to pass on this privilege to a few others, like you and Daphne. If you aren't interested...”

“NO! I mean... of course I am, anything for our Lord. I will help him eat and bathe of course. How long do I have with him tonight?”

“Normally shifts end around ten at night for the next individual who sleeps with him but since you haven't had any time with him lately the rest of us agreed you can stay until the morning as long as it isn't going to cause problems with your parents.”

Pansy shook her head, “Of course not, I informed my mother and father that I would be spending the night to catch up with my betrothed, not entirely a lie...”

“Just mostly one...” Hermione finished with a slight smirk and a shake of her head. “Well regardless you will be relieved at breakfast. He is still recovering so try and let him get some sleep tonight hm?”

---LoD---

Harry paused in his reading as someone knocked at his door, now this was not odd, in fact it was almost a rarity to be completely alone at this point, however it was the fact he didn’t quite recognize the owner of said sound.

“Come in” he called out, a bit surprised when the door opened to reveal Neville Longbottom standing on the other side.

The other teen shifted a few times awkwardly, “Uh... hey Harry...”

“Neville”

“I uhm... didn’t catch you at a bad time, did I? Hermione said that you had a bit of free time and...”

The Potter heir nodded, “I do, just catching up on some reading for school, would you like to sit down?”

Nodding the Longbottom heir took advantage of the chair closest to where Harry was lying and practically slumped back into it. “I... have been thinking a lot about what happened, about what I heard...”

“Oh?”

He nodded once more, “Yeah, I just... those things you said about Dumbledore... were they true?”

“They were”

Neville shook his head in disgust, “To think I used to look up to him, trusted him. You said something about a prophecy, what was it?”

“It concerned Voldemort and someone who would defeat him, it was fairly vague though, speaking of a power he didn’t know.”

“Could...” the Gryffindor paused, working out how exactly to phrase his next question, “did it mention names? I know a lot of prophecies use vague birth dates and... could it have been about me instead?”
A soft smile appeared on Harry’s face, “It did not give any names directly, but according to Sirius it could have been either of us. It was Riddle who chose to go after me and my family instead of yours.”

“But Bellatrix still went after my parents and me… and Dumbledore knew it could happen.”

“He did” The raven-haired boy confirmed, forcing the other to stand in anger.

“That manipulative old bastard… how many lives has he ruined? How many people has he pushed around in his sick game for control?”

Neville’s question had been rhetorical, and thus never expected the other teen to answer, “More than you realize.” Turning back to face him, the Longbottom gave a silent plea for him to continue, which Harry did with a sigh, “Tom Riddle was a student at Hogwarts too Neville, according to my research he made requests every single year to be relocated, or even allowed to stay at the school rather than return to the orphanage he had been placed at. Dumbledore denied them each time. I am not saying that he created Voldemort, but he certainly did nothing to try and stop the man’s fall or rise.”

“Harry… Susan and I have been talking and… well after everything that has happened… would you accept us back into…”

The boy-who-lived raised his hand to halt his friend, “Wait to finish that statement Neville. The government is still in chaos, the world out of balance. Susan might seem to want stability now but when the entire truth comes out, I highly doubt Amelia Bones will choose my side. I wouldn’t want to place either of you in that sort of position. Dumbledore is far from defeated, and I suspect that by the end of this year I will face him again. After that, after all is said and done, after the truth is laid out then you two should make your decision.”

***LoD***

“So, how was work today?”

Fleur paused for a moment to swallow her food before smiling softly at the teen seated across from her, “It was nice. I had a meeting with some of the higher ups of management concerning my proposal. I was told they would be discussing it over the next few days.”

Harry gave a nod, “Goblins do tend to discuss things quite a bit when it comes to money. You look lovely tonight, in case I hadn’t mentioned it.” They both knew he had, but the Delacour heiress’ smile widened anyway.

“It is always nice receive compliments when I dress up for you… or dress down later…”

This statement earned a grin from the boy who took another bite of his meal, “The steak is fantastic by the way, a French recipe?”

“Oui, one I found in a cookbook long ago. I make it occasionally for Gabbie and I, speaking of which…” the blonde picked up a small silver bell next to her before giving it a shake. Moments later her eyes narrowed in annoyance before the door opened and a young girl dressed in what would be classified as a ‘French maid outfit’, albeit far lower cut and with a skirt barely covering any modesty, shyly entered.

“Y-you called m-mistress?”

“I have run out of wine, again. Bring some more, and try not to pick the wrong one this time hm?”
Her younger sister blushed in embarrassment, before giving a squeak of understanding and retreating, earning a frown from their Lord. “Fleur…”

She immediately shook her head, “I know what it looks like Harry, but I promise you it isn’t like that. I spoke with Gabbie when I was planning the evening and she asked for a role such as this one. I told you her awakening started over the summer remember? She enjoys being used in this way by those who care about her, just as she knows I enjoy using her in return. It is the darker aspects of Veela taking effect. Some desire to hunt and dominate, others to be hunted and dominated.”

“I understand that, I just…”

He trailed off, and the older Witch reached forward to take his hand in her own. “And I understand your concerns. I promise you that I would never do anything Gabbie is not completely happy with, and she knows that. I can guarantee that she is enjoying herself. In fact, she is probably hoping we are harsher on her and more demanding.”

If she hadn’t been focused on him and his reactions, looking for signs of discomfort. Hadn’t been part Veela, and thus very in tune to her chosen partner, and wasn’t already expecting something then she would have undoubtedly missed the slight flinch he gave. Hedwig had warned them both about this type of relationship, that their mutual lover was very ivery concerning ownership over people.

“It is the reason why Gabbie has not asked you to destroy the contract yet, the one that states you own us. She is thrilled by it Harry, both her human and Veela sides are excited by it, but for different reasons. The Veela is aroused by it, turned on by the idea of you owning her body. As for the human… Gabbie never had much affection growing up, save for from me. The idea of belonging to someone is… well it is like marriage to her.”

“Marriage is not one sided…” he noted, and the woman nodded in agreement.

“True, but this is not either. Talk to her about it sometime without anyone else in the room, I think you will be very surprised.”

Before he could comment further the younger girl reentered, carrying a large bottle of wine and bringing it to the table before setting it down gently. Fleur scowled when her sibling made no further movement, “Well!? Do you expect me to pour my own wine as well!? What in Merlin’s name do we keep you around for you little skank?”

“F-forgive me mistress…” the young girl muttered out, before taking the bottle once more and pouring a bit, her hands trembling just enough to spill a few drops.

The older Witch hissed in anger, earning another squeak, and a quick apology. “You will be punished later for this…” Fleur growled, earning a slight nod of acceptance from the young girl, who began to retreat, taking the bottle back to the side room. From the corner of her eye the former schoolgirl noticed the look in her lover’s eyes.

“Halt” she commanded, freezing Gabrielle in place as she turned to the young girl. “It appears, you little whore that my beloved is not quite convinced as to how much of a slut you truly are. I want you to go and show him.”

A timid, and rather uncertain, looked crossed the younger's face as she slowly made her way over to where Harry sat, biting her lip as she did so. Just as she reached him Fleur scowled once more in mock anger. “Touch yourself and show him how wet you are you stupid whore…”

Gabbie blushed, before reaching down to her thighs and coating her fingers in dampness before
holding them up to the raven-haired boy, her face bright red in embarrassment. Her older sister merely laughed, “You see my love? The little slut isn’t even wearing knickers right now! I let her pick out her own outfit and look what she chooses, the shortest skirt she could find and nothing underneath! I would bet you money that she was just hoping to have some reason to bend over and expose her soaking little cunt to you. Do you think she will touch herself to the idea later? Finger her little pussy while fantasizing about you taking her right here right now? Perhaps she thinks that if she does a good enough job you will invite her up onto your lap where you will use her cute little body for your pleasure, filling her tight little sex up when you are done with her. Would you like that you little skank? For my big strong husband to use your body for his own pleasures?”

The younger merely whimpered, before managing a slight nod as she rubbed her thighs together, earning another laugh from the older Witch. “You see? She is just hoping to be punished, for even the slightest of touch from you. She wants to be degraded and used, for you to spank her as she walks past you or to finger her cunt for a few moments of enjoyment while she pants like the dog she is.”

Gabbie risked a glance up from where she had been staring at the floor, only to see a look of curiosity mixed with a dark fascination in the emerald-eyes of the teen she had fallen in love with. That look which seemed to draw her in, which promised so many unspoken things sent electricity flowing through her body, ending with a slight squeak followed by her knees shaking badly enough that she was barely able to remain standing.

The laughter that followed from the other blonde was even louder. “Oh my, cumming before he even touches you!? How utterly pathetic. If he were to even consider taking you to bed I bet you would pass out from pleasure, how on Earth are you ever going to give him any pleasure like that?”

Gabrielle remained silent, before Fleur clicked her tongue in annoyance and gave her a dismissal, just as the younger sibling passed by though, she gently reached out and grabbed her sister by the arm, pulling her in close and putting her lips to the younger’s forehead.

“Make sure you get something to eat okay?” she muttered, earning a quick nod. “I love you Gabbie…”

“I love you too Fleur…”

The elder nodded, before making another mutter of the other finishing up her homework, and then shooing her off.

***LoD***

An elderly Wizard crept between alleyways in the dark of night, pausing for a moment in one particularly dark shadow as a pair of Aurors walked by before quickly hurrying on towards his destination.

He should have known, and looking back the signs were obvious, hindsight often is after all, that Harry had been holding back, manipulating the situation. In his haste, however, he had ignored all of that, focused on his sole mission and missed the truth.

Truthfully, he lacked the ability to kill the boy, to stop a Dark Lord’s so obvious rise to power. Perhaps he never had that chance, like the others that came before. Now though he needed to be calm and calculating. He needed to think things through and cover all his bases before making any future attempts to stop the evil rising in England.
First, Albus Dumbledore needed allies, which presented the first of his many problems. Thanks to Harry’s tactics many of the Order of the Phoenix wouldn’t side with him, some he hadn’t even considered contacting. Even those he had previously fought alongside, members of the ‘old guard’ would now be hesitant to lend their support.

But he still needed help, which meant reaching out to those closest to him, those who would at least consider listening to his point of view before making their judgments.

The former Headmaster slipped into an owl station and with a twist of his Wand sent the attendant off on an ‘errand’ he had conveniently forgotten about. Now he just needed to choose a safe location, send out the summons, and wait to see who would show.

***LoD***

The lights dimmed as Narcissa Malfoy entered the room, dressed only in a silky bathrobe. “I believe…” she purred, “that it is my turn to spend the evening with you.” There was something predatory in the woman’s eyes, something that made the boy take a gulp and squirm back into his bed. “Oh no need to get up for me, I just want to pick up where we left off during the summer my dear husband. I have always wanted to spend an evening taking care of someone’s every desire while sating my own.”

She parted her robes, and allowed them to fall to the floor a moment later, exposing her nude form to the air and the teen’s sight, “It is a bit chilly in here, we really should warm up under the covers…”

The previous summer there hadn’t been time, not enough anyway, to truly take the time to explore the teen as she had wanted.

Now, however, there was and while the curvy woman’s breasts were groped, licked, and sucked on to the teen’s desire her own hands caressed over his legs, hips, abs, chest, arse, and cock. She had a plan in mind. The younger women undoubtedly held his heart, and that was never going to change, but just like her older sister she too was planning on showing him that she had something to give, that he would find pleasure in her not offered elsewhere.

As soon as he was done with her chest, which hopefully was not for at least some time yet, she would set about returning the favor. Sure, she was anxious to mount his cock and begin riding him like a prized stallion, but she had patience. Anything he could give to her body she would return to him.

Teenage girls, from what she had overheard, were more like teenage boys in regards to their Lord. They couldn’t wait for the action to start and to start the full blown shagging. They had no staying power, no presence of mind, or longevity.

She, on the other hand, was a politician's wife, and knew the importance of the 'long game'. Perhaps in the future, once her husband went back to his dull life of sitting behind a desk giving orders, she could spend one day a week in the bed of their Lord. Surely one day wasn’t asking too much right?

***LoD***

Daphne Greengrass smiled warmly as she watched her sister excitedly flip through her sketch book with Harry. She could remember back when Astoria was terrified for people to even know she enjoyed drawing, much less show anyone, even her own family.

Yet here she was, showing off her latest work with pride and excitement in her eyes.

“And this is one I drew just last week of my mom and dad, I remember she was rubbing his
shoulders while looking over at what he had been working on.”

The teen nodded and gave an appreciative hum of agreement, one that the heiress somehow knew was sincere, rather than those fake smiles that adults had a habit of giving when they would humor children.

It was just another reason she had fallen in love with the boy, he always seemed to sense what others cared about and could empathize with them.

Out of the corner of her eye the older Witch noticed the time on a nearby clock and gave a sigh, “Astoria, it is almost nine. I told mother we would be home at half-past at the very latest, start gathering up your things.”

But the younger girl merely turned and grinned before shaking her head, “You go on ahead, I already told mom I was staying over with a friend tonight.”

Daphne's eyes widened in realization, noticing the 'surprised' quirking of their Lord's eyebrow as well.

“Astor...”

“I told you Daphne, I am done waiting. I want to stay with Harry tonight, I already talked to Ginny about it and since it was her turn to spend the night with him she agreed to let me instead. I will be back tomorrow morning sometime.”

The older sibling tried to think of something to say, but a voice whispered in her mind that she had promised to stand aside and let her younger sister make her own choices, and that she was close to that age regardless, “Just... be safe okay? What friend did you say you would be staying with in case one of them asks me?”

“Evelyn Rosier, she's in Slytherin too.”

Daphne nodded in agreement, “Very well, try not to keep him up too late okay? Our Lord still needs at least some rest.”

The younger Witch grinned before shyly glancing back to the boy seated next to her, “No promises...”

***LoD***

Astoria's shifted slightly as she awoke, confusion settling in for a moment before she noticed the nearby clock. It was still early in the morning, and the design of the object brought her focus back to reality and memories of the night before.

And what a night it had been.

She had informed Harry that she was planning on staying the night, and asking him to sleep in the bed with him.

He had, politely, replied that there were rules, and that she might want to check them before asking such things.

But she had already known what that would mean, the two of them, in the same bed, naked.

The young girl had stood before hastily stripping down and shyly climbing under the covers with
him, who had stripped while watching her.

Then the exploration had begun. Being in Slytherin, along with having an older sister, Astoria knew that Harry wasn't a virgin, knew that his number of 'conquests' was easily double digits, and knew he was probably more experienced in sex than most adults were.

And yet he hadn't rushed her, instead their hands and explored, her own starting with his forearms and going up to his shoulders, shivering at the feeling of the muscles she felt with each passing second. She examined and felt his chest, then abs, and then... had hesitated. A nagging voice in her head warning about what came next.

“There is no rush...” he muttered, his own hands gently caressing down her sides, giving her arse a gentle squeeze before reaching her legs.

She had orgasmed from that alone.

Throwing all doubts into the wind she found his cock and balls before exploring them, examining the length and girth, biting her lip as he seemed to go on forever and imaging what it would feel like filling her.

When his fingertips brushed up the fronts of her thighs she spread her legs without thinking, and allowed him to find her wet cunt. The second his fingers brushed past her she nearly passed out from pleasure, but managed to hold together with a gasp.

“P-p-please...”

“Hmm?”

“I-I-I want...”

“What...” he whispered, leaning in to her, his hardness pushing up against her stomach. “What do you want?”

“You... inside me, I want you to be my first, please.”

Her hands reached around his back to try and roll him on top, which he delightfully obeyed as her legs wrapped around his own, his manhood pushing up against her soaked tightness.

“Last chance...”

“Please”

He was inside of her, and she was seeing stars with the first thrust, finally understanding what the other girls had meant about 'multiple orgasms at once'. She had always thought it was an exaggeration, a way of building up his ego on the chance of sleeping with him again.

If anything they had downplayed the sensation.

Her back arched into him, nipples pushing into his chest as his mouth found her throat. The velvety grip around him tightened, impossibly, more as yet another orgasm followed.

Did he understand what he was doing to her!?

His strong hands seemed to materialize on her arse, squeezing and pulling her closer and lower onto him.
Another trembling followed the... four, maybe five? She was currently undergoing.

Oh yes, he definitely knew.

When he began to thrust Astoria was sure she would die from the pleasure. Every motion sending waves crashing through her body. At that point she wasn't really an 'active' participant, more of someone he was using, and giving, mind-breaking pleasure to.

The young Pureblood couldn't even manage any of the praise she had read about using during sex. Her mother had informed her that men were, usually, the ones to give the praise and compliments but she had wanted to be different, to whisper about how beautiful and sexy he was, about how amazing he felt.

Instead she was fairly certain she had started drooling a few minutes prior.

_Drooling!_ If him finding pictures she had drawn of their ‘wedding’ was embarrassing then this would be life ending when she was conscience enough to consider it.

It had gone on for well over an hour before she had reached her breaking point, and he had finally filled her with cum. She had promptly passed out afterwards.

Now she was awake, completely red from embarrassment, and considering how best to run away and never be seen by anyone ever again. The problem, however, was that there was currently a wonderful arm laying on her stomach, and the fact that a certain emerald-eyed boy was spooning her from behind was quite possibly the greatest feeling in the world.

She nestled a bit closer to him, and felt an organ she had become _very_ familiar with pressing into her back.

Despite her mediocre performance the previous night she considered waking him for another attempt, surely she couldn't fail spectacularly on her second try... right?

“I would certainly not object...” a voice whispered into her ear, freezing her in place before she nodded her head and lifted her leg slightly. One of his hands was quickly placed on her thigh while the other snaked under her body to cup her breast.

It was an interesting sensation, having him slide into her while they were on their sides, but certainly one she enjoyed as a moan escaped her lips.

She had once overheard Pansy Parkinson complain about how dull Draco Malfoy was becoming, and how her sex life would undoubtedly be 'drier than the Sahara Desert' Being that she too had been 'purchased' by the blonde it hadn't inspired much in terms of fantasies.

But now that her destiny was her own perhaps she could become the wife, or hell just a concubine, to the boy currently thrusting in and out of her cunt, all while his lips began sucking o her neck.

***LoD***

Harry had just finished up his dinner when the door to his room opened, before promptly shutting, and locking, again. Looking up the boy-who-lived blinked several times in surprise.

“Bella?”

She nodded, before a swish of her Wand dimmed the lights and levitated his tray off the bed. But that wasn’t the most surprising part, nor the fact that he had been expecting Andromeda to be the one to
check on him instead of her sister.

No, it was the woman’s outfit that had thrown him off most. Instead of her normal Witch robes she wore a black leather corset and a pair of knickers.

“You’ve been a very bad boy Harry, I think you need to be taught a lesson…”

***LoD***

“That’s right you dirty boy, eat that pussy!” the woman growled as she gripped the teen’s hair, pulling him deeper into her cunt, pleasure shooting through her veins as his tongue went to work on her. “R-right there, fuck yes! Deeper! Use that bloody tongue of yours and… fuck!”

Her back arched, juices covering the Potter heir’s face as her things tightened and relaxed in body-shaking spasms. A minute later and the former Lestrange was gasping for breath, riding out the aftershocks of her orgasm as her hips moved forward and backwards.

“I-I guess…” she stuttered out, “that you have earned the right to tou-touch... bloody hell just touch me you brat!”

The teen’s hands traced up her things and alongside the sides of her body before caressing over the corset covering her torso and breasts. Despite her initial desires Bellatrix was now considerably regretting wearing anything in order to indulge in her fantasy, having felt the difference between his hands on clothing as opposed to bare flesh she could honestly say that if she was ever allowed a private ‘vacation’ with him she would insist on spending the entire time naked in bed.

***LoD***

“Harry,” the former Lestrange whispered as she lay next to him in bed. The fact she had chosen to use his first name was odd enough for the teen to turn and completely face her. “You… know I care about you, right?”

He blinked several times, unsure of where the conversation was heading or how exactly to respond.

“I mean… I know I can be a bit odd and cold but… you are one of the few to ever accept me as me. You didn’t demand I change, didn’t call me flawed or imperfect… even my former husband didn’t care that much about me.”

“Bella I…”

Her fingers found his lips, silencing him for a moment, “Just… I know the other girls have already given you the talk on what you did, on how badly you scared and upset them so… please don’t do it again okay?”

The sole remaining Potter merely nodded, and Bellatrix Black breathed a slight sigh of relief, before cuddling just a bit closer to him.

***LoD***

A soft knocking at his door earned the attention of the boy-who-lived, who promptly allowed entrance to the visitor. In walked his favorite Metamorphmagus, looking more than a little confused and hesitant.

“Hey Harry, could I talk to you for a sec?”
“Is everything alright?”

The, currently pink haired, former Auror shook her head, “No… yes? Maybe? I don’t know anymore…”

He gestured towards one of the chairs in his, rather ridiculously large, bedroom, “Then sit down and tell me about it.”

She practically fell into the seat, before releasing a stressful sigh, “I… have been really confused lately.”

“Oh, about what?” he inquired, taking a spot opposite of her.

“You know about my termination, right? By Bones and Dumbledore?” Harry nodded, gesturing her gently to continue. “Well, I mean afterwards I was sort of lost, I mean the only thing I had ever wanted to do was be an Auror and all of a sudden…”

The Potter heir nodded his head, “Your dream was taken from you, because of your association with me.”

She quickly shook her head, “No, not because of you, because of some miserable old bastard who doesn’t like things done anyway but his. Well anyway, so I got a new job working as a journalist for the Quibbler and… I mean it is fun you know? Something different, exciting, no politics that get involved… but two days ago…”

“Tonks, wait up for a moment please.” The director of the DMLE requested, as she sped up just a bit to catch up to her former employee. “I have been meaning to speak with you, about everything that happened.”

Nymphadora, of course, already knew what ‘had happened’, and wasn’t quite sure how to speak to the woman she had previously looked up to, after her betrayal, “Yes Madam Bones?”

“Listen, I know some things were said and done that, looking back, may not have been the right decision but with everything going on in the Ministry and the DMLE shorthanded as is I would like you to consider returning to your position as Auror.”

“Ma’am I…”

“Just think about it and let me know in the next few days.”

When Tonks had finished her recap she slumped back into the chair, hands going to her face in frustration and stress, “What do you think I should do? What do you want me to do?”

Harry merely pondered the situation for a moment. True, it would be far more convenient to have Tonks as a mole in the Auror department, but it also didn’t really matter at this point, “What do you want to do Tonks?”

“Wh-what?”

“You have had two different jobs now, both Auror and reporter. Which did you enjoy more when you compare them?”

The woman’s jaw practically dropped as her mind went into overdrive trying to do not only what he suggested, but also figure out why. “I… but why do…”
He leveled his gaze on her, forcing her silent, “Because it is your life and happiness Tonks, and just like it is for Hermione, Hedwig, Luna, Ginny and all those close to me your happiness is important to me.”

“I…”

***LoD***

Severus Snape made his way through the, relatively empty, halls of Hogwarts. Most of the students were still on an 'official' leave of absence due to investigations, periodic Auror sweeps of the castle, and Merlin knew what else. Still, he had received a letter a few hours prior, summoning him to stand before the school board.

Undoubtedly it would be his dismissal. Although he had not been present at Hogwarts during the last catastrophic year most knew how close he had been to the Headmaster, as well as involved in the old man's schemes. Not only that but there would be a long list of previous students and staff that would be more than happy to testify about how unfair and biased he was.

“Not that they would be wrong…” the Wizard mused, “I certainly have had my share of problems and failures…”

Finally, he stood before the double doors, before knocking to signal his arrival, moments later the barrier opened and allowed him admittance, where the board sat at a long table, hundreds of pieces of paper and parchment covering it.

“Severus Snape” an elderly woman called out, earning a nod from the man in kind, “you are a bit early, please take a seat.”

***LoD***

A/N: Sorry for anyone expecting more plot, but I felt that coming so close to death earned Harry some angst from the others, and some recovery. Next chapter will get more into what is going on in the 'outside world' though.

So, I am starting to run out of ideas on 'kinks' to explore. If anyone has any suggestions I am all ears, although I won't do anything too extreme like scat/piss/Guro stuff.
Lord of Darkness

Revelations & Alterations

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

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***LoD***

“Daphne, my study please.”

The Witch nodded curtly, before following her father into the designated room. The moment she caught sight of her younger sister, already seated, along with her mother she knew something was amiss.

“I have been contacted by Lord Nott in an effort to setup an arranged marriage between my eldest and his own son.” The man began, as he slowly made his way around his desk, while Daphne herself took a spot on the couch next to her sister. “It was… a very well-argued reason and his offering was quite generous.”

“Father I…”

A gesture demanded her silence, and the eldest daughter snapped her mouth shut, tension already filling her body. Seeing her compliance, the man continued, “He also made a counter offer for Astoria as well, to outbid the Malfoys perhaps…”

Beside her Daphne felt her sister shudder as well, apparently their father didn’t know about the exchange that had already taken place.

“It would not be worth your while father.” The eldest interrupted, earning the quirking of an eyebrow from the Wizard. “I have already secured Astoria’s contract from the Malfoy’s for her own keeping, and I lost my virginity some time ago.”

Anger and rage flashed in the man’s eyes as he rose in an instant, “And who” he snarled out, “Did you see fit to give such a thing to?”

She wanted to reply with ‘whoever I damn well please’ but knew better, especially with the way her mother had paled. “To my Lord, Harry Potter.”

This statement seemed to change the atmosphere, though for what reason she could not quite tell. The man sat back down, thoughtful expression now adorning his face, “That does change things… if you had waited for me to finish, I would have explained that I turned Lord Nott down for the potential of a far more profitable deal.”

Daphne’s mind whirled, the Nott’s, while not the wealthiest of families, were still from old money which could be matched by few save for the highest of echelons in Pureblood society. Had Lucius Malfoy offered to buy them both?

“Who…”
“Nothing is confirmed yet, but I have been told that the situation will be explained this summer and from there offers and opportunities will arise. I am hoping that both you and your sister will be considered. Change is coming, and our family would be remiss if we let such an opportunity slip by.”

But the Slytherin in her wouldn’t let such a question go unanswered, “Father who are you hoping that Astoria and I be chosen by?”

“The very same boy you have already given yourself to, Lord Potter.”

***LoD***

“My Lord” a silky voice intoned as Severus Snape bowed at the doorway. A gesture from the boy answered the silent request to enter the room where he was seated, and the Potion master took a seat in a chair across from the boy.

He even managed to hide the slight smirk that threatened to form on his mouth as he saw the boy’s seating arrangements. Apparently, the various girls had decided that Harry was in ‘near constant danger’, and thus were taking turns surrounding him, including sitting on his lap.

“I understand you are…” this time he couldn’t help but give in and allow his lips to upturn slightly, “grounded for the next month.”

Harry, shockingly enough, merely laughed in return, “Quite right professor, from anything even smelling like politics or giving orders.”

Snape nodded, before clearing his throat and casting his gaze at Narcissa, who was busy in the kitchen with her sisters, but obviously near enough to overhear the conversation. “I simply thought you may wish to have an update on what has occurred in the week you have been gone.”

“So long as it does not extend my…”

The statement was interrupted by a loud swear, followed by what sounded like someone kicking and chair and storming into the room.

Sirius Black was clearly angry and narrowed his gaze on the first ‘safe’ target present… Severus Snape. “How in the bloody hell do you get anything done with these morons!? I mean I have had to give Crabbe the same order four times now and he still screwed it up! How hard is it to go and pick up a list of potion ingredients!?”

Harry merely shrugged, before earning a silent scowl from Fleur, who was currently running her fingertips through his messy hair.

“What can I say, I am good with people. I did wish to ask permission for Severus here to…”

“Sure whatever, granted. Merlin, I swear if I have to babysit anymore of these idiots I’m going to turn into Bellatrix and just start Cursing the lot of them…” he muttered before storming out of the room, earning giggles from his three nearby cousins.

Turning back to the, now far more grinning, man Harry cleared his throat, “As you were saying sir?”

Snape’s expression shifted into business-like in a heartbeat, “Dumbledore is still on the run, at least according to the Aurors. Hogwarts has been temporarily shut down pending massive investigations that are still underway. Classes are planned on starting up in the next month… if we are lucky. Every staff member is being interviewed by Aurors, backgrounds are being triple checked, and secrets dug
back up. Slughorn has been put under temporary leave until his relationship with Dumbledore can be sorted out. McGonagall has been suspended, due to being the Deputy Headmistress when all the alleged crimes were taking place. Filius and Pomona will undoubtedly be removed as Heads of House.”

Harry nodded, “And I assume you have been recommended as replacement Headmaster.”

The various conversations halted, and the man across from him froze in shock. “H-how…”

“Logic,” the boy easily replied, “you were the professor who was removed from his post when Dumbledore began his little crusade against me and my friends. Logic dictates that you undoubtedly spoke up against him and thus were punished for it. Your own actions against our so called ‘professor’ last year also shows you had no connection with his plans. Finally, you have a fairly decent history of teaching fairly… if a bit lenient on Slytherins.”

Suddenly, a thought crept into the older man’s mind, one that almost froze the blood in his veins, “You… you knew this would happen, didn’t you? You planned it?”

“How are you feeling Harry?”

The boy shifted slightly in his bed, rolling out various limbs before nodding to himself, “Better, still sore though which is a rather interesting experience. I have never actually bled in such a way… quite exhilarating isn’t it?”

Sirius fought the urge to scream at his godson that no it was not exhilarating and if the boy did such a thing again, he was going to find some way to lock him in a room for the rest of his natural life. Instead, he took several calming breaths to simply try and relax, “Not quite the word I would use but… there is something we wanted to talk to you about, Moony and I… he’s off doing an errand so… well I just figured it would be better to tell you now.”

“It always is,” the boy-who-lived confirmed with a nod, “so what is the problem? Lucius being a prat again?”

“Rita Skeeter was found dead two days after you went under… the initial investigation shows she overdosed.”

The emerald-eyed boy froze in his place, eyes widening in shock. “That… is unexpected…”

“I know that you did something to her a while back but…” His godson seemed to be staring at
nothing now, eyes unfocused as he recounted his actions.

“It was an experiment, a test to see whether or not my Magic was becoming addictive and what the side effects might be… I knew there was something drawing others to me I just… I didn’t expect…”

The Black Lord reached out and took the boy by his shoulders, focusing his attention back onto him, “You didn’t kill her. She didn’t die from you Harry, she died from drugs and alcohol. The levels in her system were well beyond toxic when they found her, and she has had a history of this type of stuff. It wasn’t you, and that is not why we follow you. I go months without seeing you and I am not strung out or going through withdrawal, none of the girls are. Magic is intent pup, always has been. You do not want to hurt or enslave us, so you don’t. Skeeter was a messed-up bitch way before she screwed with you.”

A raven-haired head nodded, doubt remaining in the owner’s eyes despite the speech.

***LoD***

True to his guess, Severus Snape was placed in the position of Headmaster upon the official reopening of Hogwarts in mid-March. Along with that several other major changes had been put in place by the school board.

The former Heads of House were all removed from their managerial roles but kept on as professors with strict oversights into their teaching habits.

McGonagall had also been removed as Deputy Headmistress and was replaced with a constant shifting of individuals ranging from Aurors to Wizengamot members. The purpose of the temporary change being to keep a constant watch on the conditions at the school, at least until the parents were sure their children could be safe.

Slughorn was kept as Potions instructor, at least until the end of the school year.

The various Head of House positions were filled with volunteers from overseas in order to avoid anyone who might be influenced by the former Headmaster.

All educational decrees had been suspended until a larger vote could be taken, which would include every parent of children attending the school.

On the day prior to the official resumption of classes the members of press, parents, and the board gathered for a speech scheduled by the new Headmaster, “Ladies, gentlemen, and most importantly parents. I am honored by the trust you have placed in me as the new Headmaster of Hogwarts.” Severus Snape calmly spoke as he gestured for those assembled to take their seats while he stood before them. “I understand your concerns, your fears, and your hesitations when it comes to sending the most important gifts of this world back to our school. This year has been…” The man paused, obviously struggling for the right words. “It has been difficult in ways that it should never have been.”

Here the former professor paused before taking a small sip of water. Those assembled before him were weary, fearful of bureaucrats, politicians, and even those with any semblance of power. Words and actions were going to be monitored far closer than ever before.

Clearing his throat, the Slytherin continued, “We have failed you, all of us have. Professors, leaders, politicians, Aurors… all of us have failed in our most basic of responsibilities and duties, the protection of the innocent, of children. None of us are free from blame in this situation, all of us are guilty. Through inaction we allowed monsters into Hogwarts, amongst children who were given no
protection. We idly sat and ignored the signs, some of them for years, and yet it was not us who paid for these mistakes it was the children. It was teenagers who suffered and bled for our crimes, for our cowardice... but no more. You have placed your faith in me, and I hereby swear to not fail you again.”

Dozens of reporters stood, calling out questions until a gentle gesture had them silenced and sitting once more, “All of you have received letters concerning what has happened, concerning the incident that many of us were forced to watch. Since then every teacher has been interviewed time and time again, myself included, on our potential relationship with not only Cornelius Fudge and Dolores Umbridge, but also Albus Dumbledore. The Aurors may have cleared us, but that does not mean we can continue as we did before. I have already spoken with the schoolboard, Auror department, and Wizengamot on having a heavier presence at the school, on having outside review and more open communication between parents and children. I would like to have no less than two weekends a month in which the school will be open for visitation and the students free to go home with parents or guardians. The events of this past year... they *cannot* happen again.”

A member of the press leapt up and raised their hand, before being called on, “Headmaster Snape, what of the changes to the staff and faculty that have been announced? How will Hogwarts afford this?”

The man nodded, “Thanks to several *very generous* donations Hogwarts budget has been substantially increased for the next century. Not only this but a new program has been opened that will allow students normally unable to afford the costs to attain a free education, provided that they maintain grades and study habits. This will provide certain members of the Magical community that might have what we previously considered ‘creature blood’ to attend without stress or worries on their families, along with Muggleborns. Some of these include children had been previously denied by the Headmaster for his own personal reasons.”

“And how will Hogwarts afford these scholarships? Did the donations cover this as well?”

Here the Potion master’s mouth curled up in a smile, “Not quite, this was provided for by a... *extremely* generous donation. Several weeks ago, Gringotts finally pushed through the bureaucracy revolving around the destruction of the former Dark Lord, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. After this the reward money that had been building for decades was given to Mr. Potter, who immediately donated the entire lump sum to Hogwarts under the agreement that it be used for future educational purposes only... let us say that the amount was far more than most of us will ever see in our entire lifetimes, and could have easily competed with the largest of Pureblood fortunes.”

This statement sent a wave of excitement through those assembled, as both parent and reporter alike began to raise hands for further questioning of the former Death Eater.

***LoD***

“Hey uhm Tracey, you have a second?”

The Slytherin nodded, before gesturing towards the empty seat next to her, “Sure Lavender, what’s up?”

Upon sitting down, the Gryffindor shifted around a few times before blurtting out her question, “Have you heard anything about Harry? I mean we all saw what happened and he was really hurt and then St. Mungos claimed he wasn’t there, and he wasn't at Hogwarts and...”

Reaching out the other Witch gently grabbed the near-hysteric girl. “Lavender, calm down for a second okay? Harry is fine, he is recovering with his godfathers in an undisclosed location for his
own safety but a few of his friends have begun spreading updates on his status. The plan is for him to be back in class before the end of the school year.”

A weight seemed to be lifted from Lavender's shoulders as she slumped back slightly in her chair, “Thank Merlin, I... I mean we were so worried... you know in Gryffindor and all...”

Tracey sent her a knowing smirk, “Oh I think I know... you must be excited to see him again, maybe schedule some private time with him?”

A blush emerged on the other's face as she opened her mouth to comment, but whatever she had planned on saying was interrupted by her boyfriend's outrage.

“Lav, what the hell!?” The two girls turned in time to see the redhead stomping up towards their table. “What are you doing talking to a snake!?”

Said girl immediately crossed her arms as her eyes narrowed to a glare, the other stood to answer. “I was just finding out how Harry was doing...”

Ron scowled, “Who cares if he is okay or not? I don't want you talking to Slytherins anymore you understand?”

“Mind your own damn business, come on Val you should be spending time with me instead.” With that he grabbed onto her forearm and began to pull her away, earning a hiss of pain from the Witch.

Tracey had, immediately, grabbed her Wand, but before she could help the other teen another grabbed the offender by the shoulders and pulled him off, “What the hell is your problem Ron!?” Neville demanded with a growl, giving his Housemate a push backwards for emphasis, and further distancing the redhead from the girls.

“What's yours Neville? You know that Slytherins are no good. I am just trying to keep Lav from falling in with the wrong crowd.”

“Coming from the boy who has been acting like a huge prat and just gave her a bruise...” Tracey snapped, gently rubbing the other girl's arm.

Ron attempted to move around his fellow Gryffindor, only to have the Longbottom heir step in front of him, and between the others, once more. “You should walk away Ron, before you get in even deeper trouble.”

A snort escaped the redhead's lips, “Oh yeah, how do you figure? In case you haven't heard I am a lead Prefect which means...”

“Not anymore, didn't you hear? Umbridge died trying to blow up the Wizengamot and Dumbledore is on the run from Aurors, it's over Ron, so I'll only tell you one more time, walk away.”

The two boys stared each other down for another minute, before the youngest Weasley son scowled and did as he had been told, leaving Neville shaking his head in disgust.

***LoD***

“Come in Mr. Weasley,” the voice intoned, earning a scowl from the redhead as he stood and stomped into the office where the other Heads of House, both current and prior, had gathered. The new Headmaster currently sat behind his desk and gestured towards the empty seat apart from the
other staff members. “Please, take a seat. As you have likely heard we are currently going over the status of every Prefect, the Head Boy and Head Girl for the remainder of the year. There have been... allegations that many had taken to abusing their positions.”

The teen snorted, “Funny coming from you. How many times did you take points from Gryffindor unfairly or give them to Slytherin without reason?”

McGonagall scowled at her student, apparently the rumors about Ron's behavior had not been overstated as she had originally hoped.

Surprisingly, Snape gave a nod of agreement towards the redhead, “Very likely Mr. Weasley, but I am not currently being judged for my actions, you are. Now based upon more than twenty reports you have been severely misusing your authority. I have here sworn statements of you bullying younger students, forcing them to do your work, making threatening statements, intimidation, and even sexual misconduct.”

“That's a lie!” The teen shouted as he stood from his chair, “they offered to do my homework, and the girls willingly flirted with me first! They knew who was important, and still is!”

The former Slytherin Head of House merely quirked up an eyebrow as he clasped his hands on top of the desk in front of him, “And who would that be Mr. Weasley?”

“Me of course! Umbridge made me Lead Prefect, she guaranteed me the position of Head Boy next year with Dumbledore, the real Headmaster not some fraud like you are!”

“Ron Weasley!” Minerva interrupted, a look of disappointment in her eyes, “Umbridge had no power to make such promises or appointments, and Dumbledore is wanted for attempted murder!”

The boy quickly shook his head, “No, you don't understand! Dumbledore is the good guy! Potter and the other Slytherins are evil, Umbridge told me so herself! How can you say that the greatest Wizard of all time is a bad guy! He was a Gryffindor just like us for Merlin's sake! We are the good guys!”

“I believe we have heard enough...” Flitwick muttered, earning nods from the others.

Severus Snape gave a deep sigh, before making a few quick notes on the parchment in front of him. “Ronald Weasley, you are hereby stripped of your status as Prefect and placed under probation for the remainder of the year. Normally such accusations would result in suspension or even expulsion from Hogwarts but due to Dumbledore and Umbridge's influence we cannot be sure that your actions were entirely your fault. I suggest, Mr. Weasley, that you spend the remainder of the school year studying and reflecting upon your behavior and the changes you need to make to your personality and actions. You are dismissed.”

The youngest Weasley son promptly stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him in fury.

***LoD***

Harry returned to Hogwarts on the first of March and was greeted in the Great Hall by a standing ovation, led by the newest Headmaster himself. The boy merely gave a grin before taking his normal seat and continuing as if he hadn’t almost been assassinated in the same room months prior.

Save for the change in faculty the year wound down much the same as a normal one would have. Homework was given out, House Points rewarded and deducted, detentions assigned for misbehaving, although these often took place in the Great Hall with several adults present including
Severus Snape himself was often seen making rounds during the hallways, taking a quiet seat in the back of various classes, and generally making himself physically known throughout the school day. There still existed a sense of foreboding, that Hogwarts had been a place of fear and mistrust, but the air was slowly being cleared and the atmosphere purged. Confidence was returning, not only for the professors and parents, but the children as well. Laughter was once more heard in the halls between class, lighthearted pranks begun anew, and grades improved.

Before long exams had been announced, with the Defense Against the Dark Arts canceled due to poor teaching. Weeks of studying followed, and then the school year was over.

Slytherin had won the House Cup, although for once most Gryffindors didn’t seem to object, and the Quidditch Cup was claimed by Hufflepuff. With that the students once more embarked on the Hogwarts Express to return home to eagerly awaiting parents.

All was at it should, and for one Slytherin in particular, an eager smile dominated his face. Despite Dumbledore’s failings he still had a chance. His father would be making the official announcement this summer, and Daphne would finally be his, would finally understand her place in the world as his property.

No matter how many setbacks occurred he would still come out on top, one way or another.

***LoD***

Aurora Sinistra gave a sigh as she watched the students depart in their carriages for the summer. She had wanted to speak with her young lover alone, but such a thing was impossible with so much security. Even asking him to stay over in class was a risky endeavor and was sure to garner attention from at least one other adult, or possibly Auror.

She had been overjoyed when he had returned, seemingly no worse for wear, but could not rid her mind of the images of him broken and bleeding on the floor, Albus Dumbledore standing over him with a Wand in hand. How could she have been so blind? She should have paid more attention to him than any other staff member, save for Snape, and yet she hadn’t even noticed the former Headmaster taking any unusual interest in the teen.

Or maybe she had, and just couldn’t put two and two together.

“Perhaps next year…” she muttered sadly before shaking her head.

“There is always the summer as well Professor Sinistra.”

Her heart almost stopped as she spun in place, not having heard the approach of the current Headmaster. “Pr… Headmaster, I apologize, I did not hear you…”

But Snape merely waved her concern aside as he took a few steps forward to join her at the window, “It appears another year is over.”

The dark-skinned woman nodded, letting out some of the hesitation and anxiety that had just filled her. “Yes, this one seemed far longer than the others though…”

A nod confirmed the man’s agreement with her statement, “It did… I am sure you were concerned about Mr. Potter’s health like the rest of us were hm? It has led to quite a few restless nights.”

She nodded, “Yes, it has…”
“You are in a sexual relationship with him, are you not?”

“Ye…” The Astronomy professor quickly snapped her jaw shut, eyes widening at the confession that almost slipped from her lips. “O-of course not! That would be incredibly immoral and illegal!”

Snape responded with a mere chuckle, “Strange how such things seem to follow Harry around then hm? Do not worry Aurora, I am not going to turn you in or anything of that nature. Unlike others I can tell when such a relationship is mutual or not. I would be more careful with how often you stare at him during class though, others may not be as understanding as I am.”

Sinistra nodded slowly, still waiting for the man to blackmail her or make some demand in exchange for his silence. Instead he merely turned and went to depart, halting only at an intersecting hallway for a moment, “Do remember though, despite his celebrity Harry is not watched nearly as closely during the summer as in the school year. It would not be uncommon for him to receive fan mail or even spend a weekend or two with friends from school.”

***LoD***

“What do you mean, ‘you’re breaking up with me’!?”

Lavender Brown gave a sigh as she shook her head, in truth she hadn’t wanted to do it like this, in such a public place. She had been trying to think of a way they could meet up in a more private place during the summer, but Ronald Weasley wouldn’t just leave her alone. “I mean I am breaking up with you Ron.”

“B-but why!?”

The girl fought the urge to roll her eyes at the question, that literally anyone else would have been able to answer, before shoving her trunk up into the luggage area of the carriage she had chosen for the ride back to Platform Nine and Three-Quarters. Why couldn’t the boy just let them have a peaceful trip instead of trying to push the boundaries that had been setup.

“How about acting like a major prat all year long, how about harassing other students, how about the threats you made towards me, or trying to control my life, or acting like you are Merlin’s gift to everyone!?”

So she had been a little pent up in regards to her anger? It wasn’t like she had a safe way of dealing with it while Umbridge was around, and after the investigations had begun, she was too swept up in everything else to properly think about the ‘relationship’ she had with her ‘boyfriend’. When everything had finally settled, they were all under so much scrutiny that there was the feeling that any remarks towards another person would get them heavily punished.

She wanted Ron to face consequences, but on her terms, not because of some psychotic bitch and a crazy old man had tried to kill someone.

The redhead, in the meantime, looked like a mixture of a boy who had been caught stealing a cookie, and one who had just turned in an essay but was told it wasn’t good enough.

To summarize, he looked guilty, but not because he had done anything wrong, but because he had been caught. And at that moment Lavender realized there was no future with him. No matter what Ron had always been one who thought he deserved everything, that he should be given it all for nothing in return, that it was never his fault. Worse, there was no indication he was ever going to change. She would always be suspicious of him because he didn’t care about doing wrong, only about being scolded for it.
Shaking her head Lavender let out a sigh of both defeat, and relief. “I can’t do this anymore Ron, I won’t. I deserve better, someone who cares about me in return, and you clearly don’t.”

“Yes, I do!” he argued back, “you know I care Lav, just give me a chance.”

Her eyes narrowed before she crossed her arms, “Fine, what is my birthday.”

The youngest Weasley boy blinked in surprise, clearly thinking she would either cave or ask for some big declaration of romance like before. “Uh, what?”

“What is my birthday Ron? Or how about my favorite color, or my favorite food, or even my favorite class at Hogwarts!”?

“Ummm well… I mean that isn’t fair, you don’t know any of those answer about…”

“Your birthday is March first, your favorite food is bacon, your favorite colors are red and orange, and your favorite class is Magical creatures because Hagrid lets you slack off during it.”

The boy stood dumbfounded, before a stupid grin formed on his face, “See, you know everything about me, we are perfect together.”

“No Ron, we aren’t. You don’t know anything about me while I was blind and stupid enough not to notice. I encouraged this type of relationship and it isn’t healthy for either you or me… so I’m ending it. Now please leave.”

Ron tried to stutter out another argument or two as to why they should stay as a couple, but came up blank and stormed out, muttering about how unfair life was.

***LoD***

Hermione Granger frowned as she looked around the room, most of Harry’s ‘inner circle’ were present, along with a good portion of the lover’s he had taken on a serious basis. The only one who seemed to be missing was their Lord himself.

Before she could remark upon this Sirius Black cleared his throat, quieting the various conversations that had started up, “Since we are all here, I think it is a good time as any to start. Our Lord is currently working on his summer project, so he will not be present for now. I have already spoken with him about this topic last summer but since he has enough currently going on, I am going to be handling this meeting myself.

Now, then, I am sure many of you have either been informed, or have made guesses based on rumors, about what the future may hold for the Purebloods, especially concerning my godson.”

The bushy-haired Witch had long since decided not to hold her tongue when it came to information that pertained to her, and voiced this concern, “Not all of us do Lord Black.”

Chuckling, while nodding in consent, the man turned to answer her question, but was interrupted by Lucius Malfoy, “Do you know what the definition of a Pureblood is miss Granger?”

She frowned, if this was going to be another talk about ‘superiority’ then she would be more than willing to tell the pompous ass where to shove his opinions. Seeing the annoyed look on her face, however, caused the man to quickly shake his head, “No, not like that. I mean the real definition. What our society considers a Pureblood.”

“Someone with Magical ancestors going back at least five generations I believe.”
Ignoring the nods from the less intelligent men and women in the room the man pressed on, “Not quite, you see it is far simpler than that. Every Pureblood family is defined by a single characteristic, their ability to trace their own line back to a single man… Merlin Emrys.”

Her eyes widened in shock, earning a softer chuckle from the Malfoy Lord, “Quite a shock hm? That it is more than just bigotry that causes us to think of ourselves as superior? You see when Merlin began to explore his own power, he theorized that any child he helped conceive would be inherently Magical due to his own nature, and far stronger on average. He was correct, and from that single idea came the goal of continuing the Magical community for the good of all mankind, back before we chose to hide ourselves away from Muggles. Those Witches he would produce a child with were elevated in society and their descendants became the Major Pureblood lines such as the Malfoys and the Blacks. When he chose to mate with Muggle women instead, the product was still a Magical child, but they were seen as ‘lesser’ and thus became the Minor families, such as the Weasleys and Potters.”

“But…” she stammered out, her mind trying to make connections to their present situation as quickly as possible, “what does that have to do with…”

This time it was Sirius who decided to step in, “Based upon how powerful we know him to be, and the fact we are still unsure of what he is capable of, we have theorized that Harry will be the same as Merlin. Any child he is part of conceiving will be inherently Magical and more powerful than the normal Wizard or Witch. Once this information becomes publicly known the results are going to be obvious, our Lord will be the start of the next generation of Purebloods.”

By now most of the other younger individuals in the room appeared just as shocked, “That means…”

Remus nodded from nearby, “That there very easily could be a ‘House Granger’ in the Pureblood Directory a generation from now.”

Hermione’s mind finally stabilized, and she shook her head in a dismissive manner, “No… not Granger. I want nothing to do with that name anymore. If anything, I could just pass on the Potter name assuming…” she glanced in Hedwig’s direction, earning a soft laugh from the white-haired girl.

“Do not look at me, I never thought I would be much of a mother and we weren’t sure the results of my physiology being mixed with a human’s. I am content with being an aunt several times over. How exactly was your conversation with Harry about this Sirius?”

Letting out a deep sigh the Lord Black gave a dry laugh, “Yeah, that was a fun conversation, ‘hey Harry, just so you know a lot of women are going to want you to impregnate them in the next couple years so that they can form the next Pureblood Houses’. It was awkward and unpleasant for both of us, but he was at least open to the ideas and a few suggestions I had. For now, he is focusing on school and politics until he has graduated, at that point the talk about children will likely come up again.”

***LoD***

Sirius Black slumped back into a rather comfortable chair, a glass of whisky in his hand as he thought back on the conversation he and his godson had gone through the summer prior.

Sirius had nodded at the teen’s demand for information, “Okay, well ever since Malfoy told us about your technique during the battle with Riddle, we began to suspect that you were even more powerful than we thought. Merlin wasn’t the only Wizard who could use the kind of Magic you showed against the Dark Lord, but he was the only one who learned it naturally. Even Dumbledore needed decades
of time, resources, training guides, and God knows what else to reach that level... Harry you did it in less than fifteen years.”

“Which implies an inherently strong Magic, especially since I am still growing stronger.”

The older man nodded, “Exactly, look I don’t want to throw something else at you when I wasn’t completely sure but... well it is getting hard to ignore the facts. This might mean that any future kids are considered Pureblood by default, the next major ‘generation’ of them so to speak. Now obviously this isn’t guaranteed, and hell if we don’t say anything it might even go unnoticed... but with how popular you are and all...” the Black Lord gave a shrug.

“Okay, so who all have been considered thus far.”

Sirius winced, before pulling out a, rather lengthy, list. “This is just from the direct followers, I think it is fairly clear that with all the marriage proposals you received...”

“Bloody hell...” the boy groaned, closing his eyes and rubbing at the bridge of his nose.

Sirius cleared his throat to try and break the tension, “Listen Harry... you know that you don’t have to do this right? I mean it doesn't matter what the results might be of you having kids, it is up to you. If you don’t want to have any Moony and I will support you, if you want to just stick with a few of the girls you are close to that is fine, if you want to impregnate every Witch who offers, then more power to you and I will pay for the statue they erect in the Ministry to your manliness.”

His godson let out a laugh, “It certainly is tempting... there are a lot of pretty girls at Hogwarts after all...”

Sirius grinned, “And older Witches do have that... experience factor to them, plus considering their husbands are usually depriving them of the simple ‘pleasures’ in life means they are going to be very thankful.”

“So... who is being considered from your point of view?”

It had been odd, at least to Sirius Black, for his godson to be asking him who the boy himself should be considering for a future mother.

“Well... I think that the core couple of girls are probably reliable right? Hermione, Ginny, and Luna all seem to want your babies like... right now. Then a few of your classmates as well, like Greengrass and Parkinson.”

“I believe Pansy is marrying Draco.” the boy corrected earning the shaking of the man's head.

“She will be but that doesn't really matter. Her obligation to him is one heir or heiress for the Malfoy name. If you shag her rotten and knock her up, then they could declare that child to be a Parkinson instead. That is how a family with only one daughter can continue their line even if she marries another Pureblood. It is also how we end up with a minor and major part of a house. For instance, I am the heir of the Black Family because I am considered the 'major' part of the line, whereas Narcissa and Bella are minor. Nothing to do with them being women, it is just how it ended up. That is why if you were with both Greengrass daughters they would split the kids into two different houses like that. Both would still be in the same family but distinctly different.”

“So, if Pansy had a child and declared it a Parkinson... how is Lucius trying to weasel his way into the Malfoy's staying Pureblood?”

The marauder grinned before answering the question, “Oh that one is easy Harry, Cissa wants you
to shag her rotten. She would have a Malfoy... although I am not sure if it would be minor or major at that point with Draco still in the family...”

Harry cringed at that bureaucratic nightmare, before continuing on with his questions, “And your own Padfoot? I assume you want the Black line to continue?”

The man waved the idea off, “Personally, I would be fine if it did die off, but based on the ‘put a baby in me now’ eyes that Bella keeps giving you... well that or Tonks if you want to go with the safer, less crazy route.”

“Why does it feel” the boy muttered, as he took everything in, that every time one problem seems solved another two arise?”

The man laughed, “The good with the bad my Lord” Sirius teased, “you get your pick of crazy horny women... and you get the problems that come along with that.”

The Animorphmagus shook his head, Harry had been surprisingly agreeable about the whole ‘You might want to have as many children as possible’ idea, not that he blamed the teen. If he had that many women chasing after him during school… Sirius paused, before letting a shiver run down his spine.

“Actually, being constantly harassed by women wanting to jump me at every waking moment sounds like a nightmare… good thing it is him and not me.” He noted, a smirk forming on his face, “You sure have one hell of a son Prongs.”

***LoD***

“I've decided” Tonks announced as she walked into the room Harry was currently working in and sat on the desk, directly on top of his papers and earning a quirk of his eyebrow.

“Oh? And do tell what it is you have decided upon.”

The Metamorphmagus took a deep breath to try and calm her nerves, “I am not returning to the Aurors... I am staying as a reporter for the Quibbler.”

He nodded, “I figured.”

“Wh... no of course you did... not sure why I didn't just ask you to tell me what I decided before going through all the stress.”

His gaze found hers, and she suddenly found it a bit harder to breathe with the intensity contained within them, “You needed to figure it out for yourself Tonks, it is your life not mine. Although I can assume what choice you will make it is still up to you to make it. Always has been, always will be.”

The woman nodded, before letting out a sigh, “I just... am tired of risking my life for a government I don't give a shite about... plus rumor has it you are starting up a future 'mother' list...”

“Rumors hm? I must say if my followers have so much time for such childish things then perhaps they have a bit too much free time to begin with.”

Tonks grinned devilishly, “Probably... but if you are taking applications...”

“Yes?”

The woman nodded to herself, “I want in, I've always wanted to be a mom and... well it is another
reason to take an easier job that isn't full of risks.”

The boy-who-lived mused over the idea for a moment before letting out an overly-dramatic sigh as well, “I suppose that is acceptable. Do you know what family name you might want to take? As I understand it you could go with either 'Black' or 'Tonks'.”

“Hmmm, well my crazy-ass aunt might be in the running so not sure if I want to deal with that drama so maybe I'll just stick with 'Tonks'. Plus, how funny will it be when all those stuck up assholes have to deal with a Muggle name becoming a major Pureblood household in a few years?”

***LoD***

The meeting room was packed, with many being forced to stand alongside the walls rather than having enough space for chairs. They had been summoned, old and young alike, by their Lord. Brought together for an announcement that promised to explain the future of their world.

A door opened, and in walked a raven-haired boy with a smile on his face, moments later he stood at the very front of the room, with those in attendance falling silent in anticipation. “I am glad to see you all have arrived on such short notice, as mentioned in the letter you have all received prior to coming here I believe it is time to share with you my vision of the future. Before I go on, I wish to ask a simple question.”

The teen turned to Lucius Malfoy, who expertly hid his confusion and apprehension.

“Tell me Lucius, when you were in Hogwarts, did you ever dumb yourself down to the level of those around you? Choose to make mistakes and errors for no reason?”

Blinking, the blonde shook his head, “Of course not my Lord, such a thing would be insulting to myself and my family.”

Harry nodded, before gesturing towards Snape, “And you Headmaster? Did you ever mess up a Potion just so that others would not think you superior to them?”

The man snorted before shaking his head, earning a grin as the Potter heir turned once more, “Bellatrix, did you ever lose a duel on purpose just so the one you were up against would feel better about themselves?”

The woman cackled madly, sending shivers down the spines of those who had dueled her, as they could attest the Witch did not pull punches.

“No, no of course you didn’t. We do not ask Miss Granger to fail tests so that those who are not as intelligent can think themselves smarter. We do not insist that those with a natural skill towards Charms lower themselves to the level of those who fail. We do not demand that the skilled and talented pretend to be those who are lesser… and yet we do. Every single day we all do, and we demand it of others. Every single day we choose to pretend that we do not exist, we hide away from over ninety percent of the people on this planet just because they are less capable than us.”

Sirius’ eyes widened in shock, “You are talking about the International Statue of Wizarding Secrecy…”

His Lord nodded, “I am, for over three-hundred years we have hidden away from the Muggles, living double lives in fear of discovery. Muggleborn Witches and Wizards lose their family and friends to join our society, and yet are immediately outcasts. We demand that mere children control the very part of them that makes them different just because we want to be separate.”
“It isn’t just because of that though,” A Pureblood spoke up from the gathering, “the Muggles hunted us down, executed hundreds…”

Nodding the boy directed his attention onto the man, “Yes, they did… because people are stupid, ignorant, and terrified of anything they cannot explain, of anything that does not fit into their little corner of life they work so hard to build… but what if they weren’t? What if tomorrow every Muggle simply knew about Magic… and were perfectly fine with it? If we could incorporate the Muggle and Magical Worlds together seamlessly?”

“But how? Muggles will never understand, much less accept our existence?”

The boy merely smiled.

***LoD***

Unacceptable.

The Nott heir quickly walked towards his room after he and his father had returned to their mansion. The thought of unifying the Muggle and Magical Worlds? Of Muggles accepting Wizards and Witches as superiors? It was folly.

It was madness.

The 'Lord of Darkness' would doom them all, would be the end of them if steps were not taken! Even worse was the announcement of the future shift in legacy. If Potter ended up being the creator of the next group of Purebloods, then his hope of owning Daphne and her sister would go up in smoke. Judging by the way that the older had been eyeing him, and the approval in her father's own expression, then he might lose unless steps were taken immediately.

The teen had to be destroyed, and his followers shamed. If such a thing occurred, then the balance of power could shift once more. Once the Greengrasses were outed as followers of a failed Dark Lord, and his own involvement in the victory over Potter revealed, he could offer the Pureblood house sanctuary and a restoration of honor through his own bloodline. Then he would achieve everything he had ever wanted, ever dreamed of. Two loyal, beautiful, women as his own. Family prestige, honor, power, wealth. Surely through his own actions he would be given a reward for bringing a future 'Dark Lord' down before his rise.

He quickly sat at his desk and began a letter to Dumbledore, the man had to be informed in order to escalate his actions. Hopefully this time the useless old Wizard could finish his job rather than failing to do so.

***LoD***

A cloaked figure moved through the dark, nearly abandoned, streets of a small-town miles outside of London, a Muggle town to be precise. It had been raining earlier but the weather had slowed to a drizzle, lining the street with puddles and helping to keep bystanders off the sidewalks.

Minutes later the man reached his destination, a nondescript house with only one of two lanterns burning outside the door. Instead of using the front entrance, the individual went around back passing through a small wooden gate and quietly opening the doors that lead into the storm cellar below.

Once there, and assured that his voyage had gone unnoticed, the Wizard entered the underground room, and glanced about at those few already assembled, none of which seemed happy to see him in the least.
“I think I speak for all assembled when I say this is the last of your favors. Now what the *hell* is going on Albus?” Flitwick growled, as the former Headmaster pulled the cloak from his head and let out a weary sigh.

***LoD***
“Thank you for coming, my friends. We are in dark times; the shadows are growing longer and...”

Minerva growled out in annoyance, “Get to the point Albus, I do not like spending my summer evenings in the presence of an attempted murderer.”

The older man nodded, before taking a spot at the head of the table, “I have disturbing news, Harry Potter has become a Dark Lord.”

Those in the room fell silent once more, most with disbelief on their faces and a few others with near outrage. One such individual decided to voice his opinion, “Are you insane Dumbledore? The boy-who-lived, destroyer of Voldemort, defender of the children of Hogwarts, revealer of corruption at every level of our society, and the one who brought my wife and I back from insanity is a Dark Lord?”

“Frank,” the man attempted to placate, “I understand that it sounds unlikely, but I assure you that it is true.”

Before the Longbottom Lord could argue even louder, another beat him to it, “And what is your proof of this Albus? Thus far we have heard the accusations towards you, watched as you attempted to kill a teenager, and read about conspiracies being perpetuated by you... so what is your evidence?”

Dumbledore let out a sigh, “I have an informant Filius, one inside of Harry’s followers who has been feeding me information since just after the TriWizard Tournament.”

“Who”

The elder shook his head, “You know I cannot tell you that Minerva.”

“That isn't how this works Albus, you are the one who needs allies right now. You cannot afford to keep us in the dark, not after what the entire country, us included watched. Did you know about all the things he accused you of?”

The man's eyes dropped to the table before him in shame, “Some yes... I did have suspicions about the imposter during the tournament, but I had no true evidence otherwise.”

“And Umbridge? What was your connection to her and Fudge?”

The former Headmaster fell silent, contemplating how to explain his actions to the Charms professor
he had grown to trust. Minutes ticked by before he pulled back the chair he had been standing near and practically fell into it, “I admit... I have done some things I am not proud of, allowed certain people to do terrible things but you must understand my reasoning.”

“You allowed that psychotic bitch to torture a child!” Filius shouted in rage.

Dumbledore seemed to age years in those few seconds, before whispering out his defense, “He must be stopped. Sometimes we must do terrible things in order to prevent even worse catastrophes from occurring.”

“And what would those be?” The Longbottom matron interrupted with a scowl, her faith in the man that had led them against Voldemort being shaken beyond repair. “What terrible things is this so called teenage Dark Lord plotting?”

Reaching into his cloak Albus pulled out a letter, before gently laying it onto the table for the others to see, “My informant's latest report tells of a plan to reveal the Magical World to Muggles, to enslave them to do Wizarding kind's bidding. Harry is planning to take over the world.”

Minerva McGonagall immediately stood, shaking her head as she grabbed her cloak from the back of her chair. “You are wrong Albus, just like Severus was wrong about the boy for years and how you have been wrong before. I am done with these games, done with you manipulating everything for some grander scheme. I sat by and let you do it with the Philosopher Stone, ignored the warnings when the Basilisk attacks occurred, and kept my mouth shut when Sirius Black was being accused of a crime that I knew in my heart he did not do. But these last two years... these have pushed me beyond what I can allow. Reinstating the TriWizard Tournament was bad enough but... these changes you pushed on us. Umbridge, the removal of Severus as professor as Head of House, agreeing with the educational decrees... enough is enough. I came here to... I don’t even know what, to convince you that you were wrong? To try and redeem you? To try and save you as you had saved us, to turn yourself in and stand trial? Either way it doesn’t matter, I will be contacting the Aurors as soon as I am able, this is more of a warning for the rest of you than for you Albus.”

With that she departed into the night, followed by more than a few others. Once all was said and done Albus Dumbledore sat with only a few others. One, curiously enough, being the Charms professor himself.

“I am glad that you have agreed to...”

“I haven’t agreed to anything Albus. I stayed only to inform you that I will be seeking the truth for myself. I have seen what allowing others to determine it for me has led, well no more.” With that he stood and left.

Moody scowled in annoyance, before opening his flask and taking a sip of alcohol, “So... that went well...”

“Very helpful Alastor, as always.”

“I told you that they wouldn't exactly be signing up to join the 'murder a teenager' club. You are lucky that a few still seemed to be debating the facts.”

“What do you suggest then?”

The former Auror paused, before standing and walking to the door so that he could gaze out into the downpour still taking place. “You need allies Albus, wherever you can find them. Sometimes the old crowd isn’t up for it... and sometimes you need to look for an even older group.”
A figure silently made her way down the steps into the basement of the Malfoy residence, slipping past a few locked doors and Wards that had been setup for privacy before entering what had become the unofficial laboratory of the teenage Dark Lord.

He was busy working on something, she noted, and crept up from behind to within a few feet before he called out to her.

“Is there a reason you are sneaking around Tonks?”

The former Auror scowled, before giving a huff and throwing off her cloak and making her way over to a nearby chair to sit and pout in. After a few moments of silence, she let out another, louder, huff before standing and walking up next to him, “So, what are you working on love?”

On the table before him was placed dozens of jars and vials containing various fluids and... “Harry, why do you have a kidney in a jar?”

Taking the question in stride the teen went on to explain, “Well, after your aunt was kind enough to deliver Greyback I decided to make a list of all the potential uses he could have. Obviously as a follower he wasn't worth much, but I could certainly harvest his organs and blood to work on a more potent form of Wolfsbane. But you haven't answered my question yet my dear Tonks.”

“Welllllll...” she mused out in consideration, “Everyone else seemed busy and the news has been a bit slow today so I figured I would stop by, see what you were working on, maybe have some crazy wild hot kinky sex for a change.”

Harry paused before glancing up at the woman, “For a change? I am having a difficult time remembering the last time we had normal sex Tonks.”

“Exactly! It is like a theme park you know? You have to keep adding new rides or people will get bored.”

His expression softened, making the older Witch's heart skip a beat, “I am not going to get bored of you Tonks, you know that, and while I certainly enjoy trying new things with you, I don't want you to feel obligated to continue trying to do so.”

“Yeah... yeah I know, I'm not getting bored of you either I just... I mean I have had boyfriends before, you know that, and they always got a bit weirded out when I would suggest some of the stranger stuff which sort of turned me off to the ideas or made me hesitate a bit more the next time. When I'm with you though... I guess I just feel like there isn't any judgment.”

The Potter heir nodded in understanding while the Witch circled around and hopped up onto the desk, “Now how about we trying something new hm? If you are a good boy I will even work on getting a threesome setup with you and my friend Hes...”

Two hands were instantly at either side of her things, a teenage body looming in front of her, “And how” he whispered sinfully, “would you define being a... good boy?”

Her legs spread on their own as the former Auror gulped down the urge to pounce on him, “W-well 'good boys’ don’t wear so many clothes when they are around pretty girls.” Before she had even finished the statement, he was nude before her his breath even hotter against her neck and exposed collarbone. “D-dear God...” she whimpered, leaning forward to bask in his presence.

“What el...” But before he could finish asking his question, she had claimed his mouth, silently
vanishing her own clothes and wrapping her legs around his waist to pull him in. With one hand she found his length and guided him to her, unsurprisingly soaked, entrance. A few moments of rubbing and teasing and she pulled just enough to give him silent encouragement, which he promptly took and thrust into her, much to her delight.

“F-f-fuck” she growled, her legs loosening and spreading even wider than before to try and fit more of his cock into her tunnel. Her hands, in the meantime reached around to grip his buttocks, squeezing and massaging for both of their enjoyment.

As her lover sped up just to the speed that she enjoyed the woman managed to keep her orgasm-filled mind on topic. ‘Slow at first, tease and judge his reaction…’

Her palms began to lightly massage his arse, switching between feather-light caresses and tight squeezes across it. If the growl he responded with was any indication then he wasn’t averse to what she was doing, further encouraging her exploration.

‘Okay Tonks, be a big girl and take the next step, just be careful not to overdo it.’ She noted in a rare moment of focus, despite being pounded into a gooey mess of orgasmic lust. One hand loosened while the other started at the top of his rear and slid its fingers gently down between his cheeks, ghosting over the rear hole that so few men were willing to even talk about much less have someone touch and explore and continuing down his backside.

True to his male nature Harry did pause for a moment but then, as if sensing her own concern, continued by slamming back into her cunt, earning a deep moan. A few silent, Wandless cleaning and lubrication spells later and she was ready to take their little ‘exploration’ a step further.

‘Slow and steady, don’t freak him out…’ She pushed aside the memories of the one boyfriend she had tried this with before, and how he had practically jumped out of bed in rage and discomfort. It wasn’t like she had shoved a toy up there or anything, just barely touched and the ‘man’ had acted as if she nearly killed him.

‘But Harry is different,’ she repeated mentally, before her fingertips returned, and this time lingered. Tonks waited for him to object, for his rate to slow or him to grasp her arm and stop her. Instead he showed no signs of discomfort, and with one last mental prayer she slipped one finger into him, earning a gasp from the teen instead.

Now things were different, and she found the experience of gently pushing into him at the same time as he pushed into her to be not just exhilarating but somehow intimate at the same time. When they reached simultaneous release ten minutes later, and she extracted her own digit, she managed to look him in the eye between deep gasps. “How… how was that?”

A chuckle and a grin greeted her, “Different…”

“G-good? Worth trying again?”

His smile was all the answer she needed.

***LoD***

Susan Bones looked up from her summer reading in time to see her boyfriend walk into the room, an anxious, if determined, look upon his face. Noticing this she promptly closed the book and gave Neville her undivided attention while he took a seat next to her on the couch.

“Neville, is something wrong?”
The boy fidgeted a bit in place, something she hadn’t seen him do in a long time before clearing his throat. “I uhm… not really but, well there is something I wanted to talk to you about.” She promptly motioned for him to continue, which led him to mentally fight for the correct phrasing. “I… do you remember our first few years at Hogwarts? Back when I used to hang out with Slytherins?”

A slow nod from the Bones heiress answered him, and the Longbottom pressed onward, “Well I know we have been thinking about everything that has happened lately and… I am considering trying to start that friendship up again.”

