The Rose Paradox

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The Rose Paradox

by bayushi

Summary

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”
The world seemed to move in slow motion, as Rose Potter, the girl-who-lived, beater of trolls, new marauder and many other less pleasant titles, watched as the blasting spell hit her godmother, the only real family she had left, her rock, her teacher, she watched her slowly being thrown in the veil’s direction.
Until a mysterious green-eyed boy changed everything!
AU! Harry and Female Harry (Rose), Harem! Evil Hermione, senile Dumbledore

Notes

AN: Ok, let's do this!
First of all, I don't own any recognizable things from the HP universe.
This is a parody (a smutty one to be more precise) so don't take it to serious. Sometimes we try to be funny, sometimes we try to be serious, both times we fail miserably. But I think is still a cool little tale.
It was also my first experience with a co-writer, who helped me with many ideas when some complete passages, so, if sometimes you notice a slight change on in the weighing style, it is my friend Quincey’s doing. Also, this is an erotic parody, lots of lemons, and not all will
make a lot of sense. If it is not your thing, no problem, otherwise, just back and enjoy the run.
This fic is part of a series. The first part is already completely written and it has 27 chapters. It
is been edited and beta read right now.
Also totally AU!
Thanx for reading!
“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

The world seemed to move in slow motion, as Rose Potter, the girl-who-lived, beater of trolls, new marauder and many other less pleasant titles, watched as the blasting spell hit her godmother, the only real family she had left, her rock, her teacher, she watched her slowly being thrown in the veil’s direction.

The Veil.

Placed in its immovable black stone altar, sealed in its dark circular room, deep down in the department of mysteries, stood the biggest of them all. Very little was known about it. It was already there when the wizard people arrived, and probably would still be there when they inevitably killed themselves in an idiotic power struggle. The only thing that was known for sure about it was that no one could come back from it. A one-way ticket to nowhere.

The man who shot the spell was also watching smiling. Sirius “once known as Black” had evil grey eyes and an even worse smile on his pretty face. Dressed in his death eater attire and glowing wand, he savored the moment as the woman he hated most in the world tripped on her own feet and started falling to oblivion. Bellatrix Black was no more!

Rose tried to run after her, to save her, but Remus held her back. Hermione covered her mouth with her hands. Susan and Neville were still out cold.

That was when it happened. The thing that no one thought was possible. The thing only the craziest fiction writers in the magical world could have imagined.

The veil spit someone out.

All the sound in the room, from Rose’s scream to Sirius maniacal laugh died. Every person held their breath as they watched the boy come tumbling out of the ether, tripping like a bad floo travel. He bumped into Bellatrix with a dry sound of bashing heads, arms entwined in the clumsiest dance the world had ever seen. They spun around, trip and fell to the floor.

To Rose, the world finally came back to the normal speed when she watched Bellatrix falling, wide-eyed, on her ass, her high heeled leather boots up into the air with a loud “Eeeep” sound, while the black haired boy face landed in between her legs, his head inside her black shining skirt. Rose raised an eyebrow, was that really happening? Sirius “no name” lowered his wand in confusion, before looking around to his fellow death eaters and started laughing.

Bella saw the boy’s head disappearing inside her skirt, and could feel his mouth and nose touching her trimmed mount. Of all days for going commando, this had to happen, “damn Rose, didn’t even gave me time to get properly dressed before getting into trouble .” She thought.
But something else was happening, something weird. The boy’s heavy and warm breath directly over her most sensitive spot started sending jolts of electricity over her body. Bella was not a teen anymore, she hasn’t been for a while, but right now, of all times, she felt like one. The ex auror blushed as she felt herself getting wet. “Hey, life and death situation here!” Her brain was screamed, but her body solemnly choose to ignore it. Why did this feel so hot? Who was this boy?

But she was distracted by the laughs from the death eaters around them. Flushed, she looked around, Sirius and the other black-robed men looking at her with almost hysterical expressions.

“As you alright, Mum?” Rose screamed, and her voice seemed to wake the boy, he moved his head, rubbing his nose and mouth over Bella’s clitoris, sending an even stronger jolt of magical pleasure over her. Bella moaned loudly, making the death eaters laugh even more. Rose, Hermione and Sirius were astonished, the situation was so surreal they almost couldn’t react to it.

The boy looked at Bella. The witch was hit by the familiar deep emerald green gaze she loved for so long, looking directly into her purple eyes, making her shiver in a mixture of surprise, excitement, and fear. After a second, his eyes seemed to grow wide with recognition, not only of who she was, but to where on her he was, and then the unimaginable happened again.

Rose Potter watched in confusion as a strong boost of magic left the strange boy and embraced her godmother. Bella threw her head back, her eyes rolling with a scream, but not a painful one. Rose knew this scream all too well, her godmother was cumming. And it was a big one, the boy’s face got splattered with Bella’s fluids, the woman arched her back and the scream turned into a loud moan. A bright light surrounded both Bella and the boy, and the death eaters stopped laughing. Sirius could see something big was happening here, that was something he had already seen before. The light got even brighter, before blasting out everywhere, with a explosion like sound.

Sirius quickly ducked out of the way, but the other three death eaters were not fast enough. The light got them right in the chest, sending the black-robed men hard against the walls with bone cracking sounds. Opportunistic enough, the powerful magical burst seemed to ignore Rose, Remus and Hermione, like a convenient plot device.

Bella laid on her back, panting in bliss after her intense orgasm. The mysterious boy slowly stood up, he was dressed in a plain white shirt, worn out jeans and red converse shoes, looking around in confusion. With a swift movement, he produced and raised his own wand. Bellatrix looked at him, so close as she was, in her post-orgasmic bliss, she could see a dim light around him. “This is not possible…” She thought.

“Well…” Sirius “no-name” voice echoed through the chamber. “That was indeed very weird and very fun, but I guess that is my clue…” The powerful dark wizard pointed his wand at the boy and screamed “BOMBARDA” before turning and running away, not even concerned with the results of his spellwork.

The boy moved fast, grabbing the lying Bella and rolling out of the spell area while smoke and debris exploded around him. Rose screamed in rage, and elbowed Remus in the hips, getting herself free and turning to where Sirius had run off.

“You tried to kill her!” The “girl who lived” screamed before running after the death eater in a blind rage.

The boy watched the girl going, she had messy raven black hair, high cheekbones and the deepest green eyes he had ever seen, although now they were burning in anger. She was wearing a Hogwarts school uniform with Gryffindor colors under shredded school robes, and the same red shoes as himself, he noticed before she disappeared into the dark corridor.
He looked at his own hands in confusion. They looked different than he remembered, not so cadaveric, then he looked around the chamber in disbelief, he could see Remus and Hermione looking back at him with open mouths.

“Wait…” his voice was weak, low. “I remember this! Oh bloody hell” He made to run after Rose, only to find his path blocked by the confused werewolf.

“Who are you?” Remus Lupin asked with a roaring voice.

“Remus!” The all too familiar boy said, and the werewolf was taken aback by the sound of his own name. “It’s really great to see you alive, but something really bad is about to happen, I need to help her!” With a faint faster than the older wizard was prepared for, the boy pushed him to the side, and ran after Rose, hoping he could remember his way inside the ministry after all those years.
Rose Potter was in a world of pain. She felt like the monster standing in front of her was tearing her very soul apart. The pain on her scar was intense, but the worse was the growing, overwhelming presence inside her head. It was like a shadow, like it knew all the pain and ugliness Rose herself hid inside her. And it was talking with her.
“You don't need them…” The voice hissed like a snake inside her head. “You have me, we can be as one once again. I can see you want it, I can see inside you Rose Potter, inside your incomplete soul. We can rule the wizardry world together…” Each word was accompanied by a world of pain.

Rose realized how not prepared for that she was… definitely not prepared at all…

.OvO.

The boy was able to navigate the labyrinth like corridors of the ministry and arrive at the entrance hall, just to find what looked like a war zone. Pieces of rubble and marble were scrawled everywhere, fuming craters on the ground, showing the aftermath of the powerful magical battle. He saw the great Albus “Many names” Dumbledore on his knees, trying to get up next to what was left of the fountain’s statue.

But what dominated his vision was the shield of dirt and magic flowing around Rose, who was on her knees, paralyzed in a silent scream. Her eyes wide open but unseeing.

“No, I'm too late…” The boy called with tears in his eyes. How weird, and painful was to watch it from the outside.

“Who… who are you?” Came the weak voice of Albus Dumbledore, the headmaster of Hogwarts, supreme mugwump, chief warlock of the wizengamot, and senile old man in charge, asking the boy while his eyes darted to his forehead to his eyes and back.

“Not now old man, I have to save… Rose… how do I even know her name?” The boy snapped, and walked towards the shield.

“Don't!” Albums screamed. “Don't do it, young man. This shield will repel you, maybe even kill you in the process, it is too dangerous!” His voice was frantic. “Rose must overcome this by herself!”

The boy glared at him, clenching his fingers around his wand. With a sigh, he looked at the shield, and simply walk through it, to the total astonishment of the headmaster.

“How…” The old wizard was baffled.

The boy looked at the girl in front of him, tears burning his eyes. He kneeled down beside her. It was weird, she was so familiar, yet so different, her pale skin and raven black hair. Full lips and darkened green eyes. Her glasses were scattered on the ground, and her shaking hand still held the all familiar wand with resolve.

The boy didn't know what to do, so he just followed his instincts, as he had done so many times before. He touched his forehead to her’s and whispered, in a soft, calm tone. “Rose, I know it's hard, I know that monster is tearing your very soul apart. But you can do it Rose, I am here with you now. I know it's so painful you just want to die right now. But YOU ARE STRONG. You are stronger than that monster, you can do it. You can free yourself Rose!”

Rose was lost in the dark, with only the monstrous presence in her soul as a company, when she heard his voice. She barely could hear it at first, but it was there, and she focused all her will on it. Rose could feel his magic reaching out to her, trying to protect her. She could hear his heartbeat,
resonating with hers, beating at the same rhythm before she could clearly hear his voice.

She was not alone in the dark anymore, and the creature inside her soul knew that, and hissed in anger.

“YOU ARE STRONG!” The voice screamed, and Rose knew it was true, she could fight it and win.

The beautiful girl screamed, in anger and pain closing her eyes. “GET OUT OF MY HEAD!” There was an explosion of shadows coming out from Rose’s scar, and she lost her balance, but the boy held her in a firm and grateful grasp, the magical shield crumbled around them.

Rose opened her eyes and looked directly at him. Green meet green for the first time, their magic flaring and dancing around them.

“T… thank you… I could hear you… in the dark… I could feel you…”

There was a crack, and both teens looked. The floating shadows started taking human form right in front of them, and the boy stood up, preparing himself to a battle he was never ready for.

His eyes widened in surprise. He was certainly not prepared for this.

The shadows formed a hooded dark figure. The hood casted shadows over its face, making it impossible to distinguish any features. The cloak floated over her feminine, well proportioned body, moving like it was alive. The figure used a black corset, with dark purple strings, emphasizing her well endowed bust. And the fiend on her robes showed a muscular, well-toned unnatural milk white leg. Her hands had long white fingers, pointed by sharp claw like black nails. The darkness seemed to dance around her in an aura of power and fear.

It didn't matter, not for the boy. Not anymore.

“Who are you?” The hooded darkness hissed, with a voice full of venom and anger, her eyes glowing with a red light under the shadows.

The boy pointed his wand at her.

“My name is HARRY FUCKING POTTER!”

Everyone stood in silence. Rose opened and closed her mouth a couple times, but no sound came of it. Bella, Remus and Hermione, who had just entered the hall stopped, astonished. Albus Dumbledore mind started racing after hearing the name, and the hooded darkness was taken aback. The monster was trembling.

Bella was the first to recover, maybe thanks to her training as an auror. She pointed her wand at the dark Lady and yelled.

“You lost V, even you can't take all of us!”

“Indeed Bellatrix Black, my dear, that is an unfortunate turn of events.” The dark lady hissed, without looking away from Harry and Rose, Harry watched as her unnatural long tongue, like a snake, licked her lips. “But I feel things are about to get interesting!” With a flash of darkness, the dark lady vanished with a laugh.

“Bitch…” Rose said out loud, raising to her feet.
“Rose! Language!” Hermione admonished.

“Ah! Bite me, Hermione!” Rose answered waving her hand before turning to Harry. There was something there. Rose felt a pull, she felt like letting herself go on those eyes. She had to fight the urge to hug him. “That is so weird…”

“Yes… really weird…” Harry answered, facing her. He was around an inch taller than her, the same round glasses. Her hair was longer, with a stylish cut and her green eyes almost hypnotized him. “So, that it's what it feels like.” He thought, getting lost in the deep general orbs. He felt magic acting weird around them, almost like reaching into her.

“Thank you… for saving me.” Rose finally said. “I could hear your voice, and… feel you…” Before she finished, the boy, Harry, went out cold, and fell to the ground. She angrily turned around, only to see Albus Dumbledore holding his fuming wand.
Tonight Tonight

AN: Still don't own Harry Potter.

Thanks to AWR for the beta reading!

Chapter 02

Tonight Tonight

Harry Potter was floating in the nothing, the endless void, the space between spaces, the blind eternities, there, where time meant nothing, between blind idiot gods and oblivion, he float forever and only for a second.

Floating there, in the philosophical space, his body was approached by two glowing figures, radiating love, warm and dread. Harry felt, in equal parts loved and terrified by the all engobling presence. But in some ways, the sensation was reassuring, and he had the feeling that things would be finally alright. A new beginning, a new chance. A place he would be, at long last, loved.

He knew deep inside the waves and oscillations in the conscience field that manifested as Harry that this new chance wasn't free, nothing ever was. A task to be accomplished, a duty to fulfil. But this time, he knew somehow, he wouldn't be alone. Names popped in his mind. Rose. Bella. Pol. Susan. Daphne. Harry closed his eyes, and willed himself forward. He saw a stone carved door in front of him, slowly opening with a blinding light. Another life...

She needed his help right now.

.OvO.

Bellatrix Black, Remus Lupin and Albus too-many-names Dumbledore were seated on the tastefully decorated living room at 12 grimmauld place, the ancestral home of the Black family, in comfortable Pegasus leather chairs around the center table. Bella and Remus held doses of firewhiskey on their hands, shaking it nervously. The thing was, two of the three present adults had reach an impasse.

"You must understand, Bellatrix my girl…” The older wizard said, holding a small pack of ice against his reden left cheek. "We know nothing about this boy, as far as we know, he can be another ploy from the dark lady, or even a doppelganger of some sort…”

"No Albus, my word is final! This is mine and Rose's house, and she also let her opinion very clear as you can few in your face. The boy stays here." Bella answered with a commanding tone that only a mother of teenagers could muster.

"Why are you being so adamant about this, miss Black? You too don't know who he is. All we have is a name, that may not even be real." The headmaster tried one more time.

"Are you insane?" Bella called, not making any effort to hide her annoyance.

"See, the definition of dementia…” The old wizard trailed off.

"It was a rhetorical question for fucks sake. The boy came from the bloody veil, did you looked at his face? Didn't he reminded you of anyone?" An exasperated Bella asked.

Unknown by the adults, two teenage girls were listening to this conversation with great interest,
using the new Weasleys extensive ears. Specially one Rose Lilian Potter, almost sixteen, who just had her life saved, then turned upside down by the strange boy. Together with her, Hermione Granger, one of her best friends, and resident rule following bookworm, who clenched on each word of this discussion.

"You know, the headmaster is right…" The bushy haired brunette said, biting her lip.

"Of course you think that." Rose rolled her deep emerald green eyes.

"Yes, and I am usually right! Also, you shouldn't have punched him!"

"It was sooooo worth it…" Hermione could hear the satisfaction on Rose's voice.

Hermione sighed, Rose was just like that, no thinking before acting, unless she was planning a prank.

"Anyway, I don't like that boy… I think he is weird…" Hermione said looking up the stairs, in the direction of the rooms.

"You don't like any boys Mione…" Rose answered with a sigh, before bringing her attention back to the extensible ear.

"That is not true!" Hermione sounded offended. "I like… hum… Neville!"

Rose rolled her eyes. "Ok then…"

"It is not my fault if all wizards act like chauvinist pigs!" Hermione pouted. Rose though it was better to just ignore her friend before she got into full lecture mode, and come back to the conversation happening in the living room.

"By the way." Bellatrix continued. "Why is... Harry, I mean, the boy, still out in the cold?"

"Well, I may or may not have overpowered my stunning spell…" Dumbledore said in a non blatantly voice, taking a sip of his tea.

Bellatrix glared at the old wizard. That boy, Harry, had in one night not only saved her life, but also Rose's, the most precious thing of her entire life. The fact that he also gave the witch one of the most incredible orgasms of her life also helped influence her judgment. Just remembering it was enough to start making her wet again. But it was not only that. When she was hit by his magic, Bella felt something too different than usual to ignore. There was so much love. The witch felt like she almost could see inside his soul. And Bella couldn't also ignored how much more powerful his magic made her, almost filling her own core to its completion, it was almost addictive. For all that, she somehow knew the boy was safe.

And Bella didn't want to admit, she wanted more. She needed to know more. Something big was happening here.

"Ok." Remus decided at least to act like the responsible adult on the room. "I am certain we can reach some middle ground here. This is one of the most secure houses in all magical England anyway, he will stay confined in his room, and what about that, I will stay here as an extra precaution. We have an order meeting in around a week anyway. What you say professor?"

"Also, he doesn't have his wand. I secured it." Bella completed.

Listening to that, Rose quickly got up and darted up the stairs. Her mind racing with all the
possibilities.

"Where are you going?" Hermione asked exasperated, quickly following her friend.

Rose didn't say anything, running through the corridor full of portraits, both muggle and magical, from her family and friends, and entering the last door to the right. She gave a quick look to the door directly in front of it, where she knew the strange boy was locked and unconscious. The girl's mind rushing with weird ideas and suspicions.

Entering Bella's room, followed closely by Hermione, she quickly searched around, throwing the piles of skirts, boots and dragon leather jackets around. Hermione frowned at the messed room.

"Well, now I know why you don't organize your own school stuff… what are you looking for?" The bushy haired witch asked, dodging some flying panties. Rose ignored her.

"Ha! Here it is!" Rose jumped. "Wow, this is so weird…"

"What?"

The raven haired girl turned around, holding two wands that looked exactly the same. And one was hers.

Downstairs, Albus finally got up from his chair, his bones making little cracking noises, and a big red spot where Rose had punched him. "I guess we have a deal then, even if a temporary one. Well, I must take my leave, that mess at the ministry is far from over. I will be back in for the next order meet. Please miss Black, don't hesitate to call me if needed." He turned and looked at Remus. "Please Remus, take care so Rose don't do anything to impulsive, and Bellatrix too for that matter."

Bella smiled, with no intent on following those directives. "Of course Albus. Have a safe return."
The witch said, trying to hide her marauder smile.

The old headmaster nodded, and disappeared with a cracking sound.

.OvO.

"Ok Moonie, spit it out." Bella said as soon as the old man leave. The werewolf smiled at her, and seemed to think for a couple seconds.

"There is something odd about his smell Bells…" The Remus said, scratching his nose. "He smells like James and Lily, but a little different than Rose. I don't know… magic is weird." He shrugged.

"Damn it!" Bella sighed. "I almost died tonight, Rose almost got possessed and a weird young man came walking through the veil. I think I need a shower."

Remus chuckled at her. "What?"

He pointed at his own nose. She couldn't hide it from his accurate senses.

"Shower, right." With a mischievous grin he added. "Let me know if you need help with your 'cleaning'."

"Not tonight Moonie." She said, walking up the stairs, waving her nicely shaped bum a little more than necessary. "Sweet dreams Remus." Bella said, looking over her shoulder with a evil grin.

"Oh, they will be…" The werewolf felt his trousers getting tighter.

Bella walked through the corridor, stopping in front of Rose's door, listening to her goddaughter - though, considering Bella's ties with James and Lily, she was technically her stepdaughter- and
Hermione talking. She could only imagine how Rose was confused.

"He can be a ploy from the dark lady!" Hermione was repeating the words from the headmaster, with a pinch of panic in her voice. Why Rose had to be so stubborn.

"You don't understand Mione, he is not some death eater in disguise or a wraith..." Rose made no effort to hide her annoyance from her friend's constant bitering.

"How can you be so sure?"

"I can... FEEL him..." Rose said in a dreamy voice.

Bella raised her eyebrows. That was going to be weird. Bella herself felt a weird connection with the young man, after he made her climax. She stopped at her own door, looking back to the locked and charmed room were he was sleeping, feeling her knees tremble, and her pussy getting wet. The feelings of power and lust coming back again and again. "Damn, I feel like a teen again, not even Amy does that to me... Rose..." Bella thought to herself.

She entered her room and started undressing. "I don't need to be worried about Hermione, I think, but what if he has this kind of effect on Rose? Maybe is a good thing after that Diggory boy? Shit, I am so confused, and so wet, I can't think straight!" She looked at herself in the full figure mirror at the wall. Bella had a wavy, full, luxurious midnight black hair, naturally red lips, and purple eyes, denouncing her magic hereditary. Her D sizes breasts were firm, with very dark brown nipples that contrasted more than a little against her pale skin, and she had an incredible narrow waist and flat stomach, results of intense training in the auror academy and beyond. Her mount was glittering wet, with her clitoris almost all visible under her landing strip like trimmed pubes. Her arousal juices flowing down through her muscular legs.

Bella remembered the feeling of Harry's breath and his lips over her pussy and started fondling her left breast, first circling, than lightly pinching her pronounced nipple. Her right hand found its way to down her body, between her legs. Thinking about Harry, and the orgasm his magic gave her, was making Bella so aroused, that she didn't even had to work too much. She ran her middle finger through her incredible moistened folds, caressing her labia with the other fingers and moaned. The witch pushed a finger inside her with easy, then out, then inside again, getting if lubricated before hungrily attacking her own clitoris with it. Bella moaned even louder as she moved circles around her most sensitive spot. "Fuck... Harry Potter..." She moaned between her teeth.

Bella wanted more, she needed more. Her left hand left her breast and came down to her pussy, shoving two finger at her welcoming entrance, making splating wet noises as they moved, and continuously coming in and out. Images of the young man's mouth and hands run through her over excited mind. Bella imagined herself being pounded by his powerful hard member, bended over the headmaster's table, and her movements became faster.

"Damn, damn, damn!" she panted. Her body trembled and her knees almost gave in, as she felt the orgasm taking hold of her, she came so hard that drops of her cunt juices were splattered over the mirror in front of her. Her magic was singing a happy song, dancing around her, making the messy piles of clothes over the room tremble. The boy had made her magic flow.

"That... is... so good..." Yes, something was different, but in a better way. She looked at herself in the wet mirror with a satisfied grin. "I think I need a bath..."
Rose Potter dismissed Hermione with an angry wave of her hands. The genius girl was too stubborn to listen, and she herself was too stubborn to give in. The green eyed witch walked out of the room in a turmoil. She wanted to talk to Bella, maybe her godmother could shed a light over the weird feelings she was mustering since the boy's magic touched her.

The simple fact of getting closer to the room where Harry was sleeping was exciting, weird, and scary. It was like she could almost know what he was dreaming about. The closer they get, the stronger she felt him. That was, at least disconcerting. Rose didn't even know who Harry really was. All the girl knew was that he came from the veil, saved her life and held her when she needed. That, and that he was pretty hot.

It was wrong to think like that? "Nah, fuck it, he is…"

Rose turned around to Bella's door, and was about to knock, when she heard a moan. Rose stopped, Amy was not home, so Bella was going at it by herself. The girl tried to move away. Back to her room, to try and sleep. Another moan, louder this time.

Rose couldn't resist, she never could. Not even at school. She loved to watch the couples going at it. Thankfully, because of the marauder's map, she knew every secret passageway and peeping spot. The truth was, Bella and Rose's father were both two perverts.

There was something exciting about watching. And being watched. That was why she let Cedric go, he was too much of a prude. How could someone be so pretty and so boring at the same time.

Slowly, trying to be silent, she opened the door and looked inside, breathing heavily in anticipation. Bella, her beautiful mother in all but blood, was in front of the mirror, furiously pleasuring herself. Rose stood there, listening to the obscene wet sounds her godmother body was making, looking at her fingers skilled worked her clit. The emerald eyed witch felt her own arousal growing like a heat between her legs, and then, Bella called Harry's name.

Rose widened her eyes in surprise. Bella was furiously fingering her own pussy thinking about the mysterious boy. It was too much for her. She felt a small orgasm run through her body, even without touching herself, watching her godmother skirting into the mirror.

With heavy breath, and masked by Bella's own panting, Rose closed the door. She didn't know what to do. Bella was also thinking about him all this time? Just like her?

Bravely, she decided to walk to the door of Harry's room, she could feel the charms and wards around it, sealing the entrance, and hoped he didn't hate them for making him a prisoner. Rose hoped he would understand, it was better than let Dumbledore take him magic knows where. She wanted so bad to open the door and wake him up, and... talk. Just talk would be enough.

She wanted to know him, talk to him, touch him again. No one had ever done that to her. Not Cedric, not Fred and George, Neville or anyone else. That was something new to her.

She leaned on the door, resting her head and whispered. "Who the fuck are you, and why are you inside my head?"

Unknown to Rose, at the other side of the door, with only a inch of wood separating the two, Harry Potter, the boy casted out of his world and time, had awaken just fifteen minutes earlier, and was leaning on the door just like her, thinking the same thing.
Despite all my Rage

AN: I would like to thank Finkaness and AWR for the beta reading, and say sorry for any mistakes, neither I or the co-author are native English speakers.

Also, I'm an illustrator, and like my other fic, if you want to see the character designs and illustrations for this one, you can go to my tumblr, at: hpbayushi .tumblr (sorry, most sites don't accept links)

thank you for reading!

Chapter 03

Despite all my Rage, I'm still Just a Rat in a Cage

Harry finally gave up on trying to figure out what happened and came back to sleep. He woke up the next morning with a massive headache, that he quickly recognized as the after effects of a powerful stunner weird feeling all over his body. He looked around the room, it was familiar in a strange way, but too clean to be anywhere he had ever been in the last two years. There was a small bathroom, where he emptied his bladder, and also a small wardrobe and a desk beside the bed. The sheets were clean and soft. "Well, I had way worse jail cells…” he thought in resignation.

Then he heard the door opening, and tensed when Bellatrix entered the room. No matter if She looked completely different than the walking corpse he knew, and that She was carrying a tray of delicious healthy breakfast, and her breasts looked amazing in a muggle shirt with white lips and a tongue drawn on it (Damn Harry, it's not time for that!), her wavy black hair complementing her powerful purple eyes could not deceive him. Harry's hand moved instinctively to his wand, that of course, was not there.

"Sorry… Harry isn't it?” She said. "But you do understand why I had to take your wand, right?" Bella tried to convey the most non-treating tone she could. It was really hard for herself not to hug him, this young man was so familiar he made her think not only of Rose, but of James and Lily. And the way his magic flared all around him, so warm and inviting...

"Actually, I do understand." He told, in a voice full of suspicion. "As I do understand why I am locked here…” he thought in resignation.

"Sorry… Harry isn't it?” She said. "But you do understand why I had to take your wand, right?"
Bella tried to convey the most non-treating tone she could. It was really hard for herself not to hug him, this young man was so familiar he made her think not only of Rose, but of James and Lily. And the way his magic flared all around him, so warm and inviting...

"Actually, I do understand." He told, in a voice full of suspicion. "As I do understand why I am locked here…” He gestures to the room around him.

Bella sighed.

"Let's try again, shall we. My name is Bellatrix Black, but my friends call me Bella, and, I brought you breakfast." The former auror tried to read the emotions in the wizard's face. Confusion, recognition, fear, and something else.

"Bella…” He whispered, more to himself, like he was trying to remember something. "Is… is… Rose… right, Rose. Is Rose alright?"

"Yes I am." Harry turned to see the girl entering the room, dressed in blue jeans and a Nirvana t-shirt, her green eyes locked into his own, and he noticed how her spectacles were way better than his. (Try using bad glasses all your life…).

"I'm ok, thanks to you," she gave him a beautiful roguish smile, all to similar with his own, even if he didn't knew this. Harry felt both his heart and his magic jumping at it.

Harry looked at the two strange and beautiful women in front of him, and he was certain he was very
far away from home. He then noticed the other two people outside the room but looking in with a piercing gaze. A not so ragged Remus Lupin had curious eyes, but Hermione had an expression of suspicion and loathing.

"So Harry, those are..." Bella started saying pointing at the two.

"Remus and Hermione." He said with an even tone, to everyone's surprise.

"So, you know all of us... but we don't really know you..." Bella said, feeling a little wary. "I think we need to talk, but first, I think you need to eat. The old goat's stunner let you out for almost two days."

Harry nodded, still feeling a little suspicious, but sat down at the table in front of the trail. He didn't know if it was his hunger, but the food looked delicious.

"I will be back in a few, then we can talk, if you want."

Harry nodded again, nicest prison guards ever, other than Hermione it seems.

"Just one question before you go." he asked.

"Sure."

"What year this is?"

Everyone looked confused at him, but Bella answered.

"June 1996."

>OvO.

Two years. Only two years away, or before, he was not certain anymore, from his last confrontation with Snakeface. And if what he remembered from the night he arrived was correct, Harry was pretty sure the Dark lord was a lady. This place was weird. Also, his magic was behaving in a really erratic manner. Like it was reaching outside of him. And he had this almost painful, constant hard-on. The fact that both Rose and Bella were smoking hot was not helping, but even so, it wasn't normal. He blamed on his magic. And the delicious and healthy food.

Seeing Bellatrix was weird, but she was too different here. Her gaze was different, there was no insanity sparkle there, but warmth and care and more than a hint of mischief. She reminded Harry much more of Andy than Bellatrix Lestrange. "Damn hard on", he complained internally, again shifting in his chair. His body was also back to his old sixteen form, not the skeleton he had become over his last months.

He finished his papaya, something he had never eaten before, and waited. It did not took long before Bella, Rose, Remus and Hermione were back in his 'cell', confirming to Harry he was being watched.

"Thank you for the food, it was delicious." He said politely. Bella raised an eyebrow at his tone, and Rose giggled. Harry noticed the girl playing with a guitar pick between her fingers and gave her a grin, the young witch gulped, almost dropping the pick but caught it reflexively in the palm of her hand. He was weirdly hot. Hermione frowned at her friend.

"Kreacher!" Bella called, and the old house elf appeared with a popping sound. The same, Kreacher was exactly the same. Just better dressed in his little uniform, sporting the Black family crest.
The ancient House Elf looked at Harry with a mixture of confusion and recognition before speaking. "Welcome home, Master Harry." All the human occupants in the room stared at the little monster in disbelief.

"Do you know this boy Kreacher?" Bella asked.

"Kreacher's elf magic does, mistress Black." The little creature answered, collecting the tray.

"Kreacher, please take the tray back to the kitchen, and replenish Harry's bathroom with soap and towels please." Bella asked in a politely tone that surprised Harry.

"Yes mistress Bella." with a pop, both the elf and the tray disappeared.

"Ah! See?!" Hermione exclaimed, looking vindicated, "That proves it! Before Aunt Bella, Kreacher belonged to Sirius and Regulus Black! He IS a Death Eater!"

Bella glared at Hermione, and Rose scoffed at her. Harry rolled his eyes. This definitely was not his Hermione, no matter how strongly his magic reacted to her.

"Now, let's not take precipitated conclusions. Harry, I understand of you don't want to…" Bella pinched the bridge of her nose, sounding tired.

"I will tell everything." Harry simply said, raising his shoulders.

"Really?" Remus talked for the first time. "That easy? How do we know you are not lying?"

"I would offer you a wizard's oath, but I don't have my wand…" Harry said, trying to sound more confident than he really was. "Maybe we can use the veritaserum hidden in the library."

"How do you know that?" Asked a wide eyed Bella. Rose bit her bottom lip.

"When Snape learns we used it, she's gonna flip!" Rose remarked. "And likely blame me, for a change."

"That will not be necessary." Bella said. "I think he would not offer to take it if he wasn't decided to speak the truth. Also, Remus can say if he is a bad liar" Everyone nodded. "So… hum… Harry… who the fuck are you?"

Harry took a deep breath. It was a little hard concentrating feeling his magic pulling to Bella, and especially to Rose. He wondered if the women looking at him now, with curious eyes felt the same.

"My name is Harry James Potter, and, in my world, dimension, or whatever you want to call it, I was the "boy who lived."

Harry let the words sink. The other four people looked at each other in silence, Rose had wide eyes, biting her bottom lip. Remus nodded to Bella.

"Ok, I will ask some questions." She said, entering her auror mode. "Who were your parents?"

"James Potter and Lily Potter née Evans." He promptly answered, and Rose gasped.

"Did they raised you?" Bella immediately regretted asking this, seeing the dark expression on the boy's eyes. She could see a lot of pain there.

"If you can call being 'raised' to be treated like a Malfoy or a Crouch house elf, thinking Freak is
your given name until you're five, beaten and locked in the cupboard under the stairs, then I was raised by Vernon and Petunia Dursley, living 4 Privet Street in Little Winging. You'll forgive me if I don't know the postal code, they never bothered telling me."

"Wait!" Rose called infuriated. "You were raised by aunt Petunia, but she hates us!"

"Hence the abuse, low self-esteem and need to prove myself. Just like Dumbledore wanted when he dropped me there the 1st of November, with just a letter, which I never got to read, in case Moony wondered. A fucking sacrificial lamb to the slaughter, which, in the end, was exactly what I was." Harry started venting, before taking a deep breath to calm down. As far as he knew, what was happening now could not even be real, just his brain hallucinating before dying.

Both Bella and Rose started feeling infuriated, but the trained auror controlled her feelings and raised a hand to Rose, who was about to say something, before she continued.

"If it is true, that was not our Dumbledore, and we can deal with it later. Now, how did you ended up here, Harry?"

"Everyone, or almost everyone, I don't know anymore, was gone. I…" His expression was hard, and a pulse of magic could be felt in the room. "Snape told me I was a Horcrux, the last one he had. So I went to Riddle and offered myself to him in exchange for whoever was left to be spared. We had a plan, something we could do to end him once and for all, I expected him to use the killing curse, but instead I was locked up for who knows how long, before getting tossed through the Veil in front of what was left from the mot. Then I was here. You know what happened next."

A heavy silence fell over the room. Bella could tell he was not lying, but also not saying the entire truth. Harry clenched his hands, trying to suppress his tears.

"Do you really expect us to believe this fantastic tale of yours? Hermione said in a vicious tone. "Do you think we are idiots?" Rose and Bella looked at her in disbelief. "Come on, parallel worlds? The boy who lived?"

For his answer, Harry raised his right hand, and the scarified words on its back "I will tell no lies" Rose covered her mouth with her hands, in shock. The girl showed him her own scar, before moving and getting her arms around him, into a hug. For a moment Harry didn't know how to react, before hugging her back.

"Ok… I think that is enough for now." Bella said, putting a comforting hand on Rose's shoulder. "Harry, I hope you understand i cannot let you out yet."

"Don't worry, I would do the same. Constant vigilance, and all that." He smiled.

"We have a lot to talk about, I will come back later. If you need anything, just call Kreacher." Bella finished, signaling for everyone to move out. Before leaving, Rose turned to Harry with a smile.

"For what is worth, I believe you Harry."

.OvO.

"You can't honestly believe what that… thing said!" Hermione all but screamed at the other occupants of the table. "Come on, it sounded like a bad plotline for a story! We should deliver him to the headmaster and let him discover the truth!"

"Blimey Mione, take those vises off!" Rose was starting to get tired of her friend's attitude. "You heard the things he knew, saw the scars on forehead and his hand! You are smarter than that! Is this
just Jealousy?" Rose was worried, something was wrong with her friend ever since the night of the DoM.

"Rose…” Hermione tried to be softer now, with a smile, holding the other girl's hands. "I understand, I really do. You don't want to feel like you have to go through this things alone. And because of that you are predisposed to believe this nonsense. But Rose, you were never alone to begin with…"

"That… is the most condescending thing I ever heard! And I have almost weekly meetings with mister twinkle eyes!" Rose forcefully removed her hands from Hermione and stood up. "Find me when you got your head out from your ass!"

Hermione watched in disbelief as her friend stormed out of the room, then looked at Bella and Remus, who watched the exchange in silence. The young witch had a pleading look in her eyes.

"Oh no young lady." Bella chastened. "You dig your own grave on this one. I am not very happy myself with the way you behaved. I don't think you understand how much this means to Rose."

Hermione pouted and crossed her arms over her chest.

Over the leaving room, Rose finished writing two almost identical letters. Hedwig, feeling the need of her master, came flying to her, and waited patiently. "Hey girl. Can you take those for me?" the owl hooted and affectionately nibbled her fingers, before taking of.

Rose still felt the necessity of talking to someone other than Hermione, she needed to talk to someone without feeling she was being judged all the time. Rose grabbed the phone over the table. Thank the old ones not all magical people were medieval tarts. She pressed a lot of buttons, many, many of them, country code, area code, city code them finally the house number. The phone ringed a couple times before being answered.

"Allô?" A young feminine voice said.

"Salut. C'est moi, Rose (Hey, it's me, Rose)."

"Oh ma chérie! Ca fait du bien de t'entendre! Encore deux semaines, c'était trop long à attendre? (Oh ma chérie! So good to hear from you! Couldn't wait some more weeks?)" The French girl giggled.

"Que dalle! t'es chouette, mais pas à ce point-là! C'est juste que j'ai eu la journée la plus zarbi de tout l'histoire! (Nah, you are not that good. I just had the weirdest day ever!)

"Venant de toi, ça doit vraiment être quelque chose. Allez, crache le morceau!(Coming it must really have been something. Do tell!)

"Ben, tu vois, y'a ce mec…(You see, there's this boy…)"

"(Alors comme ça y'a un nouveau mec! C'est de mieux en mieux! (So, there is a new boy! This is getting better!)

"Boucle-la et écoute… (Shut up and listen…)

Bella walked through the room, and gave a stern look to her stepdaughter.

"Calling France is expensive, so unless you want to pay it, be quick!"

.OvO.
As expected, Harry stayed in his room alone for the next few days save from occasional visits from Bella or Remus, although Rose was never far from the door. He understood the others would need time to digest the news. Bloody hell, he needed time to digest it all.

Kreacher brought him lunch, and some books he asked from the library. But the young wizard couldn't concentrate on then. His mind keep coming back to the weird conversation he had that first morning. Hermione's attitude had hurt him a little, but he was just happy to see her alive. But, nothing compared to the impact Bella, and most of all, Rose, had on him.

He simply couldn't remove them from his mind.

Then, there was the weird way his magic was behaving. Trying to concentrate, and meditate, like Fleur and Daphne had teach him in his original world, he looked for his core. It was like he was overflowing with magic, much more than his already big core was able to hold, the excess was "leaking" from him. But the magic that passed through his core and leaked away seemed like it was modified. And he felt like it was constantly searching for something, or someone. It did not took much time for Harry to theorize who his magic was looking for.

And there it was the uncomfortable, almost constant hard on he was getting. He was sure his magic had something to do with it. He, if nothing happened, he would have to take matter on his own hands. And being somewhat of a prisoner, at least for the time being, the prospect was not a comfortable one.

Unknown to Harry, other people in the house and beyond were also feeling the effects of his arrival.

Later that night found Bella laying in the luxurious bathtub of the master bathroom. She was letting the warm water careers her voluptuous body, while she contemplated the decision she had just took. It was a lot easier with Rose. She looked like Lily, with James's crazy black hair, but Bella had nurtured her and seen her grow, in the end, the girl had became her daughter. But Harry, this person who suddenly dropped into their lives, looked too much like the James she once knew. Although with Lily's eyes.

Bella smiled at the irony.

And there was his magic. Their magic. Seeking each other. And Rose. Bella remembered the amazing feeling she had after he made her cum, how powerful she felt. And how every time they meet on his room, his magic touched both Rose and her. It was warm and protective.

Bella was feeling her arousal grow again. Thinking she would have to finger herself for the third time that day because of her weird situation. "Maybe this time I will work something with my ass, just like James used to like…” The beautiful witch thought, letting her fantasies roam, when she heard a knock on the door.

"Bella… mom… can I come in?" Bella heard Rose calling in a low voice outside.

"Sure dear… please"

Rose entered bathroom, with a confused, concerned look that Bella knew all too well. Rose had that same expression every time she needed to talk.

"Do you want to join me? The water is great and it has being a while since we took a relaxing bath together.” The older woman said with a soft smile.
"Sure, why not." Rose shrugged and started undressing herself. Bella had to remember, at almost sixteen, her stepdaughter was already a woman, and quite an adventurous one if her relationship with the Weasley twins or her casual encounters with Neville had anything to say. Her body was athletic, with toned legs and a flat stomach. Her B cup breast were firm, with soft pink nipples, and her hair, although trimmed, was messy everywhere. But Bella had to say her girl's best attribute was her bum. Round and firm, perfectly proportionate to her figure.

Rose stepped inside the big bathtub, and sat beside Bella, who wrapped an arm around her, and kissed her head. She felt the girl relax under her arms, and allowed herself to relax with her. The older witch took a deep breath before speaking.

"So, is this situation bothering you? I mean, of course it is, but I want you to remember that you are the most important person in the world to me. If you agree with Hermione, if you want Harry out of here…"

Rose felt like a grasp on her heart and quickly said.

"No!" Bella raised her eyebrows to her extreme reaction, confirming her suspicions. "Sorry, no. I don't want him to go… Hermione is just… jealous I think, I don't know why."

"And?"

"And that is what is bordering me. The fact that I don't want him to go…"

"Really darling? You know you can talk to me right? I will always be by your side."

"I'm so confused mom. Please, don't be mad…"

"Of course not…"

"But… I can't stop thinking about him. If what he is saying the truth. About who he is. Is he me? Is he my twin? I don't feel like he is. But I feel this… thing… in my magic."

Bella nodded. "And?"

"I think he is… cute? Hot?" The girl blushed deeply. "Is that… wrong?"

"How do you feel about it Ro?"

"I…" The pretty girl sighed. "Honestly, don't think I care…"

Bella squeezed her confused stepdaughter, and let the girl rest her head over her shoulder.

"I don't know dear." She answered sincerely. "But I will confess something to you…"

Rose hopefully looked into her eyes.

"I feel exactly the same…" Bella embraced her stepdaughter with all love and caring she could muster. Her choice was done, now she just needed to be sure.

.OvO.

Hermione knocked on the door of Rose's bedroom, afraid that her friend was still mad at her. But they needed to talk.

"Rose, is Mione, can I come in?"
"Yes…" Came a monosyllabic answer.

The bushy haired brunette opened the door, to find Rose dressed only on an oversized sex pistols shirt and white panties, sat on the edge of the bed holding her unplugged guitar. Rose raised her eyebrows, still pretty annoyed by her genius friend words.

"My father just called…" Hermione said, closing the door and sitting besides Rose. "He's worried, and want me back home. Professor Lupin agreed to take me after the next order meeting."

"Ok…" Rose eloquently answered, but with a point of sadness in her voice. She liked having her friends around after what happened on the ministry, and Susan was still in the hospital, Neville should be grounded for eternity and a couple days and Daphne, Tracey and Padma still at the school at least until the end of the week.

"I… I am sorry Rose." Hermione said in a low, guilty tone. "I understand I may have forced my boundaries." The witch looked down, to Rose's hands. "I was, no… I am just scared."

"It's ok Mione." Rose answered with sincerity. "You are one of my best friends, i don't want us to fight over this… I need you by my side."

Hermione placed both hands on Rose's cheeks, and looked directly into her eyes, approaching her face from her friend's.

"Oh no! Not again!" Rose thought, with wide eyes.

"Rose…" Hermione spoke in a husky voice, getting even closer. "No matter what happens, you are not alone, and I will never let you be alone." She was so close now, that Rose could feel her warm breath coming from Hermione's parted mouth.

Rose didn't want to hurt her friend's feelings, she had to think fast, maybe the girl could understand. With a quick and swift movement, the Girl Who Lived closed the last two inches that separated their faces, before Hermione could do it, and kissed her friend on the cheek.

"Thank you Mione, I know I can count on you. You are an amazing friend!" Rose said before freeing her face from the other witch's hands. "Come on, I'm starving, let's grab some to eat before uncle Remus devours everything!"

Rose rested the guitar on the stand, and quickly exit the room with a sigh of relief.

Hermione stood there, trembling, her eyes locked on the guitar. She had to make a conscious effort not to grab it and smash it into pieces to vent her frustration. She closed her eyes, and her fists, and counted to ten, before turning on her heels and leaving the room, slamming the door slightly on her way out.

Harry woke up the next day after a night full of obscene dreams, and with a powerful discharge of magic from his core, making the desk and even the wardrobe shake. He was starting to feel worried, his body and magic were behaving too strangely. He suspected it was searching for release, a very specific and plot based release as dear Luna would say.

Harry didn't know why he was behaving like that, maybe it had something to do with the now gone Horcrux, or maybe it was this weird plane of existence, where he previously didn't existed. Whatever the magical and metaphysical explanation was, he only knew it was starting to get painful. Harry could hear someone playing a guitar close nearby, a well played tune. "Must be Rose…"
"I'm just a pooooooor wayfaring strangeerrr, travelling thrroooouugh this world below. There's nooo sickneeesss, no toil no daaannger, in that bright laaaand to which I gooooo..."

While Harry contemplated the tent in his boxers (he had always been bigger than average, but he suspected he was a little bigger than his normal) he heard the door opening. Harry quickly turned around, throwing the blanket over his overgrown tent, just to find a vision that made his member twitch almost painfully.

Bellatrix, no, he corrected himself, Bella, was at the door, whit her beautiful untamed black curls molding her almost regal pronounced jaw line, holding the breakfast tray, dressed in what looked like a soft silk red and black yukata style robe. It had long, flowing sleeves, covering her arms, but it ended up just above her groin, giving him a complete view of her pretty toned legs. Harry opened and closed his mouth, letting a soft moan out.

Bella felt the release of his magic as soon as she entered the room. His power run through her, touching her own magical core. The witch could notice Harry's large bulge before he covered it with the blanket, and she felt her own arousal moisturizing her entrance. They look at each other in silence for a couple seconds, the only sound was Rose singing and playing in the room next door.

Bella decided to go forward.

"Good morning Harry, I brought you breakfast, I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all. Thank you, Bella." Harry replied, trying to sit straighter, without showing his... humming wand poking through the sheet and blanket. "But, why not send Kreacher?"

Bella blushed, almost like a teen, and cursed herself inwardly.

"I just wanted to see how you were doing." She tried, in a low, calm voice.

"To tell you the truth, I've been feeling weird, since I arrived here. And I had this strange dream you know." Harry blushed. "That when I arrived here I fell with my head where it didn't belong."

She turned around to hide an even stronger blush, and Harry noticed that her kimono seemed even shorter on the back, he could see the curve of her bum just below the rim of the fabric. Bella then, purposely bend her waist to place the tray on the desk.

Harry happily discovered that she was wearing nothing under it, just like when he arrived. For only a second, he saw her puff labia appear between her legs, shining with her juices, for one second, he lost himself in that perfect little puff world, and had to fight back with his desire to bury his face on it.

Harry felt a subtle build on his magic, and the bed shook a little.

Bella herself was delighted with the effect she had on the mysterious young man. Just like she had thought, his magic built up every time he saw her, or Rose. This was a powerful man, perhaps, even stronger than James at his peak. Bella's own resolution was starting to fade.

She turned to him again, sweating and with heavy breath. She could almost see his magic coming and embracing her. Bella took a deep breath.

"Harry... I haven't decided what to do yet, but I assure you I will make a decision tonight. You have been nothing but patient and cooperative. And, like Rose, I believe you." Harry was about to say something, but Bella held up her hand, silencing him. "To be completely honest, I had been feeling weird too, since that night, I can feel, for some weird reason, that you don't want us any harm."

Harry looked at her with wide eyes.
"Wait, are you saying that... the fall, it was real? Not something I imagined after Dumbledore stunned me?!" Harry asked, eyes wide with astonishment and a blush growing when he realized he really had a bucal meeting with Bella's most intimate place. *Petunia would kill me!*

"No dear…” Did she just called him dear? "But now is not the time to talk about it. We will talk about it sometime, just not now. Now, you try to eat something. I will come back later.

Harry watched her hips sway in an almost hypnotic rhythm as she walked and closed the door behind her. The young wizard looked the food, then at his groin. "I don't think I will be able to eat right now…”

.OvO.

Rose stopped playing, and Hermione opened her eyes when they heard Bella closing the door of Harry's room/cell. The young witch saw her aunt flushed red, panting in excitement, before running to her own room. She was not lying, Harry was messing with her too.

"I wonder what they talked about…” Hermione said behind her.

"Me too, and if Harry is ok...” Rose smiled. That terrible and evil smile Hermione knew all too well, she was about to do something wrong. "I have an idea!” Rose ran to her trunk, and started looking for something, throwing some things to the ground around her.

"Hum…” Hermione hummed, "What are you doing Ro?"

"I'm going to spy on him, of course." She looked at her friends from over her shoulder. "Aren't you curious about him?"

Hermione crossed her arms and looked away, pouting at her friend enthusiasm.

"No, I'm not!” The witch didn't understand what was so great about some boy.

"Ha! Found it!” Rose got up, holding what looked like a thick piece of black fabric in her hand.

"What is this?"

"Something the twins created for the ministry, they sent me a copy for testing! Is a one way hole. Check it out." With a swift move, the black haired girl threw the fabric on the wall, it stuck into it, in a round black form. Hermione raised her eyebrows, but Rose just smiled at her. With a touch of her wand, the black fabric became a hole, direct to the other side, with the size of a dish. "Cool, isn't it! It only exists on this side, so the other room can't see us. Let's take a look!"

Rose kneeled in front of the newly formed hole, and looked. There he was, looking around the room, walking from the wardrobe to the small desk. Rose was fascinated, he was so familiar, yet so different. His messy hair, and round spectacles, and those green eyes. For the first time, the girl understood what people said about her eyes. "Wow… that is weird…”

"Yes…” Hermione said, looking at her friend instead of him. "Too weird. And also impossible."

"Well, he is here, isn't he.” The boy, Harry Potter, sat on the bed and with a sigh proceed to kick his red converses. Rose realized she could actually hear the room.

"Ok, calm down Harry, you definitely are at 12 Grimmauld place… and…” He ran his hand through his hair. For some reason, Rose found the gesture at the same time cute and exciting. "Bloody hell, what is happening, my magic is weird, why I can't take her from my head?” Rose looked curious.
Who could that be? Bella?

"Well, he IS messy like you." Hermione pointed out.

Then Harry proceeded to remove his shirt, Rose couldn't help but to bite her lip at the sight, he was fascinating, with his lithe figure, he was not too tall, nor was big, but had toned arms, and the muscles of his chest and abdomen were well formed and evident, like a gymnast, or, more probably, a Quidditch player and a fighter. And there was the scars, so many of them.

"Damn…" Rose whispered.

"What?"

"Come on Hermione, you have to admit, my other self is pretty hot!" Rose pointed out. At the same time, she felt a sting on her heart, no one with that many scars could have had an easy life.

Hermione just hummed and kept looking, as Harry throw away the blanket. He let it hit the ground, showing his black boxers and a well snapped ass. But what got both girls, for different reasons, was the bulge on his groin. Rose felt herself getting hot, and moisture starting to accumulate in her panties. Hermione quickly got up.

"Ok, I am out!" She looked at Rose. "Ro! We shouldn't be looking, let's get downstairs…"

"Don't be such a buzz killing prude Mione, if you don't want to see, you can go." The bushy haired girl crossed her arms, and with one last humf, left the room. Rose quickly and hungrily came back to the hole.

Harry was now seated on the bed. "Why I am feeling like that. I shouldn't be thinking these things. Come on Harry, concentrate." He looked around. "Bloody hell…" Rose saw when his right hand moved to the bulge on his boxers. "I can't stop thinking about her, and I can't concentrate like this…" His hands started moving over his groin. "Rose… Potter…" Harry whispered.

Rose opened her mouth in surprise, he was thinking about her! Just like she couldn't remove him from her own mind. At this moment her panties became unbelievable damp. "What is happening, I never got so wet in life…" And it was true. Even watching Neville and Hannah, or when she was with Fred and George.

She kept watching Harry moving his hands. "Maybe if I…" To Rose's surprise, the boy released his hard member from his underwear. The girl gasped, it was big, and tick, the bigger she ever saw, without being monstrous huge. With a stroke, he released the bulbous head from its skin cap, and he closed his eyes. "Rose…" He whispered, and started slowly stroking it up and down.

Rose watched in fascination, she didn't even realize she was panting. "He is wanking thinking of me!" Without thinking, the girl quickly unbuttoned her own jeans, and without moving her eyes from the amazing sight in front of her, she dove her hand in her knickers. Damn she was wet. Her panties were dumped with her juices, she never felt so excited in her life. Rose saw Harry's hand going up and down his amazing cock, matching the movements with her own fingers moving across her pussy lips. She could see the sweat gathering over his well toned body, as he worked his member, and with a moan, Rose insert first one then two fingers inside her dripping cunt, her left hand joined inside her panties, moving in small circles over her clitoris.

Even without Harry knowing, both teens found an exactly same rhythm of movement, pleasuring themselves in a almost synchronized way. For Rose, even the position she found herself, there she was, spying on another, male, version of herself, jerking off calling her name. Her fingers furiously
started moving in and out of her pussy, while the other hand trembled in a fast speed over her clit. She didn't care anymore, and started moaning loud, with abandon, at the that Harry increased the his own, long strokes.

"Harry… fuck… oh Harry…" The girl started chanting.

"Rose… damn… Ro oooose!" Harry screamed, finally reaching his climax, realizing a little of his magic with it. The vision of jet after jet of the tick, hot sperm exploding from his dick finally sent Rose to her own orgasm, and the girl screamed, her hot juices flowing out her of her vagina. Rose panted…

"Damn, that was intense… and amazing… shit… I think I forgot the silencing charm!" When she realized, Harry was looking at the wall in her direction, blushing furiously.
**In Between Days**

**AN:** First of all, thanks to AWR and Finkaness for the beta reading.

Second, a note about characters acting OOC, as some people complained. Well, there is a reason why this is an AU, is literally another universe, not canon! Some bad people are good, some good people are really bad, so don’t expect all characters to be the same as in the books. Not all fics must be exactly like the canon. Harry will actually notice how some people are acting weirdly, is part of the fun! Anyways, I hope you enjoy one more chapter in our little tale, (also, the last one with imprisoned Harry, I promise lol)

Also, lemons!

Thanks for reading!

**Chapter 04**

**In Between Days**

A beautiful and blushing red Rose joined her family and Hermione for lunch at the big kitchen that day. Remus had the most evil grin on his face, while Bella just giggled at her. Hermione on the other hand, was pouting again. Granger was really starting to look like Pansy.

“You know, if you’re having trouble remembering how to activate the silencing charms…” Remus started.

“Oh haha, blimey Moonie!” Rose blushed even harder, while Remus started laughing. Hermione scoffed.

“Oh, come on Hermione…” Bella touched the girl's shoulder. “It's not like you don't know how this family works, Loosen up a bit.”

Hermione sighed and started filling her plate. Rose looked at Bella and rolled her eyes, something was happening with her friend.

Bella however, found this to be an interesting evolution of events. Bella knew her stepdaughter all too well. The Black Household was, at least for this generation, very open minded and comfortable with magical and sexual behaviour, especially after Bella married James. Rose had told Bella she broke up with Cedric two years ago because he wouldn't participate or even contemplate sharing Rose’s fantasies. When the girl said she wanted to WATCH him with another girl, the boy lost it, and called her a whore. Cedric almost gave up on completing his task after the amount of hexes he endured from Rose and her friends. It seemed like the Weasley twins had been more fun the year before, even though, their adventures caused a small rift between the families. After the family found out about Rose's situation, dating both at the same time, the divide began. But in Rose’s own words, they were good only in small doses. Then, there was Neville, and their come and go situation. Rose said it had more to do with how their magic felt good together, and the fact she loved to watch him and Hannah together. Hermione was trying, but it seemed to Bella that even if her daughter loved to watch others, she was simply not interested in girls that way.
All in all, it made what Bella had decided to do easier. The older witch herself, being somewhat of a free spirit. Molly “Prude Queen” Weasley had even accused her of influencing the girl to become what she called a ‘scarlet woman’. Poor Molly, she didn't know, but Bella was the one who got it from the Potters, not the other way around. With a soft smile, she remembered James and Lily, and their adventures.

One day, she would sit with Remus and Pol, and scare both Harry and Rose for life with their stories.

“Mom…” Rose’s voice brought her back from memory lane. “Please, don’t let old Brian take Harry. He and that greasy bitch would just study him like a guinea pig. He saved us.”

“Rose! Don't talk like that about professor Snape and headmaster Dumbledore, they are teachers!” Hermione admonished, to which Rose only waved her hand.

“What's up with you and teachers now Mione? You are smarter than that! Why are you acting like that?” Rose asked.

Remus looked with a raised eyebrow to Bella, before nodding. To Bella, that only cemented her decision.

.OvO.

At Saint Mungo's hospital, inside the severe curse treatment, Susan Amelia Bones woke up, weeks before expected. She was in a bed with white sheets, dressed in a baby blue scrub, and her hair was a mess. All her body was hurting because of the curse launched at her by Sirius “No Name”, and yet, against all odds, Susan knew she had to wake.

She had dreamed of him again, the person she watched grow from a scared little kid trapped inside a cupboard under the stairs into a powerful wizard, and later a deadly warrior. Her Harry, her savior.

Her aunt Amelia, the professors, and all mental mediwizards she visited in her infancy said he didn't exist, he was just an imaginary friend she created to cope with the death of her parents and the loneliness of her earlier years, and he would vanish with time, as she grew up. But the dreams had never gone away. They grew up together in their dreams, she saw when Harry got to Hogwarts and meet another Susan, almost like her. But she scoffed at him, calling Harry the heir of Slytherin. That was when he decided his Susan, the one he screamed about, was just a fantasy of his mind. But how could she be a dream of his, if he was a dream created by her?

Now, she had dreamed of herself, looking down from the ceiling in the veil chamber, to her own cursed and broken body, and aunt Bella being tossed into the scary thing, when he came and save her. Her Harry. Walking through it. He looked so confused and lost. Harry had come and Susan was dying, her magic had almost completely abandoned her. But the powerful magic burst caused by Bella and him had saved her. He recharged her magic, and before she knew she was back on her body.

And now, she was awake. And he was here!

“Or no? What if it was just another dream, and he really doesn’t exist? But I can feel his magic inside me...” She thought, resting her head on the pillow. Before she could think anything more, a nervous medwitch entered the room, with a nurse and started making her questions.
“Maybe it was all just a dream…” Sue sighed.

Susan sighed, she missed Rose and Hannah.

.OvO.

After a somewhat lonesome lunch, Harry laid on his comfortable bed, (He really didn't remember Grimmauld place to have such nice beds) and with his overflowing magic somewhat a little sateded, he tried to think about something other the his pretty other female self cumming in the next room.

First thing he thought was about his weird magical behavior. Would he need the kind of release to settle it down for now on? Even so, it was such a small relief he feared it would have to be too frequent. If that proved true, he may had to look forward to an embarrassing talk with Bella, and that was not something he was very keen to. Another thing was the decision he had reached after all this time.

Harry was determined to not let Rose go through the horrors he had in his own past life, or dimension, or timeline, whatever, (were was Luna when you needed a crazy theory?) he has been through too much death and sorrow, and no one deserved that. His heart hunched with the forming pain from his memories, but he pushed it aside, like he had done many times in the past. “At least for now…” He promised himself for the hundredth time.

For that, he would help Rose in everything he could. Even fight by her side. And for this to work, the first thing he needed was to learn all the differences between their lives. Some of those were very obvious. First she was a pretty and hot girl, not a weird nerd. Second, she was not raised by the Dursleys, that much he could deduce. Third, Bellatrix was not crazy, nor evil. And she was pretty hot as well. Yet, this was too little. Once he gained the trust of those people, he would start asking, like if Rose participated on the triwizard tournament. The memories of his own lady treating to break his concentration.

Harry barely remembered something about a task, a price to pay for being alive and free here. Well, if they want something done, the old ones, or the outer gods or whoever brought him here would have to be a little more specific sometime in the future.

There was not a dark lord here, but a dark lady. Harry smiled, thinking in who else was gender bent here. He imagined a female Shacklebolt and a male Tonks, and shivered at the image of a female Snape.

Harry was in for a ride.

.OvO.

A panting Daphne Ann Greengrass removed her hand from inside her black panties, and watched the shining stick fluids run through her fingers. That have been an intense orgasm. The young artist had climaxed from her drawings before, but none like this one. And this one was not even the most erotic sketch she had made from this particular subject.
Said subject was a boy, a boy she didn’t even knew in real life, but had inhabited her dreams and fantasies for as long as she could remember. In the sketch the young witch had just finished, he was there, with his messy hair and toned body, full of scars, seat on a bed. Her mother could never see this one, as said model was holding a full flagged erection on his right hand, with an expression of bliss in his face. Drawing it had been so exciting, that as soon Daphne finished it, she had to touch herself into completion.

Now settled, Daphne held her sketchbook with a more critical look, as it’s normal for artists, criticizing her own work, looking for flaws and ways to improve. “He look a little like Rose…” She thought. And like Susan’s dream boy as well. The witch flipped through the past pages, this particular sketchbook was filled with images of this peculiar subject. Riding a broom, reading from a polemic books, holding a wand, running from a fat kid in an alley when he was younger, building a tent in a forest (and for some odd reason he looked a good year older than her at the time), and standing by a tomb -she couldn’t say whose- near a beach somewhere, cleaning his glasses, in one he was kissing a girl who looked remarkably like her, in other a different one. And, in more than one he was engaged in sex with one or both of them. She would never admit, but those were Daphne’s favorites, and the reason almost no one, save some of her close friends, had ever saw this particular sketchbook.

She sighed and placed the sketchbook inside her trunk, before shrinking it. Tomorrow, Daphne and most of the school, were going to take the Express back to London, those last days had been a drag without Rose and Sue around, and she wondered if they were ok, the stories about the ministry attack sounded terrifying, and she was worried to death for her two friends.

Suddenly she heard a scratching on the window, and turned to see a beautiful white owl outside, one she knew all too well. Daphne ran and opened the window for her, with a smile.

“Hello Hedwig, you got something for me?” She asked, and the owl barked proudly, extending her leg.

.OvO.

Harry was reading one of the history books he had requested to Kreacher after a healthy dinner, (He was actually impressed by how well the Blacks eat here.) when he heard a knock on the door.

“You can enter.” he called from the bed, closing the book.

The door opened to reveal Bella in her silk and very short red and black yukata. Harry felt his magic pulsing, and quickly placed the book over his groin. “She is doing that to kill me slowly, that’s the only explanation.” Again he found himself trying (and miserably failing) not to look to the white valley between her breasts, or how they moved when she walked, or how the fabric over her hips ended just below a promise of beauty and lust.

He was eating well and his guards were gorgeous women.

Best. Prison. Ever

Bella noticed the effect she caused on him, and gave a mischievous smile. She leaned, resting her bum on the small table beside the door, giving him a small glimpse of what was underneath her clothes.
“I just came check on you Harry. Are you ok?”

“Hum, I guess, why do you ask?”

“Well, you seemed to have some… activity this morning, with a small magical backlash.”

“So, she IS watching me.” He thought, blushing into a Weasley shade of red. “It was… nothing… Sorry for that…”

“Hey, there is absolutely nothing to be sorry about. Especially because you were not the only one.” Bella changed her weight from one leg to another. Her grin grew even wider.

“Is… is Rose ok?” he asked, feeling the déjà-vu again, but it was shattered when he heard:

“Yes, I am.” Harry could see the girl peeking from the door just outside the room, also blushing. She was wearing her oversized Sex Pistols shirt. She leaned on the door, with a dreamy look. Harry was relieved she didn't see what he was doing when she screamed.

“Ok Harry, I will ask it once.” Bella said in a more serious tone, hoping to get serious before the teens started flirting. “Are you here to help us?”

“Yes.” He answered without a flinch. His whole expression had changed, gone was the confused teen, Harry looked like a fighter now, one who had seen battle, had won and lost, Bella could recognize the fire in his eyes, a fire that only the Potters had. She gave him a predatory smile. The witch loved those eyes. With James it always meant a great fight, or amazing sex, and Bella hoped for both here. Rose on her part was astonished to see the shy boy disappear and be replaced by what looked a seasoned warrior, in a way she only ha seen on her mother and Remus before. The teen witch didn't know if she felt more excited, or fearful. Even his magic seemed to change around them, from welcoming to something fierce and protective.

Bella nodded at Harry. That was the answer she was hoping for.

“Good. Try to take some rest, tomorrow we will have an uphill battle against Dumbledore and the order.”

“Story of my life for the last couple years. The Ministry trying to discredit me, the Order trying to chafe me…us. Been there, suffered that.” Harry responded with a shrug. He knew what would come, and he was ready.

Bella got up and straightened her yukata ‘accidentally’ giving Harry a quick glance at her puffy lips and a hint of her pubes. Harry groaned a little too loud.

Rose and Bella giggled.

“Good night Harry.”

“Have nice dreams…”

Best prison ever indeed.

.OvO.
People could say Rose Potter was many things, pervert, loud, prankster, fierce, loyal… but there was something no one, not even her greatest haters could say she was, and that was a coward. But, looking at Harry that night, knowing who he was and feeling his magic shifting, she was sure of one more thing. Rose was not a warrior.

Harry was. And that scared her. Bella noticed the uneasy frown on her stepdaughter’s face after they left the boy’s room.

“Want to tell me something?” The older witch asked. Rose looked at her, with doubtful eyes before giving in.

“The way he changed when you asked if he would help us… it was almost like another person, the fire in his eyes…”

“I noticed…”

“I wonder which Harry is the real one…”

Bella ran a hand over Rose’s messy hair and smiled, she could see how confused she was, just like Lily, at the beginning of the war, before she herself joined in the fight.

“Both are, Rose. Harry had fought before, and he's ready to fight again, but at the same time, he still is the shy blushing nerd we met. He fought a war dear, like Remus and I did.” Rose bit her lip, and Bella raised an eyebrow. “What else Ro? You can tell me…”

Rose took a deep breath.

“I… I feel incredibly inadequate right now…”

“Why?! A surprised Bella asked.

“I realized I am not like that mom… I am not a warrior… do I need to become one like him? Can I even do it? What if I can't? So many people are counting on me and…”

“Shhh…” Bella said, hugging her daughter. “Don't think like that dear. You are not the same people, and you are as fierce and powerful as they come. Look at me Rose…” Bella locked her purple eyes into Rose’s emerald green ones. “I know that look Rose, and the price he had to pay for it was too high, one I don't want you to pay, and if I felt his magic correctly, neither does Harry. You are stronger than you can even imagine, and with our help, nothing will stand in your way.”

Rose hugged her stepmother tightly, with a smile on her face.

“Thank you…” She whispered. Rose was not a warrior, it was true, but she would become one for her mother and everyone she loved.

.OvO.

Hermione took a deep breath to calm herself, she knew something was wrong the instant her magic interacted with his. Something had clicked inside her head, and it was driving her crazy, and not in a good way. Hermione was sure whatever happened to her was also happening to Rose.

Her Rose.
But Hermione would save Rose from the boy, if he was even a boy.

.OvO.

A couple hours later, Harry was still awake on his bed, looking at the ceiling, his mind flashing with images of yutaras, band shirts and lips, both up and lower. “Here I go again, on my own.” Harry grumbled, half consciously quoting one of Rose’s songs from earlier today. But this time he would use his shower. Partly to mask his groaning and moaning, and partly because his tense muscles demanded it, loudly, as his back cracked when he got up. Bella was kidding him, it would be impossible to sleep in this state.

Harry walked into the small shower adjunct to his room. He turned the hot water and let it hit his tired back muscles with a groan, getting lost in his own thoughts. This was a new different world, and even his magic was acting weird now. He was so lost in his own mind that he failed to hear the door opening and closing, and only the touch of soft, but determined hands on his back brought him back to reality with a startle.

“You seem to have had a hard live...” Bella said in a husky voice into his ears, her hands running up and down his black. “I hope one day you feel comfortable enough to tell me what happened.” Harry froze in place, he couldn't believe that was happening.

“W... what are you doing?” Harry asked, a little scared, but he could feel his body and his magic responding in kind to her touch.

“Welcoming you, and properly thanking you for saving my life.” Her hands started running through his chest, and he felt her soft lips on his neck and shoulders, the feeling of her soft, warm breasts pressed against his back felt delicious after so long, making his body react even harder. Harry felt her body getting closer to his, as if she wanted the most skin contact as possible.

Her hands kept running through his body, going lower and lower each time, until they reach his hips and his pubes. Bella lightly touched the base of his cock, and run the fingers all through his length. Soft and slow, almost like she was trying to memorize every detail of his large member. Bella took a deep breath, it had been a while since she had a Potter cock on her hands, and by Morgana, she missed it.

“I guess I will enjoy this as much as you...” She said in his ears, sending shivers down his spine. In a swift movement, she grabbed his dick with both hands. Harry could not believe it. Bellatrix Lestrange, no, Bellatrix Black, was jerking his cock. She stroke all through his length, slowly at first, savoring the effect she was having on him. Bella pressed her hips on his bum, and he could feel the warmth emanating from her core. “Relax now baby… you can let it go.” She whispered.

Bella grabbed one of his hands, and guided it into her womanhood. Harry groaned when he felt it, first her soft, wet pubes, then the curve of her mount, and the heat from her labia. Letting his own inhibitions go, the young wizard ran his fingers through her lower lips, and with much more skill than Bella expected, started teasing her clitoris, making the witch moan.

Both stayed there, trying to find their rythm under the hot water. As she stroked his dick, Bella was getting lost on the sensations Harry’s skilful hands were giving her. It was like magic run through his fingers, instinctively the witch started moving her hips, grinding her sex in his hand, increasing the speed of her stroking. Harry moaned, and Bella bit his shoulder to muffle her own pleasure filled
voice.

“I’m almost… there… Bella!” He said in between the splashing sounds of the water being moved by her hand.

“Aaaah… me too babe… me too!” Bella could feel his magic building together with his pleasure, and surrounding them.

It didn’t took long after that, with a groan, Harry clenched his teeth, and felt the all familiar pressure on his groin, before releasing shoot after shoot of his thick cum at the wall, and he could feel his magic being released with it. Bella bit him even harder, and Harry could feel her muscles pressing against his fingers, trapping his hands in between their bodies. She released him, and turned the young man to herself. There was magic around them, his eyes were glowing in the dim light. Harry gave her a roguish smile, and leaned forward to kiss her, Bella felt like bolts of electricity ran over her body when their tongues touched, and she could feel he was still hard, even after cuming.

Bella kept kissing him, while she retrieved her wand from the sink, with a quick spell, both were almost completely dry. It would be hard for her to get dry in certain areas right now. Then the witch all but tossed the young man on the bed. She took a moment to admire him, his glowing green eyes, and lean muscles, his battle scars, and his large, erect cock. Harry did the same at her, drinking on her amazing breasts with inviting dark nipples, and her flat stomach. He felt the need to lick the landing strip over her pussy, before diving into her flowing juices. But when he moved to sit, she pushed him back into the bed.

“No, no, babe, I am the one thanking you here… now relax and enjoy it.” Bella leaned over him, kissing his chest and belly, licking and biting. Harry watched as this beautiful woman, with her full, luxurious black hair, worshiped his body. One of her hands clawed his chest, as the other found the base of his dick, lifting it. Bella kissed the bulbous pulsating head and looked directly into his eyes, before engulfing it with her mouth. Harry groaned and rolled his head back, damn she was skilled! The older witch used her tongue on the underside of his cock while vigorous sucking it. Her head bobbed up and down, and Harry stroke her beautiful wavy hair.

“Oh… fuck! this is amazing!” He all but screamed. He could feel something building inside him, something other than his orgasm, something in his magic.

With a pop like sound, Bella let his dick go from her mouth and grinned at him, The witch also could feel her magic working on a different level here. Something was happening, but it was something so good, miraculous, she was tempted to call it , like if somehow they were getting closer, and their magic was becoming one. Bella could feel her own power growing as his magic touched hers.

“That was just the beginning babe…” She lifted herself and startled him, still holding the base of his cock, aligning it with her main entrance.

“Gods… you are beautiful!” Harry half spoke, half moaned.

“You are just saying this because I'm rubbing my pussy on your big dick” She knew how to talk dirty. “Tell me that in the morning, baby, when I got my bed hair, no makeup and haven’t had my first coffee.” she giggled and kissed him.

“N… no, it is true…” Harry couldn't finish as his dick was engulfed by the most perfect, warm and wet glove. All he could do was moan as she took him inside her, inch by inch, with a blissful expression.

Bella groaned in pleasure, only James had ever made her feel so full! And Amelia’s Goliath double
dildo, but it wasn’t a living, warm cock like this one! Potter Wands indeed! It didn’t skip this
generation, at least not in his world!

When their hips finally touched, Bella took a second to get used to the feeling of fullness, it had been
years, she relinquished on it before starting moving again. The witch lifted her hips high, until all but
the head of his cock was inside of her, only to lower herself again with a delightful wet sound. Harry
took a deep breath, and placed one of his hands on her hip and with the other cupped one of her
amazing d sized bouncing breasts. Bella kept moving up and down, getting lost on the feeling of
riding such an amazing fuck after so long. Harry pinched her nipple with his thumb and index
fingers.

“Guess you like them… aaaah… you can play with them… as much… that's good… as you want...”
Bella moaned.

After just a little, Harry started meeting her movements, going upwards every time she came down.
Bella moaned even louder (“oh fuck yeah! deeper!”). Her fluids starting to gather over his belly.
With a grunting sound, Harry moved the hand on her waist and grabbed her ass cheek, squeezing the
delicious soft flesh.

“FUCK YEAH HARRY. FUCK ME!”

The young wizard increased the speed and force of his movements, making Bella scream in delight.
Magic was building between and around them, Harry could feel like she was closer and closer to
him. He could feel her arousal building, and the closeness of her orgasm.

“YES BAAAAABE!” With one last scream from Bella, Harry felt her walls clenching on to him,
and he was overflowed with her fluids, the tightness proved to be too much for the young wizard,
and Harry exploded his seed inside her womb. He arched his back in one last powerful trust, and
released his magic. This time the release was much stronger, all the pain was gone. Bella felt her
womb and magical core being filled to its fullest. It was warm, and loving and caring, like a powerful
shield around her, something she never felt before. The witch let herself collapse over him, both
covered in sweat and sex fluids.

Bella shivered as he ran his hands lightly over her wet back. It had been years since she felt this close
to someone. Not even Amy was like that. There was something magical there, It had a feeling of
familiarity, something learned decades ago either at school or among her family, but she couldn’t, for
dear life, remember what it was.

“Thank you Harry.” She whispered in his ear, before slowly getting up.

“You don't have to leave, you know?” He remarked, and immediately felt like a clingy idiot. For all
he knew this was it, one time deal.

“It was amazing babe” She said grabbing her yukata. “But we both need some rest.” She leaned and
kissed him. Harry indeed looked tired, spent, after all those days building his magic. “And Harry, this
was NOT a one time thing.” Bella winked at him, before walking to the door.

Harry was sound asleep before she closed it.
Rose Potter was recovering from her own orgasm. She was fascinated, almost hypnotized from watching Bella and Harry from the portable hole on the wall. Rose was astonished. She never saw her mom cum like that, the green eyed witch could feel their magical release at her room, and it only intensified her own climax.

Rose liked her Aunt Amelia, she was almost like a real aunt to her and Susan was her sister in all but blood, but damn she didn't bring her mom orgasms like that! Strong ones, yes, but nowhere THAT strong. She felt some of that magical shockwave aftermath tickle her own core like a lover's caress. Rose could only imagine what Bella herself had felt.

Turning back to her bed, Rose realized she was not mad at her mom. Her relationship with Amy was intermittent at best, and Rose herself was nothing to the boy. Yet. And it had been something amazing to watch.

But, after that show, all that Rose desired was to be in her mom’s place.

.OvO.

Bella gave one last look at the sleeping teen before closing the door. The witch had a bright smile on her face, she had never felt like that. This young man had given her an orgasm so powerful that it resonated with her magic.

Walking to her room, she thought about Rose. She had asked about him, and he Harry asked about her. Would it be weird? Would she be ok with the situation? Thinking about it, Bellatrix noticed a faint green light coming from one of the rooms, one that was not used for a long time. It was a room the witch had avoided for years, only Kreacher, and sometimes a curious Rose used to enter it.

She opened the door, it was an almost empty room now, Bella tried to change it many times since she became head of the Black family when Sirius killed Regulus and got disowned by the family’s magic. Now, looking at the black family tapestry on the wall, she remembered why she couldn't change it. The Black family could have done some less than respectable things, but looking at the long uninterrupted line of great wizards and witches, she couldn't help but also feel pride from her hereditary.

But now, the big family tree was glowing with a dim light. Bella approached it, looking at the names. She followed until her aunt Dorea, who married Carlus Potter. Under him she could see James and his sister Katriona. Lily's name was on the left side, linked to James, her own name was on the right side from James, and under then, Rose's. She looked wide eye, there, besides Rose, a new name was appearing, not linked, but under James and Lily.

She read; Harry Potter.
The door hanged just by one of his wrenches, Harry could see the enormous silhouette against the night storming sky, too big to be human, threatening to enter the small cottage. His walrus of a uncle pointed the gun, not at the figure, but at Harry’s face. The boy froze, trembling at the sight of the double barret killing tool. His uncle would not dare, would he? Beating him was one thing, but shoot him was too much!

“If you take one more step, I will blow the freak’s brains out!” Vernon screamed, his face turning red as a tomato, spitting with every word.

The monstrous thing at the door lifted what Harry thought was a umbrella, pointing it at his uncle. A sparkle came from it, and Vernon Dursley was thrown ten feet in the air. Petunia screamed when her husband hit the wall with a bone cracking sound.

Then the enormous thing entered the room, and Harry meet the most friendly eyes he had ever seem.

“Hya ‘Arry, I'm here to deliver your letter, it seems to have been some kind of problem with it.” The giant’s voice thundered over his aunts screams.

The giant was hairy, with a full bear going almost to his belly, but Harry could see it was meant to hide the many scars on the man's face. But his smile was big and bright.

“My... my letter? What letter, what are you talking about?” Harry asked in disbelief. The giant smile grew even bigger.

“Don't ye know ‘arry? Yer a wizard!”

Bella woke up, the sun reaching her from a cracking in the curtains. The dream, no, this was too realist, too coherent to be a dream, haunting her. This must be a the memory, and it kept on playing again and again on her head. Sweet Circe, what his life must have been?!

.OvO.

Harry woke from the best night he had since he arrived here, (in this brave new world) wherever here was. Damn, it must have been his best night in years! With both his new found libido and magic settled, he was able to sleep like a rock, and finally get some well needed rest. The young wizard could still smell Bella’s scent on his bed, which brought him a confusing memory from a dream. It was not clear, but Harry thought he could remember Bella at the beach, with both his, or better yet,
Rose’s parents, enjoying the summer in their youths. Thinking about the emerald eyed girl gave him an even bigger grin, and Harry realized he was feeling somewhat easy, listening to the sounds of the awakening home. Harry could hear Rose humming in French, and he was happy Fleur and Apolline had taught him the language, so he knew it had to do with a woman wanting to eat her breakfast in peace.

The young wizard got up and took care of his biological needs, before dressing on his ragged jeans and white shirt. Those were the only clothes he had on this plane, but at least Kreacher kept them nice and clean. Speaking of the ugly house elf, Harry expected him to pop at any minute, carrying the usual tray of fruits and bread, but he was surprised by the small creature opening the door instead.

“Mistress Black awaits master Harry for breakfast.” Kreacher said in a solene voice, to Harry's surprise.

Guess my time is due. The boy thought. “Thank you kreacher, I will be downstairs in a minute.”

For some stupid reason, Harry felt the need to look at himself in the mirror, and try to fix his appearance, maybe tame his hair just a little. Of course he failed miserably, and with a sigh, Harry finally got out of the room.

This was 12 Grimmauld place alright, no more doubt about it, but is was completely different from the one he knew. This place looked like a home, it was clean and well illuminated, with soft carpets and white walls. Harry smiled seeing a sign with Rose’s name over the door next to his, surrounded by funny stickers and band logos.

But what really got Harry was the pictures. There was a big mixture of both muggle and magical ones. Harry could see some of Rose as a child, surrounded by friends and family. He was sure he could recognize some of the people in the photos. There was Bella, Lupin, Amelia and Susan, a small Daphne Greengrass with crayons, Apolline, Fleur and Gabby (who seemed older here) with the Blacks at some beach in France. A child Rose in a pretty dress, dancing with little Neville in a party, when they were around seven or eight. Another that caught Harry’s attention was of Rose in a dress with a guitar on what he recognized as the stage from the Yule Ball, a year and a half ago. She was playing and singing side by side with the lead singer of the Weird Sisters. Harry loved then all. He almost expected to feel hurt and jealous, but all he could feel was happiness. Rose was able to have the childhood he was denied.

Then, he saw a picture that drove his eyes. In the magical photo, a young James Potter, with a bright and mischievous smile, in front of a beautiful beach, grabbed both Lily and Bella by their waists, and brought then next to him. Both young women were looking from the camera to James with big and bright smiles. Harry stayed there, looking at them with teary eyes, and realized it was the scenery from the dream he had that night.

After a while, he decided to get to the kitchen, Harry remembered the house’s plan all too well, he imagined if Bella expected this, as some sort of test. He arrived at the big kitchen, just to find all the other house inhabitants sat on the table, in an animated conversation.

“Good morning…” Harry shily said at the door, and all four faces suddenly turned to him, the wizard felt a little taken aback with the attention, but the smiles on both Rose’s and Bella’s faces more than compensate the hurtful scorn on Hermione’s expression. Remus just looked at him, and gave a nod.

“Good morning Harry, I'm glad you decide to join us!” Bella said in a jovial voice. Harry noticed she was looking very lovely in her yukata, with her wavy hair cascading over her shoulders, it looked like the witch was almost glowing. Harry then looked at Rose, who was to his left side, closest to the door, she was still wearing her oversized shirt and had a foot over the chair, showing her well shaped

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leg, she was resting her chin on one of her knees, and her beautiful green eyes were twinkling with happiness.

“Thank you for letting me out.” Harry said, still at the door.

“Please Harry, you are more than welcome to seat with us” Rose lifted her head and said in a melodic tone, a nice smile gracing her full lips. The young witch started moving her knee to the side, giving Harry an enticing view of her pantie clad groin. As her knee moved to one side to another, he could see her perfectly discernable pussy lips moving under the tight white fabric. And, if he was not mistaken, Harry could see a little of moisture forming in there. He was almost hypnotized by the movement of her labia, and had to use his occlumency to force himself to look away. “Here, sit next to me!”

Hermione made a weird scoffing sound when he sat, but Harry choose to ignore it. That was more her family than his, as far as he was concerned, and he didn't want to start a confrontation. Rose on the other hand, just rolled her eyes at her friend’s attitude.

“What is wrong with her, is this all jealousy?” Rose thought, giving Harry a plate, which Harry gladly accepted, although feeling a little self conscious. Rose kept looking at him with a mischievous grin, and Hermione was glaring at him even more than before. He was afraid of meeting Bella’s or Remus eyes, and could almost feel their smiles, both surely enjoying his embarrassment.

As he put some beans, bacon and sausage on his plate, he tried to break the ice.

"Loved the songs yesterday Rose…” Rose blushed deep red as he spoke. “Though I didn’t know what song it was, you have a lovely voice when you sing.” Harry complemented "And when you climax too." The wizard thought. He was about to take a bite when, turning his head at the soft squeak coming from Rose, he saw her blushing, and it hit him like a ton of brick. "Oh shit! I said that out loud, didn't I?" "What the fuck is wrong with me!"

There was a blank, a moment of absolute silence. Nobody moved nor said anything. It only took one look from Bella to Remus, whose face registered recognition, to set them off, in a raucous, unstoppable burst of laughter. Neither could stop laughing. They were gripping their respective abdomen that were aching from the violent spasm of their hilarity. Tears were rolling down their cheeks.

“So much -ahahaha- like your -hehehe- father, Ro!” panted Remus.

“Just like Lily, Harry!” added Bella, setting them both off for another bout of uncontrollable laughter. One of her breasts, topped with a Gaelion wide brown areola fell out the yukata, but Harry did his best to ignore the impromptu show, trying to use his occlumency to stop the mental image of him suckling that nipple, the very night before. Soon enough, Bella, between laughter hick-ups put it back in the robe with a sparkly eyed wink in his direction, still unable to stop her laughter.

Now, Rose was starting to look annoyed. She gave Harry a questioning look but he shrugged in ignorance. Rose took a breath then did the best impression of McGonagall Harry ever heard.

“Maybe you could share what so funny with the class, Mr Lupin and Miss Black? Unless your prefer detention with Mr Filch?”

Both adults froze and looked around in panic before realized what just happened.

“Not cool, Rose. You know that voice scared me for years! I have some very traumatic memories from her detentions” Remus groused.
“Mischief--” Harry began, offering his fist to Rose.

“--Managed!” finished Rose, bumping his fist with hers.

Harry smiled at her and Rose winked back at him. Both knew then, that they would be alright.

And that really didn’t sit well with the other witch that dropped her kerchief on the table and stood up with a huff.

“Professor Lupin, can you take me home now?” Hermione groaned. Everyone looked at her in shock. She was glaring at Harry and Rose. The young wizard felt a wave of guilt washing over him, the way Hermione looked at him was hurtful, and completely different than her ever saw. Harry had to remind himself again, this was not his world, and that was not the genius girl that once was his best friend.

“ Aren’t going to wait until after the meeting Mione?” Bella asked, with a serious expression, she was not liking the way her protege was behaving those last few days, specially towards Rose.

"Aunt Bella, I love you very much, you're the aunt I never had and my magical guardian, but as long as that FREAK is here, I can't be. I don’t feel safe! He's a perverted pig! and... aaaaarh!” Hermione all but screamed in frustration. The bushy haired girl could feel something was wrong, and that it was this… monster’s fault

Harry could only look down to the ground, her choice of word cutting him deep, coming from someone who looked exactly like his best friend. He clenched his hand around the fork, trying to hide how hurt he felt. But anyone could see it.

Rose glared at her friend. “Bloody hell Hermione, what is wrong with you? He saved our lives, remember?”

“With me? What is wrong with you lot! You are all obsessed with this… boy… if he is really human! And you Bella, doing whatever you were doing at his room late last night and…”

Bella hit the knife on the table, and for just a second Harry saw a glimpse of his world’s Bellatrix in her eyes.

"Go pack your stuff, Hermione. And if you can't change your attitude toward Harry before the end of the summer, I suggest you prepare alternative plan for your staying during the hols" Bella said in a low, but dangerous tone.

Hermione shrieked, almost like she was in pain. She looked at Rose for support but only to find a sad loom.

“Really Mione? You are my friend… but lately you have been acting like… like your father!” Rose finally said. Harry could see she was holding back her tears, and felt like a terrible jerk for being the reason of all this.

Without answering, Hermione stormed out of the room, feeling hurt, and betrayed. The young witch could see that her father was really right after all. Bella sighed, that was not what she expected, it seemed the intelligent girl was not very good at handling rejection.

“I'm sorry…” Came the weak voice from Harry. “I barely arrived and already fucked things up. I can go and try to talk to her...”

“No Harry!” Rose held his hand and Harry felt a jolt of magic running through them. The wizard
was sure she could feel it too when her eyes widened, before Rose continued speaking. “Hermione has been acting like that for a while. Is not only you, she had a big fight with Susan and Daphne too at the end of last term. Something else is happening.”

Harry squeezed her hand, feeling a little reassured. None of teens noticed the looks exchanged by Bella and Remus. The werewolf got up from the table.

“Well, if you could excuse me, I think I need to escort our miss Granger home. I see you guys later.”

“Bye uncle Moonie.” Rose said, somewhat a little more relief. “And us, what we are going to do today?” The girl asked Bella.

“I would suggest we go to Gringotts. I thought about doing it later this month, but I realized that what I have in mind must be done before the order’s meeting. Also, Harry really need some clothes” Bella said, looking at his jeans and white shirt. Rose looked a little put out by this.

“Can we at least have something nice to eat?”

“Sure Ro, you choose.” Bella gave in, looking at the teens, still didn't realized they were still holding hands.

.OvO.

“Bella? Rose? Girls, are you there?” Amelia Bones’s face appeared through on to the fireplace in the living room, as the family was getting ready to leave. By instinct, Harry hid behind the door, afraid of being seen by the head of the DMLE.

“Hello Amy.” Bella answered with a smile, a little colder than she wanted, their last meeting had not be a very pleasurable one.

“Aunt Amy!” Rose was a little more enthusiastic. “Please, tell me you have news of Sue. Pretty please.”

“That's exactly why I called dear. She woke up last night, feeling a lot better. The doctors doesn't exactly know how, as the dark burning curse she received was extremely powerful, Susan was supposed to be out for a while. It is nothing short of a miracle!” Amelia said with a smile.

“Those are great news Amy!” Bella said, genuinely happy for the girl she considered a niece, and it was one of the her stepdaughter’s best friends.

“When she will be back home? Or can we visit?” Rose anxiously asked.

“They want to keep Sue in observation for a little while, as her recovery is most unusual. The mediwizards want to make sure everything is alright. Specifically because when Sue woke up, she was talking about... him again… after all those years.” Amelia gave a tired sigh.

Both Bella and Rose looked at each other wide eye in realization.

“Well, don't worry, she's out of danger. I will call you as soon as she can have visits or can go home. I am sure it will be before the party. Cya girls.”

“Bye aunt Amy.” Rose said, before looking to a confused Harry.
The surprise that appeared on Harry when they entered the garage made Bella laugh softly. He knew this Bella was different, very accepting of muggle tech, if the television in the living room was any indication, but he never expected to see three different cars. A sports one with the Dodge logo on its trunk, a SUV with three rows of seats, and an old model of an Aston Martin.

“That was Jimmy’s car.” Bella explained, seeing Harry looking at it. “He bought it after Lily showed us the first James Bond movies. The idiot would wear a tuxedo for days to no end too! It lasted until he made the mistake to call Amy ‘Moneypenny’. She hexed him so hard he had to be taken to St Mungo’s and stay overnight!”

“Wow… not that I am complaining, far from it.” Harry took a closer examination of his, no, he reminded himself again, Rose’s father car. “But it is not easier to take the floo?” He looked at the women confused. “Wait, do you have floo network here? I mean, you just talked to Amelia, but maybe you can’t travel…”

Rose laughed at his confusion, she was wearing a jeans with holes on her knees, and a shirt from a band he didn’t know. The messy haired girl had long legs, and an incredibly bum, even under her jeans.

“Of course we have floo travel here. But all travels, with no exceptions, are monitored, since lady V came into the out again. And mom here like driving.” She pointed her thumb at Bella, who just shrugged.

“I blame Lily.”

Harry was amazed of how easy was for them to speak about James and Lily. Maybe growing up supporting each other, and with so many friends, really made that much difference. Bella continued.

“Besides, from here to Tom’s is not a long drive. We are taking the SUV. Harry…” The wizard turned to look at her. “Here, this is yours.” Bella reached for her back pocket, and offered him his wand, which he gladly took, feeling the familiar hush of magic.

“Thank you.” He smiled, flipping her over his fingers, before sliding it to his own pocket.

“We, I hope you don't try anything bad with it. I checked and it doesn't seem to have the trace on it as well. Also, even it it still had it, I don't know it it would work. Those plots are so confusing!” The older witch said before getting into the car. Rose sat beside her in the front passenger seat, shoving a k7 tape into the stereo, and Harry in the back. He had to admit, it really was a fun ride.

The first different thing Harry noticed entering the alley was the amount of ministry posters and flyers. There were many of them, with different messages, one said that if you suspected your neighbor from being a unregistered werewolf, who you should call, another talked about auror force enlistment programs, and other similar messages. The young wizard felt a shiver running down his spine, realizing all of them had to do with vigilance and reporting.
Harry also had to admire the way Rose handled things at the diagonal alley. People compliment her, talked to her, and wave at her. And she was at least polite with everyone who approached them. She gave special attention to kids, talking to them and signing cards. Harry was looking at her in awe when she got him staring.

“What? There is something in my face?” Rose asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes, those eyes.” Harry thought.

“No no, is just that, I was never comfortable with this kind of attention in my world.”

“I learned very early this was inevitable, so it was better to learn and live with it. Better than let anyone inventing false stories about you.” The young witch sighed. “After things starting happening in Hogwarts it only got worse. Is better to be polite then let people know what that bitch Skeeter writes about me.”

“Here too...” Harry whined.

“Yeah, the triwizard tournament year was hell...”

“Did you won it?”

“What?”

“The tournament.”

Rose gave him a confused look.

“No, I didn't compete on it, I was not of age. My boyfriend, and one of my friends at the time that did.”

There was a big difference between them, but Harry's little confused hormone driven mind could only concentrate on another detail. “Do you have a boyfriend?”

Rose blushed. “No, I dumped Cedric at the end of that year. I think he is dating Chang now, but I really don't care.” The girl shrugged, she really didn't cared, for all she knew, Cedric and Cho deserved each other in all their elitist shit. Cedric had proven to be a sexist pig at the end of that year.

“Cedric is alive here!” Harry's mind screamed.

Bella looked at the teens talking. Again, without both noticing, Rose was holding Harry's pink finger. The boy was also starting to get a lot of attention from the people around him, it didn't take long for Harry himself realize this.

“Hum, why is everyone staring at me?”

“Because you are young and attractive.” Bella said, making him blush a little.” And no one knows who you are. Take a good look around, tell me if you notice something.”

Harry did just that. It didn't took long for him to realize. “Why is there so few wizards? Most of the people here are women...”

“Yes Harry, around sixty five percent of the magical population are female nowadays. There was always more magical girls than boys born, though the gap was never so wide. The war took a big toll on us. The Dark lady primarily recruited pureblood men, and relentless hunted down those who refused to join her. It will take years for our society to get back to normal, when after we defeat her.”
Bella said. “So don't be alarmed if they look at you like a piece of meat” Bella winked at him.

“A damn nice piece!” Rose said. “Ow, did I said that out loud?” The girl's mischievous grin was so enticing that Harry was afraid of being embarrassed by his own growing arousal.

“ *That certain explains a lot.*” Harry thought to himself.

The goblin bank building was exactly the same huge white marble one from Harry’s own dimension, the same boring columns and statues. The young wizard remembered the last time he was here, when he exited in the back of a dragon. The huge entrance hall, and the line of cashiers looked exactly the same. Rose seemed even more bored than him.

Only now, Harry noticed she was holding his hand, and he decided he liked that. Bella approached one of the cashiers and said in a commanding voice. “Bellatrix Black to see manager Griphook.”

The feral goblin looked at her with cunning little black eyes. “May I have your wand for identification Madam.”

Bella handed him the magical focus, and after a quick inspection, the creature returned it to her. “Please follow me Lady Black”

The three humans followed the goblin through a corridor with dozens of doors, each with a name written in goblin language. The little creature stopped in front one of one of the doors to the right and gestured for them to enter. “Manager Griphook is waiting for you, Lady Black.”

With just a nodd, she entered the raw, barely decorated room, with a big table, and uncomfortable chairs. There was piles of parchment over the goblin’s desk, and behind the evil looking creature there was a oversized meathook, with old and dry blood stains all over its metal point.

“Good morning mylady, what can I do for you today?” Griphook asked in a formal tone.

“Good morning, manager Griphook, I have an unusual request for you today.” The goblin raised an eyebrow. “I need to request a blood and inheritance test.”

“Hasn’t young Rose Potter already taken hers?”

“Yes, this one is for the young boy here. I believe it will be a very interesting one.” Bella gesture towards Harry.

“Of course milady, you do understand there is a fee involved right?”

Bella rolled her eyes. “Of course manager Griphook, you can take it directly from my account.”

With a predatory smile, the goblin extended her a piece of parchment and a blood quill. Bella signed without hesitation, and the goblin nodded. Then, after filing the document, the goblin turned to Harry, magically producing a small dagger from the thin air. “I just need a drop from your blood at this magical parchment boy. It will not hurt. Much.”

Harry nodded, his Daphne had pushed him to do that on his old timeline. Harry pierced his finger, and let a drop of his blood hit the parchment. The piece of paper glowed, and letters started appearing on it. It read:

Harry James Potter-Black
Born on July 31, 1980

Father: James Charlus Potter (deceased)

Mother: Lilian Iris Potter né Evans (deceased)

House Potter: Lordship (forgone: not applicable in this plane)

House Peverell: Lordship (unclaimed)

House Black: Heir presumptive (forgone: not applicable in this plane)

House of Evans: Heir Presumptive, 2th in order of succession

Master Of Death (forgone, not applicable in this plane)

Closest to kin:

Rose Potter-Black (Magical related)

Iris Ovidius: Through patriarchal Peverell line.

…

“Wow…” Rose murmured looking at the paper. “Not that I needed any other proof, but… wow.”

Griphook looked at the piece of parchment, wide eyed, an expression Harry had almost never saw in a goblin. “This means what I think it means?”

“If you mean being from another plane of existence, then you are correct manager.” Harry waved his hand.

“You are luck your crimes don’t carry trough dimensions, or time for that matter mister Potter.” The goblin said, looking at a piece of paper, where his crimes and posses kept appearing. Rose gave a mixture of questioning and administration gaze at him, which he only whispered “later”. The goblin continued. “But rest assured we will keep an eye on you, until proven you are no longer a threat to our security.”

“Fair enough.”

“Now lady Black. I presume you want to keep this a secret?” The goblin asked, to which Bella nodded. “Is there anything else we can do for you today?”

A determined look Bellatrix looked at the parchment concerning the young wizard in front of her. “Yes, I would like to ask for a blood guardianship ritual…”

.OvO.

“Now, we will have lunch, yes Rose, you choose, than shopping for some clothing.” Bella said, exiting the room with her stepdaughter and her new found protege. Harry was dumbstruck by the
guardianship act. It was too soon, too fast. Bella barely knew him. He didn’t know what to think about it, but he could somehow feel it was sincere. After the ritual, when they were both alone at the room, Bella had even kissed him in the lips, and caressed his member over his trousers “We can celebrate it later” she whispered.

They were back to the main entrance hall when someone called for Bella. They turned around to see the majestic figure of Narcissa Malfoy, walking in her stiletto high heels in their direction. The regal blond woman, with her point nose and square aristocratic chin (a lot like Bella) stopped for a second, when her eyes meet Harry.

“James…” she said only to herself, before shaking her head, of course it was not him.

“Bella! I was about to floo you!” Narcissa said in a urgent tone. Harry could see the distance between the two sisters, but also could feel the love between then. “Who is this young man?”

“Hello my lady. I’m Harry James Potter... Black, James’ so...nephew.” Harry presented himself, and almost spilled the bean about his parentage.

“You can trust Aunt Cissy, Harry. She’s one of the best occlumens in Britain, after Mom” Rose whispered to him. “She has been feeding Bella information about the Death eaters or years…” Harry could also feel his magic reaching out to her, and a warm feeling he couldn’t identify, similar to what he had felt toward Bella and Rose, not at the same intensity, but very strong and very real nonetheless.

But Harry himself was not sure, at least not yet, too many years of dealing with the Malfoys at his own world made him wary, he nodded at Rose.

“Maybe later…” The wizard said. The girl frowned, but tried to understand.

“Suffice to say, sis, that without Harry, Sirius would have killed me at the Ministry. He saved my life, and Rose’s, as well. You can trust him.” Bella explained quietly and ruffling Harry’s hair fondly.

Narcissa then did something completely UN-Malfoy: She hugged him close. Not possessively like Hermione -HIS Hermione, not the Pansy-wannabe- and not the smoldering embrace of Molly Weasley. A genuine caring, grateful hug that still pressed her large brassiere free chest against his, her nipples pressing through the silk of her dress robes and the cotton of his tee-shirt. “Then I owe you more than I can repay, Mister Potter. Bella’s always been my rock, my lighthouse in those dark years of marriage. There’s only one other person I care for nearly as much, and I can’t imagine what i would become if I lost either of them. Thank you.”

Harry was confused by that, people, or rather, women, in this plane were weird. “Anyway.” Narcisa continued. “That was not the reason I was looking for you Bella.” Bella raised her eyebrows. “I found a way out!”

“You did?”

“Yes, but I need you! Only the head of the house can do it! He BROKE the contract sis, he broke it when he got to prison! Father and uncle Airbus put the clause there as a safeguard, but only the holder of the contract can claim it. I discovered you are the holder Bella!” Gone was the formal woman they all knew -she was already pretty gone when she thanked Harry- but now they were just two sisters, and one in dire need of help from her older one. Bella reached for her hand.

“Ok Cissy, you know I am a troll with legality things and pureblood stuff, so I will need your help.”
She turned to Rose and Harry. “You two can go lunch, I will meet you later at the mall.”

“I think I’d rather be there to offer support to Aunt Cissy, Mom.” Rose replied, and Harry hesitantly nodded. Even with the strange way she acted, and how his magic mingled with hers, this was still Narcissa Malfoy, no matter how out of character she appears to be acting. What If it was all a ploy?

“I appreciate it, little loves but… it’s rather embarrassing and I would prefer if it was just Bella and I. I’m really grateful for your offer tho. You’re both Circe’s gifts.” Cissa gently declined. She truly felt touched by both her niece and her new hunk of a nephew, but it was something she had to do by herself and her head of House.

Rose reluctantly nodded, she could see the shame in Narcissa’s eyes. The young witch grabbed Harry’s hand, feeling a jolt of electricity over her body one more time, and noticed the young man smiling.

“Let’s grab some pizza!” Rose called.

“Cool! I never had pizza, before!” Harry replied happily.

Neither heard Bella whisper to her sister “Yes, dear, I know exactly what you are thinking…he has the Potter Wand…”

Cissy’s blush was all answer Bella needed as she giggled and hooked her arm with her sister’s, and let her toward the marital contract and accounting department of the Bank…

.OvO.

Sirius “no name” had a regally no other Death eater was allowed, something he had fight, murder and tortured for. He was allowed to see the dark lady on her full glory. Of course she used many of her most trusted and powerful followers, not only for the rituals, but to settled her seeming funding desire. But only him knew her unnatural beautiful face, with her eternally red lips and eyes.

No one knew her like he did, no one was so devoted to her. And exactly because of that, Sirius knew something was wrong. Ever since the day Lucius Malfoy ducked things up in the ministry, and the weird boy had came through the veil. Now, looking at his beautiful master, the woman that meant the word to him, he could almost see her mind working at super fast speed.

“You are thinking about him again…” Sirius muttered. The Dark Lady turned to look at him with a grin. He could see amusement in her eyes, something that it was almost never there. The movement of her breasts, bouncing as she turned around, making his already beaten dick stir again.

“Why, Sirius, is that jealousy I heard in your voice?” The Dark lady hissed, approaching his naked body.

“No…” Sirius sounded less confident than he intended.

“I don’t expect your little mind to grasp the meaning of what just happened Sirius…” The woman said, forcefully grabbing his dick. “That is why I will not punish you this time…” the dark lady strongly tightened her grab, making the man scream. “You are lucky your magic is so delicious…” With a swift movement, she laid over him and opened her mouth, with a far bigger opening than normal. The incredible long and flexible tongue came out of her mouth, dripping with saliva, and
was to completely encircle his dick. Sirius rolled his eyes and screamed, entering a world of pain and pleasure.
The after Dinner Playback

AN: I really didn't want to have to say this, as it is kinda spoilery, but I feel the need too because of the flames I'm getting, so there it goes: This Hermione is not the same character as canon, she is not Harry's Hermione, and there is reasons for her to act like that, more than just jealousy, something way darker. She is an antagonist, just like Sirius. I already write a good Hermione on my other fic, this one is way different. There is a mix of her genius, dark magic and mental problems. So relax and try to see where it goes. Or just leave it.

Also, Dumbledore is just and old senile man. The one from Harry's timeline was the usual manipulative and underlined evil one.

Thanks to AWR for the beta, and thank you for reading.

PS: Looking for an editor!

Chapter 06

The after Dinner Playback

Harry eat another slice of his pepperoni pizza, and he could not believe how a food could be so right wrong at the same time. Rose was laughing at him, first she was in disbelief he had never tasted pizza. But this kind of reaction could not be faked. Rose though on what kind of shit someone must have been through to not know about pizza, but saved the questioning for later. Right now, they are just teens having fun. The young witch didn't want to think on how much her life was about change because of him, or how she felt around someone who was supposed to be her. There would be a time for that, and she feared it, because when it came, no prank or fake sense of humor would save her.

Maybe she was just been impulsive in trusting this mysterious guy, who seen to understand what she was going through, like Hermione and Daphne always accused her for being.

"You act without thinking too much", they would say, but right now, seated eating pizza with Harry, Rose didn't want to think about it at all.

"Sorry, I am acting like Ron…" Harry said a little ashamed. "Well, at least the Ron I knew."

"Oh, the one I know here is no better, and you would have to do much worse to get on his level." Rose laughed, and Harry thought she looked beautiful. It was hard for him to think of her as a doppelganger. She was just Rose, and contrary to him, she was fun and outgoing. Harry could see her as the leader he never wanted to be.

"You know, I am really sorry about what happened with Hermione this morning." The wizard said. "I know you two must be great friends, and she looked very… protective of you."

"Well, she is a little more than protective." Rose sighed. "Things on her home are not good, but that is no excuse for the way she had been acting over the last year or so. Hermione has always been a little brash, and she never really liked most of my friends, but now she have managed to push everyone away. I'm the only one who still talks to her… Something seems very wrong and she don't want to tell me."

"She has a point though, not that I am complaining, but you guys seemed to accept me rather quickly."
"Would you rather we didn't, Harry? Would you prefer to be locked in that room still?" Rose asked, then stayed in silence, looking at him. "There is also…"

Harry gave her a questioning look.

"Do you feel it Harry?" Rose shyly asked, looking at her place.

The young wizard didn't need to ask what she was talking about. His own magic was reaching out to her. Taking all his Gryffindor courage, he reached out for her hand and touched it, letting their magic mingle together.

"Yes Rose, I feel it. I don't know exactly what it is, but I do."

"How could we let you locked there, feeling like this, after you saved our lives? I don't know if it is a magic compulsion or something, and to be honest, right now I don't care." Rose smiled and squeezed his hand. "I can finally share with someone. I mean, my friends are great, they the best. But none had a monster inside their heads like we did."

Harry nodded, he had a lot of time to think inside his room, and After all, he died. After that, he decided he would try to do the best he could and live this life, if Rose and Bella were willing to give him a chance, he would embrace it.

Unconsciously he started humming, pretty offkey, the tune of *Behind Blue Eyes*. That song always seemed to fit him to a T.

Rose recognized it and winced a bit, and hummed over him, on key, this time.

"No one knows what it's like to be the bad man, to be the sad man, behind green eyes. No one knows what it's like to be hated, to be fated to tell only lies. But my dreams, they aren't as empty, as my conscience seems to be. I have hours, only lonely. My love is vengeance, that's never free…"

Rose stopped singing and blushed, when she noticed Harry staring at her with a bright smile on his face. Harry chuckled and patted her hand.

"That was beautiful, Rose. You have a wonderful voice."

"Thanx Harry, but show is over. Come on, we need to some some shopping."

They walk through many stores. For the second time in his life, Harry bought some clothes for himself, shoes and underwear. Contrary to the other companies he had last time,l around, Rose was way more funny, letting him buy some more casual clothing, and was a less strict and bossy company, letting Harry feel really relaxed. Rose even decided to buy some clothes for herself after a while.

"How do I look?" She asked a waiting Harry stepping out of the changing area dressed in a pretty red skirt, and a well fitted black blouse with a soft lace on the neckline and sleeves.

Harry sat there, eyes wide. He could only utter a single "WOW."

"Why, thank you Potter, that was really flattering." Rose laughed and leaned to give him a soft kiss on his lips. They couldn't say if the look of surprise on both teens were because of her sudden move, or the magic that flared between them. They were so focused in each other that neither had noticed the slight flicker of the lights in the section nor the short larsen in the speakers. With a mischievous grin, Rose turned back to the cabin, dragging Harry with her.
Once inside, she turned her back him and started undoing the buttons of her blouse. Rose could almost see the magic around them, she did it slowly, looking at him through the reflection in the mirror. For Harry there was no escape, neither he wanted one, no matter where he looked, he was met by her reflection.

"Here, hold this for me..." The girl handed him the blouse. "I think I will take it." Rose smiled and reached for her shirt, and Harry could not stop thinking how beautiful her breasts were. They looked soft and the pink nipples stood out from her light skin, they seemed just the right size for a handful, and the young wizard gulped. "They're 32B, in case you wondered..." Rose informed him in a singsong tone.

Rose had to fight the urge of making out with him in the cabin, Harry being her double or not. But thoughts about how narcissistic this was, how crazy the whole situation looked, what people would think, or if it was too soon made her feel uncertain, and if there was one thing Rose Potter hated, was to feel insecure, yet, she felt it was not the right time.

Rose internally kicked herself for doing exactly what she had vow not to, to think about how people would see things before she took any decision, to let others ideas and moral dictate what she would do that, she was determined to at least properly kiss him today. They were both brought back to reality by a coughing sound outside the cabin that sounded a lot like Umbridge's signature 'hem hem', making them both jump half-way out of their skin. Peeking outside, Harry could see a smirking Bella, whose expression said clearly "Mischief Managed"

"If you two are done, we need to go back home." Bella said, grinning on the outside.

.OvO.

Dear Parvati

You will not believe who I just saw at the mall today.

None less than "Whore-Who-Lived" Potter. And with a new boy, of course. She was there, walking with him, holding his hand with absolutely no shame. And girl, let me tell you.

He. Was. Hot.

Before you ask, I had never saw him until today, he's someone new at the game. Maybe he is french like that veela whore friend of hers? The important thing is, she is still pretty much a bitch, and we may have a new target.

When are you coming over? Please, don't bring your boring sister.

Love

Lavender.

.OvO.

The woman picked up the phone at the third ring and whispered a shaky "Allo?"

Immediately, Cissy's mental alarm went out at the other side.

