Summary

Harry Potter gets caught out of bounds by a sixth year Slytherin prefect. Interesting information comes to light.
Chapter 1

Harry Potter left Hogsmeade, after the revelations that he heard. He knew Sirius Black was after him but the fact that his parents were sold out to Voldemort by him, well that was a serious revelation. No wonder people were afraid that he was going to go after Black, and he honestly could not argue that they had a point.

Maybe…..maybe if they had told him….didn't they learn from the past two years that Harry had this ability to learn stuff that he shouldn't? No one learned, he thought that at least Dumbledore would have knew by now.

"Well what do we have here?"

Harry rooted on the spot, he was at the exit of the one eyed witch and his heart dropped suddenly. A cool female voice caught him on the spot. Her dark raven locks shined in the light of the hallway. Her violet eyes looked at Harry, like a cat who had cornered a particularly juicy mouse. The Slytherin robes that wrapped around her body showed that she had a shapely body and a prefect badge pinned to her robe was displayed in a spot of prominence.

"I'm….."

Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, deciding to sneak into Hogsmeade when he doesn't have permission," the Slytherin prefect said as she looked over Harry. She was a sixth year prefect as well and she was looking at this thirteen year old wizard. "You know, I'm sure Professor Snape will be interested to hear about this….."

"You can't turn me in," Harry interrupted, staring down the sixth year Slytherin girl but she smiled.

"Oh, that seems interesting, you think that I can't turn you in, huh, Potter?" she asked him, licking her lips, tracing her tongue around it, practically making an outline. They became very moist because of these actions.

Harry barely knew why, but he shivered when her eyes traced down his body.

"This way, Potter," she whispered to him with a smile and Harry thought that he could make a run for it but it would only make things worse.

She was a sixth year, a Slytherin, so who knew what kind of dark magic she might have known. He followed her down the hallway, his eyes glued to her behind as it swayed down the hall. It was almost like he was taunted.

"In here, Potter," she said to him and Harry felt compelled to obey.

Harry entered and she motioned for him to sit down. It was a room but there was a couch in it.

"There are many secrets at Hogwarts, and you're not the only one who explores where he shouldn't," she replied to him, as she sat down on the couch.

"So, are you going to turn me in to Snape or not?" Harry asked, before he could stop him.

"Yes, I'm sure I could turn you into Snape," she whispered to him, pushing her robes off of her body slightly. Harry watched as she got to her feet and allowed the robes to drop. She wore a black halter top that showed her cleavage and rode up a tiny bit. Harry could not help but stare at her toned
midriff. It did not appear to have an ounce of body fat. She was wearing a black skirt that was a bit less than regulation length, with black stockings that covered her legs, along with heels that showed her delicious ass to be brought into greater prominence.

"Could you?" Harry asked as he could not help but stare at her legs as she sat down next to him. Her legs crossed as he restrained the impulse to put his hands on them and touch them. They looked so impossibly soft.

"I could, but I got a better idea," she whispered in his ear and Harry felt something stir in his pants. He had been getting those feelings lately regarding women. "You see, we could keep this all quiet, no one needs to know that you snuck into Hogsmeade. Not Snape, McGonagall, Dumbledore, or even the Minister of Magic."

Harry did not want the Ministry to get involved in this.

"We can keep this quiet," she whispered in his ear and Harry nearly jumped as she placed his hand on his lap. It was perilously close to his twitchy, not so little guy. "But I want something from you….something that I can't get from any of the Slytherins. You see, they all have small cocks and I think they'd rather stroke each other off then have some female company."

Harry shuddered and the prefect smiled.

"Sorry about the visual, I'll replace it with a far better one soon enough," she whispered in his ear, and once again her hand rested on his lap. Harry could sense her fingers tease him and she played with the zipper of his pants. "You see Potter, you're very popular with the female students of the Slytherin house. It's all because of one thing, that little gift that you've revealed to the entire world last year."

"Parseltongue?" Harry asked and she nodded. "I thought everyone thought that it was evil?"

The prefect gave him a smoldering look and smile as she looked up and down his body, almost like she was undressing him. "Honey, what you can do with that tongue, is positively sinful, trust me on that. That's….exactly why I've come here."

The prefect decided to spell it out.

"I want you to use that tongue on me and make me shriek, I've put silencing spells all around this room, and locking charms," she told him and Harry nodded. "If you be a good boy, I'll make it worth your while."

"So, you want me to…..give you oral sex with Parseltongue?" Harry asked and she shook her head.

"You've been hanging around with the Mudblood too much, it's stunted your vocabulary," she said and Harry opened his mouth. "And for the record….you have a very poor understanding of what that word means. It isn't a slur against Muggleborns per say, although some Slytherins use it as one, because they don't know better."

"Then what does it mean," Harry said, his eyes narrowing dangerously and she flushed at the emerald green eyes and the power that they gave off.

"A Mudblood is a slur for a muggleborn that thinks they know everything about the magical world and thinks they are fit to judge the traditions of a world they have not experienced, because they read a few books," the Slytherin prefect told him. "But enough talk, I want you to eat my pussy until I cum hard."
"You are pretty demanding, aren't you?" Harry asked and she smiled.

"Would you rather use that tongue on Snape's cauldrons?" she asked him and she got up for a second and pulled him to his feet. "I don't think that I'm too far off that you haven't even kissed a girl, have you?"

"What's that to you?" Harry asked her, getting a bit hot under the collar but the sixth year student grabbed him.

"Those Gryffindor bitches are pretty fucking dense if they haven't pulled you into a broom cupboard by now or they're afraid of Granger, I can't decide which it is," the prefect ranted. "At the very least, those Chasers should have went down on you, for getting your bones removed and still beating Slytherin."

Her colorful language and the images that she put into Harry's head was causing his pants to become uncomfortable and tight. The fact that her hot body pressed against his did not help that fact.

Her lips were there, and so kissable, they looked so soft and moist and Harry felt passions that he never felt before. The fact that she was a Slytherin made him even more excited, it was that forbidden fruit thing.

Harry captured her lips in a kiss and the prefect's eyes widened. He was reacting a pure instinct but that instinct was good.

The kiss soaked her panties as Harry shoved his tongue deeper into her throat. She returned fire, their tongues pressing against each other. Her hands felt up his body.

Slowly her crotch grinded against his, the only barrier that separated them was their clothing. She thought for a wild second his crotch would tear through his pants, her skirt and panties, and penetrate her.

'Damn he's fucking big,' she whispered as she could feel him press against her thigh and she realized that he could only get bigger with age. The thought made her completely wet.

She broke the kiss, her lips swollen, her pussy wet and she wondered if she could last with his tongue in her.

"So, you want me to eat you out now or do you want to catch your breath?" Harry asked and the prefect nodded, she had been rendered speechless.

"Yes….yes," she whimpered as she could not keep her head off.

"And we haven't been properly introduced," Harry said to her and he pinned her back against the couch. "What kind of wizard do you think I am? I don't eat any pussy without a name attached to it."

The prefect's eyes heavily lidded over, she saw his tongue but it was not inside her pussy. That was a grievous oversight.

"Fuck…fuck you," she whispered to him but his hand now rested on her stocking clad leg. Slowly he slid it up until it was right on her thigh, close enough to her soaked panties without her feeling it.

"No, that's the thing, I'm not about to do that," Harry whispered to her as he looked at her. He could see her nipples poking out from the other side of her shirt and the fact that he turned the tables made him feel excited.
"Snape...."

"I don't think that you'd turn me into Snape now, because that would remove any chance of you getting any pleasure," Harry whispered in her ear. "You've dreamed about this, haven't you? Naughty....naughty girl."

"Yes....I'm very naughty," she agreed as she felt her pussy soak but he had her wrists gripped. She whined as she could not diddle herself. "I....."

"A name please, my dear," Harry said to her hotly and she shivered.

"Vega....Vega Lestrange," she mewled as Harry dropped her hands and fiddled with her skirt.

"Let's see what we have here," Harry said as he removed her skirt and her dark green panties were soaked to the brim. Harry could see the arousal sticking to her. "This is not behavior becoming of a prefect. I wonder what Professor Snape would say about that."

"Who cares?" Vega moaned as she could feel his hot breath on her pussy and her panties pulled down. The closer he was, the more torture it became.

Harry saw her pussy, the first one he had ever seen in real life. It was a shame that he had not seen one more now. It was so smooth and pink and he smelled the most delicious scent rising from those lips. He thought that he reached heaven, but no, heaven rested between those smoldering hot thighs.

Vega waited for it, she waited for it, oh sweet Morgana this was torture.

"FUCK!" she screamed as Harry's tongue rammed deep into her smoldering hot snatch and she felt herself nearly go to heaven.

In his mind's eye, Harry imagined a snake and began to speak.

'Well....well....well....you think that you're clever don't you?' Harry hissed in her pussy and that caused her hips to buck up, with his tongue digging deep inside her. He collected the tangy nectar. 'You know what I think....I think that you're nothing but a filthy gutter slut, who wants my cock and my tongue? Well, if that's the case, I'll be sure to bring you to heaven, you dirty, dirty, bitch.'

Harry's tongue rolled around inside her and he kept hissing. Vega's walls clamped around her and her hips bucked upwards. She had no idea what Harry was saying but it caused her pussy to ooze.

'That's it, your juices, belong to me,' Harry breathed as he sucked down her lemony taste like a dying man. He could get use to this, pussy was the best thing in the world and this one was extremely willing.

"Oh, Potter, keep it up!" Vega moaned as Harry's tongue continued to dig through her body. He went so deep into her that she thought that she was going to explode.

Her hips bucked up and sloshed his face with her juices. He continued to eat her to an orgasm.

'Your cum tastes so good,' Harry hissed and it caused more to leak up.

He managed to unstick his face from her pussy and Vega got up, wrapping her arms around Harry.

"Mmm," she breathed as she slowly licked his face. She tasted herself and that got her hot and hornier.

She slid her hand down Harry's body and shoved her hand deep down into his pants, wrapping it
around his cock. The dark haired girl pumped him up and down extremely slowly, working up an insane deal of momentum.

"You're going to suck my cock now," Harry told her and Vega slid down to her knees, on top of her robes.

"Yes," Vega whispered as she pulled his robes all the way off, then his pants, and followed by his boxer shorts.

She was greeted by the biggest, thickest cock she ever seen. There were men in the Slytherin house in sixth and seventh year that strutted around like they had something to be proud about, naked.

They had nothing to be proud of.

"Slytherins have little boy cocks compared to this," Vega purred as she stroked him, playing with his balls now.

"Get on your knees and worship me, slut," Harry ordered her and Vega got on her robes, kneeling on the ground. Her pussy still leaked from Harry's efforts earlier.

She licked his cock slowly, dragging her tongue all the way down him. She reached the base and then came back to the head. The dark haired sixteen year old girl wrapped her mouth around Harry's tool and brought him all the way into the back of her throat.

Harry was in heaven, grabbing the back of her head. The dark haired witch, this hot older girl, went down on him. His balls throbbed as she kept blowing him.

The fact that she looked him straight in the eye when she worked over his cock.

"You look like a whore with my cock in your mouth," Harry whispered and Vega continued to bob her head madly.

Her spit lubricated his pole as she continued to rock her head back and forth down him, working her lips down him. His member went down her throat as far as it could go.

Something had to give and Vega picked up the pace, even though her jaw was getting a bit sore. Her reward would be worth it.

Harry felt the sweet feeling of release for the first time in his life and his hot seed splattered down the throat of the hot prefect on her knees.

She sucked his cock until it deflated, careful not to spill a drop of him.

"That's delicious and hot," she said as she rose to her feet, her pussy bare. She slowly fiddled with her shirt, doing a bit of a dance, as she pulled it off.

Vega wore nothing but a bra from the waist off. Slowly, she unclipped it and Harry looked at her delicious teenage breasts. They were firm and a pretty decent size as well, at least from what he could tell. Having very little experience in the matter so far, he would have to compare….a few sets, just to see what the average at Hogwarts would be.

All in the name of science of course, it was very important to know these things.

Vega slowly rubbed her breasts.

"Oooh, Potter, you make me so horny," Vega breathed as she rubbed her pussy and her breasts,
them getting stiffer by the moment.

"If you're going to have my cock inside you, call me Harry," Harry told her, it was not a suggestion, it was a demand.

Vega got on her hands and knees on the couch, wiggling her rump at Harry.

"How about I call you master?" Vega asked him and his cock twitched as he watched the delicious ass of the female Slytherin. "Stick it inside me."

Despite being sucked dry, Harry was hard once again and he approached Vega, his balls tingled a tiny bit. The green eyed wizard placed his hands on her hips and she pushed back against him. He brushed himself up against her.

Her dripping slit felt so good against his cock and he ached to feel her breasts. She wore nothing but a pair of stockings and a garter belt which added to the allure of the situation.

Harry invaded her pussy and the Slytherin witch closed her eyes in pleasure as he went inside her, cupping her breasts as he hung on.

She had just swiped Harry Potter's virginity away from him.

Vega smiled, that was a win-win situation for all. Her tight cunt enveloped his invading pole as he pushed her down into the couch.

"You feel great," Harry grunted as he felt her velvety vice clamp around him. Her juices lubricated him as he speared her tight box.

Vega whimpered as her honey box was forced open by his massive staff. She was pretty sure that he was larger than normal but that was an indicator of his power. His balls drilled against her side.

"How do you like that?" Harry grunted as he twisted her nipples, feeling daring. That small action caused a deafening squeal to erupt from her.

"Yes, treat me rough!" Vega moaned as she clamped down onto him and Harry continued to pick up an amazing tempo.

"That's the ticket," Harry whispered as he continued to work into her. "You're my Slytherin slut, aren't you?"

"Yes, this was…the best idea I've ever had," Vega moaned but there was a huge problem that she was feeling.

She had gone through several orgasms already and Harry was still going strong, sawing into her. His rod continued to assault her body as he hung onto her breasts, and her center clamped even tighter around him.

Harry was balls deep in an older girl and did not want to give it up. He felt her breasts once again and the rougher he handled her, the wetter she got.

He nipped the back of her neck and he could have sworn that he tore the flood gates open.

"See…see what you would have gotten sooner if you would have gotten sorted into Slytherin?" Vega moaned as he speared into her. Half of the upper year Slytherin girls would have had Harry that night where he revealed Parseltongue if he had been in their house.
Harry only smiled, he kept working into her from behind. Her damp center constricted around him, the force went into her.

"You're not going to give up yet, are you?" Harry whispered to her. "Is the big bad Slytherin afraid of my snake?"

"No….no….I'm not….keep fucking me," Vega breathed, as she was not sure if she could last much longer. She closed her eyes, summoning all of the power that she could to her pussy.

She clamped down onto him and enveloped him, pulling at his cock.

Harry loved how she was tugging at him. He never thought that anything could feel so good. It felt comfortable within her hot hole and he continued to pump into her.

"Oooh….I think I'm getting close," Harry groaned as he sped up a little bit. "Vega?"

"Yes, master….I'm still here," she panted as she knew that she would sleep soundly tonight and maybe for the rest of the weekend as well. "Don't…don't pull out….make me yours forever."

"What about….."

"Potion, now I need your seed inside me," Vega said as she grabbed onto the couch as he hammered her rapidly.

The woman kept tightening harder around him and Harry was this close to losing it inside her. A few more thrusts would send this babe straight to the edge. She gushed as he went so far into her that she nearly screamed.

Harry's balls tightened at her next scream and he came inside of her, hard. His cock splashed his seed into her. He did not know that the human body could hold these many fluids but magic did cause many issues.

Vega gripped his tool hard as he injected dose after dose of his cum into her body. The woman whined as Harry continued to unload into her. Both saw stars as they orgasmed together and hard.

"That was amazing," Vega breathed as he pulled out and she barely got to her feet. His cum still leaked from her body.

"I didn't….."

"You didn't do anything that I didn't want you to do, Harry," Vega whispered as she pressed up against him, mostly because she could barely stand. "Get…me my bag and get me the blue potion in there."

Harry did as he was asked and he handed it to the prefect who swallowed it.

"Not….as potent as I thought but it'll do," Vega said, trying to stand up straight. She summoned her clothes and put them all back on. With that done, she bent down, slowly to get her bag. "So….here's my patrol schedule for the next month."

Harry took it in his hand as she had the dates written down.

"Hope, I won't catch you out of bounds or anything," she stated with a saucy wink as she walked off, a little bowl legged but she managed to keep of a bit of a sensual strut.

To Be Continued.
Penny For Your Thoughts

Penny shook her head, sighing as she looked at herself in the mirror. She returned from what was a fiasco of a date with her potentially soon to be ex-boyfriend. He was more concerned with busting rulebreakers then spending more time with her. Never mind that the Hogsmeade trips was out of the jurisdiction of the all and mighty head boy.

The dark haired beauty looked at herself in the mirror, her hair was curled and she had a tanned complexion with gorgeous brown eyes. She had been a bit shy and awkward during her first year at Hogwarts but she was growing into a true beauty.

She wiped her tears from her eyes.

‘Why do I even bother?’ she thought to herself as Penny turned around and she thought that she heard something coming down the stairs.

Penny thought that it might be someone coming back from the library although it was a bit late at night. The curfew was something that was enforced more so than others. Not that she would be a narc about it like her pathetic excuse for a boyfriend was.

She stopped and stared, seeing a sixth year prefect, Vega Lestrange exiting the room. That was nothing out of the ordinary, a prefect there. The way she was walking was a bit odd.

Then what followed her surprised Penny. It was Harry Potter.

The two of them were in the same room, together, for Morgana only knew how long.

Perhaps Penny read too many seedy romance novels but she thought of a steamy and torrid affair between a Slytherin prefect and the Gryffindor golden boy. Although that name did some tacky but then again, the title of the Boy-Who-Lived wasn't exactly something that a sane person would come up with.

Penny made a split decision, she decided to follow Harry Potter. He seemed to be distracted by something and once again, Penny wondered if her imagining that he was having some kind of torrid and secret affair with the Slytherin prefect might not have been that far out there at all.

Harry Potter could not believe his luck, he had sex with a beautiful Slytherin girl and she wanted even more. The thought of that was so taboo that he thought that it would give his two best friends heart attacks, although for different reasons. For one, it would be the actual sex part, and the other, it would be the Slytherin part.

For some reason, his head felt a bit clearer and he was in better spirits, despite going at it with Vega like rabbits for well over an hour. He smiled at the thought of being inside her body again in the not so distant future and he would have to be caught on patrol. They could have their own private detention.

"Oooh."

Harry ran head long into Penelope Clearwater, the Ravenclaw prefect, and Percy Weasley's girlfriend. How Percy got a girl this hot as his girlfriend.....well that was one of the unsolved mysteries of Hogwarts.
"Sorry….I didn't see you there," Harry said to her as he helped her up.

"That's okay….I wasn't looking where I was going," Penny said as Harry held her up. She subtly pressed her breast against his cheek. "Harry….I….what are you doing out so late?"

"Essay….homework, you know….they always work you hard at Hogwarts," Harry said and Penny gave Harry a cheeky grin.

"I'm sure you know all about working people hard," Penny whispered to Harry as she leaned forwards him. "But….you really shouldn't be here after hours….you know Sirius Black is on the loose….and I hope that they find him really soon….you know….those awful Dementors are coming and I don't really want them here that much longer."

"They are awful," Harry agreed, wondering how the Ministry could be in the league with creatures like that but have a problem with werewolves and other creatures like that. It just seemed to be a tad bit hypocritical on their part.

"Harry….I know this sounds crazy but….I don't know if I can walk back to my room alone….do you think that you could walk me back?" Penny asked Harry and the green eyed wizard looked at her.

"You'd feel much safer with a third year Gryffindor…."

"Please Harry," Penny said as she looked at him, hoping that this plan could work. "I mean, you beat a fifty foot snake last year in the Chamber of Secrets. You didn't have to but…..you could have died…..and you beat You-Know-Who….two years ago and saved the Philosopher's Stone. And you did all those other amazing things…..and you're going to keep doing amazing things…"

"Well, I'm glad to see you think so highly of me," Harry responded, he could not help but dryly chuckle at her words. She took his arm and Harry could not deny how nice. "It's not that far, is it?"

"No…..I've got my own private room….the Head Girl normally does," Penny said as she looked at him.

"Oh….you're the Head Girl?" Harry asked her.

"Yeah, Percy kind of steals the show as the Head Boy, I'm left as an afterthought," Penny said and Harry turned her slightly to hold her in close.

"I don't think that anyone would overlook you, Penny," Harry whispered to her and she nodded.

"It's down two corridors…but don't worry about anyone complaining about you being out, after all, I'm the Head Girl," Penny said as she struck a dynamic pose.

"Careful now, or you'll sound like Percy," Harry warned Penny and Penny smiled.

"Well we can't have that, one Percy Weasley is about three too many," Penny said shaking her head.

Harry decided not to pry in his life although as a teenage boy, he was intrigued about Percy and Penelope being on the outs.

They went into the room and Harry thought that it was far nicer that anything at Hogwarts

"It's almost worth being one of the Heads to get a room like this," Penny said and there was no telling that it was a thankless job.
Penny slowly pulled off her Hogwarts robes and leaned back, allowing it to pool to the floor. She did not care that Harry was watching her immediately.

"Harry….you can spend the night, after all, you wouldn't want to get caught out of bounds by someone," Penny said and Harry looked at her, as she slowly undid the buttons on her blouse. "As the Head Girl…I insist."

Harry watched and smiled. More and more delicious flesh was revealed as Penny wore a pushup black bra that showcased her amazing breasts. She had a delicious amount of flesh and her stomach was smooth. Harry wondered if there was an ounce of fat on it.

Penny slowly shimmied her skirt down her legs to reveal a matching black pair of panties that Harry could swear looked pretty soaked. Penny kicked off her shoes, standing there in nothing but a pair of bra, panties, a garter belt, and stockings.

"Harry….I'm going to take a shower," Penny said as she walked forward, unclipping her bra. "It was a long day in Hogsmeade…..and I have to leave tomorrow for the holidays….I don't want to scramble in the morning."

Penny stepped into the shower, allowing her bra to fall. She turned the water on, it was properly regulated to her specifications. That was one of the wonders of magic and Harry watched her.

Taking the not quite subtle hint, Harry stripped off his robes for the second tonight, than his shirt and pants followed. Shoes and socks and then his underwear.

"Harry, do me a favor and wash my back," Penny purred as Harry ran circles around her back with the soap. The fact that Percy might be sleeping in the room next door turned her on even more.

Harry soaked up her back, feeling her smooth flesh. He went further and further down as she stood, her legs completely spread for him. Harry saw her pink lips, with a strip of brown hair beckoning for him. Immediately, Harry cupped her ass.

The sounds that came from the older Ravenclaw's mouth was delicious and the glow that came from Harry was so powerful that it could bring women to their knees.

"That's it Harry, do my back, and then do my front, and the…..I'll do you," Penny moaned as she felt his fingers oh so briefly brush against her entrance.

"You will, won't you?" Harry asked, brushing his fingers into her and Penny hummed sensually as Harry kept working his fingers deep into her slit. He was becoming closer to turning her on and driving her to the edge.

"YES!" she moaned as she slowly humped his hand and Harry worked her over. He wondered if she would hold out.

Her juices clung to his hand.

"Messy, let me clean that up for you," Penny whispered as she slowly licked the cum from his hand and smiled as she leaned back into the shower. Her breasts beckoned for Harry, wanting to be washed and Harry washed them immediately. His hands worked all over her and Penny closed her eyes, as Harry cupped them, as he rubbed them.

His ministrations caused her to become more undone and she was on a hair trigger. She was stressed out because of her NEWT year and she could use a little bit release and Harry gave it to her.
"My turn," Penny breathed as she made sure to get Harry's back, washing it with her breasts. She rubbed her pussy against his ass, getting him off and she lightly cupped his crotch.

Harry breathed heavily as she rubbed his pubic region, causing him to tingle all around. His green eyes flashed open as he worked him over, rubbing his balls and that caused him to inhale and exhale.

"Oh, we better keep this dirty little area clean," Penny breathed as she wrapped her hand around him and started pumping him.

"Yes….oh yes," Harry groaned as she jerked him off.

"You like that, sweetie?" Penny asked the thirteen year old Gryffindor as she slowly jacked him off in the shower of the Head Girl's dorm while her ex-boyfriend slept on backstage.

"Why don't you show me….why, you're the head girl," Harry whispered hotly in her ear and Penny looked at the cock in her hand.

It was a huge monster and she prepared to thank Harry for slaying that snake that petrified her by inhaling his.

The first few inches were the hardest with Penny's gag reflexes becoming hard to keep things down. Her throat closed around him as she pushed her nose down onto him, rocking her face back and forth, more of his cock going down her throat.

"That's it, take it all, you can still breathe through your nose," Harry encouraged her and Penny brought all of him down her throat. Ten inches, maybe eleven or twelve, it wasn't like she had a ruler.

He was huge and powerful and Penny wondered what it would be like to taste his cum, have it float around in her stomach.

She went down on him, pressing her nose to his pelvic bone, rocking herself back and forth, slurping and sucking him off.

Harry's balls tightened as this sexy Ravenclaw sucked him off and then they exploded, sending his cum down her throat. A heavy load splattered down her throat as she tipped her head back and took it all down.

She got up and Harry pinned her against the wall, her breasts pressing against the edge of the shower.

"I'm going to take that pussy, I bet it's never been touched," Harry whispered as he fingered her.

"No," Penny whimpered as he kept fingerling her.

"Percy is an idiot, now it's mine, you're never be the same again," Harry told her as he rammed his hard length into her.

Penny bit down on her lip and felt him go into her. Witches did not have the same resistance as Muggle females did but it still hurt as he hammered her for the first time. Her cunt had to expand to feel the length as he pressed her up against the wall, working into her.

"Fuck…take my slutty cunt," Penny breathed as she gushed fluids. No wonder Vega was walking funny, Harry was a machine.
"I love you older girls, so fucking hot," Harry grunted as he cupped her breasts. He was living the fantasy of every boy his age, fucking these older females, and he thought that it was his duty to keep it up.

She was against the wall, she was so hot with Harry dominating her body and rocking her to the core. Each push brought her closer to the edge.

Her velvety hot vice clamped tightly around Harry's engorged tool and the green eyed wizard continued to press on forward.

Penny felt the water roll down her breasts as Harry pinched them. He turned her around after pulling out and then inserted himself back into her. His dick pushed between her hot lips and he stuffed his face between her breasts.

"Insatiable, and I love it," Penny moaned as she worked her hips back towards him, trying to tighten him and milk his balls.

Harry could not believe it, less than six hours ago, he did not even kiss a girl and now he fucked two smoking hot babes a few years older than him. This was the life and he would not give it up.

He plowed her with full force and she hung onto him. Her nails digging in his neck and her moans indicated that she loved this.

Harry once again impacted her and his balls tightened, before he injected his hot fluids into her inner chambers.

Penny closed her eyes as she felt hot fluids inject into her. The woman panted heavily as each dose of his cum shot deep into her body. The woman whimpered as Harry's balls emptied into her body. She tightened herself down around him and collapsed.

"Take me to bed Harry," Penny pleaded and Harry scooped up the woman bridal style. Her breasts pressed against his face as he marched her back into her bed chambers.

She was down on the bed one more time and her pussy was spread, ready for him, ready for his meat.

"Just give me a minute to catch my breath," Penny said and she invited Harry to lay down and relax. She snuggled into his body and she smiled.

"When you get done, I want you to ride me until you pass out," Harry whispered and Penny thought that the thought would be amazing.

"Yes, anything for you Harry," Penny said as she kissed the tip of his cock and slowly sucked Harry back to life.

"That's….oh that's it," Harry groaned as Penny lowered herself down on him, her tight pussy wrapping around him.

"How's this for a ride?" Penny asked as she wiggled her hips down him, her breasts swaying in front of Harry's face.

"It's going to be the ride of your life," Harry whispered as Penny grinded herself up and down on his tool. "You're never going to want to get off."

Penny responded by bouncing up and down, she worked his cock between her thighs and felt a rush
of energy. She was inspired by fucking this sex god all night long. The green eyed wizard watched her breasts jiggle.

He sucked her nipples and that drove Penny even wilder. His tongue rubbed around her nipple, twisting around it.

Penny nearly lost herself as she tightened herself around his tool and rode him so far and so fast that she nearly caused her to become even wilder.

Her hair swarmed in disarray and she rode him up and down, working her tight pussy against him. She was so submissive to him, that her body rode with the whims of his body. She got a lot of pleasure out of it as well as his thick length penetrated her over and over again, so she did not complain it.

Orgasm after orgasm rocked Penny and she was determined to make him cum.

"Hang on just a little bit more, we're almost done," Harry groaned as he held her hips and Penny sped up her attacks but he stopped her. "Careful, don't burn yourself out."

Penny didn't want that, in fact she was going to keep riding Harry into the end. She came down onto him, her hips wrapping around his tool as she continued to ride him up and down. It was to the point where she was about to black out.

Harry's balls unloaded as Penny just barely hung on. He sprayed his fluids deep into her hot center and she collapsed on him.

Her breasts smashed onto his face and Harry was to lie, there were far worse ways to die than being smashed by a shapely pair of breasts.

Harry returned to the Gryffindor common room and he had not been in there for about ten seconds when Hermione accosted him.

"Where were you, Harry?" Hermione asked.

There was some days where Harry thought that Hermione was under the impression that she was his mother.

"I was out for a walk," Harry told her and Ron showed up immediately, looking at Harry. He looked like he had an earful from Hermione regarding Harry.

"A walk….."

"Think about what I overheard last night," Harry hissed at both of them. They could come off as so immature sometimes, it was starting to annoy him just a little bit. He wondered if those quirks had always been there. A lot had changed over the last half of a day.

"You shouldn't have been out, mate, I mean things could be dangerous," Ron said and Harry looked at his fellow year mate.

"Careful Ron, you're turning into Hermione," Harry told him and it was hard to say which of the two looked more insulted by that. "Anyway….I wasn't out there alone, I ran into Penelope Clearwater….."

"Yes, I know, Percy's girlfriend," Ron said with scorn.
"Oooh, Harry, you didn't get into any trouble, did you?" Hermione asked, looking like an overgrown mother hen.

"No…she actually wanted to talk to me about the Chamber of Secrets….she did get petrified by the monster and never had a chance to thank me for slaying it," Harry said to Hermione.

"So….you were just talking to Head Girl for the past twelve hours?" Hermione asked and Lavender and Parvati looked at Harry and gave him knowing smiles, before they made their way to the portrait hole and giggled.

"Yes, Hermione, I talked to her," Harry said. They did exchange words after all, many of them were very passionate, so that would be considered talking. "I'm here, I'm safe, what did you think, I left Hogwarts and tried to hunt down Sirius Black?"

Ron and Hermione both shifted guiltily at that moment but they nodded.

"I've done some stupid things in the past two years….many of them you did as well standing beside me," Harry said calmly and they nodded. "But I didn't do that."

Harry decided not to bring up Vega Lestrange to both of them.

"Just ask Penny if you don't believe me," Harry said and Hermione nodded but Lavender walked up towards the group with a smile.

"Hi, Harry," Lavender said in a bold voice, as she fluttered her eye lashes towards Harry. "I was wondering….I'm kind of struggling in Charms class and my Mum wants me to do well in it….do you think that you can tutor me?"

"Why would you want Harry to tutor you?" Hermione asked, suspiciously looking at Lavender.

Lavender shrugged her shoulders. "Well, Harry's mother was a charms prodigy and he's only the top student in Charms in the year."

"I am?" Harry asked and Hermione looked at Harry, grumbling underneath her breath.

"You are," Hermione said, she resolved to study harder, because the fact she slipped in a couple of her classes this year was disgraceful. She was second place…SECOND! Her father constantly drilled in her head that if you weren't the best, you weren't anything.

"That and Defense," Lavender confirmed, and her gossip network had a pretty good idea who ranked who during the school year. "Parvati wants tutoring in Defense as well….and I could use a little brush up as well….so if you can meet both of us….."

"I don't know, Harry might be busy with Quidditch practice," Hermione said.

"Since when did you care about Quidditch?" Ron asked Hermione.

"Ronald, not now," Hermione hissed underneath her breath, she was annoyed about Lavender acting so cozy around Harry and she had no idea why.

"I can fit it into my schedule," Harry said to her. "I think it's about time I get to know a couple of my year mates better as well. This would be the perfect time."

"I agree Harry and I'm sure Parvati does as well," Lavender said with a smile as she looked at Harry. He grew handsome since last year, not that he wasn't cute before. She felt a tingle in her stomach.
"Have a good holiday Harry, we'll see you then to make arrangements."

"I could do it Harry….if you wanted me to," Hermione said suddenly.

"Hermione, I wasn't under the impression that you ever wanted to spend any more time with Parvati and I than you had to," Lavender said in a delicate voice. She was not too fond of Hermione these days, due to her insensitivity following the death of her bunny rabbit. She just had to have the last word and grind her axe with Trelawney. "And Harry's more personable."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Hermione demanded and Ron shrugged. Lavender was long gone.

"I think she means that you can be annoying," Ron said and Harry made his way towards the portrait hole.

"And where do you think you're going?" Hermione asked to Harry.

"I'm going to the library," Harry told them both, and that was not a request. Hermione slowly lifted her hand and placed it upon Harry's forehead. "What exactly are you….."

"You're not running a fever," Hermione muttered as she withdrew her hand. "Why are you….."

"I've got things to look up," Harry said.

"What?" Hermione pressed on.

"Yeah don't you think….."

"What am I not allowed to have a life outside you two?" Harry asked and he turned around.

"What crawled up his ass?" Ron asked after Harry left.

Hermione didn't know but she was going to find out. Harry was not acting like Harry at all. She decided to take a trip to the library.

"Mental, both of them," Ron said shaking his head. He was mourning about Harry taking a trip over to the dark side.

**To Be Continued.**
Harry really wondered how good the library at Hogwarts really was. He never really noticed how much of the library they were allowed to use and how much of it was restricted.

And he also wondered how much of the restricted section actually was tame. He was sure that there was some advanced defensive magic in that section but really, other than that, there might not be anything too scandalous.

Parseltongue was an interesting ability, with other uses other than talking to snakes. As Harry discovered but the problem was finding information in the library. He spent the last couple of hours thumbing through every book he found.

His memory actually was more clearer, soaking up and retaining information so fast but there was nothing about Parseltongue in there. Other than the oh so simplistic explanation that they had the ability to talk to snakes.

Really other than that, Harry was not finding out anything that he did not already know.

He was glad that this was so early in the morning but Madam Pince gave him the evil eye. As if he would molest her precious books or whatever. Never the less, he was intrigued by the few tantalizing bits of information that he found in them.

There had to be much more but he doubted very much that he would find them outside of the Restricted Section. That was if he was lucky.

"Harry, we need to talk."

Hermione sat down on the other side of Harry and he barely looked up from his book.

"I have a working set of ears but do keep in mind that I might not be an active participate in this conversation," Harry said and Hermione scowled as Harry brushed her off.

"What's been happening with you? Is this about Sirius Black?"

"Not about Sirius Black," Harry said, flipping through the book. Hermione tried to get a look at it but Harry looked at her. "Do I crowd your breathing space when you're trying to research something?"

Hermione looked outraged but never the less she backed out.

"Look, I think….."

"That might be the problem," Harry muttered with Hermione's mouth hanging open. She did a good impression of someone who was about to catch flies.

"Harry I don't…."

"That's just it Hermione, you don't," Harry said, cutting her off once again. "I'm looking up information about something…..it's about Dementors."

"Dementors?" Hermione asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, those hideous things that caused me to faint twice, I kind of want to know more about it," Harry said. While the books could contain information about Dementors, that was not what Harry
"Didn't you mention that Professor Lupin might teach you about ways to defend yourself against them?"

"Yes," Harry said without missing a beat but he said nothing else.

"Harry, I don't know what I did," Hermione whispered to Harry, looking outraged at the fact that he didn't even look in her the eye.

"You've been acting like a real pill all year, Hermione," Harry said to her, finally looking up from who book.

"Me…..I….."

"All of these extra classes, there is really no reason to take that heavy of a course load," Harry said, looking her in the eye. "You don't even look like you get any sleep."

Hermione stopped and stared, she didn't get any sleep. She didn't want to abuse her privileges for such trivialities.

"Why did you do it Hermione?"

"I beg your pardon?" Hermione asked, her lip quivering but she was confused.

"Why did you take all of those extra classes?" Harry asked forcefully and Hermione opened her mouth.

"I have to be the best…"

"You really aren't the best if you're driving yourself to a nervous breakdown," Harry said as he waved his hand. "You need to tell me why you're doing this….there's got to be a reason."

"It's my father," Hermione blurted out.

'You shouldn't be saying this,' she thought but there was a force far stronger than her forcing her to speak.

"Your father?" Harry asked, he had no idea about Hermione's life in the Muggleborn, other than the vague information about her parents were dangerous. Her mother was a fairly attractive woman from the brief glimpses that he saw from her. "Is your father….."

"Daddy just….well he wants the best for me," Hermione managed and Harry looked at her.

"Hermione….tell me what he's told you?"

"He says that he always wanted a son and that I'll be a disappointment if I'm any less than the best, he didn't want to send me to this school to begin with," Hermione blurted out before she said any way.

"I see," Harry said.

"Professor McGonagall had to explain to him the dangers of having an untrained witch in the house and Mum leaned on him….sure we act fine in public and around family and friends, but when we're alone, he hasn't said anything to me since I went to Hogwarts," Hermione said as she looked on the verge of having a breakdown. "Mum and him sleep in separate rooms…"
"I see," Harry said. "Your mother…"

"Knows that both of us will be put out on the street if she divorces him, my grandfather is a powerful man," Hermione said as she swallowed the lump in her throat. "He knows people….he can make anyone who gets in his way disappear….just like that."

"You're trying to get the approval of someone that you'll never get," Harry said. He remembered when he was much younger and naïve, how he tried to get the approval of the Dursleys. He learned quick.

Hermione wondered if Harry spoke with experience.

"How are you doing it?"

"Harry, I….."

"Hermione, tell me," Harry told her, wanting to get to the bottom of this.

"It's a time turner."

'I'm going to be in so much trouble.'

"Professor McGonagall gave it to me at the beginning of the year."

'I'm going to be in so much trouble.'

"She had to write all kinds of letters to the Ministry, to get it, it's restricted…..because it's kind of dangerous to use."

"So, they thought that it would be good for a thirteen year old girl to have?" Harry asked her and Hermione stared back at Harry, her lip trembling.

"I'm fourteen Harry."

"That's not the point, they gave you a dangerous magical artifact, just so you can take classes, extra classes, no wonder you've been so off balance all year," Harry said.

"I haven't been off balance….."

"Yes you are," Harry said to Hermione and the dark haired witch swallowed the lump in her throat once again. "You're going to have a nervous breakdown if you're not careful. All of that work, it can't be healthy. You're bending the laws of time and space to do more than it's recommended. How is that healthy? What if you slip up? What if you erase yourself from time?"

Harry knew what he needed to do.

"You're to stop using that time turner and drop two classes next term, I don't care which two, just drop them," Harry said to Hermione.

"You can't tell me…..you can't tell me what to do, you're not my father!"

Hermione was angry at Harry being so assertive to her, it was a new and scary thing that she was not used to.

"No, I'm not," Harry said in a lowered whisper. "Someone needs to tell you that you have limits though. I can't believe that Dumbledore and McGonagall thought that this would be a good idea."
Then again this was the same school that put the Philosopher's Stone in a corridor where an unlocking charm that a first year could get past was the only barrier. Granted there was the small matter of a three headed dog, which actually made things worse.

"Give it to me Hermione," Harry said to her and Hermione opened her mouth. "Give it to me."

Hermione pulled the time turner out and handed it to Harry. He took it.

"Return to the dorm, get some sleep, and no studying during the holidays," Harry said and Hermione was about to protest this decision.

Her pupils dilated, her mouth hung open, and she nodded, like an obedient puppy dog. It was almost like that she would be on her knees, begging for treats.

Harry actually was shocked that Hermione complied but there was something else that he wanted to look up.

'Let's see what the Hogwarts library has to say about life debts,' Harry thought, he was intrigued.

Septima Vector needed a good drink, she always needed one after a Hogwarts staff meeting. Snape was his usual charming self, which that was not to say that all.

Twenty three years old, she was the youngest teacher currently at Hogwarts and she tended to be low on the totem pole. When a menial task was given out, she was usually the teacher who had drawn the short straw.

Not that she minded things all much because Hogwarts was free room and board not to mention food for ten months of the year.

The other two months, she split the difference for a flat at Hogsmeade with three teachers. Aurora Sinistra put the most time in, being thirty seven years old and in her eleventh year of teaching. Charity Burbage started a year before Septima did, although she was sixty six years old as opposed to Septima's twenty three. Then there was Bathsheda Babbling who was thirty two years old this past October. There was a turnover of teachers in the department.

Septima decided to change into a more comfortable set of robes than the usual school fare, kick her feet up, and relax, indulge herself in a drink, dinner, some music. A house elf already brought up her meal.

She wore a silken robe that wrapped around her tight frame. She could have been a supermodel if she was not a teacher. Her blonde hair framed her face, with alluring blue eyes that shined brightly. Her breasts were a healthy C-Cup, bordering on a D-Cup, and she had a flat stomach. Her robe flipped up to reveal a pair of long soft bare legs that stretched out for miles. Attached to them were beautiful feet with elegant arches.

Pouring herself a glass of wine, she relaxed. Perhaps she should take a nice long soak in the bath tub but those plans were aborted by a knock on the door.

"Come in, it's unlocked," Septima said, she figured that it would be rude to deny a request. Plus if it was Dumbledore or McGonagall, they would not take no for an answer.

The door opened and Septima opened her eyes in shock, nearly dropping the wine glass onto the floor. She stopped with a well placed charm.
"Professor Vector, I'm Harry Potter."

"Mr. Potter, what can I do for you?" Septima asked, adopting a teacher tone, even though she was face to face with Harry Fucking Potter. It was noticed by many that he became handsome over the summer and she was sad that she did not have the pleasure of teaching him in her class.

"I'm thinking about my options and I was wondering if there is any way to transfer into your class this coming term," Harry said to her, staring her in the eye.

"You do realize that coincides with Professor Trelawney's class….."

"I don't think that I have the Inner Eye for Divination," Harry said smoothly.

"Few do," Septima said, avoiding saying "including the bat who teaches the subject". McGonagall chewed out her and Charity one time for saying some less than flattering things about Trelawney to their students although McGonagall did have about the same opinion. "So….you wish to drop her class and take mine?"

Septima sipped on the wine, mostly to give her idol hands something to do.

"Yes, I'd like to take Arithmancy," Harry said. Given what he heard, Vector knew more about her subject than Trelawney did. The fact that she was a lot easier on the eyes helped him.

"Well, I don't normally take last minute transfers, Mr. Potter," Septima said as she got up on her feet. She was only slightly aware that her bathrobe was riding up and he got more of an eyeful than she intended. She opened up the desk drawer.

Septima wondered if she had been working hard or drinking too much but she got this image of Harry Potter taking her over the desk and drilling her hard.

"He's thirteen years old, Vector, that's robbing the cradle a bit much,' Septima thought to herself, shaking her head. She tried not to give off the fact that her thighs were sticking together. Then again, she thought about what he could do to her with that tongue. Being a Slytherin when she was at Hogwarts, she appreciated what a Parselmouth could do.

"Harry…mind if I call you Harry?"

"No, problem, Professor," Harry said with a smile, he noticed that her robes were parted. That showed the tops of her breasts and they were a fairly good size.

"Well….I'm not sure if I have a spot for you in class, I mean, it's late in the game," Septima said as she looked at Harry. "I'm sure that if you work hard, you might be able to test in during your fourth year, if someone drops the class."

"That would be a shame, I would have to take one more year of Divination," Harry said and Septima leaned back against the desk, closing her eyes.

"Well….if you can find some way to convince me, I might be able to find a way to fit you into class."

Septima smiled at Harry, giving him a seductive wink. Worst case scenario was that he would not read her fairly obvious signals. Which mean that she would just have to work herself over the old fashioned way with her fingers and her toy.

The best thing would be that she would get some young willing cock, and she would have an itch
"I wonder how much convincing you'd need," Harry said as he closed the gap between the hot teacher and himself. He could not believe what she was implying but he was willing to give it to her. One could not turn down such an opportunity.

Sex between a teacher and student at Hogwarts was highly frowned upon but it was something that was not as outlandish and taboo as it would be in the Muggle World.

"Let's find out, what your breaking point is?"

There was no mistaking Harry's tone, his strong arms wrapped around the woman that was ten years his senior. His lips found hers in a burning kiss.

Septima tightened her arms around Harry, returning the kiss. He was talented, she moaned. They did not have anything like this when she was a student at Hogwarts, that was for sure.

The next thing she knew, he worked her robe off of her youthful body, stripping her naked. The young Arithmancy teacher was not wearing a thing underneath her body. She felt the cool air roll around her breasts as she felt his mouth lavish its attentions on her breasts.

"That's….that's it Harry," Septima moaned as he buried his face between her tits briefly and did wonderful things to them. Her pussy hot heated as the taboo of the situation sunk in and she felt his cock press against her legs.

"You're so hot," Harry said as he felt her hand stroke its way into his pants.

"Oh, you have a big wand and it's so hot, you naughty boy," Septima whispered as she removed Harry's rock hard penis from his pants. It was a chore to wrap her hand around it as she stroked him, teasing them.

"Just relax, I'll take you to heaven," Harry said after she stroked his cock for a little bit.

Septima rested back on her desk, her legs spread. Her beautiful shaven pussy was bared for Harry and the green eyed wizard smiled as he trailed his tongue over the edge of her smoldering hot lips.

Men tended to suck in the oral department from her standards, but Harry's tongue slowly manipulated its way into her body. It poked deep between her thighs and it caused her to lift her hips up, she shrieked in absolute pleasure.

'Just wait, if you like that, you've seen nothing yet,' Harry hissed in Parseltongue and that caused her hips to buck up, thrashing and releasing her juices into his mouth.

The green eyed wizard worked into her and Septima closed her eyes. Her cunt gushed with pleasure as her hips thrashed up.

'Fucking hell, you're so horny,' Harry whispered in her pussy, using his tongue to bring her to the newest heights.

Septima had no idea what he was saying in that tongue, all she knew was that he was causing her to be pleasured beyond her wildest dreams.

Eventually she collapsed on her desk, panting.

"You didn't get much pleasure from that at all, did you?" Septima asked as she pulled herself up
shakily, looking Harry in the eye and then moving down, to further expose his cock.

"I think making such a sexy woman come so many times....."

She didn't really give him an opportunity to respond, rather she dove on his cock, wrapping her lips around him and sucking him.

"Oh, keep sucking, don't stop," Harry grunted, fondling her breasts and roaming his hands all over her body. He paid attention to the lust that burned in her eyes when he touched certain spots.

Septima's body tingled, Harry knew where to touch her to drive her completely wild. The crazy thing was that they had not even gotten past the preliminaries, they were going to head to the main event before too long.

Her lips popped around his thick tool as she bobbed up and down. His cock tightened and he barely was able to issue her a non verbal warning. Septima rubbed his balls to further coax the cum from them.

His hips bucked forward and after some time, unleashed his sticky hot seed into her. Rope after rope injected down Septima's eager throat, Harry hanging onto her face as he plowed into her. Her smoldering eyes looked up at him, hungrily accepting the gift that he gave her.

"That's so fucking good," Septima said, pulling off of Harry's prick as she licked her lips.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Harry said as he lifted the teacher up by the hips and slammed her onto the desk. His hands roamed her body.

Septima closed her eyes, she saw the size of him, this might hurt. None of her toys compared to this monster that was about to penetrate her body.

"I'm going to spoil you for life," Harry whispered, a primal fury washing over his body.

Septima's walls closed and already came with only just the tip of his head touching her entrance. The rest of him slowly forced his way inside her.

Harry felt her hot velvety center tighten around him as he plowed her onto the desk. The woman closed her eyes as he could feel the pleasure. Their loins meeting together was an extremely pleasurable experience and his balls slapped hard against her thighs.

"Oh, how many times have I made you cum already?" Harry growled, balancing his hands on her breasts, squeezing them. Her pussy gushed once again, allowing a slick entrance.

"Please.....convince me more," Septima whimpered, even though she was convinced already. His large cock entered her hot body and caused fireworks to explode in her mind.

His hands touched her face and then roamed down her body. They went behind, cupping her ass.

"You have a nice ass, Professor," Harry whispered to her as her legs kicked into the air and she screamed.

Did she put a silencing charm on her office?

Septima really had no idea and she was too much in a delirious state to really care. His cock pounded into her body, her walls connecting with him. She bit down on her lip to stifle your moans.