The Hufflepuff gave a soft snort, “Neville, love, I think we are past the Slytherin manipulations by now right?” He gave her a confused look, earning another soft giggle. “What you are actually asking is if I will join you in serving him, right?”

Neville looked more like a fish out of water, his mouth opening and closing in shock. “I-I-I… sorta?”

“Sort of?” she corrected easily, earning a slight roll of his eyes. “I remember you saying that Harry told you to wait, and that’s fine but we should probably figure this out in the coming school year. I want to be with you Neville, for now and forever.” The heiress let out an exaggerated sigh, “And if that means having a threesome with the two of you for our wedding night well… I guess sacrifices will have to be made right?”

Based upon the blush that now covered the Gryffindor, Susan figured she wasn’t quite off in her assumption.

***LoD***

A bushy-haired teen looked in through the window of the fancy restaurant, her eyes focusing in on a pair of middle-aged individuals sitting at a table eating dinner, laughing all the while. Part of her ached, longing to go in and sit with them, to mend bridges and just… be a family again. Another reminded her that it had been their choice to disregard her, to forget about her more and more each year, to hardly even make an effort to speak with their own daughter.

Still, the tears began to form in her eyes as she glanced about to ensure she was alone on the sidewalk. A Wand slipped into her hand and directed her Magic towards her unsuspecting parents.

“Obliviate” she whispered, watching as the two adults’ eyes dimmed just a bit before they continued on their conversation, none the wiser that they had just effectively ‘lost’ their daughter. Hermione knew that the only thing remaining would be to remove any evidence of herself from their home, other Muggles already forgetting about her existence due to the nature of Hogwarts and the Wizarding World itself. She had already asked Dobby to make a trip to her former home and was sure that by this point any remaining family photos had been either altered or removed.

It had to be this way and she should have taken care of this long ago but she still…

Hermione choked back a sob, before a pair of arms wrapped around her from behind, pulling her into a hug as she began to cry into her lover’s chest. The bookworm wasn’t sure how he had known, or how he had found her, but couldn’t care at that moment. He was there for her. He had saved her time and time again and was the only reason that she had a home to return to, others who cared about and loved her. He was the only reason that she had anyone at this moment in time.

“I’m so sorry Hermione.” Harry muttered into her hair, tightening his hold just a tad to give her some amount of comfort.

“I… I don’t want to be alone tonight.” She borderline begged into his shirt, earning a nod as he
gently led her to a nearby alley where they vanished.

***LoD***

“So,” the newly elected Headmaster began, “what is on the agenda for the meeting today?”

One of the board members nodded before producing a piece of parchment, “We will begin the process of filling the new staff roles, as well as replacing those that we lost last year. Normally the Headmaster has quite a bit of say and control in who is brought in to be a teacher but…”

Snape nodded before waving away the man’s slight discomfort at the subject, “But such things had led to near catastrophe, I completely understand. What would you deem to be a more appropriate task for me?”

“Perhaps recommendations?” a Witch called out, earning a few hesitant nods. “Surely with your career you have made connections with other educators and former students that would be suited for hire.”

The former Head of House nodded, “Of course, naturally I would suggest more politically neutral individuals, if for no other reason as to help comfort the parents of students. If we cannot avoid that I would recommend those who already have children enrolled. Parents would have a natural urge to protect not only their own but others by extension and prevent staff from overlooking abuses.”

Nods of agreement followed until one man cleared his throat awkwardly, “Headmaster… we were also curious about your… relationship with Mr. Potter.”

This question immediately put the Potion Master on guard, he wasn’t quite sure where this would lead but it could be dangerous. “I was Mr. Potter’s Head of House for four years, I would say that I have a professional relationship with him.” Not entirely a lie, he did have a professional relationship with the boy, and another, far closer, one.

“Well it is just… you see with everything that has happened and the rumors circulating we just…”

Rumors? Now that was interesting, Snape hadn’t heard any in his visits to the mansion that would be cause for alarm amongst the school board. But where it concerned his Lord the man always followed the philosophy ‘better safe than sorry’ and decided to make a neutral inquiry.

“What rumors would those be?”

“That… well you know… that the boy, I mean Mr. Potter, might not return to Hogwarts this year or might even be seeking legal actions for the attack…”

‘Ah, that explains it’ the Headmaster mused. He was quite sure that Harry would be returning to Hogwarts, but if there was even a hint that he wasn’t it would put the board’s decision making into question. The students, staff, hell practically the entire country viewed the teen as Merlin reincarnate, if such a person opted not to return to Hogwarts it would be disastrous.

Even worse if he decided to sue for the attempt on his life, something that Snape was positive he would win if he cared about such things. Still, he was relatively certain none of these ‘rumors’ were true, but that didn’t mean the boy did not have plans or start them himself.

“I will speak to him when I am able and attempt to reassure him the education at Hogwarts.”

The others seemed to give a collective sigh of relief as the topic switched back to future professors.
“Thank you for meeting with us Pansy.”

The girl nodded as the two Greengrass sisters took the empty seats on the opposite side of the table as her. She had received a request, via owl, to meet up and discuss a few things and they had chosen a small restaurant for the privacy.

“Shall we get down to business? Astoria and I have heard the news from our father, that our Lord is going to be the forefather of the next Pureblood generation.” Pansy nodded, she had been told that by Draco as well, and heard it confirmed by her father. Her betrothed had already begun researching laws and customs that involved a spouse bearing another’s child. “Obviously, our father is very… eager to have such a thing in the Greengrass line.”

This earned a snort from the Parkinson, “Eager is likely an understatement. I know my own parents are already working on time tables of how early I can have a child after bearing one for Draco.” The younger sister blushed, confirming that the two had probably been told something similar. “So, what is it you actually want Daphne?”

“Our Lord is a very important and busy man, I am sure that there are those helping to sort out who is and is not being considered for future child bearing. I would like to confirm whether or not this is true and our own position on the list of considerations.”

The opposing Witch stared for a moment, before shaking her head with a laugh, “I mean there is, but it isn’t the most productive or official thing Daphne. You and I both know our Lord will choose whomever he wants for that type of thing, although he hasn’t made any decisions that I know of yet. If you want in on it I will see what I can do… but it will cost you.”

A scowl formed on the elder Greengrass’ face, before she gave a defeated sigh and nodded her head, “Fine, name your price.”

Cornelius Fudge had always been a man of exquisite, at least in his own opinion, tastes. He enjoyed the finer things in life, things like fine wines, silky bed sheets, gold cufflinks, and strawberry flavored cigars.

What he was not accustomed to was slinking in and out of alleys, disguised in dirty clothes, trying to figure out how to access his fortunes that had been seized by the Ministry. At least he was still able to keep his signature hat, it had seen him through many hardships, and it would see him through this one as well, even if it was long overdue for a cleaning.

It was a disgrace! To have the wealth built by his family for generations taken from him due to some ridiculous notion that he was a traitor! “The boy is behind this… I am sure of it.” He muttered in a gravelly voice as he continued slipping in and out between the piles of garbage lining the alley he had chosen to use for the time being. “I need to contact Dumbledore, he got me into this mess, and he had better have a plan to get me out!”

Unfortunately, in his anger the man failed to notice the attention he had attracted until the attackers were already within reach.

The clicking of shoes filled the evening air as Amelia Bones made her way down the stone path towards the square of the small town. She had just received an emergency summon by a pair of her
Aurors that had been assigned to this quadrant, part of the attempt to capture at least some of those wanted for crimes.

A sigh escaped her lips, that list had been growing ever longer in the past few months it seemed. Maybe they had finally lucked out and one of them had been caught?

Turning the corner, the woman froze, eyes widening as she took in the scene before her. Her two agents were busy inspecting the area around the body.

The body, of the previous Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge. Her strides lengthened, and quickened, barely acknowledging the two Aurors with a slight nod as she encircled the corpse. He had been beaten, that much was beyond obvious by the bruises covering his face, torn clothing, and the way that his ankles and wrists were bent slightly out of the normal angles.

But she would bet Galleons that it wasn’t the cause of death. Instead it was likely the noose around his neck.

Cornelius Fudge had been hanged from a tree in the town square.

“R-report…” she managed to gasp out. Sure, Fudge was a wanted criminal, one she was personally looking forward to interrogating, and even before that he was a terrible politician who bent the rules and was undoubtedly corrupt. But she had worked with him for several years, and even if he was guilty of everything they had claimed… seeing a man killed in such a way turned her stomach.

“Cause of death seems to be…” the man, a bit younger than Bones would have wanted to see such a thing, trailed off, looking a bit more pale than healthy.

Luckily, his partner, an older and more veteran Wizard, took over. “Strangulation, hangings cause death in one of two ways, either the victim suffocates or their neck snaps… Fudge wasn’t that lucky. Haven’t been able to do a proper check of the body but there doesn’t seem to be any obvious defensive wounds. If he fought back it was to no avail.”

“Witnesses?”

The man shook his head, “No one, and I quote ‘heard or saw anything’ convenient for a town this small during this time of day.”

Bones nodded, it seemed likely that there was more than one perpetrator, a mob was the most likely, and if that was the case it was unlikely that anyone would come forward. Loyalty to neighbors and community ran high in areas like this.

“Keep checking, and start the interviews at the Ministry, away from those they might feel necessary to lie for. Also check and see if there are any Hogwarts students who live in the area.”

“Ma’am?”

She closed her eyes to try and stave off the headache, “This wasn’t a random attack, someone found and targeted him, probably out of vengeance. I doubt any Wizengamot members live in such a small town which means students are the most likely connection.”

Amelia turned and began to walk away before the younger Wizard called out, “One more thing Director, there uhm… wasn’t any Magical signatures on or near the body… all of this was done the Muggle way.”

Her steps halted as the woman turned back one last time to gaze upon the body, her face blank of
emotions, before she gave a slight shake of her head and departed.

***LoD***

“Ron, your father and I would like to speak with you downstairs.” Molly Weasley called from outside the boy’s room. With a huff the teen rose from where he had been reading a book on Quidditch facts to make his way into the living room where his two parents were waiting.

Neither looked happy, and it was, surprisingly, Arthur who spoke first, “Ronald, we just received your results for the year, your mother and I are not happy with what we saw.”

The boy grumbled out a few excuses before his mother rose her hand to silence him, “Your grades have been slipping every year Ron, and worse we have also been sent a note from Minerva McGonagall about your behavior, specifically as a Prefect.”

“Lead Prefect…” he muttered, earning glares from his two parents as he fell silent.

“The fact that you followed that horrendous woman’s orders is bad enough Ron, but that you actually bullied other students while doing so is…” the older Wizard shook his head, wondering exactly where they had gone wrong with their youngest son.

The boy, in the meantime merely gritted his teeth. It wasn’t fair, life wasn’t fair! He had finally started to get everything he wanted, everything he deserved and then it all falls apart. “You don’t understand!” he exclaimed, shocking his parents with the amount of malice in his voice. “No one understands! I am sick of being compared to everyone and being the loser in the group! Every family dinner is always about how amazing Bill and Charlie are, or how well the twins are doing with their business, or how much you love Ginny, but never me. I never get any praise! I am always the reject. At school, at home, no matter how well I do!”

“Ronald we…”

But Molly was interrupted by the continuing tirade, which showed no signs of slowing down. If anything, it was building up momentum, far too many years of being ‘stuck in the shadow’ in the teen’s mind had led up to this. “And at school it is the worst! Everyone follows Potter around like he is Merlin reincarnated, even Ginny! And no one thinks he can do anything wrong, no one. This year was supposed to be different! I was a Prefect, the teachers liked me, the Headmaster even thought I was going to be Head Boy next year! All I had to do was show that I could be a leader, could make the tough choices and expose Potter for the monster all Slytherins are, and what happens!? Everyone turns their backs on Dumbledore! I mean he is the greatest Wizard ever and…”

A sharp crack echoed through the room followed by stunned silence as Ron turned, gently cupping the red handprint from the slap his mother had just delivered to his face.

Molly Weasley was furious in a way that he had never seen her before. Her face a deep crimson, her chest heaving in anger, her eyes almost flashing.

“I will not have you saying such things in this house…” she growled out. “Being jealous over a boy who lost his parents and spent years in an orphanage, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Harry’s successes are due to his own hard work, something that you have never shown. We know all about how you demanded other students to do your homework, about your borderline failing grades for the past several years. You act as though you deserve praise, but you do nothing to earn it.”

Arthur nodded, “Your mother is right Ron, if you want others to pay attention to you and give you
what you think you ‘deserve’ then you need to prove yourself, just like everyone else and that is what this summer is going to be all about.”

Their son stood blinking, still not entirely comprehending what was happening.

“I have spoken with Fred and George, they have agreed to give you a part time job this summer at their shop. We have also gone ahead and purchased your books for next year. You will be studying and doing homework when you are not working or helping out around the house. We want you to succeed Ron, and if that means a summer not having fun for you to understand the value of hard work then so be it.”

***LoD***

Severus Snape shifted slightly in the chair he had taken a seat in, wondering best how to approach the topic he had been wondering about, a topic that needed to be discussed.

It wasn’t an embarrassing question to ask, far from it, and in fact it was rather professional and probably expected, still there was something else concealed within. Something that reeked of disobedience. The spy had learned, over the course of many years, what to ask and what not to ask of one’s Lord. If he had spoken of this to Voldemort he would, undoubtedly, be rolling on the floor screaming in pain within a few seconds courtesy of a Cruciatues Curse.

Harry, on the other hand, was far more difficult to read. The teen was a master of psychology to the point where one of the ‘jokes’ was that he could be an aspiring actor within days of graduation and probably make more money than any of them had ever seen. But he had questioned the boy before and had received no punishment for doing so.

Would this time be different?

Gathering his course and pushing aside any further anxiety that was coiling up in his stomach, Snape cleared his throat, “My Lord, if I may ask a question?” The teen gestured for him to continue, further encouraging the man. “I am merely concerned about what the plan is for Dumbledore. Do you believe he will make his next strike during the next few months or wait until the next school year?”

A hum answered him as the boy took on a contemplative expression, “I doubt during the summer, he simply does not have the resources nor the soldiers for such an undertaking. Besides he would need to correctly guess my location from between several well-fortified mansions.”

Snape nodded, “Next school year then…”

The teen said nothing, but the new Headmaster could sense the acknowledgement in his lack of movement as well. Minutes passed as the older continued pondering the situation before the student spoke once more, “So Headmaster, who do you think Dumbledore will still be able to call upon?”

Blinking, the Potion Master refocused his thoughts before making a list of the remaining Order members and considering each and their situations. “Undoubtedly, he will try for many of those most loyal from his war with Voldemort. The problem is that more than a few have children of their own, some of whom attend Hogwarts and are close to you already. The Weasley’s, for example, would probably not give him the time of day now that their daughter and twin sons are so close to you. Besides they will be likely dealing with the youngest son at this point. The Longbottoms are a wildcard as well, they are fiercely protective of children, but also have a powerful streak of justice, they could take either side, and neither would surprise me. Alastor Moody will undoubtedly join Dumbledore, he is of a similar thought process and will see you as a Dark Lord.”
“And family? I have never heard Dumbledore mention any and yet I know he has some at least.”

Snape nodded, “A brother several years younger, but they have not spoken in decades. The last I heard of them being on ‘friendly’ terms was before the war with Grindelwald, back before…”

“Before?” the teen continued, snapping the man from his thoughts.

“Dumbledore had a sister, a younger one, Ariana. She had been attacked at a young age by Muggles and lost control of her Magic, this is what led their father to be imprisoned and Albus to take over as a caregiver. He told me about being bitter for years afterwards, up until a three-way battle between himself, his brother Aberforth, and Grindelwald himself resulted in her untimely demise. This event broke apart what little family he had left, destroyed his friendship with the future Dark Lord, and shook him to his core.”

Harry nodded, staring out of a nearby window with a faraway look in his eyes, “What else do you know of dear Ariana?”

***LoD***

Lucius Malfoy let out a deep breath as he gently lowered himself into the chair of the most powerful office in the English Ministry of Magic. Once more he was Minister, once more he was in control.

‘Well’ the man mused as he glanced over the paperwork piled on his desk, ‘as much as my Lord will allow me to be.’ Truth be told the man knew he had somehow dodged the executioners axe several times now. For all intents and purposes, he should have been killed off the previous summer, and would have been if Voldemort had claimed victory.

But he hadn’t, and instead there was a new individual in charge of the Death Eaters, even of England itself. A benevolent Lord that could manipulate far better than anyone he had ever met and was more powerful than anyone had a right to be… yet was surprisingly forgiving and generous to his followers.

“The fact that Narcissa is rather taken with him only accentuates this fact…” the blonde mused as he picked up the first form to glance over it. “A request for additional Auror funding… certainly seems like a good idea considering Dumbledore is still lurking about.”

***LoD***

“Come forth and join the circle,” a voice whispered out, beckoning a robed form to step forward to those already gathered. “We have been watching you for some time now, waiting for you to show your true colors... and you have. It is we who are the last line of defense, the final guard, the true movers of the Wizarding World, and it is we who shall usher forth the next stage in its development.”

“I understand and wish to be a part of the future.”

The robed ones nodded at their newest member, “Then step forward and join us... Gabrielle Delacour.”

As instructed the girl stepped forward and was handed a goblet from which she took a sip... and then failed to contain herself as she let out a giggle, “The bubbles tickle my nose.”

An older individual scowled, “Damnit Luna we talked about this, Gabbie can't have carbonated drinks this close to her bed time.”

Several sighs were heard as the individuals pulled back their robes, “Well we couldn't exactly do
alcohol like someone wanted to.” Hermione noted, shooting a glare at Ginny and Tonks who began to whistle innocently.

“What?” the former Auror mumbled, “booze make everything more relaxed.”

“We aren't trying to be relaxed here, this is serious.”

The older woman rolled her eyes, “Oh yes, a bunch of teenage girls sitting around in a dark room at Malfoy Mansion in bathrobes talking about seducing a teenage boy, how truly serious...”

“It isn't just seduction,” Fleur noted, “It is future children. We need to figure out who we can trust to be a part of this. Sirius and Remus are... well idiots and quite frankly Harry has far too much going on to try and screen out the crazies who want his body. I am still reluctant to include my younger sister in this to be honest.”

Said younger sister immediately pouted, “I understand where babies come from Fleur, I am a Veela after all.”

“And you aren't even ten yet.” The older growled back, “You shouldn't be planning, or even thinking about having a child for years yet!”

“I don't know,” Pansy interrupted, “It isn't like we are telling her she has to have a child now it is just figuring this stuff out, which is important especially since you are both from the same family. Better to do it now while things are a bit calmer than later when everything is hectic again.”

“Plus no one said she couldn't practice a bit,” Luna chimed in dreamily. “There is nothing wrong with having her waiting in our Lord's bed, with nothing on but a cute little dress and...”

“Enough!” Hermione snapped, “We are getting of topic again... like the last five times we tried to do this. Pansy is obviously in and the rumor is that Daphne and her younger sister are being considered as well.”

The Parkinson heiress nodded, “I had a meeting with the two sisters not even a week ago. Not only are they both very anxious to begin that stage of the relationship but they requested to be a part of this group as well. Personally, I don’t see a problem with that, but it is something we all need to discuss, in the meantime I think the bigger issue is all the girls from the other houses. You know the Patils had a threesome with him last year and Lavendar Brown has been trying to get up the courage to sleep with him again as well.”

Nodding, the bookworm continued, “True, but with them it is figuring out allegiances, I think. We have no way of knowing if they will join Dumbledore and try to betray Harry by using children in some way...”

Most cringed at the thought, before Tonks interrupted, “I think more pressing than that is the older women. Both of my aunts are already sleeping with him and it isn't exactly a well-kept secret that Narcissa wants another child... or that Bellatrix wants one to begin with... the question is do we condone such a thing?”

“Does it matter?” Fleur questioned, “I mean if Harry wants to impregnate them then he will, it isn't like it is our decision.”

Hedwig chose this moment to voice her opinion for the first time, “True, but Harry trusts us. If we all tell him that it isn't a good idea and list reasons why not he will take it into consideration. He isn't a tyrant after all, he listens to those closest to him.”
“So... how do we do this?” Ginny inquired. “I mean do we just take a vote and raise hands? ‘Whoever thinks that Harry banging the crazy convict and putting a baby in her stand to one side and those opposed stand on the other’?”

The young Lovegood heiress shook her head, “Voting is good, but we need to address something else first... everyone who thinks we should go find Harry and have an orgy raise your hand!”

“LUNA!”

***LoD***

“Headmaster, I was wondering if you had time to take a walk with me.”

Severus Snape glanced up from where he was going through a few budgeting reports and gave a nod to the emerald-eyed boy. “Yes, of course.”

The teen smiled, before guiding him to the nearest Floo with, strangely enough, both of his godparents.

“Snape.” Remus greeted with a nod, earning one from the man in return as the three adults followed the boy's lead to one of the more remote Potter properties.

“So, what's going on pup? This have to do with one of your mysterious projects?”

“It does actually, along with some objects I procured from the Ministry.” he noted as the four made their way through the cozy cottage-like house to the upstairs. As they reached the end room the teen made a gesture to remain quiet before slowly opening the door.

There, sleeping in the bed, was a redheaded woman long since dead, and Severus Snape's heart stopped.

***LoD***

A/N : So now that I have opened up this can of worms the question I pose is such, should I:

1. Bring Ariana Dumbledore back and put both her and Lily into the group of sex partners
2. Bring Arian back and make her part of the harem, but leave Lily out of it
3. Ignore Ariana and just make Lily a sex partner
4. Leave Ariana deceased, and Lily stays out of harem.

I didn’t really have a plan either way, besides bringing Lily back, and it won’t influence the story much regardless.
Ever since that fateful night over a decade prior Snape's dreams had been haunted by the knowledge that it had been his fault that Lily Potter had died, that James Potter was dead, and that Harry Potter had been orphaned at such a young age.

His life had been consumed by vengeance, by trying to make things right. When her son had come to Hogwarts he had seen the boy as his father, and then as a Dark Lord... but the impossible had happened. A teenager had killed Voldemort, had avenged his parents, and then exposed the flaws of the world one after another.

This previous year had been one of calamity, his own allegiances changing, Dumbledore throwing him aside, and then the attempted assassination by the man he had admired for so many years.

Then the impossible had happened, his own escalation to Headmaster, a change in the politics... and now?

Now he was standing in the doorway of a house owned by the very boy he had accused of being evil, staring at a woman who should be dead... and yet appeared to be just peacefully sleeping.

Somehow the other two men seemed to recover enough to ask the, rather obvious, question.

“H-h-how...” Sirius stuttered out, eyes never leaving the resting woman's form.

“How what? You really must learn to be more specific Padfoot.”

Remus picked up where the man just stammered in shock, “How is she alive Harry? She... she died, we saw her body. I was there at her funeral.”
The boy’s head tilted to the side a teasing smile forming on his face, “Would you accept it if I told you ‘Magic’?”

***LoD***

The silence was tense in the empty bar as two brothers practically stared each other down, one with anger in his eyes as he remembered the past, the other with sorrow.

“Aberforth I understand that you are reluctant to help but…”

“Reluctant? Oh no Albus I would say that would be a rather large understatement. I am flat out telling you no.”

The former Headmaster did nothing to hold in his weary sigh, “I would not be asking if there were any other options brother but…”

The younger sibling immediately interrupted, “But nothing! You came here to rekindle a war and violence, have you learned nothing after all these decades? Why can’t you just accept the peace and let others take charge? Why must you always insist on being right?”

“I do not…”

“There!” the barman snapped, “right there! You are always argumentative, always making yourself out to be the ‘good guy’ always forcing others to see you as the only ‘correct’ path. I am not them Albus, I know you better than anyone else, and I will not bend just because you come with your grandfatherly twinkle and tales of preventing future evils. There will always be darkness in this world, I am just tired of fighting with it.”

With that the man stood and turned to walk away from his family.

“I am going to free him…” The whispered words froze Aberforth mid-step, who then slowly turned to face the, still seated, man. “I have no other options. Harry is going to bring an end to the Magical world and cause untold death to the Muggles as well. He will start a war brother, and we both know that no one ever wins a war.”

“So, your plan is to free that… monster!?”

Albus looked up into the other man’s eyes, “I will do whatever it takes to save as many lives as I can, even if it means turning to the one who nearly cost us everything.”

This time it was the former professor’s turn to stand and begin walking towards the door, only to be stopped as he reached for the handle, “How many others are joining you on this damned crusade?”

“Alastor Moody, of course, along with a two or three that have confirmed they will be on my side. There are several younger who are willing, but I am reluctant to accept the help from those who are fresh out of school.”

Aberforth sighed, “I suppose we all have to die sometime hm? Might as well do it with family.”

***LoD***

“Are you sure about this pup? I mean no offense it’s just… well I mean it’s kind of weird don’t you think?”

Rolling his eyes, the Potter heir let out a deep sigh, “I don’t recall you complaining when I gave you
This statement had Sirius Black fidgeting a bit to try and think of a comeback, “I mean yeah but… well it isn’t like I am trying to marry your dad…”

And he wasn’t, Harry had revealed the former Marauder in a similar, unconscious, state, less than an hour after the redhead, at a different residence. The two, formerly deceased, individuals had awoken half a day after the reveal, giving Harry enough time to go over several changes, along with the rules that came along with them.

That had been more than a week ago. The big shock, at least to some, had come only a day prior in the announcement of Severus and Lily’s betrothal. Naturally, they had been invited to come and celebrate for a home-cooked dinner.

“You are trying to get him laid, which is just about as bad, and he isn’t my father. James Black is your distant cousin if I recall.”

The Animagus grinned, “Practically a brother to me really. Going out looking for girls, pranking various prats, getting in all sorts of trouble…”

“Oh yes, doing what I told you not to do.”

If anything, the Black Lord’s cheeky grin widened, “Aw come on Harry, I made sure no one recognized him, and you even changed his appearance so you aren’t carbon copies, what’s the harm?”

Harry slowed in his pace, before turning to the man, “What is the harm in someone finding out that a person looking very similar to a man who has been dead for close to fifteen years is walking around with the man’s best friend? I can think of ten possible outcomes off the top of my head that would not be for anyone’s best interest.”

Sirius winced, “Okay, fair point. He was just going a bit stir crazy and… I just feel bad you know?”

“I do, but alas those are the difficulties of being an adult. Sometimes a person must do the less fun option to remain safe.”

Pouting, the older man gave a reluctant nod before the duo continued towards the house in the distance, a decent sized home out in the countryside, far enough from the population centers to provide it with a sense of privacy. When they were nearing Remus, and the newly returned James Black, caught up with them.

“Prongs there you are! I was worried Moony was going to kidnap you for the entire day.” Sirius exclaimed, before grabbing the man and pulling him into a playful headlock.

“And you spent the last three practically glued to your brooms, now come on we are going to be late if we don’t hurry it up a bit.”

The three marauders continued, with James giving the occasional glance over at the young boy accompanying them. When they finally reached the house, Remus knocked several times on the door, and in the waiting silence ‘Prongs’ decided to speak up.

“So… you must be Padfoot’s godson.”

Harry nodded, “I am.”
“Are you also…”

This was the moment that the door was opened, and a redhead greeted them, “Remus!” she happily sung out, pulling the man into a hug he promptly returned, her smile died down as she gave the Black Lord, who had his arms outstretched for his own hug, a more deadpanned greeting, “Sirius”.

“Aww come on Lils…”

“I thought I asked you not to call me that.” She turned to the next adult, pausing as he too stared back at her in silence.

“Do I know you?”

“You look familiar.”

They both spoke at once, earning a shared, and somewhat concerned, glance from the other two men.

“Lily darling, please invite them inside.” Snape called from the other room, snapping the two from their confusion as she ushered them inside, giving another curious glance towards the youngest individual.

Once inside Snape gave his greetings as well, including a slight bow to Harry and a grateful 'My Lord', earning shocked looks from both of the newest adults.

“Sev is this...” Lily began, only for the man to nod in kind.

“He is my love, this is the one I told you about, who helped bring you out of your coma.” Sirius rolled his eyes, only to receive an elbow to the side from Remus in return.

The woman promptly stood, smoothing out the dress she had been wearing and giving a curtsy to the boy. “Thank you for saving me my...

Harry immediately waved her off, “It was no trouble at all my dear, a simple task to make a follower of mine happy. However, you should really be careful about giving titles, we tend to take them rather seriously after the first one.”

Blushing, she thanked him again before moving to serve dinner, along with Snape who was laying out the food as well.

“Yeah, simple... for you at least.” Sirius muttered, earning a slight smirk from the boy and another curious glance from James.

***LoD***

“It was a lovely dinner, thank you for inviting us Lily.” Remus graciously intoned, earning nods and similar responses from the other males. The woman merely blushed, before gesturing for them to take a seat in the sitting room.

After a few drinks were poured the woman brought up another question that had been bothering her throughout the night, “So Sirius, you said that James is your cousin?”

The man coughed a bit, not quite expecting that line of intrigue, but stepped into the conversation easily enough. “Uh yeah, distant cousin but family nonetheless. He went to school at Durmstang instead of Hogwarts, so we only got to spend time together during the summers, but he is still more
like a brother to me really, more than my actual one was.”

She nodded, frowning as she met the other man's eyes, “I feel as though we met before, but I can't quite...”

“We went to school with another resembling him my love. Your memories still haven't quite finished sorting is all, due to the accident.”

James coughed, “Uhm, if you don’t mind me asking what did happen? I mean if it isn’t too unpleasant, feel free to tell me to mind my own business, Padfoot does quite often.”

The redhead laughed but shook her head, “It is no trouble. I was working on a new Potion, when something went wrong. The only thing I remember was an explosion... and then waking up back here years later. Thankfully Severus had set Charms to activate when I came to and he was able to calm me down and explain everything.”

“So, you were in Slytherin House right? With Snape here?”

Once more she gave a nod, but this time to Jame's question. “I was, we were childhood friends, so it is just nice that we were in the same House together.”

“So, uh Prongs, have you given any thoughts about going on a vacation this summer?”

Snape's shoulders relaxed slightly at the change in topic, thankful that the Black Lord was finally learning to be at least a little bit intelligent in what he said. Unfortunately, the other 'Black' had a question of his own.

“Not really, but what I want to know is how your godson became a Lord.”

Attention shifted to Harry, who smiled and shrugged it off like the best of Slytherins, “What can I say, must be my charming personality and quick wit.”

The man grinned at the response, which earned chuckles from the other Marauders as well.

“Are you related to him James? You two look more alike than even you and Sirius do.”

The man blinked, before focusing in on the teen, “I... maybe? He does have more than a little family resemblance...”

“Well you know how the Black family is Prongs, all interrelated and such. You probably share a similar great grandparent or some crap.”

The Witch shook her though, “No... no it is more than that... there is something else...”

James' eyes narrowed as he examined the teen, who merely stared back in curiosity, “His eyes are different though... way too green for a direct descendant unless...”

The three men who were ‘in the know’ exchanged worried looks before Sirius promptly stood to redirect attention. “So how about a game? We could uh...”

“Sev, am I related to your Lord?”

The room fell silent, Snape's eyes widening in shock as she stared back at him.

“Don't be ridiculous.” the teen suddenly interrupted, “of course you aren't.”
But her eyes never strayed from Snape's own, “Severus?”

“He... is not, just as he said.”

She frowned, “You are lying. Harry I would believe, if it was just him saying it... but you never could lie to me.”

James promptly turned to his best friends, “Padfoot, Moony... do you two know what she is talking about?”

“Uhhhh”

“He is not related Lily, I promise you.”

Frowning, the Witch stood and turned her attention to the teen, who was still watching with mild curiosity, “Fine then, if that is the case then you would not mind if I offer myself to him.”

Sirius and Remus immediately erupted into coughing fits.

“I...” Snape stammered, before forcing down his trepidation. “It is considered courtesy for Purebloods, but we are not...”

“You are acting like one.” Lily snapped, “so I will ask one more time, am I related to him?”

The new Headmaster slowly shook his head, “No... you are not.”

“Fine, then as the betrothed to you and future follower to him I insist he spends the night in our bed, with me.”

Snape's shoulders drooped, “If that is what you wish...”

“Screw that!” Sirius immediately exclaimed earning him an, ignored, hush from the Werewolf, “I am not letting my godson do this shite. Yes, Lily you are related to him, and so are you Prongs. You are his parents alright? I don't give a damn about politics or Lordship but I sure as hell am not going to stand by while Lily offers to sleep with her own damn child!”

Both newly returned adults froze in shock for what felt like days, before standing and storming from the room.

***LoD***

Lily Evan's frantic, and rather angry, pacing was interrupted with the door opening. Turning, she was prepared to scream, and Hex, Severus for following her when the words caught in her throat.

“Oh... shite sorry I didn't know you were in here. I uh... couldn't find a place that wasn't a bedroom or...”

The redhead quickly shook her head, “No it is okay I don't mind James... do you want to sit down?”

He nodded, before taking one of the vacant chairs, allowing silence to fall between them. “So... kind of a punch to the gut huh?”

“That is one way to put it... I just... they have been lying to us!”

Nodding the man let out a sigh, “Yeah, I mean looking back it sort of makes sense. Being told not to go into public because I resemble a dead guy and them not wanting the attention so soon...”
Lily snorted, “Severus' excuse was that he had made Dumbledore angry and didn't want me as a target.”

James nodded, “I mean... that probably is true to an extent, I was told something similar. They still should have told us the truth though.”

“We deserve it... they should tell us.”

He jumped to his feet, “Damn right they should! I say we go out there and demand they tell us everything. No more half-truths or any bollocks.”

With a curt nod the two stormed out to the sitting room where the other three men still sat in morose silence. Harry, in the meantime, was wandering about the room looking at book titles.

James cleared his throat, earning the attention, “We have decided... we want the entire truth.”

His best friend nodded, “Yeah okay, look the truth is that you two died years ago and...”

“No, it isn't.”

The adults froze, turning to where Harry stood, “That isn't the truth. Neither of you are related to me. My parents were James and Lily Potter, they died for me when I was only a year old, choosing to sacrifice themselves to give me even a chance to live. Neither of you are them.”

“But... they are Harry…” Remus muttered, “You brought them back, you…”

The laugh that cut him off was dark, far darker than anything he had heard before. There was something hidden deep inside of it, a darkness and malice that had grown for years and yet was contained and reigned in. “Ah yes, the simplicity of the adult mind. You all likely assume that I somehow reached into the afterlife and brought them back hm?” upon receiving nods the teen let out a sigh as he shook his head once more. “That is not at all what I did. Really, it isn't that different than what Tom wanted to do my first year. The Philosopher Stone allowed me to create a living Homunculus capable of using Magic.”

This snapped the Potion master back to reality and he turned towards the teen, “But it wouldn't be her then, it would just be a lifelike doll.”

“True... if I hadn't borrowed a Time Turner from the Ministry as well.”

“Harry, I know you wanted her and him back, hell we all do but messing with Time... there is a reason it is forbidden.”

The boy waved off the Werewolf's concerns, “Only when you are using the devices to travel through time, but time viewing is completely safe. I modified it to only view the past, and through this I was able to recreate both of their memories up to a certain point in time. I had to make a few alterations, of course, and fill in some blanks but otherwise...” He gave a shrug, as if he hadn't just explained how to recreate a human being, “You are both entirely new human beings. You do not have their entire memories, your Magic is not the same, and your bodies are not either, even your personalities have been modified slightly.”

“S...so we aren't real?” Lily stuttered in horror, James simply trying to wrap his mind around everything as best he could.

The boy-who-lived merely sighed, “How do you define 'real'? Is it what you can see, touch smell? Then real is just electrical signals interpreted by your brain.”
“There is a difference though, I mean when you think about it...” Sirius muttered, earning a frown from the teen.

Seconds later the world dissolved around them, and the group found themselves sitting in a classroom, in considerably younger bodies.

***LoD***

“Wh-what... how, where...”

“Mr. Black take a seat.”

Sirius practically jumped at the commanding voice from the professor who was writing on the blackboard at the front of the classroom.

“B-but I...”

The figure paused in their work, “Do I need to assign you another detention?”

“N-no!” he squeaked, before promptly sitting down next to James and Remus, both looking just as confused and startled as he felt.

“Good, now then class, today we will be discussing what is real.” The adult turned, and all five gaped as an older Harry Potter began walking down the aisle. “Reality is a complex subject after all. It is based upon our perceptions, which are constantly changing over time and experience. What we deem as painful one day may not seem as such the next. What is sad to us as children might not be when we are grown. So, the question is what is real? What is constant in our lives?”

Snape, nervously, raised his hand and was promptly called on, “Time is constant, it always flows forward, and we can measure it.”

'Professor Potter' nodded, “True, but the rate does not, nor does our perception of it. Muggles have conducted experiments with ultra-precise clocks by sending one into space and leaving the other on the ground. They found that over time there was a slight difference, that the one far above us was actually a few fractions of seconds faster because time is relative to our location and environment just as it is to the one perceiving it.”

The man strode to the large table where the five sat, “Let us say that two boys are sitting in the same Potions class on the same day, one finds the subject enthralling and to him the time passes far too quickly even with him taking notes... to the other it feels like an eternity.” At this Harry glanced between Severus and Sirius, who both blushed slightly at the attention.

“Take those two students and put them at a Quidditch match and the situation may reverse. Our perception of time and events changes as such. The fact of the matter is that very few things can be accurately measured to any solid results. Magic is common yet how can we accurately describe it? Even the soul is a vague and mysterious concept, it can be damaged and even broken if the correct situation occurs.”

A hand raised in the back of the class, and Harry turned towards it, “Ah yes, another question?”

“Professor Potter, you mentioned damaging and even breaking off pieces of a soul... is it possible to stabilize these pieces into objects?”

Pondering the question for a moment, the teacher nodded, “Yes... yes I suppose it is.”
The other student pressed on, “And how would one go about doing such a thing?”

“There are rituals for placing souls into objects, as for the breaking itself it usually requires a traumatic event.”

“Such as?”

Harry’s eyes took on a dim light, “Murder, Mr. Riddle, the murder of an innocent person.”

Snape spun in his seat, horrified at the thought of the Dark Lord sitting behind them, only to find himself in his adult body, looking at the wall.

“As I said...” the, once again teenaged, Harry whispered out, “what is real?”

***LoD***

Albus Dumbledore turned down, yet another, empty corridor, navigating the massive fortress as best he could with having no prior knowledge of its layout. Coming to an intersection the elderly man paused, glancing back and forth before choosing the direction that seemed to climb higher. Minutes later his assumption was proven correct, as he came to a single cell, the only sealed door since he had first entered.

A wave of his Wand undid the various Runes and protections set upon the barrier allowing him to slowly push it open and step inside the room.

A chuckle emanated from the darkened corners, “Well well I do believe you are the last person I ever expected to see here of all places.”

“I would imagine… how have you been Gellert?”

***LoD***

“Alright Ronnikins, Mom and Dad convinced us to give you a job for the summer to learn responsibility and hard work, so the first thing you are going to do is take a complete inventory of everything in storage while we do the stuff on the sales floor. All the boxes are labeled so just write down what it is, and how much we have of it, understand?”

The younger Weasley brother rolled his eyes, “Yeah I got it, count stuff, piece of cake… speaking of which do you guys have anything I could munch on while…”

Luckily George had seen the question coming and pointed towards the back room before his twin could Hex their brother into a coma. He was fairly certain their parents would be quite peeved if that had occurred.

With a huff the youngest boy wandered off, leaving the two elders to ‘Wand-Potion-Rune’ for who got to watch the front for customers and who had to actually ‘do work’ and begin inventory. George, naturally, won, and thus Fred went off with his own muttering and grumbling.

Three hours later and the twins finally finished with their individual tasks before glancing at each other in a knowing fashion. “Ron should be finished by now.”

“Maybe… maybe he just took a short break and is about to come out?”

The two shared another knowing glance before locking up for the night and making their way to the back of the shop where their younger brother should be working. Instead they found the redhead
sitting on a crate, looking over a Quidditch magazine.

“Ron you finished already?”

He failed to even look up, instead giving a slight nod. “Uh huh…”

“Ron…”

“Hm?”

“Where is the paper?” Fred growled out in annoyance, he knew that they themselves could be a bit irritating to deal with at times, but it was never this bad… right?

A grunt was the answer the twins received as their brother produced a piece of parchment, that he had been sitting on, and held it out for them. George grabbed it first, glancing it over as his eyes narrowed. “Ron… this isn’t filled out, all you did was right down how many boxes there were.”

The ‘busy’ teenager merely nodded, eyes not leaving his reading material. “Yeah, took me a long time to count, so when do I get paid?”

Molly and Arthur Weasley would receive a letter later that evening about their youngest son’s termination of employment, as well as a list of all the Hexes that had been put on him in retaliation for the extra work the twins now had to deal with.

***LoD***

“Thank you for coming out with us Harry!” The young Greengrass practically beamed when her excitement earned a warm smile from the boy in return. Her older sister and Tracey had finally managed to convince their parents to let them go shopping for new clothes by themselves for once, and it had been the Half-Blood to suggest inviting their Lord along as well.

The trio had already dragged the boy to four different stores thus far, and Astoria was beginning to feel just a little bit bad. It was no big secret that boys hated going shopping with girls. Even the pompous stuck up prats like Draco Malfoy tended to avoid doing such things if possible. Yet the Potter heir had yet to complain or even wander off for a break. He had dutifully followed them through the endless aisles of clothing and robes, even offering opinions when asked.

Really, she was beginning to feel guilty. He had wasted his day just to humor them and hadn’t received anything in return. The youngest girl finished tying up her dress and was about to go out and maybe ‘model’ a bit for the boy when she overheard a whispered conversation from the dressing room next to hers.

“Oh come on Daph…”

“I’m just not… entirely comfortable with that…” her sister hissed backwards, earning a concerned frown from Astoria. Were they thinking about stealing something? Merlin knew that their father had given them enough money for the day, but she had heard of other Pureblood children doing it simply for the thrill.

Tracey was not deterred though, and pressed on, “You are honestly going to tell me you aren’t the least bit excited by the idea? Maybe… turned on a bit?”

Okay, now that certainly stopped the younger Slytherin in her thoughts. Considering who was accompanying them there was only one real way this conversation was going.
“I mean… a little” Daphne Greengrass admitted, “but not with Astoria here!”

A snort was heard through the wall, and said younger daughter pressed even closer to catch the back and forth. “Oh please, it isn’t like he hasn’t been with her too. Plus, that adds a little more thrill to it don’t you think? Sneaking him in and having him shag you up against a wall while your little sister is mere feet away, completely unaware. Plus, maybe she will overhear and start playing with herself…”

“Tracey!” the older Pureblood exclaimed, a bit too loudly before quickly lowering her voice down to a whisper once more. “My sister should not be… doing that type of stuff, especially in public!”

And the younger Witch agreed, she shouldn’t be touching herself while listening to her older sister and the girl’s best friend shag a boy she was falling more and more in love with by the day. No, it should be the other way around.

“Harry, could you come in here for a moment please? It appears as though I can’t quite reach one of the buttons on my dress.”

Sure enough, he entered the dressing room a moment later to see her standing near the full-length mirror, her back to him. At the top of her dress, near her neck, was a single button. He closed the distance before moving to fasten the object, only to pause as he felt a pair of hands rubbing at his manhood.

“I wanted to thank you Harry, for coming along with my sister, Tracey, and I. I am sure there are other things you would have rather done today than spend it shopping with teenage girls.” From her position she could just make out the darkening of his eyes in the mirror, something that sent heat flowing down toward her own sex. “I was trying to think of some way to make it up to you… do you have any ideas?” she continued in the most innocent voice she could conjure up while stroking his cock in a public shopping area.

She felt, more than heard, the growl deep in his chest, which instantly caused her panties to become soaked. Biting her lip she continued on, slowly unzipping his fly and slipping her dexterous fingers inside to remove a layer between them. “Anything” she whispered again, stroking his bare cock delicately up and down, “that I can do for you?”

“Bend over”

*That* had caused her to orgasm, just the commanding tone in his voice, the *demand*, and silent promise that he was going to take what he wanted from her. The teen quickly nodded, slipping from his pants and doing so, her hands placed on either side of the mirror. She wanted to *see* him using her, fucking her, taking her body when and *how* he wanted.

Before she could continue on, perhaps ask something along the lines of what he was intending on doing with her, Astoria felt his hands trail along her upper thighs before pulling up the dress to her waist, exposing her knicker-clad behind.

A slap echoed out, and she had to bite down just to for herself *not* to scream out in pleasure and pain.

As he was freeing himself, she *could just* make out the sound of whispers from the other side of the wall.

“Did you hear there Tracey?”

“Hear what?”

A smirk *was* forming on the younger Greengrass’ face, until her knickers were pulled aside and a
familiar, but still mind-numbingly large, cock pushed into her cunt. This time she wasn’t fast enough to stop the moan.

The hardness filled her completely, and she could tell Harry wasn’t even completely inside of her yet, when it pulled back, before slamming into her again and again, pushing against her womb as a pair of hands gripped possessively at her hips.

She hung on for dear life, pushing against the wall, desperate to stay bent over and allow him to continue fucking her because “ohmygodpleaseomore”

Yes, that breathy, pleading whimper summed it up quite well.

There was also some “yoursobigpleasefuckmeharder” along with just a hint of “yourmakingmecumpleasedontstop”.

At one point she managed to look up, and immediately came again around his dick. She barely recognized the girl looking back at her in the mirror, hair messy and partly covering her face, eyes half-lidded and almost glazed over in pleasure, mouth partly open as if she were a panting dog.

She was an absolute and complete mess, and a hint of shame crept into her mind, that is up until she felt a body lean over her own, lips next to her ear.

“You are beautiful.”

Astoria Greengrass would have been surprised if her cunt didn’t manage to bruise him in that instance with how hard she felt herself clamp down on him, her body desperate to milk the cum from him.

Instead of showing any sort of pain, however, he merely brushed her hair to the side and kissed her neck before returning to his ministrations of fucking her pussy.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the wall…

Daphne Greengrass stared, warring emotions of shock and fascination on her face. She wasn’t quite sure, at first, what was happening but the moment she heard the feminine, and young, moan from the other side…

Her sister was being shagged not five feet from her, exactly what Tracey had suggested doing minutes prior. Speaking of Tracey, a pair of arms encircled the heiress from behind, groping at her chest and earning a surprised jump from the girl.

“Looks like someone beat us to it…” her best friend whispered into her ear, “does that turn you on Daph? Listening to your sister being fucked like some schoolgirl slut on the other side of that wall, knowing that if we were to peek into the next room you would see our Lord’s cock ramming into her tight little cunt?”

She tried, the older sister really did to not visualize what her best friend had been saying, but it was a hopeless cause and her legs began to tremble. She hadn’t realized that the Half-Blood’s hands had moved, at least until she felt a pair of fingers trace along her knickers and over her own pussy.

“You’re so wet already… are you thinking about joining them? Participating in some sisterly bonding him? Or maybe you want to do more, maybe you want to make your darling little sister eat you out while watching Harry claim her from behind… or maybe you enjoyed what we did last time… and you want to stick your tongue into her folds while Harry pumps into yours…”
“T-Tracey…”

A bit of pressure was added, and although she would later deny it Daphne’s hand went into her best friend’s hair, tightening with lust. “This year” the girl promised, confusing the Pureblood until the other Witch continued, “this year I want more. I want a foursome Daphne. I want to see your pretty little sister buck naked, moaning his name as he fucks her. You don’t have to eat her soaked cunt out, but I want you at least eating mine again…”

Her voice became softer, “Will you do that for me Daphne? Would you have another group session with our Lord? Let him use our bodies as we use each other’s?”

A cry of orgasm sounded from the other room, from her younger sister, and Daphne Greengrass could not help but join her as her own body betrayed what her mind was trying to avoid, and she moaned out a ‘yes’ to her best friend’s request.

***LoD***

A soft knock earned a somewhat less than enthusiastic acknowledgment from the remaining Lovegood. Harry entered the blonde’s room a moment later, before closing the door behind him and letting silence settle for a few more seconds.

“I can bring her back too. All you need do is ask.” The boy’s voice was soft and comforting, and she instantly knew he was being sincere. The two of them shared something that few others did, the loss of parents when they had been very young. Luna knew what he was referring to and knew that he would do as he had just proclaimed without a second thought or hesitation. She had been thinking the same thing ever since she had been told of Lily Evan’s return.

Did she want her own mother returned as well?

“It… it wouldn’t be her though… would it?”

Despite not facing him she could feel him shake his head sadly, “No, it wouldn’t. Would you want her back though? To pull her soul from Heaven?”

The girl shook her head, tears already streaming down her face. She wasn’t sure if her mother would ever be able to forgive her for everything she had done, for everything she had witnessed and stood by to allow happen, for murdering her own father.

“I don’t know… I think she would hate me…”

Harry had crossed the few feet separating them in less time than it took to blink, his arms already wrapped around and pulling her close to his chest, his lips already muttering softly into her ears, “She would not hate you Luna, I promise you she would never hate you. Your mother loves you just as mine does, don’t ever forget or doubt that.”

She nodded, gasping for breath between choked sobs. A selfish request had already formed in her mind, she knew it was Ginny’s turn to sleep with him tonight but… maybe her best friend wouldn’t mind giving him up just this one time? “S-stay with me? Please?”

Her tears worsened at the pleading, begging in her voice. She shouldn’t be doing this, shouldn’t be using guilt or pushing her own emotions onto him in such a way.

But his hold deepened, “I wouldn’t consider being anywhere else Luna.”

***LoD***
“My Lord, a moment please.”

The teen halted, before turning back to wait for the Malfoy matron to catch up to him and hand him letter she had received, “This just came today, how would you like me to answer?”

Harry quickly skimmed over it, apparently Narcissa Malfoy had received a job offer from the School Board of Hogwarts, one for the position of Head of Slytherin House.

“Interesting…” he muttered. Naturally, he had expected something along these lines when Snape had informed him of his own suggestion concerning parents being offered positions as professors, but he had also assumed that they would avoid such blatant issues of favoritism. “Well, would you want to take the job?”

Had she not been groomed as a ‘proper Pureblood heiress’ and Slytherin the woman might have jumped for joy and screamed ‘yes’. The chance to not only keep a closer eye on her son but also to potentially share her Lord’s bed during the school year? It was something she had always been hoping for, especially now that her husband was returning to politics.

Plus, she had always fantasized about shagging in a classroom, or maybe even the Headmaster’s office. Perhaps Snape would do her a favor and step out for an hour… or five. “I would certainly enjoy a change of pace, to get out of the house a little more often. I do worry a little about Bellatrix, but this might give her and Andromeda time to bond.”

The Boy-who-lived merely nodded in acceptance, “Then by all means accept. It will be rather interesting to see Draco’s reaction…”

A very Sirius-like teasing smirk formed on her face. Oh yes, this would be a very fun year.

***LoD***

Severus Snape let out a deep, more than a little reluctant, sigh as he nodded his head in defeat, “I understand.”

“Sev, this isn’t as bad as you are making it out be I just… I need to be sure. I feel like something is missing.”

The Headmaster nodded once more, “I know…”

“I am not leaving you… but James and I talked about this and we just…”

“You need to see if you love him.”

Lily rolled her eyes, for a House that always prided itself on being emotionally controlled and calm Slytherins sure were a dramatic bunch, “Of course not! I don’t know if you realize this Severus, but people do not fall in love with each other in two days.”

“If they are alone with each other…”

Her eyes narrowed, “If you would rather I not do this…”

“No, no it is okay I am sorry. You are right, I cannot imagine being told… well having to go through what you have. Take all the time you need my love, I will support you no matter what.”

The redhead nodded as she picked up her trunk and made her way into the cottage, followed by James ‘Black’ moments later, who was giving his last ‘farewells’ to Sirius and Remus close by.
“MAKE SURE YOU WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS PRONGSY!” The Lord Black shouted after the man. “WE PACKED YOU A SNACK IN YOUR SUITCASE, WE LOVE YOU SWEEEEEEETIE!”

The door was promptly slammed with such force that the house seemed to rattle, a string of curses still audible, even from behind the door. This merely had the Marauder snickering even louder. “Oh man, I love screwing with him.”

“Hopefully that is the only ‘screwing’ that will happen…” Snape muttered, his eyes gazing mournfully at the small house that the two adults had entered to be alone for the weekend. It felt like he was losing her all over again.

“Snape… you don’t have anything to worry about,” Remus comfortingly noted as he walked over to the Potion Master. “It took years for Lily to warm up to James, and that was back when he was starting to mature and be less… well what he is now.”

“Worst comes to worst the just shag it out for a few days and get it out of their systems.” Sirius teased as he stared at the building, hoping to catch a glimpse of his best friend peeking through a window so he could make a face at the man. Instead he was elbowed in the side, leading to him turning and noticing the depressed look on the Slytherin’s face as well as the ‘watch what you say idiot’ expression on his friend’s. “Uh I mean…”

But the former professor merely shook his head, “No, no it is alright. I expected something like that might happen when she mentioned this request a few days ago. I just… I guess I just was hoping she would change her mind at the last minute.”

Sirius Black could be downright cruel when he needed to be, but it wasn’t often that he found pleasure in kicking a man when he was feeling so low. “Look Snape, Moony here is right. Despite all the teasing I am way more worried about who is going to have to explain this whole situation in three days when the door opens and all we find is that Lily murdered James in his sleep… and then we have to ask Harry to bring him back, again.”

***LoD***

It had been a nondescript owl that delivered the ‘mysterious letter’ to the teenage lord. Normally he would have been a bit suspicious about such a thing, but considering he recognized the woman’s handwriting, along with the fact that even if Dumbledore had somehow put her up to it or copied the penmanship, he would have simply ended the man early, he decided to answer the request.

Thus, he was standing in the elevator, watching the numbers slowly light up as the box rose higher in the hotel. Another, obvious, sign that it was clearly not a trap from the former Headmaster, not only was the man not nearly that original, but such a thing would have put far too many innocent bystanders at risk.

A ding sounded as it came to a halt, the door opening to allow a rather pretty young woman to step in with him. A moment later she reached across to press another button, before falling silent with him and enjoying the trip.

“Are you uhm… staying here too?”

The teen turned, awarding her with a warm smile that put a blush on her face, “Unfortunately no, just visiting a friend.”

“O-oh…”
He hummed in agreement, before the elevator paused once more at his destination. As he moved to leave the woman called out to him, “J-just a second…” with that she pulled out a paper and scribbled down some numbers before shyly handing it to him. “My uhm… number… if you want to call sometime…”

Harry nodded before taking it, “Just to warn you miss… I am only sixteen.”

Her eyes lit up, mouth gaping open and closed a few times, but she made no move to apologize or take back the paper still in his hands, “Th-that’s okay…”

With that the door shut, separating the two and earning a soft chuckle from the boy. Perhaps it wouldn’t be the worst thing ever to just have what Muggles called a ‘one-night-stand’ every now and then. The boy-who-lived continued on down the hallway in search of the designated room, musing as he went. Sex certainly had become a bit complicated, and maybe just some anonymous uncomplicated interaction would be a nice change.

Pausing at the door the teen gave a knock, before hearing the latch slide open, along with the door a second later. Opening his mouth to greet his guest the schoolboy found himself grabbed by the shirt, pulled inside, and pushed up against a wall.

“What can I help you with Aur…” he was immediately cut off by the dark-skinned woman’s mouth covering his own, almost as if trying to devour him as she shifted them and began pushing him back into the room, and obviously towards the bed. His knees hit against it after only a few seconds, pushing him back onto it as she abandoned lips, kissing up and down his face before reaching his neck, her fingers already working on removing his clothing as she continued her descent.

“I was so worried…” she whispered out against his collarbone, applying just a bit of pressure to his skin with her teeth. “Last year… everything that happened… what if I had lost you?”

A soft sigh escaped him as she continued her voyage to his chest, “You worry for nothing Aurora, you should know that a manipulative old man isn’t enough to take me away.”

Her body froze against him, until he felt, more than heard, her next response. “But that isn’t true… is it? You are already a sixth year… which means next year will be the last you are at Hogwarts, and then what will I do?”

The professor pulled back, tears forming in her eyes, “I will truly lose you after that. I am not blind Harry. I see all the other girls, and women, who have your attention, who have captured your heart. Someday you will move on with your life and then I will… I don’t know what I will do…”

Harry withheld a chuckle at the situation, how dependent she had become on him, before an image flashed in his mind. Rita Skeeter, laying in some alleyway with empty eyes as she tried to fill the void he had left. A second later the body was replaced with Aurora Sinistra’s instead.

To his surprise a soft pain formed in his chest, one he promised to examine later.

Reaching up, he took the woman’s face in his hands, “If you believe I will forget about you then you are wrong Aurora. You were the first to introduce me to this world remember? I am not going to simply cast you aside once I graduate, that I promise.”

She nodded, hastily wiping away the tears with a bit of embarrassment at crying over a teenager’s eventual graduation.

“Until then, perhaps we can work on putting a smile on your face again?” the boy-who-lived teased warmly, earning a soft laugh as she hastily agreed.
Unlike their previous times, usually hard and fast, their joining was far slower. Two pairs of hands eagerly explored each other’s bodies. Caressing, groping, stroking, and fingering. Gasps of moans of pleasure filled the air.

It wasn’t until Harry slid into her, however, that Aurora called out his name in ecstasy, rolling her hips back against his own in a rapidly increasing tempo. Her orgasms came swiftly, one after another as her entire body began to tremble and shake. When he finally released her own name escaped his lips.

***LoD***

“You do realize that if I am forced to bring James Black back to life, I will be most annoyed. Despite the fact that I did it before does not mean it was an easy or simple task. It took months of preparations and effort.” Harry noted as he stood with the handful of adults outside of the house. He had not been informed until after the door had been locked of their little plan.

Needless to say, he had not been amused in the least bit.

Ironically, it was now the other three adults who were doing their best not to meet his gaze, like children who had been caught red-handed doing something bad. “We just… thought it would be important for them you know? I mean to understand what James and Lily had before…” Sirius borderline whined.

“Of course, but by that logic I should lock you and Snape into the same house for a weekend on the grounds of you two maybe forming a romantic relationship if the circumstances were completely different.” The teen growled, “How many times do I need to explain the fact that they are not James and Lily Potter. Their memories are so vastly different that I am surprised by the fact they seemed to have a déjà vu moment when they first met.”

Sirius seemed like he was about to argue further, when the sound of a door unlocking caught their attention. Seconds later it was practically thrown open in a fit of rage, “I cannot believe you! How in the name of Merlin do Sirius and Remus put up with your stupidity!?”

“My stupidity!? This coming from the woman who couldn’t get a bloody jar open without a Wand?”

“At least I can cook without practically burning the house down! Does a House-Elf prepare all your meals for you? I am surprised you can even get dressed by yourself?”

James rolled his eyes, “Well at least I can pick out a bloody outfit to wear in less than two hours! Seriously one would think you had to try on every damn combination! And how long does it take to use the bathroom in the morning!?”

“It is called trying to look like a civilized human being! Of course you wouldn’t understand that because if memory serves you spent an entire afternoon in nothing but your bloody underwear!”

“V-A-C-A-T-I-O-N spells vacation Evans! Plus, you should be grateful, at least you got to spend the day close to a half-naked man without stalking him like a psychopath!”

A snarl formed on her, normally very pretty, face, “Oh yes, because watching a grown man with a beer gut prance around in his ‘tighty-whiteys’ and socks is every Witch’s dream.”

“I do not have a beer gut! Besides I challenge you to name one Wizard who has… whatever the hell you called those…”

“Abs? They are called abs you nitwit; besides it doesn’t matter if they have a six-pack or not what
matters is that they actually care enough about their appearance to make a bloody effort!”

The man threw his hands up in exasperation, “Padfoot! Tell her that Wizards do not look like that!”

Said Pureblood merely coughed a few times awkwardly, “Uh actually Prongs Harry sorta does have a six-pack according to what I overheard from some of the girls…”

“See! Even a teenager cares more about staying in shape than you!” With that she stormed over to where Snape was standing, gaping open mouthed at the encounter thus far, and pulled him into a fierce kiss. A few moments later she broke it, before giving a huff and walking off.

Blinking in confusion, the Wizard failed to react, at least until Remus walked up next to him, “We told you that there was nothing to worry about Severus.”

***LoD***

The teenager stared back into the reflective surface and let out a sigh. She was still… wrong. Different than the others in her House, hell in the school itself. Taller than most of the boys, even still, and the heaviest girl, she had always had self-esteem issues.

Millicent continued to look at her reflection and continued to hate herself. She was never going to be ‘sexy’ or even ‘pretty’, and she knew it. No one wanted a girlfriend or wife that was taller than them, and even outweighed them by several stones. Hell, she was thankful that Gregory Goyle had gathered up the courage to approach her to the Yule Ball, otherwise she would have been sitting by herself doing homework… like most nights.

Sure, some of the other girls were nice about it, tried to say that it wasn’t what was ‘on the outside that mattered’ or that boys would always enjoy larger breasts, hers were the largest of their year. It didn’t matter though, because she could still see pity masked beneath it. And they were right, despite her chest most boys wouldn’t even look at her, much less flirt. If there were any whispered comments when she walked past she knew they wouldn’t be along the lines of ‘I wouldn’t mind seeing her without those robes on’ or ‘the Wizard who she chooses is one lucky bastard’.

No, they were insults, put downs of how they had to stay away from ‘Bulstrode the Bull’ or else they would get crushed. Mockery about the fact that her parents would likely need to give a great deal in order to wed her off, and even then, she would end up smothering her husband.

Tears began forming in her eyes despite the teen’s best efforts. She was always so careful about showing emotions, about letting them get to her. But deep down they always did. She no longer flinched from the condescending laughter when she walked past a group of students or the snickers when someone pretended to stare at her in interest.

It still hurt though. To know that no matter what she wouldn’t be good enough, not pretty enough, never desired…

Rage spiked through her veins and the girl tore off her cloak and robes beneath. Panting, she stood in only her knickers, staring back once more at the mirror that always seemed to mock her. She had lost weight this year, her curves finally balancing out and becoming noticeable. She was still taller and heavier set, but she was no longer just ‘stocky’ and instead there was a noticeable hourglass shape beginning to emerge. Her facial features had softened slightly, rounding out and becoming more ‘feminine’.

But she knew that she was still hideous. That it would be another year of being ignored, of being disregarded unless used as the target of a joke or ridicule. It was one of the main reasons she had
never found the courage for the ‘signup sheet’ for their Lord’s company. She could deal with the nameless faces and anonymous insults, she didn’t care about them… but she wouldn’t be able to deal with his. It wasn’t a big deal if he denied her, but if instead he insulted her? Told her that she was ‘too fat’ or ‘too ugly’ or ‘not desirable’?

It would break whatever remained of her confidence and shields.

“Damnit dad…” she growled, remembering that her own bloody father had mentioned the political shift coming. That her Lord would be the source of the next generation of Purebloods, and that the man had investigated the idea of putting her onto the consideration list.

Didn’t he understand!? Couldn’t he take more than ten freaking seconds to pay attention to his own daughter and see how uncomfortable she would be with that!

“No, he doesn’t care… probably offered whatever we own just to get me one night with him…” she muttered in a hateful tone, “One night with the lights off, just enough exposed to get the deed done without having to see anything…”

That wasn’t what she wanted, wasn’t what she dreamed about. Unlike most of the other girls, who constantly whispered about having a ‘knight in shining armor’ or some perfect husband to dote and provide for them Millie wanted something different.

She just wanted one who would call her ‘pretty’ one who would be with her not out of some obligation but because he wanted to be. “Who touch me and let me touch him…” she whispered, her hands tracing up her things and abdomen to brush past her covered breasts, earning a whimper from the girl. The Slytherin had always been far too shy and uptight to explore herself in such a way. But there had always been the temptation.

What if… what if Harry did accept? What if he agreed to impregnate her in the future? The thought sent shivers running through her body at the thought of even his slightest touch, the flirtations he had made during their fourth year whispering through her mind.

“It isn’t that, I just mean that if I were to start I certainly wouldn’t want to stop, and I’m not sure if you want to go quite that far.”

Her hands, as large as they might have been, still couldn’t quite fit over her breasts. Instead they groped and teased, her eyes closing as she bit her lip as thoughts of Harry’s hands replacing her own flowed through her mind.

She had heard, and secretly fantasized, about the other girls who had been with him. The way he would enjoy their bodies rather than just working on getting off, how his hands would touch and caress every inch of them, explore their bodies with his tongue.

Millicent’s left hands trailed south, ghosting over her swollen lower lips and noting the dampness already present. Would he devour her as well? Perhaps they could both explore at the same time? She had longed to admire his body just as she longed for him to simply touch hers.

Fingers parted her cunt and slowly slid inside, earning a gasp as her other hand tightened pinching at her nipples to add onto her skyrocketing arousal.

Another finger joined the first, followed by a third. It was a tight fit, but she had heard how large he was. Would he find pleasure in her body, his length wrapped in her pussy? She began pumping in and out now, imagining it was his cock rather than her fingers. Merlin how badly she wanted him!

What position would they try first? More than a few of the Slytherin girls had whispered excitedly
about all of the ‘fantasies’ he was willing to act out. What would she choose if given the option? Surely, he had been through enough of the ‘happy boyfriend or husband’ requests. Would he want to be more forceful? Perhaps shagging in a different location?

Her pace quickened as she imagined them outside on the grass under the stars, her on all fours with him ramming into her from behind. Or maybe with her up on a desk, spread legs as he eagerly fucked her while sucking on her breasts.

The girl’s breath hitched at the last mental scene, her pussy tightening almost painfully as her head fell backwards in a, rather embarrassing, moan of his name and an orgasm burned through her body.

Moments later she extracted her fingers, gasping for breath and fighting to keep her legs from wobbling too much. She needed a cold shower… and to figure out exactly what she was going to say to him the next time they met.

***LoD***

“What do you mean a vacation!?” one of the staff members exclaimed in borderline hysteria. Lucius merely took a calming breath and secretly wondered if this was how his Lord had felt when his own vacations had been announced the summer prior.

Making another few notes on some parchment the blonde let out a sigh, “What I mean is that I am taking a short vacation. I promised my wife one well over a year ago but with everything that occurred I was never able to fulfill that obligation. I am attempting to do better.”

“B-b-but what will we do!?”

Due to the positioning the others failed to notice the eye roll from the Minister. “I suppose this would be a good time to invite Director Bones to conduct an audit, if she has time of course.”

“S-sir?”

“An audit” his words slowed, as if to help them understand, “The DMLE has likely wanted to conduct one and when better than the week I am not here to interfere? I have already sent a message informing her of my absence. If she makes a request consider it an order, I will be reachable via owl for emergencies only but anything else and you will risk the wrath of my wife.” The last part was said half teasingly, but the other officials understood well enough to catch the meaning.

With that he departed through his private Floo for the Malfoy mansion. Of course, she had also managed to convince him to bring a few others along as well.

As he entered the room through the green flames, he took note that the others were nearly ready. James, Sirius, Remus, Severus, and Lily had all agreed to join them on an ‘adult’s vacation’, along with his wife’s two sisters.

By the way that the three Marauders were already looking around with smirks beginning to form on their faces the Malfoy Lord could already tell it was going to be a rather stressful vacation.

***LoD***

A/N: Real quick, the plot of this chapter was devised well before I made the first count. I had always planned on introducing James and Lily, not as Harry’s parents, but as almost entirely new people. I don’t think Harry would have spat in the name of their sacrifice by fully returning them in such a
way.
Family & Opinions

Lord of Darkness

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

A/N: So, I normally don’t do this but it seems like every other review is criticism for how I handled the Lily/Snape relationship last chapter so I will be working on changing this. Originally it was going to end up with the two of them married but due to the obvious unpopularity of this I will be switching this up over the next chapter or two.

Final poll results:

Choice ‘A’ won… by more than a hundred votes.

***LoD***

“Are you sure about this Harry? You certainly don’t need the help bringing Dumbledore down.” Hedwig noted as she walked over to where the teen was working, glancing over at the young girl laying unconscious in a bed as she did so.

He merely nodded as he continued mixing a few ingredients into a cauldron. “Quite, besides I am not doing this for Dumbledore... at least not entirely. His poor sister was robbed of her life, don't you think she deserves another change?”

Once more the former owl's gaze fell onto the teenage form nearby, “I suppose so, but where does it end? Do you plan on bringing everyone back to life who has ever died unnaturally? Will you create thousands... millions of more people in this pursuit?”

The boy paused, before looking up to the white-haired girl, “No... no of course not. You are correct in that the primary reason for this is because of Dumbledore... but maybe you are right. I can't recreate everyone, and I certainly do not intend to try. Do you think this was a mistake?”

Her lips formed a sympathetic smile, “No, but I do think you are trying to fill an emptiness that cannot be repaired.”

“Just another boy who lost his parents trying to get them back...” he muttered, pausing in his work as he stared down at the cauldron.

Shaking her head, the girl walked up to him and kissed him gently on the cheek, “No... I think you just have a strange way of trying to right the wrongs you see, and it is very sweet. Don't stay up too long though, I haven't had a night with you alone in a while and I have been a bit lonely.”

With that she turned and departed, her hips swaying just enough to keep his attention. After she left the room he let out a sigh, followed by an amused chuckle. “Well my dear,” he said out loud, turning to the comatose individual, “at least you will have plenty of female company.”

***LoD***
Andromeda Tonks let out a deep, comfortable sigh as she stretched out just a little bit more on the towel she was laying on. Originally, she had been rather reluctant to join her sisters, along with the other adults, on their private vacation but after a few days of Bellatrix’s whining, along with some silent pleas from her younger sister, she had given in.

And now, laying out in the sun wearing a one-piece bathing suit, she was more than a little glad for that. When had been the last time she had taken time to just relax and enjoy life rather than working or being alone?

She had grown so used to be alone, to coming home to an empty house, nothing but photos on the walls, memories, and silence. Now she wasn’t sure if she could go back to that. Her younger sister sat nearby, partially shaded by an umbrella, reading a book. Bella was laying on a separate towel on the other side, clad in what had initially shocked her as being a Muggle bikini. When the two younger sisters had brought this up the woman had merely given a sly smile and a shrug. Apparently, fashion was one thing she did enjoy from the non-Magical part of humanity, especially if it showed off her curves.