"Mona?" she asked softly, her elation at being freed from Lucius all but evaporated and replaced with worry for the woman at the other side of the ferly...no, the telephone. "You sound like your crying, love."
Narcissa heard a sniffle, then a pause. "I've got a call from my lawyer. Wendell is pushing for court ruling. He got a witness." The woman's voice cracked.

"Whom?" Narcissa asked softly, her heart going for her best friend, the muggle woman she fell head over heels for, her best kept secret.

"My… my own daughter." Cissy barely heard before the poor woman at the end of the line collapsed in sobs.

"You're at your flat here in London?" Narcissa asked. She heard a feeble yes. "Then I'll be there in twenty...no, make it ten minutes. I'm bringing the booze and ice cream."

Both hung up at the same time. Narcissa hid the cumbersome portable telephone she bought to keep in touch with Mona, and turned toward the fireplace.

"Tonks Residence." The regal blond called. When her oldest sister appeared in the heath, she sighed. "Hey, Andy. I'm afraid it's rain check. The friend I wanted to introduce to you and Bella isn't feeling too well. I'll be in touch for rescheduling okay? Keep the Champagne chilled, sis. Love you"

She cut the call before Andromeda could even say a word, then grabbed pants, tennis shoes that she, too, held hidden from her now ex-husband and son, quickly dressed, and ran toward the door, grabbing her car keys on her way out and slammed the door behind her.

.OvO.

The ride back home had been an interesting one for Harry. Rose elected to go on the back seat with him, and, despite the big interior space of the SUV, sat really close to the young wizard. Harry felt his magic building, and reaching to both the teen girl and the woman in the driver seat.

Bella looked at then with a smile, through the rear mirror, she could see her stepdaughter hand dangerously close to his new ward's leg. Bella smiled to herself, adjusting the mirror.

"So." Bella said, scaring the two teens, who were looking at one another. "What exactly were you two doing when I arrived? I am not sure it is allowed for people to share trying cabins, you know."

"Harry was… helping me with a rather temperamental blouse, right?" Rose answered and placed her hand playfully on his leg.

"Yes, just helping Rose with her shopping." Harry grinned. His eyes momentarily going to her breasts. Bella smiled.

"Just like you helped me last night dear?" Harry became crimson. He let out a pulse of his magic, as his dick got harder.

"No no! Not like that!" Harry said, a little afraid for the witch's reaction. Bella felt the burst of power, and even getting aroused by it, made a note to have Andy looking into it. It may be dangerous.

Rose's hand, on the hand, was just a little higher on his leg. "Yeah? What did you two have done last night?"

Harry froze. Bella grinned.

"We… talked." The older witch simply said.

Harry didn't know what to say. Did Rose knew? Was she ok with it? Was his dick ever getting down
again? Both women looked at his started laughing. "So… that is how it is to live with the marauders. Mom must really got crazy...” Harry thought. Rose's hand had moved up just a little more, and was now delicious close to his stiff member. Harry made no mention to move.

"How things have gone with aunt Cissy?" The pretty girl asked.

"Everything is ok, other than some dowry money and sharing of properties, she is officially Narcissa Black again! And she was indeed very pleased with you Harry, she was talking about the famous Potter wand…” Harry blushed even more.

"Do you guys really trusted her?" Harry asked, still wary about the ex lady Malfoy.

"Yes Harry." Rose said, in a serious tone he hadn't heard from her so far. "Aunt Cissy was given a really bad hand in life. But even suffering for it, she was always there for me. She tried to help me with Dobby and saved me at the world cup two years ago. She helped me escape both the Eaters and crouch accusations. She is one hell of a solicitor! "

Harry nodded, pensively.

"It's true that she looks and behave very differently than the Narcissa I knew back there. That one wouldn't have hugged me, Mrs Malfyoy looked as beautiful but...I don't know, it's like she's always had dragon dung under her nose, but the face she had on every time sent shivers down my spine, the woman would murder the world for her family." Harry shuddered. "Here, on the other hand, I think I can see a stronger "Black" hereditariage, is just hard for me. The Narcissa I knew caused me a lot of pain, but, so did Bellatrix…” Harry waved off, and Bella bit her lips.

Rose tried to change the subject.

"That must be because of her girlfriend, I guess"

"Rose, I don't know if Cissy and this mysterious Mona are more than friends." Bella caught on.

Rose rolled her eyes

"Well I don't orgasm screaming the name of my friends while having phone sex with them or while visiting a relative .” The young witch commented sarcastically.

"Huuum..." Harry deadpanned, earning a pinch on his thigh. "OW! Anyway, she looked happier, healthier and...hum..." Harry finished with a blush.

"And, if you want to know Harry, her boobs and mine, they are almost the same, my nipples a little darker than hers…” Bella casually said, as if stating their taste in clothes, and Harry groaned, blushing harder and hiding his face in his hands, making Rose giggle. Bella just gave them an evil marauder grin.

But as soon as they entered the garage, Bella sighed loud.

"What's the matter mom?" Rose asked.

"The wards… the old man is here." .OvO.

The old headmaster was indeed inside the house, making Bella seriously reconsider her ward politics, maybe she was being too permissive with the order members.
Sat on his usual chair at the living room, Harry didn't remembered Dumbledore looking so disoriented. He was wearing lime green wizard robes and had an almost untouched cup of tea in front of him. He got up as soon as he saw the small entourage entering the room.

"Bellatrix my dear girl, what have you done? I thought we agreed in keeping Harry… restrained for the time being." The old wizard mumbled.

"I did headmaster, but, as you know, plans change." Bella said in an non apologetic tone.

The old wizard sighed. He looked at the two teens with a genuine smile Harry had rarely seen on the Dumbledore from his world. "I think is best for the kids to go upstairs, while we discuss what to do next, don't you think?"

Rose was about to protest, but Bella beat her to it. "Actually, I think they should listen, as it concern then both."

Albus open and closed his mouth, doing an amazingly precise impression of a fish, before admitting defeat. "So be it." All three of them sat down, Bella on her own chair, Rose and Harry on the lovesit close to the coffee table. The headmaster raised an eyebrow looking at them. "Not again…" The old man thought.

"So, I believe we may have a solution, even if a temporary one, about how to handle young Harry. As we can not be sure of who he actually is, or how he came to be here, I think is for the best that we keep a close watch on him. Not that I think you have malicious intentions dear boy, at least no more than most boys your age…" The old wizard grinned.

"I actually do understand your suspicious professor, I would think the same if I was in your place." Harry answered. Dumbledore nodded with a approving expression, the boy seemed smart for a change.

"So, I plan to take you to Hogwarts, the most secure building on all Britain!" The headmaster voice sounded almost like it came from an over excited kid. "And after creating a identity to you, enroll you as one of it's student."

"Wouldn't that make you my magical guardian, sir?" Harry remembered that all to well.

"Smart boy indeed…" The old professor thought.

"Well, I'm glad you know it my boy… specifically taking into account that, if what you claim is true, there are no records of your existence here…"

"I know you had the best intentions professor." Bella intervene. "But that will not be necessary. Not only what Harry say is true, he already have an magical guardian."

"What do you mean my girl? What are you talking about. Is that another if your pranks?"

Bella rolled her eyes, the headmaster still think she was fifteen or so. "No headmaster. Something happened, and the Black family magic recognized Harry's existence." The old wizard raised, once again, one questioning eyebrow. "His name is even on the tapestry, below, but not connected, to James and Lily." Now everyone else had raised eyebrows. Bella produced a piece of parchment from her purse. "That alone would grant me his guardianship, not only as the Black family head of house, but as James's wife." Harry was taken aback, he had already figured out that the James from here had been with Bella, but a wife?

"But I decided to go one step further, as we live in confuse political times. I have gone to gringotts,
and had Harry do a inheritance test. He is who he say he is." Bella handled Dumbledore the guardianship papers. "Harry will go to Hogwarts, if he so chooses to, but not with you as his guardian."

Dumbledore read the papers with interest. "A blood adoption, I see. I wish you had consulted me before though. The boy will be living here I assume?"

"Yes, so we can keep an eye on him." Bella winked at Harry and Rose.

Albus tried to read them, read their magic, there was something happening he was not totally certain of, but it was there. He looked at Rose before continuing. "Wouldn't that be even more damaging to miss Potter's reputation? If the likes of Rita skeeter ever discover that a boy is living here, we are going to have a situation even worse than fourth year."

"Fuck them! It's not their problem what I do with my life!" Rose angrily said, then looked at Harry, who just smiled proudly at her. "I'm tired of worrying about what people will think!"

"Bloody language Rose." Bella said with a mischievous grin.

"We need the public opinion on our side miss Potter, like it or not." Dumbledore said in a tired voice.

"If the sheep prefer to believe that poor excuse of a reporter over my daughter, them no, we don't need them." Bella waved.

Albus sat there in silence for a while. He look at the three other persons in the room, specially this new piece in the game. Then he tough about food. Food always made him feel better. Albus loved chips, although they could be very noisy.

"Professor?" Bella called him.

"Oh, yes. Well, what is done is done. The other members of the order will arrive shortly, and I didn't told any of them about the boy. You are his guardian now, how do you want to proceed?"

Bella looked at Harry, who shook his head. "I think it is better to stay way for now." Bella said, she was specially worried about Eileen.

.OvO.

Rose walked with Harry to his now open bedroom, next to hers. Harry noticed how she looked more withdrawal and pensive after talking with the headmaster. He decided to give her space, if Rose wanted, she could talk to him at her own time.

Rose sat on his bed, looking at the wall, and Harry placed the bags with his newly bought clothes on the ground, before opening the wardrobe.

"I will find a way to repay you and Bella for all this…" The wizard said, placing the shirts on a drawer.

"Nonsense Harry. We have more money than we can spend in a lifetime, mom have the control of all Black AND Potter business and accounts…"

"Because she was dad's… I mean, James' wife…"

"Second wife yes… mom, I mean, Lily, was his first wife, carrying the Potter name, and Bella kept her Black name. She is Bellatrix Black-Potter…"
"Wow…" Harry looked at her, she still seemed worried about something. He start placing the trousers on the wardrobe. That was something so unimaginable in his world that was not even funny.

"Harry…" The boy turned and looked directly at her incredibly deep green eyes. "About what the headmaster said…"

Harry stopped and walked until right in front of her, he kneed on the floor, and looked at her. Rose lost herself a little on his own green eyes. The girl took a deep breath, Gryffindors forward and all that.

"I… I have sort of a reputation…” Rose whispered.

"You don't need to tell me if you don't want to Rose, and I will not think any less of you."

"Well, I want to tell you…” Rose took a deep breath. "Ever since I broke up with Cedric, and had some problems with the Prophet… they started calling me a thing… They call me a liar, attention seeker, and nicknamed me "the whore who lived". Rose sighed. "And many people, specially the pureblood society, believe in that. Amos Diggory us very well connected…"

"Damn, they really are harsher at women…” Harry said, remembering his own treatment from the prophet, and the hate campaign against himself.

"I don't know why Cedric and his father did it. I mean, I am really a little adventurous, but I never cheated on him, or anyone for that matter."

The witch had an angry gaze, Harry looked at her with understanding eyes, he had been on the other end of a hate campaign himself, but they were never that low.

"In that matter Mione is right, you know..." Rose scoffed. "If I was a guy, no one would care. They would call me a stud. Who cares if I like things the way I do?"

"I don't." Harry finally said.

"Really, you don't care to be seen with a 'slut'?"

"Fuck them, even if you were one. Fuck their double standards and fuck the Diggorys." Harry said with conviction. "Just be yourself and do what you want, Rose, I tried to play the pleasing game for a long time. It is not worth it."

"One was boring enough, thank you very much!" Rose smiled softly, Harry smiled back at her, their magic touching each other with care.

"Harry?" Rose asked, in a low voice.

"Yeah?" Harry realized how close their faces were now.

"Do you think it would be weird if I kiss you, I mean, really kiss you?"

"I do, but I also don't care…” Harry said and leaned toward to capture her lips with his own. It was soft and tender at first, but when he opened his mouth, Rose invaded it with her warm tongue, deepening the kiss. They could feel whatever connection that existed between then getting stronger, their magic adding to each other. The lights flicked and some of the clothes were floating an inch above the ground. But neither saw it, or cared, all that matter was the person in front of them, and the feeling of fulfillment and completeness they had in each other's arms, while their tongues danced inside their mouths.
"Wow…" Was all they could say when they finally parted, searching for air.

.OvO.

Harry was leaning against the side of his bed, panting from the intense kissing, with Rose leaning against his chest, her hand resting on his leg, dangerously close to his cock. He'd love nothing more than her grabbing it like Bella had, last night, but he didn't want to rush things with either Rose or Bella. It was already being too fast, his mind was still trying to catch up with his body and especially his magic.

"What's wrong with you Potter? They're almost like family, aunt/stepmother and twin sister for all intent and purpose, and yet I can't help but want to shag them both! No, thinking that is even worse! They are their own persons... Are we really related? Magically we definitely are, but what that mean? And not just them! I felt my magic react to Narcissa Mal...err Black! And when Bella told me how her boo...her breasts are like, I though my weiner would push through my pants! i'm almost grateful that the old goat fucker was there, it doused my libido better than even mental picture of Umbridge naked. Oh. Oh No! AWW Fuck! Bad brain! Bad!

Harry must have made a face because, beside him, Rose burst out laughing, and laughing she did profusely, holding her sides with one hand and hitting the floor with the other. She looked amazing laughing line that.

He knew it was just a matter of time before he….

"BERK?!" came the providencial, and stunningly, painfully familiar bark.

Both turned their head toward the window and spotted a baffled, utterly gobsmacked Hedwig.

"HEDWIG!" both shouted at the same time.

The poor bird looked back the fort between the two humans, HER two humans. there were TWO of them now!

What was she going to do?! After flying around a couple of times, the beautiful but annoyed owl simply decided to land at the table, glaring at both humans with those judging eyes.

"I think we broke her." Rose said, holding a laughter at the confused bird. "Hey pretty girl, this is Harry, he is… a special friend of mine." She grinned at Harry. Hedwig jus hooted and lifted her leg, showing a letter tied to it. "Oh, you brought me a letter from Daphne? Good girl, extra bacon for you today." The girl released the letter from her owl, before sitting on Harry's lap to read.

Harry looked the other way, both not to invade Rose's privacy, and to try to forget his growing erection, that he was sure the girl in his lap could feel. Rose read the letter with interest, before opening a second sheet of paper that came with it.

Dear Rose,

I must say that your request both intrigued and worried me. Why would you request copies of THAT precise sketchbook, cuz ? Only Sue and you know about it. I don't want it to be seen by the wrong eyes *cough* Granger's*cough*

But I trust you to keep it hidden.

I'll be arriving tomorrow with the HogEx, looking forward to see you and Sue well again.
Please give my love to Aunt Bella and Aunt Amy if you see her before I do.

XOXO

your loving friend,

Daphne

*ps if you only asked these pics just to fap, I'll take a page off Weaslette's book and curse you with BatBoogey Hex!*

"Bloody…" Rose said with wide eyes, looking at the sketch Daphne had sent her.

"Is everything alright?" Harry asked, noticing she was holding what looked like a handmade draw. Rose quickly hide it from him, before blushing with a deep shade of red that Harry found extremely cute.

"No, no… everything's all right" The witch turned back a little flushed, and kissed him again, moving her butt innocently over Harry’s hard member, making him moan on her mouth. "Girl secret, at least for now."

Harry shrugged, he was happy were he was right now.

"Hey, what you say about eavesdropping the KFC order meeting?" Rose asked.

Harry laughed. "I think is a awesome idea!"

His movement caused Li'l Harry to shift under Rose, causing him to bite his lower lip. She was surprised when Harry's arms embraced her tightly. Hedwig shift her head, looking at those two humans who were one.

.OvO.

"Come on." Rose opened the door to her room, and Harry waited outside as she grabbed the extendable ears. "The turn on the stairs is the perfect spot." He smiled at the excited girl, acting almost like a child. It was hard not to get contaminated by her excitement.

They walked hand in hand to the stairs, and release the weird Weasley apparatus when they were on the right spot, just above the living room door. They first heard a deep voice, that Harry recognized as Shacklebolt's. No genderbend here, noted Harry.

"Since the Ministry raid fiasco, the death eaters have been strangely quiet. No raids, no attacks. Not much movement. That is actually pretty weird, taking into account how much active on the weeks prior."

"What you say about it Snape?" Albus Dumbledore asked.

The slimey woman looked at the headmaster with a badly hidden disdain. She twisted her pointy nose, that remembered the one from stereotypical witches from children's books. "Well, the dark lady is… pensive. She was taken aback by something that happened at ministry. Something that push her into deep thought. And the idiotic death eaters can't do a thing without a command. Only Sirius and Delphi know what happened, but they are still gathering more and more support, especially from the continent."

"Blimey!" Harry thought. Snape was a woman! Rose smiled at his wide eyed expression.
"What?" She asked, leaning into him, savoring the proximity.

"Well, in my world, the greasy bat is a... guy..." Harry said with a grin. "That is so funny... guess Snape was not after Lily here..."

"Ha! I wish, that way the slick bitch wouldn't hate me so much! She thinks Dad stole Lily from her, but mom... I mean, Bella, said Lily was never interested to begin with." Rose twisted her nose. "Even so, Eileen Snape hates all things Potter."

"Guess some things are meant to be..." Harry chuckled.

Back in the living room, Eileen Snape turned an accusatory gaze to Bella and Remus. "Do you happen to know anything about it? As I recall, you both were present when Potter's reckless actions almost costs us the war." The witch's voice dripped with poison.

"Even if we knew dear." Bella answered in a voice full of sarcasm. "Rest assured you would be the last one whom we would share it with. You can say to the Dark Bitch we are as lost as her."

Snape hummed. "You do know more than your share, Bellatrix. And I don't even need to legilimens your apprentice brat to know that."

"Must I remember you that this is my house Eileen?" Bella glared at the woman, begging for an excuse.

At the stairs, Rose grabbed Harry's arm. "Bitch." The girl whispered. "She hates me, she always did. I don't trust her!"

Harry looked into her eyes and saw fear there. The wizard nodded. "We will keep an eye on her."

Inside, Albus Dumbledore stepped in to avoid further confrontation. Every bloody meeting was the same, even before the beverages. "Now now, Eileen my dear. Even if Bellatrix knows something, is better to keep it hidden from the Dark Lady. Not that I don't trust you, my dear, but is better this way. Rest assured we are covering all of our bases, and studying with care on how to proceed from now on. Now, Tonks, and Arthur. What can you tell me about the climate at the ministry?"

"Well..." The older, round faced red haired wizard started. "Ever since She who must not be named made her return public, Ovidios is definitely breathing down Fudge's neck. More and more think she has a chance at winning the election next year. There are also some concerning talks about increasing security."

"Some Aurors like Dawlish who were staunch Fudge supporters are starting to look at her in expectancy." Tonks explained. "If she gather enough people on the DMLE to support her, Amelia will not have a chance. The woman is a great politician."

Harry was confused, this was a totally new player, one whom he had no idea what to expect.

"Isn't she a better option than Fudge anyway?" Shacklebolt spoke. "She is a hard supporter of neutral agendas, firmly grey."

"The devil you know may be better in the long run, Shak." Hestia Jones, another Auror commented. "He's a known quantity, we know how to deal with him. That Iris Ovidios, on the other hand... All we know is that she's half-blood from the private sector who did extensive studies in both worlds."

"Didn't we had someone on her team?" Shacklebolt asked.
Silence.

Upstair, Harry whispered to Rose "Ovidios...isn't she the one who appeared in my inheritance test?"

Rose shrugged.

"The girl have stopped reporting. I think she can't be trusted anymore". Hestia said, making both Bella and Remus scorn.

"I've known Fleur since she was born." Bella defended the veela. "She's been like Rose's big sister and defended her against Cedric's accusations, back in her 4th year during that Triwizard Tournament debacle."

Harry grew pale at Fleur's mention. Rose noticed that even his magic responded to it. The girl decided to keep silent, if he wanted, he would talk to her.

"Well, I think that's it." The headmaster finally said. "It has been a remarkable meeting, but I have other business to attend at Hogwarts."

"He actually goes to the house of a squib friend of his to watch the soap opera." Rose said. "Me, Susan and the twins discovered it in third year. He doesn't miss an episode." Harry had to hold himself to not laugh out loud.

"Remus, before I go, I have something you need to do for the greater good."

When the door of the living room opened, both Harry and Rose were already back upstairs.
AN: Thanks AWR for the beta reading and DarkLordRising for helping editing!

Chapter 07

Bleeding

The cottage was torn into pieces, the smell of burned wood and death permeated the air. Bellatrix Black-Potter looked at the place she called home for the last year or so, tears running down her dirty face, her hand clenched strongly against her dragon string wand. Everything had come into pieces.

Bella, Remus and a group of Aurors had been able to stop the attack on the Longbottoms, they managed to save Alice and Frank, but at a steep cost. Blood ran profusely from the big cut Sirius had inflicted on Bella's back, Remus had some broken bones. But the physical pain was nothing compared to what they felt looking at the destroyed cottage. Bella could only think about James and Lily.

And Rose, baby Rose.

Bella walked into the debris with shaky steps, her body almost giving up in fear. Somewhat, the witch knew in her heart what was waiting for her inside. And even so, it was too much.

Bellatrix fell into her knees when she saw the body of the man she loved, her husband, partner in pranks, and her best friend. James's face had frozen in a raging expression and his wand still in his hand, he had died fighting for his wife and daughter.

At first Bella felt like the world had been taken from her, that the ground was falling away from beneath her and that she was floating in a sea of sadness. But the sadness became rage, and the witch screamed. The rat was going to suffer, she would make sure of it. Bella didn't even need to get upstairs to know Lily was gone, she felt it into her heart. The Auror quickly got up and wiped her tears away with a bloody hand, clenching her teeth, ready to hunt. Bella made mention to run out of the cottage when a strong hand, stronger than any human hand could be, held her wrist.

"Let me go Remus! I will kill him, I will destroy Peter and his Dark bitch!" Bella screamed at her werewolf friend.

"No." something on Remus voice made her pause. Or maybe it was the pure rage and bloodlust in his eyes. "No, you won't."

"Why not!" Bella screamed.

"Because Rose needs you now Bella, if you go now, they will take her. Not even Dumbledore will be able to protect little Ro." The werewolf said, and moved his head, pointing at the stairs, where a tired Albus Dumbledore appeared, holding the sleeping baby Rose in his arms.

"You are all she has left Bella." Remus whispered. Bella felt her eyes burning with tears, just like the once happy house around her.

Bella walked to the old wizard, the twinkling gone from his eyes. The old man extended her his arms, delivering Rose to the witch. Bella noticed the wound in her forehead, and her heart was filled with love. They had only each other now.
"Lily?" Bella asked, but Dumbledore only shook his head. Bella knew it. The witch look at the baby in her arms and smiled. "She is so beautiful…"

"Indeed she is…" Dumbledore murmured.

"Remus…" Bella said, looking at the bloodthirsty werewolf, noticing the raging fire in his eyes. "Make him suffer!"

Remus gave her a sharp teeth grin, before vanishing in the night. He was going to hunt.

Harry woke with tears in his eyes, he knew that was Bella's memories from that Halloween night. Rose was so close to having the same fate as him, to be taken away, but in the end, Bella's love for her family saved her. "The power he knows not…" Harry thought. The power to love.

.OvO.

The house was in a rush during the next few days. Harry watched as Remus made preparations to leave on a mission for the order, probably the same one Dumbledore sent him on in his world, to gather support among the werewolf packs in England. Bella finished all the paperwork and arrangements for Harry's new identity, as James' nephew. Harry was surprised James had a sister in this world, but sad to learn she had distanced herself from the family. By the end of the week, after some favors called and some bribery, Harry officially existed in this world.

Harry was surprised in learn that Rose was aware of the Horcrux ever since she was small, and that a ritual had been done, binding it from growing in power, but no permanent solution had been found yet. Still, they didn't have the knowledge of all the other six, witch Harry promptly provided, hoping they would be the same here. Rose had saved Ginny from the basilisk here, with Neville help, so at least one was destroyed. Harry was also surprised in learning that the Dark Lady had never lost her body, or at least, need Rose to regain it, making some of his previous knowledge useless. The dark lady was a mystery for them, almost as much as him. She was not as brutal as his version of Tom, but was smarter.

Dumbledore came a couple days after the order meeting to fetch Rose, and take her to see Slughorn and convince him to teach potions at Hogwarts. All in all, some very busy days passed by, and Harry was fascinated to watch things happening.

The day after Dumbledore took Rose to see Slughorn, Bella took Harry and the girl to the basement. Like the one in his own world, it was huge, with many rooms, but here everything was clean and well taken care, and the rooms all have uses. There was a small potions lab, and elf quarters, but Bella took them to the biggest room in the entire house. The witch opened the door and showed him big circular room, with stone walls and some weapons on in a display in the walls.

"This is our training room, Harry." Bella said, waving around her. "Here we practice not only magical dueling, but also muggle fighting." Harry nodded. "I've been training Rose since she was four."

"Wow, that is nice…" Harry said looking around.

"Well, feel free to use it anytime you need." Rose said. "Want to give it a try?"

"Sure… how do you use it?" The wizard asked, a little ashamed. Rose giggled.

"Just push your wand at this little timer here." The witch pointed to a series of runes on the wall. Harry studied the symbols for a couple seconds.
"Really smart!" The wizard said. "A good mixture of protective runes and adjustable speeds and
difficulties and an a absorbing rune to redirect the excess magic into heating! Nice cluster!"

Bella and Rose looked at each other with baffled faces. Babs had designed that cluster right after
they moved to G place.

"Wow, guess we know your favorite subject." Rose smiled.

Harry smiled, it would be a good test this newly rejuvenated body, he remembered all the theory, but
his sixteen years old body was not the same from his eighteenth. The runes he carved on his own
skin were gone to begin with, but he would try. He pressed the rune and six training dummies
appeared from the wall.

"The dummies fire off Stinging Hexes." Bella said. "Not dangerous, but extremely painful…" The
woman winked.

"Ok…” Harry closed his eyes, took deep breath and focused his senses around him, channeling his
magic. When he opened his eyes, they were glowing with a pale green light, exhaling power,
something both women found extremely arousing. "Let's do it!"

The dummies all raised their wand arms at the same time, and Harry felt a childish need to impress
the two women he was interested in the room. Bella watched in fascination as Harry accumulated the
magic around him and then, he vanished just as the first dummy fired off a Stinging Hex. The Hex
passed right through where he had been less than a second before, reappearing a couple inches to the
right, swinging his wand in a broad movement, the magic burst forth severing the construct in half,
looking like he passed from one place to another, leaving a brief remnant image behind.

Bella and Rose watched in awe, they had never seen anyone move and using magic like that, it was
like Harry used the ambient magic to amplify his own. The Auror in Bella studied his moves as he
floated through the dummies, using a variety of Cutting Curses and Blasting Curses. Harry fought in
a way that only one in a war would. No flourish, just deadly precision. But she also could see the toll
his effort was taking on him. Both Bella and Rose felt his magic flying around the room as pieces of
the dummies were scattered around.

When the 'head' from then last construct hit the floor, a panting Harry turned around to face the girls.

"How did I do?" He asked, before a blast of magic came from him, making the wizard contract
himself in pain, before collapsing to the ground.

.OvO.

Andromeda Tonks-neé-Black exited the fireplace at 12 Grimmauld Place. The black haired medi-
witch always loved what her younger sister and niece had done to the place. Long gone were the
dark and gloomy Pureblood Victorian style their Aunt Walburga insisted on keeping. The house now
was comfy and bright, a nice mixture of traditional wizard and modern Muggle style. It seemed like a
home instead of an old dungeon.

The older of the Black sisters was still an impressive woman. She had the same luxurious curly black
hair as Bella but just a cut a little shorter, just above the shoulders, her well balanced hourglass figure
was dressed in her usual healer garb, a white long sleeved robe buttoned in the front. And she wore
small silver glasses over the purple eyes.

She was surprised in receiving calls from both her sisters that week. Although she was close to Bella,
her relationship with Narcissa was a little more complex. Andy loved her dearly and tried many times
to get her free of her monster of a husband. But she couldn't always be her, she had her own family
to look after, especially being married to a Muggleborn, that fact alone proved enough for Lucius to
keep Narcissa from even talking to her. Fortunately, things have started to change for the better and
Narcissa seemed ready to introduce them to that mysterious Muggle friend of hers. That in itself
implied serious stuff between the two, if her sister was going to come out to her as a witch.

"Bella, Rose? It's Andy!" The healer called to the empty room. Bella seemed worried, and yet, she
was not here.

Both entered the living room from the kitchen, Rose gave her aunt a hug, then Bella did the same.
Bella was using a simple lapis black skirt and white blouse, and Rose a pleated red skirt and a black
shirt from one of those muggle bands she liked so much.

"Thank you for coming Andy." Bella said. "I know is your day off, but is important."

"Don't mention it, you can always repay me later. Where's Remus?" Andy shrugged.

"He will be leaving tonight on a task for the headmaster, so he has gone to make some arrangements
at the alley. Have you talked to Cissy?" Bella asked.

"Yes, she was weird, something about celebrating. Do you know what it is about?" Andy asked and
Rose giggled.

"Yes, I do, but it's her news to tell." Bella gave her a reassuring smile nonetheless.

Andy simply nodded in understanding. Narcissa has had so few things over the last years, her sister
just hoped things were turning of better. "So, it's not that I don't like visiting my favorite nice, even
though I only have one, and my nephew is a prat." Rose giggled at her aunt. "But why did you need
to see me so urgently?"

"I would ask you for a Witch's Vow for what I am about to show you sis, but I trust you…” Bella
said, and Andy knew this was something serious. "I will also ask you to keep an open mind."

"Ok, now you are worrying me." Andy raised an eyebrow.

"Aunt Andy, what would you say if a told you that idiot Draco is no longer your only nephew?" Rose asked.

.OvO.

Harry entered the living room to find an awestruck Andromeda Black. She looked at him with
analytical shock, from head to toe in disbelief.

"Morgana's tits…” Andy whispered. "That… you look just like James… with Lilian's eyes."

"Hello. I get that one a lot." He smiled at her. For Andy it was the same panty wetting smile James
used to have, only intensified by those deep emerald eyes. The same smile Rose could give, the one
that send boys, and some, girls to long cold showers.

"That is... incredible… Harry right? Please call me Andy…” She turned to Bella. "How long?"

"Almost two weeks…”

"The ministry incident." Andy concluded. Rose sat on the sofa, having a little too much fun with her
aunt's reaction.
Then, all of sudden Harry flinched a little, like in pain, and a small burst of magic left him.

"Wow… guess I know why you called me." Andy said, producing her wand. "How long has that been happening dear?" She asked entering in full healer mode, making Harry remember Madam Pomfrey.

"Since I arrived… here… in this plane?" Harry offered, a little unsure on how to phrase it.

She walked over, making some wand movements that Harry recognized as some diagnostic spells. She stopped, looking at some of the results, displayed in the form of floating runes. "Remove your shirt." She all but commanded.

Harry looked at Bella, who nodded, and looked at Rose, who was looking at him like a bird of prey who just spotted a mouse. The wizard removed his shirt and Andy gave him a studying gaze.

"I will not ask now, but one day you will need to tell me about those." Andy said, pointing at some of his scars. "Physically you seem alright, as much as someone who was bitten by a Basilisk can be, just like Rose. Let's look at your core. Meanwhile, tell me how it feels."

"Hum, is hard to explain…and a little embarrassing..." Harry whispered.

"Please, do try me." Andy asked in even, formal tone.

Rose and Bella were also listening with interest.

"Ever since I arrived, my magic started building fast! Really fast. And is not the usual battle magic I am used to. Then, if I don't relieve it, it come out in bursts like this. The more time I take, the more painful it gets. It feels like my magic is searching…"

"Um…hmm…" The healer kept looking at the runes.

"There is also… other… side effects…" He said, blushing a little.

"Please Harry, everything and anything could be important."

"It's embarrassing…"

"Harry, must I remind you I am your medic right now?" Complex runes were floating around her right now. She kept studying the results.

"Well… as my magic builds… I get hard all the time…"

"Hard?" Andy asked, with genuine interest. Rose blushed but grinned at him. Bella just smiled. "What do you mean by hard?"

Harry sighed. "I have an almost non-stop erection…"

To Andy's credit, the medwitch didn't even flinch.

"You have an amazing, big and powerful magical core Harry, much like Rose's. There is also a big scar on it."

Harry nodded, realizing it must had been were his horcrux was feeding on his magic.

"Your core is really getting fueled fast. And is somewhat modifying the magic that passes through it. Hmm… impressive." Andy continued.
Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Does the speed of accumulating magic change according with the circumstances?"

"Yes..." Harry thought he was never going to stop blushing.

"I see. You said you found a way to get relief from the building pressure? How"

Rose was sure Harry couldn't get redder, and yet, he did.

"Hmm... I..." He babbled. "When I... ejaculate."

Now it was Rose's time to blush. Andy waved her wand a conjured a small cup, landing it to Harry.

"Alright." Her voice was cold and analytical. "Show me."

.OvO.

Harry gulped. Was Andy really asking what he thought she was? He looked at the three beautiful women around, looking at him with eager or hungry eyes, and conclude he had actually died at the veil, and was now in some kind of porn heaven.

"Do you want Rose and Bella to leave?" Andy asked, with her professional healer voice, as if she hasn't asked for anything weird at all.

"Please don't..." Rose whispered, making Bella giggle like a schoolgirl. The younger witch was clenching her knees together in anticipation, looking at Harry, who just shrugged. He had been on more humiliating situations before, and he had already concluded that these witches, at at least the ones from the Black family, were crazy in this world.

"Well, sorry if I disappoint any of you..." he said, unbuttoning his jeans.

"I can guarantee you won't." Bella simply said, licking her lips.

Harry opened the zipper and let his jeans fall to the ground. Kicking then to the side, he noticed all three women looking at the budge in his boxers. Gryffindors forward! He took the hem of his underwear and with a quick movement removed it all together. Rose let out a little gasp, blushing, but with a grin on her face. Andy looked just a little surprised.

"Potter wand indeed." Andy said.

"They are just trying to kill me... again!" Harry sighed and held his troubling erection with his right hand. Closing his eyes, a little ashamed, he released the bulbous head from his foreskin with a backward movement form his hand, he heard a couple of deep breaths.

He had to admit it was a weird, but highly erotic situation, that was making his large member even harder. Harry moved his hand forward, then back again, slowly at first. The young wizard started listening to the heavy breathing that was not his and smiled.

Opening his eyes, he saw Rose, seated at the edge of the comfy sofa, looking piercingly at him, moving her thighs together, he then looked at Bella, licking her lips, with that mischievous smile on her face. Only Andy seemed not fazed by the strangely erotic situation. Harry looked back at Bella, who was sitting right in front of him, he could see her hardened nipples poking through her shirt. Then the witch, in a bold move, uncrossed her legs, giving Harry a view of the moistened soft white fabric glued to her pussy lips.
Harry bit his lips and intensified the speed of his hand movements. As he did, a moan called his attention to his side. He turned around and was delighted surprised by the view. Forgetting any restraint, Rose had raised her own skirt and was now fondling her warm and wet core over her knickers. Bella seemed a little surprised at first, but remembered her daughter's voyeuristic tastes, she concluded this was like heaven for her. Bella thought about stopping her, but waved the idea away. The atmosphere was already too erotic for her to blame it on Rose. The woman could feel her own pussy trembling and calling for attention as Harry's magic flared powerfully through the room.

Harry moaned loud. Like before, somehow the young wizard and Rose found matching times and movements. He couldn't take his eyes of her and the perfect shape of her cunt, Rose's own soft moans sounding like his favorite music, matching his own ministrations. He was sweating, and felt the all familiar pressure on his groin.

"I… I'm close…" He panted.

With mechanical precision, Andy positioned the cup in front of the engorged head of his dick. Andy noticed that both Harry and Rose moaned out loud at the same time, and his member shot a big jet of warm and thick sperm at the cup, Rose bit her lips, coming with him, as he shot another big jet, completely filling the cup to Andy's surprise, Rose moaned trembling, and he shot yet another one, hitting the mediwitch hands and arms, some even hitting her on the chest and a drop on her chin. the image made Rose and Bella giggle like teenagers.

Harry stood there, panting with Rose, his magic reaching out to her and Bella. Andy held the full cup, and noticed the boy was still hard.

.OvO.

Bella was amazed, she easily noticed the symphony between Harry and Rose's climaxes. The timing was too perfect to be just a coincidence. Even the intensity had seemed the same. Harry sat on a chair, his member still pointing upwards, despite his heavy breathing.

Harry looked at the panting Rose, her legs semi open, her panties so wet that he could almost see through them. The movement to his side caught his attention. He turned to see Andy looking pensive to the splat of semen in her hand. He could not believe when the mediwitch lifted her cum stained hand and licked it, tasting Harry. The wizard's dick twitched, even if he had just came. Bella looked at her sister with curiosity and Harry was now sure he was a character in a porn movie.

"Interesting, just by tasting it I can say it is full of magical energy. Too much above the normal." Andy said as if she had just done the most normal thing in the world, placing the cup full of sperm over the table and waving her wand over it. "But is fading fast too…" The healer waved her wand at Harry again. Rose's focus was also starting to come back. Harry focused on the spots were his sperm have reached Andy's blouse, without believing. The witch noticed, and looked down.

"Don't worry Harry, this kind of accident happens. Here let me…" with a flick of her wand, she vanished her blouse, revealing a white laced bra. Her breasts were not as big as Bella's, but Harry found them beautiful nonetheless.

"The Black women truly are goddesses, no way they're simple mortals" he murmured in awe

Andy cast another diagnostic spell, reading the results she asked. "You said this helps alleviate you right? But your core is still filling quite fast, and your… hardness problem is not solved."

"Well… it does not work very well when I do it by myself…” Harry said, not looking into her eyes. Andy actually smiled and nodded, as if she had just understood something.
"And how, may I ask, did you discovered that?"

"Well, the other night when…" Harry gave have a Bella a guilty look.

"I see…” Andy looked pensive. Rose and Bella looked at each other. Rose moved her lips, without making a sound. Her stepmother could understand something like "I knew it."

Harry could feel his magic working, and his erection getting even stiffer. Andy must have perceived this, she looked at his troubling penis and asked.

"Would you say that your magic gets more… agitated… when close to someone you are attracted to?"

"Hmm, yes, I think so."

"I have one more test I want to do."

"I will have to jerk off again?" Harry whined.

"I'm afraid so, but now I want you to actively think on Bella or Rose, as you seem so… connected to them. Also, I would like one of the two to get close…"

"Best porn ever…” Harry thought.

"I will!” Rose quickly candidate herself, blushing, but Bella raised her hand.

"No, I will, I also want to tests a theory of my own… no, no buts. It can be dangerous." Bella said, but the smile on her face betrayed her serious tone.

Harry could not believe it when Bella got up and walked towards him, and knelt in front of him. She was like a black haired goddess, with a mischievous smile.

"Now Harry, this time I will monitor both your core and Bella's. Feel free to start." Andy said in her cold tone that was driving Harry crazy. It was easy for her to say, it was not her who had this beautiful milf merely inches from her swollen dick, damn, she didn't even had one. Rose on the other hand, could not believe how excited she was getting at all this. She almost expected to be kicked out of the room at anytime, but they kept letting her watch.

"Here Harry, a little incentive…” Bella said in a husk voice, and removed her shirt. The smell of both male and female arousal punctuated the air. Harry saw the two beautiful and firm orbs that were her breasts appearing, with her dark brown nipples contrasting so beautifully against her skin. Bella licked her lips and Harry couldn't resist any longer. He grabbed the base of his cock and started rubbing it, less than three inches from her face.

Andy kept checking the floating runes, fighting against her own desire, trying to maintain her facade. "Ted will be a very lucky man this night…” The healer thought. All the while, Rose watched Harry rubbing himself, so close to her mom. Rose decided to hell with it, moving her panties to the side, slipping one finger inside her overly wet and warm pussy lips.

"Rose!” Bella called. "Just watch, no touching yourself this time."

"But… mom… aaah… this is… so… hot!” The girl moaned.

"Trust me baby…”

Reluctantly, Rose removed her completely soak hand from her cunt, and bit her lip, watching as
Harry caressed his large member.

Bella started playing with her own tits, fondling then, and pinching her nipples, moaning at the sight in front of her. Harry was hypnotized by the sight and Bella playing with her own breasts, a drop of pre-cum appeared on the tip of his dick's head.

"Do you like them Harry? Do you like my tits? Do you like when I play with then?"

"Bloody hell… yes!" Was the only thing his hormone and magic driven body allowed him to answer. Andy was very interested in the results she was receiving.

"Look at this babe…" Bella said, pressing her two tits together, then making sure Harry was looking, she slowly spit on the point they were meeting, letting her saliva slowly run between her mouth and the valley between her two majestic boobs. Harry groaned loud, and Rose moaned at the couch.

The teen girl could not believe the amount of pleasure she was feeling only from looking. Rose knew she was a voyeur, but that was something else. It was like something was resonating inside her. The emerald eyed witch felt almost like Harry himself was touching her.

On the chair, Harry watched wide eyed as Bella lifted herself and without a word, embraced his hard member with her wet breasts, pressing them all around it. Even with Bella's tits being quite large, Harry's dick was big enough for the head and a couple inches to pop out above them, which Bella licked with a big grin on her lips. Harry's eyes rolled and he shot his head back at the incredible sensation. Bella's tits were amazingly soft around his dick and her mouth was wet and warm. Her tongue reached down the base of his dick's head, licking it. Saliva started dripping from her working mouth, making her breasts even more slippery. Harry groaned, and Rose was breathing heavily.

Bella only stopped her ministrations to look at Harry and say. "There is just us here babe, you don't need to be quiet… scream for me Harry." Bella finished and her mouth was back deliciously engulfing the tip of large cock.

"FUCK, FUCK! THAT IS SO GOOD!" Harry actually screamed before exploding in Bella's mouth, at the same time which Rose squirted on the couch, splattering the fabric, even without touching herself. Bella swallowed the first big load, then most of the second, but on the third her mouth was too full, and Harry's hot and thick sperm leaked from her lips, landing on her breast.

It took some time for Harry and Rose to come back from their post orgasmic bliss. Rose came to herself first, as she got up and walked to Harry, looked him the eyes before deeply kissing him.

.OvO.

"Well, that was, indeed, around ten times more effective than just masturbating by yourself Harry."

Andy said, reading the rune scheme floating in front of her. "Also, Bella, his magic completely filled your own core, and more than that, it increased the capacity and power of it by around one percent."

Harry looked at her in disbelief. "What does that mean?"

"Don't they have sex magic where you come from?" Andy asked, with genuine curiosuty, her mind started racing with all the possibilities of learning this mysterious boy presented.

"Yes, but it's considered dark magic." Harry sighed, he really never understood why, some of the things he had seem at the Veela conclave were really cool and actually were very powerful, and didn't seem at all dark.

Andy scoffed at it. "Well, whatever happened to you Harry, whatever gave you that scar on your
core, made you something extremely rare and powerful. Your core now works like a… turbine… to use a muggle term." Harry, Rose and Bella looked confused at her. "Your magical core is working fast, as if he was repressed for years and is trying to catch on. But it changed when you got here. Maybe it was the traumatic experience you had undergone. I believe, maybe it was the veil."

"So the horcrux was siphoning my core and it had to produce more for equal yield." Harry mused out loud, unaware he had done so "And now that it's gone… I've an overflow. Makes sense… but doesn't it make me like a living nuclear reactor for magical energy or something?"

"Hum, not exactly" Andy continued. "That is when the turbine analogy enters. You core is gathering the surrounding ambient and residual magic around you, and converting it into magical energy." To prove her point, Andy pointed her wand at him and shot a medium powered stunner. Harry prepared himself for the impact, but other than moderate pain, nothing happened, he could still move. "See, instead of suffering the effects of the spell, it's energy simply filled your core a little. If your core was full, then it would have worked. Too much energy and your core may melt. But it is a very specific, very rare form of conversion. It's an energy that can be shared with other compatible magical beings, making them magically stronger. Some people, like the Veela and the goblins, even say that was how the wizards and witches first come into be. We all descended from the first humans able to make that conversion."

"But there is a catch, there is always a catch…" Harry said, with a tired voice.

"Well, so far we know only one way to pass the energy ahead…" They stayed in silence for a couple seconds. "Actually, that is huge, you, yourself is a very powerful man, and you have the ability to make those you Love as powerful if not more powerful than you!"

"Well, I guess it still makes more sense than being the heir of all founders and Merlin and Morgana's…" Harry whispered.

"Love, this is how Covens were created in the first place. It's like a network." Bella explained then struggled a bit with the analogy "We'll have to ask Babs about it. She's the only person in Britain that I could think make the right comparison to modern technology."

"And there is also your connection with Rose. Maybe the only reason your core is this way is because it is meant to complete hers. But that is just conjecture from my part." Andy trailed of.

"Ok, how long until the excess energy burns me?" A concerned Harry asked.

"Hours, days, at most." Andy said in a even voice. "Unless you…um… unload regularly. But I'm afraid that while two are enough for the next week or so, you'll need more…volunteers, or Bella and Rose will burn out like candles from continuous charging, their own cores needing time to adjust themselves. And you would burn along with them when they can't take anymore. At one point, you'll reach a balance, but I can't tell with how many and when that'll happen."

Harry looked confused. "You mean more girls?"

Andy nodded. "But you need to remember, the cores must be compatible with yours, it's not any woman."

Rose pondered "I know at least one for certain. Maybe two. But the second might cause some issues."

"Are you sure about that Rose? We barely started… I don't even know what we are doing… dating?"
"Ok, calm down you two, we will discuss this between us before anything or anyone else joins. Harry's existence itself is a complicated matter." Bella stated matter-of-factly.

"And Energy, as well, apparently." Harry quipped, trying to add some levity

"Meanwhile, Kreacher!" Andy called and the old elf appeared in a pop.

"You called Mistress Andromeda."

"Yes Kreacher, I need you to the library and get the book 'Virute Multa' for Bella."

"Yes Mistress." The elf said before disappearing.

At the same time, the fireplace glowed in a green light, and Narcissa Black stepped out of it with a champagne bottle in hands.

"Who's ready to celebr…what the fuck?!" Narcissa looked at the scene in disbelief. Her niece was clenching on a naked Harry, while both her sisters were not wearing blouses, one even had her breasts covered in cum.

"Guess I'm late for the party…" Narcissa murmured.

Bella discretely took her wand as Andy stared at her little sister's entrance Bella used the distraction to silently unhook Andromeda's bra with Alohomora, then hid the wand back in the charmed holder.

"We need a shower, and so do you. You smell of Harry's cum as much as we do, sister dear, and we'll save time and water if we all use my bathroom." The witch had an evil smile on her face.

Narcissa grinned, pinching her nose, she Accio'd the bra from Andy's torso then pointed toward Bella's bathroom.

"Shoo! I'll get the table ready! chop chop!"

.OvO.

Remus was howling with laughter as Narcissa was describing to the newly arrived man how she had found her sisters and sorta-nephew, while they were setting the table, as dinner was being cooked by Kreacher.

"Father Wolf, I wish I could have seen that!" The werewolf said when his laughter subsided, wiping the tears from his cheeks. "Mel's gonna be so jealous she missed out, too!"

"Look at the bright side, dear, you'll turn her on so much retelling it that she'll jump your bone there and then!" The blond witch replied, wiggling her eyebrows.

Remus looked at her with a smile.

"Your girlfriend is doing a world of good, my friend." The man commented, levitating the glasses out of the shelves to the table. "I haven't seen this side of you in fifteen years. I missed that. I missed my best friend."

Narcissa paused and sniffled, and Remus approached her and hugged her. The witch hugged him back.

"I missed you too, 'Mus. And you're right. She's amazing."
He grinned and looked at her.

"Wow you really got it bad!"

Narcissa playfully shoved him.

"You're one to talk, Rover! I've seen you with Melody Greengrass. And I've seen her. You two are good for each other."

He shrugged, smiling ruffly.

"I guess we are. The Wolf likes her too. I'm just afraid he would try and turn her to make her our mate in both sides of the Moon."

"Knowing our minx, she'd love that!" Narcissa giggled.

"That's what worries me." Remus confessed. "She already wants to swing, whatever it means."

Narcissa laughed "That's our Melody, alright! Swinging is human, No-Mag term for Pack play. Couples and friends playing together while still being together."

Remus looked at his best friend with wide eyes.

"If you look for playmates, I can ask Mona. We're both bisexual and love cocks too much to fully cut it off from our lives." Narcissa said, grinning at Remus' deep blush. She's always known that he had a crush on her and was attracted to her -and, unknown to him, reciprocally- but he never tried to go further than oral sex, to her chagrin.

"Beside, I miss your talented tongue in my pussy. I'm not shaved anymore, though." she added with a wink.

"You...what.... Cissy?" The werewolf sputtered.

Narcissa chuckled and kissed her old friend on the corner of his mouth.

"Talk to her about it, and I will as well."

Remus nodded, and headed to the fireplace, muttering something about Black women and crazy kinky minxes. Cissy laughed as she waved goodbye to him.
Pardon me, Thanks a Lot

AN: Yeap, i’m taking my time to build Rose’s and Bella characters, I think is needed^^

Thanks to Awr for the beta, and DarkLordRising and Cateagle for helping editing, you guys rock
I don’t own Harry Potter and thanks for reading!

Chapter 08
pardon me, thanks a lot

The three Black sisters, plus Rose, now sat in a clean living room (although Kreacher did his best, Rose could swear she still smelled the sex odor), distributed among the comfortable leather chairs and couches facing the fireplace and holding champagne glasses, awestruck as Harry cooked for them in the kitchen.

None of the four had any idea how to do it, and the handsome boy was preparing them a meal. A meal. For the five of them. Bella thought this was too good not to be a romance story as she took a sip from her bubbling glass.

Besides that, Narcissa’s divorce was so good of an occasion that even Rose has been permitted a glass of the alcoholic drink, which she gladly accepted, as other than a smuggled Firewhiskey bottle she shared with Tracey and Daphne sometimes, it was rare for the girl to drink.

“The only thing left to deal with…” Narcisa sighed. “Is Draco. He still doesn't know and it will be insufferable once he does. Not that he usually is anything but.”

“Well, he is kind of a dad’s boy, but he can turn around.” Andy said, taking a sip from her glass.

“I don't know. Sometimes I think there is only Malfoy blood in there…” Narcissa sounded sad, the way she let her husband take hold of their child from an early age, to train and educate the kid, and how permissive she was with Draco was one of the few regrets the witch carried. But again, the boy had been following after his father as soon as he could walk and speak.

“You know this house is also yours, right?” Bella said, holding Narcissa’s hand. “But Draco is not welcome… at least not right now. I hope that changes in the future, but as long as he keeps following his father like an obedient pup, we can’t let him in.”

“Thank you girls. I love you all…” Narcissa said with teary eyes. “And what about mister green eyed handsome? What are you going to do about him?” The regal woman gesture to the kitchen with her head, waving her silk blond hair.

“I am going to help him, I think…” Bella said with a pensive expression. “Or rather, he is going to help us. We are all connected in a strange way and it is a little disconcerting, I won't deny that; but again, he saved us, and seems disposed to help. It is really confusing. He is… family? Does that sound wrong?”

“I think he is a little more than just that, for both of you…” Andy said casually, and Rose blushed.
“Do you like him Rose?”

“I will be honest and say that I don't know…I mean, I like him, of course, but I don't know exactly how... He is cool...and hot, and our situation is so weird. But I feel this connection with him, I feel there is something here. And it's way stronger than anything I have ever felt for a guy before…” Rose said in a dreamy tone, and all the other witches nodded.

“I completely understand… I would lie if I said I don't feel something like that too.” Bella mused.

“What about Amy?” Narcissa asked.

“Amelia let it be very clear when I asked that she doesn't want anything to do with commitment and exclusivity right now, and, to be honest, after Harry, neither do I.” Bella sighed. “The true is, as much as I am attracted to her, I may not be that much into witches anymore, it is not the same. Damn James ruined me.” Bella smiled.

“And now Harry…” Narcissa giggled.

“Come on!” Bella called. “All three of us know how good the Potters can be!” At that, all the sister blushed.

“Wow… dad shagged all three of the Black sisters and married one of them.” Rose raised her glass.

“To you dad!” All the women laughed at the toast and also raised their glasses.

“Do you think he is a nice guy? I mean…” Rose asked after a moment of silence, gesturing at the kitchen. It was Narcissa who lifted her chin with a soft touch and answered.

“Rose, I had my fair share of dark wizards and evil man in life, I even shared my house with one, and I can tell you right now, that Harry is a good one. I can see it in his eyes. When an evil wizard looks at others, he don't see people, only tools to be used at his leisure.” Narcissa remembered the way Lucius looked at her in their wedding night, and worse yet, the way Sirius did after that, and she shivered at the thought. “Harry has the most caring, protective eyes I ever seen.” The blond witch finished.

“Looking at him, at his scars and attitudes…” Andy said. “It's pretty obvious he had gone through some more than hard times, and yet, he is more concerned about others than himself. The first thing he asked after my diagnostic was how you felt.” Andy continued. “That says something about him.”

“That is why I think I should handle his problem for now, at least for a couple of days.” Bella said. “I know you are eager, Ro, but I think you should get to know him first. Like normal teens. There could really be something there, and I would hate for you to lose it because of your magically driven hormones…”

“But then again, when has my life ever been normal?” Rose smiled.

At this point, Harry’s head popped up at the door, with a huge smile. The smell coming from the kitchen was delicious.

“Dinner is served Ladies!” The wizard called.

Plates floated from the kitchen and gently settled on the well dressed table in front of each person. Harry was amazed by the rune work Bella had asked to be made in the house.
Narcissa smiled and handed a glass of champagne to a still slightly suspicious Harry, whom accepted it with a genuine smile. The witch could feel her magic react to him, again, like a gentle tide toward the moon, it was something new for her, and she realized she enjoyed it very much.

“My, look at all this!” Bella gushed, clapping excitedly at the variety of dishes, there was rice, salad and a nice grilled fish with asparagus. “I didn't even knew we had all this at the house. This looks better than in some restaurants!”

“Maybe he could get a cameo role in Red Dwarf with Kingsley’s cousin?” Narcissa suggested with a grin and wink at Harry.

“Wait.” Harry said, as he was about to serve some Gratin Dauphinois on the presented plate held by the gorgeous blonde. “You know Red Dwarf? You watch Red Dwarf?!” There was a pause “And Kingsley’s cousin played a role in it?!”

Rose, Andy and Bella were laughing at Harry’s reaction.

Narcissa shrugged with one shoulder, careful not to spill the delicious looking food on her plate.

“Well he only acted for one episode, mind you. Emohawk or something. And we just watched this one. Mona had showed me some very fun muggle shows.” Narcissa said to the wide eyed wizard. Harry could not believe how different this Narcissa acted from his own. The witch noticed his bewildered expression and nodded.

“Blame it on Rose and Mona, the number of evenings we spent watching the telly at her place while Draco was off to Hogwarts and Lucius was doing Merlin-knows-what.” The blond witch continued. “I know what you are thinking Harry, but mom was never as bad as Aunt Walburga. That woman was a monster, a real blood-purist, and friends with the Dark Lady. I hate Sirius, with passion, but even I have to admit he suffered a lot by his mother's hands.”

Bella and Andy nodded, agreeing with their sister. It had been their aunt who negotiated the marriage contract with Lucius. Sometimes Narcissa was even thankful Sirius had gone crazy and finished them all. Rose noticed the mood shifting and tried to alleviate the talk.

“Hey, how am I to blame?” The pretty girl asked.

“Remind me who made me sit through all those space operas on the telly for ten hours or so?”’ Narcissa smiled fondly, she was finally home.

Harry was in heaven. The feelings of love and gentle teasing between Rose, her mom, Andy and Narcissa was like a warm blanket over him.

He felt an arm around his shoulder and breasts against his back and heard Bella whisper in his ear “Don’t look at us like that Harry, I know we look a little crazy, but you are just part of it now. Try to embrace it, Potter. Just be a nut job like us!”

Harry didn't know if it was the alcohol, or the gentle magic flaring all over the dining room, coming from all of them, that lead Bella to say those words. In the end, all he knew was that he liked hearing it.

Narcissa raised her glass “Hear hear!”, and Andy, on the other side of Harry, leaned and gave him a kiss on the cheek while Rose leaned over the table and gave him a kiss on the lips then droned “Ooooone of uuuuus! Ooooone of us!” making everybody laugh. Harry himself was feeling a little
dizzy with the drinks and mostly, the magic.

When the laughter subsided and plates got emptied within satiated bellies, Narcissa asked.

“Where did you learn to cook so well? I mean, I love Kreacher’s and Dobs’ cooking, but yours had a je ne sais quoi to it.”

Harry gave her a warm smile, thinking a little before answering.

“When I was about four, Aunt Petunia started making me cook meals, with a stool in front of the stove. At first it was simple breakfasts. French toasts, bacon, scrambled eggs, the usual simple stuff. Then, when I was 7 it was the lunch, and a year later the whole package. Don’t give me that look please. Because, of all the chores that whor… horse-faced woman gave me, it was my favorite, it gave me a vocation, showed me I was good at something before I knew I could do some magic. I had to try and hide the fact that I loved it, but, everything be damned, I did! She made me read cooking books, watch culinary shows, and then reproduce what I had read or seen.” Harry shrugged, trying to sound casual. Harry was grinning broadly then chuckled and really laughed hard. “Oh Merlin! I just realized! She taught me cooking like Snape teaches potions.”

“Don’t worry, Eileen won’t be teaching potions this year.” Rose waved. “Some old man who couldn’t stop talking about mom, I mean, Lily, will.”

“Dumb-As-The-Door (more laughter echoed in the dining room) hired Slughorn here, too, then. That means you will get her in DADA. I don’t know how she teaches potions here, but if she teaches Defense like Severus did back in my native universe, well we’ll learn a lot. He was truly made to teach that class. I was too angry and short sighted to see it then, but now I know better.” Harry concluded.

Rose looked stunned at Harry. Did he just compliment SNAPE?! She knew, from her mom, that Lily and Snape were best friends before their falling out, just like she and Hermione are… were? Was history going to repeat itself?

“Anyway, I hope you’ve got some place for desserts. I’ll be back in a couple minutes, ladies.” Harry said, getting up. The women smiled.

All in all it was a great dinner, as far as Harry was concerned, and he truly realized something: he felt like he had a place he belonged. A place he could call ...home.

.OvO.

After the nice dinner (boy, Harry could cook) and saying goodbye to her aunts, a pensive Rose sat on couch at the living room, closer to Harry, who seemed to also review the happenings of the day in his head, and she couldn’t blame him, a lot of weird things had happened, from his passing out to the way his magic was working. Bella was seated on the chair in front of them, reading the old dust book that Andy had asked Kreacher to fetch for her.

The girl was thinking about what her aunts and stepmother had told her. Maybe they were right, maybe it took Harry’s arrival for her to find someone who embraced all her freakishness, her perverted fantasies, and the ugly things inside her. But some of the questions hovering her mind were not easy to answer. What would happen when they had to add other girls to the mix? What they would think of her? And Bella? Was Rose okay in sharing this man with the woman she considered
her mother, even more than Lily? Rose realized that just thinking about it, made the girl’s panties completely soaked. “Merlin's balls, I must be really a pervert if this excites me that much…” Rose thought. And what people would think when they discover, because she was sure people would eventually find out. They always did.

And yet, seated here, laying her head on Harry’s shoulder, it all seemed to make sense. It felt right.

They soon decided to get to bed, after the strenuous but pleasant day. Harry and Rose hopped up the stairs under Bella’s caring gaze. The older witch could only hope she was making the right decisions in all this mess. Bella also had to reconcile with her own feelings. It had been years since she felt like that; not only as horny as a teenage girl, but maybe one day, in love.

Harry and Rose walked through the corridor in silence, Harry looking at the pictures on the wall with soft expression, until they reached the girl’s door. Rose opened it, before turning to the green eyed wizard with a smile.

“Crazy day… you really make things interesting Harry.”

“I guess that is the default effect of any extra dimensional alien.” He smiled. “In all seriousness though, I, we, have a lot to think about.”

“Yes… we do.”

“Rose?”

“Yes?”

“Would like to go on a date with me? Just the two of us?”

“Yes Harry, I would like that very much.” She said with a smile and lightly kissed him him on the lips.

“Can we go to the movies? I have never gone to the cinema before…” Harry said a little ashamed, both for never had being to the movies, and for the stories his roommates used to tell about what happened when the lights go out.

“So, let’s change that tomorrow.” Rose wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again, this time, letting their tongues linger and caressing each other.

“Good night Harry.” Rose said when they parted.

“I'm sure it will be.” Harry smiled back at her.

.OvO.

There was one thing Hermione Granger hated most than anything, and it was to lose control. Her father was many things, violent, possessive, a monster; at least her psychotic coward of a mother would say. But he was also incredibly intelligent, and had taught Hermione from an early age that, with knowledge, she could have control over her life. The witch had grown obsessed with that idea, having knowledge meant having control. Just like her father was able to control her life and her mother's life.
Seated at the desk in her room, which looked almost like a library, with piles of books scattered around, flipping through pages from one of the tomes, the witch thought again about what went wrong. Hermione knew she was smarter than most, she had already deduced everything that Potter boy had said about being the Boy-Who-Lived way before he did. What the young witch didn't expect was the connection between him and Rose; and Bella for that matter. The girl kept the jealousy facade, much like she did in Hogwarts, so they didn't think she knew too much, but, differently from school, Rose had not gone along with her this time.

And Rose was hers. Hermione knew from the day they met at the train, and Rose completely accepted her despite the brunette’s blood status, even being friends with some very influential pureblood families like the Bones and the Greengrasses. As years passed, Hermione found herself in love with the messy haired girl, and tried to do what her father had taught her. Hermione tried to take control.

At some level, somewhere deep within her mind, the bushy haired girl knew it was wrong, but she didn't care. The magical world was already wrong enough with its prejudices and backwards laws. And full of monsters...demons.

Hermione flipped through another page of the old yellowed tome. There was only two things the witch thought she could always control; her mind, and her magic.

Then he came and destroyed this control. Completely. Not even her mind was safe anymore. Hermione couldn't bear the dreams she had. It was driving her insane. Her magic was acting like it was not hers. The thoughts in her mind were foggy.

The Pureblood traitors that pretended to be Rose’s friends had called her paranoid, crazy and obsessive but that was, was exactly what her own mother called Hermione’s father.

One more page and she found it. The monster Hermione could pretend that boy was, and, perhaps, he was indeed one of those. It mattered not. Rose just needed to listen to her, and the witch would regain control over her mind and her body. Hermione would hold control over her lover. Just like her dad had shown. No one could see, but the girl had a grin as she read the book Eileen Snape had sent her.

.OvO.

The next day started in an amazing way for Rose. Not only did she have a restful night of sleep and was looking forward for his “date” with Harry later, but the morning mail also brought some very good news. During breakfast, to great jealousy from Hedwig, two owls flew right into the kitchen. Rose instantly recognized the big grey one as being the Bones family mailbird, bringing her a letter. The second was an unknown, common barn one, who dropped a letter in front of Bella.

Rose opened her own letter, and, as expected, it was from Susan. After a quick read, all while Harry placed some French toasts he had made and some orange juice in front of her, she turned to Bella with pleading eyes.

“Mom, Susan is asking if she can come stay with us after she's released from St Mungo's. She said Amy is super busy, and she prefers not be alone… and, let's be honest, I kinda owe her…”

Bella raised her eyebrow and moved her head towards Harry.
“Are you sure? You know our situation is a little… complex…” The older witch said.

Rose approached her and whispered. “Mom, remember Sue’s imaginary friend?” Bella eyes went wide with realization. “I think she already likes him…”

Bella sighed. “Alright, but if anything happens, you get to explain it to Amelia. I am getting myself off the hook here.” Bella raised both her hands in a surrender pose.

“Thank you mom!”

Bella then proceeded to open her letter and read it. “Hum, it’s from the headmaster. He agreed to place a transfer order for Harry, but he needs to take an evaluation test… so Harry, do you want to go to Hogwarts?”

“Well, if I'm going to help training and protect Rose, I think I must. I just need to think on how to deal with my newfound magical… situation.” Harry answered, holding a plate for her.

“Don't worry, we'll figure something out.” Rose said with a big smile.

.OvO.

That afternoon found Harry and Rose back at the mall. The wizard cast a quick glamour charm at his own forehead scar to hide it, hopeful that Bella was right about the trace not registering him as an underage magic user. The most observant people could think of them as siblings, or most probably cousins. Although their faces were different, their eyes were too alike.

Nonetheless both teens were looking forward to a pleasant and mostly normal afternoon. They decided to try and restrain themselves about public displays of affection, just in case. As Bella said, there was always home.

Rose was in a great mood. Not only Sue was getting better, Harry was, for her, a better company than she could imagine. They had many things in common, as expected, but in the end, they were also two very different different people and not only in the gender department. Rose was way more talkative, and seemed almost like she had endless energy, she loved music and possessed something she called a “do it yourself” philosophy, but was also a lovely young woman, that blushed when complimented and knew how to use her feminine charms. Harry found himself staring at her with a silly smile more than once.

For Rose, the feeling of talking and sharing so freely with someone was amazing. Rose could share her nightmares and dreams, her experiences at Hogwarts and with her family. Harry himself was little by little being more open to her about his own experiences.

“It's not that I don't trust you with everything…” Harry said after some time. “It's just that I want to forget some of those things myself, even if I know I can't…”

Harry told her about his childhood, and the cupboard under the stairs. Rose had tears in her eyes, but tried not to cry. Harry was interested in her childhood, growing up close with the Greengrass, Bones, Delacour and Longbottom families. Strangely, other than the twins and Ginny, Rose didn't have a close relationship with the Weasleys, it seemed Bella and Molly didn't work well together.

“Ever since we were kids, Ronald said we should be together and creepy stuff like that, but the guy
is a moron…” Rose rolled her eyes. “In third year, things got so annoying, that Daphne and Hermione had to send him to the infirmary a couple times. That was before Mione managed to fight with everyone…”

Harry smiled. “Ron reminds me of Ginny in my old… place… she was pretty much like that.”

They looked at the Lego sets on a toy shop window in silence. Rose finally gathered courage to ask. “Do you want to go back? To your old place I mean?”

Harry looked right into her eyes. Rose could see a shadow there, the kind of hurt she saw in her stepmother's eyes from time to time. Harry took a deep breath before answering.

“I made the ultimate sacrifice to save that place and who was left… I... lost everything Rose, before I even graduated from Hogwarts… there is nothing left for me there. I just hope the ones that remained can be better, but I am ready to move forward, I was ready when I walked into the Veil. So no, I don't want to go back. I think that I am needed here, now.” He finished with a soft, warm smile.

Rose looked around to see if anyone was paying attention, and then quickly pecked his lips. “Good, I think I like you here.”

The kept window shopping a little more, until it was time for their movie session.

“Independence Day… that looks so cheesy.” Harry laughed, holding the tickets.

“Oh come on, a little cheesy is not bad.” Rose adopted a joking aristocratic tone, like the politicians on the telly. “Let's watch the colonies saving the world again…” They both laughed, holding hands. “Hey, let's grab some popcorn.”

They walked to the booth, Harry complaining that every time he tried to make popcorn, the entire house got smelling like it.

“Rose!” Someone called. “Rose Potter!”

Rose knew that voice, one of the last Hogwarts colleagues she wished to meet at this time. She looked at Harry and sighed, before turning in the direction of the voice.

“Hi Lavender. What a surprise!” Rose said, making no effort to hide her annoyance.

Harry recognized the busty girl, on the other side of the balcony, dressed in a uniform that made almost no effort to hide her large tits. Lavender was a pretty girl, with waving dark blond hair, and the annoying habit of chewing gum, or sucking on minty sweets.

“My mom and dad made me work here this summer, to build character and know about the Muggle world and stuff.” The girl quickly said with an annoyed voice. “Especially after that mess at the Ministry… ooops.” She covered her mouth with a hand and looked at Harry.

Rose just rolled her eyes. “It’s alright Lavender.” Rose waved, wanting to end this as fast as possible. “But I want some…”

“Rose dear, you always want some.” Lavender said with a falsely sweet tone. “It's okay, it’s how you are, nothing to be ashamed of.”

Harry frowned, and Rose clenched her fist.

“Now darling.” Lavender kept going in her joyful tone. “Who's this handsome man with you?”
“Ow… this is my… cousin… Harry.” Rose said pointing at him. “Harry, this is a colleague from school, Lavender Brown, Lavender, this is Harry Potter.” Lavender eyes got wide open, and her grin became predatory.

“Nice to meet you, Miss Brown.” Harry said in the most neutral tone he could muster, it was clear Lavender was not a friend of Rose.

“No no, no ’Miss Brown,’ it makes me feel old, you can call me Lavender, handsome… oh I'm sorry.” Lavender turned to Rose. “Is he?” the girl made a swing with her hand, imitating a wand movement.

“Yes Lavender, he is…” Rose was starting to sound really annoyed.

“Reaaaaaally… how come I never saw you at Hogwarts, I'm sure I would not lose you, even if you were a snake.”

“Although my family is British, I have lived most of my life at the US, and I've been homeschooled.”

“Ah, that's so cool! So…” Lavender kept talking before Harry cut her.

“I'm sorry Miss Brown, but we really need our popcorn before the movie starts.”

“Of course, sorry. Here, with some extra butter for you, Harry.” Something in the way she said his name sent a shiver down his spine, and not the good kind.

Harry grabbed the bucket and paid it at the cashier. Rose looked really annoyed at the chewing girl.

“Ne t’en fais pas pour cette garce, ma belle. (don’t worry about that bitch, beautiful)” Harry whispered in French, in case Lavender eavesdropped on them “Quand je la regarde, tout ce que je vois, c’est de la barbaque pour lycan (when I look at her, all I see is were-meat).”

Rose laughed, and then even more at the confused expression on Lavender’s face as they entered the room.

As David and his father were parked in the van right in the front of the White House, Harry felt the growing urge for relief and with a kiss on Rose’s cheek, left the room to head to the gentlemen’s restrooms.

Harry barely got inside and finished his deeds when he heard heels on the floor and the click of a door being locked. Harry turned around to see the bust blond witch looking at him with hungry eyes.

“Don’t worry, Harry it is just me.” Lavender said in a husky tone.

“It is just I.” Harry corrected with an annoyed voice and a slight New England accent. “I thought you Brits were very much grammar nazis about that kind of stuff?”

Lavender frown at the slight, but walked toward him, unbuttoning her blouse.

“Now, now, Harry, no need to be insulting. And I’m sure you can do better than your flat chested ‘cousin’.” Lavender purred. “What do you think of these?”
Harry gazed down at her pretty full breasts, they were round and big, her nipples had a inviting light brown color. He noticed his magic didn't respond to her, and thanks to his Occlumency, easily schooled his features in a blasé expression, giving her a shrug

“Decent boobjob, I guess. But really, saw better ones when I go to Cali during the Summer and Spring Breaks.” Harry felt somewhat bad for saying that, but remembered that this Lavender had helped in starting Rose’s bad reputation.

Lavender seethed, blushing hard in embarrassment, even humiliation.

“I’ll have you know that unlike those brainless blondes you might have known there, mine are all natural! And are more than the handful of that… cousin of yours!” The girl looked angry now.

But Harry wasn’t looking at her, rather at the short and sweaty, oval shaped man who had entered the restrooms using his keys.

“What the meaning of this?!” a baritone voice barked, startling Lavender. “Are you Brown’s boyfriend, young man?”

Harry shook his head “No sir! I was here with my relative for some quality entertainment, when your employee entered the bathroom and started flashing me her...hem...charms, and I use the term loosely.” Harry explained with the same New England accent, fetching his ticket from his pocket.

Lavender, whom hastily covered up, turned and faced her boss, blushing furiously.

“Umm, hullo, Mr.McKenzie.” The girl squeaked.

He didn’t reply, still focused on Harry. Something in those eyes scared the man in a way he couldn't understand.

“I assure you this is not in the habit of this establishment, young sir. Follow me into my office and I’ll sign you a year long voucher. Any movie you want, as often as you want, for you and your relative, of course. And you, Brown, clear out your locker and go to Richard’s office to pick up your check.”

Ten minutes later, Harry walked back in the movie room as, on screen, Air Force One was taking off, trailed by a wall of fire that reminded Harry of how Fiendfyre looked.

“Where were you?” Rose whispered a bit annoyed.

“Watching Lavender get fired, I guess. I’ll give you the details at home.” Harry replied in a quiet, hushed tone and shrugged.

Rose giggled and kissed his cheek. Best date ever.

.ODEV.

They left the movie laughing, just enjoying each other's company. Rose finding it extremely hard not to cup Harry’s face and kiss him. He was so honest, and carrying. The teens decided to have Japanese food, another first for Harry.

Seated at the table, trying to learn the names of the strange, but somewhat tasteful food in front of
him, Harry gave her a genuine smile.

“Mee zo You done…” Harry tried to spell the name of his dish again and failed. Miserably. “Thank you Rose, it's been a while, if ever, that I had this much fun.”

“Um, didn't you date in your… place?” Rose asked somewhat baffled, a hot guy like him sure got a lot of girls.

“I did, for a short while. I… things got bad pretty fast there, but it doesn't matter. It will not happen here. I will not allow it.” Harry said.

“Sorry for bringing that up…” Rose apologized.

“Nah!” He waved his hand. “Don't worry. I understand you. Now, what's the name of this weird and disgusting yet delicious fish cone?”

“That, Mister Potter, is a Temaki…”

After the dinner they grabbed a cab to get back home. Inside the car, Rose finally gave in and laid her head on Harry's shoulder, holding his hands tight.

“I know it's weird and we kinda did things backwards after yesterday, but I really enjoyed our date Harry. It has been only a couple of weeks, but I feel like we are... in tune…”

“I understand… you are helping me in ways I'm just now beginning to understand. Aren't you mad at the things I did with Bella?”

Rose thought for a second, before answering. “I think I'm okay with it, and I think she really, really, likes you. Do you like her?”

“I think so, in more than one way.” Harry said with a certain voice.

“And me?” Rose sounded more insecure than she wanted too, and Harry noticed.

“Yes… I like you very much…”

“Will you forget about us when the other women arrive?” Harry looked questioningly at her. “You heard Aunt Andy, you need to find more… balance.”

“That is not it. Why would I forget you, or Bella?” Harry asked.

“That's what guys do, when they see they can't handle me, and for the first time, I am the one afraid I can't handle you…”

“That sounded too much like me Rose, I'm the insecure character here.” Harry smiled. “Don't worry about it. Love only grows.”

They were now in front of the house, and Harry leaned and kissed her. A deep, warm and loving kiss.

.OvO.
Bella welcomed them, and didn't even need to ask how the date has gone, simply looking at their smiling faces was enough. Both had complicated enough lives, specifically Harry, if the memories she was viewing were really his, as his magic filled her. They deserved it. Bella just want to be there for them, for both of them.

The new “complication” in their lives could be worked out, it could even become an advantage. Bella needed to work out her own feelings for the young wizard, as things were happening fast, just as everything in their lives did. They should try and make the best of it. Thinking about it, she kissed her surprised daughter on the cheek and Harry on the mouth.

“We will make it work.”

“As long as the two of you are ok with it, I know we will.” Harry replied with a smile, as he circled his arms around Bella’s waist first, then around Rose’s as well. He could feel and smell the dampness of Bella’s hair and skin through the silk of her robe.

“Now, both of you smell of fish, go take a shower.” Bella barked.

.OvO.

Harry walked out of the shower, with a towel over his head. He walked to to the wardrobe and got some pajama pants and clean boxers.

Rose’s voice hit him from her room, and the now familiar sound of her guitar echoed through the corridor. Harry closed his eyes to listen before putting on his pants and walked through the corridor to her door. He stood there, just listening. When Rose finally looked at him, she signaled for him to enter, without stopping her playing.

“And the Earth becomes my throne. I adapt to the unknown. Under wandering stars I have grown, by myself but not alone. I ask no one!” a beat and a chord passed “All my ties are severed clean. The less I have the more I gain. Off the beaten path I reign.” The tempo changed and became faster, her voice deeper “Rover, wanderer, nomad, vagabond, call me what you will! And I take my time anywhere. Free to speak my mind anywhere! And I never mind anywhere! Anywhere I roooaaam… Where I lay my head is home yeah, yeaaaah!”

Harry watched with fascination as Rose’s fingers danced over the strings during the solo, seated on the ground in front of her, while the girl played on the bed. The wizard didn’t know the song, and right now, he didn’t care. All that mattered was the girl in front of him, her dexterous fingers creating beautiful sounds, her full lips singing about a man making his home wherever he saw fit, making his own destiny, wherever he may roam. Her glasses laid to her side on the bed, giving Harry full view of her beautiful green eyes. Was that what people saw in his own eyes? He felt like he could drown in the deep of those emerald green depths. Rose kept singing, looking directly at him. The witch wanted Harry to know, she was singing FOR him, she wanted him to look at her how he was and keep doing what he was doing now forever; making her feel like the most beautiful girl in the world. It was fun watching Harry and Bella, but Rose wanted more. Rose wanted Harry for herself too. Harry got on his knees, Rose got a full view of his torso, his muscles were relaxed and she could see
his scars, his pajamas pants loosely around his waist and she couldn’t help but look to his growing
tent, the pull between them was getting even stronger, their magic flared at each other, touching and
mixing, becoming one. Rose could feel the warm spreading through her body, at the point of almost
missing some notes. Almost.

Rose finished the song, and slowly, with gracious movements, put the guitar aside. The girl was
wearing just a big old shirt and white panties, her nipples popping out under the soft fabric. Harry
looked at her, it was so weird. It is narcissist to find another version of yourself this beautiful? Right
now he didn’t care. He looked as Rose uncrossed her toned, beautiful legs, giving him a full view of
her pantie clad vulva, so perfectly embraced by her damp knickers, that he could perfectly discern
her outer lips under it, looking incredibly inviting, making his own cock twitch and tremble. Harry
forced himself to look back at her face, as she was getting closer, leaning into him.

“Now, that is something I can’t do…” Harry said with a smile. “That was beautiful Rose, truly
beautiful…”

“Thank you Harry…” Rose was inches from his face now, his scent and his magic were intoxicating.
“I…”

Harry gave her a smile, that fucking smile that brought her to her knees in front of him. “I know.”
The wizard said in a husky voice. Rose felt her pussy getting even wetter, how he was doing that?

“You know what, fuck it!” Rose finally said, and leaped into him, kissing Harry with passion and
abandon, her tongue darting inside his mouth, battling with his. Harry landed on his back on the
carpet, and felt Rose’s hips landing on his. He could feel the warm moisture of her pussy even
through his pajamas and her panties, and firmly grasped her ass with both hands.

Rose felt his hard member rubbing against her pussy lips and her mind started to go blank form the
sensation. The girl bit his lip for a second, before kissing him again, and his hands, cupping and
squeezing her round ass, helped her move, grinding almost forcefully against him. Rose was not a
girly girl, and Harry loved that, she was fierce, and strong, and it showed, her kisses were deep and
hot, and her hips moved with passion.

“Fuck Harry, you’re so hot!” Rose said in his ear, moving her hips against his length. Harry spread
her ass and moved a hand inside her panties, touching her tighter hole with the point of his finger.
There was nothing dry about this humping, Rose’s juices flowed freely through her panties and
Harry’s pants, the witch kissed and sucked on his neck, strong enough to leave a mark. With a quick
movement, she released Harry's cock from it's fabric prison, letting it fall towards her, and moved her
panties’ rim to the side, before returning to grind him. The raw contact felt incredible, warm and wet,
like nothing she ever felt. It was not possible that just touching him could feel so good. Harry could
see her puffy pussy lips perfectly embracing his thickness, spreading her fluids all over his prick and
suppressed a moan.

“Fuck fuck fuck fuuuuuuck!” Rose screamed, moving her hips quickly, making splashing sounds as
her fluids spread across Harry’s dick and belly. The girl was so slippery that they moved almost
without resistance now, every time his glans hit her clitoris and slid it over sent bolts of electricity and
pleasure through her entire body. Rose could not believe how good it felt.

Harry was in awe, watching his dick disappear under her, only to reappear, surrounded by her pussy
lips, covered in her juices, touching every inch of her slit. The wizard felt like Rose was on fire over
him, one of his hands holding her waist as the other probed her ass, pressing slightly against her back
entrance. The obscene sounds their bodies were driving him crazy. They moaned and groaned
together, moving in unison, just as their magic mingled together.
“Rose, I’m gonna…” Harry groaned, feeling the pressure growing on his member.

“Yes yes yes!” Rose called. “Cum with me Harry, please, please….”

They both exploded, exactly at the same time, the feeling echoing in one another, sending waves of pure bliss through their bodies. In tune with each other, like an almost perfect song.
The Immigrant song

Chapter 09

The immigrant's song

Harry was sure he was starting to understand the plans that the Old Ones, or Fate, or Death, or whoever it was that brought the boy to this plane, had for him. They were showing him how good life could be, so when the time finally came for him to complete whatever task he had to complete, Harry would do it with extra motivation. Way more effective than manipulations, betrayals and threats, the wizard thought, remembering his last timeline. Every villain, in every story he had seen that mistreated his goons, was indeed wrong.

He stood up from his bed and walked down to the kitchen, to start working on the breakfast. The young wizard had finally come to an agreement with Kreacher, he did the first meal of the day, and the elf would take care of the others. It was the least he could do for this strange little family who had let him in on their lives.

As he cooked, Harry thought about some of the things he was learning here. This world was vastly different from his old one, not only was Sirius a death eater, but a real cruel one, reminding him of the likes of Antonin Dolohov, or Walden McNair. The First War seemed to have been more brutal; the Dark Lady was cunning, evil and had no regard for anyone other than herself, a true Slytherin. And her body was not destroyed, because of that, magical Britain was very close to a police state, and it was something it remained to this day. Harry was not even sure about how many Horcruxes she had made in this time-line, only that both her, and Rose, were aware of the one in the girl's head. Should he have told Rose that the Horcrux was actually attached to her soul? The Dark Lady's history was also a mystery, no one knew her real name, only that she was probably descendant from the Gaunts. The snake-lady had covered her tracks way better than Tom could have dreamed of, but the similarities between them were undeniable. The way both used the Pureblood fears against the rest of magical society. Bella declined to tell him about Sirius, only that Walburga had broke him, way before he joined the Dark Lady. His knowledge was really limited, but there was one thing he still could do. He could teach them how to fight. And he could also cook.

Today he was making special pancakes.

Bella was the first of the girls to enter the kitchen, in her usual, as Harry now came to know, morning attire: a silk robe that ended just below her groin and panties, nothing more. Harry was sure she slept only in her knickers, and with and amazing body like that, he wouldn't blame her. Harry himself, feeling less conscious about his own scars since he arrived, was dressed only with his pajamas pants, enjoying the hot summer morning.

Bella walked to Harry and hugged him from behind (Harry also noticed she liked doing that), and kissed his shoulder muscles and his neck, soft, long and wet kisses. One of her hands was wrapped around his abs, and the other lightly fondled his already hardening cock.

"Good morning babe…” Bella whispered and bit his ear lobe. Someone had awoken inspired.

"And a good one to you too Bella." Harry answered with a grin on his face. "Had some nice dreams?”Before Bella could answer, they heard someone else entering the kitchen

"Hum, that smells delicious!" Rose said, dressed in a light green nightgown that hugged her amazing bum with perfection, letting her toned legs out. One off the straps was falling over her shoulder, and
her hair was even messier than normal. Harry thought she looked beautiful. A small wave of narcissistic guilt run through his mind, but he shoved it away.

"You two sit, it's nearly done." The wizard said, turning back to the stove.

Harry walked to Rose and kissed her full on the lips, before putting the plates over the table, and starting serving them. In his old life, he always thought cooking for others was something he hated to do, as the Dursley's were always unappreciative of the effort he put into it, until he cooked for Daphne, Fleur and some of his other few friends it was one of his talents that he had despised. That was when he discovered that who you are cooking for made all the difference in the preparation of the meals.

He sat down at the table, and, as he eat, reflected on how things have changed since his first date with Rose, two days ago. He had yet to go all the way with her, but it seemed that both women had found a comfortable place between them and he was also discovering that the Marauder's teasing was relentless. Specifically when both women started playing footsie with him under the table.

.OvO.

Narcissa stirred in the different bed that was starting to feel like it was her own, especially with its other occupant whose hair was spread around at the pillow, in a brown, entangled halo around her head.

The witch took a deep breath. Today she was making it official. Today, she was telling her girlfriend -as of last night- the truth.

"Mnhhh I like feeling your hand there in the morning, love." Came the voice from the previously sleeping brunette next to her. Narcissa looked down and saw that her right hand was groping Mona's bare breast, and felt the nipple getting hard under her palm. The blond was about to apologize for being so forward and remove her hand, years of Victorian etiquette classes screaming on her head, but Mona's own hand quickly covered hers and held it in place. "Leave it here, Cissy, I like how your hands feel on me. So tender, soft and loving. So safe." Mona whispered.

Narcissa smiled and kissed her, not caring for any morning breath issue, she would cast a breath refreshing charm on her mouth while her girlfriend was in the shower anyway. The witch noticed how her own breath was fast, as the other woman looked at her with concerned caramel eyes.

"Cissy, babe, what's wrong?" Mona asked. "You're so tense. Are you having second thoughts about asking me to be your girlfriend? I told you, yes, and that i would always be your best friend as well." Mona sounded more fearful than she intended, she wasn't sure that she could handle another break up. Not from a new relationship that she liked so much in such a short amount of time.

Cissy shook her head.

"It's not that, my sweet Mona. It's just that...now that we are a couple, I can tell you things I've held from you. But it's something we should be properly awake and refreshed for." The blond witch explained.

Mona looked down with a questioning expression and Narcissa giggled "No, it's not that I'm not a natural blond. Good grief you've known that for years already…"

The brunette laughed.

"Just kidding. You take your shower, I'll get the breakfast ready." Mona offered
"Real breakfast, not those horrid cereals that are more sugar than actual cereal, I hope?" Narcissa asked, with an arched eyebrow "You're a dentist, for Mer...cator's sake!"

"Dental surgeon and stomatologist, if you please!" Mona sniffed, her nose held high in a manner that would make a Pureblood lady proud.

They looked at each other in silence for a couple second, then burst out laughing.

Narcissa got up from the bed, and walked, naked as the day she was born and with a seductive sway to her hips, toward the bathroom. The woman smirked in satisfaction as she heard her girlfriend moan with desire, in a way her ex-husband has never did, her eyes likely glued to her prime butt.

Twenty minutes later, Narcissa joined Mona in the kitchen, wearing short shorts, a tee shirt that said 'Keep Calm, I'm The Doctor' and Bugs Bunny loafers that they had bought when they were visiting Manhattan for the New Years Eve last winter, when Lucius was busy doing whatever the Dark Lady had asked him. Narcissa stop felt a little weird in this style of clothing but it was a little liberating at the same time. The witch could pretend to be a completely different woman, even if for just a little while.

On her plate was a sliced burrito that showed eggs and bacon inside and Narcissa couldn't stop herself from licking her lips. Was it something that all Muggles could be raised to do? Harry's cooking still made her mouth water just thinking about it. And this too looked delicious and it brought back memories, also.

Mona smiled and sat to eat her own burrito, she was wearing an oversized CAMBRIDGE printed sweatshirt that gave glimpse of her bushy but trimmed pubes when she sat.

"So…" Narcissa began. "Better I pull the bandit fast and ex-"

"Band-Aid, love." Mona interrupted her.

"Band-Aid if you wish, Miss Dictionary." Narcissa drawled with a roll of her eyes, then took a deep breath. "The truth is I'm a…"

"Witch." Mona waved in a casual tone.

"Will you stop interrupting me when I'm trying to….WAIT, WHAT?!" Narcissa looked at her with wide eyes.

"Cissy, I've known you are a witch for years now." Mona explained, giving the shocked witch's hand a squeeze. "I knew you were unable to tell me about yourself, using a euphemism like when you caught yourself almost saying 'For Merlin's Sake!' earlier, because of the Statute of Secrecy. I couldn't tell you I knew either, because of that same law."

"But then how do you know?" Narcissa asked, still gobsmacked at how this conversation turned around on her.

Mona sighed.

"You know I'm using my maiden name of Monica Teles and that I hate my married name, can't stand to use it because it reminds me of that brute." The woman paused and shivered, touching her chin, like she did every time her husband was mentioned. "Baby, you know my daughter, and I already know your sisters. Heck, my daughter's magical guardian is your sister Bella."

"Granger..." Narcissa whispered with wide eyes, connecting the dots. "You're Hermione's mom.
And Bella's Muggle friend who went with her and the girls to Japan...

Mona gave her a sad but loving smile. That's when it hit Narcissa like the proverbial ton of bricks.

"Oh Circe. You told me two days ago that your daughter was going to testify against you in court. Hermione will… oh honey." Narcissa finished with a sigh, and took Mona...Monica in her arms, holding her tight.

"Don't tell Rose, please. It'll break her heart and destroy their friendship for sure." Mona begged. "She calls me Aunt Monie sometimes… I don't want to be the reason the two of them get distant…"

Narcissa nodded, albeit reluctantly "She will have to know sometime, sweetie. Especially when I introduce you as my… partner. And there's other…events… that happened at the Black household that I'm not sure I can share with you yet. But, if you don't mind me asking, as a girlfriend, as a friend and as a lawyer, what could Hermione testify against you in court?"

Mona sighed and caressed Narcissa's cheek.

"That, my love, is a long and painful story…"

.OvO.

Rose picked up the incessantly ringing phone, knowing the call was for her. None of her stepmother's friends used the device, they preferred the Floo, but Rose and her friends often used the phone as a way to avoid their parents and headmaster monitoring. Just some simple Shielding and Silencing Charms around the machine, just like the telly and her stereo, and it could work in magically charged areas.

"Heeeello?" The emerald eyed girl said in a happy tune.

"Bloody hell Rose, what were you thinking?" Came a urgent voice at the other side of the line.

"Wow, calm down Hermione, what the heck are you talking about?" Rose sighed, Hermione's constantly rants were starting to annoy her. Since when had her bright friend had became a mixture of Snape and Pansy?

"Didn't you read the Prophet this morning?" Hermione sounded a little desperate.

"We don't read that shit here, Mione, you know that. Why? Am I over the front page again? What did they say I am on this time? You know is just Skeeter and Diggory lies!" Rose asked, not really wanting to know the answer.

"Well, I advice you to look at it. Your… cousin… is there too! I warned you he was trouble!"

Rose sighed.

"Thank you for the heads up Mione, I will look into it…"

"Ro, I really think you should let the Headmaster…"

"If you want to lick Dumbledore's balls be my guest! I doubt either of the you two would like it to be honest. Bye!" Rose angrily hung the phone up, the base of the machine ringing loudly as the receiver slammed down. The witch took a deep breath, and instantly regretted what she had done. "Damn, where that came from? Hermione is just concerned about me… Why did I overreact that way?" Rose thought, a little scared by herself and her actions.
The girl walked to the living room where Harry and Bella were discussing what to do that day, and called. "Dobby?" The little elf popped into the room.

"You called Mistress Rose ma'am?" He looked around and saw Harry, who had teary eyes. Dobby's eyes got even bigger than they already were, and he started crying. "Oh young Master, Dobby doesn't know why, but Dobby knows he should thanks you!" The little elf ran and hugged Harry's legs, and the wizard felt a wave of happiness through his magic.

"You already did Dobby, in the most incredible way…" Harry said, remembering the little grave his weird friend lay in. At least he had taken three Death Eaters with him.

Rose looked confused, and Harry said. "Dobby saved my life back there, more than once… between Kreacher and him, it seems like elf magic can travel a little between dimensions…"

"Conveniently weird…" Rose said with a shrug. "Anyway, sorry for breaking the moment. Dobby, I need you to fetch me today's edition of the Prophet, please?"

"Right the way, young Mistress Rose!" The little creature said, popping out.

"What happened this time?" Bella asked, in a tired voice.

"Hermione called, it seems I made the papers… again." Rose said, and Harry could see the sadness on her face.

After just a couple minutes, Dobby reappeared with the paper, and the three gathered around to read it.

Lost Family? Or New Love?

By Rita Skeeter

We all knew that Rose Potter, our favorite female hero (or anti-hero depending on whom you ask) was of a somewhat loose morality (does this reporter need to remind you of what happened during the Triwizards Tournament?) but this is a new low for her. Yesterday evening, in Muggle London, the young witch, 14, was seen in company of a young man of similar age or slightly older and sharing an uncanny resemblance. They went to a Kennema Theater (where muggles could watch a gigantic moving painting for hours) together. Witnesses stated that they harassed a young worker there at the food concession and later, the young man even tried to have his way with the young woman in the men's restrooms.

Apparently the young man is named Harry Potter, cousin of young Rose on her father's (The deceased hero of war, James Potter) side. Now, after some research, this reporter found out that the only sibling the late Lord Potter had was Katriona Potter, a squib who lived in the Muggle World where she had several lovers over the years, and had a son out of wedlock, that was taken away by Muggle authorities before she passed away in a vehicle crash less than a year after and was already pregnant with another child from another man. Knowing about her family record plus that, dear readers, it is not so surprising that the child who survived the Killing Curse from She-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named grew up to become the scarlet woman we all know as The Whore-Who-Lived? And with the company of her cousin (and maybe more), Merlin only knows what debauchery we will have to bear witness to in the future. This reporter offers her deepest sympathy to the teaching staff of Hogwarts these coming two years, and to Mrs Black-Potter who has to watch over two perverse delinquents.

(for more on Rose Potter and a timeline of her love conquests, see page 4)
Above the text there was a picture of Harry and Rose happily laughing at the Japanese restaurant, a picture Bella actually found really lovely, if it wasn't for the poisonous words under it. The older witch then started hearing a clicking sound around her and noticed the various objects vibrating around her, with sheer pure magical energy. Bella looked at Harry and Rose, their green eyes glowing equality with rage.

It was actually cute.

"Ok, you two need to calm down. The pottery doesn't have any blame." Bella said in a calm, even voice tone. They both looked at her, somewhat embarrassed, and the room stopped shaking.

"I will get Lavender so bad for it, that she will not be able to sit for a month!" Rose roared. "How does Skeeter got so close without us noticing? Again?" Rose asked herself.

"She was probably in her Animagus form." Harry theorized. "A beetle is pretty easy to miss by night and so close to the Thames as the cinema was."

Both women stared wide eyed at him, first in confusion, then in realization. Harry found their expressions quite comical.

"Are you telling me," Bella had an evil grin that reminded Harry a little too much of her counterpart. "That Rita Skeeter is an Animagus?"

"Well, in my world, she was an unregistered one…. We trapped her inside an unbreakable bottle, I mean, an unbreakable bottle and fed her leafs for weeks. I thought you knew it…" Harry looked at them and realized, snapping his fingers. "You didn't compete in it, that year was too different for you!"

"Yeah, she got most of her stories from Cedric and Amos that year…" Rose said.

"Sorry, I should had realized and told you earlier…” Harry apologized. Bella waved her hand, dismissing it.

"That's simply… delicious!" Bella beamed. Rose and Harry looked at her in confusion. "You see, Cissy wants to return to practicing law, after all those years with that monster, and that is perfect!"

"Are you saying what I think you are?" Rose asked with a mischievous grin.

"Yes, let's sue Amos Diggory and the bloody Daily Prophet!"

.OvO.

Later that day Harry was walking back to his room after a visit to the Black library. The wizard was trying to learn the biggest differences between the two worlds but he had to stop, as he was actually starting to feel his magic building up to fast. The problem was that he was not comfortable telling anyone, at least not yet. Andy had told him that she would keep researching, but as far as she knew, his new condition was a permanent one.

Both she and Bella insisted that this was not a bad thing, that it was actually a gift. Well, maybe in a perverse kind of way, it was. But he couldn't help but feel more than a little self conscious, he was
never too good with the ladies, even with Fleur and Daphne, they took the lead.

"Harry?"

Harry lifted his head and saw Bella in a bathrobe, standing at her room's door.

"Sorry, I was just a little distracted." Harry said, letting his eyes travel through her amazing figure.

"No problem babe, come with me please." Bella gave him an inviting smiled. Harry could feel his magic pushing him to her.

"Are you sure? That's your room…"

"It's not my room I want to show you Harry, you seem like you could use a little relaxing." Bella signalized inside her room.

Harry shrugged, what's the worst that could happen? Bella walked him through her room, into the master bathroom. Harry remembered how big it was from the house on his plane. But that one had nothing on this. Bella's bathroom was clean and clear, with white tiles on the walls and a big sink. But the dominating feature was the big… bathtub, pool? It was almost as big as the one in the prefects bathroom, filled with hot, bubbling inviting water.

Harry felt her hands reaching to the hem of his shirt, and started pulling it up. Harry didn't understand how, but both Bella and Rose had some kind of power over him. The instant they touched him, his mind always got blank, almost like his magic was taking over. Before he realized, his shirt was on the floor, and Bella was slowly caressing his chest and belly, reaching for his trousers.

"Relax Harry…" Bella whispered. It was easy for her to say, Harry's dick was already throbbing and rock hard from his magic, the view of her incredible body and the sensation of her soft hands and warm mouth over his skin, and now he felt like exploding, both magically and physically. Once his boxers hit the floor, Bella gently lead Harry to the bathtub. The water was warm, and Harry felt his muscles instantly relaxing once he submerged on it. The young wizard let out a deep breath, closing his eyes.

"Thanks…" Harry whispered and looked at the smiling Bella, who had just let the bathrobe fall, revealing her amazing body. Harry was once again struck by how beautiful she looked. The Bellatrix he once knew was but a corrupted shadow of this great woman. Harry carefully looked at her big but firm tits, her flat stomach and beautiful pussy mound.

With an elegant movement, Bella entered the tub, and sat in front of him.

"You know I can feel it right? And Rose too… we know when your magic is building Harry."

"Sorry…" Harry said a little ashamed.

"Why?"

"For putting you through this, you have no obligation to help me…"

"And who said I am not also helping myself?" Bella winked. "Harry, what did you see the first time in the mirror of…?"

"How… how do you know about that?"

"You touched me in more than one way Harry, your magic is telling, or rather, showing me things."
Harry's eyes had gone wide, he looked scared, genuinely scared.

"No, no! I saw things… I did things… things I don't want anyone to see. Things I want to forget. I'm sorry! I can't put you through the things I passed…"

Bella pulled the shivering young wizard into a hug. "No Harry, you don't need to be sorry. That is what you saw in the mirror Harry, that is what family truly is, it's not just blood. We share the load Harry. I will be the one who will help carry this, so you can live again." Bella kissed him, softly on the lips. "Also, you don't want to forget Harry; for better or for worse, those things made you who you are today."

He looked directly at her purple eyes. There was something there. Something more than just magic.

"Remember, I was an Auror Harry, I fought a war. I saw my share of terrible things. I lost the man and the woman I loved the most in this life… and I persisted. For Rose, and for myself. That is what people like us do Harry, we persist and we survive. But surviving alone is not enough babe, you need to live…"

Harry let those words sink. Someone to share the load. Was he ready to submit someone to that? Again? Bella was strong, a warrior, just like him. Maybe she could bare…

Harry caressed her cheek, before pulling her into a deep, searing kiss that made both of them tremble down to their bones from pleasure. It had been years since Bella last felt this way, and Harry could feel the chance of being alive again as their tongues sensually danced together.

They only parted lips when they heard the door opening.

"Mom, that was Daphne at the Floo…" Rose stopped when she saw them both together in the tub. The girl blushed, and started turning around. "Sorry, I will come back later…"

"No…” Harry whispered.

"No Rose.” Bella said with a warm voice. "Stay with us, please…”

.OvO.

Harry watched, almost like in a trance, as Rose removed her clothes. First her Bad Religion shirt, revealing she was not wearing a bra underneath, her breasts were two firm, milk colored orbs, with erect nipples begging to be touched and kissed. The young witch slowly unclasped her jeans, letting the denim slide down, revealing white low cut knickers. Harry could notice the small spot of moisture forming at her groin.

Rose smiled at his fascination, the way he was looking at her, almost like he was trying to memorize every inch of her body made her feel beautiful and also, powerful. Feeling a little playful, Rose turned around, grabbed the hem of her panties, and pulled them down, slowly. Harry got to see the soft fabric run over the almost perfect curve of her ass cheeks, then down and over her strong legs. The wizard couldn't look away, as the other (prettier) version of him leaned down, revealing her little pink anus, and her wet pussy lips, everything seemed so right, so pretty, and his body reacted in kind. Harry held a groan when Rose finally turned back around.

"What's the problem Mister Potter?" Rose asked in playful tone with a mischievous grin.

"No problem at all, Miss Potter, just admiring your most amazing ass, if you forgive my crude words." Harry answered.
"Well, thank you." The girl said, entering the water. Bella had a smile on her face, watching the joyful back and forth.

"And what about mine?" Bella then asked, with an eyebrow raised, arms crossed under her ample bosom "I don't think I've heard you comment on it yet and you've seen it quite a few times already, covered, half covered and and naked, and not one word!"

"I'm sorry…" Harry giggled, "In my defense, all those times, I was trapped in a room, or rather able only to groan incoherently because of what you were doing."

"Hmm, ok, I will let it pass… this time." Bella only half joked. This time, the older witch was more concerned about her daughter. "Come here Ro, I was talking with Harry about family…" The younger witch swam to them, and sat in front of Bella. "I was explaining to him how family is about helping each other…" Bella spread some shampoo over Rose's hair while she talked and started massaging the fine raven black strands of her stepdaughter, who closed her eyes, relaxing.

Harry watched in fascination, there was nothing erotic about the scene and yet, his magic reacted, in a different way. Bella caressed Rose's hair, and cleaned it with love and care. The girls seemed to enjoy each second of her stepmother's attention, and Harry realized what he could see there. Intimacy, love. They were incredibly comfortable with each other, they knew, and accepted, each quality, flaw and even weirdness from one another.

"Come Harry…" Bella called, with a warm voice. "Help me."

Harry approached then slowly, almost afraid of breaking the moment. The young wizard reached them and slowly threw a little warm water over her head, helping removing the shampoo. Bella handed him the soap, and the wizard spread it over his hands, then over Rose's shoulders. The girl shivered under his touch and bit her lips, magic flowing between them. Bella started spreading soap on her back, taking care to not go too far. Harry on the other hand, tentatively spread the soap over her titts, softly and gently.

Rose let out a moan, and pushed his hands to actually cup one of her breasts before Harry could retreat. Bella let a little amount of water flow over her back, and whispered to her stepdaughter. "Do you want to kiss Harry?"

"Yes…" Rose hissed, with her eyes closed, holding Harry's hand over her breasts.

"I think he wants to kiss you too…" Bella said, looking right at his face, with a grin.

It was all the incentive the young witch needed. Rose threw her arms around Harry's neck and kissed him passionately, he kissed her back with need, opening his mouth, allowing entrance to her tongue. Harry pulled her closer, until Rose was seated on his lap, straddling his hips, her swollen pussy lips pressed against his hard prick. Rose moaned in his mouth and began grinding herself against his hips.

Bella walked over to then and said in a husky voice. "Harry loves your ass Rose… you know you have a lovely bum… I bet he gets super hard every time he sees it…" Rose groaned and started grinding herself harder against Harry, her hot pussy lips perfectly embracing his hard shaft. "Why don't you give him a closer look?"

Rose parted from Harry and gave Bella a mischievous grin, one that Harry recognized as the Marauders smile, and he loved it. Rose looked at Harry, and licked her lips, slowing her hips movements.

"Do you want to look at my ass, Harry?" The young witch asked with a sultry, lust heavy voice.
"Yes, I would love too..." It was all he could say.

"Just for you then..." Rose got up, and as soon as her legs released him, Bella moved her hand and grabbed his aching member. Slowly stroking it, causing Harry take a deep breath as the new surge of pleasure shot through his body.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Bella asked in Harry's ear.

"Yes, she is..." He answered, looking at the smiling Rose while enjoying the gentle stroking of Bella's hands on his member. The older witch knew how to handle him, moving her hand from the base of his dick all the way up the bulbous head, in a slow pace, not overdoing it, building his pleasure to last.

Rose walked to the edge of the tub with Harry's eyes glued on her, and turned her body around. Looking at her wizard over the shoulder, she slowly bent down, getting onto her elbows, lifting her ass in the air. Harry groaned loudly as her cheeks parted, revealing her anus and pussy, his dick twitched, and Bella increased the speed of her movements just a little. Bella loved the sensation of the pulsing, big member in her hands, it was so warm and full of power.

"Want to see more Harry?" Rose asked with a low voice, holding each side of her perfect ass with her hands, and spreading it. The effect was strong and immediate, her barely open pussy had its puffy lips apart and it was dripping wet, and her pink anus was pulsing. Harry's breath got faster, and a burst of magic agitated the water, making both Rose and Bella moan.

"Harry..." Bella said, still close to his ears. "Have you taken care of your needs today?"

"No..." Harry could barely say, his mind going numb with desire with the view in front of him. Rose's pussy looked so inviting, so wet and slippery.

"Do you want to help, Ro?" Bella asked, already knowing the answer. The magic floating in the bathroom was intense, the sexual energy almost overwhelming, and the older witch was amazed to notice that a good part of it came from Rose, responding to Harry's magic.

"Yes... Please Harry, let me help you..." The girl moaned, waving her ass. Bella helped Harry get up, and walked with him to the younger witch, without letting his dick go from her firm grasp.

Once they reached Rose, Bella sat in the water again, her face close to the girl's ass, she looked at Harry and without breaking eye contact, engulfed his dick with her mouth with a decisive move. Bella let it in and out a couple times, licking the sensitive spot under the head of his cock while sucking, before releasing it with a pop. With her other hand, she cupped Rose's ass, and aligned Harry's hard, trembling cock with her entrance.

The girl could barely hold her excitement, her hips moved against his member almost on their own. Rose moaned when Bella rubbed the head of Harry's dick all the way over her outer lips, onto her clitoris, letting her flowing juices cover the tip on his prick, and then back up through her labia until her anus, she set it there, applying just a little pressure, making Rose shiver in anticipation, before guiding him back to the entrance of her vagina.

Bella watched it close, as the wizard's bulbous head slowly spread her stepdaughter's tight labia, finally entering Rose with an obscene wet sound. Rose gasped, and threw her head up, in an almost immediate orgasm. The young witch could not believe she had came just from the so anticipated sensation of having Harry inside her.

"FUCK! That is soo good!" Rose all but screamed.
Harry was in heaven, Rose was tight, but welcomed him with perfection. Her walls were clutched around him, embracing every inch of his big member like the most perfect velvet glove.

"By the gods, you feel amazing Ro…" Harry moaned.

"She wants to help you Harry, let her do it…" Bella said, spreading Rose's ass cheeks, giving him the incredible view of his cock slowly disappearing inside her cunt. "Fuck her Harry! Fuck her good!" Bella loved how both Harry and Rose shivered at her dirty talking, she felt powerful.

Harry moved his hips until only the tip of his dick was inside his witch, than moved it in back again, moaning loud, letting himself go and slamming his pelvis to her ass, then all the way back again, all the time his magic reached out to Rose, touching her, caressing her. Rose could barely think, she could only concentrate on the incredible sensations coming from her pussy and her magic.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me!" Rose screamed again and again, her mind going blank from the pleasure.

Bella reached down and started touching herself, caressing her own nub while watching up close as Harry pounded again and again into her stepdaughter's needy pussy. It was weird, strange, dirty and an incredibly erotic situation. All her morals tossed aside as she watched the man she was falling to fuck the girl she loved most in the world, and Bella was loving every second of it.

"FUCK! I'M… CUMMING… AGAIN!" Rose screamed, and Harry was astonished as her walls got even tighter, and her juices flowed from her pussy in heavy, fast gushes. It was almost too much for him when he turned his face, and saw Bella seated at the edge of the tub, with two fingers buried inside her pussy, and the other hand rubbed her clit in fast circular motions. He moaned and started increasing his speed moving almost all the way out. Rose felt so good around him, embracing his dick so tightly that he could barely speak. All he wanted was to lose himself in the sensations of pleasure, lust and caring.

"A...A... AGAINAAAAAAH" Rose screamed, cumming one more time, but this one was just too much for Harry. Hearing her screaming in pleasure took him over the edge, and the wizard exploded inside of her. Shot offer shot of thick and warm magical sperm, overflowed Rose's pussy. Harry kept thrusting slowly until Rose's pretty little cunt had milked every drop of his cum. Feeling relieved, and loved, taking deep breaths as the young witch purred.

Rose on the other hand also felt loved and tired, but also powerful and complete. It had been some of the better orgasms she ever had, and it was just her first time completely with him. The girl turned around, moaning as his cock left her overflowing, dripping entrance, and kissed Harry passionately, to let him know how much she loved, how much she wanted him. Harry looked at both blissful, panting women and smiled.

"I like this family."

.OvO.

That night, Harry still had sex with Bella, then with Rose, one more time. The three slept together, exhausted, in the enormous bed in the master bedroom, with the wizard deliciously sandwiched between the two witches, like it hadn't happen for quite some time, both for Bella and Harry.

.OvO.

Daphne's first instinct was to burn that piece of hate propaganda disguised as a paper as soon a she read the article's title, her second was to think in painful ways of melting Skeeter's ugly spectacles into the reporter thick ugly skull. The beautiful slytherin girl made a mental note of asking...
Rose who had they met at the movie theater, to make the person's life hell as well.

Then, Daphne saw the picture.

That fucking picture changed everything.

There they were, smiling and talking happily, in front of a table full of weird (for British magical people standards) food. Rose seemed beaming, as she hasn't all last year at school, with Umbridge, the Dark Lady, the twins break up and the Little Dark Lady in the making (That was the lovely title Tracey, Susan and herself had come up to Hermione.). And there was... Harry.

Harry was real.

All too real.

The witch's heart skipped a beat in realization.

Daphne didn't know who he really was, but she was sure the boy was not Rose's cousin. Although he looked a little like her, same messy hair and deep emerald eyes. But it was him, the boy Daphne had been drawing ever since she could hold a pencil.

Rose had already written to Daphne about him, the mysterious boy from the department of mysteries. The boy who saved both Rose and Bella's lives. The wizard who gave Hermione nightmares.