"You can fuck it if you'd like," she managed, her lust getting the better of her.
"I think this beautiful thing has some mileage out of it yet," Harry breathed as he reached over to see a tin on her desk. "What do we have here?"

Harry opened up the tin, to see chocolate sauce in it. There was also a tin of strawberries on the other side of it. Getting a nasty idea, Harry dipped the chocolate sauce onto his lover's breasts.

"Harry….Harry….oh," Septima breathed, with Harry continuing to work himself between her thighs. All twelve inches collided between her thighs. She bucked her hips up, sending juices flowing and lubricating his penis.

Harry dipped one of the strawberries on her chocolate covered breasts and popped it into his bounce. Septima came once again from the fact that he was eating off of her nice breasts. Her walls contracted against him.

"Take me," Septima moaned and Harry fed her a strawberry, never once breaking his stride.

He pulled out slightly, dipping another strawberry into her pussy and holding it for a few seconds.

"That might add a little extra flavor," Harry whispered, offering the treat to her as he plowed back into her.

"Yes, oh yes," Septima moaned, tasting herself on the strawberry and her body thrashed against his throbbing cock immediately.

Harry's balls tightened after a long time after plowing his teacher onto his desk.

"Don't worry, it's safe to cum into me," she begged, not caring that if it was not. His balls tightened and he unleashed a flood of cum deep into her body. Septima screamed out loud as he injected his sticky, fertile seed into her womb. She felt herself get a second wind just by him cumming inside her.

Septima got up shakily, nearly collapsing on the desk, the second Harry pulled out of her. Harry scooped her up into his arms, she was still glowing from the sex.

"You said I could fuck it."

Harry pressed her against the wall, her ass prepped for him, calling for him. His cock was close to penetrating her hot anus.

"Yes, do it," Septima whispered, closing her eyes and Harry cupped her from behind. He teased her, also working his fingers into her pussy.

Most men neglected that but double your pleasure, double your fun.

Harry plowed her untouched ass from behind. Septima screamed for a moment as his anal virginity gave way.

It should have hurt more but some kind of magical effect caused her ass to tighten around his tool and feel pure nirvana. His hands roamed her body, well his free one. One dug into her pussy.

Harry felt her ass, it was so tight, so hot, it felt like a complete furnace. The green eyed wizard slammed deep into her from behind.

"Feels so good," Septima moaned as his hands roamed her body. "My body, it's yours, to do whatever you like to it."
She meant that and Harry was willing to take her up on that offer. His hands pinched and squeezed her breasts as he hammered into her hot and tight ass again.

"Yes, I'll be coming back, did I get into the class?" Harry whispered as his fingers buried themselves into her smoldering snatch, as his other hand cupped her right breast. His cock slowed down its thrusts.

"Yes….yes….and….come to my office any time," Septima whimpered, the pleasure getting to her. This thirteen year old wizard brought her to heaven, for something that she thought that she might be going to hell for.

The fact that she might get caught fucking a student caused her pussy to leak all of its heavenly cum. Harry fed it to her and she happily slurped it off of his fingers.

His cock gave way and her body gave way to one last mind shattering orgasm.

"Don't worry, Professor, I'll be back," Harry breathed as he finished in her ass and she blacked out, causing Harry to once again cum, this time in her ass.

Gently, Harry lifted her up, cum still soaking out of her pussy and ass. He managed to carry her into her living quarters and tuck her into bed.

"Sweet dreams, Professor," Harry whispered as he made sure she was there in bed.

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"I think, and Professor McGonagall agrees, that broomstick was likely sent by Sirius Black."

Ron opened his mouth but Harry cut him off.

"Ron, leave, Hermione and I need to talk," Harry said and Ron was not about to challenge Harry. He didn't want to look at Hermione anyway after what he did.

Hermione could see Harry. She had never seen him this….well disappointed in her. It almost caused a lurching feeling in the pit of her stomach. Even though she knew that she was in the right here, she almost wasn't so sure.

"Hermione….you never ask, you never collaborate, you just demand and go behind people's backs," Harry told her and Hermione closed her eyes, opening her mouth. "Did you ever think that you could have just talked to me, in a civil manner, and asked me, nicely, about maybe taking the broomstick to McGonagall, just in case?"

Hermione opened her mouth.

"Now, if you did that, I would have listened, I would have entertained the fact that Sirius Black might have sent me this broomstick."

Hermione hung her head in absolute shame.

"You never ask Hermione, you can't communicate with people, you just demand and impose your knowledge on people, acting high and mighty that people don't ready the same books that you do," Harry said to Hermione and once again, the brunette swallowed. "For your information, books are entirely biased, because they are written by people, who have opinions. Hogwarts: A History….I wonder how much of that is accurate and how much of that is mandated by the Ministry or the Board of Governors, to keep us from knowing certain aspects about this school."
Hermione felt guilt washing over her even more. The worst part was that Harry told her all of this in an even voice, she wished that he had shouted, maybe hexed her. It would have been a lot better than this.

"Harry…..the broom could have been…"

"If it was, you should ask yourself this question," Harry said to Hermione. "Hogwarts security….shouldn't it have been able to pick up cursed magic? Then again, it missed the diary last year. So either the wards are faulty or someone's asleep at the switch, someone doesn't care about the safety of the students at Hogwarts. Given them time turners would lend credence to this fact, wouldn't you think?"

Hermione gritted her teeth, she was never going to live the time turner down. She dropped Divination and Muggle Studies just as Harry requested. She could still sit the exams without taking the courses if she chose to, and she might as well with Muggle Studies.

"Hermione, you betrayed my trust going behind my back like that and I don't want to even look at you ever again," Harry said to her and Hermione paled suddenly. "Don't talk to me or anyone else until you feel actual remorse about what you did and understand that you need to not look down on people because they don't read as many books as you do."

Hermione nodded, she felt sick and headed towards the girl's toilet immediately. She could not believe this happened, she did the right thing, by turning that broomstick in.

She was just as bad as Sirius Black, betraying a close friend, and she might have ruined her relationship with the best friend that she ever could have had.

He saved her from getting her brains bashed in by a troll. Some friend she turned out to be. She was about as bad as her father was and Hermione could not even look at herself in the mirror, so the brunette witch could hardly fault anyone else looking at her.

Hogwarts returned after the winter term with the school hustling and bustling. Harry was amused that Wood had two strokes. One on the account that he had a Firebolt and another one the account that it was taken away, and Harry smiled, he had set the Wood monster on Professor McGonagall.

He was not too fond of his Head of House right now due to the entire time turner issue. He had not turned in the time turner yet, mostly because he didn't trust them. They could give it back to Hermione and Harry would get a stern lecture like he was the bad guy in this situation.

"So did you have a good break?" Vega whispered as she and Harry walked into a deserted corridor. "I didn't want to give you these when your best friends were around, because I didn't want your best friends to have strokes that an evil Slytherin was giving you Christmas Present."

"Given what Hermione Granger did, that was for the best," Harry replied and Vega looked at her.

"Yeah, I noticed her staggering around like someone shot her cat," Vega said as she held the package out for Harry.

Harry explained what Hermione did and Vega sighed.

"Self righteous little bitch, most people tend to grow out of the tattling stage when they're five," Vega said as she held the package and Harry took it.

He opened them up to reveal seven thick black books.
"They're all you need to know about magical culture and traditions, along with more spells and potions than they'll ever teach at Hogwarts," Vega told Harry. "Nothing too...dark or evil, but most certainly frowned upon. Especially Dumbledore, who has really undercut Hogwarts, banning books that were once in the Restricted Section and sending more mundane things to the Restricted section. And the Ministry went along with it, because they're sheep and Dumbledore's their shepherd."

Harry nodded, he came to conclusions regarding Dumbledore that were fairly alarming over the holidays.

"It will tell you a lot about your Parseltongue abilities, it's more than just talking to snakes....I take it you tried to find out more in the Hogwarts library but came up short?"

"Yes."

"Not surprised," Vega said as she tapped on the edge of the book. "And this....will tell you everything that you need to know about life debts, along with the rituals that you can perform with those who are linked to you. Life debts are far more complex than some would like you to believe, especially with those who are naturally submissive. You'll find what you can do to keep bond to you in check."

"Thanks."

"Not a problem, anything to help my master be as powerful as he could be," Vega said as she stroked back Harry's hair to look into his gorgeous green eyes. They had more power than ever before. "And they're charmed to look like mundane school books to anyone but your eyes, so you will have no problems if someone catches you reading them. Not that you'll have any problems with certain people once you read Volume Five."

Vega looked over her shoulder, she only had a few more minutes before she was missed.

"Also, I understand that you have some problems with Potions class.....mostly regarding the teacher."

"Understatement of the century," Harry said shaking his head.

"My cousin, she graduated from Hogwarts two years ago, is acquiring her mastery in Potions," Vega informed the young wizard before her. "If I'm wrong, correct me, but you were excited about Potions until Snape ruined it."

"That pretty much sums it up," Harry dead panned dryly. He hated Snape, and everything that he stood for.

"Your mother was a Potions prodigy in her own right and my cousin wishes to tutor you on the weekends, Saturday at noon," Vega said to Harry. "Snape has already agreed upon it and Dumbledore....well he fought the matter. We reminded him that as a pureblood lord, it's your right to ask for private tutoring, if you feel that a teacher presents a conflict of interest....in the books by the way."

"I'm interested," Harry said, if he saw Snape's ugly face ever again, it will be too soon.

"And finally, if you have any questions about your rights as a pureblood lord, or feel like they are being infringed upon at any way, I'm going to give you this card, it has information of a Professional Magical Legal Representative."

Harry thought that such information would come in handy. He saw the card, the name Andromeda
Tonks was on it, along with a Floo Address. Harry wondered if he could do anything about the Dementors nearly attacking him twice.

"I'm on patrol tonight Harry, I really hope that I don't catch you out of bounds," Vega said with a wink and she leaned forward, giving Harry a parting kiss on the lips.

Harry knew that he had a lot of bedtime reading ahead of him over the next few days.

"He grows in strength."

"He does."

"He has power unlike of what those mortal magic users have ever dreamed of."

"They fear what he could do."

"Naturally, and that's why he's our master."

The first female who spoke was a lithe blonde with a slender frame and gorgeous silver eyes. Her hair framed the right side of her face seductively. She wore a black one piece outfit that parted at her thighs. Her long supple legs extended down for miles and she wore no shoes.

The second female was a dark haired woman with blazing blue eyes. The tight red top that she wore strained against the cups of her large breasts, nearly about read to burst out. Her stomach was flat and gorgeous, along with a shapely ass that had a thong on it. She had long legs as well, looking like she was out of someone's wet dream.

The final female had crimson red hair that extended down past her shoulders. She wore a red top that contained patches of fabric barely covering her nipples. Her hour glass figure had curves in the right places. The flap of her bottom blew in the hot breeze, to showcase a shaven pussy and a sexy ass. She dripped sex and seduction more than the other two.

"Master will have all of the women and the power that he'll ever dream of and when our Master is happy, we're happy," the redhead said, slithering a tongue that as very serpent like.

"He must free her first," the blonde said, biting down on her lip.

"We understand that he must free her, every ruler needs his queen," the dark haired girl said in an even voice.

"Dirty Salazar did a very bad thing when he locked her away, to make sure his demon son was the one who continued the line," the redhead whispered excitedly. "Now, his bastard heir and all of his followers will pay for the sins of Salazar."

"We've waited hundreds of years....."

"We can wait longer, because it will be worth it."

With each partner their master acquired, his power grew stronger. The sisters grew excited at his growing prowess, it made the wait anguishing.

To Be Continued.
"Magic, few understand it, even less master it fully, but it's a simple explanation to explain the unexplainable."

With a sentence like that staring at him from that book, Harry was only intrigued to keep reading on. The author was quite frankly like no other that Harry ever read. He or she, well to be honest, they didn't pull any punches.

"The Wizarding World has a unique culture all to its own. Flawed yes, and not without its problems, but entirely unique. But to first understand why it's flawed, you must understand why the culture was set up in the first place, along with the ways of which it does and does work."

Harry smiled as he looked over the twelve families that set up the foundation for the Wizarding World, who all received seats on the governing body known as the Wizengamot. Harry noticed that "Potter" was one of them. "Black" was another name. Most interestingly, the name "Malfoy" was nowhere near the twelve oldest magical families but he did recognize names like "Greengrass", "Bones", "Longbottom," and the like on that list.

There were other positions added to the Wizengamot, as there were families that migrated in from France in the late part of the 18th century but not before causing their own havoc on the way out, putting a certain vertically challenged man into power thanks to their schemes.

The split of the Ministry of Magic in the 1600s was also something that Harry found of interest. The rebellious magical users who went over to the Colonies had been something of a taboo subject. The author stated that the American magicals were more open with the Statute of Secrecy than their British counterparts. All magic was regulated during a super secret branch of the American government.

Whether or not that was a good thing, really depended on your opinion of the American government. Harry didn't know, so he wasn't going to say. However, he was sure some other people had strong opinions.

The first volume was history and a lot about the culture. It detailed the reasons why house elves were enslaved for instance, because their magic was too powerful and they could overrun humans. The deeds done by their ancestors had been lost to history.

There really was too much to take in but Harry found it intriguing. More so than any History of Magic lecture, because the author, she(and Harry was convinced that it was a her), did not pull any punches about some of the boneheaded moves that the magical users made.

The second volume got into the meat and potatoes of everything, the magic of…..well magic.

"Wands upon invention were intended for young magical users to focus their untrained and raw magic. To use a Muggle term, they were essentially training wheels. The Ministry made the connection that they could control who could perform magic or not, by using wands and threatening to break them if magical users got out of line. This was handy for them, given that the use of binding
rituals was banned in 1797, because the International Confederation of Wizards found them to be barbaric, due to the fact that the magic was forced inside a user. Often causing the user to die or become severely brain damaged. Changes in the Hogwarts curriculum, along with other ICW country based schools, were made, to reflect this, as wands became the norm, and not something that magical users were weened off of starting during their third year. Prior to this point, those who required a wand to use magic past the age of fourteen was considered weak."

Long paragraph got Harry inspired and he looked at his wand. Had he grown dependent on it? The answer was yes.

"The Ministry could also now track use of underage magic through use of a wand. Natural magic (commonly referred to as "wandless magic" by the ignorant), was now only used by a select few, most of which who received home schooling. Even Albus Dumbledore and Lord Voldemort preferred use of their wand."

That was intriguing and not entirely because the book printed Voldemort's real name. Well not technically his real name but the name that people refused to speak.

Harry had many more pages to explore but he knew that if he could break two years of conditioning that he needed a wand, he would be in better shape.

Whoever wrote the book, she did seem to have a strong opinion.

Harry spent the next few days reading through the books which were long. Especially when volume three actually started to get down to spells, charms, and the like. Harry did wonder what would be in the other four volumes but he could find that out right now.

He did absorb every word up. He realized how dull and lifeless the Hogwarts textbooks were but as the book said "when you become an educator, sometimes you forget how you were as a child and how you once had an attention span of a lobotomized house fly."

Harry was in a rather interesting place, namely Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. Last year, he slayed a giant Basilisk, saved a girl, defeated a spirit of a diary. He was pretty sure that someone wrote a book about it, so he wasn't going to spend too much time recalling the details.

Speaking of which, Harry really needed to think about getting royalties regarding his likeness that was being used. He was pretty sure that there were dolls, books, clothing, and everything else with his name and face on it.

He needed to talk to that magical legal council representative that Vega gave him a reference for because he was pretty sure that he was entitled to some of that gold.

That being said, Harry wanted to explore the Chamber of Secrets, to see if there was anything left down there other than the extremely valuable Basilisk skin.

He was honestly surprised that Snape wasn't jacking off (figuratively speaking) at the thought of having such valuable Potions ingredients at his disposal. Although that was an image that he did not need of that greasy bat right now.

Harry felt like an idiot but then again the situation was urgent last time.

'Stairs,' Harry said in Parseltongue and sure enough stairs appeared. Harry did not have to jump down.
He had no idea how he came to that realization but he made his way to the Chamber.

Riddle was many things but an idiot he was not. Harry figured that he might have stripped the Chamber clean of any treasures other than the Basilisk when at Hogwarts. He did take pride at his famous heritage.

Never the less, it could not hurt to have a look around the Chamber, just in case.

The main area where he saved the damsel from the diary was a huge part of the Chamber but not the main part of the chamber. He combed the area, lifting his hand on the walls. There were snakes carved on the side walls with only one thing for Harry to say.

'Open.'

The walls gave way to what was once a library but naturally, Riddle cleaned out all of the shelves during his initial trips of the Chamber. Harry deduced that Riddle was someone who was about as obsessive about literature as Hermione is right now, and that lead him down an extremely dangerous path in the end, as he acquired power.

'There is no good and evil, but only power and those too weak to seek it.'

Despite the source, Harry could not help but think that he was entirely wrong.

The Chamber was extremely massive and Harry scoured every nook and cranny for something, anything that Riddle might have missed. There was some kind of cupboard in the back of one of the rooms and it sprang open.

Nothing, not even an empty jar, if he had to guess, there would have been Potions ingredients in there, perhaps rare, perhaps of creatures that were long since extinct. Harry had no way of knowing, all he could was keep exploring the Chamber walls.

His hands brushed over the shelves once again but there was nothing. There was not even a secret doorway.

Harry wondered if his entire trip down the Chamber had been a waste. Given that he had three more side chambers to explore, the green eyed wizard was not about to give up the ghost.

Harry started tapping the walls, there had to be something more to this Chamber.

Did he just hit paydirt?

There was a green cloth covering a portrait and Harry stepped forward. Was this some kind of lost portrait of Salazar Slytherin? The only way to find out was to take the cloth off.

He removed the cloth and it was not an ugly middle aged man with a goatee like he suspected.

It was the headshot of a young female, maybe in her late teens, maybe in her early twenties. Her golden blonde hair extended down past her shoulders and she looked at Harry with vibrant blue eyes, with a mischievous glint at them. A golden necklace with an crystal amulet hung around her neck.

She winked at Harry and vanished from the portrait. Even by the standards of magic, this was kind of weird.

The same amulet hung from a hook on the wall off to the side of the painting. It had been partially
obscured by the cloth.

"Which brings us to the subject of magical artifacts, or as I commonly refer to them, schmuck bait. Whilst some of them can be useful, others are to tempt ignorant witches and wizards with the promise of power, and cause ill fate and misfortune to fall on them. Use your best discretion."

Harry saw that this was the same amulet that the girl in the painting was wearing. That made him curious to say the least and a curious Harry Potter was seldom a good thing. It only lead to trouble.

Should he take the amulet or leave it? Did Riddle even discover this room? The portrait was a curiosity to itself but the amulet, that was something else entirely.

Harry reached out and pulled the amulet into his hand. For a second, he expected the Chamber to cave in on top of him.

There was nothing and Harry placed the amulet into the bag over his shoulder. It was charmed so he could only open it and look through the contents. Something that he was sure that people would love. He did the same thing to his trunk as well. He didn't need people touching his stuff.

As for the Basilisk skin, without a means to transport it, Harry figured that it would be best to leave it down here. He would have to find out more information on the worth so someone didn't try to swindle him anyway.

The fact that there was a mass quantity indicated that Harry might make out like a bandit.

"It's nice to see that your Muggle upbringing did not leave you with all of the unfortunate hang ups about sex," Vega said to Harry, one night as they met. They had been meeting on our patrol nights, sometimes to talk, sometimes to do other activities. Sometimes both. "Our culture has more witches born from it for whatever reason. Which requires wizards to take on multiple partners but the supply exceeds the demand."

Harry smiled, he got the message. "Most wizards….well they're not well equipped to handle the needs of witches, are there?"

"That's putting it mildly, some take a wife, and a mistress off to the side, but it's becoming a depressing reality that the wife and the mistress have to take solace in each other because the wizard is not up to performing his duties," Vega said, shaking her head. "But you….you on the other hand, when someone like you comes along….a wizard like you comes along once every generation, if you're lucky."

Vega was not going to say that witches had not been lucky in many generations to have someone like Harry Potter come along. The scary thing was that he would only get better with age.

"I can't put my finger on it, but there's something really special about you and the females of this school and elsewhere are sensing that," Vega continued and Harry smiled.

"The more witches I sleep with, the more times I sleep with them, the more powerful I get."

"That's extremely interesting," Vega said thoughtfully, there were many explanations regarding this but she was not one to throw out theories without proof.

"Yes, I figured that you might be interested by that," Harry said, wrapping his arm around her and she allowed him.
"And witches respect power, because there's no challenge in a man who you could step on top of like a doormat," Vega said to Harry with a smile. "And the most submissive of us try to keep up the masquerade as a dominant."

"Haven't spoken to her in a while."

"It must be ripping her up inside," Vega said, wondering how literal that statement was. Life debt magic was uncharted territory.

"I want to know your opinion on this."

Harry showed her the amulet and Vega raised an eyebrow. He thought that it was best if he explained. "I went down in the Chamber of Secrets to see if there was anything left down there but…..he cleaned it out."

"Better if you checked," Vega agreed, knowing that if Riddle left any stone unturned, Harry should benefit from it. Given the current market values of Basilisk skin and fangs, he was going to benefit. And to think that he was fairly wealthy as well to begin with, there would be potions brewers that would sell their own mothers to a brothel in Knockturn Alley for even a fraction of the Basilisk skin.

"Yes but I found a portrait of a girl, attractive, blonde….blue eyes, do you….."

"Salazar Slytherin is shrouded in mystery even in this house," Vega replied to him, knowing where he was going. "All of the four founders are in fact. Any children, wives, siblings…..well they've been lost to history, haven't they? What exactly the Founders got up to before or after Hogwarts also was lost through time. Don't even know if any of them had children but it's possible that Slytherin had a daughter or maybe it could be a sister. No historian in living memory would be able to know that. Binns may have been around since the founding of Hogwarts but given how his brain is stuck in goblin rebellion mode, I doubt that you'd have any luck with him."

Harry found out that History of Magic could be an interesting subject, providing it was taught by someone with a passion for the subject.

"As for the amulet, I don't have any idea, but I think you read all of the cautionary tales about what happened to idiots who played around with magical artifacts," Vega said and Harry smiled and nodded.

"A lot of the details were vivid."

"I'm sure they are, the author didn't pull her punches."

"Do you know who wrote….."

"No, I don't, but I can't say that I blame her for keeping her name off of the book, given how many feathers she'd likely ruffle with her less than accommodating attitude to official Ministry policy," Vega said with a smile. "The books are a goldmine, only about two hundred sets were printed. I'm sure about a hundred and seventy of them were rounded up and burned."

Harry thought that was about right.

"So, my cousin is coming up this Saturday for your Potions lessons and you'll never have to see Snape again," Vega continued with a smile. "Actually she's one of my two cousins…..technically I have three, but…..I've disowned the third cousin."

Harry's curiosity got the better of him, as it happened so very often. "Who is….."
"Draco Malfoy."

"You're kidding….."

"No, Draco is my cousin, although that annoying snot strutting around like he's king shit is amusing," Vega answered, shaking her head. "His older sister, she was a seventh year during her first year, her name is Lucretia, she will be teaching you Potions. Nothing like her younger brother, thank god. Uncle Lucius wanted nothing to do with the upbringing of his daughter, so it fell onto Aunt Narcissa. Which given Draco's wonderful personality, I'm sure you can see how Lucretia dodged a bullet."

Harry smiled, even though it was more annoyed.

"My other cousin is Nymphadora Tonks, who hates her first name, she's a trainee Auror at the Ministry of Magic," Vega rattled off. "She and her mother are technically disowned from the Black family by my great aunt, who had a few screws loose. Her mother is Andromeda….the woman whose card that I gave you?"

"Right," Harry said, that reminded him, he needed to schedule a meeting because he had a lot of things to talk to. The problem was, he was almost certain that Dumbledore might not allow him to leave the "security" of the school. A school which he almost died at several times already.

"My mother….she's infamous, Bellatrix Lestrange, currently serving a life term in Azkaban because of her part in the attack of two top Aurors," Vega said, and she heard her Uncle Lucius brag about how he set Bellatrix up to take a fall by giving her false information that the Longbottoms knew where the Dark Lord was being held. Given that Rodolphus signed over the Lestrange holdings to his wife, Lucius got the very lucrative holdings when Bellatrix, her husband, and his brother got sent to Azkaban.

"What about your father?"

"That's a good question," Vega muttered, and Harry raised an eyebrow. He realized that he was not going to get any answer from this one.

Officially, legally, her father was Rudolphus Lestrange. There was a lot of pureblood gossip going on that her real father was either Sirius or Regulus Black. How true that was, she did not know. For all she could know, it could be Riddle.

"Patrol switches in five minutes, we better part ways," Vega said to Harry without missing a beat. "And I suspect, I can meet up with you after Lucretia is finished with your tutoring session on Saturday. Too bad we got side tracked from more important manners by talking."

Vega leaned forward and gave Harry a hot and heavy kiss, which he returned. She groaned, she would have to change her soaked panties on the way back to the Common Room.

Harry smiled, things were about to get interesting, not that they weren't already.

Dear Mr. Potter:

I have to admit, even if it is unprofessional of me to do so, I must say that I was surprised to get an owl from you of all people.

That being said, there have been several peculiarities regarding how your placement with
your guardians was handled, amongst other things regarding you. And several rumors that I wish to verify.

I will say that there is information too sensitive to print in a letter that I need to share with you, and it would be better if I could explain it in person regardless. And don't worry about Dumbledore, I know how to handle him.

The latest that I can meet is next Friday afternoon, which may give you ample time to think of more concerns you wish to tell me. There is another person that wishes to meet you, even though Cornelius Fudge would have a fit if she did. But Fudge can't stop her. He's too busy spinning damage control regarding the fact that the Dementors got out of hand at the recent Quidditch match to be much of a problem. Skeeter is having a field day but that's beside the point.

I will meet you at 4:00 PM on Friday, outside of the Great Hall. We can find a place where we won't be disturbed before then.

Sincerely,

Andromeda Tonks.

That letter made Harry smile because he had a lot of things that he wanted to discuss.

Something that did not make Harry smile was coming up the stairs. It was ugly, greasy, and foul.

It was Snape, Snape, Severus Snape.

"Potter, a word, now!" Snape yelled.

"I don't know where you learned your manners, Professor Snape, but the word please is often conductive to conversation," Harry replied, barely able to keep the mischievous glint out of his eye. "Politeness is for everyone, even Hogwarts Professors, sir."

"Potter, Lucretia Malfoy has requested you for to be taught in Potions personally by her," Snape said to Harry swiftly. "She needs to tutor one student to achieve her mastery. I admire the girl for her ambition in taking on a challenge, the only one more inept at this art at you might be Longbottom."

Snape's foul breath was a bit too close to Harry's face. He performed an air freshening charm to make things more bearable.

"That being said, if I find out you give her trouble, I will make your life at Hogwarts miserable."

"Oh, and that's different from what you're doing, how, Professor?" Harry asked, in a mocking voice with a falsely cheerful wide eyed expression.

"Potter, you better leave your cheek behind, you might find that it will get you in trouble. I don't care if you're the famous Harry Potter….."

"You should," Harry said with a smile. "You should care about who I am. You should care about all of what my last name brings."

"What's that supposed to mean, Potter?"

"I'm sure you can figure it out, I mean, you're not a dunderhead, are you, Professor?" Harry asked
with a bright smile. "I do have a tutoring session to get to and I would hate to make anything but the best impression on my teacher. Especially considering that the one problem I have with the subject has been removed."

Harry was not about to turn his back on Snape.

"Don't cause any trouble, Potter or you'll be sorry."

Snape walked back to his office, robes billowing into the night. Harry smiled, it was obvious that somehow he got to Snape, although he was not sure how. Perhaps Snape did know what Harry was referring to. Snape's bullying only got so far, until he ran into someone who had the power and the influence to smack him down hard.

It was now time to meet his instructor. Given what Vega told him, she had to be a lot better than Snape.

Then again, what wasn't better than Snape? Maybe Lockhart, but Harry had to admit, he was a halfway decent fiction writer.

To Be Continued.
Harry Potter made his way down to one of the more cheery sections of the dungeons. Why Snape decided to teach his class in one of the deepest, darkest parts of the dungeon….well Harry figured that it would make them as depressed as Snape was.

He did understand the reason why Potions were taught in the dungeon. Underground, it was a lot easier to store ingredients for ease of use and some of the ingredients to the more advanced potions needed to be stored underground.

There was a certain science to Potion making but Harry thought that he would discuss that later. He knocked on the door and waited to be given permission to enter.

"Enter."

Harry swung the door open and the second that he entered the room, he was completely blown away. He found himself face to face with a completely gorgeous blonde. She had long blonde hair that went down past her shoulders, currently tied back in a ponytail. That allowed Harry to see a look at her gorgeous face and delicious frame. They were currently wrapped in a set of nice robes, black and green, colors of Slytherin.

"I'm Lucretia Malfoy," she said with a smile.

"Harry Potter," Harry said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Well, I think that I may have read about you somewhere, but that doesn't matter, does it?" Lucretia asked as she looked Harry up and down. "Vega has told me a lot about you."

Harry smiled, the innuendo was obvious from that voice.

"Severus Snape is a master of potions but not a master of setting aside grudges for the good of teaching class," Lucretia said and she sighed. She did well in Snape's class and he praised her. Of course, she could not wonder how much of that had to do with who her father was. "And he also thinks that everyone should be a world class flawless Potions master without any mistakes. Do everything without fault, he'll pretty much leave you around. Make even the smallest error and….well you've experienced his wrath."

"Among others."

"Yes, among others," she agreed as she made her way through the board. "There are the basics in the theory of Potions brewing which Snape believes should be known by anyone. Despite not recommending a book for first years to learn them prior to his class. He learned magic and potions on his own without any help so he expects that of his students. I will give you a basic overview of what you need to know about the subtle science of Potion making. And then after that, we'll get to work on one of the elementary third year potions."

Lucretia thought that Harry would have potential, given that his mother could have taught Potions had she not been killed. She was Slughorn's favorite student and whilst she did not have the man as a teacher, she did hear that he had an eye for talent. Even of his desire to be connected with the best tended to blind him to certain matters.

"I'm ready to begin when you are," Harry prompted eagerly and Lucretia smiled at him.
"Very well, let's begin from the beginning."

The lesson was mundane to some, but never the less extremely practical. The good news was that the potions sections of the books allowed Harry a greater understanding. Lucretia commented how quickly it took to learn him but she did quiz him on certain key concepts.

She did not berate him if he got certain details wrong, like a certain greasy Potions master did in the past. That made Harry feel more at ease, rather she explained what he needed to know. Already, Harry learned more today than he did during the last two years and half years at Hogwarts.

Funnily enough, Harry felt more at ease than ever before. And not because there was a hot twenty year old witch teaching his potions, as opposed to a greasy old bat although that did help a lot. In fact it helped more than a lot.

"Okay, that should simmer to a rest right about now, Harry," Lucretia said, making sure to give Harry enough space. "Now, I need you to step away from the potion and go into the next room so I can inspect how well you did. This may take a few minute so....."

"Of course," Harry said, picking up his bag, putting over his shoulders. The next room was a living quarters of some sort, with a bookshelf, a bedside table, a bed, a desk, and a couple of years. There was really no point of having a window given that they were in the dungeons.

Harry thought that he did fairly well on potions. He remembered time and time again how much he was looking forward to Potions.

Then there was Snape and the rest was history.

It was a good thing that he bought his books and continued reading right where he left off. He had the subject of life debts out in front of him.

**Life debts are an interesting subject, as they are up to a high degree of interpretation. It is not enough to save a person from danger. A life debt is not created by an act of heroism. Rather, a connection to life debt may be forged when a person saves another due to circumstances that are their own doing. Saving a person who was attacked, will not form a life debt. Saving a person who put themselves willingly and knowingly in danger by their actions, whether consciously or subconsciously causes a life debt to be formed. One who has a life debt will be submissive to the one who saved them, for their own magic compensates for their guilt.**

**Rituals on the next page will comply further obedience. They should be used sparingly although they are most obviously used when the person's physical form may be of use but their personal form leaves something to be desired. Also, the person who holds control of the debt may elect to restrict the actions and abilities of those in debt.**

Harry smiled as he read that, that cleared things up. He did wonder what Snape did to get in debt with his father all those years ago but he wondered if there was something more to that then met the eye. Dumbledore covered for Snape, from what Harry could find out, on other things.

The door opened and Lucretia walked into the room, with a smile on her face. Vega stepped following her cousin and Harry figured that this was planned.

"Your potion is perfect Harry," Lucretia said and she turned slightly towards Vega, a wicked smile plastered on her face. "Wouldn't you say that our master deserves our appreciation for his hard work
"Yes," Vega said as she smiled at her cousin, looking at her and turning towards Harry.

"When she told me everything about you, she said everything, in all of the juicy details, and when I heard about the Parseltongue thing, I knew that I must have you already," Lucretia said with a smile on her face.

"The real question is have you read Volume Six?" Vega asked, crossing her fingers mentally.

"Not yet," Harry said in an apologetic voice and the faces of both of the cousins fell.

"Well, I guess we're going to have to learn to wait our turns now," Vega said with an air of mystery in her eyes and face. She slowly licked her lip, her juicy tiers dripping with salvia.

She stepped behind Lucretia and undid the clasp of her robes. The robes slowly slid off of Lucretia's body to reveal that she was wearing tight white blouse with a couple of the buttons undid. Her blouse rode up slightly and she was wearing a black skirt, along with stockings and thigh high boots.

"Let me," Lucretia whispered, making eye contact with Harry as she slowly undressed her cousin, watching Harry smirk.

"Don't stop on my account now," Harry said as he felt his pants restrict and get tightened.

Lucretia slowly unbuttoned Vega's shirt and slid it off of her body. Her perky breasts constrained in a blue bra were exposed and Lucretia gave them a squeeze which caused her younger cousin to moan sensually and Harry's cock to twitch in his pants.

Vega unbuttoned Lucretia's shirt and Harry's eyes watched as her green bra was exposed. Her breasts were high, firm, and huge. Harry read in the books that breast size tended to be an indication of a witch's prowess and she had quite the nice set.

Slowly, sexually, Vega worked her fingers into Lucretia's skirt and pulled it down.

Lucretia was bent over for Harry, and Harry could see her thong clad ass. Vega's skirt slipped off next to reveal her blue thong as well.

Harry walked over and grabbed Lucretia. Her breasts pressed against his chest as he pulled her into a kiss. His tongue worked underneath hers and she grabbed her hands on his robes, sliding them off.

Vega was already down on the ground, working his pants off of his body. She recalled that there were charms to do this but her state of lust indicated that she temporary forgot she did not use magic.

Lucretia pushed back and unbuttoned Harry's shirt, revealing more and more of his chest. Her hands ran down his chest and reached the front of his boxer shorts.

"I think it's time for you to worship me, my sexy snake," Harry whispered as Lucretia smiled.

"Parseltongue charms all snakes, and trust me, I'll soon have yours in my mouth," Lucretia said, pulling Harry's boxer shorts down.

She sank down onto her knees and wrapped her lips tightly around his cock. This was the first one she ever sucked and she closed her eyes as she tried not to gag on it. Breathing through her nose allowed her to keep some sense of herself as she pushed his length all the way down her throat.

It hit the back of her throat and she closed it around him. Lucretia moaned loudly as she took all his and dedication of improving himself?"
length into her mouth.

Harry's hands explored her body and Vega got down on the ground. Lucretia opened her legs and Vega stuck her tongue into her cousin's hot snatch.

Had Harry not had self-control, his balls would have exploded right there. The green eyed wizard held onto Lucretia's face.

"Damn, you really know how to charm a snake," Harry breathed as he stroked her hair and he kept pumping into her mouth. Vega reached up and started to fondle his balls as she licked her cousin's pussy.

She knew what Lucretia liked and then she pulled out, the juices dripping from her tongue. With a dirty expression on her face, Vega got up, looking Harry right in the eye, smiling as she placed her hands on the side of his face.

"She tastes good, doesn't she?" Vega asked as she offered Harry a taste and the two of them kissed. Harry sucked Lucretia's juices off of Vega's tongue which only caused the blonde Slytherin to go down onto him faster. He cupped her breasts which had been freed from their confinement.

"Oh, it does taste good, but it wouldn't be fair if I didn't go to the source?" Harry asked and Lucretia's thighs clenched together.

She knew that Harry was going to work some of that Parsel magic in her and she closed her eyes. She did not want to stop sucking his cock but at the same time she needed him.

"Why don't you sit on my face and Vega can have her fun," Harry whispered and Lucretia nodded, his cock was lubricated.

Vega already stripped off her panties and she waited until Harry laid back onto the bed.

"Oh, I need this badly," Lucretia breathed, her pussy already soaked and Harry's tongue slowly slid into her.

Harry tasted the glorious rush of power that was located between her thighs.

Vega stroked Harry's balls and teased herself to spear herself down onto his huge massive.

"Oh, I hope you pound my pussy into jelly," Vega said, she heard the hissing and she had no idea what Harry was saying. Despite him not working his magic onto her pussy, it seemed so hot.

Then she was filled up by his thick tool and she closed her eyes as his tool worked deep into her pussy.

"Fuck, amazing," Vega moaned as she rocked herself back and forth. She was having the time of her life, bobbing herself up and down on him.

Harry focused on the pussy at his head, even though one worked over his smaller, but not quite too small, head.

'So good….oh fuck, this is the best way to get revenge….if your douchebag brother and father would see you now, he'd fucking have a stroke, I wonder if I should take your mother, that would be the perfect revenge,' Harry hissed her pussy. 'Such a good Slytherin slut, and you both belong to me.'

"Oh Harry, Harry, you belong to me, master, pound me harder, I want you to make me your
"Slytherin slut!" Vega screamed at the top of her lungs. "I'm nothing but a whore….oh that's it, I was made for you to fuck."

"Such unfitting language for….a pureblood heiress," Lucretia said, trying to sound unrattled by the fact that she had an amazing orgasm and she soaked Harry's face.

"Fuck….you," Vega moaned she grabbed her cousin's ample tits and molested them. She could see Harry watch her and she decided to get a show. "I'm sure you like that master, me squeezing this uptight bitch's tits, I know that she likes it."

"Oh, that's….oh damn," Lucretia moaned as she could not feel anything but the pleasure. Vega's talented mouth latched on her nipple and began to suck it.

Harry got enough of a gist of all of this to know that it was hot and he grabbed Lucretia's ass. Her perfect legs and ass were a treat, as was her delicious center. He licked all of the cream out like a starving man.

Vega rocked herself back and forth, she could tell how strong Harry was and she wanted his seed deep into her. She would drown in what he had.

It was a long wait but she felt that she earned it and not a moment too soon. Harry blasted his essence into her and Vega rocked her head back, falling back.

Lucretia nearly collapsed, Harry brought her to the edge by his tongue.

Vega was back on the bed, her pussy leaking with white discharge.

"Oh, she's a dirty girl, isn't she?" Harry asked to Lucretia and she smiled. "Why don't you clean her up?"

"Yes, master," Lucretia replied hotly, this was everything that she expected and before. "Take me, master."

"Oh you've already been taken," Harry said, watching as the blonde Malfoy heiress dropped between the Lestrange female's thighs. The fact that this was her cousin made things all that much hotter. Despite expelling one load already, Harry's cock was already rock hard. "You just….."

Harry had himself at the edge of her and punctuated his last words with one final deep thrust.

"Don't know it yet."

Lucretia moaned in Vega's center which caused the dark haired female to thrust her hips up and down in an erratic manner. Harry stayed the course, first giving it to her slowly as he exploded her body. It was almost like he had a good idea of what she wanted, he touched all of the right areas, but never too long.

It built up the heat in her body and he handled her breasts roughly, slapping her ass. That caused her to leak onto him and lubricate him as he entered her from behind.

Vega was in a daze but she looked up to see her cousin's face buried in between her pussy.

"Oh, I'm going to take you, I bet you like me taking your cousin as well?" Harry asked, whispering in Lucretia's face.

"Yes, yes, master, I like you taking her and I like you taking me," Lucretia whispered as she felt his
"I bet you enjoy all of that, don't you?" Harry asked her, never once losing his speed. The more sex he had, the stronger, the smarter, the more confident he felt. And that can only be a good thing. "I bet that you'd like me taking your mother, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my mother, she needs a good cock," Lucretia agreed as she nearly got wet at the thought of watching Harry hammer her mother's brains out.

"And your aunt….."

"Both of them!" Lucretia begged, clenching against him.

"Yes, both of them," Harry agreed pounding into her. "And your other cousin….Nymphadora."

"She doesn't like her name," Lucretia panted as she clenched her cunt around him as she lost count of the number of orgasms that Harry gave her.

"Yes…..well I'm sure that she'll be soon screaming mine," Harry whispered in her ear and that caused her to get rest. "Just like you're screaming mine, right?"

"YES, HARRY!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs and she knew that these tutoring sessions would be a benefit for her but she never….oh she was leaking more than she ever did before.

"You can't live without me, can you?"

She nodded, breathing heavily as he worked into her from behind. The green eyed wizard rammed into her from behind repeatedly.

"No…no…never," Lucretia moaned as she tightened around him like a vice grip and she hoped that he would cum inside her. Having such a powerful wizard cum inside her would give her a small boost in power and that would be great.

She saw nothing but white immediately and Harry unloaded into her, his fluids dripping from her body. The green eyed wizard unloaded into her.

Fantastic, that felt fantastic.

After that round, the two cousins cuddled up against Harry, a hot witch on either side of him. There was something about this that felt right.

"Soon, you will have them all," Vega whispered with a wicked smile. They knew without speaking that all of the Death Eaters wives and daughters would be underneath Harry someday.

And if the men had a problem with that, well they will be on their backs screaming in pain, while the women were on their backs, screaming Harry's name.

"Lavender, don't worry, I haven't forgotten about you," Harry said with a smile. Harry got a look at the female and she was everything that a teenage boy could ever want in his wet dreams. She was blond, gorgeous, well stacked and her robes fit nicely around her body. She was one of the more well endowed girls in her year, right next to Susan Bones, Daphne Greengrass, and Megan Jones, the half sister of the Holyhead Harpies player Gwenog Jones.

"Harry, don't apologize, first week back is a bad time to do anything, the teachers seem to be taking out their own lack of social lives on us," Lavender said as she shook her head. "But….we do have a
break on Wednesday afternoon…"

"If you and Parvati want to join me then, that would be great, we can work on our other homework, and get to the tutoring," Harry said and Lavender smiled.

"That's excellent," Lavender said with a smile. "Parvati's in the North Tower….shame that you left the class….Professor Trelawney said she didn't even foretell that."

"Amazing how that works out," Harry said with a smile. He respected Lavender and Parvati's devotion to that subject. "But I didn't have the right aura for the subject. If you two do, well more power to you."

"Thank you Harry," Lavender said as she looked over her shoulder. "I better go find Parvati, she's getting a bit obsessive, even for me, I'll see you later."

Lavender kissed Harry briefly on the cheek but Harry smirked as she went off. He would more be getting a payment for that one.

Harry stepped back and nearly bumped into what appeared to be a sixth year Gryffindor who stood behind him.

"Sorry," Harry said with a smile. He could see her standing there behind him. She was a brunette, with brown eyes, and she had a decent looking figure. She looked quite frazzled.

"Don't be" she said as she shook her head. "It's just…my stupid father, he got me all worked up now. I can't believe that I'm related to him but….you're Harry Potter!"

"Last time I checked," Harry said as he looked at her with a smile. "So, your father….who is he? I don't mean to pry…."

"Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic," the girl said, shaking her head as she brushed her hair out of her eyes. "My name is Samantha Fudge….and do you realize that every time that someone gets sacked at the Ministry, their children come after me?"

"That isn't your fault though," Harry said to her and the brunette shook her head.

"Trying telling them that," she replied, rolling her eyes. "It's hard being a child of a high level Ministry politicians….that's why Crouch's son went off his nut. Of course old Crouch got pushed down the Ministry….and Dad got the job that was meant to be his."

She took a deep breath.

"Not that you don't have your share of nuts coming after you," Samantha said as she looked at him. She had no idea that he looked this good, then again, a lot of females couldn't look past the scar on his forehead. "But….sorry about bumping into you….I'll get out of your way. I'm going to have to hide out somewhere, until this blows over. Mass lay offs at the Ministry, budget cuts, and right after my Dad gives himself a huge raise."

"How can he do that?"

"Who's going to stop him?" Samantha asked as she smiled. "Well it was nice meeting you Harry."

Harry could not even walk two steps further before someone ran into him. It was a red haired girl, with glasses and blue eyes. She had a slender build and while she was not a conventional beauty, she looked good in a hot librarian type of way.
"Harry Potter?"

"Yes, I'm him," Harry said, wondering what this is all about.

"Professor Dumbledore wants to see you in his office, he says it's urgent," the fifth year Gryffindor prefect said as she looked nervously at him. As long as she did not freak out, she would not be embarrassed.

"Oh….well I better not keep the great and powerful Oz waiting," Harry said and the girl looked at Harry, confused. "Sorry, Muggle reference."

"I see," the girl replied and Harry smiled at her.

"I don't know your name, but you know mine," Harry said as he looked at the girl who flushed suddenly. She was painfully shy or perhaps she did not come out of her shell yet.

"Audrey….Audrey Prewitt."

"Pretty name for a pretty girl," Harry said and she did her best impression like a set of a traffic lights and he leaned forward to kiss the top of her hand. She looked pleased with herself.

"Why did you do it Harry?"

That was the question that Harry was greeted by. The trio of Snape, Dumbledore, and McGonagall faced him. Dumbledore was the one who posed it.

"I'm not quite sure what you're talking about, Professor," Harry said in mock innocence. "Could you be more specific?"

"Hermione Granger has dropped two classes and her work has suffered," McGonagall said, she looked fairly disappointed at Harry.

"If she apologized to me and admitted that she was wrong, she would be a lot better off, but that's going to be the burden she's going to have to be bare," Harry replied to them, without any empathy in his voice. "For the record, I was going to ask you to check the broomstick. I'm not an idiot. But by her going behind my back, she undermined my trust. Which is extremely fragile."

He wondered if the time turner would come up. It was still in his possession and he was going to hold onto it until his meeting with Andromeda.

"Harry, you must forgive your friends, for they all you have in this world," Dumbledore said to Harry.

"Would you forgive a friend if they betrayed your trust?" Harry asked Dumbledore and the old man said nothing. "I don't understand how I'm the villain in this situation? The real villains are the people who enabled herself destructive tendencies."

"Harry, you need to forgive….."

"Forgiveness is earned, trust is as well, I told her precisely what she needed to do to earn both," Harry said to the trio of teachers. Snape looked at him, about ready to burst. "If you have anything to say, say it right now."

"Potter, as the Potions Master of Hogwarts, I feel that I deserve first right to any valuable Potions ingredients that are available in this school," Snape said and Harry knew this was coming.
A valuable Basilisk skin, with a street value of ten thousand galleons all together, Harry knew that Snape was going to ask for him.

"I would like to ask you Harry, to retrieve the Basilisk skin for Professor Snape," Dumbledore said. Severus was a wonderful man after all that deserved to work with such rare ingredients.

"I'd happily give Snape the skin, Professor," Harry said in a happy voice.

"Good, glad that you see it my way, Potter," Snape said and Harry held up his hand.

"Twenty five thousand galleons."

"What did you say?" Snape asked and Harry clarified it for him, speaking slowly.

"Twenty five thousand galleons and you can have the Basilisk skin to do what you wish," Harry said, looking at the three of them. Disappointed looks spread their face. "I slayed the creature, therefore the skin belongs to me."

"Potter, you are a student of Hogwarts, therefore….."

"It's mine Snape," Harry said and Dumbledore could not resist but saying the following.

"Professor Snape Harry."

"The skin is mine, as Snape should know about the rites of conquest, I will only hand over the skin for twenty five thousand galleons and not a knut less," Harry said with a smile. "But I'm sure that I can negotiate a lower price if you give me what I want."

"What do you want, Harry?" Dumbledore asked tensely. He had a feeling this would cost more than galleons.

"My freedom from the Dursleys," Harry said, knowing full well that it was in the abilities of the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot to emancipate minors. He was not done. "And also, my seat on the Wizengamot that you claimed after my parents died and the truth about why Voldemort came after me."

"I'm afraid I cannot do any of these things Harry," Dumbledore said.

"Twenty five thousand galleons," Harry sang with a smile on his face. "And I'm sure that there are people who would pay a lot more."

Snape grumbled, he wouldn't make that kind of money in a hundred years much less have it on hand.

"I'm sorry you feel this way Harry, I've never done you wrong, so I don't understand where this is coming from," Dumbledore said to Harry and Harry snorted.

'Must be nice to live in your own little world of lies,' Harry thought as he shook his head. He could see Snape trying to not give into the urge to strangle Harry. It would give Harry justification to reduce him to a large spot of grease on Dumbledore's office floor.