The three ‘Marauders’ were splashing around in the nearby pool, loud and rambunctious as always. Lucius and Severus sat at a nearby table, completely in the shade, discussing something dull and political as always. The final occupant, Lily, sat on the edge of the pool, feet dipped into the water, clearly enjoying the contrasts of warm sunlight and cool liquid. She too had on a bikini, but one that was scarlet rather than the deep black of the three sisters’ suits.

It was into this scene that a raven-haired boy walked, “I am glad to see everyone is enjoying themselves.”

All conversations, and play, halted as attention shifted to the teen. Harry, on the other hand, took it in stride as well as any Lord would do. He paused for a moment, before continuing his voyage towards the two Slytherin men, giving a nod as he did so. “Lucius, Headmaster, there is something I need to discuss with you when you have a moment. I hate to interrupt your relaxation but…”

Snape waved off the apology without a moment’s hesitation, “Nonsense my Lord, you take priority.”

The former professor does not see it, nor do the other adults, but Harry does. He alone notices the flinch in the redheaded woman’s eyes, an uncertainty flashing across her face for the briefest of moments. Mentally, the boy sighs. Really, what was it with Wizards and their lack of understanding towards women?

“Very well. It concerns a student I am looking to enroll at Hogwarts, and I wanted your opinion on whether or not I should wait a year.”

Severus frowned, Gabrielle Delacour had already been enrolled and was set to attend school this coming fall, who else would he have in mind? As the two discussed the sole remaining Evans’ pondered her own status.

It was clear that despite his claims Severus would always put her second, add to that the fact she wasn’t one hundred percent certain that her betrothed was in love with her, and not the woman she resembled, and doubts were beginning to build up deep inside.

She snapped from her ponderings as the two finished their conversation and the boy moved to depart, only to be halted by Bellatrix as she called out to him.

“My Lord,” she purred, “we haven’t had any fun lately and since the boys are all so clearly occupied… perhaps we can tempt you with a trio of sisters?”
Andromeda’s head snapped towards her elder sister, a look of incredulity obvious in her eyes, “Bella” she growled, “I told you that I am not…”

“Oh come on Andi” the elder Witch whined. “You are on vacation! Live a little! Do you honestly think your husband would want you sitting around miserable and not enjoying life?” Without waiting for a reply, the woman rose and grabbed the arm of the Tonks Matron, pulling her towards the house and calling for her other sibling to catch up.

The boy merely shook his head and followed along, well aware of the way that the remaining Woman’s eyes followed their departure with envy.

***LoD***

Fidgeting a bit Andromeda Tonks put in an effort to look anywhere except where her older sister was currently bobbing her head up and down in a teenage boy’s lap, moaning with approval every few seconds. It had taken less than a minute after the four had found a secluded room for the former Lestrange to pull down the boy's shorts and begin deepthroating him like her life depended on it.

“Everything okay Andi?”

She abruptly turned to face her younger sibling, a scowl already present, “No,” she hissed, “it bloody isn’t okay. I had a husband Narcissa, I was happily married and part of being married is not cheating on your spouse!”

The Malfoy matron's face shifted into a warm, understanding, smile. “I know that, but Ted passed away years ago, don't you think it is time that you moved on?”

“He was, is the love of my life.” Andromeda argued, “I am never going to just 'move on' from the father of my child.”

“We aren’t saying to forget him Andi, but... if the situation was reversed? Would you want him to sit around all day in a house alone even if presented the opportunity to be happy again?”

That argument brought the older woman to a halt, her mouth half-open for a rebuttal, yet she couldn’t exactly think of one without lying. Narcissa was right, if Ted had been alive instead of her... she couldn’t imagine him being lonely for the rest of his life, especially after their daughter moved out. She wouldn’t want that for him.

Her sister seemed to know the look, and gently gave her shoulder a squeeze, “We aren’t saying to move on and forget him, we aren’t telling you to get married or anything either, I’m certainly not. Just... think about it okay? You can honor your loved ones and still find a lover and be happy Andi, I don't think Ted would ever hate you for such a thing.”

With that she stood and walked over to the couple, falling to her knees a moment later as she added her own mouth to the oral worship.

The woman still left out shifted uncomfortably a little bit, glancing out of the corner of her eye as Bella unstrapped her bikini, moaning lewdly as a pair of masculine hands began massaging them. Narcissa began working on slipping out of her own swimsuit as well, showing off her own curves.

Andromeda could feel her face redden, her body heating as she took the occasional glance from her position on the couch. Harry was leaning back now, stripped down to nothing as well, as the youngest woman mounted him, her body facing opposite his and allowing Bella to suck and lick her sister's breasts and body.
“C-could I...” she tried to call out, but her voice was a whisper, lost in the slapping of flesh and moans of ecstasy. It was as if the threesome were intentionally trying to be as loud as possible, enticing her with something she knew she should not want or have.

But why not? Her husband would not fault her... would he? She had been a loyal wife while they were married but now... would he want her to spend the rest of her life miserable and alone?

A hand grabbed her wrist, ripping her from her thoughts as she looked up in surprise at her older sister, “Come on Andi, you are missing all the fun! You can even take a turn on Harry by yourself if it makes you feel better.”

Andromeda nodded shyly, before standing and being lead to where Narcissa was just sliding off of him, already quivering in the aftermath of several orgasms.

“And now remember, try and remain calm while he is ruining your pussy. The multiple simultaneous orgasms are perfectly natural and if you find yourself moaning like a wanton whore just go with it.”

The middle sibling recognized the teasing and rolled her eyes as she paused while looking at the teen. It had been... a very long time since she had last had sex, and she was certainly not going to comment on how delicious the boy looked, or how large he was. “How do you want to...”

Harry shrugged, “Whatever makes you feel most comfortable.”

“How about you on all fours like an animal while he fucks you from behind? Unless of course you want him on top of you, your legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him in deeper while he feasts on your body.” Bellatrix, helpfully, suggested with a grin on her face.

The younger Witch glared, before she turned around and got up onto the couch on her hands and knees, still a bit too embarrassed to undress. Feeling movement from behind she took a few calming breaths as she felt the clothing that covered her pussy being pulled aside. She was expecting the feeling of her lower lips being parted, of a throbbing organ to push into her. Instead it was smaller, and before she could comment it began to move.

Pleasure shot through her body as his tongue began to twirl around inside of her, a gasp escaping her lips as she fought for words or even normal thought, her mind blanking from pleasure as she clenched down around him almost immediately.

“Oh look at that, Harry's barely even started and you're already cumming Andi. Has it been a while since a man ate you out?”

“F-f-f...”

Bella giggled, “Yeah he hears that a lot, just wait until he find the...”

Andromeda Tonks let out a scream before slumping forward, ass still in the air as Harry continued tasting her.

“That, until he finds that. Quite a rush when your first time having multiple orgasms huh?”

Noticing that her sister was currently drooling on the couch the former Lestrange merely laughed and sat down next to her on the floor, her voice dying down to a whisper. “This is only the first part Andi, when you feel up to it he is going to explore and taste your entire body . Then he's going to fuck you so hard you will beg him for more... and I'm going to be there. I want to be there the moment you beg him to breed your womb, when you beg for him to put another child inside of you.... we can be sister wives you know. You me and Cissa. Hell we could probably convince Harry
to knock us all up in one evening if we ask nice enough. Would you like that Andi? Having me and Cissa lick and suck your breasts while Harry pumps you full of cum?"

Andromeda Tonks barely understood what her sister was saying, but in a dark corner of her mind she secretly stored the information for later, no harm in considering options.

***LoD***

“Lady Malfoy? May I ask you a question?”

The matron turned to where the younger redhead stood, noticeably hesitant, at the doorway to the kitchen, “Only if you will call me ‘Narcissa’.” She teased lightly in return, “Titles are for business partners, legal proceedings, and enemies.”

Lily nodded, before relaxing a bit and walking in a few steps, “I don’t want to upset you or imply anything but uhm… I’ve seen how you and your husband seem to be around each other and I just… how do you deal with it?”

Narcissa, unlike many others, immediately understood what the younger Witch was implying, and why she would suspect it would come out as an insult. To another it might have, but she had already seen the way Snape was around his future bride.

“Ah, you mean the pedestal?” the former Black knowingly replied, gesturing for the woman to take a seat at a small table while she took one opposite.

“Yes! I mean don’t get me wrong it is incredibly sweet and endearing, the way Severus looks at me like I am some sort of perfect person, but it is also incredibly frustrating. I feel more like a painting on a wall for him to admire and invite others to marvel at than his fiancé.”

Nodding, the Malfoy levitated two cups and a tea kettle over to them before pouring them both a serving. “Lucius was the same way when we were dating. There was always poetry and romance, nothing physical of course, since we were Purebloods, but it was all very sweet…” here she paused, her eyes taking on a faraway look. “But things… change when you get married, settle down, start talking about children…”

She trailed off, causing a frown on the redhead’s face, “Narcissa? How do things change?”

The other voice seemed to snap the woman from her thoughts as she let out a humorless laugh, “Everything becomes a political or business discussion. Children are referred to as ‘heirs’ and a ‘limit’ is placed on the number you should have, can’t risk dividing up the fortunes hm?” the sarcasm, and anger, evident in the matron’s voice as she continued. “Sex becomes planned specifically for conception, and once that is confirmed… well let’s just say enjoy it while you can. If Snape is anything like Lucius, you are in for a passionless existence.”

Lily’s eyes dropped to the table, a weight pressing down on her she hadn’t known before. Seconds later a hand gently closed around her own as the elder Witch spoke, “I am sorry, I did not mean to upset you. There is no reason to believe Severus will turn out like that, ignore the rantings of a miserable old woman.”

“You are not old Narcissa, and there is reason to believe that… I have been asking Severus to have more contact, more intimacy but… he will not even consider sleeping in the same bed as me. I just feel as though he sees me more as an object to be guarded and coveted rather than as a person.”

“Too many years in Slytherin I fancy.” Narcissa noted, a hint of disgust in her tone, “all the men are taught to plan everything out, to treat everything and everyone like a business proposition… and then
they wonder why so many of the wives and girlfriends seek solace elsewhere.”

A gasp escaped from Lily’s throat, but it wasn’t horror, merely shock, “Y-you mean…”

Narcissa returned her unspoken question with a playful smirk, “You want to know how to survive? How I can seem so happy with this life? I wasn’t, I was so unhappy for so long and didn’t even realize it. I had believed that life was simply supposed to be like this, that I would play the supportive, emotionally detached and dull wife for the rest of my years… until an emerald-eyed boy entered the scene. My Lord showed me that I am still beautiful, desirable, and dare I say it sexy.”

“You and… Harry…”

She nodded, “Lucius knows, of course, and probably condones it. Another oddity that his generation seems to have inherited is a fascination with their ‘beloveds’ being intimate with another man.” This time the laugh that escaped the older Witch was genuine, “Hell I remember the first time we seriously approached the subject, Lucius was encouraging me to ‘make amends’ for having insulted the teen in the prior year… and then he asked for memories of the apology. Can you believe it? He hadn’t touched me since before Draco was born but all of a sudden was hoping for a front stage performance of being shagged by a schoolboy!”

“A-and now?”

The laughter faded into something warmer on the former Black’s face, “And now… now there is hope I might have another child, that the relationship I have with Harry will continue. I will stay with my husband, of course, and will never change my name or any such nonsense but still…”

“The best of both worlds…” Lily muttered, “a husband who cares for you and sees you as a work of art… and a lover who makes you feel alive every minute you are with him.”

Narcissa nodded, “Yes… and if what my idiot cousin let slip is true, I have a feeling that your own betrothed might be of a similar line of thought. My suggestion would be to ‘test the waters’ so to speak. There is still a chance Severus will love you as a husband should, but if not…”

Lily shook her head, “I look like his mother, I practically am his mother.”

“But you do not feel that attachment, do you? When you look at him what do you feel?”

“There is… something there I will admit but… I do not know if it is motherly. I do not feel anything towards James save annoyance but that is not the issue either. I may have no memories of him as a son, but does he have them towards me as a parent?

The hand that had been covering hers patted gently, “That, my dear, is something you need to find out for yourself.”

***LoD***

A knock rang out from the front door of the former Aurors apartment. Frowning Tonks went to answer, and through the peephole saw her best friend standing on the other side, looking rather… upset.

“Hey Hes, what’s wrong?” she immediately inquired upon opening the door, only for her friend to give a rather pathetic ‘can I come in and talk about my problems’ look. Nymphadora silently chuckled before stepping back and allowing the other Witch entrance, to which she immediately, and gratefully based on her expression, walked in and practically threw herself onto one of the sofas.
“So… can I get you something? Chocolate ice cream, cake… maybe a stiff drink?” Mumbling into the cushion was as much of a response as she received, and the reporter merely sighed before going to procure all three remedies. “Can I at least know the reason for you raiding my freezer and liquor cabinet?” she called back towards her best friend.

Seconds later, once she had procured two glasses, Tonks turned to see her friend standing, almost shyly, nearby a question obviously on her lips. “Do you… do you think I’m pretty?”

Nymphadora almost dropped the cups in surprise, “Wh-what?”

“I mean… I know I’m average looking but… I thought that, you know, with a little makeup and such I would be considered pretty… apparently not though.”

“What are you… who the hell told you that!” the former Auror snapped in anger.

Hes merely shrugged, “I mean I always hear it around but… the guy I had been seeing broke it off with me. I guess his ‘ex’ decided she wanted to get back together and… well I can’t really blame him, she is very pretty.”

“I’m going to kill that son of a…” the Metamorphmagus growled before taking a calming breath. “Hess you are pretty, very much so. Don’t listen to what assholes say about you.”

Her friend nodded before taking a seat and sipping at the alcohol that was poured for her a second later. “Hey Tonks…”

“Hm?”

“Do you ever feel… I don’t know… like you aren’t good enough? I mean with all the other girls that I hear Harry is involved with.”

The Witch paused, before giving a shrug, “Sure, I used to. I mean they have access to him way more than I do, plus have you seen Fleur Delacour? That girl is hot enough that you could fry an egg on her chest.” This comment earned a giggle from her friend, which in turn made her smile. ‘But I when I am with him… it is like I am the only one he is with. It’s hard to explain but it doesn’t just feel like sex with him, it is like I have a piece of him all to myself, something that only I see and understand. I think he is like that with all of the girls.”

Silence fell between them once more as her friend continued to contemplate what had been said. After another few minutes she spoke up, “Tonks… do you uh… remember what you said earlier this year? The uh… offer?”

Blinking a few times, a smirk slowly formed on the former Aurors face, “Why Hess… are you thinking about taking me up on my offer to ‘introduce you’ to Harry? Are you… propositioning me?”

“I… no, no of course not, forget I said anything. Just a momentary lapse in judgement sorry. I should be going anyway…” she rose to leave, when a hand caught her arm gently.

“Hey, I’m just teasing you Hess… look if you are interested, I’m sure he will be too, plus I did sort of promise him a threesome with you at some point. Why not see if he’s busy, get your mind off the jackass who broke up with you and onto a real man?”

The other Witch bit her lip for a moment in hesitation, before she nodded in acceptance, earning a squeal of delight as her best friend pulled them to the nearby Floo.
“Harry, meet my best friend Hestia Jones, I call her 'Hes' for short. Hes, meet the man who makes my knees quiver and body do things I didn't even know were possible, Harry Potter.”

The boy gave a roll of his eyes before smiling warmly and shaking the woman's hand, “Very nice to meet you Miss Jones, I have heard quite a bit about you from Tonks here.”

“He means the fact that I promised him a threesome between the three of us.” the Metamorphagus ‘helpfully’ chimed in, earning a glare from her friend. “What? I thought that was what you wanted when you followed me. Your boyfriend was a useless jerk and you wanted a real man to plow your cunt until you couldn't walk straight.”

Her glare intensified while Tonks just giggled in response, “I am not here just to have sex, I am here to...” her jaw snapped shut, eyes widening at her admission while her best friend's grin widened.

“Not just sex huh Hes? How about we do the fun part first and then if you can still think straight afterwards we can do whatever other boring things you had in mind hm?”

“I...” the woman's argument was smothered by the former Auror's mouth, her tongue sliding in effortlessly as she dominated her friend.

Seconds later she broke the kiss, “Now how about you pull your pants and knickers off hm? We can go back to kissing after you are bent over and Harry is fucking you.”

“O-okay...”

Hes did as she was told and the moment she felt something incredibly large pushing into her, and her eyes rolled back into her head, she would silently her friend.

“Severus, we need to talk.”

The Headmaster, ignoring the part of his mind that warned him that hearing that phrase from a woman was never a good sign, nodded in acceptance before following the redhead into a separate room where she closed the door behind him.

A few moments passed before she let out a sigh, weariness evident in her face, “Why are we getting married?”

Snape blinked in confusion, shouldn’t it be obvious to her? “Because we love each other Lily dear, why else?”

“Do we though Sev? I mean do we love each other in the correct way? When you look at me do you see me as your future wife or as something to protect and care for? I feel… trapped, like you are trying to keep me preserved in a room behind a glass case to look at. I want to feel loved Sev, not admired for something that you want me to be.”

He quickly shook his head, “You are perfect to me Lily, you always have been.”

“But I am not her!” she shouted, before taking a few breaths to calm her beating heart. “I’m not her… you are holding me up to some standard, some fantasy you created for a woman who died but… I can’t be that. I am so worried that I am going to disappoint you and this image you have in your mind of me… that we will end up like Lucius and Narcissa, tolerant of each other because we
have a child and the same last name but otherwise barely spending time together. I wasn’t raised like
that Sev, I wasn’t raised to be a trophy wife to one man only to sleep with another.”

The man’s own heart began to race, he was already losing her, “It won’t be that way love I promise
you. I can change, I will treat you…”

“Kiss me” she demanded, causing him to pause.

“Wh-what?”

“Kiss me, right now. Kiss me like you would if we were married, like a man in love.”

Snape paused for a moment, before nodding and moving forward, their lips met for a few moments
before he withdrew. It had been a chaste kiss, yet full of expectations and assumptions, all of them
proven wrong judging by both adults’ expressions.

“I... I'm sorry...” he muttered in defeat, already knowing what she would say before she even needed
to.

“Me too Sev, besides this doesn't mean we cannot remain friends, like we used to be, remember?”

He nodded, “Yes... yes I remember.”

“This isn't the end, just a different beginning. You need to let her go Sev, to move on and find love
with someone else. You need to live your life... just as I do.”

***LoD***

“Gentlemen, please take a seat. I appreciate the three of you taking time from your summer off to
meet with me concerning everything that has happened.”

Sirius Black gave the DMLE Director a cocky grin, “Well you know my motto Amelia, ‘always do
what is right by the people who can throw your arse in jail’.”

She gave a chuckle before shaking her head, “I don’t recall you ever saying that Sirius, but I do
remember you being quite the kiss arse during training…”

“Psh, wha? Me? Never, you must have some other devilishly handsome top-rated Auror in mind.”

Again, she shook her head, “Regardless I do not want to take any more time than need be. I just have
a few questions for you Mr. Potter, if you don’t mind. You are not required to answer any of them,
and you are not under arrest or investigation, we are just trying to get all of the facts straight.”

Harry nodded, “Of course Madam Director, whatever I can do to help.”

“Now we have reviewed the information we witnessed several times and so none of the questions
will be on the attack itself, but I am curious if Dumbledore ever seemed to pay too much attention to
you before this.”

The teen took on a ‘thinking pose’ for a moment before answering, “I would say when it was
convenient for him, yes. First year was fairly normal, although I do have a sneaking suspicion it was
he who returned a family heirloom to me for Christmas. He also spoke with me at the end of the year
concerning my guardians.”

Bones made a few notes with her quill as she nodded in understanding, “And you were living at an
orphanage as I understand it?”
The air grew chilly, the two men flanking the boy sitting up just a bit straighter with a dark look in their eyes. A response that the woman more than agreed was appropriate.

“I was, it seems I was supposed to be living with a Muggle family, someone related to my mother as I understand it, but for whatever reason that never came to fruition.”

Amelia paused, as if considering how to broach the topic, luckily Remus seemed to understand and answered the unspoken question with a snarl, “Petunia Dursley, Lily’s sister. Woman was a complete bitch and her fat arse of a husband hated Magic. We only met them once, they did not attend James and Lily’s wedding.”

“I see… is there any chance I could speak with…”

Sirius interrupted next with the shake of his head, “A few years too late, they died in a fire.”

The woman nodded, “I am sorry to hear that, and your second year Harry? I hate to dig up the past but any information we have might lead us to a pattern in behavior which could help us track Dumbledore down faster.”

Said boy waved off her concern, “Of course Madam Director, this was the year that my Head of House had become a bit more insistent in his accusations against me, but other than the occasional trip to the Headmaster's office to clear these up it was fairly normal, until the end of the year that is.”

She paused, before recalling what exactly had changed. “Ah yes, our convict's escape.”

Sirius, naturally, gave a mock bow from his chair at the perceived compliment.

“Dumbledore was heavily involved in setting up my list of 'safe houses' and even took care of me for a week as well.”

Bones made a few more hasty scribbles, “And while you were in his custody did he do anything suspicious or inappropriate towards you?”

“Not in particular, he did take me to a meeting of the Wizengamot but that was due to his own schedule and not wanting me to be alone. The rest of the year was fairly similar to the previous one, and I believe you were present for the major accusation by Headmaster Snape.”

“I recall, I wish to emphasize how thankful we are that you continued on your research and provided the Aurors with the repelling Ward. I am not sure if you realize how many lives you have saved.”

“Just doing what is right.” Harry replied, “Fourth year was also fairly similar in our interactions, at least until the end when Professor Snape approached me and informed myself and my godparents that Dumbledore was suddenly convinced of my evil intentions.”

The Director frowned, “Correct me if I am wrong but Severus Snape was the one who was always attempting to prove that in the first place, quite the role reversal.”

Harry smiled and nodded, “He admitted to having a change of heart when the evidence was shoved into his face after my defeat of the Dark Lord. He had been secretly working for Dumbledore as a spy to bring the monster down but after I helped him find peace in regard to his actions many years ago... well let's just say that was enough for him to reevaluate his life.”

“Which leads us to fifth year when this entire mess began...” the woman let out a weary sigh. “Thank you for telling me all this Harry, there is only one other... issue I need to address, and that is probably better mentioned in private with your guardians.”
Giving a shrug the teen rose to leave, only to have his arm gently grabbed by the two men, “Anything you can say to us you can say in front of Harry, especially if it concerns him.” Remus declared, earning a nod from his best friend.

Seeing their determination, the Witch nodded in defeat, “Very well... it has come to our attention that one of the professors may be involved in an inappropriate relationship with Harry. A woman by the name of Aurora Sinistra.”

“Inappropriate?” Sirius questioned, already knowing exactly where the conversation was leading.

Bones continued on, “After the interview with her I checked a bit more into several eyewitness accounts that seem to suggest she is carrying on a more... sexual relationship with your godson.”

“We are aware.”

There had been many, many responses to her original statement, but 'we are aware' was not one of those she had been expecting. “You... knew?”

Sirius nodded, “We did, look Remus and I aren't necessarily thrilled about the idea, but we would be hypocrites to acknowledge that older men can be with younger girls but not the other way around. We spoke with Harry concerning the relationship and made sure he understood and wasn't being taken advantage of.”

“They also made me promise to inform them should she go after any other student in such a way.” Harry noted. “They didn't want this to turn into a pattern with her and have her take advantage of someone who might not have guardians to protect them. I have been keeping a close eye on her and told my friends to do the same.”

Amelia Bones stared in confusion for a few more seconds before letting out a snort and shaking her head, “Well, I suppose as long as everyone is consenting and aware of their actions I suppose...”

The Black Lord, naturally, grinned at her statement, “Oh I am sure everyone is enjoying their actions quite a bit.”

***LoD***

“Gabbie, are you finished packing?” Fleur called out as she entered her younger sister’s room, only to pause at the scene before her. The younger blonde was sitting on the bed, a trunk half-filled nearby, staring down at her lap in a morose state. “Gabbie? What’s wrong?”

“I... don’t know if I want to go anymore…”

Frowning, the older Witch took a seat next to the other. Gabrielle had received her official admittance to Hogwarts several weeks prior and up until now it was all that she would talk about. Classes, friends, spending time with the other girls, with Harry... Fleur had been convinced that her sibling was going to pass out one day from lack of sleep due to excitement.

“Why don’t you want to go anymore? You were so excited.”

If anything, Gabbie shrunk down just a bit more, as if embarrassed and ashamed, “I won’t be able to see you if I do... I’ll miss you and... what if the other students don’t like me? I’m still younger than them and…”

“You will still see me Gabbie, probably every weekend. As for the other students, you aren’t going to a completely new school where you don’t know anyone. You will have Harry, Hermione, Luna,
Ginny, Daphne, Astoria, and several others who you can talk to anytime. Plus, you know that the staff will be watching closer for any bullying, so you don’t need to worry about that.”

“I… I know…”

“Then tell me what is really bothering you.”

The preteen bit her lip, “I… have heard about the signup sheet for Harry…”

Fleur nodded slowly, it was a rather poorly kept secret after all, she just wasn’t sure why her younger sister would be so stressed out about it. It wasn’t like she didn’t know he had multiple lovers.

“I-I want to add my name but… but what if I mess up? What if I disappoint him? What if…”

“What if it is the most wonderful night of your life?” The older blonde interrupts, gently taking her younger sister’s chin between her fingers to tilt her head up and make eye contact. “What if you fall even deeper in love with him? What if all of your fears are unfounded and he enjoys being with you as much as any other? What if it is the start of something new and wonderful, something that leads to you being pregnant in the future with his child?”

Gabrielle was speechless, staring back in confusion, anxiety, and just a bit of hopeful wonder in her eyes. “Oh Gabrielle, you worry yourself for no reason. All the others have been through this as well and they never disappointed Harry. Relax and just be yourself. There is no need to cause such stress over something like love.”

Though she does not nod, there is understanding in her posture.

“So then, how about we find Harry and continue from where we left off before hm?”

The pair found their target a few minutes later. Apparently, he had been attempting to pack his trunk for school only to be interrupted by a rather annoyed House-Elf, who immediately glared him down until he allowed the smaller creature to do the packing elsewhere.

“Harry”

He glanced up, a smile forming as he saw the two sisters enter the room. “Fleur, Gabrielle how are you both doing?”

“We are doing good, well almost. You see Gabrielle here is having what the English call, cold feet when it comes to going back to school so I was hoping you could help me solve this.”

The teen nodded slowly, of course I will what did you have in mind?”

Fleur immediately grabbed his hand and pulled him to the empty bed, “I was thinking of an exercise in self-control, to help her stay the course as they say.” She turned back to her sister, before pointing to a nearby chair. “You will sit there and watch, you will not touch yourself in anyway or you will be punished. If you are good you will receive a treat.”

Gabrielle bit her lip, before she nodded and took a seat, folding her hands on her knees to show her cooperation. The older Delacour nodded, before pulling off her dress and working on her knickers, nodding for Harry to do the same. Seconds later she was straddling him on the bed and sliding down onto his cock, a moan of pleasure escaping her as she trembled a bit.

“G-God… it has been too long, I forgot how amazing you feel inside of me.” Their position allowed the younger girl to watch her sister begin bouncing up and down on his manhood, Fleur leaning
forward and allowing the boy-who-lived to capture her breast in his mouth while his hands grabbed at her ass.

“Oh God yes. Y-you are sucking on my breasts so perfectly,” she moaned out, bouncing back onto him just a bit harder. “This feels so amazing, your cock is so wonderful, stretching my cunt while you fuck me.”

Nearby Gabbie squirmed in her chair, biting her lip as she separated her hands to grip onto the arm rests, then reclasping them in front of her to try and stop from fidgeting, her thighs rubbing slightly together before she forcibly stopped herself.

Another, overly loud, groan escaped from the pair of lovers. “Oh yes, p-please Harry m-more h-harder.”

What Gabrielle Delacour would have given to just be allowed to taste them in that moment. Instead she sat, trying to be good as she watched her older sister grind up and down on her owner's dick, moaning louder and louder with each thrust and her insides clenched around him.

“He feels s-so perfect throbbing inside of my…” Fleur's back straightened, a series of expletives leaving her mouth as she went through a full body orgasm, shaking so hard she almost fell off of the boy she was on top of. And she would have, save for his arms wrapping around her back, holding her tightly as he piston in and out of her soaked pussy, growling as he did so.

A muffled scream escaped the adult seconds later as her body began trembling even harder, Harry's thrusting speeding up until he rammed completely inside her, erupting and filling her with a gasp of pleasure. The two fell back onto the bed, taking deep breaths until Fleur chuckled and sat up just enough to look back at her younger sister, the girl still fidgeting but otherwise following the rules.

“Did you touch yourself Gabbie?”

“N-no!” she squeaked out, her voice high pitched from the effort of remaining, relatively, still.

“And why didn't you?”

Fleur swore her younger sister was going to draw blood with how hard she bit her lip, “B-because you told me not to!”

“And why is that?”

“T-t-t-to learn s-s-self c-c-control.”

Again, Fleur nodded, “Yes, and did you?” Gabrielle wasn't quite sure what to say, she didn't know and it was almost painful at this point. Luckily, her sister seemed to understand. “I think it is something we will keep working on, but for now you have succeeded, time for your treat.”

With a sigh she slid forward, Harry's length coming out of her cunt and allowing her to sit down next to him, “My future husband is dirty, clean him off with your mouth.”

The older Veela swore she had never seen her sister race across a room so fast. A second later and Gabbie was licking his cock up and down, before practically devouring it. Fleur frowned, however, as she only made it a little more than halfway down his length.

“Pathetic,” she snapped, before standing and moving before the younger blonde to grab her head. “If you are going to use your mouth then at least swallow him completely like a good little skank.”
Forcing her head down Fleur just made out the sound of gagging as her sister took their lover completely into her mouth, a moment later she let the struggling girl back up, “See, now that's better. If you aren't going to use your mouth properly then I am going to have to help you. Now do it again and I don't want to hear any whining, we both know how wet your little cunt is being used like this. If you can do it on your own by Christmas maybe I will convince Harry to fuck your cute pussy until you pass out hm?”

Her eyes dim and glazed over Gabbie still managed a nod, before returning to her duties, and trying to take him completely into her throat once again.

***LoD***

“Potter, we need to talk.”

The boy-who-lived glanced over from where his task of securing his luggage at the female standing in the entrance to the carriage. Instantly, he recognized the ‘Head Girl’ badge on her uniform. With a slight nod to the other Slytherins he rose and followed the other teen to a different section of the train and once inside noted that she sealed it behind them.

“I heard you were Head Boy.”

He nodded, before pulling his own badge from his pocket. “I am Miss Fawley, I just haven’t gotten around to putting the symbol on yet.”

The sneer on her face, he decided, was rather unattractive.

“This is complete bull and you know it. Head Boy and Girl are supposed to be seventh years and previous Prefects, not some celebrity who the Headmaster favors!”

Harry tilted his head slightly to the side in curiosity, “Odd, considering that the Head Boy and Girl are selected by the Headmaster in the first place. Does that mean he didn’t favor you?”

The Witch’s sneer tightened as her face reddened in anger, “Listen you little brat unlike you I actually am deserving of this position, and a Pureblood. You on the other hand are just some spoiled teen who gets whatever he wants. I’ve heard all about your little ‘sign up’ sheet Potter and you had better get rid of it this year. I’m not going to be taking your responsibilities while you are off shagging a bunch of sluts. You wanted this honor so you better…”

“Would you kindly shut up.” He snapped in annoyance, earning an incredulous stare from the older girl. “In case you haven’t noticed I take on far more responsibilities as is and still maintain the highest grades in the school along with whatever activities I choose to do in my free time. I did not ask for the status as Head Boy and quite frankly I am a bit annoyed that I will have even less time to myself than the last few years. If that is all I believe we will be late for the Prefect meeting.”

He walked past her to the door, only to find Millicent on the other side, waiting nervously.

“Miss Bulstrode? Is everything alright?”

“A voice called from behind the boy, one that had regained its annoyed tone, “Well you did, so kindly bugger off. Potter and I…””

“Were just on our way to the Prefect meeting, but I have a few moments to talk if that will be sufficient my dear.”
The Head Girl growled once again, clearly tired of being ignored, “No you don’t, if we don’t go now…” The look he gave her when he turned slightly to look back made the girl regret pushing for his attention.

“It is our job to teach the Prefects is it not? To ensure that the students are being taken care of? You wanted me to do my job, I am doing so. Surely you can handle a room full of teenagers for a few minutes by yourself?”

Any objection Leanne Fawley was about to use died on her lips as the two Slytherins walked off toward an unused carriage, the train beginning its departure as they did so.

***LoD***

“I hope I didn’t get you into any trouble…”

The Potter heir waved off the girl’s concerns, “Nonsense, Prefects, the Head Boy, and Girl are supposed to be taking care of the other students. Besides Miss Fawley was being rather irritating. So, tell me Millie, what is wrong?”

She hesitated, even after going over what she had planned several times in her mind, and in front of a mirror, it was still a rather awkward conversation to have.

Especially for someone with poor self-esteem.

Clearing her throat, the Witch shifted a bit in place, and then cleared her throat again as her nerves and the situation caught up with her. “I uhm… was informed that my father spoke to Lord Black.” A raven-haired clad head tilted to the side, silently asking for her to elaborate. “Concerning uhm… well my future and… the potential change in Pureblood Hierarchy.”

Harry nodded in understanding, “Ah the future children being the next generation theory.”

“Yes.”

His face shifted into a frown, “I get the impression he did not ask your opinion about such a thing.”

This time it was her head that shook, “No… he did not. If he had I would have spoken to you about it beforehand.” Although what exactly she would have said escaped her. All Slytherins knew how their Lord felt about such contracts, especially when one of the participants was not consulted.

“What are your thoughts on it then? You are one of the few who never signed up on Hermione’s list, but the rumor is you have considered it.”

If she had been nervous before the girl was positive that she was having a panic attack now. “I… I uhm… I just… I know that I’m not… pretty…”

A sigh escaped his lips, “Do you know how many others have said this same thing to me? Others that many would consider beautiful? I want to give you the same advice as I gave one of our classmates fourth year. The key to being ‘sexy’ is confidence my dear. It is knowing you are attractive and ignoring what others may think of you.” He walked towards her, appearing almost like a predator stalking his prey, and forcing her back against the wall. He continued until he was close enough that she could feel his breath on her skin, sending shivers through her body.

“You are sexy Millie, you just need to realize it yourself. Do you have any idea how many would kill for curves like yours?” he reached out, his hand tracing just about the clothing covering her chest. “How many girls struggle with the anxiety of being called ‘flat chested’ or ‘skinny and frail’?”
The hand dipped south, passing across her stomach and hips. “We are all different, in both body and mind, and the key is to embrace these differences rather than scorn them. Keep this in mind, and hopefully I will see your name on the list this year. I would love to show you how to enjoy yourself.”

With that he turned and departed, leaving her red-faced and panting with a mixture of stress and desire.

***LoD***

“Where are we heading to Albus?”

The former Headmaster turned back to his two companions, Alastor having stayed behind in England to continue making preparations and attempting to gather additional aid, “We are heading to Italy in order to procure an ancient artifact that may help us in the future battle.”

Grindelwald gave a snort as he rolled his eyes, “We have done nothing but prepare for over two weeks now Albus. Strategies and counter-spells for the boy’s known abilities, crafting items to nullify and warp the environment… do you truly believe he will be a threat after all of this facing down the three of us?”

“I am not sure if you have noticed my old friend, but you have been out of practice dueling for several decades now, as have you Aberforth. Another Wizard was sure of his own victory several years ago and fell to Harry without so much as drawing blood. To face him without several plans is to ensure our defeat.”

While the former Dark Lord scoffed the youngest turned his attention back to his brother, “And you are sure about our timetable Albus? I am not doing this for you and that monster you know, I am doing this to try and prevent catastrophe.”

A nod answered the question, “Yes, Aberforth I am positive. If Harry is attempting such a wide scale ritual it will require him to utilize a day of Magical significance. The earliest I predict he could do this would be the solstice.”

“Then we should stop dawdling and continue on our way, I am not sure if either of you know this, but we only have a few months to get this relic you speak of.” Gellert urged, before earnings a nod from his former friend.

***LoD***

“I would like to issue a warm welcome to returning students as well as those whose first year it is at Hogwarts. A reminder that the rules and regulations have changed since last year, and that there is a chance they will continue to evolve in months to come as well. Along with this the staff structure has been modified so that your Head of House will be dedicated solely to you and your fellow classmates. If there are any concerns at all I would hope you will turn to them. If you do not feel comfortable then my door is always open.”

With that the students sat down for the welcoming feast, while Severus Snape allowed his mind to wander for the first time in months. So many things had changed in just a year. With Dumbledore still on the run, the government still going through changes, and Harry’s power continuing to increase it did not bode well for a calm, nor peaceful, school year.

***LoD***
Lord of Darkness

Adjustments & Capture

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

***LoD***

“I must say I am rather surprised Headmaster, about the changes and decisions thus far.”

Snape quirked an eyebrow in curiosity. Most of what had transpired had been directly caused by the
teen currently musing about the bookshelves full of Potions and Spell creation now lining the office.

Pausing over one title he continued, “I was not expecting to be Head Boy for example.”

“No?” The former Head of House inquired, “I think it seemed like a rather inevitable conclusion.”

Harry turned, refocusing his attention onto the older man, “Next year maybe, but not in my sixth. I
understand why you would nominate me, Lordship and all, but for anyone else to accept it...”

“Quite the opposite,” Severus interrupted gently, “I was told by more than a few staff members that
you should have been in the position last year, and had it not been for the Dumbledore you would
have been. It was a combination of your grades, influence among your peers, as well as the changes
you have made not only at Hogwarts but the government as well.”

Staring off into space for a few moments the teen pondered this, before returning his focus to the
situation at hand. “How very interesting, and what are your thoughts on the additional staff
members?”

“For the most part I agree with them, although having another Weasley present certainly would not
have been my first choice as a Head of House.”

The Potter heir actually let out a faint snort, “Indeed, but perhaps Percy will whip them into shape. I
am actually somewhat surprised that you do not have your future wife with you at the school.”

This statement actually had the man flinch slightly as he shifted about in his chair, “We are... no
longer engaged to be married. We talked about it during our vacation and agreed that we would
likely not be a good couple, and that we both needed to move on instead. As for her employment...it
was a... unpleasant conversation that we had to have. I did not want her staying home alone,
especially with Dumbledore still free doing who knows what, but I also thought it might be a bit too
soon to have a woman by the name of 'Lily Evans' walk back into Hogwarts... it would raise more
than a few questions. She wanted to be helping, whether here or out looking for Dumbledore
though...”

“And how did that argument go?”

“We... compromised on a few things...”

“Oh?”
Again, Snape twitched a bit, “She agreed to stay home, and safe, for the time being but it meant more than a few compromises on my part. I had forgotten how stubborn she could be once she set her mind on something. Luckily, I had the request of her taking care of Arianna for the time being, something she was more than happy to do I still owe her several favors, however.”

A teasing grin formed on the teen's face, “Oh that can only mean trouble. Whenever I owed Hedwig or any other girl a ‘favor’ it always ended up costing me quite a bit.”

“The difference, my Lord, is when you owed a female, they usually demanded something sexual, mine will undoubtedly be far less pleasant.”

***LoD***

Gabrielle Delacour was giddy, no more than giddy, she was ecstatic. True, her private tutoring sessions had gone well, exceedingly well in fact, and she had more than caught up with her studies and probably moved a year or two ahead, which they would determine through testing over the next week, but it had still been somewhat lonely.

Now though? Now she was back at school with children closer to her own age. Even better, she had been sorted into Ravenclaw. She had been hoping to be a Slytherin with Harry, but she had also heard that Luna was very lonely in her House. Now she could change that! They could have slumber parties, and even meet up with her other sisters and spend time with them!

After the massive dinner the young Veela had followed her other classmates up to their area, had been explained the various oddities and rules of the castle and then been shown to the girl’s section of the dorms. That was when the smiling faces had dropped.

“You think you’re smarter than us huh?”

Gabbie blinked in confusion, had she acted that way? Before she could answer another girl chimed in, taking a menacing step forward. “We know all about Veela” she spat, that you always take everyone’s attention, that you think you are so superior to everyone else, and now you have these so called ‘tests’ to figure out what year you should be in. You shouldn’t even be at Hogwarts!”

The young blonde took a step back, fear forming in her eyes as she was pushed back into the wall, that is until an airy voice called out from behind the group. “You shouldn’t pick on her.”

One girl snorted, “And why is that Looney?”

For a single instance the French Witch swore she saw something dark flash in her friend’s eyes before it was gone a moment later, regardless her heart skipped a beat, “Oh no reason really, but she is Harry Potter’s. He bought her and her sister near the end of the TriWizard Tournament remember?”

She wasn’t quite sure if she had ever seen an expression so ugly in her life, Gabbie decided, when observing the older, and obvious leader of the group’s, sneer. “So what, just because Potter can use her as a sex toy means she is better than us?”

A soft hum emanated from Luna, who tilted her head as if in deep consideration, “No, but the fact that he would do so means she is. We all know he wouldn’t even look at you.”

The, rather ugly, girl went for her Wand, and even managed to draw it before she dropped to the floor in screaming agony. Gabbie had barely managed to catch the flash of the Lovegood heiress’ own when it had been drawn. She was quite sure the others hadn’t even seen that much.
“Oh dear, you seem to have fallen down and hurt yourself.” The air had become frosty and the room near silent as the blonde slowly stalked towards her prey, the other girls immediately dispersing in an abrupt panic. For the youngest though, something else was now pumping through her veins, a dark adrenaline that had her heart beating faster and faster as her attention focused in on the other blonde. “It would be such a shame if something happened to you, like getting lost in the Forbidden Forest. I heard that quite a few students have never come back from there, you wouldn’t want that now… would you?”

There was an innocence in the older Luna’s tone, and yet something masked beneath it, a veiled threat that Gabbie could only assume was a Ravenclaw trait, had she been thinking clearly at the time rather than feeling heat pooling in her stomach. Regardless, it seemed to have reached its mark, and the injured girl quickly shook her head, terror now present in her eyes instead.

With a slightly twisted smirk Luna stood and gestured for the younger girl to follow her towards their beds, which had been selected earlier on. Once privacy had been assured the older Witch towards the Veela, and immediately noticed the look in her eyes, intrigue, desire, and lust.

“I know what you want...” the blonde whispered, taking a step closer and running her fingers across the young girl's lips in a teasing, sensuous manner. “I can see it in your eyes, how much you crave the darkness. You want this don't you? To be used and dominated...”

A soft whimper escaped her 'victim' as she tried to close the distance and just do something to alleviate the warmth burning inside her.

But Luna was expecting it, and held her back, “Nuh uh uh... not yet. You belong to Harry, and he will claim you first. But once he has, once he has ravaged that cute little body of yours, and when he gives permission... then we can set up a little group session...” the older girl slowly circled the younger, her eyes wondering over the smaller Witch's form. “Harry isn't like other Wizards. He enjoys giving others pleasure and loves having... group fun.”

“I-I want to... I need to...” Gabbie practically whined out, earning a smile from the older Ravenclaw.

“Good... Harry isn't going to push, if you want this you need to tell him, to show him.”

The younger girl nodded, trying to clear away the lust soaking her mind.

***LoD***

“My name is Narcissa Malfoy and I will be your Head of House this year. I understand that last year was more than a little rough and stressful for many of you, so I want you all to understand that the entire staff is working to correct this problem. That said if anyone here is having problems in a class, with other students, or even an adult I would encourage you to speak with me about this. Now, are there any questions?”

One, a younger girl, raised her hand and earned a gesture from the woman, “Uhm... are you related to Draco?”

Narcissa smiled, “Yes, he is my son, but before anyone begins to worry, I assure you that there will be no favoritism. If anything it is going to be far harder for him to slack off since I will be seeing his grades first hand.” she shot the teen a glance, who immediately lit up in a blush and realized that although having a parent as his Head of House sounded like an advantage, it also meant he would be monitored far closer.

***LoD***
“It isn’t fair” Ronald Weasley whined as he sprawled out in the chair, “I was Prefect last year, why wouldn’t I be one this year as well?” Across the desk his older brother merely shook his head, attempting to get something done despite the intrusion.

“It doesn’t work that way Ron you know that. Both Pansy Parkinson and Parvati Patil lost their positions as well.”

The younger boy gave out a rather loud groan, “I know, and even worse Parvati basically gave it to Granger. I mean she is annoying enough as is and now she thinks she is soooo important.”

Percy let out a sigh, “If I remember correctly you acted the same way when you received your Prefect badge last year.”

“That was different though. At least I didn’t take points from Gryffindor or give detentions! It hasn’t even been two weeks and I have already had three!”

Nodding, the older redhead opened one of his desk drawers and pulled out an envelope with his brother’s name on it, “I know, I approved them.”

“You... what!”?

“I approved them Ron. Unlike last year, detentions need to be approved by at least two members of the staff before they become official. Miss Granger handed me all the reports herself to give you the benefit of the doubt, and I agreed with her. All three had no less than half a dozen witnesses to you picking fights, insulting, and drawing your Wand on your classmates.”

“B-b-but they are snakes! You know they are evil!”

“No, they aren’t they are children Ron, no different than you, except apparently far less angry at the World. If anything, you would do to learn a little respect and work ethic from your peers. As your Head of House, I have access to your grades, and you are already behind in half your subjects. You need to stop worrying about what others think and start focusing on your studies.”

The younger Weasley merely stood and stormed off, muttering about how unfair it all was.

***LoD***

‘That little bastard’ the Head Girl internally raged as she paced back and forth in her private quarters. She, like everyone else in the school, had naturally heard about the Potter heir and all the perks he seemed to enjoy above and beyond what any normal student did. At first, they had assumed it was due to his defeat of the Dark Lord as a child, that the Headmaster gave him these privileges as a reward.

But as the years went on those rumors went unsubstantiated. The teen did not seem to enjoy more of a relationship with Dumbledore than any other student would, and when he did it was usually after some ridiculous accomplishment or discovery. None could argue with the fact that the brat was ridiculously intelligent.

“I worked so hard to get here… all the long hours put in, the extra studying… then he just waltzes onto the train and is made Head Boy by Snape…”

Leanne Fawley had often wondered, along with many of her classmates, why she had been sorted in Hufflepuff when she was clearly destined for greater things. In her third year she had approached her Head of House about this fact, but Sprout had given her a kind smile and a mysterious answer about how ‘sometimes the Sorting Hat chooses based on what you need rather than what you are.’
The Pureblood slowed until she stopped in front of a nearby mirror to take in her appearance. She had far shorter hair than what was considered ‘popular’ and, unlike most Purebloods, it was a rich brown instead of black or blonde. Her figure was what most boy’s, much to her annoyance, considered ‘average’. Not thin and lithe or overly large and stacked, but somewhere in between.

Not that she cared. The seventh year wasn’t interested in dating, or any type of romantic relationship in general. She had far more important things to do, Leanne was going to force others to notice her. She was going to graduate Hogwarts the top of her class and secure a job the moment she stepped outside of those doors for the last time. After her career was stable then she could pursue a betrothal. Right now, there just wasn’t time.

Still, a treacherous thought wormed its way into her mind, that maybe the reason she had been placed into Hufflepuff was not to stand out, but rather to make friends. She had always considered the notion to be pointless. Why pretend to be someone else for the sake of a few temporary relationships with those she would likely never need to encounter after Hogwarts? As for those she undoubtedly would deal with, well the important thing wasn’t friendship, but rather respect. They would see her drive and ambition, things far more important in the real world than what Quidditch team one wasted time on as a teenager or how many boys you could snog.

The Witch let out a sigh before sitting down at a nearby desk and running her hands over the various quills nearby, an action that had an unusual calming effect on her. Maybe she was a bit too stressed out, like more than one of her classmates had muttered in passing. Although she wasn’t happy with the crass suggestions of ‘just needing a good shag’ she could certainly see the appeal at times. Women could enjoy meaningless sex too and did so quite often by the rumors that came from the Slytherin House. Would it be that awful to at least investigate the Head Boy’s reputation?

***LoD***

“What do you mean you don’t approve!?”

For not the first time Percy Weasley was beginning to regret his application to become the Gryffindor Head of House. Had his little brother always been such a brat?

“What I mean Ron, is that I am not approving your request for a club. You have no consistency in the application, you haven’t mentioned what role it fills or who will be leading it…”

The younger boy immediately interrupted, much to the elder’s irritation, “Me of course! I’m going to be teaching all the students that join!”

“Teaching them what Ron?”

This had the teen pausing in consideration, he had always just assumed that he would be able to teach his fellow classmates how to be like him, but clearly that wouldn’t work this time. “How to be a good Gryffindor. How to be brave, loyal, and awesome!”

Percy stared back in silence, secretly trying to remember if his parent’s, or the twins, had dropped his brother on his head as a child.

“Still denied Ron, if you can come up with an actual lesson plan or outline then we can discuss it further.”

Once more the youngest Weasley son stormed from the room, muttering about how unfair everything was.

***LoD***
“And that class, is what we will be working on Thursday, but that is all the time we have for today. Please begin packing up your tools and clean up your work areas, Neville could I talk to you for a moment in private please?”

Said boy nodded, before moving to the front of the class where the professor was standing. As the last of his classmates departed the woman let out a deep sigh, “How are you doing?”

“T’m okay, it’s a bit weird being Prefect and all though.”

She smiled warmly, “Your father and I were so thrilled when we saw your badge, but that doesn’t mean you should do something that you don’t want to just because we are proud sweetheart. Are you happy?”

He gave a slight shrug, “I guess so, I mean it isn’t as time consuming as I thought it would be but...”

“But?”

“It hasn’t made being friends with certain people any easier.”

Alice Longbottom nodded, “Ron Weasley I assume?” Upon receiving a confirming nod, she let out another sigh, “I heard from other staff members, including his older brother, that he isn’t taking it very well. These things tend to happen when positions of power get changed sweetheart, jealousy is very common in school.”

Immediately, the teen’s thoughts went to Harry and Draco, both of whom had congratulated him during the first Prefect meeting.

“So,” and here a teasing grin formed on his mother's face, “how are things with Susan?”

“They are...” he blushed a little as he thought about the girl, “good, really good.”

Alice nodded, “So things are getting a bit more serious between you two then?”

He shifted a bit to mask his embarrassment, “Y-yeah she has been kind of hinting at getting an apartment together after school... I mean when we get jobs and all.”

Nodding, the professor continued with her ‘motherly duties’, “Word also has it that she has been eyeing up a certain raven-haired best friend of yours as well...” The woman wasn't sure what type of reaction she was expecting, the top two would have normally been anger or jealousy. What she was rather surprised by, however, was the slightly deepening blush given by her son, followed by a few stammered responses.

She had originally wanted her son to know so that he could avoid future heartbreak, but now it seemed the situation required a different approach, “Sweetie, just remember that the two of you are still very young. This is the time of your life to see what is out there, experiment a little, and have fun. Neither your father or I want you growing up and missing out on experiences because you found your soulmate in school and then focused entirely on her, or her on you.”

“So you wouldn’t be mad if Susan and I...”

“As long as you two are being safe and not hurting each other or anyone else, no. Why when your father and I were your age we flirted with the idea of asking James and Lily Potter if they wanted to do a little bit of a swap and...”

The teen immediately covered his ears and rushed to pick up his supplies, noting that he would be
late for class and such a thing would be 'most inappropriate' for a Prefect. She merely laughed, before
shaking her head, it was nice being able to shake her son out of his bad moods while he was at
school.

***LoD***

“So, my Lord, I heard a rather hilarious rumor today.”

Harry glanced up from the book he was currently reading through to focus his attention on the
blonde Malfoy heir, a sign for the other to continue.

“And apparently,” Draco paused to suppress the urge to laugh, “Ronald Weasley is trying to start up a
club to oppose the 'Slytherin agenda', he even named it 'Weasley's Warriors' can you believe that
crap? Pansy overheard some of the younger students talking about how the idiot is offering private
lessons to anyone who joins. What would he even teach them? He is practically failing out of all his
classes and his so called 'Quiditch skills' are mediocre at best. Even better his own brother didn’t
approve its creation, so he is trying to go behind everyone’s backs to do it.”

The emerald-eyed boy gave a shrug, “My guess is he is attempting to reclaim some of the 'power and
authority' he held last year under Umbridge. Still, it does present a rather interesting idea.”

Draco narrowed his eyes in concentration, “You think someone should offer private lessons from
your ranks as well?”

“Yes, except not private lessons. Ron wants to create separation in the school once again, especially
now that most of the Houses are almost united. I would rather continue this trend and show Mr.
Weasley exactly whose position is more popular.”

***LoD***

Millicent, Millie, Bulstrode stared at the object not two feet from her face. She knew what
it was, every girl at Hogwarts probably knew by now, but not what exactly she should do next. Harry had
talked with her, flirted with her even. Her! The girl that everyone else was either afraid of or mocked when they thought she wasn’t paying
attention or couldn’t hear them. Why would her Lord ever be interested in carnal pleasures with
her!?

It was a testament to how deep in thought she truly was when a voice gently asked what she was
doing, and the large girl practically jumped in the air. Spinning around fast enough to earn whiplash,
the heiress spotted Tracey Davis looking between her and ‘The List’, curiosity rather than judgement
on her face.

“I-I…”

“Are you thinking about signing up Millie? I don’t remember ever seeing your name on there
before.”

When the Pureblood began feeling tears well up in her eyes, whether from embarrassment or stress
she wasn’t quite sure, she quickly turned away to hide them. “N-no, no of course not. I was just
uhm…”

“Checking out what others might be into? There’s nothing wrong with being curious or even writing
your name on it you know. Practically all the girls from our class have at some point or another.”
A very unladylike snort escaped the taller Witch’s lips, “Yeah well… they aren’t ugly so not that surprising.” The sharp gasp from the other teen earned her attention and caused her to turn, uncertain of what she might see.

“You… you don’t actually think that do you!”

Normally Millicent would have denied it, played it off as a joke but she was just so… so sick of pretending to be okay at this point. “Of course, why wouldn’t I? It’s not like it’s a secret Tracey, everyone knows I’m not attractive, that I’m overweight and bulky, that I’m not feminine enough. Don’t pretend that you have never heard the snickers when I walk past a table at lunch or in the library!”

This time it was Half-Blood’s turn to look away, only her reason was shame. “I… I’m sorry Millie… you’re right, I heard but I just… you always seemed so confident and sure of yourself, I didn’t think you actually believed that garbage.”

“You try hearing about how fat and awful you are for five years and tell me it doesn’t wear you down.” The other snapped in irritation.

Rather than pulling away Tracey merely nodded sadly, “That would hurt anyone… but it isn’t true. You are pretty you just need to believe it for yourself. Think of your biggest fantasy and put your name down. It might surprise you a little, but Harry loves that kind of stuff. Roleplaying, kinks, and more.”

***LoD***

Headmaster Severus Snape quickly read over the form that had been handed to him by his Lord, before glancing back up at the boy, and his Head of House who stood behind him.

“Surely you are joking?”

“Not at all Headmaster, I was hoping to start up a school club to show unity and support to all of the students.”

The Potion Master waved off his explanation, “Not that, I think it is a rather good idea. I mean you are joking about asking my permission correct?”

The raven-haired head tilted to the side in confusion, “All requests for newly formed clubs are required to be approved by the Headmaster after being signed off on by their Head of House.” He recited easily, earning Snape a smirk from Narcissa.

The Wizard felt a headache forming.

“Besides, I wouldn’t want to break the rules as Ronald Weasley did with his club attempt. Such a thing would be very unbecoming of my status as Head Boy.”

“I agree Harry,” the woman chimed in, earning a slight glare from the Headmaster, “but I do hope we can go over a few more of the details in my office later tonight, just to ensure everything is in order.”

The former Head of Slytherin quickly signed the request before gesturing for them to leave. He had no interest in continuing to sit through their not-so-subtle flirting.

***LoD***
Jean Delacour growled in annoyance as he activated the Portkey that he had purchased a few days prior. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go, Dumbledore had promised to contact him with information on how he was going to proceed. Instead, the elderly Wizard had practically vanished off the face of the planet for weeks.

Sure, there were the occasional sightings he would hear rumors about, but after losing the vast amount of his resources he was down to relying on family and the few favors he still held. He had even been forced to begin looking into the private sector for employment, due to his already limited funding nearly running out.

Two days prior, however, the man had finally caught wind of a legitimate sighting of the former Headmaster and was determined to get some answers as to when he could finally enact his vengeance upon his former daughters and the Potter bastard.

Appearing at one of the official stations of England's Ministry of Magic, the French Wizard straightened his robe, only wrinkled due to a clearly defective Portkey design, before picking up his bag and walking to the exit. As he opened the door, however, a pair of Aurors were there to greet him.

“Jean Delacour?”

“What is the meaning of this?” the man growled back, already annoyed at the inconveniences he had been forced to tolerate thus far.

One of the men gave a nod to the other, “You are under arrest for abandonment of a minor, child endangerment, fraud, falsifying of legal documents, and making threats against a citizen. You are hereby ordered to accompany us for processing where a trial date will be assigned at a later date. Do you wish to contact a lawyer now or after processing?”

The man merely let out a chain of profanities in French.

***LoD***

Pansy Parkinson growled in annoyance as Daphne headed off for another Prefect meeting. Why is it that the year she had been a Prefect it was boring, but when the Greengrass heiress was given the privilege she got to spend more time with Harry?

“Completely unfair...” she muttered, trying to return to her homework that was due in a few days. The bright side, of course, was that Umbridge was gone and they had far better staff members overall than they had for the past few years.

Still, it wasn’t fair that everyone else seemed to be getting more ‘Harry time’ than she was. A fact that she was making very clear to Slytherin that so much as sat in the same room as her for any extended amount of time. There was still hope, however. She had been informed of the potential future regarding her Lord’s children, and that she was in consideration if she was interested.

Interested? Hell, if he so much as hinted at having his child, she would drop her knickers right then and there for him. Regardless of how much she wanted, needed, him the young Witch still had to be somewhat discreet about her obsession, especially around their new Head of House, and her future mother-in-law.

Speaking of which, “Miss Parkinson, a word in my office please.”

The girl let out a sigh, before closing her book, picking up her assignment and heading into the private room where the Malfoy Matron had stepped. A chair was promptly gestured to, and taken by
the teen, while the woman closed the door and took a seat behind a wooden desk across from her.

“You have been having trouble concentrating lately.” It wasn’t an accusation, so much as the older female stating a fact, one that Pansy found she couldn’t exactly argue. “Would this have anything to do with your relationship with my son?”

Shaking her head, perhaps a bit too quickly, the Parkinson heiress was quick to deny any of that type of rumor. She still had a future with Draco, was still betrothed to him and still intended to honor that agreement. “No lady Malfoy, Draco and I have a good relationship with each other.”

Her Head of House nodded, before tapping the desk a few times, as if pondering how to address the situation, “You know I was a teenager once myself, and much like you I too was betrothed to an heir of another family.”

Pansy nodded, already being informed of the Malfoy family history by her mother years prior.

“I had such hopes,” the woman continued on, “and dreams, the normal ones all teenage girls have I suppose. I dreamt of a beautiful man coming and sweeping me off my feet. Of sharing my life with him and having children. Of waking up next to each other in passionate embraces and simply growing older and more in love as time went on…” Narcissa trailed off, her eyes taking on a faraway look as she remembered the past, and the fantasies she once had.

A slight shift from the Parkinson heiress brought the older Witch back to the moment at hand, “But that was all they were, childish dreams. What I found was a business partnership rather than love. A curt nod rather than an embrace, talk of politics instead of loving declarations, and a cold bed far too large for one person to comfortably sleep in.”

Silence fell between the two women, as Pansy soaked in what had been said. It was, once again, her future mother-in-law who broke the quiet, “I am not saying that Draco will be like his father, perhaps he will not be but…”

“He is…” Pansy whispered, a humorless chuckle forming in her chest. “He is already becoming exactly what you described.”

Narcissa’s eyes softened, “I am so sorry, I tried to emphasize what relationships could, and should, be like to my son but… he admires his father and strives to be like him more than he desires to be as his mother suggests.”

The dark-skinned girl nodded, “It is alright, I already told you that I would not break the agreement I have with him. I was given the option and chose to stay with it even knowing what would eventually become of my life.”

“There are…” the older woman paused for a moment, as if tasting the words before she spoke them, “alternatives to the lifestyle I had to endure for so many years. Agreements that can be made for the taking of others alongside of one’s spouse.”

“A Lord, for instance?” the Parkinson heiress’ tone was teasing and light, yet they both knew who the other had been involved with.

Narcissa nodded, “Yes, my suggestion, Miss Parkinson, would be to find a career that you enjoy before you graduate, ensure that it is one that is not physically demanding, and conceive a child for the Malfoy name as swiftly as possible. Once that ‘obligation’ is done you may find yourself in a position to have a far more sensual affair with a certain raven-haired man… perhaps even give him a child as well.”
Letting out a sigh Lavender Brown tried to finish her Charms essay for the week, but simply couldn’t focus on the words, or even recall what they were supposed to be writing about.

School, hell life, had become complicated.

Early on it was simple, do some homework, hang out with her friends, whisper about cute boys behind their backs… but the previous year had thrown everything into chaos and confusion.

‘No,’ she mentally corrected herself, ‘it was before that. It was at the Yule Ball in fourth year, those moments with Harry…’

Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived, slayer of Voldemort, Champion of Hogwarts, and the single most desirable boy in their class, hell probably the most desirable in the entire school, had shagged her.

And, quite frankly, it had been the most amazing experience of her life thus far.

The problem now was how much she missed him. There hadn’t been time for her to try and get him alone the previous year, not with everyone else hogging his attention for the limited time he was at school. To make matters worse her so called ‘boyfriend’ had been an absolute prat. Whoever had decided that Ronald Weasley would be a good ‘authority figure’ needed to have their sanity checked.

At the end of the prior year she had promised herself to figure things out during the summer. She had broken up with Ron to give herself a break from the drama, and to finally make a decision when it came to the various relationships. Yes, she had spent a wonderful, lust fueled evening with Harry… but since then there had been nothing between them, and that was ignoring the fact that he had already been unofficially ‘claimed’ by more than a few of those closest to him. Lavender wanted a husband that put her first, not one that she had to share and wonder when she would see, or sleep with, next. Deep down there had been a whisper that maybe Ron would come back a changed man. That he would see what a terrible person he had been during the previous year and would attempt to make everything right, that the previous year’s fallout would teach him humility and that maybe, just maybe, they could try and be a couple again.

Thus far that voice had been sorely disappointed, and she had spent more few hours planning ways to avoid the redhead, especially during his rants or attempts at bullying other students.

The teen let out a defeated sigh, “What would Harry tell me to do…”

Lavender had been so caught up in her own thoughts that she hadn’t heard her roommate enter moments prior, and thus had not been expecting an answer to her question. What she got instead was, “That depends, but usually ‘whatever makes you happy’.”

The girl practically fell off her bed, before spinning towards the voice, and noticing Hermione Granger beginning her own homework nearby.

“I-I-I… uh…”

Glancing up, the bookworm gave a slight shrug, “Sorry for interrupting, but I figure it might have been more awkward if I hadn’t said anything and you realized I was here after talking to yourself for another few minutes.”

Blushing, the girl gave a slight nod, “Hey uh… Hermione…”

“Yeah?”
“You… know Harry Potter really well right?”

The bushy-haired girl snorted, “Considering I spend most of my summer with him and sleep with him fairly regularly, yes I do.”

“I’m… not sure what to do about… well at the Yule Ball I sort of…”

Hermione gave a nod in understanding, saving her roommate from any further embarrassment, “And you were dating Ron at the time.”

“Y-yeah…”

She pressed on, “And if the rumors are true you still are dating him.”

Lavender shook her head, “No, I broke it off at the end of last year.”

“And now you are stuck seeing him every day, while seeing Harry and the others who are happy with him.”

The confused girl let out a groan of frustration, “Exactly! What do you think I should do?”

“I think if you are confused and seriously debating this then you already have your answer. If Ron was the one, then it would be an easy choice.”

Giving a nod the Pureblood paused as another question came to her mind, “Hey Hermione… did you ever wonder if Harry was the one for…”

“No, I never have. I knew I wanted to spend my life with him for years now, no matter who I have to share him with.”

***LoD***

A certain redhaired Gryffindor growled in annoyance as she sat with nearly a room full of other students. It was the first official day of Harry’s tutoring lessons, and the room was practically overflowing with volunteers who had wanted to attend.

That wasn’t the reason she was angry though, seeing Harry for an extra period always put a smile on her face and watching him teach was an amazing experience in and of itself. In fact, she had already made a mental note to suggest teaching as a future profession for her Lord.

Two things were giving her an itch to Curse someone, however. One, was that her brother Ron was a complete and utter dolt and had inadvertently cut into their ‘Harry time’ with his stupid unspoken challenge. Second, and far more pressing at this matter, were the dreamy sighs that Romilda Vane was still letting out every few seconds while she stared at her lover. Hadn’t they talked about this last year? She could have sworn that they had, about how her creepy ‘fangirl’ attitude was pissing all the girls off and that if the little brat didn’t cut it out they were going to deal with her.

Apparently, the conversation had gone over the dimwit’s head. Another sigh emanated from the girl next to her, and Ginny Weasley made a note to find the girl after the class. Normally her and the others were against adding more ‘additions’ to the already packed list of those requesting Harry’s attention, but quite frankly the bitch was pissing her off and if it took Harry pushing her face first into a mattress and using her like a cheap whore to make her shut up, then sacrifices would have to be made.

***LoD***
“My Lord” Snape greeted silkily as he poured the teen a glass of wine. He wasn’t sure if the boy would drink it, but it was always a courteous thing to offer.

The teen greeted him in kind, but gently refused the offer with a gesture. “You look as though you could use it far more than I Headmaster.” He teasingly replied, earning a soft chuckle and a nod as the man fell back into the comfort of his chair. It had been a long couple of weeks.

After a few sips the older man asked the question that had been at the back of his mind for some time, “What do you think Dumbledore’s next move will be?”

Humming in consideration the student took a chair across from the former professor, “Oh I would imagine for now he is gathering what few allies he can still find and making a suitably desperate plan to try and stop me once and for all. Undoubtedly, he will strike here, probably on either a weekend or holiday break when the student count is minimal. He has no hope of breaking into the Malfoy mansion or ambushing me outside of school, and any attempts at drawing me out would risk heavy Auror involvement as well.”

Snape held back the shiver of dread that threatened to roll through his body. He had no doubts the elderly Wizard knew more ways in and out of Hogwarts than possibly anyone else alive at this point. If he wanted in, he would find a way.

“There is the possibility of him going after others beforehand though, to weaken your base as he tried to do last year.”

Harry frowned, “True… with the information he has I believe he will strike at me first but there is a chance…”

The man waited in silence, watching as the teen went through scenarios and plans faster than anyone else possibly could before reaching a conclusion. “That simply will not do. If Dumbledore has even the slightest intention of going after my more vulnerable followers, then we simply will have to remind him of the fact that time is on our side and not his.”

“How do you intend to do so my Lord?”

The smirk that formed on his Lord’s face did nothing to quell the anxiety Severus Snape was feeling.

***LoD***
Repercussions & Ultimatums

Lord of Darkness

Repercussions & Ultimatums

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

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***LoD***

“Excuse me Professor, but there is someone here to see miss Delacour. I was told it is a family emergency.”

The teacher nodded, before signaling the young, slightly panicking, blonde to go with the Prefect, but not before informing her to stop by later for her assignment. Minutes later the older student had escorted the younger to a previously empty classroom, now setup to be a meeting room for family of students and staff.

Inside sat Gabrielle's older sister, who immediately stood and moved to pull the younger into a hug, while the other individual excused himself to leave the two girls some privacy.

“Gabbie, it is so good to see you.”

“I-is everything okay? Are you...”

Fleur's finger found her mouth, gently silencing her, “I am fine Gabbie, I just wanted to be the one to tell you what has happened.”

“What is it?”

The older blonde sighed, before gently guiding her sister to a comfortable couch and taking a seat as well, “Father was arrested earlier this week.”

Gabrielle's eyes widened in shock, her mouth opening just enough to let out a gasp.

“Apparently, he was on his way to England for what he assumed was a meeting with Dumbledore, but instead the Aurors intercepted him and he was promptly arrested. He is waiting for his trial date.”

“And... mama?”

Fleur let out another sigh, “Harry wrote me a letter earlier today asking if I wanted an input on if something should be done with her. She is still in France though. That is one of the reasons I came here, I want to talk with you about it. Harry wasn't sure you would be up for such a discussion.”

The younger of the two nodded silently, wiping away a few tears that had formed in her eyes. True, she always cared more for her sister than for either of her parents, but they were still her parents. The thought of something permanent happening to them sent spikes of pain through her heart.

“Gabbie? I know this is a lot to think about and if you want me to just sort it out with Harry I can...”

She shook her head, “No, they are my parents too. Papa was a cruel man and he should be punished but mama...”
“She didn’t try and stop him Gabbie, not once. She knew what he was trying to do, that he was trying to get rid of us but never so much as spoke up. She did not try to correct his manipulations of you, or that he was trying to use Harry for his own greed. She may not be as guilty, but she is far from innocent.”

Nodding, the younger fell silent once more, earning a sigh from her older sister, who sought to change the subject, “So... how are you and Harry?”

Fleur immediately noticed the slight flinch, along with the drooping of shoulders and the way her younger sister's smile seemed to fall even further. “I haven’t... been with him yet.”

“Gabbie, that is okay. I told you that this isn't a race, there is no need to rush. The holidays are coming up, why not put aside the stress and just wait for it to feel natural hm?”

***LoD***

Lily Evans gently knocked on the door, before calling out to the room’s inhabitant. Upon receiving a confirmation, she entered, her smile fading slightly as she took in the young girl’s disheveled appearance.

“How are you feeling today Ariana?”

The pretty young teen gave a slight shrug, “Okay, I guess... It is just a lot to take in.”

“That’s to be expected, it isn’t everyday you learn you are a newly created human based upon a dead fourteen-year-old girl.”

A hint of a smile flickered on the young girl’s face, “Or that my brothers are…” she trailed off, earning a frown from the redhead.