The wizard from her drawings…

That's why Rose wanted to look at her sketches so badly. Carefully, Daphne took a scissor and cut the picture always, placing it with her sketchbook. The midnight black haired girl looked at Rose and Harry with a smile one last time, and preceded to the fireplace to burn the rest of paper, she would use the fire to call Rose and talk to her anyway.

Daphne couldn't stop herself, it was going to be an interesting summer.

.OvO.

Susan closed the paper, but, contrary to Daphne, she was beaming.

Dressed in a white hospital scrubs, in the observation bed at the grave dark curses recuperation wing at Saint Mungo's, the red haired witch smiled widely. Now, she couldn't wait to get out of this bed and go to Rose's.

At first, Susan was kind of apprehensive of going to her friend's house, she knew the relationship between Bella and her aunt Amelia were in a somewhat tense moment. But not anymore, now she was counting the minutes to go there.

He was real!

Her Harry was real!

The little boy from the cupboard under the stairs, her first real friend, the one whom Susan saw grow to be a kind, but hurt young man. Who saved Susan from becoming an Obscurus when her parents died.

Almost everyone doubt her. Only Daphne with her drawings, Ro and Hannah, somewhat believed in her. Even Harry, after meeting the disgusting Susan from his own world, had started thinking she was just a dream.
Susan would show him she was not the bitch who called him the "Heir of Slytherin", or used that disgusting badges and accused him of killing Cedric. No!

Susan looked at the picture again, Rose seemed so relaxed and happy, and so did Harry. The girl blushed, thinking at the two raven haired teens she liked so much. And not just like friends.

He was real!

And Harry would know, Susan was real too!

.OvO.

"You are thinking of her AGAIN aren't you!" A very naked, very angry Cho Chang roared at Cedric Diggory. And he didn't even tried to negate it.

Cho was beautiful, with her athletic, toned body, and exotic oriental features, C-Cup breasts and trimmed pubes over an inviting pussy mound, she was intelligent, a Pureblood, and a great Quidditch player. All in all, a great pair for an upcoming Pureblood like Cedric.

But Cho was not the fairy-tale people wanted. No. The magical media had a field day when his name came out of the goblet of fire that day, almost two years ago, and when they discovered his relationship with Rose Potter. It was a match made in heaven. Rose was the tragic and beautify young heroine when he was the charming champion. The public loved it. For a while, they were almost royalty.

Their relationship was full of ups and downs, Rose was too much of a deviant sometimes, but they always managed to work it out, until the day Rose said she wanted to watch him having sex with the Veela whore she was friends with. Rose had always been more adventurous than Cedric. But that was too much for his prude, puritan moral standards. Cedric called her a slut, Rose on the other hand, sent him to the Hospital Wing for a week.

Cedric's father was furious! So was the public. Their favorite love story was over, with Prince Charming in the hospital at the hands of the Princess, no less! And so began the defamation campaign against Rose at the Daily Prophet, helped in no small amount by his father.

And now, there it was, this mysterious cousin, and Rose smiling at him on that picture. In a way she never smiled at him and that made him furious. What if he was a pervert? What if he tried to take her for himself or steal her money? Who the fuck was he?

"You know what Diggory?" Cho spat. "Fuck you!" The cute, angry girl got up and started gathering her clothes. "Call me when you got your head out of your ass and forget about that little whore!"
Cho slammed the door behind her, but Cedric could not force himself to go after her. Cho was the same thing Rose always accused him to be.

Cho was boring.

.OvO.

"Daaaaa na na na! Da na na naaaah " Monica Teles, Mona to her girlfriend, was humming along the radio as she was doing the dishes "It's the final countdaa-o."

Mona cut short in the middle of singing as a clicking from her window pane caught her attention, she looked in that direction and saw a ruffled owl waiting and giving her an annoyed glare.

"Oops!" The young woman said meekly as she opened the window. "Did you wait there long?"
"Sorry! I like to listen to my music pretty loud, when the neighbours are out of town at least. So what have you got for me, handsome?"

For a answer, the owl extended his leg, from which was hanging the rolled newspaper Mona was subscribed to.

Monica was a Muggle, true, but due to her knowledge, most of her pen-pal who knew her, knew she was interested in Potions, Runes and Arithmancy enough to believe her to be a well read Squib. Because, really, who would believe a Muggle could be so comfortable talking about obscure and/or difficult angles of potion brewing. So far, only two people knew the truth about her real magical status: Narcissa and Eileen. Mona had told Narcissa, and Eileen confronted her one day, because the Potions Mistress had figured out she was the mother of one of Eileen's student. Since then, Eileen - took them three years just to be on first name basis, and nowhere near long enough to call each other friends- had provided her with hard to find books about potions. Being Hermione's mother had granted her access to the catalogs and mail listings.

One point in her favor, Eileen once said, is that she was a better conversationalist than the dunderheads she has the displeasure to teach this noble art/science that was potion brewing and creation.

BERK!

Mona jumped startled and looked at the owl who was glaring at her even more than before.

"Oh! right!" Mona exclaimed and reached for owl snack and gave the bird a handful, which was quickly eaten. The owl gave her one condescending look before talking off.

Monica moved back to the kitchen table, and spread the paper over it, then sat and started to read.

"Let's see… Chudley Cannon lost again. Told ya, Cissy! Harpies are the best team! New restriction on flying carpet importation. Ovidios gaining more ground in the latest surveys against Fudge. Rosie on a date with her cousin Harry. New law against werewolves pushed by Under Secretary Umbridge repelled by the Black-Potter-Greengrass-Longbottom-Zabini coalition. New album by the Weird Si...wait, hold on! What was that?!"

Mona bounced back on her feet, flipping through the page to the people section, she groaned when she saw the byline.

"Skeeter. Why am I not surprised?" Mona muttered and looked at the picture.

Mona hands shot to her face, covering her mouth and nose. Tears were welling in her eyes.

That was him! HIM! The Harry James Potter she had dreamed about for the better part of a decade, he was right there, in front of her eyes. That was the proof she wasn't crazy like her ex and her own daughter accused her to be.

Mona almost hugged the picture but stopped right in time. First, to verify it. It took an agonizingly long two minutes, but then, there it was.

"But, Harry, how did you end up here?" Mona asked out loud, she picked her cordless phone, and sat in the chair in front of the computer, then speed dialed Bella's number, and waited for her to pick up.
"Bels? It's me, Mona. We need to talk. And I think yours sisters should be present."

.OvO.

The old Headmaster of Hogwarts looked at the paper and regarded it as a work well done.

Not the hateful article, of course. That probably was a responsibility of Amos Diggory and Rita Skeeter, his concubine. He was also curious about the young lady that provided the harassment piece of the story, food for thought.

"Food… maybe I will ask the Elves for some Italian today…"

No, the old wizard was thinking about the false leads and information Bellatrix and himself had decided to put forward, in regards to James' sister.

Really tragic life, he thought. The Potters were actually pretty accepting of her, but she grew into too much of a bitter person, envying those around her capable of doing magic, she left early for the non-magical world, but was not ready to live in it. The poor, lost girl entered a spiral of failed relationships and alcohol and substances abuse and shut down any attempts of reconciliation from any member of her family and things got even worse when she lost her first child.

But, all those years later, her tragedy would help the niece she never knew.

Albus Dumbledore could be many things, Chief Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, fashion aficionado, close to senile. But he was not blind. He knew very well what kind of magic this boy had, as the Headmaster himself had it. Grindelwald had made big use of it, expanding his own core with him. Luckily he had found a way to ease its effects later in life, though it had taken its toll on his sanity from the sheer withdrawal.

Of course, Dumbledore himself was not interested in covens or the company of many, but he couldn't be sure about the mysterious boy, he'd better be ready for the next year at the school.

Maybe it was time to bring back sex ed. Classes, maybe even with some practical demonstrations, the old man drifted...

.OvO.

Hot hunk alert!

Tracey Davis looked again at the picture with one of her best friends with her cousin.

Yes, hoooooot hunk alert.

As light headed as she was, the young dirty blonde Slytherin was not stupid. Far from it. She was resourceful, intelligent and cunning. There was a reason why she had been sorted in the House of Snakes after all.

Tracey knew her friend well enough to know that under the female pranking master, dirty mouthed marauder, Rose needed to lighten up, and have fun. Her life and sanity were on the line far too many times.

Also, Tracey knew there was quite a story behind the hot green-eyed, raven haired boy. With Rose, there was always a story. Everything happened to her and always in the weirdest way possible.

And Tracey loved it. Not so much when people died of course, but she loved the excitement.
Daphne always said she was an adrenaline junkie.

Tracey looked at the picture again. The young witch didn't even bother to read the article, she knew it was just a pile of dragon shit. But the picture was great.

He was hot. Weirdly familiar, but hot. Tracey liked hot guys and girls.

"I bet they are kissing cousins." she thought. "Hmm, maybe Rose wants to share, the girl is a perv and I love her for it!"

Her mother gave her a weary look

"You better not thinking about dating this hooligan." Briar-Rose Davies, Muggleborn concubine of Lord Cameron Davis -the "e" in her name marking her as concubine and therefore apart from the mainline- warned her daughter with a posh accent. "There is enough of them around, like Petunia's boy on Privet Drive. Here on Magnolia Crescent, we value our calm. That's why I moved here."

Tracey rolled her eyes. The girl loved her mother, but she could be a snob sometimes. As Gabby called her type, 'nouveau riche qui pète plus haut que son cul'. Newly wealthy that farts higher than their breeches would be an apt translation. and Briar-Rose sure liked to give out the posh impression. All because that spa she created with the money she inherited when Grandma Evans passed away had made her even richer. Too bad that right now, it was kind of ruined by the revealing white bikini she was wearing. Inside. Because outside there was that drizzle that kept her from getting a tan. It nearly made Tracey roll her eyes, earlier that morning when she saw her mother's attire.

"I don't know, mom. If he's a Potter, he would be well off, and he might get a shine on you and I." Tracey commented with a smirk. "Hey, now that I think of it, 'Tracey's Mom Has Something Going On', that would make a nice tune. I should tell that to Rose."

"Don't you dare, young lady!" Briar-Rose growled.

Tracey rolled her eyes, this time.

"That's the point, Mom. I'll never be a Lady. Roger's girlfriend Marietta will be the Lady in the family. Not that I want to be anyways. After I graduate from Hogwarts I want to go to Muggle Uni and study engineering with the money Gramps left me. Now if you don't mind, I've got nine months of studies to catch up for my GSCE exams in late August. And to dream about that Hunky Potter."

Tracey said with a mischievous smile.

.OvO.

Lies, all lies. Every single line. The Dark Lady threw the paper over the enormous dinner table at the center of the room in Riddle manor. How could wizard kind become so pathetic? That article was filled with lies.

The Dark Lady was there she saw him, she felt him. He had power. And a lot of it, coming from elsewhere. And his name...

"Harry Potter…" The name danced on her tongue, almost as delicious as the boy himself.

"What?" Sirius asked from besides her.

"It doesn't matter, keep working." The Dark Lady hissed, feeling the pleasure took hold of her, just for thinking about this new boy, Harry Potter.
The woman looked at the girl beside her, who said she was her not yet born daughter, looking directly at Sirius as he worked, the girl who said she came from the future and changed everything, and remembered the boy again. The messy hair, the deep green eyes. And the magic. Ah, the magic! He was definitely a Potter. Their meeting had sent the Dark Lady into a deep, pensive mood. It not only showed her that her Death Eaters were not ready, but the boy was a totally unpredictable piece. She was obsessed. He looked so much like the traitor James Potter, but with the glowing eyes of Lily.

Power…

The Dark Lady looked at Sirius, who had a concentrated gaze, as he worked his hard member with his hands. The sinister but beautiful woman cupped her own breasts as an incentive, her skin so white that it resembled marble topped by deep red and very hard nipples, as if they had been dipped in blood.

Magic was power. And life was magic. Stupid wizards never understood that. Life and magic were one and the same. And she would live forever, and have magic forever.

The boy had life magic pouring out of him. Just remembering it caused her pussy to overflow with fluids. The Dark Lady moaned, and Sirius took it as an incentive and worked even more vigorously. Delphini moaned beside her, her eyes glued on his aching cock, which was ready to explode.

The Dark Lady wanted Harry. And she would have him and his magic. Rose would return what was rightfully hers and then she could join her side or simply die.

"I'm … close… milady..." Sirius moaned. The Dark Lady lifted her crystal glass, and placed it right in front of his dick's head and gave him an evil grin.

"Give it to me, slave." The dark lady ordered, then chanted in Parsletongue "Ssloheii Elohiim, Ssabaoss E'liion. Te'tragr'mmaton, Ssadaiii."

Sirius groaned and let out stream after stream of his warm tick sperm inside the glass, panting. After he finished, the Dark Lady held the glass to her daughter in a toasting move.

The magic of life, the power over death.

The powerful woman drank it, Sirius moaned watching her swallow his cum with need, she absorbed his magic and could only imagine how better the boy would be.

Harry Potter, she let the name dance on her tongue again. Even his name was delicious.

"Bring me Draco." The Dark Lady turned to her wide eyed daughter and commanded.

.OvO.

Rose found Harry at the Black library, concentrated, with some history books open over the table.

"Hi there." The girl said, and smiled at him. "Mom left a couple minutes ago, to meet Aunt Cissy. What are you doing?"

Harry looked at her and felt the now familiar warm wave of her magic inside him. Rose was dressed in a red schoolgirl style skirt, but with a pinned belt, and a black shirt with an orange X-ray image of someone with the name "The Offspring" over it. It had been two days since they had finally had sex, and Harry had learned some new fun things about her. First, she was kind of a screamer, so much so that Harry was sure he would need to improve his ?Silencing Charms at Hogwarts, well it made
sense for such a musical person. Also, Rose liked to watch. She really, really, liked to watch. Specifically after they discovered that whenever Harry cum, she would have a small orgasm of her own. She loved to come from watching Harry fuck Bella mercilessly, just to jump him afterwards and have her way with him. Harry felt a little narcissistic, but he really liked her. Maybe he was even a little in love. Or maybe it was just the effect of living in porn heaven.

All that aside, he felt really close to her now, almost like he could know what Rose was feeling at times.

"I figured that, if I want to help you fight, I will need to use more than just my wand. But, for me to really be able to help you, I need to understand the differences between the worlds." Harry said to the curious pretty girl.

Rose smiled, feeling a warm wave when Harry said he wanted to help and protect her. Rose wanted so much to cultivate that feeling.

"Want some help? I am kind of an expert on my history in this plane" Her grin was captivating. Like she was always thinking in ways to get into trouble. Harry grinned back, making her knees just a little shaken.

"Aren't you busy? I saw you having some heated talk by the Floo earlier…” The boy asked.

"Tracey and Daphne were just swearing a House alliance so we can destroy Diggory and Skeeter, and asking about you, of course." Rose walked around the big table, at the corner of the large library, Harry was ready to get up and pull a chair for her when Rose suddenly sat on his lap. No surprises there. "They were really interested in you."

"Is that so?” Harry said as Rose leaned her back on his chest. Harry loved her smell and the pressure her perfect ass was making on his hardening dick.

"I think you are going to like them…” The girl said in a singing voice.

"But Rose… aren't you worried if my magic reacts to them? I mean, it certainly did not for Lavender, but it can happen for one or both of them…” Harry's voice sound a little concerned.

Rose bit chew the inside of her cheek, and though for a while. "You know… I may be a little jealous at first…”

"Are you jealous of Bella?” Harry asked sincerely.

"No… I don't think so… now stop interrupting me. As I was saying, even if I get a little jealous at first, if Aunt Andy is right, we will have to add someone… and it is best if we get along… and I admit that just imagining you mercilessly pounding their arses is kinda hot. " Rose said, moving her hips over his lap, feeling his dick getting hard under her. "As long as you are there for me when I want and need you…” Rose added in a lower, pleading tone. Almost just a wishful whisper.

In response Harry turned her face to him and kissed her. "Always…”

Rose leaned back on him, continuing slowly moving her hips.

"Why do you accept us so fast? Why are you willing to help me like that?” Rose asked. As much as she was having fun, and enjoying Harry being there, the girl also wanted to understand him. And also her own feelings. Things always happened too fast for her, both good and bad, and she didn't want to miss out on something good for being too hesitant, but she was also afraid to doing the wrong thing.
"I could ask the same…” Harry shrugged.

"Maybe your answer will help me find mine?"

Harry thought. "I could say that is because I don't have anything else, but that would be a lie… let's just say that after losing so much, I'd rather try and live a little than crawl under a rock and cry watching things happening again."

Rose seemed to think about it, then nod. Her slow movements starting to take an effect on her as well. With a clear objective in mind, she decided to try lighting the mood, while really helping him with the differences.

"So, there was a Daphne and Tracey over there?" Rose asked.

"Yes, they were best friends, I got closer to them on my fourth year…"

"During the tournament?"

"Right, they were some the few students who stayed by my side all the time… how did you meet them?"

"Daphne's parents were real close my parents, so I've known Daphne since I was born… they kept close to Bella even after…” Rose stopped and Harry just nodded. "One day, when we were eight, I had gone to visit Daph and she introduced me to her new neighbor, Tracey. And we kind of got along instantly. That was a little before Mister Greengrass passed…"

Harry smiled, his hand running up and down her thigh. Rose now could feel his bulge, deciding to get a little more comfortable, the girl adjusted herself until Harry's hard member rested in between her ass cheeks. She was also really curious about this other versions of her friends.

"Were you friends with them?" The girl asked.

"Hmm…” Even with his pants, the sensation of being pressed against Rose was great. "Yes, you could say that…"

Rose leaned into him. "Did you fuck them?"

Wow, this girl had absolutely no filters! And Harry loved it. He smiled and stayed in silence, his only answer was moving his hand a little more high on her thigh, until it touched her short skirt.

"You did!" Rose beamed, her panties became instantly damp, and her movements more pronounced. The witch took a hold of the hand that was over her thigh, and starting pushing it up, beyond her skirt. Harry could feel the heat emanating from her wet core. "Both?"

Harry mused on the neck of his little pervert. It was like she embodied everything he always tried to suppress, like she embraced everything his uncle and the headmaster have tried to take from him. He loved how carefree she was. His light kisses and bites sending shivers down her neck.

"Unfortunately not both…” Harry finally answered.

"Hmm… we may have to change that… which one?" Rose let Harry's hand finally reach her pussy. Harry was amazed by how wet she was already, and started caressing her over the thin fabric of her panties.

"Daphne. I did see Tracey naked more than once tho. You two are beans of a pod, in that regard."
Harry chuckled, before pushing away some unpleasant memories, not without the help of the witch currently sat on his lap. His fingers running over her panty clad pussy, first over it's puffy lips, until find the little mound with her clit. "Aren't you supposed to help me?" He asked mischievously.

"I am... helping, silly... we are... aaaaah!" Rose moaned when his hand have found a way inside her knickers, and touched her cunt bare. "We are... determining... the point differences... between the persons."

"If you say so..." Harry grinned, before lightly biting her earlobe, and burying a finger inside her, making her gasp. Harry noticed how drenched she was, all this talk was really getting her going. The boy them whispered on her ear. "Does your Daphne also like it in the ass?" Harry felt her overflowing with juices, and added a second finger inside her.

"Yes! Yes!" Rose hips were now moving strongly, rocking his fingers.

"Yes to what, luv?" Rose's face had an blissful expression. She clumsily moved her hand back, looking for Harry's fly. "Yes to me fingering you, or yes to me fucking her asshole?"

"Yeeees!"

Harry chuckled, and helped her with his fly, using his other hand. Once she managed to unzip it, Rose's hand eagerly dove inside his trousers, reaching for her prize, and freeing Harry's hard member. The young wizard let out a breath when his dick was directly surrounded by the heat of her butt cheeks. All the while his finger kept working in and out of her dripping cunt.

Harry took a moment to admire Rose, how beautiful she was and how he loved that expression on her face. Harry loved the wet sounds of her pussy mixed with her moans and heavy breathing. His magic responding in kind to her.

"Fuck me... and I swear I will help you after..." Rose pleaded.

"I will do it whenever you want itluv..."

Rose moaned. Even the sound of Harry's voice felt good.

The witch lifted her hips, and pushed the rem of her panties to the side, exposing her pussy while Harry held the base of his cock, aligning it with her entrance. With a moan, the raven haired girl let herself down, engulfing Harry's prick with her warm wetness, until her ass rested comfortable on his lap again. Harry was buried almost to his base inside her.

"Morgana's tits! How can this be so good!" Rose exclaimed, closing her eyes. Harry hugged her, making her rest with her back on his chest. His right hand lifting her skirt.

"I don't know... is it wrong that I don't care either... that I just want to enjoy it?" Harry asked. The feeling of her insides massaging his member was amazing, almost indescribable.

"No Harry... I don't think soooooo!" Harry's hand reached her clitoris and started caressing it. Rose moaned loud. The feeling of his finger circling her most sensitive spot, allied to the fullness she felt with his big cock inside her were driving her mind blank. The girl stood there, barely moving while Harry worked her. Even without moving, Harry felt her walls flexing, clenching and relaxing around his dick. It felt so good.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" Rose screamed, and Harry increased the speed of his finger. With a roar from the girl, he felt her fluids flowing from inside her, over his dick and lap. She moaned a breath deeply. Purring like a cat.
"Well, I said I would help you…” Rose said, feeling his member twitch inside her. " And I will do just that…” Rose got a hold on the table, and lifted her hips until only the head of Harry's prick was inside of her, she felt like her pussy was grabbing on it, not wanting to let go. Then she impaled herself on it again, welcoming the sensation of him inside of her. Again she moved up and down. Harry moaned and held her thin waist, to help the movement. Merlin, she felt good. The wet sound her pussy made everytime he entered her were driving him insane.

"Damn Rose, you… feel amazing!" Harry managed to say. The way she lifted herself up to his members head was just perfect.

"I know… I am… amazing…” The witch giggled and decided to increase the speed of her bumping. Harry groaned, and instinctively meet her movements midway. The smell of arousal was strong and their breaths became equally fast.

"I'm… going… to…" Harry murmured.

"Yes Harry… me too… do it… inside of me!"

That was all he needed. Harry let himself go inside of her, shooting rope after rope of his hot spunk deep inside of her. The warm feeling and the magical echoing sending Rose to her own climax. They screamed together, and Rose collapsed into him.

Panting, they looked at each other, and started laughing in bliss.

Harry felt like he truly had a new home.
To say Bella was surprised would be an understatement of epic proportions!

Bella had arrived at her sister’s Andromeda home, a decent sized home that would make the Dursley family drool in envy, and was welcomed by the resident couple and to her great surprise, Monica as well. Both being health professionals, Bella and Monica had gotten along very well, and had been friends, corresponding on a regular basis since Hermione entered the magical world.

Monica smiled broadly at Bella and the brunette hugged her friend, who hugged her back.

“Where have you been?” Bella asked with a concerned smile.

Monica sighed and squeezed the witch’s hand.

“Complication with my divorce. Thankfully my girlfriend has been a tremendous help.” Monica’s expression, sulking and depressed at first, brightened as she mentioned the mysterious girlfriend

“She must be something else.” Bella commented, smiling, entering the bright living room, lightly furnished with a set of dragon leather chairs.

A voice from behind Bella startled her with a light chuckle.

“I would think so too.” Narcissa smirked as she opened her arms… and Monica walked straight in, gently pressing her lips to the blond’s own in a tender kiss. While Monica was wearing a green and silver tee shirt, cut-up denim shorts and tennis shoes, Narcissa was wearing formal trousers and a white blouse sheer enough to show her black bra through.

“Hi, sweetie. I missed you” Monica said as she squeezed Narcissa’s hand.

The expression on Bella’s face caused both lovers to burst out laughing, while Ted, who had just entered the room, sighed and handed 20 Quid to a very smug Andromeda.

Looking at her elder sister and husband she rolled her eyes.

“Come on! It was obvious! Mona...Monica. Cissy learning how to drive a car, becoming a science-fiction lover, and going more and more often to the Muggle London, where Monica has her flat.” Andromeda explained in her usual analytical voice.

Bella let out a playful growl and pinched Monica’s side.

“You could have told me, you prat! Aren’t we BFFs or something?” The witch said, Monica gave
her an apologetic look and giggled.

“Sorry, Bels. I didn’t want to get Cissy in trouble for breaking the Statute Of Secrecy and me getting Obliviated again. I trust you, you know that love, but with Skeeter and her ilk or Hermione spying for her father, you never know who would overhear.” Monica shrugged.

Ted cleared his throat

“If we could get this show on the road, ladies? The earlier we start, the more work we can do to help Rose and... Harry? That’s his name, right?”

They all sat around the table and with a flick of her wand, Andy made a full tea service appear in front of then.

Narcissa opened her old, almost unused, case and pulled out her copy of the Daily Prophet.

“I think we all agree that the most urgent issue, is to deal with this.” The blond haired witch began, poking the rag with her red varnished nail. “This can't keep happening, especially with the Dark Lady back. Rose will need the public at her side…”

Bella smirked

“Well, as it turns out, it's Harry who provided us with the perfect weapon against Skeeter, the WMD that will nuke her career if it gets out.” The wavy haired woman wore a deliciously evil grin. All of the others looked at her, and something seemed to dawn to the Muggle beauty.

“Her Animagus form!” Monica exclaimed, snapping her fingers. “Damn those meds I had to take for so long, it made my memories and my dreams a bit of a daze. Sorry… I could have helped a long time ago…”

Bella looked at her, stunned, then she understood. “Those dreams are what got you in trouble...You dreamed about Harry, didn’t you? Like Susan did?”

Monica nodded. Andromeda found herself in deep thought. It was obvious there was a connection between this plane and Harry's original one, but what, and how?

“I dreamed about him, and his Hermione until my hus— ex, forced me onto medication. I’ve stopped taking my Quetiapine, two days ago. I had my first real dream in three years. It was about Harry. He and his Hermione were furious with Skeeter for what she wrote about Hagrid and Madame Maxime. Harry commented about being bugged, and Hermione realized how Skeeter was doing it. She was an insect Animagus.” Monica said, remembering her dream.

Bella grinned “A water beetle. Harry told me yesterday evening that they had captured it-her and held her in an Unbreakable jar feeding her veggies.”

Cissy chuckled but Monica winced, remembering...

“You'll stay in your room until you start behaving like a sane person again!

How did I end up with a psycho mother? Why can’t you be normal, like you used to be?! you belong in a psychiatric hospital, mother! Not embarrassing me in front of Rose and Aunt Bella?!”

A gentle hand squeezed her upper arm. Monica looked and saw her girlfriend, her Narcissa, looking at her with looks of concern and love.
“It’s okay, just some bad memories being coming up.” Monica waved. “It’ll pass. So, what can we do with that piece of information?”

Ted was the first to speak. “We have to play smart. Skeeter is a slippery individual, she needs to be exposed publicly.”

“Yes, if we simply accuse her of being an Animagus she will simply avoid a trial all together. Amos has the money and influence enough for that.” Narcissa completed. “The defamation and character assassination lawsuit is our best chance. We need to get her in front of the ‘mot, and conduce her, force the hag to reveal how she got the information. Punch her into a corner. That is where we need Rose. After Skeeter is corned, we can move a motion for a Revealing Spell, they won’t be able to deny it in front of all the ‘mot.”

“Totally agree.” Ted said with a smile on his face. “Tell you what Narcissa, I will talk with the other partners, what do you think about helping me represent Rose and Bella?” Andromeda gave him an approving smile, Ted would her very lucky again.

“Harry, too.” Bella added. While he was a new comer, the Head of House Black couldn’t help but feel like he was family. No. Scratch that. As of three days ago, he was family. Ted acquiesced.

“Are you offering me a job?” Narcissa asked, a little taken aback.

“More like a test. Not that I don’t trust you, but I think you deserve the chance to prove yourself in front of the ‘mot, and to our board. It’s been a while since your graduation and you weren’t a lawyer for long before your wedding. You’ll have to re-register to the bar and renew your license.”

Narcissa beamed. Time to work extra hard.

.OvO.

After that, Bella, Ted and Narcissa had gone through the process and documents, laying the grounds for the claims, and how to proceed. It would take some time, but both Ted and Narcissa were confident things would work out in their favor. And, for the blond witch, it would be a great personal achievement, after years locked in a loveless marriage, impeded from working.

Meanwhile, Andromeda observed Monica with a somewhat clinical eye. The woman was starting to bloom again but still fighting some demons of her own; she would be as good to Narcissa, as the witch was going to be to her, as both women had a long healing process ahead. Monica was the mother of a witch, even so, the Blacks were about to enter a new turmoil, because of the mysterious, handsome Potter boy.

“Andy?” Monica asked, raising an eyebrow and still holding Narcissa’s hand on her own.

“Sorry Monica, just a little lost in thought.” The healer smiled.

“Call me Mona. And it’s not a problem. I was wondering, you became Harry’s physician, haven’t you? Does he suffer any issues from his treatment by the Dursley’s? The poor dear was treated worse than a house-elf.” Monica said in a sad voice.

Andromeda looked surprised at her, this story was getting weirder by the second. “Actually, I believe that if he wasn’t so magically strong, he wouldn’t have reached his teens. His magic worked hard to
keep him alive. It's a miracle the boy hasn't became an Obscurus.”

Monica and Bella’s eyes misted at that. Monica because she obviously knew about his childhood and teens, Bella for learning each day what could have been of Rose and what the boy she was learning to love had been through.

“Some of his bones were not healed properly but I think the mental damage is way worse. His body and magic are strong...but we should closely observe his mental condition. That, plus the fact he had walked through the Veil, and is in a foreign, weird world for him. The big scar on his magical core also concerns me.”

Monica pondered for a moment “Must be where the Dark Lord’s failed Horcrux was leeching energy from him.”

“Well, I think that’s it.” Ted gathered the papers and got up after the long silence. “I will let you ladies have at it, I have to go back to the office.” The man walked around the table and kissed Andromeda on the lips and Bella and Narcissa on the cheeks, he gave Monica a friendly squeeze on her shoulder “See you later.”

“You sure will, love.” Andromeda said with a voice full of promises, she waited until Ted was gone, and looked at Monica and Narcissa quizzically “Are you sure Monica is ready to hear this discussion about young Mister Potter, Cissy?”

“Perhaps more than any of us, sis. She witnessed a lot of his life, she risked prison or internment in a psychiatric hospital to rescue him from his aunt and uncle here.” Narcissa said in a serious tone.

“A noble act, it’s true. But some of these issues can be embarrassing.” The healer shrugged. “Well, she is an adult, it’s hers and your choice.” Always analytic, Andy turned to an amused Bella. “Tell me how are things going.”

“Let’s say they are going well. Really well. Between Rose and I, Harry hasn’t got any other crisis and I feel stronger than never.” Bella blushed, but with a bright smile.

“Don’t you mean ‘really wet’, dear sister?” Narcissa asked, an eyebrow raised and a mischievous grin on her lips.

“Well, that too if you need to know. I’m wet right now just remembering what we did last night…” Bella doubled down on her sister.

“Wait!” Monica said. “You mean you and Harry…” The muggle woman was blushing.

“Did what was needed to save his life.” Andromeda answered succinctly. “And Rose?”

“She joined in two nights ago… couldn't keep her from him, after she saw us a couple times…” Bella giggled.

“That good?” Narcissa asked, holding Monica’s hand. It had been a while since she had a man, Lucius was not a very active husband.

“Better…” Bella whispered in a dreamy voice.

“He knows how to use the Potter Wand, then. That’s good.” Narcissa nodded with a silly, almost wishful smile on her face that made her girlfriend giggle.

“That is irrelevant at the moment.” Andromeda said, taking her wand and casting some diagnostic
spells at Bella. “Your core is full, and also bigger. And the color has changed. It's... beautiful, you know.”

“Yes, I can FEEL it, Andy.” Bella said, touching her own chest.

Monica then grew a bit pensive, grabbed the legal pad and a pencil, then started writing an arithmantic equation on it, quickly filling one, then two, and finally three pages.

“He will need more.” Monica simply said. “His magic was impeded for over fifteen years and is now free from the Horcrux that was leaching it, so it’s stable for now, but it’ll start to grow again and just you two won’t be enough. And it won’t be long before you’ll need a third in your group. A few days at most.” Monica circled a couple numbers. “I might be wrong but not by much and only on the side of caution.” Monica sighed and put the pencil down. “Dumbledore didn’t bother with it because it was clear he was prepping Harry like a lamb to the slaughter. He didn’t expect Harry to live.”

“Yes, impressive work by the way.” Andromeda said.

“I… I've been reading my daughter’s books since she started Hogwarts…” Monica said, suddenly feeling very conscious of herself. Not even Hermione knew she could work those equations, and even brew some simple potions.

“As I said, impressive. But it's not that simple, Harry's own magic has to choose.” Andromeda looked at Bella. “I have done some research. His condition can be dangerous Bella, but can also be a blessing. It has been years since someone like him last appeared. I believe his condition developed when he crossed the Veil because Rose needs it.”

“Rose?” Bella was confused.

“The connection between them is evident. They are not just simple counterparts to one another. But, we should not force people on him. It is better if is natural.” Andromeda mused.

“Okay, there is something bugging me.” Narcissa said. “What about Amy, Bella?”

Bella waved her hand. “That ship is sailing… fast.”

Monica leaned over and whispered something in Narcissa’s ear whom then looked at her with a shocked and awed expression. Monica just smiled and nodded. Narcissa leaned over toward her and gave her a deep kiss.

“First ask the girls who already have some connection with him, in this world or the other.” Monica suggested. “If I remember Susan had trouble when she was younger about an imaginary friends that worried Amy and yourself, Bels. I think she’s a strong candidate and she’s got a good head on her shoulders.”

“Susan will visit soon, and then we will know.” Bella said. “Also, Rose’s birthday is in three weeks, and the party will be at the Greengrass house. Apolline and her daughter will also arrive by the end of next week.”

“Harry’s birthday is the same day.” Monica remarked.

“I deduced that.” Bella answered. “But I think it is better and wait until he feels comfortable telling us. There is something there, between him and Rose… and I don't want to mess with it.”

“And you?” probed Andromeda.
Bella sighed. “Me... too…”

“And we can wait for something similar for anyone his magic touches and the woman, or man, decides to go that way.” Andromeda concluded. “Hence the book.”

“You’re talking about a Coven, aren’t you?” Bella asked. “Last one was the Lovegood one in the 19th Century and it was shut down by the Ministry Of Magic because they felt it threatened its influence and power. The House of Lovegood lost its Most Ancient And Noble title because of that.”

Monica squeezed her Cissy’s hand and nodded.

“You can write us in. Maybe not all the way right now, but we’re both down for it. Both for Harry and Rose’s sake and our own.” The Muggle woman said with determination. “When he need us, we’ll be ready and willing.”

Bella looked at them both, at loss for words, maybe Harry was right about the women in this plane.

Andromeda sighed. As much as she would have liked, the witch couldn’t join this Coven in the making. She would help, support and defend it with her life, Andromeda had felt. But she couldn’t join. Andromeda felt it in her bones that Ted wouldn’t accept it, and she herself was not sure she would as well. A fling once in a while that they could share or tell each other in middle of a fun romp, that was okay, and damn it had excited them both when Andromeda oversaw the wankfest of some days ago, but a formal and long term engagement? Nope, that wouldn’t fly. The healer wasn’t sure a full intercourse would be okay, especially given the side effects. A dry hump, a blowjob and a bukake in the bath, at most.

“Yup! She’s gone to her happy place. Earth to Andromeda?” Bella, grinning, was waving in front of her face.

“Bet you a Galleon that she was remembering Thursday afternoon.” Narcissa was stage-whispering to Bella. “Wish I arrived earlier to get a facial too!”

Andromeda blushed and blew them a raspberry.

“.OvO.

“Anyway…” Andromeda continued. “There are still one thing I want to do before you kick start this Bella. Do you still have that contact at the Unspeakables?”

“Yes, why?”

“Between Monica’s dreams, Susan’s interactions and Rose’s connection, it is clear to me that it's not a coincidence Harry being here, both planes had some kind of connection.” Andromeda conjectured.

“Hmm, that makes sense.” Bella muttered.

“What if some aspect of his Dark Lord came here too? Going by what you remember and what Monica say, to me is obvious that his Dark Lord is way worse than ours…” Andromeda said.

“I blame the testosterone.” Narcissa jumped in.
“Whatever it is, the Dark Lady wants to rule, but not so much to destroy. If what Bella and Monica said is true, his Dark Lord doesn't care if he rules over ashes.”

The other witches remained in silence.

“Hence the need for more studies.” Andromeda finished.

“There is also something else…” Bella said, looking at her sister, who looked back questioningly. “We need to ask him and Rose. We can't make this big of a decision for then.”

“Whatever they choose, we’ll be there for them, one hundred percent.” Monica vowed.

“Of course we will. Harry has already stated he will be on Rose’s side no matter what, and after seeing them together and being with him, I believe him.” Bella stated with conviction. “But the decision is his and Rose’s alone.”

“Rose and Harry are that close then…” Narcissa wondered. “So… fast!”

“When you see them, you will know.” Bella turned her attention toward Monica.

“I’ve been thinking about this for months but seeing you here with us this evening and how loyal you are to Rose, Cissy and Harry, that settled it in my mind. Monica Teles Granger, as head of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House Black, I offer you the Aegis of my House. What sayeth thee?”

“So mote it be…” answered a wide eyed Monica. She quickly found herself hugged by all three sisters at once, and Cissy’s lips pressed against hers. Never in her life she felt so wholly accepted and loved. She felt like she finally found her own place, a family that won’t judge her. She smiled, closing her eyes and a tear rolling down her cheek. Deep inside, she felt something touching her, but couldn’t tell what it was.

.OvO.

Harry decided that this was a great way to finish a Sunday afternoon. Really. But, damn, now he was exhausted and famished. Rose, the sweetheart she was, suggested he take a shower and that she would join him in bath with a cup of green tea that they brought back from the trip to Japan.

Harry smiled happily. This place was great. So great, he still wasn’t sure it wasn’t some sort of afterlife. Two wonderful lovers and a family rolled into one pair of delicious packages.

Harry knew that in a way he was starting to love them, it was hard not to (maybe that was what Fleur talked about with him in the other world). But now, he was starting to wonder if he had fallen in love with them both.

Harry heard the door of the room sliding open, and he turned to face her, a big smile on his face…. and it froze in shock. The person that entered the bathroom, start naked, was NOT Rose. Nor Bella.

Just like that Harry found himself at the other side of a menacing, glowing wand.

“Yeap, not exactly heaven…” Harry thought, calmly looking at the impressive red haired witch in front of him, it has been a while since just one wand, other than Tom’s, could really scary him. The wizard recognized her, although, like Bella, she was quite different from the way she looked in his
original world. The woman looked in her late thirties, dark auburn hair and caramel eyes, glowing with threat, she looked fierce and powerful in her auror robes, or in this case, without them or a stitch of clothes, for that matter, yet she remained impressive as ever maybe even more so, with full big blossoms, the biggest Harry has ever seen, big, pink nipples and a inviting red bush under her belly. Amelia Bones hissed between her teeth in a commanding cop like voice.

“I will ask this once and only once. Who the hell are you and what are you doing in this house?”

“Here I come, Harry! hope you like green tea.” Rose suddenly walked in as bare as Harry and Amelia, holding a tray with a couple cups and a teapot. “Oh hello, Aunt Amy! We weren’t expecting you. I see you met Harry.” The girl said in a nervous voice.

Discretely, as if it was purely random, Rose placed herself between Harry and Amelia In a manner that if the Head of the DMLE wanted to cast a curse on the young wizard, she would hit Rose first. And the young witch knew how Bella would take it. Rose leaned in and kissed Harry, without even giving a hug or a peck on Amelia’s cheeks. Any clearer a message without speaking it out loud was difficult to imagine.

Harry was feeling odd. More specifically, his magic was. It was both pulled towards Amelia, but also slightly held back. As if something was missing for their magic to sing together like his and Rose’s did. It was disconcerting, but yet a step above the repulsion he felt with Lavender. It felt like Hermione to be honest. It would take time for Harry to get used to this new kind of feeling.

And speaking of Bella, the wizard could feel her magic just outside, anger boiling in her veins. This wasn’t good. Acting before thinking it through, Harry moved around Rose and Amelia like a rugby player dodging the opposing defense and jumped in front of Amelia shielding her as Bella exclaimed “Expelliarmus!”

The spell hit Harry in the ribs and even if he could absorb most of its magical energy, he was tossed backward, narrowly missing both Amelia and Rose and splashed in the middle of the pool-like bathtub.

Bella stood there, eyes wide in shock and horror. Rose screamed Harry’s name and dove, literally dove in the water, then quickly pulled Harry back to the surface.

Harry coughed and spit the water. His eyes blinked open with a grimace of pain.

“Bleh. You need (cough) to get another soap (cough), Bells. This one (cough) really taste worse (cough) than Skellegrow.”

Rose rained kisses on his face. “Oh you stupid, noble Gryff!” The girl half-sobbed in relief.

Bella herself slid to their side, on her knees, soaking her jeans, repeating apologies.

“Sorry (gasp) Bella. (cough) I couldn’t (breath in) let you (breath out) jinx your (coughing out more soapy water) girlfriend. It’s my fault to begin with, I used your bathroom instead of mine. Please, don’t fight on my behalf, it's not worth it.” Harry smiled, holding the place were the spell hit.

Bella stroked his cheek, tears rolling down her own and Amelia could not believe the surreal scene in front of her, before she remembered this week’s Prophet article about Rose’s cousin. Bellatrix turned toward the stunned,still naked and dumbstruck by the scene Head of the DMLE with glowing, powerful eyes.

“Get dressed and get the fuck out of my house.” Bella growled, hurt, angry and heartbroken. “Susie is more than welcome to come and stay with us. But you and I..we’re through.” Something inside
her was boiling, a progressive feeling like she only experienced once in her life before.

Amelia looked at Bella, her mouth opening, closing, opening again, eyes filling with angry tears that quickly overflowed as she fled from the bathroom.

“Madam Bones, wait!” Harry called. “Bella, don’t do this. Not on my account. I’m not worth losing your girlfriend over.” The boy pleaded. “Dammit! Why do I always ruin everything good going on around me?!” Harry shouted, slamming his fist in the tiles, his old anger, the darkness and hate he harbored against himself coming back with a wave. A cracking sound was heard, but Harry barely flinched. Broken bones were an old deal and a familiar sensation to him, he just looked at his bloodied hand that was swelling and turning black, fast.

“Well, fuck. Way to go Harry…” The boy let out before going blank.

.OvO.

Rain was tapping against the windows that dreary morning. It matched Harry’s mood to a ‘T’.

Harry sat there on his bed, listening to Rose playing a song on her guitar that he remembered hearing on the radio briefly before Aunt Petunia had switched it off. ‘Freaks don’t get to listen to Suicidal Hoodlum, unless it’s to follow their example,’ she said. In a roundabout way, his aunt had gotten her wish and she had been right about him, too: Harry ruined good people’s lives by his mere presence. The wizard wished to be there, with Rose, but he couldn’t. Not right now.

Harry tentatively pulled his crossed legs toward his chest and hugged them with his one good hand. An Episkey had fixed the bones that had broken but not the many capillaries that exploded on impact when he punched the tiles the night before, and it hitched.

Harry had murmured thanks then went to his room, closed the door and hadn’t stepped outside since, not even to eat. Harry had been a fool. Of course his actions on this plane would have consequences, how could he be so naïve? As much as Bella said it was not his fault, that Amelia and herself were in trouble way before he arrived, that he had just made Bella more sure of what she really wanted, he still felt guilty. That was something he was good at, feeling guilty. And now, not only that, he was also feeling guilty about not being with Rose, and feeling guilty about feeling guilty. A fucking expert in feeling guilty.

And worse, Harry had showed these people who really embraced him a hint of the darkness inside. They would eventually find out, but he reverted it had to be this way.

Someone knocked on the door.

“Please Bella, leave me be.” Harry croaked.

The door opened, to reveal a vaguely familiar woman, in the last half of her thirties by the looks of it. She had long hair pulled in a loose ponytail that fell on her chest over her shoulder and across the round tri-colored single star-blazed shield that was printed on her tee shirt.

“I’m not Bella, sweetheart. I’m Mona.” The woman spoke softly. The boy arched an eyebrow. Narcissa’s mysterious girlfriend? What was she doing here?

Monica came to sit on his bed, and put down a towel and a tube on top of it, as he looked at her, he
could see scars that ran from her temple, under her hair, around her ear, she also had some across the jaw and one across her lips.

It shocked him. Harry knew, instinctively, that she has suffered a similar hell that he had, one of family abuse.

Monica uncorked the tube, pressed it to pour some brownish white paste on her fingers, then put the tube down and gently picked his severely bruised hand. She softly applied the paste on the bruise, in small circles.

“Eight years ago, my husband beat me within an inch of my life, you know. I fell down the stairs. It took the EMT almost three minutes to restart my heart.” Monica said softly, her soft gaze fixed on his hand. “I survived, but spent the next ten months stuck in a coma.”

Harry gasped but didn’t interrupt the mysterious-yet-familiar Mona.

“During that coma, I dreamed, I drifted. It lasted ten months in real life, but for me, it was years. I saw a very different, happy version of my own life, with a daughter that loved me, but I was also pulled and saw a poor kid, left barely fed, in dirty diapers for hours before he was changed, left to rot in a small cabinet. He was crying calling for his mommy. I tried to call that terrible woman, shouting at her on the top of my lungs. But she couldn’t hear me, and I couldn’t touch her. No one could hear me, not even… myself…”

Harry stared at her, with wide eyes.

“I couldn’t touch the sweet little boy either. Still, night after night, I sang for him, lullabies in English, in Spanish, in French, in Catalan. The little boy grew, slowly and with little food, he was forced to do chores not fit for children twice his age. I couldn’t help him, I was like a ghost to him, like he was a comatose dream for me. Yet, I stood by his side whenever I could, changing between him and the other version of my family, I walked with him to school, ran with him from his bully of a cousin, cheered for him in class. It was like something or someone was showing me the life I could have had, like a cruel joke, but also, that could have been much worse…” Monica’s voice cracked a bit, but she kept on talking and Harry listened, enraptured.

“Strange things happened around him and the little girl, just like in my real life. Marvelous, wondrous things. I felt so proud for how clever and witty they were, I wished I could bring them together somehow. With time, I realized that the girl brought me there. And the little boy made me stay. One day, his relatives were forced to take him to the zoo, his cousin was being a brat as always, but my little boy, he was so well behaved, I felt I would burst with pride. When they visited the reptile house, he was fascinated by a big handsome snake. Said snake was superbly ignoring the boisterous cousin and his friends. I chuckled when my boy apologized to the snake, and laughed when the snake replied he was used to it. His kin were from Brazil, but he was born here, in England.”

Monica chuckled in remembrance.

“The cousin noticed my boy and pushed him aside. I swear I never laughed so hard in my life when glass vanished then reappeared! That brat got stuck inside the vivarium! The rest of the month was rather calm, except for the ‘physically enhanced education’ he got when they were back from the zoo. If I could cast it, I think this memory of the zoo could power a small Patronus. Anyway. Came the late end of July and with it, his letter from Hogwarts. I tried to warn him and tell him to hide the envelope, but I knew he couldn’t hear me. The Uncle snatched it and destroyed it. But you know how it was, you can’t stop magic, especially Hogwarts’ own. Letters kept on coming...and they fled. To this day, I’m still aghast where the uncle went and whom that goat fucking lunatic sent to deliver
Outside the room, Cissy was listening, as enraptured as Harry was. The witch was shocked it had been so long from Monica’s perspective. Sweet Merlin, years as a ghost without anybody to talk to who could talk back. And during those years she stayed by Harry’s side most of the time, though he couldn’t know or interact with her. This woman, with all this charming quirkiness about her had the loyalty of a Hufflepuff and the smarts of a Ravenclaw. She just lacked the cunning of a Slytherin. But that’s what Narcissa brought into their couple.

Narcissa noticed that Rose stopped playing and opened her door, the older woman put a finger to her lips and motioned her niece to come near her, in silence.

The blond woman could see the dark bags under Rose’s eyes and her puffy eyelids. The poor dear probably didn’t sleep a blink last night. Bella herself was in a sorry state, with Andromeda downstairs with her. It was surprising how much this young man had affected them in such short time.

Rose walked on the tip of her socks covered toes and sat next to her aunt, cuddling with her. Narcissa circled an arm around her niece’s waist and running her other hand in her hair in a soothing rub.

Together, they listened to Monica talk to Harry, retelling his adventures in Hogwarts from her perspective.

When she reached her conclusion, the sun was already low on the horizon and the poor woman’s throat was parched and her voice raspy and tired.

“What happened when you woke up?” Harry finally asked, wiping tears from his cheeks, leaned on the pillows.

Harry wanted to hug the shade of his mother that the Stone had brought forth, he knew he couldn’t but the temptation was there. The young wizard had made peace with his destiny, the final sacrifice so the Dark Lord could end the war, once and for all.

“Thank you for watching over me all those years, Mum.” The boy said.

Lily smiled and reached toward him as to caress his cheek.

“You’re welcome, sweetie. But I wasn’t the only one.” Lily replied. “Thank you, my dear, but now it’s time to wake up. You have your role to play and Harry will need you more than ever before, when the time comes”. And just like that, the other familiar presence faded. “Don’t worry son. You’ll meet her again. And us too, but in a very long time.”

“It’s time to go, pup. It’ll be hard. Give Voldie hell!” Sirius said.

Harry blinked and took Monica’s hand in hers.

“It was you, wasn’t it? The one Mum talked about.”

Monica nodded. “It was odd, when I woke up. You were nowhere to be found. I asked around, no one knew you. I wrote Dumbledore, McGonagall. Hell, I even wrote Hagrid! but none knew who
you were, James, Bella and Lily had only one living child, a daughter. Rose.”

“What did you do?” Harry asked. “Beside your reeducation and raising Hermione?”

Monica gave a snort. “Failed to raise her, you mean. She’s her daddy’s girl, through and through. And I have no small part in the blame for that…” Monica took a breath, she was not an idiot, the woman knew she had hurt her daughter, maybe even beyond repair. Monica proceeded to tell Harry how she got arrested for screaming at the Dursleys in front of their house and trying to break in to save a non existent child.

Outside the room, Narcissa and Rose looked at each other, both stunned and amused by the scene. There were much less amusement by the outcome of that outburst. A month of psychiatric evaluation followed by her trial in which she was issued a restraining order from the Dursleys and follow an antipsychotic therapy, and a lot of medication.

When Finally Monica exited the room, Harry was with her, Rose hugged him, kissed him, smacked his shoulder calling him a jerk, but he was HER Jerk, hers and Bella’s. Narcissa kissed her girlfriend, while Harry and Rose went after Bella.

“You are the absolute best, my love” Narcissa whispered, still in awe.

“When I said I was going to be there for Harry and Rose, I absolutely meant it. I’m happy you’re by my side for that, my Cissy. I love you.”

Tears rolling down her eyes, Narcissa simply said “I love you too.”
Welcome Home

AN: I don’t own anything, i’m just having fun over the playground.

thanks AWR for the beta, and DarkLordRising and Cateagle for helping me edit! you guys rock!

Chapter 11
Welcome Home

“So Harry, you must understand, when I saw her wand pointed at you and Rose, I lost it…” Bella said, surprisingly without a trace of shame in her voice. “I should have been clear with you. Amelia and I were already in trouble before your… arrival in my life, that just cemented a decision I already had made towards her…” The witch finished.

Harry was listening attentively, he had come to apologize for how he had behaved. It was childish to brood like that and it had been a relapse of an old, forgotten life. But he found himself at the other end of an apology himself. Bella was this strong, beautiful woman but she was just human after all. The sight of a wand pointed at people she loved triggered an extreme reaction from her and that was something Harry could completely relate to.

Harry was never really good with words, so he moved in when she finished and threw his arms around her waist before kissing her. A long, deep kiss. Rose watched with a smile on her face, while Andromeda simply frowned. The healer was concerned, was there some kind of magical compulsion at work? Or just amplified feelings? Andromeda hoped for the last, as though Harry's magic could touch her in an inviting way, the witch didn't feel obligated to have sex with him; nor had Harry, himself, made any kind of claim over her.

No, it was something different. Again, her hypothesis of a connection between the two planes of existence seemed probable. Too many coincidences, that or some higher form of being was playing with their lives for their own amusement.

Both ideas were scary.

“So, no more brooding without reason, alright? I know it's a trend of the Potter family, but it can become really old, really fast…” Bella said, her gaze traveling from Harry to Rose.

“Hey, not fair!” Rose said. “I'm a lot better at that, I almost don't brood at all anymore!” Bella laughed and brought her into the three way embrace.

“So we have that in common… even if she tries to appear fun and strong all the time.” Harry thought, smiling. Peace was reestablished at the ancient house of the Black family.

But Bella was still not looking forward for the talk she would have with Amelia to close things like adults. Sometimes being the responsible person sucks.

.OvO.
Over the next few days, normalcy had returned to the house; if anyone could say the way they live was normal. Harry would cook, too often for Kreacher’s tastes, and help Rose with some practical training. Bella was impressed by his mastery of battle magic; it was maybe as good as hers, perhaps even better. Harry also shown her some of his own set of battle runes designs and said all he needed was someone good to carve into him, something neither Bella nor Rose were good at, and, all the while, he kept trying to learn the differences between the worlds. Harry would ask a lot, without revealing much about his own. Usually in the afternoons, they would engage at more pleasant activities. Harry would usually have sex with one or both of them, although Rose was always there to watch when Harry pounded merciless into Bella.

But, as pleasant as it was, as powerful as she felt, Bella was starting to feel the effects of increasing her core too quickly; her body needed time to adapt. Rose on the other hand, seemed that she could take much more than her, but, would also soon reach her limit.

Aside from Andromeda checking in for regular check-ups on Harry’s hand and his general condition, Narcissa was also a frequent visitor, often with Monica when she wasn’t busy at the Hospital.

One morning, Bella received a letter carried by a enormous grey owl that Harry knew all too well from his own timeline. Bella retrieved the letter from him and Bertrand, the owl, flew to the perch beside Hedwig. Harry smiled and Rose noticed.

“Yeah… Bertrand is Hedwig’s ‘boyfriend’... kinda picky this one…” The girl rolled her eyes when the white owl gave her an annoyed berk. “You know it's true, girl…”

“I hope he treats her well.” Harry said, giving the big brother eye to Bertrand.

Hedwig flew to Harry and poked his head with her beak once and smacked his head with her wing before landing back next to Bertrand, making Rose giggle

Bella finished reading the letter, chewing her toast. “Pol said she will arrive by the end of next week, she also said all the paperwork is ready. This one's for you Rose.” Bella handled the girl a piece of parchment that was attached to the letter. Rose read it with interest, before turning crimson.

“Little minx…” The girl murmured to Harry's big amusement. The wizard had learned that the Potters and the Delacours were really close on this plane. Lily and Apolline being good friends even during their school years from the fifth year through the seventh and beyond. Harry himself had some good memories of the French family on his own, but was yet debating if he should share them. Maybe later he would.

The telephone rang, scaring everyone in the kitchen. Rose jumped and ran to answer it.

“Hello?”

“Rose, it’s Hermione…”

Both girls stayed in silence for a while, their last conversation still hanging over their heads plus what she had overheard last Sunday when Monica talked to Harry.

“It's been a while…” Hermione started.

“Listen Hermione, I am sorry for the way I spoke to you last time.” Rose was weary, but Hermione was still her friend...for now. Despite all her flaws, the genius girl was always there for her. “But I
hope you understand, you pushed me to far… and I hate it, you know…”

Hermione remained silent, as if thinking.

“You know I'm just worried about you, right?” Hermione finally said.

“Well, it has been almost a month, and I can say I am more than fine…”

Hermione sighed. “Am I still invited?”

“Yes Hermione…” Rose smiled.

“On another note Rose, has Aunt Bella talked to my mom? She hasn't returned my calls…”

“Well, she kinda has a reason for that, don't you think?”

“So you know about the litigious action.”

“Yes, she mentioned it to mom.”

“That's what I want to talk about with her. Can you pleaseeease ask Aunt Bella to tell her to call me if she sees her?”

“I will, but I can't guarantee she will.”

“Thank you… and Rose… I miss you…”

“See you in a couple weeks Hermione. Bye.”

“... bye…”

Rose hung up the phone, she loved the girl as a sister, she had helped her survive more than once, just like Daphne and Susan, but Rose couldn't help but feel the rift between them growing.

.OvO.

The fireplace glowed with the familiar green hue, and Narcissa walked in with Monica. They had learned the “hard” way to never walk in during the afternoon, or at night, before asking. The only time they had, was just to find Bella nearly passed out on the couch, thick magical sperm leaking out from her still-stretched pussy, as Rose, face down on the carpet, screamed in pleasure from being fucked with gusto on all fours by Harry's big cock.

Narcissa stored that memory as one of the most erotic things she had ever seem.

"Damn I've seen him naked thousands times, but to see him in the flesh, my goodness!” Monica said, fanning herself. Narcissa giggled.

"See why I wanted to buy the bigger strap-on?"

Narcissa was afraid to admit, but since then, the thoughts about joining Harry's little thing were more and more frequent. But she didn't want to jeopardize her chances for a great relationship with Monica.
But that day they had other plans.

Bella and Rose were about to drive to Bones manor to retrieve Susan, now that she had been recently released from St. Mungos. Everyone agreed, including Susan, that it was better if Harry didn't go. So Narcissa and Monica had come up with an idea of their own.

“We are on our way.” Bella said, walking to the room. “I'm really not looking forward to it…”

“Don't worry Bella, it’s for the best…” Narcissa commented, her sister never had been great at relationship talks. “Maybe Amelia is as apprehensive as you.”

“As much as I appreciate the company…” Harry started to protest, again. “You really don't have to disturb your plans because of me, Narcissa, Monica. I’m kinda grown up already.” The wizard grinned, looking at Bella and Rose.

“Pish posh!” Monica commented. “I never had the chance to spoil you in that...place. Now that I can, nothing will be able to stop me except the caps on my VISA and Master Card!”

“But I’ve already got lots and lots of clothes from Bels and Rose…” The young man tried to argue.

"Tut tut tut! One never has too many clothes, Muggle or wizard alike! It's like an unspoken Newtonian Law of Physics!” Narcissa lectured, a hand on her hip and shaking a finger with the other. Harry could only sigh in defeat, while Rose and Bella laughed.

“I need some male friends…” Then he looked after Rose swaying her ass a little more than necessary as she walked away. “Or maybe not.”

.OvO.

“So… Susan…” Bella said, making a left turn with the SUV, paying attention to the traffic.

“What about her?” Rose asked, looking at her stepmother, although she had an idea of what was coming next.

“Do you think... Harry is her... invisible friend?” Bella sounded guilty, she had dismissed Susan's claims as the effect of losing her parents; if not so, just to support Amelia’s more pragmatic ways. At the time, everyone were still feeling the weight of the war loses.

“I don’t know, is possible…” Actually, between this and Daphne’s drawings, Rose was almost sure. “Feeling guilty, are we?”

“I’m not sure I’m appreciating that tone little lady.” Rose rolled her eyes. “And I saw that!”

“Harry told me that the Susan he knew was not nice to him though…” Rose said, looking at the traffic. “I just hope they get along better than he did with Hermione…”

Bella looked at her. Rose was not one for showing emotions, but the older witch could feel how concerned her daughter was. Bella could only hope Rose didn't start blaming herself.

Bones Manor, AKA The Ossuary, was located at the outskirts of London, behind strong Muggle repealing wards. It was a very old and dark building, done in Gothic style, two skeleton statues held the gate, giving the uninviting big house its name. Rose and Bella knew better, the manor itself was
cozy and warm. Amelia did not spend much time taking care of it, which allowed Susan’s much more easy going and feminine personality to take over. The wards recognized both Bella and Rose, making the big bone shaped gates open, so Bella could drive the car up to the doors.

Susan was waiting for them at the door, dressed for a summer day in a tank top that barely held her big DD breasts and short shorts, showing the entirety of her milk white legs with some freckles here and there. The tank top also hid most of the scar from the curse she had received at the Department of Mysteries, but part of it could still be seen on her shoulder. Rose felt a wave of happiness seeing Susan there standing again, she had fought by her side and almost died, a trend Rose was looking forward to end. The raven-haired girl ran and embraced the redhead in a tight hug.

“By the gods Susan, I am so happy to see you! How are you feeling. Is everything working? Does it hurt?” Rose asked, over-excited.

“Calm down Rose, I am okay... it stings a little, but I'm almost as good as new. Just the scar won't fade…” Susan pouted, just a little.

“I am still in envy of your boobs though!” Rose winked, trying to lighten the mood.

“Minx!” The girls laughed. Bella stepped out of the car and gave Susan a hug.

“I'm so glad you are okay, Sue.” Bella said, but the girls noticed she was looking at the door, frowning.

“Aunt Amy is not home Bella.” Susan said, trying to be reassuring. “She kinda... dove into work after...”

“Sorry...” Bella started.

“No need, we all knew this was going to happen sooner or later. Aunt has an intrinsic fear of commitment with everything that is not me or her work.”

Bella sighed. “There was other...things involved too. But I also didn't handle the situation as well as I should have. Anyway, are you ready to go, dear?”

“More than ready!” The red haired girl jumped happily, making her breasts jiggle. “Mindy, can you put my trunk in the car?” With a pop a House-Elf appeared and magically placed the trunk on the back of the SUV.

“Someone seems eager...” Rose commented, raising an eyebrow.

“Girl, I have been stuck in bed for almost three weeks!”

“Trust me, I know the feeling.” Rose remembered the bed with her name at the infirmary at Hogwarts and shivered.

.OvO.

Monica looked positively giddy. No, actually, she was ecstatic and it made Narcissa really happy and relieved to see her like that. And from the expression on Harry’s face, he was happy too. It
marveled the blond haired witch how the two clicked. Harry and herself did as well, but at first, Harry had been nervous around her. But when he realized that she was different than her counterpart in his world, he eased off. Harry still called her Narcissa, but deep inside she wished he would start to call her Cissy, especially since both Cissy and Mona were thinking in eventually join the proto-Coven. The House of Black had always been promiscuous, drawing the line at impregnating relatives too close on their tree. Monica had called it genetics. Narcissa grinned at Harry, ruffling his messy hair.

“We’ll Floo back to Monica’s flat, then we’ll take my car and go shopping.” The witch explained to the young man, who looked a bit green.

Monica giggled and winked at him.

“Better be careful to pronounce right. who knows where you would land if you said Mon’s knickers fat instead of Monica’s Flat.”

Harry groaned. “Not even here, will I ever live it down, will I?”

Narcissa and Mona laughed.

Thankfully, the quick jump went without a hitch and Narcissa held him steady and kept him from flying off straight between her girlfriend’s thighs. It was a bit too early for that, she wanted to keep Monica for herself just a bit more. Harry sighed, he could apparate almost anywhere, but the Floo still hated him.

Harry looked around the place. It was a nice modern apartment, square shaped with a small second floor mezzanine where the bedroom, bathroom and fireplace were located. He saw the bed was unmade with the two slept-on pillows, as well as a pair of purple lacy knickers laying on the top and a matching bra on chair in front of the mirror.

Harry grinned a bit and truth be told, he liked it, especially with the mess. The place looked lived in, not like pristine model of a house 4 Privet Drive was. On the wall there were several posters. Doctor Who, all 3 Star Wars, Dune and several others he couldn’t recognize, he felt a pair of arms wrapped around his shoulders, and Monica whispered.

“Like my lil nest, honey?”

Harry nodded, not really understanding why the woman was being so forward. The wizard eyes first falling on the bed, before he took another look around, but the woman’s chuckle informed him he was busted.

“Yup, those are mine.” Monica whispered “Cissy prefer lighter colors like white, pearl, pink…”

Harry’s face went crimson. Damn hormones.

“I’ve got my keys, are you guys ready to go?” Narcissa called.

“You have a nice home, Monica!” Harry gushed, making Monica beam with pride.

“Gracias, cariño” The woman said, kissing Harry’s cheek, before taking his hand and pulling him after her toward the stairs.

Harry was a bit surprised by the car. He had expected something like a Mercedes or a BMW, but not this. It was actually a cozy light grey Honda Civic, he had expected Narcissa to have a sporty style of driving, instead she moved smoothly through the traffic, like a Chaser sneaking into the
perfect place to score.

It was something to watch her drive, her eyes focused on the road behind her Rayban shades, her index fingers tapping the wheel and singing along the song playing from the speakers and Monica’s own singing completing each other completely.

“*I see a little silhouetto of a man*”

“*Scaramouch, scaramouch will you do the fandango*”

“*Thunderbolts and lightning, very very frightening meelee!*”

“*Gallileo, Gallileoooo*”

“*Gallileo, Gallileoooo*”

“*Gallileo Figaro - magnifico-o-o-o-...*”

Harry grinned. When the song ended and another one about some radio guru took over Monica applauded and Harry found it funny how the two women behaved around each other, almost like two teenagers in love. Narcissa looked in the rear view mirror and winked at him.

Soon they arrived at the store. It was a different one than the one he had visited with Bella and Rose.

“I’ve got some significant shares in this one, they're ones I purchased secretly with Ted and Andy’s help after my marriage, so we’ll have a larger, more private space for trying stuff.” The witch explained, as she turned the engine off.

By looking at it, the store was for a different clientele than the one he visited a little over a week before. A wealthy dressed woman greeted Narcissa with a kiss in the air near the cheek, and exchanged a few words with her, then walked away, carrying a few bags.

Inside, many of the staff greeted them with reverence, and Harry felt a bit nervous.

Monica squeezed his hand and winked at him.

“I felt the same the first time she took me here.” The brunette confided to Harry in a whisper.

The changing room was indeed larger and private, locked with a card lock.

Narcissa reached in her purse and took out a card and Harry couldn’t stop a surprised hicc-up. *CLEARWATER* was printed on the card. Narcissa must have seen his surprised by the satisfied smiled she gave him.

“Penelope's mother partly owns the store, Cissy is the second owner and Penelope's grandmother is the final third. And that guy you saw at the entrance, believe it or not, is called Aloysius Parker.”

Monica giggled.

When Harry gave her a blank stare, Monica sighed “Come on! Seriously?! Dudley watched the show while you and he were in the ballpark. The Thunderbirds?”

“Mona, I was two years old!” Harry laughed. “I was too young and it wasn't traumatic enough to remember.” Narcissa laughed softly at Monica’s pout and opened the door.

Inside was what could be summarily described as a luxury locker room: a rectangular open space with six chairs, six mirrors, and an art-nouveau light fixture with a bar to hang clothes on for trying
them.

Narcissa giggled, and with her finger pulled Harry inside.

“Hmm, Nar… I mean, Cissy, is this a good idea? I mean, I’m a guy, and…” Harry started saying.

Monica winked at him.

“Trust me, sweetheart, we know, we’ve noticed.”

“But…” Harry tried again.

“No but, dear…” Narcissa said, fetching some bags from a small cabinet.

“Harry, I’ve seen you growing up and engaging in… bedroom activities or shower activities in the case of The Chasing Vixens and in the company of Fleur and Daphne. There’s nothing you’ve got that I’ve never seen before…” Monica explained to him with a loving smile.

“And I’ve seen you after you gave a bukkake and creampie to my sister and niece twice, love.” Narcissa giggled in her almost regal way, and winked at him. “Really we don’t mind seeing you and we rather like the idea of being seen by you. Balancing the scales and stuff.”

Monica flicked her fingers on Narcissa’s designer skirt covered bum; then looked at Harry with a grin.

“Beside, I’ve spent several summers and Easter breaks with Bella, Rose, and the Delacours on French nude beaches, so, really, it’s no big deal at all for us.”

Harry couldn’t help the silly smile on his face imagining both laying naked in broad daylight on a beach with Bella, Rose, Maman…err Apolline. “Please don’t get hard! Please don’t get hard! Please don’t get hard!” Was like a mantra playing repeated in his mind.

“Now that this is resolved, let’s leave our belongings here and let’s choose what picks our fancy.” Narcissa declared.

A good half-hour later, they were back at the private room, arms and bags full of clothes to try on.

Without a single word of warning, as soon as the door closed, both Narcissa and Monica started to undress, almost as if Harry wasn’t there. Narcissa’s jacket was first, revealing a medium sheer blouse that revealed a white bra under it. Monica pulled off her Wonder Woman t-shirt… revealing she wasn’t wearing a bra. They were bigger than he expected, Harry thought; about the same as the Susan he knew in his time line…reality…whatever. Definitely bigger than those of the Monica Granger that he met a couple times before leaving his time line. They were capped by rather wide butterscotch colored areolas and small but hard nipples.

The young woman must have felt Harry’s eyes on her because she looked at him; but instead of scolding him for staring, she winked at him!

A quick look at Narcissa showed that she was clad only in her white low cut panties with completely sheer back revealing her crack and perfect buttocks, but kept her privates teasingly covered with white silk.
In the following hour, Harry was made to try several suits, from classy sportive to high class formal and tuxedos. Then came the boxers and briefs, made of silk or high quality cotton that felt like nothing he had ever worn. That also meant he had to stand naked in front of both women. Harry was now used to be naked around Bella and Rose, and Andy was like his sexy physician in this weird porn afterlife.

But boy, did Narcissa and Monica pay him back for the embarrassment. They changed from one outfit to another. Some of the cocktail dresses they tried could be used as textile kerchiefs in restaurants, being so small. That also mean both had to be completely nude to put them on.

And thus, Harry saw both Narcissa Black, her blond hair held in a bun, standing proudly with her C breasts with, as Bella had mentioned last week, medium brown areolas and nipples the size of an American Quarter and a sparse but growing patch of black hair atop and around the perfect slit of her pussy. Looking at a sitting Mona by pure reflex, to notice she was in her all together but sitting and pulling on black stocking, herself, as unabashedly confident as her girlfriend, with a more prominent patch of her own over and around a slightly open labia majora revealing her inner folds and clitoral hood.

Harry was feeling both his blood and his magic pooling at the sight. Narcissa could feel his magic flowing around the room, almost like asking for permission. Once her own magic let it in, she could feel like a warm touch washing over her.

“Hum, miss Narcissa, I’ve got a small problem…” Harry mumbled, trying in vain to get his member to stop growing. Behind him the mirror started vibrating. The wizard need to ask for some private place to take care of it, before an accident happened.

“What’s wrong, hon...oh my!” Narcissa exclaimed. As soon as she looked, the witch could feel her magic pulling like mad towards Harry, it was like nothing she had ever felt before.

“Well, at least that answers the question whether or not I’m compatible with him.” The woman thought. Narcissa quickly cast a strong silencing ward intertwined with a notice-me-not-charm, Harry looked questioning at the witch.

When the ward was in place, the mirror stopped vibrating, but the magic was still palpable in the air.

“Dios mio, even I can feel it” Monica said, placing a hand on her heart. “It’s warm, loving, yet wild and powerful.”

“I’m sorry for that…” Harry said, a little embarrassed. “I wish I could, but I can’t control it, but I can take care of it myself, at least long enough to get home. I just need…”

Narcissa knelt in front of the shivering, painfully hard Harry.

“Harry, Love, you don’t need to it alone, we can’t let you go all the way with us, not yet. But we will help you, okay?”

“We’re with you, sweetheart. Cissy and I, we both like you very much, you can feel that in your magic, right?” Monica added.

Narcissa took Harry’s hand in hers and placed it on his cock. One of her fingers brushed the head and both moaned. Monica as well reached down and gently caressed the head, spreading the leaking
pre-cum around it, surprising both Harry and Narcissa, before pulling her hand back and giggling.

“That felt odd but really good, like a delicious tingling, but from the inside.” The forward woman licked the pre-cum in her palm “Oh wow! that’s… powerful!”

Narcissa started to move Harry’s hand up and down, it had been a while.

“Now look at us, baby.” Narcissa whispered, then turned toward Monica and kissed her tenderly on the lips. Harry could feel their love in their magic as the two fields flirted with each other.

Monica raised her hand to cup Narcissa’s breast and tweak her nipples, making the witch and wizard moan in sync.

“I love you, Narcissa Black” Monica breathed against her lips, a beaming smile on her face.

“I love you too, Monica Teles.” Narcissa replied, caressing the brunette’s own breasts.

Monica turned toward Harry, to make sure he was watching and wanking, she could somewhat make out the colored light dancing around his hand and his manhood, like a pulse beating faster and faster as he slowly stroked it, moving his hand along up and down.

Slowly, Monica slid down, blazing a path of kisses down Narcissa’s jaw, to neck, collar bone to her breasts, taking each nipple in her mouth in turn. Harry and Narcissa moaned almost at the same time, their magic mingling together. Narcissa felt almost like he was touching her, and, together with Monica’s ministrations, it felt incredible.

But the Latina wasn’t done. Monica slid lower on her girlfriend’s torso, licking at her navel, kissing her lower belly, her venus mons, and then spread her labia; giving Harry a clear view of her cunt before she started licking with gusto.

“Oh Circe’s pierced clit!” Narcissa screamed into her fist, head jerking back, while Harry started stroking with more resolve.

The tip of the Muggle’s tongue was teasing the hood, cajoling the clitoris to peek out before licking and gently sucking on it with a loud wet noise.

That drove the blonde over the edge as she climaxed, her juices overflowing onto her lover’s face.

“I’m so...close!” Harry moaned as he watched the beautiful scene.

Monica helped Narcissa to kneel in front of Harry, making a tight semi circle before him, with eager expressions. Narcissa wanted nothing more than to shove his hard prick into her mouth, but restrained herself, feeling it was not the time, yet.

“On our face and chest, sweetheart. Just like Fleur liked.” Monica directed

That was enough for Harry’s trigger as he erupted with thick and charged cream spurts that landed on the faces and chests of the two goddesses in front of him.

“Oh. MY. GAWD!” Monica exclaimed she felt something deep in her almost opening like a bloom, before closing again, something like nothing she had never felt before. But during the five seconds it lasted, she saw and felt a myriad of sensations she could only imagine. It was like a strong orgasm of all of her senses, including some she didn’t know existed. It was like magic.

“Fuck, I could get used to this.” The Muggle murmured, panting, after a small magically induced
orgasm herself.

“Me too, baby, me too.” Narcissa whispered, kissing Monica’s cheek and licking some of Harry’s semen from her. “You need more fruits in your died, sweetie, but it’s delicious already.”

Harry smiled, that Potter smile.

“Sorry…” Harry croaked. Narcissa raised his chin with a finger.

“Don’t ever apologize for this, Harry. Mona and I are here for you. Just like Bella and Rose and whoever will be willing and compatible with you.” The witch gave in and finally kissed him on the lips.

“We like you, Harry, Very much. You’re family to us, tantric shenanigans or not. I know you are for my Cissy and I know that you are for me after all the time I watched you. You have been for almost two decades. We look forward to doing more and going further, but this isn’t the time or the place. But neither of us will regret this, so don’t do it either, okay.”

*How did I got so lucky?* Harry wondered. And for once, he didn’t wonder when the other shoe would drop. The boy just was happy, relieved. Satiated.

“Now, let’s Scourgify, dress up, pay, and grab something to eat, okay. I don’t know about you, but orgasms make me hungry.” Narcissa said, getting up.

The rest of the day flew by. They ate some fish ‘n chips, visited a comics and sci-fi store that was oddly named Forbidden Planet, and he had to laugh at the look on Monica’s AND Narcissa’s face. Who would have thought that the prim and proper Narcissa black was becoming sci-fi nerd?! The witch had jokingly pointed at her girlfriend and said “Blame that dork! She got me hooked with the words *A long, long time ago in a Galaxy far, far away.*”

—

Susan and Rose sat on the back sit of the SUV together, chatting happily about their friends. As expected, Hannah had sent Susan a letter, saying that Neville was indeed grounded for life. His only parole time would be at the party, but Hannah was visiting often to keep him company. Rose made a mental note of writing to him, things had been so crazy she had forgotten. They talked about the letters to Daphne and Tracey, and of course the Delacour’s visit. All while, Bella watched carefully how the two girls danced around the main subject. It is funny to be a teen, Bella smiled.

“Soooooo…” Bella finally had enough. “Are we going to address the Hippogriff in the room?”

Both girls blushed so cutely that Bella had to giggle.

“Is… is he at your place?” Susan asked.

“Yes…” Rose answered. “He is living with us, he has no one else, or anywhere else, you know.”
Susan remained silent for couple seconds.

“It's really him Rose?” Susan sounded so hopeful that Rose couldn’t help but smile. But there was also a hint of jealousy in her chest, something the young witch didn't liked.

“I… I don't know Sue… but I think it is.” The red haired girl beamed. “It's fucking unbelievable, but I really think it is him!”

Suddenly Susan's face went to a fearful expression.

“Rose, what if it's really him and he hates me?” Susan asked with fear.

“Why would that be, Sue?” Rose raised her eyebrows.

“I saw it Rose. In my dreams… his… the other Susan was a fucking bitch to him. She pointed fingers and bullied him. She made him not believe in love anymore… I hate her so much!”

Silence…

“Wow, now that I said it out loud it sounded so weird… I kinda… hate myself?” Susan finished

“Believe me Sue, weird is the new normal back home…” Rose waved.

Susan gave her a questioning look.

“You see, I think… it's weird, but in a good way I think…” Rose mumbled, not sure about what to say.

“So, is he really… you?” Susan asked.

“Yes and no…”

“Definitely NO!” Bella said in the front sit and Rose giggled, Susan looked confused, until realization dawned on her. The girl looked wide eye at Rose.

“Did you…”

“Yes…” Rose said, with a touch of pride. Susan was astonished, open and closing her mouth like a fish. “Hey, in my defense, it is a complicated situation, and you, mom, stop laughing, you are guilty too!”

Susan's mouth opened and closed many times more.

“Aunt Bella!”

“As Rose said, Sue, it's complicated, wait until you meet him. If you want, we can explain. But you need to know, many things happened this last month”

Susan could not believe it. Rose and Bella and her Harry. Rose was looking at her, apprehension on her face.

“Please, don't judge us… or him… there is a reason…”

Susan just nodded. It was hot in a strange way, her two favorite persons, one of her best friends and the other she hadn't even thought was real, together, sweating and… fucking. Yes, definitely hot.
After a while, she finally got courage and asked.

“How is he? I mean, as a person.”

“He is the most caring, loving, protective guy I ever met.” Rose said in a dreamy voice. ”He is a little too self conscious, but we are working on that. Sue, he really is great.”

“Wow, Rose has got it bad.” Susan thought, and that only made her more sure This was her Harry.

“Hey” Bella said. “What about some lunch? I'm starving.”

. OvO.

Dobby took Susan’s things to her usual room, while the girl nervously entered the house. So many things roared in her mind. Was it really him? Would he like her? Would she like him?

So, it was quite anticlimactic when they entered, and nobody was home.

“Guess they’re still shopping…” Bella said. “Harry must be dead bored right now.”

Susan looked confused at them.

“Aunt Narcissa and Monica took Harry to a little shopping trip.” Rose said. “And knowing Aunt Cissy… phew! It will take some time…” The girl rolled her eyes.

“Come on Rose, even you like a good shopping spree.” Teased Bella, and Susan just laughed.

“Let's drink something girls.”

The three witches sat at the kitchen table, and Kreacher served them some iced tea with a touch of lemon.

“So it's true, Narcissa really got herself free from Lucius… I wonder if Draco will be less of a prat now…” Susan wondered.

“Knowing Harry, he better be.” Bella said. Rose nodded.

“How was it? I mean, how did he showed up?” Susan asked. Rose gave have a quick glance to her mom before telling Susan what happened that night at the Ministry after she got hit by the curse, in what felt like a lifetime ago. Susan was speechless, she knew it was something incredible, but someone coming from the Veil was simply absurd. Susan shivered when Rose spoke about the Dark Lady inside her, trying to rip her soul apart, and cheered when Harry helped Rose out of the dark place she was falling into.

“I could hear him Sue, I could feel him, it was warm and bright. And it helped me expel that bitch from inside of me. I know it's hard to understand…” Rose tried to explain.

“But I do understand Rose… I was about to give up and go… when I also felt … something… Whatever it was, it made me strong enough to fight the curse and I am pretty sure it was him, his magic.” Susan said. Bella saw both girls smiling at each other, and for just a second, they reminded the older witch of Lily and herself.

“And what about Hermione?” Susan asked.
“Things are… weird…” Rose sighed. “Well, she hated Harry right away…”

“Really?”

“Yeah, and really mistreated him. It was weird, like he had offended her for just existing. Something was very wrong. And she tried to hit on me again… I swear, either she is the most persistent girl I’ve ever seen, or she can’t take a hint; either way, it’s scary.”

“I don’t know Ro, she has grown increasingly bigoted this year. She even accused Daphne and me of being blood supremacists and sluts…”

“She did what?” Bella could not believe it. The girl was like a niece to her. Heck she almost is for real, considering her mother was as good as her new sister-in-law.

“Yep, a couple days before the mess at the Department of Mysteries. I think it was after the first time she tried to ask Rose out.” Susan said, with an angry expression.

At that moment, they heard the door opening and people entering the room. Susan froze on her seat, looking utterly scared. What she was about to face was against everything she had ever been told. If Rose and Bella were not there to give her strength, and help her to her feet, the witch would be frozen stiff for hours. But Rose was there, as she always was. Susan walked with her friend to the living room, where she saw a more lively Narcissa that she even thought was possible and beside her a woman she didn’t know, but who was strangely familiar. But, what really caught her eyes was the black-haired young wizard with the deepest green eyes she ever saw and he was smiling. A smile Susan knew all too well. For the first time she had the strange feeling of her magic reaching out to someone. It was powerful, and cozy and as soon as it touched his magic, the boy looked at her, and Susan knew for sure.

It was him.

Her imaginary friend was real.

And he was here.

To everyone’s surprise, Susan seemed to forget all about her shyness, and the witch run into Harry, leaping into his arms. The surprised boy, barely had time to react and held on to her.

“She wasn’t me Harry, that bitch at your school was not me!” Susan started saying in a high pitched voice. “I wished I could have helped you, tell you I was real and that she was not me. You helped me so much!”

“Susan?” Harry’s own eyes grown wide.

“Remember when we talked when you were locked at the cupboard about how we wish we could have met our parents, or when you visited me at the mental hospital and said it was better for me to let you go? I never let you go Harry!” The red haired girl sobbed on his shirt.

Harry could not believe it. He was experiencing a tumult of emotions. The wizard had always believed the Susan of his dreams was just a projection of his own loneliness, maybe something after his mother or his mysterious unanswering guardian angel (who turned out to be a comatose Monica). When he met Susan Bones at Hogwarts, she looked almost like her, but the girl didn’t seem to know him. During the second year, he deemed her just a dream, a sign of how close he was to losing his mind. One more surprise this plane had for him it seemed.

“Susan… but you were just a dream…” Harry whispered, more to himself.
“I’m not, and neither are you Harry.” Susan whispered back.

“Oh my god.” The strangely familiar Hispanic woman exclaimed “You’re THAT Susan?! I thought he had created you when he could feel my presence but not hear me.”

Harry hugged her tightly, at that moment, even his magical reaction didn't matter, he now was sure Susan had saved his childhood, and he felt profoundly grateful.

“Thank you Susan, you saved me. If it wasn't for you...” Harry would it learn about Obscurus much later, after his sixth year, but he could see how close he was to becoming one, if it wasn't for his weird little dream friend.

“And you saved me back Harry.” Susan muzzled in his neck, his magic was like a blanket over her.

Bella and Rose watched with tears in their eyes, and smiles on her faces, and just a little bit of jealousy to spice things up.
That night, the entire group had a pleasant dinner together. Susan felt so welcomed by this weird little family that sometimes it scared her. Ever since her childhood, when her own soul was almost gone, her biggest fear was being alone. For some reason, magic had decided to connect Harry with her and that connection saved Susan and later, her growing friendship with Rose and Neville had done the same. Susan loved her Aunt Amelia to death, the woman was not only a mother figure, but also an example to her, but Aunt Amy’s position came with a heavy price. When she became head of the DMLE, Susan was eight and even if the danger of losing her soul was gone, she still felt terrified. But Harry was always there. Talking to her before sleeping or in her dreams. And Rose would also never leave her alone. Yes, magic had connected them.

And it was that same magic she was feeling now, sitting on the other side of the table from Harry as they ate and laughed together. It was not invasive, or forceful. It was warm and carrying, like the first time she'd seen him in her dreams. Susan was starting to realize, Bella and Rose must feel it too. And by the look on their faces, Narcissa and Monica felt it as well. The brunette would effortlessly talk with her. The redhead’s presence seemed to soothe her from the pain caused by her own daughter and knowing that she was Harry’s mysterious guardian angel, it was creating a bond between the two women.

Harry was seated right in front of Susan, the one he always thought was not real, and he could feel his magic reaching out. He thought that being seated beside Rose would calm his magic, but it seemed it could just multiply itself. Feeling bold after the afternoon activities with Narcissa and Monica, he moved his hand to one of Rose’s thighs, and whispered in her ear.

“Missed you today.”

Rose looked at him with a mischievous smile and her own hand found his thigh under the table, just a little closer of his forming budge.

Susan knew that smile from her friend. Everyone at the table knew her knee-bending smiling, said to make boys line up to serve her. Susan blushed furiously.

“Are you okay, Sue?” Bella asked, her grin denouncing her seriousness.

“I'm okay Aunt Bella, thank you, I'm just happy”

And she truly was. By the end of the dinner and chats, she had gained two new Aunts.

Aunt Monica had winked at her and said she was officially aunted-without-h. They pretty much all groaned and laughed at the horrible pun and Cissy, grinning, pulled her back to their car and after a
sobering potion, drove home.

After a shower and setting her things up in her bedroom, Susan got dressed in her usual summer sleeping garment, a cotton top and silk shorts, and decided to talk a little with Rose before sleeping. Her mind was racing and her feelings were a little mess, it would be good to talk to someone that could understand. She opened the door to find Harry and Rose in the corridor. Rose had her usual oversized sleeping shirt, that ended just over her bum, letting her toned legs out, and Harry was dressed only on his pajamas pants. Susan found it was hot, both the night and the Potters.

“Sorry…” The red haired girl said, blushing almost the same color as her hair

“Don’t worry we haven’t started yet.” Rose winked at her friend and Harry rolled his eyes.

“Actually Susan, I was waiting for you.” Harry said and the girl gulped. “I just wanted to say thank you one more time, and wish you a good night.”

“Go kiss her, you goof!” Rose chuckled and pushed Harry toward her.

“Shut up Rose, I will only do it if she is okay with it.” Harry said, looking at Susan deep in the eyes, mentally singing what was now his new mantra, “please Please don't get hard, please don't get hard…”

It was a really hard endeavor, Susan nipples were poking from the top that barely held her incredible breasts, her soft pink silk shorts were small and loose and he was sure it would be easy to see her panties, or the nice curve of her ass depending on the angle. His magic was also not being helpful, but this was Susan, and the last thing he wanted was to scare her away.

In silence, somewhat lost in those deeper glowing green eyes and blushing, Susan simply nodded a yes.

She watched eagerly as the boy of her dreams leaned and softly and slowly kissed her cheek, very close to her mouth. “Good night Sue…” he said, sending shivers through her. Harry then gave rose a peck on the lips, and said good night to her as well. Susan could see that the other girl wanted way more than just a peck, but they seemed to be holding themselves back because of her. Susan watched Harry's lean back, marked with some scars, as he entered his room.

“Wow…” she whispered, almost to herself.

“Yeah… I know…” Rose answered in a dreamy voice. “Wanna talk?” The green eyed girl asked in a more jovial tone.

“Yes, please.” Susan answered and the girls entered Rose’s room, Susan sat on bed and Rose on the puff she use to play the guitar. Susan giggled at the mess of papers, strings, CDs and clothes all around. Rose looked at her, rubbing her hands and seemed a little apprehensive.

“So… what do you think?” Rose asked.

“I'm … confused?” Susan admitted

“You can feel right, I mean, he is your Harry, you could probably feel it even before.”

“You mean the way his magic acts?” Susan asked, and Rose nodded. “Yes, you do too?”
“Like I'm being hit by a trunk of care, love,, and horniness.”

Susan blushed, leave it to Rose to be the most honest and crude possible. Only Tracey could be worse.

“So… are you two together or something?” Susan was not sure why she feared Rose’s answer so much. Harry was like a brother, a pretty, hot, sexy and no blood related brother with a weird sensual magic.

Rose though for a couple seconds before answering. “Yes and no… unless mom is his girlfriend too. I am with him in the sense I don't want to be with anyone else right now, but I'm also not, because I can't be the only one…”

“That is confusing, and somewhat messed up.” Susan raised an eyebrow.

“Believe me, I know, but…”

“But?”

“Sometimes I think I woke up inside my deepest erotic fantasy…” Susan blushed at Rose’s blatant words. “You have no idea of how… hot, incredible, amazing it is for me to watch Harry fucking mom’s cunt until she screams, or to know he came all over Aunt Cissy today.” Rose was flushing red, both of embarrassment and arousal.

“Rose!” Susan squealed, but her own body betrayed her. Of course the group of girl friends had talked at length about sex and their fantasies, and also shared their experiences with each other. So it was not a real surprise seeing Rose getting off like that. But Susan felt embarrassed nonetheless. Both at Rose’s words, and at her own body response, moistening her knickers.

“What I mean Sue, is, don’t hold yourself back for me, but know I will also be there. And not just me; Mom and by the look of it, Aunt Cissy is in the starting blocks, and I can assure you Sue, we all have our reasons. Just remember, neither me nor Harry will ever force anything you don't want. And, bit of warning, you're likely to get more than little eyeful on some regular basis.”

Susan contemplated her friend’s words. She had a lot to think about, involving both green eyed teens. The girl kissed Rose on the cheek and hugged her good night, and headed back to her room, for a night full of pleasant dreams.

.OvO.

And what a night it was. When Susan finally woke up, she had to change her knickers, as no amount of cleaning or drying charms would clean the wet mess of fluids.

It was still early, and the house was silent, something Susan was always wary of. She then decided to take a glass of water, as sleeping seemed out of question, at least without a long session of fingering herself. Sighing, the busty girl got up and slowly opened the door of her room, trying to make as little noise as possible, as both Bella and Rose got a little cranky if they were suddenly awoken. She looked at Rose’s room door, still closed, but to her surprise, both Bella and Harry’s door were open. She heard a sound, somewhat diminished by a silencing charm coming from the wizard’s door.
Susan knew it was wrong, but she wanted to see Harry again. She really wanted to. Slowly, trying to make as little noise as she could, she walked towards the room. The sounds getting louder by each step. Susan knew very well what those moans meant. Neville had visited Hannah in the dorms enough times thanks to Rose’s shenanigans, and Susan herself had her own share of little adventures. Who was there though? Rose?

The woman was moaning louder and louder, sounding almost frantic when Susan reached the door, and spied inside. Her eyes went wide, and the girl had to cover her mouth with her hands.

Bella was seated over Harry, reverse cowgirl style, her hands on his legs, Harry's own hands holding on her hips, helping her move up and down his hard member. Bella’s expression was one of pure bliss, one Susan had never seen on the witch's face.

Susan couldn’t move, she was hypnotized.

The girl watched Harry's member appear under her “aunt’s” ass cheeks, just to disappear again inside her dripping pussy while Harry was playing with the edge of her anus. Bella was moaning, a thin line of saliva running down her chin. Susan had never seen this powerful witch like that. Harry was literally glowing with power and magic. Susan felt her own magic calling, and she knew his was responding.

“Yes, yes…” Bella hissed, trying not to make much noise. “I missed that! Fuck… that is good!” She said, and increase the speed of her bouncing.

“Couldn't wait Bella?” Harry said, and rubbed his thumb against her labia to moisten and lube it, then inserted it in her anus, making her scream even more.

“Yeeeee! Like this! Aaaaaaah!” The witch shoot her head up, in a silent scream and reached her climax, and the magical release made Susan moan. The girl realized she was breathing faster and faster.

Inside the room, Bella got herself up after coming back from her orgasmic high, enough to free Harry's still hard cock. The beautiful, older witch turned around and held the base of his prick, kissing and liking the head.

“You are right you know…” Bella said in between licks, looking harry in the eyes. “I couldn't wait.”

“Mhnh right about...ohh...what, Bellaaaaaaaaaah?!” Harry asked between moans and groans of pleasure from the ministration he received from the older brunette.

Susan watched in fascination as Bella worshipped his hard, twitching member. Engulfing more and more at each go.

“I'm close… Bella…” Harry moaned, caressing her head. The witch bobbed up and down, and used her hand to jerk his cock, getting ready for his load. “I... I'm cumming!” The wizard said, and Susan could see Bella swallowing but even so it was too much, and her mouth overflowed with Harry’s sperm. The magical release was so strong, that Susan felt it tingling all over her body. She looked at Bella, licking the sperm that fled her mouth with a blissful smile, glowing in ecstasy. Susan loved her Aunt Amy very much, about she never has done it to the brunette. That was something else entirely, she could see and feel the love.

The red haired girl decided to come back to her room before she got caught, when she turned, Susan could see Rose leaning at the door frame of her room, with a smile.
“Told you so.”

.OvO.

“Are you okay Susan?” Rose asked. They where both seated in her bed, but the red haired witch had been silent for a while now.

“What? Hum… yes, I guess I am…”

“You know you can talk to me right?”

Susan looked at her friend and found only honesty and care in her gaze.

“If you weren’t so impulsive, you would be a good puffy.” Susan smiled. “Ro… I never saw, or felt anything like that… it was… hot and powerful, and Bella… she looked like she was melting. I… felt so horny, but also jealous for Harry and Amy, what’s insane is, I don't know what to feel.”

Rose sat closer and tenderly hugged her friend. “It's okay Sue…it's kinda messed up anyways.” They stayed in each other's arms for a couple minutes before Rose finally said. “I think it's safe now for us to go eat. I can smell French toast and bacon” She said with a big smile.

Susan was in for another surprise when they entered the kitchen and found Harry at the stove, Bella was sitting on the edge of the table, and Sue could see the woman glowing and a mix of magic and orgasmic bliss.

“Good morning, girls.” Bella said, making Susan blush, to her surprise.

“Morning mom, morning Harry.” Rose walked to the cooking boy and kissed him on the back of his neck.

“Morning to you two. Sit down, it’s almost ready!” Harry seemed in a good mood, Susan thought, of course, after seeing a gorgeous MILF witch like Bella drinking your cum, who wouldn't. Susan blushed to Bella’s amusement. Susan then found herself imagining how Harry’s sperm would taste, and she blushed even more. When Harry placed the plate in front of her, the girl was almost the same color as a tomato.

“Cute.” Harry thought, and smiled at her, before sitting besides Rose.

Susan kept silent through the entire meal, she was unable to look at Harry without blushing. If he noticed, Harry didn't say a thing, instead they talked about the upcoming party.

“Every year, since Rose was four, we celebrate both Neville and her birthday together.” Bella said. “Usually the party was here one year and at the Longbottom estate the other.”

“And this year?” Harry asked, the operation at the Ministry might have changed that schedule. He might have changed that.

“So, two years ago the Greengrass' built a big pool at their manor, so for the last two years they had offered their place.”

Harry trailed off a little in a world of wet bikinis.
“It's also your birthday right?” Rose asked, kinda already sure of the answer.

“Yeah, but if we are going to keep the cousin story, I don't think is a good idea for people to know, so, don't worry.” Harry said with a smile. Susan remembered all the birthdays he didn't have, but was unable to talk through her shyness.

Rose on the other hand was thinking about some of her friends. She was sure some of them would not fall for the cousin story, actually she was sure some already knew, just like Susan. The raven girl started making a list of whom she could trust.

“We need a glamour for at least some of your scars, I hope you understand Harry.” Bella said with a little sadness in her face.

“I was actually going to suggest it.”

At this point, everyone had noticed the silence of the usually chatty Susan. Harry got up and started collecting the plates.

“If you'll excuse me, I will take a shower, then head to the library. There are some useful books from my timeline I think Rose should read; I will see if they are here as well.” Harry said as he left the kitchen.

“Okay Susan, what's happening? Yesterday you were all warm and close to Harry, and today you can barely look at him.” Bella asked blatantly.

Rose waited, and as Susan didn't say anything, she decided to take the lead.

“Sue accidentally saw you and Harry this morning mom.”

“Oh…”

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be nosy, the door was open and I couldn't look away…” Susan started talking frantically. Bella held her hand.

“It's okay Susan…are you okay?”

“I… I think so… I was just not expecting that…”

Bella looked at Rose, who just shrugged. “If you want to know, I think she is more than compatible with his magic, she can feel it strongly.”

“What are you talking about?” Susan asked.

“Okay. Later today, Andromeda, my sister, will stop by to check on Harry. To check on his condition.”

“Why, is he sick?” Susan sounded genuinely worried.

“No, don't worry. Listen Susan, it seems like something happened to his magic when he walked through the Veil, it both damaged and changed his magic. I will try to explain the best I can, if you want, you can ask Andy for more information, she is the mediwitch after all…” Bella proceed to explain what was happening, how Harry's magic could burn him and how he could affect others. Susan listened with attention and worry. “In some of the books Andy gave me, they were called Channelers, and they may be the very spark that initiated wizardry kind. Magic flows through them into others. If I understand correctly, there has been centuries since one as powerful as Harry has
shown up."

“So, it's some kind of magical compulsion, to be with him?” Susan sounded a little disappointed.

“No dear. There is no compulsion of any kind. If so, you would be shagging him right now. His magic seeks those compatible with him. No one knows what determines this affinity, but most think it's the already present feelings, even if they are just a spark. In other words, his magic seeks to protect the ones he love…”

Susan made an ‘oh’ with her mouth, and look at the two in front of her. “How many?”

“The last one registered had three women, but he wasn't nearly as powerful. Nothing that powerful since the Lovegood Coven got disbanded…” Bella trailed off.

“What she means is that we don't know. Sue, nobody, not even magic will force you if that is what you worried. And we are in this thing per own choosing. He even tried to dissuade us.” Rose said.

“It all seems so… convenient and… almost like someone is doing this to us.”

“Well, maybe it’s magic itself, maybe it’s fate, maybe it's the Old Ones, the thing is that he survived the Veil for a reason.” Bella concluded.

Susan remained pensive. “I need to think…”

Rose just smiled and nodded.

“Just one last thing…” Susan said. “You know mama Veela and baby Veela will be all over him, right?”

Bella arched an eyebrow and replied with a somewhat clipped tone

“I’m not sure I like one of my best friends and her daughter called that, but yes. And believe me, Harry will need them. There were important to him...there, and I know, in my heart, in my guts in my, pardon the pun, very bones, they will be a vital support to Harry and Rose in the coming months.”

.OvO.

Harry was sitting in the living room with Rose and Susan, waiting for Andromeda to arrive.

On the screen before them was an old man in grey robe facing a dark giant of a man, facing each other. He felt threatening, in a way that reminded Harry of Riddle. You could feel the rage rolling off him from his stance alone, the red light illuminating the dark cloth of his cape, of his mask was so evocative of the Cruciatius curse…

The old man reminded Harry of Jacques Delacour, a well of power behind a soft, nonchalant and easy going exterior.

“If you strike me down”, the old man said, “I’ll become more powerful you can ever imagine.”

And strike, the dark giant did, and the old man disappeared, leaving only his coat behind.
Harry couldn’t help but bite his knuckle. The young man screaming “BEEEEENN!” echoed his own scream for Sirius, three years ago.

The young wizard understood that this movie was a cult classic, but for him, it was really painful to watch. He didn’t know if he could endure the two others.

He got up, kissed Rose full on the lips and Susan on the corner of her mouth, then headed to the kitchen, the last couple days had been hard, Harry had to restrain himself for Susan, but also for Bella and Rose. He was afraid he was forcing their core too much, even if they didn't say so, and the tension between him and Susan was getting to him. The wizard was afraid she would ended up hating him, thinking of him as a terrible man; after all, that was how he felt sometimes, like he was using those girls he liked so much. Harry couldn't blame her in anyway if that was the case, but he could feel his magic responding. Worse yet, his time project, that could maybe help them, was in its earlier stages.

Narcissa was there, preparing a cup of tea for the bunch of them. The witch had shown up around noon, looking shaken, the last luncheon with her son apparently didn’t go so well. Draco was gone for three weeks with the Parkinsons and the Goyles in Albania and Narcissa had feared the time she was going to see him again, when it was time to go pick his furniture for Hogwarts.

“Obiwan?” Narcissa asked knowingly, opening the fridge and handing him a bottle of Butterbeer.

Harry nodded and added a “Thanks”, he looked at her and smiled back at her, as out of character as it was, Harry much more preferred this version of Narcissa.

“I get why millions of people love this stuff, but personally, I prefer the one with that raspy voiced lady captain stranded at the other side of the galaxy with her ship.” Harry simply stated. “This one, it brings back bad memories for me, and I could feel my magic reacting to it.”

Narcissa gently put down her own butterbeer and cupped his cheek with her hand.

“Honey, you don’t have to justify yourself.” The said, looking in his eyes and giving him a tender smile. Harry felt his magic reacting and reaching toward her.

If someone, a year ago from his perspective, told him he would consider Narcissa Malfoy -well, Black again, here- a close person to him, or even friendly he would have laughed at their face. Yet, there he was, and there she was, drinking together, and talking easily. Harry wondered if that was the result of his magic or the intimate moment they shared a couple days before. And yet, it was still weird to look at this beautiful woman, so alike and yet so different from her taciturn counterpart.

Soon the characteristic sound of the Floo activation was heard from the living room.

“Looks like Andy’s here, hon.” Narcissa said in a husky tone. “Ready for your check up?”

The woman gave Harry’s bum a playful squeeze and a wink.

Harry gave her an expression of fake indignation and grinned.

“My eyes are up here you know!”

“Oh, believe me, I know. I'm just evening the game.”

On their way to the room, he saw Rose and Susan watching the movie, and Bella was there already, discussing with a concerned Andy.
Seeing Harry, Andromeda smiled at him.

“Ready for your check up, Harry?” The Healer asked, before she looked at Susan. “Sorry, but I think you better leave Susan. It may get a little embarrassing.”

Susan was about to protest when Harry looked right at her and said.

“Please Susan. I don't know what happened and why you are so embarrassed around me since yesterday. The last thing I want is a repeat from the Susan I knew before. So please, we need to talk later.” Susan had teary eyes. “But I need to do this now.”

“I'm sorry Harry… I… I'm confused…” Susan said, afraid of losing him again.

“I understand Susan. And I don't want you to be even more, I already have one bitch Susan in my life, please, we can make this work. Just talk to me, okay?”

“I… I will, sorry…”

“Please, don't be. Just promise you will talk to me later okay, and if you can't handle, please, don't force yourself to it.”

Susan nodded, and gave him a quick hug before leaving.

“I will stay with her.” Rose said. “I think she will need both of us to understand…”

“Yes… I just… hope things don't turn bad like last time.” Harry sighed, he was starting to understand the negative effects his magic could have as well.

Rose could see he was worried, and how much he cared for Susan. The girl had this habit of closing her feelings in a shell, especially after the whole imaginary friend fiasco, and Rose was decided to not let that happen again. Susan was like a sister to her, and she would do anything for her friend, that was just who she was, even if she needed to go over her own feelings on the matter. Rose also understood Harry's own fears. Just like Narcissa, Susan brought him painful memories, but he also needed to deal with it. The young witch gave Harry a quick kiss and left after Susan.

“Very mature Harry, and also needed. Susan will come around eventually and you also need to remember, people here are not the same from there; we've had different experiences, and that made us different people.” Andromeda could feel the tension in his body without even casting a single spell. The muscles in his back and shoulders, once he removed his tee-shirt, were taught, almost twitching. His scars, which had looked less pronounced the last time, really popped out, now.

“This isn’t good.” The medi-witch thought. “It's like he's on the brink of another crisis, and Bella's almost saturated, her core needs some time to breath and adapt. He must be restraining himself because he knows this and Susan's silence is not helping.” The healer sighed.

“Bella, it's better if you left as well.” Andromeda warned.

“But what if…” the former Auror started to protest.

“Then Andy and I will handle it. Trust me, sis. I won’t let anything happen to him.” Narcissa interceded.

Bella nodded, embraced her sisters, kissed Harry long and hard, and then left the room.

Harry’s heart really went out to her. She worries about me enough to risk her own life, her own
magical core to keep me safe. Harry marveled, and realized why he was starting to fall for her. Narcissa gave Andy a look and the older witch nodded.

The check up started, but to her surprise, his magic responded almost like fighting an intrusion, and Andromeda gasped. *Oh this is NOT good at all!*

“Andy, I’m not feeling too good” Harry groaned. The air was starting to feel charged and smelling like ozone. Suddenly things started shaking, and objects started flying around. The glass on the windows exploded into thousands of shards, catching both witches by surprise; Narcissa ducked and cast the strongest Protego she could, but before the shards hit the shield, it was like the implosion rewound, the pieces of glass came back in place and became whole again, down to the molecular level.

Narcissa looked at Harry and gasped. His eyes as rolled back in his head, his body almost convulsing.

“Harry!” Andromeda screamed “Don’t try to contain it! It could kill you or worse, turn you into an Obscurus!”

Narcissa approached him, pulling off her tee-shirt, took both his hands, and then placed them on her bare breasts.

“Focus on me, baby. Let your magic flow freely.” Narcissa spoke to him in a soft soothing voice, she could feel his hard on against her pubic bone through the skirt and her lacy panties, which became soaked instantly. “That’s it, Harry. Let Cissy help you.”

“My...Cissy...” Harry croaked, confused, his fingertips traced the circle of her brown areolas. “Mo...nica… is...she...okay with...this?”

Narcissa felt touched by his concern. Even with his life at stake, his first concern was for her and her girlfriend, and the safety of their new couple.

“Don’t worry, baby.” Narcissa replied “You are our one-pass ticket to us both. The one we can share without hard feeling or repercussion. We both more than like you. You are part of our little family as you are with Bella and Rose. Actually, we are one bigger family and we’re that way thanks to you.”

“I...like...you...too, Cissy.” Harry finally said, his voice less a croak. His pulse was still erratic, though. Narcissa reached down and undid his belt, then started opening the buttons of his pants.

Andromeda stared in awe. Less than ten seconds prior, she was fearing Harry was lost or that at least some serious damage would be done to his core. But Narcissa intervened and he seemed to calm down. The Healer could see her sister really did mean what she said, some days ago at their meeting.

“Aw fuck this!” The medi-witch exclaimed opening her robe “It’s just boobs, and if it helps my... patient, I can handle it. Harry you may look but if you want to touch breasts, touch Cissy’s, alright?”

Harry watched, in awe, as Andromeda unclasped her bra, and stood there, topless, with her pencil skirts and black stockings. Her breasts were smaller than Cissy’s or Bella’s, but her very dark areolas were also the largest, proportionally, of the three.

Narcissa grinned as she freed the twitching member from his trousers.
“He likes what he sees, sis!” Narcissa quipped, getting hold of Harry's dick, and gently stroking it, all the way from the base to the head.

“I would hope so!” Andromeda exclaimed “I don’t show my bosom to all my patients and my girls drive Ted’s libido through the roof!”

Narcissa chuckled as Harry made a strangled sound. Hard to say if it was from Andromeda’s words, the sight of her naked breasts, or Narcissa’s gentle ministration on his dick, spreading the pre-cum all over the purplish tip, that elicited a soft moan from the wizard. Andromeda could see his magic focusing on the woman in front of him.

Narcissa knelt before Harry, his manhood in her hand; then slowly took its head between her lips and sucked it softly. Then she pushed a bit, letting another centimeter in, her tongue moving around its surface, unseen inside her mouth. Harry groaned in pleasure.

Andromeda felt her pussy moisten. “Damn, she could give entire classes to porn stars on the art of giving head!” Andromeda thought, pinching her nipples. But the blonde wasn’t done, not by a long shot. Narcissa slowly moved her head forward, tilting it slightly to give a sensuous torque movement to her tongue along Harry’s hard cock while she was massaging his buttocks with one hand and gently stroking his ball sack with the other.

A smile formed on his lips, his eyes closed briefly before he opened them again to look at both sisters in turn. Andromeda looked extremely turned on, but his magic wasn’t touching her, barely caressing her because of her proximity, respecting her own wishes, and focused entirely on Narcissa’s, which embraced his in return, it was like the two aura were dancing with each other as the blond’s head bobbed up and down, hungrily engulfing his member. She couldn't believe how much she was enjoying this, it had been a long time since Narcissa had done this for someone, and his expression of pure bliss as Harry watched his dick disappear inside her mouth, filled her with pleasure.

Harry’s legs gave in, and he collapsed on the carpet that covered the ground.

Narcissa unzipped and pushed her skirt down, her mouth still working his cock, while she turned around over his body.

The sensation defied description, for both of them.

Narcissa suddenly straddled Harry's head, her drenched panties less than twenty centimeters from his face.

“Take... them off, honey” Narcissa asked, briefly parting from his cock to ask him. “Touch me, then take them off. Then, bon appétit!”

Harry, in a state of bliss, reached up, and caressed her ass through the panties. Which, given how small they were, left plenty uncovered, cheeks and crack both. The wizard moved his finger to her wet camel toe, moving all the way through her covered clit. Narcissa moaned over his cock, with his free hand, he ran fingers up and down in her butt-crack. Harry couldn’t hold it anymore, and pulled her panties down, he had seen her pussy some days before; back then he had seen her feline part from almost two meters away, now he saw it up close, open and drenched, glowing with her fluids. Narcissa’s growing bush was short enough to still show everything, her large meaty chocolate colored folds and clitoris matching her nipples, the pink between them, and further up between her cheeks, her winking brown anus, contrasting with the whiteness of her buttocks.

Narcissa moaned and worked harder on Harry's cock, using one hand to help her and give more stimulation.
Pushing her panties off, she spread her legs a bit farther to give Harry’s head some space. The result didn’t take long to show, she felt this tongue skillfully working on her folds, on her clit and even around the edge of her asshole while his fingertips touching her there, the young wizard clearly knew what he was doing.

“Sweet Circe’s wet shaved pussy! Did Mona tell him how I love having my asshole played with?!?” Narcissa wondered, feeling her orgasm building up.

Andromeda couldn’t believe her eyes! That was going beyond the simple blowjob for release. Narcissa had stripped completely and was sixty-nining the young man! The healer had to sit down, hike her skirt up, and slide her hand under her silky red panties before pushing them mid-thigh for room. Harry, his head virtually glued to Narcissa’s crotch, couldn’t see her trimmed somewhat wide triangle of dark brown pubic hair. Presently, he was suckling on Narcissa’s folds, making the blond witch moan around his cock, while she massaged his testicles like one would play with marble stress balls. Harry found her taste close, but different from Bella, and delicious all the same.