"I have to insist that you do not go through with this meeting with Andromeda Tonks," Dumbledore added and Harry smiled.

"Dursleys, seat, reason," Harry recited and Dumbledore said nothing. "You've done nothing wrong by me, you have nothing to hide. Therefore, what do you have to fear from the truth?"
"Harry, you're traveling down a very dangerous road....."

"Oh, what would the world be without its heroes?" Harry asked cryptically. "Well, unless you're going to pull twenty five thousand galleons out of thin air or Hermione to apologize, I don't think we have any further business to discuss."

Harry got out, dismissing himself from Dumbledore's office. He knew that Dumbledore would never expel him because that would mean that Harry would not be underneath his twinkling watch.

His mind shields were stronger than ever things to his extracurricular activities. He had Vega test them and she could not break through his defenses at all.

His physical shield was stronger to the point where he could hold it without a wand and it would block many spells, including memory based and compulsion spells.

Which he was almost expecting Dumbledore to try.

He knew this was not the end. The amulet weighed on his mind and he was pretty sure that it opened somehow. He tried everything, including Parseltongue but it remained dormant.

It was not a riddle that would be solved easily.

"Hermione."

"Hermione."

"Hermione."

"Hermione Granger."

"Hermione Jean Granger."

"Mudblood."

"Know-It-All."

"Betrayer."

"Judas"

"Don't worry it will all be over."

"Don't worry, you will all appreciate what your place is."

"The master, he has a new plaything."

"It isn't easy being you, is it Hermione Granger?"

"It isn't easy being an Insufferable Know-It-All."

"Don't worry, soon it will all be over."

"Hermione."

"The world is filled with lies."
"All the knowledge in the world will not change it."

"The master has a new plaything."

"You belong to him."

"You are his plaything."

"You will be more relevant underneath him than on top."

"You are his plaything."

"Sweet dreams, Hermione."

"Soon they will all belong to him."

"But you are his plaything."

"You belong to him."

"Succumb."

For the fifth night in a row, Hermione Granger woke up, confused and with sticky sheets. The female voices that taunted her did not go away. Not even a dreamless sleep potion blocked it out.

To Be Continued.
Detours

Harry Potter decided to read up on the subject of Harry Potter.

Or rather how the Wizarding World described his legend. It was a fairly interesting read in some ways, although his "official" life story raised questions. No one should have known about the incident that gave him that scar, no one should have known about the scar.

Naturally Harry figured the most logical explanation was Hagrid blabbed to people at a pub because as one learned, Hagrid and drink did not mix that well. However, there was a lot of missing timing that Harry was not able to piece together.

The weird thing was that people thought that he lived in a glamorous castle, where he was trained by some of the best magical masters money could buy. He then delved into the Harry Potter children book series and then the related Harry Potter young adult novels.

They were somewhat more plausible then the official magical history. Although they did have their share of absurdities, come to think of it.

One of those absurdities was the fact that at the age of nine, Harry Potter acquired an entire harem of Veela to do his bidding.

Once he found out what Veela were, Harry thought that wasn't entirely a bad idea, and put it on his list of things to do. Especially given that there were some sex based rituals in the books that required a lot of power and might burn out a normal witch.

That being said, Harry was getting through his homework with ease and passing with flying colors. He was almost insulting how soft the Hogwarts school system was coming. Vega was teaching him some more advanced defensive magic that Hogwarts was teaching him, along with Lucretia's tutoring of Potions.

They also recommended Harry several trustworthy people who could tutor him beyond what Hogwarts would teach.

The key issue was that while some of the teachers were qualified, they were very much shackled to be honest.

Harry's Anti-Dementor lessons with Lupin were going well, although there was something a bit sketchy about Lupin. He found out or rather Lupin had let slip, that Lupin and Harry's father had been friends at Hogwarts.

That was interesting and also raised suspicions. The subject of Sirius Black was danced around which made Harry wonder if Lupin knew something that he was not telling.

Hermione looked utterly miserable as of late but all she had to do was apologize to Harry what she did. Her pride did not allow her to do so. Harry considering paying Hermione's parents a visit eventually as that would put some insight onto how she became who she was. Since she let something slip about her treatment at the hands of her father.

"Okay, let's see," Harry said, once again the amulet was in his hand. He could sense power but he could not open.

He had the strangest feeling that the amulet was sentient in some ways as well. Harry proceeded with
caution, remembering Ginny's misadventures with the diary the previous year.

The amulet, he had a feeling that it is a key to something, something big. At least that was the sixth sense that he had about it.

"You're not going to work for me, are you?" Harry asked to the amulet.

The amulet responded with nothing and Harry gently put his ear up to the cold surface. Any kind of pass code that he could think of came up empty.

The girl in the portrait was interesting and sure enough, a search of her brought up nothing. It was almost as if she was erased from history.

If she was erased from history, then why did Salazar have a painting of her?

Was it even a painting?

That was a question Harry would have to answer, right now he had a tutoring session to get to. He would have to get to the part about blood rituals tomorrow, for that would be interesting. Given that his mother's sacrifice gave him protection regarding Voldemort, he would have to learn everything that he could about it.

"Greengrass, it's time for you to learn the pecking order in the Slytherin house."

Daphne Greengrass rolled her eyes as she came face to face with Draco Malfoy and his two rent a goons. The fourteen year old witch stared them down. Her gorgeous blonde hair stretched down past her shoulders and she had blazing blue eyes. Daphne boasted of one of the fullest figures of her year, after hitting her second magical maturity.

"Malfoy, I'm not in the mood to play your games, I have work to do, other than strutting around with a deluded sense of grandeur," Daphne said to Malfoy but Malfoy looked at her, with Crabbe and Goyle stepping on either side of her, boxing her in.

"You don't know that in Slytherin, the name Malfoy commands respect, and your family disrespected mine by what you did," Draco said, with a leering grin.

Daphne understood perfectly why Draco singled her out for his disgusting little games. Her father was dead and daughters without male heads to houses were often considered to be easy targets.

She could hex Draco Malfoy into oblivion so easily, but she knew that there would be dire consequences.

"How much will it cost to buy you off, Malfoy?" Daphne asked, deciding to speak the language that the purebloods knew best.

"Oh, Greengrass, I'm afraid I see something far more valuable than money," Draco said as he reached forward to grab the front of her robes and Daphne smacked his hand away. Angrily, Draco put her in a full body bind and pulled a vial with a golden fluid in his pocked. "You stupid bitch, you'll be begging for it when you swallow this…."  

Before Draco could do anything, he looked up and saw Harry Potter passing by.

"Malfoy, get away from her!"

"Mind your own business, Potter," Malfoy said but as Crabbe and Goyle tried to go for Harry, he
took them down with a pair of rapid fire hexes without using his wand. He then freed Daphne. "You can't do that Potter…"

"Are you going to fight me, Draco?" Harry asked and Malfoy backed off, seeing the power that was glowing from Potter right now. It put the fear of god in him. "Because last time you challenged me to a duel….you packed off like the little coward you are. And that cost you, big time."

"What's that supposed to mean, Potter?" Draco demanded and Harry smirked at him.

"Ask your Daddy and find out….I'm sure he's hoping that I don't find out," Harry said as he looked at Draco, who stared back at him in the most condescending manner possible. "Clear out now Malfoy."

"You can't tell me…"

Draco Malfoy was blasted into the wall where he landed with a hard thump. The banishing charm could have rattled a few bones loose. It didn't knock him out.

"I asked you nicely, it isn't my fault that you don't listen," Harry said as he stared down at Draco, who tried to get up but found that his legs were both broken.

"You'll pay for that Potter….."

"At least I can afford it, Malfoy," Harry drawled, mocking Malfoy's usual tone and once again Draco was at a loss for words. "Unlike you, when I'm done with you and your father. Tell your mother I said hi, if you write to her and I'll see her really soon."

Harry stopped and looked at Malfoy. He went for his wand but Harry removed it from his hand, just like that.

"Oh, and if I ever catch you doing anything like that again, you won't have to worry about going to the hospital wing," Harry whispered, angrily.

"What's going on here?"

Harry turned around and saw Septima standing in the hallway.

"Potter assaulted me," Malfoy grumbled. "The stupid half-blood broke my legs."

Malfoy thought that he was going to get some sympathy because Septima was a Slytherin alumni. He wanted to get Potter thrown out of Hogwarts and his wand snapped. That would show him for showing him up in Quidditch.

"He attacked Daphne here and tried to force feed her this," Harry said and he handed Septima the potion. The Arithmancy teacher recognized it at once.

"It's a dark and hard to brew potion that would bend anyone the maker chose's to their will and under Ministry law, anything done to the person is not illegal, unless it is proven that they took it," Septima explained and Harry nodded. She did get an "O" in Potions NEWTs, even though Arithmancy was her passion. "I'll get Mr. Malfoy to the Hospital Wing, and then he can collect his things."

"I didn't intend to give the stupid whore this potion…..I was only meaning to….."

"Mr. Malfoy, you're not making things better for you."

Harry turned to Daphne and he asked her one calm and icy question.
"Did he touch you?"

"No….I've been paying him gold every few months, so he and his lackeys leave my sister and I be," Daphne said, shaking her head. "That's the way things are in the Slytherin house….you pay gold to get people off your back. If you don't….accidents happen. Nothing fatal….at least not that I know but…..it's scary what could happen to those who can't afford to or won't pay up."

"Kind of like protection money," Harry said and Daphne nodded.

"Yes, but sometimes once we hit our third year, sometimes fourth, depends on when our maturity hits, they want more than galleons," Daphne said as she looked at Harry. "Malfoy broke the code when he did this, I don't know why."

"Perhaps he thought that he could get away with it."

"Expelling him would be a kindness to him right now," Daphne said, shaking her head. Blackmail was one thing but attempted sexual assault crossed the line even in the Slytherin house. "Once the older Slytherins will find out, they'll be pissed. It will get the entire house put under even more of a microscope than it is."

"Are you upset?" Harry asked and Daphne looked conflicted.

"I don't know….really, if something happens…" Daphne said and she trailed off, trying to find the right words. She had no idea what would happen now. "I shouldn't have been alone like that."

"No one would blame you," Harry said and Daphne opened her mouth.

"I broke the code, not as bad as Malfoy but I still broke it, by letting myself look vulnerable in front of an outlander, "Daphne stated and Harry looked at her, with a raised eyebrow. "The entire school hates us and people like Malfoy doesn't help. We still have friends outside of Slytherin in other houses but it's kind of like a don't ask, don't tell sort of thing."

"I see," Harry said to her and Septima showed up.

"Harry, you may have to attend an expulsion hearing for Mr. Malfoy, given that he's a minor, he won't be sent to Azkaban," Septima said, even though Malfoy deserved it as far as she was concerned. It was people like him that gave the Slytherin house the name of all of them being evil. "As for Mr. Crabbe and Mr. Goyle, they'll….they'll get a chance to strike a deal."

Harry read that as if they describe any other potential indiscretions their boss was into, then they would get a lighter punishment.

"Miss Greengrass, you should go to the hospital wing, to be checked for memory charms and any potions that might be in your system, just as a precaution," Septima said and Daphne nodded, stepping forward.

"Thank you," Daphne said, and she leaned forward, to give Harry a light kiss.

"Busy day?" Lavender asked as Harry showed up. The busty blonde was dressed in a tight white t-shirt and a leather skirt to match along with thigh high black boots. Her lovely legs were on full display.

"Yes, very much, hello Lavender, Parvati," Harry said, deciding that the Hogwarts rumor mill would be well aware that Draco Malfoy would be up before an expulsion board.
Would that destroy his credibility in Buckbeak's upcoming hearing? Well, Harry had no idea.

"Hello Harry, I hope you're doing well today," Parvati said, she was dressed in an emerald green top and a black skirt as well. It matched Harry's eyes quite nicely. While her bust was not as developed as Lavender's, it still was nice.

"So, you needed tutoring on Charms and….Defense, right?"

"Charms for me, Defense for Parvati, although it wouldn't hurt for both of us to brush things up, would it?" Lavender asked and Parvati shook her head.

"No it wouldn't."

"So, I think it's best to begin with our most recent homework assignments," Harry said, remembering that not everyone grasped the subjects quite as well as he hit.

"Harry Potter, you've turned into Hermione, without all of the bitchiness and twice the brains," Lavender said, she understood everything better. In fact, Harry increased her understanding on things that she understood well or thought she did. If that made any sense.

"I….I'm not sure if I should take that as a compliment," Harry said and Lavender and Parvati giggled but then they grew serious.

"Well I know that…..she is a sore subject given what she did," Parvati whispered, shaking her head.

"We heard about the Firebolt thing, it was way out of line," Lavender added, it was kind of hard not to hear about it when Wood was bellyaching about McGonagall taking it away.

"She doesn't understand that after all that you've done she should be loyal to you…."

"All you've done for everyone, really," Lavender said as she sat in front of Harry. He could see down her shirt and see her tremendous cleavage and that caused him to smile.

"Really….she should understand that…..there are women who would kill to spend as much time with you as she did?" Parvati asked, brushing the back of Harry's hair and smiling, as she stroked his neck.

"Yes, and she didn't even do anything, did she?" Lavender asked. "What, did she like the taste of ginger or something?"

"Lavender, that's not nice, even she doesn't deserve that," Parvati said as she pulled a face and she kept working the back of Harry's neck as Lavender subtly unbuttoned his shirt.

"But, Harry, all of your fellow Gryffindors, I think it's time that we should start appreciating our hero," Lavender whispered, running her hand down Harry's chest. Harry marveled at how soft her skin felt. "And Slytherins aren't the only ones who can appreciate what a Parselmouth can do?"

"You slayed the Basilisk in the Chamber," Parvati said as she stepped around and stood by Lavender, making eye contact to Harry. "But how big is the snake in your pants?"

"Why don't you find out?" Harry asked, chuckling at Lavender rolling her eyes.

Lavender practically pounced Harry as he got to his feet and her tongue snaked into Harry's mouth, the two of them kissing.
Parvati felt the heat but she had one simple job to do while Lavender was snogging Harry's brains out or maybe it was vice versa.

Remove Harry Potter's pants.

Parvati complied with that thought, unbuckling his pants and revealing his trouser snake to the world. It wasn't completely erect.

Taking advantage of the fact that Lavender was preoccupied, Parvati dropped down to her knees and took his cock into her mouth.

She nearly gagged but Harry grabbed the back of her head. Ignoring the fact her eyes watered, Parvati slowly coaxed herself to take more of him.

"Hey, no fair," Lavender pouted, as she saw Parvati on her knees, going to town. "Hey, Harry, she might be sucking you off, but you're going to want to watch me."

Lavender slowly, sensually unbuttoned her blouse and revealed her blue bra. Then the busty blonde reached behind her back and allowed her full and quite large teenage breasts to fall out.

Harry nearly came from the sight of them in Parvati's mouth.

"How would you like to fuck these puppies?" Lavender asked, as she fondled her firm and high breasts, making sure Harry made eye contact.

"They belong to me," Harry growled, as he jackhammered into Parvati's mouth but she slid back, releasing the iron grip that he had on his member.

"Yes….yes, they do," Lavender breathed as she met Harry with another kiss and Harry's cock brushed up against her soaked panties.

Harry transfigured the desks into a bed and Lavender felt her panties get even more soaked because from the advanced magic Harry did.

"Lay back, master, and allow me to please you," Lavender said, her blonde hair framing her face.

The blonde Gryffindor wrapped her amazing breasts around his pole and began to jerk him up and down.

"The best tits in all of Gryffindor," Parvati said as she stared at her friends breasts working over Harry's cock. There was something about magic that brought out the bisexuality in females. The dark haired Indian Gryffindor reached between her legs and could feel the moisture.

She diddled herself back and forth to the sight of Lavender tit fucking Harry. The girl moaned as she dug deeper into her.

"I'm going to take these tits, and make them mine," Harry growled as he rammed Lavender hard. He could see her face up there and he wanted to expel a load on her tits and face but not yet. He wanted to see her pleasure and build it up for that moment of climax.

"Yes, yes, yes, they're yours, oh yes," Lavender moaned at the top of her lungs as Harry rammed hard between her breasts.

The blonde panted heavily, watching her friend work herself over. Parvati's top was ripped off and she fondled her breasts.
Harry stayed the course although he could not go that much longer. His balls would have to give way.

Lavender smiled, he would have lasted much longer than anyone would have with her chest pillows. Harry’s cock spurted as she fingered herself.

The white fluids splattered all over Lavender's face, chest and her body became to glow as it was coated in Harry's essence.

"We better clean that up," Parvati whispered and she could have used a scouring charm but logic gave way to what she was doing.

Slowly, she fondled Lavender's breasts and squeezed them, licking Harry's cum from them. Parvati lifted her fingers up and Harry took them into his mouth, sucking his soon to be lover's juices off of them.

"Here," Parvati whispered, feeding Lavender a tantalizing combination of the juices of both her and Harry.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm," Lavender purred, she came from tasting this delicious treat.

The two girls looked at each other, who would go for Harry first? The two of them did rock paper scissors.

"Alright Harry, take me."

Parvati sauntered over to Harry and he grabbed her by the arms, backing her up against the wall. His member was close against her entrance and the wizard brushed against her dripping hot slit.

"You better be careful what that is….."

"Since he tutored us, you should call him Professor, Parv," Lavender said saucily as pulled out a toy, charmed to go at super speed.

"Yes, Professor, fuck my schoolgirl cunt hard," Parvati whispered.

"Miss Patil, such language is inappropriate," Harry said in a stern voice as he rammed himself into her.

"YES!" Parvati screamed at the top of her lungs as she felt him go into her. It did not hurt as much as she assumed, in fact, it did not hurt at all.

He hammered her hard against the wall and Parvati encouraged that. The rougher he treated her, the wetter she got.

"If you like it rough, just wait," Harry whispered, as he squeezed her breasts and made them his. He used his talented tongue to flicker over her nipples. Proof that it was not just for oral stimulation.

"Take...oh fuck...take me."

Parvati's tight center squeezed him like a vice grip. A python grip for a parslegod, that was appropriate if anything else.

"Yes, oh, oh, oh more, oh yes, oh yes," Parvati panted as Harry grabbed onto her hips, sawing into her immediately.
Lavender pushed the toy in between her legs and worked it into her. Her juices lubricated the object and her hips bucked up. She imagined Harry between her legs and she could have sworn that she would flood the room.

Parvati gave a shrieking orgasm as Harry brought her to the heights. Her legs wrapped around him and nails sunk into the back of Harry's neck.

"Bring….fuck me until I can't move," Parvati begged, her tight pussy hugging him as he pumped into her.

Harry's balls were getting heavy but Parvati was losing some steam.

"One more, but we're going to have to switch," Parvati breathed, but she thought she had reached more orgasms than she had birthdays. When Harry started playing with her ass, that's where she lost it.

"Looks like I'm going to have to finish what she started," Lavender said to Harry and Harry smiled at her.

"So, get on your hands and knees," Harry told her and Lavender didn't need too much telling.

"Take this bitch," Lavender said, wiggling her butt at Harry and Harry grabbed her hips, guiding his erect member into her. His hands reached up to touch her breasts and she closed her eyes. Mind blown as he entered her and Lavender could feel the pleasure. Parvati's juices covered Harry's cock and the fact that was inside her made her gush any more.

"Are you going to be able to finish me?" Harry asked Lavender, grabbing onto her breasts and the green eyed wizard worked into her, using his twelve inches to hammer her from behind.

"Oh, oh, oh, we'll see."

Lavender moaned, cooing underneath Harry. She was a babe and Harry thought that she and Parvati would never be far away if he needed to blow off some steam.

"Take….oh further, further," Lavender moaned at the top of her lungs and Harry stuck himself into her from behind.

Harry grabbed Lavender's hair, something that she loved.

"Man, you're a kinky bitch, loving me pull your hair like that," Harry whispered as he continued to work her over.

Lavender's moans were pretty deafening. The fact that he had her hair from behind was something that turned her on completely.

Despite his best attempts to stave off the release, Lavender's pussy was hotter than anything Harry felt. He pumped himself into her and then unleashed his load into her.

Lavender collapsed in a daze as Harry pumped his cum into her womb. He splattered a thick load into her and both saw stars.

The two girls decided to drift up to sleep which gave Harry some time to read until they woke up and he could send them on his way.

'The time dilation spells work nicely,' Harry thought, it was only an hour in the real world but about
eight had passed inside the room. It worked well for tutoring along with other activities.

Harry had not heard anything from the dastardly duo of Snape and Dumbledore. Given the fact that Snape had the problem of a mutiny in his own house, Harry was not surprised.

"Percy actually thanked me for breaking up with him," Penny said, in amusement as she walked down the hallway. "He said that it was best that I made a decision like this because I was a distraction for him and his NEWTS and likely his future ambition to become the Minister of Magic."

Penny thought that if Percy became Minister of Magic, she was going to move to Siberia.

"Oh, what did I ever see in him?" Penny bemoaned and Harry smiled. "Your guess is as good as mine…"

"Harry….we need to talk."

Harry saw her standing at the end of the hallway, she look beaten, broken, and battered. Her face was worn and she had bags underneath her eyes. The green eyed wizard stood face to face with Hermione Granger. This was the first time that she bothered to speak to him.

"You look terrible," Harry said without missing a beat.

"I can't study….my grades have fallen and I can't sleep at night," Hermione said as she looked at Harry, avoiding the temptation to get on her needs. "What did you do?"

"Nothing," Harry said as Penny hovered awkwardly in the background.

"You….I can't….I can't," Hermione managed as she looked about ready to throw herself out of a window in sheer frustration.

"Is there something that you need to say to me Hermione?" Harry asked, looking at her.

"Please, Harry, please, whatever it is, there has to be a counter curse, I'm losing my mind," Hermione said, sliding down to her knees in front of Harry.

Penny looked at Hermione wondering what happened. Then it clicked with her.

"I'll do anything, it's tearing me apart!" Hermione shouted to Harry, as she clutched the front of his robes.

"Hermione, get ahold of yourself first of all," Harry said and he pulled Hermione to her feet. She stood back against the wall. "Hermione, you're not embracing it."

"What am I not embracing?" Hermione asked, she felt her ability to make her own decisions slip away with each passing moment.

She felt trapped and unable to move.

"I saved you from the troll," Harry said. "You put yourself there in that bathroom….."

"That was Ron's fault…..he…..he….well you know what he said!" Hermione snapped as she looked at Harry with blazing contempt.

"Hermione, don't speak to me, unless you do it with respect," Harry told her and once again, Hermione's eyes glowed and her throat was unable to work in Harry's presence. Words formed in
her mind but they couldn't come out. "You could have chose to let it go, but you decided not to. In his own crude way, Ron did point out a flaw about you."

Hermione’s face scowled but that was about all that she could do in the face of Harry's order.

"You need help Hermione, badly, but it might be beyond me to give it to you," Harry said and Hermione looked at the floor in shame. "Go and get some sleep and don't try and harm yourself in any way."

Like an obedient puppy, Hermione turned on her heel and walked off.

"She did everything that you said without question," Penny whispered to Harry.

"I know."

"Anyone other than you, would abuse that," Penny said, making an observation more than anything.

"I'm not sure what I want to do with her right now," Harry said, but there were some ideas. The more sex he had, the stronger the control over his abilities got and he noticed that the more intertwined Hermione got to his will. "I let her free, I kill her. I keep her under my toe and she keeps fighting it…..it's going to be dangerous for her."

"Couldn't you tell her to stop fighting it?" Penny asked but Harry shook his head.

"That sounds like a sound idea, but she needs to embrace it willingly, otherwise it will keep tearing her apart," Harry said and Penny nodded, that made sense.

"I've got to go, Prefect meeting," Penny said, leaning forward and giving Harry a kiss.

"Thanks for escorting me," Harry said to her.

"No problem," Penny said, she figured that Harry could use an extra set of eyes but he was now in front of the door where he needed to be.

Harry stepped inside, and there was a quartet of ladies waiting for him. One of them had bubblegum pink hair and violet eyes so she stood out from the pack a little bit. She had a pretty face, a fairly decent figure, although if she was who Harry thought she was, she could make her figure into anything that she wanted to.

The second female was a gorgeous brunette that looked to be in her mid to late twenties. She wore a pair of glasses over her bright blue eyes and she had a full figure that was even obvious underneath her robes.

The third female had black hair and was carrying a briefcase with her. She had the same violet eyes as the female and had a full figure. Even though Harry knew that she was in her mid forties, she looked much younger. Magic did slow down the aging process.

The fourth female was a full figured red head who had a monocle on. Both her and the older brunette looked to be much younger than they really were.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

"Not a problem at all, Mr. Potter….or do you mind if we call you Harry?"

"No, not at all, Mrs. Tonks…..isn't it?"
"Andromeda, Andromeda Tonks," she said and she turned towards the redhead who was standing there. "And this is Amelia Bones, she is the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement."

"A pleasure to meet you both," Harry said as he took their hands gently and like pureblood custom planted a kiss on the top of them which caused them to smile. He exerted a tiny bit of power to make an impression. "And who are these two lovely ladies?"

"This is Auror Tonks and Auror Diggory," Amelia said, pointing out the two girls who smiled at Harry and seemed to be sizing up Harry like he was a juicy snake. Their boss cleared her throat to show that she did not approve of their unprofessional behavior.

Even if she snuck a brief discrete look herself.

"So any relation to…"

"Yes, my younger brother, he beat you in Quidditch and now Amos won't shut up about it at all," the Auror Diggory said rolling her eyes at the thought. "You'd think that he became Minister of Magic."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Harry," Tonks said and then she nearly knocked over the stool.

"Nymphadora," Andromeda groaned, shaking her head at her daughter's antics.

"Mother," Nymphadora said horrified and Amelia cleared her throat.

"Down to business, Andromeda."

"Right," Andromeda said as the group took their seats. "We have a lot to discuss."

"Indeed," Harry said, thinking that might be the understatement of the century.

To Be Continued.
Setting the Stage

I've done plenty of research and getting my hands on some of this information was pretty much like pulling teeth," Andromeda replied to Harry and the green eyed wizard stared her down, as if waiting for another explanation. "The first thing has to do with you being sent to the Dursleys….it should never have happened. There were two things that caused it to occur."

Harry waved his hand, indicating that he was all ears so Andromeda pressed onwards.

"Dumbledore claimed that your parents conveyed it was their wishes for you to get sent to a home that you will be safe and given the sacrifice Lily made, he assumed that home was the Dursleys."

Harry snorted but he recovered quickly. "What is the second one?"

Amelia jumped in with a few words of her own. "It's a law that indicated that an orphaned magical child is to be sent to his or her closest relatives. It was intended to keep pureblood children from winding up in Muggle orphanages but certain parties used it to keep you out of the world."

"It wouldn't be Lucius Malfoy, would it?" Harry asked and Andromeda smiled, perceptive that Harry was.

"Yes, right in one," she replied and Harry sighed.

"It's always about the Malfoys, nothing but trouble. Draco did a rather stupid thing during our first year. He challenged me to a duel and….no showed in, in an attempt to get me in trouble."

Andromeda looked a bit triumphant although she did not show it. "Draco did more than a stupid thing, he did something that would put his family lower than low. The Malfoys will lose everything now and it is your right to claim it."

"Yes, and once you tell what happened, there will be no court on the planet that will deny it and if not, the goblins will accept the claim," Amelia added, if there was one thing the goblins despised, it was cowards.

"Well that's on the list of things that I need to acquire, along with my seat on the Wizengamot….."

"Seats," Andromeda corrected and Harry smiled. "You figured as much, didn't you?"

"I had an idea but thank you for verifying it," Harry said, which caused the two Aurors, who were mostly standing guard at this point to laugh.

"One fourth of the Wizengamot and there is a good portion of the court that will always follow where the power lies, so you have majority control if you play your cards right," Andromeda said and Harry smiled.

"I have no idea where to begin, because any changes should be done slowly, to make them believe that it's in their best interests and not mine," Harry added and Andromeda nodded knowingly.

"You read the book, didn't you?"

"Indeed, it was very enlightening," Harry said, again he wondered who wrote it but that was one of the unsolved mysteries of the magical world.

"The few who have had the chance to glimpse at it have, although the Ministry has worked to bury it
underneath the ground," Andromeda said and there was something about what she said that resounded with Harry.

The Ministry feared anything that challenged their perception of the world, both right and wrong. That's why they caused people to grow a little dependent on the wands that they waved and the Ministry as well. What would happen if the magical users realized that they didn't need the Ministry and sent them on their way.

"I want to discuss what has been going on at Hogwarts over the past three years," Amelia said sharply, deciding to get to the point and Harry smiled at her. She tried not to be too distracted by his smile.

"So….would you like the long version or the short summary?" Harry asked and Amelia raised an eyebrow. "Because to detail some of the things that have happened at Hogwarts might require a lot of explaining."

"If nothing else, it will verify some strange rumors that I've heard at the Ministry."

Harry took a deep breath, he would need the oxygen as he launched into everything, from first year, up until now. He could see Amelia's eyebrows getting more pointed by each lasting moment.

"So is that it?" Amelia asked calmly, making a few more furious notes. The things that Dumbledore did to put children in danger, well it caused her to become outraged. She struggled to remain professional but it was hard. Given that her niece was at Hogwarts, it was hard to keep an objective tone. "Well, the Dementors will be removed from Hogwarts."

"I'm not sure Fudge will be happy about that," Andromeda said and the two young Aurors looked at each other.

"Well, Fudge can deal with me if he doesn't like the fact that I'm removing something that Black already got past once and is already putting students in danger," Amelia said and Harry smiled.

"So….the question I've wanted to ask now is, do I have just cause to sue Dumbledore and Fudge for providing a hostile environment that puts me in danger?"

"Yes, and if they want to prevent this from going to court, you'll in line for a huge settlement," Andromeda said, pleased at the ambition Harry was showing.

"Of course, almost on schedule," Amelia said as she could hear Dumbledore trying to listen in for the conversation. "Auror Diggory, invite Dumbledore inside."

The girl nodded as she walked forward to take the old Headmaster inside.

"Dumbledore, I'm sure you wish to be a part of this meeting, so sit down, because I have information that I wish to tell you, and it's best that I tell you this right now," Amelia said and Dumbledore sat down.

"Madam Bones, I'm afraid that I don't understand….."

"Well here's some reading material that will help you understand," Amelia said as she slapped it down on Dumbledore's hand.

It was a summons to report to one of the other magical courts, that wasn't the Wizengamot. It would be detailing his handling of the events of October 31st 1981, along with some of the more questionable decisions.
"Harry, you shouldn't have done this," Dumbledore said, adopting the false grandfatherly tone.

"You could have just did this the easy way, Professor," Harry said, with a slightly smug smile etched upon his face. "You wouldn't have had your reputation dragged through the mud like this if you would have just played things my way."

Dumbledore looked at Harry like he was disappointed but the disappointed old grandfather look didn't really work on Harry any longer.

"You put your students in danger, I can't in any good conscience just stand back and let you do that," Andromeda added as she looked in Dumbledore's eyes, which lost the irritating twinkle that was trademark of them. "It's for the greater good, something that I'm sure that you'd understand."

Dumbledore looked like he had been walloped in a stomach by a coquet mallet.

"You've provided by client with a hostile environment that has led to his physical and mental well being put in danger," Andromeda added, getting on a roll and she was not about to stop right now. "The Philosopher's Stone should have never been placed in Hogwarts and I refuse to believe that you didn't notice that someone was possessed underneath your nose. You're either inept or purposely negligent, either way, you will be given a chance to defend your claims."

Dumbledore opened his mouth. "Harry, my boy....."

"Professor, I'm sure that the other students of school would agree that we want a safe environment at this school where we could live without fear," Harry said to him, looking at him straight on but at the same time, not making direct eye contact. "We don't want to live in fear, do we?"

"You're making a big mistake....."

"Headmaster, I also am ordering you to not come near Mr. Potter until this matter is cleared up and do not order anyone to approach him on your behalf or the consequences will be something that you won't bear," Amelia said to Dumbledore, and he frowned. "You might be beloved by many, but there are more who have been looking into some of your actions over the years. You vouched for Snape in particular, someone who has known to commit the worst of crimes."

Dumbledore was about to protest, Severus Snape was a wonderful man, who deserved compassion. He was misunderstood.

"And you will leave willingly to your office, where we will continue this meeting or you will be escorted to the Ministry in shackles for contempt. The choice is yours."

Harry admired Amelia Bones, she was not a woman to be fucked with.

Dumbledore cast Harry one more "disappointment look of doom" but Harry casually waved at him. The Headmaster got up to his feet and Amelia followed him out of the door. It did amuse Harry, along with the two Aurors in the background that the great and powerful Dumbledore was being escorted off like an ickle firstie that got caught out of bounds.

"We have one more business matter to get to, since the hearing will take care of me getting my inheritance," Harry told Andromeda and she nodded. "That being the matter of a life debt that I hold, I know of one, and I may hold two.....although the magic surrounding them doesn't kick into place until their second maturity or their fourteenth birthday."

"You are referring to the fact that you saved Ginny Weasley from the Chamber of Secrets," Andromeda said and Harry looked at Andromeda and nodded.
"When I saved her form Tom Marvolo Riddle….that's Voldemort's true name by the way," Harry said, pleased to see that Andromeda did not flinch at the forbidden name. That caused his respect for the woman.

"Well Voldemort would have to be someone because I doubt very much that he was born with that name," Andromeda said, saying his name without any fear. "But back to the life debt….

"Life debts are an interesting thing, they have to be put into danger willingly, and I'm sure that there was a part of Ginny who went with Riddle, hoping that she would get rescued by Harry Potter," Harry said with a smile. "Something that I'm certain that she regretted when she realized that Riddle was going to suck her life energy out of her and return to life….."

"Describe this diary to me, you're saying that it was a copy of Riddle?" Andromeda asked and being a well learned witch from a dark family, she had a theory of what Riddle was up to. "Are you familiar with the concept of Horcruxes, Harry."

"Can't say that they ring a bell," Harry admitted and Andromeda nodded.

"I figure that they might not, for they are magic that are of the darkest," Andromeda said with a grim expression on her face. "Those who fear death the most of all are the ones who create Horcruxes. One you murder, there is an opportunity to divide your soul in half and when the soul rips in half, there are rituals to remove the fragment from the body. These fragments can be placed inside of a Horcrux."

"So….."

"The key thing is that even when torn apart, the soul is not completely disconnected, therefore, there have been cases of witches and wizards who have trapped themselves in their own objects, never to be found again," Andromeda said. The Black family library was an interesting place although it was best not to read some of the material in case you wanted nightmares.

"So Riddle made this diary, which kept him from dying completely….."

"Among other things and I'm certain that Dumbledore knows more than he's letting on," Andromeda said.

"What's he waiting for then?"

"With Dumbledore, I have no idea, it could be anything," Andromeda said as she looked at Harry and Amelia returned, looking irritable.

She didn't normally drink but Albus Dumbledore's attitude today was making her think about indulging in some firewhisky.

"The objects could be anything but knowing Riddle's vanity, they wouldn't be anything inconspicuous," Harry said and Andromeda filled in Amelia on what Harry informed her.

"There are rumors that he's out there, more than rumors given that you met him in spectral form two years ago," Amelia said, that was something that was swept underneath the rug by Fudge and Dumbledore both. The results of the investigation had been sealed before she found out about it and she very nearly resigned over it.

The problem was that someone corrupt would get her job and that wasn't something that she wanted.

"I have a few more matters to discuss with Harry, but considering that you need to return to the
"Yes, meeting about the Black situation," Amelia said and Harry looked interested. "Cornelius disagrees but you should know about this. Sirius Black never was formally charged of the murders that he was accused of because he was thrown into Azkaban without a trial."

"Never would have believed it," Andromeda muttered. Sirius got himself disowned because he refused to follow his mother's ideals and now he turned around and did this. There was something extremely fishy about this entire mess.

"So technically he's…"

"Technically he can walk free, if the Ministry cared about justice," Amelia said. "I'm going to do my best to get the Kiss on sight order rescinded, so he can get his day in court. We need to get answers about why he did what he did and if there is any change that he's somehow not guilty by the crimes…then it's only fair."

"And if he is…?" Harry asked and Amelia looked stoic.

"If he is, then I'll personally ensure that he gets the full extent of the law brought down upon him," Amelia said. It slapped her in the fact that the Ministry just threw him away on Dumbledore's word. A trial was supposed to remove reasonable doubt. The Lestranges got a trial for Morgana's sake. One would think that Voldemort's supposed chief lieutenant would receive a trial, so they could find any skeletons that were buried.

Amelia thought it defied all logic but that was the Ministry for you.

"Alice, Nymphadora, why don't you go with Amelia back to the Ministry?" Andromeda asked and the two girls nodded.

This left Andromeda and Harry all alone in the same room with each other.

"Given your level of magical power it might not be a life debt, at least not entirely." Andromeda suggested, swinging back onto the subject at hand and the older switch smiled. "Your magical power is such that it will seek out females and bind them to you. And it's accepted willingly."

"The other life debt holder is the problem, Hermione Granger, she was my friend but she betrayed me," Harry said and Andromeda nodded, looking at Harry. He explained to her what happened.

"Mentally she's rebelling but her magic recognizes you as the dominant authority in her life, therefore she will be compelled to do as you say to the letter," Andromeda concluded. "And the more she tries to fight it, the more of her free will she'll lose. And you know you can't tell her not to fight it."

"Being a Muggleborn, there's so much that she chooses not to understand because she's stubborn," Harry said and Andromeda nodded in agreement.

"Well my late husband was a Muggleborn and it wasn't so much that you are of a non-magical family, because there are purebloods just stubborn as this Granger female is," Andromeda said to Harry, consulting her notes. "Given that she is of a non-magical family, she has been bound to House Potter as a ward. Releasing her would destroy her."

"And the more she tries to fight it, she'll destroy herself," Harry said, shaking his head at her.

"But any order you give her, she'll have to obey it," Andromeda said and she added. "If you tell her to throw herself off of the Astronomy tower or poison Albus Dumbledore, she'll obey…not that
"Those are suggestions naturally."

"Of course," Harry said, shaking his head. "There are binding rituals that remove her free will completely and make her completely docile."

"That might be a road that you're going to have to go down, because the longer she fights this, the more it has fatal consequences," Andromeda said to Harry. "I'd give her another couple months to come to terms of her own but if by the end of this school term, she doesn't obey, you might have to consider your options."

"This is not the sort of thing that I'd be able to discuss with her parents," Harry said, although Hermione did say things about her father regarding how controlling he was. He had no idea what Hermione's mother was like.

"No, that could present a problem," Andromeda said, looking at Harry. His power was intoxicating and she drank it in. "And about the Weasley girl....."

"Well she carries a bit of a torch for my legend," Harry said casually.

"So, essentially a fangirl," Andromeda said in a neutral voice and Harry nodded. "Well, that kind of devotion could be useful."

"I'm sure it could," Harry said and he could see Andromeda steal several more glances at him. "So....thank you for your help."

"No thank you," Andromeda said as her pulse quickened a little bit, she was in this enclosed room with a powerful wizard and his magic compelled her to do things to him that might not be appropriate. Not that she cared, and being a pureblood, they had very few taboos. And that was a fact that she embraced.

That being said, she wanted to put Albus Dumbledore away for an extremely long time. So the fact that this happened made her excited. The woman was up against the wall literally.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?"

Harry said this question, he could sense her arousal coming from her as he did it. To be honest, the stronger his powers got, the more he could sense a person's arousal and this woman had a pleasurable heat coming from her.

"Yes.....yes," Andromeda said as she looked into Harry's green eyes. They were much like Lily's and Andromeda always thought that Lily was a captivating woman for many reasons.

"Well, I have a good idea," Harry said, bringing his arms around her and he slowly slid Andromeda's robes off. She was wearing a green blouse that barely contained her ample breasts.

"So....I've heard rumors of what you've been up to with my nieces, and I'm a very lonely woman," Andromeda said as she looked at Harry, her skirt parting a little bit to reveal her stocking clad legs. "You know....all work, no time for pleasure, but most of them aren't worth it."

Andromeda ran her hands down Harry's body, things accelerated from business to pleasure really quick. She sent the two girls off with Amelia for the express purpose of getting one on one time with Harry. Proving that she was a Slytherin for a reason.

"We can have a remarkable working relationship, Andi," Harry whispered and that caused shivers to go down her spine as he cupped her breasts underneath her shirt.
"YES!" she moaned at the top of her lungs, throwing her head back and Harry slowly worked over her body. The green eyed wizard brought more pleasure to the woman as he tormented her. Desire increased the more that he worked her over.

Her blouse and skirt were off before she knew it and Andromeda was up against the wall, wearing a lacy green bra and a very soaked pair of green panties along with her stockings.

"Just relax, and I'll give you everything that a woman like you needs," Harry whispered and he slowly kissed down the side of the older woman's neck.

Andromeda could not believe it, he was a god.

"And everything a woman like you wants," Harry whispered, licking her behind the ear lobe and Andromeda closed her eyes once again. "But I'm sure we should skip the formalities, we both know where you want my tongue."

"Yes….yes," Andromeda whimpered and Harry pushed her panties down to her ankles as she sat down to the chairs. A wet slit with a small strip of black hair was shown and Harry slowly rubbed her in circles. "Don't tease me."

"I wouldn't dare," Harry said as his tongue went into her, slowly inserting itself between her legs.

Andromeda could not believe this, his tongue slowly began to slither in her. It could go rather deep into her, she wondered if Harry figured out a way to increase the length of his tongue. Not that she was worried about magical theory or anything right now.

'That's it, succumb, you belong to me,' Harry whispered as he dug his tongue so deep into her pussy. The green eyed wizard indulged himself in the taste of the older witch and given how wet she was, one thing is obvious. 'You've wanted this for a long time, you're going to be addicted to my tongue, aren't you? You're going to be mine.'

Andromeda had no idea what he was doing with that tongue of his but there was one thing for sure, it was pure magic and it was driving her completely wild. His tongue continued to twist into her, driving her through the heights of passion. Her hips pushed forward and he kept licking her with his tongue. His green eyes focused on her and the pleasure that she would have to receive to him.

"Give me this kind of pleasure, and I'll be yours forever," Andromeda breathed as she played with her breasts. As a pureblood witch, she was well aware of the weight that her words held but she didn't care.

Another orgasm but Andromeda didn't want to stop there.

"Let me return the favor, surely, you require pleasure, master?" Andromeda begged, pleading to him.

Harry smiled as her face was dripping with her honey. Smiling, she used her tongue to lick it off, causing him great pleasure.

"That's good, that's very good, ooh that's good," Andromeda whispered as she continued to use her tongue to lick away at Harry.

"I agree," Harry grunted, feeling her hands comb over his body slowly, surely. His green eyes flooded with pleasure as she worked him over.

"Yes, but now he's the time for the main course," Andromeda said, pulling his pants down.
Andromeda stared his one eyed monster and licked her lips. It was big but she would work with it. Grasping her hand around his base, she wrapped her hot lips around his and took him down her throat in one fell swoop.

Harry hissed through his teeth.

"Damn, baby, suck that cock, a snake for a snake," Harry whispered as he grabbed onto her face. "I took your nieces too, and I'm going to take your daughter. Just think of all of the fun that I can have with her."

"Yes, pound my whore daughter just like you're going to pound my mouth," Andromeda told him with lust, taking his cock briefly from between her lips and then sinking it back around him. She hung onto Harry's hips as he pumped himself deep between her lips.

Harry grunted, she worked his cock with her tongue, giving him an overall pleasurable experience. The way she massaged his ball sac was good. He was going to have her tutor some of the younger girls when she had the time, giving them tricks on how to really suck cock.

Andromeda used her own abilities to make her tongue longer and her throat tighter. While she didn't have the full abilities like her daughter did, she did have some tricks up her sleeve.

"That's good, oh that's fucking excellent," Harry grunted as her mouth did their tricks underneath them and her tongue worked him over.

Andromeda worked her mouth down onto his cock and his balls were fondled. She was determined to have his cum down her throat.

One more jerk of him later and Harry's balls impacted their fluids down her throat. The green eyed wizard fired his amazing load all the way down her throat, spurting his fluids all the way down her gullet. He held onto her face, unloading himself down into her throat. The wizard continued to pick up some steady momentum as he worked every single last drop of cum down her throat into her.

Pulling away, Andromeda swallowed his cum, savoring the taste that was in her mouth.

"Time for the main event," she purred, getting up to her feet and rubbing her ass into his cock to get him excited.

Harry pinned her against the wall and she felt a rush of pleasure as he took her against the wall. His cock was rock hard in a matter of moments, a feat that could not be possible without the magic of magic.

"Are you going to ask me to take you?" Harry whispered in her ears, running his hands down her body and he had his cock against her entrance. His hands groped her breasts and he leaned forward, whispering hotly in her ear. "Well, are you?"

"I….I am," Andromeda whimpered as her tight cunt was nearly around his throbbing hard cock but he pulled out in the last second.

"Say it, explicitly.," Harry whispered, groping her ass from behind.

"Take me, I'm yours, my pussy belongs to you."

Harry's cock entered her and stretched her walls. Andromeda's eyes bugged out as he filled her with his massive member and she felt younger than she had in a long time. The green eyed wizard groped her breasts and sawed into her against the wall.
Tight, she was so tight, likely because that part of her body had not been touched in a while.

"So much bigger than my husband," Andromeda moaned as Harry pumped into her from behind, her breasts pressed against the wall. It was a bit strange for someone this young to be so large, even for magic users but Harry was something that defied all logic.

"Naturally."

Harry sped up his thrusts, working her over and whispering in her ear. "I hope you're feeling this because when I have a chance, your daughter is going to get the same. Maybe if you're nice, I'll let you watch."

"That'd be….amazing," Andromeda whispered as she tightened herself around Harry's tool. His power locked onto her and caused her to gush. He was a strong wizard and the type who had locked onto many powerful females already, from birth on.

It was just a matter of him claiming them. His thrusts sped up as he rocked her body and Andromeda closed her eyes.

"Not slowing down, not in the slightest, are you with me?" Harry asked and Andromeda nodded. "A few more minutes and we can cum together."

Andromeda nodded, she knew that Harry controlled his release for her sake. If her theories were correct, then she would have a lot more stamina the next time. Right now, he had brought her straight to heaven and then sent her back down.

"Ride me to a climax," Harry said, after pulling out.

"Yes, master," Andromeda said excitedly, as she brought her warm center down onto him. It was leaking already and she clenched around him, riding his tool up and down with increasing frequency. The green eyed wizard watched as she used her strong inner muscles and made them tighter.

"Ooh, it keeps getting tighter," Harry groaned, feasting on her sweaty tits now.

"Yes, for you, but it's the perfect fit, my pussy around your cock, isn't it amazing?" Andromeda cooed, rocking herself back and forth and contracting herself like a vice around Harry. She picked up the pace and Harry's balls tightened.

The meeting of their loins for the climax caused everything to come full circle. This would not be their first meeting, as Andromeda knew that she would have to make excuses to meet with him. She felt free completely as she reached a sexual peak.

He injected his seed inside her body, a glow appearing around the both of them. It was one that could only be caused by the meeting of a powerful witch and a powerful wizard.

Hermione Granger had a lot to think about, mostly because no matter what, she couldn't study. She could not even comprehend the words on the page, they were nothing but blurs. She could not comprehend a single word on the paper.

She closed her eyes and opened them, hoping that the nightmare would go away.

"You're not well, are you, Hermione?"

Hermione slowly turned around and saw Ginny Weasley standing there before her. The redhead
looked her over slowly.

"Do you need to go the hospital wing?" Ginny asked quietly as she looked at Hermione.

"No….that won't help me," Hermione said as she could see Ginny sitting there. She doubted anything would cause the never ending pounding to cease in the back of her head.

"Is this about Harry?" Ginny asked in a too calm and cool voice.

"No," Hermione said and Ginny shook her head.

"A terrible liar," Ginny said as she cupped Hermione's chin gently and looked into her blood shot eyes. She looked rater ragged. "Tell me, Hermione, do you even understand what you did?"

"Well, obviously I don't, because I would be better if I did," Hermione said sharply and Ginny backed off, throwing her hands up in the air.

"I think I have an idea, you see, Harry saved your life during your first year at this school," Ginny said and she opened her mouth up. "And he saved mine as well. I don't have to worry about what might happen to me for another year and a half or so, but you do. And you know why you do?"

"No…."

"Second magical maturity, you hit it and since you have a life debt to Harry, it's active," Ginny said and Hermione opened her mouth but the redhead placed her hand up. "And once you pulled the stunt that you did with the firebolt, your magic started to punish you for betraying him. It's more than a normal life debt, isn't it? You agreed that you were completely indebted to him. Therefore, your life, your happiness, it's in Harry's hands, isn't it?"

"I'm…..his slave," Hermione whispered, the ramifications horrifying.