Mentally, the sole remaining Evans frowned. Even after volunteering to take care of the girl she was at a bit of a loss as to how to help her. The teen spent most of her days either reading or just sadly staring outside the house. Sure, there were the occasional conversations the two had but the atmosphere was still morose at best, strained and tense at worst. “You are not them Ariana, it is not your fault, none of this is your fault.”

“Isn’t it though? It is my fault my father died in Azkaban, my fault Albus had to take on so many responsibilities, my fault that my mother…” she couldn’t finish that sentence, not yet at least.

Lily shook her head, “None of that was your fault. Do you think it was James and Lily Potters’ faults that they were targeted by the Dark Lord? Of course not, sometimes awful things happen. Instead of dwelling on the past you should be concentrating on just getting better and catching up with your schoolwork.”

A sigh escaped the girl’s lips, “I know, it is just... a lot to work on. Luckily I had studied even without attending Hogwarts in my previous life and so I am not terribly far behind.”

Lily nodded, “I will go start dinner hm?” with that she turned to leave, only to halt when the other Witch called out to her.

“Could you... tell me about the one who brought me back? About Harry Potter?”

Turning, the older woman noticed the curiosity in the younger girl’s eyes and chuckled to herself, wondering if the boy knew how much his deeds alone could influence those around him, especially females. “Of course.”
“I've missed this, just having some quiet time to relax.”

Hedwig nodded in agreement as she sunk just a little deeper into the large bath that was attached to Harry's room. She really did not spend enough time with the bookworm, considering how much they had in common.

“So how did you convince Harry to let us use this without him?”

The white-haired girl's mouth twitched up in a smile, “I might have mentioned a possible group session later tonight…”

Hermione gave a mock gasp, before breaking out into laughter, along with the former owl. Minutes later the two had calmed down into a comfortable silence once more, “We need to do this more often, maybe have some of the others involved as well.”

“I don't know, every time Luna is present in a group bath she ends up either suggesting something sexual, or trying something.”

Another giggle escaped the Gryffindor's lips, “That is Luna for you... I'm glad she is with us though. I can't imagine life without her... or anyone of you for that matter.”

Nodding in agreement, Hedwig let out another peaceful sigh, before choosing to interrupt the silence a few moments later, “You know, when we first came to Hogwarts, I was so scared of losing him, that he would find others and just... forget about me. But after all this time... I can't imagine what life would have been like if he hadn't insisted on coming. Don't get me wrong I love Harry more than anything or anyone but... having so many 'sisters' is a very amazing second place in my heart.”

The bookworm gave a silent hum of agreement, not wanting to even think about what would have happened to her if she hadn't encountered Harry.

***LoD***

A soft knocking at the door alerted the newly 'reborn' Lily Evans to her guest, moments later she had opened the wooden barrier and smiled warmly at the blonde woman on the other side, “Hello Fleur, please come in.”

The Veela did as offered and made her way to the sitting room where the two had spent many afternoons during the school year thus far.

“So, how is the outside world?” Lily teased, although the formerly French Witch picked up the slightly bitter undertone in the question.

The younger gave a slight shrug, “Same as it has been, I suppose. The rumors circulating are either of Death Eaters running rampant or that Dumbledore is attempting to overthrow the government, depending upon whom you listen to. Really everything is just a big mess right now, and the is, as usual, failing to make any progress or quell any fears.”

Nodding, the redhead offered her friend a cup of tea, a tradition the two had started after Snape had requested the Veela check up on his friend occasionally.

“And yourself? I imagine you are quite excited for the opportunity I heard being mentioned by Sirius and Remus?”
Lily gave a, far faster, nod of excitement. “I am, Severus has mentioned that once the situation with Dumbledore has been resolved I will most likely be able to take up a position at Hogwarts, at least part time. I am not sure if it will be a teaching job at first, most likely not, but at least it means getting out of the house a bit.”

Fleur smiled warmly, “That sounds wonderful. Though I would be lying to say I won’t miss these talks of ours. With Gabbie and Harry still at school it is one of the few things I am able to look forward to each week.”

The redhead's smile drooped a bit, “I am sorry Fleur, I just…”

Raising her hand, the younger was quick to interrupt, “There is no need to apologize I assure you. I cannot imagine how lonely the other days must be and I am very happy you are able to move on to bigger things, I just hope we can continue our tradition at least once a month.”

A snort escaped Lily's lips, “Please, I don't think I would be able to go an entire week without one of our talks my dear.” Seeing the smile reappear on her friend's face she allowed a comfortable silence to fall between them once more as they sipped at their tea. “So, have you heard from my... I mean Harry lately?”

Ignoring the near-slip, Fleur gave a nod of confirmation. “I received a letter from him just the other day. I think he still writes them due to Hedwig's need for exercise and fresh air, and a simple love of sending and receiving letters. He asked about how my job was, how the other 'adults' are, and various other happenings in the world.”

“Did he ask about me?” The question escaped her lips before the sole remaining Evans could realize what she had said, and promptly snapped her jaw shut afterwards, eyes widening in alarm.

The blonde, in the meantime, merely gave a light laugh, “Yes he did. I think he is worried about how shut in you are as well, despite understanding your former betrothed’s logic.”

Letting out a sigh the older Witch fought the conflicting emotions raging through her heart. Part of her was glad he was thinking of her, and another was almost depressed at the fact he didn't seem comfortable with writing her directly. Fleur seemed on pick up on this and reached across to gently take the older woman's hand in her own. “It is not that Harry is avoiding you, he just... has a certain way of approaching these things.”

Lily blinked in confusion but gave a soft gesture to continue.

“Harry is surprisingly passive when it comes to new relationships, he does not push or force things as other men, or women, of power might. I honestly believe that had I not sought him out directly my sister and I would have never been able to escape from our parents, and even now Gabbie is worried that he is not attracted to her, that she will make a mistake and lose his interest.” Fleur chuckled once more, shaking her head at the idea. “Harry is a very sensual person, but he still has a deep-rooted fear that some of us are with him only because of our sworn allegiances or because of some sense of debt.”

Nodding, the redhead bit her lip gently as she considered the facts, only to be brought from her thoughts by another gentle laugh. Refocusing her attention, she noticed a rather 'knowing' smile on the blonde's face once again.

“Seems as though you and my sister share something in common, Oui?”

“N-n-no of course not he is my...”
Fleur shook her head, “I do not believe Harry sees you as a parent. His mother died for him years ago and he never even knew her. The only one keeping that idea alive as a barrier is you.”

***LoD***

“Welcome welcome to the fabulous ‘Weesleys’ Wizard Wheezes! Come in and look around at our wares for children and adults alike!” Fred immediately called out as the bell rang from the front of George’s and his’ store.

A whistle of appreciation was the response he received and, with a glance over to his twin, earned his attention and investigation. At the front were three older men, two of whom they already knew as Sirius Black and Remus Lupin.

“You boys sure do have a lot of product, some real good stuff here too.” The Lord Black noted as he glanced over a couple shelves of items. “What do you think Prongs?”

The twins gasped in awe, realizing that they were now officially standing before the three, still living, Marauders.

James nodded in agreement, “A lot of good ideas, looks like our Lord had some good advice about coming over and taking a look around. I bet the owners of this shop might even appreciate a few suggestions and tricks from the older crowd...”

“Would we ever!” the two redheads exclaimed in unison, earning chuckles from the older men as they were welcomed towards the back rooms, designated for ‘staff only’.

***LoD***

Susan Bones squirmed a bit under her fiancé’s stare. They had just exchanged wish lists for the Christmas holiday and while his had been a few simple suggestions, some of them being requests for hand crafted objects, hers was a little... different.

“...I-if you don’t want to I understand Neville, I just...” she trailed off, trying to think of how best to diffuse the awkward situation she had just caused. “You know never mind it was silly, how about just a nice new winter...”

His tone was gentle when he interrupted, something she knew he hated to do, “Is this what you want though?”

“I... I mean I hear so many girls talking about it and... I just...” she fought the tears, products of both anxiety and embarrassment, welling up in her eyes. “I don’t know... I told you I love you Neville not him, when I go to sleep, I dream about you. When I make plans for the future, I think of being with you. When I picture children, I think of you...”

“But you are curious, and attracted, to him.”

She nodded at his statement, a pain growing in her chest at the truth. At that moment she realized exactly what she was doing, she was asking to cheat on her betrothed as a holiday ‘gift’. If the situation were opposite, and Neville had asked for a ‘threesome’ for Christmas she would have been devastated. Their first time together sexually and him asking to include some other girl? Her heart would have been filled with uncertainty, jealousy, and simply the idea that she wasn’t enough.

Now she was doing the exact same to him.

“I am so sorry Neville...” Susan whispered out, her tears now falling to the floor, “I changed my
mind, I don't want this, don't need this now or ever. Especially not for our first time. How about just a romantic evening? Would that be okay?"

His smile was warm and understanding as he nodded in reply, and her heart ached just a little more. He was so forgiving even after such a humiliating request.

***LoD***

“Lord Black, a moment of your time please.” Sirius paused, glancing backwards before giving a nod to the head of the Greengrass family as he hastened to catch up to the Marauder. “I was hoping to speak with you concerning your godson.”

The number of things that the Lord of another family would approach him about concerning Harry, especially when the boy wasn't there, was few and Sirius already had an idea of what the topic would be about.

“You have received my proposal I presume?” the other man inquired, earning a nod from the Lord Black. “And?”

Letting out a sigh Padfoot secretly wondered if he could just forward all such 'requests' on to Lucius instead. “And I had a rather long talk with Harry concerning the numerous marriage propositions he has received. We both agreed that with Dumbledore still on the loose it is far too dangerous to give any indications of valuing one over another due to presenting the man with a target to go after. We are hoping that the situation is resolved by next summer at which time he will be spending a great deal of time going over the various offers and ramifications.”

The Greengrass patron nodded as they continued walking alongside each other in relative silence, “Do you believe that the Wizengamot will be made aware of the situation concerning him at that time?”

Sirius nodded, “Very likely, but we still don't know how they will react. Despite the attack last it has resumed most of its former number but much younger overall. The aged crowd was less concerned with keeping their family names alive than the new members are, which obviously gives us the advantage. They will be far more likely to see the opportunity and take advantage of it.”

“Which means that your prediction will likely come true, that he will be seen as the origin of the next Pureblood generation.”

Again he was answered with a nod, “Most likely.”

“I understand he has received over several hundred marriage requests but... what can you say of either of my daughters' chances?”

“Depends on how close they are to him, he doesn't seem terribly interested in those he never met and your eldest is in his class.”

This time it was the Greengrass Lord who nodded, “Add in the fact that both of them are sleeping with him...” Sirius turned, not necessarily surprised that the man knew, but that he was bringing it up. “Oh please, Daphne informed us after Dumbledore's attack and both my wife and I knew that Astoria spent the night in his quarters over the summer. Now we did not confront my youngest about her virginity but I think it is safe to say she gave it away as well. My concern now is how much that might influence things.”

“Harry doesn't care, I did speak with him concerning the fact that most betrothals generally stress both party's virginities be intact but the female's is almost always required. He seemed rather...
annoyed by the double standard and insured me that wasn't a concern of his.”

“I am glad to hear it, I look forward to speaking with you again in the summer then, perhaps once a decision is closer to being reached?”

Sirius nodded and watched the man depart. Sure, there were more than a few times that he envied his godson with all of the beautiful women that surrounded him, and other moments where he wouldn't want the teen's position for all the gold and Veela in the world.

***LoD***

The door to the dungeon common room slid open as the universally declared 'Lord of Slytherin' strode in, earning questioning gazes from several of the older students.

“Harry, you are back rather early.” Ginny noted, tonight had been when Romilda Vane had finally 'gathered her courage' and signed up to spend the evening with the teen in question, and although the redhead certainly wasn't upset to see her lover return, she was rather curious about the timing. Usually, if the girl passed out early, as many tended to do on their first nights, he would at least wander about and relax for a bit.

Shrugging, the boy made his way over to where the Malfoy heir sat, giving the blonde a nod of wanting to speak with him. “Indeed, it appears as though Miss Vane backed out at the last moment, I waited for ten minutes past the scheduled rendezvous time before checking the Map and seeing that she was still in her dorm room. I checked one more time before returning and she hadn't moved while being surrounded by her friends. Either way it doesn't really matter, I have a few things to discuss with Draco so this just gives me a bit of a head start.”

As the two boys settled down to converse Ginny frowned in annoyance, so much for that 'Gryffindor Bravery' the curly haired girl had claimed to possess.

***LoD***

Apolline Delacour sat at the small coffee shop that had been designated by the note she had received. It had mentioned giving her answers about what had happened to her husband, updates about her two daughters, and an offer concerning her future.

Considering that she was currently living with Jean's brother and the man's wife, along with trying her best to avoid their glares and animosity, she was certainly interested in anything that might change her life.

A woman sat down across from her, one that was dressed in a rather Muggle style, and ordered a cup of tea before letting out a sigh, “You must be Apolline Delacour.”

“I am, then I assume you are the one who contacted me?”

Nodding, the other individual pulled out a folded newspaper from her bag before setting it onto the table before gesturing for the Veela to take it. Upon doing so Apolline's eyes widened at the front-page headline.

Jean Delacour arrested, awaiting trial on numerous counts of abandonment, child endangerment, and fraud!

Her heart sank, it was over then. She had no doubt that her husband lacked the political ties or wealth to escape imprisonment, at least for several years.
“Your daughters are fine by the way.” The other Witch hissed in annoyance, “Not that you seem to care about them. Fleur has a job at Gringotts and is working her way up the ranks and Gabrielle is at Hogwarts after going through some private tutoring.”

The mother nodded sadly, somewhere deep in her heart she knew that there was little chance either would speak to her again.

“Our offer is simple,” Tonks continued on, forcing herself to remain calm and not tempt the change of color in her hair due from her emotions, “you will give an in-depth interview for the paper. You will answer all our questions honestly and thoroughly. We will then give you a large sum of money, far more than you deserve in my opinion, and you will leave the Magical world forever. We don’t care where you go, but you will not contact your husband, his family, your daughters, or anyone associated with them ever again.”

The Metamorphmagus sat back in her chair, watching as the woman thought it over, and nodded defeatedly moments later. “Where should I start?”

***LoD***

A chime signaled the arrival of an authorized individual through the Floo as Andromeda Tonks rose to greet them. Seconds later her daughter stepped in, and the woman immediately recognized that something was wrong. Before she could even open her mouth to speak Nymphadora had already thrown herself into her mother's arms, sobbing uncontrollably as she began explaining what she had just been through.

Through the sobs Andromeda caught the essentials. Apparently, she had just come from an interview with Fleur and Gabrielle's mother, and the woman had essentially given up on ever seeing her children again for some gold and the promise of a new start.

Her arms tightened around the shaking form as she pulled her daughter closer, feeling tears of her own forming at the thought of ever losing her child.

“I'm here sweetie, I'm not going anywhere I promise...”

***LoD***

Daphne Greengrass frowned as her lover returned early, once again, from a planned encounter with the girl named 'Vane'. Okay, she understood being nervous before your first time. Hell, she had practically chickened out for several years before working up the guts to bed the boy-who-lived. But that was before his time had become a very precious commodity and judging from the annoyed expressions on several other girls' faces, the new girl was pissing off more than just her.

“Ginny” she hissed to the redhead sitting nearby, who turned towards her. The Greengrass heiress immediately gave a nod in the direction of Harry, “Vane's night again, what the hell is going on!?”

Biting her lip, the Gryffindor rose, along with the other girls, and gestured towards the direction of the girl dorms. Once out of the common room the Weasley daughter gave a sigh, “The hell if I know. It isn't like I hang out with her or anything.”

“This is getting ridiculous!” Pansy snapped in irritation, “four times now she has signed up and then chickened out. If she is going to act like this then she shouldn't bother writing down her bloody name in the first place. At least there would be more time for the rest of us then.”

“Hey, it isn't our fault,” the bushy-haired witch countered, “just because she is in our House doesn't make us her keeper.”
The dark-skinned girl gave a slight growl, “No, but it makes you more responsible.”

“You do know that means that the Slytherin boys are therefore your responsibility.” Luna happily chimed in, earning winces from the other girls of the House of Snakes.

“Okay, okay let's all calm down before Curses start flying. Look, could one of you two at least try to see what is going on with her? You know if this continues on much longer she is going to start getting threats from the less level headed Witches.” Daphne placated, earning sighs, and then nods, from the two Witches still in Gryffindor House.

***LoD***

“Hey mom, what's this?”

Andromeda Tonks entered the room where her daughter was sitting only to freeze in place, “Nothing sweetheart, just a few bills.” After Narcissa had returned to Hogwarts the middle sister had opted to go back to living at her own home as well, not feeling entirely comfortable, or wanted, around the others.

Nymphadora looked up, her eyes boring into her mother's own, “Then why are they marked 'past due'?”

“It's nothing sweetie, why don't we get some tea and…”

“Mom, are you having money problems?”

The older woman sighed before giving a soft shrug, “You know how things are, with the Ministry still recovering and organizing there isn't any overtime at St. Mungos. Plus, there has been a wage freeze for a few years now.”

“Mom... why didn't you tell me?”

“I know you aren't making as much as a reporter as you were an Auror sweetie and…”

Tonks stood, almost angrily, “If you need help you should have told me, or at least Sirius!”

“It isn't a big deal.” Andromeda laughed dismissively, or at least attempted to, but Tonks saw through it easily. There was a loneliness in her tone now, something sad and defeated. With that the former Auror gave a nod to herself before walking up to the woman and taking her hand, “Come on, pack your bags. I am taking you to stay with your cousin.”

“What? No, sweetheart that is okay I don't want to be a burden on…”

“You aren't going to be; besides I am going to be worried until you do so. So, you either stay with Sirius or Bellatrix, your choice.”

The older woman shook her head, “Nymphadora I don’t want to bother them, they are both so busy and…”

“Please” This time the elder heard the desperation in her daughter's tone and gave a nod of acceptance before going to pack her bags.

***LoD***

He had been betrayed.
Jean Delacour sat in the silence of his jail cell, pondering exactly what he was going to do after he was found innocent of the ridiculous charges being thrown against him. His trial was going ill, but still he did not worry. Though he couldn't afford the normal army of lawyers he had been accustomed to in years prior, during a few minor legal issues involving finances, he had still just enough political pull to call in a favor to a very well-known group of attorneys that operated in both France and England. They had assured him that there was little to no evidence that could directly convict him of any wrongdoings.

Then again, the lead counsel had the gall to suggest he try for a plea bargain with reduced time. 

_Him_, Jean Delacour, plead guilty!? It was more than a little insulting, and he had informed the man as much.

A deep knocking rang through the small room he was confined to, earning a grunt from the Wizard as a guard pushed open the door. He was a disgustingly simple man, with a poor choice in common robes and a scent of normality that suggested he undoubtedly went home every night to his cottage and spent the evening with a wife and children.

A pathetic, pauper's life.

“Paper's here for you Delacour, thought you might get a kick out of it.” the guard happily laughed, grinning with less-than-perfect teeth. “You can even have mine, bought it just for you. Figured a 'high-class' man like yourself would find it interesting.” With that the large, undoubtedly from physical labor as the poor tended to do, man tossed a newspaper to him, before turning to leave with another laugh.

*Interesting* is not the word he would have chosen for the headline.

_Apolline Delacour tells all! From failing as a parent to the untold stories of forced arranged marriages!_

The article would go on to discuss the horrible living conditions and borderline abuse she had suffered at the hands of her husband and had allowed to be passed onto her children. It told of the threats made to their eldest child, and manipulations done to the youngest. Finally, it went into a comprehensive detail of the crimes she had turned her back to, and the fact that she was choosing to disappear shortly before the story would be published.

Grinding his teeth in rage the French Wizard roared in anger before throwing the paper against the wall helplessly. The _bitch_ had finally shown her true colors, sold _him_ out for some gold and a new life eh? Well the joke would be on her when he finally got out. First, he would hunt down his two traitorous daughters, then the boy who had conned him, before finally going after _her_.

_She_ would be a special case though, he was going to take his time with her, teach her the _meaning_ of respect!

“Delacour, the Court has come to a decision regarding your case. You are being called back.”

'About time' the man noted, before straightening his prison garb and walking with the guard, head held high and proud as always.

***LoD***

_Jean Delacour found guilty, sentenced to thirty-years in Azkaban prison!_

The man sat in his tiny prison cell, decorated with nothing but stone walls, a stone floor and ceiling,
an uncomfortable bed, toilet, sink, and a gated door to keep him in.

How... how could he have lost? What were these bloody English courts thinking!? How on Earth could he be convicted of endangering those useless brats that his wife had popped out? Why had the French Ministry not stepped in to free him? What was he going to do now?

His thoughts were interrupted by voices down the hallway, and as he went to the door, he could just make out the conversation taking place.

“...You sure about this?” the voice of a guard muttered.

“I am, which cell?”

“Fifteen, on your left, the marked passage in the center is as far as they can reach, do you need a chair?”

“No, I won’t be here long.”

Then, footsteps, and the prisoner quickly moved back to his bed, no reason to give anyone the idea he was desperate after all.

The man stopped on the outside of his personal hell, pausing to let out a deep chuckle, “Well well, look at the high and mighty French politician now.”

Jean had expected to see one of the little bastard’s godfathers, or perhaps the blonde Minister, instead it was an unknown, a large man with a noticeable bulk to him and a look on his face of someone who did not value intellect.

“And you are?” Delacour snapped back, earning another laugh.

“Crabbe Senior, not at your service, of course. Just came by at the behest of Minister Malfoy to check up on Azkaban’s newest resident.”

Snarling, the Frenchman walked up to the bars with the intent to intimidate, “Well you can tell your Lord and his friends that they better watch their step, once I am out of here...”

“What? What are you going to do hm? You have no fortune, no wife, no children, and your family hates you. Any political power is well past gone and the French Ministry is trying its damnedest to have your citizenship revoked in order to distance themselves from what you represent. What exactly are you going to do in thirty-years?”

He tried to think of a retort, but nothing came to mind and instead he merely spat at the man, who laughed once more, his chest and belly shaking as a result, “Yeah that’s what I figured. Listen, despite everything we have a deal for you, a rather simple one at that. You are still in the low-security portion of Azkaban, which means you allowed to leave your cell for exercise a few days every week. You are going to have an accident, Mr. Delacour, an accident that you will not recover from. Don't care how you do it, just don't leave Azkaban alive.”

Jean's mouth opened a sliver in incredulity, staring back at the man who had essentially just told him to kill himself. “And why would I ever want to...”

“Because,” Vincent Crabbe quickly interrupted, “if you don’t, if you get out, I promise you that your death will be far more unpleasant. I personally doubt you would last that long in jail anyway, but even if you do my Lord will ensure you are dead before you can even think of a method of revenge. This way you at least have a choice on how you die, hell maybe it will even be painless if you do it
right. Just think about it, you have lots of time after all.”

With that turned and left, leaving the French Wizard to his thoughts.

***LoD***

She had been expecting the knock before it even sounded through the small cottage. Just as the guest pulled their hand back to commence another rapping the Witch opened the door and gave him a nod to enter. James Black did so, noticing the third individual already seated on a couch in the waiting room.

“I assume you received one as well?”

Lily nodded, “As did Ariana. I know it was a request but…”

“I want to go” the teen interrupted, a fire of determination burning in her eyes for the very first time since her awakening. “I am tired of sitting around doing nothing, I want to help… and I need to do this or else…”

James let out a weary sigh, “Yeah… yeah we know. I feel the same way, all this hiding and slinking around has got me feeling claustrophobic.”

“We need to be careful though. Once we do this… there is no going back.” The redhead reminded them, glancing down at the letter she too had received from Harry less than an hour prior. “This is going to change everything.”

***LoD***

Tonks shifted uncomfortably in her chair as the three adults, with one communicating via the Floo, stared her down.

It was almost like being a scolded child again.

“Why didn't she just bloody come to us in the first place!” Sirius practically shouted, throwing his hands up into the air as he stood and paced back and forth.

Narcissa, who was currently an image wreathed in green flames, rolled her eyes, “Clearly you have never met our sister... in case you don't recall she is a bit stubborn at times.”

“Doesn't matter…” Bellatrix chimed in with a pout, “if Andy was having money problems she should have said something. We are family after all…”

“Certainly haven't acted like it over the years...” Tonks muttered under her breath, not realizing that this action drew the attention of the other three once more.

The former Lestrange's eyes narrowed, “And what is that supposed to mean?”

“It means that both of you,” the Metamorphmagus gestured between the two sisters, “acted like major prats for the last oh I don't know, two decades while Sirius was in jail! Did you honestly think she would come to you about something like this?”

Letting out a sigh, the Wizard fell back into his chair once more while running a hand over his face wearily. “She's right... bloody hell... alright well obviously we aren't going to let her lose her house, but I would still feel a hell of a lot better knowing she was staying with someone rather than being all by herself.”
“She should be staying with me!” Bella growled, “I mean, sure we had our differences, but I am at least trying to make things better!”

“Perhaps she simply does not think you want to have a relationship with her Bella. So far I have been the one to put in the majority of the effort, the school year would be a good time for you two to catch up though.”

The eldest sister nodded, “You’re right, alright my adorable little niece who still owes us a fully nude fivesome, go grab your mom and tell her she's moving back into her room. I'll go raid Lucius' wine cellar, we are going to have a good old-fashioned Black sister party!”

***LoD***

“Albus, are you sure about this?”

The former Headmaster gave a solemn nod as he read over the letter that had just arrived via owl, “It appears so Aberforth, according to my informant the ritual must take place on the Winter Solstice, that gives us two weeks to prepare.”

Rubbing his eyes, a sign of exhaustion, the younger brother gave a deep sigh, “at least the children will have gone home for the year... at least most of them. We need to figure out some way to evacuate the school Albus.”

Gindelwald gave a snort, “We are talking about the future of our World and you are concerned with some collateral damage.”

“I do not consider children dying to be collateral damage you sociopath!”

“And need I remind you that we are planning on killing a child? A bit late to get all bleeding-heart on us now don't you think?”

Albus immediately stepped in before the fight could escalate further, “Gellert, Aberforth enough. I agree with my brother, there have been enough casualties in this war already and we do not need any more blood on our hands than we will already have. Harry will undoubtedly be expecting us and assuming he is as powerful, and prepared, as I believe he will be we will need all the luck we can get.”

“Do you think he will use his followers as shields?” Moody growled from nearby, silent up until that point.

The elder Dumbledore gave a slight shrug, “Who can say? Years ago, I would have said no, but then again years ago I would not have thought Harry capable of mass murder. He is willing to go to great lengths and manipulations to achieve victory, but he has always seemed to have a soft spot for his friends.”

“Then why don't we use that Albus? If the boy is as cunning as you claim then we should be using those he cares about as leverage to force him into a situation that we control!” Gindelwald argued

This time it was the younger brother who growled out in anger, “Absolutely not! We are not going to stoop to his level and start kidnapping children!”

“Victory at any cost remember Aberforth!? That means we do whatever is necessary to ensure that a teenage Dark Lord does not cause the end of the Magical World as we know it! Surely the deaths of thousands outweighs your moral high ground of taking a few people as bait?”
“I do not think it matters, Harry likely suspects that someone is feeding us information from inside, whether it be student or staff. He will be watching his friends and allies closely to ensure their loyalty and to prevent us from gaining any advantage through them. My guess is they will either leave with the others under Auror protection, or they will be safely inside of the school with him.”

“So, what do we do then Albus?” Alastor barked, “Send one of his pet Death Eaters a letter kindly asking them to have everyone but Potter leave Hogwarts so we can come in and kill him? I am sure that will go over well.”

The man in question shook his head with a light chuckle, before moving to the small window of the cottage they had taken residence in for planning. Gazing out into the night sky he wondered just what he could have done to avoid this situation, if anything at all. “No, no of course not, but perhaps we can give them an incentive to vacate the castle…”

***LoD***
Hatred & Sins

Lord of Darkness

Hatred & Sins

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY!***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

***LoD***

“So, here’s what I’m thinking, we put traps in this corridor and force the twinkly-eyed bastard into this one instead. From there we launch attacks from multiple angles at once.”

Snape shook his head, “We have no idea how many we are going to be dealing with Black, ignoring the fact that Dumbledore likely has dozens of methods into Hogwarts we might not even know about.”

Sirius growled, “So we use the bloody map then! I don’t see you coming up with any better ideas.”

“My idea was not to face him in Hogwarts. He has too much knowledge of this place. We need to get him into a situation we control not the other way around.”

As the two men argued Remus let out a sigh before glancing around the room. It had been like this for the past two hours now, with various members of Harry’s ‘inner circle’ suggesting ways of dealing with the former Headmaster’s imminent attack. Everyone had chimed in thus far, from Astoria Greengrass all the way up to Bellatrix Lestrange.

All except one, the one who mattered most. His godson, and proclaimed Lord, had remained quiet, silently staring at the flames flickering in the nearby fireplace. The conversations halted a moment later when he spoke.

“I have made my decision.” All turned towards him, each anxiously awaiting what he would say next, both student and adult alike. “The castle will be evacuated.”

The teen’s former instructor nodded, “A good decision my Lord, we will make preparations at Malfoy Mansion and…”

“No, I mean the castle will be except for me. I will be dealing with this alone.”

It was the calm before the storm, the silence before the avalanche.

“ABSOLUTELY BLOODY HELL NOT!” The Lord Black roared in protest, joined in by everyone else to varying degrees. The girls did not want to leave him, not after what had occurred the last time, and the adults were of the persuasion that he needed the backup, that he would need the help depending on how many soldiers Dumbledore could bring with him.

Harry, in the meantime had continued staring at the blaze for a moment, before his eyes narrowed in annoyance.

“ENOUGH!” His followers fell silent, wide eyed at his interruption. “Let me tell you a story…” he began, before slowly standing. “Once upon a time there was a boy filled with rage and hatred. For
years this boy observed the world and all the many flaws it bore, and for years he planned on how to change it. When he first was told of the Magical school that he could attend he thought nothing more of the others that would be with him than to use some as tools, as pawns in his schemes and manipulations."

He paused, for a moment, "Soon he attracted the attention of bullies, and one pushed and pushed until one day a monster snuck into the school. The bully decided that this would be a perfect time to go after one of the boy’s classmates and do terrible disgusting things to her when she was most vulnerable, unfortunately for him the boy also saw this opportunity, and instead used the monster to turn the boy into paste on the floor."

Hermione’s eyes widened in realization of what had happened, or nearly had happened, in her very first year. How close she came to be being attacked.

"The boy later tore a possessed man apart with his bare hands and took a powerful artifact for future use. The next year was similar, picking more and more people to manipulate and use. By his third year he had assembled quite the entourage and even located several adults that would be of use to him. But then something odd occurred. He chose to have a group of students killed in order to further his ambitions."

Harry paused, his eyes glancing over to Luna for a moment before his story continued in the silence. "The oddest thing though, was that he did not choose them randomly, or based upon those whose deaths would most serve his plans… no, he picked a group that was bullying one of his followers, a girl that he had told himself he didn’t care about, that he was using, and yet…"

The boy-who-lived paused before shaking his head, "And yet he realized that he cared about her. That he wanted her to be happy. The confusion grew through the summer, and the boy even found himself refusing the physical pleasures he had come to enjoy from the many girls. During his fourth year he even went so far as to endanger his plans to provide kindness to a pair of sisters…"

His eyes fell upon Fleur and her sister, before turning away. "The boy was changing, had changed, and yet he was also becoming happier as the days wore on and those close to him grew more numerous. He began thinking of a life without the manipulations and anger against the world that had driven him for so many years."

Glancing around the room the Lord allowed those before him to fully take in the situation, until he reached his conclusion, "Which is why you all need to leave. I need to finish this little battle between Dumbledore and myself once and for all, and I cannot do that if I am worried about any of you or seeing the love in your eyes or smiles. I need to find the hatred inside of me again, and I cannot do that with any of you nearby."

The Headmaster nodded as he rose, "I agree with our Lord. Dumbledore will be at his most dangerous now, he will have researched and planned for ways to kill you. It is far too dangerous to leave anything to chance. Love and kindness have no place in battle."

Looks of uncertainty clouded the faces of the rest present, all save one who rose and slowly walked towards him. "Harry…” Hedwig muttered out, fighting back the tears threatening her eyes. "I understand, I just… I want you to promise me that you are going to win, that you will come back unharmed, no matter what."

As she reached him, she halted just shy of reaching out to touch him, her eyes locked onto his own. "I promise."
LoD

A young, curly haired, Witch happily made her way towards the Great Hall for the departure ceremony before the holidays. Life was good for Romilda Vane, she had more than a few friends, was popular with almost everyone in her year, especially those in her House, and there was a blooming romance between herself and the legendary Harry Potter. Sure, they hadn’t had any alone time yet, but it was just a matter of time before...

The girl let out a gasp of shock as someone grabbed her from behind before practically tossing her into a nearby, empty, classroom. Stumbling forward, the girl went for her Wand, only to have it ripped from her fingers by the assailant. Vane spun in place, eyes widening as Ginny Weasley flicked her own Wand once more, pushing the, now helpless, girl into a chair and sealing the door behind them.

“We need to have a chat Romilda.”

“Wh-what about?”

A low growl escaped the redhead’s lips, as she stalked forward, earning a terrified expression from the seated girl. “About your bloody actions concerning Harry.”

His name seemed to bring forth a clarity from the younger girl, who frowned in response, “It isn’t any of your business what me and my future husband…”

She was interrupted by loud, incredulous, laughter, “Are you freaking serious!? You honestly think you are going to get married to Harry? You have barely said ten words to him!”

Romilda shook her head, “It doesn’t matter, we are in love.”

“Listen bitch,” Ginny snarled, “you can keep whatever crazy ass fantasy you want in your own empty skull but stop signing up for his time if you aren’t going to show up. You are pissing off more than me at this point, and I guarantee you that you will not like the outcome if you keep it up.”

“I-I don’t know what you are talking about…” her eyes dropped to the floor, earning a snort from the Weasley daughter.

“Yeah, whatever. Like I said, either show up and let him use you like the cheap whore we all know you are or stay the hell away from him. Harry has more important things to do than waste his time on scared little fangirls like yourself who giggle and then use up his evening. There are more than enough girls who would love to have another evening with him.”

With that Ginny dropped the girl’s Wand onto the floor, before turning to leave, only to be halted by a voice calling out from behind her. “Y-you’re just jealous! You and all the others are afraid because you know that he is willing to wait for me and do whatever it takes for us to be together!”

With a huff of annoyance, and a roll of her eyes, the older girl turned back and crossed her arms, “Then prove it, or are you scared that you will disappoint him, that maybe you will just end up being another idle fling instead of something amazing for him to talk about. You have the holiday break Vane, take the time to really think about what you want, but when you get back you better have made up your mind. You keep up this bullshit and you better start watching your back.”

LoD

“Hey Lav, wait up, would you?”
Biting her lip, mostly to keep herself from turning and screaming at her former boyfriend, the girl merely paused to glare back at him, earning a slight wince from the redhead as he moved to catch up with her on the crowded Hogwarts Express.

“Do you have a carriage?”

Her affirmative response was short and to the point, neither elaborating more nor giving any hint of wanting to further the conversation. Unfortunately for her the boy couldn't seem to understand that, “I was wondering if you wanted to talk... you know, about us.”

“There is no us Ron.” she snapped back, remembering all too well the previous year and the other teen's attitude towards not only her, but more than a few others as well.

“But Lav,” he whined, “I miss you. I miss us.”

Shaking her head, the girl let out an aggravated sigh, “Yes, well I don’t Ron. We weren't good together and it took the breakup for me to see that. I had a tendency to be cruel when I was around you, to get jealous and bitter towards others for no reason. I finally understand why. I was angry at others for being so happy when I was so miserable and didn't even realize it. You need to figure out what you want from life Ron, because if last year was any sign you keep wanting more than what you have, and if that's the case you will never be happy.”

“Is this about Potter?” the Weasley snapped, earning a confused look from his former girlfriend. “It is, isn’t it? I heard the rumors you know, about how you slept with him, about how you debased yourself by letting him touch you. Who do you think will have you now? Everyone is going to know Lav, and no one wants a bride who isn’t a virgin on her wedding day.”

Biting back the tears that were threatening to form she shook her head with a harsh laugh, “You’re wrong Ron. Times are changing, and the old values are dying off. Besides I can guarantee you one thing, there might be some who won’t marry a girl unless she is a virgin, but there is no one who is going to marry you with that personality.” With that she walked into the room, a few other girls from their year already present, before slamming the door in his face.

***LoD***

The carriage claimed by Harry’s followers was remarkably silent on the trip back to the Muggle World. Draco was staring out the window while the girls were stuck deep in thought. It was Gabrielle, surprisingly, who broke it.

“We need to do something for Harry. He shouldn’t have to…” she trailed off, not completely understanding what he was going to do to himself but knowing that likely involved some sort of emotional pain.

Hermione nodded, “Christmas is coming up, we could all buy him something.”

“Like what?” Daphne questioned, “It isn’t like he really needs anything and of the gifts I can think of nothing really seems… good enough.”

The loveable blonde Ravenclaw glanced over at the young Veela before her eyes lit up in excitement, “Oooo I know!” She promptly reached up and pulled her trunk down before starting to rummage through it. “I had this idea last summer, but we could all buy one.”

“Luna…” Ginny called out softly, not wanting to deflate her friend’s happiness. “I am sure Harry will love it, but I can’t imagine someone needing the same gift from a dozen different…” The words died on her lips as she noticed what the Lovegood heiress had pulled out.
A rather pretty collar.

“Ummm Luna?”

“It’s simple,” she continued, ignoring the shocked expressions around her. “We all belong to Harry, but even if he agrees to marry all of us, he can only wear so many wedding rings. This way we can all just wear this to show who owns us.”

“Luna that is… very sweet of you but…” the Parkinson heiress began, already liking the idea since she would have her own ring from Draco and still wanted something from Harry, but not wanting to necessarily admit it.

An amber-eyed teen picked up where she left off, “I think it is a rather good idea… and I have an idea of my own as well. Harry is focusing on his hatred to defeat Dumbledore, so that means it is up to us to remind him of all the love in his life… even if we have to spend a week doing so.”

***LoD***

Severus Snape had ordered for the full evacuation of Hogwarts hours prior, ignoring several staff complaints that they still had papers to grade. His argument had been simple, Dumbledore was still on the loose and until the castle could be completely secured it would be far too great of a risk to allow students to stay without a full staff to protect them.

The only ones remaining were a handful of professors who were doing some last-minute checks before their own departures.

That, and Harry Potter.

He alone sat in the Great Hall, a half-eaten sandwich sitting on a plate nearby, forgotten. It was time, time to dig deep into himself and find that which he had buried years prior.

One last mental reassurance to Hedwig and he sealed off the connection between them, he had no desire to have her feel what he was about to do and knew that he could not plunge into the darkness with her own thoughts and concerns reaching him.

He needed to be isolated, from everything and more importantly everyone. And so, he submerged himself into the depths of his mind and soul, a part he had long since shielded away from others. The teen focused on his upbringing, the orphanage, the cold lonely nights and days of being borderline starved. He remembered when she had left him, and he had been utterly alone. He remembered the anger and hatred that grew because of that.

Memories of her returning to him vanished.

Images appeared of all who had ever abandoned him, of his godparents who had sought vengeance or their own survival without even caring about him, of the monster who took his parents and childhood from him.

He sealed away the recollections of all the times he had spent with his friends and Godparents, of the happiness he had enjoyed for years, and instead focused solely on hatred, and the man who had allowed it all to happen, who had stood by and had done nothing but reap the rewards of being in control without so much as caring about those who suffered because of his voluntary ignorance.

Hatred burned in his veins, anger filling his mind as the room darkened. It threatened to spill out, to envelope Hogwarts and bring the very walls down to ruin. Yet he focused it, concentrated the negativity into a weapon, forged it into a blade he would wield.
The room lit once more, and a small smile crossed a teenage boy’s face as he opened his eyes, the happiness and light normally inside of them extinguished. Now all that was left… was to wait.

***LoD***

It had been a living nightmare. Waking up earlier than the sun rose for a dreadful breakfast, often cold and bland, before heading out onto the island for ‘exercise’. That usually entailed a brisk walk while attempting to stay warm despite the atrocious weather, and often lack of sunlight.

Following their ‘outdoor activities’ the inmates would be led back to their cells until lunch, which was just as awful as breakfast, and then escorted deeper into the fortress where they would be ‘allowed’ to work for the ‘betterment of society’.

Translation, manual labor. It would be anything from breaking down rocks and minerals sent from quarries, putting together furniture, and even sewing. Jean Delacour had originally spat at the idea of such things. These were the tasks for the *peasants* among them. For women and the uneducated who could hope for no better than a quick death following a life of misery.

He was not one of these people! He was a diplomat, a politician! He was an educated man from the finest, and richest, parts of life. Thus, he had refused to partake in such *trivial* undertakings… until the first week or so had gone by. No one had bothered mentioning that for those who opted out of the labor the alternative was sitting in their cell, doing nothing but thinking.

Jean Delacour’s cell was an unforgiving, dull gray. Everything was made of stone, save for the ‘rags’ he was given to wear, the flimsy blanket, and the uncomfortable mattress. Perhaps worse was the way that the wind, and at times rain, was angled at such a way that it practically poured into the room, freezing him to the bones.

Thus, he had, more than a little reluctantly, returned to ‘work’ and it seemed as though for once it had finally paid off. The former bureaucrat overheard a few of his ‘fellow convicts’ talking about an escape plan. One of them had a brother on the outside who pulled enough strings to get a makeshift raft smuggled in. The trio was going to make their escape the following morning during their exercise time. Now normally this would be spotted and stopped before they even made it to the water, but there was a small storm coming in, and it promised to provide enough cover for them.

The French Wizard had wanted in, and after a bit of subtle movement made it over to the group unnoticed before whispering his own desire, and the fact that if they refused, he would notify the guards.

The following morning the sun had risen behind a veil of gray and black clouds, obscuring the already foggy ocean surrounding the island and providing little, if any, visibility. Now four, the group made their way down to the yard like normal, and with a few choice words began an argument between two inmates that would cause a distraction while the ‘leader’ inflated the raft with a preset Rune. Slipping away unnoticed the quartet reached the ocean and began their voyage back to civilization.

What they had *not* expected was the storm making a sudden shift, and instead of passing to the north it veered south. Soon the waves were crashing higher and higher against the small raft, the four men cursing their luck, and each other, with none wanting to take the blame for their change in fate. Less than an hour into their escape attempt the boat was capsized, all four convicts being dragged under with the increasingly strong currents.

Jean Delacour's body would never be recovered, and a funeral never held. His fate would be, ironically, that of a mere Muggle, drowning in the waters that he perceived of as being both his
imprisonment, and freedom.

***LoD***

“How long does this bloody tunnel go Albus?” Grindelwald snapped in annoyance, as the four Wizards continued their trek down the winding corridor. The former Headmaster had assured the other three that there were more than a few secret passages into Hogwarts, ones that could get them around the Wards, and even detection, if taken.

“Only a bit further Gellert, you really must be patient my friend.”

A growl escaped the former Auror's lips, “I am more curious about this 'insider' you mentioned Albus, you know the one you claim is going to get the remaining students and staff out of the castle.”

Aberforth glanced over at his older brother as well, curious on who remained 'loyal' to them and their mission. “Let us just say that there are some who are still willing to fight against the night, no matter how dark it may become.”

They continued in silence for a few more minutes until reaching what seemed to be a dead end. With the trio staring at his back the leader stepped forward to knock on it. Seconds later a door appeared and opened to reveal the 'benefactor' that the previous Headmaster had spoken of.

“Filius, I am happy to see you hear my old friend. Has the emergency signal been activated to clear the castle??”

The smaller man paused, uncertainly, “The students have all left under Snape’s orders. Most of the staff is gone too Albus.”

An odd hesitation filled the former headmaster, if his successor had the forethought to evacuate in preparation did that mean Harry expected them as well. Shaking his head, in order to clear it, he decided that it didn’t matter either way and gave a gesture for the smaller man to lead them on, “Thank you for believing in me Filius, after all these years I am glad that...”

“Save it Albus,” the professor snapped, “I am not doing this for you, I am doing this for answers. I am tired of all these manipulations and half-truths. I want to know what is truly going on at this school, and what happened to all those we have lost since Mr. Potter arrived those many years ago.”

***LoD***

Minerva McGonagall was in the middle of locking up a few of the empty classrooms when the emergency tone sounded throughout the halls. Eyes narrowing, she quickened her pace towards the Headmaster's office, only to nearly run into Snape as he turned the corner.

“Severus, what is going on?”

The man shook his head, “I am not sure, it was sent by Filius though.”

His stride halted as a conversation echoed from around the corner, “… I caught a glimpse of him going into the courtyard Albus, I still do not like this though...”

In that moment something happened, something snapped within the former spy. Long ago he had taken a personal oath to protect and guide Lily Potter’s child, to make amends for the failures he had committed regarding both of the boy’s parents.

He had failed, time and time again he had let Harry Potter down.
And this time? Would he stand by and let the teen stand alone against Dumbledore and whatever plans he had concocted? Allow others to take the charge for him and wait by idly?

An image flashed into his mind, a redheaded woman lying lifeless on the floor, a child screaming nearby. Suddenly, it shifted and this time he was standing over the corpse of a teenage boy.

Not this time

Snape moved forward, ignoring the whispered pleas from McGonagall to slow down or form a plan.

No, no more planning, no more waiting, no more standing by and letting others do as they pleased. He would be damned if he allowed the boy to die without giving everything he had to save him.

The five Wizards paused just outside of the large doors that held back the winter cold, before nodding in unison and pushing the final barrier open and venturing into the winter air.

It was this scene in which Severus Snape ran, five men standing still in shock… and he didn’t blame them one bit.

In the center of the open area was a single ornate chair, and upon it sat a teenage boy, one leg crossed over his lap while a glass of red liquid swirled in his hand. The teen looked at them as if he were a King waiting for a report on his holdings, no surprise present in his eyes. To the former Death Eater, the scene brought back memories of the previous Dark Lord. He couldn’t count the number of times that Voldemort sat upon a throne looking down upon them as if they were nothing to him.

The similarities were more than a bit unsettling.

Perhaps even worse than the posture was the look in his Lord’s eyes, it was hatred raw undisguised hate mixed with a burning anger, and all of it seemed to be directed at his predecessor.

“I was wondering when you would show yourself Headmaster. I must say I am a tad disappointed though, I figured you would have at least a few more soldiers with you.”

The elderly man seemed to shake off the discomfort he too seemed to be undergoing and gave a soft smile, “It appears as though your revelations have removed many pieces from my side of the board Harry, although not all of them. Honestly, I am surprised you are still here and not with the other students.”

The teen shrugged gently with a thorough lack of interest, “I knew I would be your target, no reason to put others in harm’s way.” his gaze fell next to those standing with the man. “I assume you must be Aberforth Dumbledore, which makes you Gellert Grindelwald yes?”

A gasp echoed from a side door as McGonagall finally entered the area as well, “Albus… how is…”

“Minerva, please understand that I had no other choice. As I told you before Harry must be stopped.”

“Really? Because it looks like you brought an insane mass murderer out from wherever you had imprisoned him. What exactly did you promise him in return for his aid Headmaster? Are you going to let him go free after you kill me?” Harry questioned. Dumbledore fell silent, earning a chuckle from the teen once more, “I suppose that answers my question hm?”

“How could you…” the former Deputy Headmistress whispered out in the silence, “After all the lives he ruined, the destruction he wrought…”

“To save lives” he interrupted, eyes never leaving the teenager he had come to stop. “Harry has
taken so many, destroyed so much innocence in his quest for power.”

A snort escaped the raven-haired boy’s lips, “Not really a quest for power but I suppose you aren’t completely wrong.”

“Shall we go over your sins then Harry? You did so well in exploring mine the last time we met, I imagine it is only fair.”

Something burned in Harry’s eyes, a sort of dark thrill at finally being able to show himself as he nodded in acceptance. “Yes, lets. Where shall we start then?”

McGonagall’s eyes widened in horror at the conversation. She hadn’t expected Albus, much less Snape, to ever be correct in their theories about James and Lily’s child.

“Quirrel.” Dumbledore called out, earning an eyeroll from his enemy.

“Oh please, Quirrel!? Of all the problems you have with me killing people the first one you are going to whine about is the man who was possessed by a literal Dark Lord?”

The others remained quiet as Dumbledore gave a slight nod, “He was still a human being Harry… you could have dispatched him in other ways, informed the staff…”

“Ah yes, the nearly useless Hogwarts staff, who not only allowed a possessed, incompetent, teacher roam their halls, but also let you bring in a dangerous relic in order to make the school a target. Why ever would I choose not to trust such people?”

Another shake of his head, and a silent sigh, followed the boy’s counter before the elder straightened his back once more, “And the student your first year? Terence Higgs?”

Albus Dumbledore had expected, and prepared for, many reactions, but not the one he received. The further darkening of the teen’s eyes, the crackle of energy in the air, the shadows growing longer on the floor and walls…

“You know it’s funny…” a voice whispered out, almost snakelike in quality, “I asked Draco something just after rumors circulated about the boy’s demise. Why two students were missing that evening… I never did get an answer. We know why Miss Granger had fled to the dungeons, bullying from a classmate, but not him. Tell me Headmaster, did you know about all the innocent Muggleborns he had sexually assaulted?”

The silence was now deafening, as the elder Wizard’s eyes dropped, refusing to meet the horrified expressions of the other teachers present. “He could have been saved Harry, redeemed if he had just been given…”

Laughter interrupted, laughter that was not laughter. Dark and terrible, it rang through the courtyard, echoing off surfaces and causing the shadows to tremble as if they too agreed with the sound.

“Redeemed!? Is that how you see sociopaths? You honestly believe that? No, of course you do it really makes so much more sense now. Why you neglect some for others, your own twisted sense of justice and redemption. You and your hypocrisy are what is wrong with this world Headmaster, and it is that which I will end this day.”

“Like you ended Lockhart?”

The teen snorted, “Seriously? Are we going to weep tears over a pedophiliac rapist? If anything, you should be thanking me you don’t have more traumatized students and suicides. Are you going to
complain about the Basilisk next?”

Shaking his head Dumbledore returned his stare to the raven-haired boy, “No, but I do believe the students you killed in your third year do deserve mentioning.”

“Ah, finally we get to the first ones you may have a point on. Really though you should blame Fudge for them, if he hadn’t been so stupid as to put Dementors at the school I wouldn’t have had such a viable weapon. Of course, if you lot also would have simply done your jobs…”

A Spell hurled towards him, only to be slapped away in annoyance by the Potter, “How incredibly rude of you professor. I would have thought it would be Professor McGonagall to interrupt, not you.”

Filius growled in hatred, “You killed my students you monster!”

Harry tilted his head to the side as if in curiosity, “And you allowed them to make it their personal mission to see how far they could torment Miss Lovegood until she finally broke. Would you have been as angry at them if they pushed her to suicide? Would you have challenged them to a duel or had them arrested? Sentenced a few detentions? Maybe docked some House Points for good measure?”

The half-Goblin’s arm slowly fell, his Wand pointing to the floor helplessly as the tears welled up in his eyes.

“No, you don’t care. None of you cared about the lives you were allowing to be ruined. All you cared about was the here and now, not about the future consequences. Who cares that almost twenty percent of Muggleborn students kill themselves within a year of graduating, so long as it doesn’t happen on your watch right?!”

He raised his arm, and before the others could even think about reacting snapped his fingers. A shockwave of pure energy roared across the open air, slamming into the shorter man and tossing him into the wall with bone-crushing force.

Several adults cried out, rushing to the man’s side and earning the roll of the boy’s eyes. “Once again your hypocrisy is disgustingly obvious. No one so much as mentioned his attack on me and yet I retaliate, and you all become so very alarmed.”

Dumbledore shook his head as he checked the man’s vitals, noting that despite the damage the professor was still alive. “There were other ways Harry… other paths to stopping the abuse.”

The voice that called out in answer was not the one that Dumbledore had been expecting, instead it was far older, “Like I was stopped?” Snape stepped forward, eyes brimming with resolve. “How many times did I bully students? Make accusations against Harry with no evidence? How many times did I injure James Potter and his friends in response to them bullying me? Your methods do not work, instead all they do are create bitter hateful adults so consumed in the past that it creates a cycle that never ends.”

“Severus…”

Moody quickly got them back on track though, “How about all the Death Eaters you let go hm boy!”?

Said boy merely chuckled, “What, am I supposed to do the job for the entire Auror department now? I thought killing Voldemort would be enough but apparently adults will find anything to complain about. As for those who chose to follow me, I assure you that they are behaving. Why else do you
think that there have been no raids or attacks since the Dark Lord was destroyed?”

“What about Dolores Umbridge and the attack on the Wizengamot?” Aberforth Dumbledore called out, earning him the attention for the first time.

“I didn’t realize someone who tortured children earned such concern, if that is the case why do you hate Death Eaters again?” the teen countered easily, before waving off the potential comeback. “But as for the Wizengamot, it had to be done. They were a corrupt group of politicians more interested in increasing their wealth and power than helping anyone. I would think that all of the anti-bigotry laws that they continued trying to stall would have been an obvious sign of that.”

Both brothers shook their head, nearly in unison, before the younger responded, “I see what Albus was saying about you is true. You have no empathy beyond yourself.”

“Oh, that certainly isn’t true, in fact if anything I would say I have far more empathy than you do. Why else do you think I am working on this wonderful plan of mine?”

“A plan that will not succeed Harry.”

The boy sighed, “Oh come now Headmaster surely you can see the beauty in it? I am positive that Theodore Nott told you everything about what I have in mind by now…” Albus froze, his eyes widening in surprise. Had it been a setup? Was Nott a double agent? The teen chuckled once more, “Oh relax Headmaster, I will be dealing with Theodore soon enough. Although I am curious on what you told the other in terms of his ‘payment’ for betraying me.”

“Payment? What is he talking about Albus?” McGonagall was merely trying to keep up with the conversation at this point, and not to have a heart attack. Who knew how many things could change in less than a year?

Shifting a bit in place the elder Wizard’s gaze moved from her own once more, knowing exactly what the Slytherin had wanted in return for his help.

“He wants Daphne Greengrass of course, he has ever since our fourth year… well technically third but he was too stupid to realize it. That also happened to be when he started making plans to contact you Headmaster.” Noticing the look of shock in most of the adult’s eyes the schoolboy gave another deep sigh, “Adults these days… honestly I don’t really care about his pathetic attempts to defeat me, as irritating as they may have become. Really, I wasn’t planning on killing him until he began his little manipulations towards Miss Greengrass and her sister.”

***LoD***

“Hello Daphne”

Despite being in the same House, and the same age, Theodore Nott’s presence had become very… unsettling for the Greengrass heiress, especially over the past year or two. It always felt like he was watching her, following her, and was just always… there. Even now, when she had gone Holiday shopping with her sister, he had somehow ‘stumbled’ upon them.

She made a mental note to check for tracking Charms when they got home. “Nott, I did not expect to see you again so soon.”

“Oh? Well you should get used to the idea. We will be spending a lot more time together soon enough after all.”

The discomfort was back, and worse than ever as she fought the urge to simply grab her sister and
bolt out the door. There had been something else hidden in his statement, and she would never
give herself for letting an opportunity to gain information slip because of something as
unimportant as creepy conversation. “Is that so?”

He nodded, unaware, or perhaps just uncaring, that she was probing for information. “The plans are
already in motion my dear. Soon the political climate will take a radical shift. Dumbledore will be
branded as a murderer, Potter will be gone, and most of the followers in prison. But not you though.
I’ll make sure to take good care of you and Astoria.”

Daphne’s mind was reeling, connecting the dots between what he had said and all that had
happened. More than a few of the other girls, along with a few of the boys, had entertained the
theory of a traitor in their midst, feeding the opposition information on them. There had never been
evidence before but now…

“… don’t have to worry. Even if your mother and father end up in prison, I will wed the two of you.
Then you and your sister can be together forever, you will have all the political power you could
dream of, money, a lovely home to take care of for me, the right to have my children. It will be
perfect.”

She snapped out of her thoughts, realizing he was still going on or gloating about something.
Regardless, she needed to inform the others, especially Harry.

“Daphne is everything okay?” a voice called from nearby, earning both of their attention as her
younger sister came into view.

The Witch managed a controlled nod, “Yes, of course Astoria. Finish up your purchases, we told
mother we would be home soon.” Turning back to the boy, who had been looking her up and down
with a disturbing gaze in his eyes, she gave her best ‘Pureblood’ smile. “We will certainly be looking
forward to our future contact with you Heir Nott.”

He grinned in response, believing her response to be that of respect and submissiveness. With that
she turned and departed, she needed to get in touch with the others as soon as possible.

***LoD***

“Albus how could you… do such a thing!? Did you actually promise that boy such a thing!?”

“I had no choice Minerva… no options. Miss Greengrass will be happy in time, she will learn to
cherish Mr. Nott, I am sure of it.”

The look of disgust seemed permanently fixed to the Transfiguration mistress’ face as she slowly
shook her head.

“It doesn’t matter Albus” Grindelwald interrupted with a shout, startling many out of their own
thoughts. “What matters is that the boy is going to destroy us all with this plan of his. Revealing
ourselves to the Muggles!?”

“Indeed.” Harry nodded, “But not without reason I assure you. Tell me, do you know what Malaria
is?”

Everyone from Dumbledore to Snape fell silent, only a few knowing what the teen was referring to.
“It... is a Muggle disease.” The elder brother noted, a hint of hesitation and confusion in his voice at
the change in topic.

“Correct, a disease that through this year has killed around two million human beings... and yet based
upon the reactions it seems as though it is only a Muggle disease, would I be correct?”

“Yes Harry, but I don't understand what your point is I'm afraid.”

Snorting, the boy gave a sigh, “Of course not, and that is the point I am trying to make. Have you ever heard of a Magical child dying of Malaria, HIV, AIDS, or Measles? Probably not, because we can cure these with a simply brewed potion or a quick visit to St. Mungos. Yet they remain some of the most devastating diseases in the non-Magical world. Why? Why do the Muggles suffer and die when we do not? Why not help them?”

“In exchange for what Harry? I am sure you are not doing this out of the goodness of your heart.” The former Supreme Warlock questioned.

“Imagine a world,” the Potter heir began in response, “where every Muggle man, woman, and child woke up and simply knew that Magic existed, that Wizards and Witches existed along with the various creatures that inhabit our World, now imagine that instead of the fear and terror that would normally follow, the mistrust and anger that would flow through their veins at the discovery of our secret society... they simply knew how much we could help them. Imagine, if you will, that the ninety-nine percent of the world were subservient to the one percent, but not because of wealth or some arbitrary substance, but instead because they truly were inferior.”

Albus Dumbledore immediately shook his head, “It is the same as Gellert and Tom proposed Harry, you are no different than they are.”

“Oh, not true Headmaster, Voldemort wanted to simply kill all the Muggles while your friend planned on somehow enslaving the billions of them. I, on the other hand wish to make their lives better along with our own. There will be no grand war because the violent tendencies and aggression that plague their world will be suppressed. Why would anyone fight against a utopia after all?”

“For free will!” Aberforth exclaimed, “For the right to choose their own lives, their own destinies! What you are talking about is enslavement, just as you said Grindelwald did.”

A scoff answered his rant, “Oh please don’t be ridiculous. Mind control on the level you are referring to would be far too complicated to achieve, much less retain. This is no different than a Notice-Me-Not Charm or a Muggle-Repelling Ward. Really it is fairly humane considering what our society already does to the Muggle families of those who pass away in our world.”

“But they would still be under your rule, still believing they need to serve us wouldn't they Harry?” Albus quietly inquired.

Said boy nodded, “Of course, but why shouldn't they? Muggles give up their freedoms and control for far simpler things do they not? Elected officials which they know lie and deceive them, dictators who promise reform and safety, and even monarchs whom they believe are special simply because they are the child of the previous. All of these are common determinants of leadership, so why shouldn't magical power be? Muggles have rules and laws of nature and science that we can upend with the flick of a Wand. The diseases and problems that threaten entire societies we can solve with a handful of potions or a few widespread spells. Why shouldn't we rule when we can do all these things for them? Not only that but the Muggle world is far more violent than ours. Crime and war are rampant on a level we cannot imagine.”

“And you intend to solve all these problems eh boy!” The scarred Auror growled from nearby, “Fix all their problems with a few Spells and potions hm? As if it would be that simple, as if we wouldn't come here to stop you!”
“He’s right Harry. We will figure out how you intend to do this.”

Laughter erupted from the teen once more, “All you had to do was ask, I am going to utilize the Ley lines in order to spread the Magic across the globe. Magic, that will incorporate a series of Runes, Charms, and Potions in order to create the desired effect, really it is the culmination of the work I began back in my second year.”

Snape fought the urge to smirk just a little. He had warned the others, after all, about the project, and although he had been dismissed it seemed he was right all along.

“We won’t let that happen; we will stop you through whatever means necessary.”

A smirk formed on the boy's face, sending a shiver of dread down the older man's spine, “Headmaster... do you think of me as some sort of story book villain? Do you seriously think I’d explain my master-stroke if there remained the slightest chance of you affecting its outcome? The ritual took effect over three hours ago.”

***LoD***

Richard Jones let out a deep sigh of defeat as he looked down at the pile of paperwork currently dominating his kitchen table. Dozens of medical reports, essays, and letters from doctors around the country, and even some from overseas, all saying the same thing.

His daughter was going to die.

There was simply no hope, even going into debt to the degree he and his wife had, selling both of their cars, and moving into a much smaller house had barely covered the costs. It had all been for naught.

“It isn’t fair…” he muttered, as his face fell into his hands, “she is too young… no one should have to bury their child, not like this…”

Suddenly an odd wave of… something coursed through the room and the man stilled, before perking back up.

Of course! Why hadn’t they thought of it sooner!? He recalled hearing a friend tell him that the Wizards could cure such things within only a few hours! Clearly the stress was getting to them if that hadn’t been his first thought!

Immediately, the man pulled out a blank sheet of paper, pen, and envelope. He would write to them immediately. Everything would still work out.

***LoD***

A deep silence filled the air as Albus Dumbledore’s eyes darted back and forth, frantically trying to figure out a way to reverse the Magic.

“There must be something we can do Albus.” Moody growled, “Some way we can…”

The veteran hadn’t expected the very teen they had come to stop to be the one to answer his plea, “I suppose there is. If you could find a sufficient source of Magic you could reverse the polarity and flow, drawing the Magic back from where it dispersed. The requirements would be high, but I would think a powerful enough artifact, or more likely several, could achieve this.”

“See, we can still salvage this Albus, we can still…”
“Of course,” the boy interrupted, “there is the nasty side effect of reversing that much Magical tension and flow. It would probably shatter the continents into pieces. Of course, if you are okay with killing billions of people in the name of freedom then this would be acceptable, but there is no guarantee you would survive the cataclysm either.”

Aberforth turned to his older brother, who looked just as horrified as he felt, surely there was something they could do, something else they could try. As if hearing the uncertainty in their thoughts the boy-who-lived let out a sigh, before placing one hand to his ear, “Do you hear that?”

The various adults glanced around, before straining to pick up on what the boy was speaking about, until the younger brother chose to speak up, “Hear… what?”

“Exactly, there is nothing to hear. No bombs, no aircraft flying over, no rustle of feathers as the Ministry burns, no signs of crazed murders or war… just a calm silence. The ritual took effect and yet none of you even noticed the difference, and I suspect won’t notice until requests begin coming in from Muggle governments and those seeking medical aid or relief. My plan has worked perfectly and yet here you all are worrying about the ‘terrible’ consequences.”

“The ends do not always justify the means Harry…” The former Headmaster whispered softly.

A nod answered him, “True enough, but I do believe that this time they do. Saving millions of lives every year, increased economy, ending of world hunger, ending of all major conflicts, massive drop in crime, and overall more efficient governing of billions of people feels like a worthy result of the lack of self-governance. Hell, Muggles and Magical beings alike have given up such rights for far less.”

Glancing at his companions, and receiving nods in confirmation, the elder Dumbledore straightened his back, his eyes narrowing in determination. “We are at an impasse then. We cannot allow your plans to continue and you cannot allow us any further room to interfere.”

The schoolboy took a step forward, followed by another as he advanced towards the three eldest adults, “I agree, this is for the best, really. I have been looking forwards to tearing you into pieces since my first year after all.”

A twisted smirk formed on Grindelwald’s face, “Now that sounds fun. Enough sneaking around Albus, let’s finish off this little bastard.”

Harry raised his hand for a moment, stopping the conversation from escalating further, “Before you do, perhaps we should get another opinion on all of this hm? Perhaps someone who would have a more personal view?”

Before the adults could ask the boy gave a signal, and a nearby side door opened, allowing for a single individual to enter the area.

Three men fell silent, jaws dropping at her appearance.

For Albus Dumbledore, the fact that his sister now stood less than twenty feet away, and was glaring at him with undisguised hate, was a mixture of a revulsion and joy.

“Hello Lord Dumbledore” she spat, giving a mock curtsey as the others stared on in disbelief and borderline horror. Her gaze shifted to the younger brother and for a second it softened, “Abe…” she greeted. Once more it hardened, however, when she turned to the last Wizard. “And you.”

“H-how…” Aberforth muttered out, shaking his head as he stared back at the teenage girl. It was his elder brother, however, that snapped back to the situation at hand.
“It isn’t her Aberforth, it can’t be. Arianna died decades upon decades ago, whatever Harry has done it is only to confuse us to…”

Her laughter was almost as he remembered it, save for the anger contained within. “Is that what you think? Didn’t you even notice that I addressed you in the same way you demanded that I do, Lord Dumbledore. You wanted to be treated as my superior remember? For all the time you ‘wasted’ taking care of me. If Harry was going to bring me back to be a weapon don’t you think he would have made me kind towards you?”

Said boy only nodded in agreement, “Quite right my dear, I just felt so bad about such a young loss of life that I decided to give you a second chance at happiness, and why not start with a family reunion? After all, that is how all of this started was it not Headmaster? Family?”

Albus flinched back from the spiteful tone, his mind working on understanding how and why Harry had done such a thing.

“You, who allowed your family to be torn apart, and then blamed it on your younger sibling. You, who allowed other families to be destroyed because of the lover you refused to stop or the Dark Lord you had allowed to grow in Tom Riddle. You,” he spat, his tone darkening with each syllable, “who decided who would live and who would die in the bloody game you played with others’ lives. My parents, my godparents, the Longbottoms, and so so many others… all so that you could maintain control over everyone and everything.”

Nearby, Arianna nodded in agreement, “He always has, always manipulating people, deciding for everyone what was best, and Heaven forbid you disagree with him.”

“Ah yes, the classic adult argument, ‘what I say is the only correct answer and you are bad if you think otherwise’. I suppose it is how we ended up here is it not? You care not that I am saving millions of lives, only that I am not doing so in the way that you want, isn’t that right Headmaster?”

The man, however, merely shook his head in denial. “No, no that isn’t… I never…”

“Would you like to know dear brother who killed me?”

That statement froze the blood in the three oldest present.

“I have heard you think about it quite often,” she continued on, her glare shifting between the three men, “who it was that snuffed out my life, all because of your insignificant argument. After all this time don’t you want closure? Don’t you want someone to blame?”

“Arianna please” Aberforth pleaded, “what happened… it was a mistake we didn’t mean to…”

The young girl’s pretty features shifted into a snarl, “Did you mean to do this Abe!? Coming to a school to kill a teenager!? I thought you had changed, that you would have seen through Albus’ awful behavior and tried to make amends but you didn’t, did you!? Still following him around like a boy admiring his hero. Don’t even try to deny it, you even paired up with him.” She growled, gesturing towards Grindelwald, who had thus far remained silent. “I dare you to try and justify that!”

“We… we had to.” Albus called out, flinching at his own words. “Harry must be stopped, to save…”

“To save what!” she screamed, her face red in anger, “What are you trying to save!? A world full of disease and poverty? Anger, hatred, and war? Children dying daily when there is no reason to!? Or are you just trying to save your own damned vision of how everything should be?”
“I… we…” he stuttered out, trying desperately to come up with an answer to the young girl that he still prayed wasn’t his long-deceased sister.

If for his sanity if nothing else.

“You must understand, Harry is taking away free will, he is enslaving billions, he is…”

The next words spoken from her lips destroyed whatever remained of his heart, “It was you.” Tears began forming at his old eyes as Albus Dumbledore staggered backwards under the weight of the words and hatred in her voice. “You killed me Lord Dumbledore. But isn’t that what you always wanted? To be rid of your ‘useless sister’ the one holding you back from all that greatness you constantly desired? Mother always did say that Magic is based on intent did she not? Somewhere deep inside of your corrupt black heart you must have wanted to kill me for all you had to sacrifice for my sake.”

Arianna shook her head in the ensuing silence, before turning and leaving the courtyard.

It was Snape who broke the silence, “Minerva, please retrieve Flitwick, contact the Aurors, and then get to safety. When he awakens you may inform him of his termination, and that I intend on having him arrested for attempted murder of a student.”

“And yourself?” she half-growled, half-whispered.

His gaze turned to the other who had accompanied the three, Mad Eye Moody, “I suspect my fate lies elsewhere.” This statement in a growling nod from the former Auror, who began to make his way towards the nearest exit, eyes never leaving the current Headmaster for a moment.

As the others departed the door slammed shut, Wards activating to keep anyone from intruding once more as the final four Wizards prepared for their showdown.

***LoD***
Flames & War

Lord of Darkness

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

***LoD***

“So, will this be another test or manipulation Harry? Is there an Orb floating around here somewhere?” Dumbledore questioned, earning a chuckle from the teen.

“No, no more of those types of things Dumbledore. I already exposed you and your machinations.”

The elderly man nodded, “Well then... shall we?”

Harry nodded, before slowly standing up from his ‘throne’, the object fading away a moment later. Silence fell, broken only by the soft breaths of the four men and the gentle falling of snow onto the ground. A second later the calm was broken, the boy taking a step backwards to avoid a Cutting Curse flung by the Dark Lord, a dark bolt of energy being sent in retaliation.

And like that the battle began.

Aberforth quickly took a few steps backwards, staying on the defensive side, his specialty, while the two former enemies took to the attack.