Groaning in pleasure, Harry pushed his tongue inside her vulva and a finger up her ass, applying just enough magic and pressure to both, just like he have learned a lifetime ago. That proved too much for Narcissa, who threw her head back in orgasm, screaming Harry’s name on this cock, triggering his own climax.

It was like a magical shock-wave, channeled safely by Narcissa whose blue irises shone brightly as if lightning sparkled within them, her mouth full of his creamy semen. The young woman had to swallow three times to get it all down, and decided his taste was at the same time magical and addictive. Narcissa turned her head down toward Harry, and licked the few droplets at the corner of her mouth, and brushed some from her chin with her finger, which she sucked with gusto, she loved it.

THAT was what triggered Andromeda’s own climax, squealing her husband’s name on top of her lungs. Harry, looked at the partially undressed Andromeda, her breasts heaving, and legs spread showing him her hairy crotch.

Then, panting, he looked at Narcissa with a questioning expression. “Did any of you guys cast a silencing charm?

Narcissa blinked twice, then deadpanned “nope.”

They looked at each other then burst out laughing, Andromeda, dazed, gave them a confused look “What?”

Harry, his head still between an exhausted Narcissa’s thighs, one of his hands still on her rump, laughed harder. It was a free, relieved, carefree sound, that brought smiles on the exhausted witches.

“Hey Sue…” Rose said, removing the videotape from the device. “I think I should write Tracey and Daphne. They Floo called me the other day, but that was before things developed between me and Harry…”

“Yes, I think it's a good idea.” The red haired girl said in an aloof tone before she got up and
followed Rose up the stairs, into her room. “Man, Tracey must be gossip high right now.” Susan smiled, remembering her friend who was incapable to keep her mouth shut for even one second. So much so that If she was in any house but Slytherin, Professor (cough*bitch*cough) Snape would already have deducted like a million points from her.

“Yeah… but I'm more concerned with Daphne…”

Susan thought about it. By the time Harry got older, she dreamed less and less about him because of his own protections against the monster inside his head, but she did remember Daphne being a recurring theme on their shared dreams.

“Did he and Daphne… I mean, in the other timeline? Circe, talking that out loud is so weird.” Susan asked.

Rose giggled. “I know. Yes, he and Daphne were awfully close, and I believe he had a thing with Fleur too…”

“Oh no…” Susan whispered.

“Yeah… I'm not sure, he still didn't told me everything, maybe he is afraid of me being jealous… anyway, that is not the reason.” Rose walked to her studying table, that was used for many things, but never for studying, and took a piece of parchment from the drawer, handling it to Susan. “That is a copy of her last sketch she sent me.”

Susan opened the paper and instantly blushed, there it was, done in Daphne pencil sketch style, Harry in all its glory, with his messy hair and scars, holding his own erection with a blissful expression. After today, Susan could almost hear his moans and the sound of his rubbing hand against his member, making it even more lively. The witch also got instantly aroused both by the artwork and her memory from Harry and Bella.

“Wow…” Susan murmured.

“I bet she came really hard after this one…” Rose said playfully with a smile.

“i would agree…” Susan said rubbing her own tights together, before handing the draw back to Rose.

“So, what do I tell them?” Rose asked.

“Well, you could start saying that he is not your cousin and that he came here to stay, I think.” Susan suggested.

“True.”

Rose got a piece of parchment and started working on the letter. They decide to tranquilize the other girls about any danger Harry could represent, and finished telling them that Harry was looking forward to meet them. Rose was a little apprehensive, if Susan was any indicator of how things would roll.

They heard a soft knock on the door.

“It's Harry, can I come in?” A voice asked from the outside

“Sure Harry.” Rose called. The door opened and a fresh from the shower Harry entered the room. Dressed in pajama pants and a shirt. He walked and sat on the big puff in the corner, looking a little
“Sorry, things got a little complicated at the check up... I kinda passed out.” Harry said to the two worried teen girls.

“Are you okay?” Rose asked.

“Yes, I think so, for the time being.” The wizard looked at Susan, with serious eyes. “Sue...” the girl tensed. “I mean, Susan, I don't know what I did, but whatever it is I'm sorry...”

“Why... why are you saying this?” The girl felt a squeeze in her heart.

“You're not talking to me and you even avoided looking at me these last few days. I already have been through this once with the other Susan, so I just wanted to say that I'm sorry and I'll stay out of your way again.” Harry said, getting up with a sad but understanding smile on his face, it was the Susan from his world all over again after all.

The red haired witch felt like she had been punched in the chest. She hadn't even considered the message she was sending him and he believed he had offended her. Harry tried to get closer to her for the second time only to be met with silence and resistance again. Even after that first meeting some days before, Sue felt like the other Susan, and she hated herself for it for a second.

Rose opened her mouth, in hope to say it was all just a misunderstanding, when Susan got up off the bed with a speed that would be an envy of Quidditch players and literally threw herself on to Harry, making him land on his arse in the puff, wide eyed, while Susan straddled him. She threw her arms around his neck and back and hugged Harry, trying to convey as much of her feelings for him as she could.

“No Harry, please, don't get off my way. I'm sorry, I was just so embarrassed...” Susan whispered on his ear.

Feeling the honesty of the girl in his lap, Harry hugged her back. “Why Susan... embarrassed about what?” The girl shivered with the sensation of his firm arms around her.

“I saw you and Aunt Bella... doing it...” The boy tensed. “No, don't worry... Aunt Bella and Rose already explained everything to me...” Susan's hand on her neck moved up and started rubbing his hair. The witch could feel his protective magic around her, embracing her body as much as his arms. “I'm embarrassed because... I feel it too Harry... and I don't know how to deal with it...”

Harry squeezed her just a little so the witch knew he was listening. Susan on the other hand was getting intoxicated by the feeling of finally having Harry in her arms, running her hand over his hair and breathing in his scent. By the gods, he scent was too good.

Rose bit her lower lip, trying to be silent when she noticed Susan hips starting to slowly move over Harry's lap.

“But, no matter what happens...” Susan said in Harry's ear. Now the wizard was feeling the girl rocking her hips ever so slowly against him, and he found himself fighting a losing battle against his arousal. It was Susan after all. “No matter how we end up... mmmmm...” She continued and Harry was sure Susan could feel his hard member now, he silently cursed his bodily reaction. “I don't want you... aaaaah... to go .... Away... anymore...”

Rose saw that Susan had her eyes closed and now was unmistakably grinding herself into his cock. The raven-haired girl giggled and sat on the bed, before bringing her own hand inside the navigation shorts she was wearing.
“Sue…” Harry said into her ear. “You don't need to do anything you don't want to. If you want me, in any way, I will be there for you…” Harry was trying to concentrate. Did Sue even realize what she was doing? He looked at Rose touching herself looking at them with a mischievous smile, and silently mock cursed her.

“I… know… Harry… thank you… for understanding…” Susan started kissing his neck, and Harry was almost losing it.

“Sue… you… don't need…” Harry tried to say, but she was not listening. Susan was kissing his neck and grinding her body in frustration, openly grinding away now. The thin fabric of her shorts were totally wet with her juices and Susan started increasing her speed. Rose watched Harry with hungry eyes, giving him courage to hold Susan's waist and help her move. The wizard felt the girl trembling and knew Susan was cumming when the witch bit his neck. Harry held her, as close as possible as she trembled. The feeling of her breasts were amazing, and he thanked the gods that both Andromeda and Narcissa had already worked him out that day. Harry kissed her freckled neck, while Rose brought herself to a small orgasm.

“There Sue, it's alright, everything is alright…” Harry whispered in her ear.

The girl hid her flushed face on his shoulder. “Oh gods, I'm sorry Harry, I don't know what has come over me…”

“You were just too tense Sue. Everything I said still stands… I will always be here… let's work this one step at the time, no matter where it leads us, okay?”

“Thank you Harry…” Susan looked right on his eyes now. “I am so glad you are here…” She leaned and gave him a peck on the lips before leaning on his shoulder again.

Rose grinned. “*I died and have been transported to voyeur heaven.*” Harry only shook his head.
“Damn it! If I have to fold one more towel I'm going insane!” Tracey Davis exclaimed, throwing the newly cleaned and folded towel into a pile with dozens of others that looked exactly the same. At her side, her friend Daphne Greengrass giggled.

“I don't know what are you complaining about…” Daphne had piercing ice blue eyes, and long, straight midnight black hair. Her face had high cheekbones that gave her an almost aristocratic look, a true Pureblood beauty. “It could be much worse, remember the bathrooms?

Tracey, who had a wavy, dirty blonde hair, cut just above the shoulders and sparkling caramel eyes in a heart snapped face, gazed at her friend and shivered. Every first month or so of the Summer was the same; it was the time when her mother's spa became the busiest, with lots of magical and non-magical clients and Tracey always had to 'volunteer' to work there. Most of the time, Rose or Daphne would come and keep her company and make some galleons on the side. But this year, a little someone with emerald green eyes and messy black hair had kept Rose from coming. This year Rose was… busy.

The girls finished the work with the clean towels and stepped out of the laundry room, both dressed in the modest spa uniform. “Just one week more…” Tracey sighed, she couldn't wait to be free.

“There is way worse Summer jobs you know?” Daphne pointed out in her usual neutral tone.

“Oh yeah, I know, but it's not the end of my time here I'm looking forward. There is green eyed mysterious hunk waiting!”

Daphne rolled her eyes at her friend's antics but the dark haired witch herself couldn't deny her own curiosity. The young man Daphne had drawn and painted all her life was here. Part of her was looking forward to finally meeting him, but another was afraid of doing just that. There were so many questions and she was afraid of the answers. One thing was for sure, life was never dull having Rose as a friend.

“Susan is there with him and Rose right now…do you think she shagged him already?” Tracey wondered.

“I doubt it…” Daphne shrugged. “Susan can be a little stiff sometimes.”

“Look who's talking.” Tracey raised her eyebrows at her friend. “We could be having some fun on our own to pass the time…” The girl finished in a wishful, sing-song voice.

“Sorry Tracey, the kiss was nice and all, but I just don't play like that.” Daphne waved.
“Well, your loss, but wait until your handsome dream man is pounding you from behind, you won’t even care who you’re kissing.” The blond girl had an evil grin on her face, and Daphne glared at her, blushing. “Just kidding, girl.” Tracey raised her hands in a mocking surrender motion.

“Hey Tracey!” Someone called from the side. The girls turned around to see Tracey’s mother, one Briar Rose, walking with an envelope in hands. “Rose’s owl dropped this for you. Are the clean towels folded and sorted by section?”

“Yes ma’am!” Tracey said in a mock soldier like tone. Her mother just rolled her eyes and Daphne half smiled.

“Okay, here.” The older witch handed her the letter, sighing in defeat.

The girls got seated into a table in the small cafeteria area, where Daphne asked for a cup of coffee and opened the small envelope, surprised that the letter was both from Rose and Susan. The girls read it avidly. It was a reassuring note and confirmed some of both girls suspicions about the mysterious boy. Tracey was now sure both Susan AND Rose were having fun. There was also a picture of Harry and Rose talking at the kitchen. Daphne couldn't keep her eyes from the young wizard, her oldest art subject.

Tracey’s eyes got a wicked gleam as she turned toward Daphne.

“I wonder if Hedwig is still around?” she asked. The girl got up and looked for Briar Rose at her office. When her mother nodded, the owl as eating and taking a little rest, the young blonde scampered away with a “Be right back!”.

Tracey came back about five minutes later, grinning like the cat that got the cream.

Daphne narrowed her eyes and looked at her friend.

“What are you up to, Davies?” Daphne asked in a good imitation of Briar-Rose’s own I-know-you-did-something-you-shouldn’t-have tone.

“To quote Ro, ‘mischief managed’.” Tracey simply stated, grinning even more.

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Rose smiled when she opened the window, letting the beautiful white owl inside the house.

“Hey, pretty girl! did you bring me a re…” The young witch started, but the bird flew past her and went straight to Harry. “...ply from Daphne?”

Susan laughed. “How does Gabby call it again? Ah yeah, ‘*se prendre un vent*’.” And with that she collapsed on the couch, laughing even harder.

The proud owl landed on the table in front of Harry, and extended her leg to him, showing the magical envelope attached to it.

Harry blinked in confused. Who could be sending him a letter? Did Daphne ‘remember’ him as well, like Susan? He guessed she did, if the sketch Rose showed him, the ones she called ‘Esseff Double You’ were any proof. Hedwig’s annoyed BERK! pulled him from his thoughts
“Thank you, Hedwig.” Harry said, a bit distracted as he took the letter. Susan looked at the envelope and the name written on it.

“That’s Tracey’s handwriting, not Daphne’s.” The red haired girl said, with a smile.

Harry raised an eyebrow; he had good rapport with Tracey and the girl was anything but shy. In his other life, she asked to join Daphne and him many times, streaked by him almost as often and not even Fleur seemed to intimidate the girl and ease her advances.

Harry opened the envelope but instead of finding a piece of parchment, there was a Polaroid inside.

On the back was written "Looking forward me A ting you! XOXO Tracey…” Harry rolled his eyes, judging by the other women in this plane, Tracey should be even crazier. When he flipped the little square of plastic, there she was, photographing herself in front of a mirror, the camera in hand, wearing a uniform of some sort but wide open, leaving her C sized breasts bare with her dark pink nipples showing, and her blue cotton panties in plain sight.

Harry blushed then snorted.

“Well, at least I know this Tracey is identical to mine, in some respects!” Harry giggled, handing a curious Rose the picture.

Harry was feeling really relieved as well. As the week passed, after the “talk” they had, Susan was starting to relax and open up to him. Harry had to admit he really liked this Susan, she was quite a contrast with Rose, been much more girly and giggling, but managed that without being an annoying gossip queen like Lavender or unable to talk to him like the old Ginny of his timeline. Watching Rose and Sue together was really fun to him. Sue always tried to doll Rose up a little, tame her hair or make her wear nice clothes. Rose on the other hand, tried to loosen her up, play pranks and teased her relentlessly.

With Harry, Susan had discovered she really liked hugs, specifically when he hugged her. The girl loved feeling his body touching hers, his arms around her shoulders or waist, and the feeling on his body responding to hers. Harry also discovered Susan had a preference for white underwear. More than once, he caught the girl in her undies, in the halls or the bathroom, and he was not sure if she did it on purpose or not. And there was the kisses. Susan hadn't worked the courage to move beyond quick picks on the lips but watching him passionately kissing Rose or Bella was really making a number on her. Specifically with Rose. There was something really hot about the two counterparts senseless snogging each other. And although they kept the actual sex inside the bedroom, Rose was not shy about touching, hugging or even humping Harry in front of her. Susan still blushed, but was starting to play more and more into the innuendo. Susan noticed she was starting to like it.

For Rose, it was really fun to have another girl around to tease, especially one of her best friends. The Marauder girl laughed her knickers off with Susan’s expression when she hinted to Harry about the redhead and Hannah's involvement before the other girl got hooked up with Neville. Harry had learned that Susan, not Hermione, had gone to the Yule ball with Viktor Krum and about the quick, but torrid romance that followed after.

Harry was also starting to understand somethings about this plane. Not only women were more numerous, but also, it seemed that love and sex based rituals and magic were of more common knowledge. They would still be somewhat of a taboo in family meetings and public talks, but Madam Pomfrey had a special class at the third year, about magic, sex and pregnancy, although heavily outdated.
All in all, the teens had some enjoyable summer days, the likes of Harry hasn't in a long time. But of course, Rose wanted more.

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**Breaking the Chains**

In a frightening and extraordinary turn of events, the terrorist organization known as the Death Eaters decided to return their criminal activities in the most bold way possible.

Led by the Dark Lady herself, a group of the black robed, masked criminals broke into the island prison of Azkaban and helped a unknown group of criminals out! The details are still not known, as the Ministry is working to suppress the story from the media but we know that at least two of the guards were killed in the action and many more were injured and some of the most loyal of She-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named followers were set free.

These actions left us with many unanswered questions, like how the Death Eaters got access to the rumored to be impenetrable wards and why the Dementors didn't help in stopping the attack. Are the monsters fighting beside You-Know-Who? Are we even more unsafe than initially thought?

In times like this, we need a strong and safe hand guiding the government, and this reporter is not sure Minister Fudge still has what it takes.

A extraordinary Wizengamot meeting was called and the Prophet will be sure to come back with more information.

For more details on Azkaban, see page 03

For a timeline of Minister Fudge’s political career, see page 04

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Bellatrix looked at the carnage around her. Six, no, seven Death Eaters were dead around her. The witch knew this was not her doing. Bella was effective and clean, but whoever did this was brutal, someone driven by rage. The pieces of one of the black robed wizards were scattered all around the small, dark room. Another was cut in half, his insides scattered around him, and more than one were missing the head. And at the center of it all, was Harry Potter.

Bella noticed he was slightly older, his body covered in blood and scars, his wand glowing, and a dead, far away look in his eyes. Those are not the same eyes her Harry had. There was no light in there, no hope, only hate. Hate against the world, hate for the Death Eaters and most of all, hate for himself.

He looked around and Bella could notice some movement; one of the black robed men was not
dead, although he was badly injured. Bellatrix could recognize the short, round man, with his almost bald head and enormous front teeth anywhere. And so did Harry. He walked calmly to the man, with a gaze that made Bella shiver.

“You are going… *cough*… to lose Potter!” The man lay at his feet barked at him, spitting some blood.

“I already lost Peter… I'm just collecting some debts before the end, just like I did with Bellatrix and Draco....” His voice was calm, controlled. Bella shivered at this kind of sound coming from someone so young. Harry stepped on the man's throat. “Oh yes Peter, I am done… Your Dork Lard is coming with me... but not you Peter, no... for you, I have other plans. Something really special to celebrate our story.”

Bella watched as Harry cast a silent spell that healed all of the man's wounds. “You see Peter… Daphne taught me a trick or two before you killed her…” With another movement Harry summoned a big, nasty grey rat over the man's belly and stuck a bucket over it. Bella could see runes carved on the boy's hands and arms, things he must have done after the time he came back into her world. The runes were glowing with ominous power.

Harry slowly and methodically drew a rune array over the bucket. When he was done, he looked at the short, bound, fat man on the ground with an anger the witch had never seen. Maybe that was what Remus saw in her eyes that night.

“This is repayment for what you’ve done to my parents, to Sirius and to Daphne… you will keep healing Peter, until thirst or starvation come to you. But, our little friend here is up to an all he can eat buffet…”

“You… you wouldn't... you don't have the aaaaaaaaaah!” The man screamed when Harry powered up the runic array, making the bucket heat and the rat, panicked, started to dig the only direction possible: down.

“I don't have what, Peter? The guts, balls, cold blood?” Harry asked, but Peter Pettigrew could not listen, screaming in pain. “You will be glad to know that Tom finally made it, I'm a monster, just like he wanted me to be…”

Bella woke up in a cold sweat on her bed. Another memory. A brutal one, in a much later time than the ones she had seen before. That was a defeated, tired Harry, one that lost everything, including his humanity. The witch shivered at the thought.

At that point, Bellatrix Black made a vow to herself of never letting that Harry come back. Or to let Rose become like that. The witch needed to talk with Narcissa and Apolline, to start building things for the future..

And she needed to start training the kids more seriously, if they would need to fight, they would be prepared!

.OvO.

Monica woke up screaming in her bed, tears rolling down her cheeks. Her heart was beating like a death metal drummer. “Not that time! Please, any time than this one!” The woman mentally begged.
Monica barely registered the sensation of Narcissa’s hand on her arm, then moving on to her cheek. The witch was saying something but the young woman couldn’t understand what was said over the drums of her heart beat.

The Muggle woman felt something against her lips. Blinking, she looked at the worried face of her beautiful girlfriend.

“It’s a Calming Draught.” Narcissa explained.

“Gracias, mi amor.” Monica whispered, her throat sore from the scream. She drank the potion and felt the muscles she hadn’t realized were tight and aching, relax. Narcissa smiled, and wiped her tears, looking deeply into her brown eyes.

“You dreamed about Harry, didn’t you? I did too, I think, but it was fuzzy, confusing. Something with rats and...there was so much blood.” Narcissa tried to say.

Monica blinked, looking at Narcissa, then slowly grinned at her.

“Someone’s building the...how did Andy call it, the Link?”

Narcissa blushed and nodded.

“I guess so. He and Rose need us.” The blonde whispered, running fingers in Monica’s long dark brown hairs.

“And we’re there for them. And for each other.” The brunette replied, her voice sounding more and more tired as the potion took a deeper effect.”Now, let’s get some more sleep, Zelda.”

Narcissa snorted and kissed her nerdy girlfriend.

“Sleep well...Epona.”

“Oi!”

Both women laughed and drifted back to sleep, both with a smile on their lips.

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Bella had to leave the house early that morning, she had a busy day at the Wizengamot, and some business at Gringotts. Harry felt a little wary of the look the witch gave him before leaving, but chose not to make much of it.

It was a pretty hot day, even for July, much hotter than usual. Harry felt like he was melting, so he decided to go with only his cargo shorts for the day. At the beginning he felt a little self conscious about it, but to compensate his discomfort, both Susan and Rose were also presenting shorts and tops. Sue was wearing a blue lycra microshort that hugged her waist and groin almost too tightly, leaving very little to the imagination. Harry could not only watch her nice, round ass but also the perfect curves of her mound and her pink top barely containing her big bosom. Rose was wearing looser cargo shorts that allowed Harry to get glimpses of her white knickers when she sat and a loose red shirt that hung from one of her shoulders, a thing that made it obvious she was not wearing
a bra. Harry ended up feeling hot in more than one way just from how they were dressed!

The girls were also having their own eyeful of the wizard's toned torso and Susan had admitted to Rose that Harry's ass just begged to be grabbed.

“Bloody hell!” Rose finally said, laid out on the couch. “It's hoooot, and not in the good way!”

“Speak for yourself.” Harry replied, giving her and Susan a good look.

“Hey, you pervert!” Susan slapped him on the shoulder, blushing but giggling. Rose just showed him her tongue, but was also spreading and closing her legs suggestively at him. It had been like that the last days, they played and teased each other and Harry was feeling more at ease in letting this weird magic inside of him go and entangle both girls, calming it. Usually it ended up with Harry and Rose having sex at the end of the day, or Bella at night. They learned that if Harry let it flow during the day, the discharge was not as powerful as usual and Narcissa had started helping him as well. Susan had accepted that, thankfully, and was becoming more and more relaxed.

“I have an idea!” Rose jumped to her feet. “Dobby!” The emerald eyed witch called and the hyperactive elf popped into the room.

“Yes Mistress Rosy Potter ma'am!”

“Dobby, does mom still have that big wooden hot tub she imported from Japan?” Rose asked.

“Yes Mistress Ro, it is in the cellar.”

Get it into the yard and assemble it, please.” Rose said excitedly, a smirk appearing on her lips that made both Harry and Susan look at each other and shiver. “Think about it, we can use it as a pool or a Jacuzzi!”

“Hmm, Ro… I don't have a swimsuit…I was hoping we could go out shopping for one before the party.” Susan trailed off.

“So? We can all swim bare.” Rose shrugged with a suggestive smile.

“I'm all for it!” Harry called.

“You two are both perverts!” Susan frowned.

“I'm just kidding Sue. You can use one of mine.”

Susan looked to Rose's nice but substantially smaller boobs, then to her much larger ones.

“No offense Ro, but I highly doubt it will fit.” Susan said.

“Well, I can Transfigure it so it's bigger.” Harry tried, shrugging.

“You can do magic?” Susan asked, getting excited with the possibility.

“Well, yes. Your Ministry doesn't even know my wand exists, so, no Trace.” Harry smiled at her.

“Perfect!” Rose jumped. “I will try my new bikini and you can use my old one!” The raven-haired girl said, dragging her friend upstairs to her room. There, Rose reached into a drawer and pulled a red two piece bikini. It was quite conservative, but the top was definitely too small for Susan. “Here Harry, you can increase it…hmm…let me see…” She looked at Susan making some measures. Sue just rolled her eyes. “I think three sizes is enough.”
Harry looked at her as if she was speaking a foreign language. “Sorry, but, guy here…” The wizard said, scratching his wand on his hair.

“Just slowly increase it and I will tell you when to stop, okay?” Susan said and Harry nodded. The wizard waved his wand and the red piece of fabric started slowly increasing in size, he kept it growing for around ten seconds before Susan asked him to stop. The red-haired girl took it and placed over her top. “Yep, I think this is good, thank you Harry.” Susan gave him a kiss on the lips.

Harry stood there, looking hopeful, until Susan said. “Okay big boy, go change yourself and wait for us downstairs.”

“Oh, poor Harry…” Rose giggled at the faking pouting Harry.

Harry was seated on one of the steps inside the big wooden tub. The water was so good and refreshing, that he could feel all his muscles slowly relaxing, as if the tension was just melting away. The young wizard closed his eyes and thought about how lucky he was for getting this weird second chance and all the steps he still needed to take to ensure the safety of those around him. Harry needed to have a conversation with Bella sooner rather than later.

Harry was brought back to the present by the sound of laughter; he opened his eyes to one of the most enticing views he had ever seen. Rose was wearing a black, two piece bikini that was a little too low on her belly, Harry was sure her nice and soft pubes were just below the fabric, and the way it hugged her amazing ass as she walked sent shivers right through the organ in his pants. Susan was not too far behind. Her unbelievable, massive round tits hanging in her red bikini. Harry had to fight the impulse of burying his face between her breasts. The girls entered the tub with a moan, that made Harry’s dick twitch. Of course, his silly expression hadn’t gone unnoticed by the girls.

“Like what you see, Potter?” Rose asked running a wet hand over her body.

“Believe me when I say I do, Potter.” Harry answered with a wink. Susan smiled at her friends, their blatant game was always fun. Rose sat besides Harry and kissed him, clawing her hand on Harry’s chest. Susan looked hopefully at them and Harry nodded, she smiled and sat at his other side, feeling the delicious sensation of the warmth of his body.

“I was thinking…” Susan started.

“Well, I worry, when she left, mom was in full business mode. Aaaaaand…” Rose said rolling his eyes.

“I wouldn’t worry, when she left, mom was in full business mode. Aaaaaand…” Rose said rolling his eyes.

“And?” Susan asked.

“Harry shagged her brains out last night. I’m sure she is in a good mood”

“I guess you’re right, Ro.” Sue told her with a smile that Harry could swear it looked hopeful.
“Come on…it's not like I have some magic dick or something…” Harry started protesting, but was stopped by Rose raised eyebrows.

“I don’t know if I said it before, but like Ollivander would say ‘it is the wank that chooses the wizard, Mr Potter.’ or something like that.” Susan trailed off, blushing, making Rose laugh.

Rose’s hand was going up and down Harry's chest and Susan’s head was resting on his shoulder, he could feel one of her breasts pressed against his side. Harry had a silly smile on his face.

“What?” Rose asked. She liked when he smiled like that, for a couple seconds she could pretend everything was normal, and that they were just two teenagers in love. Maybe three.

“Nothing, this just feels nice…I know it will end someday, when we have to face snake girl, but, right now, it just feels like…” Harry didn't know how to finish. Any word that came to his mind, being it home, family, love, seemed inappropriate. But the green eyed witch didn't need him to finish, she understood, more than anyone. It took Rose Potter to completely understand Harry Potter.

Rose raised her head from his shoulder and turned to look at him.

“We can make it feel even better…” The girl leaned forward and capture his lips into a deep, sensual kiss. Rose’s tongue darted inside his mouth, and, as many times before, it seemed like she tried to explore every inch of it. Harry on the other hand could never get tired of her taste, being her hungry lips and tongue or her delicious pussy juices, the wizard was sure he had got addicted to it. They kept kissing until both needed air, oblivious to the world around them, something that happened every time their lips touched and when they separated, a small rivulet of saliva still connected the two swollen lips. Susan let out a soft moan at the sight, making the other two remember she was there. To the red-haired girl, it seemed Harry and Rose were something incredible, magical even. The way they were able to connect and more than once Susan cursed her own shyness.

“But you want to kiss him too Sue?” Rose asked in a husky voice. Susan looked longingly at her, then at Harry with a pensive expression before gathering courage and nodding. Rose gave her space and Susan startled Harry, resting her bikini clad groin on his raging erection, making both let out a soft moan. The red-haired witch wrapped her arms around his neck, one more time she was surprised about how real, how warm he was, and leaned for a kiss. A real kiss.

Their open lips touched each other and Harry decided to take the lead this time, sensing Susan not only liked, but needed him to, softly caressing the inside of her mouth and lips with his tongue. For Susan it was like a well of energy had been unlocked, she felt like a pleasure jolt was running from her mouth to her pussy, passing through all of her body in between. The girl moaned in Harry’s mouth and rocked her hips, wanting to feel his rock hard cock rubbing against her clit. When Susan finally released Harry's mouth, it was just for his lips to be captured by Rose again, in another searing kiss. Susan and Rose took turns kissing the wizard, while Sue continued to slowly grind into his erection, one of Harry’s hand courageously moved over her tits, softly caressing, and pinching her nipple through the soft fabric, while the other hand moved down and rubbed Rose’s pussy under the water over her bikini bottom.

With a mischievous grin, the raven-haired girl reached for the knot in the back of Susan’s top and undid it, releasing her large breast in Harry's hand. The wizard was amazed by how firm they were and loved the soft pink tone of her nipples, almost the same colors as her freckles. Susan moaned even more when Harry moved forward and kissed her nipple, proceeding to lick around it. His other hand was working around Rose’s clit, making the girl almost roar as she ground her hips into his hand. This Potter really was a lioness.

“Please…” Susan moaned.”
“Please… aaaaah… what… Sue?” Rose asked, moaning with the delicious movement of Harry's finger over her cunt.

“I don't… know… if I'm ready… but I want to…” Susan moaned louder.

“To what Sue”? This time was Harry who asked as he began kissing her jaw and neck.

“Circe’s tits, what a team those two make! Is almost impossible to resist…” Susan thought.

“Can I watch?”

“Watch what Sue?” Rose asked, close to her ear. “Say It…”

Susan moaned, feeling Harry's hard dick pressed against her folds, moving her hips.

“Please Rose, can I watch Harry fucking you?”

Rose grinned and kissed Harry with renewed lust. Susan got up from his lap and prepared herself, her hands quickly taking the place of Harry's hard prick. Even with just grinding, she felt it was not the same, it would never be even close. Susan watched as Rose made Harry get up and stand, moving until his hips were resting on the edge of the tub, out of the water. The green eyed witch looked directly at Susan before grabbing the edge of Harry's swim trunks and pulling it down, releasing his large and painfully hard cock. Susan gasped when the member rebound and hit his belly. The girl moved her hand inside her bikini, directly touching her swollen, sensitive clit. There was Harry, in all his glory, and Rose was moving to suck him, the anticipation alone almost threw Susan over the edge.

The Girl-Who-Lived was not one for wasting time when she was horny, and horny she was. The girl licked the head of Harry's member a couple times, earning moans from the boy, before engulfing it in her mouth. Rose then alternated between looking at Harry and Susan while bobbing her head up and down, her tongue softly touching the underside of Harry's dick. Harry loved how warm and wet her mouth was, but right now, he wanted to give the almost hypnotized Susan the show she asked. Rose’s mouth released his dick with a wet pop before Harry made her also get up. He looked at Susan with that same smile Rose had given her, like a wolf ready to eat his prey, and ran his fingers up the raven girl’s tight, toned thighs, until he reached the apex of her bikini. He moved it aside and slowly shoved two fingers inside her incredibly tight, wet, hot cunt.

“Yeees!” Rose screamed. The girl was ready and slick and the sounds her body made as his finger got in and out of her were driving Susan’s mind blank.

“Pleaaaaase Harry… stop teasing… and… FUCK ME… already!” Rose half moaned , half screamed.

“As you wish, Rose Potter…” Harry said, removing his fingers from inside her with an obscene wet sound and used the same hand to align his cock with her entrance. Not being able to wait anymore, Rose impaled herself as soon as she felt the head teasing her entrance. No more games for her, she wanted Harry and she wanted him now. Once he was almost completely inside her, with her clitoris pressed against his soft curly hair at the base of his cock and they were almost standing up on the edge of the tub, Harry holding her up by firmly holding onto her ass cheeks, Rose screamed in a overdose of mind numbing sensations.

“THAT. .. IS… SO… GOOD!” The Girl-Who-Lived screamed before she started moving up and down Harry's hard prick, moaning every time the wizard re-entered her. Harry groaned, moving his own hips to meet her movements, his dick going in and out in a rhythmic speed.
Susan moaned as she watched, increasing the speed of her finger movements around her aching clitoris. Harry and Rose looked beautiful together, moving in almost unison, as the wizard strongly grabbed the witch's ass, they looked deep into each others green eyes, their blissful expressions almostmirroring each other. Susan could not believe how turned on she was by watching them, moving two finger inside her own pleading pussy.

Rose felt one of the hands on her ass to move inside her bikini, and a finger teased her anus, making her hold her breath. Harry applied just a little pressure, feeling her backdoor accepting the tip of his finger, that, in conjunction with the friction on her clit and the fullness of Harry's amazing dick inside her, carried the girl screaming over the edge.

“FUUUUUCK! FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME! I'M CUMMING!” Rose’s walls tightened around Harry's dick, carrying the wizard to climax together with her. The magic released together with his thick spunk making small waves on the water, hitting Susan like a ray of warm pleasure. Susan moaned and came hard, trembling and rocking on her hand. The redhead wanted him, the real deal, but was not able to admit it yet.

When Harry and Rose finally became coherent again, they found a panting, smiling Susan looking dreamily at them from inside the water.

“That… was… amazing!” Susan blushed, but managed to say, making both Harry and Rose laugh, before kissing again.

.OvO.

The first surprise that awaited Bella when she entered the restricted parking used by the Ministry to hide their government owned cars and the triple-decker bus was the Limo-sized Humvee parked there and a couple of guards standing by. The guards both had a wand holster hiding under their sleeves, and a shoulder handgun holster giving a bump under their suits under their arm. It took Bella’s trained eye to notice them, but the witch could see the marks of mercenaries for hire.

“Something tells me this Wizengamot will be anything but boring for once. ” The black haired witch thought, moving out of her own car.

Taking the lift up, Bella arrived at the entrance where she identified herself and had her wand checked by Ministry officials. The witch headed toward the women’s restroom and quickly put her outdated robe atop her short pencil skirt and black blouse. Her long and wild black hair held back in a braid tied by a black catogan. On the robe there were several badges. Auror (Retired), Head of the House for the MNAMA House of Black and Proxy for the MNAMA House Potter and an Order of Merlin, First Class. Bella could hear people whispering while she walked, about the situation in her house and about the process against the Prophet. The witch sighed.

The room where the Wizengamot sat gave her pause. Bella could briefly see Harry standing there, facing Fudge and Umbridge on the charge of Underage Use Of Magic and it was sure here was where he were the Dark Lord would play a mock judge for him. A hand on her arm jostled her out of her flashback.

“Bella, dear, are you alright?” Asked Lady Melody Greengrass, a friend from her earlier years, in a worried tone. “You look pale. Well paler than usual.”
The brunette witch nodded and smiled at her friend

“Don’t worry, Mel. just being here after last month...it’s more taxing than I imagined. I take it Cyrus is already sitting?”

“If he could, he would sleep, dine and do whatever else here.” The aristocratic looking witch snorted, her father in law had dived deep into work after his son's death.

“I’m heading to the gallery. We’ll talk later.” Lady Greengrass said, giving Bella’s cheek a kiss and her hand a squeeze. “And I think we have a lot to talk about…” The witch winked at Bella, who just rolled her eyes.

“ORDER! ORDER!” Called Percival “Percy” Weasley in a nasally voice.

All stood as Griselda Marchbank, instead of Dumbledore, walked in, wearing the Supreme Witch robe, and sat at the top desk.

Bella looked at the Minister Desk and noticed that Fudge looked terrified...and alone. With Lucius under arrest since the mess at the D.o.M., the Minister knew he had lost his biggest supporter, and Bella noticed many empty chairs, on both sides of the council.

“THIS EXTRAORDINARY SESSION OF THE WIZENGAMOT HAS BEGUN!” The ginger brown-nozer claimed in a *Sonorus* augmented voice. The uproar was almost instantaneous, as Fudge and his administration was attacked by a barrage of question after question about the failures of his administration. Accusations of corruption and Dark Magic flew from one side to another and no matter how much they tried, the officials could not reinstate order. Bella could see the smile on Amelia’s face, as everything was going as expected, but something in the red-haired witch expression sent shiver down Bella’s neck, and not in a good way.

Something had been weird with Amelia Bones for a while now, ever since the end of the Tri-Wizard Tournament. That was when their relationship started collapsing. Their plan to get rid of Fudge and his corrupt administration sometimes seemed most like her plan to ascend to power. And the fact that Susan expended more and more time at Bella’s house was not a good sign.

“As Regent for MNAMA House Longbottom, I call for a vote of no confidence toward Minister Cornelius Fudge!” A tall, silver haired beauty, with her long hair tied in a bun behind her head, her taught, severe face barely betrayed the concealed rage the witch seemed to feel.

Augusta turned her gaze toward Bella, and the witch could see contempt written plainly on her face and in her ice blue eyes. “*Augusta seems to hate me more than usual. What a joy...*” Bella thought with a slight roll of eyes.

Bella stood and with her wand on her throat said “House Black and House Potter second and third the motion.”

Madam Marchbank looked at Bella and Augusta with an “Are you sure you want to do this?” look, and both witches nodded, not sparing one glance at each other. Bella hated herself just a little, but she was doing this for Rose.

The call was validated and the vote was a landslide. Only the openly Dark and more conservative Purebloods either voted against or abstained.

“By eighty five percents of votes of no-confidence, Cornelius Fudge is relieved of his duties as
Minister for Magic. Are there any nominations or candidates for the post?” Marchbank sanctioned, then asked.

“I nominate Amelia Bones!” Augusta Called.

“I nominate Theodore Aurelius Nott!” Nott screamed from his seat and a good dozen other nominations were shouted, chaos reigned for over two minutes, despite Marchbank hammering his mallet on the desk.

“BLESIA, FFRINDIAU! PLEASE! PLEASE, MY FRIENDS!” A feminine, melodious and gentle but firm voice called.

All turned and looked at the red-haired woman, in her early thirties. Her accent was one from Wales and her first words in Welsh were further proof if it. She was well dressed in a skirt suit that could fit either Muggle or magical worlds alike.

“The Wizenmagot recognizes Lady Iris Ovidios of House Peverell.” Marchbank ruled, looking at the woman warily.

“Thank you Supreme Witch Marchbank.” Iris said, her accent almost completely vanishing. “I haven’t been around for a very long time but I have traveled the world for my studies. I would like to suggest a genuine election, a leader chosen by the people themselves.”

And just like that, the room became pandemonium personified. The Light side strongly approving her words, and the Dark seats screaming at her attack over magical traditions.

Bella and Amelia looked at each other stunned. Neither expected that. Not here, in Britain.

All around from the gallery flashes from photographs blinked as many in the public clamored. Common people were shouting “IRIS! IRIS! IRIS!”

Finally it was decided that a new meeting to pass legislation about the elections would be held in a month, and the voting itself, if it would happen, in the first sunday of September, and until then, Rufus Scrimgeour would hold the interim. Amelia left the room, her face murderous. But Bella knew, Iris already got what she wanted, installing chaos and doubt in the political system.

Bella’s first thought she would leave Amelia alone, but she had a bad feeling about the woman and she needed to talk with Amelia anyway. They needed to end things right.

Bella followed the Auror into her office in a light jog.

“Not now, Bellatrix, I’m really not in the mood.” Amelia barked, when she noticed the black haired witch approaching.

“So it’s Bellatrix, now.” Bella murmured bitterly. “What do you expect?! You’re the one who pointed a wand to my face and broke up with me over that prat fucking your daughter! They are cousins for fucks sake, fucking white…” Amelia added in a low voice, but Bella could hear it, without believing. “And now, that election could be snatched right under my nose when it was within MY REACH!”

The red haired witch shouted the last two words, wiping everything from the top of her desk in a fit of rage. Even a framed photograph of her brother, sister-in-law and two nieces were tossed to the floor and broke.
“What good is that regency now!” Amelia screamed, slamming the heel of her boot in the photography of her family, her eyes glowing with rage, her cheeks blushing red with anger. “All of that for nothing! Decades of planning, maneuvering, preparations, hogging on that ring and taking care of that brat and holding her back, the schemes, RUINED by that HALF BLOOD UPSTART! AAAEEERGH!”

Bella froze in shock, eyes wide and filling up with tears, She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. It really broke her heart and Bella knew she had to warn Susan.

Bella turned on her heels and left the office while Amelia still ranting, unable to hear more.

Arriving panting at the parking lot, Bella noticed that the over-sized vehicle was still there, and had the gorillas still waiting in front of it. Seeing her approach, one of them went and opened the door of the limo and grumbled

“Lady Black, if you please...”

Bella pondered for a moment before climbing in, but still unclasped the holster of her Disillusioned Browning. A spell is fast, a bullet is faster, especially the charmed ones the ex-Auror packed.

“Peace, Milady” The red-haired woman inside said, trying to placate her. “I just want to talk lady Black.”

Bella looked at her. The woman looked aristocratic, with hair red as a forest fire, carefully stylized in a braid over her left shoulder. Iris had light green eyes, and a small vestige of freckles over her pointed nose.

“I’m not sure what would interest you in this washed up Auror, Milady” Bella said in a self degrading tone, trying to read the woman.

“You are anything but a washed up Auror, Bellatrix Black.” Ovidios repeated. “You are the cream of what wizarding Purebloods should aspire to be, a war hero and a mother.”

Bellatrix raised an eyebrow

“Are you trying to butter me up, ma’am? I don’t know you.” Bella asked. Something in this woman was raising more red flags than a flock of cheerleaders in a marching band, and yet, she seemed incredibly friendly.

“You’re wary of me. Knowing your story and who you have to deal with, I understand and respect that.” The redhead replied genially. “Just be aware that we are aiming towards the same goal, and we’d stand a better chance standing together against that rear-guard that is holding our society more than a century behind.” Iris kept speaking in a neutral tone. “I’ve seen countries in the Middle East that were more democratic and forward thinking than Magical Britain, lady Black. I was in Kuwait and Iraq during the Desert Storm operations, and the law enforcement there were less corrupt than the ones here, I know of your… story with Chief Bones, but don’t let your feelings cloud your judgment. That department is corrupt down to it's core. This nation is on the verge of collapse, and it’s up to people like us to fix that. But it’s not something you or I can do alone. Just think about it. I have no kids of my own, but I know you have, and not only young kids and mister Potter, but their friends as well. Think about them when you think over this offer. Please.”

Her monologue concluded, Iris gave Bella a smile, and opened the door to let the brunette witch out. Once Bella was out, the red-haired nodded before closing the door back.
The raven haired witch watched the luxury vehicle start and leave the parking while she stood there pensively, this summer was definitely changing everything.
Knock, knock…

Upon hearing the knock on his door, Harry took a last look at the cluster of runes, and closed the notebook he was working with before getting up to answer it; not really caring about the fact he was dressed only on his boxers, at that time of the night, it could only be Rose or Bella anyway.

To his surprise, as he opened the door, he was received by the sight of curly red hair and freckles, together with a nervous smile.

“Sue, are you ok?” Harry asked, feeling real concern for the girl whom was so important to him on his youth, and it was quickly becoming as much again.

Susan was dressed in her usual sleeping attire, a white tank top and pink silk shorts. Harry loved those shorts, they were so small that he could see the delicious curve of her ass and also seemed really comfy. The girl was also holding her own pillow, a thing that confused Harry.

“I'm sorry to disturb you this late Harry… I… I'm having trouble to sleep…” Susan said, sounding embarrassed. “Remember when we were small… and stayed close in bed… even if we couldn't touch?” Harry nodded with a smile, that was a precious memory to him, and it was so good to know it had all been real. “Can I sleep here tonight?” She finally asked, looking down to the floor. Instead of saying anything, Harry stepped out of the door and gestured her to enter, he then took his wand and enlarged the bed, so it could comfortably fit both of them for the night.

“I can't wait til I can do magic freely next summer.” Susan said hopefully as he did it.

“Yes, magic is great!” Harry said, sounding like a little boy and making the girl giggle at his enthusiasm. Susan placed her pillow next to his and sat on the bed.

“Do you want to talk?” Harry asked. “Anything I can help Sue? You know you can count on me for anything right?”

Susan smiled and hugged him.

“Just a nightmare Harry. I just need to know I'm not alone, ok?” Susan whispered in his ear.
“And you are really not.” Harry hug her back, before laying on the bed. Susan follow suite, but rested her head on his chest, above his left arm.

“We are quite the damage group, aren't we?” The young witch said in a sleepy voice.

“And I would never trade any of us…” Harry trailed off, the tiredness of the day finally getting into him.

Harry woke the next morning, feeling a weight over his arm, and slowly realized he was spooning Susan, his chest pressed against her back and the delicious floral scent of her hair in his nose. It felt really good and relaxing, but he started to get frightened when he realized his right hand was holding one of her large, firm, breasts, and part of his morning wood had slipped out of his boxes and was pressed against her bum. “Damn, those shorts really feel nice.” Harry tried to slowly remove his hand from her boob, without waking Susan up, the last thing he wanted was to jeopardize their building relationship, whatever minding was, but the witch suddenly held his hand in place.

“Don't worry…” Susan said in a low, soft voice. “It feels nice… and this too…” Sue playfully rubbed her ass on his hard dick.

“I'm sorry Sue!” Harry tried to apologize. “I didn't realize, and... I kinda can't control it in the morning… especially with such a beautiful witch like you this close…”

Susan remained silent for a couple seconds.

“Do you really think that I'm beautiful?” The shy girl asked, sounding a little more hopeful than she first intended.

“How could she not realize that? Guess I'm not the only one with self esteem issues here.” Harry thought. “Sue…” He spoke close to her ear. “Even a blind person would be able to see how beautiful and loving you are.”

Susan smiled to herself, and moved her ass a little more, feeling Harry's hardness against her bum and her back. With a newfound determination, she reached down for his hips and grabbed his warm and hard dick, completely freeing it from his boxers. Harry shivered with the touch, to her great delight.

“Sue… you don't need…”

Susan didn't answer with words, instead she lifted her leg a little and repositioned herself, placing Harry's hard cock inside her shorts, making Harry realize she was not wearing any panties, as his member slid easily across her wet slit, both teens moaning with the movement. Susan then let go and lowered her leg, embracing him with her hot labia, and, with the same hand she was holding him on her back, now Sue pressed the pulsing head of his dick against her clit.

“I'm not ready to go all the way yet, Harry… but that doesn't mean we can't feel good together…”

“Just don't do anything you don't want Sue, I want you by my side…” That must had been the right thing to say, as the girl started moving, rocking her hips back and forward.

Harry felt the delicious sensation of his dick slipping between her overflowing slit and her inner thighs, and the pressure she was adding to the head of his dick was just right. He could feel his member touching her, running all across her labia to her clitoris and back. Harry slid both hands inside her tank top and fondled her breasts, pinching her nipples, making her moan in response. For
Susan it was delicious to finally feel him, Harry's penis was warm and hard, and every time she moved forward, his bulbous head teased the entrance of her vagina; she had to fight the temptation of simply shoving it in. Both teens moaned as Susan increased the speed.

Susan never let go of his dick, pressing it against her, moving faster and faster. The girl came first, clenching her teeth not to scream, and Harry followed soon after, shooting his warm seed all over her hand, in long full shoots. They stayed close, hugging and panting, silly smiles on their faces.

Harry watched as Susan lifted her cum covered fingers and tasted it.

“Hum, better than I expected…” Harry moaned.

It seemed he could not catch a break.

.OvO.

When Rose and Bella finally got downstairs for breakfast, they found a smiling and blushing Susan, drinking orange juice while Harry finished cooking the pancakes. Rose gave her red haired friend a knowing look before kissing Harry.

“Morning… had a good night?” The green eyed witch asked.

“You can say I had a good waking up…” Harry answered, placing the plates in front of Bella and Rose, before sitting down himself. Rose smiled, it had been a while since Susan had anything with anyone, the girl was too shy.

“So Bella, how many escapees yesterday at Azkaban?” Harry asked after a while, in a more serious tone.

“Thirteen…” Bella sighed. “Including Malfoy and all the others from the Ministry. I knew the Dark Lady wouldn't stay put for too long.”

“It surprised me she took all this time.” Rose said, spreading the butter over one of her pancakes.

“She is a cunning woman…” Bella pondered. “I think Harry's arrival was too much of a surprise for her, just like for old Dumbs. He is a rogue piece at the table, and we have to use it to our advantage.”

“I wish they’d just leave me alone…” Rose pouted, the girl had an expression that Harry had rarely seen on her pretty face, a mixture of anger and also fear. The wizard pulled her into a tight hug.

“Believe when I say that I understand you. All we ever wanted is a normal life. But we are going to end it. We will find a way to remove this thing from your head.” Harry was actually really happy to know that thanks to Rose's training in occlumency since she was a child and the binding rituals for the soul piece, plus the fact that the resurrection ritual never happened in this world, greatly diminished the influence of the dark lady on Rose's mind. But it also begged the question, what the mysterious woman had done all those years while people thought she was dead. Also, she wanted to kill Rose to have her soul piece back. This evil lady seemed to know about the accidental horcrux, and how unstable she was because of it, or maybe this one was not accidental at all. Harry lacked a crucial piece of information, he was sure of it. When he was in Rose’s head, that day and since then, it didn’t feel like… Tom… he couldn’t describe it.
Bella continued. “That is why, after the party, and after Harry's mess is somewhat sorted out, I want him to help me training you Rose. You and all the people you will be associated with, including the girls.”

“Me?” Harry asked, a little confused.

“Yes babe.” Bella answered, now in full auror mode, or it was mother mode. Harry was not sure there was a difference. “I know you want to let it go, but you are a warrior, and a bloody powerful one. And let's not kid ourselves, there will be other girls.” Harry, Rose and Susan looked curiously at her. “I have lived with Rose her whole life, and time and time again I saw her do the impossible on instincts alone. She is powerful. She is more powerful than me, and I believe even more powerful than Dumbledore before he got mad. And I know you are the same Harry. Andy told me, it may need something more to get you balanced.”

“Well, you both did incredible things…” Susan rolled. Both Harry and Rose feeling a little embarrassed at the praising.

“And I want anyone close to us to be able to defend himself and those they care about. So I will be also including Neville and some of the Weasleys.” Bella stated.

“Maybe we can have an official defense club this year…” Rose trailed off.

Harry looked at the three women and thought for a while; reaching a conclusion, he sighed.

“You right, but the battle magic I know is a little… unconventional… not really stuff suited for duels and such.” Harry tried to say.

“Great!” Bella grinned. “You will not be dueling the Shit eaters.”

.OvO.

After hearing that, Harry had a feeling his runes project became even more imperative. The first thing he needed was to find someone at least as good as him in runic work. The wizard had discovered his love for the subject on his fourth year, and although any other theoretical magic was hard for him to concentrate on, runes just came naturally to him. But, until he found such person (Rose was as academically lazy, although not as much as him when he walked with Ron, although Bella and Susan both said she was a transfiguration genius, like his and her father, impressing both Dumbledore and Mcgonagall. And both Harry and Rose were out of the charts in any practical use of magic.) he vow to keep developing his idea.

Bella, Andromeda and Narcissa often talked about a coven between themselves, but he had no idea what exactly that meant, so absorbed he was into his own studies about this timeline. Also, Harry felt he needed to find a way to remove Rose’s horcrux without killing her. It was something they were not able to do in his world, and there was no signs of the Deadly Hallows anywhere; it seemed here, it was really just a tale.

Rose, Susan and Bella decided to leave him be when he entered those kind of driven moods, as they knew he was worried, and trying to figure out how to help them, it was clear that Bellatrix’s words had a profound impact on him. Susan was worried about something else.

“So, more women?” The red haired girl asked Bella.
“I know is hard Sue.” Bella said. “To be honest, he would be ok with just a few more, but Pol and I have a plan. We have been corresponding ever since he arrived, I even sent her some of my own memories.”

“A plan?” Rose asked.

“It is too much in it's infancy yet…” Before Bella could continue, the doorbell called. Rose got up and looked at the magical spyglass near the door, before jumping with excitement with a big smile on her face.

“They're here!” Rose said opening the door and finding a girl holding a pizza at the top of the stairs.

“Quelqu'un a commandé une pizza? (Did someone ask for a pizza?)” The teen holding the pizza box was something like a vision, with long, straight and well cut platinum hair, piercing blue eyes, puff pink lips and perfect skin. Her C cup breast were restrained by a well tailored lacy blouse and her skirt ended mid thigh on long legs that seemed to go on forever. She looked like the perfect Victoria's Secret model.

“Gabby, Ca fait du bien de te revoir! (Gabby, it's so good to see you!” Rose screamed and hugged the girl, despite the pizza box.

Behind them, getting out of the cab, an older version of the girl, dressed in a Dior haute couture blouse and trousers, with the same platinum hair, just cut shorter in a channel style and bigger breasts, smiled. If Gabby looked like the perfect model, her mother, Apolline Delacour, looked like the perfect statuesque representation of Aphrodite. A very chic and well dressed version of the goddess.

“Il est où, mon calin de ma farceuse de nièce préférée ? (Don't I get any love from my favorite prankster niece?)” The woman said with open arms.

“Bien sûr, Tatie Pol! (Of course Aunt Pol!)” Rose moved and hugged the older woman, before inviting then in.

Rose led the two women to the living room, noticing the weird look Gabby was giving her, with a mischievous grin. Apolline Delacour on the other hand, just seemed amused with something. Bella got up when they arrived at the living room and hugged her old veela friend and her honorary niece.

“It's so good to finally see you Pol, things are crazy! How was the traffic at the channel?” Bella asked.

“Not so bad…” Apolline had stopped using international magical transportation after Jacques death. “Some ruffians here and there, but nothing we couldn't deal with.” The veela piercely gazed at her friend, almost like studying her. Behind them, Susan was saying hi to Gabby. “We also brought dinner…”

“Ok Pol…” Bella finally said “Why are you and Gabby looking at me and Rose like that? Is there something wrong?”

“Mon Dieu, quite the contrary.” The statuesque woman looked at her in awe. “By your letters, I thought it would be only Rose, but you have it strong too. Oh, you have it bad”

“Almost as bad as Rose… he must be really good!” Gabby said excitedly, holding Rose's hands.

“What are you two talking about?” Rose asked. Susan looked confused.
“Oh dear, he is all around your magic, you both have been claimed, linked. His magic touched you profoundly… internally I may say…” Apolline giggled. For a veela, a creature of magic deeply connected with emotions, and especially love and sex, it was easy to see. Bella has not been like that since James and Lily; and Rose, it was almost like she had met her other half. And, besides that, there was so much lust, so much pleasure and orgasmic bliss in their auras that Apolline had to bite her lip not to moan. Gabby on the other hand was rubbing her legs together, feeling aroused with only the residual sex and love energy in the house. Something had really changed.

“And you.” Apolline pointed at Susan. “You are almost there.” The veela turned back to Bella. “When you wrote me, you didn't tell me it was that extreme.”

“Yes Pol, we really need to talk.” Bella said, with a grin.

“Oui, but before, let me know this Harry Potter!” The older veela said, feeling confident.

.OvO.

Harry heard a knock and looked up from the book to see Bella opening the door, he smiled at her.

“Sorry, I must have lost track of time…” Harry started before Bella wave it off.

“Harry, babe, there is someone here to meet you.” Bella opened the double door and entered. Followed by Rose, Susan and two other women.

Her hairstyle was different, more modern, and Gabby was older than he remembered, but Harry would recognize them anywhere, anytime and in any dimension. The wizard smiled brightly and quickly got up from the chair.

“Mama...I mean, Apolline and Gabrielle!”

The two veela women on the other hand, stopped as soon as they saw him, frozen in their places. Their allure running out of control. It was so thick that it distorted the air around them. Harry was hit by their aura like a train; he was able to keep control, but could feel his magic responding in kind, taking their own allure and processing it back at the women, Susan eyes became glazed and the girl moaned as her pussy got completely wet, and even Rose and Bella were able to feel it.

Harry tried to hide his body's reaction, without knowing the women were having a hard time controlling their own.

“Mon Dieu… there is so much…” Apolline said, trying to regain control, registering how drenched wet her panties were. “The pull… is so strong…” The older veela was trying to regain control of her magic, but Gabby was not having much success on her own. The young veela was breathing fast, and Harry could see the stream on shining fluids he knew all too well running down her leg.

The wizard itself was astonished. Never a reaction had being so extreme, nor for the women, and not for his own magic. It must be due to their nature, and the connection he had with them in his dimension. Harry concentrated, trying to regain control of his own magic.

”Sorry, sorry…” The wizard tried to say.

“’Arry…” Gabby whispered, and ran to him, surprising Rose who was at her side. The young veela
pounced at Harry with a feral gaze, throwing him on the ground before violently capturing his lips on her own.

Gabby was in heaven, her allure was running wild, and nothing she ever felt compared to this. When his lips touched her, it was like fire. She wanted more, she needed more. Harry had already seen this once. It was weird, but he knew better than to fight against an excited veela.

For Gabby, that was it. Her veela magic had spoke.

Seeing her daughter like that helped bring Apolline completely back to reality. The witch took hold of her magic, and controlled her own allure, to the relief of the other people in the room. Apolline saw her younger daughter assaulting the young man’s mouth, clinging on him, just a little more and feathers would start appearing in her body. Fighting her own urges to grab Harry and bonding to him right there, Apolline kneeled besides her daughter and spoke in a soft voice.

“Gabby, il faut que tu te calme, ma petite chérie. J’ai besoin que tu écoutes ma voix et que tu te contrôles… (Gabby, I need you to calm down baby girl, I need you to hear my voice and control yourself…”)

The girl let go of his lips, but her eyes were still those of a bird of prey, shining with a yellow glow, Harry knew what to do, he had already been thought that situation before. The boy lifted his hand and caressed her face.

“Ca va, Gabrielle. Je reste là, je m’en vais nulle part… Ta maman est là aussi... Reviens-nous. ( Is ok Gabrielle, I will be here, I will not go away... you maman is here too... come back to us…” ) The girl quickly blinked, and her eyes returned to their normal piercing blue color.

“Oh je suis désolée, tellement désolée! Je ne sais pas ce qu’il m’a pris ( Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I don’t know what got into me!)

“Ne t’en fais pas. C’est pas comme si c’était une mauvaise chose... (Don’t worry. Is not like it was a bad thing)” Harry rolled his eyes, trying to lighten the mood

“Don't bother Gabby.” Rose jumped in. “Harry has this effect on people. I just hope to be there when Neville or Ron jump on him”

“Hum, I can take Neville, but please, no Ron!” Harry said with a scorn, making everyone laugh, relieving the tension. Apolline helped both Gabby and harry up.

“Now, there will be plenty of time to continue this… talk, and believe me Harry, we will continue, but let's have some pizza and talk first.” Apolline concluded.

“Thank you, and I'm...sorry.” Harry said with a shy smile.

“Please, not for that...” Gabby moaned, winking at him.

Apolline needed to be sure, so she walked to Harry and captured his lips herself, invading his mouth with her tongue. After a couple seconds, Harry admitted defeat and kissed back. Apolline felt their magic connecting, like kissing someone she knew and loved for years and was sure about the possibility of forming bond. So many years after Jacques, that should be impossible, but she felt alive like she hasn't in years.

“You guys are all crazy, you know that right?” A red as a tomato Susan said from her corner, making everyone laugh.
Just then, Apolline registered how Harry had first called her.

.OvO.

That was a somewhat awkward dinner. Harry sat on his usual place at the table, just to have Gabby quickly sit on the chair at his left, while Rose took the chair at his right. Susan was in front of them, glaring at the French girl. Bella and Apolline were one on each end of the dark wooden table, amused by the teens interactions. Rose rolled her eyes at Susan and Gabby, and Harry had to keep from giggling.

“So ‘Arry…” Gabby said with a melodic tone. “It’s true that you can also cook?”

“Yes, Harry's food is delicious.” Susan answered, putting a heavy emphasis on the correct way to pronounce his name. Rose hold not to laugh at the red haired girl jealousy. Susan's and Gabby’s rivalry actually came from years before.

“Hum, I can't wait to…” Gabby said, placing a hand on his thigh. “Taste it…”

“Behave yourself Gabrielle Delacour!” Apolline called, but her smile betrayed her seriousness. “So, we were planning to go look for a house or an apartment tomorrow…”

“What do you mean?” Rose asked. “I thought you were going to stay here!” Rose had a pleading expression, these were her family, and she wanted, no, she needed, them close if she would have to be forced to fight that stupid war.

“Oh Rose dear, we couldn't force that on you” Apolline tried to reason, thinking that, for a second, Rose sounded just like Lily. “Especially after the latest… developments… on your life.”

“Are you kidding?” Bella said, aghast. “We’ve been dreaming and planning of this for years! A big house for Potter-Blacks and Delacours, together! And we’ve plenty rooms in this house! That’s why in French you call this type of house ‘hôtel particulier’, because it’s basically a private owned hotel.”

Apolline smiled at her old friend.

“Also, the house can get quite empty when the kids get to school.” Bella whispered.

“Please maman, Rose is like a sister…” Gabby gave Apolline her best puppy eyes. The older veela looked at Harry, with a pensive expression.

“Please,don't let me spoil your plans.” Harry said in a matter of fact. “If someone has to leave, it should be me, I'm the intruder who fell from the sky here.” Harry said in a serious tone, showing that he really meant that. All three girls looked at him wide eyed, and both Bella and Apolline smiled.

“Non Harry. If we stay, you should stay here as well, with us.” Apolline finished. There was something familiar about this boy, and it was not the fact that he looked a lot like James. Also, her own veela magic responded to him, something that should have be impossible after Jacques. The veela admitted to herself, she was a little more than curious.

Susan looked thoughtful, the girl hasn’t think about it before, but now that the size had been mentioned, she wondered.
“Aunt Bella, I was wondering. From outside, the house doesn’t look *that* big.”

A mischievous grin appeared on the green eyed girl.

“Oh no! Don’t say it! don’t you dare say it!” Bella half begged half warned, facepalming.

“It’s because it’s bigger on the inside!” The young witch exclaimed enthusiastically.

Bella just groaned and Susan looked at her with confused eyes. While it was pretty rare on homes, it was a very regularly used on tents and the like. What was the big deal?

“Anyway, please consider this your home.” Bella said with a pleading look. She had dreamed of that; James and Lily had dreamed of that.

“It's decided then. I think we all can deal with the consequences like adults, right?” Apolline concluded, looking directly at Gabby and Rose.

“What? We haven’t done anything!” Rose protested, placing her hand on the other of Harry's tights and smiling at Gabby before winking at Susan; a true marauder.

The conversation moved to room arrangements, and Harry was dying to ask about Fleur, but he could sense it was somewhat of a sensitive topic. Instead he delighted himself on the feeling of his magic reaching out to this women around him; also, pizza!

After eating, they all moved to the living room where Harry and Rose recounted the night at the ministry. Gabby seemed ready to interrogate Harry, but her mother shook her head, making the girl pout. “*Well, this Gabrielle has that in common with the one I knew.*” Harry internally laughed.

In all this, Harry noticed something: Rose was worried. The light heart and pranks were just to show. Especially when the girl talked about the ministry. Harry could tell the girl was doubting herself and her ability to protect the others. He was all too familiar with that look, he had seen it a million times on his own eyes. Harry vowed to change that.

.OvO.

“Harry, can I talk to you before you get to bed?” Apolline asked when he turned to the stairs. The look she gave her daughter and Rose said that the invitation was just for Harry. Harry looked at Rose, knowing very well what she would do and nodded. The green eyed witch kissed him on the lips and whispered.

“Missing you Harry, cya tomorrow.”

Harry gave her a long, tight hug, not only the one of a lover, but from someone who was there for her. Rose felt the warm of his body, and again had the reassuring feeling that she was not alone. After the hug she returned to her usual overconfident and smiling act.

Susan walked past them, giving him a kiss on the lips and a weird, longing look, before going up some steps. Gabby stopped one step above Harry and pulled him by his shirt to a searing, toe twisting French kiss who left both panting, a giggling Rose, and a pouting Susan.

The three girls got upstairs in silence, each lost in their thoughts, Susan turned to Rose.
“I will call it a night. See you tomorrow Rose…”

“Night Sue…” Rose answered before Susan closed the door of her room.

“I guess Susan is not very excited with me here…” Gabby grinned.

“It took her some time to get comfortable with myself and Harry, she's just a little jealous of you, she'll come around.” Rose shrugged.

“She shouldn't be jealous, there is enough ‘Arry for everyone, I can feel it…” Gabby said in a dreamy voice. “And if he is tired we can always entertain ourselves.”

Rose laughed at the veela’s bravado. “Gosh, you're such a slag!”

“But you love me anyway!” Gabby stated with a wide grin and a pinch on Rose’s bum. “We are not going to bed, are we?”

Rose gave her a grin.

“Let me introduce to you the latest Weasley invention, the extendable ears!”

Downstairs, Harry was looking apprehensive to the two witches in the room with him. It was hard not looking to Apolline. With Bella, it was a relationship he was building almost from the ground up, since her counterpart was a completely different person, one he only had a hate relationship in his native world, but the veela was a different story. They had a profound and close relation on his old world. The woman in front of him was obviously different, and not just in her haircut. There was a fire in her eyes when she looked at him, different from the motherly light he was used to. Harry had already given up, women on this plane were weird.

“I brought something for this kind of occasion.” The French woman’s voice was controlled and melodic, Harry didn't knew if it was the interaction of his new weird magic with her allure aura, or the memories from another life, but it was hard for him to take his eyes of her. Inside his mind, memories of the other Apolline on nude beaches were running rampant, contrasting with this one. This Apolline, the one in front of him, exuded sex, the one he knew before was bonded and much more restrained, but both were incredibly sophisticated and well dressed. The veela brought up her wand, and with a movement, summoned a bottle of wine labeled Banyuls Traditionnel and three glasses. With another flick, the bottle was opened.

“Magic is awesome…” Harry murmured.

“Indeed…” Apolline poured the glasses. “Think about it, without magic, my kind would not even exist.”

“And the world would be a much boring place!” Bella completed. The veela gave each person a glass and raised it.

“To new life, and new beginnings.” Apolline said in her melodic voice. There was something there, Harry could see. This woman was a Slytherin, through and through, and he liked it.

Harry took a sip; it tasted good, but his knowledge of wines was almost non existent. He looked at the two beautiful women, and thought of the younger ones upstairs. Life was weird.

“So Harry.” Apolline started in a tone that resembled more the other one he knew. “How old were
you when you walked through the veil?"

Harry looked at her surprised that she knew that.

“I just ‘celebrated’ my birthday, so eighteen years old. Not much older than this body."

“I am correct to assume you knew another version of me?” The veela asked before drinking from her own glass.

Harry smiled. “The hair and some other small details were different, and Gabby was six years younger, but yes…” He was having to use all his occlumency trying not to let the tears flow.

Apolline must have noticed, she got up from her chair and sat besides him, gently placing a soft hand over his.

“Harry… I know is hard, but I need you to be honest with me.” Harry gave her a suspicious look, but nodded. “When I entered the library, were you about to call me maman?”

Harry took a deep breath and closed his eyes, cursing his slip of tongue. He was not ready for this, not yet.

“Yes… sorry about that…” The wizard sighed.

Bella was looking at him with curiosity, and a little jealousy of her veela friend. The brunette witch had discovered how hard it was to make Harry open up.

“I assume you and… her... were close?” Apolline asked.

“I don't know if it matters anymore.” Harry sighed. “it is not fair to you, or to anyone, to be judged based on a life that was gone. If it was like that, I would never get even close to Bella, and now I almost can't imagine my life without her. You are not them, bloody hell, I am not even sure I am all myself! This chaneller thing sure is new.”

“True words, but who's to say that we don't have at least a little of them inside us, or that they didn't had a little of us in them?” Apolline said in a pensive tone. “There must be a reason why you are here, and why all of us feel so connected.” The French witch squeezed his hand, and Harry nodded. “Now, can I ask how did we… I mean, you and the other Apolline, get so close then?”

“The two best summers of my life were spent in the Delacour estate, before I had to go fight the war. You, I mean, Apolline insisted I called her maman, because…”

“You were the mate of one of her daughters.” Apolline conclude.

“Yes…” Harry felt a sting in his heart.

“And I'm assuming it was not Gabrielle…”

“No, she was too young, although she kept saying she would marry me also.” Harry chuckled at the memory of little Gabby.

“Fleur, then.” Apolline sighed. “She’s very different, here, I'm afraid. I assume you heard about that new candidate, Iris Ovidios? Fleur works for her.” There was a sad undertone in her voice, she sounded almost disappointed. “She was supposed to spy on her for Dumbledore, but she betrayed the Order and became her first assistant, using her Allure to subjugate those who are opposed to Ovidios. When we tried to get her back… Death eaters attacked. Jacques sacrificed his life to save Gabby and allow us to flee. That was two years ago.”
“I see… I am not that arrogant to believe things would be the same here.” Harry finally got some understanding, the rift between them seemed profound, and again he was reminded this was not his world. It was theirs, it was Rose’s world.

Bella had tears in her eyes. Both Apolline and her knew what it was to love and lose those whom you loved. She could see Harry's discomfort, but there was more to be discussed. “And this afternoon Pol, what happened? I never saw you lose control like that.” Bella asked.

“Harry's magic interacted strongly with my own veela magic, and Gabby’s too. It felt almost like the day I bonded with Jacques, and that was not supposed to happen again. Harry is a powerful conduit of life, as we call it in the conclave, what you wizards call a channeler.”

“And lovegood was not even close to Harry in power. We have tales about people like Harry at the conclave. The champions of life, conquerors of death, the ones who started the magical races.” Apolline continued. “The allure reacts in a strong way to them, as they are mostly perfect matches for our veela magic. Remember, we are beings of magic, emotion and sex, the conduits of life, just like Harry is.”

“He is like… a male veela or something?” Bella had an amused overtone while Harry pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Non, is not like the allure. Channellers are… picky… their magic choose the ones he is more compatible with and reaches out to them, and the other party choose to respond or not. In old times, the veela conclave used to snatch them from the wizards and force them to live at the conclave satisfying the veela and making them strong…” Apolline giggled. “But this barbarian tradition is long gone. Also, Harry has a profound connection with Rose. I think her magic is also doing the choosing.”

“Hum… looking at the people affected, it makes sense, everyone is close to her…”

“Great. All I needed was another convenient magical power that affect other people…” Harry sighed.

“The power he knew not.” Bella smiled at him. “It’s not new, it was just blocked, I think. or dormant. Maybe it was waiting for the right recipients.” Apolline pointed out. “The thing is, even with me and Gabby, I think you will still be a little short. Without balance, you risk overwhelming all of us. We need this coven. **YOU** need this coven”

“All, I needed was another convenient magical power that affect other people…” Bella smiled, a little flushed. “Not to mention Cissy and Monica. Believe me, they’re counting the days before they can join!”

“Believe it, Harry, we veela are masters of love and sex magic. I know how to make it work.” Apolline said. “You and Rose are something special, and we can change the world…”

“Well, I'm glad, because I have no idea of what I'm doing.”

Upstairs, Rose and Gabby looked at each other blushing, not believing what they just heard. Gabby got closer to Rose and whispered in her ear. “I know you are not much into girls, but I am very horny right now thinking about fucking Harry…” Rose looked at her in surprise. “Want to watch me finger myself?” Gabby knew how to turn Rose on.
Giggling, the two girls ran into Rose’s room and closed the door.

Rose closed the door and threw herself on the big puff on the carpet, while Gabby climbed into her bed. The green eyed witch could feel her Allure flowing, almost like earlier, in the library with Harry; she was not heavily affected by it, by she could feel the warmth between her legs, and her pussy getting wet in anticipation of what she was about to watch.

It was nothing new, the girls have discovered and experimented with their own waking sexuality together, under Fleur’s guide, as Theo grown up, and had masturbated many times together, and it was how Rose had discovered her voyeuristic tendencies, culminating in the fateful day she had asked to watch Cedric and Gabby together.

Gabby lay in the bed, like a sexual angel, tuning her hands over her tights, lifting her skirt, revealing pretty small white panties, moistened with her shining juices.

“Have you fucked Harry Rose?” The veela asked in a husky voice as her hands ran up and down over her tights and belly.

“Yeeeees…” Rose answered, entering in the game. “Not only that ma chérie… I watched him merciless fucking mom as well…” Roses own hands started working, unbottoning her shorts. “He makes mom cum so hard she squirts all over him Gabby…”

“Huuuum…” The veela started caressing her mound over her white, almost transparent little knickers. “And you Rose… does Harry makes you cum?”

Rose ran her hand under her own panties, passing over her soft pubes and finding her wet slit, moaning.

“He… makes me… scream … Gabby…” Rose panties as her fingers got up and down. “Like no one ever could…”

Gabby turned around, laying on her stomach and giving Rose the perfect view of her round ass and her crotch as she spread her legs, her own fingers running over her pussy.

Rose continued.

“I crave him, I want him inside me. I love the feeling of his big cock deep in my pussy.” Rose said, sliding a finger deep inside her pussy. “It’s so good!”

Gabby was breathing heavily, she licked the finger from her right hand got over her perfect round ass, and the veela unceremoniously buried a finger inside her anus, moaning loud, and getting the same response from Rose. With her left hand, Gabby made circles over her swollen clitoris. The shining veela fluids flowing over Rose’s bed.

“Aaaaah…” Gabby moaned. “I want... you yo watch... as I sit on his cock Ro…” The young veela said, working vigorously with her hands. Gabby added another finger inside her asshole, and Rose watched with hungry eyes as the digits disappeared inside her tight back entrance, just to reappear, the sweet scent of her arousal and her thick allure overflowing the room. The witch could feel her own climax approaching as she watched this perfect girl pleasuring herself. Her own two fingers
thrusting in and out of her pussy, while she stimulated her clit with the palm of her hand.

“Yes Gabby, Yes! He will fuck both of us together, and he will cum all over us…” Rose barely registered the words coming out of her mouth, so lost she was on her own pleasure and the Veela’s allure.

Gabby was also close. But imagining this mysterious, almost irresistible boy fucking her pussy, or ravishing her ass was enough, the fact that Rose was close, watching her come undone only made it better. The veela increased the speed of her movements, her pussy and ass making wet noises as she worked them.

“I'm close Ro! I'm gonna CUUUUM!” She screamed, and exploded in bliss, letting her allure flow as she came. Rose followed suit right after, biting her lips and feeling her own fluids running over her hands.

The girls stayed there, panting for a while, before they looked at each other and started laughing.

“Missed you Gabby…” Rose finally said.

“Me too, Ro.”

.OvO.

Harry got up the stairs, thinking about everything it was said. His new ability concerned him, all this coven business, Apolline, and Gabby. But, what really hit him was the fact that he may never see Fleur again.

“In the end, that's fair. I'm here to help Rose, and I'm already getting more of it than I deserve.” Harry thought.

He could listen Rose and Gabby have some kind of fun on Rose’s room and smiled. This girls need all the peace and fun they could get. Silently he walked into his room. The bed was still enlarged, what was a good thing, as it was not empty.

Susan lifted her head and looked at him with pleading eyes, Harry just smiled at the insecure beauty and nodded. The wizard removed his clothes and climbed into the bed, kissing Susan slowly and deeply, trying to reassure her.

He laid down on the bed and let Susan rest her head on his chest. The girl took a deep breath and relaxed.

“Good night Harry…” Susan whispered

“Good night Sue.” Harry answered, drifting into the realm of Morpheus.
AN: Thanks AWR, DarkLordRising and Cateagle for the help.
I don't own anything, just the (almost non existent) plot.

Chapter 15

Stand My Ground, I Won’t Give In

Lucius grunted as he was painfully dumped onto the cold stone floor. His memory was fuzzy, he could barely remember what happened. The wizard remembered he was in his cell in Azkaban, being tormented by the Dementors, which really earned their name, when he heard a loud crack; then several weird sounding spell were cast, their sounds like apparition cracks.

Lucius blinked several times, fighting the nausea. But it was a fight he couldn’t win, and he unleashed the pretty modest content of his stomach on the floor.

“Eew! that’s gross!” Someone, fairly young or a woman, or both, commented.

“It was to be expected. Anesthetics tend to do that, and Purebloods’ stomachs aren’t the most durable ones.” A familiar voice replied evenly. “Blindfolds also don’t help the inner ear to get situated.”

“That explains why I can’t see anything…” Lucius tried to get on his feet, but staggered.

“Really, my Lady, I don’t get why you need those weaklings?” The first voice replied, she had a foreign accent. Australian, maybe? Lucius couldn’t tell. A click-click-click was heard with an irregular tempo. “At least Sirius is fun and knows how to play and Bart’s tongue is to die for.” The mocking undertone on her voice was making Lucius even sicker.

“My dear, I’d suggest you to watch your own tongue, or yours will be to die for as well, in a more literal sense of the word. Do I make myself clear?” The more familiar voice suggested -or more accurately, ‘ordered’ - in a dangerously sweet tone, but somehow still a trace of patience.

“Yes, My Lady.” The younger voice replied, fear obvious behind the surface confidence. And again, that annoying clicking sound met his ears.

“Cut his ties and remove his blindfolds, but don’t cut him.” The familiar voice hissed, and Lucius was sure he was in trouble.

A set of clicks, and he could move his hands. Another one and the blindfold fell from his eyes, along with some hair. He looked around, his gaze still blurry but quickly clearing.

Lucius looked up at the petite woman with most of her head shaved, save for some shoulder length blue and purple locks, too much makeup and dressed in a way the whores in Knockturn Alley would find obscene, made of meshed strings that left nothing to the imagination; her large breasts with equally large pink areolas perfectly clear, cut blue cotton trousers over fishnet stockings and high heeled leather boots. The wizard knew her very well and was aware she was dangerous, despite her
choice of clothing.

“You’re free to move but no funny business, buster.” The young woman warned, before she turned her back to him, displaying a huge tattoo on her back, representing a skeletal bird with three red reptilian eyes.

Beyond her, he could see his Dark Lady on a regal looking chair, eating a big, juicy steak, with a smirking Sirius standing by her side nibbling on a few crisps, dressed in formal black robe, his long dark hair meticulously tied behind his head. Lucius recognized he was at his own Manor, not at the usual Death Eater hideout.

The Dark Lady slowly let her knife down, took one of his own best crystal wine glasses and took a sip. The bottle bore the label of one of his own bottles, a Bordeaux Millésime, 1929. Only a few bottles were left in the World from that peculiar vineyard.

Lucius felt the blood in his veins boiling but he held his peace...for now.

“That will be all, my dear Delphi. You may go play with your...playmates. But remember to clean-up when you’re done. The smell can be bothersome if the mess remains after play for too long.” The Dark Lady chuckled as Delphi giggled. “Be ready when I call you back.”

“I’ll be in the dungeons, then.” Delphi exclaimed happily. Walking by Lucius, she fixed her dark green and red hetero-chromatic eyes at him, and winked, leaving only the slit red one visible, and blew him a kiss with her deadly blue lips.

Since their Deadly Gathering, two years ago, when she had returned, Lucius thought that the Dark Lady seemed strange. Different. But then, at the Ministry, it had clicked and he felt like kicking himself for not noticing or realizing before. Now, it was the time to collect on the fact that he knew how she was alive.

“You aged well, My Lady.” Lucius got up and limped more than he walked to sit at the table.

“Oh, so you did realized I’m not exactly your old master, Lucius, at least not completely.” The powerful woman commented, pulling down her hood, her long blood like hair cascading down to her pale, unnaturally white shoulders and fixing her own snake-slit red eyes on him. “You could call me...what did the media name me again? Ah, yes, Lady V. I am Lady V Two-Point-O.”

The Dark Lady grabbed a strand of pasta from her plate between her long fingers with their crimson pointed nails and pulled. Lucius blinked in horrified confusion; that wasn’t pasta, that was the tail of a mouse.

Lucius watched in horror as she opened her mouth, wider than any human would be able without breaking their jaws; she then lowered the mouse into her open gullet and swallowed it whole. Her throat seemed to glow as the rodent was devoured, it's terrified dying squeaks audible through the Dark Lady’s throat.

Lucius was surprised to see how Sirius looked unfazed by such a inhumane act, but when the blond wizard looked bad at her plate, there was nothing but normal Italian pasta on it, and the Dark woman had a evil grin on her face. Lucius couldn’t even trust his mind anymore.

The Dark Lady cleaned the corners of her mouth with one of his own napkins, then got up and walked behind Lucius and gently squeezed his shoulders.
"Now...oh my dear, old friend. My sweet, handsome Lucius. Would you care to explain to me why you took it upon yourself to take a squad of my best Death Eaters to attack Rose Potter in the Ministry of Magic and nearly ruining 15 years of careful planning to correct that freak accident that led Britain to believe me DEAD?!"

"I... I..." Lucius tried. "I was only thinking on what was best for the cause my Lady..."

"It was not the right time, my dear Lucius, not at all... my Death Eaters were not ready... you were defeated... by mere children!"

"My Lady..." Lucius tried again.

"Crucio ..." She simply whispered and the man started screaming, his body contorting. The Dark Lady bit her lip, there it was, that part of her that took pleasure in others pain. She could feel her own arousal growing as she watched the man struggle with the pain. As suddenly as it started, she lifted the curse, placing the hood over her head again.

"Draco!" The woman called and the door opened, revealing Delphi, bringing a paler than normal Draco Malfoy with her. The boy looked at his kneeling father with wide eyes. "Draco..." The Dark Lady’s voice was almost soft under her hood, as she lifted the curse on the boy's father. "You wanted a member of your family so much, that you lost the other, your devotion to this failure of a father cost us your mother..." Her voice was almost like a snake, sinister and cold. "But I will give you just what you desire so much. Let it never be said I am not a benevolent master. Open your trousers boy!" Trembling, seeing his father kneeling on the ground, still shaking, he quickly did just that, revealing his member.

"Hmm, pathetic; just like the father, all Malfoy and no Black... Lucius, be a dear, and suck your son’s cock." The Dark Lady commanded in a tone that let the man know he had no choice; Lucius knew she would kill both him and Draco if he disobeyed but the worst part was the look on his only son's face. Lucius closed his eyes and just did want he was told.

As she watched the punishment, the Dark Lady's mind wandered back to the raven haired boy with glowing green eyes and she felt her pussy getting even wetter and felt her walls contract in excitement once again. Harry Potter was a mystery, and she needed to have him...

Lucius’ screams could be heard throughout the manor for a good half an hour after he finished with Draco...

.OvO.

Harry woke with a delicious sensation he hadn't had in years; he was spooning a soft, warm body against his front and being spooned by another at his back. It took the wizard some seconds to remember where he was. Susan was definitely the one in front of him, still sleeping, and he could feel the bare breasts of someone on his back. The girl had her nose on the back of his neck and a warm hand on his abs.

"Rose?"

"No, luv..." Harry heard the girl's voice coming from the foot of the bed, he looked up to see her green eyes looking back at them. "I already had you all for myself, I'm sharing with my sisters
“Hmm…” Harry murmured, “Gabby…”

“Oui, Mon cher…” The Veela answered behind him, kissing his back, and neck, her hand started to rub his chest and stomach. Harry moaned trying not to make much noise, without knowing that Susan was already awake. The red haired girl remained silent. Even with all the jealousy she felt toward the younger Veela, the thought of all four of them in the same bed was incredibly enticing. Rose, on the other hand, watched with hungry eyes as her silver blonde haired all-but-sister clawed her hands all over her lover’s body.

“Morgana’s tits… I really am a pervert…” Rose thought, registering how wet her pussy already was, especially after the mutual masturbation session last night.

Gabby was drunk with Harry’s scent and the feeling of touching her future mate (the young Veela was sure of it) was intoxicating, even before the bonding. She kissed his scars as her other hand found its way between her own legs and felt the heat radiating from her pussy. Harry was reveling in the sensations; Gabby’s touch, Susan’s scent, and the arousal building in Rose’s body. Harry barely registered that he could actually feel it, like an echo.

Gabby touched her own moistening knickers at the same time her hand reached the tent on Harry's boxers; she gasped and whispered, “Rose was telling ze truth… just the right size.”

With a bold move, she drove her hand under the hem of his underwear and grabbed his hard cock, freeing it from it's cotton prison. Harry bit his lip not to moan, but fell into the delicious feeling of the Veela's soft hand slowly jerking him; he fell so far that he didn't notice when Susan started caressing her own pussy through her shorts.

Seeing Gabby’s hand, looking so small around Harry's hard prick was too much for Rose. Harry heard her moaning and looked up at her spread legs, she was not wearing any panties this morning, just the usual over-sized shirt style she used for sleeping. Harry saw her running two finger through her wet slit, gathering her own fluids, before coming back to her clit and starting to teasing it. The vision made Harry's dick jump so hard that Gabby almost let it go.

“You like seeing it ‘Arry?” The Veela asked quietly next to his ear, licking his earlobe. “After you bond with me, I promise I will lick your cum from inside Rose’s pussy, while you fuck me from behind…” As she spoke, the Veela increased the speed of both her hand jerking him and her other hand rubbing herself. Both Harry and Rose couldn't take her dirty talk and moaned. Rose was furiously rubbing her clit, watching Gabby work on the young wizard's trembling member. Susan had two fingers buried in her own cunt, moving in and out in a steady speed, a soft schlicking sound coming from her shorts.

“Gabby… I’m gonna...gonna…” Harry warned the girl working his cock in her hand.

“Do you want it Susan? Or should I point it some somewhere else?” Gabby asked in a strained voice, her breathing growing more labored. She herself was getting close to her own climax.

“Please…”,” Susan moaned to Harry's surprise. “On my… my… back…”

Gabby stroke his dick with increased gusto and Harry felt the all too familiar tension in his groin before releasing his magical seed all over Susan's back, in strong, heavy, warm ropes. Rose came exactly at the same and the magical release threw both Gabby and Susan over the edge. The four teens moaned almost in unison, and their magic reverberated together, being felt all through the house.
In her room, Apolline Delacour smiled.

Harry got down to the kitchen to prepare breakfast while the girls had gone for a shower after the morning activities. He knew Apolline preferred coffee and decided to prepare it for her. Maybe he should try and make his own croissants for the next day? How different could the dough be from English bread, maybe he could find a recipe in a book somewhere.

Bella entered the kitchen and found Harry cooking, absorbed in his own thoughts. The woman watched him with a smile; she'd always thought Rose was prettier than Lily, who herself was stunning and now, looking at Harry, she had proof that the Evans-Potter combination was really a good one. Harry was even more handsome than James. “Merlin, what am I, fifteen again?” Bella scoffed at herself. The truth was that she did feel younger. Ever since she and Harry got together, she felt reinvigorated. Bella even suspected, she might be in love again, after fifteen long years.

It had been three days since the last time she had him. Her body had adjusted to her new increased core and it was again craving for some more. Maybe Pol knew something that could alleviate the effects, so they didn't have to wait.

“Ce gars, c’est vraiment quelque chose, hein? (He is really something else, isn’t he, hein?)”

The Veela in question said, arriving at the kitchen, looking at the dreamy expression on her friend's face.

“Oui.” Bella answered. “En fin de compte, on a autant besoin de lui que lui a besoin de nous, Pol. (In the end, I think we need him just as much as he needs us, Pol).”

“Are you two just going to stand at the door or are you going to have some breakfast?” Harry turned from the oven with a smile. Just in time, as the three younger witches also arrived to eat.

Apolline watched the girls with interest, they would be the most essential part on what was about to come. The thing that hit her the most was how Harry and Rose completed each other; not only their magic, but even their auras. Susan was still not sure of herself and there was too much jealousy in there and Apolline would need to have a serious talk with Gabrielle.

“Okay, you lot. Apolline and I will have a meeting with Cissy today, and I'm counting on you guys to behave.” Bella gave them a knowing look. “There is some things we still need for the party, I think you can go get it and maybe a movie later?”

Gabby frowned. “Mais Maman, Tatie, je voulais baiser avec Rose et lui et me lier à eux, aujourd’hui! (But maman, aunty, I wanted to fuck Harry and bond with him and Rose today!”

Everyone looked at her with wide eyes. Harry noticed she had a mischievous grin on her almost perfect face that was sent a pulse directly to his cock. Apolline just sighed.

“Gabrielle Florence Delacour! First off all, almost everybody at this table speaks French! Second, you will do nothing in a hurry. You can have fun and help your friends, but no bonding! It is an important decision, and it must not be done based only on your teenage hormones!”

Gabby pouted, and crossed her arms, Harry and Rose giggled, for a moment the pretty blond looked ten years old again.
“Gabby, it’s okay. We have time.” Harry said, rubbing her arms. “The last thing we want is to rush things and fuuu-mess it up, right?”

Gabrielle looked at him and sighed.

“Je suppose que t’as raison. Mais pense pas que ça sera toujours le cas! C’est génétique: les femmes ont beaucoup plus souvent raison que les hommes! (I suppose you’re right. But don’t think that’ll always be like that! It’s genetic: women are right a lot more often than men!)” Gabby conceded but not without a little warning at the end and with a smirk on her face.

.OvO.

Minerva McGonagall stood outside the Room of Requirement, bouncing from one side to another in exasperated impatience. The Scottish witch was desperate for news and the so called 'Leader of the Light' had vanished.

Suddenly, a door appeared in the wall and the woman turned to see Albus Dumbledore coming out of it. He was dressed in a complete nineteenth century explorer attire, with khaki shorts, water bottles, and even a bloody rifle with Snyder Enfield carved into the metal of the weapon. And the small hat, a ridiculous, small hat. He had a smile on his face, and a bag in his hands.

“Albus!” The witch called, “Bloody hell Albus, where were you? It has been almost a week!”

“Oh Minerva, I was reveling on the most pleasurable safari. You would not believe how enormous the Lost and Found Room is. Centuries of treasures, I even found some Quidditch card collections that are more than a hundred years old!” He was not wrong, that collection must be worth a small fortune these days.

“Albus, there are matters needing your attention here! The members of the Order are asking for another meeting to discuss the Azkaban escapees and there will be elections Albus, elections!

That woman got in a year what we have been trying for decades! And the Potter boy? He needs to be tested and sorted! We need you here in the real world!”

“Calm down Minerva, my dear, and don’t forget to breathe.

I am well aware of all this, but what I needed to retrieve from the Lost and Found Room was even more important than all of this! And I found it, Minerva, I found it!”

“What is so bloody important?”

“The recipe for the world’s best lemon drop!”

Minerva let out a loud sigh, pinching the bridge of her nose, perhaps it was time for the Headmaster to retire after all.

But what she didn't know, and the Headmaster had momentarily forgot, was the diadem he carried on his bag. That was even more important than lemon drops....just a little.

.OvO.
Right now, Rose hated everything and everyone with passion. The girl hated the attention and how people looked at her as she walked with her friends in the Diagon Alley. Most people could be divided into two idiot groups: the ones that looked at her like she was the second coming of Merlin, the others were the Prophet-following haters. The fact that Harry was attracting a lot of looks from the majority of the female population and Gabby from the men was not helping either. All she wanted was to grab Harry’s hand for a little comfort and even that would be like throwing fuel to the fire. The fact that Gabby was practically glued to Harry’s arm didn't help either. Sometimes she really wished to flee to France with Harry and let the Dark Lady burn England to the ground. But that was Harry’s Riddle’s way of doing things, not her Dark Lady...unfortunately.

“Susan!” A voice called from behind them. Amelia Bones, flanked by two Aurors, smiled brightly at her niece.

“Auntie!” Susan called and hugged her. Amelia waved at Rose and Gabby and gave Harry a glare he thought would pierce right through him. He found it amusing that she wasn't as intimidating as his Amelia was.

“I tried to call and come by Grimmauld Place earlier to talk with you, but I couldn't get through, Sue,” Amelia spoke in a soft tone, trying to hide her rage.

“Guess mom updated the wards… sorry auntie, I can talk to her if you want.” Rose was a little embarrassed, but also a little wary.

“No need dear. I know things got a little… complicated between us.” Again, she glared at Harry. “Now, can I borrow my favorite niece for a while, I have something important to talk about with her. Don't worry, she will come back soon.”

“Sure auntie. You guys keep going, I will meet you later,” Susan waved.

“No problem Sue, we will be at the Weasley's.” Rose was not comfortable with this, something was wrong. Not only had her mom had forbidden Amelia to even call their home, the way the fierce woman was behaving about it was odd. Rose had enough of her cut of lying and deceiving adults to recognize one when she saw. Looking at Harry, the girl could see the same expression in his face.

“Something is wrong…” Rose murmured, watching Susan go with Amelia. Harry nodded.

“Want me to follow them?” The wizard asked. Rose thought a little before answering.

“Better not. Things are already too tense between Amy and mom. She loves Sue like a daughter, and will probably ask her to come back home, that’s it.” Or at least, Rose hoped it was.

Susan sometimes wondered why people didn't give her enough credit. Other than Rose and Hannah, and now Harry, people always seemed her like a fragile little thing, unaware of things happening around her; especially her aunt.

The girl blamed it on her fragile emotional and psychological state growing up, after watching her family getting murdered and creating a imaginary friend (not so imaginary now), what made it even more infuriating was when Hermione expressed the same kind of judgment. So, Susan knew something was wrong as she walked with Amelia to get ice cream. But she was her aunt after all.

Even the ice cream was a indicator. Ever since Susan was a child, every time her aunt wanted to talk
about something serious, she took Susan for ice cream. Maybe Amelia still throughout she was five.

“How are things going at...there?” Amelia asked, shoving the spoon in the chocolate and strawberry Sunday she ordered. “I have to admit I'm a little concerned about this... cousin... that suddenly appeared…”

“Harry is great, auntie…” Susan answered, eating her pistachio cone.

“Did he try anything weird?”

To Susan's credit, she managed to hide her blushing.

“No! He is really respectful and caring, I think you would really like him if you get to know each other. He wanted to be an Auror…”

Had her aunt really forgotten about the whole imaginary friend drama?

Amelia raised an eyebrow to the almost passionate tone of her defense of the boy but decided it didn't matter right now. It was obvious that Bellatrix hadn't talked to Susan yet. Perfect.

“Sue, the reason I wanted to talk is because I need your help.”

“My help?”

“As you know, that awful Ovidios woman convinced the Wizengamot to call for elections.” Susan nodded, but also noted the venom on her aunt's voice. “What people don't know, is that before that, my name was being moved to be the Minister, so I could deal with the Dark Lady crisis. Both Houses Longbottom and Potter-Black were at my side.”

Susan knew how much it had hurt Amelia. The Chief of the DMLE had prepared herself for that ever since Sue knew how to talk.

“But I still have a good chance of winning and I need your help to do it!”

“Oh course ,Aunt Amy, anything I can do!”

Amelia’s smile became predatory.

“Thank you darling, I knew I could count on you.” The woman reached outand squeezed her niece's hand. “What I need you to do darling, is actually very simple. I need you and Rose to stand by me and support my candidacy.”

Susan frowned.

“What do you mean, Rose and I?”

“It’s simple dear, if you, the Heiress of The Bones, and Rose, the Potter-Black Heiress and the Girl-Who-Lived, appear by my side on the streets and in front of the 'mot, people will see that I'm the right choice. If you two did that and maybe even talk with Hannah to get Neville’s support, we can be unbeatable…” Amelia trailed off, but noticed that Susan was looking at her apprehensively.

“What's the problem dear?”

“Aunt Amy… I… listen, I will do anything I can for you. But I will not do that to Rose...”

“What do you mean?” Amelia said with a suddenly hard expression.
“Auntie, Rose hates the publicity, she hates being the center of attention. With everything she has going on, that is the last thing she needs…” Susan tried to explain.

“Dragon shit!” Amelia slated. “If that girl really hated the publicity, she wouldn't do the things she does!”

Susan’s expression hardened; no one could bash her friends, not even her aunt. There was a reason she was a Hufflepuff. She was angry at her aunt now.

“If that is what you really think, than you didn't understand a thing. And that is even more reason to not involve Rose in this.”

Amelia’s eyes narrowed sharply, she couldn't believe the treasonous words coming from her niece.

“What… the… that's how you treat the warden of your House? You prefer to side with that… whore?!”

“Aunt Amelia! Rose is my best friend! She's not a whore! I can't believe I'm hearing THAT from you!”

“And I’m your aunt! What kind of figurehead are you if you can’t do as ordered and let me mind the administration of my...our bloodline?!” Amelia screeched.

Susan looked at her in disbelief; years of trust shattering like glass. “And yes Susan! Rose Potter is a damn slut! She was fucking her own cousin that night…her own-”

SLAP!

Amelia touched the cheek were her niece’s hand had marked and looked at Susan with stone cold eyes, all of the love gone. Susan had to fight to hold back her tears.

“THEY SAVED MY LIFE!” Susan screamed at her on the top of her lungs.

One of the Aurors, Dawlish, as Susan recognized him, reached for his wand but the other, Robard, stopped him; Amelia raised her hand to the Aurors, without moving her gaze from Susan.

“That's it then. You have chosen your alliances.” The older witch's voice was cold, cutting like a dagger into Susan's heart.

“Never...you will never be Minister, Amelia. I will make sure you never reach that position.” Susan replied, wiping the tear from her eye. “I hope you remember that… auntie.”

Susan walked away, without looking back, so her aunt couldn't see her tears.

.OvO.

Tracey Davies was busy working the muscles of the young woman laying bare on the table in front of her. Well defined muscle from regular exercising were easier to work with, especially the glute muscles in those firm buttocks.

“Yes, like that!” The woman groaned in pleasure.
“Glad you like it, pro…” Tracey began but the woman interrupted her.

“Tracey, we’re out of school, I’m less than ten years older and, to boot, I’m naked while you’re massaging my arse. You can still call me Babs, okay? And that way I won’t feel like a total creep.” The woman said.

“Okay Batgi…I mean Babs.” Tracey quipped and spread the cheeks a bit to reach into the deeper muscle fibers, but gathered a better view of Babs’ backdoor and the pink labia just beneath.

“Oh you little Spoiler!” Babs laughed, “God honey, you’re so good at this!”

“I’m just an apprentice,” Tracey replied to the compliment “I can only work the muscles, not articulate the muscles or the tissues around the spine.”

Babs turned, giving a glimpse of her sickle sized pink areolas at the top of her D-cup breasts and the barely trimmed chestnut brown patch, smiling at Tracey.

“Trace, if you apply to physiotherapy like you do in runes, you’ll be the best and most sought out in the market.” The older witch replied seriously, before lying back.

“That’s because you taught me when you were boarding with us during the breaks. And besides, if what Rose told me is accurate, you’ll have a student that would give you a run for your money in the Ancient Runes class this September.”

“And this prodigy has a name?”

“Albert Johnson, I think” Tracey replied with a pensive tone.

Babs laughed.

“Not the musician Prodigy, you twit! The one Rose told you about.”

“I was just making sure you were following.” Tracey retorted with a grin, her fingers tracing the inner tissues in the butt crack, making Babs moan more and more in delight. “His name is Harry, and judging by the pictures I’ve seen of him, he’s a total hunk.”

“I’m mmhhhh loookking oooooooooooh yes! forward meeting him!” Babs said between moans of delights.

“Well he’s going to be at Rose’s birthday party at Daphne’s place and you know you’re always invited,” Tracey concluded.

.OvO.

Bella was impressed by the loft her sister shared with Monica. It was spacious and cozy, it felt like home in a way that Malfoy Manor never had. “Guess that dowry was put into good use after all,” she thought while Apolline greeted Narcissa in a jovial way, congratulating the witch for both her freedom and her new found love. Bella could not be mistaken, even after just meeting Harry, that was the most energetic and jovial she had seen the Veela since her husband's death. Bella could only imagine what would happen if Apolline really chose to bond with the young wizard. For the first time in years, she would not be living only for her daughters, but also for herself.
The reunion with Monica was also sweet and funny to watch, the light teasing from Apolline and Monica could give as good as she gets. An OM supporter and a Real Madrid one, it was bound to be amusing to watch.

Apolline on the other hand was curiously observing the other three women. Many things had changed since the last time she had seen them and not only their marital status. Both Monica and Narcissa appeared stronger and happier than she could ever remember. And their auras had both been marked by Harry as well. The Veela’s witty mind wondered if there was a connection between their newfound courage and the arrival of the most powerful Channeler the world had seen in centuries. She giggled, thinking on how strong his children would be.

Children… would Apolline herself consider more children? Was he powerful enough to give her a boy?

“So…” Narcissa said, handing each woman a glass. “The hearing for the defamation lawsuit has been set, Bella, for August 6. It will be a preliminary one but we can start laying our little trap. I am revising everything with Ted and we have a pretty strong case. I think we can even try and ask to move as associates for compensation.”

“That's great! I can't wait to wipe the floor with Skeeter’s nose.” Bella sounded a little more vindictive than she wanted, but shrugged it off. All for her kid. Kids plural, now. “On a different matter though, I have something to tell you, something bad happened at the mot.”

“You mean Ovidios calling for an election?” Monica asked.

“No, but related.” Bella sighed and preceded to report her meeting with Amelia, and the auror’s venomous words. “I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The woman we met and l… cared for, was completely gone, if she ever existed at all.” Bella was close to tears; tears of rage.

“Merlin!” Narcissa said in shock. “Now I'm really glad you got rid of her.”

“One more thing to the list of good things Harry inadvertently brought to my and Rose’s lives.” Bella almost sang. Now she was sure. “I'm fifteen and in love again…” she thought to herself in amusement.

“Poor Susan” Apolline said. “It must have been awful for her to know that.”

“Well, that's the thing…” Bella ran a finger at the top of her glass, feeling a little ashamed. “I haven't told her yet…”

The other three women looked at her in silence. Monica reached for Bella’s hand before talking. “She has the right to know Bella. She needs to know. Even if only to protect herself.”

“I know, it’s just that I am so glad to see her coming out of her shell, interacting with Rose and Harry, that I got afraid of messing things up.” Bella sighed, remembering the three teens teasing and laughing at each other.

“Non ma chérie, it's the opposite.” Apolline said in a more matriarchal voice. “You need to trust Harry and Rose on this. They both, together, will lead us all in time, but right now, they are Susan's rock. You need to tell her and trust the love they already have for each other.”

They stayed in silence, reflecting on the Veela’s prophetic words.
“Welcome Back Roro!” One of the twins greeted when the trio entered the store. “And Gabby Baby too! What a pretty… nice surprise!” One twin finished, winking to his brother.

“And that must be the famous cousin, Harrykins!” The other twin completed.

“Hi Gred and Forge, yeah, this is my cousin Harry.” Rose said, rolling her eyes at her exes rantings. Harry looked at them and the store and neither were much like he remembered, other than the more modern hair cut on the identical boys, Rose’s influence he assumed. Harry was also thankful to the glamour charm that hid his own forehead scar.

“Nice to meet you guys!” The emerald eyed wizard said, extending his free hand, as Gabby still glued at the other. “I would offer you both my hands, but it seems I lost ownership of one.”

“You can be sure of that ‘Arry.” Gabby gave him a knowing smile, which he returned in kind.

“Oh, we like him!” One of the twins said.

“I think we do brother of mine!” The other responded.

“But does he knows about Rosekins boyfriend?”

“I believe Not even Rose herself knows about it…”

“Should we warn her?”

Rose rolled her eyes. Okay guys, that's enough.”

“Now, beautiful Rose…”

“Your order is done…”

“Packed…”

“And ready to go!”

Harry watched as they sealed the finishing touches on with Rose's order. Some magical games, fake potions, and minor fireworks. The boy was walking around the store, trying to distract himself from the beautiful girl nibbling at his earlobe. It was deliciously confusing, this Gabby obviously didn't care about other people looking at them, or about making him embarrassed.

“They seem awful alright for ex-boyfriends…” Harry commented.

“Hum…” Gabby said, kissing his neck. “Their breakup was actually friendly. They are not jerks like that Diggory Idiot. Rose and the Twins simply didn't work out… too much marauder stuff I guess.” She ran a hand through his hair. “Jealous?”

“Actually, no… also, it would be a little hypocritical of me wouldn't it?” Harry smiled at her and received a full kiss on the lips as reward. “Guess you have decided to play the girlfriend role to the outside world?”
“It's a good facade and a good excuse to keep my hands on you.” Harry decided he loved that predatory smile of hers. “I don't think the world is ready to know what you do with your other self, or her mom...” Gabby giggled.

Harry rolled his eyes but then noticed Rose looking outside with a worried expression. She looked a Harry and muttered, “Susan...” with her lips, pointing to the outside; he nodded at her, before Rose ran of the store after her friend.

“Susan, wait!” Rose called, running after her friend through the street. Even before Susan turned to face her, Rose knew something was terribly wrong. The tears running down the red haired witch’s face only confirmed it. Without another word, Rose ran and hugged her friend, not caring about who might be looking.

“It's okay, Sue… whatever happened, I will help you. It's okay...” Rose chanted repeatedly, guiding the sobbing girl to a square, sitting in a bench on the corner, trying to flee the crowd. The Girl-Who-Lived let Susan cry, wetting her jacket, and even the Black Flag shirt she was wearing under it. Susan was an emotional girl, but this was different. Rose could feel something was broken, like when she was small and no one believed her. But Rose had helped her then, and she would help her again now.

“It's okay, Sue, whatever it is, we're going to face it together and Harry will help us…”

“Oh Rose…” Susan finally could say. “It was terrible… Aunt Amy… she said terrible things… I slapped her Rose...I slapped her!”

“Wow… she must have said something really awful Susan, I know you would never do it without a reason; you are the sweetest girl i know.”

“She called you a whore Ro… and Harry a prat!” Rose stiffened at hearing this, but remained silent. “She wanted to use us! She wanted us to campaign for her, and when I said I would not put you through this, she snapped!”

Rose was rubbing her shoulder, looking right into her eyes, trying to convey all the love she felt for the broken girl, one of her sisters in all but blood.

“I never saw her like that Rose! She talked like… like Lucius Malfoy! This was more than a broken heart, Ro! Oh Merlin! I hit her! What if she doesn't want me anymore, she is the only family I have!” The pretty girl was starting to break down.

“That is not true, you have us, sis.” Rose whispered to her. “You have Mom, you have Harry, you have Pol and Gabby, Daphne and Tracey, too.” Rose hugged her tight. “You will not be alone in this, never again. Don't be afraid!”

Susan looked at her with hopeful eyes.

“Remember when no one believed you? You were telling the true all along Sue! We are together now, just like we were then!”

“Ro, I’m always right.” Susan sniffed but had a small smile nonetheless and hugged Rose back. “Thank you. Love you, sis. I don't know what to do next though...”

“Don't worry, I have an idea or two, all we need is to talk Aunt Cissy.”
After a while in each other's arms, the girls finally looked up, to see a smiling and proud Harry waiting for them, just a couple feet away, holding the Weasley's package; making both Rose and Susan blush.

.OvO.

The four women emptied their glasses as Narcissa finished her tale about the divorce, and how she was not looking forward to her son's return to England, without knowing Draco was already in the country.

“But I have confidence and, with Mona, courage, to finish it once and for all. I will give Draco a chance to abandon the lies from his father and stay with me. I hope he sees reason.” Narcissa finished, receiving a reassuring kiss from Monica. Apolline watched with almost scientific curiosity, most of her suspicions getting confirmed as they talked.

“Okay Pol, you're scaring me. You have being watching us the whole day, I feel almost like I'm being studied…” Narcissa finally had enough and asked. The melodic sound of Apolline’s laughter filled the room.

“You are not wrong, you know, I have been studying you two but just as much as I have being doing the same to myself and Bella.”

Narcissa and Monica both gave her curious looks.

“You see ladies, two days ago I had one of the most intense experiences of my life and I have been debating what to do ever since… the same experience you two had.” The French witch started.

“You met Harry…” Narcissa concluded.

“Oui, and a part of my Veela nature, that I thought it was dead, has awoken again…” Bella bit her lip. “He kinda does that…”

“Oui Bella, I can see how profoundly he touched you...in every way…” The last part was said in husky voice, that let no doubt about what the Veela meant. “And looking at you two, I can see he has touched you as well. I'm debating about doing the same myself… the thing is, where do we go from here, as this will involve the future of our children… and yours.”

Narcissa and Monica looked pensive at her. The impact the young wizard was having on them was undeniable, and it was not only in their magic.

“I don't think I will be able to keep Gabby from him for too much longer and I'm not sure I want to. I'm not sure I want to restrain myself either. Would you throw away a chance to love again? I'm a Veela, after Jacques was gone, I had resigned myself to a life of short lived flings and casual sex. Now I have the chance to be emotionally connected to someone again; do I pass that up because he’s the same man as my best friends?” Apolline turned to Bella, who promptly shook her head in a negative way with a smile. “But then, he is no usual man either. And I think his connection with Rose is not usual as well. We Veela have legends about two halves that complete each other, and how they will change the world.”

“I'm not understanding Apolline,” Monica asked. “Harry already has our support…”
“But I think we can do more for them, Harry, Rose, and the other youngsters.” Apolline looked at Monica with intensity. “Let me show you just how important this is. Would you say your connection to Narcissa is strong and special?”

“Of course!” The woman blushed cutely and Apolline smile. It was so obvious those two were each other's rock.

“Narcissa, do you trust and love Monica enough to lend her your wand?”

Without hesitation, Narcissa produced her wand from the secret holder on her wrist and gave it to Monica, who held in an almost reverential manner. Both women looked at Apolline in confusion, and Bella was curious about were this was going.

“Now, all in this room have heard the legends about Channelers right?” All the others nodded to the Veela. “Monica, do you know the incantation and wand movements for the Illumination Spell?” The muggle woman nodded. “Try it.” It was almost a command. Apolline knew she had to start working on the hierarchy of this coven at once as well.

A confused Monica flicked her partner’s wand and called. “Lumos!”

The room went completely silent in shock as Narcissa, Monica, and Bella looked in disbelief. The wand had glowed. It was feeble and unstable, and lasted for just a couple seconds, but it had glowed!

“Your connection with them is not even complete yet and they already changed your very core forever…” Apolline concluded.

“Harry did this?” Bella asked.

“Oui, a combination of Harry's intense magic and Rose’s care. She must really love you.”