"I guess one could put it that, but it's not as bad as you think it might be," Ginny said, with a thoughtful gaze in her eyes.

"How could being enslaved to someone be a good thing?" Hermione asked.

"Would you rather be enslaved to Draco Malfoy or my brother?"

That question caused Hermione to shiver and Ginny smiled, she had her point.

"The fact is, Harry is getting stronger by each day and that means that you're not in control any more, he is," Ginny said as Hermione looked pale.

"There has to be a way out….Ginny, maybe if you convince him to release me of the life debt…..or something….."

"I don't think you want me to do that, Hermione," Ginny said with a far off look in her face. "And I would do know such thing anyway."

"Ginny, you have to help me!" Hermione yelled, practically begging her but there was enough bossiness in her tone.

"Hermione, you never ask, you always demand, and you wonder why you're in this position," Ginny said, looking at Hermione. "If Harry releases you, you die."

"But if Harry keeps me, I don't get to live," Hermione said, horrifying ramifications setting in her and
Ginny smiled.

"You have a controlling parent don't you, Hermione?"

With that word, Ginny got up to her feet and walked off, patting Hermione on the head.

Hermione wondered if it would be better off if she just succumbed to Harry. It would release her from the pressures of being the Insufferable Know-It-All, the smartest witch of her age. And would pleasing her master be such a bad thing?

She shook her head, there had to be way to break this spell without killing her. A spell that was caused by a situation that was of her own doing, she reminded herself.

Hermione got up to her feet and took a few steps forward but then collapsed on the ground.

She barely heard voices around her, as the throbbing in her head became more prominent and she felt a stabbing pain in her stomach that dug deeper into her.

"Someone get help!" a voice yelled but it might as well have been at the end of a really long tunnel. Then she blacked out completely.

Harry was down in the Chamber of Secrets, studying the amulet and reading through the books that he had. The duplication spells would be the next spell that he would try, he fact he made it high priority to learn then given that he had numerous witches.

'\textit{Hermione,}' Harry thought, he saw an image of her going down and it caused his temples to briefly throb, breaking his concentration. He was annoyed by this but he wondered if the life debt was forcing her hand by potentially scarifying her.

It would be to the hospital wing to find out.

Harry got up off of his feet and was about to leave but he heard a whisper from the amulet.

'\textit{Break the curse to release me, the true line of Slytherin will live again.}'

The amulet had not spoken to him before and Harry looked towards the image in the portrait who smiled at him. Then she disappeared once more.

Harry was beginning to get answers, the person in the portrait had been imprisoned in the amulet.

But how and who, those were questions that still dogged him?

\textbf{To Be Continued.}
Trials

Harry arrived at the Hospital Wing, where Ginny was waiting for him. She was next to Hermione when she went down, so she had just gotten the third degree from Dumbledore, Snape, and McGonagall regarding what happened to her. She was frustrated, they looked at her like she was a criminal, after she wrote in that enchanted diary. After that point, every one looked at her differently, even her mother, her mother yelled at her because she got mind raped by a magical diary with a strong enchantment.

"Ginny," Harry said calmly.

"Um, hi, Harry," Ginny said as she looked Harry in the eye. "Hermione, she went down in the Gryffindor common room and she had to be rushed to the hospital wing."

Harry said nothing for a second until he addressed the redhead. "Is she….."

"She's breathing if that's what you're asking, Madam Pomfrey has her stabilized," Ginny said, keeping herself calm. "Dumbledore and McGonagall were both interested in seeing why she went down like that. It's a high level form of magical exhaustion that only wizards who have competed in competitive dueling have received. At least according to Dumbledore. There are dark curses that mimic the effects as well."

"He accused you of having something to do with it, didn't he?" Harry asked and Ginny paused and nodded. "Where would you learn such a thing?"

"Maybe he thinks that I picked up something from Riddle," Ginny said, bitingly, crossing her arms together. "Funnily how he never picked up what Riddle was doing me. Isn't the Headmaster supposed to be able to detect any suspicious enchantments going into the school?"

There was a distinct tone of bitterness in the female Weasley's voice.

"Yes, yes, Ginny," Harry said with a smile.

"Figures," Ginny added, tapping her foot on the ground nervously. Albus Dumbledore was not her favorite person in the world, given what happened last year. Well actually that was not true, he was her second least favorite person in the world. Her mother held the award for least favorite person. "And he thinks that I attacked Hermione out of some fit of jealous rage or whatever his mind concocted up."

Harry said nothing, peaking in and seeing Hermione on the bed.

"She got put through a ringer, didn't she?" Ginny asked. "She should have figured out that this was going to happen. Seems to me that the know it all doesn't know it all either."

"You know, don't you?"

That question was not one that was asked lightly. "Yes, I know but….don't worry, I didn't tell Dumbledore or anyone anything. I'm not disloyal like Hermione, even though the life debt doesn't effect me for another eighteen months, if it does affect me that is."

"If it does," Harry said and Ginny said nothing. This was the most conversation she shared with Harry. It was amazing how much one could talk to someone when they weren't being blinded by the Boy-Who-Lived legend.
"So….I guess I'll be leaving right now," Ginny said, she figured that Harry would have to take care of business. She knew that betraying him would be a definite no-no. "I've got homework to do….and stuff."

"Right, well I hope that you enjoy doing your homework and stuff," Harry said to her and Ginny nodded, turning on her heel and walking off.

That left Harry alone on his way to the Hospital Wing and he looked on Hermione. She looked completely wrecked and Harry looked over her, tutting as he looked down at her.

"Hermione, Hermione, Hermione, you do realize that I'm going to have to talk to your parents now about this, and we'll get to the bottom of why you're the way you are," Harry said to her, leaning against her. "You know, you did say that friendship was important but your actions this year….that kind of flown in the face of this. Do you understand what friendship is Hermione? I might not but then again, you didn't have the luxury of your home being a cupboard underneath the stairs."

Hermione didn't react to what Harry said.

"Stop fighting it Hermione, it won't be so bad, it might feel really good, it's not in your nature to be dominant," Harry whispered in her ear and Hermione shuddered. He parted her hair calmly, she was stable, well physically anyway. "Why must you be so stubborn? I don't want to have to force the issue. It would feel a lot better if you willingly caved in but if I have to do something drastic to save your life, I will. Even if most would let you die, but I guess that's the type of saving people thing I have, isn't it Hermione?"

Harry left Hermione, her eyes glazed over in pain and he walked out, without another word. He wondered how much he understood, the amulet which spoke to him was on his mind.

It said nothing more. All was quiet.

That was not something that Harry liked, at all.

The Expulsion Hearing for Draco Malfoy took place, a bit sooner than Harry expected. He thought that Lucius Malfoy with all of his supposed influence would get things delay but Draco was in front of the court, with none of his usual swagger. His clothes looked frayed and his hair was in disarray. Harry sat with Daphne and Andromeda in the front row.

The only person on Earth who would consent to represent Draco was Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore always did love to give second chances, but only to people who really didn't deserve them, Andromeda mused as she watched things.

"Draco Malfoy, you may rise before the court and plead your case."

Harry wondered what kind of defense Draco was going to pull to justify what he was going to do. Daphne looked to be considering the same thing.

"I feel as if I've done nothing wrong and she should be honored for the attention that she received from someone like me," Draco said sharply and briskly. "She wouldn't have been much of anything given that her father died…"

"Mr. Malfoy, you had to acquire the potion from someone," Andromeda said as she stared down the young man who was unfortunately her nephew. As much as she hated to admit that point, it was extremely true. "Did you….."
"Professor Snape has a store of readily made potions that Slytherins should access, I understood what it was and I understood that it should be used to make Greengrass more obedient to her superior," Draco said and there was a second where the court was a gasp.

Snape looked at Draco, if he could kill the boy right now, he would.

"Such potions are highly restricted by the Ministry," Andromeda said and Dumbledore looked stoic, not reacting to Draco's declaration straight away. "And those who make them or possess them, they are looking at twenty five years in Azkaban prison. Can you say without a doubt that it was Severus Snape who made the potion?"

"He knows about the Ring."

There was a gasp and Andromeda could have sworn that she seen some members of the audience shift in an uncomfortable manner.

"The Ring?"

"Yes, the Ring," Draco repeated, folding his arms over his chest. If he was going to go down, he was going to take as many people there. "There are several respected purebloods, not only in Slytherin, but also in Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff, they are dedicated to ensuring that those lower than us on the totem pole will show proper respect."

"I see," Andromeda said and Dumbledore got to his feet.

"Counselor Tonks, I'm afraid that this has nothing to do with Draco's expulsion hearing…"

"Actually, I believe this has everything to do, and I'm surprised that the all seeing, all knowing Albus Dumbledore knows nothing about this ring."

"Oh he does," Draco said, pleased to implicate Dumbledore as well. It was a shame that there would be no legal way that he could tie Potter into this mess as well but you couldn't have anything in life. "Who do you think ordered Professor Snape to make the potions?"

"I'm not the one on trial, Mr. Malfoy."

"Not yet, Professor Dumbledore," Andromeda reminded him, turning back to Draco. She was like a dog with a bone and ready to pounce. "Who are the members of this Ring?"

The information Draco Malfoy had given was interesting. Harry heard some familiar names and much to his interest, there was some from Gryffindor. He recognized the names of some of the upper classmen.

Dumbledore tried to give them a speech about second chances but it was obvious that they did not have any teeth.

"Has the court reached a verdict on Draco Malfoy?"

"We have agreed to uphold his expulsion at Hogwarts, he will not be permitted to attend any other magical school under the decree of the International Confederation of Wizards as well. His wand will be snapped and he will be forced to wear a Rune bracelet at all times which will monitor his every movement. He will be confined to a Ministry safe house, with only the basic necessities to live. Should he attempt to escape, he will be moved to Azkaban."
Draco watched his wand snapped before his very eyes and the court had a lot of other work to do if they wanted to uncover this mysterious pureblood ring of gentlemen at Hogwarts.

Harry, Daphne, and Andromeda got to walk out, this was far from the first trial that they would have to attend this morning.

Lucius Malfoy stepped in front of Harry.

"So you think that you're clever, Potter," Lucius said coolly as he stared him down.

"Clever enough to outwit you yes, but funny enough I fear nothing from someone who got his arse handed to him by a house elf," Harry said, staring back at Lucius. The two of them locked eyes, staring back and forth and things got intense. "And I've been looking for you, because….."

"We need to serve you this, and it will be a lot better in person," Andromeda said, slapping the paper in Lucius's hand.

Lucius read it. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"No, it's reality, your son forfeited a duel to me, therefore everything that the Malfoys own, it goes to me."

"You won't get away with this Potter," Lucius said, looking angry. "I'll have your head for this….."

"No, Lucius, I'll have yours, just like I'll have your wife," Harry said and Lucius scowled once again at him, reaching for his walking stick. "But I'm a fair man, your son must be too dim to know the consequences of his actions. One duel, you against me, winner take all."

"You don't know what you're getting yourself into," Lucius said and he leaned forward. "Let the entire world see your humiliation, Potter."

"I agree, Ministry of Magic, in three days, in the underground dueling arena, you know the one, don't you?"

"Yes," Lucius said, he was looking forward to humiliating Potter no matter what.

Harry could barely keep the smile off of his face as he watched Lucius walk off into the night, he had no idea what he was getting himself into.

"Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore take the stand and plead your case."

Harry shook his head, he should have known not to trust anyone with more than one middle name. That was simple common sense.

"You sent Harry Potter to his Mundane relatives on the night of October 31st 1981, in accordance to Ministry law. But you did knowingly and willingly keep his magical heritage a secret from him."

"I left his aunt a note," Dumbledore protested at that point.

"And furthermore, you did knowingly send him to an environment where he would be abused due to his magic….."

"Abuse is a strong word," Dumbledore argued but he felt himself back up against a corner so far that he thought that he was going to be crushed by the force of everything.
"His Hogwarts letter was addressed to the cupboard underneath the stairs. There have been reports of the Ministry having to go to the residence, seventeen times between 1981 and 1991 to clear up chaotic accidental magic and modify the memories of all involved."

Harry frowned, why didn't he remember this?

"I do not recall this, but has my memory been modified?" Harry asked suddenly and the court was aghast. Modifying the memory of a pureblood head of house was a huge no-no.

"I could not risk you knowing about your heritage until the time was right," Dumbledore said and Harry turned to Andromeda.

"Did that sound like a confession to you?"

"Yes, it did," she agreed.

"The Dursleys requested that you not know, I had to comply with the wishes of your guardians," Dumbledore said and it was then where Andromeda looked at Dumbledore.

"We'll see how much you complied with the wishes of Vernon and Petunia Dursley when our witness takes the stand later."

Dumbledore looked quite sickly, an act that Andromeda didn't buy at all.

"Very well, why haven't you given Harry control of his Wizengamot seat, along with the knowledge of why Lord Voldemort went after him," Andromeda said, ignoring the flinching of the court.

"I believe that he was not old enough to hold that knowledge," Dumbledore said, annoyed that Andromeda was questioning his motives. The boy needed to be prepared for what was to come, if he was to be Dumbledore's successor, the leader of the light. It was the same lessons that Dumbledore's father taught him when he was much younger that Harry, before the incident that got him sent to Azkaban.

"But, yet he's old enough to save the Philosopher's Stone from Voldemort," Andromeda said, saying his name without fear. "And he's old enough to fight a Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets. Things you should have known about, given that the Headmaster of Hogwarts is fully aware of any enchantments that are not authorized inside the school. Security is only good as those who are at the switch."

Dumbledore said nothing, perhaps he was not going to incriminate himself ever further.

"Regardless, you did knowingly and willingly put Harry Potter's life in danger and furthermore, you refused to tell my client why Sirius Black was after him, thus potentially putting his life in danger even further," Andromeda said and she stared down Dumbledore. "And furthermore, you have continued to employ a teacher who was accused of being a Death Eater….."

"Severus Snape has been cleared of all charges….." Dumbledore said and Andromeda bared down onto him.

"Snape might have been cleared legally, but he is still capable of many things, some of which I'm sure you're pleased by, considering that you don't like getting blood on your hands," Andromeda said in a crisp voice. "The dark mark is not something that he received by being a kind and gentle person. You and I both know that Albus, and we know that you're a liar. There is a reason why you are protecting Snape."
Dumbledore looked calm and collected but there was no twinkle in his eyes. "That matter is not for this court….."

"Perhaps, but something that is for this court is the lengths that you got to bring Harry Potter to the Dursleys, in front of relatives who emotionally abused him, and forced him to live in a cupboard underneath the stairs. There was a chance that without magic, he would have became a feral child but that's not the only life you ruined. I bring to the stand, Petunia Dursley."

Petunia walked to the stand, not looking at Harry at all, and she gave Dumbledore a look of deepest loathing and contempt.

"State for the record your opinion on your nephew," Andromeda said and Petunia looked around.

"I only grudgingly took the boy in," Petunia said as she stared down Dumbledore. "He implied that if I didn't, then he could not protect my family from Voldemort's followers, who would surely gain revenge on us because we were related to the boy. Even if we wanted nothing to do with that freak world."

Andromeda remained neutral, she knew of Petunia's opinion on her sister and anyone from that world. It was all because of jealous of magical powers that she didn't have.

"Dumbledore convinced you that it would be in your best interests to take Harry in," Andromeda said and Petunia nodded, looking at Dumbledore. She didn't make eye contact with Harry ever, because her contempt was on the man who ruined her family's life. He lead her parents to her grave, her sisters to their grave, and that was not the worst of it.

"Do you realize how many promotions Vernon had to pass up to stay in that house, it's a wonder why he hated the boy, of course the boy's father and that Black decided to play a practical joke on him at Lily's wedding, and he never been so humiliated in his life," Petunia said, staring Dumbledore down once more. Her voice never broke, her eyes never blinked. "And we could not bring anyone else into the house and…..that freak shit, you made sure of it. You killed her Dumbledore, you son of a bitch!"

"I'm afraid that I don't know what you're talking about, Petunia," Dumbledore said, saddened that this woman held such bitterness in her heart.

"My daughter, I was pregnant when you put up your little blood wards, and I lost her because of you, I never told Vernon, not anyone," Petunia said, placing her hand on the side of her face in sorrow. "We didn't have any choice in the matter. If we would have burned the boy for a witch, like Vernon suggested, what would you have done?"

There was horrified gasps at this declaration and Petunia looked unapologetic.

"You wouldn't have done that," Dumbledore said and Petunia shook her head.

"No, I stopped Vernon, Vernon wanted to kill the boy at least three times, one time after he blew the deal with the Masons because of the pudding fiasco, he could have retired because of that deal, I knew….I knew….I didn't want my son to suffer because of the sins of your world too," Petunia said, staring down Dumbledore. "Every single day, I had to look into his eyes, and see a reminder of a sister that I'd always be second to at best, a sister that was preferred to me, and a sister that was dead because she trusted you!"

Petunia got to her feet but the guards stood on either side of her. Harry wondered how true any of this was but regardless, it looked like Petunia wanted to vent for a very long time. Good for her,
really good for her. Harry knew that she lied before, so he was not going to buy anything that she said at face value. If anything, the fact that she lost a child because of Dumbledore made the entire mess even more horrifying.

"I've said my piece, the boy was forced on me, on my family," Petunia whispered as she looked at Dumbledore. "And let's face it, if the boy left, all of us would be much happier, including him."

"I agree," Harry said, without missing a beat. "Saddened as I am by what you went through, that does not excuse your behavior or what you did to me."

Petunia acted like Harry did not even speak to her which was perfectly fine to him. The Dursleys would pay soon enough.

The court needed to discuss the evidence at hand and Dumbledore remained tranquil, it was always darkest before the dawn.

It took a surprisingly short amount of time for the courts to make their decision.

"Albus Dumbledore has not only been indefinitely suspended as the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, but he will be forced to pay a settlement to Harry Potter, of four hundred thousand galleons."

Dumbledore's mouth opened, that was seventy five percent of the total Dumbledore assets. In fact, the Dumbledore family was among one of the wealthiest in the British Wizarding World. Between the Potter, Malfoy, and Lestrange vaults, along with this settlement, Harry would be quite wealthy indeed and considering gold was power, Dumbledore shuddered to think what the boy was capable.

Andromeda smiled, she would have rather taken Dumbledore for every last knut he had but this worked out about as well as respected.

"Furthermore, Dumbledore's positions on the Wizengamot and the International Confederation of Wizards have been suspended by this high court, barring further investigation."

"You don't know what you're doing," Dumbledore said, staring down at them. He looked at Harry, disappointed. After all of what Dumbledore did to protect Harry, how could he ruin things like that?

"Albus Dumbledore, you have ignored orders by the international court for yours, you spear headed the trial of accused Death Eaters for years at the Ministry, when they should have been tried by the International magical court. Many of them have committed crimes in several countries."

They were not done at Dumbledore, Bartemius Crouch and Millicent Bagnold would also be brought before the court because of their conduct during the war with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

"It is the opinion of the court that Harry Potter will be left in the custody of Andromeda Tonks, a respected pillar of the pureblood community."

Andromeda and Harry smiled. Technically speaking, Harry didn't need a guardian but this was a way to cover their asses legally unless the Ministry tried something.

"You will have to attend a hearing on March 15th for further sentencing."

Harry could not help but be amused by that date. Beware the Ides of March indeed.
Dumbledore was out of Hogwarts, and all of the staff were being kept under close watch. Their qualifications would be checked and double checked. Then there was this mysterious Ring of Purebloods that Malfoy spoke of during his Expulsion Hearing.

Harry returned back to Hogwarts, the news of Dumbledore's indefinite suspension would hit the Daily Prophet by tomorrow morning. Then some shit was going to hit the fan. Harry was not done making waves, there could be a lot of potential seats for the Wizengamot that he could snatch up after Dumbledore's supporters had been flushed out. And there would be those who had family members connected to "The Ring" which would have had to resign to avoid the heat of the scandal.

With his influence as the Boy-Who-Lived, Harry could really put things in order, if he played his cards right. He had to remember not to rock the boat too fast but rather make them believe that things are done in their best interests. Harry was going to use every one of their pureblood traditions against them and hurt them.

That was a long war to fight but Harry felt like he had fought the first battle. The targets presented themselves in the room and Harry lifted his hand. He blasted them all to smithereens without the use of a wand. He felt like he expended a lot less energy without using a wand. In some ways, it was really holding him back and that was not a good thing at all.

There was someone behind him who clapped slowly but loudly. Harry turned around and saw Daphne Greengrass standing there. She was dressed in black and green robes with a smile on her face.

"Hogwarts actually will be as safe as people think it is before too long," Daphne commented to him and Harry raised an eyebrow which caused Daphne to hastily amend that statement. "Or at least as safe as a group of magical users in one place will be."

"I know what you meant, and this Ring….we'll find out how long it's been going on, it's a scandal worse than the Azkaban breakout of Black," Harry said but he couldn't help to think of one thing. What if….what if Black was innocent of these crimes? Granted, it was a longshot but how could Harry say that the official word that Black betrayed his parents was true if pretty much everything else was a blatant and complete lie.

"Well, the Ministry bungled that one with the Dementors, they seem to rather attack Quidditch Matches than do their job."

"I know," Harry said and he took another step forward. "Andromeda and Amelia are both working on getting the Dementors out of the school. Removing them from Azkaban and banishing them to a cave in the Arctic might be hoping for too much but…"

"We've just got to do what we have to do one step at a time," Daphne said and she looked at Harry. "While the debt that I hold for you is different than the one Granger or Weasley holds for you, it's still there. Although if you really want to get technical, you could have a claim that every single person in this country that's magical owes you a life debt. Because it was our own stupidity that created the Voldemort mess to begin with and you saved us from it."

Harry thought that was an interesting angle.

"Life debts do have to be more personal but that does explain a stronger compulsion that witches are feeling towards me," Harry said and he looked Daphne in the eyes. "Along with being attracted to wizards of high magical power type of thing."
"There's no compulsion needed."

Daphne stepped forward, she had been getting closer to Harry all during the conversation. Her arms wrapped around Harry and she kissed him passionately. The kiss was returned as Harry pinned the fourteen year old witch back against the wall.

The Greengrass heiress felt that her loins were on fire and Harry's hands roughly handled her body, making every curve, every nook and cranny his.

"Oh, you know I want this, Harry," Daphne whispered as her robes torn off to reveal that she was wearing a tight white blouse where her ample chest was about to burst out from, a short skirt that showed her lovely long legs, and wrapped around her tight ass. She already kicked her shoes off, dressed in nothing but a pair of sheer stockings that adhered to her legs.

"I know you want this," Harry said with a grin, his hands roaming over every single inch of her body. He touched her supple skin and his hands roamed down her skirt, brushing against her thigh. She shivered against his touch.

Her blouse buttons popped open, slowly, one at a time. It revealed Daphne in a slender black bra that barely contained her immense cleavage. Harry licked his lips at the visual buffet of flesh before him but it was going to be even better in a second.

Harry snapped the strap of her bra and her perky large breasts bounced forward towards his line of sight. Capturing one of her nipples in his mouth, Harry bit down on it and then he slid her panties back.

Daphne's mind exploded into an immense amount of lust. No matter what he did, everything she felt, it was like magic, it was better than magic if she had to think about it.

His hands roamed her body and pure magical energy shut over her body. She was pinned back on the table and Harry's lips paid attention to her nipples, lavishing them, making them his.

"That's not all, time for me to make a woman out of you," Harry whispered and he looked at Daphne. "First, I need to get you warmed up."

"Yes, master," Daphne said as she dropped to her knees obediently, her robes used as a cushion. She was going to worship her new master immediately.

She unbuttoned his trousers and pulled them down. His tent was there and Daphne pulled it out. Her hand barely fit around his large thick member and she prepped herself to take the biggest object that she ever would into her mouth. The blonde closed her eyes and she tightened her lips around it, bringing down her throat.

"I know you can do better," Harry whispered, cupping her breasts in his hands and she moaned. "Take all of it, take all twelve inches down your throat."

Daphne took everything that she had, he was really large for his age, but he was a wizard of immense power so this went without saying. The blonde took her lips tighter around his tool and worked him down her throat.

Her hand groped his balls and she felt the groan come from Harry. He steadied himself on the back of her hair with one hand and with the other hand molested her breasts. The fact that he groped and handled her breasts like they were his property got her off. They stained the robes that she was on top of as Harry grabbed her around the face, hammering into her mouth.
Daphne rocked her head back and forth, sucking his cock and the blonde closed her eyes. She could feel that she was going to get a reward.

"Such a good girl, I'm going to reward you."

Daphne loved it when she was right, especially what was coming. She sped up her blow job, humming, and sucking.

She got her reward as his balls tightened and he sent a heavy stream of cum down her throat. The blonde sucked it all down, careful not to waste a single drop as he emptied his balls into her mouth.

The green eyed wizard pulled out and Daphne wrapped her breasts around his cock.

Harry enjoyed the titty fuck, his cock the meat between her breast sandwich. She worked her breasts up and down, licking him every now and again.

"It's time, put it anywhere that you want," Daphne whispered and Harry smiled at her, pushing her against the wall. Her back was against the wall and his cock was against her entrance.

"Dangerous words Daphne, very dangerous words."

She wondered what she got herself into, as Harry pushed into, making her his. The pain was only momentary for magic was a wonderful thing and defied all conventional logic. Harry's hands cupped her breasts as his rock hard rod speared deep into her. The blonde worked her hips back, moaning and mewling as she tightened herself around him with a vice like grip. It seemed like no matter how far he entered her, he brought her to a brand new level of pleasure.

"That's so good," Daphne moaned, grabbing onto his shoulder and hanging on. Her sexy legs wrapped around his body and he continued to pump into her body. Thrusts got a little bit faster but he controlled the tempo.

He waited for her to come down from her orgasm mostly and then he punished her.

"That's right, you belong to me," Harry whispered, biting her on the side of the neck, marking her for his. Daphne's back arched as he speared her against the wall.

"Yes….yes…." Daphne panted, realizing that she did not get to sample his tongue but she supposed that would have to wait for another day. This large thick hunk of manhood with sufficient for now, her hands reached up. They hook momentarily, sinking down onto the back of his neck and the blonde pumped herself up against him, tightening her vice like pussy against him.

Harry could feel how tight she was and while the fact she came so many times was building him up for a big climax, he had a different idea. She looked just as good from the back as she did from the front.

He gripped her ass, squeezing it, teasing her.

"You like me playing with your ass, honey?" Harry asked, pumping his rod into her and Daphne pushed her hips back.

"YES!" Daphne whined, feeling his finger tease her, brush against her anus. The blonde tightened around him as she had a dirty thought in her mind.

"Would you like me to fuck your tight ass?"
Daphne shivered at the thought and Harry pulled out of her, turning her around. He roughly shoved her against the wall, her breasts pressed against the wall. He leaned forward and whispered in her ear.

"You said that I could stick it anywhere."

Daphne closed her eyes and felt his thick cock against her anus. It was about to penetrate her tight hole and Harry waved his hands.

The situation began even more erotic as shackles hooked her to the wall, binding her feet and legs cross legged. There were also nipple clips that tightened onto her nipples.

Meanwhile Harry hovered at the edge of her ass, cupping her hips, and with one more fluid motion, he slammed into her. Her tight ass stretched out as Harry's hard thick cock went into her ass. The green eyed wizard pumped into her from behind again and again, rocking her body completely hard.

Daphne was gagged as well which made the situation even better. The blonde felt his thick cock go into her ass and it tightened into her.

Harry continued to plow into her, feeling her ass around him. It was tighter than tight and hotter than a furnace. He used one hand to twist her nipples and the other hand to play with her pussy, sending jolts of pleasure.

His entire hand was soaked by the juices that sprayed from her and the green eyed wizard stepped up the efforts, pushing all twelve inches of himself deep into her ass. He rocked into her body over and over again, her super tight ass closing around him.

His balls were about ready to explode, all he had to do was thrust a few more times and he would have her. The blonde's rectum was a good place.

"I'm going to cum in that ass, but you're getting off on that, aren't you?"

Daphne gave a muffled moan of pleasure but it was obvious that she enjoyed everything. Twelve inches of manhood speared her tight hole and Harry continued to hold onto her hips.

He pleasured her body, handled it, made it his, and Daphne never wanted it to stop. She lost a lot of steam however, being her first time.

"Not bad, but there's room for improvement," Harry whispered, as he gave her a few more thrusts. "I like your tight ass, it's time to cum in it now."

Daphne squealed through her gag with Harry pushing himself into her against the wall, slapping her on the rear as he made his last few thrusts. Then came the explosion, causing her ass to be beaten severely with the thrusts that rocketed his cum deep into her bowels.

He pulled out, satisfied for now but Harry thought that there was always room for improvement, especially for himself.

He removed Daphne from the chains and made sure that she was cleaned off.

"Soon, master, soon we will have the strength to speak to you."

Harry heard a voice come from Daphne's mouth but it was most certainly not Daphne's.

"We are pleased with your progression but naturally there was no doubt in our minds."
Daphne's eyes shifted after a second.

"Harry….oh that was amazing, I don't think I'll sit for a week," Daphne whimpered as she rubbed her ass and looked at him. "What is it?"

"You don't remember anything from the last minute, do you?" Harry asked and Daphne shook her head.

"Well if something happened….you did fuck my brains out, didn't you?" Daphne asked him and Harry nodded as he cast a few spells on Daphne, who recognized them. "I….."

"Well it's gone now," Harry said, and Daphne looked at him. "They said that they would soon have the strength to speak to me, well they said….."

"They….." Daphne whispered and Harry nodded. "Do you….."

"I don't," Harry replied and he did another spell but Daphne was clean which made it even more frustrating. "You're fine Daphne."

She looked into Harry's eyes, saw the truth, and nodded.

"I'll go back to my dormitory, then," Daphne said, trying to put this behind her and Harry kissed her goodbye before she made her leave. She was a bit weirded out by this but she believed Harry, both that she was possessed and that she came out clean.

He would have to tell Vega to keep an eye on her when he wasn't able to be around. Harry held the amulet in his hand and eyed really closely.

Writing scratched into the amulet.

*Keep moving forward, master.*

*All will be revealed, it pains us as well that we can't speak to you.*

*Remember, your heart's desire.*

*Almost there, what Salazar stole will be reclaimed.*

**IVA**

"See you soon, beloved."

Harry was convinced, as he speculated it was someone related to Salazar.

"Tell me how to free you and I will," Harry whispered to the amulet and it paused.

"I can't tell you because I don't know," she said solemnly. "Only you have the power to do so."

"Can you at least tell me your name?" Harry asked her and the amulet, the spirit trapped inside paused, hesitant, fearful.

"Only you can lift my curse, only you can reclaim my identity, my beloved Harry," she said sadly. A name was something that she was stripped of when she was trapped inside the amulet, along with her heritage and powers. It was a sad and despicable story what her younger brother did to her to get that heritage. And his heirs had become worse with each passing generation.
"Is it…Iva?" Harry asked.

"No," she replied to him but she faded from the amulet, the connection lost once again.

Harry kept his composure even though it was frustrated.

**To Be Continued.**
Consequences of Stubbornness

Harry Potter geared himself up for a duel with Lucius Malfoy. While there were many other matters on his mind, he thought that this one was the most fascinating in many ways. The green eyed wizard stood, hands on his hips as he waited for his opponent to show up. Not very patient but at the same time, Harry would wait. He could feel this one and he could feel the glory of the victory that would come when he defeated Lucius Malfoy.

Tapping on his wrist, Harry could see Lucius there, confident, poised, arrogant, any other adjectives that one could use to describe Lucius, he was there.

Andromeda stood next to him, consenting to be his second for this duel but Harry doubted.

"I got to give you credit Lucius, Malfoys don't normally show up for duels," Harry said, staring him down. It was a psychological game, get in an enemy's head. "So after your brat lost everything to your bungling, how will it feel when I destroy your reputation?"

"Don't get ahead of yourself Potter," Lucius whispered, he realized that accidents would happen and in the dueling arena, especially once he won the Malfoy funds back, it would be difficult to prove what was an accident and what was intentional.

Harry stared him down, he brought one of his pureblood chums to duel.

"You're really sure about this, aren't you?" Andromeda whispered to Harry.

"Yes," Harry said, Lucretia and Vega told him a lot of what they needed to expect. Lucius knew dark magic yes, but he was not someone to get his hands dirty. He was a money man. "So, your daughter.....I met her.....nice girl. I can't wait to meet your wife, Lucius. I'm sure she'll be equally.....as nice."

Lucius grimaced, one did not have to be a rocket scientist to understand the implications behind that. He held his wand out, imagining shutting that boy's arrogant mouth the first time. Severus told him that he was nothing but an arrogant child who coasted on his reputation.

"Are you ready Potter?" Lucius asked and Harry smiled.

"Yes," Harry said, keeping his eyes fixed on his enemy. He inclined his head with a slightly mocking bow but at the same time, kept his eyes fixed on Lucius. Lucius did the same.

BANG!

Two spells collided together and Harry casually dodged out of the way. It hit against the wall and the audience looked on.

Lucius could see Harry's banishing spell come at him like a runaway freight train. Casually, he put up a shield, not bothering to move an inch.

Harry's spell annihilated Lucius's shield, blowing right through, and then connected with the Malfoy, launching him off of the ground. Twisting his wrist, Harry controlled his trajectory, and caused him to go down onto the ground.

His wand arm shattered, many bones breaking it, and it caused being able to use a wand a bitch and a half. Lucius rolled over, favoring his right arm.
"You can heal it Lucius, but that means that you forfeit," Harry replied, seeing an obvious flaw in his offense.

"I'll manage, Potter," Lucius said, awkwardly switching his wand to his left arm. He could not get the angle right for the next spell that he sent, which allowed Potter to dodge it seamlessly.

Harry could tell that without the ability to perform magic with his wand, Lucius Malfoy was essentially just a step above a squib. His left arm spell casting was not that good and Harry slowly backed him into a corner that he would not fight out from.

"Fight me, Potter," Lucius breathed but Harry lifted him completely off of the ground and slammed him down hard from the impact.

Lucius crumpled to the ground, blood pouring from his mouth. He was still breathing, but only just.

"The winner of this duel, Harry Potter."

Andromeda nodded, that took less than ten minutes, but if what Narcissa said was true, Lucius never was one who had much staying power.

Meanwhile Harry was not quite keeping his back turned on Lucius Malfoy, even if he pretended that he was. Now that Lucius lost everything fairly, Harry suspected that Lucius would do something drastic.

Lucius's friend healed his injuries and the two men whispered. Seeing that Harry's back was turned, and assuming that he did not turn around, Lucius Malfoy went in for the kill.

Harry turned around and reflected the sinister purple light back at him. Lucius screamed as the spell sliced his insides to ribbons and it was instant death.

His cohort was rounded on by Ministry Horrors, as Fudge looked horrified. Respected pureblood or not, he could not deny what he saw with his own eyes. Besides, Potter was better connected now with all of the gold that he had so Fudge was not about to go against him. It would mean the end of his career as Minister of Magic.

The duel ended with Lucius Malfoy dying instantly, and it was obvious self defense, his old dark curse returned to him.

Harry saw the pureblood drain from Lucius's body and he could see someone standing in the doorway. She made eye contact with him.

Smiling, Harry followed her, to see what she wanted.

Narcissa Malfoy had a beauty that most younger witches would be envious of. Silky blonde hair, gorgeous blue eyes, high cheekbones, and soft lips. Her robes did not even contain the D-Cup breasts that she had, such breasts would be a hinderence to non-magical users, but they did have the ability to carry more weight thanks to magic. She had the perfect hour glass figure, a smooth toned stomach, wide hips along with beautiful long legs. Her tongue curled over her lips.

She felt the power that Harry Potter expelled down there in the dueling arena and it was a fraction of the power.

"So….Narcissa," Harry said, stepping towards her and the blond felt a rush of warmth go between her legs. He was someone who got the blood pumping in more ways then one.
"You defeated my husband, humiliated him, and…..well he's no longer my husband, is he?" Narcissa asked, leaning forward, the front of her robes slightly open to reveal her tremendous cleavage.

"He's not much of anything, not that he ever was," Harry said and Narcissa looked at him, a smile on her face.

"It's a shame that Lucius's own ignorance lead to his downfall, and the way he raised Draco," Narcissa said, lifting her hand and brushing her hair so it framed her face in the most seductive manner possible.

"Well, that's what happens, the diseased apple rarely falls far from the polluted tree," Harry said and Narcissa's lips curled into a smile.

"Fair enough, fair enough," Narcissa said, her breasts rising and falling as she breathed. She kept her eyes locked onto Harry. "My daughter and niece…..I'm sure that you've told you a lot of what you need to know and you know of the position that I'm put in. The moment that you claimed your victory over my son, my marriage dissolved and that…..well that leaves me in an interesting position."

"I can claim you and put you in any position that I want to," Harry said, suggestion dripping from his voice, along with a fair amount of innuendo.

"Yes, and I realize that if I don't go along with you willingly, you can force the issue as well," Narcissa said with a smile. "And while Andi knows a lot about pureblood culture, thanks to my husband and his dealings, I know where a lot of the pureblood skeletons are buried."

"Oh, do tell?" Harry asked.

"Well, there are a number of incriminating documents that you can use to blackmail the Ministry officials into giving you what you want, and I'm sure that you could control over half of the seats on the Wizengamot if you play your cards right," Narcissa said with a smile. "My husband didn't just have that diary that he slipped to young Miss Weasley….never did quite forgive him for losing my house elf. And that's why I can never have nice things."

"Wait Dobby….."

"Yes, Dobby….he's a bit….well he was a product of the environment that he was in, and I warned Lucius not to treat him like he did, because house elves can be scarily cunning, that's the reason why they're enslaved," Narcissa informed him. "They'd overrun us with their special brand of magic. Lucius was sore for weeks after Dobby knocked him on his ass."

"I'm glad," Harry said but he got down to business. "So….the two of us….."

"Yes, we can work together, and shape the world, get a lot of the….riff-raff out of the Ministry," Narcissa said. The fact her son was part of "The Ring" meant that she would disown him completely. Which meant that Draco was a nobody, which was worse than a Mudblood, worse than a squib, worse than a blood traitor, but she hoped that it might teach her son a valuable lesson about humility. That's the least she could do.

"Looking forward to doing business with you, my lady." Harry said as he leaned forward and grabbed Narcissa around her waist. "But you know where the power lies?"

"Either, I willingly work with you or you force the issue, only a petulant child would willingly fight you," Narcissa said as she was up close and personal with Harry. His hands roamed her body over
the top of her ropes. The blonde closed her eyes and felt the pleasure, his mouth was inches from her
neck and other parts of her body. "Anyone who fights your power…is deluding themselves of the
chances."

"Glad to see that you see the light, and you'll be rewarded for your present and future cooperation,"
Harry said, wrapping his arms around Narcissa and the two of them disappeared into the light.

"So Andromeda's home?" Narcissa asked, looking around. She was not going to lie, the prospect of
being fucked by Harry on her older sister's bed was tantalizing to say the least.

"Yes, yes, Narcissa," Harry whispered as he removed her robes slowly, exposing her body. "Just
relax, and I'll take care of you."

"Take me, make me yours," Narcissa said, with Harry running his hands all over her body, his hands
rested on her stocking clad thighs.

Harry pulled the blonde MILF into a smoldering kiss. The green eyed wizard roamed his hands all
over her stocking clad legs, cupping her ass.

Narcissa moaned, as his lips pressed on the side of her neck and she gave him an encouraging moan.
The buttons on her blouse began to burst, revealing a red bra that contained her firm supple breasts.

Harry removed her bra and pinned her back into the bed, having her back.

"And you're wet for me, that just proves how much that you want this," Harry whispered and
Narcissa closed her eyes. Her breasts exposed to him and Harry took her nipple into his mouth.

Narcissa's hips twitched in the air, with the blonde close her eyes. Her tongue wrapped around her
nipple and Harry ran his hand all the way down her body.

"Harry," Narcissa whispered as Harry placed his hand between her legs, pulling her panties back.

Harry pulled off of her, kissing down her body and her skirt was off on her body. Her pussy with her
deliciously aroused lips could be seen.

"Harry, please," Narcissa whimpered as Harry pushed his hand into her.

"You're going to be enslaved my tongue and love it," Harry said and Narcissa soaked his fingers as
he played with her perfect pussy. His tongue brushed over the edge of her entrance. He slurped up
the delicious juices.

Narcissa felt his tongue slide into her center and he slurped her, twisting it inside of her like a
corkscrew. The blonde wrapped her legs around him. She overheard her niece what he was capable
of. The thought of it caused her pussy to soak through.

'Mmm, delicious, but then again, who wouldn't expect a sexy MILF like yourself to be anything but
delicious?' Harry hissed, as he ate her pussy. His tongue vibrated with every word and Narcissa
thrashed. His tongue expanded in her body and dug deep into her.

Narcissa could not believe this, this was better than what was described. It was one of these things
that every woman should experience once. Although she suspected that it would spoil them for other
men forever.

"Yes, Master, Yes, clean out my slutty cunt with your tongue, take me, oh take me!" Narcissa
moaned as his tongue buried into her.
'Yes, you're nothing but my pureblood slut and I'm going to fuck you every single way,' Harry hissed in her pussy and she thrashed, her juices soaking into his mouth. He slurped them up all of the way.

Andromeda stood outside of the door and watched, her nipples stiffening. She started to rub herself at her sister giving an extremely vocal and loud orgasm.

'Damn, really hot,' Andromeda thought, rubbing herself furiously and she removed her robes. Her top was there, along with her skirt. She stood there wearing a pair of thigh high boots, her bra and panties, all of them was soaked and she was ready. She rubbed herself even more furiously.

Narcissa could feel Harry bury his tongue deeper into her and she came one more time.

"Master, please, let me please you," Narcissa said as she wrapped her arms around Harry, along with her legs and kissed him, sucking her own honey from Harry's face. She rubbed his crotch, removing his shirt. His muscular body was exposed, and Harry reached down, removing his pants down. His crotch was exposed.

Harry's iron pole was exposed and Narcissa looked at Andromeda. "Oh, Andi, don't be a stranger, sis, join us?"

"You'd like to eat your sister's cunt out when I fuck you from behind, wouldn't you?" Harry whispered and Narcissa nodded furiously looking like a demented wind up toy.

"Yes, Master, I'd love that very much."

Andromeda decided not to deprive her baby sister of her love and lust. She got back onto the bed, her panties removed to reveal her shaven, smooth cunt.

"Dig in Cissa," Andromeda purred, and Narcissa buried her face between Andromeda's thighs, licking her.

Harry got even harder and he knew where he could put it.

"Nice ass," Harry said, clutching her. "I might have to claim that later."

Harry held onto her thighs and he brushed his cock against her pussy, her dripping hot pussy. The green eyed wizard cupped her breasts from behind and aimed himself into her.

"Damn it, you're fucking tight," Harry grunted as he forced himself into her. "Guess Lucius didn't really put you through the paces too much."

"Only twice, one time too many," Narcissa whispered but Andromeda grabbed her hair and buried it back into her pussy. Andromeda moaned as her sister's skilled mouth worked her over.

"Don't worry, I'll put this to good use, won't want it to waste."

Harry plowed into her, feeling her tightening cunt suck him in. She was wet, warm, and tight. Harry stretched her out as her center expanded for his cock to enter her.

Narcissa moaned as he went deep into her. She continued to take her sister's juices down into her mouth, being nourished by them.

"Such a good baby sister, wouldn't you agree, Andi darling?" Harry asked, holding onto Narcissa. He kissed down the small of her sweaty back and bit him down across the back of her neck. The green eyed wizard cupped her breasts.
"Yes….yes….she is," Andromeda breathed, watching Harry's thick length going in and out of Narcissa at a rapid fire fury.

Harry was nowhere near getting done and Narcissa's walls tightened around him.

"Still there, keep going," Narcissa whimpered, her walls got even tighter around him.

"Yes, don't worry, I'll keep going, I can go all night long," Harry whispered and those words caused her to tighten around him.

The actions continued to kick up and the green eyed wizard pushed deeper into her. The blonde's walls hugged him and she pumped back against him.

Narcissa was working on sheer and pure instincts, her tongue scrapping around her sister's cunt.

"Don't worry, Cissa, getting closer, almost there, you'd want it, don't you?" Harry whispered her, licking behind her ear and nibble on it. "I bet you'd like my cum inside you, so much that you'd explode."

Narcissa's walls clamping around his iron rod indicated that she did want that as well. Harry held onto her, pumping into her once again.

The green eyed wizard injected a dose of cum into her center. Narcissa screamed as they both came together. His balls emptied their heavy load, rope after rope of semen spraying into her center.

Andromeda crawled over and slowly ate Harry's cum, sucking it from her pussy. That got Harry complete hard once again.

"Looks like you're ready for another round," Andromeda whispered, clasping her hand around him and the woman pushed herself up towards him.

"Always ready for you, honey," Harry whispered and Andromeda wrapped her tight cunt around him. Harry felt her tightness grind around him.

"Take a potion to keep it tight for you, honey," Andromeda whispered as she rocked her hips back down onto him, riding her lover.

"Yes….appreciated," Harry whispered, cupping her tits.

Andromeda threw her heads back and his tongue buried between her tits. That caused her to scream out in pleasure, his tongue working over her breasts. Her nipples were feasted upon as Harry worked his mouth all over her.

"Take….oh….take….oh yes," Andromeda panted as she rode him down like a mad woman.

"Oh, that's fucking great," Harry breathed as her tight walls collided around him. Harry held his hands against her backside and the green eyed wizard ran his hands all over her body. He cupped them, causing her pleasure.

Her walls tightened once again against him and her moans got even louder. Harry felt how vocal that she got and that caused his balls to twitch and throb.

"Fuck me, fuck me harder," Andromeda moaned as she wrapped her arms around his neck and looked at him with smoldering lust. It burned through her eyes and heart kept pumping as she worked her tight hips around him.
"Don't worry, I will," Harry whispered, grabbing her around the hips and pushing her down onto him. The hot brunette witch continued to kick up her movements.

Their hips connected with each other, with a primal meeting. They were building up the climax that they would experienced together.

Narcissa's eyes flickered open, watching her older sister ride Harry's. She watched with lustful hunger, seeing that Harry's cock slid in and out of the woman's tightening pussy. It was a beautiful erotic sight and she managed to summon enough of the energy.

She placed her fingers into her pussy, rubbing it. Her fingers were combined with the juices of both Harry and her and she put them up to her lips, slowly sucking off the juices. To say it was a tantalizing combination would put things mildly.

Andromeda and Harry came together, an explosion of stars erupting through their body. Her walls tightened around him, as she coaxed the cum from his balls and into her. His cum splashed into her, filling her body up. There was a glow as both came together once again.

Harry Potter had business to take care of, after pleasure. Hogwarts was in a state of flux right now, and the green eyed wizard understood that Flitwick's role as the acting Headmaster would only be that, temporary until they found a new head. Everyone in Hogwarts, especially those staff members appointed by Dumbledore were getting investigated.

Snape left Hogwarts the next day, rumors flew that he either quit, was fired, or silenced by someone. All Harry knew at this time was that he was gone.

Harry Potter had to take care of this piece of business, as he was at the Granger home. He never visited Hermione at home, and had never been there. It was not a mansion by any means but it was a nice house and Harry wanted to get a look around.

He knocked on the door but no one was home. The green eyed wizard, if he recalled correctly, the Grangers always returned a little bit after five in the afternoon and he was a bit early.

Harry made his way up the set of steps, deciding that since had time to kill, he might as well look around.

He stopped outside of a set of doors and opened them up. He shook his head.

"Of course, of course, I should have known," Harry said, as he came across a library that was even bigger than the Burrow. He suspected that Hermione would be spending a lot time when she was home, too much in fact.

He found Hermione's room, there was nothing but a bed inside. There was no personal effects whatsoever. A wardrobe was full of Muggle clothes, practical for a teenager he supposed.

Harry saw something at the bottom of the drawer and it was a diary. He didn't think that Hermione was the type to keep a diary, and he suspected that she stopped when she went to Hogwarts or before.

He looked at the diary, on the one hand, he knew so little about Hermione, outside of Hogwarts, other than the fact that her parents were dentists. On the other hand, sometimes there were things that people shouldn't dive their noses into.

Did Harry worry about any boundaries? No, he never had any kind of boundaries, any kind of
privacy. He did not have the luxury of telling anyone that what he did was none of their business.

It was one simple journal lock and Harry held it over his hand. It could be magically broken easily.

The sound of the door opening caused Harry to stop and slip the journal into his bag. Insight for Hermione and her attitude would have to wait right now.

Harry saw a man dressed in a suit with bushy afro and an ugly mustache, dressed in a really bad three piece suit.

'Looks like I'm not the only one to get my hair from my father,' Harry thought as he saw David Granger walk into the room and make his way over to the cabinet. There was someone who was walking behind him, it was a young Hispanic man with a really bad porno mustache and a mullet.