The remaining Potter, for his part, merely grinned as he effortlessly dodged and counterattacked. Waves of black flames darkened the very stone the four stood upon while brilliant lights crisscrossed the makeshift arena from both sides. Unfortunately for the ‘alliance’, it soon became clear that the teen wasn’t taking the fight seriously, or even needed to. He would shift targets whenever one looked as if they were at disadvantage and barely bothered dodging some of the Spells, allowing his ever-present flames to consume them.

“I am curious how you three will fare when attacked from every angle at once. Voldemort did not do so well, but perhaps with more targets…” he called out mid-dodge, stretching out his hand, only to quirk an eyebrow up in curiosity. “Oh my, it seems that you are far more prepared than I gave you credit for Headmaster…”

Dumbledore nodded, “You are not the only one who adapts Harry. A Spell of my own creation, it removes all shadows within a large radius.”

The teen’s smile became one of feral excitement, “I knew this would be fun!”

***LoD***

A game, that’s what it appeared to be to the young boy before him. Albus Dumbledore watched, with just a hint of awe, as the teen weaved through the barrage of spells sent by him and his allies.

He figured that the Magic used by the Elder Wand would be a bit too dense and strong to just evaporate in Harry’s protective inferno, and he had been correct but instead of providing a distinctive
advantage their opponent had merely adapted. The few Spells that would pierce through were promptly absorbed by an odd circular barrier that the teen had conjured.

His mind snapped back to the battle at hand as his opponent twisted past a Cutting Curse thrown by his former best friend, a large black sphere forming instantly in his hands before being launched at his brother.

The former headmaster wasn’t sure if Aberforth’s barrier would be able to hold against such a thing, and so he intercepted it with his own spell rather than attack the caster. As the two Magical attacks clashed the light seemed to win out, shattering the sphere into pieces and earning a brief sigh of relief from Albus. It was short-lived, however, as the pieces appeared to sharpen and continue forward, forcing the target to erect a shield to stop the assault.

Even then it only dampened the attack, and the shards pierced through the glowing wall, slicing into the younger Dumbledore and earning a hiss of pain as he worked on halting the blood flow from the dozen or so small wounds.

Albus immediately stepped in front of his brother and began a flurry of attacks, hoping to give the injured Wizard a time to heal and gather himself. Meanwhile, Gellert flanked around to the side, catching the boy on the flank with his own barrage and drawing his attention.

***LoD***

“I want to be first.”

Tonks bit her lip as she glanced around the room at the other girls, who also seemed more than a little hesitant to answer the demand. “Hermione… look it’s just that… well it might not be a good idea for you to be with him yet.”

The bookworm practically snarled at the former Auror, “And why the hell not!?”

Raising her hands in a placating manner the older Witch went on to explain, “You heard what Hedwig said Hermione, Harry had to go deep into his anger and hatred for this last fight and we don’t know how much he is going to be affected by it.”

“Your point?”

The Metamorphmagus practically had to roll her eyes, sometimes it was like pulling teeth with these girls. “My point is that he might not be in the mood to indulge in teenage fantasies. He might still be angry at everything and just want to take it out on someone. I know that if it was me and someone was asking for sex after that I would push the bitch down and shag her until she screamed.”

“And you think I can’t handle this? I am a big girl Tonks!”

Shaking her head, the older Witch continued on, “I know, and that isn’t what I’m saying. It’s just that… well you never really indulged in any roleplaying with him yet, right? I just… I don’t think it is a good idea for the first time you suggest it to be when he is in an unknown state. Let me take him first, I enjoy rough sex and I don’t have to go to school anytime soon. Worst comes to worst I can’t walk right for a week and no harm done.”

The bushy-haired girl’s shoulders drooped, “I… he saved me Tonks… that story about his first year? That girl was me! If he hadn’t interfered… I wouldn’t have survived that along with everything else, I wouldn’t be alive right now without him…”

“Hermione, we understand, some of us more than others.” Fleur chimed in, “Gabbie and I also owe
him our lives but… we are just worried that he won’t be himself yet and we don’t want anything ruined for you.”

“It won’t be. Look I get it and I appreciate the gesture; I do but I need to do this. He saved me and I… I haven’t been of much use to him for all he has done. I want to help him.” She turned to the white-haired girl, a pleading and questioning look on her face.

Hedwig merely sighed, “I think… you should let me talk to him first. Not just for you but for him. We all remember what happened at the start of fourth year and I don’t want to pressure him into indulging our whims just because we haven’t had sex in a week or two.”

“More for some of us…” Pansy muttered in annoyance.

“Regardless, this is a delicate situation and one we need to be careful with. Once we make sure he’s okay and back to normal then we can discuss the week or so of nonstop sex.”

***LoD***

The battle between four Wizards raged on, with Albus and his former best friend taking to the offensive and Aberforth providing defense and support where need be. Harry, on the other hand, was apparently enjoying himself far more than the other three.

A laugh echoed through the courtyard as the teen ducked under a Spell thrown by the former Dark Lord, once again absorbed one sent by Dumbledore, and immediately retaliated with a flurry of conjured black spikes. The projectiles were stopped mere feet from the two men by a luminescent barrier raised by the third.

“Don’t worry, I can still keep…” the younger brother’s voice trailed off as his eyes widened in horror. The rods that had been halted by the barrier began to produce black cracks in it, like tree roots spreading outward from where they were embedded, slowly taking over and corrupting the barrier until it shattered, creating a small backlash that sent the youngest of the attackers stumbling backwards.

The teen’s voice called out, just loud enough to be heard from across the courtyard, “You really should try and be more careful Mr. Dumbledore, if you aren’t something bad might happen.”

He wasn’t sure if it was the tone of voice, that childlike innocence that he loathed to hear, especially from those with power, or if it was the almost condescending manner that was hidden beneath the surface. Regardless though, something about the brat infuriated Gellert, whose Wand snapped up to point directly at the boy, a Curse already on the tip of his tongue.

“Avada…”

A hand reached out and snapped his arm upwards, “NO!”

“Kedavra!”

The green bolt of energy soared up into the clouds, appearing to darken the skies for a moment before everything gradually returned to normal. The former Dark Lord’s head twisted, allowing him to glare into the eyes of the man who had defeated him decades prior.

“What the hell are you…”

But Dumbledore was not going to yield to the man’s anger, not this time. “I warned you not to use the Killing Curse.”
Grindelwald paled for a moment, before nodding with a grumble.

“Oh, come now Headmaster, why take the fun out of it?” Harry interrupted from his spot. “Don’t you think it would be rather fitting for me to destroy two Dark Lords in the same fashion? I am curious about something though. I understand why your old friend fights me, and even his brother. Both are far too ‘good’ to ever allow my plans to go unopposed. What I do not understand is why you are challenging me Mr. Grindelwald.”

Said Dark Lord finally regained his composure before giving a smirk, “My reason is probably the simplest of all boy, I am not going to be second place, especially not to a child.”

Harry merely laughed and nodded, “Ah, so you figured that if you can take me out you could conquer the World with the progress I have already made hm? A decent plan I suppose, it certainly isn’t going to work but the idea itself is good.”

“Gellert...” Dumbledore muttered sadly, shaking his head at the evil still consuming his former best friend. Secretly he wondered what truly was going to happen after the battle was over, and they emerged victorious. Would another war arise from the ashes of the boy-who-lived’s plan, or would he finally be able to stop the generations of darkness once and for all?

***LoD***

Two veterans stood across from each other in an otherwise empty hallway, neither blinking, neither moving. Originally, there had been an almost unspoken agreement to find a larger room for their battle.

They had barely made it out of the doorway before both realized this would never work, because both Snape and Moody had quickly come to the same conclusion, neither would ever trust the other. Thus, they stood facing, neither fidgeting or even moving towards drawing a Wand, and yet the action being on both of their minds.

There was no single attacker, but rather both moving at once, and then Spells began flying. Snape shifted slightly to avoid a Blasting Curse while sending his own in return. Alastor countered it mid-air before a raging inferno swept forth from his Wand.

A wall of splendid light emerged which halted the flames.

Stone was ripped from the floor and thrown to intercept a bright red sphere.

Curses of both light and dark variety passed to and fro, most being redirected, countered, or splashing against walls of majestic light and shape. A this point both Wizards were well versed enough in war, as well as each other, to realize that dodging would likely not be an option. Snape was far too proud, and Moody far too hampered by his own physical deficiencies to try.

***LoD***

It was after a rather painful exchange, one in which his younger brother was sent hurtling backwards onto the ground, that Dumbledore made his decision. It was something he had been holding off on, something he hadn’t wanted to do... but he knew that if he continued holding back the consequences could be disastrous.

“Gellert, I need you to bring out as much of his flames as possible.”

The other man paused, before nodding slowly, clearly not understanding why, but trusting the other
man regardless.

A barrage of lights crossed the open arena, causing the air around the teen to ignite as before, the fires dancing and devouring faster than they would consume paper. When it reached a climax, the inferno extending out to the point that Albus could almost feel the heat, the aged Wizard chose to act.

Using the fabled 'Death Stick' he sent forth a steady stream of his own power, weaving it around the teen. Soon he was practically manipulating the boy's own Magical defenses, much to the awe of the other two men, twirling it around the boy with the grace of a conductor commanding a symphony.

“I am so sorry Harry...” he muttered, before he tightened the curvature of the cone he had forged, then more and still further, bringing the flames back closer and closer until it was a mere pillar of fire surging upwards, threatening the burn the very Heavens themselves.

It was a terrible way to die, to be destroyed by one’s own Magic, burnt alive by the very hatred and flames you created. Still, Dumbledore allowed himself to let out a sigh of relief, it was over, finally over. Now he could spend the time researching the ritual that the teen had utilized and...

A soft clapping echoed through the courtyard.

***LoD***

“How could you...” Minerva McGonagall whispered out into the room.

The target of her question, the recently revitalized former Ravenclaw Head of House, merely glanced up from where he was lying on a bench, body wrapped with gauze to prevent movement and further injury. “How could I what? Refuse to follow a mass murderer?”

“ATTACK A STUDENT!” she shouted in retaliation, earning another wince from the man.

“It isn't that simple, and you know it Minerva...” Flitwick muttered, “he attacked... killed other children! Are you just going to stand by and let him get away with it? Let a murderer prowl the hallways, kill whoever he wants to with no consequences?!”

She bit back her initial response to take a calming breath, “And you Filius? You would ignore what Albus has done? Ignore the fact he brought back a monster who started a war all to ensure that a teenager, who he wants to die, perishes? What's next? Public executions of anyone belonging to 'dark families'? Perhaps we should start burning children at the stake again?”

“And the Dementors? Where is your sympathy for their victims Minerva? Do we let Mr. Potter go free just because one man made a wrong decision?”

“Wrong decision!? Is that what you call what Albus has been doing? A wrong decision?” The Witch almost screeched. “Allowing innocent men to go to jail, planning the death of infants, allowing Dark Lord's to infiltrate the school all for his paranoid quest of being 'right'!!?”

Flitwick borderline snarled in response, “One innocent life to save countless? Yes, I would agree it is worth the cost!”

“Then you should side with Harry! After all he is saving millions each year with his ritual. What is a handful of lives for so many?”

The Charms expert held back his urge to shout that it was different, because for the moment he couldn't exactly come up with a counter argument.
Albus Dumbledore had faced many horrors in his life. Two wars, each lead by a different Dark Lord, the destruction of his family, monsters, beasts of all shapes and sizes, the corpse of his own sister... but he could say that despite all of that he had never been as unnerved as he did in that moment. Watching as a mere teenager walk through a wall of flames as black as the sky on a moonless night, completely unharmed, all while slowly clapping with a smile on his face sent a shiver of fear and dread up the elder's spine.

"Wh-what the hell is he..." Grindelwald muttered in awe mixed with terror. Meanwhile, Aberforth merely watched on, slowly shaking his head in disbelief.

"Bravo Headmaster, bravo. A very impressive feat I must say. A shame Voldemort wasn't clever enough to try the same, although I have the sneaking suspicion he would have ended up burnt to a crisp. If you had done such a thing when I was younger, say around eight or so, you would have likely killed me but at this point my Magic is far too aware to harm me. Unlike a dog, it will not bite its owner."

This statement seemed to trigger something in the former prisoner, who shook his head and straightened his back with determination. "Then perhaps, it is time to bring out the wolves to fight hm?"

Albus turned back to his old friend, a questioning gleam in his eyes, "Gellert? You too?"

The Dark Lord smirked, "But of course Albus, you don't believe yourself to be the only prodigy here do you?" With that a crimson liquid, at first glanced it appeared to be blood, emerged from his Wand, swirling and coalescing until it appeared to take on a humanoid shape, save for the spikes that occasionally protruded from its body and hands. The creature was slightly larger than a person, its body constantly quivering and flowing like the fluid that forged it and glowing as if made of flames.

The elder Dumbledore smiled, nodding in appreciation and respect before bringing out his own Archon. His was a manifestation of the light within himself, a warrior of bright white and gold, a pair of angelic wings upon its back as a sword and shield formed for weapons.

"Incredible..." Aberforth breathed out in wonder, a slight blush adorning his face at the sudden realization of just how short he fell compared to the two legends.

His older brother, however, knew the look and merely shook his head, "We will need your help more than ever Aberforth. Manifesting these warriors take a great deal of power and concentration, we will be vulnerable to any collateral damage from the battle."

Nodding, the youngest man made his way between the two older Wizards, Wand out and eyes alert to anything that might cause them harm. The three then refocused upon the teen before them, only to notice how excited he appeared.

"Yes..." Harry whispered out, before his voice reached a crescendo, "FINALLY! A TRUE CHALLENGE! Do you have any idea how long I have been waiting for this moment!? How many years I dreamed of this day!? How many times I contemplated just giving up and simply forcing this confrontation? But no, no this is truly worth the wait! Finally, an epic battle worth my time!"

The shadow cast by the castle of Hogwarts itself grew long, and from it a monster emerged, slowly rising until it threatened to eclipse the sun itself. Higher and higher it rose, the other three men watching in open mouthed shock. When the beast was finally free it let out a roar, one which echoed across the countryside, causing those dwelling in towns miles away to pause in shock and horror.
Through it all the teen's smile grew more terrible and bloodthirsty. “Now then...” he whispered out, “let us have some fun hm?”

Darkness filled the battlefield as the creature leapt into the sky, blocking out the sun, before it crashed onto the fortress itself, claws and limbs digging into stone as one arm lashed out towards the two bright figures, which immediately lunged from the path. The crimson Archon struck forward without hesitation, latching onto the appendage and clawing away at it, attempting to do damage. The other, a representation of 'the light' of the former Headmaster took to the skies, flying towards what appeared to the creature's head.

From the pitch-black body dozens of tentacles struck out, seeking to impale or ensnare the shining beacon of the elderly Wizard's Magic. The smaller, and far more agile, warrior weaved between them slashing away at the much larger entity before its leg was snared. With hardly a moment of effort the monstrosity tossed the glowing warrior into a nearby tower, causing it to crash through stone as if it was glass.

“You know...” the teenager began conversationally, as if the four Wizards were not in the middle of a life or death battle, “This is fun and all but we really should start acting a bit more serious.” With that he idly raised his arm, before snapping his fingers towards where the older men were standing, a roaring inferno leaping towards them.

The youngest of the three barely had time to raise a barrier, cursing at the force of the impact as his own Magic struggled to hold back the flames. “Albus, hurry up. He doesn't seem to be as affected as you two are.”

Indeed, Grindelwald and his former friend were still locked into postures of heavy concentration, pushing forth their power and wills to not only maintain their Archons, but also attempting to damage the one created by the schoolboy.

Harry did not seem to notice, and began walking forward, pressing the flames harder against the man's barrier, which to his horror began burning away.

“Albus!”

Aberforth's cry finally seemed to reach his brother, who brought his creation down in order to attack the boy while his other ally was attempting to keep the much larger monster busy. The blazing white sword swung forward, only to miss as the teen ducked out of the way at the last possible second, a black blade of his own emerging as he did so.

“Oh, this should be fun.” Harry called out with a maddening grin, waiting for a moment as the former Headmaster's construct charged towards him once more, their blades clashing for a moment before the Magical creation seemed to overpower the teen, who allowed himself to be pushed backwards, only to move out of the way with a feint and slash forward almost instantly. The weapon cut into the glowing figure, which swung back in retaliation only to cut empty air as the younger Wizard danced away. “Too slow Headmaster, your Archon is far too slow. That is the problem with being required to directly control it, the disassociation between your mind and Magic, along with that slight confusion will always make you too slow.”

An odd, altered, voice emanated from the warrior, “We cannot all be as talented as you I'm afraid Harry. Besides, don't you think that is a bit hypocritical? Your own creation is massive and cumbersome.”

The teen paused, quirking his head before giving a slight nod, “Perhaps you are right Headmaster, size is not needed right now...” Without even a hint of effort on his part the pitch-black avatar of the
teen’s Magic dissipated, reappearing next to him as a humanoid shape as well, slightly larger than the boy. Aberforth had been prepared to comment on the absolute ridiculousness of what had just occurred, when he took a closer look at the newest addition.

It was... wrong, in a sense he couldn't quite figure out. The edges were rounded and blurred in ways that didn't seem right to his eyes, the creation looking more like a lack of light and surrounding color rather than a solid form.

“What... is that...” he muttered in confusion.

The schoolboy, on the other hand, seemed to understand the unspoken question, “An odd side effect I'm afraid. Condensing so much power and darkness into one spot creates a deeper shade of black than what your eyes can perceive. It looks more like an absence of form rather than an addition correct?”

He nodded slowly, before shaking off the effect as the other two Archons returned to stand next to them.

Harry grinned once more, “So then, we are up to a five on two? It does sound rather fun…” his smile becoming more feral as the two opposing Magical constructs charged forward, intent on engaging the boy and his own creation.

***LoD***

Amelia Bones had been looking forward to a nice, and hopefully quiet, day. Things had been starting to calm down since the summer and with school letting out she was hoping to spend the evening with her niece, and potentially even future nephew.

Naturally, this meant that someone just had to barge into her office looking hysterical. “Oh no what happened now?” She practically groaned at the younger, seemingly embarrassed, Auror.

“U-uh sorry for the intrusion ma'am but um I mean you told us to inform you that well...”

“Spit it out!” she snapped. Merlin, what the hell had happened to her officers? Had the department truly become so used to peace that they could no longer perform the simplest of tasks without shaking in fear?

“DumbledoreisatHogwartsandwewerecontactedbyMinervaMcGonagall”

She blinked in confusion, trying to sort out the stream of garbage that the young man had just spouted. “Try again” she growled softly, “but this time in a way that I can understand you.”

The Auror nodded, took a deep breath and calmed himself before doing as ordered, “Minerva McGonagall just contacted us, Dumbledore is at Hogwarts with two others. One of which she identified as Gellert Grindelwald.”

Amelia froze, her mind whirling as to what they should do, what they could do. A decision was made moments later as she refocused her gaze. “Send out an emergency alert to all Aurors, anyone who isn’t in a pursuit or arrest is to return to headquarters immediately, we are moving out in fifteen minutes.”

***LoD***

It was… astonishing, Albus Dumbledore noted more than a little impressed with the battle raging before him. Even after decades he and Gellert had been remarkably in sync throughout the battle,
covering each other where necessary, their Spells complimenting and supporting the other near effortlessly.

But their cooperation *paled* in comparison to the teen and his own Archon. The two moved, not as separate entities, requiring minute gestures and looking to the other for support every few minutes, but rather as two limbs of the same body.

They were perfect, fighting both opposing manifestations without the slightest hesitation or misstep. Harry would duck, allowing his creation to perform a wide sweeping attack an instance later to repel both figures, the teen sliding behind as he did so in order to perform a follow up attack on the warrior opposite of the one he had just been dueling.

When Dumbledore’s entity swooped in for a dashing blow at what appeared to be an unguarded spot on one, the other would already be in position to take advantage of the all-out attack. Damage was beginning to accrue on both the fiery being and the one forged of pure light. The two creators gritting their teeth and winced each time a blow struck true, each time they had to force their own Magic into repairing the formidable champions they had shaped. When one of the Archons lost a limb, the Wizard felt the pain in his own, when a bone would have been broken their bodies buckled, each death blow had them gasping for air.

Throughout it all Aberforth could do nothing more but watch as the boy and his monster acted as a whirlwind of blade and claw, parrying, dodging, and striking with a gracefulness that he could never have matched. He was out of his league, he had known that the moment that the three entities had appeared but now... now it was all he could to *not* fall into despair as the truth hit him just as Harry impaled the Archon created by the other Dark Lord, which was quickly followed up by several black tentacles wrapping around its limbs and ripping it apart, ending the construct and staggering the man backwards from the backlash.

They were going to lose, and probably die. He had always had a sneaking suspicion of course, ever since his elder brother had walked into his life once more with a pleading look in his eyes.

***LoD***

Severus Snape gasped for breath as he peeked around the column he had been using as a shield. The hallway was now damaged and scarred like a war zone with deep gashes cut into the walls, the floor broken and uneven, and even the ceiling showed signs of their battle.

Nearby, the Headmaster could *just* make out Moody's own breathing, rough and harsh, as the man took cover behind another piece of rubble.

It was odd, in a sense, that they would be the two who ended up in a life or death duel. Alastor had never fully trusted him, and he had always had more than a little animosity for the man, whose tactics and decisions were usually blunt and brutal towards all involved. When they had first met Snape had, wrongly assumed that 'Mad-Eye' was the true origin of Dumbledore's 'for the greater good' philosophy. And why shouldn't he? The former Auror was often the one who suggested, and justified, the more lethal raids, to using others as bait to draw out Death Eaters, and even looking into the more inhumane arts of waging war in order to obtain victory.

Years later the former spy would realize that it was likely the other way around, that Dumbledore had probably been the other man's instructor and teacher in many of these forms of strategy and warfare.

Still, he had a grudging respect for the veteran and knew that if he did not take this next bout seriously it could easily mean his own head.
Glancing around he made a few mental calculations before putting the plan into motion. A Blasting Charm was sent up at the ceiling, causing large slabs of stone to fall on where his opponent sat, forcing the injured man to roll from the path. Although they had originally settled on avoiding the act of dodging both sides had opted to forget the 'agreement' after it became clear that neither would obtain and easy victory.

Exhaustion meant saving one's Magical strength for when it was absolutely necessary.

A second later his strategy came full circle as his signature Spell sliced into the rising man's side, earning a hiss of pain as blood soaked through his outfit. Snape knew Moody would be even more dangerous now, that it would no longer just be about attaining victory, but at any cost and that the former Auror would likely even attempt near suicidal tactics.

Which is why he blinked in surprise as the opposing man reached into his pocket and threw down a vial to create a dense fog, the sound of gasping and footsteps beginning and then fading as the scarred Wizard retreated.

***LoD***

The former Headmaster took a few deep breaths, gasping for precious air as he went over the battle they had waged and, more importantly, the plans that had failed. Harry was far more powerful than he had originally anticipated, than he could have even imagined. 'If only he could be saved' the man thought, 'he could have done such great things, changed the world...' Dumbledore quickly shook his head to dispel such thoughts. The Potter heir had changed the world, but it was for the worse. If he wasn't stopped all would be lost, and darkness would forever dominate the Muggles.

A quick glance over and he caught sight of his two companions. Aberforth wasn't doing much better, hunched over with one eye barely keeping sight of their common enemy. Gellert, at least, was still standing but was leaning heavily on a nearby pillar, blood slowly dripping from his face.

"Come now, surely the three of you can do better than that?" the teen called out from across the courtyard, having not even a scratch on his body.

They needed to do something drastic, or else the next round could be their last. It was time for his trump card, something he hadn't wanted to do... but had prepared for just in case. A last resort, and one that he would undoubtedly answer for in his years to come followed by the afterlife that awaited him.

Giving his former best friend a slight nod as a signal Albus watched Grindelwald go on what would likely be his last great offensive, and what an attack it was. Dozens of spells sang from his Wand, crossing the distance in the span of a heartbeat, only to be consumed in black flames before they came within ten feet of the boy. Yet it did not matter, the former Dark Lord continued his attack, Spells and Curses of all sorts and varieties, different languages, cultures, and origins all slammed into the invisible barrier that seemed to surround the teen, who merely stood with a quirked eyebrow, waiting for something different to happen.

It was when the inferno reached its apex that he enacted his plan, a wave of his Wand bringing forth the ancient item that had been hidden in a small pouch in his cloak. Nearby, his brother watched on as he lifted the spear above his shoulder, took aim, and threw it with all his might.

The weapon soared through the air, piercing through the black flames with ease as it sought its target, that being true evil, for the Lance of Longinus could not abide the corrupt and monsters of the world. It had been the weapon to pierce the body of Christ, and thus purified and rendered unable to harm those without evil in their hearts. He had procured the weapon during the previous summer, using a
combination of Magic, blackmail, and even subtle threats to obtain it from the resting place in the Vatican. It had not been easy and would undoubtedly create more than a few investigations from both countries, but if it worked then the result would be worth it.

A moment after the spear passed through the fires they subsided, and Dumbledore's eyes widened in shock. Harry had, apparently, turned to the side just in the nick of time, dodging the weapon and catching it out of the air as it passed him.

But... it shouldn't have been possible. Evil couldn’t touch the artifact, much less pluck it out of the air.

“How...” Dumbledore muttered, not believing his eyes as the other two aged Wizards watched on with equal amounts of shock.

“Albus,” Grindelwald growled in anger, “you said it was foolproof. You said that it would kill him!”

The other man merely shook his head in disbelief, watching on as the teen let out a soft chuckle. “It appears he was mistaken hm? An interesting weapon you have here, blessed with all sorts of lovely Magic, vastly superior to my own I think... I wonder though, how it will fair in my hands?”

With that the he spun the object around, before instantly throwing it towards Grindelwald, the spear looking more like a blur that a weapon as it impaled the man through the chest with such force that he slammed into the wall behind him, pinning him to the object as he let out a cry of pain. A second went by before Dumbledore reacted moving to provide some sort of aid for his friend.

But it was all for naught.

Before the former Headmaster could take two steps another scream echoed from the man's mouth as his body began to shrivel up, his life force being drained from him as he went limp, held up only by the object still embedded in his chest.

“Oh my, what a terrible way to go for a terrible man.” Albus turned towards the boy, a rebuke on his lips when he saw the challenging look in the other's eyes. “Come on now, let's hear it, what possible argument could you have against me killing the man who attempted to end my life with the very weapon you had just used against me? What sort of mindless logic can you come up with this time?”

There was none, not this time. Instead, the man merely shook his head, “No... no you are right Harry. We came to kill you and thus should have no surprise when you defend with lethal force in return.

The schoolboy nodded, “I am so glad to hear you accept this Headmaster, because I have something of yours.” With that waved his hand out before him, creating dozens of glowing circles in the air, looking exactly like the small ‘shield’ he had been using throughout the fight, completely surrounding the two brothers. “I do so hope your defenses are up to par.”

With that he snapped and pointed, summoning forth dozens of brightly colored spells from the various objects, each of them a Spell launched by the former Headmaster himself over the course of their battle.

Albus' shield went up without thought as the barrage bombarded the area, the defense groaning and buckling under the assault of the same Magic that had forged it yet weathering the storm all the same.

After what felt like an eternity, at least to the elder, the attacked stopped, and he wearily lowered the dome. Ragged, yet still standing. “Turnabout is fair play I suppose Harry...” he noted, taking a few more gasping breaths, “I reversed your Magic, you reversed mine. So, tell me, where do we go from
The teen merely shook his head, before gesturing behind the elderly man.

Dumbledore blinked in confusion, before his eyes widened and he spun in place, turning his sight back onto the form of his brother, now bloodied and lying in a heap on the ground, torn apart by the Spells he could not defend against. Albus raced to his side as quickly as he could, but the damage had already been done.

“A-Albus...”

“I’m here Aberforth... I am so sorry brother, for dragging you into this... for everything I have done...”

The dying man gave a wheezing, bloody, cough before shaking his head, “We all knew what we were getting into. We knew there would be no happy ending to this... I will see you on the other side then?”

Giving a nod the older brother allowed tears to flow down his face as his brother took one final breath, and then stilled. With a calm and gentle hand, he reached out to slowly close the man's eyes one last time, before gently covering his face with his own robes. Harry watching on the entire time, making no attempt to attack or interfere.

***LoD***

“So, what’s next Headmaster? Another ultimate weapon? Perhaps a different stolen artifact? Or maybe you have created a Spell for just such an occasion hm?”

Albus Dumbledore rose slowly, and by the way his body swayed just a little, painfully, until he was standing upright over his brother’s body, tears forming in his eyes at yet another family member whose death he had inadvertently caused.

“Why?” he whispered out, his question being carried to the boy as if on a breeze. “Why do you hate me so much Harry?”

Silence followed, followed by an emotionless chuckle, “Really? After all these years you still don’t know? I would think that the body in front of you would be a rather nice indication. I want you to have everything taken from you just as I have. I want you to lose your family, your friends...everyone close and dear to your heart. I want you to feel the same betrayal that I did from your machinations. To watch everyone close to you leave... of course if we were truly going for even I suppose that it would involve them betraying you but...” he gave a Muggle-like shrug.

The elder, however, merely stared in confusion. Who had he taken from the boy? Yes, Lily and James Potter had died, and if one was trying they could blame Sirius Black’s imprisonment on him as well but that seemed to be the extent of the teen’s losses.

“Harry… who have I...”

Whether it was the ‘grandfatherly’ tone or just the adrenaline wearing off Dumbledore wasn’t quite sure, but the sole remaining Potter’s face was etched in rage a moment later.

“What? WHO? YOU DARE ASK ME WHO!? EVERYONE YOU OLD BASTARD! YOU TOOK MY PARENTS FROM ME, YOU CONVINCED MY SO CALLED GODFATHERS TO BETRAY ME, MY FRIENDS!!!” His emerald-eyes, blazing with rage quickly snapped shut as the teen took several deep breaths to calm himself. “You turned them all against me. All of them...
standing aside and feeding you information, abandoning me when I needed them…”

Albus shook his head in denial, and uncertainty. As far as he knew Sirius and Remus, along with almost all the boy’s friends, were still very much on his side.

“They haven’t abandoned you Harry. Yes, they made mistakes when you were a child but since then… Luna, Hermione, Ginevra have all stood by you, the Delacours…”

“Oh please” he interrupted with a harsh snap. “Granger has been spying for you for years. Luna and Ginny were more than happy to leave just as soon as you offered them a bit of gold for information, and the Delacours? We both know that they are only pretending to care because of my supposed fortune. I overheard them saying as much.”

No… no this was wrong. The former Headmaster wasn’t sure what had happened, but the teen wasn’t making any sense. He knew what he spoke of wasn’t true, that none of those close to him had even hinted at betrayal. “Harry… what happened to you?”

The sneer of hatred had the man taking a step backwards. “What happened? I became what you always wanted me to be Dumbledore, what you groomed me to be. You wanted a Dark Lord, didn’t you? Another chance to show your supremacy to the world. That was why you stuck me with my awful relatives and did nothing when they sent me to that hellhole orphanage. You wanted, needed another Tom Riddle to defeat, and thus here I am. Probably never figured I would be the one to actually succeed huh?”

There was so much anger, so much hostility that it pained the man. “I didn’t… I never wanted this for you Harry… I don’t know what you have done to yourself but certainly it is not worth what you have gained for it.” With that he slowly slumped to the ground, his stamina spent from the battle and losses.

***LoD***

The door practically exploded outward as Amelia Bones, flanked by no less than two dozen Aurors stormed into the area. The scene before her caused them to freeze wide-eyed as they surveyed the damage done. Craters covered the grounds, the walls were burnt and damaged, and in the distance, she could see parts of the school smashed and destroyed.

“Wh-what in the bloody hell…”

A young voice called out, bringing the Aurors attention back to the situation at hand, “Ah, Director Bones I was wondering when you might arrive.”

She immediately recognized the bloodied, but still breathing, form of Albus Dumbledore along with his nearby brother who appeared to no longer be alive. From the corner of her eye she also observed skeletal remains pinned to a wall with what appeared to be a Muggle weapon. Most shocking of all though, by far, was the teenage boy standing amidst the devastation perfectly unharmed, as if nothing was amiss.

***LoD***
Fallout & Trials

Lord of Darkness

Fallout & Trial

***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

*Follow me on the Twitters at AngelSlayer135 for occasional progress updates on stories

A/N: More than a few kinks and fetishes explored below, tread carefully if you have triggers for these types of things.

***LoD***

“Where is he?”

Snape gestured towards a nearby room, earning a nod from the former owl who continued to where the most important person in the world, to her, was. “Bring him back.” A voice called from behind, earning a slightly surprised look from her and the other girls as the headmaster made his request before departing.

At the door she paused, before turning back to the others, “Stay here, just in case. I don’t want to bombard him.” Earning reluctant nods, she slowly opened the door before slipping quietly inside. The room was dark, and the air oppressively thick with Magic. She could practically feel his presence swirling around her, a maelstrom of anger and hatred.

It was far worse than she had originally feared.

Hedwig spotted him on the other side of the room standing near a window, looking out over the terrain below.

“Harry?” He made no movement, or even indication that he heard her and thus she walked closer to try again. “Harry, are you okay?”

“Well well well... look who finally returned.” She blinked in confusion at the statement, pausing and allowing him to continue. “Did you think everything would be just as it was when you left all those years ago? That I would just welcome you back with open arms?”

The former owl shook her head slowly, not sure what he was talking about, “Harry I don’t...”

“You're just like all the others you know... staying around when it is convenient for you, leaving whenever you damn well please, and then when you come back you expect me to be the same. You think everything will be the same as it was, that I will be the same... but you're wrong.”

The reality of the situation crashed around her as the girl's eyes widened in horror. This was the result of Harry's darkness. This is what would have happened to him if she had never returned, if he simply came to expect everyone to leave him eventually. Her lover had shut himself away from his memories and the happiness that came from them.

“Harry...” Just as she reached his tense form and reached out to touch him the teen spun in place like a blur, his hand clenching around her throat almost to the point of choking her, a raging anger filling his eyes.
They both froze, before the amber-eyed girl gently reached up and placed her fingers around his, her voice nothing more than a gentle whisper, “All you have to do is squeeze Harry… that is all you have ever had to do. I told you that I am yours and that includes my life. If you want it, I will gladly give it to you.”

She tightened her own finger in emphasis and that seemed to have the desired effect of returning him to the present, the boy-who-lived pulled his arm back and stumbled a few steps away from her in shock and borderline horror.

“All you have to do is squeeze Harry… that is all you have ever had to do. I told you that I am yours and that includes my life. If you want it, I will gladly give it to you.”

He rubbed at his eyes, the memories and emotions threatening to overwhelm him all at once, “Hedwig did I… did I hurt you?”

The teen gave a grunt, “I think so… just a bit exhausted after… everything.”

“Of course, why don’t you lie down for a little and try to get some sleep?”

His gaze moved past her to the door, and undoubtedly to where he knew the others were eagerly waiting.

“Don’t worry about them right now, they can wait a few more days before pouncing on you. We want to make sure you are okay first and foremost.”

***LoD***

“Beyond bull…”

Narcissa interrupted before her sister could finish the profanity, “Bella!” she admonished, before letting out a sigh at the glare she was given in return. “It isn’t that I disagree with you, but I am sure Harry has his reasons.”

“Reasons!? What possible ‘reasons’ could he have for strolling into the Wizengamot with a full admission of everything he has done, written down no less, and then walking out!?”

The Malfoy merely shrugged, “I am not sure. Lucius made the same inquiry and was told something along the lines of ‘the truth would come out eventually’ and wanting it to be on his own terms. Of course, that was the only information I could get before an emergency meeting was called. My husband has been stuck in the chamber with the other members from dawn till dusk since then.”

“No surprising,” Andromeda noted. The middle sister had finally taken a break from working overtime at St. Mungo’s and was enjoying some peace and quiet with her siblings for the afternoon. “No one believed Dumbledore and his claims and now suddenly the epitome of virtue and society came forward with dozens of admissions of guilt. It would throw any society into a frenzy.”

Bellatrix toyed with her cup for a few more moments in silence before standing with a growl, “Damnit! Now I feel the need to come forward to the DMLE, what the hell is going on around here!?”

The other two hid their grins behind their own mugs before Andromeda, once again, came forward with a theory. “Perhaps, dear sister, you are starting to realize that maybe, just maybe, you don’t want to be on the run for the rest of your life? I know you have entertained the idea of having a child.
in the future, but such a thing would be difficult, if not impossible, if you were still wanted for crimes as a Death Eater.”

A ‘defeated’ sigh escaped the eldest Witch’s mouth. It was something she had been contemplating for some time now. She wanted to be a mother, and she knew who she wanted to be the father of her child but… she couldn’t exactly send a son or daughter to Hogwarts without finding some way to hide her identity as a parent. So long as she was a wanted criminal the child could never have a normal life.

***LoD***

“It cannot be allowed!”

“I don’t see what choice we have in the matter, unless you have a way of reversing the ritual.”

“The boy enacted it so he should be made to retract it as well!”

“Oh? And who do you propose is going to force him to do so?”

Sirius Black let out a sigh of boredom as he listened to the various arguments taking place. The Wizengamot had been locked in a closed session for the past two days while the members debated on how to handle the current ‘crisis’. Really, he wasn’t sure if it would ever be truly resolved, his godson had admitted his various crimes, but at the same time the good he had done was so vastly overwhelming that it would be hard for any jury to find him guilty.

“Regardless of what the boy has done for the betterment of society we cannot overlook the fact that he has taken lives, innocent ones at that! What sort of example would we be setting by just ignoring these facts?” One man argued.

“And what” another woman chimed in, “do you propose we do? Arrest him? Even if the entire Auror department is willing to do so I doubt that their combined abilities would be enough. The boy just defeated the two of the three most powerful Wizards of the past century!”

“Ignoring the fact that he also killed the most powerful Dark Lord several years ago.” Another noted, earning nods from several others.

An older man threw his arms up into the air, “So what then, we just announce that we are giving him a medal because he is powerful and influential and thus can do no wrong!”?

“I think, a different approach is required.” Lucius Malfoy interrupted, forcing the various arguments to die down. “We are getting nowhere, what we need is to address each idea individually and make a decision then move on to the next. Once we have a list of agreed upon facts, we can begin making a more overall decision.”

Nods, if a bit hesitant, greeted him and the blonde continued, “Now then, the ritual itself, arguments for and against?”

“For” a middle-aged man called out, “It has done nothing but bring positive changes. Muggle wars have ended, crime has become nonexistent in their world, disease is being eradicated, and thousands of lives have already been saved! Not only that, but our economy is stronger than it has ever been and that is only after a short time. Where once we had graduates struggling to find jobs, we now have a need in nearly every corner of our society. My daughter left Hogwarts uncertain if she would be able to find a career as a Mediwitch, now they are desperate to find more applicants of all skill levels.”
Another, far older, woman interrupted, “But at what cost? Enslavement of most the world to the will of a teenager?”

“It isn’t enslavement, they show no signs of the Imperius or any form of mind control.”

The arguments began again, only for the Minster to bang down his gavel, “Enough! If we are truly concerned about the effects, we should form a group to investigate, one which has the knowledge, skills, and neutrality required to report back honestly to us.”

Again, the vast majority agreed.

“So, until further notice the ritual is deemed positive, what is next?”

One woman cleared her throat, a certain gleam in her eye as she stood to address the chamber, “I believe we should address the topic of the future of our society. It has been documented that the boy wields what has been classified as an ‘Archon’, something that even the most powerful in our history take decades of specialized research and training to create. If this is true, then he could very well follow in the footsteps of Merlin and the creation of a new group of Purebloods. I request we research this topic, before making any hasty decisions regarding his health or future.”

“The current Pureblood houses are more than sufficient!”

“Only because you have no female heir and thus no way to immediately be a part of this.”

“Women are not sufficient to carry on the family name, there should be no reason to enact this law to begin with!”

“I dare you to say that again.”

Once more the slamming of a gavel echoed through the chamber by Lucius Malfoy, “Enough” he hissed in irritation. “We are the governing body of this country; we will not bicker and argue like children. The fact remains that there is precedent for this type of occurrence and thus it will be put to a vote as per regulations.”

***LoD***

“Harry?” The boy glanced up to where his bushy-haired lover was standing at the doorway, her posture tense and full of worry. “Is uhm… this a good time?”

“Of course, come in Hermione.”

The girl nodded and slowly slipped into the office he had taken up as a temporary study. Immediately, she felt his eyes wander over her choice in outfits but pushed the thought aside for the time being. She needed to talk with him first.

“How are you feeling?” she gently inquired, earning a slight sigh followed by a shrug.

“Better… the confusion has worn off, but I am still a bit… tired.”

She nodded, biting her lip slightly as she fought the urge to encourage him to rest rather than go through with her idea. “I… wanted to thank you.” His eyebrow quirked upwards, silently encouraging her to continue. “For… for just everything. I never knew what happened during the troll incident, never realized how I was in danger… and then I was horrible to you for the rest of the year and I just…”
“Hermione,” he easily, and yet sternly, interrupted. “You were not horrible to me, and I am just glad that you are okay. I am glad that I took the actions that I did and protected you.”

An awkward silence emerged, and she squirmed a bit in her seat, trying to ignore the excitement pooling in her stomach at the situation and what sort of images it was conjuring. “You saved me so many times… from so many things.”

“And you helped me as well my dear, never forget or doubt that.”

Again, she nodded, “I uhm was wondering if you would like to try something new… I mean I know it isn’t new because you’ve done this sort of thing with the others and mine certainly isn’t exciting or anything but…”

“Hermione, you are exciting so whatever it is will be as well. I assume you want to try a ‘roleplay’ as well?”

She nodded.

“And may I assume that it has something to do with the ‘schoolgirl’ outfit you have on?”

Although she lit up with a blush Hermione Granger still managed to nod.

“Interesting… and what role would you like me to play during all of this?”

The teenage Witch bit her lip, “Uhm… maybe a professor or headmaster?”

He chuckled, “Sounds fun, would you like to leave the room and reset?” This time her nod was very excited, and she practically ran out the door before knocking again a moment later.

“Come in” he called out in an authoritative voice, causing the door to slowly open and a shy bushy-haired girl clad in a 'schoolgirl' outfit to enter. “Ah Miss Granger, I understand you wanted to see me?”

She nodded, “Yes sir. I was hoping to discuss my application to the apprenticeship program.”

Harry made a show of shuffling through a few papers before coming across one that he had been looking for, “Ah yes here it is. You are applying to be my apprentice if I am reading this correctly.”

A blush appeared on her face for a moment as she nodded, “Y-yes sir I have always admired you and... I know that I can be of assistance to you.”

“You do realize that there are dozens of other applicants to this position Miss Granger. You are also the youngest by close to a year, most of the others have graduated Hogwarts already.”

“I-I know sir but... but I know I can do it and... and I just need an opportunity sir. I will do whatever it takes.”

He nodded before gesturing for her to approach, “If that is the case how about we do a small test hm? I would like to see how efficient you can be at organizing.”

Hermione's face lit up, before she quickly made her way to the desk and began looking over the various papers on top of it.

“It would likely be easier from my side Miss Granger.”

She bit her lip, forcing down the excitement forming in her stomach before moving around to stand
directly in front of him, leaning over the desk as he remained seated, admiring her backside and the short skirt she had chosen.

“I am not entirely sure that your attire is school regulation Miss Granger. It makes me wonder why you chose such an outfit when I know that you normally dress far more conservative.” Her heart was beating far more rapidly now as she fought for a suitable explanation, that is until she felt finger trail up the inside of her leg. “You wouldn't by chance have worn this for a more scandalous reason...”

“I-I don't know what...”

The moment his finger brushed over her knicker-clad cunt she bit back a moan, apparently not well enough though.

“Enjoy that did you?” She nodded, earning a deep chuckle, “I could tell Miss Granger, you are a bit wet after all.

He stood, pressing up against her as she continued leaning over the desk, his voice now next to her ear, “Perhaps... a more thorough test is needed, hm? To prove how dedicated you are?”

“Y-yes of c-cOURSE sir. As I said I am willing to do...”

She yelped as his fingers slid underneath her panties and into her pussy, exploring her insides as she failed to contain her moan. “Oh my, you are an excited little girl aren't you... let's see how much you can handle though.”

The cloth was pulled aside and his hardened manhood brushed up against her, earning another moan as she pushed back, encouraging him further.

“Is this what you want Miss Granger? You want me to shag you like the dirty little girl you are don’t you?” She whimpered before nodding. “I bet that was why you dressed like this in the first place hm? You just wanted to be fucked over my desk didn't you? You schoolgirls are all alike, dressing in short skirts and low cut blouses to show off as much skin as possible.”

“Y-y-yes...”

“Use that vocabulary of yours Miss Granger, tell me exactly what you want.”

“P-p-please sir, I-I-I need you.”

He continued teasing her though, rubbing against her entrance but stopping her from forcing him further.

“Need me what Miss Granger?”

“I-inside of me please I need you to shag me until I...”

He thrust into her in an instant, apparently just as excited as she was as he bottomed out with a soft sigh of pleasure. For Hermione though it had been far too long, and she orgasmed immediately, her insides clenching down around him as her entire body began to tremble.

“Already Miss Granger? I thought it was the teenage boys who had no stamina. You do realize I am going to have to punish you for this hm?”

She could barely move when he gripped her sides, pulling out halfway before slamming back in, the papers on the desk swaying and falling from the force. Once more he repeated the action until he had
found his rhythm, roughly fucking her as she attempted to grip the wooden surface beneath her, legs shaking while moans and gasps escaped her lips every few moments.

“You like that don’t you Miss Granger? You like being shagged on the Headmaster's desk like a dirty little girl. This is the internship you wanted wasn’t it? To come in every day to my office and being bent over my desk, your cute little pussy on display while I use your teenage body for my pleasure.”

“Y-y-y-yes...”

He grunted, before slapping her ass and slamming in just a bit harder, practically moving the desk due to the force at this point.

“What would your classmates say about you hm? Would they call you a little slut for spreading your legs like this? Would they accuse you of getting on your knees for all of your grades in school?”

She whimpered, unable to do anything but hold on and enjoy the pleasure coursing through her veins.

“One last test Miss Granger,” he growled, before pulling out, spinning her around and pushing her down onto her knees. Hermione was just aware enough to know what he wanted and immediately took him into her mouth, frantically sucking and licking until he grabbed onto the back of her head, pushing her forward as he filled her mouth.

“I believe you have proven yourself Miss Granger,” he praised as he pulled back, allowing her to try and swallow all that she could of his cum. “I will expect you back here tomorrow morning for another 'oral' examination.”

Hermione wasn't quite sure if that was still a part of the fantasy, but she intended on finding out come the next morning.

***LoD***

Severus Snape let out an annoyed sigh before stretching, and then promptly hissing in pain from his wounds, “Bloody Alastor Moody.” He grumbled before returning to the paper covered desk before him. There was so much to do that he almost wanted to go back to simply teaching brats the finer art of brewing.

*Almost*

The castle had been damaged during the battle, to the extent that Hogwarts would not be able to reopen immediately after the end of the Holidays. Really though, this was probably for the best considering the issues being discussed by the Wizengamot. No need to add on additional stress and anxieties to the students. The important thing now was to get the school repaired and figure out the teaching situation.

He let out another sigh of irritation. They needed a new Charms professor, and maybe even a Transfiguration professor depending on how McGonagall handled everything.

The man shook his head. Undoubtedly, Lily would be writing him about at least one of those positions in the next few days.

***LoD***

Upon entering his room Harry immediately stopped, his eyebrow quirking up at the redhead and blonde currently sitting on his bed. “Ginny, Luna… is there a reason you two have swapped forms
with Polyjuice?"

The blonde’s mouth dropped, “Wh-what? How in the bloody hell could you tell!?” It wasn’t fair! The two of them had been planning this surprise for a few days now and even the other girls hadn’t been able to tell them apart, especially when they had remained silent.

But Harry had barely paused before seeing through the disguises. Was it something to do with their connection to him? Did he have some sort of Magical ability that allowed him to pierce the Magic concealing their true forms?

While she was mentally debating this, her best friend, currently looking exactly as she normally did, smiled even brighter. “How did you know my Lord?”

His head quirked to the side in that way that always made their hearts skip a beat, “What do you mean? Polyjuice only changes your appearance, not mannerisms. The real Luna’s posture is not quite so straight and uptight whereas the true Ginny’s smile is less innocent and more playful.”

“That’s it? You knew by the way we sit and smile?” the real Weasley repeated in disbelief.

The boy blinked, as if he was surprised at her surprise, “Of course, why wouldn’t I be able to?”

She stared, stared for what felt like hours before tears began forming at her eyes. “I love you so much Harry, you know that right?”

He smiled towards her, “Of course I do, and I love you both as well.”

Luna, currently appearing as Ginny, bounced eagerly on the bed, “Okay, can we get to the fun part now? I want to see how I look while you have sex with me.”

Luna moved to begin undressing her counterpart, but in that moment, Ginny had a far more interesting idea. “Wait” she commanded, causing the, now redhead, to halt. “You aren't that aggressive Ginny, but I am.” She immediately tackled her best friend, shoving her tongue into her mouth as her hands went exploring a body that she knew all too well from looking into the mirror every day.

The Gryffindor was normally the slightly shy, and more than a little hesitant, one of the two when they were with Harry, why not take the opportunity to change it up?

She had her best friend's shirt off moments later, before conducting an 'experiment' and applying a bit of suction to the side of the opposing girl's neck, earning a whimper in response. Inwardly, Ginny smirked. Polyjuice didn't just mask their appearance, it actually changed pressure points and body physique as well.

It was at that moment she felt a pair of hands slide under her own shirt as Harry's fingertips stroked up her skin, sending waves of pleasure through her body and forcing her to halt her own ministrations to let out a throaty moan.

“You don't get to have all the fun Luna” he whispered, before licking up and down her neck.

“O-oh God...”

Luna, disguised as a Weasley, finally recovered enough to help them both divest of their remaining clothes and began to get up onto her hands and knees for Harry to take her from behind when she was halted once more. “Nuh uh uh, you like it slow and loving remember Ginny?”
A hint of mischief formed in the other's eyes, “Then you better be ready for hard and rough 'Luna'.”

Another shiver rolled down her spine as she nodded, watching as her best friend switched to lying on her back, spreading her legs and allowing Harry to approach, gently stroking up and down her sides as he slid slowly into her.

The Potter heir seemed to understand exactly what was going on, and went about it slowly and sensually with the normally excitable blonde. Each thrust was passionate, mixed with loving caresses and kisses covering the girl's throat and lips.

'Luna' on the other hand sat back and just enjoyed watching them. It wasn't often that she witnessed her best friend, especially in her body, be treated so tenderly. It merely reinforced how amazing the real Luna would be as a wife and mother one day.

Another few moments and she watched 'herself' whimper before wrapping her legs and arms tightly around their lover, bringing him close as she gasped for breath and began trembling.

“Is... is that what I look like when I cum?”

The disguised Ravenclaw barely managed to nod as her climax finished and she was gently set back onto the bed. Harry then proceeded to turn towards her, a knowing smirk forming.

“Alright _Luna_ assume the position.” She gulped down her anxiety before nodding and got up onto all fours as her friend had done before, only to be moved around until her head was hovering over the pussy he had just finished with. “I know how much you enjoy being with your best friend...” he whispered in her ear, causing the real Ginny to bite her lip and nodding in acceptance.

Seconds later he slammed into her, completely filling her cunt and earning a moan as she tightened around him in ecstasy, nearly collapsing from the pleasure.

'Ginny' merely looked up in awe, watching as their lover began to fuck a carbon copy of her normal self, and the pleasure that appeared on her face.

“Even as me you are beautiful...” The real Luna whispered, only for the other to brace herself on one arm, reach forward and pull her into a searing kiss which was broken only a moment later when she moaned once more.

“You are beautiful Luna...” Ginny whispered, “don't you ever think otherwise.”

***LoD***

How

_How!?!_

How had the bloody old man _lost!?_ Between the three of them they should have been able to take down the teen, _should_ have been able to kill him.

Instead they had failed.

Pacing back and forth in his room the boy scowled in anger. Something had to be done, he didn’t care whether the stupid ritual was effective at this point or not, what _was_ important was stopping the new ‘Dark Lord’ from taking anything else away from the rest of them.

Surely there had to be resistance movements, _someone_ pushing back and saying ‘no’ to the Potter’s
control over everything. He nodded, yes of course that was it! He would go out and find these individuals and bring them together. He would unite the world against the bastard and take him down once and for all. Then, once the rubble cleared everyone would know that he deserved to be respected and praised.

With the surge of determination, the heir exited his personal quarters and made his way down the steps toward the Floo. He wasn’t quite sure where to start, but he did recall a list of several other students who had chosen not to side with his so-called Lord.

“Going somewhere Nott?”

The teen froze mid step, before glancing over his shoulder to where Draco Malfoy stood with a cold expression on his face.

Surprise, and faint alarm, appeared on the traitor’s face before it shifted back to his normal ‘Pureblood mask’, “What are you doing here Draco? I was just about to step out if you must know.”

Barely acknowledging the answer, the Malfoy heir slipped his Wand from his sleeve and sent a stunner before the other could react in time.

***LoD***

“How is your dinner?”

The teenager glanced up from her plate with a smile, “It is very good my… Harry. Thank you for cooking tonight.”

He smiled in response, sending flutters through her chest and stomach. “You are very welcome Ariana. How have you been doing lately?”

She gave a slight shrug, “Better than I was at first. It has been a bit difficult to adapt to everything that has changed since my passing but having so many willing to help has made it easier.”

The Potter heir nodded in understanding, “Have you thought at all about the offer this spring?”

That question brought back another swirl of emotions. Harry had mentioned that it would be possible for her to attend Hogwarts after her eldest brother had been dealt with. Now that Albus was in prison it would be safe for her to do so, and he had mentioned this. He had also mentioned the fact that her last name could cause some issues for her regardless of what House she was sorted into.

Not many people were fans of the Dumbledore lineage at this point.

Thus, the decision had been given to her, whether she would attend school, wait longer, or just skip it altogether.

“I… don’t want to go back in the middle of the year.” His raven-hair clad head nodded in understanding, and silently urged her to continue, “I am also not sure if I want to go back at all. I know that I will need to make a decision before next fall but…”

“Then you can wait until next fall,” he easily finished, soothing her anxiety, before returning to his meal and thereby missing the way her gaze lingered on his face. There was another reason, one she wasn’t quite ready to admit yet, that she had wanted to wait for the next school year. She wanted, needed to sort through her emotions concerning the teen sitting across from her.

***LoD***
“… telling you that we should just take him to the mansion. I mean who is going to look for him there? Plus, then my aunt can have a turn.”

“That isn’t the point Draco. Just because you have a psychotic family member who enjoys torturing people doesn’t mean that no one else has a claim to him!”

A happy voice giggled from nearby, “He just woke up by the way.” A sharp pain hit the Nott heir’s body, clearly from a stinging Hex, and he opened his eyes with a yelp before looking around, eyes widening in surprise at those in attendance.

It was Slytherins, their entire year plus the older class and a large majority of the younger as well. Not only that but the various ‘girlfriends’ of Harry were also there. None seemed very happy to see him.

“About time,” Greg Goyle grunted in annoyance from nearby, “as much as I like hanging out in creepy cemeteries, I would rather be at home eating dinner.”

Many nodded in approval before the blonde ‘leader’ rolled his eyes, “Well then let’s just come to a bloody agreement on what to do with this idiot.”

“I-I haven’t done anything wrong!” Nott protested instantly, nervous sweat beginning to form on his forehead. “Why are you doing this?”

A cold, rather cruel, laugh nearby practically froze the blood in his veins, “Oh please we all know that isn’t true.” The Greengrass heiress walked into view with her sister, both glaring at him. “You tipped your hand you stupid prat. You warned me ahead of time about what was going to happen to our Lord, from there it was a simple task to go through your belongings.”

“And seriously, who the hell keeps that much incriminating evidence in their bedroom?” One of the older Slytherins griped, almost in annoyance at his fellow housemate.

Draco merely shook his head, “It doesn’t matter. What does matter is that you betrayed our Lord Theodore, you betrayed us. Slytherin is the house of unity, and you broke that trust that we all have with each other. You ratted us out to Dumbledore and the others just for a hint of a reward, you are a bloody coward. Now we are just figuring out what to do with you.”

“I think it's fairly obvious,” Hermione noted, a deadly seriousness in her eyes. “We can't let him leave this place. He has had too many chances.”

“So... who gets to do it?” Crabbe inquired with just a tad of humor in his voice.

The Malfoy heir immediately stepped forward, “It should be me. I was the one who first pushed to introduce him to our circle in the first place, I am the second in command. When our Lord is not present you are all my responsibility.”

An older member nodded, “A fair point, anyone else?”

Daphne practically snarled in objection, “He was targeting my sister and I, my family, and that makes it personal.”

“She also has a good point,” Blaise helpfully chimed in.

“Oooo ooo” The Lovegood heiress called out, jumping up and down in excitement as she waved her hand, as if she was in class. Hedwig merely smiled and pointed at her. “I should do it, because I am realllly good at torturing people.”
“She might have the best point of all.” Ginny noted with a smile towards her lovable, if a bit scary, best friend.

One older Witch remained silent, however, until this moment when she cleared her throat, “I... may have a solution that we can all agree upon.” Most turned to the French woman, whose eyes were still on the bound traitor. “My father was given an option, and they had similar customs in older civilizations. Give him a choice, torture or death.”

The bookworm’s eyes widened in understanding before she turned to Millicent Bulstrode, who stood nearby. “Millie, do you still have his school trunk?”

Nodding in confusion, the larger girl turned and brought the object over before opening it, allowing the Gryffindor to look through its contents a moment. Seconds later she displayed Nott’s potion knife, before tossing it on the ground near him.

“I think they called it Seppuku in Japan. You are allowed the chance to redeem your honor by disemboweling yourself Nott. If you manage not to scream or cry one of us will use a Spell and end your life without you having to slowly die.”

A certain nearby blonde pouted, “Orrrr I could just go over what Bellatrix taught me when we dealt with Umbridge...”

The Aurors would never be able to explain what caused the Pureblood heir to end his own life by cutting open his stomach in the middle of a graveyard, but from the final expression on his face they could surmise that it had not been a quick or painless way to die.

***LoD***

She spied him sitting in the library, alone and vulnerable. Silently, she passed through the doorway, gliding effortlessly over the ground without so much as a creak on the floor. In most situations she wanted to be heard, seen, observed, but in these rare circumstances there was another part of her instincts that were released.

The woman was a predator, a creature of lust and desire, and she always got who, and what, she wanted. Her current target was seated not fifteen feet away, nose practically buried in a book laying before him.

Then he shifted ever so slightly, and her own grin widened. It was always so much fun to watch her target start to show signs of arousal but not understand why. First was the uncomfortable movement, then the signs of a lack of focus, and finally they would begin to redden, their skin moisten delectably.

The only question in her mind now was whether she should wait, and observe without his awareness, or if she should make her presence known and take a more direct approach to ‘playing with her food’.

She made her choice a moment later. Moving around through the bookcases, she came up from behind, reaching out so that her fingertips just grazed his skin. The boy froze for a moment before turning around, only to see an empty room, his eyes searching for something but still unsure as to what.

When he turned back around, he nearly fell out of his chair and the beautiful Witch now sitting across from him. Her silver-blonde hair was unbound, dipping just past her shoulders, her skin was flawless and almost glowed a pale white in the flickering light. The dark blue eyes took him in, a
mixture of several emotions contained within that he did not recognize, or at least seem to. The woman’s outfit was a rather lowcut dress with slits up the side all the way to her hips, giving the impression that a faint breeze could easily expose any modesty she was trying to hide.

“Hello”

The musical quality of her voice, along with her emphasized accent, sent clear shivers through the boy’s body, earning the slight curling of her lips. It was another few moments of blatant staring before her prey was able to pull his eyes from her cleavage and focus them onto a face, a blush of obvious embarrassment, and arousal, staining his cheeks.

“Oh, ummm hi.”

“You are Arry Potter, oui?”

The teen managed to nod. It was clear he was fighting to keep his eyes on her face and not more exciting parts of her body. The fact that he wasn’t a drooling mess only cemented her Veela half’s demand for him.

She stood before slowly making her way around the desk towards him, making sure to take just a little bit longer than normal to give him time to soak in her legs and the slight swaying of her hips. A moment later and she reached the chair directly next to his before sitting down, “You don’t mind if I sit here… do you Arry?” Her tone was innocent, despite the burning hunger in her eyes as her gaze trailed over his body, almost as if appraising her meal before devouring it.

“Oh no, of course not I uhmm… I didn’t uh catch your name and um.”

Reaching up she silenced his rant with a delicate finger against his lips, leaning in closer she practically whispered into his ear, “Fleur”.

If she wasn’t sure before of his arousal before, it was very apparent now. Pulling herself back, she looked down into his lap, long enough so that he would be well aware of what she was doing, before looking back into his eyes, the ones full of embarrassment and mortification, and giving him a smile.

Before he could even think of apologizing, she continued as if nothing were amiss, “So Arry, I have heard rumors about you….”

“R-r-r-rumors?”

Oh, he was practically panting now, and she licked her lips slowly, sensually, instantly drawing his attention to the act. “Mmmm, I hear that you are… unattached? Single I believe you call it.”

“O-oh I uhmm yeah I uh guess that um…”

“Shhh,” she whispered again, drawing nearer to him. “Relax, or else I will have to find something else to preoccupy your mouth with.” Instead of responding he just nodded, clearly unable to find his voice. “I am simply confused as to why. I have been at Hogwarts for a month now, seen your… competition, and it is lacking. Why do the girls not flock over you?”

“I-I…” he forced himself to halt, to take a calming breath, “I guess they just a-aren’t interested.”

Fleur rolled her eyes, “Or they are acting like spoiled brats… I have never seen such behavior before. They flirt, tease, and make promises but then once the victim even thinks of trying something they pull back in outrage. It is a game to them, a terrible one that is played on your emotions.”
The younger individual gave a slight shrug, not quite thinking clearly enough to offer anything more, and undoubtedly not sure what to say even if he was.

“That is the problem with English girls Arry. Us French Witches though? We do not play games; we do not waste our time on meaningless flirtations and empty promises.” She scooted just a bit closer, their legs nearly touching now. “When we want something… or someone we make it clear Arry, and then we take what we want and give them everything in return. We do not do anything halfway.”

He looked almost paralyzed with anxiety mixed with lust, and she could not wait to see the latter take over. To hear her name on his lips, to feel him desperately trying to please her and himself at once.

His hand was close enough to hers that when she gently ran her finger against his he nearly jumped in surprise. She shifted another few inches closer, her bare skin so close to his other hand that she could feel the warmth radiating off him.

“What about you Arry? What do you do when you want something?”

The boy’s eyes were smoldering with barely contained lust and hesitation. Reaching out with her free hand she took his and gently set it on her bare knee.

“I am going to take what I want Arry Potter, whether you want me to or not.” She pushed forward, capturing his lips with hers and holding the back of his neck in place, well aware of the fact that when she had done so his hands had slid up her legs a few inches and, more importantly, under her dress.

She assaulted his mouth until he moaned, allowing her tongue to duel with his for a moment before completely dominating him. Now that she had him, she wasn’t letting go and sure as hell wasn’t slowing down. Her hands moved around his neck to begin unbuttoning his shirt, ripping off his tie in the process.

When the boy finally gathered his wits enough to break the kiss and protest she made her move, her lips, and tongue, moving to his throat before exploring the flesh and pulse located there. A groan escaped him and earned a smirk from the blonde.

Pushing forward once more Fleur pulled the top of his shirt open, and began making her way across his chest, kissing, sucking, licking, and even biting whatever she wanted.

And speaking of whatever she wanted, now that his torso was available to her she wanted, demanded more and her hands continuing their journey made that very obvious when they brushed across something hard in his pants, causing the ten to jump.

“My my my… what do we have here hm?” she muttered into his chest, before lavishing one of his nipples with her tongue. “Very nice Arry.” she praised, before slipping a hand into his slacks and wrapping her fingers around his length with a gentle squeeze.

That certainly got him to jump, and moan at the same time. “F-F-Fleur, w-wait we…”

“No” she growled, before pulling back and pulling the top of her dress down a second later, exposing her breasts to his eyes. “I have waited for long enough.” This time she grabbed his left hand before placing it onto her breast, then taking his right and guiding it up her thigh and to her unclad pussy.

“Do you feel that Arry? How wet I am? That is because I am hungry. I want to feast, and I will. With or without your consent.”
She pushed him back against his chair with force, before pulling at his pants, ripping the button off and exposing his cock. Without a moment of hesitation, she straddled him, before slamming down, devouring his manhood with her cunt in one go.

Fleur Delacour heard the boy gasp, the shock, pleasure, and amazement in his voice at the new sensation. This merely served to entice the Veela instincts inside of her further, and their demand to continue claiming him roared louder than ever before.

Moving up onto her feet the woman rose until only his head was still inside of her tightness, before dropping back down to the base fighting back the moan as she did so. This was her time, he was here for her enjoyment, and most importantly it was her moment to be in control.

And she would be damned if she let something as insignificant as an orgasm ruin that.

As she found her pace the French Witch refocused on the boy she was riding, on the pleasure and disbelief in his eyes, on the tightening and loosening of his fingers on her legs, clearly struggling to figure out what he so badly wanted to do but not having the experience necessary to understand.

But she could help him with that, she could teach him so many things.

“Touch” she purred out, leaning a bit closer and pressing her breasts into his face in encouragement. “Kiss, lick, suck, bite, nibble, caress…”

Harry did so, shyly at first until she growled and pressed forward to ‘encourage’ him to pay more attention to the nipple he was hesitantly playing with using his mouth.

“You like that don’t you Ar’y? You like my breasts, my body, the way my pussy sucks your big fat cock in and out…”

He didn’t verbally reply, or even nod, but the whimper caused her to clench down on him hard enough that she was convinced she would break his dick.

“Yessss” the heiress hissed out, “that’s a good boy Ar’y. You are mine now you understand? This cock of yours is mine, your body is mine, your cum is mine. Now put what is mine into my cunt!”

Reaching down she gently squeezed his testicles, and the boy’s back arched into her, a groan escaping his mouth as she felt him flooding her insides. Fleur, immediately, pushed down all the way, putting his pulsating cock at the entrance of her womb where the warmth surged forward.

A few moments of gasping and heavy breathing filled the air as the boy in front of her attempted to calm himself, and dissipate the massive blush covering his face. “Th-that was…”

“Amazing?” she finished with a purr, running her fingers up his chest and into his messy hair. The boy nodded in reply, earning a smirk. “Catch your breath now mon amour because we are far from being done just yet. I am going to show you just how many positions a bed can be used for.”

***LoD***

Two sweat soaked bodies lay naked, entangled with each other and the blankets that surrounded them, both taking long, deep breaths.

“So…” Harry noted, a smile easily forming on his face, “that was what you envisioned our first meeting to be like hm?”

Fleur laughed musically, “More or less, though I certainly will not complain about how we turned
out regardless… thank you for indulging me on this fantasy Harry, I know that you have been doing that a lot lately with us girls but we do appreciate it.”

He shook his head, “It isn’t as though you are forcing me to do something I am not enjoying.”

The French Witch giggled before cuddling up a bit closer to him, “Harry… what will happen if… if the Wizengamot…”

“If they find me guilty?” he finished casually, noting how her hold tightened just a tad as he did so. “I am not worried about it Fleur, so none of you should be either. It isn’t as though they have the ability to kill me and I would grow bored of prison quite quickly and simply leave.”

She nodded, “And if they exile you, we would follow. You are ours now Mr. Potter, and we intend to enjoy a very long life with you full of love, family, sex, and children.”

An exaggerated sigh escaped his lips, “I suppose we should probably figure that out soon. Obviously, pregnancy is going to be out of the question for those still in school but…”

“Bellatrix and a few of the other older women are becoming rather blatant in their comments, and I certainly would not mind a weeklong sex vacation that ends up with me having a life growing inside of me.”

The boy nodded, “I was intending on figuring everything out this summer in that regard. Who is interested, when they will be, concerns, etc.”

“Well, I can almost guarantee most of the girls are ‘interested’ as you put it. I know Gabbie is rather upset at having to potentially wait so many years before that happens.” She finished with a soft laugh.

***LoD***

She tried, really, she did, but Gabrielle Delacour simply could not fall asleep. It wasn’t really her fault though, who could blame her for being a bit overly excited? After talking, for what had felt like hours, with the ‘sisterhood’ they had come up with a schedule for not only keeping Harry’s mind occupied but reminding him that he was loved and cared for. They had each written down their plans before slipping them under Harry’s door.

The young blonde had requested, much to the surprise of several others, an evening rendezvous. Tonight, was her night, and she was just hoping that her owner would accept her proposal. Even if he didn’t, she wouldn’t mind, she just wanted to spend the night with him, in one way or another.

She needed to reassure him that she wasn’t forced to be with him, that she did love him.

And some small, selfish, part of her wanted to be reassured that he desired her as well. She turned around a few more times before finding a more comfortable position, the moonlight streaming in just enough to make out the various shapes and shadows of her room. Maybe he wasn’t coming, maybe he was tired from being with the others or simply had no interest in her.

Maybe…

A shadow shifted just enough that she knew who it was before the boy stepped into the pale glow.

Her heart skipped a beat as excitement pulsed through her body.

“Gabbie, are you sure?”
She nodded shyly, “I… I am.” She had thought about this moment for a very long time and had even discussed it with her sister and a few of the other girls. There was nothing wrong with her or her desires. There was nothing wrong with her fantasy or what caused her arousal. There was nothing wrong with craving a little bit more darkness and debauchery.

“P-please…”

For a moment she thought he might insist otherwise, but instead he nodded before moving closer to the bed. “Then it is time Gabbie that I take what is mine.” She sat in order to change positions to whatever he might desire, only for him to push her back onto the bed, throwing the blankets off and revealing her silky nightgown.

“How would you like me to…” was as far as she got before he had torn her clothing in half, exposing her naked body to the air and his gaze. The Veela immediately whimpered, moving to shyly cover up, only for Harry to grab her legs and pull them to his shoulders, leaving her own on the bed as his mouth found her bare cunt.