“As I said, in their auras and magic, they are like halves of one soul. Harry is the Channeler, a powerful and wonderful one. Rose gives his raw life energy direction. That…” Apolline pointed at Monica, “is the reason why Purebloods hate covens, even if all of them probably came from one, thousands of years ago. And that is the reason why I think they will change the magical world...and people will hate them for it.” Apolline continued. “Without the coven to channel their magic, and to give them emotional support, it can be dangerous for Channelers. Magic flows powerfully through them, and that in itself is dangerous.”

“I'm in all the way, of course!” Bella said immediately. “I have been contemplating the idea ever since Andy gave me those books, but I'm not versed in this kind of ritualistic thing. And the other… benefits… are great too.” The witch grinned deviously.

Monica and Narcissa looked at each other, communicating in silence, before nodding.

“I'm also not familiar with those aspects of magic,” Narcissa said. “But I want to help Harry and my niece in any way I can.”

“Like we said to Andy, we’re in, in every way.” Monica said “I’ve watched Harry grow, unable to do anything physically to help him. He’s my friend, my nephew-in-law, the closest thing I have to a son…” Monica grinned “And he’s damn well equipped!”

“How do you know so much about this Pol?” Bella asked.
The Veela thought for a moment before answering.

“It's a well guarded secret, but we still have covens at the conclave. I have learned about them, and saw them growing up. But nothing we have there compares with Harry and Rose. There is a special connection there. Like they really are pieces of the same soul that was too powerful to be in just one body.”

They stayed in silence, thinking about the implications of that statement. Bella, who had always been a more practical witch was the first to talk.

“Okay, so, how do go about this?”

“First…” Apolline started, grabbing a paper and a pen, “We need a circle…”

.OvO.

It was a couple hours later that a flushed Bellatrix and a mostly calm Apolline returned home to Grimmauld Place. Bella was trying to wrap her head around the lesson they just had, about magic, binding, anal sex and lots of magical fluids; that was going to be great. She walked to the corridor and saw the teens in the living room, Harry was unshrinking the packages, the smell of the Floo powder still in the air, and she remembered the talk she needed to have with Susan.

“Hello dears,” Bella called from the entrance. “Was everything alright, got everything… Susan?” Bella could see the red eyes and the bags under them, she had been crying, a lot. “Merlin! What happened? Is everything alright?” Bella ran and hugged her niece in all but blood.

“It's not alright yet, Aunt Bella, but Rose helped me, and I know everything will work out…” Susan answered with determination in her voice.

Bella looked at her light brown eyes. Something was gone from there.

“Susan, what happened?”

“We ran into Aunt Amelia…” The young witch stated. Bella sighed, it was her fault, she should had talked with Susan right on that day.

“Tell me…” Bella asked. Susan gave her a detailed version of her talk with Amelia, both Harry and Apolline listened carefully. Everyone could feel the protective burst of magic coming from the wizard as he heard the full story. His green eyes glowed, but rather than be intimidated, it gave Susan courage to continue her story. Bella listened carefully, measuring every word; Amelia had crossed all the boundaries. How could she had been so blind about that woman, was her own need for company so crippling that she didn't see the signs?

“I'm sorry Susan…” Bella said when she finished, tears on her own eyes. “It's my fault you had to go through this. I should've known better…”

“What do you mean Bella?” Susan asked.

“I had a talk with Amelia that day at the 'mot. An awful talk, just like yours, and I couldn't find in me the courage to tell you. I tried to protect you, and only made things worse in the end.”
Susan remained silent, thinking. She looked at the genuinely worried woman in front of her, and remembered the disdainful look on Amelia’s eyes.

“No…” Susan said, “It was better that way. If you had told me, I wouldn’t have believed you and would have lost you too! It’s not your fault, it’s hers!” The girl hugged Bella with all her love. “Thank you for being here for me…”

“Always Sue, always…”

They stayed together for a while. when they separated, Bella asked. “So, what's next?”

it was Rose who answered.

“We are going to talk with Aunt Cissy about emancipation!”

That night, Susan found herself in Harry's bed again, but to her surprise, Rose was there, waiting for her, she smiled at her friend, and laid down in between the two most important persons on her life right now. Harry spooned her from behind as Rose embraced her.

“We will always be here for you…” Rose whispered.

“Thank you…” Susan replied, before drifting into sleep, surrounded by love.
Hot for a Teacher

Chapter 16

Hot For The Teacher

“So… the Coven?” Harry questioned Apolline, feeling just a little wary.

Harry was seated on the comfortable soft couch at the library, with Gabby at his left side and Rose to his right. Susan sat in a chair next to him, still a little shy, especially next to the young Veela. Apolline was leaning on the desk in front of them, like a Greek goddess. The older Veela was feeling really good as she remembered how she loved to teach; it was a shame no school would hire a Veela. The teens looked at her with curiosity in their eyes.

“But… aren't they illegal or something?” Susan wondered.

“Not exactly, they are taboo…” Apolline answered

“Why?” Rose asked curiously, that was really interesting. The young witch thought that Hermione would love to know that. But, nowadays, Rose didn't even think she knew her friend at all anymore.

“Sex magic is powerful, little Rose. Sex is life. It gives women as much power as men, if not more.” As Apolline talked, Susan blushed. “But, before we formalize it, you two…” The Veela pointed at Harry and Rose. “Need to learn some things. You, Susan, will have to make a choice. We will need to know if you want to be part of it or not. It's your choice and yours alone.”

“Okay, so, before anything, who is going to be in this thing?” Harry asked.

“Me.” Rose and Gabby said simultaneously.

“Of course, Rose,” Apolline said with a smile. “You have a central role, just like Harry. The connection you have with him will allow us to do incredible things! And I can't keep Gabby away from Harry, even if I wanted.” Apolline looked piercingly at her daughter. “There are also Bella, Narcissa and myself.” Harry raised his eyebrows. “Monica will be there too, but her position is a little more sensitive.”

“Monica and Cissy? But aren't they a couple?” Harry asked.

“The fact that they love each other don't mean they can't love you too, Harry. Love is not a finite commodity. We are enough to start it, but not enough to maintain the balance, though. Some more people will need to be added in time, but we can worry about that when it happens. And Susan still needs to make her decision.”

Rose looked thoughtful for a moment.
“Daphne I can guarantee. Be right back.” The Girl-Who-Lived bounced to her feet and rushed out of the room. A bit of shuffling was heard from the floor below and in the stairs, and finally, Rose was back in the room with a big folder. “She drew these over the years.”

Susan looked at Rose. “The sketches.” The red-haired realized. Beside Rose and Stacey, only Daphne had believed her, especially considering the girl had drawn Harry at various ages...and in varying state of dress or lack thereof.

Rose nodded to her quasi-sister.

“I’d say I’m in but until I’m legally emancipated, I can’t formally engage myself or that traitorous bitch would learn and sabotage it.” Susan sighed, then looked at Harry, eyes full of hope and trust. “You’ll wait for me, right?”

“If you choose to be with us Susan. But, remember, even if you choose not to be part of the Coven, we will always be here for you!” Harry answered.

“So, that means you are okay with it” Gabby said.

“I don’t think I have much choice.” The wizard trailed off, looking at Apolline. And what a view it was, with her chanel style hair, and a white blouse with the three top buttons open, giving him a glimpse of her white lacy bra. She wore using a straight dark skirt, showing her unbelievably long legs. She was simply delicious, just like her daughter.

“Come on Harry, concentrate…” The young wizard tried to calm himself and his magic, although he was sure everyone in the room could feel it. But they couldn't blame Harry, as he also could feel the relentless attack from both Veela’s Allures.

“Now, you need to learn some things about your own bodies and your magic for that whole thing to work.” Apolline looked at the blushing teens. “Now, let’s move to the next topic.” Pol said, and looked at Harry, with a sweet, but also predatory smile on her lips “Back in your native timeline...did you see my counterpart naked?”

Harry, who was sipping from his tea, gagged and coughed and snorted, trying to breath out the beverage that took the wrong turn when he heard her question.

“Wait...what?!” The young man rasped. Apolline leaned forward.

“Have you seen the other me nude, naked, toute nue, à poil, en tenue d’Eve?” The woman repeated the question, a grin on her face and an eyebrow up.

“Hmm… we did go to some nude beaches together…”

“Good, I know wizards and witches are lacking on the area of sex magic, especially here in England. First, you are going to understand your body. Gabby, you already learned this, so you are free to go if you want,” Apolline tried.

“No way I'm going to miss this!” The girl exclaimed.

Apolline just sighed, of course her little vixen would like to stay. She smiled.

Apolline got up from the table, and started unbuttoning her blouse. “Magic flows…” Her voice was soft, melodic, almost hypnotic. “It comes from our cores and flows freely through our bodies until it is bent to our wills.” Harry was listening with attention but was not able to move his eyes from the beautiful white lacy bra Apolline just revealed. Her breasts were among the most amazing he had ever seen. “Magic flows through our body, but it can accumulate in certain specific areas of our auras, both on men and woman.” The Veela unzipped her skirt and let it slide over her unbelievably
long and well shaped legs. Harry watched it move all the way to the ground, feeling her Allure touching his own magic. He then lifted his eyes, savoring the shape of her legs and thighs until he found her semi transparent lacy white panties, perfectly matching her bra. “Magic accumulate around our brains,” She pointed at her head, “around our heart,” then pointed at her chest. “When a woman is breastfeeding it accumulate around her tits… do you know why?”

Harry actually had a good idea. The Apolline on his own world had talked with him about Veela beliefs.

“Because magic is life, and life is magic.” Harry answered, receiving a smile from the goddess in lingerie in front of him and her offspring at his side. Both Rose and Susan looked at him with interest.

“Exactly! Usually, wizards and witches only deal with magic from the brain, or the heart. But they ignore the most important aspect of magic, life. And when I talk about life, I'm not talking only about babies; I'm talking about living life, celebrating it in pleasure and joy.” Apolline slowly ran her hands over her statuesque body, down to her hips. “I'm talking about living magic, enjoying magic and life, the one that accumulates when you have pleasure…” Her hand caressed her own panties clad vulva slowly, looking directly at Harry. “You are going to learn how to use magic from here as well. It may… not be… the flashiest, no wand movements or incantations, but I can … assure you… it is the strongest… one…” Apolline panted and Harry watched in awe as the moisture accumulated under her fingers.

Susan could feel the Allure mixed with Harry's magic in the air, she had to fight to keep control and not start touching herself. Susan was even a little ashamed by how Harry seemed to have more control over this than her, keeping his cool while being attacked by the two Allures. But, the most incredible thing was that she could actually see the magic building up strongly around Apolline as she lightly touched herself, tracing the contours of her lips and teasing her clit over her pretty lacy panties.

“Every wizard and witch gets stronger for a little while after sex…” The hottest teacher in the world continued, and Rose was loving every minute of it. The emerald eyed witch was really close to Harry, and could feel his hand on her back, going lower and lower; her own panties getting damp. Rose looked at Harry's groin, only to see Gabby’s hand softly tracing his bulge up and down. “Now Harry… has a special ability… Harry can make… us stronger permanently… and that is really a rare thing,” Apolline continued and Rose was not sure if the electricity she felt in the air was the magic the Veela was building or the simple, deliciously erotic atmosphere. “But, he needs… us… to… guide… him…” Apolline's movements were faster now, and Harry could see some objects in the room actually moving, like at the times he got really angry and a warm sensation washed over him.

Apolline moaned loud, and chanted some words in a language Harry believed was some kind of Veela primal tongue, and the witch screamed in bliss; and the wizard could finally understand why he felt warm sensation around him. His mind was hit by images of a much younger Apolline, with her two small daughters ,playing at the beach, with Bella and Rose in a beautiful sunny day.

“Wow,” Rose said. “I remember that.”

Harry noticed that everyone in the room could see the memories, and the objects slowly floated back to place.

“That is the connection we can have,” Apolline said, looking at her wet fingers with a smile. “Magic from love can be so much more powerful than magic from hate, Now, let's keep going, we aren't nearly done.”
Harry himself was feeling giddy, nearly euphoric. He had seen Apolline -his old world’s Apolline- in the nude at the beach, but had never seen or heard her having an orgasm or touching herself. Hell, when he saw her nude, her shaved slit was always closed, never letting her folds peek through. This was a whole new experience for him.

Who knows? Maybe he’ll finally get the answer to the question he’s always wanted to ask but never dared to until it was too late?

Harry watched as Apolline unclasped her bra, setting free her perfectly balanced breasts, with soft, pink nipples, that bounced just a little. Her DD breasts almost defied gravity, and were perfectly placed on her well proportioned frame. Harry silently thanked Veela magic again.

“Now Harry… you and Rose have a special connection.” The Veela looked at the two raven haired teens, and walked closer to them, swinging her hips. Harry gulped as he saw her pussy lips pressed against the moistened fabric of her panties. Susan moaned, the Allure was almost too much for her. Incredibly; it was her moan that made Harry’s hard enclosed dick jump against Gabby soft touch.

“We don’t completely know yet how this will affect things, but I noticed how she is the one directing your magic… Rose…” The green eyed witch looked at her sex goddess aunt. “I believe she is the one influencing the people your magic chooses.”

“But,” Rose started saying, feeling Harry's hand lower on her back, adjusting herself to give him more access. “I'm not even into girls.”

“But you love all of us, don't you?” Apolline asked and Rose simply nodded. “Tell me sweety… can you feel Harry's arousal as he looks at my tits, and my dear daughter softly caresses his hard dick?” Hearing that sophisticated, elevated woman talking like that made Harry's dick twitch again and Susan suppressed a moan on her chair.

Rose concentrated a little.

“Yes, I think I can… like an echo, just under my own.”

“Can you feel it building up?” Apolline pinched her own nipple, softly moaning.

“Yes… I can,” Rose almost moaned as well.

“And?”

“And it helps building my own arousal together… it makes my own libido grow stronger,” Rose answered, making Harry look at her wide eyed, but with a smile in his face.

“That's why you like watching me?” The boy asked.

Rose blushed. “I always liked watching… but with you, it's so much more.”

“That is because of the connection you two share. I don't doubt the same will start happening with you very soon Harry… which means every witch you bond will also bond with Rose. That is something unheard off; that may be the power she knows not.”
Harry looked at the Veela playing with her own tits, trying to concentrate on the implications of this.

“Is that the reason why Rose and I feel right together?”

To Rose, it all made sense. His presence inside her head that day, the way Harry helped block the Dark Lady, how close she felt to him, and how ‘complete’ she felt when he was literally inside her.

“Usually the warlock of a coven is a person of great power, matched by the sum of his followers. I can only imagine how powerful we could be. We can defeat the Dark Lady, and change the wooooorld.” Apolline pinched her nipples harder, the power trip making her even more excited.

“And never be alone again.”

“I can see the benefits for me and Rose, but what about you?” Harry asked watching Apolline’s hands slowly leave her breasts and travel down her body.

“See ‘Arry,” Gabby whispered in his ear while her hand kept running ever so slowly and softly over his member. “Maman is offering you great powers and amazing sex and you are still worried about us. That is the reason you will be a great warlock.”

“Yes Harry,” Apolline said in her melodic, husky voice. “First of all, we will get all of this ourselves… power, and amazing pleasure.” Susan moaned… her mind was going blank, she couldn’t decide who she wanted to pounce first, the green eyed sexy warrior, or the seductress goddess. Maybe both, the red haired thought as her hand wandered over her body.

“Also, we get the chance to do magic capable of changing the world. Can you imagine Harry, the chance to make a better world for all of us and our kids?” Saying that, Apolline’s hands finally reached the hem of her panties.

Rose felt Harry wondering about something and watched him blushing.

“What’s on that little pervert mind of yours luv?” The girl asked with a grin, while Apolline raised an eyebrow at him.

“Well, I was just wondering… every Veela I have seen naked so far had something in common, I was wondering…”

“And what is that ‘Arry?” Gabby asked, she loved how he shivered every time she said his name like that.

Every female was looking at him now, and a self conscious Harry sent a murderous gaze at Rose who just mischievously smiled back at him.

“Well,” Gryffindors forward. “Every Veela I have seen so far was completely shaved clean.”

Apolline laughed, a musical sound echoed through the room. “I think is time for a little anatomy lesson.” The Veela grabbed the rem of her knickers.

“Wait maman… let ‘Arry do it,” Gabby called and licked her lips.

“Hey, wait, Gabby! Are you trying to get your mom mad at me?!” The young wizard asked in alarm.

“Harry is really good at pulling mine with his teeth, you know?” Rose, ever so helpful, added with a smile. Her skirt was up and her red silk panties were pretty soaked themselvesand her Exploited tee-shirt had two hard points poking the fabric on her chest. “As I understand, the perv loves to taste his girls.”
Harry's own magic was responding in full to the Allure attack, it was almost impossible to fight back, and he was not even sure he wanted to. With Gabby’s encouragement, and Apolline’s nod of consent, the young wizard reached for the Veela’s panties. The witch shivering in anticipation, something she hadn't felt in years. Gabby also decided to ditch her own restraints and was now grabbing and massaging Harry's dick over his pants. Harry cursed the piece of fabric between her hand and his cock and was sure the little minx was torturing him on purpose.

Harry slowly pulled Apolline’s panties down, savoring the view, and her scent. He loved her scent. He looked up and there it was, perfectly clean and perfectly shaped. Her puffy outer lips hiding a dripping slit, and her perfect hood, it looked delicious. \"You see Harry,\" Apolline approached him, her beautiful pussy inches from his face. \"We Veela,\" she placed a finger in each of her labia. \"Have this peculiar trait,\" Apolline spread her lips, showing her overflowing wet pussy, and her clit popped out from his hiding spot. \"We don't have hair anywhere.\" The Veela turned around, for Harry's surprise, showing her perfectly shaped ass, and with a bold move grabbed both her ass cheeks and spread it. \"Anywhere except our head.\" Harry eyes went wide, he could see her lips and the entrance of her pussy, but his eyes were drawn to her pulsing, beautiful, pink anus.

Harry and Rose moaned. Gabby kissed his neck. \"Maman is beautiful, isn't she?\" Harry could just nod, his magic reaching to Apolline, responding to her allure. Susan on her chair had almost been reduced to a wet moaning mess.

\“You can look, touch., and taste, if you like, mon chéri\” Apolline said, looking behind her and winking. Harry could only eagerly acquiesce. The young wizard grabbed the veela's hips and brought his face to her ass, breathing her scent and letting his magic drown in her allure. Their magic combining with each other, becoming something else, even more powerful.

\“So beautiful,\” Harry said in reverence, gently caressing her butt-cheeks. Rose moaned in her seat, her hand inside her panties. For the first time the witch thought about Harry licking her own anus.

Harry couldn't wait anymore. The young wizard dove his face in, kissing her ass before running his tongue all the way from her dripping slit to her asshole. Apolline moaned, Harry's tongue was incredible, teasing and massaging. His magic working with his tongue; whoever taught him, had done well. The Veela gasped when two of his fingers entered her pussy, while his tongue still worked her ass.

Rose was in heaven, the vision of her lover licking the statuesque blonde while fingering her was almost too much to bear. The girl had to concentrate on delaying her own climax and she could feel that Harry was loving it; he loved Pol’s asshole taste and the sound her body was making, loved her warm walls clenching around his fingers. Harry was barely aware of the delicious pressure Gabby was presenting at his dick. \"Best class ever.\” t he green eyed horny witch thought.

Apolline could not believe it; the boy, no, young man, knew his Veela. He applied just the right amount of magical energy to both his tongue and fingers. She had to concentrate on the incantation before it was too late.

~Come for me, maman~ he whispered in Parseltongue in her ass just after she finished calling her magic, and Apolline exploded in orgasmic bliss. She screamed and squirted her pussy juices over Harry's hand and the floor. A powerful wave of magic washed over every occupant of the room, a combination of the Veela's allure and Harry's magic.

Susan jerked on her seat and screamed, her own orgasm sending shivers down her body, making the red haired girl pass out with a goofy smile on her face.
Apolline was trying to restrain herself and regain control, when a wide eyed Rose asked, “Wow, what was that?”

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Apolline turned to face Harry again, breathing deeply, savoring the euphoria that consumed her body before meeting his questioning gaze. As she expected, the wizard knew what she had just done. Rose seemed confused, but also excited, her hand still inside her panties, moving slowly, and Gabby’s eyes were beaming with happiness.

“Are you,” Harry asked with a voice that was a mixture of anticipation and concern. “Are you bonding with me Apolline?”

Apolline closed her eyes and smiled. It had been years since she last felt like that. The orgasm he gave her was still echoing through her magic, making her shiver from time to time, and Apolline hasn't even tried his cock yet. The Veela was sure now that she had made the right choice. She finally opened her eyes and looked at Harry.

“Oui my Harry… I’m going to be bound to you through the Coven any way. And magic had gave me a chance to try and find an emotional partner a second time.” The older Veela softly caressed his cheek. “You must know that this is supposed to be impossible for us, and yet you managed this little miracle.”

Harry looked deeply into her blue eyes. Just like Rose’s, it looked like his glowing green ones could see inside her soul. Those were the eyes of someone who had seem too much pain and loss; but there was also hope.

“Are you sure about that? You barely know me,” Harry tried to say before her finger softly shush him.

“Harry, after all you’ve been through, life has given you another chance, and what you did?” Apolline asked.

“I’m trying to grab it, and make the best I can.”

“So, can you blame me for doing the same?”

Harry took a deep breath. “I guess not.”

Unnoticed to them, Susan had regained her conscious mind and watched the little exchange. Harry was the same as she remembered, worried about others before himself. The girl smiled, suddenly the idea of being in this just to be so close as Apolline was to him now didn't seemed so terrible.

“I will teach you girls how to bond yourselves to Harry as a warlock. Those steps can be taken all together, or at separate times.” Apolline looked seriously at the three girls. “But, be aware, after the process in complete, there’s no turning back.”

“And what does it means to be bonded to the Coven?” Susan asked.

“First of all, you can have fun and even love outside of it, but, you will only find complete
satisfaction within the Coven. That also means that the magic of the Coven will protect you against unwanted attacks and mind controlling potions. You will be able to feel the needs and well being of your companions.” Susan nodded at all this. “And your desire will increase. There wasn't a warlock with abilities as powerful as Harry, and if what Rose and Bella say about him is true…”

“Oh, it is!” Rose exclaimed a wide smile on her face, licking her soaked fingers

“And what is that?” Susan asked, afraid of the answer.

“His spunk is addictive!” Rose giggled and Harry rolled his eyes. “I called it ‘Cumcaine’.” Susan could only blush; after all these years, Rose still got into her.

Rose hummed, “Oh and on he comes, juices pumping my engine, quenching my thirst with his cumcaine!” The girl giggled, “Metallica fans would stone me if they heard that!”

Apolline rolled her eyes.

“What I’m trying to say, is that, until your magic settles after the bonding, you may not be able to take your hands of him.”

Susan had a bit of a naughty grin. “Will we write him poems too? I got the perfect one. His Eyes are as green as a fresh pickled toad. His hair are dark as a blackboard…”

“Nooooo… not even here I'm free!” Harry shook his head.

“What was that?” Gabby asked.

Harry looked at Apolline and said.

“I'll tell you later. We are busy right now.”

“Thank you Harry.” The older witch continued and looked at Susan. “What I meant is: This is a life changing decision, and it must not be taken lightly. You will compromise not only to Harry and Rose, but to all other coven members. So, both of you,” Apolline said looking at Gabby and Susan. “Think very well about this.”

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“So, what Harry and I did was to start the Veela bond,” the Veela teacher continued. “To finish it, it takes the same steps as the coven bond.” Apolline looked to see if the girls were paying attention. Both Rose and Susan were looking eager to learn. Then she turned back to Harry. “Do you know them, Harry?”

Harry blushed. “Yes… the offering, the seed and the commitment.”

“Oui, Gabby, what more?” Apolline turned to her daughter.

“All steps must be taken willing,” The young Veela promptly answered.

“Exactly, by both parties.” Apolline licked her lips, looking hungrily at Harry. Rose could feel his arousal rising again in anticipation. Apolline then turned to Gabby and nodded.
The girl beamed, with a large smile on her face, and quickly worked Harry's trousers button, and unclasped his fly. With a swift movement, the young Veela removed both his trousers and boxers, freeing his large, hard member, that jumped back to his belly. Gabby held it around the base, with small a soft warm touch that made Harry moan.

“Oh ben ça alors,” Apolline whispered, measuring his hard prick. “I should have known, not only you magic is strong…”

“Zhat looks delicious,” Gabby said, her ascent back with her excitement, before approaching and kissing in the spongy head of his trembling member.

Apolline knelt at the floor in front of him, looking like a cat who just found his prey. “I agree little sparrow, but that isn't for you to take now. Just hold it still for maman.” And Gabby did just that, holding his full length up, hovering like a pulsing tower on front of Apolline’s face. Rose watched in anticipation, her own fingers slowly circulating her clit building her arrousal. Susan was in awe, Harry looked so big in front of Apolline’s face, the red haired girl just couldn't take it. Harry's mind on the other hand was going blank, all that matters was the witch in front of him, and the magic building up around them.

Apolline tentatively placed her tongue just above where Gabby’s hand held Harry's cock, and licked all the way up to its head. Harry groaned at feeling of her silk soft tongue touching the sensitive skin of his crown. She traced all of it's head and tasted his pre cum, it was surprisingly pleasant. The Veela kissed his dick, making him moan and looked right into his face.

“I offer you my service and love, both as woman and witch, so together we can be better than we are alone, do you accept it?” Apolline chanted, in an almost musical flow.

Harry smiled at her. “I accept your offering both as man and wizard, as long as it is made from your heart. Let our magic intertwine and grow, so mote it be” Harry finished and gasped as Apolline’s mouth engulfed his dick. It was wet and warm, and Harry had to fight not to come right away from all the stimuli and magic building up around them.

Rose worked her fingers in and out of her own pussy, while she watched. The emerald eyed witch could feel not only the building magic, but also the overwhelming pleasure Harry was feeling. She witnessed in fascinating detail, every time Apolline’s head bobbed back down, another inch of Harry's large cock got into her mouth. How was the Veela was doing that? Could she teach that? Apolline’s head got back up, leaving a trail of saliva on Harry's dick. The saliva was starting to flow over Gabby’s hand and the couch, and Rose now had three fingers inside herself.

Gabby had to remove her hand the next time her mother came down, Apolline was almost at the base now. Harry had his head thrown backwards as his hands softly ran through her silk like blond hair. Then, he felt her nose against his belly and her chin touching his balls, he was entirely in her mouth and throat. The sensation was truly fantastic.

Then, for his total surprise, Apolline started humming an incantation, sending vibrations all through his hard prick, it proved too much.

“Maman! I'm… gonna… CUM!” Harry warned, his dick releasing a big jet of his hot spunk down her throat, while the magic exploded and at the same time Rose came in her panties. The second shoot was inside Apolline’s mouth, and she registered a nice fruity taste under her own pleasure, and the remaining jets were on her face and chest, covering the Veela with warm sperm.

Two surprising things happened then, Harry was still hard as a rock, and Gabby pounced her mother and started licking the young wizard's sperm from Apolline’s neck and breasts. Harry could only
“Daphne? Sweetheart, come down, dinner is served,” Melody Greengrass said as she knocked on the door of her daughter’s room.

“I’m not hungry right now mom!” Daphne shouted back, her hands moving at almost blinding speed on the paper, her fingers black from the charcoal she was holding.

“Darling that’s not healthy and witches don’t really need to diet,” Melody replied, concern in her voice. She remembered times when Daphne locked herself in her room for days on end, drawing that mysterious boy until she fell unconscious from hunger.

“Je gère, maman. (I’m managing it, mom),” Daphne snapped, unaware she replied in French. Like she did as a child. “And witches not needing diet, go tell that to Molly Weasley with a straight face.”

“A ta guise. (As you wish),” Melody replied in the same language. “Pour ta gouverne, c’était une couronne d’agneau avec gratin dauphinois. Ton plat préféré. Si t’as fain, envoie un hibou à Tracey ou Rose pour qu’elles te commande une pizza. C’est plein de calories. Qui font grossir. (FYI, it was lamb chops with gratin dauphinois. Your favorite dish. If you get angry, Owl Tracey or Rose so they can order you a pizza. It’s full of calories. That’ll make you fat)’”

Through the door she heard her mother snark at her, then leave in a huff. the young artist groaned. But she couldn’t stop now.

At her feet, there were several sheets already, showing her marraine, Apolline, naked, her asscheek spread. On another, she was getting rimmed and fingered by Harry, and on this one she was working on… she was sucking his dick. “Guys, come on! Give a girl a break, please?” she half begged half groaned. Daphne needed to eat, and masturbate; not necessarily in that order. The urge was overwhelming.

The charcoal she held between her fingers broke and she threw the remaining piece across her room with an angry “Fait chier!”

Daphne rubbed her fingers against the greyish towel that hung on the back of her seat, then reached under her short skirt, inside her lacy thong, to rub her shaved pussy for the release she’s been craving all afternoon.

“Haaaarrrrryy! Rooooooooose! Bouffez moi la chatte, pètez moi la rondelle, mais puuuuutain deee mmeerde, faites moi jooooooooouiiiiiiiiiiiiiiir! (Harryyyyy! Rooooose! Eat my pussy and destroy my asshole, but for fuck’s sake make me cuuuuuuuum!)” The girl screamed on the top of her lungs, rubbing her clit with one hand and fingering her anus with the other, while the images from the learning session ran over her mind. Her climax was fast and brutal, leaving her panting

Soon enough, fists hammered on her door and Astoria screamed at her.

“‘We’re trying to eat like normal people, you perverted deviant!’

Daphne was confused. “ Why the hell did I called Ro’s name?!”
Rose watched Gabby licking Harry's cum from her mother with hungry eyes. The young witch was astonished how the boy had changed everything since he arrived, her life was completely upside down, and most outside people would not even noticed.

The thing was, despite her facade of overconfidence, and her true love for life, Rose had always felt incomplete. The girl who lived loved her friends to death, and would do anything for them, they were the reason she kept going, despite the way the magical world treated her, but there was always something bugging her. Professor Dumbledore had said it was the Horcrux on her head, isolated by years of Occlumency training. It had taken a part of her very soul, of her very core, he once said, before his mind started wondering. So Rose had resigned herself that this feeling would always be there, and she decided to do the best she could of it.

But now, Rose knew that what she missed had appeared for her. Coming from another world, with a sad version of her life and a weird powerful magic. The boy who also had an incomplete soul. At first she even felt guilty, her life had been so much better than his, the girl had a loving family and friends. But Harry had reassured her more than once about it. How would the world react if they discovered how insecure the so called “whore-who-lived” could be.

Rose could feel him in her soul, and she was quite sure he could feel her too, than why couldn't she see his memories, or he could see hers, like Mom? Was he protecting her from something?

But right now, all that mattered was his still hard dick, and the bonding ritual happening before her.

Harry seemed to know exactly what he should do, with a strong, but gentle touch, he grabbed Apolline’s shoulders and exchanged places with her, laying her head on Gabby’s lap. The older veela moaned with his confident move, as he placed her hips slightly off the couch for better access. Then he kissed her, long and deep, trying to convey all his gratitude for the amazing sex goddess. Moving his hands, he spread her legs, revealing a perfect dripping cunt, with swollen lips and a trembling clit. He held her legs open in the air and turned to Rose. “Care to help luv?” Harry asked in a soft voice.

Rose beamed, giggling, “I would love to!” Her smile was almost an evil one. Rose held Harry's large erection, almost at the same place Gabby had before, and gave it a couple strong strokes, quite the contrast with the young veela. The girl then placed its throbbing head right above Apolline’s clitoris, as Harry moved forward and backward causing a delicious friction for both of them; the Veela was already breathing fast, her eyes glowing with anticipation.

“I offer you my seed…,” Harry said, without stopping his movements. “And with it, the future of my blood and magic, as proof of my trust and love.” Apolline’s pussy was so wet that his cock slid inside her almost without resistance.

“I accept your seed … aaaaah…and your magic inside me,… as my partner and… warlock. May the fruits of this offering change the world.” The feeling coming from her pussy was so good that Apolline had difficulty remembering her vow. Harry was doing it again, pushing just the right amount of magic into his dick, to drive her pleasure up.

“So mote it be!” Harry said and nodded to Rose, who aligned the pulsing head of his cock with her tight entrance. Apolline drew a breath, even before he entered her. Feeling her wet entrance, Harry gently pressed forward, savoring the delightful sensation of Apolline's walls stretching around him; with a devious smile, he pushed the head of his dick inside, Rose watched hungrily at the point were
the two bodies connected.

“Please Harry...” Apolline asked, with a voice full of desire. Harry placed each of her legs over his chest and shoulders, and buried himself inside her amazingly wet cunt. His dick slid in almost without resistance, her walls closing around him, like a warm embrace.

Apolline roared when she felt Harry completely inside of her. The Veela felt full, like she hadn't in many years; Apolline felt complete. Harry moved backwards again, almost all the way until his dick was out, before plunging into her one more time. To the Veela it was like he could touch every right spot inside her, and the lovely feeling when he touched her clit every time their hips met was amazing. Apolline had taken many lovers, but no one was even close to this.

Rose felt intoxicated with the view, and the feelings being broadcasted through Harry; she needed to touch Harry, her Harry. Rose moved in and kissed him, forcefully, full of passion and care. “You will fuck all those witches for me to watch, we may even love them all, but in the end you are mine!” Her mind raged.

Rose’s kiss only gave Harry more energy; he started pounding even faster, making Apolline scream and babble in French. The Veela could not believe it, this was almost too good, even her magic felt in bliss. The way he pulled his dick up until only the head was inside her pussy, then slammed back in, until she felt his balls on her ass. She barely registered Gabby caressing her sweaty forehead, all her senses focused on the incredible prick going in and out of her.

Susan watched as the boy she grew up with turned the Veela into a melting, shivering mess of pleasure and moans each time his cock entered her pussy. She felt jealous, and fascinated at the same time. Her mind was racing, she needed to think things through. Was she ready to share? Did she love him enough for that? Right now, all she knew was the craving sensation between her legs, begging to be bonded just like Apolline.

“Harry... aaaaaah... I'm... goin... yessss... CUM !” Apolline screamed, making Harry increase the speed of his trusts.

“Me too... almost... there...,” Harry painted in response.

“INSIDE me... Harry... give me... your SEEEEEEED!” The veela screamed and Harry felt her walls contracting around his dick, adding a delicious pressure, almost as if it was trying to milk him. It was enough, and Harry presented her with rope after rope of his warm seed.

Gabby, Rose and Susan could see they were both glowing with a faint golden light.

.GvO.

Gabby watched with lustful eyes as Harry’s still hard prick slowly exited her mother's cunt, with a delicious wet sound. There was so much sperm, that it overflowed from Apolline’s pussy, mixed with her own juices. A line of glowing sperm still connecting their cores. Gabby was losing control of her own Allure, and a small orgasm ran through her body. Apolline must have sensed it, because she turned to her daughter with a smile.

“Vas-y plus doucement sur l’Allure, mon coeur (go easy on the Allure, child...),” Apolline said in between her heavy breathing.
“It was what you expected maman?” The young Veela eagerly asked.

“And so much more... your time will come dear, but for now, you can help maman, please,” The woman answered.

Harry and Rose smiled at the lovely exchange and the warm way they looked at each other.

“How can I help you maman?” Gabby said.

“There are one more vow to be made... help me be able to take it all...”

Gabby beamed and delicately ran her hand over her mother's naked body, while Rose and Harry watched as if in a trance. Her hand traveled softly through the valley between Apolline’s breasts, continuing over her flat stomach until it reached her soft, swollen mound.

Susan was paralysed. Her mind screamed that what she was seeing was wrong, and yet, she could not move her eyes. Gabby’s hand finally found Apolline’s entrance, overflowing with Harry's thick sperm. The girl ran her hand over her slit before burying two fingers inside her mother, making both Harry and Rose moan. Gabby gathered a generous amount of Harry’s cum and spread it around Apolline’s pink, pulsing anus. The young veela brought her hand back inside her mother's pussy, to get even more of the slippery fluid made of Harry's spunk and Apolline's glowing cum. But, this time, instead of spreading it around, Gabby slowly inserted one finger inside Apolline’s ass. The woman moaned loud, and the sounds made Harry's cock jump in anticipation. Gabby moved her finger in and out before adding a second one, making her mother gasp.

“You like it maman? Are you ready for your prize?” The young Veela asked with a mischievous smile.

“Oui... oui... I want it deep inside!” Apolline said, giving Harry a predatory gaze.

Apolline then turned around, resting her elbows on the couch’s rest, and her knees on the seat; lifting her perfect round bum in the air. She looked over her shoulder at Harry and nodded with a smile. Happy to oblige, the young wizard held his cock, and pressed the tip against her pulsing anus, applying just a little pressure.

“With this,” Apolline was panting, the merely sensation of his large prick against her ass driving her nuts. “Final proof... of my... commitment... I completely give... myself to you... my warlock and lover.”

“I humbly accepted your offer and promise to protect and love you with my own devotion, now and always, so mote it be!” Harry finished, and pressed forward, reveling in the delicious sensation of the head of his dick spreading her tight hole. Apolline gritted her teeth in a mix of pleasure and pain, as her new man claimed her. Harry groaned loudly when his bulbous purple head finally got entirely inside of her ass, like the most tight and perfect glove.

“DAMN! That's so goooood!” Harry roared, slowly pushing forward, inch by inch, looking closely for Apolline’s reaction and any sight of major discomfort. It was clearly not the first time she had done that, or that he had. The witch’s eyes were glazed, her mouth open and her tongue out. For him, it was just a view of perfection.

Harry’s hips finally touched her bum and Harry stopped, giving her time to adjust to his size. Rose and Gabby watched in fascination and lust, both girls working their on clits furiously with their hands. Susan on the other hand, was a mess of guilt and lust. The girl wanted it bad, but it seemed to go against everything her
aunt had told her it was right. Even so, her own hands were working her off to a third climax.

Apolline felt full, jolts of magic and pleasure making her shiver, even the pain was forgotten. The feeling of his incredible dick stretching her anus was almost too much even for her Veela nature; but Apolline wanted more.

“P… please Harry… you can…move now,” the woman moaned, a sound so full of need that it made Harry tremble.

“All for you, Apolline!” Harry whispered before starting moving, his body almost at the edge of his resistance, even with Apolline’s endurance charms. “Merlin, this is good!” Harry felt the incredible friction on his dick, the way her asshole grabbed it on its way out and softly resisted when he dove back in. His mind was going blank from the pleasure. Rose started kissing him again, unable to stay still, feeling the echoes of Harry’s great pleasure waves. Gabby also decided she had enough, and started kissing his neck, jaw and mouth. Suddenly Harry found himself in a three way kiss while pounding Apolline’s perfect ass.

The Veela was lost in a world of pleasure. She could sense the bond forming around them, but nothing could compare with the feeling of closeness she felt every time her wizard pounded into her anus. It was the full commitment and it felt amazing. Apolline was melting into his dick; and loving it.

Harry wanted to say he was close, but his mouth was taken by Rose and Gabby, all he could do was holding Apolline’s hips and merciless fuck it into his own explosion. The increase in force and speed was too much for the Veela, who screamed into climax.

Harry followed suite right after, emptying his balls deep inside her asshole, draining him completely.

Susan could see a golden glow surrounding Harry, Rose, and Apolline, and they rolled their eyes in ecstasy. Magic exploded around then, sending some books into the air. She could even feel the warmth and love coming from it, and knew that for the Veela, there was no turning back.

Rose just stayed there, in awe, drinking in the echoes upon echoes from Harry and Apolline, love, pleasure, care.

And memories, she could see some of Apolline’s memories. The Veela loved her daughters and Rose so much it hurt. Rose hugged her aunt from one side and Harry from the other, kissing and caressing the witch, who just now was coming down from her climax.

Harry locked his eyes on hers and whispered.

“Don’t worry… We will get her back!”
AN: Thanks to AWR and DarkLordRising for the help with beta and editing, you guys rock!

also, for the people who read this on Archives of Our Own, I’m retroactively inserting illustrations on the story, right now, Chapter 01 has two simple illustrations and more is coming soon, so check it out if you want to see how i imagined things!

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 17

Tracey was panting heavily, her breaths were as shallow and fast as her pace. Not far behind her, four boys all around her age, were chasing her and gaining ground fast. The witch cursed her lack of stamina, which was still a good deal above your average witch’s, and also the damned Trace. Tracey didn't even bother to bring her wand.

Grabbing a street lamp with her right hand, she did a ninety-degree turn into a small, narrow alley. Two of the thinner member of the gang followed her, while the two bigger ones continued straight. The girl regretted again not bringing her wand with her, but arcade games and magic wands, they didn’t mix well. Now she could only rely on her speed and the reflexes that would have made her a good Seeker if the Slytherin’s team captain wasn’t such a chauvinist pig.

And speaking of chauvinist pigs, the two pursuers were gaining on her.

“Think, Davis! Think! You've had to play Tracey Trailing before.” Tracey though, in front of her was a meshed metallic fence. Good. Aunt Bella trained them to make use of obstacle like this.

Leaping toward the wall and step-bouncing against it, she believed she was going to make it. But one of the two chasers, being a basketball player, half-grabbed her ankle, throwing off her momentum, causing her to painfully hit the top of the fence. With a yelp, the girl fell in the rubbish bags that thankfully broke her fall. Tracey’s ankle was throbbing painfully and was already swelling, she cursed inwardly.

“Well, well, well. Look what we found here. Trash among trash.” Piers Polkiss sneered in a way that would have made Draco Malfoy proud. The tall boy ran a hand through his stiff, spiky hair and leaned over, running a finger on Tracey’s cheek.

“No, don’t touch me, you fat nosed wanker!” The witch shouted at him, thrusting her good foot up, painfully meeting his groin. Piers let out a squeak sound and fell on the ground, holding his crotch.

Dennis was half-laughing half-growling at Tracey, stepping on her hurt ankle, making her scream in pain.

“You shouldn't have done that, bitch!” The lanky teen said threateningly, getting his face close to hers.
Dudley and Malcolm arrived then, panting and puffing.

"Wha’ ‘appened ta Piers?" The smaller of the two bigger thugs asked, grinning.

"The cunt played footy with his cricket set." Dennis replies, applying pressure on Tracey’s ankle. Malcolm noticed something on the ground and picked it. A green leather wallet with a snake motif on it.

"Wha t’is?" The weird boy asked as he opened it. "Lookie, it’s th’ bint’s walle’. Wif fo’ty quid!"

As the fat dyed blond boy picked the notes, something else fell from the wallet.

Dudley couldn’t bear to look at his cousin twice removed, Tracey was a freak, just like his first cousin Rose as his father used to say, but at least she was a good sport and easy on the eyes. But again, there was this other girl he liked from the gym…

Dudley leaned down and picked the cardboard like square that fell off and unfolded it.

The air got stuck in his throat. It was a picture of his two cousins, Rose and Tracey, with a pretty, busty ginger, a stunning aristocratic brunette and a very, very beautiful blonde winking through the side-ways V of her manicured fingers around her eye. Behind them, was a proud, broadly smiling Millicent Bulstrode holding a golden cup.

The young man couldn’t decide what to do, he looked at his writhing cousin, and at his ‘friends’. Dudley closed his eyes and took a breath. Then as spotlessly loud and clear as he could.

"Step back."

Dennis and Malcolm looked him stupidly.

"Her ankle is hurt. Step back from it.” Dudley clarified.

"What’s it to you, Big D? We’re just won some Tracey Trailing, we’re going to have some more personal fun now.” Dennis replied with a guffaw. “Like fuck you are!” Dudley replied, pushing the lanky boy off Tracey’s wounded leg.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Dursley?!" Polkiss hissed, getting back on his feet. “That cunt kicked me in the bollocks! So I’m gonna fist her twat till she bl-"

He didn’t get to finish his threat was Dudley’s fist connected with his solar plexus. The impact literally lifting the thug off the ground.

"Touch my cousin and I’ll break you, Polkiss!” Dudley roared. “Bit of chase is fun and good exercise, but this is assault. I don’t fancy doing time, when championship is around the corner”

Dennis sneered and pulled a flick knife from his rear pocket, looking scared at his bigger supposed friend.

“Since when you speak like a tyrannosaurus, Dudley? Is that your ugly fat girlfriend that turns you into a nancy?”

“It’s a thesaurus, you stupid moron!” Tracey laughed.

The boy growled and lunged toward Tracey, knife poised to strike, just as Dudley stepped in front of her, shielding the girl.
Just then a brief siren was heard as a police car approached.

Malcom and Piers managed to escape, but Dennis was caught with the pocket knife still in hand.

“What’s going on here?!” One of the officers, a ginger slim woman, asked as she stepped out of the car.

“Dursley and one of his sidekicks. I should have known.” The second one, a tall black woman sighed, reaching for her cuffs in her belt. “Again Dursley? I doubt your dad will be able to help this time…”

Tracey got up and shouted.

“NO!! That’s not what’s happened at all! Dudley saved me from these assholes! They were mugging me!”

The male officer stepped forward and with a gloved hand picked the wallet.

“Look, I know, I’m not a chore kid, but I changed. I do sports now. I want to go pro.” Dudley tried to plead.

“It’s choir kid, cuz.” Tracey chuckled, leaning on him. “Sir, ma’am, Polkiss threatened to rape me. Said he would fist me in the...you know… until I bled. If it wasn’t for my cousin Dudley, I…”

Tracey shivered, realizing what Dudley just saved her from. “He would…I could have died here.”

Without realizing he was doing that, Dudley wrapped an arm around Tracey’s shoulder as she cried.

The female officer sighed and gave Dudley an apologetic smile.

“You better get this ankle checked.” The officer suggested “And file a report.”

“My Aunt Briar-Rose owns the spa at the end of Crescent Drive. They have physiologist working there, I think.” The big boy said.

Tracey nodded.

“I’ll carry her there.” Dudley offered.

Both officers looked at each other for a moment and nodded, the male one just finished securing Dennis hands with his handcuffs.

“Okay, but come to the station ASAP for the report, alright?”

Both teenagers nodded, and Dudley helped Tracey on his back. As they were walking, Dudley looked pensive.

“Tracey?”

“Yeah, Dudley?”

“I’ve had weird dreams for a couple weeks. I’m in that tunnel under the highway, near the playground. And there’s this bloke that looks just like Rose with the same scar on his head. It feels cold, and there’s this empty robe flying and it’s like it’s sucking my soul out. I wake up at that moment, always, and I feel like I’m crying. What’s that about?”
Rose was seated at the table, eating her French toast and drinking her orange juice after a weird, but very comfortable night. After the intense afternoon on the last day, both Harry and Apolline asked the girl to sleep with them in the same bed, to strengthen the newly formed bond. And it was indeed a good night of sleep, one of her very best. It was weird to feel so close to someone, Rose already loved her honorary aunt, but this was something else entirely. The emerald-eyed girl was not even sure the dreams she had were all hers. Apolline said it would become easier to deal with the memories and emotions with time, but Rose had already decided she liked it.

But nothing compared to how close she felt to Harry now. It was like understanding had opened the gates. For both of them. Before they got down to eat, the boy had walked to her as Apolline was in the shower and simply hugged her from the back. It was warm and loving, like something Rose didn't even know it could exist, and she knew he would always be there for her. The young witch wanted to believe Harry had crossed the space and time for her. Who wouldn't want to believe that?

But there was something Rose knew she had to do. She needed to talk with all her friends together, to sort things out. Rose felt a sting in her heart, knowing that she couldn't call Hermione even if she wanted to. The bushy-haired girl would flip, and scream, and cry, and Rose had already made a decision. Rose was being selfish and she knew that, but the witch didn't want to deal with her possessive friend right now. She couldn't.

Rose already had Susan to worry about.

Rose loved Susan to death and was sure Susan loved her back. More than that, she was pretty sure Susan liked Harry, maybe more than just liked him. They had shared too much not to. But, exactly for knowing her friend so well that Rose was afraid she would make a rushed decision. Susan had a enormous fear of rejection and of being alone, the girl needed to know that both Rose and Harry would always be there for her, Coven or not. “Fucking hero complex…” Rose thought. The Girl-Who-Lived would not act like a pimp, not for herself, not for Harry.

As for herself, when her eyes gazed at Harry, seated in front of her and the smile he gave made her legs tremble, the girl knew she was gone. Rose was in love.

Gabrielle Delacour was a slut, a easy whore. That's what everybody thought of her. Not only that, she was best friends with another slut, the ‘Whore-Who-Lived’ and her mother was a whore and her sister was one too.

Gabrielle had heard this kind of thing her entire life. The young Veela heard this kind of thing even when she was eleven and didn't even know what the word whore meant. Even when Gabrielle was just a child, she could see how her mother and sister suffered because of it. All because of their magical blood and ancestry. Gabrielle saw how it broke her sister. Fleur never found a mate and fought against her very nature so hard that she lost way more than her Veela heritage in the process. Fleur lost herself.

Gabrielle made a promise, that would never happen to her, she was a Veela and she was proud of it.
The Veela knew she was no saint either. Gabrielle loved sex, her sexuality was as natural to her as her skin. Gabby knew her own body and what she liked. But Gabrielle Delacour was not a whore.

Gabrielle had less partners than many girls her own age at her own school and yet, she was called a slut. Worse, all those partners, boys and girls alike, had been, at best, sub-par. They seem to expect something different from her just because of her Veela blood, without being able to offer anything in return. For a while, the beautiful girl got afraid to end up like her sister. Until Gabrielle felt HIS magic.

It called to her, embraced her Allure and accepted as it was. And the boy even looked good!

The fact that he was an extra dimensional version of her own best friend was just a bonus.

And he had ravished her mother good. The mysterious wizard had made the strongest woman Gabby ever knew into a mess of moans, cum and pleasure. And Gabrielle loved it.

But, in the end, the girl barely knew him and although Harry said he met another version of her, it was just a child, in another world. Rose was undoubtedly in love with him, as was her aunt Bella, so he must at least be a good guy.

It was time to discover it by her own hand just how good Harry really was.

.OvO.

Apolline had an interesting night. It was amazing to sleep safely in the arms of a real lover again, after all those years. That was what Veela craved the most after a while; the safety of love. The sex drive was just a consequence of their connection in magic and emotions. And although she barely knew Harry, the Veela had loved Rose all through the girl's convoluted life and if she shared a soul with the boy, then he must be worthy.

But what really amazed the Veela was the dreams. Apolline could only see flashes from Harry's former life, not enough to put a complete narrative together, but she could see the cupboard under the stairs, the blood on the mattress, and Hogwarts, so alike, and yet, so different. She felt his happiness in discovering magic, and how intimate he felt with it. But also saw the terror of his Dark Lord, a sociopath fueled by male frustration and rage. How could Harry endure all that and become a functional and loving person was nothing short of a miracle. But most of all, Apolline dreamed about those days Harry had in France, with a family that looked like hers, but she knew it was not, and how happy he made her daughter.

And, by the Goddess, he was addictive. Even after all they had done, she dreamed about having sex with him again, to have him inside her pumping in and out… in any entrance he wished. Apolline knew she was his. Like a teen, the experienced Veela came in her sleep.

When Apolline woke up that morning, the woman was sure that, if anyone could bring her daughter back, it was him.

.OvO.
Bella entered the kitchen to see what she could only call a big smiling family, a welcome sight after her exhausting meeting with Ted and Narcissa the day before. Harry was preparing French toast while Apolline finished an anecdote about her time in Hogwarts with Lily and Bella herself. Even Susan was smiling.

“I guess yesterday’s class was a success then?” The witch asked by the door, shifting all the attention towards her.

“It was more than okay, Bella.” Apolline answered with a big grin. “Best students I ever had.” The four teens blushed at her words, making Bella laugh. “I can tell that Mister and Missus Potter here graduated with louver!” The Veela’s voice sounded dreamy and Bella had a good idea of what had happened.

“Good. Do you have a decision, Harry and Rose?” Bella asked seating on her usual place, at the head of the table.

“Well actually, the way the case was presented to me I didn't seem to have…” Harry guiltily trailed off before a giggling Rose intervened.

“What Mister Big Boy here wants to say is yes mom, we are in, all the way.”

“That is good… I think… are you sure about that Rose, no one will force you to do anything.” Bella said with a worried voice.

“Yes, mom… it's a way for us all to be stronger together and to stay together.” Rose said looking at Harry, who smiled back.

“It’s just that it is something that has not been done in a long time and when people find out we are going to get a lot of shit…” Bella rolled her eyes.

“Bellatrix Black, language!” Apolline joked.

“I'm used to getting shit from everyone but my friends already, mom.” Rose’s tone was hard, and Harry could feel her anger. “At least this time it's for something I'm really doing.”

“Hey…” Susan called. “Fuck them!” The red haired said before turning as red as her hair, making everyone laugh.

“Well.” Bella continued. “My meeting with the solicitors was also productive. Everything is set for the hearing on the Prophet’s case. And Susan, we also worked on your case. Ted says you have a good chance on your claim. And Houses Black and Potter will support you if Amelia tries to make it hard. The only way for you to have better chances was with a marriage contract, but that is a far shoot, I think.”

Susan looked at Harry and blushed.

“Yes… for now I think it is…” Susan murmured, more to herself.

“Also, Gabby, I got a letter from Minerva, you're going to be Sorted the same day as Harry.” Bella waved.

“I hope we get at the same house…” The young Veela said, looking at Harry with a predatory grin.

“Well, I guess that was all the adult stuff for now, I guess I will just eat my delicious breakfast!” Bella said before biting her toast, only to see Apolline rolling her eyes.
Rose wrote a quick letter to both Tracey and Daphne, asking to meet them later today, or tomorrow at the latest, the important thing was to get them all together. She gave the letters to Hedwig and Bertrand, petting their feathers before they left.

“Rose?” Someone asked at the door. Rose turned as the birds took flight, to find Gabrielle at the door.

“Hey Gabby! How are you? I mean, yesterday was pretty…crazy?”

Gabrielle had a mischievous smile on her face.

“It was pretty intense, oui, but also reaaaaally hot, don't?”

“It sure was…” Rose bit her lip. “Gabby, are we insane for doing this?” Rose asked, letting her guard down a little. The young witch trusted Gabrielle, the Veela understood a lot of what she's been through. They even had been through some together.

“Oui Rose, we kinda are. But again, is us against the world, non? It always was and seems it will always be...” Gabby lowered her voice, full of anger and frustration.

Rose bit her lip again, she knew, if it was bad for her, it was even worse for Gabrielle. Sometimes, the green eyed witch really hated her world.

“Yes Gabby…” Rose hugged her sister. “And we will be always together. Now more than never.”

Gabrielle embraced her friend back. They loved each other, they really did. And both missed Fleur.

“Well…” Gabrielle continued. “I wanted to talk with you about Harry…”

“Hey, you know how to pronounce it right?!”

“Of course I do, but he loves when I said it the other way and Susan gets mad.” The smile over the young Veela's face was deliciously evil.

“Minx!”

“I know I am… but what I was saying, can I borrow Harry for this afternoon? Do you mind?”

Actually, Rose did, a little, but she was not about to her tell.

“To do what? And why are you asking me? I'm not his owner or anything.” Rose shrugged.

Gabrielle giggled.

“Come on Rose. You know you kinda are, if you ask, he will do anything you want. And after the bonding, we are going to be so close, that asking will no longer matter...” The Veela had a hungry, dreamy look, but not so much at Rose herself.

“Girl, your family really is into him...” Rose rolled her eyes.
“I would be into you too if you wanted, but I'm not Mioonee …” Gabrielle shrugged, she hated the bushy-haired know it all, the girl was the most judgmental person she has ever known. “I know best Rose. As for what to do with Harry, I was thinking ice cream, some talking and maybe, some kissing…”

Rose smiled.

“You want to know him better?”

“Hey, you had a two months head start! He makes my Veela magic soar, and dance and sing, but I need to know if he is more than that, otherwise you would not be head over heels for the guy.” Gabrielle rolled her eyes.

“Hey!” Rose sounded almost outraged.

“Am I lying?”

“Hmpf… no… you're not. Susan didn't notice though.”

“Because she is in love too. She's just denying it.”

Rose looked at Gabby and nodded, it made sense. The young Veela held her with both hands and looked with pleading eyes. “I want a chance to fall in love too, for the first time, before my Veela desires take the best of me, like on the first day. Are you okay with that?”

Rose thought for a second, before realizing she really was more than okay with. The witch somehow knew that the connection she had with Harry was of another kind, maybe even deeper than any of the other girls could have.

“Yes Gabby, I'm okay, actually, I'm glad! Let's go find lover boy!”

.OvO.

“Hey!” Harry exclaimed in a mockery annoyed tone. “I'm the one who should ask you on a date!”

“Nah, that's just a outdated social convention ‘Arry, and I'm a modern woman.” Gabrielle leaned on him, poking his chest playfully.

Harry was actually happy, he himself had planned to do something like that, not only for Gabby, but also Rose and if she was comfortable with that, Susan. Even with the shit storm they faced after, Harry had fond memories about his date with Rose at the movie, and the quick trip to the Diagon Alley with the three girls could not be classified as a date. Harry was also curious about Gabrielle as well. In his world, she was barely a teen, six years younger than him. Gabby here was almost Rose’s age and they had been friends their entire lives. The wizard looked at Apolline, which whom he was talking to in the library before the girls entered.

“No problem, just come back to me at night. Both of you! The bond is still new and we need to reinforce it…and please, look after my baby.” The Veela smiled. Apolline knew from the memories she saw that Harry would rather die than let anything happen to her daughter. And she pitied anyone who tried.
Gabrielle giggled and happily jumped.

“I will be back in twenty minutes!” And she sprinted out the library. Harry rolled his eyes at the beautiful girl's enthusiasm and looked at Rose.

“Are you cool with that?” He asked.

Rose shrugged. “Actually, yes Harry. You just get to owe me one more date.” Rose moved in and kissed his lips.

“I just hope to live up to her expectations, I'm not really date material… Ouch!” Rose slapped Harry in the arm, interrupting him.

“Shut up, our date was great!”

“Also…” Apolline said with a sad look. “You know how hard it is for ‘us’ to actually date.”

Yes, Harry knew. As he walked to his own room in order to change and clean up, he knew what Gabrielle probably wanted. To feel like a normal sixteen year old girl for a while.

Harry waited for Gabrielle, and, to her credit, she took around thirty minutes to get ready. When the girl came down the stairs, the wizard almost couldn't believe how simple and yet how beautiful she looked. Gabrielle was dressed in a light pink strap summer dress that floated around her legs, ending just above her knees. Her silver blond hair glowing around her face like a halo, cascading over her shoulders.

“You...look amazing…” Harry said to her with honesty.

“Thank you ‘Arry.” Gabrielle could not believe she was blushing, it was not even close to the first time she heard that, but Harry said with such sincerity that she felt a warm wave of happiness.

“Ready to go?” The young wizard asked with a smile.

“Oui, but how? Train, taxi?”

Harry gave her a mischievous grin and grabbed Gabrielle by her waist, the girl made a “eeeep” sound before both disappeared with a pop.

“You can Apparate?” Gabrielle asked as soon as she got her breath back, standing in a deserted alley. Harry smiled.

“Yep, I know a trick or two and the Ministry here can't track me, so don't worry. It was the faster way for us to get here.” Harry shrugged and smiled, as if it was the most normal thing ever.

“And where exactly is ‘here’ Mister Potter? I hope is not some dusty old street.” Gabrielle waved around. The only thing she knew was that they were close to the ocean, the smell of salt water was unmistakable.

“Nah, you're gonna like this.” Harry held her hand and walked outside the alley. Gabrielle beamed, they were really next to the sea, the wind blowing her silk like hair and floating dress. There was a little street with some small stores and restaurants and a few people enjoying the water on the hot day. But what really got her attention was the big pier, extending for a long way over the waves, and the amusement park over it. Harry felt a wave of magic as her Allure hit him, nice and warm, like a
hug, when the smiling girl looked at his face and excitedly kissed his lips.

“Sorry, sorry…” Gabrielle apologized, before taking a deep breath and controlling her own aura.

“It's okay, Gabby. Really.” Harry tried to say.

“No… I don't want you to fall just for my Allure…”

Harry sighed, he had already been through something like this before in his own world. It was easier to show her later, he decided.

“So…this is Brighton, I came here once, when I was a kid, but in my world there was not a Ferris wheel, nice!” Harry sounded almost like a kid, and offered her his arm. “Ice cream first?”

“Lead the way, kind sir!” Gabrielle giggled, taking the offered arm and getting as close to him as she could.

.OvO.

After Gabrielle and Harry left, Rose decided to look for Apolline and Bella. The young witch needed to talk with them about something, something that was eating her. Rose found both women at the living room, with Susan, discussing what to do if the request for emancipation was a success.

“You will have access to the Bones seat at the 'mot, and, although a legal adult, I believe it's still important for you to complete your education at Hogwarts.” Bella had assumed her ‘motherly’ voice, to both Susan and Rose’s amusement. “But at the same time your seat can't be vacant. You will need to appoint a representative to hold it in your stead. Someone you trust and that will honor your ideals when voting.”

“And,” Apolline interject. “If you so choose to join us, to help on the protection of the Coven.”

Susan seemed to think about it for an instant.

“Can I choose you, Aunt Bella?”

“As honored as I am for you asking me, dear, I don't think it's a good idea.” Bella answered.

“Why?” Susan seemed confused.

“Because mom already has the votes of two Ancient and Noble Houses…” Everyone turned at Rose as she spoke while entering the living room. “It's too much influence for just one person. If she had the votes of three Noble Houses, people would starting voting against her out of pure pettiness. Believe me, that is something I know about.” The girl rolled her emerald eyes and Bella nodded in accordance.

“Well.” Susan said. “It's something I need to think about, then.”

“Sorry to interrupt…” Rose apologized, but the three other women waved her away. “But I really needed to talk to you…”

“Of course Rose, anytime.” Bella brought the girl closer to her. “I imagine it's something about the bond?”
“Yes…” Rose said, as Apolline got up and hugged her. Rose felt a reassuring feeling bleeding through the bond. Susan was listening attentively.

Rose looked at them and took a deep breath, she needed to talk about it, it was something that was eating her from the inside. Bella and Apolline waited tentatively.

“Are you feeling jealous, Rose?” To everyone's surprise, it was Susan who asked.

“No! I mean… yes… but it's not like you are thinking… it's complicated” Rose answered.

“So, what it is dear?” Apolline asked.

Rose took a deep breath. She didn't know how to say, she had acted without thinking again.

“I think… listen…” Rose tried. “I had never felt so close to anyone as I do to Harry, and before you say it, I know it's insane, Sue, we met barely two months ago… but I simply do…”

“You two have a special soul connection, so it's…” Apolline said.

“Do we?” Rose interrupted, feeling so insecure and vulnerable that she wanted to scream. Now Bella and Apolline looked surprised at the girl.

“What do you mean Rose?” Bella sounded worried.

“I mean… I really like him, I really, really do. I know you all do too. I think… I'm...I may be in love. Which is so weird , I'm in love with myself? How narcissistic is that? But that is not the point. The point is, I think Harry doesn't trust me…” Rose said, nervously waving her hands all over herself.

“Why would you say that?” Apolline asked. The Veela had sensed Harry's feelings, she knew how much he carried about the witch in front of them.

“It all dawned on me after we bonded, Aunt Pol.” Rose tried to explain. “I dreamed about you, I could see some of your memories, relive some of the moments… and I know for a fact that mom had seen some of his memories as well… but I can't see nothing from him…” Rose was crying now. “It's like he is blocking those from me. Why doesn't he trust me?”

Bella quickly hugged Rose and caressed her black hair. That was something Rose always feared, that the people she loved didn't trust her.

“Oh dear… you got it all wrong…” Bella said.


“He is not blocking those memories from you Rose…” Apolline said with a sad tone. “Harry is blocking them from himself. Harry is trying to hide from his own pain…”

“You see Ro…” Bella said. “He didn't choose to show me those memories. I believe Harry wouldn't like anyone to see what I accidentally saw Rose.”

“Why?”

“He fought a war, dear. A terrible, gruesome one, he saw many people he loved die, some in a very terrible way and he sacrificed himself so the few ones that survived could have a chance. And, instead of finally getting to rest, he was thrown here. I don't think Harry himself wants to remember the things I saw, hon. And as you and him are so close, he is unconsciously shielding you as well.” Bella was holding her hands. “He is suffering from PTSD, like those soldiers from Vietnam, Kuwait,
Croatia or Somalia, or our own wars against Grindelwald and Lady V, and he needs us to help him deal with the pain.”

“Harry believes that if he saves you, if he can keep you away from suffering like he did, he will be able to deal with his own pain.” Apolline continued. “But, at some moment, he will have to deal with it. That will be when he will need you the most. And we all will be there for you.”

Rose remained silent, absorbing the women words. “That is the reason he was so quick to be okay with all of this? It must be…” Rose thought. The emerald eyed girl looked at Susan who had tears in her eyes and moved to hug the girl. She let her friend sob on her shoulder, trying to understand her mother's and aunt's words.

Harry needed her, and she was not going to let him down. Rose had this saving people thing after all.

.OvO.

Pistachio!

Pistachio ice cream! Harry had just discovered the best flavor ever.

“How could no one, in two different dimensions nonetheless, ever tell me this delicious thing existed!” Harry held the cone with the greenish cold sweet and smiled. Gabrielle was laughing, holding her own strawberry cheesecake flavored one. There were somethings that Muggles did better than magical people, and ice cream was one of those.

Gabrielle on her hand, was having a great time. Not only Harry was not a babbling mess talking to her, he was kinda funny and really charming.

Harry asked what she liked and actually listened to her, she was the one who suggested the pistachio, something he had never tried. All she had to do was keep her Allure in check. Or so the young Veela thought.

As they walked through the pier, people could not help but stare at them. They were a young and strangely good looking couple. Harry had this roguish look, with his lean body, messy hair and clever green eyes, almost like a star in a action movie, and Gabrielle was so beautiful that it was almost ethereal and unnatural. Almost like she was floating over the pier with her flowing dress and silver hair.

“You know…” Harry said, after finishing his ice cream. “I cannot stress how much I admire you and Rose.”


“I know what it's liked to be watched and judged, it sucks. And you two have it ten times worse, just because you're women. It is not fair.” Harry answered.

“I know… but at least we have each other, and our friends right?” Gabrielle shrugged.

“True, that is:”

“But I will admit…” Gabrielle decided to test Harry's reaction. “That sometimes it's hard to get a
hold of myself. Sometimes I just wake up hating everything and everyone…” her voice was low and harsh, and Harry knew she was speaking the truth.

“And you want to set the world right on fire?” Harry said with a sad smile.

“Oui! I know, it makes me a bad person…”

“Nah, I feel the same. Those people have no idea what you and I have been through. But let me tell you Gabby, I saw a world burnt. It wasn’t worth it. Not in any way” Harry said, looking at the water.

“But… how do you deal with it? I know, I act all angry and brave, but in the end…” Gabrielle looked at his fierce green eyes.

“Just let them look…” Harry looked at her and gave her a smile. The same smile Rose used to give when she was sure of something. The same one that broke the Twins.

Gabrielle absorbed his words. She leaned down and kissed him, deeply and lovingly, and was delighted when he kissed her back. The Veela inside her sang and Gabrielle could feel her magic reacting happily to the contact.

“Come on, let me win you some silly prizes. To compensate my male ego.” Harry winked at her and Gabrielle giggled.

“Lead away Mister Prideful.”

They walked hand to hand to the games parlor and Gabrielle felt happy with the skin contact, their fingers entwined and touching shoulders letting her feel comfortable and safe. After a while, even the looks from the other men stopped bothering her. Although she kept feeling jealous from the other girls eyeing her date. Today Harry was hers!

With battlefield and Quidditch formed reflexes and movements, Harry found the games easy enough to just relax and have fun. The best part was the reward kisses he got from Gabrielle every time be won a big amount of tickets. Harry was getting really fond of the girl, she was smart and fun, although a little evil sometimes in her jokes. But Harry could understand. If prejudice was half as bad here as it was on his plane, he also would have turned sour earlier. In the end he got her enough tickets for a stuffed little ugly unicorn. They got on some rides and ate fast food, like two normal teens.

“Sorry…” he said, a little embarrassed.

“Don't be…” Gabrielle hugged the weird toy. “I will love mister ugly just because you won it for me. It was really fun!”

“I had a lot of fun too, Gabby. But, before we go, we need to go on just one more ride.” Harry winked at her. The Veela didn't know why, but Gabrielle blushed furiously when he looked at her like that with those emerald globes.

They walked to the ferris wheel and got into one of the little cabins, just the two of them. Gabrielle looked around the beach, the city and the sea, drinking in Harry's closeness as the big steal death trap made her slow ascending turn.

“It's nice to look things from up here, don't?” Gabrielle asked looking around the pier and the small street.
“Yes, it's beautiful…” Harry answered. Gabrielle turned to him, ready to retort that beaches in France were prettier when she noticed he was not talking about the place. Harry was looking firmly at her...only her. Gabrielle blushed again. Harry held her hand with a soft, non invasive touch.

“Gabby… you can let go now… you don't need to worry about me…” Harry whispered.

“Harry… I don't want to do this with you… I don't want you to like me because of this…” The young Veela had teary eyes, looking at his reassuring gaze.

“Please Gabby, trust me. Let it go and enjoy yourself. Trust me.” Harry squeezed her hand and smiled. That smile.

Gabrielle took a deep breath and relaxed, letting it all out. Her Allure, which had been building and held up the entire day, hit Harry like a punch. Harry knew he was resistant to it, but it affected him nonetheless. He felt his senses numb and his dick quickly hardening, for a second it was like Gabrielle had a halo around her and she had become even more beautiful.

Gabrielle felt the relief of letting her nature be free, and, as she expected, all her Allure was instantly directed to the boy in front of her, the object of her own desires. For an eternal second, she felt the fear creeping down on her as his eyes became glazed and went wide open. The girl was afraid that she had ruined everything. But, instead of grabbing her, or babbling nonsense, Harry smiled as his eyes returned to focus. A soft, genuine smile.

“I told you…” Harry whispered and brought her head to rest at his chest, gently stroking her hair. Gabrielle felt like crying in joy. The Veela let her Allure flow, she could be true to her nature and he just held her and talked to her like a normal person. Harry felt Their magic touching each other, dancing and combining into something else. Just like with Apolline, just like with… Fleur.

But Gabrielle knew she had to control herself back before the ride was over, for the normal people over the pier, but she wanted to give him at least one true kiss with her guards down before it. She got up from her wizard's chest and softly captured his lips. Their tongues touched and it was magical. Gabrielle felt like she was melting in his mouth, the kiss was not like anything she ever felt. It was passionate, loving and sensual. Sparks of magic and dreams running through it. Her mom was right. Harry knew his Veela. And right now, she was his Veela.

.OvO.

When they finally returned home, a happy Harry was assaulted by Rose passionately hugging and kissing him. Gabrielle just looked at them and giggled.

“Wow, someone really missed me…” Harry stated in confusion.

“Oh, shut up prat!” Rose said in between kisses. “Harry…” The witch looked deep in his eyes, green meeting green “Remember we are in this together right? You and me.”

“Always Rose…” Harry deeply kissed her back.

That night, Rose was the one sleeping between Harry and Apolline.
Harry woke up drowning in amazing sensations all over his body; it took him some time to gather courage to open his eyes, afraid that he was still dreaming. The warm, wet feeling around his morning wood together with the sucking sound made him shiver. Someone else started kissing his jawline and neck and Harry smiled.

The wizard opened his eyes to see Rose happily kissing his collarbone and chest, and following his line of sight, the enticing view of the beautiful Apolline Delacour bobbing her head up and down, fitting his entire nine inches inside her mouth. The Veela was humming some kind of song while she sucked, the vibrations on her throat making Harry's cock feel unbelievably good. Rose called his attention back, biting his lip, exerting a moan from the young wizard.

“Good morning, Harry,” The green eyed witch said, lifting her torso up, revealing her beautify B sized breasts with their ever so inviting dark pink nipples. “Aunt Pol, would you please?”

Without releasing his member, the Veela got her wand and pointed at Harry, humming on his dick again. The wizard felt the familiar shiver and the mint taste in his mouth from the morning refreshing charm.

“Thank you,” Harry said, softly caressing Apolline’s silver hair and turned to Rose. “To what… do I owe… this pleasant… morning?”

Rose leaned down and kissed him, darting her tongue inside his mouth and battling for dominance. Harry felt the jolts of magic running through them, the desire to hold her and love her. Their kiss was a long, passionate and deep and he felt like Rose was the part of him he was missing.

“We saw how happy Gabby was when you came back.” Rose said when they parted. “We both think you deserve a reward.”

“Being with her…. Aaaaaah…” Apolline ran her tongue over his entire length. “Was reward… enough… damn… that is good!”

“Oh, come on Harry… don't be such a noble git! We just want an excuse to fuck you!” Rose rolled her eyes and grinned mischievously.

Harry decided to play their game.

“As if you needed an excuse for that,” Harry said.

Harry moved swiftly and firmly grabbed the girl's hips, moving her on top of him until she was
straddling his head. The wizard found himself staring at her already dripping, swollen cunt. Rose had very puffy and soft labia under a small bush of soft messy black pubes. Her trembling clit softly peeping out of its hood, Rose was so wet that her juices dripped all over Harry's face; the wizard loved it.

“Potter is feeling frisky today?” Rose asked before Harry lifted his head and licked the entire length of her slit, opening her labia with his tongue. Rose made an 'eeep' sound as she came back down and pressed his tongue against her entrance.

“Oh yes… that's good Harry!” The girl moaned. Harry brought his hands to Rose’s ass and grabbed her unbelievably firm and round cheeks, he was still amazed by how beautiful her ass was.

Meanwhile, Apolline worshiped Harry's hard prick, she let it out of her mouth with a sucking pop and pressed her face against it. The Veela purred like a cat as she licked and caressed Harry's dick. Apolline felt intoxicated with his scent, his taste and, after a final lick around the pulsing head, shoved it back into her mouth.

Harry licked Rose’s lower lips one more time before concentrating on her clitoris; circling it, savoring the girl's taste. Rose moaned when he suddenly stopped.

“Nooooo… please… no teasing Harry…” Rose called, her hands strongly grasping his hair.

“Oh no, luv, no teasing, I'm just stepping up the game,” Harry said with a grin. “Pol, please, a little help?”

Apolline lifted her head and saw Harry looking at her from behind Rose’s hips, nodding his head at her and then spread the girl's almost perfect ass cheeks, exposing her pulsating pink anus. The Veela promptly understood the wizard’s idea and instinctively licked her lips. Apolline dove into Rose’s ass, the Veela’s tongue looking for the girl's soft little hole. Rose screamed both in surprise and pleasure.

Apolline could not believe herself; she was eating her own niece’s asshole, her own saliva flowing freely from Rose’s ass into Harry's mouth under the girl's pussy and loving each second of it. The woman hasn't felt like this since her youthful years with James, Lily, and Bella and, a little after that with, Jacques. Harry's magic touched her, did things to her, that only now she was starting to comprehend. It was not only her core that was increasing, or his memories running through her mind; Apolline felt like a horny teen again. The Veela who believed she had lost every chance of happiness in this area of her life was now feeling alive again.

Harry dove back onto Rose’s clit, licking and sucking the hard nub. He felt her hands grabbing his hair almost forcefully as she screamed.

“OH FUCK! THAT IS SO… FUCK!”

Harry smiled in her cunt. The wizard took a deep breath and hissed against her clitoris, reciting the lyrics of one of the songs he heard her sing in Parseltongue. His tongue vibrated quickly over her abused clit and Rose started grinding his face while Apolline’s tongue applied pressure on her back door.

“FUUUUUUUUCK! FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!” Rose's mind was almost going blank, the sensations from her pussy and her ass were almost too much. What Harry was doing with his tongue was so delicious, she felt like fainting, while Apolline masterfully worked her ass. The emerald-eyed witch grabbed her wizard's hair like a lifeline. She felt so close to him and so close to Apolline; but she couldn't take much more, her orgasm was building fast and strong.
“I'M CUMMING, I'M CUUUUUMMING!” Rose screamed and Harry was the happy recipient of a jolt of juices over his mouth, face, and neck. The boy opened his eyes wide as the echoes of her climax reverberated on him, and unexpected sensation that threw him over his own peak.

“Oh GAWD!” He moaned.

Apolline had never let his cock go; all the while she licked Rose’s ass, the Veela kept her soft hands on his hard prick. Feeling it vibrate, the Veela moved fast and engulfed the swollen head just in time to get the second shot of hot, thick cum into her mouth. The older woman swallowed it, and the next one, feeling his magic merge into her own and make her stronger. It was a feeling so good that the witch had gone through a small orgasm herself. The Veela licked and sucked until not even one drop of it was left.

Rose, on the other hand, collapsed on the bed, panting and smiling and giggling as the waves of pleasure and happiness ran through her. Harry turned and looked at the girl, amazed by how someone he knew for so little time could be that important to him.

.OvO.

The fireplace in the living room roared with green flames and Rose watched two girls walking out of it. Tracey was dressing blue shorts, revealing her nice legs, and a red blouse that nicely hugged her form: her dirty blond hair made into a high ponytail and sporting her usual smiling face. Daphne walked beside her, dressed in a beautiful lace summer dress, with a skirt that finished high above her knee, showing her long legs. The witch’s black hair was combed back and held by a serpent hair broach. Daphne had her usual aloof smile, looking at Rose, Susan and Gabby with curious interest. The first thing Rose noticed however, was that Tracey was heavily whimpering.

“Are you ok Tracey?” The green eyed girl asked, hugging her friend. “Did you hurt your leg?”

Tracey scoffed and waved her hand.

“Had a run with some of Dudley's old chaps, but it's okay.”

“Dudley did this to you?” Rose asked, clenching her fists, her eyes glowed and a cracking sound announced a decorative pot cracking at the other side of the room. Tracey and Daphne were taken aback by the sheer magical force from their friend; Gabrielle and Susan could see some other objects trembling around the room.

“No, Ro! Calm down.” Tracey replied. “He actually helped me. He fought Piers and Malcolm to help me.”

“He did what?” Rose couldn't believe her ears as her magic subsided.

“It's true, Rose.” Daphne said, rubbing her friend's back, she kept it up until she felt the girl finally relaxing. “Wow, what was that?”


“It's true!” Susan hugged and kissed her newly arrived friends.

“What, Harry made Rose’s magic more powerful?” Daphne asked, incredulously.
“Oui, and not only hers,” Gabrielle raised her eyebrows.

“How?” Daphne asked.

Rose blushed.

“Calm down, I will explain… that's why I called you here…” Rose tried to say, and Daphne noticed the embarrassment of both Rose and Susan, and the mischievous grin on Gabby’s face.

“He isn't your cousin, right?” Tracey shot and Rose nodded. “Ha! I knew it!”

Daphne quietly look at the three girls, studying them carefully. One could almost see the cogs turning on her head.

“Is he Susan's Harry… the one I dreamt about…” Susan nodded shyly. “And all the three of you feel something for him.”

Susan blushed, but Rose and Gabby just shrugged.

“We are easy to read.” Rose waved, as if Daphne had just stated the most simple thing.

“Ok where is he, I want to see him. I want to see if he is like that picture in the prophet.” Tracey said, looking excited.

“You have no idea…” Susan murmured, but not low enough as the other girls looked at her smiling.

“Well well well, Susy, Susy,” Tracey passed an arm to the red haired witch shoulders. “And here I was thinking you would end up a witches witch.”

Susan blushed furiously.

“Well, why can't I have both?” Susan had the courage to say, but not without blushing. “And Harry is…”

“Exactly what I say to this lot!” Tracey waved to the other girls. “But I guess things are how they are,” The blond giggled. “Now, where is this delicious meal?”

Rose rolled her eyes.

“He is downstairs, practicing. I should be there with him but I needed to talk with you girls first.”

“Wait, how he can use magic outside the school?” Daphne asked.

“I will explain to you later, but basically, his wand doesn't have the Trace. And, for some things, I don't even think he needs a wand at all…” Rose trailed off leading the girls to the basement.

“Not his wood one at least!” Tracey laughed.

They reach the door for the cellar, where Bella had implemented a training room after she took the house from Sirius fifteen years ago. The room was magically shielded, much like the TV room, so no magical backlash affected the house. Also, the walls and pillars were magically reinforced and she had purchased a series of animated training dummies that would repair themselves after they were damaged. The ex-Auror used the room frequently and now Harry and Rose did as well.

“Where is Bella?” Daphne asked before Rose opened the door.
“At Hogwarts, setting up the last transfer papers for Gabby and Harry with Apolline and Professor Dumbledore,” Rose answered.

“So, he will be at school with us…” Daphne said, but more to herself. Rose touched the door and turned to her friends with an pleading expression. “Please, don’t freak out.”

.OvO.

Harry was panting, sweat dripping from his face and naked torso, all the dummies destroyed and scattered on the ground around the room. The wizard was so focused that he didn’t even notice the five girls looking at him beyond the shields. Harry waved his wand and a series of numbers appeared out of thin air in front of him.

“Argh!” Harry grunted. “To slow. Again!” The sweat covered boy pointed his wand to the rune in the floor and the training dummies started repairing themselves. After just a few seconds, Harry found himself surrounded by twelve of them, all of them pointing fake wands at him. The dummies were charmed to move quickly and shoot Stingers in rapid succession, non-lethal but extremely painful ones. Harry liked that Bella knew how to train her daughter. “She probably learned it from Moody,” Harry thought, their styles were too alike to be coincidence.

Harry needed to get more comfortable with his sixteen year old body again. Although his magic remained the same, his reflexes and muscle memories were not and he missed his rune marks. Fleur had helped him carve them on himself when he was seventeen, almost like magical tattoos. Harry imagined if he would be able to do it again here.

Not even a second after the last dummies got repaired, the closer ones started shooting at him. And to the girl's surprise, Harry smiled.

Tracey watched in awe as the shirtless boy, dressed only in his cargo shorts and a training shirt got surrounded by a dozen dummies, who all started shooting at him at the same time. And then, Harry vanished!

The boy vanished and the stinger hit the place where he was standing as he appeared two feet to the left, she barely registered his wand moving before the dummies was cut in half, he ducked another stinger and the head of another dummy exploded before he vanished again and appeared behind another dummy, piercing a hole the size of a tennis ball on its chest; all in silence.

The girls watched as he moved with feral elegance, his lean but muscular figure contracting and relaxing. Tracey saw his chest and abs moving and instinctively licked her lips. The way he moved, his determined face, his power and those glowing eyes, just like Rose’s. Damn, Harry was hot.

“My God, it’s like watching Vegeta train but in real life!” Tracey whispered to herself.

Unknown to Tracey, Daphne was lost in her own thoughts at her side. The usually calm and collected Slytherin was at the verge of a break down. “It's him, it really is him! He's here! He is real!” She kept repeating to herself as Harry flew through the dummies, vanishing and appearing, cutting and smashing like a deadly ghost. The girl almost lost control of her own magic as she watched him. Every dream, both happy and painful coming back to her. Harry was here, in front of her, living, breathing, and fighting. All the witch wanted was to call his name, to grab him and say
everything would be alright.

Daphne took a deep breath and calmed herself. She tried to rationalize things, like she always did. As far as she was concerned, she barely knew him. All she had were still images from his life she had drawn; his life with her. The witch shivered.

“Rose,” Daphne’s voice was almost a whisper. “We need to talk… but not here.”

Rose nodded.

“It’s no use when he is like that anyway.” The green eyes witch looked at her counterpart. There were the times she was reminded that he’d fought a war, that he was a warrior; taking lives just as much as he could give. “He will come to us later. Let's get to the kitchen and get something to drink, it’s hot as hell here!”

“Hear hear! Hot as hell indeed!” Tracey said, looking right at her new object of desire as he crushed his way through the room.

“Holy shit!” Tracey exclaimed, looking wide eyed to Rose and Susan. ”Are you fucking kidding me? He came from the bloody Veil! Holy shit, holy shit, holy! Shit! I am impressed!” The blond witch took a big gulp of her butterbeer.

“Oui Tracey, we noticed,” Gabrielle giggled.

Daphne heard everything in silence. Of course, it all made sense in a weird kind of way. The boy of her imagination, Susan’s imaginary friend, was a version of their own best friend. A very male, very desirable, version.

“Well,” Rose continued. “It gets even weirder…”

“How is that even possible?” Tracey was loving each second of it, she was now very happy she had sent that picture to the hot piece destroying the world downstairs. If Susan or Gabby hadn't already claimed him, she was ready to make a move. To know he was Rose’s boy version was just a nice kinky bonus.

“Tracey, it's Rose,” Susan smiled. “Since when does anything normal happen around her? Now, imagine it times two! And Hermione already hates him!”

“Bloody hell, bigot queen hates him already? Can he be more perfect?” Tracey rolled her eyes.

Daphne looked at Rose, who just returned her gaze and nodded.

“Continue Rose, I have a feeling this will affect all of us,” the black haired girl said.

“I sure hope to get affected!” Tracey raised her bottle and winked.

“Pervert!” Gabrielle called.

“Look who's talking, I bet you can't keep your panties dry next to him,” Tracey called back.
“Oh, I can assure you of that!” Gabrielle decided to play the blond’s game. “In fact, my knickers are wet right now just for watching him training and remembering the way he kissed me!”

“You kissed him already!?” Tracey asked as Rose facepalmed. Daphne watched her friend’s signals; Rose’s consternation, Susan’s blushing, and Gabrielle’s dreamy voice. Realization started to come to her.

“Gabby, that’s not how I wanted to start this conversation,” Rose said and the Veela just shrugged.

“What, that Gabby has been kissing him?” Asked Tracey.

“They all are Tracey. All three of them,” Daphne concluded, waving at her friends. Tracey’s mouth opened and closed a couple of times before turning into a wide grin.

“Okay, spit it out!”

“I’m trying, but you just don’t shut up.” Rose was starting to get annoyed with the incapable of silence friend. Tracey raised both her hands in surrender. “Okay… do you girls know what a Channeler is?”

.OvO.

Harry walked up the stairs thinking about if he needed to shower before Daphne and Tracey arrived, it would do no good meeting them all sweaty and dirty. He was also not quite satisfied, he had taken his circuit time down by almost one second but he was still just a shadow of his former self. Thinking about that, with his shirt over his shoulder, he walked into the kitchen just to find five pairs of eyes looking piercingly at him.

For a moment, Harry felt really self conscious in his shirtless and sweaty state. He tried and succeed in not blushing.

Tracey’s laugh got his attention and he saw her, beside Rose, with her easy going smile. The blond witch looked just like he remembered with her bright light caramel eyes and round little nose, just her hair was a little shorter. Then he was hit by a train.

Daphne.

Her luxurious black hair, well shaped point nose, and ice blue eyes, and thin lips complemented the firm jawline so common among the Pureblood families. She was looking directly at him with an unreadable expression, just like the first time he saw her in his own world.

His magic reacted strongly to both girls but it was Daphne who captured his sight. The magical waves flowed from him and every girl at the table could feel it. Rose and Susan suppressed a moan but Gabrielle had not such restraints. The young Veela moaned loud and bit her lip, bringing all eyes onto her. The girl shrugged and laughed, breaking the ice in the room.

“I’m Harry.” The wizard finally could say to Daphne and Tracey. “Nice meeting you…and sorry for my sweaty state.” He smiled at them.

“No problem at all babe.” Tracey licked her lips, intentionally this time, making Rose roll her eyes. “I’m Tracey, but I bet you already know that.”
“Sure do Tracey, hi Miss Greengrass.” Harry said, a touch more restrained. The witch just nodded at
him. A shadow came over his eyes for an instant, before he turned to Rose.

“Sorry for interrupting I think I'll take a shower; if you need me, just call.”

“Sure Harry.” Rose answered and he walked out of the kitchen. Rose felt the hurt through their link,
and looked at Daphne who had her eyes glued in the table.

“Great. Another Hermione...but this time it’s from Daphne,” The thought passed through the link
from Harry to Rose, without the wizard realizing. “I should have expect that, but by the Old Ones, it
hurts.”

Daphne could feel the strange magic ebbing slowly away from her, much less warm than it was a
minute ago, and that magic touched her deeply. The clever witch knew it came from him and the
witch could feel how powerful it was; warm and protective. Something she never felt before,
especially from a person she never knew. Daphne's first instinct was to be afraid and fight it. No one
would control her life; but, as he walked away, and his magic subsided, not in the least because she
resisted it, the girl felt like a piece of her had gone with him.

Daphne had no idea how to deal with it. She decided she wanted to feel the warm magic again, but
on her own terms, her mind started running, making plans, until her attention was called back by
Tracey's high pitch voice.

“Holy shit, I felt that! Did you Daph? Of course you did!” The blond girl was excited. “That is
what you were talking about, right, Rose?”

“Yes.” The green eyed girl was still looking at Daphne, she knew how the other girl was important
to Harry before. “It shows his magic finds yours compatible.”

“I liked! It's all warm and fuzzy.” Tracey giggled. “What do you think Daph?”

Daphne looked at Rose, who gently smiled back.

“Is this some kind of magical compulsion, like the Veela allure? No offense Gabby.” Daphne asked.

“None taken Daphne.” Gabrielle waved her hand.

“No!” To everyone surprise, it was Susan who answered. “It's not like that, Daphne. I have been
here for weeks and believe me, I feel it hard. And he never moved on me without me asking and I
don't feel compelled to do anything I don't want to. I think its magic just saying that if we want it,
he's there. Daphne, it's really him. He will never force anything on anyone; he is amazingly
understanding.”

“Girl, you have it baaaaad…” Tracey giggled.

“And it's not only her,” Rose stated. “Harry needs us and we need him. I called you here so you got
a heads up before the party, when we will be surrounded by a lot of people. I am sure some other
women will react to his magic; I know he rejected Lavender already.”

“I like him even more now!” Tracey laughed. “I wish I could have seen her face!”

“It was priceless, and the way he cut her off was amazing.” Rose trailed off. “But Daphne, I
understand your fear, I really do. It took me a while to come into terms with everything.” Daphne
looked at her friend, with a pensive expression.
“What are you not telling us Rose? You are not just announcing some kind of polyamorous relationship here.” Daphne asked, her thoughts in such a turmoil she could barely grasp them. If there was one thing she hated, it was the feeling of confusion and lack of control.

“Nothing escapes you Daphne.” Rose smiled. “You see, his magic works in a very specific way. And it did not affected just the three of us.”

“No teasing around, Ro, tell us already.” Daphne felt she needed as much information as she could before facing him again.

Rose took a deep breath. She knew Daphne was going to be complicated. She was too afraid of losing control over things. The Slytherin girl had mastered even her own feelings, that's why she was called the Ice Queen. And she knew Harry was hurt; he probably wouldn't show it, that's who he was, but she couldn't blame Daphne. The girl truly barely knew him; all she had was the images from her drawings and Susan’s stories.

“Okay, here goes. Mom and aunt Pol are creating a coven around me and Harry.”

Tracey open her mouth in an “oh” motion, but Daphne didn't even flinch.

“If what you said about you and him is true, it makes perfect sense.” Daphne commented.

“Wait, what?” Tracey couldn't believe her friend. “This is awesome! I want in!”

This time Daphne looked at her friend in disbelief.

“You don't know him!”

“Yeah, but I do know Rose and everyone else. And she trusts him; she IS him! I loved that!” Tracey answered.

“Of course you do,” Daphne rolled her eyes. “Who's in this?”

“Gabby and I, and mom, and aunt Pol. That we are sure. Maybe Narcissa and Monica, but that still need to be formally confirmed.” Rose answered.

“Sue?” Daphne looked at her friend.

“I'm thinking about it… there are other matters happening right now, that I will tell you later.” Susan trailed off.

“The thing is that Harry's magic, combined with mine is too powerful and we need more for balance.”

At this point, Harry knocked on the door. Daphne could feel it again, reaching her, warm and soft. But this time was different, almost like his magic was holding back, afraid. It had changed, almost like he was afraid of her. Maybe it was her first reaction? Daphne felt she'd lost something she didn't even know she had.

“Hello ladies,” Harry said. “I think we can be properly introduced now, my name is Harry James Potter, and I am Roses cou.”

“You can cut the facade, Harry.” Tracey smiled getting up. “Rose told us who you really are!” Harry was taken aback by the hugging blond. She smelled really good and his magic responded to her own. “That's for saving Rose and Sue.”
“Thank you.” Harry smiled. “I thought that picture you sent was for that.” Harry smiled mischievously at her.

“Nah, that one is for your wanking sessions and I want one from you in return.” Tracey winked. Harry and Rose laughed.

“I can assure you there is not much wanking going on here,” Gabrielle almost sung. “At least not the lonely kind.” The Veela made the most infuriatingly innocent puppy face.

“Ha! I knew it!” Tracey sat back.

Harry looked at Daphne and nodded with a shy smile.

“Potter…” Daphne said in a monotone voice, and immediately cursed herself for doing so.

“Greengrass…” Harry nodded and smiled. He grabbed the apron and moved to the stove.

“What are you doing?” Daphne asked.

“I'm going to make us lunch.” Harry simply said.

.OvO.

Harry actually thought about a lot of things during his shower, as he let the hot water wash some of the pain away, both physically and emotionally. In the end, Harry knew he had no right to expect anything from this Daphne. The one he knew and loved was gone now. And, yet, it hurt to see her there again.

Nonetheless, he decided to face the music and put on a brave face and got down to the kitchen in order to make lunch. Cooking always helped him focus and that was what Rose noticed. Harry cooked when he was nervous, just like he was doing now. The young wizard started gathering the ingredients under the avid looks from the girls. Feeling a little like an animal in a zoo, he decided to speak.

“Okay, seems like I'm here to stay, so, if any of you wants to ask something, I will answer to the best of my abilities.” Harry started chopping an onion. “There are some… details… that I'd rather not say, but I will do my best to answer anything.”

“Did you know all of us?” Daphne was quick to ask.

“Other than Rose for obvious reasons, yes.”

“Where you close to them?” Daphne asked again, and Harry looked right into her eyes, before returning to his onions.

“The Susan in my world was not very fond of me,” The boy said.

Susan blushed.

“Sorry.”

“Why? You are not her.” Harry simply shrugged. “But yes, other than Susan, I was pretty close to
them.” He walked to the magical fridge, without seeing the grin on Tracey’s face. Rose saw it and rolled her eyes.

“Tell me Harry, can I call you Harry? Of course I can. Tell me, in your super cool alternative dimension have you also see the other me topless?” The blond asked.

Gabrielle giggled and Rose facepalmed. Harry just shook his head in amusement.

“What if I say yes, Miss Davis?” Harry simply answered with a grin.

“Completely naked?” Tracey was having too much fun.

“Yes…” Harry raised an eyebrow.

Tracey licked her lips.

“Did she see you naked? Better yet, did she suck your cock or did you eat her…” In a flash Susan’s hand was over Tracey’s mouth, shushing the girl. As quickly as it came, Susan removed her hand screaming.

“Eeeeeew! She licked my hand!”

Harry had just rolled his eyes and came back to the fridge, collecting some eggs. The last ones, he noted.

“Harry?” Tracey called. “Were her tits exactly like mine?”

“What?” Harry turned a little confused to look at the girl, just to see Tracey lifting her shirt and flashing him her pretty C sized breasts. Her hard pink nipples pointing at him. His magic flared at the room, hitting the girls and as he jumped, all the eggs in his hand ended up on the ground.

“Shit, sorry Harry!” Tracey said, pulling her shirt down but with a wide smile in her face.

“Way to go Tracey!” Rose said, slapping her arm.

“Nah, that's okay.” Harry produced his wand and cast a simple scourgify at the mess, vanishing it. “But I do need more eggs. I'll go out and get some down the street.” The wizard waved, walking towards the door. “Be back in a few.” He called.

Right after Harry got out, Daphne suddenly got up from her chair, with a strange expression. The witch looked at Rose and said.

“I will be right back!” And she also left the kitchen.

OvO.

“Ooooook…” Tracey said after Daphne leave. “What did I miss?”

“Daphne is trying not to show her emotion.” Gabrielle said in a dreamy voice. “But she actually reacted pretty strongly to ‘Arry’s magic. Maybe the stronger of us all minus Rose. Her aura even changed.”
“Hmm… and why is that? And why he is so cautious around her?” The curious blond asked.

“Harry was really close to the Daphne in his world,” Rose said, looking at the door and trying to make sense of her friends actions.

“Really, did he tell you how close?” Tracey asked.

“Close enough to know about her ‘preferences’!” Rose said and Tracey’s face opened in a wild grin. “Oh, come on Tracey, you saw her drawings!” Rose rolled her eyes.

“You mean those things weren't just wishful thinking and fantasies? They really happened?”

“I believe so…”

“Niiiiiiice!” Tracey licked her lips, thinking about the incredible erotic and graphic sketches Daphne did of the now named Harry.

Meanwhile, Harry grabbed his wallet and moved to the front door. He was about to open it when a voice called him. “Harry?” He turned to see Daphne walking towards him. Harry thought she looked beautiful, with her piercing eyes, and the way her dress flew around her long legs, and her long luxurious hair cascading over her shoulders.

“Hey…” Was all he could say. “Way to go idiot, super articulate…” He thought.

“Can… can I go with you?” She asked.

“Um… sure.” He felt his magic reacting strongly to her but tried his hardest to control it. He could take a clue when needed.

Daphne on the other hand, felt his magic coming to hers and subsiding. She felt her own magic trying to reach him, craving him. It would be an interesting walk for both of them.

The wizard held the door open so she could pass. Daphne’s smell was exactly like how he remembered and Harry gulped with the memory.

“The store is not far, we should be back in no time,” He said, and Daphne only nodded back at him.

They walked in silence at first. Daphne enjoyed the feeling of his magic closer to her; the witch herself was not sure why she had come with him, only that she needed to know how comfortable she would be around him. The girl looked at Harry, as he scanned their surroundings, attempt to watch everything, something she found curious. His messy hair and bright green eyes indeed looked a lot like Rose, but he had a more narrow face, more angular than hers. Harry looked more like ‘their’ father, and less like Rose who looked more like Lily. Her magic called to his again and, again, it was like a tickle inside her. Looking at his strong profile, she remembered so many of the drawings she had made of him; of them.

“Why are you here?” Daphne finally asked in a serious tone.

“Well, basically for eggs,” Harry smiled, but the witch only raised an eyebrow at him. “Sorry, I tend to do bad jokes when I'm nervous.” Daphne was taken aback by this. “As to why I'm here, I don't believe I can go back to my world anymore. I was supposed to be dead there… so here I am.”

“But, why are you here? You could just walk away. You are a powerful wizard, you could just leave England and with your looks, find some random women for your needs. It would be easy even…”
“Hmm, Rose told you about that…”

“Yes, she did, but that's not the point. Why stay here and go through all of this again, to suffer through it all one more time?”

Harry looked right into her eyes. Daphne flinched with how deep they were, just like Rose’s, they seemed to pierce right into her soul. But his eyes had a shadow she couldn’t identify. But then, he smiled.

“That's the right question isn't it?” They entered the small shop. “I stay because I understand Rose, because I know what she needs. I've been there and know how lonely and scary it can be, how desperate she can become.” Harry's voice was heavy, and a little sad. “I know how hard it can be, to carry such a weight. A weight she didn't even ask for. Funny, someone once said that to me ‘it takes Harry Potter to understand Harry Potter’.”

“Who said this incredible piece of wisdom?” Daphne giggled and the sound was like music to him.

“Well, one Daphne Greengrass.”

The girl gazed at him, while he took some eggs and tomatoes. Daphne proceeded to grab a bag of potato chips, and Harry looked at her like she had grown a third eye.

“What?”

“You seem really comfortable among Muggle stuff.”

The witch shrugged. “It happens when you grow up with Rose and Tracey. As long as some dick like Malfoy doesn't know, it's okay.”

Harry nodded and smiled, going to the cashier. Daphne watched him with interest; the way he moved and how polite he was to the girl who attended him. Once outside the store, he continued.

“It may sound sound selfish, but I think that, in a way, if I can help save Rose, I can somewhat save myself. That everything will be worthwhile in the end, you know. It sounds crazy, but…”

Daphne saw the sincerity in those green orbs.

“You and the other me, were close?” The witch finally asked.

“Yes… we were…” Harry turned to her with a worried expression. “But that doesn't mean I expect anything from you, or anyone around me. This is a different place, and you are different people. So, don't worry about that!”

“He is cute when he is nervous.” Daphne though and smiled. “You know Harry… you're ok” She finally said, opening the bag of chips and finally letting her magic run free. Harry felt it, and smiling, decided to do the same.

“Don’t you dare spoil your appetite,” he warned, standing in front of her. Daphne smirked

“And what are you going to do about it?” Daphne asked, taking a step toward him, letting their magic mingle as they stepped closer to one another; finally, they met in the middle.

.OvO.
“So… what's the plan?” Tracey asked when they heard Harry and Daphne leave. “I mean, you wouldn't be telling us that if you didn't have a plan.”

Rose nodded.

“So… aunt Pol kinda explained to us this Coven thing. And we need to work with magically powerful numbers, to balance our magic. Three and seven…”

“Wow… ten girls, that's a lot!” Tracey wondered.

Gabrielle giggled.

“Actually with the three priestess he just needs to be intimate with once and in some rituals, although maman and Bella would like much more than that. Now, for the circle itself, it's better for him to be intimate with everyone. And not only in sex, but in life.” Gabrielle explained.

“This Coven thing is kinky. I like!” Tracey smiled.

Rose sighed.

“The thing is, even if all of us here join, and that is not a certainty, we would still need three more. We can start the Coven before we get all of the members but we should start paying attention for potential candidates during the party. And, if you are interested…”

“Hell yes I am!” Tracey jumped.

“If you are interested, maybe you want to try and know Harry first? Like Sue is doing?” Rose tried to reason with her.

Tracey grabbed Rose’s hands in her own.

“Do you trust him?” Tracey asked and Rose nodded. “Do you think he can help you?” Rose nodded again, enthusiastically. “Are you in love?”

“I think so… it's complicated…”

“Do you mind sharing for real if any of us fall in love with him too?”

Rose thought for a couple seconds.

“Not if it's with my friends… I think.”

“Then fuck it, I'm in!” Tracey finished.

“You should think about it Tracey, once bonded, it is for life…” Susan chipped in, a little worried for her impulsive friend.

“I really don't see the problem of being bonded with my friends and a hotter version of one of them, no offense Ro…”

“Oh no, I agree!” Rose raised both her hands.

“Hum… I think both are equally hot…” Gabrielle trailed off. Tracey giggled.
“You three are insane you know.” Susan said exasperated. “Do you even realize what are we discussing? You are contemplating entering in a somewhat magical relationship with a boy you have known for only two months!”

“You know it’s not that simple, Sue.” Rose gave her friend a pleading look. “He understands me in a way no one can. He knows what it's like to be incomplete. I love you guys to death, but Harry does understands. Sue, for the first time, I feel complete. Even that fucking thing in my head doesn't look so scary; neither that bitch trying to kill me. I know he has his problems, but I also have mine…”

“Come on Sue… you kinda grew up with him.” Gabrielle said. “You know him better than anyone here and always said he was the perfect guy, even with all his problems. Shouldn't you be happy?”

“I…” Susan sighed and hugged Rose, sobbing at her friends shoulder. “I'm not like you girls… he's my Harry… and I don't know if I could share.”

“Sue…” Rose ran her hands through her red hair. “I understand. But you already are. And, if you decide you really can't, please don't hate us; we love you.”

Susan lifted her head and looked at her friends face. “Never Ro… after this shit with aunt Amelia is sorted, you will have my answer.”

Suddenly they heard laughter coming from the entrance, before Harry and Daphne entered the kitchen with smiling faces.

“This is going to be fun!” Tracey cheered.
Bad Romance

AN: Thanks to DarLordRising and Cateagle for helping me with the editing!

I do now own Harry Potter, tat is just a parody.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 19

Bad Romance

“I think it’s better if we use some Glamour Charms to hide some of those Harry,” Bella said, pointing at the scars on his chest and back. “It’s a pool party...we better not raise any suspicions.” Harry smiled and nodded in accordance.

Bella looked at her boy, getting ready for Rose and Neville’s birthday party. The witch bit her lip as she looked at his abs and chest. The woman was now realizing just how busy she had been, and how much she missed him.

“Is everything okay?” Bella asked. “I mean, are you under control?”

Harry smiled at her, and leaned forward to give the woman a deep, loving kiss, pouring all his gratitude into it.

“I miss you too Bella,” Harry said when they parted. “And, yes, everything is under control. Please, don’t worry and just enjoy the party as well.” The wizard moved his hand down her back and unceremoniously groped the older witch’s ass cheek, receiving a moan in return. Harry had learned that this was her favorite game; a little battle for dominance and he was more than happy to play with her. Bella clawed at his chest with her left hand and brought her right one to his groin, grabbing his forming erection with a firm grip.

“I can assure you I will enjoy watching all those girls and women drooling over you, babe, especially because I know it's mine. I don't want to hear it, but tomorrow, will you bond me into the Coven?” Bella felt his dick getting even harder as she spoke. “I will take that as a yes.” Bella laughed and kissed him again before starting working on the Glamour Charms.

Although Harry was not ashamed of his scars, at least not anymore, he could understand her reasons for that. Also, it was nice to have Bella and her magic touching and teasing him. Bella was wearing a nice, white sleeveless summer dress with a delicate floral pattern and Harry knew she was wearing a delicious purple one piece swimsuit under it that hugged her ass and pussy so tightly that he could see the contours of her labia. Harry's dick twitched at the thought, it was going to be a long, but nice day.

After Bella finished with the charms, they met the others downstairs and Harry was amazed by how beautiful they all looked. Apolline was dressed in a more formal button up white blouse, with short sleeves and a generous cleavage and a straight skirt and heels. Harry was always mesmerized by how well the Veela dressed herself, maybe it has to do with her heritage but all clothes seemed to fit
her perfectly. Harry imagined she was wearing a swimsuit under it, like Bella.

Gabriel and Susan both had summer dresses on, the young Veela was wearing a short strapped one in white, a subtle floral pattern on it that perfectly matched her skin and silver hair tones, that fit perfectly, just like her mother's. Susan's dress was a little more conservative with a smaller cleavage as her bigger breasts needed more support. It was in a light green, contrasting very nicely with her red hair, and ended right above her knees. Rose was wearing a white short-sleeved blouse with a funny image of some cleaning tools drawn on it and the words “how to clean everything” scrawled beneath them. It fit her size well and Harry could see a hint of her black bikini top under it. The emerald eyed witch was also wearing a plaid pleated skirt with a black and red pattern, a little on the shorter side, that complemented her perfect bum and legs really well.

Once Harry reached the bottom of the stairs, Gabby, Rose, and Susan quickly walked to him and took turns giving the young wizard deep, passionate kisses. Rose and Gabby even squeezed his own nicely shaped ass. “Happy birthday!” the three finally said in unison, with devious grin on their faces.

“Today is the day I die…” Harry thought with a smile. “But what a way to go!”

.OvO.

The Greengrass estate was a big and beautiful area of land surrounded by the sea at one side and forest to the other, next to Bishopstone, in Essex. Harry was struck by the beauty of the place as he exited the Floo connection in a big, richly decorated living room with one of the walls completely made of glass. A person, who he instantly recognized as Melody Greengrass, Daphne’s mother, dressed in traditional witch robes greeted their arrival with open arms.

“Here it is, the other birthday girl!” Melody said, giving Rose a big hug, and Harry could see how much she looked like her daughter, just not Daphne. Melody looked a lot like Astoria with blond hair and blue eyes.

“And that must be the famous lost cousin.” Melody took a good look at Harry and her eyes went wide. “My oh my, you look just like James!” older witch gave him an appreciative look and presented her hand, which Harry politely kissed at the knuckles, following Pureblood etiquette. “Is a pleasure meeting you, Mister Potter.”

“The pleasure is all mine Miss Greengrass, and please, call me Harry.”

“Only if you call me Melody or Mel then!” The woman had a bright smile.

“It’s a deal!” Harry said, giving her his best smile. To his surprise, the older witch was taken aback and blushed.

“I can see that the Potter charm is alive and well!” Melody said before turning to a smiling Bella. Daphne and Tracey entered the living room right after that, screaming “Happy Birthday!” at Rose and hugging the girl. Harry smiled, thinking about how this was a world worth saving.

“Let's go to the pool! Nev and Hannah are already there!” Tracey pulled Rose by the arms. To Harry's surprise, Daphne held his hand and kissed his cheek before whispering into his ear.

“And a happy birthday to you too Harry.” Daphne said, guiding him to the outside. “Tracey hasn't
realized it yet, but she will.”

“Thank you Daphne, really, I love it.” said, loving the warming sensation inside his belly because of her closeness. “But Rose and Neville are the stars today.”

Daphne gave him another appreciative smile. The two of them had talked a lot in the week after they meet, about her visions, and Harry's world. Harry found out she was more like the girl he once knew than he thought, cunning and intelligent. Daphne herself had spent almost the entire week in Grimmauld Place with the clear intent of getting to know him and understanding how his weird magic worked. Daphne had even seen Harry and Rose together and they kissed a couple times. But more than anything, they talked, a lot; about her, about him. At this point, Daphne knew almost as much as Rose, and Harry liked that.

After two flights of stairs, they arrived at a big open space, dominated by a big pool, shaped like an eight, surround by varied sets of chairs and tables. At the other side of the pool, a big table was full of food and beverages and covered by a tent; somewhere a stereo played a rock tune that Harry didn't know, but was sure it was by a Muggle band. All around the area there was a well cared garden with bushes, some small trees, and a lot of flowers; some he knew were magical from his Herbology lessons. Twenty feet away there was another building, like a miniature version of the main manor. All in all a lovely place.

And Daphne was still holding his hand.

Rose ran and gave Neville a big hug from his back, scaring the boy and making Hannah laugh.

“Happy birthday hot stuff!” Rose said in a joking tone.

“Happy birthday to you, pretty girl!” Neville answered, turning around and hugging Rose back, then proceeding to receive hugs from both Susan and Gabrielle. Rose hugged Hannah after releasing Neville.

“Happy birthday Rose! Is that your cousin?” The girl asked. Hannah had curly brown hair and caramel eyes on a round face and was just a little chubby, yet she was beautiful. The girl had vast bust and wide hips, and looked really good in her one piece blue swimsuit.

“Yeap!” Rose said in a sappy tone. “That's Harry. Hey Nev, come’re, let me introduce you to my… cousin.”

Susan and Gabrielle giggled and only Hannah noticed, giving them a curious look.