"The coast is clear," David whispered to the young man who nodded.

"You have the goods, Mr. Granger," the Hispanic man said in a low voice.

"Yes, Mr. Ramirez, I have everything, and do you have my money?" David asked and the man, Ramirez, nodded.

"Here, you'd find it in order……"

"Then I'll get you your medicine," David said as he walked into the next room, opening up what appeared to be a wine cabinet but there was a brown bag that he pulled out of it.

"No one could know about our arrangement, Mr. Granger," Ramirez said and Harry stayed up the steps, deciding to creep around to go outside to meet David Granger at the door.

"Yes, yes," David said, pleased that he had the money. All he had to do was drain the accounts, skip town, and his wife and daughter would never be the wiser. His wife was at a conference and she would not be back until Saturday, by then he would be gone and the house would be in his name.

Ramirez walked to the sidewalk where a van was waiting. He opened the door, to reveal his associates on the floor of the van bound and gagged.

"Nice night, isn't it?"

"Granger set me up, that rotten son of a bitch," the man said but his weapon was removed from his hand and he backed off. Ropes wrapped around him, pinning him against the back of the van. "I don't know what he told you, but you can't do shit to me, man, nothing that you can do could scare me."

"Hmm, your face looks familiar, high ranking criminal, big reward, I would make a lot of bank turning you in," Harry whispered as he looked at him.

"I'm not scare of you, you're nothing but some punk kid, just wait until I get out here, I will cut you," Ramirez said, his golden tooth glinting.

"You might not be afraid of me, but you'll learn to be," Harry whispered and a pop echoed.

Ramirez came face to face with a large cobra that hissed and spit at him, staring him down. He was mortally afraid of snakes of all kinds and shivers went down his spine.

"Look, man, I don't know what you want, but….I'll pay you money, lots of money, I'll split the take with you, just don't……"
The snake was close to his feet and the man lost his nerve.

"Granger, what was he doing with you?" Harry asked.

"Granger….he was going to sell us, contraband, you know….."

"Yes, I know….."

"His father, he has connections, and we pay him money, big money, and he gives us what we want, he wants to move, get away from his wife, take care of her, and when his daughter returns, he'll take care of her too."

"Well, he intends to kill his daughter, doesn't he?" Harry asked and he stared the man down. Another two snakes appeared and the man was even more terrified.

"Yes….yes….I had nothing to do with that, I'm not no killer….."

"You threatened to stab me the moment that I got in here, that seems to me that you are one," Harry said, looking at Ramirez with disdain. "You see, if he wants to kill his daughter…"

"I don't have anything to do about that, his daughter….his wife….his father, he's a dangerous man, people ended up disappearing," Ramirez babbled, he was about ready to pass out from paralyzing fear thanks to the snakes.

"I'll take care of David Granger, and…..oh….."

Harry smiled and grabbed the cell phone that one of the thugs had on them.

"The police will be here soon and they'll be very interested in what you're doing."

"Just who the fuck are you?" he demanded and Harry smiled.

"You may call me, the Parselgod," Harry whispered and the next second, he was gone.

He had some business left to take care of tonight, and he would find out if David Granger was doing what Ramirez said or if the drug lord was just blowing smoke out of his ass to save face.

Harry knocked on the door and wondered if Granger would answer. Sure enough, he didn't have to wait that long.

"Hello, Mr. Granger, I'm a friend of Hermione's from school. I think you and I need to have a word."

Hermione Granger was discharged from the hospital wing and she walked on jelly legs, making her way through the halls of Hogwarts. The truth was that she felt a bit weaker than normal. She tried to not to succumb to what she was undertaking. She would overcome it straight away.

"Granger."

Hermione nearly bumped into Daphne Greengrass, a Slytherin in her year. The brunette shook her head, her eyes watered for a moment. She only managed to get this far through sheer force of will but physically, Madam Pomfrey could find nothing wrong with her. Mentally and emotionally, that was another matter entirely.

"Greengrass….I need to get back to my dorm….no time to talk," Hermione whispered and Daphne looked at her.
"You'll find time to talk or at least listen to what I have to say," Daphne said and she took half of a step towards Hermione, wand drawn. "You must be the dumbest smart person that I've ever had the misfortune of meeting."

"I don't know what you're talking about….."

"The life debt Granger, the one that you owe to Potter, and I have a feeling that it's deeper than that, and you won't even admit that you made a stupid, stupid mistake," Daphne said, grabbing Hermione by the arm. Hermione did not fight it but she blinked, quite scathingly.

"I….I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'll try and speak more slowly and clearly though," Daphne said grabbing Hermione around the wrist. "You on Halloween night in 1991, willingly swore a slave oath to Harry Potter, out of gratitude for him saving you from the troll. Your magic acknowledge that he was a stronger wizard. And he was superior to you. Given what your upbringing was, you knew that you had to find the strongest, most powerful man to latch onto."

"No, no…..I…"

"You are the property of Harry Potter," Daphne explained to her. "Oddly enough, that puts you in a higher position of many of your blood type. Unless you are fortunate enough to do something to make people forget what your bloodline is, Muggleborns are lucky to get menial jobs in the Ministry. Lily Evans was the exception to this rule….."

"They told me that they reminded me of her though," Hermione said, in near tears.

"Yes, and my mother knew Lily Evans, and you are no Lily Evans," Daphne said, looking absolutely disgusted with Hermione right now. "The lies they tell children at Hogwarts….but I'm sure that's all on Dumbledore, because you had your role to play. Just like Weasley did….."

"I'm….."

Hermione never finished her sentence because a bolt of light struck her in the back and caused her to crumble down on the ground.

"That was a little extreme, don't you think?" Daphne hissed at the person of the shadows.

A girl who looked like a miniature version of Daphne appeared from the shadows. She did have the same curves that her sister did despite being a year younger. Yet most witches were more mature than their Muggle counterparts at the same age. So a thirteen or fourteen year old, would have a body of someone in their later teens.

"No, not entirely," she said looking down at Hermione. "She betrayed him, and she's not dead. If you ask me, she got off luckily. At least more so than the members of the Ring will once I catch up to them."

"Astoria what are you….."

"Nothing that you need to concern yourself about, my sister, I know how you distaste getting the blood on your hands," Astoria said with a smile as she looked at Daphne, who thought that she was better off not knowing. "He will lead us all, and soon those purebloods who threw their hat in with that pathetic excuse for a Dark Lord will feel his vengeance. They are the blood traitors and they must be exterminated from our world. Our master will lead us to a glorious new age. Dumbledore is gone, disgraced, as is Lucius Malfoy. The winds of change are blowing."
"I realize that but....."

"She's going to understand her place in this world," Astoria said as she patted Hermione on the top of her head. "She shouldn't have betrayed her master after all that he's done for her. She would have had those brains she cherished so much splattered on the end of a troll's club, if it wasn't for Harry Potter."

Astoria made sure Hermione was bound, and dragged her through a secret passageway. Daphne followed, to make sure that her sister didn't do something that Daphne would regret.

"The true line of Slytherin will return....."

"The bastard line will be eradicated once and for all....."

"And soon, it will come the time to meet him, face to face."

The three sisters smiled, soon the ruler would have his queen, and they would all be free to serve the rightful master of all sentient magical users and beings.

**To Be Continued.**
David Granger's face contorted into one of great contempt.

"My daughter doesn't have any friends."

Harry frowned, despite Hermione's attitude lately, her father's attitude was not the right one. He looked like a person who couldn't win a fight, not even if his enemy's hand was tied behind his back and his other hand was helping.

"No, I think that you'd like to hear what I say….and I'm sure the police would want to hear what you've been up to."

"You….you can't prove nothing….."

"Glad to see that you agree," Harry said with a smile and he could see David Granger sweat bullets. It was good for him. "Your wife…..she's perfectly safe, as for your daughter. As for you, Dave….mind if I call you Dave….."

"You have no right to enter my house!" David yelled as he tried to get the phone but an electrical static pulse caused him to lift off the ground and fly back. He landed on the floor with a thud, it would have looked comical if it wasn't so sad.

"Your little drug buddies sang like a canary, and now I'm curious if you thought that you could have gotten away with it," Harry whispered, leaning down and hissing in his ear. "Because I know you think that you're powerful and your father…..your father appears to be hot shit as well. But you aren't shit compared to me and what I can do."

"Listen to me….."

"I think we have a failure to communicate," Harry said, binding his ankles and wrists together. "See….sell drugs all you want….if you wanted to do that, if you wanted to use, that's your funeral. It's obvious that you think that the laws don't apply to you Dave. But you know what, they don't apply to me either. Evidence disappears, mind can be changed, and no one would find a single trace of you, not even a drop of your blood."

"So that's it….you're going to kill me?"

"You see, that would mean you'd get off the hook easy, I would kill you if I was feeling sorry for you," Harry said with a smile "But the thing is, I don't feel sorry for you. Those drug runners, they're being picked up. They don't remember that I'm there but they remember you. They're remember how you played a stooge to them. And what do you thing they're do? You can't really judge a book by their cover but they didn't seem like reasonable gentlemen to me. Seems like the kind of guy who would stick a knife in your back when you least expect it."

"I'll pay you…..anything," David whispered, trying to speak a language that he was used to.

"Once again, failure to communicate," Harry said, barely holding him at bay. The man swayed dangerously in his bindings. "Paying me money won't get you out of trouble. I wipe my arse with what you pay me even."

"I don't know what you want from me….."
"Your humiliation, the fact that you've messed up your own child mentally because she was not the son that you expected, and the fact that you caused her to suffer neurotic tendencies in her vain attempts to please you," Harry whispered, his agonizing stare burning into the face of David Granger.

Fear was an emotion that everyone felt and David Granger felt that ten fold.

"You've done a lot haven't you….and that little fortune you have, it isn't even yours," Harry said as he pushed Granger up against the wall. "Your wife….she was set for life. I'm sure that you found someway to blow her off of her feet….although I'm not sure how given the looks of you. Then again, perhaps she found something deeper than the skin that you're in. Or maybe just maybe you just snapped one day."

"My wife….she doesn't…"

"You've come to the realization that without Charlotte, you'd be nothing and David…..you're nothing to begin with, so do you have anything to lose?"

"I'll see you in prison for this, you rotten brat."

"Threats aren't that threatening in the face of someone who could bend reality along with your spine," Harry said and there was glowing madness in his eyes. "The clock is ticking on you, isn't it, Dave? You're going to spill all of your secrets and you'll be in prison for a long time. Your father won't be able to bail you out this time. You'd actually want to be in prison because you're going to be safer out there, then in there."

"And how do you think I'm going to do that?"

Harry smiled, he could easily kill him in about twelve different ways. But he would let others have that lovely pleasure. "Because I told you to do so."

Charlotte Granger cursed the ground that her husband walked on most days out of the week. This was one of the days out of those weeks. His erratic business decisions had caused their dental practice to be a bit less than it was. Her father-in-law leaned to give her husband a little bit more control but his business sense was that where it would give anyone with any sense a crippling headache.

The brunette sighed, all and all she was glad to get away from her husband for a little bit. At least that would allow her some clarity and dare she say it some sanity as well.

"Mrs. Granger?"

Charlotte turned around, the fact that there was no one near her a few minutes ago gave her great pause and startled her. The woman took a few seconds to catch her breath.

"Sorry if I startled you."

She saw the captivating green eyes of the young wizard who stood before her and her mouth hung open. "You're….Harry aren't you? Shouldn't you be in school?"

"Yes I'm Harry and while I'm should be, I have the capabilities to move freely. I've got to tell you something about your husband."

Charlotte groaned, such a statement filled her with the most mortal dread possible. It was through
great self-control that she did not strike herself with a face palm.

"What did he do now?" Charlotte asked Harry and Harry's lips curled into a smile.

"Well where do you want me to start?" Harry asked and once again, Charlotte was not going to lie, she felt mortal dread.

Harry could see that Charlotte Granger was a beautiful woman and it was even more obvious that Hermione inherited her father's hair. Charlotte was a rather tall woman of about five foot eight, with chocolate brown hair. Her face was angelic and her lips were bright with several thick tiers of lipstick on it. Her eyes had unmistakable warmth in them. She wore standard business attire but Harry was quite pleased with her figure. Full luscious breasts, amazingly long legs, and a shapely ass was the top of the heap.

Charlotte waited patiently for Harry to explain everything to her and she nodded calmly, crisply.

"He's done….."

"Both him and your father-in-law have been put away, and they might not last in there with the other people they ratted out in an attempt to get their freedom," Harry said and Charlotte raised her eyebrow. "But he's old news."

"I see," Charlotte said, raising her eyebrow and Harry smiled.

"But just to be on the safe side, I need to get you out of here and…in a place where none of your father-in-law's contacts will go after you," Harry said and the Granger woman raised her eyebrow. "Trust me when I say that you could be danger, along with your daughter."

"What about Hermione?" Charlotte asked, she received a letter last year that her daughter spent four months in the hospital wing and it was not forthcoming of details why.

"I take it that Hermione didn't tell you much about went on at Hogwarts," Harry said and Charlotte nodded swiftly. That caused him to sigh. "That figures, Hermione's been less than forthcoming with information about her home life as well and I had to coerce it out of her."

"What do you mean by that?"

Fair question but one that could not be answered here.

"I'll explain everything to you when we're in a less public place," Harry said, gripping onto Charlotte's arm. "I promise."

"You do?" Charlotte asked and Harry nodded his head with a smile.

"Yes, I do, hold on tight now," Harry said and both of them disappeared with a pop. "This is the home of a friend of mine….Andromeda Tonks…..it would take an army to break through the wards of this place….you know magic."

"Yes," Charlotte said but her head was spinning. While she did not obsess with knowledge as much as her daughter.

"Hermione, I think that it would be best for her after we're done to remove her from school and have her come here with you," Harry said and Charlotte was curious. "Her schedule was causing her to have an emotional breakdown."
Charlotte wanted answers and Harry gave her a short version of everything that Hermione was up to at Hogwarts. The older Granger woman's frown got deeper and deeper by each word.

"I know it's hard to swallow."

"Not as hard as you think," the woman whispered as she tried to rack her mind for a logical explanation but it failed her. "Why would they give a fourteen year old girl a device that bends time and space?"

"Because they're idiots," he said swiftly. "And about the life debt thing….."

"Just do what you got to do there, the fact that Hermione's fighting this….that proves how stubborn she is, she gets it from her father."

That wasn't a compliment, that much Harry knew.

"Wotcher, Harry."

Harry smiled as he saw Nym and Alice standing there before him.

"So, what are you two doing here?" Harry asked and Alice looked at Harry, a smile on her face.

"Don't tell me that you know, given that you're in bed with Andromeda," Alice said and Nym's eyes widened, her mouth hung halfway open.

"Alice, that's my mother," Nym said, exasperated and Alice smiled, nudging her softly and playfully.

"I know, but you can't deny that her and Harry have chemistry, besides she does deserve to get laid," Alice said and she leaned forward to whisper in Nym's ear. "Much like her daughter."

Harry pretended that he did not hear that question although he was kind of amused. His green eyes twinkled in great amusement and he snickered in spite of himself.

"Do you find that funny?" Nym asked and Harry smiled but he could not say anything for Professor McGonagall made her way down the hallway.

"Mr. Potter, a word if you please?"

"Professor, it's my right to leave this school whenever I like, as long as I complete my work," Harry said and McGonagall looked at him, blinking. She knew by now not to rock the boat because given that she was one teacher hired by Dumbledore, so she was being looked at closely. This entire Ring thing going on underneath Dumbledore's nose.

"Yes, I'm aware," Minerva said swiftly and she stared him down. "Hermione Granger has gone missing."

"Did you check the library?" Harry asked and Minerva's nostrils flared. "I know what you think but I can assure you that she didn't go far."

"Sounds like a missing person's report and sounds like the Ministry should get involved," Alice said and Minerva blinked. "I know how Dumbledore did things, keeping things internally. But things have changed. Amelia Bones wants a full inquiry about anything out of the ordinary that happens at Hogwarts, no matter how much you handle it."

"I think….."
"I'm telling that that this school is being looked at along with all of the teachers, so your cooperation with me is required and I'm sure Harry's alibi with Andromeda Tonks can be clarified," Alice said swiftly. "I remember where your office is, Professor McGonagall, I've found myself in it often enough as you remember."

"Yes, very well," Minerva said and she knew that if word got back to Amelia Bones that she trying to stone wall an order from the DMLE, she would be brought before the Ministry for some uncomfortable questions about some of the events that was not reported to the Ministry underneath Dumbledore's orders and that would not be good for her.

Harry smiled, as he got the Marauder's map, he had a theory. If it was right, well it would prove to be interesting.

"I solemnly swear that I'm up to no good."

Harry moved off to see what he could find out.

"You see, if you just bent to his will, you would have been in a lot better position," Astoria whispered to Hermione as she saw a mixture of fear and longing through the girl's eyes. "You could have been something, you could have had more freedom. But the only way that you can thrive and survive is to have Harry enslave you. Your stubbornness will no longer be a problem."

"She would be the perfect bed pet, won't she?" Daphne asked and Astoria smiled, planting a light kiss on Hermione's forehead.

"Yes, her looks aren't unappealing but there are things about her attitude and that all she knows is what she reads in books makes her even less so," Astoria said, stroking Hermione's brown locks and there was a sense of psychotic behavior and a bit of caring, in some twisted way. "Harry can protect you from the world. But deep down you want this, don't you, Granger?"

"She wouldn't have sworn this oath if she didn't want this," Daphne whispered, parting her fingers through Hermione's hair and she whimpered as Daphne played with her hair.

"Yes, she does, I can smell it."

The door swung open and Harry made his way inside.

"Hello, Harry," Daphne said, as if she didn't have Hermione bound and gagged on the bed. The blonde was dressed in a thin green robe and nothing else underneath. "You were right, Story."

"I know I was, Daph," Astoria said with a smile as she got up to her feet and faced Harry. "It's a pleasure to meet you, my lord."

"This is my sister, Astoria," Daphne said and Astoria smiled as she got down to her knees.

"I live to serve you my lord," Astoria whispered, her fingers against the edge of his pants. "Would you wish me to show you?"

Astoria did not wait for an answer, she had Harry's pants down and his cock down. Daphne looked rather amused as Astoria put her mouth around Harry's cock and sucked it. It felt so nice and hard in her mouth.

"See that, see that, that's proper obedience," Daphne whispered, running her fingers down Hermione's body but she stopped short of touching her in any areas that would give her pleasure. All
she could watch was Harry's large cock enter in and out of Astoria's mouth.

Hermione was there, waiting for her humiliation to end because that wasn't fair. She could see Harry's cock, it was so large for his age that it was obscene. She never seen any cock but she doubted that she would see anything that large.

The heat raised from her core and she could hear the obscene slurping sounds that Astoria made.

"Yes, take my cock deep into her tight little throat and swallow all of my cum," Harry encouraged her and Astoria sped up her movements.

Daphne made her way down on her knees to serve her master as well, her tongue brushing deep inside Astoria's dripping hot core.

Hermione really wished that she could lift her arms to masturbate herself but she shook her hand, reprimanding herself for a thought. Masturbate, that was really improper and she watched Astoria suck Harry's super long and super hard dick.

Penis, penis, it was a penis, not a cock, not a dick, penis, that was it's proper medical term.

Her pussy burned with desire.

Vagina, vagina….not cunt, pussy, quim, it was a vagina. Hermione felt the dirty thoughts threaten to take over her mind and turn her into some cum starved whore that only lived for one thing.

"Such a dirty girl, oh really use your tongue," Harry grunted and his balls tightened, with Daphne squeezing them and rubbing them down.

"Cum in my sister's mouth, she's such a whore, she deserves it," Daphne whispered to Harry and Astoria's arousal told them all that they needed to do know.

Harry sent his cum deep into Astoria's throat. The younger Greengrass sister happily slurped up every last drop of cum from his balls and leaned back.

She stripped the rest of her clothes off and her smooth shaven pussy bared for Harry.

"I want your gift," Astoria purred,Astoria's throat. The younger Greengrass sister happily slurped up every last drop of cum from his balls and leaned back.

She stripped the rest of her clothes off and her smooth shaven pussy bared for Harry.

"I want your gift," Astoria purred, and Harry needed no more invitation. His tongue buried deep into Astoria's pussy and she moaned.

Hermione's eyes widened at what Harry was doing. Having sex with as many girls as Harry appeared to be having sex with was so very wrong. Kind of hot but it was wrong, morally and utterly wrong, but it still made her wet.

Astoria's hips bucked up and Harry kept licking her, working his tongue deep into her pussy and she moaned.

'You like that don't you, you horny little bitch,' Harry hissed deep into her pussy and Daphne was stripped of her body.

Hermione's eyes bugged out as she saw Daphne lower her pussy….vagina….vagina, on her sister's tongue and Astoria ate her out. That was incest and incest was hot….wrong Hermione meant wrong,
wrong, wrong, wrong.

So fucking hot.

Astoria licked her sister's sweet, sweet juices, she became hopelessly addicted to them, sucking them down but not as much as she was addicted to Harry's cock. Daphne rubbed her pussy onto her face and like a good little sister, Astoria ate her out.

"Oh, we're going to break that Mudblood cunt's mind," Daphne moaned in pleasure as she felt the pleasure rush through her loins and Astoria continued to lick her, bringing her peak.

Astoria came on Harry's face as well and the green eyed wizard came up for air.

"Break my sister, break her in good," Daphne encouraged him.

"Oh, her virgin cunt tastes so good and I'm going to break it," Harry whispered as he grabbed Astoria around the hips and speared himself balls deep into her.

Astoria felt a mild burst of pain that was canceled out by pleasure. Her master's cock buried so deep into her and it felt so good.

Hermione's arms and legs were tied as she watched Harry penetrate the sinfully young pussy beneath him. The Granger girl wanted to cry and there were flashes in her mind of Harry pinning her down, pulling her hair, and making her his bitch, as he exerted his dominance her.

No, she was strong, she was independent, she wasn't...Hermione wished that she could close her eyes but she was compelled to watch. Watch as Harry's huge cock penetrated into Astoria's firm tight cunt...vagina!

Astoria screamed as she felt Harry's cock fill and expand her once again. The blonde's hips lifted halfway off of the ground and met Harry's strokes. Daphne unbound her mouth.

"Oh that's it Harry, fuck my slutty pussy, it belongs to you my lord, you and no one else," Astoria moaned as Harry plunged so far into her that she screamed out loud. "Anyone else touches it...anyone else thinks about touching it....I'll take their dick off....feed it to my cat.....oh that's so nice, nice....oh fuck my pussy!"

"Damn, you're pretty fucking vocal," Harry whispered, hanging onto her hips and spearing deep into her body, rocking himself down into her.

"YES, YES, YES!" Astoria screamed at the top of her lungs and Harry plunged his thick length deeper into her body.

Eventually the orgasm rocked her body and Hermione once again felt something hold back. She couldn't orgasm even if she wanted to. That caused her misery that she could not get herself off.

Daphne switched positions, burying her face in Astoria's snatch.

"Couldn't have one Greengrass pussy without another?" Harry asked, now that he was behind Daphne after pulling out of Astoria. "Hope you're watching this Hermione, this is what obedient females act like."

Daphne's pussy was invaded by his thick throbbing manhood.

Once again Hermione watched the taboo, the sinful, the hot, the erotic, all of it. Her nipples were
painfully hard and her breath became hitched. She thought that she was going to have a heart attack and were the ropes around her becoming tighter? Hermione didn't know, all she knew was she watched her master's cock penetrate Daphne Greengrass from behind over and over again.

Daphne moaned, she could feel the lust rolling off of that Mudblood on the bed. It seemed like she was not above it as she thought. Behind her prim and proper façade, there beat the heart of another slut hopelessly addicted to Harry's cock.

Walls tightened around him with Harry plunging himself into her and he looked up at Hermione, smiling. He could see her pants completely stained and Harry plowed into Daphne one final time and his balls after constant thrusting were ready to expel their load.

The first burst caused Daphne to tighten and twitch and several more bursts shot Harry's load into her from behind. The blonde tightened herself around his tool as Harry impacted several doses of cum into her tight firm body.

Daphne collapsed on her sister's pussy and Harry looked up, grinning despite everything. Hermione was mentally begging for him to take her, it didn't matter, nothing else mattered.

"You know, I'm not sure you've learned your lesson yet."

'COME FUCKING ON!' Hermione shouted, her pussy was becoming painfully hot and she could not cum under any circumstances. This show should have gotten her off without being touched. But Harry held her orgasm in the palm of his hand and had no intention of releasing it.

"You can come in now."

Harry's penis was still at full mast and Hermione watched it, it was near enough to touch but most frustratingly, she could not fucking touch it.

This was worse than getting expelled.

Hermione's eyes looked up and she saw a duplicate of herself standing there. Sure she was a bit more mature but the idea was there. Hermione's heart started to beat faster and she thrashed against the bindings which wrapped around her. Her pulse continued to quicken a little bit more.

Harry smiled, as he removed the thin robes from the duplicate's body. His hands roamed her body and made sure that Hermione's eyes watched it. Her larger breasts were manipulated and Hermione’s eyes bugged out.

"Fuck me, fuck me," the female said in a nearly perfect duplication of Hermione's face and Harry pushed her against the wall.

"Yes, see what a little obedience does, see what you get rewarded by?" Harry whispered as he roamed her body and then he picked her up. Scooping her up into his arms, he placed her onto the bed, her wet pussy bared.

The real Hermione could see her own wet cunt next to her eyes. She was as close as she could get and she watched Harry's cock descend into the dripping wet center of her duplicate.

"FUCK HARRY, SO BIG!" the duplicate whined as Harry grabbed onto her hips and sawed into her from above. His thrusts punished her.

Each thrust brought Hermione closer and closer to an edge that she could never quite reach. Again, her orgasm was in the hand of Harry Potter. The woman’s eyes screwed shut with Harry working
into her duplicate's pussy.

The duplicate made her pussy get tighter, using her abilities. Harry's thick cock penetrated into her.

"You're nothing but an insufferable little slut, aren't you?" Harry whispered in her ear and she moaned.

"Yes, my pussy, it belongs to you," "Hermione" moaned as Harry continued to fuck her into the bed in this position. Her legs threw up over his shoulders and he used the leverage to spear himself into her.

The shrieks of pleasure reached Hermione's ears and that wound her up, being a perfect manipulation of the shrieks she would make.

Harry pulled out of "Hermione's" pussy with a squelching sound. Hermione felt her breasts swell.

Were they growing bigger because of some kind of magical force? The ropes got even tighter.

She saw her own face with pleasure as she was down on her hands and knees. The lust burned through his eyes as Harry grabbed onto the hips of the duplicate and sank his cock between her smoldering hot lips from behind.

Harry grabbed "Hermione's" breasts and rammed himself deeper into her. The green eyed wizard pushed himself into her.

"Such a tight cunt and who does your tight cunt belong to?" Harry whispered and the duplicate nodded her head, her center lubricating Harry as he plowed into her deeply from behind.

"You master, only you, I belong to you," she panted with Harry grabbing onto her back and he continued to thrust into her.

"The right and only answer," Harry breathed as he sucked on the back of her neck, picking up the pace. Her pussy got even together.

Hermione wondered if the torture would ever end, she could see the pleasure on her face and Harry's cock thrusting into her in ways that she could only dream about. The ropes were as tight as they could around her suddenly larger breasts. Her pussy got tighter, wetter, as her ass gained even more shape. Her eyes held a permanent "fuck me" expression as she was succumbing to the lust once again.

"You're my own personal fuck doll, aren't you Hermione," Harry whispered and the duplicate nodded her head feverishly. "I can put my cock anywhere I wish and the only thing that you can do, is beg me for more. And I'll give you more, I'll give you everything."

"YES!" she shrieked at the top of her lungs with Harry picking up the pace and working every last inch of her behind.

'Please, if can get that, I'll be yours,' Hermione thought and she was horrified by the thought. That was the last ounce of free will that she had within her and it was gone the moment that she made her mental declaration.

Harry's cum entered the pussy of her double from behind and Hermione's orgasm was finally released. Her mind, body, and soul no longer was hers as Harry let her backed up release freed. She nearly drowned in the explosion of juices that came from her body, and she finally broke.
"Excellent, pet."

Hermione Granger ceased to exist for all intents and purposes.

With that loose end tied up, the Chamber of Secrets was the next place Harry had to go and he could feel a stronger sense to the energies of the mysterious portrait in the Chamber of Secrets.

He reached there and he could feel time and space bend around him. Energies surrounded the portrait and the girl in the portrait looked on at Harry with widened, idealistic eyes.

Harry watched the wall bend and a doorway created. It was some kind of realm, world between worlds.

"This world exists both within the mind but it has been our prison for the past one thousand years."

An attractive blonde greeted Harry, dressed in green and silver robes. Her hair stretched down past her shoulders and she looked at Harry with adoring blue eyes and a hungry smile on her face.

"Master, it is good to be able to communicate with you at last."

"Yes, it is," a rather busty redhead said as she walked forward. She looked to be the oldest of the three sisters, most mature from a physical standpoint. Emotionally, the jury was still out on that one.

"The actions you performed boosted your power to allow you to walk through the gateway for a short time."

A tall brunette with a large chest that strained against her green and silver robes approached Harry.

"I believe some introductions are in order, master," the brunette said and the blonde nodded.

"My name is Isabelle."

The brunette popped up. "My name is Vanessa."

The redhead concluded. "My name is Anya."

"So what can I do for you ladies?" Harry asked and Isabelle smiled a sad smile.

"Many things, master, many things, but none of them while we're tied within this realm. A thousand years of his stolen bloodline has caused much misery and woe to the Slytherin name. He challenged her to a duel and she handily beaten him. Through treachery he sealed her away."

Harry spotted the stunningly beautiful blonde, dressed in elegant white robes, bathed in bright light. Her arms were crossed against her chest, with a silver crest that resembled an "S", S for Slytherin obviously.

"It's the girl in the portrait….."

"She said to Salazar that she was willing to wait a thousand years for her true soul mate to appear and to avenge her loss, with the blood of his bastard heirs," Anya recited. "The one known as Riddle has used the name of Salazar to gain credibility to those who are unwilling to think for themselves."

"We are her heralds, but we were imprisoned when we tried to retrieve the amulet from Salazar," Vanessa continued. "She has been erased from history, no sense of her-self, only moments of clarity. You are the only one who can free her, Harry Potter, you are our last hope."
"Her last hope," Isabelle corrected, their mistress and their master must be served first and foremost. "You slayed Salazar's demon monster, the one who bred to purge those who did not live up to his standards. You are the one."

"I am," Harry said, without blinking, seeing the light flicker around her. He could not walk anywhere other than she was, to reach out and touch her.

Her soul called out to him but it was hopelessly out of reach.

He saw the inscription in the walls.

*She who dies of great crisis.*

*Will be reborn stronger in the face of even greater opportunity.*

*Kathryn Slytherin.*

"Lady Kathryn is trapped by the spiteful actions of one who cannot take rejection, much like your mother is."

**To Be Continued.**
Harry Potter would have asked questions but there was just one problem, he faded from the realm immediately.

So his mother was trapped somewhere. That caused him to want to ask many questions because he surely didn’t have any answers. The green eyes of the wizard burned brightly with determination. The three heralds of Kathryn Slytherin gave him more than enough to think about and he needed to discuss it with some kind of sounding board because he wanted to figure out his next move.

"Everything we know about our founder, is completely and utterly wrong," Lucretia whispered as she soaked in what Harry told her.

"I have to admit, Salazar Slytherin is one of history's most mysterious figures, but then again, all of the founders are," Vega said, she was curled onto Harry's lap wearing a thin black robe as Harry stroked her hair. "The founders….they left the information behind which to build their legacy. Their legacy is only what is written in Hogwarts: A History."

"And I have a feeling that the entire story is wrong or there is more to the story that they are omitting," Harry said, as Lucretia was looking over something.

"But your mother….that's a revelation."

"That floored me," Harry said and Lucretia looked on, inclining her head.

"Riddle tried to recruit your mother as one of his Death Eaters, and he was willing to take your father on as well, but your mother was the one that he wanted," Lucretia said and Harry raised an eyebrow. "As Mum told the story, your father decided to rudely and violently deny that offer for both of them."

"So, we never would have known what my mother wanted," Harry said and Vega smiled at him.

"No, we never would have known," Vega said. "I can't see your mother being treated better than any of the other Death Eaters. They were tools to him and they could be discarded."

"There were some who have….deluded themselves into thinking that Voldemort would be their ticket to power, but they were just pawns in his chess game against Dumbledore," Lucretia said. "Riddle is angry at the entire world…."

"Dumbledore never gave me a straight answer about why Voldemort came after me," Harry piped in out of the blue.

"Dumbledore never gives a straight answer to what he had for breakfast this morning," Lucretia chimed in and Harry paused, nodding, that much was really true.

"Yes, of course," Harry replied, he was reading the books to see if it had any other insight to it. "She's waited for me all this time."

"Well, you might be the only one who could free you, what Salazar did to entrap her would have been magic most powerful and wicked," Vega said, and there were many thoughts going through her mind. "There are many pieces to this puzzle that I don't quite understand."
"You and I both," Lucretia answered, stroking her chin. "So what did you do with your pet?"

"I loaned her to Andi and Cissa, and ordered her to do what those two, along with what her mother said in my absence," Harry replied. "I got what I needed. Submitting her gave me the power to walk between the realms although not for long enough."

"But I'm sure that there is something else that you can do to walk between worlds," Vega said and inspiration struck her. "The Black library… it's located at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place…"

"It's been shut down since Lady Black kicked the bucket, no one has been able to get inside," Lucretia reminded her sister.

"Yes, Sirius Black… he was the only one who can open the gates," Vega said.

"You know, that's where he could be hiding out now," Harry suggested but Lucretia was one who shut that down quicker than anyone could imagine.

"Potential but doubtful, Sirius didn't like that place at all."

"Well, I guess that's out," Harry said but he was wondering how his mother got trapped in stasis and how to get Lady Kathryn out of stasis.

Those were two questions that he would answer in due time.

"I think your mother might have used extremely powerful blood magic to protect you," Vega said and Lucretia nodded.

"But there was some factor which it did not go as intended," Lucretia answered, thinking it over in the back of her mind.

"That's why Dumbledore sent me to the Dursleys, an improper understanding of how such magic worked," Harry said, it clicked to him.

It was in Volume 4, he had never forgotten about it until now.

"I'll see you two girls later, I've got to look something up, I'll make it up to you when I figure this out."

"I'm sure you will," Lucretia said, it had been almost a day since Harry's cock or tongue had been inside her, which was way too long for her liking.

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'Blood magic is tricky to pull off because much can go gloriously wrong with it. That being said, it can be a beneficial branch of magic if one could pull it off. There have many theories that ti could create a shield to the unblockable Killing Curse. A great and powerful sacrifice will be needed to do so. Such magic is strictly regulated by the Ministry of Magic, like anything else useful.'

The book gave more details that that but naturally Harry got enough of a picture. There was still a few pieces of the puzzle that he was missing.

A trip down to the Chamber of Secrets proved that lightning did not in fact strike twice and Harry was about to take a trip.

He stopped in the hallway and closed his eyes. This was an important piece of magic that he was really getting down. An exact duplicate of Harry Potter appeared, with the orders to go to class and do all of the mundane work.
Every twenty four hours or upon termination of the dupe which ever came first, all of the information would be downloaded into his mind. That left Harry free to pursue other things.

Harry disapparated inside of the Hogwarts grounds with a pop.

'Yeah, fuck you Hogwarts: A History,' Harry thought, dropping down upon the grounds of Andromeda's house. The house recognized him and he moved inside, with a smile on his face.

The door opened and Andromeda had just returned from the Ministry apparently.

"Harry, this is a pleasant surprise," Andromeda said with a smile and Harry greeted her with a toe curling kiss. She closed her eyes, his tongue worked into her mouth. The Black female could feel her heart skip several beats as he pushed her back against the wall, working his hand down her hot thigh as well.

"Unfortunately this is not a pleasure visit."

Andromeda was not about to lie, she was kind of disappointed by that fact. Never the less, she shook her head and tried to focus on business.

The notes Harry copied from the book was handed to her and Andromeda raised an eyebrow.

"My mother may still be alive, trapped somewhere."

"Lily's alive?"

This was a statement that floored Andromeda, there were no two ways about it. She was sure that Harry would give her the answer that she needed and she did.

He explained to her his meeting and Andromeda frowned. She knew that Harry believed what he saw and would have detected a trick, so she did to. Never the less, it did raise some interesting questions about what was happening. The brunette woman sighed as she looked at Harry, finishing up his story.

"Never anything normal about your life, is there?" Andromeda asked and Harry smiled.

"Who would want a normal life? That would be boring!"

Harry and Andromeda sat down on the couch. Andromeda was actually waiting for Narcissa to return from her trip from the Ministry.

"So, how is our pet?" Harry asked and Andromeda smiled.

"She is serving us really well, she's currently with her mother upstairs, it's been a long time since they've had a chance to spend time together," Andromeda told Harry and the implications of that meeting were agreed with. "Narcissa is pleased by how quickly she's been conditioned as well."

"Her mind broke pretty easily but the alternative was a slow and agonizing death," Harry commented.

"Her loyalty will ever waver from you again."

"No, it won't."

Narcissa arrived from the Floo Network and despite her normally calm demeanor, she was seriously annoyed. Her expression and mood brightened only slightly when she saw Harry there.
"We've got a problem regarding Bellatrix," Narcissa said to Harry and he motioned towards her, indicating that he was all ears. "Fudge, in his infinite wisdom, won't let her out of Azkaban, despite the fact that you sent him the order to do so and she is your property. He is afraid that this might make him look bad."

"Well, he does a wonderful enough job of doing that without my assistance," Harry said dryly, as much as he would have liked to find a replacement Minister, that was easier said than done. Fudge did have enough allies. "He's a man that values his reputation above all else."

"Yes, that has been one of his flaws," Narcissa agreed with Harry, brushing her blonde hair away from her eyes. It was a bit frazzled after the trip.

"I've got an idea."

Harry did not elaborate on that, at least not for now. He had to make one final trip upstairs before he left. He could hear Andromeda filling in Narcissa about what was going on.

He nearly ran into Charlotte on the stairs. The brunette woman staggered backwards half of a step but Harry caught her firmly in his arms.

"Watch it now," Harry whispered to her and Charlotte almost swallowed the lump in her throat, nodding as Harry had his arms wrapped tightly around her.

"Sorry….guess I wasn't really watching where I was going," Charlotte admitted, her cheeks looking kind of flushed.

"Understandable, believe me," Harry told her, brushing her chocolate strands of hair away from her face and smiling. "So how is your daughter?"

"She's in our bedroom, not reading," Charlotte said and Harry smiled. "She's been put through the paces by Narcissa and Andromeda."

"Excellent, we should reinforce her training but I actually am going to give her somewhat of a reward right now for good and obedient behavior," Harry said and Charlotte was curious. Harry had a powerful personality and it was hard not to be swept into his world.

"What……"

"You'll see."

Harry opened the door and he could see the brunette girl sitting on the ground, cross legged. Her eyes held a passive look, and her hair was now straightened. She wore a leather bound collar with spikes on it. She was completely naked, her large breasts standing firm and perky. Her pussy was in a constant state of arousal, ready to be used.

"You may address me, pet," Harry whispered to her.

"Yes, master," she whispered to him with an adoring expression. She would punish herself for a thousand years and she still wouldn't make atones with the betrayal that she caused her master. "How many I serve you?"

"I require a task of you," Harry told her and she nodded in a state of constant obedience once again.

"Anything master, anything that pleases you," she said in an obedient tone.
"I wish you to look up information on a ritual that will free a soul trapped by blood magic," Harry said and she nodded. "Are you looking forward to access to books?"

"If it pleases master, than it pleases me," she replied in monotone and Harry smiled, that was the right answer.

"You are not completely forgiven but you are getting there," Harry said with a smile as he gave her a kiss on a forehead. "You may take a shower first and get dressed, and eat a balanced meal, then you will be to the library. Let you mother or Andromeda know when you have completed, they will know how to get in touch with me."

"Yes, master," the pet said as she got to her feet, showing her shapely ass that was also a benefit of the ritual.

Charlotte watched her daughter leave and smiled at Harry.

"You can really make any woman your slave and you don't even need a ritual, do you?" she asked and Harry smiled.

"Yes, I can," Harry said and Charlotte took a step forward. The first few buttons of her blouse are unbuttoned.

"It's been a long time since I've been fucked, by a real man," Charlotte whispered and she paused. "Actually I've never been fucked by a real man, just my ex-husband. And it was short and uneventful."

"We're going to have to correct that," Harry said, wrapping his arms around her tightly and pinning her against the wall.

His lips pressed against hers and the two of them exchanged a smoldering kiss. Seconds later, Charlotte felt her spine reduced to jelly as Harry ran his fingers all over her body. This would be a pleasurable touch without magic but with magic, it was slowly taking her to heaven.

Speaking of heaven, she found herself tipped back onto the bed and his lips kissed down her neck. Charlotte felt her skirt pushed back and her pussy bared for him.

"Perfect," Harry whispered and he ran his finger across her clit, which caused magical to flow through it and her to cum hard.

"You know all of the right spots to touch me," Charlotte whispered and Harry grinned.

"With the proper maneuvers, any spot can be the right spot," Harry said, kissing between her legs, her thighs releasing their juices for him. The green eyed wizard worked his tongue deep into her.

Charlotte never felt a man go down on her before but she doubted that any other man would feel as good as this tongue going down on her. The brunette locked her legs around Harry's head and pushed him in.

'You belong to me, such a good MILF pussy,' Harry whispered, rolling his tongue around her and Charlotte worked her hips up, with Harry licking her out. The green eyed wizard's tongue grew deeper into her and she panted, with Harry continuing to work himself into her.

The brunette panted with Harry using his tongue to cause her to explode. Her nipples got even harder as she lifted her hips up and down, working himself into it.
Charlotte had never had such a hard and prolific set of orgasms. It felt like she was about to lose her virginity all over again but the first time, she felt that it scarcely should have counted.

"Harry….master….let me please, you, let this slave please your cock."

Harry was not about to turn down such an enticing invitation from such a smoking hot MILF. She got off the bed and pulled her blouse off. Her DD cup breasts were revealed and she grabbed Harry's cock, rubbing it.

"Such a great cock, hmmm, tastes good," Charlotte cooed, working her tongue around him, getting him nice and wet. "Time to enjoy your tit fuck, master."

Harry worked his cock between her breasts and Charlotte closed her eyes. It felt so good to have his iron rod smashed between her tits. The woman felt the rush between her loins as Harry buried himself into her.

Hanging onto her tits, Harry jackhammered into her, her tongue running across his slit, and he continued to stay the course. Her tits tightened around him as she played with her pussy.

Charlotte lifted her cum stained fingers up and popped them into her mouth one at a time, sucking the juices off of them. She rocked her mouth onto them, humming as she speared them between her lips.

"Soon, I'll be between those hot thighs," Harry whispered, as he continued to work over her tits, manipulating them with his cock.

"Yes, but cum for me."

She rubbed him up and down and Harry's balls tightened. He held back his arousal, teasing her but then eventually he let it loose. The first volley of cum splattered into her face and covered it. It covered her tits as well.

Charlotte scooped the cum off of her face and tits and sucked it down. Saucily, the MILF got onto the bed, wiggling her tight ass for Harry.

Harry grabbed her from behind and slid into her, fucking her nice and hard.

The brunette MILF felt the rush go through her body as Harry cupped her tits, working into her. His balls slapped hard against her thighs. The marks were left but Charlotte didn't care. He controlled and maneuvered his way around her body, treating her breasts as roughly as she would have liked.

"That's it, master, this slut belongs to you, and craves your cock," Charlotte breathed.

"You want it just as much as your daughter does?"

"No, my fucking prude of a daughter doesn't know what to do with such a prime….piece of meat like this," Charlotte panted, her walls wrapping tightly around him. Her brown eyes reflected in the mirror in lust and Harry speared her from behind.

Harry held onto her waist and then slid out of her.

Charlotte spun around and Harry lifted her up. He cupped her tits and encouraged her to go down on him.

Her tight box felt really tight around his cock.

Charlotte closed her eyes, she felt stretched out completely.
"That cunt is so tight, so underused, but I'll fix that," Harry whispered, as Charlotte's hips collided with his, as she continued to ride him up and down, her breasts swaying in his face.

"Yes….master….yes….master," Charlotte moaned, her hips closing in on him as she threw her head back in measure. "My ex-husband was nothing but a small dick poof, nothing compared to your huge….manly….cock."

Charlotte came harder with every thrust and the orgasms got more intense. She wondered how her mind was holding up. Not that she complained, she kept riding Harry for everything that he was worth. Her breasts bounced as she rode him harder and higher, coming down onto his lap.

"Mmm, these breasts, they're so nice, I gave your daughter a set just like them," Harry breathed, cupping them and he buried his face between her heaving cleavage, sucking on her nipples.

"YESSS!" Charlotte screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Nothing but a slutty whore….."

"Fuck me, fuck me."

Charlotte bounced higher and higher, she thought that she would lose it already from the number of orgasms she experienced. Nothing felt better than this, nothing felt better than all twelve inches buried deep within her body.

She screamed at the top of her lungs and her walls closed in on him, with Harry holding onto her tight ass. The woman panted.

"Almost there, I'm not sure how much more I can take," Charlotte panted, working herself up and down upon his rod.

"Don't worry, it gets easier every time, trust me .you'll last longer," Harry panted, his balls were heavy with cum and he decided to release his cum into her.

Charlotte screamed at the top of her lungs, with Harry's balls impacting the seed into her. She flew back, him draining his essence into her.

Her body glowed, which made Harry think that she was a squib and he may have unlocked her magical powers or at least the potential for them.

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Harry Potter was on the prowl and he knew what to do. The green eyed wizard smirked as he waited to see where she was coming from.

"The Minister's daughter, you sure do live dangerously," Alice said, waiting at Harry's shoulder. She had gotten bodyguard duty right now but Nym took the guarding of the body thing a bit too seriously. And literally as well, as she has proved many times.

"Fudge isn't going to be able to do anything to me but bluster and stammer," Harry said to her and the dark haired female shook her head. "And I'm sure that there are a few more daughters of high ranking Ministry officials that might be useful."

"You want a list?"

"Did you make one?"

Alice looked at him, a sheepish gaze in her eyes. "Well….you know….I like to keep track of who's
Harry smiled, the book told him all he needed to know about the bisexuality of many witches. And there was a very controversial theory describe in the book that all females were bisexual by nature, it was just the taboos of society that taught them differently. Much like the taboos about incest, and the book went further in speculating that taboos were a creation of people who lacked imagination. Whether or not Harry agreed with that, well he knew where he stood. And he knew that a lot of ultra-feminists, both men and women, would throw a hissy fit about such controversial views. Opinions did have a tendency to make people butt hurt.

"Her class ends in about ten minutes," Alice whispered to Harry with a smile, stroking Harry's shoulder. She nibbled playfully on the side of his ear. "Should we go over that list or would you prefer to go into more pleasurable activities?"

"Can you keep me busy for ten minutes?" Harry asked and Alice sat down, removing her robes.

"I want to sample that magical tongue why we wait, if you indulge me," Alice said as she looked at Harry with smoldering intensity in her eyes. "I might not be a Slytherin but I appreciate a man who has a great tongue and knows what to do with it."

"I think I might be able to please you," Harry said, running his hands over her thighs and smiled. He waved his hand and her panties disappeared.

"How many times can you get me to cum in ten minutes?" Alice asked, she thought that she would enjoy Harry's tongue a little bit, and enjoy the rest of him later. She wanted a taste of the Minister's daughter, she did have a tight little ass. She got it from her mother. How Fudge got a woman like that, that was one of the greatest mysteries in life. She suspected that potions were involved.

The rumor that Fudge was cheating on his wife with that toad woman, that made Alice want to both shake her head and hurl at the same time.

No time to talk, Harry's tongue stuck deep into her body.

"Oh god," Alice, breathed, she came almost immediately with his tongue brushing into her. The green eyed wizard looked up at her, slowly licking her.

His tongue, it was better than she imagined it. And she spent a lot of time imagining it. A lot of the demonizing of Parseltongues came from wizards because they were….fucking jealous.

'Yes, I'm your god,' Harry said, vibrating his tongue and also extending it slowly. He tasted the tangy juices that spilled from her body.

Two, no scratch that one three, three, three, three, oh dear god. The green eyed wizard used his tongue, deep into her and licked her.

'You taste so good, my tangy little puff.' Harry breathed, as Alice locked her thighs around him, Harry putting his hands on her breasts. That caused her to moan as his hands roamed her body.

She envisioned his cock buried between her thighs and fucking her down into the floor. Harry kept licking her.