Gabrielle Delacour screamed out in pleasure as fire surged through her body the moment his lips and tongue met bare flesh. He was feasting on her pussy, licking, sucking, nibbling, tasting her in ways that sent her mind spinning and had her eyes rolling into the back of her head.

The young girl tried to think of something to say, to argue that he should be claiming her, not eating her out. That she wanted more. Instead it was a garbled mess of moans, whimpers, and gasps that escaped her mouth and into the night air.

When she managed to focus, and open her eyes, she was met with the sight of his face pressed into the junction between her pale slender legs, his eyes roaming over her form.

Her toes curled and back arched even further as a moment later she was flooded with another orgasm, covering his face in her virginal fluids. With that she went near boneless in his grip, and he dropped her unceremoniously onto the bed.

“H-H-Harry…” she whimpered out, taking deep breaths in the aftermath of her body’s multiple releases. “D-do you want me to suck your…” whatever she was prepared to say next died in a squeak as something large rubbed up against her stomach.

The former French Witch’s eyes snapped open as she raised her head to look at the boy, who had at some point removed his clothing and was now rubbing his cock up and down on her lower body, as if seeing just how far inside of her he would be.

“You know…” he whispered out just as his testicles pressed against her soaked entrance, earning another gasp from the girl. “I had originally planned on making sure you were okay with this, on waiting until you were recovered and ready but…” the boy pulled back realigning himself until the head of his cock was rubbing against his entrance.

His next response was a deep growl that sent tingles up and down her spine, “I’ve waited long enough. You keep saying that I own you, that I provide and care for you well then it is time you pay me back with that precious little virginity of yours.”

Two hands gripped her, and she felt her lower lips begin to spread as he slowly pushed forward. Gabbie’s eyes closing from the pleasure of being stretched. “Look at me.” He commanded, bringing her focus back to him.

Time froze for a moment, and then he thrust in, bottoming out inside of her as her eyes lit up in
pleasure. Pulling back, he thrust back in, the sound of flash slapping against flesh filling the air as he fucked her cunt.

“I am going to use you like this every day.” He growled with one particularly harsh thrust, “fucking you whenever I want, using you however I damn well please. And do you know why Gabbie?”

She whimpered something inaudible out.

“What was that?”

“B-because you own me…”

“Exactly!” With that he bottomed out, and she felt her womb fill with warmth.

***LoD***

“My Lord”

The raven-haired boy glanced up from the book he had been enjoying in one of the few ‘breaks’ he had. Apparently, Tonks was going to pick up her friend for a threesome and wouldn’t be back for an hour or so. Oddly enough, his blonde ‘lieutenant’ was being accompanied by Daphne Greengrass as well.

“Yes Draco?”

“The situation has been handled.”

A moment passed, in which Harry waited for the Malfoy heir to explain and let out a sigh when the boy failed to do so. “And what situation would that be?”

The two other teens glanced at each other, before the Wizard gave a slight nod, “The traitor situation.”

His gaze swept between his two followers, before the boy-who-lived nodded once more, “Ah, so you finally killed Mr. Nott then hm? I was wondering how long it would take you to figure it out.” With that he went back to reading, missing, or just ignoring, the flabbergasted expression on the other two students’ faces.

“Wh-what!? You knew?”

Again, the seated male let out a sigh, “Yes Draco, of course I did. I’ve known about his actions since our fourth year. He wasn’t exactly being discreet about it after all. I let him continue because it served my purpose of keeping Dumbledore focused on me with his so-called informant. If he had ever truly posed a threat to my plans or you and your sister, Daphne, I would have disposed of him.”

***LoD***

“Tonks, I don’t… know about this…” the Auror muttered as she shifted a bit, or as much as she could considering her ankles and wrists were currently tied to the four corners of a rather large bed, her clothing being removed several minutes prior.

Her best friend merely rolled her eyes, “A bit late to be saying that now don’t you think Hes? Besides, I am tired of waiting for you to summon up the courage to just admit that you want to be tied down and shagged rotten in a threesome with me and Harry.”

The, currently bound, woman bit her lip, a slight blush appearing on her cheeks which only further
enticed the Metamorphmagus. “I just… what if he…” Any further argument was interrupted by the bedroom door opening and Harry strolling in, quirking his eyebrow at the sight before him.

“I see you have been busy Tonks.”

Grinning, she nodded as her hair shifted to a color denoting her excitement, “Yup! Finally kidnapped Hes and tied her down like I have been promising for the past year or so.”

He chuckled before sweeping the naked woman’s form with his eyes, causing her to gasp at the intensity. The last, and only, time Hes had been with the couple she had remained, relatively, clothed the entire time. She had just recovered from being dumped after all and didn’t want to see any sort of disappointment in her body in the eyes of anyone else.

Now though, now she was completely bare before him, and he looked more than a little interested.

“So then…” he practically purred while slowly moving towards the bed. “Where are we going to start hm? There are so many positions I have wanted to try out with two lovely women.”

***LoD***

They had gone through far too many positions to count. First, Tonks had insisted upon sitting on her best friend’s face, enjoying the sensation of a tongue lapping at her cunt while watching her male lover fuck the girl into a lust filled stupor.

Next, they had switched it up a bit, with Hes being untied and sitting back on the bed while the former Auror went to work eating her out in a bit of a reversal, with Harry shagging the woman from behind like a dog.

From there Tonks suggested a bit of a changeup, and recovery period, with the youngest of the three sitting back and enjoying the sensation, and visual, of the two women sucking and licking his cock, moans of pleasure filling the air from all three.

After the boy-who-lived opted to simply lay back and enjoy as the two older women alternated between riding on top of his face and his manhood, with Tonks at one point engaging in a rather heated snogging session with her best friend.

Over the course of four hours the trio played and experimented, until eventually the two ‘adults’ passed out from exhaustion, and Harry laid back on the bed, both women snuggling into his side, a rather content expression on his face.

***LoD***

Harry stared at the cheerful blonde in front of him for a moment before asking something that had been on his mind for some time prior. “Luna, is everything alright?”

Her smile fell a small amount, “Of course my Lord, why wouldn’t it be?”

“It’s just that your request…”

“Oh, are you not able to do it? It is quite alright if not it was just an idea I had, or if you wouldn’t enjoy it then…”

“I am worried about you Luna.”

She froze, concern forming on her face as she took a closer look at him and noticed that he did have
a troubled expression forming. “Why are you worried about me? Everything is fine Harry; I promise I would tell you if it wasn’t.”

He gestured for her to take a seat, before sitting down and turning to face her, “Luna… I have always been a bit worried about you and Gabbie. I understand everyone likes what they like regarding physical relationships but the two of you seem to be escalating the harm you want inflicted physically and emotionally. I don’t want you to think you need to hurt yourself to please me.”

The blonde stared for a moment, before a warm, natural, smile, one that was rare for her, formed on her lips. “Oh Harry, it isn’t like that. Have you ever had chocolate covered pretzels?”

He blinked in surprise, and more than a little confusion, before nodding slowly. “I have a few times yes…”

“They were always one of my favorite treats growing up, especially when it was dark chocolate with a large amount of salt underneath. It is the contrast you know. The salt opposing the sweetness, that’s how it is when I am with you. I know you love me Harry, I know you care about me and want to make sure I am happy and I love that and the tenderness you show, but I also enjoy when you are rough with me because I know behind each moment of pain is love.”

“So long as you are okay.” He noted, earning a happy nod from the girl. “Then I will try not to worry so much about this particular issue.”

Luna’s grin brightened, “I’m glad, but going back to what I wrote down, if it wouldn’t bring you any pleasure then…” she immediately yelped as something wrapped around her ankle and flipped her upside down, pulling her into the air. Glancing up, or down depending on how one looked at it, she noticed a black tentacle wrapped securely around her leg, another rising up directly in front of her face.

The blonde blinked twice before reaching out and gently taking it into her hands to place a kiss on the end. It seemed to twice slightly, and the heiress giggled. Two more appeared from the floor beneath her, wrapping around her wrists while a fourth finally found her remaining ankle, bringing her parallel to the floor, several feet into the air.

It was then she felt several slithering up her legs and under her clothing, exploring her skin until they found the junction between her leg. Another two simultaneously crawled up her arms and under her shirt, quickly finding her breasts and rubbing against her, already hardening, nipples.

When the first pushed its way into her pussy the blonde let out a gasp. It didn’t feel as amazing as Harry’s own body did, but there was still a tingle of Magic in it. Of course there was also the sensation of it moving around inside of her, venturing deeper into her sex until it caressed the barrier of her womb.

Another joined the first, stretching her and adding new sensations as one took a different path and began slipping up and down between her lower cheeks until it found her second hole and pushed its way into that as well.

She would have moaned had the tentacle she had previously given a kiss to not decide it wanted to explore her mouth in the same moment. There she was, suspended in the air with tentacles squirming around inside of her body, exploring every nook and cranny of her flesh while pumping in and out. For a moment she closed her eyes and just imagined it being a monster taking advantage of her, using her for its own pleasure. When she opened them, however, the truth was enough to make her entire body tremble in orgasm.
Harry was still standing mere feet from her, watching her be ravaged with a slight blush on his cheeks. Deep down she knew that it wasn’t some faceless monster ravaging her, it was him and her body clenched down even harder at the thought.

***LoD***

“Ginny come in here please, we need to talk” The redheaded teen slowly walked into the room following the demand of her mother, only to see that her brothers and parents had all gathered. Her eyes immediately narrowed in suspicion as she refused the chair that was gestured towards.

“I’ll stand, I am still planning on heading over to spend some time with Luna. What’s this all about?”

Her parents shared a glance with each other before her father cleared his throat and picked up the conversation, “You have heard about what is happening at the Ministry correct? About the trial?”

She nodded slowly, not at all liking where the conversation was headed.

“You have spoken with Harry about telling our sides of the story in his defense, he doesn’t want us getting caught up in the politics and becoming targets though.”

Now even her brothers, save for the twins and Ron, who looked like he had been put under a silencing Charm, were eyeing each other in concern. “That…” isn’t what they meant Gin…” Bill spoke up, shifting a bit from where he stood nearby.

Molly nodded once more, as if to assure herself more than anything else, “You will be testifying for the prosecutor, concerning all of the crimes Mr. Potter has committed.”

It took a few moments to sink in before her famous ‘Weasley temper’ began burning in her veins, “Harry hasn't done anything wrong and that is exactly what I would say!”

“Young lady, we know that isn't true. He…”

But she wouldn't be interrupted, wouldn't be pushed around. Not by her father, not by her mother, not by any of her siblings or professors. “Everything he may or may not have done was justified! Not that any of you care. Fred and George were the only ones who tried to help me during my first year, who protected me when a rapist was going after me, the rest of you just sat by and nodded at whatever Dumbledore told you to!”

Arthur’s frown deepened, “Now you know that isn't true. Lockhart was a bit odd I will admit, but if Dumbledore…”

“SEE! RIGHT THERE YOU ARE STILL DOING IT! The man tries to kill Harry twice and you still act like he can do no wrong!”

“That's because he can't!” Ron exclaimed, finally breaking free of the Spell placed on him. “Why don't you pay attention to what is happening Gin!? Dumbledore tried to stop a Dark Lord and got arrested for it! Now the snakes are in charge of Hogwarts and...”

Ginny Weasley stood up and grabbed her bag. “I've heard enough. If this is the opinion you all have then there is nothing more to say. I will not testify against the man I love. If you have any further requests, you may send them to Sirius Black or Remus Lupin. I will have a House-Elf stop by to collect the rest of my belongings.” With that she turned and left, leaving a silent room behind.
That is until the twins stood as well, “We told you she had made her choice and you refused to believe us.”

“And for the record we agree with Harry too. Not only has his efforts helped the economy but they are saving innocent lives.”

“You two didn’t care when we came to you years ago about our concerns. Back then you acted like every other useless adult, choosing to ignore the problem until it became a catastrophe. Well Harry doesn’t do that. He is actively preventing future problems.”

“And that is something both my brother and I agree with.”

The two also departed and the remaining family members were speechless once more.

***LoD***

“I want Filius Flitwick arrested for attempted murder.”

The former Charms professor continued staring down at the floor, his body hunched over, and his head supported in his hands. Those words still burned in his mind, even days after his arrest.

What had he done?

He knew, of course, what actions he had taken. When he had heard the teen admit to taking all those lives years ago…

Shaking his head, the man tried to banish away the image of all those empty eyes staring up in horror for their last moments. True, it had been the Dementors who had actually killed them, but Harry had admitted to allowing it to happen, to putting the other children in the location and securing them so that they could not escape.

The sole Potter may as well have killed them.

But had he done any better? Attempting to kill a teenager in anger, letting the two Dumbledores and Grindelwald into Hogwarts, was no better than what the boy had done. The only difference was that he hadn’t succeeded.

Not for the first time did the former Ravenclaw clear his thoughts and mentally step back to where he could have made a difference.

When did everything start falling apart? Was it when the Dark Lord had returned? Before that when his students had been killed? When the Dementors had first arrived near Hogwarts? Perhaps ever farther. He had heard that Luna Lovegood was being bullied but had trusted in his Prefects to handle the situation.

Had that been a mistake?

He could have done more, should have done more. If he had stopped his students from their actions would it have saved their lives?

These questions, and more, continued to haunt the man up until he became aware of a visitor. Looking up, he saw the downtrodden and exhausted form of Minerva McGonagall standing outside of his cell.

“Filius” her tone was cold and distant, something the former professor was not used to. Even worse
was the disapproval in her eyes, the disappointment.

“Minerva...”

“Unless you are prepared to tell me that Albus had you under the Imperius I don't want to bloody hear it!” she snapped, earning a wince from the man, who fell silent. “I cannot...” she fought for the words amidst her rage. “What in the hell were you thinking!? Conspiring to murder a teenager!? Albus was bad enough, beyond bad enough but you? Why Filius? Why did you do it?”

The man shook his head, before letting out a deep, weary, sigh. “I began to have doubts when Albus first summoned us over the summer. When he explained what he had learned. I didn't believe him at first, but there seemed to be enough evidence that even if he wasn't completely correct that something was still wrong. The more I researched, investigated things on my own time...” Flitwick paused, going over everything he had learned in his head. “All of Snape's claims, the destruction of the Dark Lord, the killings. How can you just stand by and let it go Minerva? The Dark Lord, of course, and maybe even Lockhart and Umbridge but... the Dementor attack!?"

McGongall remained silent for a moment, before she conjured a stool and wearily sat down onto it, looking as if a great weight had fallen onto her shoulders. “I don't know what to think anymore.” she admitted, earning a rush of silent pity from the man. He knew that she had always held Dumbledore in a high, almost saintly, regard but was also a woman of integrity and passion. “I know what he did, and you are right I cannot excuse it but at the same time... he is saving lives, despite all of the terrible things he has done. What are we supposed to say? That the lives of a handful of Wizards and Witches are more important than tens of thousands of Muggles?"

The former Charm's professor wasn't quite sure how to answer, and merely gave a half-hearted shrug. “I do not believe that good deeds can ever justify evil.”

“And yet you did.” she immediately interrupted with a stony glare. “You justified the attempted murder of a boy for your own vengeance.”

“Justice” he claimed, “not vengeance.”

A snort escaped her lips, one that told him exactly what she thought of his argument, “Justice? Tell me then Filius why not go to the press or the Aurors? Why not confront the boy or go before the Wizengamot with your supposed evidence? No, it wasn't justice you were seeking, it was retribution. You wanted to make him suffer like your students did.”

“And why shouldn't he!?"

Minerva paused, before letting out another weary sigh, “Because where does that lead us? Harry takes lives in retaliation for bullying of Miss Lovegood, you take his for them, Sirius Black kills you for what you did to his godson... where does it end Filius?”

“The difference is that Harry will kill again, I wouldn't.”

The former Deputy Headmistress tilted her head slightly to the side in consideration. “Are you sure? If someone asked you five years ago if you would help Gellert Grindelwald and Albus break into Hogwarts to murder a teenage boy would you have believed them? I think you are well past the stage of 'what you would and would not do'."

“So, what happens now?”

She paused, her eyes dimming slightly as she seemed to stare through him and into the future itself. “I don't know any more Filius, I just don't know.”
Ginevra Weasley ran through the hallway, practically pushing one of the many adult visitors out of her way as she continued towards her destination. Ignoring the shouts from behind she turned the corner and slammed the door open, her eyes scanning the other occupants as she struggled to catch her breath. “Is she here?”

Nearby, Hermione shook her head, “No, Luna hasn’t arrived yet. We all got the summons though.”

The redhead nodded, before walking closer to the assembled group, wringing her hands in anxiety as she struggled to calm herself down. Her best friend had sent out an ‘important but not quite emergency’ message through the Magical link in their Runes for all of Harry’s female followers to assemble. Her mind raced for the reason her blonde friend had.

Had there been an attack?

Did she have some sort of key information regarding the trial?

Was it a new threat?

Before her mind could continue creating worsening images the door opened and the Ravenclaw in question entered before sealing the door shut behind her and making her way to where the others were assembled.

“Okay Luna,” Hedwig announced, breaking Ginny from her thoughts, “We are all here, what is the emergency?”

The blonde nodded, her face completely serious as she looked over the others and took a deep breath.

“Tentacle sex”

The silence was deafening.

Hermione opened her mouth to say something but couldn’t quite think of what, and thus closed her lips. This process continued for a few moments while the others blinked in confusion, embarrassment, and, for a few, intrigue.

“What!??”

Luna nodded as if her answer was the most obvious answer in the world, “Tentacle sex! When Harry asked me what I wanted to try I wrote down a few ideas and one of them was if his Magic could make tentacles that he could violate me with, repeatedly. He could, and since they are extensions of him, he could enjoy it as well, so we spent several hours…”

“LUNA!” Daphne exclaimed, before taking a few calming breaths. “As happy as we all are that you found a new fetish to indulge in, I hardly think that an emergency meeting was necessary.”

A pout formed on the girl’s face that Daphne would classify as ‘criminally unfair’.

“But this is perfect! We always talked about having a giant orgy with Harry but were concerned about some of us being left out, well now no one has to be! I mean sure it wasn’t as amazing as having actual sex with Harry but it was a close second, and I dare any of you to tell me that you haven’t thought of watching at least one other person in this room being ravaged like a…”
Ginny’s hand covered her best friend’s mouth before she could continue her excited rant. “Luna, I think we can all agree that while it is somewhat *enticing*…”

“No more than somewhat…” Pansy muttered before being ignored.

“…Not everyone has that particular fantasy, I mean I really doubt Hermione would.” The girl coughed a bit to hide her blush, causing the youngest Weasley to pause, “Or apparently she would… okay well uhm…is anyone else interested in…”

It was Fleur’s hand that raised the fastest, followed by a few others before even the shyest among them nodded in agreement.

“Well… I guess we will just have to talk to Harry about this.”

***LoD***

The trees swayed from the breeze and Daphne felt a shiver roll through her. Taking advantage of the cold she moved just a little closer to her date as they walked along the path. The sun had gone down, and the moon caused the fallen snow to light up with an ethereal hue.

“Cold?” She nodded slightly, it really wasn’t *too* bad, but any excuse to be just a bit closer to him was one she would take advantage of. “We can go back if you want. I don’t want you ending up numb.”

She turned her head just enough to look into those beautiful green eyes of his, so full of caring and warmth, and felt her heart skip a beat or two. It was moments like this, these occasional stolen hours, that made all the waiting and sharing him worthwhile. Right now, *she* was his world, and it made all thoughts of the chilly air vanish.

Pausing, she turned to face him and when he did the same her arms wrapped around his neck, pulling his face down to meet hers in a deep kiss. For what felt like hours the two melted together, until the sound of footsteps broke them apart and another couple came walking from the opposite end of the path.

“A bit too public don’t you think?” he inquired with a soft chuckle in her ear, stirring a desire deep within her.

Daphne bit her lip, before glancing around and shaking her head. Her hand grabbed his as she pulled him to a group of nearby trees, “I think it might be *more* fun that way.” She whispered back, before pulling him down to meet her lips once more.

Before she realized it, her back was against the tree.

‘People walk by here all the time, it isn’t private.’ A voice whispered in her mind, one that she ignored and embraced at the same time as she felt his tongue intertwine with her own. The girl’s arms left his neck and instead searched for the bottom of his shirt, craving his torso and muscles underneath her fingertips.

‘What if someone sees you?’

At first, she explored, the abdominal muscles she lusted over, the muscles in his chest that made her swoon, his perfect sides and back.

When his own fingers slid up the back of her neck and into her hair she had no choice but to break the kiss and attempt to stifle her moan, allowing him access to her throat.
'You can’t hide what you are doing.’

She wanted more, and her hands followed her limited mental capacity to venture south, pushing beneath his waistband and wrapping around his length seconds later.

‘Someone will walk by and see you.’

Her petite hands stroked up and down, urging him to push up against her own moist core. She needed him out of his clothes, to feel his skin on her own, to feel him inside of her.

‘They will say something, embarrass you.’

Harry’s palms had somehow ended up on her own pants without her realizing it, desperately pulling at them. He wanted her just as much as she needed him.

‘You are nothing more than animals’

An incision was made and by the time his hands were underneath her arse she had wrapped her legs up around him and pulled his clothing open enough to get his cock into the open air, and directly into her a moment later.

‘Others will stop and stare.’

He was so deep inside of her, slamming in and out of her soaked cunt, pushing her up against the tree hard enough she was sure it would leave bruises.

‘Just imagine them, watching his cock fuck you. Watching him defile and breed you.’

One hand arm wrapped around the back of his neck for more control, the other pulled frantically at her shirt, exposing her breasts for him to move his attention to.

‘They will see your pussy, your breasts. They will watch the two of you fucking.’

He sucked, licked, nibbled, and worshipped her body… and she secretly promised herself to do the same to him afterwards.

‘Do you think they are watching you now? From the bushes maybe, or behind a nearby tree? Do you think the men are stroking themselves to your body, or the girls are touching themselves while thinking about being in your place?’

“H-Harry… h-h-harder.” She moaned, not bothering to keep her voice down.

‘Yes, that’s right. You want to get caught. You want to be the center of attention, don’t you? You long to be fucked in the Great Hall with everyone watching, to be bent over and exposed in class while their eyes take in your nude form. You want to show everyone that Harry is yours. That he will covet you just as you covet him. You want them to salivate while you suck his cock, while he eats your perfect little pussy.’

“Yes, yes yes yes yes…” Daphne whimpered desperately, feeling her body contract in orgasm after orgasm, her mind blanking from the pleasure.

‘You want the others to look on enviously as you ride him, your legs spread. You want your sister to watch Harry breed your womb, to use your body for his children, don’t you!’

“Yes!” she screamed out, feeling Harry slam completely into her, a warmth filling her to the point of spilling out onto the ground below her.
‘Well…’ the voice whispered in amusement, ‘you did promise Tracey a foursome this year…’

***LoD***

Astoria Greengrass had never been known for her patience. She had a habit of skipping to the end of a book after only a few chapters in, at school she would be almost tapping her foot, anxiously waiting for the class she was in to be dismissed, and during Winter break it was not unusual for her to be caught sneaking around to try and locate her gifts before she was allowed to unwrap them.

All of that paled in comparison to the waiting she was currently being forced to endure. The worst part though? It was basically her own damned fault. She had wanted to try something different, something fun, something involving Harry and a sex filled evening. The problem was that everything she thought of was either mundane or was essentially a copy of someone else’s time with him.

She wanted to be original, to do something different that he had never had before. She wanted him to think back on this evening and remember her.

So, what had she done? What amazing fantasy had the young Pureblood come up with that had enticed him?

It was something she had stumbled across by accident. One night she had woken from a nightmare and couldn’t find her Wand. The young Witch had then spent the better part of a half-hour bumping into things before she had tripped on some clothing she had failed to pick up from her floor. The moment her bare arm touched the cold window she knew what she wanted.

Thus, she was currently tied to her bed with silk scarves, a blindfold covering her eyes while a simple Charm blocked off any sound from the reaching her, save for her own voice.

Sensory deprivation, as she had read in a book from Tonks, led to a heightening of the other senses. Take away the ability to see and your ears would become far more sensitive. Take that away as well and…

A finger trailed down her cheek, and she gasped in surprise, and pleasure.

Good God, and that was just a featherlight touch! By the time it reached the bottom of her face she was practically whimpering for more. But then it fell off, and she was left in the dark again, waiting impatiently for the next sensation.

It came, after what felt like years. Cold and wet, an ice cube perhaps, slowly trailed over her breast, pausing for a moment on her nipple, before continuing down to her stomach.

Astoria whimpered, bucked, twitched, and gasped the entire time until it circled her belly button a few times before dripping in. “H-H-Harry!”

Then there was heat, the contrast causing her back to arch even further, the cuffs straining in her sensation induced ecstasy. The teen wasn’t sure if it was a burning ember from the fire or just a slightly warmed stone.

“F-f-f-fuck!”

Next came the naughty vs nice. A rough pinch followed by a gentle, featherlight, caress. A pair of hands roughly gripping her hips, sending images through her mind of being taken hard and fast, were replaced by loving touches along her thighs.

The younger Greengrass swore that the next object to touch her naked body was the edge of a knife,
gently gliding across her skin with just enough pressure for her to feel it but not to draw blood.

It was intoxicating the way he controlled himself, and her, seemingly without effort. She was his instrument to play, his game to manipulate and enjoy. It seemed as though each sound she uttered, each movement and twitch of her body was planned by him.

Following the cold metal came something warm and wet, and she prayed to every deity known that it was his tongue. It followed the same path, tasting her where she had rarely been touched before. Briefly, she thought about how amazing sex would feel in such a state.

But such thoughts were banished when something akin to feathers began traveling across her body, and Astoria Greengrass was Harry Potter’s toy once more.

***LoD***

Ronald Weasley was angry, no scratch that he was bloody furious! The cold winter air did nothing to abate this anger as he continued stomping through the snow, ignoring the cold seeping through the bottom of his pant legs. Everything was falling apart! His parents weren’t doing what they should, his brothers were acting more concerned for his traitorous sister than the Wizarding World, Dumbledore was in prison, he had lost his own position as Prefect, lost his girlfriend, and lost the respect of his fellow Gryffindors.

To make matters worse, the slimy head snake was still Headmaster! How could the Wizengamot let that happen? How could the school board let him be in charge!?

There was still a chance Potter would be found guilty and thrown into prison, but from the rumors, what was written in the paper, and his own parent’s conversations he knew that it looked like he might not receive any punishment at all.

**Him**, a bloody Dark Lord being allowed to just do whatever he wanted!

“It isn’t bloody fair…” Ron growled in anger as he kicked a nearby rock, hissing in pain as he injured his toe and sat down on a bench, further annoyed when he realized it had been covered in snow as well.

“I have heard that before.” A voice agreed as a stranger sat next to him. But at this point the Weasley didn’t care who it was, despite him sounding vaguely familiar. He just wanted to be left alone to stew in his anger. “Rough time right now?”

Ron snorted as he stared down at the ground, trying to mentally encourage the intruder to bugger off. “Yeah, Potter just keeps getting everything and no matter what he does everyone loves him.”

He could almost sense the nodding of agreement from the other man.

“Yeah… yeah that certainly is a problem isn’t it. Luckily, you aren’t the only one who sees the truth. There are others Ronald Weasley, and we are looking for more recruits.”

Blinking in confusion the redhead finally looked up at the other individual, only for his eyes to widen as he looked upon the face of Cedric Diggory.

***LoD***

Harry Potter hummed a bit of a tune to himself as he made his way down the hallway to his personal quarters. Opening the door led into a dark room lit only by a few candles and empty of all life save for himself and his ‘companion’.
“So, how *are* you feeling today Pansy?”

The girl growled, attempting to lunge forward at him, only to be halted by the pair of cuffs around her wrists, which was also chained to the bedpost.

“That good hm? I see you at least ate your dinner” he noted easily, glancing over at the pet dish and the scraps that had been left, and earning another snarl from the dark-skinned girl.

“You can’t keep me locked up like this Potter!” she snapped in anger, “When people find out...”

His laugh halted her argument as the Wizard shook his head, “Now who is going to find out about you hm? The government is still in chaos from your former betrothed’s rebellion and your parents are in jail along with most of your classmates. Hell, even if someone did know where you ended up do you think anyone would care? A murderous Death Eater bitch who sold out Hogwarts for the promise of gold. If anything, the Wizengamot would probably *pay me* to keep you locked up.”

The boy-who-lived's smile brightened as he loosened his outer robe and hung it up. “Besides I don't know what you are complaining about. I gave you golden handcuffs and a gold chain. Hell, you had a gold bikini as well until you spat at me and I had to take it away, and now look at you. Naked as the day you were born, waiting for me to use you again.”

She slid backwards on the bed, trying to mask her lust and excitement with a worried expression. “I-I thought you were done with...”

“With what? Using that cute little body of yours for my own pleasure? Oh please Pansy, you might not be the best shag I’ve ever had but the memory of Draco’s expression when I told him how I would be breeding you as he bled out on the floor is more than enough reason to continue.”

He moved forward, grabbing the chain to hold her arms vertically with one arm and with the other pushing her face into his crotch. “Be a good little slave and unzip me with your teeth hm?”

“Fuck you Potter!” she growled, trying to conceal the lust building at his demand. The boy frowned, before a twist of his wrist suspended her arms in the air, allowing him to release his cock and push it into her face once more. “Open up bitch before I decide that your bathing privileges should be revoked as well.”

Biting the inside of her lip the heiress opened her mouth defeatedly, only for him to thrust forward, practically choking her on his length as he gripped the sides of her head. As he pulled out a bit, she prepared to spit at him, only for the teen to slam back in, holding her face steady as he began to fuck her mouth.

“You know…” Harry continued on conversationally, as if she wasn’t choking and gagging on his cock, “this would probably be far more pleasurable if you put forth even a slight amount of effort, I mean obviously Draco wasn’t going to marry you for your intelligence or looks so you must have something going for you right? I can’t imagine even he would put with such a mediocre performance.”

Pulling free from her lips he spun Pansy around before pushing her face first into the bed, bending her over as he rammed into her soaked sex from behind, earning a gargled moan from the girl.

As he began pounding into her, she found her mind slipping into the pleasure she had long sought for. She *had* been a bit nervous about introducing this fetish of hers, afraid of both his reaction to the request and whether she would truly end up enjoying the darker fantasy she had conjured up one night.
Now though? Gasping for breath against a blanket, squirming against him shagging her behind like a toy, her body completely naked for his amusement?

The Parkinson heiress couldn’t think of anything more arousing.

***LoD***

He had been waiting, a bit anxiously he would admit, for the note from his very first friend on where they would be having their own evening together. Thus far all those closest to him had been with him, sans adults, save for one.

Hedwig

But that was, apparently, about to change according to the letter he had just received. A small smile formed on his face as he read it over, trust an owl-turned-girl to enjoy the irony of sending him a handwritten note.

Without so much as a gesture his clothing morphed into what she had requested he wear, something befitting of a fine evening at a very fancy restaurant, before making his way down to one of the more extravagant dining rooms of his own wing in the Malfoy Mansion.

Upon entering he paused to stare at the white-haired girl sitting at the table before him. She wore a sleeveless leather corset that ended at the pair of skin-tight knickers. On her legs were a pair of thigh-high leggings, two slippers lay nearby enough to indicate she had worn them in but then taken them off before taking her seat. Most interesting was the solid white collar she had around her neck.

“Coming my love?”

A slight twitch of his mouth was all the indication she needed that he understood very well the subtle innuendo. A moment later he was seated across from her at the table, large enough for plenty of food but not to hamper conversation.

“A nice change of pace.” He noted appreciatively, not bothering to hide the way he took in the pale skin he could see.

Her smirk was more than a little devious as she nodded in return, “I wanted to save the best for last… and to make a bit of a statement.”

“Oh?”

Hedwig nodded, but before he could inquire further the nearby doors opened, allowing for several others to enter with plates of food and drink. Those being Ginny, Hermione, Luna, and Tonks… all of which also had collars on, of varying colors, but nothing else.

“Yes, you see I realized something a while back my love. There has been a bit of confusion when it comes to the girls who follow you, something that I am addressing tonight and making sure is very clear.” As Ginny set down a plate of delicacies near her the amber-eyed girl reached out and stroked a few idle patterns on the girl’s bare arm, sending noticeable shivers down her. “They seem to have come upon the notion that we are all equals, that you belong to them in some silly notion and that they are as close to you as I am…”

Hedwig’s fingers halted, before she reached up and grabbed the redhead’s chin, forcing eye contact with a snarl, “And they are wrong. Aren’t you bitch?”

Ginny whimpered, before nodding.
“I didn’t fucking hear you.”

“Y-yes mistress….”

The seated teen nodded, before giving a little shove to the girl and gesturing for her to leave. After dropping off Harry’s own food Luna happily skipped after her friend, with Hermione following behind rather shyly.

Tonks, on the other hand.

“Stop” The former Auror froze mid-step, before turning with a gulp towards the white-haired girl. “You are one of the problems Nymphadora. You were the first truly older woman to be with Harry after all and you seem to have it in your empty head that this means you have some sort of deep connection to him rather than just being a hole to shag when he gets bored.”

Amazingly the adult blushed a bit as she shifted in her place. Being addressed in such a way, especially when she was completely bare, not only made her feel excited but also vulnerable.

“Y-yes mistress.”

Hedwig stared for a moment, before gesturing for her to approach. Tonks did so and paused once more next to the girl. “My feet are sore, get under the table and rub them slut.” The woman gulped, before nodding and slowly crouched down to crawl under the table. The clothed woman let out a pleased sigh a moment later. “Much better.”

She opened her eyes and had to force herself not to gasp at the look Harry was giving her. He had always said that he liked her dark and vengeful side but now? Now he had a look as if he was contemplating whether he should wait, or just jump over the table and shag her rotten.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself she slowly shook her head, “Not yet my love, others still need to be taught their place.”

The pair continued eating their meal for another few minutes, before she let out a sigh.

As if on cue the door opened once more for the second course, this time brought in by Astoria and Gabrielle, their two older sisters merely flanking to provide any aid. All were, as the previous four, wearing nothing but collars.

“I do feel the need to ask, why the collars?”

His companion gave a shrug as the younger Veela set down the plate, and then gave the girl’s arse a squeeze, earning a yelp of surprise. “Something Luna thought up, to show who we belong to. Mine is the nicest, of course, to signify that I am the mistress of this little harem. Isn’t that right skank?”

Gabbie nodded shyly, before turning to leave.

“Stop.”

The girl halted as told.

“Turn slowly,”

Biting her lip, the youngest girl did so, earning a snort from former owl. “No curves to speak of hm? It’s a wonder Harry keeps you around.” With that she extended her hand, “My fingers are dirty,
clean them off. Maybe if you do that well enough it will prove you are at least worthy enough to service him with your mouth.”

Nodding again, the preteen moved forward and began her best attempt at ‘sexily’ licking and worshiping the other teen’s fingers. Meanwhile Hedwig’s eyes shifted between the two older girls. “My lover and I have had a rough day, perhaps you two could make yourself useful for once and provide shoulder rubs hm?”

Finally, her amber eyes turned to the last girl, still standing to the side awkwardly, “I suppose I need to find something for you to do as well hm? Under the table, your Lord looks stressed and I think it is far past time you think of a way to help him relax.”

***LoD***

Hedwig, along with the other girls, had mentioned that as a ‘Lord’ Harry really should have a throne. Luna had even pointed out how enticing it might be for him to sit above them while they take turns ‘worshipping’ his body.

Harry, on the other hand, had turned the offer down, stating that only those who doubted themselves truly needed a symbol to prove their superiority.

This had, naturally, led to Tonks suggesting a giant bed, which Hermione then countered by suggesting a ‘harem’ scene. Thus, the lot of them were lazing about on what appeared to be a room full of cushions and pillows, the females taking turns spending ‘time’ with Harry.

Currently, Hedwig was sitting back on a rather large one, one of the ‘betas’ rubbing her shoulders, as she watched her lover pound the Greengrass heiress from behind. Rolling her shoulders a bit, and earning a bit more attention from the Metamorphmagus who was working on getting a few knots out, she motioned towards Astoria. “Your Lord seems to be enjoying himself doesn’t he slut?”

The younger girl bit her lip and nodded, eyes never leaving the two bodies currently engaged in far more carnal activities. Occasionally her gaze would drift a bit forward as well, to where Pansy had been told to ‘keep the slut quiet’ by any means necessary, and was thus snogging the life out of her fellow Slytherin.

“I think he could use more attention though, crawl under your sister and worship the balls that will be breeding her.”

Lighting up with a bit of a blush the younger Witch nodded before shyly doing as commanded, sliding underneath her sister and beginning her appointed task, earning a grunt of approval from the boy as he would now pause occasionally to enjoy the sensation.

Next, the white-haired girl turned to Luna and Ginny, “You two haven’t done much this evening, why don’t you make your tongues and mouths useful and worship his body hm? You are usually too busy spreading your legs for him, this time it is his turn to enjoy.”

Luna practically jumped at the opportunity, and quickly moved over to being kissing and licking up his abs and chest, with her redhead friend doing the same on the other side.

“Do you enjoy that my love?” Hedwig called out, earning a chuckled response. “You like having them worship you, don’t you? Having them at your beck and call? Fucking them one after another and enjoying their tight little pussies?”

She turned her attention to Gabbie nearby, who lit up at the gaze she was given. “You spent an evening cleaning off his body yes? It seems you missed his rear. Use your tongue and thoroughly
Hedwig watched, with a bit of dark fascination, as the young blonde obediently dropped to her hands and knees to crawl over, her tongue darting out to begin ‘cleaning’ what she had been told to do.

From the side the former owl noticed she wasn’t the only one taking an interest, “Do you enjoy that Fleur? Watching your cute little sister on her hands and knees cleaning a man’s arse with her tongue, watching her service him like the property that she is.”

A slight shiver went through the older girl’s body, and Hedwig grinned in delight. “You do, don’t you? Seeing your innocent little sibling debased and used. Knowing that she is nothing more than a slave, a body for him to fuck and enjoy whenever he wants, a womb to breed if he desires. Does that turn you on? Are you going to watch when he finally breeds her, hold her down if she struggles? Will you cum just from the sight of his cock pulsating into her young cunt?”

Now it was obvious that the older Veela was aroused, judging based on the wetness between her legs and the slight fidgeting.

“My future husband should be enjoying himself. Take Hermione with you and help the skank fuck herself onto his giant cock. He shouldn’t be doing any work right now.”

The amber-eyed girl felt, more than saw, her masseur’s own arousal at the scene before them, especially when her shoulder rubbing slowed.

“Tonks, if you don’t get back to work, I am going to have you on your hands and knees eating me out. Now get back to it bitch.”

***LoD***

“You know this might become a bit more difficult in the next few years…” the bookworm noted as a hand trailed up her thigh, a blush appearing on her face as she fought the urge to spread her legs and allow Fleur more room to touch. “I-I mean with the potential of children and all… things will get b-busy…”

Ginny gave a shrug, “I don’t know about that, with so many of us I am sure babysitting duties can be swapped around for a night or two for group play. Large groupings though…”

“You are thinking far too much into this… I am sure that the men can handle a night with a dozen or so kids once a week.” Daphne countered.

Harry, in the meantime merely chuckled, sighing as two different hands began sliding up his pant legs from either side. “Sirius, Remus, and James would probably be thrilled… Lucius less so.”

“He will just have to suck it up.” Hedwig easily countered, before reaching behind and unzipping her corset. “Now then, less talking and more fun. As Hermione said, we need to enjoy this before life becomes complicated again.”

***LoD***

The circular chamber was, as usual, filled with excited gossip and whispers when the door flung open and all fell silent. In stepped a teenage boy, seemingly without a care in the world. He glanced about, receiving several comforting nods from those who cared about him before stepping in, the door sealing shut behind him.
“Harry James Potter, step forth to receive our judgement.”

***LoD***
A door creaked open, before moments later slamming shut, the sound echoing down the stone-lined hallway with a feeling of finality. Down the woman walked, her pace slow and methodical as the weight of the world seemed to press down upon her. Deeper and deeper she went, until at last she found herself in front of the very last cell. With a sigh she set down the wooden stool she had brought with her, Magic had ceased functioning over three halls prior.

Slowly, she lowered herself down onto the uncomfortable object, rotating her shoulders to alleviate a few aches she had recently developed.

“Hello Albus”

“Hello to you as well Amelia, how is the outside world?”

The Director paused, before giving a slight shrug, “Chaotic, as you can imagine. Our lives certainly have changed since the Statue of Secrecy was dissolved.”

He nodded in turn, “You understand then why Harry must be stopped? Surely you of all people can see what he has become, that what he has done isn’t acceptable! He has killed people Amelia, innocent lives and…”

She interrupted him before his rant could continue, “I know what he has done… because he told me, hell he told us all of us Albus. The Wizengamot was fully convened when he walked in, asking to address us. He went over every life he has taken, every law broken… I have never seen someone admit to so many murders so bloody casually.”

Dumbledore stared in shock. What was the boy planning now? What had he left out of the confession? No, it wouldn’t matter, admitting to murders in front of the Wizengamot was about as guilty as one could get and yet… why would he do such a thing? It didn’t make any sense.

“I asked him…” she whispered, her eyes staring at a portion of the wall as if it held some sort of deep memory for her, “why he would admit to such a thing, and do you know what he said? ‘For a change of pace.’ Apparently, he was tired of keeping secrets and figured they would come out eventually in one way or another.”

The two adults fell silent, before the former headmaster asked the next question, “What will you do? Surely you cannot condone these things! He killed people Amelia, murdered innocent children and…”

“Do you know what I was doing before this?” she abruptly inquired, earning a confused stare before he slowly shook his head. “I took a walk down the street in London, not the Wizarding portion but the Muggle one, if there is such a thing at this point. Do you know what I saw Albus? People, not
Amelia Bones shook her head, “I don’t know what to think anymore. Yes, Harry has done terrible things, unforgivable things, but at the same time... do you have any idea how many lives have been saved in just the past few weeks since the ritual took effect?”

“But it is a lie Amelia.” The older man argued, “that is not free will, they are being controlled.”

“No... they aren't. I can recognize the Imperius Curse Albus, I understand the effects of controlling someone, that isn't what happened. She could still make her own choices, still understood what was going on she just... didn’t have the desire to hurt anyone and knew about the Wizarding communities.”

He shook his head, “You have fallen under his sway too then...”

“Do you even hear yourself anymore!” she practically shouted, jumping from her chair. “Listen to you, going on and on about how anyone believing what you disagree with as ‘fallen’ that you are the only one who is right! Maybe, just maybe, you are the one who is blind, deaf, and dumb. Maybe you cannot see what the rest of us do. All the lives he has already saved, do those count for nothing? You have likely killed far more than he has after all your wars and yet you still maintain that it is Harry that is dark?!” she began taking deep breaths, struggling to calm herself down while the man merely stared in shock at her outburst.

“I am tired Dumbledore, tired of the politics, of the lies, of the manipulations, and just not getting anywhere. I am tired of waking up every morning and wondering if what I am doing matters, if it is making the world a better place for Susan and others. Did Muggles feel this way? That nothing ever changed? But it has, hasn't it? Everything has changed. And maybe, just maybe that gives me hope that if the rest of the world can find peace and happiness maybe the Magical one can as well.”

***LoD***

Lucius Malfoy held back a grin as the 'appointed representative' cleared his throat. Technically it should have been him giving his Lord the results of the impromptu trial, but as others had noted he did have a close connection to the Potter Lord and thus someone more neutral should be chosen.

He had never been so happy to get out of giving someone bad news.

“For the crimes you have committed, for the evils you have performed.” the man declared, raising his voice despite there being no reason for it. “We have found you guilty and thus the following punishments shall be applied onto you!” A document, signed and ratified, was briefly displayed before he went back to reading from it.

More than a few looked rather unhappy about the outcome, including Severus Snape, who had demanded to know the outcome of a trial concerning one of his students.

“First, you are henceforth and forever banned from holding any political office, elected or appointed,
including a seat on this governing body.”

The teen shrugged, “Wasn't planning on it anyway. I'm not a huge fan of politics and I have enough to keep me busy as is.”

A silence descended, before Sirius Black failed to hold in his snort of laughter, earning a reddening from the speaker due to anger.

“Next” he growled, “You are henceforth expelled from Hogwarts!”

The boy's attention seemed elsewhere, his gaze moving through the chamber, often stopping on one of the females, earning a blush from them, before moving on. “Pity, guess I will just have to take my N.E.W.Ts this year instead of waiting.”

A soft grinding could be heard from the elder Wizard's teeth as he returned, enraged, to his 'sentencing'. The boy was supposed to be upset not barely paying attention!

“FINALLY! Due to your own failure to complete Hogwarts you are hereby ordered to turn over your Wand for destruction.”

This, finally, seemed to have caught the teen's notice and he stared back at the man for a few moments. “My Wand...”

“Yes” he seethed, a thrill of pleasure finally emerging that he would see a reaction from the child. And a reaction he received, although not the one he was expecting. The boy-who-lived glanced over to his godfather, a questioning expression on his face. Sirius Black merely shrugged in response, “I tried to tell them, but they kept ignoring me.”

This earned a chuckle from Harry, who pulled the object that Snape recalled seeing back in the boy's fourth year from midair and tossing it to the man, who barely managed to catch the tool.

“Have at it.”

The man frowned, turning it over in his hands, “This... isn't a Wand.”

Again, the former schoolboy shrugged, “I was required to have something for class, but I have never needed nor used a Wand in my life. You can break that stick in half if you would like though. I'll even pretend to be emotionally devastated.”

Faint laughter rose throughout the room, even as the man did so with a look of anger upon his face. “Fine, we will just add on additional...”

Lucius Malfoy immediately interrupted, “I think not. The Wizengamot agreed and signed off on the punishment below for all the crimes committed and thus jeopardy has been applied. He cannot prosecuted for this again.”

Harry Potter was surprised that the 'speaker' had any teeth left to grind based upon the noise emanating from him. “This trial is hereby concluded.” he snarled, earning a nod from the teen just as the current Headmaster rose from his seat.

“Mr. Potter, I assume you will be taking your N.E.W.Ts fairly soon?”

Shrugging, the boy checked his watch, “I might see if they have an opening after this. Shouldn't take too long.”
Snape nodded, “When you receive the results, I would like to offer you a job at Hogwarts as a professor or teaching aid.”

There were a few cries of outrage, earning a sneer from the man. “I was not aware that the Wizengamot had any decision in whom I choose to employ at Hogwarts. You said he cannot hold an elected or political position, not that he cannot be a teacher.”

***LoD***

*Harry Potter found innocent!*

Nott Senior stared down at the paper before him before grumbling and taking another gulp of the alcoholic beverage he had been consuming for lunch. *Technically*, the article went on to amend its statement by repeating the punishments placed on the boy, but everyone knew that it was akin to saying he was found guilty of a technicality, not murder.

Murderers went to prison, they had they Magic bound, they were executed, or given The Kiss. Killers were *not* merely kicked out of school and banned from politics.

There was *something* to be said about the latter punishment though, for any other Pureblood Lord a lifetime prohibition on any political position would be a devastating blow to both them and their family. It was the type of consequence that could lead to disgrace, or even exile.

Not for a boy who had killed two Dark Lords, gotten a man elected as Minister *twice*, created a way of Warding off Dementors, exposed the lies of the former Headmaster, *and* was rumored to be working on a so-called cure for Lycanthropy.

Harry Potter had accomplished more before becoming an adult that most Wizards and Witches did in their entire lifetimes, and that was *ignoring* the rather large article just below the primary.

*Wizengamot declares Harry Potter to be the future of Purebloods!*

Yes, apparently after a few Magical tests, and perfect N.E.W.T scores, the governing body had made the declaration that the boy was the equivalent to Merlin. Any children he helped to conceive would be the next generation of Purebloods.

The man scowled once more. It wasn't fair, his own son was dead and now Potter was going to be the most propositioned Wizard in all of history.

He knew, of course, that his son had been killed. There was no reason to suspect Theodore was suicidal or mentally damaged enough to choose such a violent end for himself. Undoubtedly either the Potter Lord, or one of his followers, had discovered the teen's treasonous activities and had punished him for it.

Nott's scowl morphed into a sneer. They had *no right*! There should have been a trial, one where he could have brought the facts to light and even produced a bribe to secure his heir's life. Instead it had been vigilante, even Muggle-like, 'justice'.

It wasn’t fair, it wasn’t *right*, he had lost everything and gained nothing in return! All of the years groveling at the feet of Voldemort only to trade one master for another, a child that held none of their traditions sacred, that did not follow their rules and cared nothing for the way things had and *should* work. In that moment something inside of the Pureblood snapped, reality became distorted, and everything became so much *simpler*.

***LoD***
Lily Evans sat in the kitchen of her home, a cup of lukewarm tea in her hands, staring forward at nothing in particular. The cause of this state was her mind trying to process what had begun some time ago and the fact that she couldn't resolve the issue.

Harry Potter

She knew that he was, in some ways, her son. She knew that she had been based upon the boy's own deceased mother. She also knew that her memories and personality were not complete copies, and that biologically she was a different person.

She also knew that there was a fascination growing inside her towards the teen, and that if she allowed it to go unchecked...

The redhead shook her head, trying, yet again, to dissipate those thoughts and feelings. It wasn't proper, wasn't right for her to be lusting after someone so young, much less someone whose mother she, at the very least, looked identical to.

Raising the cup to her lips she frowned at the cooling temperature, before a sigh escaped her and she moved to pour a hotter batch. She had been trying to see herself as his mother, as a parent that would not and could not be attracted to him in any way shape or form.

Thus far she had been failing, miserably. Instead she had gone with the tried and true 'I can't seduce him if I am never in the same room as him' logic.

This only left her feeling lonely. Sure, Fleur still stopped by and yes Ariana was still living in her home, but things would be changing soon. The younger girl was showing signs of infatuation with him and Fleur had spent quite a bit of time with him over the holidays.

Severus had hinted at a teaching position in the spring when the school reopened, perhaps that would give her the opportunity to fill the void and spend more time with Harry in a normal manner.

***LoD***

“Lady Malfoy, a word if you would.”

Narcissa paused to look up at the Witch standing before her, before giving a slight nod and gesturing towards the empty chair. This had been the day that her eldest sister decided to make her own 'confession' and after the initial interview Amelia Bones had wanted to speak with the woman alone. Thus, she was having lunch at a cafe less than a block from the DMLE, making it clear that it was not random chance that brought the Zabini to her.

Sitting down, the dark-skinned woman ordered a cup of tea from the nearby waitress before taking a moment to collect herself. “I wish to speak to you concerning Harry Potter.”

The matron gave another nod.

“I am sure you have read the article recently published, the one dictating his status among Purebloods.”

Narcissa gave no indication one way or the other and waited for the woman to continue.

“I am also aware that he is likely being flooded with mail from eager suitors.” Again, the Malfoy gave no response, and this time the opposite woman let out a frustrated sigh. “You know what I am speaking of Narcissa.”
A smile edged at the woman's lips, “Oh I do Edite, but it is just so much fun listening to you try and introduce it.”

The opposing woman frowned at the use of her first name, before sighing once more, “Very well, I was hoping you might be able to arrange a meeting between Lord Potter and myself.”

“If you wish to start a business conversation speak with my husband, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, or Severus Snape. They are the ones who handle that sort of engagement.”

A frown marred the beautiful face of the widow, “I am not referring to that type of business proposition…”

“Oh? Then what are you referring to? Perhaps if you were a bit more straightforward about it I would be able to help.” The condescending tone was barely hidden beneath the innocent naivete in Narcissa’s voice, and though she smiled, Edite could easily see the darker grin behind the mask. It was a game, as all things were in their part of society, and the former Black had all the advantages.

‘Play along or you get nothing’ is what Ms. Zabini heard, and let out a frustrated sigh. She hated losing, especially to a Malfoy.

The waitress was back with her tea, and looking rather concerned at the atmosphere surrounding the two women, “Uhm… is there anything I can get you two?”

Narcissa was quick to wave her off, “Not at all dear everything is fine. My friend here was just about to beg for me to set her up with a teenage boy so that he will consider shagging her like a whore and maybe even impregnating her, isn’t that right Edite?”

Ignoring the squeak of embarrassment from the younger employee, the dark-skinned woman merely ground her teeth together at what she was required of her. Normally she would find a different way of approaching the subject, but with the Potter heir being removed from Hogwarts there was no guarantee Blaise would be able to bridge the gap, and she knew that if she did not convince the boy then the Zabini lineage would be missing out on a massive political shift.

Pride would need to be set aside for the time being.

“I would be most grateful” she ground out, “to you, Lady Malfoy, if you could setup a meeting between Harry and myself for reasons of…”

The other woman cleared her throat as an interruption, before shaking her head, “Dirtier, if you would.”

“What?”

“I said dirtier. If you want this favor, then I want to hear just how badly you want it because let’s be honest here for a moment, Harry isn’t going to shag you just so you can have a Pureblood child. If you have any hope of this little plan of yours working, then you are going to need to convince him that you want him. And between us girls don’t bother lying, he can tell. If you can’t convince me, you stand no chance of convincing him.”

The dark-skinned woman shifted uncomfortably in her seat before clearing her throat once more, “I would appreciate the opportunity to meat in regards to the formal task of procreation and…”

Narcissa yawned, “You sound like you are applying for a loan at Gringotts. If you are boring me then you will bore him. He is a teenage boy, not a dull elderly Pureblood.”
“Exactly!” Edite exclaimed, “He is a teenager he should just be willing to have sex if I so much as hint at it!”

Scoffing, the Malfoy matron rolled her eyes “Oh please, he could have anyone he wants, why would he waste his time on a dull woman whose looks are beginning to fade.”

It was a slap to the face, and they both knew it, but underneath it was also a challenge.

“Give me five minutes alone with him,” Lady Zabini growled, “and I will have him begging to shag me.”

A small smirk appeared, “That's better, keep going.”

“Those little girls he keeps around know nothing about pleasure or seduction. I will have his cock wrapped around my hands or my lips in three minutes or less.”

“And you would enjoy that wouldn't you? Sucking off a schoolmate of your son?”

“You bet your arse I would.”

Narcissa's eyes lit up a bit at the conversation, “What else hm? What have you always wanted to do to him ever since you saw him with me at the ball those years ago?”

“I would have pulled him away from you and taken him to a private 'viewing'. Showed him just what a younger woman can do with a man's body. I would have ridden his cock all night long, put him under me and had him moaning my name as I devour his body inch by inch. Then I would have him between my legs, face burrowed into my cunt.”

By now the waitress was looking torn between bolting from the table, and sticking her hand down her knickers.

“And you want him to breed you hm? To have his cock pulsating in your pussy?” Narcissa led, earning a furious nod.

“He will be begging to fill my womb. Over and over again we will shag like rabbits. Once I have him he will not leave my bed for a week while we explore each other.”

“You would enjoy this hm? Sleeping with a younger man?”

A snarl appeared, “To hell with the older ones. You know just as I do that they are a bunch of useless boring old bureaucrats! I want a younger man, and cock, inside of me. One who is just as enthusiastic to fuck as I am.”

The older woman nodded, before her mouth quirked up into a smile, “Very well, I will setup a meeting between you two.” She then turned to the teenage girl, still frozen in embarrassment, standing next to them. “I might be able to convince him to shag you on a table too, if you are interested dear?”

***LoD***

Amelia Bones had to admit she was impressed. Not by the fact that the woman seated across from her looked perfectly at home, not with the very thorough confession and information given, hell not even with the fact that the Witch had the guts to go through with this so-called plan of hers.

No, what astonished the director of the DMLE most, was the fact that Bellatrix Black, formerly
Lestrange according to her, actually seemed normal. She had encountered the woman several times in the past war and was even present for her sentencing to Azkaban, the woman had been unhinged at best, borderline insane at worst.

Now though? It appeared Harry Potter had done the impossible and had managed to turn the Pureblood into a functioning member of society.

“So… Miss…”

“Black” she immediately answered, earning a slow nod from the Auror. “So, Miss Black, what have you doing since your escape from Azkaban those many years ago?”

“Oh this and that. Mostly spending time with my sisters or terrorizing other former Death Eaters.”

The manacled Witch slowly nodded, “And by terrorizing you mean…”

“Pranking mostly. Harry gets a bit upset if any permanent damage is done to the morons and the Unforgivables were banned so that leaves mostly minor stuff. Sirius does have a lot of very amusing ideas though.”

“I’m sure, and since your husband’s… passing…”

“Murder” she easily corrected, not seeming to care whether she had admitted to the crime minutes prior or not.

“Murder then, have you been in any sort of relationship with another?”

Bella grinned, “Well Harry and I do shag like rabbits whenever we have a scheduled moment to do so but otherwise no. I’m hoping to convince him to try for pregnancy this summer though. I always wanted a daughter.”

The elder’s eyes narrowed, “You do realize that you should be in Azkaban right now correct? That I could just as easily have you arrested this very instance.”

A nod answered her, “And we both realize I would probably be released in a day at most. Look, I’m not asking for forgiveness or compensation or an apology or any such nonsense I just… I want to live my life as it is now, and I want to know that should I become pregnant this summer that the child will not bear the weight of my sins on their shoulders.”

***LoD***

“Thank you, today has been wonderful.”

The raven-haired boy merely grinned as he took another bite of his sandwich. He had been attempting to spend more time with the Dumbledore heiress ever since her one brother’s death and the other’s imprisonment.

Losing both of your only living relatives would be difficult on anyone, thus he had suggested a picnic outside to just breathe some fresh air for a change. “I’m glad you enjoyed it. I see you’ve been eating more too; Miss Evans was becoming a bit worried when you had turned down some of your meals.”

She nodded, “I know, I just didn’t feel like eating much with everything going on. I know I should have but…”
“But the mind can affect the body more than expected. I understand, more than you might realize.”

Returning to their meals he missed the occasional glance up she would do, biting her lip as she struggled to find the words. Ariana had assumed that with the removal of her two older brothers she would have difficulty bonding with anyone else, and once she heard that the Headmaster was speaking to Lily she knew that there was a good chance she would end up alone in their house for days on end.

It was a thought that terrified her beyond words, but then Harry had appeared, insisting on her spending more time with others, and even making plans for her to spend the remainder of the school year with his Godfathers, Fleur, and Tonks.

The few times they had spent together had even felt like dating, and she knew that it was hopeless to deny her feelings longer than she already had.

“I would like to have sex with you!” the girl blurted out, before her face turned completely crimson, her eyes widening in horror and embarrassment.

For his part Harry merely paused, before glancing up to meet her gaze with his own. “I must say, that is probably the most direct anyone has ever been concerning their desires.”

“I-I… I’m sorry I didn’t…”

But he had waved off her concern, “Don’t be sorry, there is nothing wrong with speaking your mind, especially when it comes to feelings and desires. Would you prefer to wait or…”

“Lily left for the day, so we can use my room.” She hastily exclaimed, reddening more and more by the moment but secretly knowing that if she didn’t convince him now, she might lose her courage later.

A warm smile crossed his face, “Okay, lead on.” The two had made it into the house, up the stairs, and through the threshold before her control broke and she turned, lunging forward and meeting with his lips.

Just a kiss, and yet for her so much more. It was the first time Ariana had ever kissed a boy. The first time someone had ever seemed attracted to her, the first time she had ever felt that spark of excitement and lust herself in another person.

As her entire body trembled from the warmth and energy that seemed to flow through her the girl wondered if everyone's first kiss was like this, or if it was just with Harry. When she felt a familiar spark form and ignite just below her stomach she knew that it had to be with just him.

There was no way every girl's first kiss gave them an orgasm, otherwise there would be no practical way to stop them from shagging constantly. As she pulled back, mouth open and gasping for breath, her eyes fluttering, she let out a breathy moan.

“O-oh God that was…”

“Good?”

“Amazing” she easily corrected, before stumbling backwards and falling onto her bed. Distantly she heard him asking if she wanted to continue or take a break. In her mind, however, she couldn't bear the thought of stopping, and her actions mimicked this by undoing her robes until she was left in a pair of simple blue knickers and bra.
For the first time she felt... *ordinary*. The boy in front of her was used to being lavished by curvy women with large breasts and hips, or by younger beauties such a Veela that radiated sensuality.

She, on the other hand, was just... plain. Pale, but not in such a way to show nobility, skin. Darker-blonde hair, pale-blue eyes, a somewhat thin frame and only modest breasts. She was normality itself, lacking any distinct features or quirks that might draw his, or any other suitor's interest. It had been something her eldest brother had mentioned several times. She couldn't be entered into a betrothal contract not just because of the issues with her magic, but because no one would *want her*.

“You are beautiful my dear, and though I hope it does not scare you off I would be lying if I did not say how badly I am looking forward to ravishing you and your body.”

Her heart rate doubled, a blush forming on her face at the words and implications. They were not just words either, she could see the way he looked over her body, the way his eyes lingered...

“Th-then join me.”

A nod answered her as he made his way across the room, his own cloak being discarded until he too was in his undergarments. The youngest Dumbledore had been taught a few basics, by her mother, about this moment in a girl's life. About her first time, what to expect, what to do, and more.

What she had *not* been told was that some men were clearly more well endowed than average, and that the boy sitting next to her was clearly one of them judging by the large 'tent' in his sole remaining shred of clothing.

For a moment she wondered how such a thing would even fit inside her, before discarding the notion and focusing on the rest of his body. If she was 'plain' and 'average' he would likely put the Greek Gods she had read about to shame.

Harry reached out, slowly caressing her face before she realized it, and the action sent another wave of pleasure through her body, thoroughly ruining her knickers. “M-Merlin...”

“More?” he questioned with a teasing tone in his voice.

“Y-yes.”

His hands looped around to unclasp her bra, exposing her breasts, and earning a gasp from the owner as the air fell upon erect nipples. His hands trailed across them, gently touching and teasing before venturing south across her stomach to the last remaining covering.

“W-wait.”

He froze, “Something wrong?”

“I... I've never... I just wanted to warn you that I might not be very good...”

A comforting smile was his reply, “Then just lay back and relax. I assure you I am talented enough to make up for any inexperience you might have.”

She nodded at his confidence, and laid back, lifting her legs and allowing him to slide her knickers off. “T-take yours off too, please.”

He nodded with a chuckle, and a moment later her eyes widened at the size of what would soon be inside of her. “Do you still want to continue?”
Her nod was slower, eyes still fixed on his cock as she spread her legs without thought. Leaning forward he began kissing down her stomach to her cunt, when she grabbed his head gently and guided her back to meet her gaze.

“I uhm... could we... I was taught that my first time would be my wedding night and it would start with consummation.”

He blinked, before nodding in understanding, “You would rather skip the other things for now.”

“P-please...”

A shrug answered her as he crawled up her body before aligning himself with her soaked sex and pushing in, bottoming out before she had time to even think about how much it would hurt.

Instead her body convulsed, her mind numbed as she clenched down on his manhood in orgasm. Her back arched, allowing his mouth to begin work on her nipples, which triggered another orgasm. This time her legs wrapped around his waist, tightening to stop him from leaving her pussy.

His hands found her thighs, and more pleasure surged.

Each action brought a response, which itself created the opportunity for another action. Each movement of his brought an orgasm or breath defying pleasure from her. When he pulled back she whimpered at the loss, only to moan when he thrust back in.

Her own hands were trying to find some state of equilibrium. At first they were just lying uselessly. Then they were on his back, pulling him closer, then burrowed into his hair, then on the bedpost to give him more control, then on his arse squeezing and enjoying.

Distantly, through her pleasure and orgasm soaked mind, she heard something about him reaching his peak. The thought, however, of him cumming anywhere besides her womb seemed like heresy and her legs tightened, her voice distantly whispering about how she wanted a child, about how much she wanted him to fertilize and breed her, about the family they could have.

Warmth flooded her insides, and Ariana's eyes rolled back into her head.

***LoD***

Severus Snape let out a weary sigh as he rubbed at his forehead. The first staff meeting since Dumbledore’s arrest and it wasn’t going well thus far. Flitwick, obviously, was absent due to his pending trial and most of the other professors appeared either exhausted or uncomfortably suspicious of each other.

It was like a Slytherin dorms all over again.

“It appears,” he began after clearing his throat to earn the attention of those present, “that the school will be repaired and operational in two weeks. The problem remains about security, unfortunately.”

Percy Weasley raised his hand, earning a nod from the man, “What security problems sir? If Dumbledore and his allies are either arrested or dead the students should be safe now.”

“I would agree with you Mr. Weasley, if I was not a pragmatist first and foremost. The fact remains, however, that every year for the past several now we have had a major security breach resulting in the deaths, or near deaths, of staff or students.”

A grumbled, “Because of Potter…” was heard, earning a sharp glare from the Headmaster,
“something you wish to add?”

Shacklebolt, who was acting as a liaison between his department and Hogwarts, appeared as though he would shake his head, but instead stood to stare the man down. “Actually yes, there is. Harry Potter is a danger to society and the fact that you offered him a position here is far more dangerous than anything Dumbledore ever did.”

Snape’s eyes turned icy as the temperature in the room seemed to drop a few degrees in the impending standoff, “Then I suppose you agree with Albus Dumbledore’s plan on using the school as a trap for Voldemort back in ninety-one?”

The dark-skinned man blinked, clearly caught off guard at the question, before shifting a bit uncomfortably. “Well… no but…”

“Or perhaps you were happy with his choice of not evacuating the school when students began showing up petrified in ninety-two, or the lack of effort put into removing the Dementors from the school grounds in ninety-three?”

“B-but Potter…”

A growl escaped the former spy’s lips, “I am well aware of what Mr. Potter has done, I believe we all are at this point. The difference between the two men we speak of is that Dumbledore was more than happy to play Chess Master for the rest of his days, manipulating and controlling everyone and hiding all of his damnable secrets just to keep his perfect persona. Mr. Potter, on the other hand, came forth with a full confession of every crime he committed and allowed the Wizengamot to decide his fate, which they did if you recall. Unless of course you are accusing him of manipulating them as well?”

“I…”

Snape shook his head, “You are relieved of your duties Auror, I will be asking the Director for a replacement since it is clear you cannot maintain professionalism.”

Kingsley stood frozen, before sneering and storming off to disappear into the Floo.

With that the Headmaster continued, “Now then, obviously we will need another Charms professor and on such short notice it would be rather difficult to find one. Luckily, I know someone who would be more than happy for the position. They will be arriving as soon as their teaching certificate is…”

As if on cue the Floo roared to life once more and out stepped a redheaded Witch that had several of the staff gasping. “Sorry, sorry the Ministry took longer than I thought to process everything. I hope I didn’t miss too much.”

“Just requesting a new Auror envoy. Everyone I would like to introduce Lily Evans, our newest Charms professor.”

***LoD***

He had been informed that she wanted to speak with him about something important. Arriving at her home the House-Elf had promptly indicated where her room was, and that the Lord and Lady were absent until noon the next day on a business trip.

Nodding, the boy-who-lived had made his way to her room. Upon knocking, and hearing her answer for him to come inside, he opened the door only to notice that it was completely dark save for a few
lit candles on the dresser, sending shadows and soft glows through the room.

There was movement on the bed.

“Millie?”

“In here.”

“What is it you wanted to speak with me about?” as if it wasn’t already painfully obvious.

He heard a nervous intake of air as she gathered her courage. “I… was hoping that we could… that you might want to spend the evening with me, alone… in bed without clothing.”

“Personally, I would rather have a bit more light to see you with, but this is acceptable.” He noted, practically sensing her blush as he closed the door and began discarding his clothes as he made his way to where she was laying.

She was able to make out his naked form just as he reached the bed, pulling back the blanket and sliding under them with a grace that still surprised her. But Millicent had a plan. She knew that this might be her only opportunity and she sure as hell wasn't going to waste it without exploring her sexuality as much as possible.

Her mouth was around his cock a moment later, sliding it in and out and simply tasting him. She knew, from overheard conversations both at school and home when her mother would have friends over, that the older Wizards became, especially Purebloods, the less interested in such acts they would be. Eventually sex would be seen as a tool for creating an heir or political ambition, nothing more. Though the Witch had a feeling her Lord would never turn into a man like that there was no reason to believe he would continue on this type of relationship with her.

A few more moments of sucking, licking, and tasting passed before she pulled back, and went onto another fetish she had dreamed about. Pushing her breasts together she captured his manhood between them, sliding up and down with ease as she overheard his sigh of pleasure.

“Your breasts are lovely my dear, and feel even better.”

Considering how many other 'endowed' women he had at his beck and call it was fairly high praise. Narcissa and Bellatrix were both women bearing large chests and although her own was a bit smaller she still sported one of the largest in their class.

“I am looking forward to tasting them as well.”

The Witch fumbled, blushing bright red at the mental image of what she had heard other Slytherin girls talk about. The way that Harry would taste his partners.

Her delay did not go unnoticed, and she found herself flipped over onto her back, a mouth on her throat. “F-f-fuck!” she practically screamed out, not ready for the sudden orgasmic shaking her body underwent from just his oral ministrations.

Harry began his descent, listening, and enjoying, to the moans and whimpers of the girl beneath him, the way her heart rate skyrocketed when his mouth reached her breasts, and shortly thereafter her painfully erect nipples.

He teased, tasted, licked, sucked, nipped and simply enjoyed the small pebbles until his partner was gasping for breath.
“H-H-Harry...”

“Hmmm? Ready for me to continue down to your stomach my dear? Or perhaps you would rather me just spend the next hour or so devouring your cunt?”

She shook her head, “I-inside me... please...”

“On one condition my dear Millie.”

Her lust-soaked brain barely comprehended the fact that she nodded, not caring what he asked at this point so long as he was deep inside of her in the next few moments.

“I want you to talk about how much I enjoy your body, about how I am worshiping it, about how good I feel inside of you.”

The Witch returned to reality enough to comprehend what he was saying, but not fully understand.

“Wh-what?”

“You heard me, I want you to praise yourself. Your musculature, your curves, your breasts and hips, your thighs and arms. Let me hear just how beautiful you are, then I will shag you into a coma.”

She bit her lip, trying to summon the thoughts and words that always seemed so alien to her, but she wanted this. She wanted him.

Badly enough that she would force the words out if necessary.

“Y-you... like how wet I am don't you?” she finally forced out, earning a wave of his hand to continue. “You want to be inside of me, to feel how wet I am.”