Harry was astonished. Despite the same round face and sandy blonde hair, this Neville was really very different from the one he knew on his world. This boy had broad shoulders and muscular arms and the shadow of a facial hair; but, for Harry, the biggest difference was his smile. Neville had an easy, confident smile that made Harry like him instantly. Rose was able to help him like Harry never did in his timeline. The fact that his magic reacted strongly to him also helped on that impression. Harry tried not to laugh; and worse, the look Rose was giving them made Harry sure that she knew. The girl giggled furiously, covering her mouth and Harry just shrugged; Neville was hot.

“Nev, this is my cousin Harry.” The girl was holding on as hard as she could to not laugh out loud. Now they both knew Harry's magic had no boundaries.

“Nice to meet you Mister Longbottom, and a happy birthday!” Harry extended his hands, which Neville took with a firm grip.

“The honor is all mine, please call me Neville or Nev. Any family of Rose is my family too!” Harry
remembered that, just like Susan, Neville was out in the cold by the time he had arrived at the D.o.M.

“Sure thing Neville. And you must be Hannah, Rose and Susan told me about you, nice to meet you!” Harry turned, kissing the girl's hand.

“Nice finally meeting you Harry.” Hannah smiled at him with a knowing expression that Harry found amusing.

After that, the conversation started flowing with ease. After Harry met Neville and Hannah, Tracey dragged him to a woman that was her spitting, if only older, image, squeezing his hand. And for some odd reason, the woman also reminded him of his Aunt Petunia.

“Harry, I’d like you to meet my mum, Briar Rose Davies.” Tracey said, a trace of apprehension in her voice. “Mum, this is Harry Potter, the one I told you about.”

Briar Rose was staring at Harry with wide eyes, looking even more stunned than normal.

“You have the same eyes as her… my cousin…,” the woman whispered, raising a shaking hand to him. “Lily’s eyes. But they’re filled with so much pain. What happened to you, my poor dear?”

Harry smiled at her.

“Don’t worry about that, it’s a party, we are here to have fun.” Harry wanted to call her on knowing Lily, but he couldn’t; not yet.

Briar Rose pulled him into a polite hug.

“You’re right, honey. Go have fun. Any friend of my baby is my friend as well.”

Tracey looked at her mother with stunned eyes. Did her mother's magic react to him too? The girl had never seen Briar Rose behave like that… except when she talked about Lily.

Shortly after that, a big stream of guests started arriving and Neville and Rose got caught in a never-ending succession of hugs, best wishes and gifts. Harry also became somewhat of an attraction as the long lost cousin and the novelty of the party. Harry recognized many of the guests, and he also noticed how Susan, Daphne, Tracey and Gabrielle seemed to pay attention at how the girls reacted to him.

For the young wizard, it was really fun to be reintroduced to some of his old friends and for the first time to some of their parents. The first to arrive was Katie Bell with her father, she had a short black hair with a modern cut and the same athletic figure he remembered from the times they had fun together. Katie seemed to take great interested at Harry, especially after he confessed to playing Quidditch. After her, Seamus arrived with his younger sister, whom Harry didn’t know, but she seemed to be friends with Astoria. The Weasley twins arrived together with Angelina and Alicia. Harry was happy to see there was really no hurt feelings between them and Rose. The Patil's arrived in a big group of six, Mister Patil brought not only the twins, Padma and Parvati and their mother, but also two other of his other wives. Rose had explained that, although she was not friends with Parvati, Padma was especially close to her and Daphne; the girls having helped the intelligent and more reserved Indian witch not only against some bullies, but also her own sister.

Although his magic had reacted well to Katie, and he was sure she was compatible, it was Padma whom really was the first to have a stronger effect on him. It seemed like the effect was mutual as she blushed furiously when introduced to Harry and held his hand way longer than needed. Parvati
also seemed to notice and gave her sister a glare, before walking away to talk to Seamus, barely acknowledging Harry at all.

“Please, don't mind my sister.” The beautiful Indian girl spoke with a soft voice. “She is still kinda mad with you and Rose.”

“Hmm, I don't remember ever meeting her in person…” Harry said.

“I know.” gave him a light smile, Harry was really liking her calm vibe. “But you met her best friend, Lavender Brown.”

Harry made an 'Oh' motion with his mouth, then a disgusted face.

“Yeah, I know,” Padma giggled.

Tracey elbowed Rose and pointed at Harry and Padma.

“Well, at least it's not Parv…” The blond said with a cheeky smile.

Rose felt a touch of jealousy but was also happy that it was Padma.

Harry also could notice Daphne watching him while talking to the guests, every time their eyes met, she smiled at him; it made Harry feel incredible each time.

Shortly after that, the red-haired invasion happened, Arthur and Molly Weasley arrived, bringing Bill, Ron, and Ginny, with Dean also arrived with them. Tracey and Rose were at Harry's side at the time, talking.

“Damn, Bill is so hot, what a waste…” Tracey waved while they greet Neville.

“Hmm? And why is that Tracey?” Harry asked.

Tracey raised an eyebrow. “I don't know there in your old world Harry, but here, mister good looking is a Wizard's Wizard.”

“Ah… well, good for him, girls are too much trouble-” Harry got double slapped in his shoulders even before finishing speaking.

“Are you sure you want to finish that sentence after the way your magic thing reacted to Nev?” Rose asked with a evil grin.

“Are you serious?” Tracey asked. Oh my, I can already see all my yaoi dreams coming true!” The witch beamed.

“I remember you going on and on about that Japanese priest dude and his doctor friend that the priest’s sister shipped together.” Rose remembered with a grin while Harry frowned.

“Why did you tell her that! She will never drop it! NEVER!” Harry said in fake despair.

Tracey leaned close to his ear and whispered. “Never…” before biting his earlobe.

“Rose my dear!” Molly approached her with open arms, and engulfed the girl in a bone breaking hug. “Happy birthday! Hello Tracey. And this young handsome… oh my…”

Harry was starting to get annoyed by this reaction from the adults.
“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Weasley, right?” The Matron looked pretty much how she did in his own world, with red cheeks and a motherly smile. She was tall, like her sons and daughters, and had a round but strong figure.

“Oh! Yes dear, call me Molly and this is my husband Arthur.” Molly took a good look at Harry while he shook Arthur’s hand, before turning to Rose. “Rose dear, where is your aunt? I need to exchange a word or two with her.”

“She's upstairs with Aunt Melody and Aunt Pol.” The girl answered.

Harry noticed the disgusted expression of the red haired matron when she heard Apolline’s name and decided he didn't liked it.

“Thank you dear, I will talk to you kids later.” Molly said, dragging Arthur by the arm with her. Then Ron and Ginny approached and Harry felt his magic reacting strongly to the girl. The red haired girl blushed when she looked at him but gave a bright smile, which Harry gladly returned.

“Oi mate!” Ron called his attention. The boy was tall, with broad shoulders and gave a strong farm boy vibe, with his freckled face and burning red hair. The tall boy gave Harry a measurement look and seemed to decide he was no threat.

“Harry, this is Ron, Ron, that's my cousin, Harry Potter,” Rose said with a somewhat tired voice.

Harry extended his hand. “Nice to meet you, man.”

Ron looked at him, without taking his hand. “Back at you mate. You know I'm Rose’s boyfriend right?”

Rose gritted her teeth, Tracey chuckled, and Ginny seemed annoyed. Harry only smiled and raised an eyebrow, before turning to Rose.

“Really? Is that so… thanks for letting me know Ron. I will be sure to never forget it.” Harry's eyes burned with an evil light.

“You are dead, Ronald Weasley!” Rose said before turning to Tracey. “I told you already you're a delusional prat! Not in a million years! Get him, Gabby, let's throw him in the water.”

“Oi, I'm dressed!” Ron said before he started running with Rose close behind him. Harry turned to look at Ginny, she had straight red hair and freckles, like her brother. The girl was tall and lean, with a very athletic body and long legs; both she and Harry felt very comfortable around each other.

“Sorry, my brother's a dick. I'm Ginny by the way.” The witch said, extending her hand.

“Harry.” The wizard held her hand and she felt like a jolt of pure energy shot through her body. She stayed there, looking at him in silence, trying to understand, holding his hand and making a fool of herself. She was ready to say something when a voice called.

“Harry!”

The boy released Ginny’s hand and she felt sad with the loss of contact. Harry turned around to be instantly engulfed for a way more than friendly hug. Narcissa Black pressed her entire body against his, trying to ease her need of his body after all those days apart. She pressed her hips against his, almost grinding Harry in front of everyone.

“Hello Cissy.” Harry giggled. “I missed you too… wait, where is Monica?”
Narcissa sighed and looked sad.

“She thought it was better not to come today…”

“Why?”

Instead of answering, Narcissa just pointed. Harry followed her finger to see Hermione entering the party. The bushy haired girl looked around and narrowed her eyes when she saw both Harry and Narcissa.

“I guess we are the two people she hates the most right now…” Narcissa commented with venom in her voice.

“I bet…” Harry sighed, this situation still bringing him a lot of discomfort.

“Well, I will go talk to Bella and Pol about… things we should do…” Narcissa’s voice was full of innuendo and made Harry shiver. He looked back at the pool to see that Gabrielle was able to stop Ron by flashing her Allure at him, making everyone around laugh at the dopey look on his face. Harry smiled at the fun all around him.

“How does it feel to change so much?” The low soft voice scared Harry and he jumped. Luna was right behind him and he had no idea where she had came from.

“I'm sorry, what?” Harry asked, holding his chest and panting.

“How does it feel to come from such a bloody and gory story to one full of teen drama and sex? It must have been a good trade of style.” Luna stared at him with her wide, big, silver eyes. “I always imagine how it's like to travel between stories but there are so many with blood and gore and angst out there.”

“What are you talking about?” Harry was confused, as always, with her words.

“I'm talking about the other place you came from Harry Potter.” Luna said, as if it was the most normal thing ever.

“Wait, you know who I am? And where I came from?”

“Of course, there are many stories about you. You are really beloved by many people in many different realities.”

“So, you don't find it weird that I'm here? Or that I know your name, Luna?”

“Of course not. I am actually looking forward to tasting your other magical wand, it seems it has a good performance in this version.” The petite blond licked her lips and Harry felt his magic flaring up at the sight, before he heard a big splashing sound, he turned around and saw Ron in the water, still dressed and Rose calling out to everyone.

“Time for the pool!”

And Harry was in heaven.

.OvO.
Harry watched with a silly smile as the girls undressed. Rose was wearing the same black two piece bikini from the day in the hot tub, the one that hugged her perfect ass so well; Susan had a white one, although more conservative, with a thicker waistline around her narrower hips. Gabrielle had a beautiful red string bikini, it was a little on the small side, to Harry's utterly happiness. Daphne had a black one piece that perfectly matched her hair, showing her imposing figure; to Harry, she looked as beautiful as Rose.

Harry also took some time to admire Padma, wearing a quite simple red one piece, but the young wizard was amazed by the beautiful color of her flawless skin. It was a great contrast to Ginny and her freckles, wearing a light green two piece bikini that, although conservative, fit her well. Katie had a black strapped one, with a nice low cut, that made Harry sure she was shaved. Even Hermione looked beautiful, he thought, especially when she smiled; what a shame.

Harry laughed when Neville dive bombed, splashing water on the other teens. Luna sat on the edge happily chatting with Ginny and Seamus, Dean and the twins joined in the water, Angelina and Alicia got down to their swimsuits, but stayed out of the water, holding bottles of butterbeer and talking, about Harry apparently. “They seem really happy…” Harry thought, watching those familiar yet different people interact.

“Why…” A familiar voice called at his side. Harry turned to see a smiling Apolline, arriving with most of the adults. “Don’t stand there just watching, some of the girls are dying for you to join them.” Harry just smiled.

“Guess I forget how to be a normal teen.”

Apolline grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled up, revealing his toned lean torso. Harry could hear Molly gasping and could almost see the matron’s disgusted face at the Veela's attitude. Harry also noticed that Apolline’s hands took a little more time than needed over his body. He looked at his Veela, wearing a perfect fitting white bikini, and at Bella with her beautiful one piece, who had a mischievous grin over her face.

“Go on and remember then, Harry. Have fun!” Apolline smiled and Harry nodded before turning and jumping into the pool, much to the girls happiness.

Harry dove deep into the pool and identified Rose’s legs and placed his head between her thighs and got up, raising her above the water. Rose’s laugh filling the air was a sound Harry always found delightful. Holding her legs, Harry nodded to Neville who did the same to Hannah and the shoving contest started. Neville and Hannah were bigger and stronger, but Harry and Rose were faster and more in tune with each other. People started cheering as the couples 'fought'.

Hermione was seated at the edge of the pool, looking at Rose and Harry with narrow eyes, trying to fight the turmoil inside her. Hermione scoffed, if only they knew who this guy really was and how dangerous he was for her beautiful little Rose. And, to complete her sour mood, her mother was not there. Hermione was not happy with the way things were going; she loved her mother after all, but things were getting way out of hand.

“Ten Galleons on the Longbottom-Abbott team!” Fred Weasley shouted

To everyone’s surprise, it was Narcissa Black of all people, who responded, removing her robes and showing a quite revealing two piece, low cut bikini, which had an expensive looking black top and a white bottom with decorative golden rings to the side.

“Fifteen on the Potters, Mr Weasley.”
“Oh please! Don't encourage this kind of behavior Mrs Mal-I mean, Miss Black!” Molly chastised. Narcissa laughed and winked at Fred.

Harry felt they were being overwhelmed, both Neville and Hannah were pretty strong. But Neville also didn't expect Harry's stamina; for someone so lean, the boy could stand his ground. People were cheering enthusiastically at the epic water battle.

“You leave me no choice Abbott!” Rose called. “I will have to use my most secret weapon!” Rose leaned forward, almost making Harry lose his balance, which luckily he quickly recovered. The green eyed marauder hurried her hands on Hannah's abs and started tickling it mercilessly. The bigger girl exploded in laughter and almost jumped off Neville's shoulders, making the strong boy dive into the water.

“The Potter alliance is victorious!” Rose cheered, coming down from Harry's arm. Her first instinct was to kiss him fully in the mouth right there, but she restrained herself and only kissed his cheeks.

Hermione saw it and fumed!

Tracey grabbed Harry by his arm and basically shoved him to the edge of the pool before kissing him. Briar Rose face-palmed and Harry blushed furiously and, to his and most of the guests surprise, once Tracey released his lips, he got his face taken by Gabrielle; the girl darting her tongue inside his mouth. Harry could hear Molly's scandalized gasp and Bella's laugh. When he looked around, everyone was looking at him and he blushed even more, feeling self-conscious for the first time, while Tracey was grinning at him smugly.

“Wow, that was hot!” Ginny whispered at Luna, much to Hermione’s anger. “Rose’s cousin is hot as hell, just like her.”

“Yeah, I can't wait for my turn, as the readers will probably demand it. Probably the Belgian co-writer, as well.” Luna said in a dreamy voice, and Ginny looked at her like she had grown a third head.

“Whores!” Hermione whispered, before getting up and walking away from the pool.

“That was an epic battle if I ever saw one!” Rose heard a voice behind her and grinned.

“Remus!” The girl turned around and leaped out of the pool, hugging her godfather and wetting his clothes. “You came!”

“Of course cub, I wouldn't miss it!” The werewolf had the most genuine smile on his face.

Harry smiled at the scene as Tracey elbowed him and pointed at Melody Greengrass, who was looking longingly at the werewolf.

“Someone is going to get lucky tonight and I don't mean just us.” The blond witch chanted in a sing-song voice.

Harry rolled his eyes again but smiled all the same.

.OvO.
Rose was having an amazing time, with all of her friends together, even her godfather came back from his mission to see her. The girl only wished she could snog Harry but with Remus here, they would have time for that later. As the witch got out of the pool, she saw that Padma was having an ice cream and she wanted some herself.

Rose noticed Harry looking at her as she got out, his magic flaring at her and bit her lip. Rose could see Gabrielle’s hand under the water and the emerald eyed witch was sure it was on Harry's dick.

Rose got out and went after the ice cream.

Meanwhile, at a table by the edge of the pool, Bella saw the looks that Briar Rose was giving to Harry. The woman seemed troubled by something.

“Hey Bee… any problem?” Bella asked, touching her arm.

“Hmm? I'm sorry, why do you ask?”, The beautiful beautician asked, wiping a tear.

“The way you look at Harry, for starters and the moisture in your eyes.” Bella answered, giving Briar Rose’s hand a squeeze. “We’re family, girl. You’re my sorta-sister-in-law, remember? Not to mention either you or Trace do my grooming.”

The blonde chuckled and gave the brunette a one-armed side-hug. When Lily and James died Bella had became borderline suicidal and dangerously reckless. Remus had helped her, but before Amelia came in the picture and with Pol, Andromeda, and Narcissa having their family issues, it was Briar Rose who helped Bella to step back from the brink.

“Bella… I need you to tell me the truth here. Who is Harry? And I mean, who he really is Bella.”

“What do you mean, he is James’s nephew.” Bella gave her a confused expression. Briar Rose came closer to her.

“Bella… although not as close as I would like to Petunia and Lily, I remember my Gran lively. Even being distant relatives I can see it. Harry is an Evans as much as a Potter; just like Rose.” Bella chewed the inside of her cheeks. “I mean, I will not divulge it or anything and I'm sure you must have your reasons to hide it…but I am sure he is. Did Lily have twins? Did Dumbledore leave one with you and the other with James’ sister?”

Bella sighed. “It's a little more complicated than that Bee and I don't know how much I can tell you without putting you at risk. Just know that Harry is family...and he is here to stay.”

“And judging by my daughter's behavior, I better get used to it,” Briar Rose sighed, looking at Tracey glued at the boy's arm.

“If you only knew,” Bella thought, taking a sip of her drink. The beautiful woman watched her smiling step-daughter getting out of the water, and giving Harry a needy look before going inside the pool house, just to be followed by a very eager Hermione. “Shit!”

Harry was leaning on the edge of the pool with the water reaching his chest. The boy was watching as Tracey played some ball game with Ginny, Neville, and Luna and savoring the delicious sensation of Gabrielle pressed against his right side, letting her Allure flow just a little. Harry watched Rose getting of the pool and looking at him with her very particular look and almost got out and went after
her, to try and get the girl in an empty corner and snog the hell out of her but decided to listen to Bella’s advice and not take unnecessary risks.

“She's longing to be with you, ‘Arry… and me too…” Gabrielle said at his ear, her hand running over his abs beneath the water.

“Sometimes that doesn't seem right you know,” Harry sighed.

“What doesn't seem right?” Gabrielle raised an eyebrow.

“Myself and all of you… I feel like I'm taking advantage of you.”

Gabriel giggled softly.

“‘Arry, sometimes you can be so self-conscious it is not even funny. We got all this powerful magic, amazing sex, protection of a family and a chance to fall in love with a great guy.” Gabrielle’s hands were getting lower and lower, and Harry felt his trunks getting tighter.

“Hmm, but what about other great boys? Or girls?”

Gabrielle gave a sour look to the other corner of the pool, where Seamus, Dean, and Ron were, making jokes and eyeing him with envy and Harry could see so much hate in her gaze that it almost scared him.

“There is very few of those around Harry. Very few!” Gabrielle’s voice was full of hurt and venom. Harry had to admit she looked beautiful when she was angry.

Suddenly a pair of nice brown legs entered the water besides him and Harry saw Padma sitting at the edge of the pool beside them with two Butterbeer bottles in her left hand and one other bottle in her right. She handled one to Harry and one to Gabrielle, who held it with her one free hand.

“Merci Padma.” Gabrielle smiled and Harry thanked the exquisite Indian girl.

“No prob…” Padma replied, taking a sip. “So, did you know each other long?”

Even Harry could see the fishing question and smiled.

“We… knew about each other before, but we actually just met in person this summer.” Harry answered and Gabrielle nodded in accordance at his side, the young Veela smiled and her hand was now tracing the edge of Harry's swim trunks. Padma smiled gently.

“Are you two together or something?” Padma asked looking at Harry. “Sorry for asking but you seem pretty close… but then Tracey…” At the sound of the word close, Gabrielle’s dexterous fingers passed the rem oh Harry’s trunks and touched his now fully hard member.

“Oh non…” Gabrielle answered, smiling at Padma. “Not like that, we are just having fun, right ‘Arry?” Her fingers started caressing his dick ever so slightly, teasing him. “So don't worry Padma, you still have a chance at him.” Gabrielle had an evil grin, looking at the blushing beautiful Indian girl. Harry just shook his head. “But you need to be fast you know… Harry here…” The Veela wrapped her hands around his hard cock. “Is pretty easy to fall for… and I can't guarantee I won't…”

Harry rolled his eyes, two people could play that game. With his right hand, he reached underwater and cupped one of Gabby’s firm ass cheeks, getting a handful of her tender flesh.

“Well… I...” Padma seemed lost for words after Gabrielle’s playful jab. “Nevermind… it must have
been really nice to meet Rose after all these years I suppose?’

“Yes, it really is.” Harry tried to concentrate as Gabrielle slowly moved her hand up and down his erection. “I thought I was destined to be alone but then Rose and Bella showed up and brought me this beautiful family with them...it's more than I deserve.”

Padma smiled. The Indian girl always thought that Rose’s eyes were beautiful but now, seeing them on this nice looking, mysterious boy, they were almost irresistible.

As Gabrielle skillfully teased his dick, Harry decided to let his magic linger and moved his hand inside the Veela's bikini bottom, caressing her ass a little lower, feeling her outer labia with the tips of his fingers. Padma saw the girl blushing and was about to ask when she herself felt Harry's warm and powerful magic and blushed as it reached out and touched her.

“Did… did you get to go to a magical school where you lived?” The Indian witch asked, trying to distract herself from the magical energy running through her body, all the way to her cores, both magical and physical.

Harry's finger traveled through the crack between Gabrielle’s ass cheeks, looking for his prize and the girl bit her lip not to moan, strengthening her grip on Harry's dick, moving with a little more speed.

“Yes I did…” Harry smiled, finding her line of questioning funny.

“And what was your favorite subject?” Padma asked, and Harry raised a questioning eyebrow as his finger finally reached his target and started encircling Gabrielle’s anus, applying just a little bit of pressure. “You can know a lot about someone by his favorite subjects.” Padma concluded shrugging. Gabrielle had to bury her face on the boy's shoulder to stop a moan.

“I guess Rose was right about you, you are not only the prettier twin, you are also the smarter one. I guess it makes sense.” Harry circled the young Veela's rosebud one more time before stopping right at the entrance. “Hmm… I would say definitely Runes and Defense… and yours?” Harry pressed his finger, pushing the tip of his finger into the blond witch’s anus. Gabrielle bit his shoulder and moved her hand faster around his dick.

“Are you okay, Gabrielle?” Padma asked, as Harry's finger started going in and out of the Veela’s asshole.

“Oui… oui… just a little… too much… Butterbeer I guess…”

Padma couldn't deny the weird smile on the girl's face. “Wait! Maybe Harry and her are…” the Indian girl through right before Harry went rigid with wide eyes glowing with malice, his magic flaring in a complete different way.

“Harry? Is everything okay?” Padma asked, a little worried.

“Something’s wrong with Rose!” Was all the wizard answered before getting out of the pool. “Sorry, I will be right back!”

.OvO.
“Rose, I need to talk to you…” Hermione called, making the messy haired girl turn around, holding a cup with strawberry ice cream in her hands. Rose feared this moment, she really liked Hermione, and was really thankful for all her help, but if she kept on the path she seemed to have chosen, the rift between them would only grow and Rose didn't want that.

“Look Mione… if you are going to ask me to talk to your mom again, forget it. I love you both, and I'm doing my best to stay out of your family business but what you're doing is not cool and I'm not taking part of it.” Rose said, raising her hands. Hermione glared at her for a second, before softening her eyes. “Monica is an amazing woman and I don't want to choose between you two, so you really think what you're doing is right?” Rose sighed, she had it in her throat all summer.

“You don’t know what it is to have a wacko insane psycho for a mother, Rose.” Hermione replied. “It’s her fault that I like girls instead of boys. She neglected me for years and she assaulted your aunt Petunia, all because of a delusion. She belongs in a psychiatric ward.”

“Well, we learned that Harry is not a delusion, don't we?” Rose was not liking the direction of that talk.

“That’s what makes him dangerous! Don’t you see it?! He’s a demon born of the deranged thoughts of a mad woman. I did some researching; the name of such being is a tulpa, in Tibetan lore. I bet it’s his fault my mother fucks that filthy snake bitch Narcissa Malfoy!” Hermione had glazed wide eyes, while she talked.

“For fuck's sake ’Mione, do you even hear yourself talking? What happened to you? Is this all out of jealousy?” Rose was not believing.

Hermione bit her lip and clenched her fists. Her eyes became narrowed and Rose could see a cunning sparkle in it.

“It is, isn't it? Your were jealous of him because of what Mona did when you were smaller, I get it, she was wrong in doing that, but now you are jealous of him with me? Hermione, you're still my friend and I have no plans in leaving you behind unless you do something really shitty, like keep treating your mother, or my friends, like that. So, please, get your act together.”

“That’s all that bitch deserves!” Hermione hissed. “You have no idea what it's like Rose! You want to hear? Then there you go! Of course I know who he is; of course I know he is not a demon. I wish he was! My own mother traded me for him. Do you know what is like to have your own mom neglecting you because of someone that didn't even exist? She was never there, not even to buy my school supplies! All she thought about was this… this… boy! Not even a birthday party! Only my father was there. And now, she twisted you against me! I can see it with my own two eyes!” Rose was astonished with the revelations and put the cup on the table as a safety measure; Hermione was becoming a little too agitated. “And I bet your Pureblood friends are on her side. They hate me because I'm a ‘Mudblood’.”

“I feel for you Hermione, I really do, but…”

“And now, he is here, and your white friends are circling like vultures!”

Shut up Hermione, you're going too far…”

“Rose…” Now Hermione’s voice was soft and sweet and Rose was sure something was very wrong with her friend. “You say you want to be my friend…” The bushy haired teen walked really close to her. “But I don't want us to be just friends…”
“Hermione, please don't…” Rose pleaded, tears on her eyes.

“You saved me from that troll... you protected me from Malfoy. I've seen the way you look at me…” Hermione cupped both hands on Rose's face. “If it wasn't for that... thing out there, we would be together this summer.”

“Hermione, please, let me go before you do something we'll both regret. It has nothing to do with Harry. There never was a chance, Hermione, I don't like you this way!”

“Don’t you see it, Rose? You belong to me as I belong to you. You and I against these filthy, backwater, inbred, Pureblood freaks… I just need to help you break the spell.” Hermione finished and leaned forward, forcing her lips on a wide eyed Rose, who promptly responded, shoving her back and slapping her face; hard.

Hermione touched her burning cheek in disbelief, before turning to a glaring Rose. Her green eyes were glowing with rage and power, more than Hermione ever known or felt, the glass walls and the cups trembling around them.

“All those years surrounded by Death Eater spawn, chauvinistic pigs, and handy fanboys and no one had ever forced himself on me! But you did! You crossed every line I traced Hermione!” Rose’s eyes glowed with power.

“Because you don’t know any better, Rose! And Molly agrees with me! You need to be saved from yourself and that monster!” Hermione screamed at her.

“The only monster here is you!” Rose hissed, and her ice cream cup exploded

“That's because you made me so! You forced me to be a monster to save you from monsters!”

“That's enough.” Daphne voice was clear and cold. Hermione looked at the Pureblood witch entering the kitchen with Harry at her side, his own magic flaring in a threatening way.

“See? That’s the proof! The Pureblood whore is next to her demon master!” Hermione said with crazy wide eyes. Harry's magic was so oppressive and yet so tempting that the bushy haired witch's mind was going wild; Hermione had never hated someone that much in her life.

“Hermione, I will say this just once.” Daphne’s tone could cut a piece of armor. “Leave my house before I cast you out of the wards. If I do that, and, yes, I can do that, it will be really painful and we don't need that right now. Go home and calm down. Now.”

“And find yourself another study partner and room mate, Hermione. I don’t think I trust you enough to be alone with you at night.” Rose said, eyes welling with tears. “I hope your jealousy was worth the loss of our friendship and almost ruining my birthday.”

Hermione thought about responding but the magic coming from both Harry and Rose was so strong that she couldn't speak. She glared at him one last time before running away.

Harry let his magic go and quickly moved to hug Rose. The green eyed witch had her fists clenched and was breathing hard and fast.

Daphne hesitated half a second, then stepped in and hugged both Potter teens.

“I will not let her ruin our day!” Rose said, almost to herself. “I will not let anyone do that anymore!”
“That’s right, Rose, you are stronger than that.” Harry said before kissing her. It was a quick, hidden kiss, but it was enough to calm the shivering girl. Daphne kissed her cheek on the other side.

“And remember, we are all here for you.”

Rose smiled, she knew they were.

“I think I need another cup of ice cream…”

Cissy smiled and handed her one as she rounded the corner of the kitchen. “Way ahead of you, sweetheart.”

.OvO.

If anything, Rose seemed even more determined to have fun after Hermione left. The emerald eyed witch played, danced, sung, and even played a guitar Melody brought her. Harry was happy to see her lightening up and lost himself watching the interactions of the big, extended family. Yes, they were a band of deviants, but they were warm and close. He could only imagine how things could have been different for himself in his own world. Again he made a vow that this was a world that was definitely worth saving.

Harry was also not blind about the looks he was receiving, especially from some of the girls. The wizard concluded that his chances of friendship with this Ron were nuked from the start and Seamus and Dean were not much different, the jealous looks they gave him and the way they talked with the girls cemented that. He and Neville on the other hand, got on really well with each other. This Neville was way more confident and seemed really in love with Hannah. Harry even had the chance to play a friendly Quidditch game with the Weasley twins, Ginny, Angelina, Alicia, Katie and Ron, remembering how good it felt to fly, even if it was on an old broom. At the end everyone, including Bella, were impressed by his proficiency on a broomstick.

Rose was singing from the sides, echoed by Tracey and Susan “Weasley can’t save a thing! He cannot block a single ring! That’s why us snakes and badgers sing, Weasley is our king!”

Of course the prone-to-anger ginger got angry and his performances suffered from it, letting more than one point score.

After the match, the group gathered around Rose and Harry.

“I hope you get sorted into Gryffindor, we desperately need a Seeker!” Katie said, after giving him a longer than needed hug.

“I guess the Potter talent for flying runs on the male side after all.” Remus commented, and Harry was happy to see that the werewolf was much warmer towards him.

Rose did her best to forget Hermione. She was sure it would come back to haunt her later, but not today. This day she was surrounded by her true friends and with someone who really completed her in more than one way. The witch was determined to prove the genius girl wrong and was making a good job at it. And she had to remember to thank Daphne later, Rose was sure the acoustic guitar was her idea.
Rose played her sadness and disappointment away, letting the vibrating strings wash them away. Gabrielle was singing in a crystalline voice, the words from Les Innocents’ song floating and dancing around the chords from the guitar.

“L’île est un estuaire, à nos fleuves de soupirs, où l’eau mêle nos mystères, et nos belles différences. J’y apprendrai à me taire, et tes larmes retenir. Dans cet autre Finistère, aux longues plages de silence…”

After she finished playing, Harry was looking at her with a mixture of awe and understanding. Potters were master of the art of brooding as Bella always told her, but Rose had found a way to deal with her pains; and Harry found it beautiful.

After she played, Molly Weasley brought a ginormous cake out with two sets of candles and everybody sang for Rose and Neville and ate the delicious pastry. Say what you want about Molly, the matron could cook.

After the cake, night came fast and people started leaving. The Weasley clan said goodbye first, taking both Luna and Seamus with them.

“I'm looking forward meeting you two in future chapters, when we are all more comfortable with this weird situation.” Luna said mysteriously, with a weird smile in her face. Ginny rolled her eyes at her weird friend before giving Rose a tight hug and then, looking at Harry, almost like asking for permission. The boy nodded and the red-haired spitfire proceeded to hug him as well. Harry could see the glare Molly and Ron were giving him from afar, but all he could do was smirk at them in return.

The Patil’s left sometime after, but not before facing a multi-front war fought by Rose and Daphne so Padma could stay the night. Harry didn't miss the murderous look Parvati gave her sister when her father agreed. To Harry's surprise, the man shook his hand with a firm grasp and a big smile under his mustache.

“I know how hard it can be my boy, so all I can wish you is good luck. But, judging by your family, you are going to do all right.” Harry took an instant liking from the man, feeling like they had something in common.

The twins left, a little drunk, with Angelina and Alicia, calling: “I hope you enjoy the test run Rose!”

“What are they talking about?” Tracey asked.

“You’ll see…” Rose answered.

“I bet the four of them fuck together…” Tracey trailed off, leaving the comment in the air. Rose rolled her eyes, but she liked the image formed in her mind.

“Rose!” Bella called. “Pol, Cissy, Bee and myself are going to leave you kids for the night, and have some grown up fun. Mel and Remus will stay if you need anything; is that okay?”

“Sure mom, you girls go have fun! Just try to avoid getting arrested for being too drunk this time!”

“Don't worry, I believe you are keeping the real fun here…” Bella said looking at Harry. “You keep an eye on them for me mister and don't forget our… appointment.” Bella winked.
“Not in a million years, madam. We will get to the bottom of this business!” Harry raised.

“Don’t forget to pick up Aunt Mona.” Rose added. “I feel bad she missed most of the party because of Hermione. And if you do something embarrassing...I want to see the pictures!”

“Yes, we are dropping by her house first.” Bella waved.

Apolline gave Rose a big hug and wished her a Happy birthday before turning to Gabrielle and hugging her too. Then she looked at Harry with hungry eyes before hugging him as well.

“Tracey… please… no babies!” Briar Rose said with an exasperated voice.

“Sure mom! Don't worry, we going to have some family friendly fun.” Tracey winked.

“That's what I'm afraid of. Happy birthday Rose and Neville, have a good night.” The older blond sighed.

With that, the group of beautiful witches left, waving over their shoulders.

“Okay…” Melody turned to the teens. “We trust you, so you can have the pool house for tonight. Astoria already left for her friend's house and if you need anything, Remus and I will be at the house, just… call.”

Harry noticed Remus winking at Rose, who just giggled.

“Good night kids and try not to drink too much!” The werewolf said and got slapped in the arm by Melody.

“Don’t worry, Professor, I don’t ‘drink’ much at all!” Tracey quipped, making them all groan and facepalm themselves.

Harry looked at the friends and smiled. This was going to be a good night.
Chapter 20

Truth or Dare

The pool house was as well decorated as the main manor. It had a big living room/kitchen with a corridor that led to four rooms and two bathrooms. A big, soft, plush, purple shag carpet took most of living room’s floor, surrounded by a couple of chairs and a leather couch. Tracey, Neville and Hannah sat on the floor and Harry followed suit, finding the fully carpeted floor extremely comfortable; it was probably charmed, as it felt warm to the touch as well. Daphne brought them some drinks and sat on one of the comfortable looking chairs.

“I can't stay the night today guys.” Neville said. “I'm still in trouble with Gran after the mess at the D.o.M.”

“Wow, It has been two months already!” Rose said, a little surprised.

“I think it is finally catching up with her and the fact that Sirius is back is not sitting well with us. She had been more bitter than ever this summer, and I prefer not to fight her. At least Hannah can come stay with me.”

“Good to see she is more accepting of you two now.” Rose smiled.

“Yeah, she just wants Hannah to be my second wife.” Neville rolled his eyes, and both the teens laughed.

“Augusta will never give up on that, will she?” Daphne commented.

“Sorry, I don't follow.” Harry said.

Rose and Neville smiled back at him.

“Gran has convinced herself that the clans Potter and Longbottom must be united by marriage, even though she often badmouths Rose, especially since Madam Bones and her started working together.” Neville made his best impression of a Pureblood dandy. “No offense Rose… you are very beautiful, but not my type” The strong boy winked at her.

“Back at you, Longbottom.” Rose threw a pillow at him.

“And what exactly is your type Rose?” Hannah asked.

Rose gave Harry a long look, one that everyone in the room noticed.

“That is kinda personal Hannah. Unless… I’ve got an idea!” Rose got up with a mischievous smile and ran into one of the rooms. The girl came back with a bottle with the Weasleys logo printed on
the side of it. “So, any of you want to play?” Rose asked excitedly.

“What is this?” Padma asked curiously.

“This is something the twins had been testing for a while and they think is finally ready, and they wanted us to do a test run. Truth or Dare in a bottle!” Rose laughed at everyone’s confused expression and sat on the carpet beside Harry. “It is quite simple. Inside this bottle there is Firewhiskey charmed to refill itself, with just a touch of a minor truth potion. It’s not Veritaserum or anything near that strong, but will compel you to tell the truth. Every time you refuse to tell the truth or do a dare, it will magically refill your cup. Also, the moment the bottle is spun, it activates an enchantment that will prevent anything that had been told here from being repeated outside.” Everyone was listening to her attentively.

“Wow, I’m kinda impressed that Melody and the others let you guys alone.” Harry chuckled.

“That’s because Remus must be deep inside her pussy right now,” Tracey waved.

“Tracey!” Daphne called, before sighing. “But is true, mom must be getting one hell of a ride right now. They have this no strings attached relationship. Well, good for her, at least he has stamina.”

“I heard it’s not just him,” Tracey looked at Harry.

“Okay, Tracey, save it for the game.” Rose called “So, who’s in?” Everyone nodded and sat on the floor. Harry got just a little worried.

All the teens swallowed the content of their cups in one go, and Harry braced himself. The boy was afraid of too many questions about his past, which would end up coming out as a really drunk wizard. Harry was never one strong for booze and he imagined if Rose was like him, she wasn't either.

“Well Rose, it's your idea and your birthday.” Susan called. “So why don't you go first?”

“Okay… now, if anyone wants out at any point, feel free to leave okay? No one is obligate to do something he or she is not comfortable with, right?” Rose asked and spun the bottle. The object gave two nice spins before slowing down and finally stop, pointing at Padma. Rose looked at her friend and smiled.

“Let's start it lightly, shall we? Are you crushing on someone?” Padma looked up to Harry and blushed.

“As of this moment. Yes,” The Indian witch answered, blushing, getting a knowing a giggle from Gabrielle. Padma leaned forward to spin the bottle. Harry could only appreciate the curve of her hips. She spun the bottle and it landed on Daphne, sitting there with her aristocratic look.

Padma thought for a moment. “Are you a virgin?” the Indian girl asked.

“No.” Daphne simply answered, without flinching or even changing the tone of her voice and proceeded to spin the bottle, ignoring the astonished looks from both Padma and Hannah, whom
which the bottle pointed to.

“Have you let Neville lick your boobs already?” Daphne’s voice was cold, which made the question even more weird. Hannah blushed in a Weasley shade of red before getting the courage to answer.

“That and much more.” Both she and Neville blushed, but seemed proud.

Rose, Tracey, and Gabby exploded on some catcalls and Susan, knowing about her friend’s escapades, only giggled. Hannah spun the bottle, that pointed at Harry. She looked at him, and then at Rose.

“Would you kiss your cousin?”

“Yeap,” Harry answered without hesitation. Rose smiled and Hannah made an “oh” movement with her mouth. Harry spun the bottle and it pointed at Neville.

“Did your Gran ever catch you in a sticky situation?”

“Yeah,” Neville scratched the back of his head. “She caught me jerking off in the room when I was fourteen.” Everybody laughed.

It landed on Rose next.

“Dare!” The girl promptly called; Neville grinned.

“Well, your cousin said he would, so I dare you to kiss him. For at least ten seconds”

Rose shrugged and moved closer to Harry, ready to give Neville and Hannah a show. The green eyed witch leaned down and touched his lips, softly at first, almost like pretending she had never done that before. Harry cupped her face and opened his mouth, deepening the kiss, making Rose moan into him, she had been waiting for this all day long. Her hands ran through his messy hair, her tongue looked for his, and when they touched, Rose felt the now familiar jolt of magical energy through her body. Their magic mingled together, leaking to the other people in the room and what was supposed to be ten seconds became thirty. Finally they parted and a trail of saliva connected the two mouths for a second.

“Wow!” A flushed Hannah was able to say and, when Rose looked around, she could see every single person had red cheeks.

“Oh,” Rose took a deep breath. “My turn to spin it!” It landed on Gabrielle this time. “All right little Minx… hmm… what was the craziest thing you did at your own house?”

Gabrielle thought for a couple seconds before answering.

“I fingered myself watching my maman and her lover while hidden in her closet.” The Veela didn't even blush but Hannah and Neville were red as tomatoes and Padma was not believing her, but was delighted at the same time. Rose noticed Hannah squeezing her thighs together. Gabrielle spun the bottle, that landed on Padma. Harry could hear Tracey groaning and giggled.

“Padma,” Gabrielle started. “Hairy, trimmed, or shaved?”

Padma gasped, looking at Harry and Neville. She gulped before answering in a low voice.

“Trimmed.” The blushing Indian girl quickly reached for the bottle, missing Gabrielle’s evil smile. Neville flushed, feeling a twitch on his dick with the mental image.
The bottle stopped at Tracey. Padma looked at the smiling blond.

“Hmm… are you a natural blonde or potioned?”

“One hundred percent natural baby, down to the last pube!” The girl winked. “Too tame Padma, you can do better!”

Tracey spun the bottle, and it landed on Hannah. The young witch swallowed and choose truth.

“Same question Padma asked me, luv. Are you a natural blond like me, or did it come from a bottle?” Tracey asked with a wink to Neville, whom was squirming on the floor.

“Natural as well, dear!”

The bottle stopped at Daphne and Hannah asked.

“Have you ever kissed a girl?”

“Yes, it was fun, but not my cup of tea” Daphne spun. “Okay Harry?”

“Dare.” Harry simply said.

Daphne smiled.

“Courage runs in the family. Off with that shirt.”

Harry complied, removing his shirt, getting hungry looks from Padma and Daphne. Rose grinned at the hungry looks from her friends.

Harry spun and this time it landed on Susan, who quickly called “Truth!”

“Have you ever kissed a girl?” Harry asked, grinning at her and Hannah. Susan blushed.

“Yes.” Both she and Hannah blushed. Susan reached for the bottle and after a couple circles, it stopped at Neville.

“Dare?” Neville said in an unsure voice

“It's not fair to Harry, Neville, so, no shirt for you too!” Susan called. Neville removed his shirt, the boy was in a great shape. Tracey looked at Harry and gave him a saucy wink, making him groan and hide his face in his hands. “Never…” She whispered.

The bottle stopped at Tracey again.

“Dare dare dare!” The blond called.

“Him!” Gabrielle replied. At the curious looks she received “Dare means whom in Japanese. It helps to watch anime with subtitles, people!”

“Hmm,” Neville thought. What about you show us your bra?” Hannah looked at him with a mock glare. “Hey, they started.” The tall teen said raising his hands. Tracey shrugged and lifted her shirt, revealing a beautiful pair of white c sized breast, with small and hard pink nipples.

“Well, I'm not wearing one…” Tracey said to a wide eyed Neville. Harry and Rose laughed.

“I...I wasn’t expecting so much.” Neville squeaked.
“They’re just C cups, handsome; not that big.” She answered with a shrug, making her breast tremble slightly. She leaned over and with a twist of the wrist, started the spin. “Aaah Daphne! What do you say, D? Truth or Daaaaare?”

“I’ll say Dare.” Daphne replied in an even tone.

Tracey gave her a wicked grin, determined to make her drop the mask

“I dare you to give Harry here a lap dance worthy of that Showgirl movie we watched last year while Aunt Mel was busy with Remus and Bella! … let's say… one minute.”

Daphne just stood up and directed Harry to one of the chairs.

“Wait, we need music!” Rose called; she picked the guitar and started to play the slow riff from a song called After Dark, Daphne gave the young wizard a smile and said.

“I am the one doing the touching, right Mister Potter?”

“Anything you say Daphne.” Harry simply answered.

Neville, Hannah, and Padma watched mesmerized as the usual cold and distant girl smiled warmly at Harry and ran a finger at his naked chest. Daphne closed her eyes and listened to the music, letting her body relax and start moving. The fact that it was Harry, that she could feel his magic reacting and reaching out to her. The boy she had been dreaming for a lifetime. Daphne opened her eyes to see Harry hypnotized, but not by her body, he was looking straight to her face, with sincere admiration. She ran her hand through her own hair and face, getting his attention. Daphne touched her cheek and caressed it, before running a finger over her moistened lips, she let it there before moving it to Harry's own lips. Harry could feel the magic flowing through her fingers into him.

Daphne returned her hands to herself, running over her neck and shoulders, all the while, Harry followed the elegant movement of her fingers, she then caressed her own chest, making Harry bite his lip. Her hands kept going down to her belly, and then to her swinging hips. The wizard watched the slow, sensual movement of her hip, while her hands ran over it. Daphne moved closer to him, until his legs were between hers, and his face was pointed almost directly to her dancing groin.

Harry saw her hands going down, all the way passing the hem of her skirt, to her ivory legs and her knees. Her face got close to his neck and she took a deep breath, absorbing his scent. Harry's dick twitched, and his trousers were suddenly too tight. Daphne got back up, her hands running upwards through her legs, and pushing her skirt together. Harry was breathing heavily as more and more of her tights appeared, and he had a quick flash of her panty clad labia before the skirt came back down. Harry groaned and Daphne gave him an mischievous grin. The witch moved a little away from him, but just enough so she could turn around, showing him her back.

Harry tried, but his eyes were directly drawn to her moving ass, which was arousing him to the extreme, even covered by her skirt. She leaned down, running her hand over her legs again, and he could see the curves of her ass. Harry wanted to touch her so bad, he didn't even care about the huge tent on his pants, but he restrained himself, following her rules.

Daphne had had enough too, she wanted to touch him, to embrace his magic. Swinging her hips, she sat on his lap, feeling his large erection been accommodated under her ass. Harry moaned and that sent bolts of delight over her body. The witch moved her hips up and down Harry's dick, feeling her own excitement grow. She opened her eyes, and saw everyone looking at them, and her panties got even wetter. She looked right to Hannah and Neville, then to Padma, before holding Harry’s hand and guiding them then over her body. First her breasts, then her legs, starting on her knees and
going up. Harry delighted himself in the smooth sensation of the skin of her legs. Daphne guided his hands over the upper side of her thighs, and, in front of everyone, let them run over her damped lacy panties. Both Harry and Daphne groaned out loud before the music stopped. Daphne stayed over his lap for a little while, panting. When she finally got up, she turned and kissed Harry lightly in the lips, before going back to her place. The emerald eyed wizard looked around and found a group of flushed teens.

“Wow! Elle peut aller se rhabiller, Salma Hayek!” Gabrielle commented in French, fanning herself. Would have been hot if she stuck her foot in ‘Arry mouth and poured the Firewhiskey down her leg into his mouth, though!”

Hannah could not look at him, and buried her face in Neville’s shoulder. The boy himself was grinning, with a hand strategically placed on his girlfriend’s ass.

“Let’s continue?” Daphne calmly called.

“We’ll continue from dusk till dawn!” Tracey quipped.

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Daphne waited until everyone was back at their places before reaching for the bottle. The witch noticed that Harry didn't even try to hide his obvious hard on; it would be impossible anyway. And Neville was not to far behind. Hannah was red as a tomato and sweating, her lips slightly parted. The dark haired Slytherin was sure none of the girls had dry knickers and she was proud of it.

And Harry was turning to be way better than she hoped. He was respectful, but also naughty enough to take all of the girls; he was protective, and by the old ones, he was powerful. Even now she could feel his magic claiming her. Daphne was sure not every girl could handle it; it needed an equally strong willed witch to work and after watching Harry interacting with people today, Daphne was sure he looked for the strongest and brightest. All those thoughts ran through her mind as she watched the bottle spin and point at Padma. Time for another test.

Padma had never been so excited in her life. It all started with Rose kissing Harry. At that moment she was sure they had kissed before, just like Harry and Gabrielle; and what a kiss, deep and passionate. When he took his shirt off, she had to suppress a moan. She had seen him shirtless at the pool, but here, surrounded by the girls, at night, there was something different. And there was the dance. Harry and Daphne were beautiful, like two sex gods courting each other. When the Indian witch saw how he looked at her, how their bodies reacted, the size of the erection under his trousers, and, more than anything, how their magic combined, she was sure they belonged together. Just like Harry and Rose. And Gabrielle. For her, it was not such an alien thought. Her own father had four wives and nine children. Love was not a finite commodity. But Padma didn't know yet how far she was willing to go at this game. Guess was time to find out.

“Truth or dare, Padma?” Daphne asked in her usual monotone.

“Dare!”

Daphne didn’t hesitate. “Either remove your dress, or give Harry a kiss like Rose did.”

Padma looked at Harry who just smiled. “You don't need to do anything you don't want, okay?” Padma smiled and nodded at him.
This thing was, she wanted to. After talking with him that day, after seeing him with the other girls, and feeling his magical powers, she wanted it, maybe it was just the new boy novelty, but she didn't care. Padma leaned forward and crawled on all four in his direction. Harry could not help but think of an elegant big cat stalking in his direction and his heart beat faster, realizing how pretty she looked.

Rose watched as another of her friends was entangled in their magic. Realization was starting to dawn on her of how much she influenced Harry's own choices. All the people most affected by Harry's magic, including Neville, were the ones she was close to. That explained why he reacted so strongly to Padma and not to Hannah. Rose looked at the round faced blond, and noticed how her hand were close to Neville’s groin. As an admitted voyeur, Rose was loving each moment, not even her fight with Hermione earlier could drag her down now.

The chocolate skin girl reached Harry and looked inside those emerald eyes. Harry looked at her dark brown ones, before looking at her full, partly open dark lips, finding them delicious. With a deep breath, Padma leaned forward to captured his lips and the young wizard discovered that she tasted as good as she looked. Harry let his magic flow, by now, with the confidence he felt coming from Rose, he was finally learning to let it go. Padma felt it washing over her and felt like melting when their tongues met. Padma had never known a kiss could be that good, it was like Harry overwhelmed all her senses and she wanted it to last forever. The girl barely registered the catcalls when they separated their lips.

Harry looked at her eyes, just to find them full of promises. Padma returned to her place with a silly smile on her face, and she absently spun the bottle, that pointed at Tracey.

“Dare!” The blond called.

“I… dare you…” Padma thought. “To kiss Susan just like I did Harry…”

“Oh fuck yes!” Tracey exulted. “I mean, is that okay Sue? Just for funsies?”

Susan blushed, but nodded. Tracey was not Harry or Hannah, but was extremely hot all the same. Tracey moved and cupped the red haired girl's face with both hands and quickly places her lips on hers. Tracey licked Susan's lips and the girl opened her mouth, allowing Tracey’s tongue to dance with hers. It was a wet and sensual kiss, and Susan moaned when their lips separated.

Rose looked at Hannah and Neville, the flushed couple seemed hypnotized by their friends. Hannah’s hand slowly cupped the bulge on Neville’s pants, almost without noticing. Rose bit her lips, imagining Neville pounding on Hannah’s puffy pussy from behind. The messy haired girl was brought back to reality as Harry hand caressed her thigh and smiled at her.

Tracey spun the bottle, which landed on Hannah this time.

“Da… dare?” Hannah called, and Neville moaned, as her hand squeezed his hard member. Tracey gave her a big grin.

“As you seem so comfortable with your boyfriend’s hard stuff, why don't you sit on his lap and remove you dress?” The blond wiggled her eyebrows up and down.

Hannah let out a little 'eep' when she realized everyone could see her touching her boyfriend, including the new boy. She looked around her and then at Neville, feeling his hard cock trembling and her own panties wet.

“Only if you want, luv,” Neville said.
“In for a penny,” Hannah concluded before going up and straddling him. She moaned loud, to everyone’s surprise, when she pressed the hard tent on his trousers against her own panty clad pussy folds. Tracey pinched her own nipples and licked her lips. Harry watched fascinated, he had never found watching others so exciting, but he knew Rose liked it, maybe it was her influence on him. Rose leaned down on him, breathing fast, and he felt Gabrielle’s hand slowly caressing his own hard on, dexterously unbuttoning his trousers.

“Help me Nev,” Hannah asked in his ears. The boy promptly grabbed the hem of her summer dress and pulled it up, revealing her nice, round and wide ass, with a soft pink cotton knicker and then her large boobs, with hard pink nipples and wide areolas that almost matched her panties. The girl blushed and all her body turned almost red, something Harry found really cute. Hannah threw her arms around Neville’s neck, a little ashamed, but she couldn’t stop her hips from grinding his dick which was even harder than before.

“That is hot…” Padma whispered, watching Hannah grinding her boyfriend. “Are we still playing?”

“Yeah… just a sec…” Hannah panted. She reached for the bottle without leaving Neville’s lap. Harry could see how wet her panties were, and his dick twitched in Gabrielle’s hand. Hannah threw her dress away and sat back on an overexcited Neville’s lap, sipping the bottle. Hannah discovered something new about herself that day, she didn't mind to be seen in her current state. She loved how Harry’s eyes hovered over her ass as she slowly rocked Neville’s cock, and the erotic atmosphere with all the girls. Hannah spun the bottle, and for her delight, it landed on Harry.

“Hmm… Dare.”

“I want you to sing for me pretty boy…”

“Sing?”

“Yeah, but only in your undies.”

“Hell yeah!” Tracey called.

“I like that…” Gabrielle said in a dreamy voice.

“Ok, but I'm not Rose, my voice sucks…” Harry said, getting up and removing his trousers, revealing black boxers, a little too tight for his large erection. Padma and Susan both let out a gasp.

“Well, I heard Rose playing this song a couple days ago, and I think it suits me…

“Do you have the time to listen to me whine, about nothing and everything all at once!”

Rose had picked her guitar again, and accompanied him. “I am one of those melodramatic fools, neurotic to the bone, no doubt about it! Sometimes I give myself the creeps! Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me! It all keeps adding up, I think I’m cracking u-up. Am I just paranoid, or am I just stoooonned?”

On perfect cue, as if they rehearsed for countless hours, Rose played the bridge riff.

“I went to a shrink, to analyse my dreams. She said it’s lack of sex that’s bringing meeee downn. I went to a whore, he said my life’s a bo-ore. So quit my whining cause it’s bringing her doooown”

“Sometimes I give myself the creeps. Sometimes my mind plays tricks on me. It all keeps adding up, I thinking I cracking uuu-upp! Am I-I just just paranoid oh ya-ya-yeaaah!”
Rose played the outro as Harry was headbanging and moving around, the feelings coming more from Rose than himself, caught up in the mood, but as the guitar stopped, Harry finished, panting and gasping, red as a tomato and sat back on the ground, hiding his face. He'd faced a Dark Lord, a Basilisk, dozens of hostile magical creatures, but he was ashamed to sing... what a loser. All the girls looked at him and applauded with smiles on their face, Padma though how cute he looked blushing like that.

“Hey, that was not half bad, Harry!” Rose called. “Maybe you are learning a thing or two.”

“One more thing for Tracey to remind me about forever,” Harry said.

“One more?” Susan asked.

“Nevermind!” Harry said before Tracey could open her mouth.

Suddenly a low beeping sound came from Neville’s pocket.

“Shit! Is my Remenberall, we need to get home Hannah.” The girl let out a disappointed moan, before reaching for her dress and putting it on, looking at Harry with a playful wink. “Is the floo down here working Daphne?”

“Yes Nev, you can use it, it’s safer than going upstairs anyway.” Unseen by them, a wicked gleam entered Tracey’s baby blues. *That would do a marvelous dare for our stud.*

“Okay guys. See you all next week at G place for training. Cya!” Neville waved.

“Yeah! Fuck her good Nev!” Tracey called, making the boy blush.

.ÓvÓ.

“Are we going to keep playing?” Padma asked after Neville and Hannah leave through the fireplace. There was an almost pleading tone on her voice.

“Sounds good to me.” Rose called. They sat around the bottle once more, Harry reached for it and gave it a good spin. It finished pointing at Tracey.

“Dare!”

“Of course… hmm… why don't you help Gabby get rid of her dress?”

Tracey smiled and jumped into it. Gabby got up and said in a husky voice.

“I'm all yours Tracey.”

Padma watched in awe as the dirty blond walked around the silver one, running her fingers over her shoulders, softly teasing the young veela. Tracey stopped right behind her and looked at Harry and Rose. Before reaching to the zipper on Gabby’s dress. With her mouth. She pulled it down slowly, as the straps on the veela’s dress ran over her arms. After Tracey finished with the zipper, she placed both hands over Gabby’s shoulder and pulled the straps down, showing the young witch almost perfect pair of tits. Tracey kept pulling her dress down over Gabby’s hips, revealing a small, white thong. Harry gasped, it hugged her hips so perfectly that he could see almost all the details of her hairless pussy. The puffy lips, the mound over her pointed little clit. The big wet spot was also
perfectly visible. Tracey kept going all the way to her feet, before going up back again, running her hands up her legs, her wet cunt, her belly and breasts. Gabrielle moaned.

“Merci Tracey… I'm much more comfortable now…” The young veela said, winking at Harry and letting her allure flow free.

“I know what you like, baby!” Tracey replied in a sultry voice, massaging Gabrielle’s nipples between her fingers, and whispered something in the young witch’s ear, making her giggle.

Gabrielle reached for the bottle, making sure Harry got a perfect view of her ass and pussy under the thong. The spin ended pointing at Harry.

“Truth or dare ‘Arry…” Gabrielle’s voice was full of malice and lust.

“Dare…”

“I want you to get me a butterbeer…” Harry raised an eyebrow, waiting for the catch. “But I want one from the kitchen in the manor… naked…”

Harry looked around, everyone but Padma had mischievous smiles on their faces. Including Daphne. Harry shrugged, what's the worst that could happen anyway.

“Okay, I just don't know where the kitchen is…”

“Oh, is just passing the living room from the stairs.” Daphne said. “Just try not to ruin their fun?”

Harry gave her a questioning looks, before reaching for his trousers.

“Non non ‘Arry… no clothes. not even your boxers! And be quick, I want you… back.” Gabrielle giggled.

Harry sighed, dropped his boxer with a blush and moved to the glass door, before disappearing in the dark.

“He has an amazing ass, don't you think Padma?” Daphne asked, making the hypnotized Indian girl jump.

“Yes…” The dark skin witch answered. “And a big…”

“Listen Pad…” Daphne continued. “I feel things are going to escalate now that Nev is gone….”

“More?” Padma asked in disbelief.

“I want it too, and I'm sure the others here want it too.” Daphne said.

“Rose?” Padma asked with wide eyes. “You too?”

“Yes Padma. Things are... pleasurable but extremely complicated.”

“So, if you, or you, Susan, want to leave it's okay, we are not judging,” Daphne continued.

“Wow, I never thought of you being so forward Daphne.” Padma was astonished.

“Are you kidding?” Rose said. “Daphne is even naughtier than Gabby here!”

Padma thought about it, she was sure no one would force her to do anything she didn't want to. And
she wanted to see Harry, and kiss him again, maybe more.

Padma nodded.

“I will keep playing!” The Indian witch called.

“Sue?”

The red haired witch just nodded, a mixture of lust and fear in her eyes.

Harry could hear, before he saw them, the wet sound of flesh against flesh, Melody Greengrass’ loud moans, and Remus’ roars.

Remus was actually roaring.

Harry slowly finished the last flight of stairs before the living room. The wizard could actually see the entrance to the kitchen at the other side of the room. But that was not all he could see. Harry stopped, stunned by the scene in front of him.

Melody Greengrass, the aristocratic Pureblood lady had her face on the ground, with an expression of pure bliss, her hands grabbing the carpet while her ass pointed up to the air, sustained by her knees. Behind her, Remus Lupin pounded his cock in and out of her with vigor. Harry watched the werewolf pulling back until only the head of his dick was inside, her pussy making a loud wet, sucking sound, only for him to shove it back in, all the way until their hips hit each other with a splash. He did it in an incredible pace, making Melody roll her eyes. Harry had to resist the urge to touch himself while watching such an erotic scene. Instead, he tried to concentrate on the task at hand, thinking about the best way to the kitchen without being seen.

“I'M CUMMING REMUS, KEEP GOING!” Melody screamed, getting Harry's attention again. He shook his head and started moving, trying to get behind the couch without making any noise; luckily, both adults seemed to focused on themselves at the moment. Remus kept pushing his dick deep inside Melody, groaning and moaning, while a sloshing puddle of pussy juices and pre cum formed under them.

Harry finally got into the kitchen, and quickly looked for the Butterbeer, he found it in a box, and grabbed two of them.

“AAAAAAAH THAT'S SO FUCKING GOOD!” Melody screamed, reaching her climax, shivering on the werewolf’s dick, her pussy juices falling to a pool of juices on the carpet. Harry imagined if Muggle women came like witches, there was always so much fluid. Maybe it was something magic did with their bodies. Even after she came, Remus kept fucking, going in and out, prolonging her climax, but he was also close.

Harry started going back to the stairs, using the same route from before. Balcony, chair, couch, door. He cursed Gabrielle for not letting him bring his wand, he moved, trying to be faster.

“T'M gonna cum Mel!” Remus called.

“Give to me, on my face and tits you beast!” She asked. Remus pulled off her and Melody knelt in
front of him, Harry watched with wide eyes and the werewolf stroked his dripping cock, wet from the witch’s juices, close to her open mouth. With a grunt, he shot a large rope of sperm on her face, hitting her cheeks and mouth, a second one hit her neck and breasts, and a third into her hair, although Melody didn’t seem to care. Both adults stayed there, panting, while Harry reached the stairs, his own large cock begging for relief.

Harry almost made it outside when he heard Melody clearing her throat behind him.

Harry couldn’t help it, he just froze and tensed. “Not now, damn it!” He thought, feeling his muscle locked as if he was hit by a Petrification spell.

“Stay where you are, boy! Vernon, get your belt!” The wizard heard his aunt in his memories. To Harry’s complete surprise, he found out he was frozen in panic, like he didn't for many years.

Annoyed at first then amused and a bit excited at the sight of James’ look-alike watching her getting pounded, the older witch had followed him, on wobbly legs and reached him when he was getting outside. Melody cleared her throat, about to tease him a bit for being exactly like his so-called uncle, but he completely froze. The boy's back was tense and taut; rigid even.

Quickly she approached Harry and stepped in front of him, his eyes, so identical to Lily’s, were wide and unseeing, his voice whispering apologies and begging for pardon.

Melody remembered some the drawings her daughter did. Some of them caused huge arguments with Cyrus, her late husband, when she feared he had abused their daughter.

But as the years passed, and Daphne’s drawing skills evolved and got better, it was obvious that the poor kid was a boy, living with a skinny woman and a very obese man. ‘Harry’, ‘Aunt Petunia’, ‘Uncle Vernon’, ‘Dudley’.

At first she thought it was a boy from school. But talking with Bella and Lily back at school, she knew Lily had a very nasty and mean muggle sister also called Petunia.

Slowly, Melody walked in front of him and said. “Harry. Listen to me. focus on my voice. You are NOT at…” she racked her memory. “Privet Drive. I’m not Petunia. Relax; breath.”

Harry blinked once, twice; he started breathing again. His eyes focused and he realized that in front of him was a very naked Melody, her C sized breasts with dark pink nipples brushing against his chest, and feeling his still hard cock, also naked, poking her belly just above her trimmed pussy.

He blushed and tried to hide his erection, making the older woman chuckle. It seemed coming back to his younger body had also weaken his defenses about the abuse he had suffered; his own Occlumency shields were failing him.

“No need, darling. Your’s is not the first Potter Wand to poke me.” Melody winked at him.

Harry blinked and looked at her.

“It isn’t?”

“We’re an adventurous bunch.” Melody giggled. “Some may even say we are a bunch of perverts, but fuck their double standards, we are not hurting anyone. Just be honest with me okay?”
“You’re the lad from my daughter’s drawings, and Susie’s Harry, aren’t you?”

Harry looked at her in shock. The woman pierced his gaze with her own. Melody got him and she knew it; he knew it too. Harry could feel his magic touch her, but he didn’t push it. She was Moony’s lover, and she seemed good to, and for, him. And back there and then, she was also his mother-in-law. But, fucking hell, she was hot!

“I am. It’s a long story.” Harry started saying, but the woman quieted him with a finger on his lips.

“Just be good with my Daphne. She’s been waiting for you, darling.” Melody simply said, and gave his lips a gentle, motherly peck. “And if you need to talk, confide, outside of your growing circle, I’m here.”

Melody brushed the lipstick from his lips with a finger, then with a smile, walked back inside, her hips swaying in a sensuous but not seductive way.

Harry stood there for a minute, then picked up the beers, and ran toward the pool house, his heart beating like a drum on one of Rose’s punk songs. It was a good thing the bottle of Firewhiskey was self-replenishing.

He was going to take a long, very, very long sip.

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“Damn Harry, you look a little pale.” Rose called with a mischievous grin when he entered back the pool house. Harry glared at her.

“You would be too after seeing what I just saw, here are your beers, now, pass me that bottle!”

Harry took a big sip from the bottle while Gabrielle and Tracey laughed. Padma and Susan only looked at him, almost hypnotized by his body and his flaring magic.

“Guess you found my mom pretty Potter?” Daphne said with a grin. Harry raised a questioning eyebrow. Daphne smirked and just pointed at his raging erection. Suddenly conscious of his state, Harry groaned and quickly sat back on the floor, unsuccessfully trying to hide his hard cock.

“Oh non ‘Arry, don't hide it!” Gabrielle ordered, seating at his side.

“Please, somebody dare me to suck his delicious looking cock, I beg you!” Tracey moaned, biting her lower lip; Harry rolled his eyes and groaned. The young wizard placed the bottle on the ground, and gave it a firm spin.

“Dare!” Rose called when it pointed at her. Harry decided to tease them as revenge.

“Ok Rose, you have to choose and remove just one piece of clothing.”

Rose smiled and got up walking next to him, she stopped just a few inches from his face, and turned around, offering her skirt covered perfect ass. The girl reached under her skirt, letting Harry see the beautiful curve from her asscheeks for a moment, before grabbing the hem of her wet panties and pulled them down, slowly bending her body, so Harry could get an eyeful of her pussy lips. Harry's
plan backfired gloriously as all he wanted was to bury his face in her. Rose finished removing her panties, and threw them in the growing pile of clothes.

“You are going to be the death of me!” Harry groaned, trying to resist the impulse to stroke his arcing cock. Rose gave him a sultry smile, and spun the bottle one more time.

“Truth or dare Padma?” Rose asked when the bottle stopped.

“Dare…” Padma answered in a low voice.

“Why don't you let Harry help you with those clothes?” Rose said.

Padma looked at Harry in all his naked glory. “Only if you want to…” The boy said, and the Indian witch nodded, standing up.

Harry stood up and slowly walked in her direction. Padma watched his huge hard on pointed at her, and shivered. Harry stopped, almost waiting for permission, which she gave with a nod. The young wizard reached for the bottoms on her blouse, and started undoing one at time. Harry tried to avoid it, but accidentally, his cock poked her in the belly while he undid her blouse. Padma was dressed Occident style, while Parvati preferred the rich looking sari, Harry noticed, exactly the opposite to the twins he knew back there. He removed her blouse from her shoulders and arms, revealing a black lacy bra. Harry could see her dark brown nipples pushing against the see through soft fabric, making his cock twitch. With a swift move, he dropped her blouse and reached for the zipper behind her skirt, getting even closer to the beautiful dark chocolate witch, his dick pressed against her. Padma was amazed by how warm and hard it felt against her soft skin, and moaned loudly. Rose, Tracey, and Gabrielle giggled. Rose was more and more sure about her.

Harry was breathing heavily when he finished with her zipper, and let her skirt fall through her legs, showing matching black lacy knickers.

“Do you want to stop there, or do you want to go full monty?” Harry asked her, a hand on her hip. Padma took a deep breath, his hard dick touching her was making difficult to think. His hands on her hips felt too good, it almost felt like her own magic was inviting him in.

“Just the bra… for now at least…” The witch whispered. Harry gave her a reassuring nod and moved one of his hands up. With a flick of his fingers, and some wandless magic, the clasp of her bra came undone and the girl moaned loud. She could not believe how close she was to an orgasm, without him even touching her in a more direct way.

Padma moved her arms to let the bra fall and accidentally brushed the bulbous head of Harry’s cock pressed against her, making him moan softly. Padma decided she loved that sound.

Her bra came off and Harry could look at her beautiful breasts. They were not very big, but seemed so firm and the color was amazing, unlike anything he had ever seen. Her hard nipples pointed at him and he felt the urge to lick them. Harry stepped back before doing something she was not ready for and the girl sighed with the loss of contact.

Harry looked back to the other flushing girls. Gabrielle was unceremoniously rubbing her pussy over her tiny, wet thong. Her allure was freely flowing around, and Harry imagined how it would be affecting everyone, maybe that was the reason everyone was being so forward. Harry moved back to his place, while a shivering Padma reached for the bottle, almost in a daze.

She spun the bottle, and it pointed at Daphne.

“Truth.” The midnight black haired witch called, to everyone’s surprise. Harry just laughed. Padma
was taken by surprise, but quickly recovered.

“Hmm… okay… what's your favorite position?” The Indian witch asked with a little uncertainty in her voice. Daphne looked straight at Harry, a look he knew all too well, making his dick jump.

“I like sitting on a big, fat cock.” She answered on her usual even tone, which made it even more sexier to Harry, especially as she leaned and gently stroked the head of his manhood with her fingertips. “And this is one very, very tempting.” Daphne said, before leaning back again.

The bottle pointed at Tracey this time, who beamed in anticipation.

“All right Tracey.” Daphne said. “Truth or dare?”

“Dare of course!”

Daphne laid back, and grinned. “You have to kiss Harry for one minute, you can kiss him anywhere but his mouth, though.” The witch said like giving instructions to a kid, and Tracey actually seemed like one, jumping on Harry like he was a new toy. Rose laughed at her friend, her own hand slowly caressing her bare pussy lips under her skirt.

Tracey pounced on him, kissing his jawline and neck with ferocity. Harry was a little surprised by her needy grabbing, but when she licked his nipple he let out a moan, and his magic flared around. Tracey skillfully teased his right nipple first, then his left one, lightening biting it. The blond then started tracing kisses down his chest and abs, while Harry laid on his elbows.

Padma watched in disbelief. Looking around, she could see Rose and Gabby openly touching themselves. Susan was blushing and pressing her thighs together, but not looking away, Daphne just leaned back and had an evil grin on her lips. The Indian witch was fascinated, she knew her friends were a bit adventurous, but to be part of it, to be accepted in the group, was something else.

Padma decided she liked it.

Tracey kept kissing Harry's belly. He looked at her, feeling her right hand running across the inner side of his thigh. It started on his knee and ran up at the same time her kisses got lower. Her hand brushed one of his balls, quickly groping it, before grasping the base of his dick. Harry groaned. Tracey mused her nose on his pubes and caressed his cock on her cheeks. She looked at his eyes and licked her lips.

“Are you ready lover boy?” The girl asked, and started kissing all over the length of of his dick before he could answer. Tracey kissed all the way up to the head of his hard prick, and slowly pumped him, while kissing his cock. Harry moaned as she licked the pre-cum from the head. Tracey opened her mouth, engulfed the entire bulbous head in her mouth, and started sucking. She loved his size and taste, and how the magic ran through from him to her. She bobbed up and down, swallowing a little more each time she came back down on his dick. Tracey sucked and kissed, longing for his hit magic sperm on her mouth. But then Daphne called.

“Time is up Tracey… don't steal everyone’s fun.”

Tracey released Harry's dick with a popping wet sound.

“Ouhhh… I was having so much fun… you taste amazing Harry.”

“Thank… you…” Harry could only pant.
Tracey felt her pussy slick and dripping wet when she reached for the bottle. Susan was looking wide eyed, her eyes overwhelmed with lust. Tracey was also sure the others could feel, just like her, how Harry and Rose’s magic, mixed with Gabrielle’s allure were floating around the room, she felt like swimming in a sea of warmth and horniness. This coven would be the best thing ever. Tracey gave the bottle a good spin, and for her joy, it landed on Harry.

Harry was still a little high from the quick blowjob, he just whispered.

“Dare, nothing can be worse than walking on Remus and Melody and getting caught.”

Tracey looked at him and then at Daphne.

“Okay Harry, why don’t return the favor and eat Daphne out? What you think Daph?”

Daphne looked at him with defying eyes.

“You have one chance Potter.”

“Then, I better take it…” Harry said, moving towards her with a predatory smile that sent shivers down the girl's spine. He stopped an inch from her face, smiling, his magic exhaling confidence. Harry just hoped this Daphne was at least a little like the one he knew. The boy leaned forward and teasingly brushed his lips on hers, before moving and biting her earlobe, leaning her backward until she was breathing heavily, sustained by her elbows. Harry moved his head down her body and held her knees, moving to spread her legs. Harry was graced by the arousing sight of her pantie clad pussy, a large pool of wetness forming beneath the lacy fabric. Harry could easily discern the contours of her labia and her delicious scent was overwhelming. He couldn't wait anymore and licked the wet fabric musing his nose over her clit. Daphne moaned out at the contact, her legs shaking slightly.

Susan watched as Harry delicately grabbed the edge of her panties and pushed it aside, showing her puffy, spread lips, with her pink glistening slit and the poking clit under her completely shave mound. Harry smiled, how he wanted this. He licked her entire wet slit, separating her inner labia with his tongue. Daphne tasted incredibly sweet; Harry loved the taste of his girls. Susan watched in awe Harry licking, savoring Daphne, and the girl was moaning and pouring her juices over his tongue from her soaked hole. The red haired girl couldn’t take it anymore, screw the game; she unbuttoned her own shorts, and buried her hands inside her knickers, desperately looking for release.

Harry licked Daphne’s clit and the girl groaned. It was everything she hoped for and more. His magic touched hers as much as his tongue. Harry vibrated around her and he drank her juices with gusto, swallowing her sweet flavor. The fact that he seemed to enjoy it so much only made it better. Harry then moved his tongue down, and using his finger on the right hand to hold her panties out of the way, and his left to make her raise her knees to her chest, he found his prize; her pink, pulsating anus. Daphne was breathing fast in anticipation, and then he licked around it, before darting his tongue over it. Daphne moaned loudly.

Rose worked her fingers in and out of herself furiously, Harry and Daphne looked beautiful together, making the green eyed girl tremble with pleasure. When he dove at her asshole, making Daphne scream, something that turned on Rose; she needed to try it. The witch got her own finger inside her mouth, licking and lubricating it, before moving to her own ass. With a deep breath, Rose pressed the digit against her anus, and felt like a jolt of energy ran through her body.
Harry got basically the same idea, but he decided to use Daphne’s own juices as lubricant. He slowly dove his middle finger inside the entrance of her pussy, and gathered her fluids, before moving it over her ass, circling around it. He looked Daphne in the eyes and asked,

“Are you ready?”

The witch bit her lower lip and nodded. Harry came back down, placing his mouth over her clitoris, and applying just a little pressure on his finger.

Padma couldn’t believe when Harry hissed ~I missed eating your arse, my love~ on Daphne’s clitoris at the same time he sunk his finger inside her ass. The girl screamed in bliss, a bliss Padma had only read about before. Daphne screamed as the orgasm washed over her, the magical release hitting all of the other witches, and even the Indian witch reached an unexpected climax.

Harry kept licking and finger fucking Daphne’s anus and clitoris, until the girl melted, coming down from her climax, only then he stopped and stood up, a prideful smile on his face. Harry leaned and kissed her, it was a deep, passionate kiss, and Daphne made her final decision.

.OvO.

Mel stirred in her bed, blinking

“What was that?” she asked confusedly, looking around, the magical energy hit her like a wave of warm pleasure.

Remus didn’t answer, asleep and snoring. The woman leaned back, It felt good; she smiled and whispered “Good boy”, before falling back asleep, unconsciously rubbing her naked pussy against him, a satisfied expression on her face

.OvO.

When Daphne finally came back from her orgasmic high, it was only to find Harry smirking at her. That roguish, mischievous smile she had seen on Rose’s face before, but now, on the boy’s face, it had a whole new world of lustful meaning. Slowly, without removing his bright emerald eyes from her own icy blue ones, Harry raised his finger, the one who just a moment ago was buried inside her ass. He brought the digit up, and licked, savored it. That was when the witch lost it. He knew exactly how to push every button of hers. Screw the game, was all she could think before pouncing on the young wizard, sending him with his back to the ground.

“Oh she means business, now!” Tracey exclaimed with a grin “And Harry is on his back.”

“This is a bold tactic indeed, especially with the title on the line!” Rose replied on the same tone, one fist in front of her mouth as if she was holding a microphone, and the fingers of her second hand teasing her folds.

Daphne leaned in and furiously captured Harry's lips, all of her ice queen persona gone, completely tossed to the side. The witch wanted him, all of him, and what Daphne Greengrass wanted, she
usually got it. Her tongue invaded Harry's mouth, but he fought back with his own, starting a delicious fight for dominance. With her panties still pulled to the side, she ground her wet slit on his raging erection, and moaned when the wizard grabbed her ass and made her move. His cock slide all the way over her dripping inner folds, and the way it hit against her clitoris was driving her insane.

Padma watched, mesmerized, her own hands working, imagining herself in Daphne’s place. She had never felt like that. Sure, her sister’s dirty stories were exciting and she had fun on some dates, but this was way better. There was magic happening here, a profound connection between everyone in the room. And Harry looked just like a sexy incubus with that grin on his sweaty face. Padma wanted in even more on this deviant little group.

“Rose!” Daphne called, her hips moving forward and back, running her wet slit all the way from the head to the base of Harry's hard prick. “I want… you to… aaaah… watch closer… as I ravish… him!” Harry squeezed her ass cheeks and Daphne groaned. “I know you like it! Then you can have him, wet from my cunt…”

Harry just smiled, he loved her attitude, but she didn't knew what she was buying into. The wizard gave Rose a grin and the girl came closer to them.

Gabrielle was having thoughts on her own, Rose had always been someone special to her, and to all of her family. More than friends, she was family, Apolline had said it once to her daughters, the Potters had always been good to the Veela, and they had always been close. Rose always resonated with her magic, but the green eyed witch was just not interested. Rose was more like a sister, a perverted one of course. But Harry? Harry made her Veela sing, her instincts awaken; he gave focus to her Allure. Harry was more than suitable, she would not be able to wait much more before claiming him as hers. Lost in thought, watching as the two persons that make her magic sing working together with Daphne, she barely registered as Tracey’s hands palmed her tits from behind. Gabrielle moaned and laid her head on the blond’s shoulder.

“Enjoying the show, little bird?” Tracey asked before licking Gabrielle’s earlobe. “I most certainly am…”

“Hmmm…” Gabrielle moaned. “Can't wait for your turn, Tracey?”

“Why not just enjoy my wait, right?”

“Agreed… will you help me enjoy mine?”

Instead of answering, Tracey trailed kisses over the young Veela’s neck, while letting her own right hand go down to find Gabrielle’s perfectly bald and completely wet pussy. The blond girl drip her fingers inside the French folds, looking for her entrance. Gabrielle moaned loud when two dexterous fingers entered her.

Daphne couldn't take anymore.

“Haarry, I want you inside me.”

The young witch raised herself, and Rose wasted no time reaching for Harry's cock. Rose had to admit Daphne was right, grabbing it, feeling her friends juices over his lover’s cock was incredibly arousing. The green eyed witch held Harry's large prick up, while Daphne aligned it with her soaking entrance. Harry was not idle, taking advantage of Rose’s proximity, his hand quickly found its way to the witch’s perfect ass. Rose moaned as he cupped her bum, running his finger all the way through the crack, from her wet pussy lips to the anus.
Daphne felt the large bulbous head of her prize pressing against her tight entrance and between her lips. She was going to enjoy this. Slowly, she sunk down, feeling his cock stretching her wet insides, her inner walls adjusting to his delicious girth. Daphne pushed down until their hips touched, and moaned loud.

“That's… soooo… good…” The girl called, magic floating in the air around them.

Tracey saw the face her friend was making. Daphne and her were completely different, almost opposite, and yet, they had shared everything about one another. People always assumed Tracey was the crazier of the two, but Daphne was the real horny bunny, just like Rose. The dark haired girl was just better at concealing it. But Tracey had never seen her friend like that, her face a complete mask of pleasure. Daphne seemed happy; and Harry, looked completely focused on making her and Rose happy, as an emerald eyed sex god. Tracey’s hands worked Gabrielle furiously, as the Veela reached back to her own folds. The blond girl was so over excited that she just hoped to last long enough under the veela ministrations to cum along with Daphne.

Rose approached Daphne’s ear and whispered. “Can you take it Daphne? Can you be one with us?” Her voice trembling all the way to the Slytherin core. Daphne could, she wanted to be. Harry grabbed her ass and helped her move up, all the way up on his cock; then she came back down again with a moan, her body welcoming the contact, her magic welcoming his. Daphne started moving up and down, riding his large prick with need. She could feel every inch of him inside her, the head of his cock hitting her cervix, and the delicious sensation of her clit rubbing against his hips. Daphne didn't want this to end.

Padma worked her clitoris with fervor, the sight of Harry meeting Daphne’s movements midway was incredibly enticing. Her panties were long gone, and she sat there with her legs spread open, fingers circling her clit. In secret she wished Harry turned his head to see her, to watch her doing this naughty thing while he banged the other girl to beats. Almost like he could hear her thoughts, or perhaps read her magic, he turned his gaze to her, his eyes actually glowing with magical power. The way he looked at her made her feel beautiful, and when he smiled, that scoundrel like grin, Padma came hard, a hard stream of fluids hitting the carpet.

Daphne was panting, moaning and gritting over Harry's cock and the young wizard felt she was trying to hold back, maybe out of pride. Harry released her ass and gently held the back of her neck, bringing her face closer to his. Harry gave her a deep kiss before whispering.

“Come for me little snake, and then next I will fuck your ass…”

That was too much for Daphne.

“FUCK HAAARRY!” The girl screamed, shivering in her second orgasm, the most powerful one she had ever felt shooting thru her body. The magical release hit Gabrielle, Tracey, and Susan, making them climax together.

Daphne collapsed over Harry's chest, breathing heavily, the young wizard caressed her dark hair with care, and the witch melted with a silly smile on her face, one Rose had never seen before. Harry gently hugged Daphne, before turning her around and laying her comfortably on the carpet.

.OvO.
Harry locked eyes with Rose and the girl shivered under his intense gaze. Harry removed his dick from inside Daphne, a trail of juices connecting the two, but Rose could see that he hadn't come yet. By magic, Rose loved the way Harry looked at her. With hungry, needy eyes. Harry had broken Daphne and she would be the one to break him.

Rose looked at a panting Padma, the puddle of her orgasm on the carpet below her chocolate colored pussy lips, her eyes glued on Harry's hard dick.

“Do you want to help me Pad?” Rose asked with a husky voice. Padma bit her lip, thinking hard. She was afraid it was too early, but at the same, she had came this far and the Indian witch desired to be with him. Maybe not all the way now, but she wanted to show him she was a willing to try. Padma nodded and moved closer to him. “Clean him up for me? Then you can help him inside me…” Rose said. She actually preferred for him to fuck her covered in Daphne’s juices, but the girl really wanted to include Padma.

“May I touch your bits while you...umm...prepare me for Ro?” Harry asked, and waited for her nod, before reaching for the curve of her ass. The sensation of her skin was warm and soft, and Harry was astonished by how beautiful she looked.

Padma hesitantly extended her hand and touched his cock. The witch was amazed by how hot it felt, almost like it was on fire from within. Harry moaned and she understood it as sign to move ahead, trying to grab his entire girth, and stroking it, he was covered from the wet fluids from Daphne's freshly fucked hole and his own pre-cum. Harry looked into her caramel eyes and said.

“Your touch feels great Padma... but please, don't force yourself... you don't need too.”

“I... I won't Harry... oooh...” Harry's hand found its way to her wet slit, and mind, sliding his fingers over her while pressing his palm against the clitoris. Padma instinctively started grinding his hand. “Oh my... that's good…”

Harry felt his magic welcoming her, molding itself to her needs, becoming a new entity entirely.

“Don't you want to taste it Padma? To get it really ready?” Rose asked in her ear. Harry smiled at his little succubus working.

Padma slowly but surely lowered her head, and tentatively gave a lick on the head of Harry's hard prick. Her eyes went wide. The taste was magical, bitter, yet addictive. Padma licked it hungrily, almost like a popsicle. Harry moaned, as Padma licked the entirety of his dick. When she reached the head, Padma opened her mouth and swallowed it. She had almost no skill, but her enthusiasm was contagious. Rose smiled and kissed Harry. It was a deep passionate kiss, like only soul mates could give each other; and they were more than soul mates now.

Harry lightly tapped Padma’s head, calling her attention. As much as he was loving her messy blowjob, he needed to move on to Rose, his magic needed hers.

“Thank you Padma, that was wonderful…” he said to the blushing girl. “You must let me repay you soon…” Harry leaned and kissed her. “But now, I need to give Rose her birthday fuck…” Padma blushed even more with the blunt language, but nodded; he was right.

Rose laid down on the carpet and brought her knees up almost to her shoulders, completely displaying her wet, swollen pussy lips and spread entrance to Harry. Seeing her in such an open and ready pose made the wizard groan as he held his dick, sliding it over her entrance, slit and clit. Rose
moaned.

“Don't tease me Harry, I need it, please…”

Harry was happy to oblige, and sunk his dick deep inside of her in one swift motion. She was so wet that he entered her easily, but no less pleasurably. Rose rested her legs on his shoulders, as he started pounding in and out of her. Harry felt amazing, she embraced him with all her being, while he kept thrusting in and out of her.

Rose was in heaven, she had waited for this the entire day. Gone was the thoughts of Hermione or the Dark Lady, or even the Coven, at the moment it was just her and Harry, and theirs bodies and magic becoming one.

Unnoticed to the couple, the other girls woke and sat together, watching the couple make love; deep, passionate and hot love. They could feel the peaceful and warm magic surrounding them, and smiled to each other. Rose moaned in pleasure every time Harry entered her, and her walls felt like grabbing every time he moved out.

“That's so good… Harry… fuck me… fuck… me… good… cum inside me, Harry… I want to feel it…” Rose pleaded, her hands cupping the face of her lover, her other half. They could feel each other pleasure echoing, reverberating and adding to their own, like an endless cycle of love and sensations. It was becoming too much to bear.

“Rose… I'm gonna…”

“Yes! YES! CUM FOR ME! AAAAAAH!” Rose screamed, her body twitching as she came hard, trembling in pleasure as the sensations echoed, feeling Harry's own explosion filling her with his hot, thick sperm. Rope after rope of his spunk being milked by her greedy walls.

The girls could see them glowing in their powerful orgasm, and it was beautiful sight indeed.

Harry collapsed over Rose, finally feeling the toll of the day’s activities, kissing her deeply and passionately. Panting, he looked into her eyes.

“Happy Birthday Rose…”

“Happy birthday Harry…”
“Come on mom, don't worry,” Rose spoke in a soft, husky whisper. “You helped me the first time, now let me help you.” young witch grabbed a panting Bella, helping her to get up, sperm pouring from the older witch’s recently fucked cunt. Who would say bonding could be at the same time so good and so tiring; Apolline made it look so much easier. The woman had already cum three times non stop and Bella still had one more step to go. Her mind was going blank from the amount of magic and pleasure; she could understand why some Coven members would choose not to be bonded. But she wanted it, to be even closer to Harry and Rose. Luckily, Rose was there to help her with the incantations.

The certainty came to Bella last night while she was at Godric Hollow with her friends.

Bella stood in front of the ruins of the place that had once been her home. Bella, Apolline, Briar Rose, Narcissa, and Monica had beer bottles in their hands, looking at the unchanged pieces of rubble that the Ministry of Magic had dubbed sacred.

“I made so many mistakes at that time,” Narcissa sadly stated. “You and James were always there for me, and, yet, I decided to listen to aunt Walburga and all the rubbish about blood purity and all this shit.” She sighed, “Lucius was so pretty and gallant at the time. I was such a fool.”

“It wasn't your fault love,” Monica tried to say. “They deceived you.”

“I wish Mona… but I can't deny my own fault. I was blinded by power and the feeling of being special.” Narcissa looked at the graveyard. “You know, for some time, I really hated Lily.” Briar Rose and Monica looked at her with wide eyes. “Yes, she was better than me in every single thing; she was a Muggleborn and was better at magic than me, she had engulfed the most beautiful man, that was not a monster, in the school, and, for a long time, I thought she had stolen my sister from me..”

“Cissy!” Bella started saying.

“I know, Bella,” Narcissa waved. “I never lost you, and she was not at fault. The blame laid only on me. You had always been clear about how you thought and I chose to follow the easy path.”

“You know I love you; right Cissy? I always did,” Bella said with a warm voice.

“I know Bella… it took me some years to see and when it happened, it was too late. That bitch had already taken James and Lily away from us.”

They stayed in silence for a while; Bella took another beer from the case and brushed a tear from her face.
“Are you okay, Bella?” Apolline asked.

“Just remembering. You know, when Lily got pregnant, I felt so happy for her. She always wanted a family. At that time, I decided I would love Rose like she was my own, but also decided I wanted my own child.” Bella took a sip from the bottle. “But I was so focused on my career in the DMLE that I concluded it was not the right time. I talked to James and he wanted it too, but agreed with me. Idiot, he always agreed with us to make us happy, Bella had a soft smile at her lips. “ We decided to go for it when Rose would be around two.” Tears started running down her face as her voice waivered and cracked and sadness. Apolline and Narcissa hugged her. That… that bitch… that monster! She took everything from me, I hate her so much!”

“I know it hurts Bella,” Apolline whispered. “But you have Rose, and you are a wonderful mother to her; and you have us.”

“For a time, I didn’t; I was lost. when I accepted that assignment as an undercover/liaison between the DMLE and New Scotland Yard. At the time the IRA was striking hard and Crouch believed that some escaped Death Eaters were involved. And so I went on some very, very dangerous missions. I eventually took a bullet and was forced to step down. That’s when I found, through a friend in NSY, where Rosie was. You know the rest; she saved me as much as I saved her.”

“And now, you have Harry,” Briar Rose asked.

Bella could only smile.

“Yes, now I have him too, or maybe he has me.”

“Little James?” Briar asked.

“No, most definitely not. He has some of James' qualities, but he is more like Lily, Rose is more like James.”

“Who is he, Bella, I mean, for real. My daughter is trying to hide it but she is head over heels for the boy, I think I have the right to know.” Briar Rose asked.

Narcissa looked at Bella who nodded.

“You could say he’s a Mirror Verse version of Rose. OW!” The blond exclaimed as Apolline pinched her ass.

“Nerd!” The French Veela snorted with a playful roll of her eyes.

“Not Mirror, love,” Monica corrected, “He’s neither bearded nor evil. He’s more like the girl version of Quinn Mall-OW!-ry. Bloody hell stop with the pinching, woman! That hurt!”

Briar Rose looked confused.

“Okay, too many muggle references,” Narcissa said.

“What my dorky sister and quasi-sister-in-law mean, is that Harry is from another dimension. He’s the genetic double of Rose, with an XY chromosome pair instead of XX.” Bella explained, giving Narcissa and Monica a smack on the back of their head.

“What? Is this a prank?” Briar asked wide eyed. “Are you telling me he is the boy version of Rose?”
“On my life and magic, I swear I’m telling you the truth.” Bella swore, looking straight into Briar Rose’s eyes. “How else you would explain the Evans eyes?”

“So he really is my…” Briar Rose counted on her fingers “cousin twice removed, like Rose.”

“In a magical, inter-dimensional, mysterious way, yes.”

“Fuck… I mean… sorry… but fuck!”

“Yes.” Bella said simply. “That was pretty much our first reaction too.”

“Is that an offer, Bee?” Apolline asked, trying to lighten the mood at bit.

“Not right now Pol… this is… wow… what’s he doing here?”

“We don’t know. Andy is looking into it and she thinks there is some kind of connection between our dimensions; too many coincidences.”

“Coincidences?”

“Remember when we told you I was in a coma for about a year, in the early 80s? My soul, or mind, or something was sent there. I could see him and the world around him; but I couldn’t touch him. I stayed by his side, day in and day out for almost seventeen years.” Monica explained. “Now that he’s here, I can feel his magic touching my heart, my body, my soul, and… my core.”

“Oui,” Apolline continued. “Andy is right, his magic is intimately connected to this plan and to the people here… too much so to be a coincidence. I believe he is here for a reason.”

“Wow… sorry, that is a little too much… and you are taking him into your house, are you not afraid of him?” Briar asked Bella.

“Harry already saved our lives, Bee… and the way he acts with Rose, it's… nothing short of incredible.”

“And with Gabby as well.” Apolline added.

Narcissa had an idea.

“Sis, do you reckon James' Pensive is still hidden in the basement?” The regal blond asked.

“If the Ministry didn’t take it, probably. Let's check” Bella was already a little drunk.

“Hmm, what about the wards?” Narcissa asked.

“I'm Lady Potter, remember? At least until Rose and Harry are of age,” Bella walked in the cottage’s direction and could feel the new Ministry wards trying to stop her, but being overpowered by the much older and much more powerful Potter wards. She could feel the stasis bubble over the crumbled building.

Bella smiled sadly, almost overwhelmed by the memories of her old life; James and Lily, Rose’s first months, the nights of intense love. Bella even missed the fights they sometimes had.

“Okay, let's look for that Pensive.” Narcissa said, touching her shoulder.

“It’s hidden in the room under the cellar; a remnant from the times of ol’ Lovegood’s merry band before the house was offered to our family as dowry during WW1.”
“Let's go then…”

They really found the enchanted object under the cellar, and Bella carefully extracted the memories from Monica’s mind.

“What you are about to see is not pretty,” Monica warned. “It’s a real miracle he hasn't gone Dark...or worse…”

“He had you, love. And Susie,” Narcissa told her partner soothingly, stroking her cheek.

“Not only that… his will is strong, just like Rose’s… and Lily,” Bella whispered and pressed her magic against the runes on the pensive, making them shine. “I need to see this; I already know some of it, but I need to see it.” Bella poured the memory into the magical liquid and with a deep breath, the determined witch dove into the memories from another world and another time.

When they exited the memories, there wasn’t a single dry eye on the witches, their expression varying from terror and pain, to complete rage.

“That….that bitch! How could she?! Why wasn’t I there for him?! I mean, that other me! Why didn’t Dumbledore leave him with us?! I’m of Lily’s blood too! Evans blood runs true, I could have sustained the blood wards!” Briar Rose was screaming, enraged. Harry could have been her --well, the other Bee’s son! Instead that Greater Good obsessed goat fucking bastard left him with Petunia of all people! “And all the manipulation and backstabbing…”

At that moment, a silent Bella was sure she would join Harry. If he was strong enough to endure this, years of war and still turn out the caring man he was, he was good enough for Rose.

“That was not our Albus, we must remember that…” Narcissa tried to rationalize, even with her emotions were almost out of control. “That was not our world… that world was…” The blond shivered.

The women stayed there, in silence for a while, each lost on their own thoughts, and pain. Harry was a survivor.

Apolline pointed her wand to Bella’s temple and pulled the memory. “I think it’s time to see his arrival, now, and how he lived at Grimmauld Place.”

Bella nodded and once again they dove into the pensive.

“He faced the Dark Lady without hesitation,” Narcissa said after she got out of the memory. “And he didn't even knew who Rose was at the time. A Potter indeed.” She giggled.

“At the beginning, we were afraid of him, really afraid. But, deep down, I felt his magic and I somehow knew he didn't want to hurt us. I can only imagine how afraid he was.” Bella said.

“Hermione didn’t help,” Monica noted bitterly. Where did she go wrong with that girl?

Suddenly, Bella and Apolline, felt a wave of magic hitting them. The now familiar warm blanket, caressing and touching the very cores of their being. Briar Rose watched her four friends flushing and moaning; Apolline even threw her hands under her skirt and started rubbing herself.
Narcissa felt her panties soaking, even with all the distance. If she was sure to reward Harry for saving Bella before, now she knew she would double down on it. Her mouth salivated thinking of herself riding his cock. And it was clear to her that all the others were having similar thoughts.

“Oh my god!” Briar Rose started. “What the heck is going on?” She didn't want to say, but it looked like they all had a simultaneous orgasm out of nowhere.

“Don't… worry… Bee,” Bella said, regaining her composure.

“Oui… I think out little special family just added another member.”

.OvO.

Rose helped Bella to the bed, then helped the beautiful older witch to lay down. Bella could still feel jolts of pleasure running through her body, her magic adapting to the new forming bond. Bella knew she would be tangled with Harry and Rose for life, but, again, in a sense, she already was. The witch liked Amelia, she really did for a while, but she had never loved anyone like the Potters. And she was looking forward to experiencing that again; and, if she could help save her daughter in all but blood with that, even better. But the bonding process was an intense one; Bella could understand why some of the younger girls might want to join without being bonded. It was powerful, ancient sex magic; it was no wonder the Veela still practiced it. Bella was sure that, after the process was completed, she would not be able to live without Harry in her life, holding her, carrying for her, fucking her. Good thing Apolline and Bella had thought about renting the house on the outskirts of Hogsmeade for the school year.

Bella looked up to see the glowing faces of her two angels, so alike and, yet, so different. One she'd known ever since the little girl was a baby, who she saw performing feats nothing less than miraculous, and the other who had come from a place beyond death to help them, and in so little time had became an integral part of her life. Their own personal sex angel.

“Are you sure Bella?” Harry asked, his raging erection glowing, wet with mixed juices, pointing at Bella. “I don't want to push you.

“Yeeeees, Harry… please… push, deep inside…” Bella pleaded, she wanted him so much, her magic needed him.

“Mom… we love you… you don't need to prove anything.” Rose said in a soft voice.

“I know baby… I want it, I really do, just help me with the incantation if my mind goes blank from the pleasure…”

“Sure mom,” Rose reach down and grabbed Bella’s knees and raised them, bringing them up to the witch’s shoulders, spreading her ass cheeks and her pussy, sperm pouring from her entrance and exposing her pulsing, anticipating anus. Bella was panting, the last one who took her there was James and judging by the way Harry hungrily looked at her asshole, all Potters were ass loving men. Harry held the base of his cock, salivating in anticipation, the fact that Rose was holding Bella’s legs up, granting him easy access only made it better, and the older witch's face, craving and asking for him, drove his libido to the ceiling. Harry positioned the tip of his dick in her anus, and lightly pressed it. Bella moaned loud.

“Mom… do you offer this final proof of commitment to your warlock and the coven willingly?”
“Yes, please… yes…” Bella moaned, feeling Harry's dick just pressed against her Rosebud, rocking her hips in desire.

“Then I humbly accept what is so selfless given. So…“ Harry applied a little more pressure, her muscle starting to open up to him.

“Mooote…” Half the head of his dick was inside. “it… be!” Harry grunted, the entire bulbous head was inside her incredible tight hole. Bella threw her head back in a scream of both pain and pleasure.

“FUCK!”

Harry pressed in slowly, giving her insides time to adjust to his size. The wizard pushed his magic along with his member inside the woman, trying to make her feel as much pleasure as possible. Soon, he was entirely inside her ass; it felt like a perfect fit, warm and squeezing every inch of his member.

“Morgana’s tits… I am so… full.” Bella moaned. “Please move babe… fuck me!” The MILF asked with a glint in her purple eyes.

Harry started moving, feeling her muscles massaging him on his way out, he moaned and shoved back in, soon finding a rhythm that felt comfortable to both of them. Bella started rocking her hips every time he moved back inside her ass, her mind gone, lost in a sea of pleasure. Even James had never felt this good inside her.

“YES YES YES… BREAK ME! FUCK MY ASS!” Bella screamed, thrusting her hips upwards, jets of fluids squirting from her open pussy. Rose was amazed, she had never seen her stepmother like that, a mess of lust and pleasure and the echoes of Harry pleasure were building fast. They would come soon, and hard!

Harry kept moving, he was not even thinking anymore, his hips moving on their own.

“Your ass feels so good Bella. I'm going to cum!”

“YES BABE, YES! Please, deep inside my ass. I want to feel it!”

The begging was too much for him. Harry felt his muscles tensing, before overflowing her ass with his hot spunk. Harry could not believe how much he came, even after he had cum three times before that day. Bella screamed and came with him, feeling her insides full of Harry's sperm.

Rose saw a golden glow surrounding the three of them and felt closer to her mom than she ever was.

.OvO.

That Thursday, August 1st, saw Hermione Granger entering the Leaky Cauldron. The bushy haired witch looked tired and angry; deep bags under her brown eyes betrayed the fact she hadn’t slept a wink the night before. The night following the collapse of her friendship and building romance, and the betrayal of the person that mattered the most to her, after herself, and her father-in that order, not to mention the utter rejection.

Since she couldn’t sleep, she read, read and read some more. Specifically about beings borne from troubled minds and unstable magic or downright Dark Arts like Necromancy and Demonology. The
two best (or worst, depending of your point of view) were Obscurus and Dementors -though those originally began as unsentient Lethifolds, until some Dark Lord infused a living soul within a Lethifold. The creature gained sentience but also an undying hunger for more.

Tulpa, she had read, followed closer processes to the Obscurus, although it borrowed to both the Patronus and the Dementors. In essence, it is a thought given form and substance, like a sentient Patronus, but born of greed, fear, anger, envy and gluttony or lust rather than happiness or love. Sometimes more than one emotion was involved, creating a more powerful and manipulative Tulpa. According to the tome she was reading, it required either one powerful wizard or witch with talent in Legilimency or a Coven to process the complex meditation like a network of computers doing distributed calculations.

That led the bushy haired witch’s mind to drift toward her mother and that Snake Bitch. And incidentally to said Snake Bitch’s son; she loathed that little shit with every fiber of her being. Hermione hated him with a passion that eclipsed her general contempt for average Purebloods, yet she had written him, to join her for lunch at the Cauldron, which was precisely where she was now and why she was there.

The peacock in green was easy to spot, and so she walked toward him, and sat at his table.

His eyes rose from his plate to her and with a grimace, he pushed the plate away, even though it wasn’t nearly empty.

“There goes my appetite. I really hoped it was a prank of Pansy's, but no, it’s actually you. What do you want, Mudblood? Is a couple months away from your stench too much to ask for?” The blond wizard sneered.

Smirking, Hermione leaned forward.

“Hello to you too, Draco. Nice to see you as well. And my holidays are horrendous, thank you for asking,” Hermione replied in a sweet voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Let’s cut to the chase, Granger, I know you hate me as much as I hate you. So if you asked me to come, it must be something very important.” Draco replied after a moment, pinching the broken bridge of his nose.

“Your mother and mine are shagging,” Hermione simply said.

A pause.

A blink.

“What?” Draco asked, refusing to believe he had heard her right.

“My mother and yours are lovers,” Hermione clarified. She wasn’t smiling, anymore.

“Merling fucking Nimue up her arse, she isn’t kidding!” Draco realized

“I don’t know what you’ve taken, Granger, but it’s giving you hallucinations. There’s NO way my mother would fuck a Muggle! That is downright bestiality! Zoophilia, even!” The Malfoy heir growled, his eyes filling with rage. How dare that Mudblood filth dare accuse his mother of such depravity?! A woman, he could understand even if he didn’t accept, but a Muggle woman?! That was an insult to the very name of Malfoy!
Without losing her self control, Hermione opened her purse and pulled several squares of paper Muggle, unmoving photographies of Narcissa and a golden skinned beauty of hispanic heritage who has a definite likeness to Granger, in front of some strange building were all people dressed the same. "Merlin, it is such a shame she’s a Mudblood, if Granger turns out as beautiful as h...WHAT THE FUCK AM I THINKING!"

Draco jumped to his feet, flipped the table to the side and grabbed Hermione by the throat.

“I should kill you for fabricating such abject fallacy, Mudblood!” The Pureblood ponce screamed, squeezing his fingers around the gasping witch.

But then he let her go and yelped, as a strong Stinging Hex hit his elbow.

With a billow of her black cloak and equally dark hair braided hanging over her shoulder, Eileen Snape stepped toward him, her wand still pointed at him.

“Aunt Eileen, I-” Draco began.

“Save it, Draco!” The Potion Mistress snapped at him; she turned toward the coughing and gasping younger witch.

“Are you alright, Miss Granger?” Snape asked in an even tone. “What happened, or better yet, what have you done to make my godson attack you like that?”

Hermione, her throat sore, picked a photography and showed her professor. The greasy woman arched an eyebrow, but didn’t seem surprised. Draco stared at his godmother, then at the Granger girl; then his godmother again.

“No!” He said simply “I know Mother has certain… proclivities and a soft spot for the Whore-Who-Lived, but…”

Snape looked at him and sighed.

“Draco, sweetheart, they’ve known each other since the time of the Quidditch World Cup. Monica and I have been corresponding for years, as well, even before either of you started at Hogwarts. I didn’t know she was a Muggle, though, I believed she was a Squib with a talent and drive that reminded me of… never mind. She seemed to know a lot about the magical world at the time.”

With a twitch of her wand, the table was back in place.

“She read a few articles I had published in Potions Weekly and reached out to me,” She concluded. Appraising Hermione with a glance. “I guess that explains some things I had wondered about you, Miss Granger.”

Draco was staring at both witches. Then he picked a second photo and looked at his mother’s expression. Narcissa looked happy, free. In love. Everything he couldn't ever be.

A deep, cold anger grew inside his heart, replacing the love and veneration he once had for his mother with hate and contempt.

“She will pay for this betrayal. She will live, but she will suffer and she will suffer alone!”

.OvO.
Harry looked at the enormous, imposing castle and smiled. How good it was to see it standing, not broken or turned into a mass grave. Again, he thanked the old ones for this new chance. Today he would perform in front of the teachers, so they could see his skills. It would be funny to hold back, like a normal sixteen year. Bella and Apolline were with him, as well as Gabrielle, glued into his arm. Harry liked the skin to skin contact with the Veela, specifically with the chilling wind signaling the end of the summer.

Rose was at the Greengrass estate with Daphne and Tracey, creating a strategy to convince the Patil patriarch to allow Padma to spend the remaining of the summer at G place, for training, once Bella got a special permit from a old friend at the DMLE for the teens to use their wands inside the house. Susan was in a meeting with Narcissa and Ted, moving her emancipation process forward.

“Please, Harry, pleaaase try not to blow things up.” Bella said with a serious face.

“I will make no promises…” Harry said with a mischievous smile.

“You are spending too much time with Rose.” Bella rolled her eyes.

A wide eyed Minerva McGonagall waited for them at the gates, by now Harry was starting to get used to this kind of reaction, he could only imagine if the glamour hiding the scar on his forehead failed, people would die.

“Merlin… you look like…” The old professor started, but regained her composure almost immediately. “Good morning Miss Black, Miss Delacour. This must be Gabrielle and Harry I presume.” The old witch said with a neutral tone, giving both teens her best stern look. Harry had to hold back the urge to chuckle. “Please follow me.” Minerva started walking towards the castle.

“You two will be tested today in a multitude of disciplines, to make sure your previous education was on par with Hogwarts standards, if we find any of it lacking, you will be placed in the appropriated class with under year students. Most of the tests will be of practical nature, as both had already performed their OWLS.”

Harry felt a wave of happiness over entering the old castle again, true, the magic in this one felt a little different, but it was Hogwarts, no doubt about it, he felt almost like it welcomed him back.

“Maybe all Hogwarts in all universes are somewhat connected.” He mused, walking towards the Great Hall. That may be something worth looking in.

Gabrielle on the other hand, had dubious feelings about the school. When the Veela first arrived here, almost two years ago, all she wanted was to stay and go to classes with her friends, Rose, Daphne, and Tracey. But she saw the ugly side of Hogwarts that year, too. How bigoted idiots treated her, how Hermione called her a whore, and how the Purebloods saw her as nothing more than a half-breed animal and she could not help but to think that was the year they started losing Fleur. Despite her victory at the tournament, her sister only became more distant and depressed after that year. But now Rose got rid of Hermione, and, now, Gabrielle had Harry. Her mate. Her mother's mate; maybe even her sister's. Fuck the English and their prejudices, if needed, all she had to do was break a few bones. With an evil grin, Gabrielle entered the great hall.

All the professors were seated at the staff table, looking at them, Harry paid special attention to Eileen Snape, the tall, lean witch, that looked at him with such a disgusted expression that it was almost funny. Maybe because of that, Harry didn't register the completely baffled expression on Aurora Sinistra’s face. The beautiful black witch looked at him with wide eyes, not believing her own eyes.

“Harry…” She whispered to herself.
Snape looked at him, at the boy, the mysterious little Potter who had everyone running in circles. Even her Dark Lady was obsessed with him. Another Potter man after all these years that she thought the world was free from that particular plague. Another Potter to help the little whore, and worse, he looked just like HIM. Snape felt her magic burning with the memories, but was surprised when the boy’s own magic aggressively responded, surrounding not only him, but the whores around him. It was different than anything she had ever felt; only Rose came closer. The woman grunted.

As Harry expected, the tests, consisting mostly of fifth year spells. Minerva was first, asking for basic transfiguration on non-living things; then some more complex ones. Just like the Minerva he knew, the woman was serious and all business. Harry was impressed by Gabrielle, who, just like him, didn’t have any problem with the tasks. “Well done Mister Potter and Miss Delacour, I can see the teaching in other schools are on par with the one in Hogwarts.” The old witch said.

Next Filius asked for some Charms and paid special attention to the summoning and banishing ones. Gabrielle Conjured an exquisite chair and some flowers, while Harry Conjured a living bunny, to everyone’s surprise.

“Show off!” Gabrielle giggled. Next was Eileen Snape, completing the mandatory disciplines with defense. She stepped down from the table and looked at them.

“I heard Beauxbatons has an outstanding dueling class, is that true Miss Delacour?” The tall, lean woman asked, barely hiding the disdain on her voice.

“Yes, madam.”

“Care to demonstrate?”

“Oui…” Gabrielle shrugged. They walked to the center of the room and bowed to each other. Harry was expecting a vicious attack from the professor, but it was almost robotic, like she was really checking Gabby’s abilities to attack and defend herself. Harry chuckled, but not low enough.

“Finding something amusing, Potter?” Snape asked, with venom on her voice.

“No sir, I mean, madam!” Harry said. Snape’s lips twitched, and she glared at the boy.

“Well, I guess it's your turn to demonstrate then…”

“As you wish professor,” Harry said walking to the center of the room, passing a smiling Gabrielle and winking at her. He took his place at the center and didn't have to wait long for the first curse to be thrown at him. Harry watched it approached, almost in slow motion. Next to the likes of McNair or Voldemort, this was nothing; his battle trained mind weighed his options, to block with a simple shield, to dodge, or to send a message. Harry knew it was dangerous, but he chose the last. With an almost careless movement, he not only parried the Stunning Spell, but reflected right back at the tall witch, to everyone's surprise.