Fingers were good, tongue was great, cock was better.
Five, maybe six, she didn't know, she was pretty sure that the time was running out. He kept burying himself into her. Nym was right, this tongue was fucking great. Even if she had to pose as that bookworm bint to get it, it still proved an impressive point.

Her hips thrust up, as Harry brought her to one more good orgasm. The explosive orgasm coated his faces with her juices and she dropped down, panting heavily.

"Great, amazing, fucking amazing," Alice whispered, closing her eyes, her chest raising and falling as she collapsed down.

"Yes, I am, thank you," Harry told her, running his hands all over his thighs. "And I'll be back for more soon."

"I'd be disappointed if you didn't."

Samantha Fudge was under one of those stressful periods of her education and things did not help that her father was under fire because of the Ring. Believe her, she was really agitated by the fact that the Ring existed and that was not because of the fact that things were getting really heated. How she was getting hate owls from people.

"Oh, hello Samantha."

"Harry," Samantha said, her mood brightening up ever so slightly. Then again who wouldn't have a brighter mood in this green eyed wizard. "Um, how are you doing?"

"Great, I'm doing great," Harry said and he looked at her. "You've been through a lot lately, haven't you?"

"You would actually know better than anyone else," she said, sighing, with the green eyed wizard pushed his hands onto her shoulders. She shivered at his touch. There was a sense that Harry manipulated her skin underneath his fingers. Shivers blew down her spine once more.

"Yes, I know but…..we have a problem. As you know, I have two of the three Black sisters."

"That is the rumor going….wait that's true?" Sam asked, her mouth hung halfway open. The blonde nearly was a bit too relaxed. "Of course you do, you're Harry Fucking Potter, you can have any woman you want and more than you can handle."

"Thanks for the praise, true I might add," Harry said, as he continued to work her shoulders. "But your father, he's getting difficult."

"Get in line, it's forming around the castle," Sam said, not dropping most of her snarkiness as Harry rubbed her shoulders.

"But, it's a problem, as you know what happened with the Malfoy incident…"

"Yes, you got all of his property and where did you send Draco again….."

"Goblin mine," Harry said without missing a beat and Samantha Fudge's eyes widened, with the implications of what happened flowing through her mind.

"That's…..he won't like that."

"I did the most humiliating thing possible to him, and just think what might happen to the rest of the members of this Ring," Harry said, his hands rubbed on her shoulders. "And how deep the Ring
extends into the Ministry of Magic. How long it's gone on….."

"Hogwarts alumni, the Ring has been around for a long time," Sam agreed, not carrying that her robes were off of her shoulders or that she had been lured into an abandoned classroom. Harry's hands were that magical. "But we're getting off the subject."

"Yes, we are."

Harry had her back against the desk. She didn't even see Alice Diggory standing in the corner, with a wide grin on her face. Her attention was completely on the burning green orbs of Harry Potter.

"Fudge is keeping my property away from me."

"Bellatrix," Sam breathed and Harry nodded.

"I need you to get me something incriminating on Fudge, so I can force his hand," Harry said, rubbing the back of her neck and having her eyes flutter over.

"I….I don't know, that is my father," Samantha breathed, it was hard to ignore Harry's hand now on the small of her back. His hand on her bare flesh caused pleasure to spike through her body.

"But…..I'm sure he's caused you a lot of stress," Harry said and she nodded. "It would be a lot easier if he…..was thrown out of the Minister Position…..wouldn't it? Besides, how much time has he given to your interests? Long hard hours at the Ministry, and playing kiss ass with the pureblood politicians, that has to cut into the family time."

"It….does," Sam said, her chest rising and falling, with Harry kissing the side of her neck. She was not going to lie, this really felt good. Actually this felt beyond good, this felt great.

"So….I'm sure that the two of us can work together, you might have heard something that you shouldn't, that would get me what I want and…..I'm sure you want to be known for something else other than being the Minister's daughter. And the outline for people who are pissed at his policies, that can't get to him."

Sam's chest rose and fell as Harry placed his hands on her legs. The Minister's daughter melted underneath his actions.

"I never told him…..anyone…..about your gifts…..your Parseltongue," Sam breathed and Harry smiled.

"Because you knew it had potential, didn't you? You thought of what I could do with it, didn't you, you dirty little girl?"

"YES!" she yelled, his hand was so close to her heated surface that she thought she was going to explode.

"I'm sure that you've envisioned this," Harry said, parting the blonde's panties back and revealing her smooth snatch before him. He saw a strip of dark hair on her snatch. "Oh your carpet doesn't match the drapes, does it my dear?"

"Don't know what hair I'm dying, or maybe I'm dying them both a different color," Sam said suggestively.

"Kinky," Harry said, working his tongue deep into her and she moaned.
Alice watched in the corner, her pussy was still heated from Harry's earlier actions. Her finger pushed deep into her smoldering cunt as she pumped herself. She was going to pump herself raw, she didn't know how.

"I'll....give you anything you want, just never stop that," Samantha moaned as Harry's tongue continued to go deeper into her. It stretched her insides and touched her.

Her hips bucked and a flood of her juices escaped her body, into Harry's mouth. He coaxed another orgasm out of her, the scent causing him to delve deeper into her, working his magical mouth onto him. The green eyed wizard kept going down on her.

"Please, fuck me, I'm so horny," Sam moaned and Harry pulled out his tongue out of her.

The blonde slowly unbuckled his pants, blinded by the lust that she felt, heart hammering heavily against her ribs. His large member was pulled out and she was hypnotized by the size of it.

"Harry....."

He stuffed his large cock into her tight body and the blonde thought that she had been taken to the edge of heaven and back. Her tight walls closed around him and he held onto her hips. The green eyed wizard pushed himself into her body and worked her over with a few slow, thrusts.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" she begged.

"Yes, fuck the bitch's brains out, you heard her, Harry." Alice encouraged from a corner, she pulled out a dildo and put a vibrating spell on it. She doubted that it would to be as strong as Harry's cock.

"Will you give me anything that I want?"

"Yes, anything, as long as you give me that cock, hard."

Harry was going to oblige such a request easily, hanging onto her hips and plowing into her body. Her tight walls closed around him as he planted himself into her.

Sam thought she was going to die in pleasure the moment that Harry entered her completely. His balls slapped against her thighs as he came down onto him.

"She has such a good mouth, why don't you gag her?"

Alice made her way over and Sam's eyes widened as she saw the dripping pussy, with it's sweet nectar about ready to lower over her mouth. The woman was about ready to be brought straight to heaven with all of this action going onto her.

One huge thrust sent her to the edge once again.

"That's so tight, it feels so good, doesn't it?" Harry whispered, working himself into her and the woman felt the pleasure burst through her loins as he came into him.

She clenched her walls around him in an attempt to coax every last drop of cum out of him. The problem was that this was the very first time she had a real life cock inside her and that was causing her reserves to flatline really quickly.

"Time to tag out, I think," Alice whispered, the sensual brunette looking at him with a smile on her face.

Alice crawled over and Harry pulled out of Sam. Sam collapsed on the bed, her eyes closed as she
could only imagine what was going to happen next. Alice's tongue wiggled a half of an inch away from the tasty snatch that was beneath her.

Harry plunged himself into Alice, causing her to moan into Sam's pussy, which caused a chain reaction of an explosive orgasm. The brunette closed around him as he hammered her from behind.

The lustful desire between the two of them, his fingers pinched her nipples. The green eyed wizard plowed deep into her.

"FUCK!"

Alice let that rather prominent declaration out with Harry pushing himself into her. The green eyed wonder behind her really knew how to give her pussy a workout.

Said wonder was content of being between her thighs and fucking her until the owls came home and then beyond. His hands roamed her soft sweaty body, kissing her neck.

Sparks of desire flew through her body.

"This is everything that you expected, I knew you want this," Harry said, kissing the side of her neck and working into her. Her tight chambers hugged his member, as the green eyed wizard worked into her from behind.

The green eyed wizard punished her pussy, breaking it, making it hers. Sure she had some fun times with Nym, and a metamorphmagus can adapt better than most, but this was the real deal. Alice loved it, his cock inside her, stretching her out, taking her body, taking her over and over again from behind.

"I'd….fight dragons for a piece of this," Alice moaned lustfully but Sam held her face down, making sure that her pussy was not neglected entirely.

"Oh, my father, if he could fucking see me now," Sam moaned, as she was getting her pussy eaten out by a hot older Auror, who was getting fucked by the Boy-Who-Fucking-Lived.

"Your father should be thankful that I made a woman out of you," Harry breathed as he sped up the tempo and nearly fucked Alice into a drooling stupor.

"Fuck my slutty cunt, oh that's it, that's the best," Alice whined as her walls closed around him, another orgasm rocking her body and his cock, it blew her mind. It took it to a place where she didn't know she could go through.

"I want another turn," Sam whined but Alice looked at her.

"Bitch, you'll get your chance, now just stay calm," Alice whispered, shoving the magical vibrating dildo into her pussy. "Not as good as Harry's cock but that tide your needy ass over…"

"Speaking of a needy ass," Harry whispered, as he stuck his fingers into her anus and pumped them in and out of them, in tune with his cock.

"Please, please," Alice begged his fingers tensely teased her ass and she could feel the pleasure into her, as one more explosion of cum was close to filling her body. "Drill me hard, drill me….."

She screamed so loud at the explosion and then Harry emptied the contents of his balls into her pussy from behind, while fingering her ass from behind. Alice knew that after he was done, she would be done for the count. His balls unloaded its treat into her from behind, spurt after spurt rocked her body
and blew her mind.

Harry pulled out of her and Alice was left in a drooling stupor.

Samantha pulled the toy out of her pussy, and pulled herself onto Harry's lap, rubbing her dripping hot slit down onto him. Her hips locked onto his, as she lowered herself down onto him, ready for one more go around.

"Do, I have what I want?" Harry asked, stopping her.

"Yes….." she moaned, annoyed of the barrier that had been put around, preventing Harry from penetrating her.

"Then you have a deal."

She screamed as Harry put her through the paces yet again.

"Fudge did an about face about Bellatrix, she will be released tomorrow," Narcissa said to Harry, as the two discussed the situation. "I'm sure she'll be a useful asset….."

"One of Riddle's top Death Eaters, likely knowing where a lot of the skeletons were hidden, yes I'm pretty sure that she will be useful," Harry said and Narcissa looked at him.

"Once she recovers, I'd highly advise replacing her loyalty with that of a much greater and more powerful master."

"Oh, I'm already on that one," Harry said, barely able to keep the smile off of his face. And to be honest, why wouldn't be smiling? He had the Minister of Magic in his back pocket, in fact, after what he did, one would argue that Harry was practically family.

"We've found something that you might need."

Charlotte popped up at the doorway, a book in her hand.

"My daughter told me that she would like you to have this, this is the artifact that could amplify the blood protections long enough to free Lily and Lady Slytherin both from stasis," Charlotte said. "She apologizes for the fact that it took five days to do so."

"So there's still enough of her left in her where she takes it as a personal insult when she is less than perfect," Harry muttered. There was only one statement that he had for this. "Interesting."

"Is it now?" Andromeda asked, wondering what Harry's pet had found during her research. She actually been conducting her own research but getting things together at the Ministry left her with only a certain amount of free time.

"Yes, it is," Harry agreed, deciding to cut to the point and straight to it as well. "It's in France, in the heart of Veela country."

Both of the Black Sisters looked both intrigued and apprehensive about this situation.

"No male has ever….."

"I know," Harry said, this should prove to be an interesting endeavor. "I'll leave a duplicate at school to not stir up suspicion and I'll be off in the morning."
If his recent luck with women continue, that artifact was not the only thing he was going to gain in France.

To Be Continued.
Knee Deep in Veela Country

Harry could feel the power as he stood outside of the gates. It was that type of power that brought many men to their knees he figured and turned them into mindless drooling drones. Many men dreamed of being with Veela. The actual men who could handle such a situation, you could count on one hand and still have plenty of fingers left over.

A man who could handle their gifts and their allure without collapsing was essentially the holy grail for many Veelas. Something that they sought time and time again and the green eyed wizard who stood outside of the gate prepared to enter. He knew fully well when they met him, they might not let him leave.

Harry smiled, he did have some time to kill, so he could afford to stick around. And there were many reasons to stick around.

Rapping on the gate, Harry waited. A smile crossed his face, waiting to see what was going to happen on the other side. He did feel the allure, the pheromones spinning through the air. It was intoxicating and Harry smiled.

The gates creaked open and there was a sense that they were confused by his presence. Veelas were an interesting culture in many ways, from what Harry read. They were highly prideful and also given how they were hunted centuries ago, they were high tempered. The type to shoot first and ask questions later.

Harry walked down the hallways that were lit by torches and stopped, to see a statue standing before him. It was in his likeness. The green eyed wizard paused and smile. It wasn't exactly like him but it appeared that his fame was appreciated even in Veela country.

Something that Harry was fully willing to exploit to his advantage. His fame could be a dangerous tool that he could exploit to get what he wanted after all.

"Hello," Harry said, he thought that his words were tentative.

"You're him, aren't you? Men should not have passed the gates, but yet here you are."

Those were words of praise that allowed Harry to stand up straight, with beautiful women as far as the eye could see. He amended his statement, these women were beautiful and extremely dangerous as well. They were bred for fighting, the type that he would want to have his back during a fight, and then have some fun with in the post flight biss.

"If you're thinking that I'm Harry Potter, I'm that guy, yes, I'm him," Harry said, wondering where he was going. Give that there were at least three dozen Veela sizing him up like he was a piece of meat, Harry liked where this was going.

"We never assumed…..that we would see you this soon. It would be a few years before we would be able to make our move. One who has the power to slay Lord Voldemort, would be one of great power, and great potential. It is truly an honor."

"No, the honor is all mine," Harry said with a smile, taking a step forward and needless to say he was greeted by a specimen of breath taking beauty.

Silvery blonde hair stretched down past her shoulders. Silvery eyes peered out to him, they shined brightly. High cheek bones indicated that she had high breeding features. Her white robes hung
down off of her body, with an alluring figure. Full well formed breasts that were of a mouth watering size. A flat stomach, shapely hips, and long alluring legs. The type of body that made a super model look like a hag.

"You are too kind Harry Potter, you've been chosen for greatness," the woman said as she descended from the throne. "I'm sure that you will all get your opportunity, my sisters. But this meeting has been a long time coming."

She stepped forward, standing high over Harry Potter. Her posture was as such where anyone knew that she was royalty and that was not a fact this woman hid underneath false modesty.

"My name is Queen Adrianna, I am the Queen of the Veela Nation," Adrianna said and Harry took her hand in his, soft as it was. The woman's body gave a glowing allure and one could see why she was the queen, for she stood out head and shoulders above the rest.

The green eyed wizard leaned down and planted a soft kiss on the top of her hand.

"I've come to you, to ask of a favor."

"Well, I'm sure that you and I can come to a mutually beneficial arrangement, for whatever it is you desire," Adrianna said, looking in his gorgeous green eyes. Her Veela instincts screamed out for him but business came before pleasure. "I promised my sister that I would inform her upon your arrival, but she is outside of the Veela nation, due to wanting a more mundane existence."

"Her loss then, this place is beautiful," Harry said and he smiled. "Even without the occupants, although that makes it even more so."

"Again, your words are flattering and never the less true," Adrianna said, deciding to get straight down to business, because the sooner she got down to business, the sooner that she could get down to any type of pleasure. "But I will fetch my sister, and then you can tell us why you came here."

Harry smiled and Adrianna turned her eyes. She gave her fellow Veela a look that if they tried anything with Harry before she did, there would be serious consequences. Given that their queen was a dangerous woman and could toast all of them, they reluctantly complied. It was temptation, having such a powerful man standing there, before them, but not able to do anything.

Harry smiled, he could sense their frustration, which made the eventual ending all that much. He enjoyed the exit of the Queen and was certain that the show as for his benefit. Something he did not complain about at the slightest.

Appoline Delacour would not believe it, if she had not seen it with her two eyes. She had thought that this day would come for some time, Veelas talked about it in hushed tones.

Did they expect it to happen this soon? Never, especially not now. Her sister lead her forward and she looked at him, this larger than life figure that many women from age eleven to a hundred and eleven fantasized about. And really to be fair, before and after that as well.

"Harry Potter," Appoline whispered, looking at her older sister, who smiled at her.

"Do you not love it when I'm correct, my sister," Adrianna said and the younger sister smiled at the queen. She thought about it, there was a reason why her sister was on the throne and she was an advisor from the sidelines. That being said, she had a vital role as the liaison from the actual magical
users, to the Veela country. And she was also a diplomat for the French Ministry to various other magical countries around the world, so it allowed them to get a greater flavor.

"Yes, especially now," Appoline said, looking Harry over with glee and greed through her eyes. "My sister informs me that there is a reason why you have made your way here."

"Yes, as much as I hate to admit it, this isn't a pleasure call," Harry said with a smile. "It's a long story as to why I've gotten here."

"Then we have plenty of time to hear it," Adrianna said, she was curious as to why Harry Potter arrived here. There must have been a reason, most certainly a purpose for him doing so.

Harry explained everything about the blood magic. It was a type of magic that the Veelas were familiar with and these two in particular were all ears.

When he concluded, both of them smiled. Adrianna in particular looked very thoughtful, brushing her hair out from her eyes.

"I have a good idea of where the artifact you seek is," she informed him and the smile grew even wider. "I won't lie to you Harry Potter, the perils you will experience on their way there, they are not for the weak of heart."

"Believe me, I know that," Harry told her, he had been through this entire game before. Tests that no one his age should experience. "I'm surprised about the restraint that you've shown so far."

"It wasn't easy," Appoline muttered underneath her breath and her sister looked at her, with a cross look on her face. "Well it wasn't."

"So, I can see," Harry said, the smile not even escaping from his face. He leaned forward, placing his hand on her thigh and running his fingers down it. "You know, sisters can be an adventure having them."

"Sure you might have had sisters…"

"Cousins as well," Harry told them and Adrianna amended with a smile.

"And cousins…but I'm sure that you've never had any…..sisters, Veela sisters," Adrianna said, making sure the private throne is sealed shut. While she was not too against the idea of an orgy, the fact was that she wanted this time to be just for her and her sister.

"Like any man, I've thought about it."

The Veela Queen gave him a smoldering smile, running her hands down his shoulders as Appoline did likewise to his front. "I would have thought that there was something wrong with you if you didn't."

Harry smiled, wrapping his arms around Appoline's slender waist and pulling her into one of those mind blowing kisses. Something that only came around once in a lifetime and her eyes closed, with Harry's tongue going deep into her mouth. Their mouths and tangles tangled with each other.

"Do not forget me, master," Adrianna purred, as her clothes burned off slowly. It was the power of the Veela fire, her nice breasts standing out for Harry, begging to be touched, tweaked. "Are you ready to go where no man has ever had a chance to explore?"

Harry's imagination ran wild at the thought of that. He expected that just because no men went there,
it did not mean that any women could have been there before and thoughts of long Veela orgies caused him to stir.

"I think that he's ready to dance," Appoline said, grabbing Harry's cock with her hands and his pants were shredded once again. "Much bigger than my husband."

Appoline dropped down to her knees and wrapped her lips around Harry's cock, taking it deep into his throat in one swift movement. Harry groaned, such actions would make most men cum right at once.

Adrianna's talented tongue went down into his mouth, and he felt her sister's talented mouth go down on him deeply. Harry's hands roamed everywhere, cupping the breasts of the Veela queen, who moaned loudly into the kiss, grinding her body down onto him.

"Let me take a taste," Adrianna said, replacing her mouth with Appoline's. Not to be outdone, she slurped Harry's cock into her mouth in a more pleasurable way.

"Guess….you're going to have to step up your game….Appoline," Harry hissed, as Adrianna said and Appoline gave him a smoldering grin.

"Don't worry master, for you it's worth it," she said, stripping her clothes out. "Do you like my slutty MILF veela body, my lord."

"Yes, I do," Harry grunted, it was hard to concentrate when Adrianna gave him a blowjob of the lifetime. The pleasure that shot through his loins caused his eyes to almost water with the pleasure.

"Perhaps you can show me what that sharp tongue of yours really does master," Appoline said with a smoldering hot grin, licking her lips fairly seductively and she pushed Harry back a little bit.

"Only if you earn it," Harry whispered, grabbing her thighs and bringing her hot snatch down onto his face. She whimpered as his tongue pushed its way deep into her dripping hot cunt and he proceeded to slurp the cream out of her.

"Yes, that's it!"

Her moans exploded and Harry ate her out, as she watched her sister go down onto her.

"Best you'll ever have, at least until my cock," Harry whispered, hissing into her pussy and there was an explosion of pleasure that went through her loins. The green eyed wizard kept munching on her cunt and drawing more heavenly juices from it.

Appoline thought that she had gone to heaven but that might be understating things a fair bit. The things that this young man's tongue could do to her, it sent pure sexual electricity through her body. The green eyed wizard grabbed onto her ass and forced her hot mound onto him.

"That's excellent," Adrianna said, feeling her loins heat up from the fire. "That's really good but I want more. I want everything."

Adrianna straddled Harry's hips and her sister was moaning in pleasure. With a naughty grin on her face, Adrianna leaned forward and gave Appoline a smoldering kiss on the face. The two of them enjoyed the kiss with each other.

Harry felt pleasure as Adrianna's tight box wrapped around his large manhood. The Veela sank down onto him, closing her eyes, pleasure filling her body. His cock pushed deep into her and she tightened around him. The green eyed wizard held onto her hips as she went up and down onto him,
"Fuck," Harry managed, as Appoline slid off of him, in a daze. "That's it, ride my cock."

"That's….it fits perfectly inside me," Adrianna moaned and she leaned down, the taste of Harry's cock no longer on her mouth and replaced by the pure sexual Veela fire. She pushed her lips firmly down onto Harry's mouth with a long and lengthy kiss, grinding herself down onto him.

His balls slapped against her sexy ass as she bounced down onto him. His lips kissed down her body and squeezed her breasts.

"Oh, that's really it," Harry breathed, as he pushed his face between her breasts and the Veela queen worked herself down onto his pole, riding him for everything that he was worth. Her tightness wrapped around him.

Harry felt the pleasure of her riding him. She really tugged on his cock, working him with her vagina muscles, and he speared into a pleasurable heat. It caused his balls to throb, getting heavier and heavier with cum. The sweet nectar that rolled off of her body caused him pleasure. The lubricate slid his pole into her.

Adrianna felt an orgasm with a male's cock inside her and that of itself was a rarity for a Veela. If any Veelas found a male partner that could look them in the eye long enough without getting a nose bleed, they didn't last that long, not long enough to give them the big "O"

"Take me, oh take me."

Harry rolled her over, and kicked her legs into the air. The green eyed wizard, held her down onto the bed, pinning her down onto the bed.

Getting dominated by a male was something that turned her on.

"Yes, take me….do whatever you want, my pussy belongs to you."

"You better believe it does," Harry said, plunging himself into her, her walls clenching him, milking him. He could see Appoline fingering herself at super fast speeds and an idea found himself in his mind. "Honey, could you get on your hands and knees?"

Appoline did not even question this order, obediently she got on her hands and knees and the next time, Harry grabbed her around the hips. He eyed her ass appreciatively for a moment and smiled.

"So many different angles I can explore this from," Harry whispered, running his hands all over her body and Appoline whimpered as he teased her ass for a second. Her sister was being fucked onto the bed and she was positioned at a point where she could see Adrianna's hot face.

That made her ten times more hot and Harry parted her lips to insert his large cock inside her. Her mind was blown as he slowly jutted into her from behind, holding onto her back.

"I've never been filled up like this," she moaned at the top of her lungs and she bent down to capture her sister's lips in a delicious kiss.

"That's hot," the duplicate groaned, watching his prime copy bound the Veela goddess into the bed, as he hung onto her hips and plunged into her, rockling into her body.

The green eyed wizard picked up an intense pace, plunging into her, he was not getting close to his release, and there was no need to speed it up. They had amazing stamina and in Veela country, time
did not pass as it did in the real world.

In other words, he had plenty of time, he bit down on Appoline's neck, nipping her flesh, marking it all as his own. His thrusts kept speeding up as he continued to part her thighs, burying himself deep into her womanhood. He picked up an intense pace, his balls slapping against her thighs as he worked he over.

Appoline's moans got high and sensual, with Harry picking up the pace. His balls slammed across her thighs as he continued to work her into a drooling stupor. Each thrust brought her higher and higher, to the point where Harry had her underneath him just like that. The green eyed wizard pushed himself to the limits and her to hers, not to mention beyond.

"Fuck….me, hard," Appoline cooed, her vice like grip tightening around Harry's tool as he continued to work into her.

"Harder, harder," Adrianna moaned, her nails sinking into Harry's neck as he pumped into her, his balls slapping against her thighs. He ran his hands down her legs and treated her flesh with the worship that she thought that she deserved. Her mind was blown, taken all the way to heaven and all the way around with his rapid fire thrusts. He kept pushing her to the limits and beyond.

"Don't worry."

Harry felt her tighten around him, milking his tool and this was going to be a close one. His ego didn't want to lose out to any female, Veela or not. Her allure snaked around him, trying to coax his cum out of her.

"We'll have such powerful daughters, and then we can train them up as well," Adrianna mewled as she worked her hips into Harry.

Harry was interested by the thought, no taboos in his perfect world.

The green eyed wizard plowed into both of them, in different angles, exploring their bodies, working over the sensual amazing flesh.

Eventually once their orgasms got close to the triple digits, Harry's balls tightened and his essence spilled into them.

The sweaty orgy of hot flesh continued to kick up another level, as the doors popped up, and more Veelas combed in.

Despite his greater stamina, Harry thanked Lucretia for the stamina potions that she packed him for the trick. He had a feeling that they would come in handy.

He had never done more than one or two dupes at once either but in their case, he would have to make an exception.

The aftermath of this event did not lie, Harry could not keep the smile off of his face. Adrianna and Appoline snuggled into his chest in the aftermath, as there were the sexually satisfied and worn out bodies of several Veelas down on the floor.

A good portion of the throne room was destroyed as well, and Harry smiled. Once a Veela wanted something, they were very…..fanatical about getting it. Harry was not going to deny that much. His green eyes flashed with power, as Appoline slowly kissed the right side of his neck and Adrianna kissed the left side of his neck.
"So…that was fulfilling," Adrianna whispered, her thighs were still sore. Given that Veelas had remarkable stamina and healing capabilities, that was something. "You're like something out of an idealized fiction of men, Harry Potter."

"So should I take it as a complement?" Harry asked and Appoline gave Harry a sultry smile, running her fingers through his dark hair.

"Honey, you can take anything, any way you want to," she whispered hotly in his ear, nibbling on it from the side. Her fingers stroked the side of his neck, as the sensation of flesh was getting even more heated.

"Well, that's interesting," Harry commented, with her working her hands down his body slowly, surely.

"But…..you were here for business….."

"Yes, the artifact," Harry said, he had not had his brains fucked out. It was just a momentary distraction from what was happening.

"You will find what you need in the temple across from the palace, the journey can be….mind blowing," Adrianna said as she struggled to find the right words to describe what Harry was about to get into.

"But rewarding never the less," Appoline said to Harry, as she continued to stroke his hair. "But before you leave, I may ask you one favor."

"Well, you do have me in an interesting position….."

"My daughters are fans of you, it would make their day if you met them," Appoline whispered, running her hands down Harry's shoulders, smiling. "I can assure you that they get their looks from me."

"Well how can I say no to something like that?" Harry asked with a grin and Appoline smiled, straddling Harry, kissing him full on the lips.

The two broke apart and they would let Harry move on with his work. There would be plenty of time for more mind blowing sex yet.

'Veelas,' Isabella whispered in Harry's ear, excited about what happened.

'We didn't even have to tell him that he needed to bind with several dozen Veelas to make the connection stronger,' Vanessa commented with a smile on her face.

'Of course we didn't, he is our master, he will figure out these things on his own,' Anya thought, looking excited.

'So I guess you can now talk to me, outside of the dream scape,' Harry thought with a smile on his face.

'For moments, the connection between our realm and yours is now stronger, and once you free Lady Slytherin and Lily, things will be complete.'

'And they won't be the only ones who have a lot of pent up tension for our master,' Isabella thought to herself.
'Isabelle, Isabella, whatever name you're deciding to call yourself this week, do try and remain calm and don't act like a sexual deviant,' Anya thought.

She stuck out her serpent tongue, wiggling it sensually towards her sister. 'Like you have any room to talk whatsoever.'

Harry was off to see what he had to do, but he was glad that other than the mind blowing sex, which was a good enough reason in itself, this had a more practical purpose.

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Pure power, pure electricity, those were the things that Harry Potter felt as he walked towards the doorway. It was just like the book indicated, down the very last marking.

He suspected the book was not Ministry of Magic approved.

The magic around the area was intoxicating to say the very least and Harry could see how many people got caught up in using magical artifacts as a short cut for power. However they damaged their ability to be inventive and creative with their magic. Wands were the worst offender of this but Harry managed to break himself of that bad habit.

Lifting his hand up calmly, Harry placed it upon the wall. The wall glowed, the runes went to life, and it was almost like it was testing Harry, to see if he was worthy of entry.

Sure enough, Harry was worthy of entry. The green eyed wizard stepped into the archway, and he saw three doors, all identical.

It did not take a rocket scientist to figure this out. One of those doors lead to the item that he needed and the other two, they lead to certain and inevitable doom.

Smiling, Harry decided that it was best to take the plunge now. Right or wrong, with his hand on the door, he would know.

Closing his eyes, he felt this moment, felt the magic around him. A rush of energy filled his body, causing it to tingle, from the head all the way down to his toes.

'Not sucked into some kind of hell dimension, good sign,' Harry thought as he took half of a step forward and knew that the true test was getting from Point A to Point B without using any magic. It was just a feeling that he had.

His instincts were right, as he could see the patterns of the magical fire shooting up. Yellow, red, purple, green, and blue, and by deductive reason, the magical fire did different things.

Focusing on the patterns, Harry knew when he had to step. There was enough of a gap in between the flames for him to wait.

Patience, patience was a test. Wizards rushed in, wands ablaze, and that got them killed. Harry knew that in another life, he did that but that seemed like ages ago. Likely because it was ages ago, a long time ago.

After passing the second flame, Harry saw the glass. It would be easy to break it open with magic, but that was the point. The rune stones needed to be placed in such a matter where the glass would dissolve.

Any attempt to break the glass with magic, it would bring the entire temple down on Harry's head or send him into some kind of micro-dimension that would cause him to go down hard.
'Ready or not, here I come,' Harry thought, analyzing the pedestal for the best possible pattern. He put all of the stones down in the proper order and then he waited for it to happen. The glowing light indicated what his success might have been or potential abject failure. **To Be Continued.**
One Step Closer

The orb bathed Harry in golden energy and he smiled as he looked at it.

'It is not necessary the means to do this, but rather the amplification device,' Anya explained to him. 'The orb is something that can breach the barriers, free those who have been trapped. But there needs to be a great sacrifice to do such a thing.'

'What kind of sacrifice?' Harry asked, and Vanessa promptly answered.

'To take, you must give,' Vanessa whispered. 'A soul for a soul, and to trap them in the same location of where they are.'

'It doesn't matter who, but I would suggestion someone who you would be better off getting rid of,' Isabelle said, crossing her arms.

Harry gently picked it up and placed it in a specially prepared bag. His green eyes flashed as he interacted with the object.

'So did that feel as weird as it did to you girls, or was that supposed to happen?' Harry asked her, closing his hand together, making some that the orb was safe until the moment that he could activate it. He had a feeling that was not something that should be done lightly.

'We're not really sure what was supposed to happen to be honest with you,' Anya thought and her sisters held a brief conference that indicated that none of them were certain what was really going to happen either.

"Guess, I'm just going to have to assume that it did," Harry said, he was not going to leave Veela county, just yet. Not at least until he met with Appoline's daughters, because it would be rude to let a pair of fans now.

The Ring was running scared for numerous reason. Draco Malfoy broke the code when he revealed their super secret operations to save his own skin.

They agreed that once they got their hands on Malfoy, he would be tried for treason. Then if convicted, he would suffer a slow and brutal beating, until the blood dripped down from his body.

There was a huge problem with that, members of the Ring, they came up missing.

As in there was no trace of them. And no sign that they voluntarily disappeared, even though they had any reason in the world to. Some of them were Hogwarts students, who were caught on the grounds, walking back from a class or some midnight liaison, and never returning.

The Ministry Aurors were baffled from what happened. Nym, being a wet behind the ears rookie, was essentially at a loss to piece together this entire crime. There was no evidence, not a scrap of evidence, not a drop of blood, not even a spell scorch mark. She doubted that someone this smart would leave a finger print as well.

She wondered what was going on here and she had a feeling that she was going to find out before too long. Her eyes shined as she did not see anything.

"Is this about as creepy to you as it is to me?"
Alice stood up at Nym's shoulder and Nym nodded, eyes once again set on the ground.

"We need to check one more room," Nym said and Alice nodded.

"Right, wands out," Alice whispered, but she really did not need her wand. It was just an added tool. Unlike some witches or wizards, she did not live and die by a simple strip of wood that was easily broken.

"I have no idea why, but that statement gives me a sense of foreboding," Nym said and she opened the door.

All she found on the floor was a simple sock, stained in blood.

The creepiness factor dialed up about twelve notches and the Metamorphmagus witch kept things calm, cool, and collected.

She was not going to freak, so was not going to freak. Even though it was the easiest thing in the world to do, she was not going to freak. Nym reminded herself that she was trained for something like this. Her eyes flashed over with a smile on his face.

"There's something behind that wall," Alice whispered and Nym could not help but feel the hairs prickle up onto the back of her neck.

Tapping on the side of the wall, there was a structural integrity. The two Aurors looked, they did not know whether or not they should call in for back up.

"On three," Alice whispered and Nym nodded in agreement, her heart racing.

"On three," Nym agreed.

The two of them launched their hardest bombardment spell at the wall, causing it to give way.

They saw a group of wizards dressed in robes, nailed to the wall, in a crucifix position. There was a crude sheep mask covering their face. Their hands and feet had been sliced off.

Alice, with a shaky hand, reached forward. She pulled the mask off and there was no face. The person's face has been cut completely off.

'This is like the nobody murders,' Alice whispered and her heart skipped a beat.

The nobody murders took place five years ago, when she was new to the Auror force. Several Muggleborns had gone missing and several bodies had been found, with the faces of the Muggleborns having been cut off. They didn't find enough bodies to match up with the missing.

Some speculated that the true answers could be found in a dragon preserve somewhere or more likely in someone's garden.

Recent evidence indicated that members of the Ring might be involved, although the Ministry's investigation had been stonewalled on that. The nobody murders weren't even announced to the general public and very few cared.

A message written in blood could be seen sketched on the wall.

You are what you become, and you now wear your true face. Don't worry, the Ring will be broken.
"Now, I think that it's time to call the Ministry," Alice said and Nym was not about to argue with her about this point. Her pulse raced to an extremely intense level. She knew that things would get her blood pumping but this is ridiculous.

Fleur Delacour was currently on a holiday from school. She was gearing up for the Triwizard Tournament and she was feeling pretty good about her chances to be chosen for her school. And perhaps, maybe, just maybe, she was feeling good about her chances of winning. The blonde blew her hair out of her face and rocked her body back and forth.

'Okey,' Fleur thought as she opened up the door and stopped, stared, she could not believe it.

She had to believe it naturally, because she was seeing it.

The Veela's pulse quickened, she suspected many things from behind that door. One of the things that she didn't expect from behind that door was Harry…..Potter. Who really should have had the last name fucking, because that's what she envisioned doing to him.

"You're Harry Potter!"

Fleur was so dumbstruck that she forgotten her faux French accent. Actually, she could speak crystal clear English, even better than most people who spoke English naturally. Spending a lot of time in English speaking countries would allow her to learn the language.

She did speak an accented, fragmented English, only for show.

"Last time I checked," Harry said, staring her down and Fleur could smell it all over him.

The scent of dozens of Veelas, which meant one thing. He did pleasure and satisfy dozens of Veelas. Full blood, full blown, Veelas, who cause many men to become dehydrated by just looking at them.

Fleur waited, it was almost a moment of time where things grinded to a halt. A halt where she felt her heart fluttering, her mind growing numb, shivers going down her spine. Mouth went open, mouth shut, and she only had one thing to say.

"How….how are you doing?"

Fleur wanted to bitch slap herself for that one. You could say anything to Harry Potter, Harry Fucking Potter, and that's what you said.

She shook her head and Harry smiled at her. It was one of those smiles and that did not improve her mood. It caused her heart to beat a little bit faster, her pulse to quicken a little bit more. The blonde thought that she was going to lose in in the face of this young man.

To call him a man might be doing a disservice to what he was. Harry Potter was a god. The green eyed wizard stared her down and that smile, that smile could bring anyone to their knees.

"Oh, I'm good."

Fleur shivered, as he backed her against the wall. This was something that she was not used to.

"Well, that's really good," Fleur said with a sultry smile, her allure could bring anyone to their knees and the blonde licked her lips. She imagined him pinning her against that wall and having his way with her, constantly.

Her Veela natural called out for him, this was a strong mate.
"I'm sure it is."

Fleur blinked, there was only a two second pause where she blinked. Yet she was against the wall, his lips near the side of her neck. The woman closed her eyes, shivers blowing down her spine. The green eyed wizard ran his fingers down her and she felt blinded with the lust.

"So....."

Harry smiled as Fleur felt her breast swell from underneath his grasp. The green eyed wizard ran his hands all over her and the blonde closed her eyes, as he ran his hands all over her body.

"Your mother said that you were a fan."

Fleur's mouth hung open and the blonde could only nod numbly. Her eyes slowly began to blink, as Harry worked his hands all over her body and she whimpered underneath his touch. Her pussy started to leak and sing to him.

"I'm sure that you've had some fantasies."

Fleur could not really speak, especially now that he was kissing the side of her neck and his hand rested on his legs. His fingers were inches away from that naughty spot, from going up her skirt.

"Some really vivid fantasies," Harry whispered and he grabbed Fleur gently by the wrists and guided her down to her knees.

Fleur was now on her knees and feeling faint. The blonde grabbed his pants and tore them off, a wild animalistic lust burning through her eyes.

She might have barely known him, but human logic rarely tended to resound with the Veela species. Then again, many people had their own hang ups regarding sex and the taboos that society put up in an attempt to limit the imaginations of people did not help matters at all.

His cock was long and large and erect. Fleur slowly run her tongue against him, drawing out the situation as much as she could. It was her first instinct to shove all twelve inches down her throat so she could gag on it.

Common sense managed to cause her to stop and stare, licking against the underside of his cock. The blonde licked him all the way down his member, drawing her tongue all the way down the base of his balls and licking his ballsac. She closed her eyes and then brought her tongue against him.

"You have such a good mouth, let's see how it feels when I'm actually inside it," Harry said, grabbing Fleur's mouth. "Open up and say ahhh."

Fleur nearly gagged on his cock but she managed to utilize her excellent throat muscle controls, as Harry forced his cock down her throat. She grabbed onto his base and pumped him into her mouth.

Her hot lips slurping around him was an amazing treat. The green eyed wizard closed his eyes and Fleur continued to pucker her lips around him. The woman sucked and slurped on his cock, hungrily drawing him into her. His balls slapped against her chin as she continued to rock herself back and forth, bringing more of his cock deep into her throat. The blonde looked at him, lust burning through her eyes as she continued to pump down his shaft, her lips enveloping him in a white hot fury. She squeezed his balls, groping them, making his cock hers.

The blonde picked up a steadier pace and Harry thought that he would lose it down her throat in a matter of minutes. Youth did have a lot of passion, even though age came along with the experience.
The sixteen year old Veela was trying to deliver the best of both words as she sucked his cock, inhaling it into her mouth.

His balls throbbed and they were about ready to release their white hot fury down her throat. The green eyed wizard was this close to pumping his sticky hot load all the way down her throat and she would swallow every last drop.

Fleur gripped his balls, fondling them. She was not going to lie, she wanted his sweet seed and she wanted it yesterday. Her breath became even more frantic as she drew herself down him. Nice long slurps as his cock went nearly all the way down her throat. Her lips popped quite nicely around the base of his cock and the blonde seductress continued to work him over, preparing to drain him of everything.

The sight of his cock in her mouth was so alluring, especially with the smoldering sexy look on her face.

"Drain me, baby," Harry encouraged her, grabbing onto the back of the head, tugging on her hair. This only encouraged Fleur to suck him harder.

Harry built up a lot of stamina but her intense sucking combined with her Veela allure drove him straight to the edge. His cum shot down her throat like a rocket and the woman's eyes flushed over, as Harry pulled out of her mouth.

"Need….it in me," Fleur begged, getting to her feet and rubbing her white hot cunt around Harry's pole but he bound her with ropes.

Fleur was levitated and dropped on the couch. She was frustrated but no matter what, not even with her Veela strength, she could not break from these ropes.

"Not until I taste this sweet pussy," Harry breathed, cupping her and causing her to whimper. "I'm going to take everything that I want from you."

"Take me," Fleur whimpered, Harry licked his tongue over her slit. The green eyed wizard continued to lick her pussy and slowly worked his tongue into her. He slowly worked forward a great deal of momentum, winding her up.

The blonde's walls clamped around him and Harry continued to eat her pussy. The blonde whimpered, her legs wishing that she could tighten around her head.

'Poor little Veela, all tied up, with nowhere to go,' Harry whispered, running his tongue deep into her. Her hips pushed up, meeting his tongue as the green eyed wizard pushed deep into her. He continued to talk into her. 'I'm going to make you cum sixteen times and then I'll have you.'

All Fleur could feel was the pleasurable vibrations that buried into her quim. Her hips shook as Harry continued to work himself into her. Her hands placed down onto the back of his head and he continued to pump his tongue into her. The green eyed wizard worked her over, using his tongue to increase the pleasure through her body.

Harry could feel her hot juices gush into his mouth and Harry hung onto her hips, licking her center. The flood of power, the flood of her allure, it was quite frankly intoxicating. The green eyed wizard drove his tongue deep into her body. The green eyed wizard pushed his tongue into her, licking her.

'Almost there, honey,' Harry said, vibrating his tongue into her. The woman's hands longed to grab onto the back of his head.
"Oh, please, fuck me," Fleur moaned, his tongue inside her was winding up. She experienced more orgasms than she thought, just because of his tongue.

She imagined what his cock would do to get her off and that caused her body to even heat her up. The green eyed wizard continued to slurp on her center, sucking drops of juices into his mouth, bringing everything into his mouth.

He continued to drag his tongue around her insides, working everything around her insides. The blonde grabbed onto the back of his head, pushing his tongue into her.

"Harder, faster, oh yes!" Fleur moaned as his long tongue wiggled around on her, causing electricity to burst through her body.

Another flood of her warm juices drew into his mouth and Harry continued to drink her warm sensual fluids, working them into his mouth.

His head was complete light with pleasure and he continued to lick her out, drawing every single drop of her warm wet cum out of her.

'O one more time for good measure,' Harry said, licking his tongue into her, vibrating it at super speed into her. The green eyed wizard continued to lick inside her and drew her to one more explosion of cum, the warm juices spraying into his mouth.

Harry magically flipped Fleur over, her dripping slit was there. He conjured a ball gag and placing it in her mouth. His hands placed on her hips and he aimed herself into her.

She was really wet and that made his intrusion all that much the more pleasurable.

Fleur nearly lost it already, her cunt muscles closed around his large rod, the green eyed wizard pushed into her, going deep into her. His balls slapped against her ass and he continued to work her ass. The green eyed wizard slapped himself down onto her ass and continued to pump into her, working into her body.

The woman's walls tightened around his tool, the green eyed wizard pushing into her. His cock slammed into her from behind.

"So good, I can fuck your brains out all day every day," Harry whispered and he grabbed onto Fleur's hair, roughing grabbing it. He noticed that these motions caused her to tighten around him and he sped up his movements, roughly fucking her hard.

Fleur didn't really care about that gentle shit, she wanted a man who could really handle her and Harry handled her really well. Her pussy gushed its juices as she slid in and out of her in a rapid fire fashion. His balls were a blur as he continued to work her over, never once breaking any momentum, never once breaking his stride.

Her moans were only stifled by the ball gag somewhat but the pleasure was beyond all measure. He picked up an amazing pace, as he drilled her, her cunt tightening around his member. Harry was going to bring her to the edge of passion.

"So close, you're about ready to earn your prize," Harry said but he drew out his actions to longer, more pleasurable strokes. The green eyed wizard could see the little voyeur watching from the closet and smiled.

He put on even more of a show, slapping Fleur's ass until it got red. He thought about fucking it, but that could wait for later.
Harry was perfectly content working over her smoldering hot cunt. His thrusts buried into her body, and he continued to get through.

There was echoes in his hand, telling him to fuck her into a pile of goo and who was Harry to deny such a thing?

He pushed out of her, pulling out of her. His entire length was almost out of her.

'Damn it,' Fleur thought fiercely, not wanting to think that she was denied such a thing and Harry hovered his cock into her entrance.

He stuffed it back into her all of the way and rocked her mind, blowing it as he rammed himself deep into her. The blonde clenched him as Harry worked himself into her. She clutched onto the sheets, biting down on her lip fiercely.

"That's it," Harry whispered, pumping himself into her and Fleur was this close to losing all sense of herself. Not that she had much senses left after the hard fucking that Harry was giving her.

The real scary thing was that her mind was about ready to be sent over the edge. His thrusts got quicker and everything was a distinct blur around her. Fleur breathed in heavily, with Harry cupping her breasts and focusing his actions into her. The green eyed wizard picked up his actions, exploring her smoldering hot center.

"Fucking close, aren't we?"

Fleur nodded, if the ball gag had not been in her mouth, she was chewing on her lip. Her cunt inhaled his cock as he buried it into her. He was putting her through the paces, nipples getting rather hard. The green eyed wizard pinched her nipples.

The woman's walls clamped around his rod, with Harry punishing her dripping hot cunt, the wizard pushing her to the depths.

"Almost there."

Fleur hated this, she expected him to be there fifteen minutes ago. She lost count of the number of orgasms that she experienced. Each and every one of them was increasingly explosive and her lips dripped with desire.

Another thrust and Fleur closed her eyes. Her lips pressed together and her breathing became even more shallow. She could only barely register the ball gag having fallen from her mouth. His cock buried even deeper into her. Mind blown, further, he went further into her.

The blonde tightened the grip of her walls around him and eventually, finally rather, he pumped his sticky hot load into her pussy, making her his.

Fleur shuddered, her walls tightening, milking him dry with each last drop of cum from him.

Harry did not remove his hands from her hips, rather he decided to continue to put her through the paces. He continued to wreck her, spoil her.

Bellatrix Lestrange did some horrible things in her life and she was not going to lie, she was not going to make excuses.

The mental fog she experienced when she was in Azkaban was slowly lifting, all she could figure
out was that she had been brought here and nursed back to health.

"Bella?"

Bellatrix looked up and saw Narcissa standing there with her. The dark witch was oddly tranquil but one could attribute that to a sedative potion that put her to that point.

"Yes," Bellatrix whispered, a raspy tone to her voice. She brushed the hair from her eyes and took a long breath. Her mouth was kind of dry all things considered but overall, she really couldn't complain all that much. "I'm out of Azkaban but I thought that Lucius….."

"Lucius is dead….."

"Good," Bellatrix said. Lucius was the type of bastard who made other purebloods look bad by extension and give Mudbloods fuel for their little resistance fires. The only thing Bella was disappointed about was that bastard was not dead by her own wand. "I doubt that you could complain about it too much."

"I've gotten a significant upgrade," Narcissa said and the blonde looked at her sister. The dark haired, middle Black sister, looked at the youngest sister. She tapped her fingers across the side of the bed side table.

"Do tell," Bellatrix said, trying not to allow her vocal chords to be strained so much. The tormenting reminders of her childhood that the Dementors gave her still resounded through her head. She did not want to give what happened to her after Andromeda left at the hands of her father as so much of an excuse, more like a reason.

It was going to be a long time before those mental scars decided to heal themselves over.

"So do you really want to know?"

Bellatrix crossed her arms, looking quite agitated. "Yes, Narcissa, I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't want to know."

There were instances like this where Bellatrix loved her sister but damn if she did not get annoyed by her playing the guessing games.

"Harry Potter."

Bellatrix paused, for several moments.

"The pain killer potion must be giving me hallucinations," Bellatrix said, grabbing onto the back of her head and pulling her long dark hair back. "I thought I heard the name Harry Potter, come out of your mouth, Cissa."

"Yes, Harry Potter," Narcissa said and she leaned towards Bellatrix. "There is a new master back in town and you should thank your daughter for discovering her."

Bellatrix was not sure if she was more upset about Harry Potter sleeping with her daughter or the fact that she didn't get a piece of the actions before Vega did.