“Come now Millie I’ve seen your essays at school. I know you are more creative than that.”

His finger gently ran along her slit, and she barely contained the groan of pleasure.

“I-I bet you can't wait to fuck my pussy right? T-to feel my womb, to feel me massaging your cock? I-I'll let you, let you fuck me if you are good. If you suck my breasts, if you worship me.”

A growl of appreciation escaped his lips, “Better...”

“Y-you can touch my legs too, and my arse if you beg...” she continued as he slid forward, her body betraying her words as she lifted her legs up and latched them around his body, forcing him closer.

“You want to kiss my stomach, my abs don't you Potter? To taste the muscles in my arms and shoulders, to feel how strong and powerful I am?”

The head of his dick was rubbing against her cunt now, and she was finding it harder and harder to think.

“I-I-I know how you watch me, admiring m-my form, my curves. N-none of the others have b-breasts like mine, have c-c-curves like mine. Y-you want to b-breed me? Well I-I am going to b-be the one taking your c-cum from you.”

That must have been what he wanted to hear as he pushed in, piercing her hymen and pressing up against her womb in one thrust, her body instantly wrapping around his both with limbs and inner walls, refusing to let him go as she trembled in orgasm.

“Don't you ever question yourself again...” he whispered into her ear, before sliding back and ramming full force into her pussy once more.
“So… how did it go?”

Bellatrix let out a defeated sigh as she flopped down into the chair, earning a frown from the Malfoy matron who promptly summoned a House-Elf and informed it to bring them tea, and potentially alcohol.

Narcissa had a feeling it wasn’t going to go well. What did her elder sister expect when she waltzed into the DMLE and attempted to ‘make amends’ by confessing various crimes to Amelia Bones? Did she honestly believe the director was just going to say everything was fine and that she was not going to be placed on trial? “Was it that bad?”

“Bones wasn’t very happy with my presence.”

“Shocking, I’m surprised to see you here and not receive a call that you were back in Azkaban to be honest.”

The older woman snorted, “You almost did, but after pointing out that I was our Lord’s follower… well let’s just say that she knew no matter what she tried to enforce that it wouldn’t stick for more than an afternoon. The agreement we reached was that she would not pursue any criminal investigations against me so long as I didn’t commit any further crimes, and that she would be watching me like a dragon.”

Nodding, the mother let out a sigh of relief, that was… better than she could have hoped for all considering. “So, what are you planning on doing now Bella?”

A smirk answered her but did nothing to calm her nerves.

“Bellatrix…”

“Oh relax Cissa, nothing bad. But I figure that the best way to keep myself from committing any more crimes is to remain occupied right?” The younger Witch nodded slowly, not quite sure where this train of thought would lead them. “So that means I just need to bring this up to Harry, and the fact that it would be in all of our best interest if he put a baby in me this summer.”

“Bella!”

Minerva McGongall was pacing back and forth in the Headmaster’s office like a caged animal, with the man watching silently. Every few moments she would stop, turn to them with a look of indignation or understanding, before shaking her head and continuing to move back and forth in silence.

Finally, after close to a half-hour she decided upon what she wanted to say, “How are you okay with this Severus!?”

The man’s eyebrow quirked up, “Okay with what? I feel Lily would be a marvelous teacher, or are you upset with my appointment of Mr. Potter as an assistant. Really though, I think it is for the best. He seems to provide a feeling of safety and security despite his age and…”

“It’s unnatural!” she interrupted with a shout, before taking several calming breaths, “I understand you were fond of her Severus but…”
“But what?” the Wizard snapped, “but men should not be allowed to create life? Or is it that he did not bring someone back that you approved of? Perhaps you just don’t like seeing the face of someone you failed hm? Does her presence here remind you of what you failed to stop Dumbledore from doing all those years ago? Of all your own failures? Why is it that no matter what good he does, no matter how many lives he saves there are always those who feel the need to argue that it is wrong, that it is unnatural? We are Magical Minerva, everything we do is unnatural, what is one more miracle on top of all the others we can do? Why should creating a new person be so amazing when you teach children how to change the very structure of objects by waving around a wooden stick?”

She stood gaping in shock, before collecting herself and replying, her voice now down to a whisper, “It isn’t the same and you know it Severus. The dead… they need to be able to rest, to move on.”

“And she has. That woman is not Lily Potter, she is a completely different person. Different body, different Magic, and different memories. I would hope you could accept that in time.”

But the Witch merely shook her head, “I don’t know if I can Severus. Perhaps it is time I consider retiring from all this.”

***LoD***

“Did you hear the rumors?”

“There are a lot of rumors, which ones are you talking about this time?”

“About Ronald Weasley? They say he disappeared over break, that he hasn’t been seen by anyone in weeks.”

“Oh please, who the hell cares? Have you heard that Harry Potter is back and is going to be a teaching assistant? I mean he was already hot before; can you imagine how kinky it would be calling him ‘professor’?”

The two girls giggled before continuing down the hallway to their next class, never noticing how the mentioned redhead’s former girlfriend stood nearby, before shaking her head and moving off to class herself.

Whispers had turned into rumors which morphed into facts. A week after Hogwarts was back in session the Headmaster made an announcement officially confirming that Harry Potter would be taking the role as teaching assistant as they worked on stabilizing the staff situation.

***LoD***

It was a bit odd, the boy-who-lived mused, standing in front of a classroom with a group of teenagers staring at him. He had expected many, many expressions. Fear, anger, disgust, uncertainty… but surprisingly enough most of those were missing. Instead it was more curiosity that greeted him in the faces looking back.

One girl raised her hand and he promptly pointed to her.

“Uhm… is it true you killed the Dark Lord?”

“It is, that was two years ago so most of you would have been what, first or second years?”

She nodded shyly, and another boy raised his hand, seemingly a bit emboldened by the courage of the first, “And you took down Dumbledore too, right?”
“I did.”

A third hand, “They say you took your N.E.W.Ts already, did you get a really high score?”

He nodded, “A perfect score actually, not that it matters.” That comment earned a few relaxed laughs, and far more excited hands raising.

“Are you going to be a professor at Hogwarts?”

“No, Headmaster Snape has only hired me on as a temporary aid due to staff shortages. He will be reassessing my position this summer based on how well I do and my own plans.”

“Do you still sleep in the Slytherin dorms?”

Again, he shook his head, “No, the Headmaster and I thought it best to make it clear I was no longer a student nor that I would be giving any favoritism. I will be staying in one of the staff room’s like the other professors.”

“Which one?” the girl had attempted to look nonchalant about asking, but it was clear by her blush, and a few nearby snickers, what she was asking for.

As he answered the boy thought it was odd that none of them had mentioned any of his other crimes or had even shown any obvious fears towards him.

Quite odd indeed.

***LoD***

“I heard you aren’t going to be Head Boy anymore.”

Harry turned to where Leanne Fawley stood in the doorway to his personal quarters, which he had finally moved into.

“I’m afraid not, can’t exactly be in the position if I’m not a student anymore. I will be helping where I can though, so you don’t get overwhelmed. The Headmaster talked about appointing a different one but…”

She shook her head, “It’s fine, the school year is more than halfway done anyways, seems silly to try and rectify the problem now.”

“Plus, it will look great on a resume to say you handled it on your own. Shows good time and stress management.” He put in with a chuckle, causing something to flash in her eyes as her gaze swept over him.

Moving forward, she reached where he was sitting, before taking the papers he had been looking over and tossing them onto the ground nearby. “Actually, I was hoping to work on a different skill tonight, and for you to help me with an issue I have been having lately.”

“Oh?” Harry leaned back as her hands began working at his belt.

“Mmmhm, I have an itch that needs scratched, and word is you are the best at that type of problem.”

He laughed, his own hands pulling open her robes to reveal nothing underneath, “I would hate to disappoint.”

Slipping out of her clothing she fell to her knees instantly, pulling out his manhood with a gasp.
“How are... no wonder everyone is so interested in getting you into their knickers.”

His laugh sent warm shivers down her spine as she attempted to take him into her mouth all at once.

She made it about halfway down before choking a bit.

“So... is this why you are the 'Head Girl'?” he inquired playfully, earning a mock glare as she glanced up at him. “I figured you might enjoy the dirty talk, girls like you are always so prim and proper that a few derogatory terms or phrases always seems to heighten the arousal.”

Not wanting to admit that he might be correct she continued on her task of sliding up and down his cock, licking and tasting every inch.

“Is this why you were hoping to be chosen for the position? The chance to suck the Head Boy's cock whenever you wanted? Or maybe you didn't know I would be the other choice and figured if I was prefect you could schedule secluded 'meetings' with me.”

Her pace quickened, both because of his words and her own desire to prove him wrong. Leanne's pleasure was building, and she would never live it down if she came before he did while giving him a blowjob.

“I do so hope you were planning for more than just this though.” he noted conversationally, “Despite enjoying oral sex I always found it far more enjoyable to be buried up to the hilt in a girl, her thrashing and moaning either beneath or on top of me while her body trembles in orgasm. Have you ever had a release from just sex? I actually heard they are supposed to be somewhat rare for women, which is a terrible thing if you tell me. The idea that a Witch is not turned into a drooling mess while being shagged is just...”

She pulled back from his cock before standing up and mounting his seated form, his cock pressing against her womb a moment later as she did, in fact, have a massive orgasm.

“See? Isn't that better?” he teased, earning a growl as she started to slowly bounce up and down on his lap.

***LoD***

The soft knocking was followed by the door opening just enough for the young girl to peek inside.

“E-excuse me, professor? You wanted to see me?”

Glancing up the raven-haired man paused for a moment, before nodding in acknowledgment, “Ah Miss Sinistra, yes do come in.” She entered, shyly pushing the door closed behind her before making her way towards his desk. “How have your classes been doing?”

A slight shrug answered him, “Okay I guess. It has been a bit stressful lately.”

“Understandable, I know you have been having a hard time making friends too. Would you like some advice?”

“Yes, please professor.”

Harry stood, before making his way around the desk to where she was seated. As he passed behind her his finger grazed her neck, sending shivers down her spine. In that moment Aurora Sinistra decided that the Potion she had bought, for not a small amount of money, had been more than worth it if she was this responsive already. Temporarily aging herself down to a schoolgirl again was allowing her to fulfill a fantasy she had thought about long after she had graduated.
The dominant professor, and if Harry’s actions were any indication he understood, and was more than willing to help.

“The key,” he continued, snapping her from her thoughts, “is to not only find a way to mentally relax, but also physically. Do you have any way of doing this?”

“I-I uhm… I like to read…” she stammered out, doing her best impersonation of what she was like as a younger girl. She really did have more than a few stress issues back then, and a shyness that had taken her years to overcome.

“Mmm, that would be good for the mind, certainly. But unless you are doing so in front of a warm fireplace, or in a bubble bath, I doubt it helps relieve any other tension.”

“O-o-oh…”

“What about a boyfriend, or girlfriend perhaps? Those can certainly lead to stress relieving activities.”

She shook her head, warmth spreading through her body as she felt the excitement of what was taking place surge through her. “No… I haven’t uhm… even kissed a boy yet.”

His hand had, somehow, dropped without her realizing it, and had brushed across her leg. The reverted teen bit back a moan at the sensation.

“No? How odd, you are certainly a very pretty girl.” The emerald-eyed Wizard leaned in closer, his voice a whisper in her ear. “Would you like me to help Aurora? I can show you some stress relieving techniques if you want. It will be our little secret hm?”

“O-okay...” she whimpered out, allowing him to pull back a bit as his gaze trailed over her seated body.

“Then lets start hm? Close your eyes.”

Biting her lip she did so, anxiety and anticipation pounding in her ears as she felt more than heard him move. A moment later two hands found the exposed skin on her legs and crept upwards.

“P-profess...”

“Shhh just relax.”

She tried to do so, to force herself not to fidget as his hands crept upwards until the reached where her legs met her torso.

“Now then, lets see what we have to work with.”

Before she could even think of protesting her knickers vanished and her dress was pulled up, exposing her smooth lower lips to his eyes.

“You have a very cute pussy Aurora.”

“P-professor, wait we shouldn't...”

His mouth clasped over her soaked cunt, and she cried out in orgasm, her eyes opening just enough to see him devouring her innocence, lapping at her juices. The de-aged woman squirmed in her seat fighting the urge to buck forward into his tongue as it circled the outside, teasing her clit and prodding her opening.
“Ah-ah-ah....” the young girl exploded moments later, going slack in her chair as the man chuckled and withdrew.

“Delicious.”

Looking up at him through lidded eyes the woman was panting, lust still coursing through her veins. “Still feeling a bit uptight I see, why don’t you sit over on the desk and we will work on fixing that.”

As if in a daze she obeyed, staggering to the table before hoisting herself up onto it.

“Take your robes off, let’s see that cute little body of yours.”

Her hands, shakily, went to work, discarding her outer robes and school uniform until even her bra was laying discarded on the floor.

“Spread your legs.”

Nodding, she did so, exposing her sex once more as he maneuvered his own clothing to pull out his cock, her eyes locking onto it immediately.

“Now then, how about we take that precious virginity of yours hm?”

“I...”

He immediately stepped forward, grabbing her legs and pulling her forward until he was pressed against her sex. “Enough teasing Miss Sinistra, spread your legs more.”

She did so, biting her lip nervously as he pressed into her.

The dark-skinned woman’s senses lit up as if it was her first time all over again, both with him and with anyone. She cried out as her senses overloaded, body exploding in orgasm as he bottomed out with a deep grunt.

“Certainly is a tight little pussy you have.” he growled, pulling back and thrusting in harder than before, his hands tightening as he began ramming into her, abusing her teenage cunt as the sound of sex filled the air.

“Now Miss Sinistra we get to the best part, lets fill that womb of yours shall we?” She opened her mouth, whether to protest or beg for him to do so she wasn’t sure, but was interrupted as his grip tightened once more, pulling her forward just as he bottomed out into her moist insides, heat flooding her.

***LoD***

The former Auror’s eyes narrowed as he looked out over the small courtyard. He had seen some awful displays of teamwork and combat skills before but the group in front of him might have been the absolute worst.

Not that surprising considering few, if any, had any real training or experience.

He had split them into two teams, not only to build trust but also to give them moving targets with each other. The problem was that there were far too many ‘leaders’ and not enough ‘followers.’

Krum and Diggory had, naturally, both wanted to lead the teams, and they had good reasons for doing so. They had trained for the TriWizard Tournament, after all, and had been the first to truly reveal what their target was to others.
Not only that but Krum was a natural leader… if people actually listened to him. Instead commands were breaking down, arguments were common, and it seemed like everyone wanted to be the star or ‘commander.’

Moody growled as he watched Ron Weasley blatantly disobey a command to provide cover fire against the opposing team, and instead try to flank around and win the battle himself. This led to several of his teammates being caught in the open and incapacitated, while he himself was taken down a moment later by the opposition.

The man took another deep gulp of alcohol. What in the hell had Dumbledore been thinking when he had begun recruiting these brats!? Did the former Headmaster truly believe that a bunch of stupid teenagers and twenty-somethings would be enough to take down a boy who, by all accounts, was a master of combat?

Shaking his head he recalled the last real conversation he had with the man. Albus had requested that, should the worst happen, he would find a way to escape and train the resistance.

“They will need you, my old friend.” He had placated, earning a deeper scowl from the man in question. “The next generation needs a leader, someone to train them and keep them together, to extinguish the old hatreds and focus them on the task at hand. That must be you.”

“Yeah…” Alastor grumbled, watching as Cedric’s team was finally rounded up and defeated, which then led to a massive argument about various choices and who was supposed to be ‘in charge’. “Like that is going to happen.”

***LoD***

Ginny Weasley happily made her way towards the Great Hall for dinner. It had been a good, more like fantastic, week thus far. Even with Harry being unfairly expelled from school he had still found a way to return and continue to be in their everyday lives. Even better was that the normal tension that seemed to have filled the air for the past year or so was gone, and for good reason.

Dumbledore was in jail, the Ministry was stable, there were no vague threats or obviously evil professors. She almost hated to admit that Ron not being present anymore only served to further the peaceful atmosphere. She knew that her parents were upset, but he had left a note about dropping out and refusing to attend Hogwarts with Snape in charge.

“Good riddance.” She muttered darkly, before turning the corner and almost walking into Daphne Greengrass. “Whoops, sorry Daphne didn’t see you…” There was a scowl on the Slytherin’s face, and the redhead’s own happiness faltered as well. “Shite, what now?”

A piece of torn parchment was practically shoved into her face with a snarl. Ginny was about to tell the Pureblood where the paper was going to end up if she didn’t pull it back until she read it over.

“Son of a… fine, let’s go find the little bitch.”

Ten minutes later they found their target. With a flick of her wrist Romilda Vane was frozen in place, before being dragged away by the youngest Weasley, Daphne giving death glares to the paralyzed girl’s friends promising pain if they spoke a word of what they saw.

In an empty classroom the girl was dropped onto the floor before being revived, “What the hell is…”

A Wand being pointed in her face shut the girl up almost instantly, “Listen Vane.” Ginny growled in annoyance. “We have talked about this, far too many times and I know that you have an empty head and all, but we are sick of this crap. You think this is funny? This childish obsession you have with
marrying Harry?”

“We are going to get married!”

Even Daphne rolled her eyes, “Oh please you haven’t even spoken to him and he’s the most eligible bachelor in the bloody world. You, on the other hand, are a fangirl who keeps pissing the rest of us off. This latest request of yours, ‘Making love like a husband and wife’? We told you to cut this shit out. But you wouldn’t listen, would you? So now we are being forced to step in.”

***LoD***

Harry instantly recognized the girl who cleared her throat from the door to his personal quarters, what he didn’t know was why two of his lovers were currently dragging another girl along by a leash, a collar Magically sealed onto her neck.

“Ginny, Daphne… is there a reason you brought…” his eyes narrowed, he couldn’t actually recall ever meeting her before but there had been that one-time during class… “Miss Vane in with a leash?”

The older nodded, “Yes, there is. Romilda here seems to have become a bit confused about her place and so we decided to educate her. If she can prove that she can be a good little pet, then she will be allowed to act out her pathetic little wedding fantasy.”

With a particularly rough yank the girl gave a yelp and was pulled up to meet the redhead’s glare, “But, you screw this up and we will be parading you through the Slytherin common room naked, understand!?”

Romilda hastily nodded and was dropped back down before being directed toward her ‘master’.

Honestly, she wasn't sure what she was required to do at this point, besides be as obedient and docile as possible. She did know that the few times she had tried to stand back up the two girls had yanked her onto all fours again, meaning that this was 'her place' in the scenario.

Crawling forward she reached the desk he sat behind before sitting down at his feet and looking around uncomfortably.

Ginny and Daphne had departed moments prior, leaving only Harry and herself, but she didn't want to risk being caught 'acting up'. The idea of being led through a public place, especially nude, was beyond terrifying.

Romilda was just about to ask him what to do when a hand gently caressed her head. It wasn't sexual, it wasn't romantic, it was just... comforting.

“Just try and relax my dear. Stop worrying about your classes and all the gossip and nonsense that normally fills you with stress and just be a good little puppy.”

His tone... it was something in his tone that had the tension draining from her body as she leaned into his touch. There were no expectations here, no demands for her to be prim and proper or perfect. No one shouting questions or demanding homework assignments be done better. There were no Houses and their stereotypes telling her how to act or House Points being threatened at every moment.

It was just... calm and relaxing.

Maybe this is what they wanted, for her to accept the fact she wouldn't, couldn't, stand by Harry, but instead belonged at his feet. For a second a stray thought flowed through her mind that it wouldn't be
so bad. Being a submissive to someone just meant he would make the decisions for her, it meant less stress and fewer worries. She would gladly trade away some decision making for that kind of life.

Before she had realized it the young teen had actually crawled up into his lap, feeling small and insignificant, and yet completely safe and cared for all at the same time.

Within moments her mind drifted off into slumber, which was where she would be found hours later when the two girls returned.

***LoD***

Harry Potter gave a relaxed sigh as he sunk back into a padded chair. It had been quite a while since he had truly found the time to just be alone and relax. Between the situation at the Ministry, all the manipulations, dealing with Dumbledore, and now all of the marriage propositions it was rare to have some peace and quiet.

Naturally, this was the moment at which the door to his room opened and a certain blonde lieutenant entered, looking paler than usual. The Lord immediately quirked his eyebrow, “Draco, what is wrong?”

The Malfoy heir moved to the desk, bracing himself as if he had a vast weight on his shoulders.

“My Lord there has… been an attack.”

***LoD***

A/N: So I know a few people suggested 'Pet Play' as a kink and I honestly wasn't very informed on it so I decided to do a bit of research. Apparently it is far more the idea of giving up the societal expectations and stress and just acting like a pet rather than anything sexual, so I figured it would be a nice little change of pace.
"My Lord there has… been an attack." Those words repeated in Harry Potter’s mind as he entered St. Mungos, ignoring the usual stares and whispers as he made his way up to the receptionist.

"Neville Longbottom"

The woman frowned before looking up, and immediately went slack jawed as she stared back at him. Normally, he would idly consider the idea of playfully flirting or just talking with her a bit. But not now, not when he had somewhere to be.

"The Longbottom mansion." Three words were all it had taken to chill his blood in a way he thought normally reserved for his female companions and godparents. The Witch was still staring at him, but was finally able to stutter out a response, “Y-y-you’re H-Harry P-P-P-Potter!”

“Yes, I am. Where is Neville Longbottom’s room?”

If he was a bit harsh in his second request, she didn’t seem to notice.

“I-I have all your books! I have a poster of you in my room from when you…”

Luckily for her he was well versed in the Mind Arts and skilled enough to search through her memories without causing pain or permanent damage. A second later and he had his answer. The teenager turned, without so much as an acknowledgment to her ramblings about how ‘in love’ she was with him and moved to the elevator.

One floor up, the ‘critical care’ Ward.

The boy-who-lived moved through the hallways, ignoring the confused, excited, annoyed, or whatever other looks he was receiving until he made it to his destination, and a voice called out to him.

“Excuse me, you can’t be in there, family only.”

“Neville’s parents and Grandma… rumor is that Susan and her aunt were there too… my father said Amelia Bones will not make it.” It had been Draco’s response to his question on casualties, but the blonde hadn’t known whether or not either teen had survived, only that they weren’t immediately listed in the DMLE report that his father had been given.

“Mr. Longbottom might not have any other family members left.” Harry snapped in annoyance, earning a scowl from the doctor who moved closer.

“I don’t care, you certainly aren’t one of them. You shouldn’t even be here. This is probably your fault anyway you…”
At this moment another white-coated individual walked into the conversation with a scowl and turned to his colleague, “Oh shut up Wilson, just because your wife moaned out the boy's name when you two were going at it doesn’t give you the right to be a prat. Besides I’m pretty sure if he wants to go in we can’t exactly stop him.”

The first man appeared incensed, before storming away muttering to himself. With a nod of thanks Harry entered the room and beheld his friend laying in a bed, more than a few wrappings covering his body and his arm in a sling.

“It had the markings of a Death Eater raid, from the war.” The blonde had confessed, clearly more than a little uncomfortable at what he was suggesting.

Whether it had been the altercation outside or the new presence in the room Harry wasn’t quite sure, but regardless a muffled groan emanated from the injured Wizard as he blinked awake. “Wha… Harry? Where am I, what happened?”

“There was an attack, you are at St. Mungos.”

“What do you… what about Susan and my parents?”

Emerald-green eyes filled with pity and sorrow, “Susan is still in intensive care, your parents… I’m so sorry Neville…”

The boy froze, before breaking down into tears.

“Draco, find out who was involved, all of them.”

***LoD***

It was hard to say whether he was dreaming up the young girl standing outside of the bars or not. Day and night blended together when there was no clock or sunlight, and there had been more than a few times in the past… week? Month? Year? Albus shook his head, he wasn’t quite sure how long he had been in prison but regardless his sister’s appearance, or at least his mind creating it, was nothing new.

“Hello Lord Dumbledore, it has been a while hasn’t it?”

The old man gave a half-hearted shrug, he wasn’t quite sure if there even was a point in answering the potential apparition. “Perhaps. I would ask if you are real or not, but you have lied to me before.”

Ariana didn’t so much as blink, “You certainly deserve worse for all the lies you have spun. All the manipulations and plots.”

“Sacrifice the few to save the many… ironic that it ended up being something I fought so hard against that would be the reason I end up here.” He noted with a slight chuckle in his voice.

Her eyes narrowed, “But yours were never ‘for the greater good’ were they? It was what you thought was correct. You had no way of knowing if your gambles would pay for the price in blood.”

“Do any of us? If I had been right, and Harry wrong, would we still be having this conversation?”

The young girl snorted, “Of course not, because I wouldn’t be here. But maybe that is what you prefer. Would it be easier if I was still dead? If you didn’t have to face your own guilt?”

“Death is not something to be trifled with, Harry should not have brought you back. I am sorry about
what happened to you but…”

Albus Dumbledore practically jumped at her screamed interruption, “So I don’t deserve a second chance!? I don’t deserve happiness is that it!? Everyone else does, everyone else can be happy but not me is that it you miserable bastard!!?”

Silence reigned, save for her harsh, deep breaths as she attempted to calm herself once more. The teen finally did so, before straightening her back and looking down on him as if he were a cockroach. “But it doesn’t matter anymore. It doesn’t matter what you think, say, or even believe because I have found happiness. I am with Harry now and I plan on being part of the conversation about bearing his children. There is a long list thus far but considering how much he enjoyed being inside of me I think I have a good chance.”

The look of horror on his face was well worth her journey, and a smirk formed on her own. “You were wrong, someone does desire me, and whether it is because he truly thinks I am beautiful, or he just enjoys shagging the sister of his enemy doesn’t matter. I love him and depending on what happens during the summer I very well may convince him to impregnate me. Wouldn’t that be the biggest irony of all? You always wanted to get rid of me, to be rid of me as a sister and so I end up marrying the one who finally brought you down.”

With that she turned and began to walk away from her older brother, only to pause one last time. “Goodbye Lord Dumbledore, I doubt you will ever see me again.”

***LoD***

Harry, and it was just Harry now, not ‘the boy-who-lived’ or ‘champion of Hogwarts’ or ‘Lord of Darkness’ or anything else, sat silent at the table in the small restaurant. It had been a very long day, and for once he just didn’t feel like returning to one of the mansions. He didn’t want to be everyone’s savior at the moment, didn’t want to be a Lord giving out orders or having to deal with others who looked to him for every answer.

Right now, he just wanted to be a normal teenager dealing with normal problems.

He especially did not want to think about how his own actions, or inactions, may have cost Neville and Susan their families. Instead, he just wanted to be alone, to be a typical teenager and wallow in self-guilt and pain like all the others could do whenever they had a bad day.

Surely, he was allowed such a thing every few years.

The Potter heir was planning on finishing up the remains of his dinner, which was slowly growing cold, and then taking a walk outside. Maybe he would even find a hotel room for the night, just to get away from everything and clear his head.

What he hadn’t planned was the voice that gently asked, “Is this seat taken?”

***LoD***

Karma was a bitch.

There was no other way to explain the current situation. Lily Evans had finally gathered her courage and dressed up for an evening out.

Alone

Completely and utterly by herself, not that she was pathetic or anything. She had friends that she
could have gone out with... it just so happened they were all busy at the moment. Severus was stuck doing end-of-year Headmaster duties, Fleur was spending time with her sister, the three ‘Marauders’ were out likely chasing after women, Ariana wanted to spend the evening alone, and... well that about summed up her social life.

So, she had opted to slide on a ‘sexy’ black dress and go to a nice restaurant by herself, to celebrate her independence. That was when she spotted him, the very person she was trying to forget about. Why here, why out of all the Godforsaken places did he had to be here!?

Naturally, she ignored the voice in her head that noted he had clearly arrived before her and that to the casual eye it would appear that she was stalking him.

Mind made up, Lily took the approach of any mature, responsible adult... and blatantly ignored him. She requested a table at the other corner of the room, as far from him as possible, in the hopes she could simply forget about his presence.

It appeared as though some Deity had other plans, however, and when the waitress came by to take her order, she realized that there was a direct line of sight between them, almost as if it had been planned. Still, she intended on simply enjoying her food and then leaving as soon as she was done.

The first time she glances up at where she knows he was seated, mentally assuring herself it is nothing more than to ascertain his presence, her heart almost stops. The teen is morose, picking at his food like it was his last meal. She had heard rumors that there had been an attack, was it involving someone he knew? Was one of his lovers injured? Had it been one of his godparents?

No, she mentally reassured herself, if that was the case Severus would have informed her.

Still, there was something wrong, and the woman couldn’t help but want to fix the problem, to cheer him up.

But she can’t, because that way leads to risky scenarios. It is how they end up talking for hours until it is past midnight. It is how one of them jokingly suggests the other should come back to their home, that the walk is shorter. It is what leads to talking in the living room, and then a suggestion to talk in the bedroom where they don’t need to worry about waking others up.

That leads to changing into something more comfortable, which ends up with clothing dropped onto the floor, to wandering eyes and the licking of lips. This is, inevitably, followed by...

Before she can fall any further down that bottomless pit Lily returns to her senses and glances up at the teen once more. It is decision making time, and it is up to her. She can either leave and let those thoughts and feelings die or...

A hand wearily rubs at two emerald-green eyes, as if trying to clear away the stress.

Her mind is made up instantly, and she places some money on the table before rising and walking over to him.

“Is this seat taken?”

For a moment, a brief heart stopping instance, there is surprise in his expression, before it vanished faster than a bolt of lightning and he gestures towards the empty chair. “Of course not, please.”

Nodding, she takes the offered place, her mind working overtime as to how best to approach the situation. Obviously, he is grappling with some deeper issue, but doesn’t want to go back to the others. She very much doubts he would be more willing to speak with someone who resembles his
mother that he created a year prior.

An idea pops into her mind and she decides to roll with it, blatantly ignoring the undertones of what she was about to do.

“I noticed you sitting by yourself and ‘lonely’ doesn’t look good on you. Want some company?”

His eyes are searching now, piercing through any lies or illusions she might hope to construct as a shield. He looked deep into her soul and, although she was certain he wasn’t using Legilimency, her mind.

A gentle shrug answered her, “I guess so, it has been a rough day.”

Two strangers meeting in a bar, technically a restaurant but who cared. It was a simple enough way to allow him to open up without judgment or bias. The fact that it was also a secret fantasy of hers had absolutely nothing to do with it.

Or so she kept telling herself.

Harry continues on when she simply nods in agreement with him, “A close friend of mine… his parents and grandmother were killed, along with the Aunt of his fiancé. I guess I just see the resemblance. My own parents were murdered as well and…” he gives a helpless shrug, and she hates it. Hates the fact that she knows exactly what he is doing, what he is thinking even without him saying it. He is blaming himself. Maybe he knows one of his followers did it or maybe his friend was targeted because of their own relationship.

It doesn’t matter though; he clearly didn’t condone the attack.

“It isn’t your fault.” The Witch replies without even stopping to think about what she would say next. “These things, these awful things… they happen, whether we want them to or not. History is full of violence, choking with it. You can no more stop people from hurting each other than you can stop them from growing older.”

A tired sigh escapes his lips and for a moment he looks so much older than he is, “I know, but it does not make it any easier.”

She understands, at least in a small part. In school, or at least what her memories tell her, she often took on the role of trying to fix everything and everyone as well. If there was a problem, she jumped headfirst into solving it. It made her feel like she was helping but at the same time when she failed it was devastating. Putting one’s heart out too many times is only asking for it to be crushed.

“You need to rest, to let go once in a while.”

He nods in defeated agreement.

There is a moment of hesitation in her mind, knowing what comes next but at the same time not being entirely sure how it will be received. “Going home will just remind you of all this and you need a break… come home with me instead.”

If the situation had been different then her statement might have meant something different as well. If she had approached as a friend, or even as someone attempting to reunite as family, then the offer would be the same. A place to sleep where he didn’t need to worry about anything.

But she hadn’t done that. Instead it had been as a stranger, as one adult to another. The offer, then, had a different meaning as well.
His eyes met hers and were searching once more, giving her a way out. Instead she gulped and ignored the rapid feeling of her heart pounding inside of her chest. It was now or never.

Lily Evans smiled, her eyelids lowering as her hand crept underneath the table and gently brushed across his knee.

There was no going back now. She would likely drown in this lake of debauchery and sin, but she had no one else to blame for diving in.

***LoD***

(More sensual, both needing it. Silent?)

It had been as she pictured it, only far less awkward than she figured it would be. Lily had invited the teen back to her house, he had accepted, they had left together and arrived in her living room where they proceeded to talk for another hour or two. At this point she made the comment of sleep helping to soothe stress.

She hadn’t even offered the guest room, and instead had taken him by the hand to lead him up to her own room after he had nodded in agreement. That was the point her plan had diverged. Instead of making idle small talk, maybe laying on the sheets laughing and being closer to each other until one of them suggested changing into sleepwear, the redhead had turned and smothered his lips with her own.

She wanted him to be happy, to feel loved and accepted and everything else good in this world. The moment her hands went to his clothing and began pulling at them frantically it became a whirlwind of thoughts and actions.

Two pairs of hands moved seemingly as one and clothing fell to the ground in moments. He was beautiful, and although she wanted to tell him that, to say out loud all of the wonderful things about him, about his body, she simply could not find the words.

Instead she pulled the teen's body close to hers and retreated to the bed. Her legs spread on their own and he moved to begin trailing kisses down her neck when she stopped him. It was the only word that would be spoken for the remainder of the day.

“Later”

And she meant it, she wanted to explore each other, to kiss and taste every inch of him just as he wanted to do her.

But later, right now there was a different kind of need, a different burning inside of her. They both needed something deeper, they needed a comfort that could only be found with him inside of her.

Her hands traveled south, caressing over muscles until they wrapped around his shaft and guided him to her entrance, one hand moving around to his rear to give him an encouraging urge forward.

The moment his head pierced her lips a gasp escaped her, back arching as electricity sang through her veins and an orgasm roared through her body. Both hands were on his arse now, and she gave another pull moments later.

She needed this, she needed him. Lily Evans was so bloody tired of denying herself, of following along with what society, and others, thought was best. The woman inside her was ready to do what she wanted, what she needed.
And right now, she needed Harry Potter, the man who had created her based upon his own mother, sheathed inside of her body, making her his.

Not a second later and her desire was fulfilled, along with her pussy. He was so deep, throbbing and pulsating with life, causing her body to do things she never thought possible. When he pulled back and slid forward once more it wasn't the fast, rough, shagging that she figured it would be. It wasn't the 'fucking' that teens did, the desire to breed overpowering their minds.

It was slow and sensual, each movement drawn out. It was what they both needed without a word being exchanged. His mouth had begun trailing across her chest when she pulled him up to her own and their tongues intertwined.

This, them being together, him inside of her body, her own encouragements and actions... it was so deliriously wrong that she figured it had to be right. It should be taboo, should reek of sin and debauchery that she suffocated. A mother having sex with her teenage son? It broke just about every rule and moral... but she didn't care.

Fingers explored and touched, hers focused on his back, shoulders, arms, arse, and whatever else she could get a hold of. His arms were still planted on either side of her torso, giving him enough leverage to continue sliding in and out of her wet sex.

A familiar stirring began in the deepest part of her, where he was pushing with his cock. Another orgasm was preparing to explode through her and based upon the teen’s breathing she could tell he was close too.

He began to withdraw, only for her to lock her legs around his waist, pulling him in as deep as she could. They had gone this far, why not say to hell with the doubt?

Lily’s world lit up like the sun as her own release hit, her cunt clenching down around the erection inside of her until she felt it pulsating, flooding her with seed.

***LoD***

Pain, fear, and agony all flashed through her mind, threatening to overwhelm her senses, to overwhelm her very soul. Someone was screaming nearby, or maybe it was her. Susan didn’t know anymore. All she knew was that everything just hurt.

Then she fell into nothingness for what felt like an eternity… until something broke the darkness. Sound, whispers, people and slowly she returned to the world of the living.

A garbled groan escaped her lips as she opened her eyes for a moment, before quickly closing them once more due to the bright light. From nearby she heard a voice that sounded familiar, caring and compassionate, loving.

“Susan?”

“N-Nev?”

A hand gently touched her arm, but even with as careful as the boy was, she hissed out in pain and the contact was removed. “I-I’m sorry! Hold on we’re getting a doctor.”

Seconds later and a cooling sensation flowed through her, numbing the aches she hadn’t even been aware of. The voice that spoke this time was far older and calmer. “How are you feeling Miss Bones? Any noticeable pain? Try flexing your muscles and see if anything hurts.”
She did as commanded, slowly moving various parts of her body with small gestures, inspecting each sensation. “I…” she barely recognized the hoarse whisper that came from her lips, “Just sore, nothing bad.”

“Try opening your eyes, we’ve dimmed the lights a bit but take it slow.”

Nodding Susan hesitantly did as she had been asked, wincing a bit in pain but finally adjusting to having vision once more. There were only three others in the room, Neville was at her right side, seated in another bed and looking rather fidgety. To her other side was an older man, likely the doctor. Finally, she could just make out Harry Potter sitting in a chair against the far wall, watching with unblinking eyes but looking far more controlled than the other teen.

“Where…” she coughed a bit, causing her betrothed to immediately grab a glass of water and helping her to drink, “where are we?”

“St. Mungos, what do you remember?”

The Witch bit her lip in concentration, trying to force herself to recall what had happened. “Pain, screaming, fear…”

“There was an attack,” the Longbottom gently chimed in, “You and your aunt were over with my family.”

She nodded, “Yes… yes I remember now, what about everyone else? Where are they?”

Something had clearly happened by the change in the room’s atmosphere. Neville looked away and the older gentleman shifted uncomfortably. It was the boy-who-lived who spoke up to answer, “If she is okay for now you can go check on your other patients doctor. Neville and I can handle it from here.”

A look of protest began to form on the man’s face, but it quickly fell as he let out a sigh and nodded in gratitude, closing the door as he left.

Silence reigned, before the emerald-eyed teen spoke up again, “You two were the only survivors of the attack.”

Susan Bones froze in horror, her mind trying to process what had just been announced. “Wh-who…”

“We are working on finding that out,” the sole Potter answered gently, “I am so sorry for both of your losses. If I hadn’t…”

Neville quickly shook his head, “We’ve been over this Harry, it wasn’t your fault.”

The other boy’s eyes refused to meet theirs, and he looked to the window, “But it could have been… if one of those who I allowed to remain free had done this…”

Reality finally crashed down around Susan and she broke down into sobs, with Neville slowly moving to comfort her and Harry rising to leave.

“Harry?”

He turned back for a moment, “As I said earlier, I will keep you informed as to what we find out.” And like that he was gone.
Reports, reports, and more reports covered the desk Harry Potter was sitting at. There was more information on the attack at the Longbottom Mansion than necessary... and yet it was all relatively worthless.

Eyewitness testimony from those not even in the area at the time. News articles about the four adult casualties, even information from Hogwarts about the two teens who had been badly injured.

Most of it was a colossal waste of time, and the boy-who-lived was becoming frustrated. Thus far the only pertinent pieces of information were the fact that it *did* seem to share commonalities with the Death Eater raids from the previous war. The way in which the perpetrator gained access to the house, the Wards that dampened the Magical capability of those targeted. The damage done to the room, evidence showed the door had been blown up, stunning those inside long enough for the attacker to remove their Wands and bind them.

It was a calculated attack, one that had been well planned out. Harry might have admired it, had it not been his friends and their families targeted, or the fact that the perpetrator had used torture as well.

He sighed before tossing down another field report. Already the Aurors were becoming sloppy and disorganized in their attempts to discover who was responsible. At this rate they would hit a dead end and the case would eventually go stale like so many others had.

Not for Harry, of course. He had already given Neville his word that the crime would not go unpunished. Unfortunately, both Neville and Susan couldn't identify the attacker, them wearing a Death Eater mask. Yet another reason the sole Potter was enraged by the event. The coward was *hiding*.

A knock echoed through the room, causing the boy to rub at his temples to stave off the oncoming headache. He really *should* have done this in a different location so that there weren't any interruptions, not that he was making any progress.

“Enter”

The door opened, earning a slightly surprised pause from the teenager. He recognized the woman, of course, as Lady Zabini, but knew she didn't normally associate with the Malfoys closely enough to warrant her being at the mansion.

“Lord Potter, I was told you were working in here.”

He nodded, “I am, is there something you need?”

Closing the entrance behind her, the sound of a lock sliding into place resonated in the silence, “No, but I think there might be something you need. You look stressed, and I have been told you have been working almost nonstop since that awful attack.”

“Crime does not wait for a good night sleep.”

A small smile crossed her face, “Too true, but it *can* wait for more rested eyes. You need to take a break.” She sauntered across the room to where he sat, an obvious sway in her hips as she did so. “And I know I can help with *that*.”

Reaching the desk, she sat up on it, leaning back a bit as she ignored the papers and documents covering the surface. “Would you like to guess on *how* I can do that hm?”
His eyes traced over her body before returning to her own and noticing her smirk.

“Enjoying what you see?”

He nodded.

“Would you like to see what I have on under this dress? Or perhaps what I don’t have on under it?”

This time his nod was slower, his eyes clearly shining with lust, sending sparks of desire through her own body.

“Why don’t you stand up and take a look then hm?”

He did as commanded, and she felt a thrill of the, arguably, most powerful person on the planet doing as she ordered.

The woman’s eyes dropped for a moment to the obvious tent in his pants before licking her lips and refocusing on the task at hand. She wanted, needed to drag this out. To show him exactly what pleasure they could have together. “The top first, no reason to start with the main course.”

The upper portion of her outfit was tied in a ‘criss cross’ pattern, allowing for a more interesting undressing. His hands went to the knot that held it all together and quickly undid it, slowly undoing the rest of the loops.

“Very good” she whispered, “now why don’t you see what I have hidden beneath hm?”

Nodding slowly, he did so, exposing her bare breasts and dark nipples to his eyes. He stood fixated, as if memorizing the fleshy globes before she gave a breathy chuckle. “A little oral attention would be appreciated.”

The boy practically lunged forward, taking one nipple into his mouth and sucking greedily on it while his and began to grope the other, earning a deep moan from the woman.

“Yessss” she hissed, “that’s it, keep going, don’t forget to use your tongue now.” Her hands curled into his hair, giving a slight pull towards the other, and he quickly switched targets. “Mmmm good boy, now normally we would take our time, have you taste me properly but that is for another day.”

It was another part of her plan plant the idea of an encore to have him wanting more. Her legs spread just enough to gain his attention and he pulled back, looking almost drunk on her.

“Take a look.” Her command was stern with an edge of playful and he nodded, sliding back her dress to expose bare legs and eventually her wet lower lips. “Looks tasty doesn’t it?” she teased, earning another nod as he stared at that too.

“Maybe next time… if you are a good boy. Now then, show me your cock.”

He gulped, and if she wasn’t sure about his experience, she would have sworn he was a virgin. Still, his acting skills were second to none and it still sent her heart racing to have such a young eager teen following her commands. He clumsily undid his belt before dropping his pants and undergarments to the floor, exposing his very hard, very large shaft to her eyes.

Slowly, sensually Edite ran her tongue over her lips and reached out to run her fingertips over the head, earning a gasp from the owner. “Are you cold? I know just the place where you can warm you cock.” With a firmer grasp she guided him to her entrance, before pulling him in, moaning at the way he spread her pussy as he slowly slid into her. “That’s it Harry, take your time. Enjoy my pussy
wrapped around your teenage cock. You like that don’t you? How warm and wet I am? How I devour you?”

He whimpered with a nod, and she immediately tightened around him in orgasm.

She was going to ruin him. Now, not later. She had enjoyed the teasing up until now, but she wanted more. Reaching out, she grabbed onto his tie and pulled him closer, “Fuck me now.” She growled, before reaching back and grabbing his arse, slamming him the rest of the way until he brushed against her womb.

Gripping his hips, she took control, moving him in and out of her at a harsh pace, enjoying how he pounded against her cervix at her discretion. “You are mine” she hissed, “this is my cock now, my balls, and you are going to pour your cum into my womb whenever I say so. Now breed me.”

He bottomed out with a groan, and her entire body trembled at the feeling of him filling her.

***LoD***

It had taken longer than Harry would have liked, but his blond lieutenant had come through in the end with the information he had required. Thus, he sat on a pitch-black throne, Neville sitting next to him in another chair, watching as the door to the chamber opened and his various followers and ‘soldiers’ entered the room.

The normal conversations died off as the first adult noticed the Longbottom heir's presence, a grim look of determination on the boy's face. Minutes later and the room was filled, whispers slowly dying off into an uncomfortable silence.

Allowing them to shift in place for a few more moments, Harry finally decided to call out to them, “Tell me something, Lucius, how many times have you betrayed me during our relationship?”

Eyes widening, the Malfoy Lord gulped down his anxiety so that he could answer with a steady voice, “At least twice my Lord.”

“And yet you are still here are you not? I even extinguished the investigation into you and your family did I not?”

“You did my Lord, and for that I am eternally grateful.”

Emerald-green eyes shifted to another individual, “And you Bellatrix, despite your own crimes against my friends and allies did I not welcome you with open arms? Did I not give you a chance to prove and redeem yourself, to wipe your own record clean?”

She slowly nodded, her eyes falling onto the teen next to her Lord for a moment before refocusing. “You did.”

The remaining Potter nodded, “And for many of the rest of you that escaped Azkaban under false pretense, have you not been allowed admittance back into society? Have I not aided in the reestablishment of your positions despite your crimes?”

Murmurs of agreement, and acknowledgment, flowed through the room.

“Have I not been a kind Lord? A giving Lord?” he continued on, standing as he did so to slowly pace before them. “I have not taken from you as Voldemort once did. I do not demand your sacrifices and wealth as he did. I do not mock nor ridicule you; I do not demand you be branded with devices of torture nor for you to grovel at my feet...”
He paused, closing his eyes and letting out a weary sigh before shifting to face them once more, his eyes opening to reveal a cold flame inside, earning winces from those present. “I have very few rules, very simple rules, do I not? I have posted them in various places and written them down even. I have made my announcements to all of you very direct and to the point... and yet some among you still disobey. Some among you still choose to defy me. I will give this one chance to come forward and confess for mercy. Is there anything that any of you wish to say?”

The room remained silent, and the boy frowned, “No one? Not one of you believes you have broken any of my rules hm? Draco, would you say that conducting an authorized raid, especially against someone who I have already declared to be 'off limits' constitutes breaking a law?”

His friend nodded with a stony expression, “I would my Lord, a most grievous one at that for it breaks not one but two rules at once.”

Now a series of whispers emanated from the large group before them, everyone clearly concerned of their own fate.

“Nott, step forward.”

Parting like a river the man soon found himself standing alone, dozens of eyes staring at him without compassion or remorse.

“You went on a raid two days ago, one in which you targeted The Longbottoms and The Bones.” It was not a question, it was a statement, and it earned a sneer from the Pureblood.

“Nothing you need concern yourself with My Lord the man snapped, his eyes flickering to Neville for a moment before returning to the raven-haired teen. “Amelia Bones has been a thorn in our side for far too long, one that you have failed to address time and time again. If you will not act like a proper Lord, then we must do it for you.”

He turned to the surrounding Wizards and Witches, “Do you not agree? Do you not see the folly in being led by a child!? He does not understand our ways or even how to rule. His actions are foolish and without thought of consequence! How many of your children will be safe should he determine that they want to follow our traditions rather than whatever whim he has at the moment? How many of your daughters will give themselves to him in juvenile lust without thought of consequence or carrying on the pride of your family name!? Where does it end? Does his rejection of our tradition of marriage contracts expand to the point where he disavows them? Does his incorporation of Muggleborns lead to their ascension to positions in the Wizengamot!? Does he breed with Muggles themselves and toss aside our time-honored Pureblood Houses for whomever spread their legs for him? We must make a stand my brothers and sisters, against a foolish boy who seeks our destruction!”

Nott Senior threw his hands up, waiting for the, in his mind, inevitable applause... instead he found only silence. Opening his eyes once more, he looked around to the expressionless faces which remained silent, and full of judgment.

“Are you quite done Lord Nott?” Harry inquired innocently, “I was rather disappointed to learn that it was you behind the attack. For a moment I had thought it a much larger conspiracy but... instead it was just a spoiled brat whose own child couldn't learn a life lesson and decided to throw a temper tantrum.”

“You...”

The Potter Lord turned to his friend, “Neville, do you wish to kill him for your and Susan's
vengeance?"

Silence fell for a moment, before the remaining Longbottom slowly shook his head, “No... My Lord, I trust in your decision.”

This statement drew shocked looks from many, and even the upturn of an eyebrow from the boy-who-lived, which was followed by him nodding in understanding. “Very well. Everyone who is still underage or the sibling or parent of such an individual may leave. The rest of you will stay. It is clear I need to make an example of Lord Nott.”

There is hesitation, more than Harry originally thought there would be. Most of the teens don’t want to leave but are either dragged off by siblings or parents. Those who didn't have either present, such as Ginny, were removed by his godfathers. Draco especially seems rather against the idea of departing, but his mother finally convinced him otherwise.

Luna is the other that resists the hardest, but it is Hedwig who gently takes her by the hand and leads her out of the room, her voice a mere whisper, “You don’t want to see this Luna, trust me.”

She was right, they would not want to, and their Lord didn’t want them to. It was something he never wanted to share with any of them. Glancing to his side Neville looked caught between taking the advice and staying to ensure the job was finished. Finally, the boy made up his mind and shifted in his chair, determination set in his features.

By now the crowd had put more distance between themselves and they would a Dementor, but the Pureblood still stood, fear masked with pride and defiance filling his eyes. It was a challenging posture, one that said, ‘You are weak, you would not dare attack me, you are a child.’

The boy-who-lived reached forward, and the other occupants tensed as if expecting flames to roar forth.

They did not, instead his shadow surged forward, pooling on the ground and expanding like a mass of inky liquid. From it emerged a shape, and a startled hiss from nearby gave everyone the impression that Lucius Malfoy believed it to be the summoning of his Lord’s Archon.

He was wrong.

It was horror and monstrosity, shapeless and formless and yet made of nightmares and fueled by terror. It was the end of all things, the monster lurking in the back of the collective human mind and in the deepest pits of the soul.

Indescribable it lurched forward, and the man screamed. He screamed as the maws and tentacles ripped into him, cried as it feasted upon his body, and yet refused him the release of death. Nearby, grown adults who had seen war, who had done unspeakable things in the name of their previous Lord, vomited at the sight, cringed and looked away in revulsion as the fate of traitors became known.

With one last ghastly sound the beast’s torso seemed to split itself open, dragging the, still screaming, man inside before silencing him.

But to those present it wasn’t quite silent, for in the moments that followed they could still hear the screams and pleads from the man as the creature dissolved away into shapeless dust.

Harry turned to Neville, who pried his eyes away from where the creature once was and managed a nod to his best friend. With that the boy-who-lived departed, speaking not a word as he left, intending on spending the remainder of the evening alone.
Romilda Vane sat in the small diner, fidgeting a bit as she glanced around once more. The letter she had received via owl less than an hour prior had informed her that if she wanted to have a chance with Harry that she would meet at the specified location, and to wear her sexiest outfit and lingerie underneath a cloak, then to wait for further instructions. After a few more minutes she had begun to think it was just a prank when Daphne Greengrass and Pansy Parkinson sat down across from her.

“Good you're here, look we don't really have time to make this all formal and shit so let's get straight to the point. You have a creepy obsession with Harry, right?”

“I-I don't...” Vane sputtered in denial, earning a rolling of the Greengrass heiress' eyes.

“Okay fine, you want to shag him, right?”

Biting her lip, the girl fought a blush before nodding slightly, “Great, Harry has had a rough couple of days and tonight has been rather bad as well and he needs some emotionless, hard, rough sex to take his mind off things. You interested?”

“Wh-” it wasn't as if the girl was going to say 'no' but she did want to know why her and not one of his other lovers. “Why me?”

Daphne snorted, “Because we don't give a damn about you to be honest. Harry needs a stress outlet and if it is one of those he cares about he might feel bad about it in the morning, but if he borderline rapes you he isn't going to be nearly as upset about it, hell he might not care at all. You are just release for him but if you are a decent shag maybe there can be an encore sometime. So, you interested or not?”

On one hand Romilda wanted very much to argue that she wasn't just going to be some piece of ass for him to use for a few hours, that she wanted to be more. To be in love and feel loved as well. On the other hand, she wanted desperately to have sex with him, to be with him in anyway shape or form.

It might not be love at first... but maybe it could lead to it?

“I am, what do I need to do?”

The two Slytherins nodded in satisfaction, “We are going to Floo back to the mansion, sneak you up to his room, and then leave you there as a sort of sexual sacrifice. You did wear something sexy right?”

The younger girl nodded, looking around to ensure she wasn't being watched before shyly opening her robes to reveal a somewhat low-cut dress.

“Are you freaking serious? We tell you to wear something sexy and you dress up like you are going to the Yule Ball?” Pansy groaned before turning to her companion, “I told you we should have just found a Veela for him to pound senseless. I know he would go easy on Fleur or Gabbie but maybe if we look through some of the letters that he is constantly receiving...”

Daphne just shook her head, “It's fine, they aren't going on a date after all, so she won't be wearing it long anyway. Grab your purse Vane and let's go.”

***LoD***

The curly haired girl sat on the unfamiliar bed, bathed in moonlight. Her cloak laid on a nearby chair,
discarded and forgotten as she shifted in her dress. She was nervous, practically shaking really, with anxiety and anticipation. She had never done… anything like this before. Even the other girls in her class had at least fooled around a little and experimented.

But she hadn’t, wanting to ‘save herself for Harry’. Now though she was debating whether this was the best choice. What if she wasn’t good enough? What if she messed something up or angered him? What if…

The door opened, causing her to jump in surprise as her fantasy practically stormed in. He halted for a moment, before his eyes narrowed in clear annoyance.

“I don’t have time for this, get out.”

His tone was cold and rough, borderline angry. Romilda would be lying if she claimed it didn’t send a jolt of excitement through her body.

“I… I heard you had a rough day.” It looked as though he was trying not to sneer and snap back at her, and she shifted just a bit more in place. “I uhm… was hoping I could help with that.”

Harry took a step forward, his eyes darkening in a way that filled her with exhilaration and fear at the same time. This was not the man whose lap she had cuddled up on all those weeks ago. This was something far darker and she wanted, needed, to know more.

“I am not in the mood for your stupid games, so go fantasize and plan your dream wedding with someone else.”

The Witch froze, before she gulped down her uncertainty and pushed forward, “N-no…”

She wasn’t quite sure if it was his Magic, or just her own body, but the world seemed to grow silent around them.

“Excuse me?”

“I-I said ‘no’. I am not some little girl and I know that I can help if you give me a chance just…”

One moment he was standing near the door, the next he was in her personal space, glaring down at her with the wrath of a God. “A chance? This isn’t some stupid signup sheet Vane, this isn’t one of your little daydreams or fantasies that you and your dormmates giggle about when you think no one is around. I am tired and in a bad mood. If you had any common sense in that empty skull of yours, you will leave before…”

“Before what?” she managed to whisper out.

A hand was around her throat before she could even think about reacting forcing her back against the bed, her feet dangling off as he loomed over her prone form. “Before I lose what remains of my bloody patience and use you like a whore… now get out!”

The Potter Lord released her before he turned towards his private bath, intent on finding something to try and help him relax, something that didn’t involve raping the stupid girl who was pestering him.

“If that’s what it takes, I don’t mind.” He halted mid step, before turning back to regard her. The girl was biting her lip, her cheeks flushed as she looked down at the floor, having sat back up moments prior. “I uhm… it’s just that well… I think it might be fun if…”

“Albus” he snarled out as he stalked towards her with deep strides.
She blinked in confusion, eyes widening as she watched his approaching form, “Wh-what?”

“The safe word is Albus.”

“I…”

But he didn’t care, if she wanted to be treated like a whore then who was he to complain? His hand snapped out, grabbing her by the front of her dress as he pulled her up before spinning her around and pushing her back onto the bed face first. Bent over and trembling Romilda felt the bottom of her dress pulled up, exposing her legs and knickers to him.

She was about to ask, rather shyly, if he liked the lace covering her, but it was torn off a moment later, followed by a loud crack as he slapped her arse.

“Apparently it won’t be as forced as I thought judging by how fucking wet you are…”

“I…”

He pushed her legs apart, and she felt something large rub up and down against her cunt. “Normally I would play around with your body for an hour or so…” his voice sounded so detached, as if he was talking less about sex and more about how he did on a Charms essay.

She felt the intrusion a moment later, her body protesting for a moment as he rammed his length into her virginity, pushing through the barrier and filling her with one thrust. Light erupted in front of her eyes as her body clenched down around his manhood, already trying to force his release as well.

Instead he sped up, pulling and slamming back into her body, his hands tightening around her waist hard enough that Romilda was sure she would have bruises for days. “F-f-fuck…” she whimpered helplessly, her body almost constantly cumming at this point as she fought the urge to push back against him.

The sound of sex, flesh slapping against flesh, filled the air along with her moans. Minutes later, and following another convulsing orgasm he pulled out, leaving her gasping for breath as she struggled to keep her legs straight.

“Th-that was… amazing Harry I…”

A deep growl sounded from behind her as she felt him press up against another hole, causing her to freeze.

“W-wait what are…”

She screamed as he invaded her ass, his balls slapping against her cunt as he bottomed out inside her once again.

He slowly dragged out, causing all sorts of sounds to escape her lips before thrusting back into her. “Is this what you wanted Vane?” he snarled as he fucked her tightness. “All of your stupid wedding fantasies, and here you are bent over a bed getting your arse fucked without even a ring on your finger. Pathetic. Did you think you were going to seduce me into falling in love with you or some nonsense? That you are anything more than a toy to me?”

The girl couldn’t find the words to respond with as her body violently shook, her cunt practically drooling despite having nothing inside of it. Reaching forward, he grabbed a handful of her curly hair before jerking her back, earning a squeal of pain as she managed to look him in the eyes.
“After I’m done with you back here, I’m going to feed you my cock, do you understand you little bitch?”

“Y-yes d-daddy.”

He pushed her back down before resuming his ministrations. Despite the pleasure flooding her veins Romilda had just enough mental capacity to wonder if this would be what she had to look forward to… and when she could move in with him.

***LoD***

“I would like to make a proposal.” Ginny announced as he let a pleased sigh escape her lips, “All future meetings of... whatever the hell we end up calling this group should always be in one of these giant baths in steaming hot water.”

More than a few girls nodded in agreement, with Tonks giving a cheer.

“What about 'Harry's Harem' it has such a nice ring to it.” Luna chimed in, earning a giggle from Gabrielle Delacour and the soft laughter from several others.

It was Hermione, naturally, that attempted to get them back on topic, “As important as the name is Luna, we have a more pressing matter to attend to. While Harry is... busy with Romilda Vane I think we should take this rare opportunity to sort out the future mother situation.”

“You mean while he is shagging the little bitch cross-eyed? I still think we should have used someone else for the stress relief tonight, that girl can get some crazy ideas in her head.”

“Oui,” Fleur nodded in agreement, having hoped to volunteer herself instead, “but we can deal with that later. Hermione is right, we need a method to at least screen the crazies like this Vane girl out and take some of the stress from him.”

Hedwig hummed in agreement, “I spoke with him last week about the whole 'future children' situation. Although he wanted to have a definitive discussion this summer, he made it sound as though he was looking forward to having a large family, plus spending a week ensuring each pregnancy sounded rather enjoyable to him.”

A few of the girls, including Bellatrix and Narcissa who had been allowed into the group, stared off into space for a few moments, lost in the fantasies being pictured.

Surprisingly enough it was Astoria who cleared her throat and brought them back to the situation at hand, “So... does that mean he's okay with... you know... everyone here?”

The former owl laughed, “Yes Astoria, he is planning on impregnating you after you graduate Hogwarts.”

“Wonder if we can use the Headmaster's office...” she muttered, earning a snorted laughter from Tonks once more.

“Who else though?” the bushy-haired Witch inquired, “So everyone in this room, except Hedwig unless she changes her mind. Do we want to plan for more than that? I don't like the idea of going around Harry when it comes to this subject.”

Ginny shook her head, “We aren't going around him, we are just making a proposed list is all. Then he can decide if he wants to use it or not.”
“It is more like a job interview,” Narcissa noted, “he makes the final decision and can bring in anyone he wants, we are just here to screen out some of the crazies and make our suggestions.”

“And have sex with him, lots and lots of sex.” Luna noted with a very serious expression.

Nearby, a quill and parchment became active, ready to copy down with the normal zeal associated with Hermione Granger, “Aurora Sinistra?”

“Oooo a good one, Harry seems fond of her. What about Tracey Davis? She's got a few kinks that would be fun to keep going.”

“In that case add Millicent Bulstrode. She finally gained some self-confidence this year and I heard Harry took his time exploring her over the break.”

“Can't argue with breasts like those,” Bella noted, before a grin formed on her face, “we could ask my other sister as well. I mean if we got me, Cissa, and Nymphy here might as well add the final piece and just have him put a baby in the lot of us.”

“What about Ariana? I know I enjoy the irony of Harry knocking up Dumbledore's sister.” Ginny noted with a smirk on her face.

Narcissa cleared her throat, “The three I am a bit more concerned about are Edite Zabini, Romilda Vane, and Lily Evans. The first seems a bit too interested in just having a child. Vane is a fangirl as you call it, and Lily... well...”

“I mean... she isn't technically his mom, right? It would be more like shagging someone who every says looks like her. They aren't biologically related or anything.” Daphne noted, with a tone of uncertainty in her voice.

Hedwig let out a sigh, “They already were together but having a one-time thing is far different than having a child with someone. I think we need to speak with her and Harry before we continue down this road.”

The others nodded before falling into peaceful silence, that is until a mischievous smile formed on a certain blonde’s face, “Although, we could have a lot of taboo dirty talk with that...”

***LoD***

Despite being told to stay indoors, where it was safe, Neville had opted to go for a walk outdoors. It was silly, really, the Aurors were convinced that he was still being targeted and that his life was in danger.

Nonsense, judging by the terror in the eyes of the remaining Death Eaters none of them would even think about disobeying Harry again. Plus, he needed to clear his head. He was currently living with Susan in her aunt's previous residence due to the claim that the Wards there made it the safest option and the most convenient for their recovery. Of course, none of the 'adults' considered that every single object in the building reminded his fiancé of her aunt, and thus put her into a state of either constant sobbing, sleeping, or borderline depression.

Currently, the Bones heiress was sleeping, which gave Neville a bit of time to himself just to think about what the future held. He had, not so subtly, sworn allegiance to Harry once more but this time there was no doubt in his mind, he was doing the right thing. He had seen the outcome of his best friend's rule and what would happen if the 'status quo' returned.

He was ready for a change, the world was ready, and Harry was providing it.
An end to the bigotry, to the hatreds, to the stupidity and corruption that threatened to consume every part of their lives. He had read about the changes in government procedures that had previously stopped Muggleborns from applying for high-level jobs and the removal of the stereotypes of those considered to be 'inhuman' just because an ancestor had creature blood.

Society was changing, and the only problems seemed to arise from those who were too stubborn or hate-filled to accept it.

The Longbottom had wandered around for a few more minutes, so lost in thought that he hadn’t noticed that an individual had, in fact, begun following him. At least until the person called out to him.

“Neville, mate where have you been?”

Blinking, the boy turned to see his former classmate, one that had been missing for weeks, “Ron?”

Nodding, the redhead grinned in excitement, “Good to see you mate. Listen, I heard about what happened to your parents and I know just the solution. You need revenge, and I can help you get it.”

***LoD***

A/N: Someday I will write a story in which Ron isn't awful, I promise!
‘One man’s terrorist is another man’s freedom fighter.’ Neville had heard the expression before, from his grandmother, but had never quite understood the meaning until he was taken on a ‘guided tour’ of the so-called resistance.

Wizards and Witches training in combat and tactics, floor plan layouts of the various mansions Harry was known to stay at, information on Ward breaking, guides on ‘enhanced interrogation techniques’, and even dossiers on his friends and family.

It was chilling, a glimpse into the future of a war that could last for years, maybe even decades. In that moment the remaining Longbottom knew that if it was allowed to continue even more innocent lives would be lost, the government would never be stabilized, and they might even succeed in killing one of Harry’s lovers and turn the conflict into a bloodbath.

“Pretty awesome huh?” the redhead excitedly inquired, and it was all Neville could do to hide his look of horror. Was this what they thought Harry did? Did this group of young people believe that his Lord continued working on ways to take lives, continued planning attacks on innocent people for the sake of vengeance?

Ron was talking in the background, and the other Gryffindor forced himself to focus back in on the conversation. “Sorry, what did you say?”

Weasley rolled his eyes, “I said, isn’t it impressive? We are still working on recruiting others from Hogwarts, I figure that since Potter still has a bunch of followers in school it should be easy to spy and target them with other students. Moody agrees with me, naturally, and we are working on a list even now.”

Neville fought the urge to vomit. They were recruiting students!? The idea of sixth or seventh years being dragged into a guerrilla war was bad enough but he had the feeling they would go younger than that. The younger they are the less likely they would be suspected after all. His hand went out to brace himself on a table, paling considerably as he realized that he had come up with that conclusion on his own.

Dear God, what was happening to him?

“Ah, there you are Weasley. I see you found Longbottom.” The former Auror growled out as he made his way to the two teens, with Ron eagerly nodding at the perceived praise.

“Yup, sure did.” Turning his attention to his classmate the boy continued with his recruitment speech, “Look Nev, I understand what you are going through, we all do. We’ve all lost someone to Potter. The important part now is to band together and fight back, to show that we are better than him and his army of Death Eaters, that we aren’t going to just sit by and let him turn Hogwarts into a
As his voice rose the other ‘soldiers’ nearby heard the speech and gathered closer, eager to see what was going on. As they did so Neville looked around and saw bright and smiling faces, he saw those who were upset about their friends or girlfriends being enamored with the Lord of Darkness, he saw those eager to prove themselves and excited for glory.

He saw children, both young and old. The only one who didn’t fall into that category was the former Auror himself, who was busy ignoring the redhead’s speech.

“Well Nev? Are you with us?” The remaining Longbottom blinked, returning to the situation at hand and the enthusiastic faces around him.

At this point the oldest member decided to chime in, “We could use any information you have on Potter and his allies.”

For a moment Neville faltered, but then went along with the piece of advice that had gotten him through his first few years of school.

‘What would Harry do?’

It was obvious, and the boy nodded in understanding, “Two years ago,” he began, “Harry Potter killed the most powerful Dark Lord of the past several hundred years in a one-on-one duel in which he emerged unscathed. This year he did the same, except it was Albus Dumbledore, Gellert Grindelwald, and Aberforth Dumbledore in a three-versus-one battle.”

His gaze swept the area, the uncertainty was already beginning to form in some of the younger eyes.

“In my first year, when we were only eleven, he killed a professor possessed by Voldemort. The next year he destroyed a fifty-foot long Basilisk.”

“Nev… what are you doing?” Ron hissed, but was ignored.

It was too important; this was too important for Neville to do anything less than giving his full effort. “Harry Potter is without a doubt the most powerful Magical user since Merlin… maybe even surpassing the legend. He is a master of all forms of known combat, a brilliant tactician, a master of manipulation and politics, and a savant at all forms of Magical study and technique. When we were thirteen, he created a Runic system that is still used to repel Dementors, something that surprised even Albus Dumbledore.”

Mutterings were now starting among the crowd. Doubt was beginning to form.

“I’ve seen him read a person’s intent and mood from across the Great Hall, accurately predict what a person will say, and do, before even they know what their next move is, and overthrow a corrupt government while in school. So, I want you all to stop and think about what you are truly doing here. You claim to understand what I am going through, but will everyone who actually lost a family member raise your hand.”

Uncomfortable silence fell with most looking around awkwardly before dropping their eyes to the ground. Ron, and a few others, did raise their hands, but Neville had already been expecting it. “Yes Ron, what family member was taken from you?”

“My sister, Ginny!”

Nearby, one of the older boys snorted, “Oh please Weasel, just because she’s getting shagged
doesn’t mean she’s dead.”

“She’s dead to me!”

Neville rolled his eyes, “And the rest of you? I know a few of you did lose parents or grandparents when the Wizengamot was attacked, and I am sorry for your loss, but I also want you to stop and really think about that person. Were they good? Were they helping people, or were they corrupt? Did they pass laws that encouraged bigotry and hatred? Did they line their pockets with gold? Were they abusive?”

Again, it was a telling silence.

“The fact of the matter is that I have more reasons to be angry at Harry than most…but it wasn’t his fault I lost my parents and that Susan lost her aunt. It was an actual former Death Eater, and one that Harry executed for the attack. He gave my parents justice when there was little hope they would receive it from the Wizengamot. We all have heard the stories of killers going free, of the corruption and payoffs that let monsters walk away from Azkaban without so much as a blemish on their records. But it didn’t happen this time.”

“But he got away with it!” one teen cried out, causing the Longbottom to pause, before shaking his head.

“Did he though? He confessed everything to the Wizengamot, laid everything out for them and the rest of society to see. He didn’t pay anyone off, didn’t make promises or threats. It was the government that deemed the punishment harsh enough for what he had done. Besides, it isn’t like Alastor Moody has blood-free hands.”

The man grunted but nodded reluctantly in agreement.

Neville took a step away from the redhead that was attempting to crowd him, to pull him aside and demand he change his mind or some such nonsense. “Look… the fact of the matter is that this, he gestured around to the surrounding area, implying their mission, “isn’t for peace. It isn’t for justice or anything like that… you are fighting for revenge to some imagined slight. This isn’t going to end the way you imagine. You aren’t going to be heralded as heroes or champions. Anyone who takes part in this is going to be branded a traitor, assuming you survive, because let’s all be honest here, no one in this room has the chance of even beating Albus Dumbledore in a battle, much less Harry. It won’t be a battle or a war, it will be glorified suicide. And even if you do succeed. If you manage to take those he cares about away from him, manage to kill innocent people… all you are going to end up doing is creating a real Dark Lord, and filling the world with blood and ash.”