Eileen dodged her own spell and glared at the boy. His eyes scared her; they seemed to look deep inside of her soul, warning her not to push him. Lily’s eyes, glowing with power. Snape clenched her teeth and attacked again, a barrage of silent spells, which the boy parried and dodged. The wizard seemed to know every hex, every curse and how to deal with it, making the woman more and more angry as the duel went on. Everyone around her disappeared and only that cursed copy of the man she hated the most in her life remained.

Harry noticed the escalation in power, hexes turned into curses; but, again, nothing compared to the
Dark Lord. He knew that this was not Snape’s full power but he was afraid the woman would lose it if he didn’t do something soon. The answer was a Bone Breaker Curse the witch sent at him, aimed at his wand holding arm.

Bella could not believe that Snape had used a deadly curse against Harry, the look on the woman's face was one of madness and anger. Bella raised her own wand to attack when the ground in front of Harry jumped up on it's own, blocking the curse like a wall. Gaspis came from the staff table as the calm boy flicked his wand and the piece of rock shot towards Snape. The witch produced a powerful shield in front of her but Bella saw Harry smiling; a smile that sent shivers down her spine. He was a cat playing with a mouse. With another wand movement from Harry, the piece of rubble from the ground broke itself in dozens of smaller pieces and circled the sleek woman with incredible speed, before hitting her back in multiple places. Snape fell to the ground but quickly got up with a roll, ready to fire again.

“Enough!” Dumbledore’s voice echoed through the hall, as he finally entered the room. “The poor hall can't take it anymore. I guess the boy has more than demonstrated his ability to defend himself and his knowledge of the subject, right Professor Snape?”

“Of course, Headmaster…” The woman hissed, raging; humiliated by a Potter, again. The entire staff watched wide-eyed, those were beyond NEWT level with just the silent casting of the spells; all but Aurora Sinistra.

Harry was still poised, ready to pounce in a heartbeat; eyes hard, cold, and focused. Bella knew that look and approached him, whispering in his ear.

“It's okay, babe… it's over, relax…” The boy instantly took a deep breath, his body relaxing, as he looked at Bella and smiled.

The Headmaster sat at his place and waved his hand.

“Let's continue the evaluation, yes?”

Babbling got up; it was her turn to have fu...err evaluate this prodigious teenager. She didn’t notice her best friend’s concerned expression.

Harry looked at her. She wasn’t wearing robes, instead she wore blue jeans, flannel shirt and Santiago boots.

The professor summoned a cup of pumpkin juice in front of Harry and took out six sheets of parchment that she covered with an elaborate array of runes. Upon activation, they folded themselves into tiny humanoids about 5 inches in height each and everyone of them picked up a toothpick as is they held swords.

“If they knock over your pumpkin juice, you fail. if you touch them directly you fail. Here’s twelve sheets. Do what you will with it, but use only runes. Go.”

On the signal, the tiny parchment men fanned out on the table, and approached Harry’s place and the glass of pumpkin juice. Harry quickly drew complex runes on five of the sheets, and on two of them, a complex chain of arrays embedded in each other.

The two sheets folded together, and formed a tiny tank, while the five others formed five men. Of the remained sheets, Harry tore stripes and covered them with runes and wrapped them around toothpicks as well. The combination turned into cute little rifles, and on the tiny tank, that was blue in color was a tiny flag with a black omega symbol.
Babbling squealed in joy and excitement.

“Scratch failing, Harry. If I spill your pumpkin juice, you buy me and Aurora dinner!” She exclaimed joyfully.

For the next ten minutes the paper men circled each other, taking cover behind salt and pepper dispensers, circling around the plates. When the tank fired, and it did fire, the glass two of Babbling’s soldiers were hiding behind exploded and turned them to shreds. One half of a soldier tried to crawl, before collapsing; the paper ‘Marines’ took use of the shock among the enemy troops to surround them and take them out with extreme prejudice, taking no prisoner and finishing each one with a “bullet” in the head. That done, the victorious figures raised their guns in the air and silently chanted and celebrated before Harry shut down the arrays, returning the parchment to its original state.

“Tracey has spoken well of you, I see she was right; well done Potter, well done indeed.” The professor said, going back to her place. Aurora was next, and she was relieved to not have to evaluate Harry, as he was not taking astronomy as an elective, only Gabrielle was. The witch was not ready to face him, she needed to put her ideas in place first.

Albus Dumbledore watched as the evaluation continued. He could see the gold strings coming out from the boy’s aura and reaching for the three women with him, and weaker ones between the women themselves and smiled. This was going to be an interesting year after all.

.OvO.

The Thermes usually weren't very crowded during the weekdays, only a few witches were frolicking in the warm, clear water, enjoying the calm and gossiping.

Among them was a statuesque witch, her long silk-like grey hair cascading down her tail well defined back. Back in the day, during the conflicts against Grindelwald, she was nicknamed the Valkyrie, both because of her physique and fierce and ruthless fighting style, casting curses and cleaving limbs with perpetually sharp ax.

Water dripped from her breasts, still proudly standing with only a slight sag despite her nearing 80, not looking a day over mid-fifties, pink nipples pointing hard from a sickle sized areolas.

“This way, madam.” A young ephebe wearing blue and white loincloth called for her, indicating a massage table set between two columns and at the feet of an Artemis statue.

His eyes were obscured by a blindfold that didn’t seem to impede his movement.

The witch smiled and openly ogled him as she walked toward the table, ambient charms drying the excess moisture from her skin and hair the further she walked from the pool.

On the table next to her was an equally naked woman with red hair cascading on each sides of her head and neck, as another young man was working her chest and ample breasts.

“Same massage as mine for my friend” The woman said. “The full formula.”

“Yes, madam.” The young man answered as the witch laid on the table on her belly.
She smiled in delight as he massaged her back.

“What do you think, Augusta?” The redhead asked, as her masseur’s fingers circled her dark pink galleon sized areolas while his other arm was going toward the red patch of hair.

“It is very enjoyable, indeed.” The witch, Augusta, replied, a smile on her lips.

the red haired witch turned her head in her direction.

“You know what I mean.” Was the younger woman's annoyed retort.

“Potters are a much older and stronger House than Bones, Amelia.” Augusta replied evenly. “Don’t hesitate to move lower, lad.” She added at the the masseur, a boy recently graduated on Hogwarts.

“The Potters are going Dark, Augusta.” Amelia Bones stated then moaned as her masseur’s hand brushed her clitoral hood under her triangle shaped red bush. “And it’s because of the Blacks’ influence, but then, they have been allied with the Lovegoods for centuries, mixing their lines.”

Augusta was enjoying her massage tremendously; but Amelia’s attitude was grinding her nerves and costing the wanna-be minister the Potter-Black’s support. It was true that the closeness between the Potter boy and the Black girl miffed her, and that her own son Frank had helped it happen was source of anger and disappointment. One of the reasons why she secretly sabotaging the researches for a cure for his and his half-blood tramp of a wife Alice’s condition, and why she was so domineering and belittling of Neville so much. She needed the regency of the Longbottom’s Seat to ascend as full time Supreme Witch title by the time her grandson assumed the seat. The Longbottoms would again be a force to be reckon. And that’s why she wanted Amelia Bones as Minister and indebted to her.

“Let’s say - yes, dear, my arse needs some care- for the sake of argument that I consent for a contract between Neville and Susan. I presume you wish for a line continuation clause?” The young man moved his hand on her taut butt-cheeks and spread them as he was making circular movements, exposing her dark pink colored anus and the pink folds peeking through the opening outer lips. Getting more wet by the second.

“Good Freja, this is divine!” The older witch thought in delight.

Amelia grinned, there it was.

“At the contrary. She would be Lady Longbottom but strictly under your control, while the Bones title would revert to her closest living relative.”

“Namely you.” Augusta stated between moans of pleasure.

“Yes. But mostly because of how Susan is turning out to be. She is stubborn and overly progressive on the pro-Muggle agenda. Change needs to come, but it must be progressive and without losing our traditions and I trust that with your grandson as her Jarl, she would be under your boot.”

Augusta arched an eyebrow; not many knew that they were descendants of the Lothbrok family in Sweden and Denmark. This Auror did her homework, or had someone do it for her.

Looking at her, Augusta saw that Amelia was moaning and bucking her hips upward, as her masseur was fingering her pussy, she turned on her back and looked at her own boy.

“Do me. Hard.
“Yes, madam.” The boy simply said, and moved between her strong and well defined thighs, and started to lick them, moving toward her grey hair surrounded pussy. Soon enough she was moaning loudly as he was sucking on her clit.

Smiling, Augusta enjoyed the ride.

There would be time for power-play and politicking. Now she need to be fucked, and fucked hard. She reached under the loincloth and started playing with the young man’s cock as he moved around to eat her and finger her holes.

.OvO.

Harry was the last one to walk out of the fire at Grimmauld Place, and as always, he stumbled and almost fell, only to land on two big soft pillows with soft hands and sweet nice scent.

“Thank you Susan…” Harry looked up to the blushing red haired girl and smiled, only to get a kiss on his lips from the girl.

“Are you sure you didn't lose on propose ‘Arry?” Gabrielle asked giggling.

“I wish, at least that way my pride wouldn't be hurt. So, Sue, how was your meeting?”

“It was great!” Susan pulled Harry to sit by her side. “Miss Narcissa and mister Tonks think my case is strong, and the goblins already gave their approval with the documentation. Now it's running at the ministry and we should have a result in a week or two. Aunt Amelia may fight it, but she doesn't have the same prestige as Bella and Mel, so it would be political suicide to fight against it at the ‘mot.” Harry smiled, it was good to see Susan happy like that. Together with Rose and Daphne, she was still the girl his magic reacted to the most, and she had saved him when he was a child. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for her, even if she didn't join the Coven.

“I'm really glad for you Sue! I wish there was more I could do, but here I have no political influence.” Harry said.

“Believe me Harry, you helped more than you can imagine.” She said and kissed him again. Gabrielle pouted a little, for some reason, she felt a little jealous of Susan. The red haired girl shared a closeness with Harry that she didn't had, but craved. Gabrielle hoped the bond could give her that, if not, she was ready to put in the time. The young Veela had also decided to complete the bond before the end of the summer, despite her mother's warnings. Harry had taken her on more dates, just the two of them, and they had been the best time she ever had. For a while she could not came to terms with it, but now she was sure. Gabrielle had fallen in love with Harry; just like Rose and Susan. Now watching Susan hugging and kissing him, the young Veela hoped she could fully share him.

The fire flared green again, and the little entourage formed by Rose, Daphne, Tracey, and Padma entered the room.

“Harry! Look who we brought!” Rose chanted, pointing at a blushing shy Padma.

“H—…hi Harry…”

“Hi Padma, I'm glad you could make it; I hope your father didn't gave you too much trouble.”
“Not as much as my sister…” Padma sighed.

“I know Rose must have told you already, but if your sister, Lavender, or anyone gives you shit, let us know okay? We stick together.” Harry said in a serious tone.

“That is my knight in shining armor…” Daphne said in a joking tone, before kissing him.

“Not that I don’t think you can't protect yourselves, but this kind of idiot always run in packs.” He said apologetically.

“I'm just taking the mickey on you Harry.” Daphne grinned. “So, how was it, we are going to be in the same year?”

“Yeah…”

“So, everything was all right?” Rose asked.

“Oui, up until Harry and Professor Snape almost destroyed the Great Hall…” Gabrielle giggled, and the other girls looked at Harry in silence, with wide eyes.

“You did what?” Tracey asked, a grin forming on her face.

“Gabby is exaggerating…” Harry tried to wave it off.

“Didn't she throw a Bone Breaker Curse at you?” The Veela stated quizzically.

“Well, yeah. But…”

“Didn't you lift the floor to block it?” Now Daphne was looking at him with hungry eyes, and Rose was chuckling. Harry only nodded. “Then you used that same piece of the fucking floor like some kind of machine gun and threw her ten feet on the ground, all without breaking a sweat?”

“Hey, I…”

“That is awesome!” Tracey jumped. “The term didn't even started and you already made enemies with the darkest teacher at the school. I bet you hated each other back in your world.” Harry locked guilty. “Ha!”

“Hey in my defense, she attacked me first, and in my world Snape was a man!” Every girl looked at him wide eye. “And they called Gabrielle a charms prodigy!” Harry tried to deflect the attention.

Padma giggled, here ten minutes and it was already more fun than her home, with her sister constantly nagging her, and they haven't even gotten to the good part yet.

Rose threw her arms around Harry's neck. “I hope you know that you will have to teach us that, right, we will make sure it's worth…” She kissed him, deeply and sensually.

Suddenly the phone ringed, scaring everyone.

.OvO.

Narcissa walked through the fireplace with Ted only to find an exasperated, crying Susan. Briar
Rose’s phone call had resulted in a spiral of events that brought the tired law witch at Grimmauld place. Ted Tonks looked around what looked like a convention of beautiful witches, and the weird, lean boy with them.

“Okay,” He said, feeling that the room was not in the mood for pleasantries. “Start from the beginning, what is this about a marriage contract, and how you came to know about it.”

“Well, as you know Mister Tonks, I run a spa both for magical and non magical people.” Briar Rose started. “Both my daughter and my step-son Roger do some work there over the summer. Well, Roger is highly… required… to give massages to some old witches.”

“Happy ending massages…”

“Not now Tracey!” Briar Rose raised her hand. “Earlier today, one of his most loyal customers came to the spa, one Augusta Longbottom. And what was my surprise to see Amelia Bones herself visiting! The two of them ended up in the same room, and Roger overheard them talking about a marriage contract between Susan and Neville!”

“I can't marry Neville!” Susan cried. “Hannah would hate me, and I don't like him that way! I… I'm in love with Harry!” Susan said, loud and clear to the room. Harry hugged the crying girl.

“It's okay, Sue, we are going to fix it…” Harry whispered.

“Okay, has Roger heard anything else, any detail can help us?” Narcissa asked.

“He said that Augusta asked about line continuation and that Amelia said it was not needed. It would be a contract of total control and submission…” Briar Rose said.

“Much like my own with Lucius… and Amelia being the closest relative would become Lady Bones for good, this is a clear attempt of line theft it if I ever saw one.” Narcissa scoffed.

“What can we do?” Bella asked.

“The thing is…” Ted said. “Nothing she is attempting is illegal. Immoral, definitely, but not illegal.”

“Mon Dieu, Britain's laws are barbaric!” Apolline said in astonishment.

Narcissa was lost in thought. That was actually a really clever move from Amelia, a very Slytherin move, all to counter Susan's move from emancipation. Suddenly it came to her.

“Roger said that specifically about the line continuation? That Amelia didn't want to grant it?”

“Yes. I am not very versed on Pureblood costumes, but Roger had dated one last year, and she was all over it. Why?”

“That is our out from this.” Narcissa held Susan's hands. “Sue, I know you will not like it but there is something we can do.”

“What?” The crying witch asked with hopefully eyes.

“We need to file a contract on our own, before she does…”

“What? You mean another marriage contract?” Susan was not believing it.

“Yes, I know is not the ideal, but listen up, we are going to use the Pureblood bias to our benefit.” Everyone was listening attentive to the solicitor witch. “Here is what we need to do. We are going to
write a contract between the Bones and Potter lines, you and Harry, we will make it very loose, and with easy outs, then you, Harry and Bella will sign it and we file it tomorrow!”

“But Susan is not the Head of her House yet, not until emancipation,” Ted intervened.

“Yes, but it will generate a conflict of interest when Amelia and Augusta file their own. The Ministry will be obligated to review the case, giving us time to move the emancipation process forward. And here is the trick, we will put a line preservation clause in our contract. Any first born will bare the name Bones, as Rose is the Potter heir apparent, not Harry.” Narcissa had a predatory grin on her lips. “If Amelia presses to solve the conflict of interest in the ‘mot, we can call the clause and accuse her of line theft. Amelia is not married, and never been married, over her forties; what are the chances of her producing a heir? Can you imagine the reactions of the Pureblood families at the possibility of losing yet another of the old lines?”

“That's actually… very clever, it may work!” Ted said. “Especially if we go very public with the betrothal, announcing it at the Prophet or something.”

“The thing is… if this end up going to the ‘mot, they may push a clause to enforce the contract…”

Harry and Rose looked at each other.

“Would you do that for me Harry?” The red haired girl asked with a shy voice.

“Of course Sue…” Harry said, looking at her light green eyes. “I just want you to know that no matter what, I will never take your ability to choose. You decide who to be with at the end.”

Susan leaned and softly kissed his lips. “I think I already did Harry, even if I have to share.” She looked at Rose and the other girls, only to receive reassuring smiles back.

“Okay!” Narcissa said, jumping from the chair. “Come on Ted, we got to write this, even if it takes all night.”
The house was still completely silent when Harry entered the bathtub; it was around six in the morning, and no one else was up yet. Nightmares like he hasn't had in many weeks were back on his mind. Realizing he would not be able to return to sleep, the young wizard managed to get off the bed without awakening Susan and Rose. Harry then decided to take a bath before the long day ahead; he really hated the Ministry and the idea of a betrothal, but he would do it for Susan, there was something different about her.

Harry laid his head at the edge of the bathtub, thinking about everything that happened since his arrival in this weird place and the life before it. For some reason, that life, that old Harry, seemed so distant now, almost like a bad dream. He had some difficulty remembering specific events and that terrified him. Harry thought about the girls, the ones from before, and from now; he loved his version of Daphne and had to remind himself constantly that the one in this world was not the same. But, just like Susan, there was something about her that pulled him, like their magic was perfectly matched to each other. He could also feel the forming bond with Gabrielle, like a warm touch on his core. The Veela was beautiful, smart, and he loved her company, but she was also angry at the world for the way it treated her and her family. That made them even closer, he felt she could understand him. Tracey was fun, and easy to fall in love with and Padma was a beautiful mystery. Apolline was almost like a erotic fantasy teacher, she was more experienced in sex magic and rituals, but Harry knew she was more worried about Gabrielle than herself. Narcissa and Monica were something like aunts-with-benefits but devoted to one another and he admired them. They were perfect together and he wouldn't do anything to change that. Bella was a category of her own, just like Daphne and Susan. He felt so much gratitude for her that not even the now diffused memories of he and Hermione killing the Bellatrix in his own world could change it. In a way, he knew he already loved her, if not for the simple fact of taking care of Rose in a way no one could take of him. She was beautiful, and she was in love with him; even an idiot like himself could see it. He was only afraid she actually loved an idealized image of him, a young James.

He was so afraid of letting all of them down.

Really afraid.

And there was Rose, his Rose; the other half of his soul.

Save her to save yourself.

Harry heard the door open and close and opened his eyes in surprise, seeing Padma dressed in a bathrobe, looking at him.
“Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb, I thought the bath was empty,” The girl said shyly.

“Don't worry.” Harry smiled at her. Padma was taken aback by how sincere his smile looked. “ Couldn't sleep either?” He asked.

“No, I am actually used to waking up early. My sister takes forever on her bath and morning beauty rituals, so I usually wake up first. Also, productive mornings means productive days.”

Harry chuckled.

“You could teach Rose that…”

“Believe me, I tried…” Padma looked piercingly at him, remembering the night of the party, craving to be touched and kissed by Harry once more; she blushed, remembering her messy first blowjob. “Harry… can… can I join you?”

“I would be crazy to refuse the company of such a beautiful witch.” Harry smirked at his own cheesy line. Nonetheless, it made Padma blush.

The Indian girl gathered all her courage and slowly untied her robe, noticing Harry's intense gaze at her. She looked at him, but instead of making her feel self conscious, like her sister used to, the way he was looking at the girl made her feel beautiful and wanted. With a deep breath, Padma let her robe fall to the ground.

Harry savored the view. Padma was the thinnest of the girls he had been with, and yet she was beautiful. Her dark hair cascading over her shoulders, with just a hint of curl at the end; she had shining caramel eyes and a pointed nose. Her lips were full and the memory of kissing them sent shiver down the wizard's spine. Padma had B-cup sized breasts, with dark nipples that looked perfect on her lean frame and soft belly, almost a contrast with Rose’s strong one. The small triangle over her puffy mound and pussy lips was enticing, and, with just that simple sight, Harry felt his member getting hard. Her dark chocolate color was something he found almost unbelievable beautiful, like a small goddess.

Padma let him feast on the sight of her body. The admiration she saw in Harry's eyes seemed so sincere and the wizard looked at her with equal amounts of lust and respect. Padma really felt like a beautiful woman for the second time in her life, the first being some days ago, at the party. She smiled at him and entered the tub, her worries melting away in the relaxing warm water. He made way, so she could sit at his side, and Padma promptly obliged.

“Harry,” The Indian witch called, leaning on his side, her head on his shoulder. “Did you really mean it?” Her voice was low and full of doubt.

“About?”

“Me being beautiful… no one other than my mom and dad ever said that.” Padma said, looking at the bubbling water.

Harry took her chin on his fingers and made her look at him.

“Padma, you are one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. And I mean it.” Harry's voice was deep, and completely truthful.

“Are you sure you are not talking about my sister? She's the pretty one who uses makeup and exercise and…”
Harry kissed her lips softly before saying.

“It’s weird, but she is not even close to how beautiful you are… there is something… different about you…”

Padma blushed, feeling the honesty in his words.

“You are just saying that because I'm the one naked at your side.” She said jokingly, but kissed him back. “You know, I have been watching you a little… you seemed so lost in thought… if you want to talk about it… maybe I can help?”

Harry looked at the ceiling. It would be nice to share with someone; also, if Padma would really want to join them, he wanted to be completely honest with her.

“I… I was actually thinking about you, about all of you, and about us.” Harry started. “That, thing, with Susan… Padma, I don't think I'm being fair with all of you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I'm not that naive. I can see how some of the girls are feeling… I don't know… why would it be fair to any of you to… share or compromise your future. I know that at least Susan is not keen on the idea. At the same time, there are some… complications… with my magic, and I don't want to force it on anyone. And I can't help but feel that I'm doing just that with this marriage thing with Susan.”

Padma looked him in the eyes, almost like she was looking for something.

“You are really sweet…” The witch finally said.

Harry raised an eyebrow at her.

“You have every teenage boy's wet dream at your disposal and yet you are worried about us.” Harry shrugged and smiled. “Let me tell you about my family.” The girl continued.

In a bold move, Padma got up and faced him, blushing, but without hesitation, she dove her hand underwater and held Harry's hard dick, making the boy gasp. The witch got into his lap, straddling him, placing his hard cock between them, pressed against her pussy lips and his belly, rubbing her clit. Harry moaned; Padma was breathing fast, she herself was surprised by her own courage. The beautiful witch started rocking her hips slowly, loving the sensation of his member touching her clitoris.

“You know, my sister and I are daughters of my father's third wife.” Padma started in a soft, calm voice. “He is a Channeler, just like you, I mean, not as powerful, but you get the idea.” Harry looked at her wide eyed, while she slowly slide over his cock. “Oh yeah Harry, I know what you are. I could feel it the moment our magics merged together; and you can be sure my dear sister knows as well.”

Padma increased the speed just a little.

“My father needed four wives to get balanced. So I knew pretty well what I was getting myself into that night.”

“And even knowing it, you are here…” Harry said, getting lost over the sensations of the sensitive head of his dick rubbing against her mound and slit, and by how pretty Padma looked.

“I think you may be worth it.” Padma said, breathing a little heavier, the jolts of pleasure coming
from her clitoris sparking through her body. “What I want to say is, I lived my whole life with this. I know how it is, and how it can be.” The movements of her hips were driving Harry crazy how could she remain so calm. “I see my mother and the other wives, and how they act with each other. I will not lie…” Padma increased the speed, relinquishing on the sensation of his dick’s head pressed against her entrance and sliding all the way to her clitoris. “It's not always easy, there is jealousy, and competition between them; but there is also so much love, and sisterhood; they support and love each other, and my father.”

Harry nodded at her. This was a surprise, and a relief, to know there was others like him out there. He placed his hands on her hips, helping her move over him, building a delicious tension.

“And Harry…” Padma moaned, just touching him like that was amazing. “Look at the witches surrounding you… aaaaahh… people may say many things about us, but they cannot say we are not strong willed. They may call us whores, stubborn, or anything, but not weak. You attract strong women Harry… aah, that is good… we are all here of our own free will…” Harry moved his right hand and cupped her ass, helping her move. They were both moaning now, their bodies moving in perfect harmony. Harry noticed how different it felt to be with her; it was relaxing, and sensual, a perfect contrast with Rose's aggressive ways. “We… are… together… in this… by the goddess… that is…”

Their magic merged together, as they increased their movements and lost the ability to speak. They moaned and Harry bucked his hips up, squeezing her butt. They came together, hugging each other; Harry felt more confident and at peace, as Padma laid into his shoulder.

The witch looked at him and softly kissed his lips.

“I hope one day you tell me about those…” Padma said, tracing some of his scars.

.OvO.

“Is anything wrong, Milady?” Delphi asked, looking at the Dark Lady; the pale woman was seated naked on a big chair, sperm pouring out of her recently fucked pussy, looking at the wall, lost in thought. Sirius “no name” was chained to the wall next to her, gagged, with runes painted all over his body. Delphi found really interesting how ruthless the Dark Lady was when extracting the magic from her other followers, with all but Sirius. With him, she was almost loving, there was some warmth between the two, almost like she truly cared about him. Delphi even came to think the man could be her father.

But not anymore.

Whatever feelings that existed between the Dark Lady and the elegant dark haired wizard were dying. Someone else was occupying the powerful witch’s mind.

The Dark Lady looked at the young woman besides her, Delphi was also naked, with another set of runes painted over her skin, designed to absorb the magical power released by the act they just performed. The young woman had deep blood red nipples just like her own, and a bald pussy, strong legs and arms. This young woman was her unborn child, tossed across time to join her. How weird it was to talk to someone who hasn't even been conceived yet. But the Dark Lady knew it was true, her magic, and all the rituals, confirmed that. And the powerful witch didn't even knew who would be her father. She looked at the girl's two colored eyes with curiosity.
“Why do you ask my child?” The Dark Lady hissed, her voice sending shivers through Delphi’s spine, and making Sirius tremble in his chains.

“May I speak clearly, My Lady?” Delphi pleaded

The dark witch just nodded.

“Ever since the night at the Ministry you seem… distant, lost in thought. You even slowed down your attacks, even after Draco had secured the support of Durmstrang. Something else happened that night, didn’t it?”

The Dark Lady studied the daughter who was not her daughter yet for a while, before speaking again.

“Yes Delphi, everything changed that night, much more than you can ever understand. He changed everything, his magic. It made me realize some things, some hard truths, about this war, about this world, and about the Potters.”

“Did you change your mind about the little whore?” Delphi sounded confused.

“Maybe… I may need her after all. And I may need him. he has yet to prove himself.”

“And you plan to do this today? That’s why you mobilized the Death Eaters?”

“Yes…and you will lead the attack.” The dark lady finally smiled.

.OvO.

Harry held Susan's hands and nodded after signing the marriage contract and passing it to Bella to sign as his legal magical guardian. The wizard had to admit, Ted and Narcissa had crafted a good contract, especially for Susan, with more than one way out if any of them wished, and the talk with Padma earlier had helped him to make peace with all that. The fact that each of his girls (he got surprised when he caught himself thinking about them as his girls) had given him an encouraging kiss also lightened his conscience.

“Thank you for doing this Harry, I never thought my aunt would go so low…” Susan said, nervously squeezing his fingers.

“You don't need to thank me Susan, I would do anything for you.” The girl blushed. “Just know that you don't need to be tied with it, please, remember that. I would never take away you right to choose.”

“I know Harry, but maybe I want to be tied; I know it’s a little too soon, but we somehow have known each other for years… I think in a way, we are already tied.” Susan smiled at him, and he kissed her lips.

“You women in this world are crazy, you know that?.” Harry mused.

“I bet you like it.” Susan played back, winking at him. For a moment, Susan could imagine it was only Harry and her; No other witches, no aunt trying to marry her against her will, no Coven or war. For a moment, everything seemed perfect. The dreamy witch walked out the room hand in hand with
the boy she always knew existed, even when almost no one believed in her; the small boy that saved her very soul.

Harry walked through the corridors, reaching the conclusion that he hated this Ministry just as much as the one in his world. With the looks he got from people passing by them, he realized how much damage the prophet article made and why Rose chose to stay home. People looked at Susan and him like starving vultures.

The atrium was as big as he remembered from the night he arrived, with the big fountain statue at its center. This one was still standing, not destroyed like the one in his world; showing the prejudice of the wizarding world at its worse. A wizard standing over the backs of other sentient creatures, like goblins and centaurs. If he could, Harry would take that apart himself. In front of him, Bella and Ted were talking to an eager Rita Skeeter, who kept sending hungry looks at him and Susan holding hands, and the constant noise of the magical camera was really trying his patience. Susan squeezed his arm, making Harry look at her.

“Sorry… just some bad memories…” Harry said. “And I don’t like the way Skeeter is looking at us.”

“I know, but Ted and Narcissa are right, this needs to be public. Unfortunately, aunt Amelia forced that.” Susan sighed. “You know, after this summer, I think I realized that I can’t escape my obligations forever.

“What do you mean? You seem like a very responsible person.”

“Thanks, but I have avoided taking my part in the family legacy for years, letting aunt Amelia take care of everything. I tried to ignore this part of my life, as it only brought me pain, and it’s not right; I think that together, Rose, Nev, Daphne, and I can bring some real change.”

Harry smiled at her, a really bright and honest smile.

“And I will be here to help however I can,” The emerald eyed boy said.

“Miss Bones, what a pleasant surprise,” A voice called behind them.

Harry turned to see beautiful red haired woman, approximately the same age as Bella, dressed in formal and classy muggle attire, an earth green jacket with a revealing cleavage, over what looked like a full bosom, followed by a mid-thigh short skirt in the same color, showing perfectly worked legs and high heels. The woman knew she was pretty and was not afraid to show.

“Miss Ovidios…” Susan said as the woman approached. The woman looked at Harry and had to stop, eyes going wide. Harry squeezed Susan fingers, ever since Rose and Daphne his magic had not reacted that strongly to someone. It burst out of him, reaching to the older witch, seeking her, and to his complete surprise, it was welcomed by the woman's own magic. They entangled with one another, and Harry saw the beautiful woman let out a deep breath and gave him a predatory smile, making Harry a little wary.

“It’s good to see you again.” Susan continued, she felt Harry’s magic reacting to the older witch, but something about her didn’t sit right with Susan. Maybe it was just the results of her aunt bad mouthing Iris for so many years, she was not sure; or maybe she was just jealous.

“I have heard the altercations you had been through Susan, yes, word travel fast around here…” Iris was reveling in the sensations around Harry’s magic, letting it flow through them.

It was something she never felt with such an intensity. Just looking at the young wizard in front of
her and welcoming his magic made her pussy wet like it hadn't been in years, she was thankful she chose not to wear panties that day. If just being close to him did this, Iris could only imagine how good welcoming him inside her would be, but that was not what she was here for. “But I want you to know Miss Bones,” Iris looked back at Susan, seeing an amusing shadow of jealousy in the teen girl's eyes. “That if the worst comes to be, and you have to fight Amelia in the Wizengamot, you will have my complete support.”

“Thank you Miss Ovidios…” Susan said with a raised eyebrow.

“Please call me Iris, as I can honestly see us working together for many years to come.” Iris had to resist the urge to rub her thighs together, the boy's magic was too delicious. But she was also being honest with the younger red haired girl. However, now she wanted to talk with him.

”And you must be young Mister Potter I presume.” Iris said, extending her hand to the young green eyed wizard.

“I believe so madam.” Harry said with a roguish smile, taking her hand. It was like being hit by a bolt of energy and pleasure, almost like the first time he touched Rose. “Harry Potter.” He kept holding her hand, and the woman made no motion to take it away.

“Iris Ovidios,” The woman's palms were sweaty, she felt like a teenage girl again. Was that how Bella felt around him? She questioned herself. “Ah Harry, do you mind if I call you Harry? Well Harry, I've been dying to meet you, you have no idea how much your sudden arrival has shaken things up around here. It has all the old Pureblood vultures in a twist.” Iris had a bright smile on her face as she said that, and Harry decided he liked the woman after all.

“Believe me madam, I actually have an idea,” The wizard shrugged, finally letting go of her hand, to her immense disappointment. “But I've come to support my cousin and her friends.” Harry said, smiling at Susan.

“Very noble of you, Harry. And I believe you are right, the things these… jackals… do to young Miss Potter cannot go unchecked. But it must also be nice to have a family again, I reckon…”

“Yes, it is, although I would not say again, as I lost my mother very early in life…”

“My condolences, Harry.” Iris said in a sympathetic tone.

“Thank you, but don't worry, it was many years ago. And I have a family now.”

“Well, I'm glad to hear that. If you need any help…” The last two words were said in a husky tone that sent shivers down Harry's spine. “Please don't hesitate to ask me.”

“Witches are fucking crazy here…” Harry thought, then remembered something and in Parseltongue, he said in a low voice, only for the two of them.

~ I will endeavor to remember, Iris. Thank you. ~

~ Oh my, we are full of surprises aren't we handsome…~

Harry smiled, some of his suspicions confirmed.

“Madam Ovidios…” A familiar voice called in the back. “We need to go or you will be late for the next mee…” The new arrival stopped talking, looking at Harry with wide sea blue eyes, her platinum hair glowing like it hasn't in years. Her presence hit Harry like punch to the gut.
Fleur was there, alive and beautiful, standing in front of him. To Harry, all the world ceased to exist around them and he could feel himself losing control of his own magic just as the Veela momentarily lost control of her allure.

“By Hecate!” Iris whispered in shock. “He’s a Channeler!”

Fleur Delacour could not believe it, after all this years learning how to control herself and getting used with the idea of never finding anyone, blocking her own feelings and needs, all thrown away with a simple look. The young woman could feel him, the Veela inside her awakening again, like a fire reignited. She felt excited and afraid like never before.

“Mademoiselle Delacour, r essaisissez-vous, pour l’a …” Iris started to scold her assistant when, suddenly, the whole world turned into chaos.

The big statue exploded into a million pieces with a loud bang, sending shards and debris all over the Ministry atrium. Harry heard people screaming as he quickly, almost by instinct, cast a shield big enough to protect not only himself, but also Susan, Iris, and Fleur, surprising the women. Around them, a chaos of smoke, flying rocks, and people made it difficult to understand anything that happened. One of Iris’s bodyguards lay on the ground, bleeding from a gaping wound on his head, after being hit from a piece of the statue.

“BELLA!” Harry screamed, trying to find the witch amidst the chaos, people laid on the ground, dying and bleeding.

“HARRY! SUSAN!” The wizard could hear Bella calling back, and her form appeared through the smoke, with Ted besides her, wands in hand and looking confused. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, and you, are you two hurt?” Harry asked. Looking around he could see Susan getting back at her feet, and Fleur looking around with cold eyes. Iris held him at his gaze with a determined expression.

“No, we were far from the initial blast…”

Suddenly, a series of loud cracking sounds could be heard, and two dozens of black robbed, masked figures appeared in the atrium. The two death eaters up front were holding two beat up wizards as hostages, Harry could see they were Aurors by their clothes.

“Attention fellow wizards and witches!” One of the Death Eaters said with a familiar feminine voice amplified by a sonorous spell. “This is a hostile takeover, but fear not! If you follow our instructions, no one else needs to get hurt!” Even muffled by the mask, Harry was sure he knew that voice. “Every drop of magical blood spilled is a waste. We just want the Minister and a couple of other people. Comply and you can be back to your families unharmed. Fight and…” The woman motioned to one of the Death Eaters holding an Auror, who shoved him forward.

The officer gave only two steps before his head exploded in a cloud of bones and blood, the mysterious masked woman holding her fuming wand behind him.

“Fight and suffer the consequences, now…” She was about to keep talking when the chest of the black robed man besides her, that was holding the other Auror simply imploded inwards with a bone
breaking sound. Delphi looked wide-eyed as the man drowned in his own blood at her side.

Bella looked at Harry, with his glowing wand pointed at the Death Eaters mate, the glowing power in his eyes sending shivers down her spine. She saw the hardened expression on the boy’s face and knew what was about to happen. He looked at her, almost like asking for permission, but, even if she wanted, Bella was not sure she could stop him. Behind them, Iris was smirking smugly.

“Give them hell Harry!” Bella whispered.

“And don’t hold back.” Iris added in the same tone, producing her wand. “Either they die or we do.”

Fleur pointed toward Delphi “I zink she is the leader.” Unseen by Harry and Iris, a dark grin flashed on the Veela’s lips. “Tuez cette pétasse, et ils seront désorganisés. (Kill that cunt and they’ll be disorganized)” Harry knew her expression all to well. Fleur was ready to kill as much as him.

“Got it.” Harry said in a cold voice.

Delphi screamed in anger, how dare they fight back like that! They were sheep, they had to lay low and obey.

“KILL HIM, KILL THEM ALL!” The witch screamed.

Fleur watched the young man who had turned her world upside down with attentive eyes. The Veela saw his eyes glowing with intense power as the Death Eaters charged forward and instantly knew that man was a fighter, just like her, a killer. The curses started flying in their direction, Cutting, Blasting, Banishing, and more. Harry parried the first ones before simply moving forward. Fleur watched Bellatrix Black gathering people behind her, casting shields and counter curses, the Auror training taking hold of her actions, protecting the weaker ones and pressing the others to fight. Iris got up and nodded at her. The French witch smiled, and locked on her target, the leader woman.

Fleur gracefully jumped forward, pointing her wand at the closest black robed man, making him instantly catch on fire, her eyes turning yellow, like the ones from a bird of prey. The Veela looked around, scanning her surroundings and looking for the mysterious young man. Fleur got a glimpse of him, moving faster than she ever could imagine possible, almost like a ghost. While Fleur favored the use of fire and banishing charms, the young wizard was way more brutal. His use of cutting and bone shattering curses were as creative as it was ruthless. They crossed eyes for a second and Harry nodded, understanding her idea.

Iris watched in awe, what looked like a dance; Harry and Fleur seemed to understand what the other was doing, even without talking. He started cleaning a path for the Veela to reach the leader of the death eaters, cutting and banishing; the way he moved was not like anyone else she had ever seen.

Fleur was an efficient killer, that was the reason she had taken the girl under her; the Veela’s control over passion fire was nothing short of impressive. But the boy, his cuts were precise and definitive, and the way he vanished and appeared again in quick successive small Apparation jumps was mesmerizing. Iris saw him disappearing for less than a second, only to reappear behind the black robed man before the Death Eater lost both his arms to invisible Cutting curses. But there were too many enemies, she would have to join the fight herself.

Iris approached Bella and stood by the witch’s side.

“Never a dull moment with your family, Lady Black!”

“You have no idea Miss Ovidios!” Bella called, while conjuring another powerful shield, way
stronger than her usual ones, she could notice.

“That boy… no, young man, is impressive!” Iris said, looking at Harry ghosting around, parrying a red curse with his wand.

The women heard a sudden scream coming from Susan’s side, and they saw a Death Eater aiming a glowing wand at girl. Iris didn’t think, and didn’t hesitate. Taking a page from Harry’s book, she jumped in front of Susan as the cutting curse was flying the short distance. The older redhead winced in pain then lost sensation in her left arm altogether. Her suit was ruined, half of the jacket was shredded, leaving a blood covered breast bare, but the ginger witch didn’t seem to care. Iris gave Susan a pained smile and a wink before she faced the Death Eater and threw a powerful cutting curse of her own, cast in Parseltongue, too fast for the man to defend himself. Bisected from shoulder to opposed hip, the black robed wizard fell on the ground, one half after the other. Delphi stared at her in shock.

Bella pulled the hood and the mask of the dead attacker and saw it was none other than Lucius Malfoy, her shock quickly giving way to a smile.

The Death Eaters were forming a defensive shield around their leader, Harry noticed these ones here were better trained than the ones in his world, but not as brutal, they worked more as a unit than the raging bullies he used to know. The young wizard imploded the chest of another one, before receiving a deep cut over his shoulder. Harry cursed inwards and tried to forget the pain, Fleur was getting closer and closer, focused on the woman with the familiar voice. The dark woman screamed an order, and her personal guard moved towards the Veela in organized fashion, surrounding her and Harry saw the Death Eater’s wand glow with a sick green color. The killing curse left her wand, going towards Fleur, who was too distracted by the men around her.

Harry screamed and flared his magic, power flowing through his body. The killing curse could not be parried or shielded, but could be blocked. The ground around him cracked, and Harry pushed his power forward.

Delphi, Iris and Fleur watched as the ground itself raised like a six foot wall and intercepted the vicious green curse, before moving incredible fast, slamming into the dark witch. Fleur watched in awe as the strange man who woke her Veela magic up saved her life. Something started shifting inside, and almost immediately she started fighting against it.

“NEVER AGAIN!” Harry screamed, power exhaling from all his body. “You will never touch her again!” The enormous fuming piece of the ground morphed itself into a giant spike like structure and flew at an incredible speed towards Delphini, who rolled away as fast as she could before the giant stone spear sheared the air were she had been last than a second before. People had stopped fighting, watching the young man disappear only to reappear in mid air, right above the Death Eater, the pieces of rubble converging onto him, forming a blade extending from his arm. Delphini was not fast enough this time, and the blade pierced through her shoulder, pinning her into the ground; she screamed in pain.

“AURORS, THE AURORS ARE ARRIVING!” One of the other Death Eaters screamed.

Delphini looked into Harry's eyes, with a mixture of admiration and fear.

“You are good, but the Dark Lady is better! If you join her you can be even greater!” Delphini said in a low voice under her mask.

“Never!” Harry hissed, twisting the stone blade, making her scream scream again.
“You're almost there already, mate. There is too much darkness in you already. We will talk again.” Delphini laughed and disappeared with a loud crack, leaving only a puddle of blood behind; the surviving Death Eaters following right after her. Harry relaxed his magic and the blade around his arm crumbled into dust. He was feeling tired, and angry, and his shoulder felt wet. The wizard looked around to the chaos of bodies and debris; Fleur was looking at him with a pensive expression while Iris approached with a smile, her torn jacket transfigured into a top. Bella and Susan ran into him, with relieved expressions, and the red haired girl engulfed him into a tight embrace, making his shoulder hurt.

“You were amazing Harry!” Iris said. “I’ve never seen anyone move like that! Color me impressed”

“Thank you for helping madam, for saving Sue, I don't know how…” Suddenly Harry felt a pain on his chest and opened his eyes wide, Susan and Bella looked scared at him. “Cissy!” He called before disappear with a crack.

.OvO.

The day had started well enough for Narcissa Black. Harry had gone with Susan, Bella, and Ted to the Ministry, while she was going to order upgrades for the sigil on the Hogwarts robes (and some new robe for herself and her girlfriend); then, they all would get a nice dinner to celebrate.

Monica had resumed her work at hospital in stomatology, so the blond haired witch went alone. That was her mistake.

Narcissa was rummaging through the robes, humming softly.

“Happy nation, living in a happy nation, where the people understand and dream of the perfect man. A situation, leading to sweet salvation. For the people, for the good, for mankind brotherhood.”

Unnoticed behind her, Draco had walked in and handed a hefty purse to the young witch that had led him in.

“Ideas by man, and only that will last. And over time, we’ve learned from the past. That no man’s fit to rule the world alone. A man will die, but not his ideas.” Narcissa kept on humming, as her son approached her from behind, his steps silenced by a charm.

Narcissa felt the end of a wand against her neck. She felt her arms slapped violently in a T pose, muscles and sinews protesting against the forced movement.
“Singing muggle songs, too, mother?” Draco’s familiar voice sneered. “And in public, too. Stooping really low.”

With a firm hand he pulled her toward a staff only room and tossed her inside then locked the room with a quick spell. The blond boy then turned toward her and took a long, piercing look. Narcissa was dressed in a green and silver silk dress with matching robe; with her luxurious hair free cascading over her shoulders and back.

Draco used to feel she was the most beautiful woman on Earth, the most regal and dignified, something he could only aspire to have for himself one day.

But that was not the way he saw her now… now all he saw was a whore who wore the colors of his House, a blood traitor who defiled those very colors.

“Filth loving harlots like you don’t get to wear the Slytherin colors.” The heir -unknowingly lord of his House since five minutes ago- growled, as he slapped Narcissa and tore the robe from her shoulders.

Draco looked at her and noticed the cleavage revealing neckline of her dress. He had always envied her so much. With a evil smirk, he reached with his hand in the V shaped space and pulled down violently. The witch couldn’t do anything to cover herself, as her dress and built in bra were torn away, leaving her whole chest bared in front of her… No. Narcissa refused to call that inbred little monster her son.

Draco approached her, looking at her figure with undisguised envy and not lust. The boy reached and cupped her breasts and squeezed them unkindly.

“Another proof you aren’t worth to be a Malfoy. If you were, your nipples would be pink, not dark brown. To think I used to worship your cold beauty. Ah!”

Narcissa refused to acknowledge the hurt in her chest. Instead she made her mind remember the look of awe and adoration she had seen in Harry’s eyes, and twenty years prior, in James’, Cyrus’, and Jacques’ when she exposed herself to their eyes on the Delacour’s beach. She barely noticed the hot tears rolling on her cheeks.

“Let’s see how unfit the rest of you are.” Draco’s voice echoed from afar, along with more torn fabric. more cool air on her torso, down to the belly beneath her navel. Her legs too, with the skin above her stockings feeling the sudden air temperature. “Red panties?! RED PANTIES!”

Her cheek stung from the slap she received.

Narcissa opened her eyes and fixed her hate filled gaze into Draco’s own, filled with rage and disgust.

“My girlfriend loves it. She digs red underwear. Lacy ones too” Narcissa replied with a bravado. Another slap attempted to wipe the smirk from her blooded lips.

“DYKE!” Draco screamed at her, slapping her over again, his face turning red from anger and shame. Narcissa could see the tears rolling down his face, but any sympathy she had for her offspring was gone. Draco was Lucius, and it would always be, she knew that now.
Across the street, Harry arrived on the rooftop. It took him a second or two to regain his balance and avoid crashing down below on the unforgiving pavement, the blood loss from his shoulder starting to show. The wizard looked around and froze. There, atop the tailor shop, he could see through the windows his Narcissa --wait, when did she became his?-- naked, magically bound in a T-pose, her face bloody and bruised, but with a defying expression.

Draco Malfoy was raising his hand to hit her again, with a gaze full of rage. Harry’s blood boiled and he didn’t think further. Even though his shoulder still bleeding from the cutting curse, he didn’t hesitate. Running a few paces, he leapt from the rooftop in a diagonal decent over Diagon Alley, straight through the glass, landing and rolling on the impact, surrounded by shattered glass.

Draco stared at the bloodied newcomer. He looked like the Whore-Who-Lived… except for the eyes that turned from green to crimson red. they were exactly like the Dark Lady’s.

~ You dare attack your own mother, you filthy piece of shit?!~ Harry hissed enraged, unaware he spoke in Parseltongue. A silent bombarada sent Draco flying across the room, crashing into exposition moving mannequins that protested and pushed him away from them.

“You want her, Potter?” Draco asked the Whore-Who-Lived’s cousin while getting up. “You can have her ugly arse. But first, I’ll strip her of the last thing Malfoy on her! **Capillaris Laepare!**” The boy screamed and moved his wand.

A brownish curse left Draco’s wand and hit Narcissa’s long hair, that immediately started to rot from the point of impact. The witch screamed in a mix of pain, anger and fright.

Harry ran toward her. “Hold still!” Harry said and cast a Finite Maxima at her, just as Draco was about to tackle him. The overpowering counter-curse hit the blond wizard instead, sending him flying, again, into the mannequins.

“Shit!” Harry groaned. The boy looked at Narcissa and saw that the rotten curse was growing and reached atop her shoulder blades already, he looked at her sadly and whispered as he ran his hand in the part of her hair that was still healthy. “Please forgive me, Cissy. *Diffindo*.”

The curse cut the hair just below his hand, at the level of her shoulders. The cursed hair fell like grey ashes and burst into a puff of smoke on the floor in front of the wide eyed witch.

Harry quickly undid the paralysis charm and held Narcissa close to him, saying “I’m sorry, I’m sorry…” again and again.

Narcissa raised a hand to his face and caressed his cheek with a sad smile on her face. But before she could say anything, a scream was heard from the mess of fallen mannequins across the room.

A girl’s desperate scream.

“POTTER!” The girl’s voice screamed. “WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?!”
AN: Thanks to DarkLordRising, Master 42 and Cateagle for the help editing!

Also, a question, in which house you think Harry and Gabby should be sorted on this world?

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 23

Harry held his wand up high, ready to tear Draco apart, his eyes glowing red with anger and power. The wizard looked at the fallen manikins and hissed.

“I already killed some of your friends today, Malfoy, and I'm not looking forward to do so again...but I will do it if I need to.” Narcissa looked at this man, and knew he was exactly that, a man, and held his hand. The witch didn't want to see him kill her son, no matter how much she hated him right now.

“Harry, don't... I'm okay...” Narcissa whispered, his magic surrounding her like a shield.

But neither were ready for what emerged from the pile of rubble. It was a beautiful girl...one that looked a lot like Narcissa but had Draco’s haircut and was wearing his clothes. A line of blood run from her pointy, well shaped nose, so like the one from his mother, even sharing nearly the same pink lips. It took Harry a couple seconds to realize that was Draco Malfoy in front of him.

“WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME?!” The girl screamed. “I WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS! TURN ME BACK TO NORMAL NOW!”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” Harry and Draco turned to see Narcissa laughing. Maniacally laughing. The regal witch grabbed Harry's hand and squeezed it firmly, trying to control herself.

Narcissa could not believe it! This could only mean one thing: Freedom.

“What are you laughing at mother ?! Look at what he did to me, he turned me into a…”

“A what, Draco? A woman, a girl?” Narcissa angrily called. “He didn't do anything to you Draco, your father did. The fact that you look like that can only mean one thing, daughter. Your father is dead! DEAD! I'm finally completely free from him.”

“No…” Draco said wide eyed. “That is a lie! A lie!” The blond girl screamed with tears in her eyes. “Father is not dead! Potter did this to me!” She looked desperate.

Narcissa walked towards her now daughter, towering over her.

“Your father, that monster you idolized, did this to you Draco. He was weak, so weak that he couldn't even have a son. You have no idea how much money he spent just to be able to perform and
impregnate me with you. Potions, charms, rituals, and in the end, for my total and complete pleasure, you were born a girl.” Narcissa laughed again, walking around a shivering Draco. “He was so pathetic he couldn't even fuck me again. Your father couldn't even get his dick hard! That was the man you thought of as a role model.” The witch wiggled her pinkie finger. “No, his fucking dick couldn't even get hard to fuck me!” Narcissa knew she was being mean now, but she didn't care. That girl had hurt her in ways she couldn't even start to understand. But deep down she knew whose real fault it was. And he was dead. “Your dad preferred to go through a ritual and make you his male heir rather than be with me again, Draco. He tied you to his blood and it would become permanent once you came of age, and I would be forever forbidden to talk about it. But he is dead! The monster who did this to you, to us, is dead!” Narcissa laughed again, loud and freely. Harry still had his wand pointed at the shivering, crying blond girl, astonished with everything that was happening.

“No, this is a lie, you whore, you are doing this to confuse me!” Draco screamed.

“Really babe? Then why had you never fucked that Parkinson girl? Why is it you never fell in love with a girl, and eyed Zabini with regretful, hungry eyes? I swear on my magic that it IS the truth.” A pale silver aura shone around her. “Expecto Patronum!” A strong looking mare erupted from her wand and circled around them before disappearing. Stunned for an instant, she turned to ‘Draco’.

“Do you see?”

Draco screamed, deep down she knew it was the truth, all those torturing years of guilt, shame and confusion coming back. The fear of disappointing her father because she liked men, because she was an abomination in his eyes.

“Look at us Draco!” Narcissa called in a commanding voice. Draco looked at her, Narcissa had her arms around Harry's neck, and as soon as her daughter looked at her, the older witch kissed him deep and furiously. Their magic flowing with power around them. “This…” The older witch said when their lips parted. “This is what a real man and a free witch look like, Draco, learn that, you little bitch!” Narcissa's voice was full of venom, and Draco started crying. “You are no child of mine. You are nothing. You are…”

Harry held Narcissa's hand, and Apparated away before she finished her sentence.

“...a disgrace!” Narcissa finished her sentence as she dropped with Harry in the basement bathroom of Grimmauld Place.

A yelp from behind them alerted that they weren't alone. Turning wobbly on his feet, Harry saw a shocked, towel clad Tonks, staring at them with wide eyes.

“Wotcher, To..” Harry began but got light headed from the blood lost, and collapsed on his knees.

Tonks didn't waste time, taking her towel off to cover Narcissa bruised body, then knelt briefly near Harry, giving him a glimpse of her D sized breasts and pink nipples, but also her hairless pussy. If there wasn't that pesky blood loss issue, Harry dizzily thought, he would have a hard on for sure.

Harry felt a searing pain in his shoulder, now that the adrenaline was receding and nerve centers started to flood his brain with blaring messages of pain, the curses, the jump through the window
and many cuts -some still had glass shards in them- were finally taking their toll. Harry looked at Tonks, then at Narcissa. Seeing she was now safe, his eyes rolled up, and he lost consciousness.

Tonks was shocked, there were no other term. Half an hour back from the Ministry’s attack, she arrived with her other aunt, her father and Susan, while the teenager was checked on by her mother Andromeda. Tonks quickly went for a shower downstairs. That’s where and when Rose’s cousin, the one who raised so much havoc, had appeared right in the middle of Aunt Bella’s bathroom, covered with cuts, some bleeding heavily, holding a very naked and short haired Narcissa. Both looked like they had gone through hell, the boy -Harry, if she remembered well- collapsed on his knees.

Her Auror training took over, and she quickly unwrapped her towel to cover her aunt, before grabbing another from the rack and pressed it against the worst of his wound. The white towel turned pink, then red in a matter of seconds.

The boy tried to smile with thankful eyes, before going completely out.

The young Metamorphmagus turned towards Narcissa with a serious expression.

“Auntie, are you alright? what happened? Were you at the Ministry too?”

“No. I was at Madam Malkins for a special order for Harry, Rose and the others. That’s when Draco attacked me. She...he would have hurt me if Harry didn’t literally drop through the window and saved me.” The older witch explained, still shaking.

Tonks nodded.

“I’ll get mum, upstairs.” The pink haired witch said. “Wait here, and keep the pressure on.”

Not bothering to cover herself, Tonks exited the bathroom and ran up the stairs, almost falling a couple time.

Narcissa was shivering, she has never been this scared in her life. The witch kept the wet, red towel pressed to Harry’s shoulder, her Harry, her man...whom was getting more pale by the second. Narcissa could feel the pressure lessen under the towel and the soft thuds of his heartbeat as it began to slow.

“HURRY!!” Narcissa screamed in panic, tears rolling on her cheek. “I think he’s dying! Don’t you leave me, honey! I need you. We all need you. And we love you. Rose, Bella, Mona, Sue, Daphne, Tracey, Padma. I love you, baby.” The witch sobbed.

“MOVE!” Andromeda exclaimed, barging in the room, and sliding on her knees to stop right next to Harry.

Bella arrived next, alarmed and pale. And to Narcissa’s surprise, Iris Ovidios was with them. The red haired witch quickly circled around Harry and crouched besides him.

“It’s a Dark Magic infected wound.” The politician declared and the Mediwitch nodded grimly.

“Give me a scalpel” Irid asked in a commanding tone. Andromeda blinked

“What?” The medwitch asked.
“A scalpel! A sharp blade.” Not waiting for the answer she reached in the pack and pulled the tool, then turned toward Harry, and ripped his shirt, bearing the wound. With shaking hands, she cut deep and large, almost an inch on each side of the wound, and with her wand, summoned the cursed tissue from the wound. “Now seal it! quick!” Iris ordered.

Andromeda didn’t reply but did as she was told. Slowly the cut closed, nerves first, then sinews, then the muscles and finally the skin, but it was going to leave a nasty scar because of the amount of damaged he sustained.

Harry start to feel the pain rescind and opened his eyes, seeing a red haired woman looking at him with real concern, she had green eyes like him.

“Mum? That’s it then? I’m dead?” Harry croaked. “Rose and Bella and the others are gonna be heartbroken. I’m sorry… I can’t stay. I...have to live...”

The wizard blinked, and emerald green eyes were replaced with greenish blue ones.

“I’m not your mum, Harry.” Iris said gently, rubbing his cheek with her blood soaked hand. “But I would have been very proud to have you as a son, sweetheart. And I know your mum is very proud.”

Iris got up and found herself hugged by Bella and Narcissa, both crying and saying thanks.

“You don’t need to thank me, Miss Black. That’s what friends are for, isn’t it?” Iris blushed and returned the hug. Deep inside, for the first time in how long she couldn’t even remember, the witch felt whole, her magic swelling with Harry’s and the women around her. For a moment, she let herself believe in a unit once again.

“If you need anything, give me a call.” Iris said. Then she hugged Andromeda and Narcissa and gave Bella a kiss on the corner of her mouth, and walked back up, giving Harry a long, pensive look before left.

Harry felt the exhaustion taking him, and closed his eyes, drifting back to a sleep filled with Veelas, red haired woman and crying girls.

.OvO.

Fleur was feeling like a coward as she organized the papers and the speech for the next day. An attack like this one was political gold for their campaign. But that was not the reason she felt like a scared little girl. After today, nothing in the world would make sense anymore, and she craved for control after all this years. And if not seeing her mother and sister helped her keep some amount of control, she would grab it. Let Iris go there and get with her new allies. The Veela didn’t need that. “You’re a coward…” The voice inside her head kept saying. “He will be there as well… and you are afraid to meet him.”

Yes, she was afraid. Afraid and excited like never before. Fleur could feel her Veela magic for the first time in a year, her Allure coming back, and the green eyed warrior was all she could focus on. It felt so natural to fight alongside him, and he even saved her life. And for some reason, she felt it was not the first time, like an echo from a dream.

Suddenly she remembered something and ran to the big trunk were she kept her personal things.
Fleur never intended to abandon her friends, Rose was not to blame for the way the world worked, or how her mother treats her, but things had just happened. The Veela ran through her things, piles of cards, gifts and letters, her personal treasure, the only thing keeping her from becoming the heartless monster she feared she would have. Then the Veela found it. The last letter Daphne had sent her, more than a year ago. The letter that had made the Veela sure there was no one there. Fleur opened it hungrily and there it was, the sketch. Daphne said she had seen it in a dream. There he was, holding hands with a younger Fleur in the garden of the Delacour state in France. There it was Harry Potter.

Yes, everything was about to change, and Fleur wouldn't need to be a coward anymore.

.OvO.

Delphi appeared in the grounds outside Riddle Manor with a scream. The emergency Portkey had almost finished the job on her pierced shoulder, blood was flowing freely from the wound anew as the magical transportation had nearly ripped it from her body. The Dark Witch looked around to see the others returning. Delphi had took twenty with her, only eight had returned. The Veela, the Black bitch and the Half-Blood had fought back with incredible strength. But nothing compared to the boy. The one who blocked her curse and pierced her shoulder. The one full of darkness. The one the Dark Lady had lied about.

Delphi got up, groaning in pain and entered the manor, the other Death Eaters looking at her holding her shoulder and leaving a trail of blood behind her. Delphi ignored all of them, and just walked up the stairs, she had questions and she would have answers! The young witch crumbled on the last few steps of the big curved staircase, looking at the big double doors to the masters suite.

Sirius was there, at the door, the ever loyal watchdog, he looked at her with his infuriating pretty face, and a raised eyebrow before moving in front of the door.

“You should have someone having a look at that girl. You are bleeding on the carpet.” The wizard said in a monotone voice.

“Get the fuck out of my way, I need to see her!” Delphi called.

“The Dark Lady is performing a ritual and is not to be disturbed…” Sirius said with a low, even tone.

“So, she sent us to die and won’t even have the decency to see me?” Delphi screamed hysterically, even more blood pouring from her wound as she shifted on the stairs.

“You will obey your Lady and do as it is said, you spoiled brat!”

"I should obey and let it slide that this Ovidios bitch was fighting alongside the two Potters and killed Lucius?!!"

Sirius was taken aback by this, and Delphi could see the shadow of doubt in his eyes for a second, before the usual cold gaze returned. The man moved quickly and grabbed her by the neck, pinning the girl on the wall.

“Now. You will be a good girl and obey…” Sirius then placed the index finger of his right hand inside her wound and twisted it, making Delphi scream. “You are going to Lady Parkinson and you are going to get her to fix this. I will call for you once the Dark Lady is done.” The wizard leaned
really closer to her. “Now, get the fuck out of my sight!” He released and let her, and Delphi drop to the floor, before returning to the door.

To Delphi, the whole world turned black.

Delphi woke up a couple hours later, feeling a stinging pain on her otherwise fixed shoulder. She looked around and noticed she was back at her own room.

“It will hurt a little for a couple days.” Madam Parkinson said besides her. The witch was in her forties, and had a short dark hair and heavier build and unbelievably soft, refined features. No one would ever imagine the pretty matron was a marked Death Eater. “She is waiting for you.” was all she said before leaving the room.

Delphi got up and threw a shirt over her torso, not caring about her attire. She needed to speak with the Dark Lady now, her room was the one directly beside her and Sirius was waiting with the door slightly open, looking at her as if nothing had happened.

With a deep breath, Delphi walked through the door. The room was dark, and the smell of magic and sex punctuated the air.

“Mother! What the…”

“CRUCIO!” Came the hiss from the Dark Lady, her scarlet eyes shining in the dark. For Delphi, the whole world turned into pain. The young woman fell to the ground, twitching and screaming, every nerve on her body suffering from the curse.

“You don't get to call me that girl! Not now! Not until you have proven yourself. When I give an order, you obey it!” The Dark Lady’s voice thundered through Delphi’s mind bringing even more pain. Suddenly it stopped, she had lifted the curse. Delphi looked up, still trembling, to the unnaturally beautiful woman. “Now my dear…” her voice was low and soft, almost motherly. A perfect contrast with the one she heard inside her mind. “Tell me what happened, I prefer you tell me the truth rather than force me to rip it from your mind.”

“The… the truth… the truth is that you sent us to die… you never told us what we were up against…”

“So, you met him, you touched his magic and the darkness inside him, didn't you?”

“Yes..” Delphi hissed. “There is something wrong about him…”

“Just as there is something wrong about you dear, don't you agree?” The Dark Lady pointed mockingly, her fingers playing with locks of her blood red hair.

Delphi looked at her with wide eyes. She was starting to understand, and hatred boiled in her heart like never before.

“Now you are seeing it. Now you know why this mysterious boy and his 'cousin' are important. Tell me Delphi, what colors were his eyes?”

“Emerald green, like the other Potter brat, then red like…”

The Dark Lady smiled with blood red lips.
“But… they killed Lucius, and I could have died as well…” Delphi called, almost crying.

“You really expected me to let Lucius live? With how much he knew about me?” The Dark Lady taunted. “And if you had died, it would have proven how unfit you are. But you survived the battle against a πλοίαρχος του θανάτου. The first one in ages, maybe ever. That marks you as worthy of my blood.” The one that granted our ancestors his tools as the test all but one failed.

Delphi clenched her teeth. Her anger almost as big as her pride.

.OvO.

After Andromeda sent a decent-ish Tonks to go to the hospital to pick up Monica, Narcissa went to her room and sat in front of a mirror, just wearing a comfortable fluffy bathrobe.

The curse Draco hit her with really did a number on her beautiful hair. It was Harry’s reflexes that saved her from becoming bald.

Not that she found anything terribly wrong with it, but it just wasn’t her. Monica had, pretty early in their friendship, introduced her to a visiting program she was part of, visiting children who suffered from muggle diseases called, as a whole, cancer. Many of the children they had visited had lost their hair because of the treatments, but they kept on fighting on with a courage that would have made Godric Gryffindor himself beam with pride.

Whereas many wizard would have given up and made the children’s last months or weeks as peaceful and comfortable as they could -she remembered a cousin who died of Dragonpox when she was young. Her great-grand-uncle had all but given up after they heard the diagnosis, but the Muggle doctors, families, even the patients themselves, fought, often to the bitter end. Her respect toward the non-magicals had risen a thousandfold that day.

That was something that neither Lucius nor Draco, or any of those cowards could understand.

A knock on the door pulled her from her reverie.

“Come in.” Narcissa said.

The door opened and Tracey peeked in, Narcissa’s reflection smiled at her and motioned to come closer.

“Are you okay?” Tracey asked, then smacked herself on the forehead.

“I will be.” Narcissa replied and raised her hand for the younger blond to take.

“Tonks will be here with Mona in a few minutes. They’re coming with Mona’s car.” Tracey informed her, gently massaging Narcissa’s shoulders.

“She’ll think I’m ugly now…” The woman mumbled.

“Bullshit!” Tracey exclaimed. “Pardon my French, but there’s no fucking way Monica would find you ugly! You’re probably the most beautiful woman in the UK, if not the world.”
“Haven’t you met Apolline Delacour and her daughters, girl?” Narcissa tried to joke. “My hair…” She began, but Tracey put a couple fingers on her sore but healed lips.

“Short hair suits you really well, Cissy.”

The older blond looked at the tablet in front of her, picked a pair of scissors and handed them to Tracey.

“Make them presentable, would you, luv?” Narcissa asked.

Tracey looked at the scissors, touched by the trust Narcissa placed on her. The witch’s hair had always been her pride, and yet, despite the sorry state they were in, she trusted the young witch to cut even more. Narcissa trusted Tracey to make them look good.

An hour later, she was done. They were fairly short and even in the back, with a lovely diagonal down toward the front.

“I can’t do anything about the colour, I’m afraid. the curse locked the dye in on the follicle, maybe even on the cellular level. The drapes will never match the carpet again. but I think the cut is as good as it gets.” Tracey explained.

“I like it, Tracey, you did a great job.” Narcissa beamed at her

“Should I start calling you Major, now?” a familiar voice asked from the door.

One second, Narcissa was sitting, the next she was in the arms of the newly arrived Monica, kissing her thoroughly before hugging her tight. Monica hugged her close, tears welling in her eyes.

“When Tonks came to the hospital, I thought my world collapsed on me. I thought the woman I’m in love with had been killed.”

“I’m okay, my love. Thanks to Harry.” Narcissa reassured her. Behind Monica, Tracey walked out, winked and blow them a kiss, then closed the door

“Another one I owe to our man.” Monica smiled.

_Our man._

Narcissa sighed in relief, and caressed her girlfriend’s cheek lovingly.

“Monica, when you said you wanted in in the Coven, did you completely mean it?”

The Hispanic woman looked at her girlfriend intently.

“More than the Coven, Cissy. This is our family.” Monica said with conviction “Thanks to them, I found a part of me that I didn’t know was missing.”

Narcissa smiled.

“Then what I’m about to tell you, I can tell with a light heart.”

.OvO.
Rose was panting, looking at the destroyed training dummies in the ground. There was eight of them, and Harry could do this same exercise with twenty. The girl roared and pressed the rune, and the dummies started auto repairing, she would try again, for hell knows how many times.

Rose was angry. Rose was angry at Harry for getting hurt, she was angry at the Death Eaters for hurting him, she was angry at Draco for attacking him...no, her own mother. And more than anything, she was angry at herself for not being there to help him. She was angry for letting herself forget she was at war, that there was people out there trying to hurt her and those she loved.

The emerald eyed witch remembered when Bella and Susan came back home yesterday, dirty and bloodied, bringing Tonks and Ovidios with them. Susan was desperate for Harry, he was hurt and had vanished somewhere. As the red haired girl recalled what happened at the Ministry, Rose could feel her magic burning, her anger, and her fear. Harry was her other half and no one could take him from her.

“Rose, what I saw today was almost unbelievable...” Iris Ovidios, of all people took her hands and said, while Bella tried to locate Harry. “I saw someone who had a reason to fight and to live. No matter where he is, I believe there is nothing that would stop him from coming back to you...” Rose looked at the smiling woman, and felt the urge to hug her.

Iris was right, Harry had came back, with her aunt Narcissa. Harry, no matter whatever kind of magical connection, or entangled destiny, was ready to give his life for them, all of them. Rose needed to be just like him. Rose felt like she needed to deserve him. Rose fired against the dummies and tried to move as fast as she could. It was finally dawning on her, Harry could die! Bella, or any of her friends could die! Rose would not let that happen. Harry was not just her male copy, or the best sex she ever had...Rose loved him!

Three months and she loved him! That was fast, and maybe wrong, but she didn't care. Rose knew she hadn't loved Cedric, or the twins, at least not in a romantic way, she knew now comparing to the way she felt about Harry and their little degenerate relationship. She loved seen him fucking her friends, and craved being with him afterwards. No one could resist them when they were together, Tracey had said, and Rose planed to be together with him for a long time.

The witch stopped moving, the dummies were all destroyed again. Some of her rage gone with their pieces.

“That was... impressive...” Rose hear her stepmother’s voice. Bella was standing at the door, looking at her wide eyed. “You moved just like him! Just like a ghost.”

“He's trying to teach me... it’s not Apparation...” Rose rubbed the sweat from her forehead. “We think is some kind of Potter family magic or something...”

“Really incredible...”

“But not enough... he can do a lot better than this...”

“Rose, please, don't! Harry can do all that because he fought an all out war. Are you really willing to pay the price he did?” Bella looked at the pain on her daughter’s face. “He lost everything Rose, and yet, whatever force that it is out there decided to give him a second chance. And not a free one. He doesn't want you to pay the price he did. I don't want to.”

“But that is my fight! People shouldn't get hurt like that!”

“Oh dear, but is not just your fight. It's everyone's fight. Yours, mine, Apolline’s, Iris’. Everyone has..."
something to lose. Even Harry. If you take this responsibility all for yourself, you are going to lose Rose. You are not alone in this.”

“But, I shoulda been there, fighting!”

“No, it was something beyond your control babe. You need to fight, unfortunately that is true, but you also need to live Rose. For Harry and yourself. You two need to have the life none could alone. And we are here to help. People can say all they want about our little degenerate family dear, but they can never say there is no love here. Love, not anger, will win this war.” Bella hugged Rose.

“Andy said Harry will wake up soon, do you want to be there?” Rose just nodded at her shoulder.

“Then go take a shower, you stink…”

Daphne didn't remember how much time she had stayed beside Harry’s bed. She never felt so relieved as when the color started coming back to his skin, or when his magic started flaring around him once again. The girl did even help Andromeda on changing the bandages.

Daphne had never felt like that for anyone before.

Sure she was afraid for her friends, but this kind of connection, and for a person she barely knew, was something different. And Daphne could see she was not alone. Every person in the house had their own way to deal with it. Susan stayed with them, and slept on Harry's bed. Gabby was raging at the world. Padma was reading everything she could about dark curses, and how to counter them, usually in a chair besides his bed, Tracey was trying to hide her own worries cheering everyone up. Apolline used her own Allure to feed Harry's magic, and Daphne drew.

She sketched non-stop. Daphne sketched the girls around Harry, all their expressions and most of all, she drew Harry. It was amazing to have her model there, in front of her. The girl could drink each detail of his face, each line and scar. The color if his lips, the shape of his jawline. Daphne laid her charcoal on the paper and kissed her model’s mouth, as she had done many times over the last days.

“You have no idea how much you changed things, how much you changed me…” Daphne whispered.

“That is actually kinda scary…” Harry said back in a weak voice. Daphne looked at him with wide eyes.

“You're awake!” She smiled at him, and kissed his lips again. “You got us so worried, Harry!”

“I'm sorry… I don't even remember what happened after I got Narcissa…” Harry looked around at Susan sleeping in the couch. “How long was I out?”

“Two days. Andy kept you sleeping so your magic could work on healing your body…” Daphne caressed his face. “You prat, getting us all worried… if I could, I would punish you right now for it!” The witch said, running her hand through his chest.

“Hmm… I certainly would not object…”

“Nah…” She removed her hand with a mischievous smile. “Andy said only after tomorrow…” Harry pouted. “Don't worry, you will have what's coming.” Daphne kissed him again, a kiss full of promises.

“Is it true Daphne… did I really change things for you?”
“Yes… I… I'm not the best person in the world Harry, I'm cold and cynical. I thought that feeling the things you make me feel were things from fairy tales”

“Aren't you afraid things are moving to fast?”

“Yes, terrified. But maybe Andy's theory has merit and the dimensions are somewhat linked. I feel like I've known you for years… are you afraid?”

“Yes… really afraid. I thought I would have nothing more to lose, but now I have you…”

The door slowly opened and Rose peeked inside, her eyes went as wide as her smile, she slammed open the door and jumped into the bed, waking Susan beside them.

“Harry! You're awake!” Rose called, jumping over him and kissing Harry thoroughly, making the young wizard moan of both pleasure and pain.

“Calm down Rose, or you are going to knock him out again!” Daphne giggled, while Susan jumped on the bed with them.

“Sorry…” Rose said, still kissing Harry. “I was so worried about you Harry… sorry, I should've been there with you!”

“Nonsense Rose! It was not your fault! If anything, you girls give me a reason to fight. Please, don't be like me and dwell on self doubt!” Harry waved her off.

“Of course not, I'm the overconfident half here!” Rose smiled and kissed him again.

“Yeah…” Susan rolled her eyes, spooning oh Harry's side “That's why you were brooding those last days…” Rose stuck her tongue out at the red haired girl.

“Hey, that is a family trait Sue…” Harry said. “I'm sorry Susan, I had plans to take you out for dinner. I know our engagement was nothing planned and is more of a political play, but I wanted to show you I was happy anyway. Sorry…” Harry was interrupted by Susan's lips on his, she gave him a deep, sensual kiss. Both Rose and Daphne watched blushing.

“I have given this a long thought Harry…” Susan said when they finally parted for air. “And, even not being much of a fighter like you, Bella or Rose, I can do other things to help. So I want in, Harry. I want all in into the coven. I want to be with you, Tracey, Daphne and Rose.” Susan finished before diving into another kiss.

Daphne took her charcoal back, and start sketching her forming new family.

.OvO.

“Wow, your hair looks great Cissy!” Apolline said as a glowing Narcissa entered the dining room with Monica. “And judging by the looks of orgasmic bliss, Mona liked it too.” The Veela giggled.

“Thanks Pol, you don't need to say this only to cheer me up.”

“I would never!” Apolline said, her scandalized tone betrayed by the smile on her face.

“I agree with Pol, I think it makes you look fierce!” Bella said with a wink.
“I told you, didn't I?” Monica said. “There was no reason to hide these last days. Although having you helping me with my patients was a blessing...and our lovemaking was spectacular!”

“Thank you…” Narcissa said with a blush, looking at the table. Her two sisters and Apolline smiled at her. “Where are all the girls?

“Upstairs with Harry of course.” Bella rolled her eyes.

“Do you blame them?” Apolline asked. “After all that happened I wish it was me up there. But they are the very reason we are doing this.”

“Oh, I totally agree, I'm just jealous…” Bella waved.

“Come on Bella, grow up…” Andromeda told them. “Let's get down to business, girls. This attack shows that the Dark Lady is not as stale as we first imagine. And that Harry's powers has way more reach than we thought.”

“And Rose is also developing some of the same powers, just like you and Pol predicted.” Bella said.

“So, you are moving forward I presume... are you and the girls ready for the backlash when it becomes public?” Andromeda continued. “Something this big will not stay hidden for too long.”

“Yes, and judging by the way she acted, I think we will have an important ally in Iris Ovidios…” Bella said.

“She felt his magic, didn't she?” Apolline asked. “Her aura was completely drawn to him when you brought her here.”

“I believe so, she was the one who insisted in checking if he was all right. It saved his life, didn’t it?” Apolline wanted to ask about her daughter, but refrained herself.

“I believe most, if not all of the younger girls want to be part of it?” Andromeda asked.

“Pretty much, although none of them are bonded to him and we want to delay that for as much as we can... it's too great of a commitment to take and the emotional change can be…” Bella said, and was interrupted by Apolline.

“Magnifique …”

“I was about to say overwhelming, but that too.”

Narcissa looked at Monica, who nodded.

“I have decided to do it…”

Bella and Andromeda looked at her wide eyed.

“Are you sure you want to commit yourself like that after Lucius?” Bella said. “It really changes things Cissy, I mean… I loved him before, but now…”

“He saved me Bella, from something worse than dead, yes I'm sure.”

“And Monica?” Andromeda asked.

“She will join completely too, though not right now, as her newly awakened core is not ready for
such a load. I never felt that way for any other man sis. I want that.”

“WE want that.” Monica correct, squeezing Narcissa’s hand.

“Who am I to try and stop you Cissy, I'm already long gone…” Bella waved. “I just hope it's not too much for him after all... it may be too fast…”

“I don't think so.” Andromeda started. “He has proven to be way too powerful and I still believe there is a connection. Everyone here, and those girls upstairs have been touched by his magic prior to his arrival. And you must prepare, Rose will start to become stronger as well as all of you. Their power will bleed.”

“And we cannot ignore the political ramifications. Amelia will go spare with the marriage news, and we have the heir of the Greengrass family with us, and the power of the Black family. Together with Iris, this Coven can be the most influential institution in Britain.” Narcissa pointed out.

“You need to complete the ritual before Hogwarts starts again.” Andromeda called.

“And you Andy, you seem really interested in us.” Bella asked.

“You would be lying if I said I was not tempted, his magic touched me as well. But I love Ted, and I don't think either of us would be able to handle it. But you have my utter and total support.”

Everyone nodded at her.

Apolline seemed to think for a while, before talking.

“The Headmaster must know.”

“And why is that?” asked Bella, a little annoyed, she didn't liked the old man dwelling into Rose’s life.

“Because those girls will be trapped there with Harry for an entire year, only being able to go out every other weekend. Not only Harry needs to release his magic, which will be shared by us all once the Coven is sacred, but I doubt those teens will be able to keep their hands off each other for long.”

Apolline concluded.

“That's so true... are you going to say you don't remember us at school Bella?” Narcissa said. “Don't you remember when we get an entire months detention when they got us... sharing James?”

“Mel should have warned us…”

“She was too busy fucking Remus in the other classroom, and the worse, they didn't get caught!”

“Wow... one day you need to tell me more of those stories... they seem hot!” Monica commented.

“And that was before we added Lily and Pol…” Narcissa said in a dreamy voice.

“Well...” Bella signed. “The Order will have a meeting next week, I will talk to the old man.”

“Better avoid doing that while the Red Banshee is in earshot.” Narcissa snarked.

“Of course! I can always ask for him to stay longer, especially housing that many students here. Can you imagine her face if she were to find out?” Bella grinned.

“Oh, I think it will be even better.” Apolline said. “Ginevra could not seem to take her eyes of Harry...”
“Serves her right!” Bella said. “All those years being a bitch about my family! We are degenerates but we are loving, living and honest!”

Andromeda rolled her eyes and Narcissa giggled.

“Remember when the Marauders cursed her clothes to disappear when she was screaming at Rolanda to let her precious William get on the Quidditch Pitch. For a prude to stand like that bare as a bird screaming about decency…”

“We got detention for the rest of the year, but it was the most worthy detentions in the History of Hogwarts” Bella reminisced remembering the expression on the ginger hag when she realized her clothes were gone and everybody saw her in her all-together.

“Okay, ladies, we are getting sidetracked a little here.” Andromeda called. “My part is done, thanks to Iris. Harry will be all good by tomorrow, I recommend you to come clean to her, she will be an important ally.”

“She may even want more than this…” Apolline murmured.

“She does have a Muggle doctorate in field surgery. Former lieutenant in the SAS, served during Desert Storm and in Somalia.” Monica explained

“Well, anything else?” Andromeda asked.

“She owns a biotech corporation called PragmaCorp and shares in several PMC in the US and Australia.”

“**But,** I would suggest keeping her at arm's length, at least until we are sure about her intentions.” Narcissa pried. The witch took a deep breath with a pained expression. “There is something else I think I need… Bella, I want you to burn Draco’s name from the tapestry, and blast My son, no, my daughter, from the Black family… there is nothing I can do about the Malfoy line, that is his, or better, hers, but she will have no part on this family!”

“It will be my pleasure Cissy. I just hope Rose doesn't do something stupid and hurt her too much at school… if she even gets back there.”

“I wouldn't object to that…” Monica said, dripping venom.

All women nodded in agreement. Rose was known to be incredibly cruel with those who threatened the ones she loved. And now she had even more power.

Andromeda got up and walked to the fireplace. “Well, good luck to you girls, if you need help, just call me.” She said before walking into the fire.

“*Juste un instant, s’il-te-plait.* Andi…” Pol interrupted. She pulled one of her hair. “Could you prepare this hair to be a core for a wand? Mona’s own wand, to be exact.”

“Mel is better for that. She used to be Ollivander’s apprentice before her wedding.” Andi answered as the Hispanic woman tackled the French with a hug and peppered her face with kisses.

.OvO.
Bloody Engagement

By Rita Skeeter

When this reporter was called to cover one of the most important social events of the year, I was not ready to also be a witness of one of the most crucial blows in the war against the terrorists known as Death Eaters.

It all happened yesterday, August 10th, when the matriarch of both Potter and Black families, two of the most ancient and prestigious families in the wizarding Britain, announced the engagement of her new protegee Harry Potter (16) and the soon to be Lady of another of the most influential families of the country, Susan Bones (16)!

That's right readers, the alliance between the three of the most powerful and rich families in England is finally official!

“It’s an incredible happy day for both our little clans,” Said Bellatrix Potter-Black (40), “Not only we can formally introduce my new found nephew to the British wizarding society, but we are also blessed by this union, where the two young people really care for each other, not being forced together like alliances of old.”

The mysterious boy, Harry Potter, appeared in Bellatrix and Rose Potter’s life three months ago, and it is already sending ripples through wizardry society. Not only my research with the goblins and the blood registries confirmed the young wizard as a full fledged member of the Most Noble and Ancient House of Potter, but also my sources indicated that after his admission test at Hogwarts, he may be one of the most competent wizards of his age, just like his cousin Rose. Although the boy’s origin and history remains covered in secrecy, we at the Prophet welcome the young man in our society (magic knows we are in need of new magical blood after the war.)

And what was my surprise when no other than the official candidate to the post of Minister, Iris Ovidios herself came to congratulate the beautiful new couple, even the bride to be being the niece of her rival.

But it only gets better. “After the process of emancipation is complete…” The Potter-Black matriarch continued, “Susan will be fully taken under my House’s protection, solidifying even more The alliance.” things seem not to be going so well for candidate Amelia Bones (43) after all, especially since both Harry Potter, Bellatrix Potter-Black and Susan Bones herself publicly support Iris Ovidios in the run for the Minister position, after Cyrus Greengrass pulled out of the race. “Iris Ovidios is what our nation needs the most. A person who knows and respects our traditions but is also intimately familiar with the modern mundane world, who bled for and served our nation, both magical and mundane on more than one occasion.” the young Witch declared the day after.

Unfortunately commemoration was cut short by a massive attack from the terrorist group known as Death Eaters. The group of around twenty invaded the Ministry atrium and started making demands, killing one of the brave Aurors on guard duty.

But the attackers were not ready for the acts of the brave wizards and witches present at the Ministry
that day. The attack was repelled by the actions of none other than Harry Potter himself, aid by former Tri-Wizard champion Fleur Delacour (19), and the quick responses from the former Auror Bellatrix and Miss Ovidios herself in protecting the civilians.

This reporter saw with her own eyes as the newly engaged young man and the powerful French Veela battled their way through ranks of Death Eaters with impressive coordinated attacks, surprising terrorists and Aurors alike. In the end, the action resulted in ten Death Eaters dead or apprehended and only two casualties on the Auror's side.

One of the terrorists killed in the battle was none other then Lucius Malfoy, recently escaped from Azkaban, dead by the wand of Iris Ovidios while the witch protected a band of innocent people, and getting wounded protecting the future Lady Bones herself at the peril of her own life.

I am sure it was not the engagement party the new couple wanted, but nonetheless we can only thank Harry Potter and all other involved in the fight for their decisive actions, that saved dozens of innocent lives.

For more on Susan and Amelia Bones, see page 04
For a dossier on the last triwizard tournament, see page 05
For a death eater attack timeline, page 10

Amelia Bones furiously laid the paper down. How in the world did they get notice of her plans? And worse, the damn boy and that Half-Blood bitch were now being portrayed as heroes!

Making the engagement public was a smart move, and the idiotic attack from the Death Eaters only made things worse. Now, she couldn't file her own contract without getting negative public reaction. Augusta would eat her alive at the 'mot.

Damned Potters, they ruined everything!

.OvO.

The cork popped from the bottle with a loud pop, and Narcissa had to rush the bottle over a lean high glass to poor in the precious beverage.

“There you go, darlings. Moet Et Chandon, cuvée 1980.” The blond witch said with pride, pouring the expensive champagne into the three glasses, extended one to a misty eyed Monica and one to the young man who saved the brunette from a heap of trouble.

“Show off” Monica teased, her voice still shook a bit. Today had been a roller coaster of emotions for the woman.

“To freedom and victory” Harry toasted.

“To freedom and victory” Monica and Narcissa echoed.
After sipping some of the delicious beverage, Monica walked to the dresser and pulled an envelope.

“This is for you, Harry.” Monica said. “From both of us. And don’t worry, it’s not cash.”

Harry looked from the envelope to her eyes, to Narcissa, back to the envelope.

“Um, Thanks.” He said, bemusedly. Wrapping an arm around Monica’s shoulder from behind her, Narcissa smiled at Harry and gave him a nod.

He opened the envelope to revel a set of keys.

“For years, I had hoped, dreamed, I could one day bring you home, where a place you would be safe, loved, and where you could thrive.” The former mundane woman explained to the young man.

Another thing in the envelope was a legal domicile, application for driver license, Apparation license, and a Muggle bank card from HSBC.

“All it requires is for you to sign them, sweetie.” Narcissa explained. Harry was in shock, completely at loss for words.

Monica looked at him worriedly. Did she make a mistake? But she was quickly reassured by the enormous hug she received from her young man.

“This is one if best presents I’ve ever received, not the key, but your trust” Harry said, his voice a strangled sob.

Narcissa joined them, embracing both lovingly, kissing Monica, first, then Harry. The older woman smiled at Harry and kissed him full on the lips.

Harry moaned happily, feeling Mona’s breasts pressed against his chest, and Narcissa’s against his shoulder blade and biceps.

“Even though you have a room of your own,” Monica began, “We hope you’ll spend most nights with us when you’re home.” Narcissa finished.

The thought of sleeping with the two beauties in the same bed, either scantily clad or maybe even naked, made his cock start to harden in his linen dress pants.

.OvO.

Earlier that day.

“All stand!” the bailiff called. “London Court of Family Affairs is now in session, presided by the Honorable Judge Lydia Fairborn. Plaintiff is Wendel Daniel Granger, and defendant is Monica Emmanuella Del Rei Teles. Fourth day of the procedure.”

A woman in her late fifties walked in that reminded both Harry and Narcissa of Yolanda Hoosh, with white hair cut in a short bob.
Harry noticed that Hermione wasn’t present, nor was there any public onservers. It was a very far cry from the tribunal room he faced when he was judged in that parody of justice, in what felt like a lifetime ago. Still he felt nervous. Narcissa, who sat next to him, gave his hand a squeeze, her own was soft, warm, reassuring.

_You can do it, luv._ he could almost hear her.

A row before them, next to an equally nervous Monica, stood Ted Tonks, his pinstripe suit and tie hidden under the black robe and white collar.

“Mister Tonks, I believe you have a witness to present the Court?” Judge Fairborn stated in a tone that was a lot like Director Bones at Harry’s trial. On the table on their left, both Wendel and his attorney looked stunned.

“We do, Your Honor. The Defense calls Mister Harry James Potter to the Bar.” Ted replied loud and clear.

Harry stood and walked forward, under the incredulous stare of Monica’s ex.

“What is your occupation and the one of your parents?” Ted asked.

Even though Harry knew it was coming, it was hard

“I’m secondary student in a boarding school starting this term, was home-schooled before for health reason. As for my parents, both are deceased from a car crash when I was a child, that’s where I got this scar.”

Ted nodded, tapped the back end of his pencil on his lower lip.

“You were in bad shape, then?” Ted asked.

“Well I was in a hospital for months before being released, though I was too young to really remember. I can only remember my mother’s scream, and waking up with Sleeping Beauty next to me. For a long time I thought I imagined it. My foster parents weren’t really nice people with a very narrow mind.” Harry winced, unconsciously rubbing over old broken ribs.

“Do you know the hospital where you and your parents were transported after the accident.”

“Lansdowne Hospital in Cardiff.” Harry responded after a second. _that is where Kitrina Potter and her husband were transported and where they died, their newborn son soon following. Son whom, like me, was named Harry._ Harry thought with a peak of sadness.

It must have shown on his face, because the judge gave him a supportive smile.

“I’m sorry to bring back those memories, Mister Potter. Do you know who that ‘sleeping beauty’ was?”

“I didn’t, not for years. It’s through mutual friends and family that we found each other.” Harry replied with a fond smile.

“Can you tell us whom?” Ted asked, not missing a beat.
“My cousin Rose Potter-Black, her stepmother Agent Bellatrix Black and your client’s daughter Hermione Granger.”

That caused both Judge Fairborn and Wendel’s lawyer to raise an eyebrow.

Fairborn turned toward the plaintiff lawyer. “Refresh my mind, Master Douglas. Didn’t your witness and clients declare under oath that neither had seen proof that the so-called hallucinated teenager was anything but that, an hallucination?”

Master Douglas seemed at loss for words and turned toward his client that was doing a quiet good impression of one Vernon Dursley. Wendel rose to his feet.

“Why you little punk!” he growled and pointed at Monica “It’s that whore who seduced my little girl and turned her away from God making her a homosexual deviant! Her and that unnatural Rose Potter brat!”

Fairborn slammed her mallet several times on her desk.

“Restrain your client, Master Douglas. He’s already in enough trouble as it is.” The law woman snapped.

“I’m sorry, Your Honor. But the facts remain that she barged into the home of two honest law abiding citizens, and she had been found guilty and sentenced to mandatory therapy.”

“The Dursley's, you mean?” Harry asked, earning a glare from both Fairborn and Ted.

“Mr Potter!” She snapped. “Do I need to fine you for contempt to the Court?”

“I apologise, Your Honor. But the fact is I do know the Dursley family. For one, Rose stayed with them for over a year before Aunt Bella found and got custody. And I, as a child, was one of the many bullied by the neighbourhood bullies of which Dudley Dursley was part of. I don’t know how Monica had heard of them, but what she did then, shortly after a head trauma induced coma, might have been triggered by something related to them. And I heard Hermione mentioning her dad playing golf with one Vernon Dursley, while I was staying at Aunt Bella’s home.”

The judge nodded and took several notes, then looked at a noticeably paler Wendel.

Ted blinked at him, then a smirk appeared on his face; mirrored by one on Narcissa’s own.

“Is there anything else, Master Tonks?” The judge asked

“Not that I can think of.” Ted replied. “Anything else, Mr Potter?”

“Only that, whenever I dreamed about a family of my own, I imagined Sleeping Beauty...Monica, at the center of it. Her memory kept me sane during my childhood and adolescence.” Harry looked at Monica, who had tears on her face. “Thank you, Monica.”

“

In the end, their complaint was rejected, Wendel got 36 months of jail time for perversion of justice. He'll also have to sell the practice to pay me some hefty compensations. And Hermione will have to see a pedo-psychiatrist until she turns 21.
Harry had to say, he really liked Narcissa’s new hairstyle, short in the back fading in longer on the front. He just wished it hadn’t come from such a traumatizing experience.

Looking around, Harry saw a frame hanging that wasn’t there during his last visit, however short it was. He got up and went to take a better look. By now he could recognize Daphne’s style.

Kinda funny how alike yet different the two versions were. The one he knew there was a painter, but this one had the marking, the style and techniques of a comic book artist. But he knew one thing: his Daphne had talents, and he will do his damn best to help her go high with it.

The picture showed both Narcissa and Monica, done in life like details. Drinking in all the details, he didn’t notice the lean beauty approaching him from behind. So much for CONSTANT VIGILANCE!

“She’s quite the artist, isn’t she?” Narcissa said as she wrapped her arms around Harry’s mid-section. “You were in admiration for at least five minutes, love.”

Harry blushed and Monica giggled next to him. A loud stomach mumble interrupted the debate there, as the three looked at each other and laughed.

“Let’s order out for Chinese delivery.” Narcissa suggested. “Xiao Long’s is around the corner, so to speak, it won’t take long. I’m bloody famished.”

“Great idea! let’s order a golden table, so we get enough leftovers to last until Saturday, and Harry get a good sample of each.” Monica suggested, taking the cordless phone.

The young wizard blinked, then remember that Monica had been with him throughout his entire life and knew he never got to eat Asian food, as neither Greengrass or Delacour families cared for it much and the Dursley’s, even if they did like, wouldn’t have let him get a taste, much less a full meal.

Indeed the delivery was fast and the poor delivery guy, probably the boss’ son, was crumbling under the pile of aluminum boxes.

“Look at the bright side, Ren.” Monica joked as she handed him a couple of red colored £50 notes. “You’re saving up membership fees from a gym and you’re getting paid for it!”

Harry wasn’t sure if the young man laughed or groaned, maybe both at the same time.

Once free of his packages, the young man left by the elevators and Harry helped transport the fifteen packs to the kitchen.

It proved difficult to eat that late lunch.

Difficult for Harry as he was struggling with the chopsticks for the great fun of Monica and Narcissa (“Hey, it’s my first time!” “Don’t worry, we’ll be gentle!” “it’s swish and flick, Harry!” ), and it was difficult for the two women, who were laughing uproariously throughout the meal. Harry himself laughed a lot and thoroughly enjoyed the meal however. Thank goodness their clothes, which were formal mundane suits for him, skirts, vest, blouse and black stockings for the ladies, were protected with Impervius Charms, otherwise, it would have cost dozens pounds to clean them from the soy sauce, S&S sauce, rice fallen from their chopsticks either because of rookie use of chopsticks or shaking from laughter.

While digesting, they sat together in front of the telly together, watching a movie on the VCR.
Monica had elected to show Harry one of her favorites, and they had great time with it.

Especially when Narcissa giggled and looked between the screen and Harry. Quick on the catch - like a good Seeker would be- he took his wand, grew himself a moustache and exclaimed “I’d buy that for one dollar!”

That sent Monica into hysterics, and Narcissa and Harry as well from looking at her. She literally had tears of laughter rolling on her cheeks.

Harry then took the voice of the cybernetic police officer and said “First Directive: Constant vigilance! Second Directive: Don’t put your wand in your back pocket! Third Directive: Don’t eat or drink anything you haven’t cooked yourself or checked thoroughly.”

That sent both women into stitches, though they winced when the melting thug went splat on Bodicker’s windshield had a helpful sobering effect.

In the end, when the corporate bastard was tossed through the windowpane of the OCP boardroom, Narcissa had a dark chuckle.

Monica approached Harry with sultry hip sway. She licked her lips. Narcissa had removed her vest and sat back, to enjoy the show.

“Mona wants you to touch her, and to strip her, dear.” Narcissa smiled, reclining in the couch, her hands touching her own blouse covered breasts.

Harry gladly obliged, running his hand down her back to rest on her scrumptious derrière. it felt good in his hands, it felt right.

“Take off my skirt, please!” Monica moaned under his massages.

Harry searched a bit before he found the zipper, which his carefully pulled down. “She smells so good, and she’s so beautiful.” Harry thought

Mona wiggled her ass and the skirt fell on the floor.

Harry admired Monica’s lower half, in awe. It was so sexy, that she was still fully dressed above, yet almost naked below, he caressed the expanse of bare skin between the top of her black stockings and her panties, making the older woman moan even more.

“Dios, I love when you look at me like that.” Monica exclaimed. “How you touch me… feel how wet you make me.”

Harry obeyed and felt the wet lace over her camel toe.

“Feel it directly, honey.” Monica instructed.

Harry pulled her panties down, being really close, mere centimeters, from her naked pussy. He had seen it before. In a photo that Monica sent him for his birthday, and in the Muggle store, where he had touched her breasts as well. But now, here, he could see every detail, every hair of her trimmed pubic hair that formed a square bush on top and on each side of her opened outer lips. Her brownish pink folds were out and her clit was poking out of its hood.

Harry couldn’t resist, he gave her pouting inner lips a lick, Monica gasped at the sensation, and the flux of magic that went from her pussy straight to her core, and accompanied by his feeling of adoration, and admiration. The feeling was nothing short of divine. He truly loves me she thought,
feeling it in her heart.

“Mhm baby, last time, in that room, did you get to see my arse? I mean, really see it, every part of it? The cheeks, the crack, and the hole?”

Harry shook his head, some of her juice that hung as a string from her pussy to his chin finally dripped down onto his chest.

Mona stepped back, and turned, giving him a perfect view of her cheeks and crack, but not much else, beside a glimpse of her pussy lips below. “Like this?” Monica asked

“Err-yeah.. uh... yes.” Harry stuttered very intelligently.

The woman then leaned forward, and spread her ass with her hands, the red polish of her fingernails a nice contrast with her paler skin. Then it was revealed to him, in all its glory, her brownish hued rosebud.

“Go ahead, Harry, she likes anal even more than I do. Heck, probably even more than Mel, and that’s saying a lot!”

“Cissy!” Mona exclaimed, and Harry noticed two things. One that her butcheeks grew a bit darker and two, that her pussy grew even wetter. “She’s right, though, Harry. So never hesitate when we’re in private or with the Coven.”

Harry nodded with enthusiasm, exploring her treasure with his fingertips.

“Good man! Mmhhhh now finish undressing me, love, and do the same with Cissy. I missed you making her come once, I’m due a show!”

Yup Harry thought. She’ll fit just right in!

Slowly, Harry moved around her, stroking her cheeks and running his finger in her pubes. Then he started to unbutton her blouse, kissing her tummy, navel, belly and up until he reached the top. He pulled the attire open gently and down her arms, leaving her naked save from her blue lace bra, just opaque enough to be decent, he kissed her cleavage, up her throat then capturing her lips in a soul deep kiss.

“te amo, mi corazón.” she whispered against his lips, running her hands in her man’s hair.

Narcissa grinned. Bella trained you well, my darling. She could feel through her own bond with Monica how much both loved each other and how much both loved her too. Narcissa knew she had made the right choice

The brunette was moaning and gasping, as Harry was suckling on her brown nipples, while rubbing the edge of her folds and the border of her anus. Countless mini-orgasms were shaking the body of the newly awakened witch before she collapsed on the couch, panting.

Harry was still dressed, and a meaty mast was pointing away from his body. When he reached Narcissa, she licked her lips, looking hat his mid-section with a hungry, lustful look.

“Eyes are up here.” Harry joked.

“You have beautiful eyes, my love, but what I crave now is your delicious hard cock!” Narcissa
replied frankly as she reached for his belt, opening it with her own hand rather than magic, and pulled the zipper down. Then in one move she pulled down both trousers and boxer.

Narcissa leaned forward, looking at Harry in the eyes, stroking her cheek against the side of his dick, before putting into her mouth, very, very slowly. It was a delicious, tantalizing torture and Monica was looking at it, still panting but her eyes wide.

“Goodness, it was hot looking at her taking Remus’ cock in her mouth right after it exited Mel’s pussy, but this, this is out of this world. The difference is that we both are in love with this magnificent young man, and he loves us back.”

Harry looked down and admired Narcissa looking at him as she was sucking him, her breasts jiggling and her dark brown nipples as hard as he has ever seen them.

“I offer you… my service and love… so together we can be better than we are alone…” Narcissa said, as she removed his manhood from her mouth, but giving licks on the head between every word.

“Sooo mmhhh Mote Iiiiiiiit beeeee!” Harry replied. Both could feel the bond starting to take hold, and both could feel each other’s affection and attraction.

Narcissa took Harry’s member back in her mouth and plunged deeper, its head reaching deeper in her mouth, and even to her throat. Just like James Cissy thought, not for the first time, as she deepthroated him.

The feeling was beyond description.

“Cissyyyyyyyy!” Harry groaned. He didn’t notice Monica crawling near and he gasped when she started to lick and suckle on his balls.

It was too much stimulation for the young wizard who climaxed hard into Narcissa’s mouth, shouting her name. The older witch swallowed as much as she could then took the dick from her mouth, immediately replaced by Monica whom sucked hard on his member, drinking his cream like ambrosia.

“You taste good, baby.” Monica stated as she swallowed his semen. It was like drinking one of those bovine branded energy drinks

Harry was panting, hard, and playing with Narcissa’s hard nipples. The blond witch giggled and pushed one of his hands down toward her skirt, while Mona finished pulling his shirt off his body. Slowly, Harry moved his hand over her curves, sneaking between her butt and the couch, and finally finding the zipper.

He opened the black smooth skirt and revealing the pearl white panties and her slightly tanned up thighs before the black silk of her stockings. The lacy material was soaked as he brushed his fingers on it.

Narcissa got up, and the skirt completely fell off, she turned around, presenting her ass to her two beloved who started to kiss her rear.

“I can tell you two love my arse very, very much, don’t you?” The witch teased, pulling the lace aside to flash her crack, before Harry moved his hand over her thighs to her hips and pulled the panties down.

Harry admired her standing there naked with the exception of her black stockings. There was a mere trace of tan line there, showing what type of swimsuit she liked, and he saw which at the party, two
weeks prior. He ran a finger in her crack, from her pussy to the base of her spine, over her sensitive butthole.

The young man leaned down and started playing with the tip of his tongue on the edge of this divine dark hued hole, rubbing his finger against her folds. *Looks like she trimmed* Harry distractedly noted. Narcissa let out a loud moan as he pushed his tongue straight into her anus.

Narcissa was in heaven, feeling her man in her most secret place, somewhere Lucius never went. Not even Remus would. Only Mona ever did, with her Harry sized strap-on.

But, sweet Morgana and Circe tribbing their pussies together, she loved that sensation!

And now, he inserted a finger...no, make that two fingers in her pussy while rubbing her clit with his thumb!

She somehow knew she was screaming in pleasure, but she didn’t care, she didn’t want this to finish.

Monica was stunned, impressed. Earlier, she was too far gone in ecstasy, but seeing her beloved partner arching her back like that, while her...their Harry tongued her ass and fingering her pussy was a sight to behold! It turned her on like mad and she couldn’t help herself, she kneeled by his side and started to lick his resting member that immediately started to react.

With his tongue still up Narcissa’s arse, he gave her a look that said *really?* but she shrugged and continued to lick...until she felt a finger running down her own ass-crack, teasing her ring, then pushing inside. *Dios, the sensation!*

Harry was busy. Those two had an unbelievable sex drive, feeding his own with both magic and desire, in turn feeding theirs, in a virtuous circle. Though Harry would have difficulty finding anything virtuous about having his tongue up the arse of one of the most beautiful women in the world, and fingering the asshole of another!

He switched, licking Narcissa’s profuse juices and starting licking her folds, sucking on them, while he inserted one soaked finger in her anus.

~ *I'm here for you, Narcissa Black~*  Harry said in Parseltongue against her vulva. The sensations sent Narcissa over the edge as a bigger orgasm than the others, a genuine climax, rocked her body.

Narcissa was catching her breath, her heart pumping, that wizard really knew how to rock her world. Monica crawled up next to her and kissed her face gently before capturing her lips in a deep loving kiss. That was their ritual. Once both climaxed by other people means, they would kiss, pouring their heart into it, showing each other that they loved each other and that they were the one for the other.

Harry could feel the love through the building bond that was forming with Narcissa. He felt pacified, realizing that he didn’t come between them or endangered their relationship.

A pair of hands grabbed his wrists and pulled him toward them naked goddesses, derailing his train of thoughts. Each covered his face with countless kisses. Holding his sweaty body to theirs. The feeling of their breasts, their hips and legs, the tingling sensation of their pubic hairs against his thighs, made him harder.

“Ready for the main course, love?” Narcissa asked in a sultry voice, she laid on her back, and spread her legs, giving him the perfect view of her now-familiar pussy. It had indeed be trimmed, in a smaller triangle, above her slit, while both side were shaved clean

Monica winked at him and grabbed his cock, gently jerking it off to full hardness, before pressing it
against the entrance of the blond’s vagina.

“I offer you my seed… and with it, the future of my blood and magic…” Harry said.

“So…mmhh mote…ohhh it…be.” Narcissa replied as he reached the maximum depth. A wave of magic pulse between the two and they smiled at each other, as he was leaning against her and atop of her, her nipples poking his chest, and her warm, tight, velvety walls wrapping around his member.

Harry felt closer to her than ever before. He felt how loyal she was to Monica, to Rose, to her sisters, to him. If it wasn’t for her extraordinary cunning, the young wizard was certain she would have thrived as a Hufflepuff or as a Gryffindor. His admiration for the witch grew a hundredfold, as he caught some glimpses.

Harry moved deep and strong, varying the pace and tempo, to keep his lover on edge. Narcissa was gripping on his shoulders and wrapped her legs around his waist, screaming his name, and Monica’s.

“He’s fucking me...so...deep, baby!” Narcissa gasped from another wave of pleasure. “So...good.”

Harry grinned, pushed on his legs to rise from the couch, and in mid-air twisted his torso and hips, placing him under and Narcissa spinning to find herself on top. She shrieked in surprise, delight and a bit of fright. He could feel her pussy squeezing hard on his cock while he did that improvised hybrid of an Immelman turn and Wronski feint in reverse.

Harry chuckled as Narcissa smacked his chest and called him a prat.

“Ride your human Firebolt, honey!” Harry replied, bucking his hips up, sending another wave of pleasure in the older witch.

Monica was looking at him in wonder. With one hand he reached for one of Narcissa’s beautiful tits, with the other, he reached Monica’s pussy, and inserted a couple of fingers inside her. He then started to move his fingers in rhythm with his hips.

Soon both witches -Harry could feel his magic touching Monica’s nascent one, caressing and nurturing it. Narcissa’s own mixed with his in feeding and caring for the brunette’s core- were kissing each other and Harry. It must have triggered something because...

One climaxed after the other, like a magical and sexual cascade, taking them by surprise.

A WOMP! was heard, like soft thunderclap. Wine glasses on the coffee table fell, one of them literally exploded. None of the three really noticed it as they rode their orgasms together.

Narcissa, Monica and Harry collapse together, panting hard.

Something Harry still was, surprisingly. Narcissa smiled broadly and brightly at him. She was out of breath, gasping for air, but felt more energized than ever. The witch felt stronger, younger, more powerful than she ever felt, and she was no slouch. Of the three Malfoy, she was the strongest, Lucius couldn’t dream of match her power, and it was only thanks to the accursed marriage contract that her aunt Walburgia devised with Abraxas that allowed Lucius to keep her under his thumb, siphoning her magical power to feed his own.

Now that inbred pathetic excuse for a wizard was dead, she felt she was back to her former level. She was glad, she could protect her family. Her Coven.

Harry must have seen that train of thought through their growing bond, because he smiled at her, winked at her and kissed her.
“Now, for the dessert, a rosebud cherry.” Monica said in a sing song tone. Harry looked at her, then at a blushing Narcissa.

“You’ll be the first male to fuck me in the arse, Harry dearest.” The blond explained.

Harry blinked. It was a virginity of sort, and the final bonding intercourse.

Narcissa raised in a crouching position, leaning backward, to aim her butt at his still turgid dick. The sight was incredible. Her brown anus was pulsating with impatience, eager to welcome his cock.

“With this… final act of commitment… I completely give myself to you… my warlock, my love...” Narcissa chanted as Monica was aiming Harry’s head beyond her ring inside her asshole. Her eyes were open, looking into his. Sapphire into emerald, both sparkling with power. They could feel the bond completed as he reached deeper and deeper inside Narcissa, whom had started moving, her face was a mixture of intense pleasure and pain, but her smile was wider than ever.

Narcissa was with the two people that meant more to her than her life. One was fucking her arse, the other was licking and tonguing her pussy. This was beyond anything she’s ever experienced in her whole life.

Harry should be used to it by now, but the sight of the brunette leaning over him to eat Narcissa’s pussy while he was fucking said witch in the ass, and Monica’s own hovering over his face was among the most incredibly hot ones he’s ever seen.

The wizard grinned and raised his head to lick Monica’s clit as he inserted a finger in her brown anus. Narcissa moved faster on his cock, as Monica licked the blond’s folds while massaging Harry’s balls.

“I’m getting close!” Harry screamed into Monica’s pussy, two fingers in her asshole, making her scream in pleasure against Narcissa’s clit, causing her to climax and squeezing Harry’s cock with her butt, which in turn made him come

Panting, the three fell in a heap on the floor, off the couch, Harry’s cock still buried in Narcissa’s ass.

None of them talked or moved for several minutes. Monica was the first, repeating the kiss ritual, first with Narcissa than with Harry. Harry fell asleep, holding the two close to his chest, their head resting on his shoulders.
Fleur Delacour rested her head on the pillows of her bed and took a deep breath, while Iris Ovidios licked around her almost perfectly circular pink left nipple, before the red haired woman started tracing kisses down the valley between her breasts, then all over her flat stomach. Iris played a little with her belly-button before continuing down, seeking after her prize, the Veela’s perfectly bald mound and her swollen clitoris hidden just above her slick folds. But Fleur suddenly, but delicately, lifted her head.

“Iris…” The Veela said in an apologetic tone. “There is… no need… I'm not… I don't want… sorry.” The Veela sighed as the older woman looked at her. “If you want, I can do it for you…”

Iris laid at her side with a smile, to Fleur’s great surprise. Iris was not very good at controlling her sexual frustrations, usually she became cranky or would begin sobbing, but that night she seemed awfully calm.

“It's okay, Fleur… I noticed something had changed.” The older woman finally said.

“You did?” The Veela raised her almost invisible eyebrow.

“Yes, your magic is different and your Allure has returned.” Iris said and Fleur blushed, much to both women surprise. “There is no shame in that, in who you really are Fleur. But I can also feel that any of this is not for me,” Iris had a malicious grim.

“Non … I'm feeling totally lost…” Fleur confessed.

“It's him isn't? The green eyed handsome young man…” Iris said with a giggle, her pussy soaking just remembering how he looked at her ass, and the things he had done at the Ministry. Fleur just nodded, looking pensive.

“The way his magic touched mine was…”

“Exciting…”

Fleur looked at her with wide eyes. Iris shrugged.