"He inherited gifts from the Dark Lord that he squandered," Narcissa told her and Bellatrix got up to her feet, in surprise.

It was a good thing that Azkaban didn't destroy her sex drive.
"I….you're kidding me, right?" Bellatrix asked.

"No, I do not joke about such a thing, Bella, as you well know," Narcissa commented, looking at her. "You just missed the magically created duplicate that he sent through."

Bellatrix really was impressed and curious. Impressed because one would need to be really powerful to create a magical duplicate, that was the first thing.

"Why does he need a magically created duplicate?" Bellatrix asked and Narcissa smiled at her. It was one of those smiles and Bellatrix felt herself weakened by said smile.

"He had to go to Veela country….."

"No man has ever stepped foot there," Bellatrix said, nearly getting up.

"Harry Potter could," Narcissa said and Bellatrix blinked. There was one thing that she had to say to that.

"Tell me more….no…wait….tell me everything."

"We might need a cup of tea, this will take awhile," Narcissa answered and this got her completely curious to a certain degree.

Especially when she saw Andromeda there, now Bellatrix is intrigued even more now. Exactly how did Harry Potter manage to lead Andromeda back on home?

One thing for sure, there was a new master in the house and Bellatrix was really happy about that.

Fleur thought that she would never been stricken tired by an insane amount of sex but yet, Harry managed to be full of surprises. He put her through the paces amazingly. Her eyes closed as she shuddered with the pleasure. The green eyed wizard slowly kissed the back of her neck.

"Oh, Harry," Fleur purred, as she felt Harry fill every single hole one hundred percent of the way.

"So was that as good as your expectations?" Harry asked, running his fingers through her silky blonde hair.

"Yes….don't be a stranger, come back any time," Fleur said and the blonde thought that next time she would be prepared. She was taken off guard and worn out hard.

Harry got up to his feet and gave her one more kiss. Fleur staggered to her feet and Harry handed her a potion.

"This should deal with most of the after effects, although not completely," Harry said and Fleur nodded. "I have to make my mark, after all."

"I would be disappointed if you didn't," Fleur whispered, almost breathlessly. She popped her hands up against the back of her head and craned her neck. The blonde had a wonderful time even though she was feeling this one for a very long time. "So, maybe I'll see you before too long."

"There's no maybe about it," Harry said, sweeping Fleur into a one armed hug. "That's a guarantee."

Harry turned to the closet and with a casual wave of his wand, creaked the door open. "And I'll see you in a few months when the change happens."
The girl on the other end of the door gave a light squeak and Harry made his way off. If his calculations were correct, Bellatrix would be out of Azkaban by now.

The dupe was feeding Harry information and the Ring was being taken care of, slowly but surely. The Ministry had no idea what was going on.

Then again, that was par for the course from the Ministry.

**To Be Continued.**
The Ministry of Magic looked like a place that needed to be put out of its misery with every passing second and Harry showed up at the Wizengamot with that thought going through his mind. Or rather whatever was left of the Wizengamot?

Some members disappeared.

Others resigned, because of their connection to the Ring.

Regardless there was only maybe a fraction of the government body left over. Andromeda, shrewd as she was, manipulated the remaining power into Harry's hands.

"I feel like I'm on the edge of something amazing, and I'm sure that they feel the change as well," Harry said, standing at Andromeda's shoulder as he showed up. The dark haired woman turned her head to face Harry.

"Amazing, that's putting matters mildly," Andromeda whispered, her excitement at another height as well. "And it's good to see that you survived your trip to Veela country."

"Well, it was fulfilling," Harry said, and Andromeda smiled at the thought of that. Harry would be the only man who could say that he had sex with a lot of hot women and do so very casually.

"One could say that again."

"I'm sure it was very fulfilling," Nym said, stealing a kiss from Harry as she turned up. "So….the Ring investigation…"

"Do you personally care about a bunch of pureblood ingrates being whacked?" Harry asked and Nym paused for a second, shaking her head in negative.

"Absolutely not," Nym said, almost insulted by the fact that Harry would think that she would care. "It's just that…"

"The Ministry wants it investigated," Harry said and Andromeda could see something brewing in Harry's eyes. There was a shine of passion behind those emerald green eyes. She could feel it, just like that. "Well I doubt that would be a problem for too much longer."

Now that was a statement that got Andromeda wondering. The dark haired witch hoped to get to the bottom of this before too long.

Amelia Bones made her way to the court, and she was talking hastily to Fudge, who had a toad faced woman dressed in pink. Harry didn't know her, but he was pretty sure that he didn't like her.

"Dolores Umbridge," Andromeda said, acid spitting from her tongue as she said the name.

"I don't like her," Harry replied and Nym barely kept a straight face.

"Oh, we've found a female that Harry Potter wouldn't sleep with?"

Andromeda and Harry gave Nym both "that's not funny" looks.

"Well you're not in the minority," Nym said, crossing her arms and huffing. No one allowed her to have any fun. "But, I guess this just….."
"We're going to have to get ready," Andromeda said, both hushing her daughter and turning her complete attention towards Harry. "Are you ready?"

"Ready as I'm ever going to be," Harry said, gearing himself up for the next movement. The green eyed wizard prepared himself for what they were going to spill out of their mouths. One thing for certain, this was not going to be really all that fun at all. "So are you….."

"Just let them get through their speeches," Andromeda said, with a long sigh escaping her mouth. She knew by now to allow the well connected purebloods say their peace and everything would go on fine. "Just brace yourself for some long speeches with a lot of bullshit on them."

"Wonderful," Harry said, he could hardly wait. He really could hardly wait and he crossed his arms, preparing for that moment.

One of the chief wizards in the court got up to his feet. Harry prepared to hear some excuses and he certainly wasn't disappointed in any way whatsoever.

Three agonizing hours later, that felt like thirty, Harry looked at the Wizengamot floor. His razor sharp focus was retained but he was really bored out of his skull. They had the personality of paper, which he thought was the idea.

Just wind everyone up and make them smile and nod. They shouldn't challenge you too much after that.

Harry was not about to let himself be defeated by boredom however. All he had to do was wait for his moment and that came soon.

"The Wizengamot wishes to recognize Harry Potter."

Harry thought that this would be easier that it was a couple of months ago. With Dumbledore in an International prison and Fudge pretty much neutered from a power standpoint, all Harry had to do was say his piece and people would follow him.

He felt like a particularly demented pied piper but never the less, he turned to address the rats.

"For generations, the Wizarding World, once full of promise and opportunity has given way to corruption and greed."

There were numerous whispers by the members of the court but there weren't that many left. They knew that if they wanted to hold onto what little power they had left, they would listen to what Harry Potter had to say.

"I think that while the traditions of the magical world should be appreciated, we might have been too hasty to do away with certain traditions in the past and we had not been as prompt to disregard those traditions that no longer work," Harry said and there was a few seconds where the green eyed wizard looked around at them. Surely enough, their full and undivided attention was on him. That was something that he wanted. "We're going to have to allow changes in the Ministry, for it reflects badly for our ancient civilization when a group of select, a pureblood minority, victimized people. Many of the victims were the daughters of respected and ancient pureblood families."

Harry made sure to bring that point home. If it was Muggleborns who were victimized, Harry suspected that they would not even bat an eyelash. Now that their precious purebloods were victimized, it was an entirely different ball game. Harry was going to use their prejudices against them, at least until he could force them under ground.
"The Ministry's power is on shaky ground and I feel that we should restrict this government, to allow us to bring these members of the Ring down," Harry said. "For if we do not understand our enemies, they will overtake us."

To many members of that court, their enemies were in fact the Muggles and the Muggleborn. Harry did not wish to correct that assumption.

The real snake stood before them, slowly separating his enemies. The Ring had sewed even more seeds of discontent and mistrust.

"Power is something that you all understand but you're weakening," Harry whispered to them and he had the contract that Andromeda drew up. Soon once Lady Slytherin was released, he would be able to move one step forward.

Fudge was going to sign it, because he knew what was good for him. Sam had told him pretty much where every single skeleton in Fudge's closet was and he could ruin Fudge. He wouldn't be able to get a job cleaning toilets at a whorehouse in Knockturn Alley if Harry brought the big guns.

The paper was placed in front of the few members of the court. Umbridge stared at Harry, but that woman was not really going to undercut Harry, if she knew what was good for her. Harry doubted that many would miss her if she suffered a horrific little accident.

The green eyed wizard stared back at Fudge as he looked over the paper. The realization of the power that he was about to give up settled him with him. With a shaky hand and with a heavy heart, Fudge signed the keys to the kingdom away to Harry Potter and the Wizengamot.

"This is what's best for the magical world," Harry said to Fudge and soon, the cancer of the magical world would be eradicated.

After dealing with his pet, Harry had more interesting business to deal with. Narcissa stood outside of the door.

"She's ready, my lord," Narcissa said, blinking as she looked at Harry. "I've….talked up your abilities."

"Hopefully not too much where I might not be able to live to her expectations," Harry said, in a half joking tone.

"My lord, I'm certain that you can live up to any standards that I put you up to and beyond," Narcissa said and Harry leaned forward, kissing her on the lips softly.

The green eyed wizard backed off with a smile on her face.

"Andi and I will be waiting for the signal and….."

"I know what's up," Harry said, giving her one last parting kiss right to the lips and he opened the door. He knew of the crimes that Bellatrix Lestrange committed but that was in the past. She was his responsibility now, like it or not.

"So, you're here."

Bellatrix was dressed in a black corset with a thong and black stockings. She had a choker collar on her and black fingerless gloves. She was sprawled out on the bed and the material on her outfit was about to give way. Her amazing breasts were this close to popping out and she ran her fingers over
her cleavage with a smile on her face.

"And you've been a very naughty boy, fucking my daughter, my nieces, and my sisters like that," Bellatrix said, as she got to her feet and tried to psyche him out by groping his crotch in the most shameless manner possible.

The next thing she knew, he tilted her back on the bed, and Harry had her leaning back. His eyes peered into hers and Bellatrix was pinned against the bed. She felt a rush through her body as Harry straddled her on the bed.

"I think that you're a naughty girl," Harry whispered and he could see Bellatrix's breasts rise and fall. They were an amazing set. After the potion regiment she was on to turn back the clock on the ravages of Azkaban, she was rather stunning. He could sense her arousal and he decided to milk this for all it was worth. "Actually, I think that you're a naughty, dirty, filthy, whore."

Bellatrix shook her head, her heart speeding up in intensity. "No, no, I'm your….naughty, dirty, filthy, whore."

Bellatrix could feel the heat rise from her loins one more time and Harry smiled.

"You might have gotten trapped in Azkaban, but now that I'm your master, I have to punish you," Harry whispered and Bellatrix's eyes widened. "I have to severely….punish you."

"You have to punish me…..master?"

Bellatrix bit down on her lip, looking like a school girl and that gave Harry a brilliant, wonderful, and yet quite wicked idea.

"In fact, you're not properly dressed, I want you to get out of these clothes," Harry commanded and Bellatrix got shakily up to her feet.

Bellatrix could not believe that she bent so easily to his will. It was like he was pulling strings and maneuvering her around. Like some kind of demented puppet and she slowly bent further to his will. The green eyed wizard watched, as she stripped her clothing off. Her body was revealed a little more at a time, the alluring amazing flesh causing Harry to stir a tiny bit. His green eyes watched her as her breasts were exposed, followed by her snatch with a strip of dark hair, and long legs, along with a juicy ass.

"Put this on," Harry said and he put the bag down where Bellatrix could grab it. The dark haired witch opened it and frowned.

"A school girl uniform?" Bellatrix asked, as she looked at it. "Why would you have a school girl uniform?"

Harry returned fire with the obvious answer. "Why wouldn't I have a school girl uniform?"

Bellatrix hated when he made an unfortunate deal of sense. Crossing her arms, Bellatrix shook her head and took in a deep breath. Without another word, she prepared herself to put the school girl uniform. It might have been a size that she wore in Hogwarts. About third year, maybe fourth if she was feeling generous.

Never the less, she was in the school girl uniform and ready to go. The material fit tightly around her body and Harry was wearing a look on her face that caused her to heat up with a greater intensity.

The green eyed young man looked at her.
"Well Miss Black, you've been rather naughty, haven't you?" Harry asked, wearing a stern look on his face and Bellatrix looked back at him, nodding.

"Yes, Professor sir, I've been very naughty, I think that I need a punishment," Bellatrix whispered as she looked him over from head to toe.

"You think that, I think that need to get on my lap."

Bellatrix straddled his lap, she did not bother to wear panties underneath that skirt of hers, which would make things a lot better. The green eyed wizard grabbed her on her ass and stared in her eye. That caused things to heat up in a hurry.

"You know what I mean."

"Sir?"

Harry slapped Bellatrix hard on her mature ass and that caused her to yelp. Without another word, she was laid over her lap and the green eyed wizard prepped her ass. It was nice.

"You have a nice ass," Harry commented, pinching her cheeks and causing her to yelp as Harry ran his hand down it.

Bellatrix panted heavily with his hand slapping against her rear. He continued to work her over, working over a fever pitch.

The green eyed wizard continued to pound her ass, slapping his hand down onto the back of her ass cheek. The wizard continued to work his hand down onto her.

"Yes, yes, master, pound this slutty dark whore's ass!" Bellatrix moaned, as she could see him conjure a paddle.

SMACK!

The crack of wood impacted on Bellatrix's rear and the woman spasmed as he continued to paddle her ass. She twitched as her pussy closed. The paddle felt good against her ass and Bellatrix thought that she was about to lose it one hundred percent of the way.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Bellatrix continued to be worked over and her legs closed together. Her pussy twitched with the pleasure that she felt. Her panting increased even more and Harry was going to bring her to the edge and even further if he could allow it.

SMACK!

Once again Bellatrix could feel it go through her ass. She could feel pleasure beyond all measure. Panting, she could not believe it.

She soaked Harry's lap and now his fingers worked into her. She was hanging off of the side of the bed. The top of her uniform was pulled up and her stiffened nipples poked into the air. Harry pinched them hard and Bellatrix shivered.
"Now time for you to take something up your ass."

After what happened with the potion regiment, the clock had been turned back on Bellatrix's body and she was a virgin in every way.

"Please master, take my virgin ass."

"Oh Bella, you won't have a virgin ass for much longer," Harry said, rubbing his finger down her crack and causing her pleasure. The lubrication spell made things slightly more bearable but her ass was sore after Harry walloping her with a paddle.

The green eyed wizard slipped into her tight rectum and felt it hug him. It felt so good, he thought that he was going to lose his mind with this tight hole hugging his large cock so tightly.

"Please!" Bellatrix moaned as he placed his hands on either side of her ass and started to saw into her. The dark haired witch thought that she was about to lose it and Harry hung onto her, pounding into her. She closed her eyes tightly, her breath increasing with each thrust as Harry worked himself into her. The dark haired witch clamped her ass down onto him.

Each thrust ripped apart her ass and Harry anally violated her, his balls smacked off against her. The dark haired witch continued to feel the pleasure and his hands grabbed him.

"Yes, molest my breasts," Bellatrix breathed. "Rape my ass. VIOLATE IT!"

Bellatrix could feel the pleasure of him taking her from behind and her pussy leaked. He put his hand down and captured some of her juices on his fingers.

The green eyed wizard lifted his hand up and placed them on her lips, causing him to slide his fingers into her mouth. She tasted her own juices as Harry picked up the pace, once again working her ass. Her tight cheeks closed around him.

'Oh, yes, yes, yes,' Bellatrix thought with Harry working his way into her. The green eyed wizard continued to work himself into her.

Each thrust brought herself to the edge of reality and that nice ass was being penetrated. He was so big, she was being split in half and Bellatrix loved it. This long cock, hard, thick, the pleasure, it flowed through her.

This was the best thing she ever felt and Harry bit the back of her neck.

"Dirty whore, eating yourself off of my hands," Harry said and he pounded into her. "You're a bigger slut than your daughter."

"Oh, my daughter is a dirty slut, isn't she?" Bellatrix asked, with Harry working into her from behind. "I bet you screwed her brains out, you fucked her until she couldn't breath."

"Yes, along with your sisters, and nieces as well but you're the final part of the collection," Harry said, working himself into her. The green eyed wizard continued to bury himself into her ass, he was building up a nice load of cum for his explosion.

"YES!"

Bellatrix thought that Harry had to complete the set because she would be offended if he did not try. His thrusts buried deep into her ass and she moaned.
"Getting closer, my love," Harry said, biting her ear.

"Yes, cum in my ass," Bellatrix whimpered, her ass tightening around him and he continued to pick up the pace.

"You're going to get a big load in your whore ass."

Harry hung onto her, pumping himself into her. Her tight rectum squeezed him, he was about ready to lose all sense of himself into her.

"Take me, oh unload in me," Bellatrix moaned, with Harry picking up the pace. His thrusts buried deeper into her and he was this close to losing all sense of himself into her. His balls slapped against her, heavy with his cum.

Then the explosion happened and Bellatrix had an orgasm of her own. His cock speared deep into her ass, unloading his cum into her. Several long thrusts leader, he came inside her tight rectum, emptying his fluids out of her.

Bellatrix closed her eyes, heart picking up the pace. Harry finished inside her ass and she could feel the rush of joy go through her body.

The door opened and she just barely managed to heart it as she came down from her eye. Narcissa and Andromeda joined the part. Andromeda was dressed in a silver and black negligee and Narcissa was dressed in a blue and silver one. Both of them had stockings, Narcissa had blue and Andromeda had green. They were carrying a tin of strawberries.

"We don't seem to have whip cream," Narcissa commented, dipping the strawberry on top of Bellatrix's cum covered ass. "It's a good thing that Harry has all of the cream we could ever want, now, isn't it?"

Bellatrix screamed at the top of her lungs as Narcissa dipped the strawberry into her ass, still oozing with Harry's semen. She felt it to their oldest sister.

"Oh, Bella, Harry has punished you, hasn't it?" Andromeda asked as suddenly she felt a rush of cold air and Harry's tongue buried deep into her pussy.

Harry's tongue worked into her and she and Narcissa continued to feed each other cum soaked strawberries that they were dipping into Bellatrix's tight ass.

"Oh….Harry," Andromeda moaned, Harry's tongue went deep into her and they could see his cock was ready to go.

Narcissa was stripped naked and another duplicate of Harry hovered over the blonde MILF. He ran his hands all over her body.

"Worthy charm learning….." Narcissa breathed, as his cock went into her hot slick surface.

"I'll say that again," Harry said, grabbing her breasts and squeezing them. Narcissa managed to keep feeding Andromeda and she also gave her sister a teasing lick on the ass.

"NARCISSA!" Bellatrix whined at the top of her lungs, she was not going to lie, her sister's tongue felt really good. And she got hotter and hotter as she watched Harry's large cock appear and disappear out of her sister's tight snatch.

Andromeda now was pushed back on the bed, her pussy bared for Harry. He rubbed himself against
her dripping slit.

"Don't….don't tease me," Andromeda begged, with Harry suckling on her breasts.

"Good things come to those who wait."

Andromeda whined and Harry's length brushed against her slit. It nearly went into her and she about rammed her hips up to force it inside her. Harry held her back onto the bed and the green eyed wizard closed his eyes, rubbing his length down against her.

"No, good things, it comes to those who wait," Harry whispered and he continued to rub his length against her dripping slit.

"Can't….wait….must have," she whined and Andromeda's hips nearly lifted off of the bed, trying to coax him into her.

"If you insist," Harry commented, hanging onto her hips and he worked himself into her. His large length pushed deep into her body and Andromeda closed her eyes, feeling her walls close against him.

His cock penetrated her and his balls slapped down onto her thighs. Andromeda arched her back off of the bed, to say that she was about ready to lose it would be the understatement to end all understatements. There was no about to about it. She was going to lose it. The woman pumped his length into her, her tightening walls closing around him.

"Yes, I insist you take me."

Narcissa and Andromeda exchanged a heated kiss and Bellatrix pouted, feeling completely left out.

"Well, I think that we can remedy that."

A third Harry was there, his cock standing at attention. Bellatrix got up to a standing position, shakily wrapping her hands around him and then she pushed herself up.

She was so wet that she seamlessly slipped him into her. Her walls gripped his large manhood as she pumped herself up and down, working him hard. The woman bounced even higher, her breasts level with his eyesight. The wizard gripped her tits and squeezed them.

"Oh Harry, oh Harry," Bellatrix mewled as she rubbed his cock in between her walls, picking up an immense pace.

"Call me master," Harry whispered, slapping her ass and that caused her to only bounce higher. The level of orgasms blew her mind and Harry had to grab onto her waist to slow her down.

"Yes, master," Bellatrix moaned at the top of her lungs.

Her tight snatch hugged him and Harry could feel her trying to coax the cum out of his balls and into her body. His hands roamed her breasts and played with her nipples. Things were starting to heat up immensely.

Narcissa felt herself pushed into the bed as Harry fucked her doggy style. This was a position that she enjoyed.

"Oh, are you my bitch, now?" Harry asked, tugging on Narcissa's hair as he forced her into the bed.

"Yes, I'm your bitch, now fuck me like one," Narcissa mewled, her tight wet center hugging his
invading prick.

Andromeda meanwhile moaned at the top of her lungs and Harry continued to bury himself into her. The green eyed wizard felt his power flow through his body. His balls got even heavier and Harry continued to impact himself into her juicy cunt.

"Mmm, ah, mmm," Andromeda panted as her wizard's spear continued to push itself into her hot depths. The witch pumped herself back, bringing Harry's thick spear into her body. Her panting increased with each moment, as he buried himself into her. His tip entered her body and her eyes closed shut.

"That's the ticket," Harry whispered as he continued to work into her and he was increasing the ability. He could feel power flow through his body, that kind of primal and intense energy.

Everyone was about to cum together and that would only increase his ability. The green eyed wizard continued to impact himself into her hot depths.

The wizard spilled his essence into the bodies of the three Black sisters and he could feel his power boosting to a new level. There was some kind of subconscious thought in his mind, the fact of the matter was that soon enough he would be close to bring them out of stasis.

His witches wanted another round and who was Harry to tell them no?

'Now we can measure the countdown to when Lady Kathryn will be freed, not by weeks or months, but by a couple of days,' Anya concluded to Harry. 'And the same gateway will allow you to bring your mother back into the world of the living. She has been trapped in limbo between life and death. Aware, but at the same time unaware.'

'Yes, it is one of those paradoxes that confuses even the best of us when we try and think about things too logically,' Vanessa thought, crossing her arms together and humming lightly underneath her breath.

The orb was read, all Harry needed was the sacrifice to trade. Well actually there was a few more steps between that.

The good news is that there were a small group of useless magical users that no one in their right mind would miss.

He would have liked to sacrifice Dumbledore and Snape, with the poetic irony to end all poetic ironies being delivered but unfortunately, it was too much trouble to spring them from the International prison that both had been sent to.

Plus, they would be dead soon enough anyway, so Harry thought that he would give them a few more days before he put them out of his misery.

Harry noticed something peculiar down in the corridors. He knew that this corridor lead out of the castle and he took out the Marauder's Map.

"I solemnly swear I'm up to no good," Harry whispered and the green eyed wizard looked things over. He saw a dot and it was Sirius Black.

It seemed like with the scandal regarding the Ring, the scandal of Sirius Black and the fact that he never received a trial fell through the cracks.
And Voldemort's supposed number two was about twelve feet away from where Harry was standing. All he had to do was turn the corner and grab him.

Harry turned the corner and shot off one spell that he did.

Black stood in the corridor, immobilized by ropes. The stolen wand that he managed to get his hands on shot out of his hand.

"Harry," Black whispered in a raspy voice.

"Black, even though the Dementors are gone, you made a terrible mistake entering Hogwarts," Harry told him, sparks flying through his hand.

"Are you going to kill me?" Black asked.

"I'm not going to do anything until I figure out what the fuck is going on," Harry replied and he stared Black down. "You see, they say that you betrayed my parents to Voldemort, but there is a lot about the story that just doesn't make sense. Wouldn't they want to give you a trial to see what else you knew? What other operations that you might have known about? What other followers of Voldemort you could flush out?"

"I….it wasn't me."

"Then who was it?"

"Peter Pettigrew….he's a rat….at Hogwarts….he's a pet of one of the students, a Weasley by the looks of things, all of those kids, how can it be anything but?"

There was only one person who had a pet rat at Hogwarts.

"Pettigrew….Scabbers…" Harry whispered, nothing made sense but at the same time, everything made too much sense.

"Yes, you have to free me….."

"Even if you're telling the truth, you still spent twelve years of your life in Azkaban and that doesn't go away that easily," Harry said. Bellatrix had to be on a potion regiment for two weeks before she was mostly sane. Not that she started that way. And her sisters kept close around the clock watch on her. And her cell was no near as high security as Black's was.

Harry knew what he was going to have to do. He looked at the map and he saw Pettigrew's name on the map.

"If the rat is the rat that sold out my parents, you'll be waking up in Amelia Bones's office," Harry said, holding his hand up. "And if you're lying to me and this rat is just a figment of your delusions, then you'll be waking up in hell."

A stun blast knocked Black out. If he was telling the truth, Harry didn't need him to do anything impulsive to disrupt the case. If not, well he wouldn't put up much of a struggle while unconscious.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 15

The Marauder's Map never lied, and Harry Potter could see the proof right underneath his eyes. That dirty rat was nearby right now.

It would have been poetic justice if he somehow ended up the dinner of Mrs. Norris but Harry doubted that would do him any good.

Unless the map had a charm failure, well Harry would know.

Black was bound and hidden underneath a concealment charm. It would take a wizard of Harry's caliber to even begin to break through the enchantments and that couldn't be done without the passcode.

Harry swooped down on the rat and it gave a nervous squeak. That was about the only thing that it was allowed to do before Harry stunned it and then put it inside a cage with an unbreakable concealment.

No muss, no fuss, just Harry doing what needed to be done. He returned to the corridor, where Black was unaware of the passage of time.

"This way," Harry whispered, making sure Black was secured. He wasn't going to have one of those nasty surprises and get caught off guard, at least not this time. The green eyed wizard prepared for his next move, to visit Amelia Bones.

The good thing was that he knew Amelia had managed to keep some late hours at the Ministry, so he would be able to drop in, unannounced.

Amelia Bones looked over the case files, each name in the Ministry bringing her more despair and more disgust. This was not something that she enjoyed doing. She felt like a hatchet woman, to put things mildly and her stomach once again twisted into a despicable knot as she ran her finger over the file.

"Fuck," Amelia muttered underneath her breath. She thought that man was one of the good ones, but that just showed that no one in the Ministry was immune. Some of these men and a few of these women had already been called up on the carpet as Death Eaters.

The slave trade thing startled her and the fact that some of these might turn up as nobodies was not something that she would lose much sleep over.

A slight alarm went off on her fire place and this started Amelia. However, she knew that no one could enter this office unless they were keyed in. Unfortunately, the Minister and his little pet toad were two of the people who were keyed in.

Amelia allowed her shoulders to relax.

"I have Sirius Black."

She wondered if she had been hitting the caffeine a bit too hard, because she just thought that Harry Potter did the one thing that the Ministry struggled to do for some time.

"You have him….Black?"
"I believe that's what I just said," Harry said and he decided to slowly drop the other bombshell on her. "But it's far more complicated than any of us thought it was."

"Isn't it always?" Amelia asked to Harry, peering at him. She waved towards him, giving him the opening to proceed.

"Well, it appears that my parents might have pulled a last minute switch with the secret keepers."

"But Dumbledore would have known," Amelia said and Harry just raised one eyebrow. The Head of the DMLE sighed. "Right, of course."

"Yes, of course," Harry agreed and he decided to get to the point. "Now, I'm sure that the Ministry is going to spin this in their own way. Pettigrew barely avoided death, Black still did it, of course he hid as a rat, he was afraid that Black got revenge."

"And there could be a chance that is the truth," Amelia said, the most dangerous fugitive in recent memory did not seem to be so dangerous right now. She had no idea what to do but decisive action was something that she considered. "The Ministry…..well you know what the game is there."

"You don't need to tell me, they need something to save face from the Ring fiasco, but between the two of us, we have the power to force a trial, before Fudge even gets his slippers off in the morning," Harry said and Amelia sat up straight.

"You do realize that this would be considered a coup if we do this….."

"Yes, I do," Harry agreed and Amelia looked at him, bringing up another point.

"And you do realize that bitching out we're going to get from the International Confederation of Wizards."

"Leave them to me, I've got a plan," Harry said and Amelia had no idea what to say. She had no idea whether to believe what Harry was saying. "If Black is guilty, well lock him up and throw away the key. At least we know for sure. And Fudge would just sooner have them both kissed to cover his ass. And I disabled all of the listening charms before I got in here, so there's no way he'd know."

Amelia opened her mouth and shut it. She was at a loss for words.

"So, do you want me to get in touch with Andromeda, so we can sort this out before sunrise?" Harry asked and Amelia nodded.

"You never do things halfway, do you?"

Harry said nothing but he prepared to make his plans. He knew that Andromeda was used to keeping weird hours, so there was a chance that she was up.

Harry decided to find out in the only way that he could. He activated the Floo Network.

"Harry?"

"Andi, we got Sirius Black," Harry told her and Andromeda raised her eyebrow.

"That's…that's unexpected," Andromeda said and she looked over her shoulder. When Harry was about to question this fact, the eldest Black daughter turned back towards him. "Cissa is here…..she suspects that Sirius might not have been the one."

"That's what he claims but even if he wasn't, Azkaban has done a number of him," Harry said and
the two Black daughters in question nodded. "You know what Bella had to go through, to get her mostly regular."

"Yes, Lucretia is here, so she'll be able to keep an eye on Bella to make sure she doesn't do anything unsavory," Andromeda commented to Harry and the green eyed wizard nodded in response. "We'll be on our way in a few minutes."

"I trust you want this trial to go without Fudge's knowledge," Narcissa said and Harry nodded. "Amelia already told you what that meant."

"I know, but Fudge's usefulness is quite limited anyway, so I have to do what I have to do."

Freedom was not something that Sirius Black really expected that he would have. Not with a corrupt Ministry anyway.

Lucius Malfoy never liked him and the feeling was mutual. Sirius felt that he could have cut a deal with the Ministry and got himself out of trouble. He did have the gold for it, even with his mother cutting him off. His investments did bore fruit, and he was independently wealthy besides the Black name.

The problem was he never wanted to become one of his purebloods.

Were there times in Azkaban where he regretted never becoming one of those purebloods?

You better believe your ass that there was those times.

His plan was to break out and kill Pettigrew before he could deliver Harry to Voldemort in some demented scheme to return him to power. There were rumors, whispers, that Voldemort had been in Albania, slowly, steadily gaining power. Whether or not Sirius believed those rumors, he could not say.

If Pettigrew believed them, he might sense an opportunity.

It was one's standard, murder-suicide plot. After twelve years in Azkaban, death would be a release and it would be a freedom. Plus he could see many who he had lost in the past.

He held two angry regrets, clear as day.

The first one that he did not just take Harry and get out of dodge until the heat cleared down. He was not really thinking clearly right there, that much was for sure.

And the other one was that he did not have a chance to spit in Dumbledore's face. Dumbledore tried to redeem Snape of all people and Sirius was not going to even begin to describe the atrocities that man got into at Hogwarts as a student.

"Sirius Black, can you hear me?"

He saw Andromeda standing there, business like as usual. If he lied in any way, she would grind him over the coals.

A black collar was snapped to Sirius's neck and the same thing was snapped to Pettigrew's neck as he sat across Sirius. His arms and legs were bound.

"For the record, these collars will kill you if you try and turn into an Animagus," Andromeda said to both of the men in the court. She ignored Pettigrew's whimpering, because it might have gotten
extremely annoying extremely quickly if she focused on it. "And if you lie, you're going to suffer pain, that will make you wish you did."

No one was going to bother to say that this was unethical. This was how things were done a long time ago, before Dumbledore stepped in and fought for the rights of murderers. No one would dare claim Imperius if the old ways were in place. Because they would be dead before the lie completely left their tongue.

"You can't do this," Pettigrew whimpered and Andromeda snapped her wand towards him. Despite all of the precautions she took, she was not going to take any chances.

"Sirius Black, did you willingly and blatantly lead to the death of Lily and James Potter?" Amelia asked.

"In my way, I did, for it was I who suggested the switch of the Secret Keepers, even without Dumbledore's knowledge," Sirius said in a tired voice. The collar did not cause him agony which meant he was telling the truth.

"He….he betrayed them to You-Know-Who," Peter managed but he felt a jolt of agony as the collar attack him and briefly pressed upon his neck. It retracted.

"You were warned about lies, Pettigrew," Harry said to him and the rat squirmed, trying to pull himself free from the restraints.

"Peter Pettigrew, did you willingly and blatantly lead to the death of Lily and James Potter?" Amelia asked.

"Yes," Peter managed and this was not a lie. "But I had no choice."

"There is always a choice," Andromeda said and she placed her wand at his neck. She was pissed about this beyond all belief and Narcissa was there as insurance that she did not spill Pettigrew's blood all over the court chambers.

"The Dark Lord was taking over everywhere I….I….I….."

He stammered and started to move his mouth, with no words coming out.

"The collar will not be defeated if you don't say anything, in fact, it will kill you if you choose not to say anything within sixty seconds," Amelia said. "Why did you do it?"

"The Dark Lord made me an offer, and….I never was as good as them, I was never as strong as them, what did I have to lose, the Dark Lord wanted me?"

"He only wanted you because he failed to get Lily and James three other times, therefore he needed someone on the inside," Sirius said, spitting pure venom.

"He thought that I was…"

"He would have killed you the moment that the Potters were dead," Narcissa informed Pettigrew quietly. Her former husband mentioned that the Dark Lord would take care of the spy once he had what he wanted, because he was a liability.

Whether Lucius knew who the spy was, Narcissa did not know and it never came up for conversation. She would not be surprised if he knew Sirius was innocent and sent him to rot in Azkaban.
"I don't think….The Dark Lord….he would have protected me," Pettigrew whimpered. 

"You're an accessory to murder, did you murder those twelve people with a single curse?"

"Yes!" Wormtail yelled, growing frantic. He was terrified witless. Harry thought for a second that he was going to keel over and die from a heart attack of some sort. 

"So, you admit to doing that and you framed Sirius Black….."

"No, I intended to kill him, and escape that way, lie low for a while," Pettigrew said to Andromeda. "If he got caught and they gave him a trial, he might reveal….that I could turn into a rat and if anyone could believe him….they would finish me off. The Dark Lord's followers, they would find me. You know what the Lestranges did to the Longbottoms because they thought that they were harboring information about his whereabouts. What did you think they would do to me, when they found out that it was my information that led to his demise…Snape had to seek Dumbledore's protection because he feared revenge."

"What are you talking about?" Andromeda asked.

"Snape gave The Dark Lord the prophecy…..the prophecy that lead to his fall," Pettigrew said.

Harry gave a pained grimace, if Riddle was foolish enough to avoid a bit of fortune telling.

"I don't think there is any disagreement, of how guilty you are," Amelia said as she looked at him. "And as the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, I can insure you, that once you get put away, you won't be getting out."

"This isn't right, I deserve a trial, I deserve a proper trial."

"You got the same consideration that I did Wormtail," Sirius whispered to him but the collar was still on. Therefore his movement was limited.

Harry knew enough and he knew that justice had been served on this day.

"We're closer than ever now, in fact the two worlds are about to spill into each other," Anya told Harry. "You've done well, my lord."

"I'm glad," Harry said, pleased that soon, Lady Kathryn and his mother would be free.

"The world is changing, and you'll be in the epicenter of that change, like many great leaders," Isabelle said as she stroked Harry's hair. They were so happy that the pull was stronger, they were able to make direct contact with their lord and master.

"Yes," Anya confirmed, as she popped a strawberry into Harry's mouth and allowed him to chew on it. Their lord and master was ready. "We should go over the process one more time….."

"I'm sure that our lord knows everything that is required," Vanessa said, ceasing the foot rub that she gave Harry for a brief second and she looked forward.

"Perhaps," Isabelle said to Harry and she continued to stroke her master's hair.

"I think that it would be best if we go over things one more time, we would be doing a disservice to Lady Kathryn if we did not," Anya said and she waited for her master's approval or disapproval. Either way, she would get exactly what she wanted.
"I would have to agree," Harry said and Anya crossed her arms, beaming with pleasure at it. Her sisters scowled at her but Harry clearing his throat caused them both to fall directly back into line.

"Okay, the plan," Vanessa said, running her hand briefly up Harry's leg but her sister gave her a reproachful look.

"Yes, the plan, you have the orb and all you need is a sacrifice, the more, the better," Anya said and she wrinkled her nose. "That being said, the transfer process is draining. Even if you do sacrifice them…..there might be….complications."

"Lay them on me now?" Harry asked, accepting the grape that Anya was feeding him. The redhead serpent sorceress closed your eyes.

"You will be fairly drained from the process, although you should recover in five orbital cycles," Anya said and Isabelle chimed in.

"That would be five days or less," Isabelle said, as she placed her lips lightly on the side of Harry's neck, giving him a teasing kiss.

"But someone of your amazing prowess, I'm sure that you would be up long before five days are up," Vanessa said, rubbing the bottoms of his feet.

"Yes, Vanessa, kiss his ass…"

"I'll happily do so and anything else my lord desires," Vanessa said and she rested her hand now on Harry's lap, where it was inches away from his manhood. Just one more push and she could stimulate things quite nicely.

"No one likes…"

"Ladies, please," Harry told them firmly and the girls all fell back into line, knowing that it would be unwise to upset their master right now. "So, the spell to bring them…."

"And us," Isabelle chimed in, with a hyperactive tone to her voice.

"And you, it will be very draining," Harry said and there was plenty agreement between all of the girls. "I'll just have some people standing by to catch me and….."

"Ensure that the ritual goes right," Anya concluded, smiling. Harry was very wise but then again, they doubted very much their master would be anything but. "I don't think we can adequately show our appreciation with all that you've done for us.

Anya ran her hands over Harry's neck and smiled, pressing her breasts against his back, as she nudged Isabelle out of the way.

"But we can try," Vanessa said as she unbuckled Harry's pants and smiled, running her hand down his trouser snake.

"Well why don't you look at that?" Isabelle asked, grinning at it. "A snake for a trio of snakes."

"I should get the first taste," Anya said greedily as she looked at it.

"No fair, you're always a hog," Vanessa said crossly, as she crossed her arms.

"I'm the youngest and the most beautiful out of you three, so naturally I should go first," Isabelle said, crossing her arms and looking smug.
Harry only allowed this argument to go on for a few more seconds but then he cleared his throat.

"Ladies, if you don't calm down, there will be nothing for any of you."

"But…"

Harry looked at them and all of the females pouted. That being said, they honestly had no choice but to comply with Harry's wishes.

"Fine, I'm sure that you can choose which one of us first, after all, you do know best," Vanessa said, trying not to seem too greedy or too hungry. She tried to indicate that it should be her.

"Do not subvert our master's will….." Anya started and Harry reached forward, grabbing her around the waist and pulling Isabelle in closely.

The blonde closed her eyes and Harry gave her a nice long kiss. This was better than she expected, and she expected the best. His nice talented tongue delved deep into her mouth and Harry ran his hands, skimming all over her body.

Her pussy was extremely wet and Harry placed one finger into her. The two sisters watched with rapt attention and lust. They knew that Harry could split himself into duplicates, but they were afraid that if they said anything, they would be left hanging.

"Your tongue master, your tongue," Isabelle begged and his hands found her breasts, squeezing them immediately. The blonde whimpered as Harry dug his tongue deep into her smoldering hot snatch and buried it into her.

She knew that he was only getting started.

Anya felt the rush of air between her legs and Vanessa buried her serpentine tongue deep into her smoldering hot snatch. This was not the first time her sister ate her out, but it was never done with such passion and desire.

"Yes, that's the spot," Anya whimpered as she tightened her smoldering thighs around her sisters face and Vanessa drove her tongue into her.

Isabelle could feel the same rush of pleasure that coursed through her thighs. Harry really worked her over, manipulating her core.

Then seconds later, his tongue started to rattle and she started to lose it, big time. Her thighs clamped around his head and Isabelle panted.

'You feel so good, so wet, I want you,' Harry breathed and Isabelle, who could understand the language, felt more pleasure. 'Oh, you understand that, you understand how much I want to eat this precious pussy. And soon this same tongue will be in the beautiful pussies of your sister. How do you like that?'

'A lot,' Isabelle hissed as she bucked her hips up and the green eyed wizard continued to delve into her. The wizard continued to push his tongue deeper into her. The green eyed wizard's tongue continued to vibrate in her core and that caused her hips to thrash up. She released her juices into her mouth.

Isabelle got up and gave Harry an amazing kiss and then she could feel his hard rod in her hand. She was ready to have him inside her.
"Do it," Harry said and she slid onto him.

That prompted Vanessa to eat Anya's pussy even faster and finally, she was about to get her reward. Harry was behind her and her legs was spread.

The duplicate stuck his tongue deep into her and the dark haired snake sorceress caused her eyes to flood over. His tongue swirled around her, bringing her to greater eat.

Isabelle hoisted herself up with great skill and brought her down onto him.

"Oh, such a nice pussy," Harry grunted as she rode him. "I'm going to fuck you until you pass out."

"Yes, yes, I'm going to ride all of the cum out of your balls," Isabelle moaned, pulling some images from Harry's mind. She was learning what gave her master the most pleasure. She pushed herself up.

Her blonde hair flipped widely around her face as she continued to ride Harry him up and down. The green eyed wizard felt her pleasure core wrap around him and she milked his thrusts even more.

Vanessa squirmed as his tongue worked into her. Her heated core felt the pleasure of that tongue into her body. She panted more and more as Harry manipulated himself into her, licking her, and causing her great physical pleasure.

His hands placed on her thighs spiked her pleasure up another degree and Vanessa panted, with Harry licking her completely.

Vanessa thought that she was going to lose it and her juices spilled out into Harry's mouth. Now that her surface was nice and wet, it was replaced by his large cock going inside her tight body.

"Ooooh," Vanessa moaned loudly as she could feel Harry's length bury deep between her thighs. The dark haired witch clamped around his rod and Harry pushed into her. He ran his hands over her.

"Fuck her brains out," Anya panted as Vanessa's talented tongue worked into her. She watched Harry's mighty staff go into her, pushing into her body. The green eyed wizard sped up his actions and Anya waited for the actions to next action to occur.

Isabelle bounced up and down him, riding him, biting her lip. The hair framed her face and the blonde panted heavily. The green eyed wizard squeezed her breasts and caused her even more pleasure. Sparks flew through her body as their loins connected with each other again and again.

"Are you still with me?" Harry breathed with her and he squeezed her breasts. That caused her to moan loudly and her walls to tighten around him. She milked his balls, trying to get his seed out of her.

"Yes....yes....yes...yes," she panted, with Isabelle riding his pole up and down, working him over. Her tightness enveloped him, working his cock between her legs. The green eyed wizard roamed his hands all over her body once again.

Vanessa felt Harry's mighty spear bury deeper into her. The sorcerer worked her over.

"Why don't we give your sister a turn?" the duplicate breathed, as he squeezed her breasts and there was a long moan of pleasure through her body. Her walls tightened around him and the green eyed wizard smiled. "Mmmm."

"Yes, yes, yes, anything, anything, anything," she panted as Harry's cock pushed between her hot walls and he continued to pump into her. The green eyed wizard pushed himself into her and
slammed his cock into her. His balls slapped against her thighs hard and her panting escalated to another level. Biting down on her lip so hard, Harry could feel the pleasure going through her. It coursed through her body.

Vanessa was pulled away and another Harry duplicate hovered over Anya. Her cloak was ripped off and the redhead's magnificent breasts were bared for him. The green eyed wizard pushed into her.

"Oh, yes," Anya panted as his member slid into her. She felt empty without him inside her and the green eyed wizard pushed his length into her, working into her. She pumped her hips up and met his thrusts, incoming into her. She tightened her walls around him and Harry continued to pick up the pace, just like that.

Harry licked her nipples and her breasts as well. He was fucking all three sisters in different positions, the second time he did this with three sisters in many days. Life was in fact extremely good.

The green eyed wizard pushed himself into Vanessa, bending her against the ledge and he pounded her pussy.

Vanessa gave a lustful moan as Harry kissed the back of her neck and explored her body. Her master treated her body roughly, like it was his and that's the way that she liked it. The green eyed wizard pushed himself to another limit, burying himself into her.

Her moan escalated to another level and Harry continued to work into her, her walls tightened around him, clamping down onto his long hard rod.

"Take me, take me hard, take me all night," the brunette babe said, they felt the realm fading out, Harry could not keep the pull all that much longer.

They would be free soon.

Harry held his hands onto her hips and he rocked himself into her. The green eyed wizard continued to work into her body and her walls tightened around him.

He was about to have a present for all three of them and he could feel something tugging on his essence, about ready to pull him home.

Anya was going to milk an orgasm out of her, if it killed her. And while she had no intention dying, she thought that there were far worst ways to go. The redhead tightened her vice like walls around and milked him.

"Cum for us, master, please, make us feel really good. We've waited hundreds of years for this, we've waited hundreds of years for you."

Harry was not going to let his girls down, his balls was loaded heavy, and he was about ready to unload. The green eyed wizard just came in them just in time, taking the pleasure of the final orgasm with them.

They gave him a little added strength to make this transfer better and the good thing was that Harry would be able to bring three of them easier because he had the connection with them. Then he could bring his mother and Lady Kathryn Slytherin there just as well.

"So, this is it," Vega said, as she, Astoria, Daphne, and Lucretia all followed Harry down to the Chamber of Secrets.
"Now be prepared to sprint me out of here, and to Andromeda's, because I might be severely weakened, I am breaching realms to retrieve souls," Harry said and he smiled. "Not exactly necromancy but close enough to be headache inducing."

"Don't worry, master, we've got you," Daphne said and Astoria smiled.

"And I have the new guests that you will replace your coven that has been trapped," Astoria said and there were no less than seven members of the Ring brought out. How Astoria hid them, Harry did not know. Plausible deniability was a good thing for him, he noticed.

The green eyed wizard stood at the edge of the gate and smiled. The portrait of his soul mate, stared back at him.

'No matter what the universe, for where a version of your soul and her soul exists, they will be intertwined. The name and the backstories may be slightly different, but the love is there. You two will change the world, for the better.'

Harry held the orb and it seemed to sense that its purpose would be soon. Daphne, Astoria, Lucretia, and Vega all stood back, the real inspiration of their house, not the unworthy Salazar Slytherin and his bastard bloodline, would be coming from the portal.

The Boy-Who-Lived almost could reach out and touch her, along with his mother.

The time was nearly done, the runes glowed, the orb heated up. There were a lot of complex magical rituals that defied all logic and explanation but that's just what Harry Potter had to do.

It was another piece of magic that no one should have done and Harry's eyes glowed to light.

BANG!

Five bodies flew through the portal and the seven members of the Ring were sucked through. They were among the worst offenders, so they would not be missed. And they would suffer torments, for they were guilty.

Harry could not experience the fruits of his labor right away, he experienced darkness.

"Andi, we did," Lucretia said to her aunt. "Well Harry did it, but….we had to help hide the warm bodies that he used to retrieve them."

The three Heralds of Kathryn Slytherin, the lady herself, and Lily Evans-Potter were all there, asleep. Passing through the gateway had restored their physical bodies to their peak prime.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 16

Harry Potter's life was defined by some extremely weird paradoxes. The good thing was that the ritual did not backfire and kill him or anyone he cared about. Of course, if a few Ring idiots went down, he was not going to shed many tears at all.

Actually he was not going to shed any tears at all and that was the story he was sticking too.

The fact was, he did felt extremely drained, but at the same time, his magic was stronger. So yes, it was yet another magical paradox that defined his life.

He could barely open his eyes. Harry's head rang from what happened. He was warned of the potential consequences but they all agreed that it was more than worth the risk. And the benefits would outweigh all of those risks, that much was for sure.

That being said, it felt like the Hogwarts Express ran him over. The power that flowed through his finger tips faded out immediately.

"So, you've done it," Andromeda told Harry and the green eyed wizard slowly opened his eyes to face the oldest Black sister. She smiled when she handed something to drink. "That should help you get a clearer head but I have to warn you, it's no soft drink.

Harry put the potion up to his lips and slowly sipped it. The fact that it was not a soft drink did describe it nicely. That being said, what it also describe was the fact that he had a moment of clarity.

"So, I did it," Harry said. Pride swelled through his heart but he could not count his chickens before they hatched. "Any complications?"

"None that any of us can determine, they all need sleep," Andromeda said as she looked at Harry. "You do realize that we're one step away from....."

"I know, I'm going to turn the entire world upside down," Harry said, taking another drink of the restoration potion. He kept his spirits up and energy slowly returned to his body. More than ever before to think about it. "Or really put the entire world back to how it should have been."