Turning, he went to leave, pausing only when the youngest Weasley son shouted in outrage, “You’re a damn traitor Neville! You betrayed all of us, betrayed Gryffindor and for what!?”

“Peace, Ron, if I am truly guilty of betraying some sort of ridiculous allegiance then it was for peace.”

***LoD***

Contrary to what Ronald Weasley thought, Neville did not immediately go to Harry after departing from the so-called training camp. Nor did he go the Aurors. Instead, he went home. He went back to his betrothed and simply held her close to him. The teen needed his own reminder for why he kept going. Needed to remember why he was choosing Harry over the justice that he knew was skewed.

It was for a future, for peace and happiness, for joyful laughter and an end to hatred and judgment.
That was what Harry promised. Not a utopia or paradise, but as close to it as they would ever get. No wars, no conflicts, no hate-filled glares or snide comments made to one group or another. No laws that would prohibit someone from happiness based upon their ancestry or a curse laid upon them.

It was a future worth fighting for, worth dying for, and, Merlin help him, he wanted as many people to see it as possible.

So, he gave them a day, twenty-four hours until he went to the Aurors and explained what he had seen, where he had been, and what he had been told. The raid was launched an hour later, but found a mediocre resistance at best.

Most had chosen desertion, with only a handful of zealots remaining to even attempt a last stand.

It was anything but glorious.

Ron went down almost immediately, with Krum fighting a running battle and falling just as he reached an exit. Cedric had attempted to flee, abandoning his comrades without a second thought, but was stunned the moment he left the building by a group of Aurors that had been stationed outside to trap any who attempted to escape.

Moody had fought the hardest, as was expected, but he too fell down, stunned and bound like all the others. There had been instructions, orders really, sent down through the ranks by someone high up. None of the officers were quite sure as to who had demanded nonlethal force, but it didn’t matter.

Despite not having a new director, the men and women would follow commands as they filtered down, just like they always had.

***LoD***

The Weasley family, save for the two youngest, sat in stunned silence as the Auror informed them of Ron’s arrest. “It appears as though they were making plans to launch several attacks, leading up to the kidnapping of several of those associated with Mr. Potter. Based upon the plans laid out we estimate that there would have been a considerable loss of life had they succeeded.”

Tears were already forming in the eyes of Molly Weasley, while her husband pulled her closer, his grip tightening to the point where he would likely leave bruises.

“A-and the others? You said only a few were arrested.” Bill stammered out, dread pooling in his stomach. Ginny had been on the list of potential targets, among others even younger than her. His brother had been part of a plan to kill innocent children including his own damn sister.

Nodding sharply, the man continued, “Yes, four were found and arrested. We do have information on the others, however. It appears your brother kept a diary and wrote down the names of his fellow conspirators. We will be investigating them and their families as well. The department isn’t sure yet on how much the rest knew, or how much they were involved but it doesn’t look good.”

Charlie cleared his throat, forcing down the wretchedness that was burning like acid in his throat, “What… what happens next?”

For the first time the Auror shifted in place, an emotion of discomfort evident on his face, “The Wizengamot will be holding a trial for them to discuss everything that has happened. Because no physical crime was committed and due to his age, there is a strong chance Ronald will receive leniency.”
Percy Weasley heard it in the silence that followed the man’s statement, “But?”

“But, it is going to be on his record. Assuming he is released his actions will be heavily monitored. Should he show signs of falling back into this behavior…”

The father shook his head and stood, “We won’t let him. We will do everything necessary to make sure that doesn’t happen, both for him and for everyone else.”

After a few more bits of information the man departed, leaving the family in silence once more.

“I think it’s obvious why he wasn’t hurt…” Fred muttered, earning a nod from his twin and confusion from the others.

“Harry likely gave an order for them to be taken without harm. Why would Aurors refrain from using deadly force when dealing with potential terrorists otherwise?” George noted in agreement. “Only question is whether he did so on his own or whether Ginny asked.”

A frown crossed the eldest son’s face, “And what it would cost her to do so…” he muttered darkly.

Not a moment later the sole woman in the room snorted in laughter, earning the attention of the men, “Oh I’m sure whatever the cost she was more than happy to pay it.” The answer didn’t seem to ease any of the tension, with the Wizards all scowling even deeper than before.

***LoD***

It had taken a few weeks, but Susan Bones was finally functioning normally again, at least most of the time. Currently, she was sitting on a bench, staring out at a small pond that resided on her property. A sigh escaped her lips, this was a habit that her aunt had introduced her to years prior and was one she happily carried on.

Aunt Amelia.

The memories still created stinging tears at her eyes, but instead of breaking down into sobs, she was able to focus on happier times and memories. So engrossed in thought was the girl that she failed to sense the other individual approaching from behind until he called out to her.

“Hey,” She quickly turned, before noticing the, slightly embarrassed, boy who had stolen her heart walking up to where she was seated. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to sneak up on you.”

Ignoring the way her stomach had tightened in anxiety in fear for a moment, Susan quickly shook her head, “No, no that’s okay, I’m still a bit jumpy I guess.” A single gesture told him to take a seat, and he graciously did so, letting out a sigh as he felt the stress begin to drain away.

The two sat in silence for a moment, before the Witch decided to confront her future husband, “So, how has the outside world been?” Despite the joking tone, Neville instantly saw through to the bitterness hidden underneath.

Susan had been feeling helpless and weak. Unable, or perhaps unwilling, to set foot outside of the mansion for weeks as she struggled physically and mentally.

The Wizard also knew exactly what she was trying to inquire about, “The Wizengamot was made aware of Harry’s actions towards Nott Senior. I was there during the arguments back and forth but despite the objections, the overwhelming majority agreed with the outcome. Too many remember how easily Death Eaters got off from justice during the last war, and there was no doubt that Nott would have been executed for his crimes.”
“I am surprised they simply took his word about the confession.”

A knowing grin threatened to form on the boy’s face, “Oh they didn’t. But when more than a dozen other Purebloods came forwards to confirm the confession… well they didn’t exactly have a choice. Those against the action are all too aware that the public would find out, and if they let him go on a technicality…”

She nodded, it wasn’t perfect but at least her aunt and Neville’s family, had justice. It was probably even better than what she would have expected from before the government underwent its reform.

“We should… probably talk about the other thing too.” The remaining Longbottom muttered, clearly dreading the conversation he had just started.

“Other thing?”

More uncomfortable shifting, “I mean… about Harry and all. You’ve read about what he did, you know the truth and… well you know that I’ve decided to join him again.”

The heiress said nothing, simply choosing to stare off at the water once more, “Yes, I know.”

“We can’t avoid this forever…” he whispered, a note of sorrow in his voice. “I understand if you can’t accept it, if you want to find someone else, or…”

Her lips silenced his, and after a moment of shock he leaned into her, returning the connection with the passion he had been missing in his life for so long. When they final halted, needing to break for air, she laughed while shaking her head, “As long as you aren’t doing anything bad and Harry doesn’t go full Dark Lord on us… I think I might be okay with it.”

Neville breathed a sigh of relief, “That’s good, because I did sort of promise Draco that we would go on a double date with him and Pansy. Apparently, she has been ‘nagging’ him for a night out and he’s too much of a wimp to go alone.”

Laughter once again returned to the Bones Mansion.

***LoD***

“Harry”

“Hm?”

The redhead looked over at the man laying next to her under the sheets. “Thank you again for what you did for my brother. I know he is a complete and utter prat but… I also know that it would have devastated my parents and brothers if something had happened to him.”

A warm smile formed on his face, and Ginny felt heart rate skyrocket, “I understand, I just hope they can get him under control. If it happens again, I don’t know what use I would be in protecting him.”

She nodded, before returning her head to his chest, enjoying the feeling of his skin on her own.

“You know…” he began, causing her head to tilt up once more, only to be met with a smirk, “I do believe you said something about ‘owing me’ for my ‘good deed’.”

Laughter escaped the youngest Weasley, “And I recall you doing that ‘good deed’ all on your own without any promise of reward.” Despite her own comeback there was a darkening in her eyes, and she very slowly licked her lips.
“Well then, since your brother might end up getting away without punishment… I should just punish you instead.”

Ginevra Weasley was about to give a flirtatious response when his mouth found her throat, and instead decided that nonverbal conversation was far more interesting.

***LoD***

“Ronald Weasley, step forward”

The redhead practically growled, wanting to tell the Wizengamot speaker where to shove his order, along with reminding him that he could barely move with all the shackles he was bound with, but complied nonetheless and shuffled a few steps closer.

Nearby, a sharp gasp broke the silence as his mother grip tightened on her husband’s hand. This was the moment of truth, the moment they would be told what would happen to their youngest son.

He had been found guilty of conspiracy to commit acts of terror.

But he was still underage and, by most accounts, had been tutored by one manipulative adult or another for years. Between Dumbledore, Umbridge, and Moody he had received more than a little ‘grooming’ towards his current behavior.

Even Snape had come forward and admitted that he had been unprofessional as a teacher towards the boy, but also warned that his bullying attitude had existed since coming to Hogwarts. Minerva had come out of temporary retirement as well, to testify to his personality in the hopes of saving his life.

Yes, Ronald Weasley was a bully, and a rather foul person in most circumstances, but his family just prayed it wouldn’t be enough to condemn him to death. Alastor Moody had. He was to receive The Kiss in three days, being found the primary orchestrator of a large terrorist plot.

Cedric and Krum had both been sentenced to Azkaban for terms no less than fifty-years each. After that point they would be potentially eligible for parole. Assuming, of course, that they survived that long with their minds intact.

“We have reached our decision as to your punishment. First, you are henceforth expelled from Hogwarts and your Wand is to be turned over and destroyed. Second, you will be placed under house arrest with a monitoring Charm applied to you for no less than a period of five years. During this time, you are forbidden from being anywhere save for your home, place of authorized employment, and the Ministry, for mandatory weekly mental evaluations. You are prohibited from owning or using a Wand, brewing any potions, or utilizing any Runic systems during this period, and for a period of five years after. Should you break any of these rules you will be immediately detained and sent to Azkaban for the remainder of your parole, along with ten additional years. Do you understand the terms?”

Ron stared in open-mouthed shock. Even up through his trial he had never expected any true consequences for what he had done. Harry had received minimal, at least in his mind, punishment and he was a Dark Lord, why would a ‘good guy’ be penalized? His court-appointed lawyer gave a harsh elbow, earning a defeated nod from the teen as the reality finally sunk in.

The speaker turned to where the teen’s parents sat, “I trust you will be keeping a close eye on him?”

Molly Weasley, crying tears of relief, could only nod while Arthur managed to clear his throat, “Y-yes sir, thank you.”
Susan Bones smiled gently as she approached the boy who was sitting at the small coffee shop, “Is this seat taken?”

Looking up Harry merely chuckled and shook his head, “Not at all, please have a seat Miss...”

“Susan, you can just call me Susan. You are practically the best friend of my future husband after all, I figure we can be on a first name basis.”

He nodded, “Of course, then I can expect you to call me Harry?”

This time it was her turn to chuckle as she slowly sat down, “I... wanted to thank you Harry. For giving my aunt justice. I have a feeling that if the Wizengamot had been in charge of the investigation and trial, Nott would have been exonerated, or maybe never even accused.”

The raven-haired head nodded, “It was the least I could do. I still feel responsible for her death, along with those of Neville's parents and grandmother.”

“That isn't true, you didn't force him to go after us Harry, you didn't order him to take matters into his own hands and you didn't free him in the first place. Nott was a sociopath long before you were born and probably would have attacked us even if you had never met him.”

For a moment the heiress swore she saw some tension leave the man's body, but the action was gone a moment later, as if it had never happened.

“Thank you Susan.”

Her smile brightened, and she nodded in response. The waitress came by and took her order, followed by several more minutes of comfortable silence before she decided to address what she had originally confronted him for, “I wanted to talk to you about something Harry, about the reason I approached you in the first place.”

Seeing him gesture for her to continue the girl wet her lips and cleared her throat, “Thank you, for everything you've done for Neville. I know you will probably never admit it but throughout all the years you two have known each other you have been his guide, with or without realizing it. All the confidence he has came from you and I'm not sure if we even would have ended up together if you hadn't been there for him. The fact that you took him back after he gave up on you and your ideals... well I just wanted to thank you for everything you've done.”

“Neville always had that greatness in him Susan, all I did was show him it was there. I assure you that everything else was his own force of will.”

Hermione Granger fidgeted as the boy she had fallen in love with years ago took the list from her. Seconds later she promptly retreated to the others, finally remembering to breathe as he looked over what they had decided upon.

As moments passed, she began to have doubts, well she had been having doubts before but now they were in overdrive. Who were they to tell him who he should and should not attempt to have children with? If the situation were reversed how would she feel about someone making a list of men to impregnate her?

This was a bad idea, and from the corner of her eye she noticed several of the others show signs of
doubt as well. Who knew what sort of reaction this would elicit? Would he be so disgusted by their manipulations that he would refuse to have children at all? Would he stop wasting time with them and move onto less controlling girls and women? Would he…

“Have you interviewed the others on this list, those not present?” Harry’s voice was surprisingly calm, more curious than anything else.

“N-not yet…” Daphne stuttered out, clearly unsure as to where the conversation was leading and how to proceed. “We uhm… wanted to talk to you first, to explain everything and see what you wanted to do before…”

“Before suggesting who you should or should not consider impregnating.” Hedwig finished, meeting his stare and seeming to carry on a silent conversation with him for a few moments. “We aren’t demanding you do this Harry, this was just sort of… well who we think might make good mothers.”

His eyes flickered between her amber-colored ones and the parchment in his hands, “Seems reasonable to ask women on their opinions of motherhood.” he noted, causing several girls to relax just a tad more. “I will speak to them in the next month and see what they have to say about it. We might be jumping to conclusions, regardless of my encounters with them.”

Fleur took this moment to clear her throat, “About this summer Harry, are you thinking about starting a family?”

The tension, and anxiety, was back in those standing near the Veela. Sure, the teen before them had hinted at such a thing but there had never been a direct decision. “I suppose that depends on if anyone would be interested in…”

“Uhm, hello? Hell yes! Just say the word lover boy and we can begin right now!” Tonks exclaimed, earning laughter from everyone else in the room.

***LoD***

“Ah Neville, come in.”

The teen smiled, shaking his head at the fact that Harry knew before he had even knocked about his presence. “One of these days you are going to have to tell me how you do that.”

A soft chuckle was the only reply as the Longbottom moved to stand next to his best friend, both gazing out the window of the Malfoy Mansion. A comfortable silence filled the space between them, interrupted only by their breathing.

“You mentioned once,” Neville began, “about the prophecy that sent Voldemort after your parents and mine. Do you ever wonder what would have happened if it had been swapped? If he personally would have gone after me instead of you?”

Harry nodded, “Of course I have, it is a rather interesting thought is it not? Who knows, perhaps you would have ended up being the one with all the Magical power instead.”

That earned a flinch from the boy, “Ugh, no thanks. I have enough time dealing with the limited gossip and fans as is. I can’t imagine having actual followers.”

The Potter laughed gently, “Oh it isn’t as bad as you think, I’m sure you would have adapted quite well. You always did have greatness in you Neville, and you have yet to truly discover how deep it goes.”
Nodding uncertainly, the Pureblood fell silent once more until he broke it with a whisper, “I wonder if I would have gone to the lengths you would have… or would I have fallen even further.”

“No, you would not have fallen at all.” Harry corrected easily, “Because unlike me your sense of justice is unbreakable Neville. You would have ended up leading the Wizarding World into a bright and prosperous future through kindness and light, just as Dumbledore had hoped I would.”

“So, I would have been a sacrificial pawn, no thanks.”

This time the laughter was far brighter, with a certain knowing tone hidden beneath it. “Oh, I don’t know about that Neville, I never saw you as a follower, more of a leader that simply never had his chance to shine.”

***LoD***

Night had fallen as Harry closed the book he had been reading and made his way into the bedroom. Once there he spotted his oldest companion sitting on the bed lost in her own thoughts for a moment before glancing up and giving him a warm smile.

“Long day?”

He chuckled in response before sitting down next to her, “There have been a lot of long days lately.”

Hedwig nodded, “It will get better though, at least until you start having newborns running around. Fleur and Bellatrix have been glaring daggers at each other ever since you agreed to start a family this summer. Both want ‘the honor’ of being impregnated first.”

A sigh escaped the remaining Potter's lips, “Of course they do... always has to be a competition doesn’t it?”

Laughing softly she shook her head, “Not always, I believe Ginny and Luna are scheming up ways of both sharing the same conception night.”

“Well they are going to have to wait, I have already told both of them that there will be no pregnancies until they graduate.”

She snorted, “I believe they were planning on kicking Snape out of his office and shagging on his desk for that one, of course most of the girls talked about that fantasy so it isn't that surprising. I'm actually surprised you agreed to talk with Lily about children.”

Harry shrugged, “Like I told everyone else, she isn't my mother biologically or through raising me so it really doesn't influence anything. I setup a meeting with her for next week concerning the situation so we could sit down and talk.”

“I bet that will be fun.” she half-mocked, before falling silent for a moment, “So now that the rebellions are over, Dumbledore has been defeated, Voldemort is dead, and the government is not complete trash, would you say it was worth it? All the pain and manipulations, all the scheming and the lonely nights growing up?”

“Without a doubt.”

The former owl gave her best attempt at a 'dramatic sigh', “And now you will have to suffer through having sex with dozens of horny women constantly without any interruptions or people trying to kill you, whatever will you do with your life?”
A small smile formed on his face as he gently brushed his hand along her cheek, sending shivers through her body. “Oh I’m sure I’ll think of something and besides, fate has a funny way of changing things when you least expect it.”

***LoD***

**A/N:** Okay, so I know this might be a bit of an abrupt end to some of you but honestly… I kind of struggled filling this chapter with anything much less a decent end to the story. *I could* go on for a few more chapters but it would just be filler and smut without any real conflict.

That said I *am* planning on having one more chapter, nothing that will be considered canon but a collection of scenes that I had originally planned, or even had written, that never made it into the actual story.

Also smut… I have received *lots* of requests and suggestions over the course of this story for things people wanted to see but just never really made sense to add in anywhere. Other than the 'bonus features' chapter though this is officially the end of Lord of Darkness, I hope you all had as much fun reading this work as I did in writing it and consider sticking around for whatever fic comes next, haven’t completely decided yet but I am leaning in one direction at the moment.

Thank you all so much for reading, and a huge shout out to those who liked, favored, followed, and commented!
***One day ownership will be mine... BUT IT IS NOT THIS DAY! ***

A/N: So the story is officially done, but I had more than a few ideas, and requests, to add scenes in that just never really fit anywhere. That is what this chapter is all about. None of this is canon but is just here for fun and to show you, my readers, what I had planned that never made it into the final cut.

There is a brief A/N before each scene giving some context or background information.

Enjoy!

***LoD***

A/N: The scene below was... well kind of a crappy version of what I ended up posting as Draco's attempt to get Harry to stay at Hogwarts, needless to say I am glad I changed it.

***LoD***

It had been a mistake, coming to Hogwarts, and Harry knew that now. Over two months into the school year and he already knew enough to pass all of his classes for the next few years without effort. What was the point in him staying if every teacher just taught what was in the book? This realization was why Hedwig was currently perched on his shoulder as he walked towards the main entrance to the school so late at night.

“Wait!”

An aggravated sigh escaped the boy's lips, and he could feel the annoyance in his companion as well. Draco Malfoy, the boy he had just a few days prior mentally tortured. Was the stupid fool looking for revenge?

“Wh-where are y-you g-going?” the blonde boy huffed out, as he panted from the effort involved in sprinting down the hallway.

“I am leaving, there is no point in staying here.”

“I am leaving, there is no point in staying here.”

“B-but wh-what about y-your classes?”

Harry rolled his eyes in annoyance, “What about them? I can already pass this year with my eyes closed. The entire reason I came to this school was to learn, and clearly I can do far better on my own than with a bunch of senile old fools telling me their worthless opinions.”

The Pureblood continued his sputtering, “But what about.... about me!?”

“What about you?”

“You can’t just leave me! You are the first interesting thing to happen so far!”

This earned a snort from the raven-haired Slytherin, “And I care about you because?”
“I... I can serve you! I want to follow you!”

“I do not need a follower Malfoy, and I certainly do not need an annoying servant.”

“I will do better I promise! Please stay, give me another chance to prove that Hogwarts can be useful to you, that I can be useful!”

The boy-who-lived groaned, but thought about his alternatives. It probably would be easier for him to access books and research materials without interference while at the school, and if all adults were as useless as their professors then he would undoubtedly not find anything more interesting in the rest of their society. Perhaps it could be ‘fun’ to take a different approach to his future domination.

Why conquer the world alone when one could have others do it for you?

“Very well Draco... you have your chance.”

The Malfoy grinned, before swearing his allegiances.

***LoD***

A/N: Following is what I had originally thought of for Harry's encounter with the troll before I had the idea of having him take control of it.

***LoD***

Harry Potter gave a sigh of boredom as he strolled through the hallways of Hogwarts. He had originally intended on going to the celebration that was being held in the Great Hall, but upon realizing that it was basically just a party about how he killed a Dark Lord and had dead parents he quickly opted out.

Unfortunately, that did mean he was left with nothing to do... except for to track down whatever repugnant creature was causing that God awful smell and murder it in the worst ways possible. He quickly followed the stench until he spied a troll about to bash in the door to a bathroom, one containing a certain classmate of his, if his senses were correct, and they always were.

“Excuse me.” the boy called out, drawing the beast's attention as it turned to stalk towards its newest prey. “I am afraid that you have been unlucky enough to offend my olfactory sense, which means that I am going to need to remove you from the area.”

The Troll, not understanding what the tiny piece of flesh was rambling about, roared and took a longer stride forward as its club was raised for an attack.

“And you know what the best way to remove a foul smell is?”

An instance later, before the swing could be completed, the monster caught fire, bursting into flames as it roared out in agony and fell backwards.

“It is much the same as lighting a match to burn the odor away, except in the case you are the smell entirely... and I am going to burn you away.”

Hours later the staff would complete their sweep of the castle, and find no evidence to Quirrell's claims about the Troll that had entered the castle.

***LoD***
I had the idea of revealing Harry's evil much earlier on, but ended up scrapping the idea to draw out Dumbledore's ignorance of it. I must say though that it gives a sort of eeriness to Harry, as an evil that Albus knows but cannot prove.

***LoD***

Albus Dumbledore gave a weary sigh as he finally reached the Quidditch field, and heard the excited cheering echoing through the stands. When had the walk begun taken so very long? Perhaps he could just take a seat on a nearby bench rather than using the tower reserved for teachers.

“Headmaster?”

Turning the man noticed the curious emerald-eyes of Harry Potter looking down at him.

“Ah hello my boy, enjoying the game so far?”

“Indeed, would you like to join us sir?”

“That would be lovely thank you Harry.” Perhaps he could even do some investigating while he was... No, he could not do that. Students depended on a trusting relationship with the adults that were supposed to take care of them. It would be terribly inappropriate for him to break that relationship he had just begun to form with the young boy.

Taking his seat next to Harry, who had scooted over to make room, the man decided that it would do no harm to get to know the child a bit more.

“So Harry, how have you enjoyed school thus far?”

“It has been quite exciting sir.”

The elder nodded in agreement, “Indeed, hopefully the rest of the year will calm down a bit. I have not had so much stress in quite a few years I must say.”

“I can imagine, it could not have been easy replacing a teacher so late in the school term.”

“No... no it was not.”

“A shame he passed away.”

The blood in Dumbledore's veins froze as he stared at the game being played out before them. The official statement had been that Quirrell had a family emergency and would be on an extended leave of absence. The only people who would have known about his death were the Heads of House, Hagrid, himself, and... the killer.

The elder Wizard glanced over, to observe the boy. He was so innocent, so pure and happy...

Green eyes turned up to meet his own, and for a split second the Headmaster saw something dark and malicious within them. A shadow blacker than anything he had encountered, eclipsing even Tom at his height, and then it was gone, and the smiling eleven year old boy was back.

“Everything okay Headmaster?”

“Yes... yes my boy everything is... fine.”

What would he do now? What could he do now?
A/N: When I outlined the first ‘book’ of Lord of Darkness I had been planning on following the story for the most part in terms of events. The reason that the scene below was replaced was that I was having a hard time filling the time between his Christmas break and the confrontation with Quirrel.

“I see myself with the stone... and yet I cannot take it...” a voice muttered as Harry Potter entered the final room. Standing before him, and in front of a mirror, was a turban clad professor earning a disappointed sigh from the boy.

“And here I was hoping it would be a surprise ending, maybe McGonagall or a student... instead it is the obvious one, how very anticlimactic.”

A growl escaped from the professor, “You think yourself so smart do you boy!?”

“Smart enough to get through the traps designed for an adult wizard with a dark parasite stuck to his soul, yes.”

Quirrell stared in shock for a moment at how casually the boy had announced his own situation, before a dark chuckle rang through the room.

“Let me see him Quirrell, I wish to look upon my greatest adversary.”

“B-but master, you are not strong enough for...”

“SILENCE! Do not question me.”

“O-of course...”

The man turned, and unraveled the clothing covering his head to reveal a deformed face on the back of his skull.

“Gross, well I suppose that is what you get for trying to kill someone superior to you.”

The face sneered, “You think yourself great than I Potter? When I have returned I will show you the meaning of suffering!”

“So... it would be in my best interest to ensure that you don't return correct?”

“Make him retrieve the stone, force him to Quirrell!”

“Yes master” with that the older man turned and drew his wand, only to find himself thrown across the room and into the mirror, cracking it in the process.

“Oh my, it appears as though you fell and hurt yourself, let me help you up.”

In an instant the professor was lifted from the ground by pure magic, leaving him floating in mid air. “Now I know this is going to seem a bit forward of me but... could I practice a few of my spells on you? It is just that I have always been curious to see what I can do to a human body but I have so few opportunities. I figure that since you aren’t going to be around after tonight anyway it really is the optimum situation.”

Without waiting for an answer the boy clenched his fist, causing bones to break and organs to rupture as blood poured from the older man's mouth.
Luckily for all, save Quirrell himself, the chamber was sound-proof. Thus no one would ever hear the final agonizing screams of the man.

***LoD***

**A/N:** Below is an original rough draft of Harry confronting Tom in the Chamber of Secrets during his first year.

***LoD***

Strolling through the underground tunnel Harry Potter came onto an odd scene, a young man standing over a redheaded girl, who was currently lying on the cold stone floor, unmoving. “You know, if there wasn't any context to this situation I would say you are one hell of a creeper.”

The individual sneered in aggravation, “So, you must be the legendary Harry Potter.”

“And you must be the soul fragment that was locked into the diary that miss Weasley was carrying around all year.”

Tom Riddle halted, confusion evident in his face at how the younger boy knew so much.

“Oh come on, it wasn't like you were being subtle about it. I must say you were very lucky though. I mean taking over a young girl to unleash the Basilisk was a gutsy move, especially with all the adults constantly present at Hogwarts. What ever would you have done if one of them had stumbled upon you hm?”

The anger returned on the older boy's face, “It doesn't matter what you think! All that matters is that I have returned, and once more Lord Voldemort shall rule the world!”

“Uh you never actually managed to rule England much less the world... pretty crappy for a Dark Lord I must say.”

Harry was ignored as Tom seemed to mutter to himself, “Soon she will take her last breath, and then I will be whole once more and...”

The raven-haired boy called out to interrupt, “Well we certainly can't have that hm?” A wave of his hand fed energy directly back into Ginny, causing her to take a large gasp of air as her eyes opened once more, startling the soul fragment enough that he took a step back in shock.

“Wh-what? How!”

The boy-who-lived merely smiled, with one gesture removing the girl from harm's way and another causing a pair of jaws to emerge from the shadows below the returned man, before slamming down and ripping him into two pieces.

“Would you believe me if I said 'Magic’?”

***LoD***

**A/N:** Okay, so what follows is actually one of the first scenes I conceived of in this story. During my previous HP fanfic, Blessed Blood, there is a scene where Harry encounters a Boggart and it is a darker version of him. I had planned on doing a 'crossover point' in which this and Blessed Blood overlapped, and that being the form of each other's Boggarts. In the other story Harry feared his inner darkness, in this story he feared his inner weakness.
“What can I say?” He inquired, a look of excitement appearing on his face, “I am rather interested to find out what I ‘fear most’.”

The Werewolf gave a reluctant nod, before motioning for the others to step backwards. The remaining Potter continued a few more feet, before halting as the container opened, and the creature took shape. A moment later he found himself face-to-face with... himself? He was about to comment, when the individual shrank back in fear.

“P-please don't hurt me!”

Harry blinked, his face becoming passive as he began noticing the bruises, the slight limp, and the way that his doppelganger favored its right side. All telltale signs of abuse.

“I-I'll be good I promise! Please just don't hit me anymore.” this time it was practically a whimper, and the real Harry felt a snarl coming to his lips. It was pathetic, a reminder of what he just as easily might have become had he been weaker, had he allowed himself to break instead of molding himself to greatness.

“I-I-I will do whatever you want just don't...”

The true boy-who-lived snapped at the illusion, “Be quiet you pathetic waste of space! To think that you are anything like me is an insult. Now begone before I turn you to ash.”

It fled a moment later, and the emerald-eyed boy stormed from the room, ignoring everyone else present as he sought to be alone with his own frustrations and annoyance.

A/N: The following was an idea I played around with by putting Harry into the TriWizard Tournament. I ended up changing it because there are SO MANY ‘Godlike’ Harry Potter fics where he ends up stuck in it and just decimates everyone, I wanted to go with something a bit different.

The moment that the Goblet of Fire relit itself Draco Malfoy knew something bad was about to happen. There had already been three champions selected, which meant any more would be cause for more than a little concern. A slip of paper was fired out and nimbly caught by the Headmaster, who paled a moment as he looked down at it.

“Harry?”

Malfoy, along with the entire Slythern House, froze in fear as their Lord glanced up before his eyes narrowed in clear annoyance.

Silence fell and it seemed as though no one dared breathe much less make a sound. Glancing to his left the blonde felt his blood freeze more than it already was. The shadows along the walls were lengthening and some had already reached the floor. Was this it? Was this the end of his, along with everyone else's, life? Would they be torn apart in a bloody massacre because someone had the audacity to force the sole remaining Potter into a tournament against his will.

“Harry?”

The darkness retracted in an instant as the boy turned to look at Daphne Greengrass, who had an
equally scared look upon her face.

He smiled before replying, “It seems we have a bit of a situation hm?” A second later he rose and made his way towards the door, ignoring the breath of relief from an entire long table.

***LoD***

A/N: Just a more badass version of the second task in the Tournament... I changed it just because it felt a little bit too showoffy, and I have something similar planned for a future fic. Also take note that my original plan was to introduce Daphne as a romantic partner later on in his fifth year, hence why she hasn't yet joined him.

***LoD***

Daphne watched as the French champion emerged from the water, devastated and screaming about her sister being 'lost forever'. She had, personally, never liked the Delacour much, always thinking the Witch too stuck up and full of herself.

But the thought of losing her own younger sister... that had her heart clenching in pain. She couldn't imagine what the Veela was going through at this moment. To know that not only was your younger sibling lost... but it was you who had failed her.

A decision formed in her mind a moment later and she immediately rose before walking to where her the Potter heir sat.

It was time.

She had pushed off the decision for far too long, opting to remain in the limbo of neither with nor against him. No longer could she do that, not after today. His eyes glanced up to her own, curiosity contained within as if he didn't know what she was about to do.

A quick glance around ensured that they were either out of view, or unnoticed, by the staff. Then, without another thought of hesitation she dropped to her knees, “My Lord... please save her sister.” she began, a subdued tone emanating from her lips. “If it had been me I would not... I would not be able to survive if something happened to my own sibling. Please save Fleur's sister, and I will do anything you ask.”

“Anything?”

Surprisingly there was no lewdness in his voice, no insinuation or any promise of darker demands. Just curiosity.

“Anything” she confirmed without hesitation. She might not care about the French bitch, but her younger sister certainly did not deserve to suffer.

Harry let out a longer breath, before nodding seconds later, “Very well.”

Then he rose, walking down the stands until he reached the lake, and, ignoring the curious stares from those assembled nearby, extended his hand towards the water.

It was the slightest of gestures, one that to even a Pureblood would mean virtually nothing at all, perhaps an indication that a tapestry was out of place or something equally inconsequential.

What came next, was not.
A wave of Magic shimmered over the body of water, before the unthinkable happened and it rushed upwards, tearing itself from the bonds of gravity as if it watching a downpour of water in reverse. A moment later and the lakebed was dry, the liquid formerly covering it hanging a dozen meters in the air, along with the creatures occupying it.

Staff and student alike gaped in shock as the boy-who-lived strode calmly down into the pit, unshackled the sleeping girl, and brought her back up to her sister without a moment of hesitation.

“I do believe, miss Delacour, that this belongs to you.”

***LoD***

A/N: Okay so this is one that I really regret NOT putting in, but I just ended up forgetting about it until after it would make sense to include. As I said before Daphne was going to be a later addition to the group of girls than she ended up being.

It is in two parts.

***LoD***

The year was not going well for Daphne Greengrass. She had become a bit of an outcast in Slytherin, with most of them flocking towards Harry. Thus, she had taken to walking outside of the castle when possible, just to get some fresh air and clear her head.

Unfortunately, she hadn't noticed the upper classman following her, that is until a hand grabbed onto her cloak and she was thrown against the stone wall, the breath ripped from her lungs in shock. “Well well well, what do we have here?” the boy smirked as he looked down at her. “Such a cute girl all by herself at night, you really should be more careful you know. No telling what kind of trouble you could run into.”

“G-get away from me!”

Instead he advanced towards her, a disgusting smile on his face promising terrible things in her future. “Now now no reason to get upset, how about we have a little fun hm?”

She hastily grabbed her Wand that had fallen nearby and pointed it at the boy, hand shaking in fear. “I-I'm warning you!”

“Oh please, what are you going to do hm? You going to jinx me? Give me a rash? Turn my hair yellow?”

He took another step, and she acted without thought. It wasn't a Stunner that flew from her Wand, but a Spell designed to throw an opponent backwards without causing much harm, to give her time to run away.

In her haste, and fear, the Magic was overcharged, firing higher than expected.

Daphne watched in horror as the older student's head snapped around with a sickening crack, his body falling lifelessly to the ground.

For what felt like hours she stared at the corpse, before finally dragging herself up and sprinting from the area, her mind in too much of a panic to form any plan. Nor did she notice the raven-haired boy step out from around a corner, looking at her retreating form before back at the deceased individual.

He took a few strides forward until he was able to crouch down over the face, still frozen in death,
“No sense in letting you go to waste hm...” he whispered as tendrils of energy flowed down into the older boy’s eyes, causing them to blink with life once more.

***LoD***

Daphne Greengrass hadn’t slept at all, she had originally planned on going to her Head of House but realized that doing so may very well cause her to be sent to Azkaban. Sure, she would claim self defense, but that didn’t mean such a plea would work.

She needed a plan, and the first step was to dispose of the body to give herself more time. There was even a chance it would never be linked back to her in the first place, that she would be able to pretend like it had never happened.

When she returned to the same spot the next morning the breath left her once more, because the spot was empty, no corpse to be seen. After spending a frantic couple of minutes searching nearby, and coming up empty handed, the Pureblood resigned herself to needing help. It was likely that someone had already found the body and brought it to the staff’s attention, that meant her time was already up.

Entering the Main Hall she spotted Snape eating with the rest of the staff, unusually calm for someone who might have discovered that a murderer was prowling the school.

Still, she needed help.

Walking up to the man, and earning his attention, she swallowed her anxiety and lowered her voice, “Excuse me, professor? I need to speak with you about...”

“Miss Greengrass, there you are. I’ve been looking for you.”

The girl froze in horror, because she remembered that voice and the last time she had heard it was right before she had committed murder. Turning around slowly she felt her blood freeze as the former corpse walked up to her, smiling warmly as if nothing had ever happened

“It seems you dropped your bracelet last night when you were taking your walk. I found it after we parted ways.” He offered the object, something she had in fact lost the previous night but had been in far too preoccupied to notice.

She took the object, face frozen in confused shock.

“You really should be more careful with where you leave things miss Greengrass, no telling who might stumble upon them.” For a moment the older boy’s eyes dulled, becoming lifeless before they lit up with a deep emerald-green.

Her eyes widened, before shifting to the side and towards the only other person she had ever seen with such an eye color.

Harry Potter took that time to look up from his breakfast, made eye-contact with her, and winked before returning to his food.

***LoD***

A/N : Below is the famous “Rave Party” scene that I had originally intended instead of Gabbie/Fleur/Harry bonding. In the end it just didn’t feel right.

***LoD***
“Come on Gabbie keep up, you were the one who demanded to follow me after all.”

And the young girl had, after waking up to her elder sister sneaking out she had practically blackmailed the older Witch into bringing her along, after a change of clothes of course. She wanted to see Harry, and knew that Fleur would be doing so.

Moving silently down the empty halls the duo finally came to the entrance to the Slytherin common room, which was opened a moment later by a House Elf. The moment they stepped inside it was obvious that a Ward had been setup to keep the sound and atmosphere inside.

A deep booming reverberated through their bodies from the music. Lights flashed this way and that, mesmerizing and nearly blinding in their intensity, smoke obscured and turned those dancing nearby into shapes in the fog, and the smell of sweat and lust filled the air.

Fleur grinned, she had snuck off to Muggle parties during her younger years at school and had always found them fascinating, and so much more fun than parties from her own culture. Wizards and Witches were such prudes when it came to physical contact, but the non-Magical individuals? They touched, groped, and rubbed against one another in lust-fueled orgies.

“Fleur, I don't know about...” Gabbie muttered in hesitation. True, she was feeling the effects of the situation as well but she was young enough to not know what to do with the feelings and sensations. She was confused, and in that confusion she pulled back in concern.

Her sister, however, was already wading into the group, eyes flashing around for any hint of her newest lover. Gabrielle attempted to follow after her, to stay with the one person she knew, but she was pushed around by the much larger teens and eventually fell backwards to the, less crowded, area surrounding the dancers.

“Hi there.”

The voice was obviously male, and obviously older, and she turned her head to see the Hogwarts student looking down at her, his eyes leering over her body in ways that did not make her feel comfortable in the least. He was looking at her like an object rather than a person.

“What's a cute little thing like you doing here?”

“I-I uhm... my older sister brought me and...”

His words were slurred a bit, reminding the young Veela of her father's friends when they would drink too much. “How about we find somewhere private and get to know each other better?”

Before she could respond he reached out and grabbed her arm, before pulling her off towards a back room, despite her fighting to escape his grasp. Tears began brimming at her eyes at what was happening, at her helplessness, that is until a voice interrupted them.

“It looks as if she doesn't want to follow you, kindly let her go.”

The older boy snarled, before spinning to face down the voice, only for whatever rebuttal to die on his lips as he faced down a very annoyed Harry Potter.

“U-uh my uhm... my Lord I was just...”

“You were just letting her go and finding somewhere else to be, before you piss me off any more
than you already have tonight.”

The threat was obvious, and the upper classman immediately released her before practically bolting from the room.

Harry chuckled, before reaching down to apply a cooling Magic to the bruise on her arm, “How about we find you somewhere to sit hm?”

Moments later he had gently led her back to a group of chairs situated, slightly higher up than floor level, and guided her to sit in one next to his own. Seconds later Draco Malfoy made his way over, a smirk on his face along with several other important Slytherin males.

“I have good news my Lord,” he called out over the music, before displaying a bottle he had been carrying. “A gift from my father, very nice vintage.”

Another, older, boy grinned in excitement, “That is the good stuff right there. Don’t mind if I...” only to have his hand swatted away by a scowling Malfoy.

“Our Lord has first rights.”

“Oh... yeah of course...”

After pouring Harry, a glass the blonde sat down on his right, while Blaise produced a box of cigars and passed them around, “Malfoys do not have a patent on good taste, these are from my mother who sends her regards.”

As the teens settled down Harry glanced over to the young girl seated next to him, who had been stealing looks of interest at his drink, “Would you like a taste?”

There were two very different ways Gabbie could take his question, one innocently offering a sip of the amber liquid, and one which was resolutely not innocent. From the corner of her eye she noticed Fleur still dancing, apparently finding several other girls to grind up against, and made her decision.

She was at an adult party, why not act like one?

Reaching forward, she took one of the finger from his free hand, dipped it into the glass, pulled it back out and put it into her mouth. She had stumbled onto one of Fleur’s ‘secret’ books once that had mentioned ‘eye-contact’ and so looked up directly into the emerald filled orbs as she dragged her lips back over his finger, tasting not only the liquor, but him as well.

***LoD***

A/N: Okay, so the following scene needs a bit of explanation. I had an idea, way back when I started this, to have Hedwig be kidnapped at one point and taken to the Ministry for experimentation. NATURALLY this would not have ended well for any Ministry employee. The following is Harry’s retrieval of her.

***LoD***

Slow, steady strides echoed through the Ministry hallways as Harry Potter ventured deeper and deeper into the underground facility. His face was calm, his body relaxed... or at least it would be to the casual observer.

To those who knew him best, however, it was quite obvious that he was beyond furious, and that there would likely be a massacre in the next several minutes. Finally, he reached his destination, the
Department of Mysteries, secured by a massive set of double doors.

Normally he might consider being polite and knocking.

The doors were ripped from their hinges and thrown backwards with enough force to embed them into the stone walls behind him, and his journey continued unhindered, at least until the first Unspeakable approached him with Wand drawn.

“Halt there, you can't...”

They froze as their head rolled from their neck, body falling to the floor a moment later. Continuing on his journey Harry eventually found what he was looking for, his very first friend strapped to a table, needles and other devices stuck into her skin as a handful of Wizards and Witches recorded information nearby.

His blood boiled in rage, a darkness forming on his face as he moved forward. A moment later one of the Unspeakables looked up and noticed him, “Who are you? You can't be in here!”

Harry ignored them, a wave of his hand vanishing the instruments as he gently picked Hedwig up off the table bridle style.

“H-Harry?”

“Come on, we are going home.”

She nodded slightly, before passing out in his arms. One of the Wizards moved to stop him, only to halt as a deep growling sound echoed from somewhere nearby, “I'm sure you're curious, about what happened to Quirrel my first year...” the teen noted with a chillingly apathetic voice. “How about a first-hand experience?”

From the shadows nearby a large wolf-like creature leaped onto one of the men, tearing at his torso with razor-sharp claws and teeth. A Witch screamed in horror, attempting to run just as Harry closed the door behind him, locking the men and women in, and sealing their fates.

***LoD***

A/N: The following scene was what I had originally planned for the ending chapter. It came about from Susan's death, along with her and Neville's families. In such a situation Neville would NOT have joined back with Harry, and instead gone with Ron, but still knowing victory was impossible, only vengeance was left.

***LoD***

Neville Longbottom stormed down the hallway, eyes alert for his target. A soft voice interrupted his search, giving him pause as he spun around to see his classmate.

Hermione Granger

“You won't find him there Neville, he's at the very end in the meeting hall.”

The Longbottom's eyes narrowed, obviously confused as to why she would be helping him, he was answered a moment later, “I'm not doing this for you, Harry... he knew this would happen and wants to confront you himself. For what it's worth, I'm sorry about Susan.”

His shoulders as he gave a sad smile, “Yeah... thanks Hermione. I wish you the best.”
“You too.”

With that they each turned and departed for their own battle. Neville reaching his first as he pushed open the doors to see his former best friend standing at a tall window, gazing off into the distance, he called out a moment later, “I hope you didn't have any trouble getting here. I instructed my followers to leave you unharrassed but... well clearly they don't always follow orders.”

“Harry” the boy replied, before drawing the Sword of Gryffindor.

“I see you have your ancestral weapon, good. I must say it is a bit disappointing to be right about this in the end though, that it would all come down to us.”

The Longbottom held his gaze, “I thought it was you and Dumbledore in the end, I sincerely doubt I have any chance of beating you.”

Harry chuckled, “Dumbledore? Nonsense, his time had ended, just as Voldemort's had. Did you know Neville, that the prophecy that sent the Dark Lord after my family could have been about you as well? Just the flip of a coin put us on this path. It has always been about us Neville, for over a decade now.”

“Do you think it would have made a difference?” the Gryffindor inquired softly, “Do you think we still would have ended up at this point? Would I have been the Dark Lord instead of you?”

The raven-haired teen shook his head, “Of course not. You would have stuck to your path. You always had a sense of justice far stronger than my own Neville, as I said all those years ago, there is a greatness in you. You would have succeeded where I have failed, of that I have no doubt.”

Shaking his head one last time the Longbottom held the blade steady, just as Harry summoned his own.

***LoD***

**A/N:** The following two scenes were requests by a few readers and I figured they would be pretty decent additions.

***LoD***

“This is silly...” Daphne muttered, as she adjusted her dress for what felt like the fifth time in the past ten minutes. “We should have broken this up into more manageable portions rather than doing it all at once.”

“It's tradition for the family of the bride to pay for the wedding,” Tonks reminded her from nearby, while twirling around in her own bridal gown. “In case you forgot not all of us have rich family members that can pay for that.”

The Greengrass heiress flushed in embarrassment, glancing over to where Ginny was working on Hermione's hair. “Yeah... you're right, sorry.”

Her apology was waved aside, “Don’t worry about it. I think it's actually kind of fun having a giant group wedding. We can all do each other's hair and this way no one is left out because of money or timing.”

“Plus Lucius got to kiss Harry's arse by volunteering to pay for it.” the Pureblood noted with a grin, earning one from the Metamorphmagus as well.
A knock on the door earned their attention as Narcissa peeked inside, “Are you girls almost ready?”

“Just finishing up Hermione’s hair and then we are good.” Ginny called back, earning a smile and a whispered thanks from the bushy-haired girl.

As the two stood and made their way over to the group Fleur smiled as she looked over her sister and the others. “So, how are we going to do this? Single file? By pairs? Maybe all in one big line to really intimidate Harry?” The last question was said with a smirk, earning laughter from the others.

Luna decided to answer first, “I think we should go by pairs. Ginny and I always talked about getting married at the same time and that way anyone who doesn’t have someone to walk them down the aisle has one now.”

The redhead smiled warmly at her best friend, “That’s a really nice thought Luna.”

“Plus,” the blonde continued, “we can keep the pairings for the wedding night too!”

“LUNA!”

***LoD***

Hermione smiled warmly as she watched her lover pace back and forth, idly twitching and tapping his arms in a nervous fashion. It was rare to see him in such a state, in fact she struggled to come up with another time in which he looked so anxious. If their expressions were any indicator, the other girls were in silent agreement.

“Do you think he will be this way for me too? I mean... you know when it happens.”

Hedwig laughed softly, “I am sure he will Ginny. Harry isn't the type to take such a thing lightly and I always knew that he would be an amazing...”

She was cut off when the door opened, the man standing in the entryway smiling in a way that put everyone at ease. “You can go in now.”

The boy-who-lived was, predictably, the first one to enter and behold the blonde cradling a blanket wrapped bundle in her arms. “Are you... is...”

“We are both fine Harry,” Fleur cooed softly, earning a soft whine from her arms. “Would you like to hold her?”

He nodded, a bit hesitantly at first, before moving forward. “I...”

“You will be fine love, we both trust you.”

The teen took the offered newborn from the mother, and looked down at her, his eyes full of love, “She's perfect...” he breathed out in awe, earning smiles from the rest of the women as well as they alternated between looking at the father and his daughter.

***LoD***

A/N: So I had a completely different idea for the following scene when I first started it but... well it just sort of took on a life of its own.

***LoD***

Nymphadora Tonks sat on the large bed, fidgeting nervously. It wasn't as if she had anything to be
nervous about necessarily. It was just sex.

With Harry

And her two aunts

All that was... well fairly normal at this point in her life, although looking back if someone had told her she would be okay with incest she would have laughed in their face and Hexed something. If it had just been her aunts and the boy she had fallen in love with it would have been acceptable.

But it wasn't

Somehow the eldest woman in the room had managed to convince her bloody mother to join in. So now it was, arguably, the most uncomfortable silence she had ever been a part of, and that was saying something. Hell, she had once been at a dinner party with two other couples where all four individuals were cheating on their spouses with the others.

And they all knew it, even that wasn't as awkward as sitting on a bed naked with her mother also naked only a few feet away.

At least they were separated by two other, equally naked, women. Of course the fact that they were her mother's sisters probably didn't make it any less embarrassing for the woman.

“So uhmmm... when is Harry supposed to get here?”

Okay, not her best attempt at breaking the silence but on the other hand the youngest Witch swore she was going to die if someone didn't say something.

Bellatrix clicked her tongue in annoyance, “He was supposed to be here twenty minutes ago. Cissy, what time did you tell him?”

They turned to the, by far most curvy, of them, who promptly glared back at the woman, “I didn't tell him anything because you were supposed to speak with him remember?”

“Nuh uh”

“Yeah huh”

It was the other sister that interrupted with a snapped, “Enough!” Taking a moment to rub away the headache forming, Andromeda Tonks took a moment to shift a bit more, attempting to keep her daughter out of her peripheral vision.

Because yes, it was awkward enough being naked in the same room as your sisters, much less your own child.

“Obviously there was a miscommunication, which means that Harry will likely not be arriving. Let's just forget this ever happened and move on with...”

“Oh hell no.” Bella growled, “It took me too damn long to get you and Nymphy here in a room naked and willing to be in an orgy. I am not giving up all that damn time and effort!” With that she turned and pushed the youngest woman back by the shoulders onto the bed, earning a yelp as she climbed forward onto her body. “Harry will be back eventually, until then I'm going to enjoy myself by eating your daughter's cunt. Cissa be a dear and start devouring Andy would you?”

The former Auror had begun protesting when her aunt's lips smashed into her, a tongue spearing into
her mouth and forcing an inaudible groan. Sure, she wasn't Harry but Bellatrix was one hell of a kisser. Moments later the lips left her own, earning a slight whimper, before they attacked her neck and began descending down to her breasts where the real torment began. Feeling a mouth sucking, biting, and licking her nipples while a pair of breasts considerably larger than her own slid around her pelvis was an experience she wouldn't soon forget.

After a particularly hard bite she opened her eyes with a hiss, and on the bottom of the bed noticed her other aunt doing much the same to her mother, who was moaning in pleasure. The difference was that they were upright, giving her a far 'better' view.

Leaving the sore buds, the former convict continued her journey south, pushing the younger girls legs open to expose her moist pussy. “Good enough to eat, Cissa bring her over here. I want to get this foursome started and the way to do it is Andy watch her daughter's cunt get ravaged.”

A body was dragged over just as Bellatrix dragged her tongue over the lips in front of her, earning a shuddering moan from her niece. Pushing the legs apart just an inch more she began touching and teasing the Metamorphmagus, fighting the urge to dive in and devour her. She needed patience first though, she wanted her younger sister to see her daughter in all her nudity, and then she would make her move.

Whispering from behind gained a moment of her attention as Narcissa began whispering into their other sister's ear, “Do you see that Andromeda?” she cooed, sliding behind the woman as her hands began to wander over her body. “Look how wet your precious little daughter is. The flush on her face, the shivering of expectation. Don't you want to watch as the big bad Death Eater sucks on her innocent little pussy?”

Andromeda fought back, but it was mediocre at best. She tried to avert her eyes, to look anywhere but her child's body, but when the youngest girl in the room let out a moan she couldn't help but peek in curiosity. In that moment, when her gaze dragged down across the fit body and to her lower lips, her eldest sister met her gaze and leered.

“Goooooood” the former Death Eater purred, “I wanted you to see her sex before I eat her.”

Before Andromeda could say a word the woman did as she declared and dove in, tongue and mouth a flurry of motion as her daughter's back arched off the bed in pleasure.

“See that Andy?” Narcissa whispered once more, breasts pressing into her back as her fingers trailed over her own pussy, “See the pleasure on your daughter's face? Don't you want to be involved in that? Haven't you ever wanted to taste a younger woman's twat? Slide your tongue in and ravish her? Haven't you ever looked at your beautiful daughter and thought 'if we weren't related then maybe...’?”

“N-n-no...”

A finger slid into her, and despite her intentions Andromeda bucked against her youngest sister's palm. “No? Why not? Why fight it? You've already let Bella eat you out, you've let me finger your sex... why not just take the plunge?”

“I-I...”

Another moan escaped her daughter's lips, and she felt her will crumbling. “We could have so much fun together. Don't you want to be entangled with the three of us, not knowing whose lips are on your cunt, or who you are licking? Don't you want to look down and see your daughter desperately licking you, trying to make you cum?"
It was the whimper that broke her. Her daughter whimpered and in her mind it sounded like her name. Practically lunging forward she dragged her older sister out from between her daughter's legs, ignoring the indignant cry before replacing her body.

There was only a moment of hesitation when Nymphadora looked down, suddenly aware of the lack of sensation, and met her gaze.

“M-m-mom?”

Her tongue slid forward and the young cunt bucked into her face.

Meanwhile, Narcissa bit her lip as she watched the pair go at it. Bellatrix, on the other hand, had another idea in mind.

“Grab her legs and spin her around on top. I want to watch Nymphy eat her mom's cunt.”

Seemed like a good idea.

When Harry wandered into his bedroom a half-hour later he paused for a moment to take in the scene of the four women moaning and gasping up against each other, covered in fluids and reeking of sex.

“Apparently I missed an invitation...” he muttered with a chuckle.

***LoD***

A/N: No real timeline on this next one, I guess sometime after the story finished.

***LoD***

“No way, the best part was at the start of the second half. Did you see the way that the Seeker dove!? I swear my heart skipped a beat!”

“I'm sure mine would have if I had done that.”

Pansy and Susan merely shook their heads as their future husbands continued ranting about the Quidditch game they had just attended. The only one who seemed to have truly enjoyed the entire game had been the blonde, but considering he had bought the tickets and offered to buy dinner for everyone none of the remaining three teens saw fit to complain. It had been the Parkinson heiress who suggested one of the nicer restaurants in the area. This one in particular had a reputation of being more private with seating arrangements, and they all had agreed that, after spending an afternoon surrounded by screaming Wizards and Witches, a little peace and quiet would be nice.

After arriving they were promptly led towards the back when Neville caught sight of someone and halted mid-stride, “Harry?”

The others came to a screeching stop when they too noticed that, sure enough, the Potter heir was sitting at a small booth by himself. Looking up the raven-haired teen smiled and nodded in return. “Neville, Draco, Pansy, Susan. How are you all?”

“Good, are you uh... with someone?”

Shaking his head the boy merely grinned, “No, just having a quiet meal to myself for once. I try and get away once a week or so.”

“That sounds great! We will join you.”
Pansy rolled her eyes, tugging on her fiancé's cloak to try and pull him along from the hole he was clearly digging, but Draco merely waved her off and took a seat across from their Lord, already in the process of going over the Quidditch highlights.

“Draco... maybe we should...”

Harry merely chuckled before shaking his head, “It's fine, take a seat, although I'm not sure the booth is quite large enough for everyone to...”

Something flashed in the dark-skinned girl's eyes as she took a seat next to her Lord, “Oh it's fine, Susan and I can just squeeze in next to you. I don't think there would be enough room for three of us and Draco's ego on the other side though.”

Susan bit her lip, not quite feeling comfortable enough to be squished in with the boy, but did so when she saw Neville's own relaxed nod. Food was ordered minutes later, with the blonde continuing to babble on about the game, when she noticed something out of the corner of her eye.

Pansy, her hand more specifically, rubbing up and down on the boy-who-lived's thigh. Quickly diverting her gaze Susan focused in on her future husband sitting across from her. Unfortunately, he too was busy being swept up in the 'epic retelling'.

“Something wrong Susan?” Pansy inquired from the other side of the Potter heir, a hint of mischief in her voice.

“N-no, no of course not just...” Neville had told her about Pansy and Draco's... arrangement with the other teen but to see it in such a public place was something completely different. It was wrong, dirty, inappropriate, and... incredibly erotic.

Hadin't her boyfriend mentioned he wouldn't mind if she did the same? Her hand strayed on its own, brushing up against the leg next to her and stealing her breath as she felt the muscle underneath the clothing.

It wasn't like she didn't find Neville attractive, she did. She loved the fact he wasn't absurdly thin or overweight like most of the Wizarding world was. He was a nice in between, a bit thicker than most but not on the scale of Crabbe or Goyle were.

Still, he didn't have muscle like that, and she would be lying to say it wasn't exciting.

Her hand ventured a bit higher, careful not to go too high as to be seen or touch something very inappropriate. That didn't seem to bother the other Witch, and she caught sight of the other female's fingers stealthily slipping into the boy's pants, her movements making it very obvious what she was doing.

Susan attempted a 'discreet' glance over to the other girl, and they made eye-contact for a moment with Pansy giving a challenging smirk as if to say, 'try it and you know you will like it.'

Taking a calming breath, she followed the other girl, and slipped into the teen's pants, luckily hidden by the table. Her eyes widened when she felt his throbbing manhood, easily the largest she had ever heard of, and began to delicately caress it.

Despite her best efforts her mind began to wander as she explored the boy, along with the other feminine hand. How would it feel to have him wrapped around her lips? Would he want to be on top or bottom? Would he be rough and throw her onto the bed before pounding mercilessly into her, something Neville had been horrified by the suggestion of, or soft and gentle by exploring every inch of her skin as she had heard from other girls in the dorms?
Would she stretch enough to fit his cock completely inside, or would he need to force it? Would she feel it pressing up against her womb? Would his balls slap against her body? What sounds did he make in bed? Was he a whisperer or a growler? Did he gasp and moan or did he communicate with his hands?

Would he be too busy tasting her body to even make any sounds? The moment when the boy they were currently molesting bucked his hips just slightly was nearly the cause of her undoing, and if they weren’t before she was positive her knickers were soaked now.

“Susan, are you okay?”

Her head jerked up, face completely flushed red as she noticed that Neville was looking at her in concern, not accusation or anger but more like she would do if he appeared ill. “Y-yes!” she stammered out, “Yes of course I am just uhm... a little warm I suppose.”

He nodded slowly, and she quickly withdrew her hand, attempting not to fidget as he hormones refused to recede. The knowing smirk from the other girl did not help the situation in the least bit.

Nor did the not-so-subtle suggestion from Pansy that Harry should return with Draco and herself to discuss 'politics' back at their mansion. The Bones heiress almost suggested that Neville and herself should accompany them, but she knew where that would lead, and as enticing as the thought was of having a potential orgy, she wasn't quite ready for that.

***LoD***

A/N: Just another request

***LoD***

“Thank you Harry, for walking me back to my carriage.”

He gave the French Witch a warm smile and a nod, “Of course my dear, I will see you again soon?”

She returned the grin, “After I sleep for perhaps a week. I believe you are the first man to ever wear out a Veela in bed.”

“High praise coming from...”

The sound of an older woman clearing her throat earned the attention of both teens as they turned to see Apolline Delacour standing in the doorway. “Have a nice evening?”

A light blush appeared for a moment on the younger blonde's face before she reigned in the embarrassment and gave a nod, “We did. Harry was escorting me back and I was preparing to take a nap.”

Her mother nodded, before stepping from the entrance and allowing the girl to run up to her room, after giving the boy another wink. The boy-who-lived turned to leave, only to be halted when the woman called out to him, “If you have the time Mr. Potter, I would like to speak with you about my daughters.”

Glancing back, he shrugged lightly and followed the woman in to the kitchen area where he was offered a seat at the small dining table while she began heating up tea.

“So, how was the ball?”
“Lovely, your daughter is quite the dancer.”

Apolline nodded. “She was taught well, and has always been naturally graceful.”

A smile formed on his face, one that she caught out of the corner of her eye, that sent her heart racing, “Takes after her mother I'm sure.”

Whistling wrested her attention from him, and soon they both had steaming cups to sip upon. A silence descended and, despite her best attempts, she found her gaze drawn to him.

The Veela knew she shouldn't. Should just leave well enough alone and simply drink the tea before seeing him out. A nice conversation between a mother and her daughter's date.

But the instincts wouldn't let her. They screeched and demanded more, demanded satisfaction, demanded to be owned.

“If you will excuse me for a moment, I wish to change out of my sleep wear.”

He gave a nod and returned his own attention to the mug in his hands. As quick as lightning she fled from the room, making her way up to her own quarters and silently thanking the Gods that her husband had departed early for a business meeting.

Fleur would be asleep, and Gabbie was never a child to willingly rise before ten.

That gave her at least a few hours to herself. Sorting through her modest trunk, her husband's clothing being the only ones allowed into their closet, she found an article that gave her pause. It wasn't discreet, hell it was about as far from it as possible, but that didn't matter.

Her hormones wouldn't allow for a slow seduction at this point. Not when there was a young, powerful, attractive boy sitting in her kitchen and dripping with the scent of sex.

The woman returned a few minutes later to her guest, “Thank you for waiting. I feel much better now.”

His eyes glanced up to take in her appearance though, to her dissatisfaction, he did not so much as blink in surprise at her choice in outfits. She had, idly, considered a 'sexy' red or black dress, but wanted something a bit more direct, clothing that could not misconstrue her intent.

She went with a knee-length apron, that one might wear while cooking, and nothing else. Despite this he did not seem to take the bait, nor comment on her state of undress. “Do you want a refill?”

“That would be lovely, thank you.”

Perhaps he still thought she was clad beneath, well no matter it would be more than a little obvious in a moment. Turning, she went to the countertop, exposing her bare back and ass as she did so.

“So Harry, I understand the dance ended late last night. What did you two do after that?” She called back, jumping slightly as the voice that answered was directly behind her.

“Oh... this and that...” he whispered sensually, earning a gasp from the woman. “I see that Fleur inherited quite a few of your features... though your bust is considerably larger.”

She bit back a moan, barely when she felt his hand circle around her torso, pushing the apron in and nestling it into her cleavage, exposing her breasts to the open air. When his hands grabbed them though she could no longer contain her voice.
“Gods...”

“Mhmmm, so tell me, was this your plan all along? Invite your daughter’s boyfriend in and then seduce him? How long has it been since your husband touched you hm? Days? Weeks? Months? Years?”

Her legs spread on their own, thighs already slick with arousal. As he groping continued she felt him pushing up against her bare ass, the erection evident in his pants.

“P-please...”

“Please what?”

“I-I need it, inside please!”

One hand left her breasts and a few moments later she felt his shaft rubbing across her lower lips. “I think...” he mused as he continued the action, “that I am going to fuck you over the counter just like this. That way you can pretend to be the loyal housewife you so desire. Would you like that hm? Being shagged like a whore where you make your family's dinner every night?”

“Y-y-yes!”

He thrust inside her at the moment of her reply, filling her in a way her husband never had as he bottomed out. There they stayed for a moment, before he pulled back and slammed into her at a steady pace, earning moans and groans as her walls clenched around his manhood, attempting to milk the semen from his body.

“Such a dirty slut, did you know my cock was inside your daughter's cunt last night? Do you even care or does it turn you on hm?”

A whimper was her only response as he continued on, “And your younger daughter seems to be fascinated with me as well. Do you think if I went up to her room she would invite me in? Would you sneak up and watch as I fucked her too? Would you finger your pussy while her innocent moans filled the air? Or I could just skip to the fun part and breed all three of you this morning. Does that turn you on hm? The thought of you and your daughters all being knocked up at the same time?”

“Y-y-yes!” she screamed as her entire body shook, the teen bottoming out in her as he filled her womb with a growl.

***LoD***

A/N: Takes place in fourth year, as Harry goes to pick up Fleur for the Yule Ball

***LoD***

“Lord Potter” Gabrielle Delacour greeted with a giggle as she entered the room where the boy was seated.

“Lady Delacour, it is wonderful to see you again.” he replied, earning another giggle from the young girl.

“My sister is doing some last-minute preparations, I have been asked to keep you company.” The truth was she had been asked to do more than that. Her papa had briefly talked to her an hour prior and advised her to act her best towards him.
"Your sister may be marrying Lord Potter in the near future. If you are kind to him perhaps he will marry you as well, so that you can continue seeing your sister." Gabrielle wasn’t a fool, she knew what her father was hinting at, and what her sister would likely be doing with the boy later on that night. Despite what they believed she wasn't naive as to what sex was, and knew that if forced to make a choice she would choose to live with Fleur over her parents any day of the week. This meant that she needed to suggest her own potential as a wife as well.

It was why she had picked out the skirt she was currently wearing. It had been a gift from an aunt, who had obviously never met her based upon the incorrect size. Luckily it still fit around her waist, but it was far too short, barely covering her knickers.

“Sounds lovely,” he replied as she walked over to sit next to him, knowing that it would likely show off her panties as she did so. Maybe she was being a bit too forward, but she couldn't risk not gaining his attention.

He didn't seem to notice, however, despite the amount of skin she was showing. Her father's voice came back to haunt her and she quickly pushed it aside, “Do you like my skirt? It was a gift from my aunt.”

She saw him glance down, and clearly notice it was just a hair's breadth from being indecent. Instead of commenting, however, he merely smiled and nodded, “Yes it is quite nice. The style is from Italy is it not?”

Gabbie wasn't sure, and simply nodded to keep up appearances. Her heart, however, began to sink in her chest. What if he saw her as an annoying child? What if he had no interest in her? What if she ended up separated from her sister by an entire country?

“I-I am wearing matching panties too, if y-you want to see them?” It was desperate, but she was positive that she would begin having a panic attack soon enough if something didn't change. The thought of losing Fleur...

The teen turned to face her, a question flickering in his eyes for a moment before it was gone, “Of course.”

Okay, maybe she had made some progress, maybe he was just being a gentleman before. Biting her lip she pulled the skirt up, revealing that she was wearing knickers that had a similar pattern on them. “My sister gave me some lotion to try on my legs while she was getting ready... if you want to feel.”

His hand was soft and warm when it made contact, almost painfully gentle, on her smooth skin. A soft moan escaped her lips as he rubbed up and down, her legs spreading slightly without her realizing it.

“Are you okay?”

The voice was far off, like something she would experience in a dream and it was all she could to whimper and nod.

“Did someone threaten you? Force you to do this?”

Somewhere she knew that she shouldn't answer, that it might even be dangerous, but at the moment all she could think of was his hand on her skin, and the fire growing in her lower stomach, “F-father... h-he said I-I might l-lose my s-s-sister.”

“That isn't going to happen.” the voice whispered, and she bit her lip to stifle the moan.
“H-h-higher, please. I-I need...”

A finger brushed against her panties, and her back arched as a gasp escaped her lips. “M-more” it swirled around, dancing on the cloth as her legs spread even further on their own. She wanted something, but wasn’t sure what.

That is until his palm pressed against her lower lips, and her world exploded in light.

***LoD***

A/N: So this last one was requested pretty early on and I never really entertained the idea... until I wrote out this scene and damnit now I want to do an actual story based on this!

***LoD***

It was an experiment, a test to see whether he could reproduce the effect that had created his closest friend. It just so happened that the most obvious candidate was also one of the most ironic. A screech filled the air as Harry and Hedwig watched on as the Headmaster’s familiar fell to the ground, writhing for a few moments as it slowly shifted from the beautiful bird into a beautiful young girl.

“What is it with you and females?” the former owl noted, her voice filled with humor rather than spite.

The boy merely shrugged, watching as the newly formed person took several gasping breaths, before looking up at them. She was very beautiful, pale skin, long red hair, her eyes a mixture of red and amber, soft features...

“Wh-what...”

Even her voice was gentle and pretty.

“We should probably find her some clothing, no sense in letting the poor thing walk around naked, even if she does have a rather nice body.” Harry noted with a chuckle, extending his arm and Magically forming robes to cover her with.

He was halted by a porcelain arm, earning the quirking of his eyebrow as the white-haired teen moved forward and kneeled down to look the new girl in her eyes. “You don't like clothing do you?”

The redhead slowly shook he head, glancing between the two standing bodies, but mostly staring at the boy.

“You have a burning deep inside, don’t you? Something that you need to fulfill.” It was a knowing comment, rather than a question, and Hedwig didn't even need to see the response. She had already noticed that look in the Phoenix’ eyes.

Confusion, a hint of fear, and lust.

“You need him, don’t you? You want him so bad that it hurts doesn’t it?”

Again more nodding, this time accentuated with a slight whimper.

A darker smile formed on the girl's face, “Good, but you can't have him, not yet. The problem is that, you still belong to Dumbledore, a manipulative old bastard who plays with peoples lives and futures like they were pawns. If you want Harry then you need to prove you are his.”
“A-a-anything.”

The smile grew crueler, “Crawl to him, crawl on your hands and knees like an animal. Beg him to fuck you, to use your body for his pleasure. Promise him everything that you are, your body, your mind, your life. Only then will I permit you to touch him. Only then will you be worthy of his time.”

Biting her lip, the prone individual began crawling forward on the cold stone floor, ignoring the discomfort in her quest to reach the boy standing several feet away.

“P-please...” she whispered as she neared within reach of his leg, “I-I need you. I'll give you a-anything you want, anything you ask for.”

“And Dumbledore?” Hedwig called out from where she still stood, earning a wince from the redhead.

Finally, the young woman reached Harry, and desperately grabbed onto his pants, clutching to try and ensure he wouldn't leave her. “H-he doesn't care... doesn't care about me. He keeps me locked up, alone, always alone...”

“Do you think I will do any better?” the voice from above her inquired coldly, causing her to look up in surprise and hurt. “You think I will just let you go? Oh no my dear, as Hedwig just implied, once you are mine it is for life. I do not share without satisfaction. I will keep you locked up in my room, perhaps chained to my bed, and used whenever I see fit to take advantage of you. You will be my sex slave, an object of my desire whenever I damn well see fit.”

A pair of hands grabbed her waist from behind and pulled the young redhead up to her knees, “Enough talking slut, how about you suck his cock like the good little whore you are hm? Once you do I promise you will be dreaming of being tied to his bed for the rest of your life.”

His length slid from his pants and she quickly engulfed it into her mouth, eagerly choking down on his flesh.

“See, isn't that better? This is exactly where you should be, on your knees and deepthroating his cock.”

When he grabbed her head a moment later and pushed into her throat the girl thought about fighting back, but the taste, and sensation, of him pulsating cum into her mouth was enough to make her head roll back into her eyes.

“I think she just came,” Harry noted with a chuckle as he pulled out and saw the dreamy look on her face. “I think we will keep her.”

***LoD***

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