Harry sighed, his entire life was a paradox. That was really it in a nutshell.

"So, are you feeling alright?" Andromeda asked him and not wanting to show any weakness, Harry nodded.

"A bit sore, but okay all things considered," Harry admitted. "I'll be back and ready to go sooner than you think."

"Until then, we'll keep a close eye over our guests and make sure there are no complications," Lucretia said as she stuck her head into the door frame and locked eyes with Harry.

"Thanks," Harry said with all sincerity and Lucretia's lips curled into a smile.

"Anything for my master," she said and she leaned forward, to give him a searing kiss. She saw the power that he exhibited during that ritual. Panty soaking would not even begin to adequately describe what she felt. "I will be at your disposal if you need me for anything."

"I'll keep that in mind."
Harry could appreciate that sentiment and he was glad that he had such loyal people. The green eyed wizard shifted himself and crossed his arms.

"Lily is awake," Narcissa told Harry and Harry got up to his feet at that moment. "Harry, perhaps you should….."

"My mother deserves to know what happened," Harry said and Narcissa nodded. She respected Lily Evans-Potter, because unlike many Mudbloods, she didn't come into the world and assume she knew it all because she read a few books. No she actually learned about the cultural. And then hated it for all of the right reasons, not because she had a Muggle based mindset.

"Yes…if you wish to speak with her, I'm sure that….."

"There is no question about how much I'd like to speak with her," Harry said, with a firm glance to Narcissa and Narcissa understood immediately. She knew what Harry was going for and she stepped back to allow Harry to visit his mother.

Confusion reigned through the mind of Lily-Evans Potter, but she managed to piece things together enough. The ritual that she used to protect her son had worked well. A bit too well, over time, she found out who sold out her and James to Voldemort and it was lucky that he was locked up. That was for his own protection.

Lily had no idea why he might be potentially decent at times. He was just as bad as the rest of them.

Every single moment, Lily viewed from behind a veil, watching her son. The good times, and the bad times, far more bad times then good times. And during those bad times, she wished that she commit some bodily harm on Petunia Dursley. She deserved all of the pain, blues, and agony that she could get during her life.

Lily gritted her teeth at the thought of the woman.

"Mum?"

Lily looked up and she saw her son there.

"Harry….for what it's worth, I'm sorry," Lily said, as she let out a breath.

Harry waved off her apologies, which caused Lily to relax, just a little bit. She was still a bit nervous about this entire mess. The redhead witch stared her son down. "There is nothing to be sorry about Mum, there were circumstances beyond your control. And I'm about to turn out quite well."

"Better then I imagined," Lily admitted as she blew a strand of red hair out of her face. She was still assimilating with having an actual body as she came back to life. "But…"

Harry placed a finger on her lip and Lily was not going to lie, that caused electricity to flow down her spine. Her son was quite a man, in fact he was a true Alpha Male.

Taboos were something that really limited the imagination of a person and what their capabilities were.

"So….you'll be strong as well, soon," Harry said and Lily smiled.

"Yes, I'll be extremely strong now," Lily said, allowing the air to come from her lungs. She was not going to lie, Harry's presence brought some life back into her body. "But you've got a lot to do
"Don't worry, I've got a plan," Harry said and Lily smiled. "But you already know that, because you've seen everything."

"Yes, the good, the bad, and the ugly," Lily agreed, shifting her legs. It did take a lot of energy for her to remove, but then again, she was weakened by the Horcrux in Harry's head. But now she was returning back to life. "Fudge is a fool if he signed that agreement."

"Well it's either he leaves the Ministry with his head up high, or he leaves the Ministry in a coffin, either way I don't care," Harry said to her and Lily nodded. After all Fudge did, he was an idiot.

"It's been a long time since I've actually breathed oxygen, one misses it come to think about it," Lily said, crossing her arms underneath her chest. The redhead looked at her. "So you're really doing it, you're turning the entire world upside down."

"More than that, I'm eliminating the biggest threat to magical culture, the Ministry of Magic, there should be a king and queen ruling over their subject, with a select court hand selected," Harry said. "Blood purity doesn't really matter, because you could buy Wizengamot seats. A system that I have taken advantage of."

It was a system that he took advantage of, only to destroy it.

"So, welcome to the revolution, I guess," Lily said, shifting herself as she sat. Andromeda entered the room and handed Lily a potion.

Lily knew that she could improve upon the taste a little bit if she had been allowed to.

"It's not supposed to taste well, it's supposed to restore the damage caused when you were suffering," Andromeda said, taking a firm hand with Lily. Lily rolled her eyes in response.

"If you say so," Lily said, licking her lips but she stopped. Suddenly she felt tired. "I'll talk to you later, Harry…"

"Rest well, Mum," Harry said to her, brushing his mother's hair from her eyes and smiling at her. She was quite the specimen of womanhood, something that a wizard of his caliber should have.

It was a long time ago where he would have not believe in himself and would have tried to be a humble person. Humble people didn't really go far in this world. He had power, it was about time where he started acting like it.

"The Ring has broken and the Ministry is about ready to get swept in the undercurrent," Vega said, showing up at his shoulder. "Are you sure you want to take the next drastic step, Master?"

"Do you see any reason why I won't to?"

Vega racked her brain and shook her head. "No, Master, I cannot. Those who would defy you are the type of people who caused this problem in the first place."

"Excellent, and those people, their opinion means very little to me in the end," Harry said and there was no argument about that. He had the entire world in his hand, he could shape it pretty much any way he wanted to. And either they could like it or not.

"Sirius is at St. Mungos, he seems mostly fine, but he's being held for observation just to make sure," Andromeda said and Harry smiled. "He has a few different places that he could stay, if he chooses
to. Especially with the settlement that I managed to wrangle out of the Ministry for the false imprisonment."

"That's good," Harry said. He supposed that he should feel happy for Sirius that he did get justice. He didn't really know the man right now, except for the fact that he had to knock him out. So, while the old Harry Potter might have been desperately clawing with some emotional connection with the man, the new Harry Potter was going to adopt one of those wait and see approaches.

Kathryn's blue eyes burned as she rested on the bed. She was a bit better off than Lily was and in fact, she could feel the rays of the sun energize her. It made her feel better, those bright sunny days could make anyone feel much better.

There was a knock on the door and the beautiful blonde turned her head.

"It's open."

Harry stepped inside and the blonde's expression brightened. She would have gotten up to greet him, had she not been fastened to the bed right now.

"So, how does it feel to be free?"

She paused for a few seconds. "I'm not certain if there are words to adequately describe this feeling. I mean, for the longest time, I was trapped, Salazar was rather crafty. I shouldn't have underestimated his capabilities…"

"Funnily enough his heir made the same mistake….."

"Any heir of his shall be dealt with in due time," Kathryn said as she looked at Harry and there was a smile that appeared on her face. "So, beloved, you are exactly how I dreamed of?"

"I'm glad that I met up with your expectations….."

"I learned enough about this world to know that we need to take hold of it immediately," Kathryn said to him and Harry smiled.

"It doesn't take anyone long to come to that logical conclusion," Harry told the blonde beauty. "So did my pet fill you in….."

"Yes, you did a good job in training her," Kathryn said with a smile on her face. "But I don't see why I need to be secured, I feel fine….."

"You can never be too careful," Harry reminded her and her smile got even wider and brighter.

"No, you couldn't," Kathryn said as she felt herself shift and she was a tiny bit frustrated that she was not able to get herself free. Restless might have been a good way to describe how she felt, come to think about it.

"Just relax," Harry said, brushing her hair from her eyes and she smiled in spite herself.

"I'm not sure how much this has changed since my time, but telling someone to relax is just going to make them more agitated, at least it was during my time."

Harry laughed. "Believe me, nothing has changed."

"But, you do realize that I need to thank you for getting me out of my prison," Kathryn said, a
knowing smile on her face. She felt a burning desire to meet with her mate and being strapped to his bed delayed what she thought was inevitable. "Harry Potter…..if I may ask one my favor if you, and I can assure you that it will be worth your while."

"Of course," Harry said but he had a feeling.

"You can perform any spells to verify this if you choose to, or give me a complete physical,"
Kathryn said, suggestion and innuendo dripping from her voice. "But…..just free me and things will be fine."

"If you say so…"

"I'm certain," Kathryn said and the front bit of her robes opened a bit to show dazzling cleavage. She was quite gifted and Harry knew that she would make it worth his wild. "I have opened my mind for you and you can see that there is no treachery."

"You can never be too careful," Harry added but never the less, he loosened the restraints. He could tell that she was sincere.

She reached her hand up and cupped his face. She must have been in her mid to late twenties when she was put inside the amulet. Times have changed, there were far more taboos that there were. Even in the magical world.

Not that lady Kathryn cared, she saw a young and virile male next to her, the type that would give her exactly what she wanted. Her fingers stroked his chest and slowly worked their way down to his abdomen. She paused, giving the consideration that she thought that he deserved. The smile got brighter across her face.

"If you want….."

"I do want," Kathryn confirmed, reaching her hand down his pants and snaking it around him. She felt him, the first one she felt. The only one that would ever please him. "You're quite gifted, but I don't think that you need me to tell you the obvious."

She tore Harry's pants from his body, exposing his hard manhood to the world. Her fist wrapped around him slowly pumped up and down.

"I'm sure you know how to use that tongue to bring women pleasure," Kathryn said, slowly flickering her tongue against his head, smiling at the taste of him. "But I'll have you know beloved, this is a road that works both way."  

She worked her tongue down him and down all the way to his head. Her nice tongue flickered over the head of his penis and there was a second of pleasure that jolted towards him.

A part of Harry wondered if a female who had the gift of Parseltongue would feel like and he was about ready to find out. Her mouth was over him and the blonde was this close to being down on him. The blonde was about ready to blow him.

"Just relax, I'll make you feel good."

Sure enough, Kathryn wrapped her mouth around his tool and brought it down onto his rod. She licked and slurped him, using her tongue, vibrating on the underside of his cock.

"Oh god," Harry grunted, as this goddess was down on her knees ,worshipping him, using her tongue, it snaked around him and vibrated.
Her breasts were there for the taking and Harry was ready to take them. Pulling back the robes, a pair of firm globes appeared. She was the pinnacle of feminine health and Harry squeezed them, causing her to moan.

Her lips tightened around him, her tongue working him over.

"Speed things up, baby, oh really work me over, that feels so good."

'Don't fight it my beloved, cum in my mouth,' Kathryn encouraged him, as she brought her lips down onto him. She kept working him over and she wanted to taste her mate completely. Another push and she would have his essence deep down in her throat. Her tongue kept vibrating as she picked up a steady enough pace.

The blonde kept working herself and eventually the dam broke, sending his cum into her mouth. It spurted into her mouth, sending that thick and heaveningly load into her.

"Now, my turn," she said and she playfully pushed Harry. He grabbed the bottom half of her outfit and exposed her pussy.

The aroma nearly overpowered Harry and it would have overpowered a normal man. The green eyed wizard pushed his tongue deep into her delightfully tasty snatch, and proceeded to lick her, slurping the tangy juices from her center. No matter what, he was going to have every drop of her core.

Kathryn closed her eyes, pinching his thigh and encouraging him to dig into her. She grinded herself against her mouth, feeding the mate of the lady Slytherin.

His tongue started to move into her and when two Parseltongues engaged in oral sex with each other, they could register the wonderful pleasures better than anyone else. The woman decided to come back for more.

Harry felt her hot mouth around him.

'The best feeling,' Kathryn breathed as she worked his length down her throat and Harry hung onto her face, working into her face. The blonde tightened her lips around him.

The growth in Harry's scar grew restless and Kathryn recognized it immediately. She would have it out of him, along with his essence.

Her mate would be whole once again. And he was strong even with the handicap, she could not imagine how strong he would be without it.

"Now, let's meet together," Kathryn said, lying back on the bed and exposing her dripping slit. The nectar flowed from her and Harry watched her pink organ. It was fairly mesmerizing as Harry hovered over it, his length rather hard and ready to be put inside her.

"I'm ready, if you're ready."

"Oh believe me honey," Kathryn said, a bright smile on her face as she reached forward and groped his tool in her hand. "I'm ready."

Harry was not about to deny that and she guided him into her. She felt so warm and snug, tighter than anything Harry felt. It was almost like this pussy was made for him and her hips pushed up for a few seconds.
The blonde arched her back, moaning as she felt Harry's length push into her. She closed her eyes and felt the rush go through her thighs. Her loins felt like they were going to burst from the pleasure. Harry held onto her, working his length into her. The blonde grabbed his bicep and coaxed him into her. He got deeper into her and she pumped her hips up, meeting his incoming thrusts into her.

"Further, faster, come on," Kathryn whispered as they went. This had to be rough. "Don't worry, you'll be really strong."

"Is there….."

"I'll explain when it's done, I swear, beloved," she said, her tight box squeezing his manhood and bringing it deeper into her.

"Alright," Harry grunted, holding onto her hips as she worked it into her. There was a glow that surrounded their bodies, as they engaged in this age old mating dance that had been passed down throughout all time.

"Deeper, oh that's it, so deep," Kathryn moaned as she worked into her. She was getting off. Her orgasms rocketed way past the double digits and she would not be surprised if Harry could get her off into the triple digits before he even came.

That being said, this was inhumane. Their mouths connected into a passionate searing kiss, their tongues vibrating against each other.

The meeting of their sex organs continued to bring them even more pleasure and the two of them together spiked their lust up several degrees.

"In me, you know you want….please," Kathryn whimpered, tightening her arms around him, her legs followed.

Harry sawed into her and the blonde whimpered, her hips twitching underneath him. His length pounded her pussy into jelly and she shook underneath him. Her finger brushed up against the back of his head, brushing against his ear.

"Fuck, getting so close, but you'd want that, don't you?"

"Yes, oh yes, I want it," Kathryn said, she knew that it would be free from Harry. She had the power to dispel it and the knowledge as well. One person, they might not be able to fight it off, even if they tried.

Two people, they would be able to fight it off and they would be able to defeat it, banish it, whatever else you said. The blonde's walls closed around his rod, rubbing him. She pumped herself against him, panting as she continued to take him deep into her body. The blonde moaned, grabbing his forearm and pushing him into her.

"Take me, oh take me," Kathryn panted and the two connected, meeting together.

The explosion caused a discharge of magic that would cause everyone to black out for a fraction of a second. The cause of this blackout would be speculated for years to come but no one would really understand why.

Kathryn tightened her vice like grip around Harry's cock and brought his juices into her body. The energy flowed around them, with Harry placing his hands down upon her, pumping into her.

"Yes, oh yes, oh fuck me, yes!" Kathryn panted as she could feel the juices. The growth was
detached from Harry's head and it would not be much of a problem for much longer. She continued to pant hard as she worked her hips up, colliding with his large length as it went deep into.

The two came down from the orgasm with each other and they panted heavily, the two of them basking in the afterglow.

"Once you catch your breath, you're going to have to explain this to me," Harry whispered to Kathryn and the blonde's lips curled into a mischievous grin.

"Don't worry….I will," she whispered to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him in tightly to her.

"I'm glad, really I'm glad," Harry said back to her.

"I'm not sure what he called it, but it is a piece of magic that was intended to put the soul of a person with a terminal illness in stasis," Kathryn said, brushing her hair back. "But that was just the baseline magic. The actual magic was…twisted into something else. It was some kind of leech that tied his soul into the mortal plane. You say you've encountered him previously?"

"Yes, he was growing out of the back of the head of my Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher."

"He is neither alive or dead, paradox, but if his anchors are eliminated, then he will cease to be," Kathryn said and Harry smiled. "You are an anchor, the diary you spoke of is another, and I'm certain that there were others. And given that his memories leaked into your mind, you would know."

"I guess that I'd know," Harry said, racking his mind for those fragmented thoughts that were going in the back of his mind. "Actually, it's all coming back to me."

"Take your time and just focus."

Warmth was felt as the two of them clasped hands.

"Right, I'm trying to remember where they're all being hidden," Harry said and the sooner they found that out, the sooner they had a battle plan.

"We have much to do, we have to claim our rightful place from the government that usurped our world," Kathryn said and Harry nodded. She curled her arms around Harry's neck and buried her face into his neck. "Just relax….just relax my love, just focus. It's in your grasp, all you have to do is grab it."

"Right, I'm going to grasp it," Harry said, closing his eyes.

He could see a ring, a locket, a diadem, and a golden cup. Those were the final four anchors that was holding Riddle to the world. These things….these Horcruxes, he was learning all that he needed to do.

And he knew where Riddle or what was left of him was as well. An imprint, an echo remained in the back of his mind.

He knew what he needed to do.

To Be Continued.
Chapter 17

Cornelius Fudge prepared to go into full damage control mode. He knew that there was no way this could be shoved underneath the rug now. Especially given that Amelia Bones had went over his head and done this.

To go against this, would mean going against some powerful people. Powerful people who knew that all of the skeletons were buried. Fudge could perhaps step down from office, have his sanity intact, and perhaps come out with a nice bit of gold to his name. He could run this wave of popularity for an extremely long time if he had played his cards right.

"Minister, what do you have to say about Black being found innocent?"

"Well….it was a shock, but it was a failing of the previous regime….."

"Weren't you on the scene when the alleged incident happened and said that Black was laughing?"

Fudge claimed that he was a hit wizard but really he was part of the clean up crew. Essentially he was damage control and he had only heard what Black said through a third party source. He used that image to bolster his reelection campaign, but it came back to haunt him.

"Well….I might have…"

"Here's the quote right here, which you gave in the September 17th issue of the Daily Prophet," the reporter said, she was a perky young blonde and she stared him down.

"The Minister is not taking any more questions," Umbridge said, but she was more nervous. The entire Ring thing had caused her political power to nearly deplete. Mostly because her political power was tied to Fudge and when Fudge had no power, she had no power. Umbridge felt the stress going on her.

"Right, well his past answers more than speak for themselves."

The doors of the Ministry of Magic broke open. Andromeda Black-Tonks lead the way, followed by Narcissa Black, and then Harry Potter lead the way, along with a blonde that none of them ever knew. She had an air of regality to them, and the remaining Ministry officials in the chambers looked around.

"Minister, you've been having a bad day, haven't you?" Narcissa asked in a calm and crisp voice. The Minister blinked and he swallowed, shaking his head.

"I'm…..I'm not sure what you're talking about," Fudge said, keeping the lump out of his throat and he lifted his hand up, putting it on the back of the back of his head. It looked fairly melodramatic.

"Minister, I think that you're going to have a lot less stress in your life pretty soon," Andromeda said and Fudge did not like that, he had no idea why.

"What do you mean by that….."

"There are going to be a few more changes," the blonde said but the toad faced woman stepped in to face her.

"Who are you?" Umbridge demanded and Harry smiled.
"She's one of the most important people that you'll ever meet," Harry said and Umbridge stared him down. "Oh, and I'd like to wish you the best in your future endeavors."

"What are you talking about?" Umbridge asked.

"He's saying that your services are no longer needed and after you impeded the Ring investigation, you should be fortunate your job is the only thing that you're losing," Amelia said as she turned up to face the toad looking woman and her mouth hung open.

"Minister you can't….."

"It's out of my hands, Madam Umbridge," Fudge said as he looked at the woman. He would hate to lose such a valuable member of his staff but Potter had a lot of skeletons in his closet primed and ready to go. All he had to do was say the world.

"So glad you see things our way, Minister," Kathryn said to him. This was the type of woman that should be put down on sheer principle. The type of magical energy rolling off was repulsive.

"Just who are you anyway….."

"I am Lady Kathryn, the heir to the Hogwarts legacy," Kathryn said and that got a lot of talk. They seemed to be like a deer in the headlights. "And the heir to the entire magical world, you'll find that my bloodline is older and more prestigious than yours is."

The Ministry looked at this mysterious female and they were captivated.

"And as someone who is the new Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and who has power of attorney over the magical charter of Wizarding Britain, I would have to agree."

The Ministry officials looked like their feathers got ruffled. Only a complete idiot would sign someone over that kind of power…

Only a complete idiot?

Their eyes slowly turned to Fudge, who tried not to look too intimidated but he failed big time.

"The Ministry lives and dies on my power now and….well I find this government lacking," Harry said to them. "Especially given the fact that your attempts to hide us from the normal world is putting us in greater plain sight."

"I don't think you understand….."

"One thousand years ago, the magical world and the mundane world, Muggles….as you know them," Kathryn said, as she pulled a face at that term. She never liked that term, because it was one coined by her traitorous younger brother. "But when the Ministry was established, when the remaining founders signed the Magical Charter, you got the power, and our worlds drifted further apart. And the Magical World stagnated, because you had become more isolated."

"I don't think you can come to the Ministry and….."

"I invite any of you who disagree with me, to duel me," Kathryn said with a smile on her face. There was pride and confidence dancing through her eyes.

One of the Ministry of Magic officials stood up with a smile on his face. After all, this was a mere female, there was no way she should defeat him. It was time to put her in her place.
"Oh, and you'll be doing it, without your wands," Kathryn said and she closed her eyes, causing all of the wands of the Ministry officials to combust in their hands. "It's a sad indictment that we're still playing with a baby's toy. Perhaps we should also give you a pacifier as well."

"You can't do that our wands….."

"Duel me, if you feel the need to challenge me," she commented in a bored and kind of dry tone. The Ministry officials looked at each other, at this current moment, they were not willing to duel her. They were not that foolish.

"There, now that my mate has shown you the error in your ways, we can all get down to business, and discuss the future of the Ministry of Magic," Harry said and he looked at them, peering at them. "The fact of the matter is, your government has long since outlived its usefulness. Many other magical communities around the world have deemphasized their magical governments, and for good reason. While you inform the Prime Minister what is going on, it's only as a courtesy and to enhance your web of control."

The Ministry officials looked to protest.

"We're moving into a new century and this outdated thinking is not going to let this Ministry last much longer anyway," Harry said. "If the Ministry was held accountable for their actions, the corruption that lead to half of Lord Voldemort's followers running free….."

"Those men were cleared….."

"Not by a proper trial though," Andromeda chimed in. There was a hearing by several well connected Ministry officials. Only those who could not afford to pay off the Ministry had faced the full Wizengamot trial. "If you would have given them a proper trial, a legit trial like Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew got….."

"That wasn't a trial, that's….."

"As far as we're concerned, the moment that someone gets that dark mark on their arm, they aren't human," Narcissa said, closing her eyes. "There are exceptions naturally and a fair trial will hash that out. But the Imperius Curse defense would not work. It was only an excuse for the Ministry to line their pockets with even more gold."

There was a lot of squabbling and Harry cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen, I think we're getting off topic. The Ring was the straw that broke the camel's back. And I'd like to thank Minister Fudge for agreeing what needed to be done. For giving me the power to hunt down the Ring members and bring them to justice. But we haven't eliminated the symptoms, no not when the disease still remains."

They all wondered where Harry was going and he decided to explain to them.

"The Ministry cannot stand any more, it has outlived its usefulness. Therefore, I will recommend that it's dissolved."

That got a reaction from the members of the Wizengamot, at least those who were not controlled by Harry as of yet. In other words, it was an extremely, extremely vocal minority.

"You can't….."

"Actually, you find that your king can," Kathryn said with a smile. "The Ministry never should have
existed, and it got too much power. And it corrupted all of the magical users of this country, making them weak, inefficient….”

"How dare you?"

"Fight me, without a wand, and then we can have this argument,” Kathryn said and no one was stepping up to take that challenge. Whether no one could do it or perhaps they were incapable of doing so that was beside the point. That being said, the blonde stared them down, her hair flying down the front of her face. "I thought that I made my point, didn't I?"

"The Ministry as of this day, is no more, I would suggest that you all find real jobs, providing you're qualified,” Harry said and he smiled. "I'm tempted to turn this entire building into a museum, because that's about the only use of it. To educate future generations of the triumphs and the mistakes of this world. And the biggest mistake is allowing a Dark Lord to go unchecked and to allow a small child to defeat him, with considerable help from his mother.

It was a mistake that soon would be rectified, Harry mentally noted.

"I would say that it is an honor, but it would be foolish to add to your delusions,” Kathryn said, staring them down and placing her arm in that of her mates. "We have an empire to run and yours is fallen. I'm certain all of you will want to acquire new training sticks, so Harry and I will leave you to that."

The Ministry was left, well non-existent pretty much. The two walked forward, with Narcissa and Andromeda following them. Anya, Isabelle, and Vanessa appeared next to the group, with smiles on their faces.

"So, do you think that they would listen to your decree?” Anya asked her ruler and Kathryn put her head down with a long and obvious sigh.

"No, I doubt those fools understand that they lost all control when their true rulers joined,” Kathryn said and Harry smiled.

"Unfortunately, they have been known to be stubborn, and they would like to think that they are relevant…”

Umbridge came from the shadows, trying to say something but Harry casually knocked her down a set of stairs like she was nothing. Why the Ministry needed stairs he didn't know. Actually that was the only location where there were stairs.

"Well that was amusing," Andromeda said and she turned to Harry without missing a beat. "So, I can't say that I'd miss this place and it's corruption."

"Hogwarts will be revamped and another school will be created," Kathryn said. "I do not think that a castle is an adequate place for children to learn in."

"I agree," Harry said with a smile. "It does seem a lot overwhelming to first years to have to learn such a place. And the teachers blame you for being late, when you get trapped in that maze of mazes."

"So, it's agreed, we revamp the school," Kathryn said and she returned back to Andromeda's house. "And reclaim the castle for personal use."

"That might be more controversial than the dissolving of the Ministry," Andromeda said, but naturally this was not a complaint, merely just an observation.
"Hence why I think it's a good reason to do it," Harry said and Narcissa smiled.

"I better go relieve the girls from Bella duty….."

"You could get the Pet to do it," Harry advised her and Narcissa winced at the thought. "Bad idea."

"You have no idea how bad of an idea that is," Narcissa said with a sigh. "Bellatrix would abuse the power that the entire Collective has over the Pet and she would have a lot more freedom then she would."

"Well, Harry has trained her well….."

"Too well," Isabelle said, cutting off Anya after a few seconds, causing her redhead sister to cross her arms and pout at the thought. Vanessa gave her a condescending pat on the back of the head, which caused her scowl to go deeper and many of them to laugh.

"Yes, there is that," Harry said and he turned to the three heralds of Kathryn Slytherin. "Your lady and I would like to discuss certain matters with you three in private."

Anya, Vanessa, and Isabelle could barely hide their glee at what was about ready to happen. The trio was lead off into the next room.

"I wish for you to service your master now," Kathryn said, without hesitation.

"And then I will dominate the three of you in turn, and whatever two are not being dominated, they will service Lady Kathryn."

"Yes master….."

"Anything for you master…"

"Of course, my lord, my lady, anything….."

Voldemort had men that he forced down to his knees before him, Harry had hot looking women. That lied the difference between the two sides of the equation to be honest.

"Now, kneel, and your clothing," Kathryn said, closing her eyes and causing the clothes to burn off of them, which left them standing there as naked as the day that they were born. "Is unneeded."

Anya slinked down to her knees before Harry and placed her hands on his hips, licking her lips hungrily. Isabelle stroked Harry's shoulders and Vanessa gave him a deep kiss, which he returned forcefully.

The redhead herald unbuckled Harry's pants, revealing his amazing manhood to the world. She slurped it into her mouth, between her lips and brought herself down onto him. Her eyes closed as she sucked him deeply, and Anya whined as she sucked his manhood, getting down on her knees before him. The woman continued to rock her mouth upwards.

"Hey, save some for me," Isabelle said, dropping down to her knees and she began to lick Harry's balls as they hung down for him. She smiled as she licked him, causing her to smile. The woman continued to lick him.

Anya pulled his cock out of her mouth and allowed Vanessa to shove her mouth onto his cock, with Isabelle missing him.

'Sorry, you snooze, you lose,' the female snake goddess whispered as she brought her mouth down
onto his cock, slurping his manhood. Her mouth closed around him and Harry closed his eyes, as she continued to suck him. His balls slapped against her chin as she continued to bring her mouth down around him.

"Come here," Kathryn whispered, spreading her thighs and like an obedient little pet, Anya dropped down between her thighs and started to lick her.

Isabelle, seeing her sisters slit bared for her, began to ate Anya from behind. She watched as the brunette snake sister came down onto Harry.

"Deeper, a little bit more," Harry grunted, feeling her tongue wrap around his member as he pumped into her. "Oh, that feels good, the best, really…really fucking great."

Vanessa smiled as she continued to go down on his manhood but he pulled away. She pouted, but not for long as Harry hoisted her up onto the bed.

His thick cock was up against her dripping hot slit. The green eyed wizard lowered himself down onto her and with one swift movement, he filled her gapping hole.

"Oh….yes," Vanessa panted as his length pushed into her. She pumped her hips up, squeezing his manhood.

"Yes, that is….just wait….."

Harry pumped himself into her, as he watched Isabelle and Anya take turns licking Kathryn's womanhood.

"Put your tongues into it," Harry demanded of them, grabbing Vanessa's hips and plowing her into the bed. The brunette closed her eyes and she pumped back at him. The two of them engaged in that age old dance.

Isabelle and Anya seemed to be having a competition of "can you top this?" but really, Anya was the winner. She panted as the tongue inserted into her sweet center, with both of them exchanging licks with each other.

"More, please, more, more, more!" Kathryn yelled, forcing Isabelle's face. One hot blonde went down on another hot blonde.

"Oh god," Vanessa moaned as she tightened around him.

"I am indeed," Harry said, pushing his length, pumping himself into her tight body. She closed her eyes and she could feel herself reach an amazing peak.

"Your turn," Vanessa whispered and Isabelle happily detached herself from the orgy of flesh, to saunter over to Harry. The young blonde female straddled Harry's hips.

"Oh, is this for me?" she asked in a seductive voice, her hair draping over her face.

"Yes, it's for you," Harry whispered, cupping her ass and pulling her up so his large cock was level for her entrance. "And you're going to take it all into you and like it."

Anya smiled, sucking Kathryn's nipples, as her lady graced her with her fingers shoved deep inside her snatch. Vanessa took her place on her knees at the edge of Kathryn's hot box and the brunette shoved her tongue into her.
Isabelle slammed herself onto Harry's cock but he controlled the tempo and her pleasure. Her delicious breasts bounced before him and Harry grabbed her from behind, cupping her ass. She closed her eyes tightly, slamming her hips around him.

Harry groaned as the tight hot flesh manipulated his manhood, attempting to squeeze it off. She bucked her hips around him, pushing herself to the highest heights. Harry brushed his finger over her nipple and caused her pleasure to spike a little bit more. Along with her passions as she continued to close her hips around him.

"Oh fuck."

Kathryn meanwhile enjoyed having her nipples sucked by the two goddesses over her and she gave her lover a smoldering wink and a knowing smile.

"Yes, take them both, while they pleasure me."

Harry understood the message loud and clear, he split two duplicates off on himself.

Vanessa closed her eyes, just when she thought that she was vacant for the evening, Kathryn's fingers were replaced by something harder and longer. She closed her eyes as she experienced an orgasm that could blow the mind of a person when he touched her.

"Oh, yes!" Vanessa screamed at the top of her lungs.

"You haven't felt anything yet," the duplicate grunted, easing himself into a nice tempo that would blow the snake sorceresses mind.

"My…turn…my turn," Anya begged and she could feel Harry's tongue in her. As good as that felt, she wanted something rock hard inside her body. He slapped her ass and caused her pleasure. His massive member closed in on her and he pushed deep into her body.

Anya slammed face first onto the bed and her breasts were pressed up against it. No matter what, she could feel the increasing pleasure and the rush of energy go through her loins.

"Soooo, good," she moaned as Harry pumped deep into her from behind and his rock hard cock pushed deep into her as hard as he could go.

"I know I'm…soooo good," Harry whispered, slapping his hand against her rear and matching her tone and actions.

"Yes, you are!"

She screamed as he pushed himself into her body and sped up his thrusts. The green eyed wizard tightened his hands around her amazing tits and Harry squeezed them from behind. Her walls got even tighter around his rod.

"Closer….closer….."

The two girls sucked their mistress's nipples, and they were slammed from behind. Kathryn felt a vacancy between her thighs and there was only one thing that she knew that could fill it right now.

"Please, my love, please," Kathryn panted, her thighs oozing with juices and Harry grabbed her thighs. Another duplicate appeared, but she didn't care. All she wanted was her love inside her body.

She got her wish immediately, the green eyed wizard pushing into her body. The blonde closed her
thighs on him and she pumped herself up.

"Oh, you're tighter than ever….."

"For you, I'll remain that way," she whimpered, as the blonde heiress of Hogwarts pumped her hips up. She moaned as she felt an amazing climax rock through her body. "Always and forever."

"Yes," the three heralds moaned as Harry ravaged them from all different angles. The orgy of flesh was beginning to kick up but they were at peak stamina.

The two in the center continued to work up a fever pitch. Matching each other's actions stroke for stroke, they got intensely. Anyone across the collective bond could have got off on it easily and it spread through any magical user within a certain radius. Although they would not understand the significance of what was happening but it should be interesting.

"So close," the Harry in the center whispered to the blonde and the three heralds took turns pleasuring their mistress's body, as their master plowed into her.

The Harry in the center was now the prime and only body, rocking his cock into her body.

"Inside me, my love, I need you inside me," Kathryn whined at the top of her lungs and she tightened her legs around his body. She brought his nice length deep into her body and she closed her eyes even more tightly.

The explosion that came next caused their pleasure to spike to another level and Harry collapsed on her sweaty, delicious chest.

"We're just getting started."

"Yes, master, let us prepare you for Lady Kathryn once again."

Rounding up Riddle's little soul fragments took a matter of days. Harry and Kathryn appeared at the edge of the forest in Albania, with the Horcruxes placed in a bag before them.

"So, are you sure he's here?" Kathryn asked and Harry smiled.

"Oh, he's certainly hear, can you feel him?" Harry asked the blonde and she smiled.

"Most certainly, I feel him, this is it, the last heir of Salazar's soon to be extinct line," Kathryn said and joy flowed through her eyes. After a thousand years trapped, she felt a sort of vindictive pleasure at destroying that line, and condemning them to irrelevance.

"The last time you met me Riddle, it was two years ago, and it might have been a lifetime ago," Harry whispered as he could sense the dark and shattered spirit of the Dark Lord. "You know what happened when we met, I destroyed your vessel. You have lingered in this world like a fungus. You thought that you were the powerful dark lord, the most competent sorcerer that ever lived. But you're not, Riddle, you're not."

"Yes, he's not," Kathryn agreed as she placed her arm around Harry's waist. "In fact, he's going to be irrelevant within a matter of moments….."

"In a year you'll be a footnote, in five years, you'll be an afterthought, and in ten years, you'll never have existed, was it worth it Tom?" Harry asked as he laid the Horcruxes out before the floating spirit specter.
"Potter."

"Yes, I hope you enjoyed the past twelve years, and hopefully wherever you go in the afterlife, it's full of misery and woe."

Harry waved his hand and the magical fire caused the Horcruxes to be destroyed one at a time. Riddle's soul fragment's remaining few minutes was spent racked with pain.

Seconds passed, then minutes, and he was gone. Harry hoped that wherever he went, it was painful.

Lord Voldemort ceased to exist and in a few years, no one would even remember he did.

To Be Concluded in the Next Chapter.
Chapter 18

Harry was glad that he wrapped that loose end up. Riddle was nothing to him and he doubted that he would be much of anything to anyone.

Now with Riddle gone, the Death Eaters, well the male ones anyway, they would be wasting around. Harry didn't really have a clear idea what might have happened but he was pretty sure that it was going to be painful. That was something that made him smile.

"My love, you've did it, you finally defeated him."

"I don't know....I thought that it would be more dramatic than this, but hey he's gone, so that's another obstacle out of my way," Harry said and Kathryn smiled. "I wouldn't be surprised if some of my vocal detractors in the Ministry would have went down with the ship."

"That is something that I would have to agree with, beloved," Kathryn said, smiling. She would have to be happy, the diseased line that trapped her was gone. That gave her soul a boost and she was completely vindicated. "He might have bought himself twelve extra years with his short cuts but....."

"I guess I fulfilled their little bit of fortune telling," Harry said with a smile on his face, wrapping his arm around hers. "And we can finally be free."

"And you're stronger than ever, and from his ashes, from the ashes of the corrupt Ministry, we're going to build a brand new world."

Harry smiled, a brand new world would be a great accomplishment. The great parts of the old culture, which were not many, combined with some bright new ideas. Magic was all about improving the life and world of everyone else. That concept had gotten lost along the way.

"Oh, you're positively glowing," Kathryn said gushingly and Vanessa, Isabelle, and Anya dropped down to their knees. "To your feet, please."

They got to their feet, with smiles on their faces.

"We would like to register our congratulations that he has been banished....."

"Yes, but naturally your union is strong, and the two of you will be able to put the world back on track where it should be."

"Soon, everyone will get a fair chance, but it is up to them what they do with it, if they are not willing to better themselves, then they will be left behind," Harry told the three heralds and his bonded and she smiled.

"Naturally. They will need to understand that only the strongest survive in the brand new world that we set up."

Kathryn plotted a few new ideas, she felt that Salazar set back the evolution of magical users by about a thousand years. Godric wasn't much better, the other two, being female, sadly did not have as much of an input as they would have liked.

"I can sense you have plans in your mind."

"You sensed correctly, beloved," Kathryn said, stroking her mate's hair lovingly, and they had a lot
to do.

There would be plenty of time to do it, sooner rather than later.

Lily smiled, she had recovered quite nicely she thought. She was currently resting on her bed, dressed in a black top and tight blue jeans that fit extremely nicely around her body. She waited for her guest to show up.

Sure enough, the knock on the door indicated that she did not have to wait for long.

"Harry, come in!" Lily called and the door opened, revealing the young man himself entering her room.

"So, how did you know it was me, Mum?" Harry asked, even though he had a pretty good idea of how she knew.

"A mother always knows, Harry, a mother always knows," she replied, barely keeping the bright smile off of her face.

"Somehow I knew that you were going to say that," Harry said, sitting down next to Lily. He elaborated on that point. "A son always knows, Mum, a son always knows."

Lily laughed in amusement. "Okay fair enough, fair enough, you got me on that one….but I think we need to talk about certain matters."

Harry smiled. "I'm all ears….."

"Well I want more than your ears right now," Lily said, scooting closer to Harry. Their legs were about to touch each other but stopped short of actually doing so. The redhead witch leaned towards him. "I've seen everything, and by everything, I do mean everything."

"I know you've…"

"We have a bond, intertwined, that are far deeper than what a mother and son would be by any conventional traditions," Lily said, placing her hand on Harry's lap. "No mother would have been able to do what I've done and no son would have been able to do what you have done. It is a give-give situation and now we got to figure out what comes next."

"Mum I understand….."

"I do admit, the Evans family….we weren't exactly that conventional, Petunia was a bit of a misfit by the traditions of the family, she got kicked out of the family and wrote out of the will when she married Vernon," Lily explained to him. "I felt sorry for them, just a little bit, and I decided to…..well I gave them their house….."

"You didn't?"

"I did," Lily confirmed, and there was another sigh from the redhead witch. She crossed her arms together. "It is a situation that I regretted more as I saw your entire life. That's one of the reasons why I gave that. If I didn't give them that house, they might have been split up before you were even born, before Dudley was even born."

"Well that is something," Harry said to Lily and the redhead looked wistfully at him. "But you couldn't have known what was going to happen."
"No, I don't think that there could have but it still doesn't stop me from feeling guilty, Lily said and she made a split second decision of what she wanted to do. Two identical sets of green eyes looked into each other. She stopped, lifting her finger to Harry's lips and stopping him from speaking. "No, let me make it up to you."

Lily leaned forward, her soft lips meeting Harry's. She kissed him deeply, like she never kissed anyone more and Harry returned fire after a moment. This was the most natural thing in the world between the two of them, with no hesitation at all.

The redhead's body felt extremely warm and she felt Harry's hands reach up underneath her shirt, feeling her up. She whimpered as Harry slowly explored her flesh, running it all the way down her thighs. The redhead closed her eyes and Harry pushed his fingers into her blue jeans.

Briefly and most annoyingly, Lily had to slide back and Harry revealed her gorgeous legs, with her creamy thighs. Her panties clung to her already.

"Harry, I'm wet," Lily whispered to her son and she smiled, as she unbuckled his pants.

"Well I'm going to have to make you a bit wetter," Harry grunted, slowly his mother unbuckled his pants, to reveal his massive manhood. She pulled it out and smiled, as she could feel out thick it was in her hand.

"It's amazing.," Lily whispered, wrapping her fingers around his thick pole, brushing it all the way down. She could feel it in her hand and her heart skipped a beat. The redhead smiled, her lips dripping with the drool in desire.

"Oh, Mum, please," Harry grunted as she cupped his balls and brought her hand up to his shaft, and twirled her finger around the head.

"Relax, Harry, relax my precious little boy," Lily whispered, her tongue brushing against his length and he felt sexual fire burst from his loins. The fact that most people would consider this completely wrong, that meant even more to him. "You're going to feel so good, let Mummy make you feel good."

"Oh, Mum, you are making me feel good," Harry whispered and Lily's juicy lips wrapped around his pole, as she cupped his balls with her hand.

Giving him a loving squeeze, Lily brought her mouth down upon to the base of his cock and her lips smacked around him. She squeezed his balls and his cock pumped deep into her mouth.

Harry grabbed onto the back of her head and removed her shirt, magically tearing it off. Her nipples poked out from underneath a lacy red bra that matched the lacy red thong that she was wearing.

Lily smiled, as her son looked at her body and hummed, as she wanted to coax his cum out of him.

The two switched into a sixty nine position, Harry exposing Lily's sweet box. It was delicious looking and he grew weak with desire.

Harry stuck his tongue between her legs and his mother's whimpering got him even harder in her mouth. The green eyed wizard felt her suck him.

'Oh you like that,' Harry hissed into her tight box and the juices flowed out, as he dug his tongue into her. This was a dance that both of them had subconsciously rehearsed for quite some time and it was really paying off.
'Oh, I feel really good,' Lily thought as she felt her son's tongue do all kinds of dirty things to her pussy. It made her hot to think that the same place where she gave birth to him was now being assaulted by his oral talents. 

Harry sucked down his mother's nectar, feeling amazed, and he hardened even more in her mouth. He pumped into her and Lily's lips wrapped around him tightly. The green eyed wizard pushed his length deep into her mouth.

'Fuck, this is so good, just fuck,' Lily panted, his balls slapping against her chin and he rocked into her. Lily thought that she was about to lose it, potentially gagging on his cock. The green eyed witch continued to suck him down and wanted him to cum. She tried to urge him without words not to hold back.

The dam burst and Harry's balls deposited their content deep into his mother's mouth. Lily sucked down every last juicy drop that he had into him, spilling her juices onto his face.

Lily was hot and ready to welcome his cock into her.

"Harry, I want to go all the way, I want you to take me all the way," Lily whined, as she squeezed his cock and it was hard.

"Mum, I want to take this all the way," Harry said, ripping off her bra and attacking her breasts.

Lily moaned as Harry sucked and licked at her breasts. This frenzied sex was getting amazing, as she wrapped her arms around him. His manhood hung low between his legs and he was about ready to insert himself into her body.

The redhead MILF screamed at the top of her lungs, with Harry fully sheathed inside her body. He held onto her hips and pumped into her body. The green eyed witch pushed her walls against him and Harry grunted as his cock continued to be squeezed by her body.

"Oh, that's it, that's it, more, give me more, give me everything," Lily panted as Harry pushed his length into her. Her walls stretched to accommodate him. Lily thought she was going to explode as the tip of his head stuck her womb.

"Oh, this pussy was made for my cock," Harry breathed as he grabbed her hips and rode her into the bed. Lily closed her eyes and pumped her hips up towards his manhood.

"Just like that cock was made….for this pussy," Lily panted as he worked into her body. The green eyed wizard pushed deep into her body.

Harry could go balls deep into his mother for hours, she was so wet, warm, and tight. He thought that she got tighter the longer he worked into her or perhaps it was just magic making it an even more pleasurable journey to the center between her legs.

Lily moaned as Harry worked his length into her. The redhead tightened her legs around his body and she closed her eyes tightly. She bit down on her lip and panted as Harry continued to work between her thighs, spearing into her molten center.

"Harry, give me everything that you have," Lily panted, digging her fingernails into the back of his neck. She moaned, arching her back as he continued his journey into her. His thrusting got even harder into her. "Everything, oh I'm cumming so hard."

Lily's walls tightened around his tool in a demonstration and Harry pumped himself into her, hanging onto her hips.
"I'm getting close too…"

"Hold on, oh we'll do it, together," Lily panted, she could feel her son about ready to paint her walls wet and Harry grabbed onto her hips, about ready to pump into her. The redhead slid her walls up and down his length.

"I'm getting closer, so close," Harry grunted and he could feel his mother tighten like a vice around his manhood. He felt that was his cue to unload into her and unload into her he did. The first explosion was hot and hard.

He continued to spill his seed into his mother and Lily pushed her hips up, accepting the load. Her body exploded, as she came down from the high that she felt. Harry pumped a thick and juicy load into her.

"I think we can go further," Lily breathed, rolling Harry over and rubbing his thick cock, as it was about level with her quim.

Harry closed his eyes and felt his mother's hot tight box wrap around his manhood. She worked herself up and down on his rod, pumping herself onto his body. The green eyed wizard pushed his hands up and she pumped him even harder.

"Oh, ride me, ride me," Harry grunted and Lily bit down on her lip, a sexy smoldering look in her eyes. She dripped seduction and that caused Harry to twitch. She worked him all the way out of her and slid down onto him. Her tight snatch rubbed his manhood and Harry grabbed her ass from behind, pulling her body into his.

"Yes, that's it, that feels so good, Harry," Lily purred, rocking her head back. Her panting escalated a bit more and she rode him, higher, rocking her hips down onto him. Her lips moistened, in more ways than one.

"I know it feels good, it feels amazing," Harry grunted, feeling her tits and she continued to ride him up and down. Her wet walls slid up and down on him.

"Fuck, me, oh fuck me," Lily whined.

Lily could not get enough of her son's big hot cock.

"Cum for Mummy, oh that would make me feel so good," Lily panted, as he lifted his head up and sucked her nipple. That caused her to grind her mound onto him and she pumped his rod as hard as she could between her soft thighs.

Lily bounced up and down Harry, and her breasts pressed against his muscular chest. The redhead worked him over, his rod between her thighs.

"Cum, cum for me," Lily whispered in her son's ear hotly and Harry's balls tightened. He was trying to stave it off, about ready to bring his mother to an orgasm or two. The redhead pumped her thighs around him.

"Oooh, 'Harry grunted as her tight walls squeezed around him and tried to coax his cum out of his balls down into her womb. The green eyed witch pushed her.

"Don't hold back," Lily whispered as she reared her head back, her hands resting on his stomach as she pumped him into her. She was willing to accept his glowing seed into her womb. The redhead witch was not sure if she was entirely human after she came back. Her sex drive was brought up to an entirely high level. "Cum in me, that's it, cum for me, you know that you want to."
With words like that, how could Harry deny her? His balls tightened and he sent his thick load into Lily's body. His gushing flow splashed into her body and Lily moaned at the top of her lungs. The redhead planted herself up and down on him, rocking into her body.

"That's it, that's it, oh that's it," Harry grunted as he held onto her thighs and came inside her. Lily threw her head back and gave a loud scream. The redhead felt their joining together and the second time was even better than the first.

Lily had to admit, she felt that the third time would be even better combined.

Harry could not believe how far he went and how far he was left to go. He would allow the students of Hogwarts to continue their school year, because it would have disrupted them. He would allow the Ministry to function for that remaining six week period as well, although they were a puppet government, and any laws that they might have passed was blocked by Harry each successive step of the way.

"There will need to be a few….rennovations," Harry said as he looked around the castle. "As for the new school....."

"All will get a chance to join, this is the next generation of magical users, hopefully they can bring something to the table," Kathryn said.

"Yes, indeed," Harry said with a smile. "But I'm not sure most will be qualified."

"Well there are other schools, no one is forcing them to attend ours," Kathryn stated and the teachers all watched them pass. Few of them had elected to stand by after Dumbledore left. It was obvious that some of them were close enough to retirement. "Having a ghost teach a subject as vital as history is something that we're going to have to correct."

"Getting people interested in history is hard enough without a ghost that induces insomnia," Nym said, showing up at their shoulders. "So.....we've done a sweep, found a lot of holes, I can't believe Dumbledore didn't notice them.....well actually I kind of can."

"Indeed," Alice said as she handed it to Harry. "The list you requested."

"Thanks, Alice," Harry said, and he saw Penny, Vega, and Lucretia help him do things.

"I don't even know where you'd begin with something like this," Vega said Harry and he smiled.

"Well we all have to start somewhere."

The End.

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