“I'm not dead Fleur, I can feel things too… and I can assure you I'm not the only one. When I got to his house, the day you two fought together and he saved Narcissa Black, I could see it. All the women there are somewhat after him. Are you ready to deal with that?”

Fleur just gave her an evil smile.
“I imagined so,” Iris continued. “Then write to him, Fleur, try to talk with him. He was also pretty… enchanted by you. I think something good can happen here.”

“And if I can have him and discover more about his past, even better.” Iris finished inside her head.

.OvO.

“So, you are the cousin?” Mad Eye Moody looked at Harry with a calculating gaze, he had different scars from the Moody in his world, but the same crazy face and missing eye. The young wizard was standing in front of the entire Order, besides Rose, and judging by how he was looking at Harry’s face, Harry was sure Moody’s magical eye could see through the glamour used to hide the scar on his forehead. “It was quite a number you and that pretty bird did to the Death Eaters, lad… well done.” The old warrior finally said, raising his flask in a toast. Bella smiled, she was sure her old instructor would like Harry and she was not disappointed.

Letting go of all pretenses, Harry was holding Rose’s hand while being judged by all the members of the Order, finally presenting himself to the old wizards and witches. Tonks turned her hair black and her eyes green before she gave him a cheeky smile that made the young wizard grin and earned, from Rose, a giggle.

To Harry’s surprise, Melody Greengrass was a member of the Order and also smiled proudly at him. Eileen Snape just glared at the young couple, while Hestia quietly studied the boy. Remus was seated in the back, just observing and drinking from a cup of tea with a faint smile on his face.

“Indeed you showed quite the courage, young man,” Shacklebolt said with his deep, calming voice. “Although I must say your methods were a little… too brutal.” Hestia nodded in accordance and Bella glared at the big Auror.

“Are you kidding me?” The witch scoffed. “The Death Eaters had already killed two Aurors before Harry started retaliating! What did you want? For him to fight using Stunners and Disarmers?” Bella had a mocking expression while she waved her hands, mimicking wand movements.

“Not exactly Bella, but the sole survivors are missing arms and legs, or have deep burns! We cannot go down to their level of brutality!” Hestia called.

“Nah!” Moody waved from his chair. “One less death eater able to hold a wand, that is a plus in my book.”

“But it can look really bad for the Order in the public eye…” Hestia continued.

“Good thing then that he is not part of the Order.” Remus mused.

“And I don’t plan to be,” Harry waved his hand.

Harry noticed that all the while the discussion, Dumbledore only observed with a dreamy expression on his face. He was not even sure the old man was listening, his eyes going from Harry, to Rose, to Bella and back on Harry as the discussion continued, a complete contrast with the cunning, piercing eyes from the one in his world. Harry suspected the mind of this version of the old man was to close to be completely gone.

“Anyhow.” The old wizard finally said. “We have other things to discuss. I received distressing
news from Durmstrang, more than half the students and the staff have agreed to join the Dark Lady’s forces. You can go now Harry and Rose, thank you.”

Rose shrugged and dragged Harry out of the living room, the girl had a mischievous smile on her face that Harry knew all too well.

“Shouldn’t we try and listen to this? It sounds important.” Harry tried to ask.

“Don't worry, whatever it is, we will know later tonight!” Rose answered. Harry was about to ask how, as soon as they left the meeting, when a strong arm pulled him inside the library door, right next the living room. It was close enough that Harry could still hear people talking. Surprised, he looked at the person who pushed him, and saw a grinning Daphne, wearing a beautiful dark top with a light skirt and with her wand in hand. Rose was just smiling, with an evil grin.

“How rude of you not coming back home yesterday after the court session, Mister Potter,” the black haired Slytherin girl said waving her wand. “Especially when we had an appointment.”

“We had? Did I miss something?” Harry asked, deciding to play into her game. “I'm sorry, I got… stuck in a situation…”

“If I remember well, you are due some punishment Potter, and you can't escape it anymore.” Daphne said, poking his ribs with her wand, making Harry walk all the way to the couch, while in the other room, the meeting kept going. Harry looked at Rose with a look of faux outrage.

“You knew about this! You set me up!”

“Me? I just wanted to see some justice being served.” Rose innocently shrugged.

“Don't blame Rose, you brought it on yourself with your reckless attitude.” Daphne said with her usual even tone. Harry took a good look at her short pleated skirt and black top, almost the same color of her hair. He drunk in her beautiful ivory legs, and felt their magic coming together. With a sudden push, she made Harry seat on the couch, and he noticed some books on the side. “Now… what to do with you, love…” Daphne said, coming close and just brushing her lips on his, the wizard noticed she smelled amazingly good. Daphne waved her wand and Harry felt himself becoming glued at the couch.

“Hey…”

“No no, we can't have you running away can we…” Daphne’s expression was infuriatingly beautiful.

“But what about all the people on the meeting?” Harry asked. Daphne, who was already feeling her pussy growing slick, soaking her panties with the thought of all those people, just one wall away. Harry noticed and smirked.

“Rose will keep an eye on us… I mean… for us… now…” Daphne pointed her wand at him. “Hands down.” Harry quickly obliged. “Harry... you got us all worried… running around like that,” Daphne said standing next to him. Harry looked at her beautiful ice blue eyes, full of lust, and something else. There was something about this girl that drove him insane. “Disappearing… Only to come back all bloody and hurt…” The girl came even closer. Harry raised his hands and touched her amazing legs, just to be hit by a stinging hex.

“Ouch!” The wizard said, Rose giggled in the background.

“I said hands down, Potter.” Daphne said in her ice queen tone. “What? Can't wait to touch me?”
Harry shook his head vigorously. “Do you want see what is under my skirt?”

At this point, she was so close that Harry could actually smell her arousal. He just nodded.

“What?” Daphne asked. “I didn't hear anything…”

“Let me see it…” Harry asked.

“Hmm…” Daphne grabbed the hem of her skirt and tortuously, slowly lifted it up. Harry felt his dick getting harder by the second, pressing against the fabric of his trousers. He saw her sheer, lacy panties appearing, little by little, in a delicious torture. A puddle of her fluids already accumulating in the fabric, the contours of her shaven pussy perfectly visible through the lace. Harry felt the urge to dive into her. “Do you like it?” Daphne asked. Harry nodded again. “See how wet I am? Wanna smell it” The wizard nodded again and pressed his nose against her cameltoe, taking a deep breath; it was intoxicating.

“Now…” Daphne said, stepping back and turning around. “Do you like my arse Harry?” She asked, lifting her skirt, showing her panty-clad bum.

“It's beautiful…” Harry said honestly.

“Does it makes you hard?” Daphne’s voice was like a music now.

“More than you can imagine…” The wizard moaned. Harry knew her game all too well, she loved to play the bossy lady and he was more than happy to play with her. Daphne turned to see a flushed Rose, with very red cheeks and with a big smile on her face.

“What do you say Ro… want to help? Harry seems a little uncomfortable.”

“Sure thing… “Rose said, walking to Harry, who was still hypnotized by Daphne's swaying ass, slowly moving one side to another. It was taking all of his willpower not to grab and bite it. Rose knelt in front of him and undid his fly, pushing her hand inside his trousers, freeing his large erection from its fabric prison. Daphne looked over her shoulder, to his hard prick and gave him an evil smile. “Nice to see how much you appreciate my arse, Potter.”

Harry moaned as Daphne slowly caressed her own butt cheeks and Rose slowly stroked his cock. The boy studied the lacy fabric as it disappeared inside the crack between her legs.

“Rose!” Bella suddenly called from the living room, scaring the girl.

“Shit! I'll be right back”, she said, releasing Harry's cock, making him groan. “Hey, remember this is punishment!” Rose said before reaching the door.

“Ro…” Daphne called before she exited. “Leave the door open please.” Harry gulped, but his dick twitched in anticipation as Rose just smirked and nodded.

“Are you sure Daphne?” Harry asked, looking at the open door, with an open view to the hallway.

“Why Harry, are you ashamed of someone else looking at your big hard cock?” Daphne asked, and Harry could hear the excitement in her voice. “Now, quit looking at the door and look at me, Potter.” The witch said in a commanding tone which left the young wizard with no choice but to obey.

And Harry was glad he did. Daphne approached her hips towards him, her pantie covered bum mere inches from his face. The see through lacy fabric gently hugged her round, perfectly toned ass cheeks before disappearing, only to reappear again over her completely wet pussy lips. Harry was
going numb, his senses focused only on the witch in front of him. The wizard felt the same sensation Rose and Susan gave him. Daphne was his, as much as he was hers now.

The witch placed both her hands over her ass and asked in a husk voice. “Want to see more of this Harry?”

“Yes… please…” Harry pleaded, his dick trembling in desire.

Daphne was loving each second of this. The open door, the voices in the room beside them, the way Harry worshipped her body. But most of all, the security of doing that with a person she liked, maybe someone she was even in love with, and that she was sure, liked her back; Daphne could feel it down to her very core. She had never been so excited, her pussy was so wet that her fluids were starting to run down her legs and her anus was pulsating in anticipation. The beautiful teen grabbed the side of her panties and pushed it aside with a deep breath, bending her body so Harry could have a full view of her asshole and the dripping entrance of her pussy. She could see his dick responding, almost jumping under her.

Harry held this breath at Daphne's boldness, taking in the enticing view of her ass. She spread her ass cheeks wide and whispered.

“You can taste it if you want…”

He did not needed to ask twice, Harry dove his face into her perfect bum, licking and drinking her juices, all the way from her pussy to her pulsing anus. The teen boy loved her taste, and could easily get addicted to it. Daphne moaned louder, and couldn't stop her hips to move while the boy from her dreams ran his tongue around both her entrances.

“Yes… that's good…” Daphne whispered and moaned, making Harry redouble his efforts.

Unknown to both teens, a certain pink haired and smiling Auror walked through the hallway and casually saw them, stopping to admire while Harry worked his tongue in and out of Daphne.

Nymphadora Tonks watched with a pinch of envy at the expression of pure bliss on the young girl's face. The Auror hold her breath as the bent over teen girl grabbed Harry's big prick by the base and let her saliva drip from her mouth on top of it. Tonks mind was flooded with images of herself sucking the mysterious, powerful, boy's massive cock and letting if hammer inside of her while she ate the teen girl's pussy. The magical energy emanating from them was amorous and warm, almost irresistible.

Harry felt as Daphne let her saliva flow over his dick, before she started spreading it all over with her hand.

“Fuck Harry… aaah, your… tongue feels … aaah… so good… but you promised me…”

“I'm not one to back on my promises love… besides, I owe you, for making you worry.” Harry said with a smile, after pushing his tongue inside her anus. “Right now, I'm yours…”

Daphne moaned as a small orgasm ran through her as she heard those words and knew deep down it was true. Her juices flowing into Harry's mouth, who eagerly drank it.

Panting and holding her soaked panties aside, Daphne started to seat herself on Harry's lap, aligning the pulsing purplish head of his dick with her waiting anus. Harry felt the delicious familiar pressure against the tip of his cock as she slowly used his prick to open her up, little by little. Daphne held her breath, feeling the mixture of pleasure and pain as his dick started spreading her tightest hole. Her ultimate fantasy, the act she had been waiting since the truth or dare day; Daphne let out her breath when the head was finally in and she slid herself slowly down, sucking on teeth at the sensation of
his large dick filing her insides.

Tonks watched with wide eyes as Daphne sat all the way down; she couldn't actually see it, but she was pretty sure about what had just happened; the Auror was impressed that the girl took it all the way inside her. The Auror felt her own panties getting wet before she heard the voices of people starting to leave the meeting. Harry and Daphne looked at the door and blushed when they saw the flushed Tonks. Daphne quickly grabbed one of the books to their side.

Daphne didn't leave Harry's lap.

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Daphne pretended she was reading the book on her hands, trying not to show the pure bliss she was feeling as Harry's cock twitched deep inside her ass. The fact that they both knew Tonks had watched as he buried himself into her, only made the girl more excited. They watched as people passed through the hallway, hoping for them to leave quickly, so Harry could finally ravish her ass without interruption.

But, just as she slowly moved her hips, making Harry moan as his dick was pressed inside her, Rose entered the library, accompanied by Bella, Melody Greengrass, and none other than Albus Dumbledore, Daphne at least had the presence of mind to straighten her skirt to cover both her and Harry's laps, but her mother looked at her inquisitively nonetheless, with a raised eyebrow.

“Daphne?” Melody asked, looking at her daughter. “What are you doing?”

“Harry is just…” Daphne took a deep breath and held it, as Harry's cock trembled inside her ass. “Helping… me… with some defensive spells from this book.”

Melody, Rose and Bella all raised their eyebrows.

“Indeed, a good idea young lady!” Dumbledore with a happy voice. “Young Harry has demonstrated an incredible knowledge of both defensive and offensive spells, well thought, Miss Greengrass. If we were at school I would award you house points. But, what did you want to tell me Bellatrix, my girl?”

Harry could not believe it, Dumbledore and Melody were right there, mere inches away, while he had his cock all the way inside Daphne’s ass. He could feel her all around him, pressing against his cock like a warm perfect glove.

“Well professor…” Bella started saying, without moving her questioning eyes from the teens. “I need to talk to you about this next year in Hogwarts…”

“You mean, private quarters for Harry and his girls?” The headmaster said in a distracted way, wandering around the library, as everyone looked at him wide eyed.

“Oh dear children, I know all too well what is happening in this house.” The old master chuckled and winked at Bella. “Obviously I can't grant private quarters for a Coven, the repercussions could be disastrous for the school and we need all the support we can get for the upcoming conflict.” Bella sighed. “But, I do have a solution, it’s not perfect, not perfect at all, but it’s still something that would fit. Say, how is the emancipation process of young Miss Bones coming along?”
“Well, from what Narcissa and Ted told me, it should be complete at the end of this week. They don't expect to have any more problems after the very public attack from the Death Eaters,” Bella stated.

“Well, from what Narcissa and Ted told me, it should be complete at the end of this week. They don't expect to have any more problems after the very public attack from the Death Eaters,” Bella stated.

“Perfect!” The headmaster said. “With both her and Harry’s emancipation, plus the fact that they are engaged and Miss Bones is becoming head of her house, I can guarantee them private quarters. The other girls would need to keep frequenting their houses, but visits are allowed. That way we can avoid any embarrassing situations, or at least as many as possible, as kids always find ways to get into trouble.” The old wizard had a dreamy smile.

Harry lightly moved his hips and Daphne suppressed a moan, she could feel every inch of him inside her.

“Professor. Rose should, mmm, have one too. She is Heir to two houses, and a fellow student tried to force herself on Rose… Daphne, stop squirming, please.” Harry did his best to keep a steady voice, and added the last part on a low voice.

“It’d make sense to have our biggest asss close to each other, Albus.” Melody commented sagely. “You never know what could come around from inside or outside; the situation could become really fluid in an instant and we can’t afford to go half cock ed about it.”

Daphne smirked at her mother, with a flushed face. She could feel the puddle formed from her fluids spreading over Harry's lap. Harry saw Melody discretely lick her lips.

“I will most certainly see to that as well, but there is also something I need to ask you all in return.”

“What would that be?” Bella asked, trying to hide her growing annoyance in her voice or facial expression, she knew they needed the old wizard now.

Rose kept looking from Harry and Daphne, back to Dumbledore and Bella. Was that really happening?

“After that sad skirmish at the ministry, I'm afraid all of your family and everyone associated with it has painted big targets on their backs,” Dumbledore continued. “And where you live with both Rose and Harry is of very public knowledge. So, I ask you to move your improbable little party to a new, more secluded location, at least until the start of the term when the kids will be safe at Hogwarts, or until we can cast a Fidelius Charm over the house.”

“No Fidelius. It is a death trap waiting to happen.” Harry said with a steely voice. He had lived it; it had caused the massacre of the entire Greengrass family, something he was not willing to go through again.

Bella sighed, it was an annoyance, but the headmaster's logic was sound. The kids would be secure at Hogwarts later and Apolline and herself would move to a secret location in Hogsmeade for the year. But where?

“Well, the Greengrass estate is pretty secluded…” Melody intervened. “And our wards are the best in the business. My late husband may had been a man of many flaws, but he always took care of this family security.”

“That's perfect.” Dumbledore said. “I hear it’s also a beautiful place, and the fresh air can only do good for the kids! Also, Coven rituals are better performed under the open sky.” The headmaster had a weird smile on his face. “Well, now is the time for me to go, I have to prepare things at the school. Be ready to fight for Rose's quarters at the Board of Governors meeting, Bellatrix my girl.
Good study session to you, Mister Potter and Miss Greengrass.” Dumbledore walked towards the door, where Tonks was waiting for him with a wide grin on her face.

“I’m sure they’re studying the subject in depth and with a penetrating attention, Albus.” Melody quipped. “I will be going back home to prepare things for you all.” The witch winked at Harry and Daphne and walked out of the room, a sexy sway to her hips. “And I need to find a place for Astoria to pass the rest of the summer; she may think otherwise, but she is still too young for this.”

Bella looked at Rose and the other teens and just raised her hands in defeat, rolling her eyes. “I’m coming with you, Mel.” The older witch called, before walking out shaking her head.

.OvO.

As soon as Melody and Bella left the living room, a confused Rose turned to her friend with inquisitive eyes. Daphne was sat on Harry's lap, trying to look as innocent as possible, but the flush on her cheeks, and the look on Rose’s (she was not sure what Harry was now, boyfriend? Lover? Soulmate?) told her something different was happening.

“Okay, what are you two hiding?” The emerald eyed witch asked.

“Hmmm… are you sure… You want to know?” Daphne asked, in a soft voice, slowly moving her hips, making Harry groan.

“Yes, your mom is gone now. Spit it out!” Rose was starting to get excited, the feeling coming from Harry was amazing; he was in ecstasy.

Harry winked at her. “Please, just don’t kill me”

“Riiight, tell me now!” Rose demanded.

“I will do better, I will show you!” said and grabbed the rim of her skirt.

Rose watched in fascination, as her friend slowly lifted the fabric, revealing one of the most erotic sights she’d ever seen. Daphne’s white laced panties were pushed to the side, her pussy dripping wet, while Harry’s big, fat dick was buried all the way to the base in the Pureblood girl’s anus. They were barely moving, just enjoying the feeling of closeness. Rose blushed, feeling her own arousal growing.

“Wow, when did that happen?” Rose asked, her own hand going to her groin almost by instinct.

“A little after you left…” Harry said, running his hands lightly over Daphne’s smooth legs, making the girl shiver and contract her muscles, deliciously squeezing Harry inside her. Rose watched in fascination as the juices flowed out of her friend's cunt and run down to her ass, and onto Harry's hard dick.

Harry decided to test a theory. Running his hands on the inside of Daphne’s thighs, a little closer to her center, he said.

“You can ask Tonks… she saw… everything…”

As he expected, Daphne moaned and her muscles pressed against Harry even harder. That was
something new for the wizard. This Daphne liked to be watched; or at least the idea of it. “You like that, don't you? Just think about all the things we can do at school…” Daphne’s muscles contracted around him again. “I would do anything to make you cum… even fuck you in Snape’s classroom, or finger your ass in the great hall...” Harry leaned and spoke on her ear. “I will do anything for you Daphne.”

Daphne came, squirting on Harry's lap, moaning loud. Rose watched on, biting her lips, and feeling Harry's own arousal building. The green eyed witch sat in front of them and spread her legs, showing her soaked panties. “We have something special Daphne. I can feel it inside of me… can you feel it?” Harry asked.

Coming back from her orgasmic high, the girl could only nod. She had never felt so happy in her life, so complete. The Ice Queen, who never believed in love, felt something warm crawling inside her. Harry was giving her more than just amazing sex; he was her friend, her lover, and was giving her a family beyond her mother and sister. Daphne felt something forever shifting inside her, she felt his grip on her legs getting firmer, but never less caring.

“What do you say we give Rose a show, love?” Harry asked, and Rose could see an almost complete transformation on Daphne’s face, the dreamy expression was quickly traded by one of lust and an almost evil grin. She looked right into her friend's emerald eyes and spoke in a husky voice.

“Watch and learn Rose. Maybe you can try it next time.” Both Harry and Rose smiled at the girl's bravado, but the wizard felt his own member getting stiffer.

Harry held her legs up and helped Daphne put her feet on the couch, then he placed his hands on her hips, before helping the witch up. Holding her breath, Daphne began to lift herself up, feeling Harry's stiff dick moving inside her anus. She got up until only the head of his cock was inside her, before moving back down, releasing her breath with the unbelievable pleasure she was getting.

“Yeeeees… again…” The Pureblood moaned as she lifted herself one more time and repeated the movement. Harry groaned and started meeting her half way. He tried to convey how much he felt for her, that at that moment, Daphne was the most important person in the world for him, and it was not just because he was burying himself deep inside her ass. He cared about her pleasure; her feelings. Daphne moaned loud and uncontrolled.

“Yes, fuck! Fuck me! By the gods! That's so GOOD!” Daphne screamed.

Rose came closer to them in fascination, unaware that, for the two of them, a thin golden glow started surrounding the teens. The voyeur girl found it beautiful as Harry's hard prick slid in and out of her friend's asshole. It was almost like her hole tried to keep him inside every time he moved out, them swallowed him back in. Her own hands worked in and out of her pussy, and her moans came in synchronized bursts with Harry's.

“We… are aaaaah… almost there… Ro…” Harry moaned. “Why don't you… help… us..”

Rose looked at Harry, who had a mischievous smile on his face. The wizard buried two fingers inside Daphne’s pussy, making the girl moan, and Rose reached out, and placed two of her fingers over and around the Slytherin’s clitoris.

Daphne could only scream from the sensory overload.

“IM CUMMIN’, I'M CUMMIN!” Daphne screamed and Harry felt her muscles simultaneously pressing his digits and his dick, and knew he wouldn't last much longer.
“I’m almost… there…” The wizard said, clenching his teeth as the pressure built.

“Cum for me Harry, cum for me me!” Daphne asked, pushing Harry through the edge.

“FUCK!” Harry screamed, approaching his release. The first shot exploded inside Daphne’s anus.

“YEEEEEEEES!” Daphne screamed as she felt the warm sperm inside her. Harry closed his eyes, letting the orgasmic bliss wash over him as his dick shot again, but this time Rose held his dick with her hands as he pulled out of Daphne’s ass, his thick sperm hitting her face.

“Aaaaah!” Harry moaned one more time, feeling a different kind of pleasure as he spunked in Rose’s face. Daphne knelt beside her and waited for her share, which Harry shot directly into her mouth. The final rope landed on both girl’s faces and Harry looked at them with a wide smile.

“You two look beautiful…” Harry grinned.

“Prick!” Rose said, jumping on him. To her surprise, she noticed Harry was still hard, and mischievously smiled at her, his dick poking through her panties.

“Ready for more, Ro?” Harry asked.

“Always…” She said, pressing his dick against her entrance.

Daphne watched in bliss, her body trembling as she registered how good Harry’s cum tasted.

“So much energy…” Daphne whispered while watching as Harry started fuck Rose.

.OvO.

Delphi walked alone among the graves of dozens of her ancestors. The Riddle family graveyard was a sad, yet beautiful place. One of the only places in this time that brought some calm to her troubled, never resting mind. The trees projected their shadows over the graves, and the grass, burned by the summer sun, exhaled a scent that reminded her of who she really was.

The young woman walked until reaching her destination, two gravestones, side by side. The one in the right read “Thomas Riddle, beloved father 1905-1943” and the one in the left, “Thomas Marvolo Riddle, beloved son, 1926-1943.”

The grave of her brother; the one who gave his soul to her mother to keep living. Or at least, that was what the Dark Lady told her. Delphi was not certain of anything anymore. The woman didn’t even know who her father was; only that the powerful, undying woman at the house was her mother, or would be in the future. And, yet, something wrong was happening.

The Dark Lady was completely obsessed.

“I miss you, ya know?” Delphi heard a familiar voice behind her. For a moment, her heart felt lighter, but the sensation only lasted for a second. Monsters like her, or her mother, were not allowed to feel like that.

“I’m pretty sure you can find fun somewhere else, Doc.” Delphi turned to look at Barty Crouch Jr. The powerful wizard was, at the same time, her best friend and lover. “Some of the new recruits like the Parkinson girl seem really interested in you, and Malfoy, now that he has a pussy!” Delphi
“Laughed.”

“Jealous much?” Barty joked.

“Nah, none of those girls can hold a candle to me. But if you want to have some fun together with me and one of them I would not object…” Delphi waved.

Bart hugged her from behind.

“You know I need ya close right? You are the only reason the Dark Lady leaves me alone, and lately she has been…”

“What?” Delphi asked.

“Obsessed with power, sucking the magic out of the men without giving them time to recover. I’m pretty sure Rudolfus will die…”

“That is not the only thing she is obsessed about,” Delphi whispered.

“I noticed,” Crouch said and Delphi looked at him with wide eyes. “You seem to forget whom you’re talking to, woman, top of my year in Hogwarts, highest NEWT scores in a generation, crazy fucking mind…”

Delphi smiled and kissed him.

“Delphi,” The wizard said in a low, serious tone. “The soldiers are restless; those people, the Death Eaters, they are sheep looking for someone to lead them. If the Dark Lady doesn't do it, they will start doing shit by themselves, and then, all will be lost.”

“I know,” Delphi clenched her fists. Her mother was nothing like she hoped, like she dreamed when she tried the crazy ritual to come back in time.

“They need you, love…”

Delphi weighed his words. Barty was right, if her mother didn’t live up to her expectation, she would have to take her place and do it herself.

.OvO.

“That is so unfair!” Gabrielle stomped her feet on the floor, yelling at her mother. The young Veela was at the end of her patience, she felt cheated and angry.

“Why are you screaming at me, little dove?” Apolline asked, taking a sip of her tea. Her daughter was fuming, walking around the kitchen, one side to another. Apolline knew exactly what Gabby was talking about, but tried to steel the girl to an answer. “What is bothering you?”

“You know very well, maman!” Gabrielle pointed at her, flaring her magic, her eyes turning yellow like a bird of prey. “Why are you doing this to me? You know what I want, you know what I need!” Apolline’s attitude only worked to further infuriating the frustrated Veela.

“I'm just asking you to wait a little more Gabrielle, and to trust me…”
“Why wait?” Gabrielle interrupted. “I don’t need to wait! I want to be with him! I want to be with Harry!”

“Gabby, little dove, you must understand, I’m doing this for you…” Apolline tried to rationalize.

“For me? For me? How is this working for me maman? My body and my magic are calling for him… and I’m not blind, I can see the things going on around here!”

“You are too young Gabrielle, I am just trying to show you there is more options out there. You know, with the way your and his magic reacted to each other, there will be no turning back after you take this step. If you are frustrated, you can fool around, kiss him, play with Tracey, I know you two get along well.” The older Veela tried to smile.

“I. Don’t. Want. Options! I don't want to fool around with Tracey! I want HIM! Completely! And I know he wants me! I can see the way he look at me, and how his magic feels!”

“Gabrielle… you need to understand, he is powerful, and there is Rose…”

“You are such an HYPOCRITE!” Gabrielle screamed, and her magic flared, making the tea cups over the table tremble.

“Pardon?” Now Apolline was feeling her daughter was going to far.

“You have had him already! You can fuck my mate anytime you want!” The young frustrated Veela screamed.

“Gabrielle Delacour, mind your words! What happened between Harry and me was no short of a miracle! He is my mate also!”

“So why? Why are you denying me it!” Gabby was crying now. “Don't answer, I know why…” Gabrielle glared at her mother with teary eyes. “It's because of her!”

“So that is what prompted this,” Apolline though and sighed, of course Gabrielle was aware of the owl Harry had received earlier. Obviously Gabby noticed it was from Fleur, or maybe Harry had told her, as he had the habit of not lying to his girls.

“What are you trying to say Gabrielle?” Apolline asked with a tired voice.

“You want him to bring her back, to do what you are not able to…” Gabrielle's voice was now low and full of sorrow. “And you are afraid that, if Harry is with me, as well as all the others, that she won't. That Fleur will not be able to share with me…” Tears ran down her eyes, and Apolline felt a sting in her heart for her youngest daughter.

Because Apolline knew it was true.

Gabrielle smiled, drying her face with her hands. “You will not even try to deny it, I knew it…”

She looked right into her mother's eyes, flaring her Allure with a fierce expression. “After Harry meets her tomorrow, nothing will stop me, not her and not you, maman! He is my mate, and I know what I want!”
...Some Men You Just Can’t Reach

Harry stood in front of a fancy office building that seemed to be made entirely of glass in Muggle London, leaning against a fountain under the soft sun of the end of the summer. The young man lost in time and space watched as people walked by, unaware of the wizard among them and paid special attention to the looks some of the women gave him. He certainly couldn’t understand what was wrong with this universe; maybe it was his magic that attracted that many looks, it definitely was not like that in his old life.

Or maybe he was too busy trying to survive to notice it. Damn, he missed his Hermione and her explanation lectures.

“What am I doing here? It’s not like I don’t have enough problems already.” Harry remembered the look Gabrielle gave him before he left, and how Tracey was slowly distancing herself from them and knew there was things he would have to do. Harry didn’t need another woman to worry about.

But, it was her… and here he was, like a stupid teenager in love.

Harry sighed, he knew she was not really her, and Gabrielle needed him, and he knew that not only he could help her, she wanted him to. “I just became the most selfish playboy ever… thinking of these girls as my things. In the end, I need them way more than they will ever need me.” The wizard thought as he waited. A very pretty dark skinned woman passing waved at him, and, to his own surprise, he smiled back at her.

“Charming…” Harry heard a very familiar feminine voice behind him.

“It would be rude of me if I just scared the girl, wouldn’t it?” The emerald eyed teen said, turning around with a smile that made Fleur’s knees weak. The Veela couldn’t understand why he made her feel that way, or why he was so familiar to her.

“I suppose. It's good to see you again Mister Potter.” Fleur Delacour said, trying to sound as professional and detached as possible, and even she herself knew she had failed miserably. Harry could feel her Allure flaring at him, much like Gabrielle’s, but Fleur’s felt like coming home,.and his magic welcome it.

“It really is, miss Delacour,” They looked at each other for a couple seconds, an uncomfortable silence between them. Harry could only admire how beautiful she looked, with her long platinum hair and deep sea blue eyes. Her lips were full and pink, under a pointed nose. “There's a coffee shop at the other side of the street,” Harry finally said. “Do me the pleasure of accompanying me?”
“Of course.” Fleur said, again trying to sound serious and business like. She didn't like how vulnerable she felt around him; it was like this young man could see her soul with his bright emerald eyes. The only other person to ever have that effect on her was Rose; that only cemented Fleur’s suspicions.

Harry smiled thinking on how much of a weird couple they were. Fleur was dressed in very formal, business like, attire, with a knee length lapis skirt and a blue jacket over a white satin blouse; looking very expensive, with a golden necklace on her elegant neckline. Harry in contrast wore jeans and red converses, with a plain white shirt and an open plated shirt over it, and yet, people turned around and looked at the handsome couple walking side by side.

They arrived at the coffee shop and Harry signaled for Fleur to sit on one of the comfortable couches.

“Double shot mocha with extra cream?” The wizard asked to the wide eyed Fleur, who could just nod back. The Veela watched as he got to the clerk. How did he know? What else did he know? What would he think of the kind of things she had to do? Harry came back with her mocha and an espresso for himself, plus some blueberry muffins.

“I think it's interesting that you choose to meet me in Muggle London.” Harry said seating in front of her.

“Not as weird as an Englishman that drinks coffee.” Fleur smiled.

“A certain French family taught me how to appreciate it.”

Fleur looked deeply at him, drinking in the details of his face before speaking again.

“Well, after the little show we put on together, I don't think either of us need more fame in the magical world.” Fleur said.

“Totally agree…” Harry rolled his eyes. “They are sensationalist enough on their own.”

They looked at each other again, in silence. Fleur felt like she was losing control of her Allure, but managed to keep it on hold.

“You are living with Rose and Lady Black, right Mister Potter?”

“Harry please… and yes.”

“So, I am correct to assume you met some of her friends other than Susan?”

Harry knew where this was going.

“Yes Miss Delacour, including your mother and sister.” Harry gave her an honest smile. Fleur took a sip from the hot beverage to hide her own flush at this, it was the same smile Rose had. What was she trying to accomplish here? To know him? To answer her own questions? Why was he being so warm towards her? The Veela was sure he could feel her Allure focused at him, and yet, he didn't even flinch. Harry raised an eyebrow to her with a smile; that damned smile.

“I will be straightforward with you… Harry… you are a Channeller,” The young man didn't deny it. “And a powerful one at it.”

“Well, I don't know about the powerful part; put yes. But please, don't let that define what you think of me. You are a Veela, it's true; but also much more than that.” Fleur looked with a pensive
expression. “You look uncomfortable…”

“It's… nothing…” Fleur waved.

“Let's agree on something here? We fought together and saved each other’s life. Let's not lie to each other.” Harry said seriously.

Fleur glared at him. Harry just shrugged.

“Oui, let's do that Mister Potter… you are not Rose’s cousin are you.”

“No.” Harry took a sip of his cup. “And you no longer work with the Order.”

“Oui… they… didn't do enough.”

“I agree.”

That took her aback.

“They would not even take me back after the things I did…”

“Why would you want to come back?”

“Rose and Gabby…”

Harry sighed.

“Gabrielle couldn't care less about the Order or whatever you did. Neither would Rose or any of the girls for that matter. But the choice is always yours, you make your own path after all.”

“How can you be so sure they would?”

“They took me in…” Harry looked in her eyes. There was a shadow there, a shadow Fleur knew very well from her own gaze.

“Are you fucking my sister?” The Veela asked blatantly.

“No,” Harry sighed, he was waiting for that. “But she is convinced that I'm her mate. I believe she may be right…” Fleur looked down. “But… there is complications.” The Veela looked at him and raised an eyebrow. “Miss Delacour, Fleur, your family is waiting for you, and I am not talking just about your mother and sister. Rose, Bella, Daphne… but things are happening and they can't wait forever.” Harry felt like it hurt saying those things, he needed to remind himself that she was not his Fleur and, yet, the way his magic was reacting was way too intense to simply ignore. She opened her mouth to ask again, but he raised his hand. “My turn… how do you know I'm not Rose’s cousin?”

Fleur took a piece of paper out of her purse and gave to him. Harry unfolded and saw the sketch Daphne had done. Harry could remember that day like it had just happened, a week after his sixteenth birthday, walking on the beach in France, just enjoying being like a normal teenager. He smiled at her, giving the paper back.

“Daphne will be really glad you kept it.” Harry said, trying to hold back the tears. “When did she do that?”

“Two years ago…”

Harry nodded. Exactly the right time. The boy looked at her, not sure how much he could trust the
“We are leaving Grimmauld Place… but we will still be close. If you want to talk with me again, you just need to call. Really think about what I told you Fleur; and if you need to talk, I will be here.”

“I… need to think…” Fleur whispered.

“So do I. That…” Harry pointed at the paper she was holding. “It's real for me. That is my life. Thank you for caring for it.” He got up. “It was really good seeing you again.” Harry smiled, and let his magic go to her and entangle with her Allure. “Cheers,” He said and just left.

Harry didn't want Fleur to see him crying.

Harry Apparated back to Grimmauld Place with a serious semblance. People in the house were packing, running from one side to another. Harry barely registered the movement as he walked to the kitchen and sat on the stool, looking at the walls. Fleur, the way his magic reacted; just like Rose, Susan, and Daphne. Harry didn't understand what it meant, only that it was like they could break any barriers he put over his feelings, like they could see into his soul. Harry noticed someone sitting beside him and Rose rested her head on his shoulder.

“Hard one?” The girl asked.

“A lot…”

“How is she?”

“Confused, just like myself. She knows I'm not your cousin, she had kept some of Daphne's sketches…”

“Fleur always loved them, it was a life she wished she could have had… a life she could share with someone.” Rose sighed.

“She would not like that life, Rose… none of you would…” Rose watched in sadness as Harry started crying. “It was good for a while you know… I had Fleur and Daphne… and Tracey and Hermione were amazing friends… for a second, I thought I could be happy, that I had something worth fighting for, then, everything fell apart. I lost everything Rose…”

Rose looked right into Harry's eyes. The sorrow and the pain she could feel coming from him was so real, so overwhelming, that she couldn't even imagine how he lived with it; her own eyes starting to water.

“But you got a second chance…” Rose whispered.

“Sometimes I think if this is not some cruel joke, some sick story from some weird entity… I am so afraid, Rose… to have this second chance and screw it all over again…” Tears were running from his emerald green eyes freely now.

“I'm afraid too Harry. I'm so afraid… I know our stories are different, but for the first time I feel like
I have someone really beside me; for the first time I feel whole. The Dark Lady ripped a part of me, a part you could complete. I am afraid of screwing it up, too. I always do it. I am no hero like you were Harry, I'm a selfish, perverted girl, who doesn't care much about the world. It's like you are my good half…”

“If I'm your good half…” Harry giggled. “Then we are really fucked up. I did many things I'm not proud of...especially after my family was taken…”

Unknown to them, Tracey was at the door, listening with interest, her own mind racing. The things the two of them were facing seemed so big, so relentless, and she felt like nothing more than a buffoon. What could she do help them? What could she do to help her friend?

“Then, maybe we can be afraid and fucked up together Harry, and trust our family, our big kinky family, help us be good. And, if Fleur wants to be a part of it, so be it. Just be honest with her… she was like a big sister to me, you know.”

“She feels lonely…”

“She always did… even with us around. People always judge her from what she looked like. She had way more problems with her heritage than Gabby…”

“I… I don't know if I can handle it Rose…” Harry held his head with both his hands. “Sometimes I think is too much… the simple thought of losing any of you kills me… sometimes I think about just letting my magic consume me…”

“No Harry, we are stronger together, you are making us stronger. You are not alone… please, I need you…”

“Aren't you mad for having to… share… with everyone else?”

“At first I was… but I like watching…” Rose winked. “Just as much as Daphne likes showing off I guess. Harry, we were already kinda deviant before you arrive. My dad had two wives and fucked all their friends. They shared, a lot! Maybe this world is just different than yours… the thing is, the feeling is mutual… just the thought of losing you makes me cringe. So please, don't. We are in this together.” Rose kissed him deeply and loving. “And Harry… I… I think I love you…”

Harry looked at her with wide eyes, before smiling.

“I love you too, Rose…”

.OvO.

“ That's real for me. That's my life. ” Fleur pondered about the strange words the mysterious boy left her. Words and magic; the way she felt when their magic touched was so strong that the Veela was having trouble dealing with it. Like a memory of a place she never knew but craved to go back; a promise…

Something had shifted inside her.

“ They will take you, because they took me…” Fleur was right. She had seen in his eyes, Harry was fighting the same kind of darkness she was. Maybe he could understand her. Maybe she didn't need
to be alone.

The door to the tastefully decorated studio opened and Iris Ovidios entered, as elegant and beautiful as always. The woman who wished to change the world, and drag the magical world one hundred years forward, to the present. The one who was doing something, not like those old fools from the Order. The one Fleur had killed for.

Iris studied Fleur’s face for a couple seconds, making the young French witch uncomfortable, before asking.

“So, our young handsome wizard...did you kiss him?”

“Non! I'm not some street harlot…”

Iris looked at the flustered Veela with amusement.

“Ah, but you did want too…”

“Oui…” Fleur sighed. “It would be easier to know that way…”

“At least get some of the answers you were looking for?” Iris was trying not to show how much she was interested in the powerful boy and his posse. The green eyes wizard and his family had not left her own mind since that violent day at the Ministry. They were planning something and all Iris knew is that she wanted in...and Fleur was her entrance ticket. She was not blind at the way Harry looked and reacted to the Veela, almost like he was seeing a ghost. Iris was not oblivious about how her own “personal assistant” had reacted as well, her Allure, dormant for two years by Fleur’s own choice, had came back at full strength. Even now she could feel it. And the way the women in that house acted around him and his “cousin”. Iris prided herself on her ability to read people and she was sure at least half of the women there was involved in some way with the powerful Channeller.

“Oui, he was actually kind of forward with his answers. But they only gave me more questions. May I ask you, why are you so interested in him?”

“Isn't it obvious Fleur? Look how powerful he and his family are, and not only magically. Can you imagine if Rose Potter, the Girl-Who-Lived, packed this kind of power as well? Susan will be Lady Bones before Hogwarts starts again and Cyrus will always vote the way the mother of his granddaughters tells him to. And the boy, look at what he did, at how he fought. Harry, Rose, and their friends can change things!”

Fleur nodded, she hasn't thought of that, so entrenched at her own internal struggles as she was.

“As Amelia Bones is learning, you can't mess with this type of alliance, it will end bad for you.” Iris approached the Veela slowly, with and malicious grin. “Also, just so you know Fleur, your mysterious Channeller is powerful. I felt the touch of his magic too.”

Fleur looked at her, trying not to show how surprised she was.

“I think you should invite him for dinner…” Iris said in a amused voice, walking to her room.

.OvO.
Amelia stepped out of the fireplace inside the Longbottom estate feeling uneasy. Everything she had carefully planned had gone wrong. She has never been so unpopular and Iris Ovidius had never had this much influence before. Bella and Susan had both betrayed her; and now Augusta would call her debt.

The house elf led her to the studio, where the fierce old woman waited, seated on a big, comfy chair, holding a glass of brandy in her hand. To Amelia’s complete surprise, her strong grandson was on a chair at the corner of the big office, next to the unlit fireplace.

“Why is he here?” Amelia asked, not making any effort to hide the annoyance in her voice.

“Careful Miss Bones…” The sarcasm of the title didn't go amiss by Amelia. “Neville is the future Lord Longbottom and owner of this house. And, as of right now, even he has more powerful allies than you.”

Amelia groaned.

“We had a deal-” Amelia started but was abruptly interrupted by the old lady.

“Which you will be unable to even start to honor your part, Amelia Bones. And if you keep this attitude, soon, you won’t even have this name. Bellatrix Black is a dangerous, vindictive woman, Amelia. Does Sirius ‘no name’ ring any bells in your head?”

Amelia bit her lips and clenched her fists. She knew the old woman was right, Bellatrix could be a monster when she wanted to.

“You are as deep in this as much as I am Augusta!” Amelia hissed as the older witch calmly took a sip from her drink.

“The difference between us Amelia, is that I kept allies on both sides.” Augusta said, raising her glass at Neville, who just nodded back at his grandmother, with a smile. Amelia realized she had been played, all along. She glared at the old witch. “Now, that's exactly the kind of attitude we need to change my dear. We still can salvage the situation, with good results from both of us.”

“And how, may I ask, you plan to do this?”

“You’re still Head of the DMLE, at least until you get elected, something we both know is not going to happen at this point. Your niece and that hero boy, her fiance, have already declared support to Ovidios; and you are going to do the same.”

“What?!” Amelia asked in disbelief.

“Yes, you are going to drop this useless dispute and give your support to Ovidious as the Head of the DMLE; we are going to fight it from the inside.”

“When I have power within my grasp you want me to relish it? Have you gone senile, you bloody old battle ax?!” Amelia thundered, losing the thin grasp of self-control she still had when she arrived

“Mind your words Amelia, or, by the end of this elections I can assure you we’re going to have a new chief. Power was never within your grasp, you rude, classless woman. Now, you have a choice, to play the game, or to be a discarded piece.”

Amelia gritted her teeth. She was not stupid, the old woman was right. The experienced Auror would play her game.
Harry went up the stairs, feeling better after talking with Rose. Being with her was like the best kind of therapy, he could speak his mind and knew she would understand and not judge him; it was something he always craved and now he could finally have. Harry heard Bella giving orders to the girls and was happy his own trunk was already finished. He walked through the corridor, feeling thankful for being accepted in this dysfunctional little family.

Harry approached one of the doors and felt something was wrong even before seeing it. He stopped at the door, and looked at one angry Veela. Gabrielle was walking from one side of the room to another, throwing her clothes at the trunk without even bothering to fold them. Harry could see her yellowing eyes and how warm the room was. Her hair flowed like a fire over her head. Her full lips with an angry expression.

Harry thought she looked beautiful.

Gabrielle finally noticed him looking and for a second her expression softened, only to hardening again.

“What? Are you Having fun watching me?” Gabrielle said angrily.

“I kinda am… you look beautiful this angry…”

That took the Veela by surprise, but Gabrielle was not convinced.

“So, what are you doing here? Shouldn't you have brought my sister with you?” Harry smiled, there it was; the reason for all this. “Or did she not want to come with you? Of course she did; she loves to be the center of attention. You know, that is why she left? Because…”

Gabrielle was interrupted by Harry's embrace.

The Veela melted in his protective arms, he was so warm, his presence so reassuring, and the way his magic reacted to her Allure was welcoming and understanding. Gabrielle felt like Harry was there for her, and only her. The Veela instantly regretted her words.

“Why are you saying that Gabby? What are you afraid of?” Harry asked.

Gabrielle looked at his deep green eyes, and all she saw was love and understanding.

“You can tell me, I will not judge you Gabby…”

The girl sobbed.

“I'm so afraid Harry! I've waiting for you for so long, and I know once she is here, you will not even look at me anymore…”

Harry held her chin with his thumb and index fingers, making the crying bird look at him.

“Why would you think something like that Gabby?”
“Because it is what always happens, Harry; always. She is older, and smarter, and prettier than me. She’s even more powerful. Why would you want be my mate when you can be hers, why would anyone!” The girl was crying openly now, and Harry felt the jealousy from her, and the fear of rejection. “All my life it has been that. You should be more like your sister, she is top on her year. You should be more like Fleur, she is the best duelist in school… you… why, why can’t I just be me?”

Harry kissed her. A long, deep, passionate kiss, that made Gabrielle’s knees weak. But he held her, as close as he could.

“You are not second to anyone Gabby. You are stunning, and smart. And I love just how devious you are. Who cares if you are not the top of your class. You are a Marauder! And I like you, Gabrielle Delacour, not some shadow of your sister or your mother.”

“But… but you love Fleur…”

“Yes, I loved a version of her, some time ago. This is not her, Gabby. It's not fair to her, or you, or myself to think she is. No Gabby, she is her own person, and so are you.” Harry kissed her again.

“And, right now, is you, Gabrielle, whom I have in my arms. you want to be with me Gabby? Can you accept me for who I am?”

“I want you for who you are Harry. No more and no less.” Gabrielle whispered back at his lips.

“So let's forget about anyone else for now… do you want to be with me?”

“More than anything.”

Harry smiled, and walked Gabrielle between passionate kisses to her bed.

Barty Crouch Jr. was one of the few permanent residents from Riddle state manor, along with his own mother, Sirius, and the two dark ladies. All other came and went as ordered, and many still had important positions at the wizardry society.

And yes, the ingenuous and bright wizard believed that Delphi could be an even bigger and more powerful Dark Lady than her so called mother. Barty regretted very few things in life, and one of them was to swear his allegiance to the wrong woman. In a way, he knew he loved Delphi; in a sick, twisted way, even more than Sirius could ever love the Dark Lady. And it was all diminished by the mark on his left arm. The mark the Dark Lady used to brand all of her followers, and that, now, he knew she also used to suck on their power, like a succubus feasting on their magic.

But if there was one thing Bartemius was not, it was stupid. There was a reason he survived the purge after the apparent defeat of the Dark Lady fifteen years ago. was intelligent, resourceful and powerful. In more than one way, he was the quintessential Ravenclaw.

The door to his quarters opened, and he turned to see Delphi, the only other person his wards allowed in his room. She was dressed in a black silk nightgown, beautifully contrasting with her unnatural milk white skin and colourful eyes and hair. The runes and tattoos over her body gave her a mystical aura that drove the wizard crazy, especially as the soft fabric of her attire ended just under her bare groin. Barty felt his dick getting hard before she even closed the door. He knew that look.
“I had the feeling you would be awake…” Delphi said in a husky voice. “This… thing… we are doing… I was so wet I couldn't sleep…” Delphi approached him, and the wizard could actually see the glistening trails of her fluids going down her tights. Barty instinctively licked his lips.

“I'm so close Delphi.” Barty got up and walked towards her. “Just a couple more equations, some more runic work and we can be free…” He leaned and kissed her, their tongues battling for domination, the way Delphi liked. He pressed her against the wall, as her hands darted to the bottom of his shirt.

“Good…” The witch said, forcefully removing his shirt. “I talked with Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle…” Delphi started undoing Barty’s belt, as he kissed her neck. The dark wizard hands cupped her round bum, squeezing the soft, yet strong cheeks, looking for his dripping wet prize. “They are in… yes… and they know about others…” Barty bit her neck, making the witch moan, her hands skillfully working its way inside the man's briefs, freeing his hard member from its fabric prison; she felt it pulse, warm on her hands as she stroke it.

“Perfect.” He said. “When I'm done, You will be the most powerful witch in the world, luv.” Barty moved his right hand down between her legs, finding her wet entrance. Two of his finger easily finding their way inside his lover. Delphi moaned and stroke him even harder.

“I… aaah… haaaave…” Barty pressed her against the wall, raising her legs, He knew how she liked at this times. “The perfect…” He aligned his fat prick with her wet entrance, touching her with the head of his cock. They both relinquishing on the warmth from one another. “Aaaah… targetAAAAAAAAH!” He shoved it in, all the way in one go, raw and strong. “Yes, yes!”

Barty held the witch against the wall, furiously pumping his dick in and out of her. Delphi felt like melting every time his hot and hard prick hit her cervix. Delphi craved her long nails at the tender flesh of his but, encouraging him to fuck her with even more vigor. They could feel the magic building around them, their cores getting fill with it.

“FUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKME!!” Delphi kept screaming as Barty moved in and out of her with abandon, bringing his cock almost all the way out, only to strongly push it back in, until their hips meet, deliciously rubbing against her clit.

“I'm gonna cum, love!” Barty said in her ear. Delphi shivered, feeling her own climax approaching.

“Yes, all inside me, I want to feel it inside me!” Delphi asked, pushing Barty to the edge. Her shoot his hot spunk inside her, overflowing her pussy with his seed. Magic exploded, and they both felt the bliss from the power running through them. His dick came out of her with a wet sound, and his sperm started dripping into the floor.

Barty tenderly carried her to his bed, kissing her mouth before laying her there. Yes, he loved her, and together they would mold the world at their own image.

OvO.

When Harry laid Gabrielle on to the bed, she was a completely different girl. Gone was the fierce, angry Veela, ready to burn the world. Gone was the pervert girl act, the horny and confident magical being. Instead, she looked more like a vulnerable, almost needing girl, one who seemed totally in
love with him. He could see the sparkle in her eyes, as the Allure flew freely from her magic, entangling Harry on its web of lust and love. At that moment, all he wanted was to have her, cherish and protect her; and he was ready to do so.

Harry hovered over her, drinking on her almost unnatural beauty, her blond fair hair splayed around her almost perfectly proportioned face like a halo; her big and deep blue eyes looking at him with hope and lust. Harry looked at her long neck, and then at her beautiful shaped breasts under her tank top; her nipples poking under the fabric, inviting his hands to reach and pitch it.

Harry kissed her; a deep and soft kiss, their tongues dancing with each other in perfect harmony. When they finally parted, gasping for air, Gabrielle bit Harry's lower lip, almost like she didn't want him to go. And the Veela really didn't; she wanted that moment, with only the two of them, to last forever.

The young wizard kissed her neck, breathing in her soft and sweet scent, making Gabrielle shiver. He kissed down her neck, to her collar bones, lightly touching her hypersensitive skin with his lips. Gabrielle felt like melting under his ministrations, and couldn't help but to ran her hands over his messy hairs the Veela held her breath, and his hand ran over her breast and stomach, until the border of her shorts, and with a quick movement undid the button and zipper. Her mate’s touch was warm on her skin, and Gabrielle could not believe a simple contact could be so good. At the moment, she left herself believe in all the legends from her people, about mates and chanellers, family and happiness. She didn't care about sharing, as long as she could have her mate. She was so lost in the marvelous sensations, both from her bodies and magic then neither noticed they had left the door open.

The young Auror watched the handsome boy caring for one of the girls for the second time. Nymphadora Tonks smiled, it was better than watching Muggle porn, and she loved that. What impressed the Auror with a pink Mohawk was the ability the Potter boy showed to adapt to the needs of each girl. She had already noticed how each girl at this house (and some of the adults as well) were completely in love with him. Including his cousin. Tonks couldn't blame them though; her own tan skin felt like tingling as she watched the boy, and her own magic seemed to crave his. Maybe it was time for her to move past the teenage crush on Remus at last. The werewolf seemed well enough fucking the Greengrass widow and helping Davis cheat on her impotent husband. This boy on the other hand, seemed to have magic and love to all his girls.

Harry was oblivious to the young Auror at the door, right now, the only thing that matters to him was Gabrielle and her pleasure. That sensation was not unfamiliar to him, the Veela magic washing over them. He got up and helped her out of her shorts and panties, revealing her perfect bald mound covering her pink clit; the swollen outer lips of her beautiful pussy wet from her flowing juices, trembling in anticipation.

“By the gods, Gabby…” Harry said in awe. “You are truly beautiful!”

To Gabrielle’s immense surprise, she actually blushed. Of course the Veela knew she was pretty, magic made her that way. She had even used this to her advantage many times. But her mate’s eyes seemed to see so much more than only her body; it was like he could see her soul. She blushed, as no compliments she’d received were ever so sincere as this one.

Harry leaned down and kissed her leg, caressing the soft white skin with his hands. He kissed the sensitive under side of her thighs, getting closer from her waiting pussy. The musky scent from her fluids driving him insane. Gabrielle couldn't wait anymore, she wanted him, her Veela magic craved for him. The young Veela grabbed his hair and spread her legs, inviting him. Harry smiled, and
opened her pussy lips with his finger, finding her perfectly wet pink slit. His tongue darted into her, and he licked all her sensitive entrance and lips into her clitoris. Gabrielle moaned loud. His magic covered her like a warm blanket. The Veela could feel the bond forming with his selfless act of giving her pleasure.

Harry drunk her juices and licked her clit, making Gabby moan, his tongue was better than any other lover she ever had, man or woman, just because it was **him**.

“AAAAAAH! YEEES!” Gabrielle screamed as two of his finger entered her wet pussy, pumping in and out, applying just the right amount of pressure as his licked. She could almost feel him grimacing as she rocked her hips, trying to get the maximum amount of contact. The Veela could feel the pleasure building inside her. Harry increased the speed of his fingers and hissed.

~ *Cum for me, love, cum in my mouth*~

Gabrielle screamed and did just that, she came hard on Harry's mouth, squirting into his face, shooting her sweet juices like she didn't even know it was possible, making him smile as he worked his tongue and finger until she came down from her bliss.

Ninfadora Tonks watched in amazement as a silver glow involved the two lovers as the girl came hard in on Harry's face. There was so much magic and love there, and she felt her own pussy getting wet.

For the first time, she felt envious.

.ØvO.

“It's incredible, isn't it?” The soft and low feminine voice scared Tonks to her core, making the Auror jump. With trained reflexes, she turned wand in hand to find the pretty Indian girl she didn't remembered the name looking at her with a flushed face and a shy smile. Tonks cursed herself for being so enticed by the scene that she had totally forgotten about her surroundings; so much for constant vigilance. “I won't tell if you won't, Auror.” The girl completed.

Tonks raised an eyebrow, before putting her wand away.

“I don't know what are you talking about miss... Patil… right?” Tonks tried to deflect. Padma just smiled at her.

“Well, if you say so.” Padma said, starting walking down the corridor.

“Wait!” Tonks called, making Padma turn around, with a knowing smile. “Umm... so... uh, aren't you jealous or something? I mean, I can see the way you look at him, the way you all look at him... and I have seen him with Greengrass, I thought he was with her and... he is Bones' fiance...”

“He is with her... in a way, he is with all of us. Yes, there is jealousy, or, to be more precise, maybe a little envy.”

“Envy?”

“Didn't you wish to be in that bed? I know I do.” Padma shrugged.
“So, if he is with all of you, as you said, why don't you go there and have fun with them?” Tonks asked with a mischievous grin.

“Because Gabby needs him right now, just for herself. It's her time, her moment. He knows that, and we all know that. We can feel it. And, when the time comes that I need him just for me, I'm sure they will all understand it as well.”

“Damn… he must be really good…”

Padma smiled.

“He is, and I'm looking forward to be with him completely.”

“So, you haven't slept with him?”

“Not yet…”

“But you will? Even with all those other girls?”

“When I'm ready, yes.”

“You lot are crazy! This is insane. It's incredible hot, but insane!”

“Yes, and we don't expect people to understand. We just want to be together. Right now, Gabrielle needs him, needs his magic and comfort, to know he accept her in all ways, so, if you are going to keep watching, try to be quiet, please? I have to finish packing my books.”

Padma walked away to her room, and Tonks looked at the open door. Weirdly, the Indian witch made a lot is sense to her, and slowly, without making a noise, she closed the door.

.GvO.

Gabrielle raised her head, panting from her incredible orgasm, and looked at a grinning, Harry between her legs, his face shining from her own fluids, his glasses long discarded to the side. His smile and shining emerald eyes made her shiver again, down to her core. The magic of the forming Veela bonding dancing around them, mixing with his own channeler magic.

“Do you believe me now?” Harry asked softly, coming up the bed so their faces were inches apart. Gabrielle could smell her own scent mixed with Harry's sweat. She loved it, almost like as she had marked him as hers.

Gabrielle was in love.

“Oui ‘Arry…” The Veela caressed his face. “Let me show you how much I believe in you now…”

“Gabrielle… are you sure? You know what is happening with our magic. If we go all the way now, there will be no turning back…”

Gabrielle grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed Harry with his back in the bed, climbing over him, the juices from her pussy dripping on his belly. Her hair flowed down her shoulders and back, and Harry thought of how beautiful she looked.
“Oui, I know. It's It's my choice, and I want it. I have been craving you for months. Please, don't reject me…” Harry saw the shadow coming back to her eyes for just a moment before answering.

“I would never reject you…” Harry raised his head and kissed her again. When they separated, Gabrielle kissed his chin, and his chest, while her masterfully worked his trousers buttons and fly. Harry held his breath as he felt her soft hands freeing his large and hard prick from his boxers and started slowly tugging it. The Veela looked at his cock with a look that could only be described as hungry.

“I've been wanting to do this for a while ‘Arry… you are so beautiful and your dick is so big and tasty…” Gabrielle gripped it with both hands, stroking up and down, spreading his precum over the head. “Just looking at it made me all wet again… you made me want to do things I could never imagine before, I want to suck you in the Great Hall of Hogwarts, so every girl knows you are mine… I want to eat your cum pouring out from Rose’s pussy or Daphne’s ass… and want you to fill my mouth and ass with your spunk…” Gabrielle was loving the effect her dirty talk was having on Harry, she could feel his dick trembling in her hands, almost like getting harder.

“Promises…” Harry was able to babble in between his deep breaths.

“You'll see ‘Arry…” Gabrielle said, laying down and kissing the bulbous head of his dick. Harry groaned with the contact of her soft, warm lips with his sensitive flesh. She licked it, loving the taste of her mate; it was the taste of love and protection. The Veela licked all around the head, from the top to the bottom, and encircle it with her dexterous, incredible long tongue. Harry moaned loud when she finally engulfed it inside her hot, wet mouth. The girl started bobbing up and down, her lips perfectly fit around the grit of his shaft. Harry knew the Veela trick, but it was still amazing, every time.

Gabby worked his dick, licking it every time she went down and sucking with vigor every time she got up, managing to swallow an inch more with every movement. Harry was controlling himself not to shove his hips up, and let her work, as even Veela could be caught if he was too abrupt.

It didn't take long, and her nose was touching the black bush on the base of his dick, the head of his prick deep inside her throat. Harry felt amazing as she hummed, sending vibrations that echoed all over his body.

“Holy shiiiii Gabby!” Harry moaned. “That is amazing!” A shot of excitement run through the girls body with his words of approval, she could feel a wave of pleasure just for giving him those feelings. Gabrielle was not sure if it was the bond, or the simple fact she was in love, but the Veela wanted more.

Harry watched as she let his dick out from her mouth, a puddle of saliva and pre-cum forming on his lower belly and groin, with a trail connecting it to her mouth, harry found the view extremely enticing and erotic, so much that he almost came on her face.

“I need you inside me ‘Arry… I need your cock deep inside my cunt…” The Veela said in a husky voice. Harry shivered. This girl knew how to make him horny. “I wonder if it will fit all the way inside…” Gabrielle sat on his thighs, touching his cock on her belly, all the way until her navel. “Do you want to fuck my little wet cunt ‘Arry?” She raised herself, still holding his hard cock, and aligning its head with her dripping pussy entrance. She then rubbed it against her wet slip, who made some obscene wet sounds.

“Ueaaarhgl!” was Harry's very articulated answer, his eyes glued at the point were their bodies touch. He could see her juices flowing, mixing with his own pre cum and her saliva.
Gabrielle started lowering herself, pressing her entrance against his hard dick. The sensation of the purple pulsing head separating her inner labia and entering her was the most intense she ever felt. Harry was warm and tick. She lowered herself inch by inch, letting her body adjust to the incredible size of her mate. She kept going, moaning, until their hips meet.

Harry let out a deep breath as he penetrated her perfectly bald pussy for the first time. The view of his prick spreading her labia and disappearing inside her was hypnotic. When their hips meet, he had a silly smile in his face, the sensation of being inside Gabrielle was amazing. She was warm and wet, and the look of bliss on her face made him feel like the last man on earth. He would do anything to make her happy. Her Allure was so strong, that it distorted the air around them, and he could actually taste it. His own magic working all the way to her core, claiming her as his.

“That… is… so… good…” Gabrielle whispered, looking at him with glazing eyes. “It's better than I could ever imagine… Arry… please, don't hold back, I want to feel your cum inside me, flowing from the inside. I want you to cum as much as you can and complete the bond, please…”

It was too much. Harry mind’s had gone blank with lust and desire. The way she talked, and looked, her Allure, was all being too much. Harry grabbed her ass cheeks and pushed her up, sliding over his dick. Gabrielle moaned, the sensation was overwhelming, Gabrielle knew that, bond or not, mate or not, she was gone. Harry got her up until only the head of his dick was inside of her, but when she went to move back down, he held her there. Then he pumped up, all the way in, gaining speed, every time he trusted up. Gabrielle realized she was at his mercy, at mercy of his amazing cock and his magic.

Harry groaned, fucking her pussy with determination, pushing all the way inside her, then back. Gabrielle moaned loud, as he moved, it was like his dick pressed all the right spots inside her. She felt the pressure building, and his mind going blank. She was a Veela, and he was fucking her into satisfaction. Gabrielle collapsed on his body with a whimper, her eyes rolling up and an line of saliva coming from her mouth. She wanted that forever, his cock inside her, pumping in and out. Harry held her ass up and kept penetrating her, moaning and groaning, loving the sounds she was doing.

“AAAAAAAAH!” She screamed as a the orgasm rushed over her, again and again. It was amazing, the rush of pleasure and magic. She could feel the forming bond coming to completion. Gabrielle could not believe that even now her over sensitive pussy was trying to suck and keep Harry for her.

Harry pumped with determination. Coming almost all the way out before pushing back in again. Soon the pressure became too much to bare and Harry moaned loud.

“I'm cumming!”

“YES YES YES, INSIDE ME!” Gabrielle screamed, and as if by magic, she felt his hot sperm jolting inside her, rope after rope of his thick warm cum pouring inside of her. It was incredible, more than the bond, more than the multiple orgasms. She felt his magic washing over her, like a blanket of care and protection as his cum dripped from her pussy. She felt happy. For the first time in her life, Gabrielle Delacour was in love.
AN: Big thanks to DarkLordRising! This chapter was only possible because of you!

Chapter 26

Heart Shaped Box

SLAP!

The sound of Apolline’s hand hitting Harry’s face echoed through the beautiful grounds of the Greengrass estates. Harry had got it worse, much worse, but it was not the slapping itself that hurt him, it was the fact Harry knew he deserved it. Rose, Daphne, Bella, Padma, Melody, Susan and Remus watched in astonishment as the Veela hit him as soon as he walked out of the floo with Gabrielle.

“What a fuck aunt Pol!?” Rose screamed, placing herself between Apolline and an immobile Harry with an angry, questioning expression.

“He couldn’t keep his dick inside of his pants! That's what happened!” Apolline said while everyone looked confused at her.

“Actually it was me who took it out, but hey, details, details.” Gabrielle shrugged. “And now, Maman can’t control me anymore, with the bond in place.”

Apolline looked at her defiant daughter, fuming.

“That's right maman, I did it, I asked him to and he took me! You can't keep bond for yourself anymore. He is also mine now, and he will be Fleur's too!”

Apolline raised her hand once again, glaring at her daughter and Harry spoke for the first time.

“No!” His voice was clear and full of power. “You can hit me, I deserve it, but don't touch her Apolline.” The Veela stopped her hand mid air.

The room remained silent, Melody and Remus looked at each other trying to make sense of what was happening. Remus just shrugged.

“You know… Maman has this need to control our lives.” Gabrielle said to no one in particular. “To control everyone's lives. Why do you think she’s so eagerly took control of the Coven preparations?” The young Veela looked at Harry. “I hoped things would get easier with this, now that I had found you but she only tightened her grasp even stronger!” Gabrielle turned to her mother, crying. “That is why Fleur left! Because you pressed her to much!”

“Don't you dare talk to me like that Gabrielle Delacour!”

“I'd rather be Gabrielle Potter!”

“Stop, both of you!” Rose said, with Harry standing besides her. “What's done is done! We all knew
Gabby was in love with Harry, that her Veela magic had chose him. This was bound to happen!

Bella thought about intervening, to reconcile things...but looking at Rose and Harry there, hand to hand, trying to solve this, she decided not to. In the end, this was their Coven. They were doing this for them, for their children and their future. Their generation would be the one taking the lead after all was said and done. It was better for them to learn how to deal with that.

“But, but... she is too young to be bonded!” Susan said, and Rose could notice a undertone of jealousy in her friend's voice, they would need to have a talk later. “I thought we all agreed with that!”

“Said the fiance who can call off the marriage but won't…” Gabrielle slated, glaring at the red haired girl, reaching for Harry's other hand.

“Yes Sue, we all agreed. But we also all agreed that the choice was hers. Each one of us can choose by themselves.” Rose tried to argue.

“She lured him into bonding!” Susan said.

“No Susan, she didn't.” Harry said in an even tone. “She needed me, just like you did.”

“It is not the same…” The red haired witch wined.

“Breaking free from a controlling, overbearing parent. Ring a bell?” Rose asked, arching an eyebrow. “That’s something Harry yearned for his whole life. It’s both his strength and his weakness.”

“You should understand Rose!” Apolline said. “She is your friend and she’s now bonded to you too! Without asking!”

“We were already close as friends aunt Pol, she's like a sister to me…”

“Apolline, your daughter needed this, and you know it. That or she would have been as far away from me as possible.” Harry finally said. “How was she going to do it at Hogwarts? What if we end up in the same house? And now she will be needing you as well. This is new for her.”

“Were you planning on keeping me from Harry, maman? To keep me unhappy? So why do you let me kiss him and touch him and be close to him?”

“I hoped you would be stronger, that you could see you were too young! I thought you were more mature, like Fleur!”

Gabrielle’s eyes became teary, and a pained expression took over her face. Slowly the pain started becoming anger, and Harry hugged her, burying her face on his shoulder, giving Apolline a piercing gaze.

“She is not Fleur, and neither me or anyone else want her to be. Not even you Apolline. I know you are upset, but if you need to be this hurtful, do it with me who actually accepted her request, not her. She needs you!”

“We all need each other if this coven thing are going to work.” Rose tried in a more controlled tone. “If we can't work things between us and share, this is not going to work. You knew this was possible. You did it yourself.”

Apolline was taken aback by the two teens. She hadn’t expected that Rose would side with Gabrielle
and Harry against her. The worse was that they made a lot of sense. Looking around to the others faces she could see that only Susan was at her side, and clearly because of jealousy.

Was she wrong? Apolline was not used to that feeling.

“I must remind you…” Harry said looking at Apolline and Bella, holding Gabrielle in his arms. “That this coven was your crazy idea. I only agreed because it was a chance to help all of you, and especially my Rose, not to form some sort of personal harem. We are in this together or not at all.” He said, taking both Gabrielle and Rose out of the room.

.OvO.

Apolline sat in the edge of the pool, with her feet inside the cold water, gazing in the void, reliving the last hours in her head. The Veela turned around when she heard a sound of someone approaching. Bella and Melody sat on each of her sides, also diving their feet in the cold pool.

“Brrrr… cold!” Bella said with a fake shiver.

“Oui, but it helps me think.” Apolline answered.

“Want to talk about it?” Melody asked. “Or should i call the rest of the Felines and prepare a night hunting on the town?” The woman winked.

“Merci Mel, but I don't think I can… and no one would be him anyway…” Mel nodded, she knew both Bella and Apolline were completely in love by now, even if they denied it. The three friends looked at the crystal clear water in a comfortable silence for a while.

“I think I want to talk about it…” Apolline finally said, and both other women smiled at her, and waited.

“They are right, aren't they?” Apolline asked.

“In what sense?” Bella inquired.

“About me, and Gabby, and… Fleur. I tried to control Fleur’s life so much, afraid of her suffering what I did, that, on the end, I just make her afraid of her heritage and just drove her away… and I was doing even worse with Gabby… my little dove, she must hate me…” Bella wanted to say it was not true, that Gabrielle loved her, and it was normal for mother and daughter to fight, magic knew how many time Rose and herself ended up in screaming matches. But she realized it was best to listen first.

“You both are moms, you understand right? After Jacques died, I was so afraid of losing them… but I also became so lonely. No matter how many men or women I had, the only time I was not lonely was with some of you, and it was not the same… then, this little boy… no, young man, appears, and here I am, like a teenage again… and not only in the sexual sense… Morgana’s tits… I'm so embarrassed right now.” The Veela said cupping her face with her hands. Bella passed her arm around Apolline’s back, trying to comfort her friend.

“What was I thinking? If I really wanted for Gabby not to bond with Harry so soon I should have
gone with my original plan, and got a house for ourselves, keeping her away from him. But I was
blinded by my own lust for him… my own desire for being close… Gabrielle is right, I am an
hypocrite. And why am I mad? He is a wonderful man, powerful and generous, and Rose is one of
her best friends, and money is not even a problem… Am I really a control freak like that?”

“This to be honest…” Mel said, rolling her eyes.

...yes.” Bella finished with a smirk. “But it can’t be helped, considering whom your mother is. It’s a
survival trait for her."

“Also… can any of us blame our daughters? They all grown up listening to our own stories, and
watching how we act around each other. I remember when Daphne asked me how I knew that James
had ‘a nice ass’. She was thirteen, and was already drawing Harry and herself together.” Mel said.

“Maybe we are a little too liberal…” Bella giggled.

“We are perverts…” Apolline completed.

“Proudly!” Mel waved. “Better than be like those boring old ladies at the mot parties. Better than be
like Molly!”

“And Pol, you said yourself, can you blame them? Can you blame our girls?” Bella asked.

“No… but it hurts to see them grow.”

“Yes, it does…” Bella said, but you must remember that is exactly why we are doing this, so they
can grow.”

.OvO.

Harry moved slowly, trying not to wake the two sleeping girls on his bed. Gabrielle had cried for
some time, laid between Rose and himself. He could feel her sadness and anger through the bond,
and also Rose’s worry, and tried the best he could to reassure the crying Veela. All this time, all these
women, and he still froze when a girl cried. Luckily for them, Rose was way better at consoling
Gabrielle, talking with her, reassuring that everything was going to work out in a soft voice. Harry
hugged her and let Gabrielle cry on his shoulder. The girl finally relaxed and gave him a soft kiss,
and then, after also kissing a wide eyed Rose, she finally few to sleep.

Harry looked at Rose and gave her a tired smile. She smiled back at him, and at that moment he felt
that they could overcome anything in this little family of theirs. Harry was again impressed how
much stronger he felt, just being besides this girl, the other half of his soul, that had been ripped off
by a mad man.

Rose followed Gabby into slumber a little after, but Harry couldn’t. He needed some air. The young
wizard managed to get out of bed and walked on the tip of his feet to the door. Harry gave one last
look at his girls and smiled. He walked silently through the corridor, other than Daphne, all the teens
would be sleeping on the secondary pool house. Harry saw Bella, Melody and Apolline at the pool
through the glass wall and decided to leave by the other side. In the end it was a good decision,
Harry found himself at the top of a small elevation, facing a small green field and the woods a little
further. Everything seemed peaceful under the light of the birthing moon, especially when contrasted
with the chaos from London, or from his previous life. If he managed to save Rose and live, Harry
wanted a place like that for him, away from the chaos. Maybe Rose, Susan, Daphne and Fleur would like to come with him and Gabrielle. Maybe.

Hope was a dangerous thing for him. And Harry knew it.

The wizard heard steps behind him, and before he could turn, a bottle of beer appeared hovering in front of his face.

“I thought you might need one, or ten…” Remus said, seating besides him with a bottle of his own.

“Thank you Remus… I really needed this.” Harry said, taking a sip of the refreshing beverage.

“That was some nasty shit up there, and you and Rose showed a lot a maturity, you know. I guess Bella was right, you do her some good.” Remus said.

“Yeah, she does the same for me, I think I'm a better person because of her as well. She helps me loosen up.”

“Is Gabby ok?”

“She will be… Pol?”

“She's having some girl time, and she had worse. I think Apolline needed to hear those things, and it was actually good you gave Gabby the courage to do so.”

“Man… women here are crazy!” Harry said, and Remus looked at him with an raised eyebrow. “I mean, they are really straight forward and decided and… horny… not afraid to share…”

“Well, I don't know how it was in your old world Harry, but here it has been a necessity for a while. Also, who can blame them? Men have being doing this kind of shit for ages and no one bats an eye… We just decided to ignore the double standards.”

“That's true I suppose.”

“And I know you had at least two girlfriends back there. At the same time…”

Harry smiled.

“True, maybe I'm looking too much into it, maybe it's easier for me to just go along…”

“Why just go along?” Remus questioned.

“I mean… I have nothing else, my world is gone for me, and I don't want to diminish it here, but, I have nowhere else to go.”

“The question, would you rather be any other place?”

Harry thought for a while, and Remus was right.

“You're right, there is nowhere else, not after I meet the girls, and Rose… I can't be away from her.”

“That's why I asked, why go along, why not own it, live it, enjoy and cherish it. Those girls like you Harry, Rose may even love you… I know it is a lot of responsibility, but you showed you can do it.”

Harry looked up to the werewolf, who had a reassuring smile on his face and thought about it. It was true, he was given a new chance, without even know if he deserved. Harry smiled back.
“Thank you Remus?”

“What for?”

“For taking care of them, for all this years.”

“Believe me, it was my pleasure. I love them Harry. And you are not bad either.”

.OvO.

Rose woke up a little later, and could see that Gabrielle still asleep. She smiled at her emotionally exhausted friend, and lightly kissed her cheek. Rose could feel the bond between all three them, and imagined how it was for Harry. Rose got up, thinking on everything that had happened, how Harry gave her strength, simply by holding her hand, but at the same time, how lost he felt.

Together they were stronger, but it was like all the feelings they both bottled down also got intensified. And Harry was still afraid he didn't belong.

She walked out of the room, looking for him, Rose found him, talking with Remus, and decided to watch. The girl smiled, seeing the two of them talking. Rose knew Harry was still feeling a little out of place, and how couldn't he. But she wanted him to know, this was now his home, and that she loved him.

Did she really loved him?

“ I think I do…”

Love, like her mother, her father and Bella? Was she even allowed that? She had been hampered her whole life about not living to the standards people expected from her. About not being good enough. “The whore who lived”.

Rose just wanted to love, like her mothers, like her father, she could see some clear lines with the girls around her being formed. Harry liked them all, but Daphne, Susan, Gabrielle and Fleur were different. Padma was completely in love with him, even she could see that. And then it was her. No matter what, Rose knew they would live or die together.

Deciding she needed a hug, Rose walked to Harry, and embraced him from behind, crossing her arms on his chest and muffling her nose on his hair. To her delight, Harry held her hand and leaned just a little on her. The warm of his body, and the touch of his magic, welcoming her, seemed to say “you belong here.” And for a moment, she was afraid of losing him and being incomplete again.

“Please don't go…” Rose whispered.

“Never…” Harry answered, turning around and passionately kissing her.

.OvO.

“Susan, are we going forward with this?” Harry asked the red haired witch. Both teens, plus
Daphne, Padma, Gabrielle and Rose were seated on the table at the edge of the pool. Those were the last weeks of the summer, and the mornings were a little colder, the first chilling winds of the autumn started flowing over the woods in the Greengrass estate. Harry and Rose called all the girls, feeling they all needed to have a talk.

“Huh… what are you talking about?” Susan knew what it was, but it was afraid to go there.

“I mean both the coven and the marriage, and you know it.” Harry said, and Susan looked at the ground, blushing. “Look, I don't mean to be rude, or anything like that with you, with any of you. I...” This time was Harry who blushed, driving some interest looks from all the girls. “I really like you all, and I mean it, not only the magical thing. I really like you as people, and more than friends...” Daphne and Padma smiled at him, and Rose and Gabrielle latched into his arms. Susan looked at him in awe. “And, if you really want Susan, I will marry and love you, and give you children, but you have to understand...”

“You can't be the only one Susan.” Rose said trying to emulate Bella’s more serious tone. “Even if all else, the bonds… the desire… the love...” She whispered. “Even if all that didn't exist, it would still be dangerous for you and Harry.”

“I… I know...” Susan said. “Sorry, but it is hard. I was never good at sharing. And I have waited for you all my life for...”

“You shouldn't... that's not fair. You shouldn't have had to wait or to share, we all know that. Any of us shouldn't. But that is how it is.” Daphne said in a commanding tone.

“Or we are all in this together, or it is not going to work. Jealousy is normal, but it can't be bigger than friendship and sisterhood...” Padma said.

“Listen...” Harry said in a serious tone, that made all the girls look at him, and Rose smile. “In the end, I'm bonded to Bella and Pol through the coven, but this is our thing. And I know they are doing that for us. Their lives are already made. It's us who have the most to lose. A quieter live...” Harry said looking at Susan. “And someone just for herself. it's not easy for me either. I like all of you, and if you so desire, I wish to make the same in I'm doing for Susan to you all, at least the ones who want it. And take care of the kids as well.” Susan and Padma blushed. “I may not have the political power in this world as I did in mine, that is Rose’s, but I did some research, the Peverell line is Patriarchal, so, even with Rose, and Miss Ovidios I'm able to claim it. But, we do this together or not at all.”

Susan looked at him and Rose, almost waiting for an angry face, but all she found were honest smiles. The red haired shyly smiled back and said.

“You are right... I'm not my aunt.” Susan turned to Gabrielle. “I'm sorry Gabby, I know we didn’t always see eye to eye, but it was wrong of me to say those things. I sided with your mother out of pure jealousy over you for having something with Harry and Rose I can never have.” It hurt to admit, but as soon as the words left her mouth, Susan felt a lot lighter.

“It's okay Susan.” The French answered. “But don't say it's something you can never have, maybe your bond with them is just of a different nature.”

Harry smile, leaned over the table and gave Susan a light kiss, before kissing Gabrielle, who in turn, turned and lightly kissed a astonished Susan in the lips.

Bella, Melody and Apolline watched from the big glass windows of the manor. A smile crossed Bella’s face.
“They will be alright, you know.” Bella said.

“Oui, I shouldn't have let my fear take the best of me, I need to apologize to Harry and Gabby.”

“And they to you. If there is something incredible about this kids, is how fast they learn.” Bella conceded, looking at them with a glow in the eyes. Something Melody noticed.

“You know Bella.” Melody took her hand, making the brunette look at her. “After all is said and done, and that Dark Bitch is done with, maybe it's time to try again.” Melody finished, and Bella looked at her with wide eyes.

“I don't know… what if they need me….I'm already…”

“Dragon shit! You are young, and I'm sure Harry would not only be a great father, but he would also love to be one. He always wanted a family, and it was taken from him. And from you. Think about it. Maybe my honorary nephew and my grandson can grow together.” Melody finished, moving her eyebrows.

Bella looked at their grinning friends, and then back at the younger ones. Was it possible? Maybe. But they would have to survive first.

Harry looked at Padma with a questioning gaze.

“I know you kinda fell in the middle of all this Padma, but I'm forever in debt to your precious advice. I know it has been a short time but I really have grown fond of you, and you have been Rose’s friend for a long time. Seeing all you have, and knowing all you do now, no one will blame you if you want to leave.”

“As I told you that day at the tub Harry, I'm here because I want too. I'm curious about it all, and I want to help. And I… like you, more today than that day even. We take one step. As long as we take one step at the time, I am all yours.” The Indian witch eloquently said before blushing. Harry and Rose smiled at her, there was something almost calming about Padma that he liked a lot.

Harry was ready to act on Remus advise.

“Now Gabby, Harry will meet with Fleur tonight, and I will have a meet with Nev… are you ok with Harry meeting her?” Rose asked.

“Oui, in the end I was mad at maman, not at Fleur.”

“Remember Gabby, if you aren't, you need to tell me.” Harry said.

“Don't worry mon chéri, go talk to her.”

.OvO.

Neville was taking out all of his frustrations on his girlfriend, Hannah, the chubby girl bent over his
grandmother's desk, her back arched and her head being pulled back by the fist full of blond locks. He was absolutely pounding the girl into a series of orgasms, her entire body shaking with every thrust, every withdrawal letting him look to his juices coated cock, letting him lick his lips as he watched her hole stretch around him. Smacking her ass, Neville smiled as she called out.

“AH! Yes, Nev, YES!” Hannah was in orgasmic bliss as her pussy tightened down on her boyfriend, her body tensing as he continued his rough fucking of her body. Normally, Neville was a bit slower, more passionate but gentle, tonight, he was anything but that.

Neville loved his girlfriend, but he still yearned for the tight hole of his best friend, Rose. He couldn't lie to himself, he knew that they were never going to be a permanent fixture in each other's lives and they boiled it down to just friends helping each other with pent up sexual frustration, but with the appearance of the mysterious cousin, Neville was pushed to the side. Not that he minded because it let him focus on his relationship with Hannah, letting them get to the point that they were at now, but part of him still loved watching her perky c-sized breasts bounce while she rode him and how her face looked when he came deep inside her. Neville smirked as he felt Hannah clamp down on him, a long moan leaving her throat, completely ignoring the sound of the door to the office pushing open.

Rose stood in the doorway, her eyes wide as she watched her first friend and lover pounding into Hannah, his face screwed up into a grin as the girl writhed beneath him. Rose remembered when that was her under him like that, he had pounded her pussy for hours and came in her so much she was surprised the potions even worked in the first place to keep her from getting pregnant. She admired his body as his muscles contracted with each forceful movement of his hips as he wetly slapped into Hannah's hole. Rose looked over her shoulder and as she turned back to the scene, shoved her hand into her pants and under her knickers, her fingers finding her wet lips. As Rose fingered herself, she let her mind drift to Harry and how badly she wanted him again, even while watching her old friend with benefits fucking his girlfriend...must be because of the bond. She felt no sexual urge to be with Neville again...Hannah on the other hand, that was a different story.

Rose sank her fingers into her soaked cunt, her knuckles curling inward and a soft schlicking sound coming from between her legs as she fought off her orgasm, surprised that she had forgotten all about Neville's amazing stamina as he never lost pace in fucking the girl bent in front of him into a puddle.

Rose had come to talk to him about helping him take over his house and how to oppose Amelia, but she wasn't going to pass up watching a show like that unless she had to...it could wait to talk about why she came here originally, until he came at least.

For nearly another half hour, Neville had fucked Hannah to another orgasm and only then, did his hips buck as he sighed, his cum pouring into Hannah's pussy, her hole clenching down on him as the warm seed sprayed her insides. Stepping back away from Hannah, Neville sank down into a chair a few steps away from his now limp girlfriend. Rose saw this as her chance and quickly stepped into the room, a smirk on her face as she caught Neville's eye and sank down on the couch opposite him.
“Quite the show, Nev. I certainly do remember that.”

“Miss being on the receiving end of it, huh?” Neville felt his magic reaching out to Rose but felt it being blocked by something, it had to have been the mystery cousin's doing.

“No exactly. Not sure why I don't, we had a lot of fun, but I'm happily with someone now and you know me, when I'm with someone, I'm loyal to the bone.”

“Unless you're shagging a girl on the side.”

“Yeah, but that so does not count.” The two laughed for a moment before Rose looked into his eyes with a serious look on her face. “Listen, Nev-”

“Gran convinced Amelia to drop the race.” Neville said, his tone winded and tired. “And to not go forward with the contract, so she could come back unharmed to the Head of DMLE post.”

“And Amelia accepted?” Rose asked from the chair, still a little high from her post orgasmic bliss from the orgasms her fingers had given her.

“Well, she didn't have much choice, but this is far from over, Rose. Gran is covering all her bases. I don't know how I will be able to move forward with the emancipation honestly.”

“Hmm...once Susan takes her ladyship, she may be able to help, but you know, maybe we can go to Iris after the elections.”

“Iris Ovidios?” Neville asked wide eye. “Why would she help?”

“Hmm, let's say she owes us one and she is interested in our little group.”

Neville raised his eyebrow.

“Oooooook…” Neville shrugged. “But, I think this will get dangerous Rose, I mean, even more dangerous, Gran and Amelia were talking about threat assessment, and letting some Death Eater attacks go through, to scare people into needing them.” Rose got up and gave him a serious look. “Mom needs to know that.”

“Yeah, the problem is that I don't have any proof. And if I do anything, she will cut me out and you would be in the dark. Also, I think she suspects of whatever you guys are doing over there…”

Rose thought for a while, looking at Neville. Memories of how he had always been at her side, and how he fought with her at the ministry came back to her mind. The girl made a decision.

“Sit down Nev, let me explain some things to you.”
Fleur watched Harry enter the restaurant, dressed in a jacket and a white button up shirt, a dark grey jacket and dark trousers, with his eternally messy hair, that the Veela was actually starting to like. And those eyes, deep emerald green, seemed almost like they were glowing. The witch watched as he gave the waitress one of those smiles, and Fleur swore she saw the poor girl's legs trembling, before she conducted him to her table. Fleur noticed the hungry look the blond young woman gave him as she left, and the Veela couldn't help but feel a hint of pride.

“Good evening Harry…” Fleur said, getting up and extending her hand.

“Good evening Fleur, you look absolutely stunning…” And she really did, with a beautiful haute couture sober top that fell in many layers over her chest, showing a generous neckline. The color complimented her silvery hair perfectly. She was also wearing a white skirt and cream heels. Harry thought it was fun, because of the shoes, she got actually a little taller than him.

“Merci Harry…” The Veela said blushing. Fleur could not believe she was actually blushing as he kissed her hand and sat on the small couch besides her. Her Allure flared around her, and she could feel his magic embracing it. But Harry himself didn't even flinch while some of the man around them turned their head to his beautiful date.

“Thank you for the invitation, Fleur. I was afraid you would not want to see me after the last time.”

“Oh why, mister Potter…” Fleur said in a joking tone. “You are a mystery, and I love solving them.”

Harry smiled back.

“Are't you afraid of what you might uncover?”

“After all I did, and all I saw, there are very few things that can scare me, Harry. And I have the feeling the same holds true to you.”

Harry nodded, unashamed. The young wizard felt he could be honest about the darkness he had inside him with the Veela. Somehow he knew she would understand, that she had been there as well.

“Well, let's not spoil our date with that, right, I hope we have plenty of time for that in the future.”

Harry smiled, and the promise didn't go unnoticed by Fleur. “But I want to say that it feels great to talk with someone that can understand.” Fleur smiled and nodded back. He was right. “Now, I had never came here before…”

“Hmm… looking at the waitress I'm sure she wouldn't mind you to come here more often…” Fleur said with a mischievous grin.

Harry shook his head.

“Well, cheek runs in the family…”

“Oh… and here I thought I was being original…” The witch giggled.

“So milady, what do you suggest?”

“The marlin here is astonishing…”
After that they talked and eat, about everything and nothing, after just a couple seconds, Fleur had the impression that he was a little older than he looked, but refrained herself from asking. They let their magic mingle together and combine, the Veela felt her Allure completely turned to him, and was amazed by how he just kept being himself. At the same time, his magic touched her like a warm blanket.

“Sorry, but I have to ask Harry… we have been here for almost two hours, and you seen unaffected by my Allure…”

“Why, I can assure you I'm affected. I could feel it even before I sat down, it's even stronger than that day at the coffee.”

“You must have an incredible willpower then, or…”

“Contrary to Tracey's fantasies, I can assure you I'm very interested in women… some of them at least. And I don't think is’ just about willpower Fleur. I'm sure you feel it coming from me too…”

Fleur looked at his bright emerald eyes and nodded.

“I heard tales about that in the conclave, but I never thought it could be true…”

“Yes, it's a little weird. But I don't expect anything from you, or anyone for that matter.”

Fleur smiled at him.

“So, how are Maman and Gabby doing?”

“Well…” Harry said embarrassed. “I think I own Apolline an apologize, we had kind of a fight over Gabby…”

“You don't say…” Fleur raised a suspicious eyebrow.

“But I think it was good for her to see that she couldn't control Gabby the way she wanted. But some harsh words had been exchanged.”

Fleur played with her glass, coping with the thoughts running through her mind. She could imagine Harry and Gabrielle together, and her mother becoming furious. Harry was too powerful of a Channeller for Gabrielle not to be bonded by now. And she was for sure not the only one. She smiled thinking of her mother's face, and shivered with lust thinking about sharing this wizard with her sister. But for now, she decide to drop the subject.

“Maman can be very… difficult.”

“Yes, but I think is her way to try and protect her family. I don't blame her, but there are certain limits…”

“Oui, I agree, now… dessert!”

Harry laughed of her familiar sweet tooth, and more watched her eat the over complicated glazed cake. Harry found her beautiful, full of life, a complete opposite of the cold girl her mother and sister told him she had became. He vowed to make her smile more.

“Mon Dieu, that was delicious…” Fleur said when she finished. “I could eat three more of those.”

“Oh, I believe you, here let me help…” Acting without thinking, Harry lifted his finger and brushed it over the edge of her mouth, cleaning a little stain of glace. Fleur felt the magic running through
them, and quickly held his hand.

“Sorry…” Harry said, realizing what he had just done. “It was very rude of me, touching you like that…”

“No… is ok… it felt… nice, familiar.”

Harry smiled.

“More than you can ever imagine…”

Fleur looked at him, getting lost on his emerald eyes. There was pain and anger there. But also so much love and passion. For an instant, she got lost in her own Allure, and his magic.

After a couple minutes of silence, Harry asked for the bill, and even though he insisted on paying it all, Fleur didn't let him. The split it in half, and Harry walked her out of the restaurant.

“Do you want me to fetch a cab for you?” He asked.

“There is no need, I will go to the side street and apparate home.”

“Good idea.”

They walked side by side, until the empty little corner street. Fleur looked at him, He had his hands on the pockets of his jacket, and that untamed hair that reminded her so much of Rose’s. If she didn't knew better, Fleur would say they were brother and sister, as he looked a lot like James, and her like Lily. He turned his green eyes to her and smiled, and the Veela felt that shiver of lust through her body, all the way to her panties.

“Thank you Fleur, I had a lot of fun tonight.”

“Me too Harry…” Fleur was being drawn by those eyes and that smile, she knew it. “I spent so much time fighting against my nature, it was good to let it go for a while…”

“Do you want to?”

“What?”

“To keep fighting against your nature?” Harry asked, and gathering all his courage, he reached for her hands and came closer to her. He looked into her eyes for permission, witch she gave with a nod and leaning forward, so their lips could meet.

At that moment, Fleur believed in all the stories about magical mates and Veela bonds the old women in the conclave use to tell. It was like the whole world had ceased to exist, and only Harry was real. She completely lost control of her Allure, and loved the sensation, grasping his hair as they deepened the kiss. Harry held her waist, bringing her closer, pressing his body against hers, letting his magic mingle while their tongues danced together. He loved her taste, her warm and firm body against him and cursed their clothes.

Fleur barely registered when her back was lined against the wall, and the saliva pouring from their mouths. She could feel him, his breath, his heart beating on his chest, his hard member against her hips. The Veela released his hair and cupped Harry's ass with her hands, feeling how firm it was, and pulling him closer, trying to get the most she could from his hard bulge. Harry understood it as encouragement and did the same, caressing her perfect shaped bum over her skirt.
Finally they needed air and separated. Fleur touched her forehead on his, panting.

“Mon Dieu… that was…”

“I know…” Harry answered.

Fleur tried to recompose herself a little, straightening her skirt.

“That was incredible Harry… but I have a lot to think… I barely know you… and there is Gabby.”

Harry smiled.

“I understand. And I want to know more about you too Fleur, I know things are a little complicated.”

“Thank you…”

“Have you ever gone to the cinema?” Harry asked.

Fleur looked at him with a grin.

“Non, but I would love too.”

“It's It's a date then.”

Fleur smiled and kissed him one more time, before disappearing with a crack.

.OvO.

A thousand thoughts were running through Harry's mind when he Apparated back to the Greengrass estate. Thoughts about Fleur and Gabrielle, Rose and Daphne, about Bella and all those women around him. How they have crept into his life, and now he would do everything to help them. His old life appeared more and more like an bad dream, and he was worried about it. He wanted to move on, but not to forget. The fact that the snogging session with Fleur had been amazing and the sensations he got from Rose fingering herself while she watched Neville and Hannah through the link they shared both left him with a big hard on also didn't help. He just hoped Gabrielle or Daphne were in the mood.

Because of that, he didn't payed attention, landing in the living room of the main house instead of the one in the pool house where he was staying. It took him a couple seconds to recognize the place, as the moaning sound got to him.

Harry looked ahead and saw Remus naked, his body almost as scarred as his, seat on the coach with his head shooting up, eyes closed in pleasure, while a very voluptruous and very naked Melody Greengrass, knelt in front of him and worked his hard member in her mouth. Harry looked at her ivory white skin, just like Daphne’s, glistening under the dim light. Her C sized breasts bounced following the bobbing movement from her head and hand over the werewolf's dick, her dark blond hair, so like Astoria’s, flowing over Remus’s lap. Looking at her wider hips, Harry could see a line of sperm slowly flowing from between her legs, forming a small pool on the floor. Harry's already had dick trembled painfully inside his trouser.

Harry hoped they were too distracted to have listening to him, and maybe he could sneak without being noticed. The rational part of his brain screamed for him to walk away, but the vision of the
beautiful milf sucking Remus’s hard cock proved to be way too enticing. Melody worked hungrily, bringing her mouth down until her lips touched the hand with she was holding the base of his shaft, then sucked while she moved up, her saliva running all the way over him. Harry didn't know if some of Rose’s voyeuristic tendencies were getting over him, but he found himself unable to look away. Melody looked beautiful, like a goddess, shimmering in the room light.

Harry find himself hoping for them not to see him, but not so he could walk away, but because he wanted to see Remus unloading his cum on Melody hungry mouth. He looked, touching his raging erection over his trousers. But just like that, all his hopes shattered, as Melody opened her eyes and looked directly at him. He felt ashamed, for the second time he has walked into them, she would be mad, the young wizard was sure.

But, to his surprise, she smiled at him, and kept sucking on Remus’s member. The sight of her, bobbing her head up and down, and licking the head of the werewolf’s cock, looking directly Harry, was too enticing. Melody was skulking at him, playing with Remus’s dick.

Harry smiled back at her, and silently walked to the pool house outside, thinking about how lucky he was to thrown in this messed up little group.

.OvO.

Harry woke up between Rose and Gabrielle, with the green eyed witch smiling brightly at him. The Veela was still sleeping, so Rose grabbed him by the arm, guiding Harry to the bathroom with her. The teens entered the shower together, in deep admiration of each other.

“I really missed you last night…” Rose said, giving Harry a deep, wet and passionate kiss, while the hot water poured into his back.

“I missed you too…” Harry said, rubbing his hand up and down her smooth back, his erection poking at her belly. “How it was your meeting with Neville?”

Rose started telling him about how she talked with Neville, and how she had walked in on her friend fucking Hannah into a puddle. The beautiful raven haired witch had her breasts pressed against the glass with Harry's hard dick buried deep inside her pussy from behind, before she could even finish her story. Harry told her about the date with Fleur and the blowing session with Melody and Remus that he had walked by while he pounded into her with abandon, making Rose moan as images of the scene flooded her mind. Neville was good, but Harry was just perfect.

Only after they came together, exactly at the same time, that they noticed Gabrielle watching them with hungry eyes.

“You two look beautiful…” The French witch said with admiring eyes. The young Veela quickly proceeded to enter the box and knelt in front of Harry, cleaning his cock with her mouth, licking the mix of his delicious sperm and Rose’s tasty juices, and surprisingly, turned around to do the same with Rose’s cunt, lifting the emerald eyed witch’s leg, exposing her dripping slit to drink her mate’s hot sperm that was pouring from inside her sister in all but blood. Rose moaned as her dexterous tongue cleaned every spot and the Veela drunk in the mix of fluids with hungry need. Rose found it surprisingly pleasurable.

“I told you…” Gabrielle said to Harry, in a husky voice, cleaning her mouth. Harry groaned, getting
hard again. This time Rose watched with a smile as Gabrielle enthusiastically rode Harry.

It was a very settled and smiling trio who sat at the table for breakfast after that. Daphne looked at him with a lustful gaze before sitting, she leaned and whispered in his ear. “Tonight is my turn in your bed!” It was not a request, and Harry loved that.

Bella was talking about the preparations for the ritual when Apolline entered the room. A silence fell into the big kitchen as the older Veela entered and looked at her daughter, seated beside Harry and Rose.

The older French witch took a deep breath before speaking.

“Harry, Rose… Gabrielle, little dove. I… I’m really sorry. I said things that I shouldn’t have, and did things I’m ashamed of. Although I still think you rushed your decision, the choice was always yours, and there were other, better ways, for me to express my disagreement. I truly love all of you, and want to dedicate myself to this Coven and our future. So, sorry…”

Harry and Rose smiled at Apolline, but Gabrielle looked to the side. It would take more than that to excuse years if overbearing over her life.

“It's okay aunt Pol…” Rose said. “We all said and done things we shouldn't. As Harry said yesterday, we are all in this together or not at all.” The teen finished, hugging Apolline. Harry did the same, to Apolline’s great relief. The Veela ran her hands through his hair and kissed him, and even now, feeling their magic, she was sure everything would be alright.

After that, the group took off for training in the grounds, Remus joined them, and Harry remembered how good of a teacher the werewolf was. The morning was exhausting, but extremely productive. By lunchtime, Harry noticed that Daphne was getting more and more apprehensive and decided to approach her.

“What's wrong Daphne?” The wizard asked.

“It's Tracey, Harry, she was supposed to be here this morning and didn't show up. Now I got a message from her, telling us to move forward without her?”

Harry was worried.

“Something happened? To her or her family?”

“Not that I know of. But she had been a little off since the day you first met with Fleur. Harry, I think she is afraid.”

“We all are. One way or another.”

“No, you don't understand. She is highly insecure, Tracey had always been looked down on in Slytherin. I think she is afraid of not being good enough…”

Harry frowned, and got up.

“Come on Rose, let's find Tracey.”

.OvO.
Harry was astonished by the size of the spa. It stayed on the outskirts of London, and it was huge. Not as big as the Greengrass state, but really large. A sumptuous four stories building was the entrance, with a reception and many massage rooms and chiropractic consultancies. There was a big open area, surrounded by smaller buildings and pools. Harry looked over the reception desk to a big list of services, everything from hair, hand and foot saloon, to furors and salt baths. And he could clearly see that some of the clients were magical.

Briar Rose saw Rose and him, and waved with a big smile on her face. They walked over to her. Rose gave her a hug.

“Hello aunt Bee.” Rose said warmly.

“Hello Sweetheart, Harry. I was actually waiting for you guys to show up anytime.” Briar Rose said with a worried expression.

“And why is that?” Harry asked, a little worried.

“Rose always seemed to have a sixth sense when it comes to her friends needing help. Tracey has been down those last days, but she didn't want to talk to me. Maybe you can discover what's happening.”

“We will try, where is she?” Rose asked.

“She offered to sort the clean towels, I guess you remember the room Rose? The one you two worked two years ago?”

“Yeap. Come on Harry.”

They walked through a series of corridors and hallways, and got up to the second floor. There was a multitude of rooms and the young wizard got lost short after the I started working. Luckily Rose seemed to know where they were going. They finally arrive into a white door at the end of a corridor, and Rose opened it.

“AAAAAAAH!” Tracey jumped letting a pile of towels fell to the ground. “What the hell!” She said, putting her hand over her chest. “You guys scared me!” Harry had to force himself not to laugh at the panting pale girl. “What are you guys doing here anyways?” Tracey asked when she recovered a little.

“We came to fetch you and bring you home with us.” Rose answered.

“I'm not coming…” Tracey said, looking to the ground, Harry and Rose could hear the sadness on her voice. “This whole thing was a bad idea to begin with.”

Tracey looked at them, Rose was one of her best friends since forever, and a person she admired greatly. Even with all the things she had been through, all the shit she got from people bad mouthing her, Rose was always there to help her. And there was Harry. The first and only man to ever shake her core like that. To make her tremble with desire, to make the blond girl imagine that there could be more for her. She didn't want to take them down even more.

“You are better off without me anyways…” Tracey murmured with teary eyes.
Harry approached her, Tracey could feel his magic reaching out to her, it was nice and warm, and she felt the urge to hug him.

“Why are you saying this Tracey, talk to us…” Harry’s voice was full of honest worry and understanding.

“There is not much to say Harry, you guys can do better than me. I have nothing to offer that you guys already don't have way better.”

Harry and Rose looked at each other, than at Tracey, confused.

“What are you talking about Tracey, there is no one we want in your place!” Rose said, rubbing the other girl's shoulder.

“Think about it Rose! Bella is almost like a super cop that can train you, Pol knows almost everything about covens and ritual magic, Susan and Daphne are well connected Purebloods and Daphne is even really good at the political games, Padma is intelligent as hell, and if you bring Fleur, I remember her in the tournament, she is like a super powerful spell machine, like Harry…” Harry and Rose smiled at the terms. “Bloody hell, even the pervert girl spot is better filled by Gabby! That girl is sexy as hell! So, why stay? I have nothing to over you, I'm not magically powerful, I'm just a well connected average Half-Blood. I'm just a no one who got lucky to have some important friends…” Tears started running down her cheeks.

Harry moved forward and dried then with his thumb, he hugged her before leaning down and kissing her. A slow, deep and caring kiss, caressing her mouth with his tongue, Tracey moaned with the attention, hugging him back, wanting more.

“I'm sorry to say it like this…” Harry said when they separated. “But that is all dragon shit. I completely understand what are you saying Tracey, I'm the king of low self-esteem, but you need to understand, you are much more than that, especially for us!”

Rose hugged Tracey from behind, and the blond found herself sandwiched between the two raven haired teens.

“Harry is right Tracey, we need you to stay with us. You are the one who remember us to live, and why we fight. You are the one who remember us that life is worth fighting for…”

“That life is still worth living…” Harry completed.

Tracey rest her head on Harry's shoulder.

“Are you sure?” she asked in a low voice, still feeling unsure.

“Yes, Tracey…” Rose said.

“We came here just to bring you with us…” Harry said

“Didn't we?” Rose completed.

Tracey smiled and kissed Harry again, before turning and kissing Rose lightly on the lips.

“Thank you… but no more of this Weasley twins talking thing… it’s creepy.”

“If you…” Harry began

“...say so.” Rose finished, both smirking at Tracey who groaned and hugged them both
Barty Crouch Jr. looked at his arm and smiled. He had finally did it. He was free to completely devote himself to the woman he loved. He felt the magic shifting in his arm, and knew that great things were about to come.
Renegade

Chapter 27

I've Been Labeled The Renegade

Hermione closed her eyes angrily and moaned loudly, the dildo she'd found in her mother’s things spreading the walls of her pussy apart. The witch pressed the magically self-lubricating object in and out of herself, in a mixture of pleasure and anger.

“Rose…” The girl whispered.

Hermione closed her eyes and once again her mind was invaded with images of the girl she loved, and the demon she hated!

It has been like that ever since the day he arrived. His magic messed with hers, something had clicked inside Hermione at the moment his demonic energy touched her magic, he was able to penetrate her dreams and fantasies, driving Hermione insane. Every time the witch closed her eyes he was there with Rose and this time was no different.

Hermione closed her eyes and could perfectly see the image in her mind. The genius witch saw herself seated on the demon’s lap, his monstrous member buried all the way to the base inside her anus, while he held her legs spread, displaying her wet, pink, dripping cunt to a smiling Rose. Then, the girl she loved, her savior, dove into her pussy, licking the fluids that were dripping from her. Rose licked all the way from the demon’s balls touching Hermione’s asshole then to her aching clitoris, then penetrated her with two fingers. Hermione moaned loud with pleasure and anger. Anger because she was sure that exactly same thing was happening to those Pureblood bitches and not with her at that exact moment, wherever they where.

Hermione pictured the demon continuously shoving his dick up and down her ass while Rose fingered and licked her. The triumphant smile on the beast’s face was unnerving. Hermione wanted to destroy him, but at the same time she wanted the thing to make her cum so badly it hurt.

The combination of her fantasies and the vibrating dildo moving in and out of her pussy proved to be too much, and Hermione climaxed with a muffled scream.

“AAAAAAH, I... HAAAAATE YOU!”

Hermione stayed there, laid on her bed, panting, her broken mind racing. There was only one solution; s had to make Rose hate the demon.

And then, kill him.

.OvO.

Narcissa looked at the various people around her and smiled. Minus one or two people, these were the people she would probably spend the rest of her life with, or at least would like to. Harry, Rose,
and their Coven, plus some special allies. The blond witch reveled in how much better it was than the fucking Death Eaters she had to deal with before. Looking at Harry and the girls around him, she was even more sure those were the people she wanted around her child.

Narcissa had talked with Monica about trying a kid again, and how good of a father Harry could be, but now was not the time for this, at least, not yet.

“So…” The solicitor witch said, holding some papers in her hand. “Ted and myself did a lot of research, and it ended up that we discovered that covens are not illegal per se, it is more of a taboo than anything else. When Minister Bones dismantled the Lovegood Coven, he actually had some legal protection to do it. It was undoubtedly made out of spite and his belief that it was immoral, but the law was actually on his side. The law dates from 1736, but it was never removed, so we must do everything by it so we can have some legal standing when things finally become public.”

“And what do we have to do?” Bella asked.

“I have here a formality for each of us to sign. It attests we are all of sane mind, and none were coerced into participation. Once the Coven is sacred, all the underage members of the inner circle…” Narcissa looked at Daphne, Tracey, Gabrielle and Padma. “Will be considered of age, but before that, we need the signature of the legal magical guardians. Susan is considered of age because of her emancipation, and so is Harry.”

“Sounds too simple…” Harry said.

“Well, there is more. We need the signatures of at least three magical witnesses that are not members. They also need to be at least head of their own houses. We already talked with Mister Patil, and he is on board, being a Channeller himself, and Melody can be the other. But we need another one…”

“I am the head of my famil,” Remus said. “And the last one alive as well.”

“We thought about that, but you can’t sign because of your… condition…”

“I see…”

“Sorry Remus, the laws are extremely archaic.” Narcissa apologised.

“Not your fault, Cissy…” The werewolf waved, still looking a little disappointed.

“Iris could sign.” Susan suggested. “She’s the head of the Peverell family and a couple others, right?”

“Do you think she would do it?” Narcissa asked.

“I’m sure of it,” Harry and Bella said at the same time.

“Ok, we need to arrange a meeting with her. Think you can do it Bella?”

“Sure.” The witch answered, she wanted to talk with the probable new Minister anyways.

“Well, legally, that's it.” Narcissa concluded. “Doing all that, we can have a good cover, but I'm sure we are going to get a lot of flack besides it all, many believe covens are Dark Magic, or just a bunch of perverts, so be ready, and remember you are not alone.”

Apolline got up and took Narcissa’s place in front of everybody.
“Now, the ritual matters, the best night for us to perform the ritual will be in five days. I already talked with all of you about each person’s role. Remember, at the center of it all, will be Harry working as the Warlock and Rose will be his amplifier. That is something very, very rare, and can only work because of the connection they share.” Everyone nodded. “Now… after the ritual, each member of the coven will receive a permanent rune on their navel, including Harry. Not only does it magically mark you as a member, but it also serves as a connection between us all. The mark will allow us to share Harry's magic every time he… boost someone’s core. That way, there will be no danger of anyone to be overwhelmed or burned by his magic. There are also another effects for the ones bonded to him only…”

“What kind of effect?” Harry asked, sounding a little worried.

“We will all share the more… intense… climaxes…” The Veela said with a smile and Harry blushed.

“Believe me.” Rose called. “It is not at all a bad thing.” The girl giggled and Harry rolled his eyes.

“As we do more rituals, the connection may deepen, I believe Monica will be a full fledged witch by Yule, and even able to bond with him if she so desires.”

Monica beamed listening to this.

“You bet your sweet ass I so desire, babe!” The surgeon exclaimed, making everybody laugh.

“That's it. We still need two more ladies for complete balance, but the coven must be initiated now.” The Veela finished, and everyone nodded, thinking about their own roles on things.

.OvO.

“You know Harry…” Fleur said, gasping for air after another earth shaking kiss, the movie long forgotten in front of them. “I don’t know if I like this effect you have on me… I'm not some teenager anymore…” The Veela ran her hand over his messy hair.

“Oh come on Fleur, you are nineteen!” Harry said, kissing her again. “What’s the matter if we saw some stuff and killed some bad guys, we're still young…”

“Prat!”

“I for one, like it… who else I would be able to say this kind of thing.” Harry gave her a bright smile.

SHHH! Someone said up in the front of the theater.

“They want us to shut up…” Harry whispered.

“Oui, I know a good way to do it…” Fleur said, before claiming his lips again.

Later, they were walking out of the movie, hand in hand. Fleur was dressed in a more casual way this time, reminding Harry of how young she really was. They walked up to a restaurant, and they got a table in the back.
“So, you really are moving forward with the coven idea…” Fleur asked after they ordered.

“Yes, Pol has everything figured out in what comes to the rituals, and Narcissa has it covered legally.”

Fleur looked him in the eye, before asking.

“Why are you doing it? I can feel… I mean… see, that you are still uncomfortable with the idea.”

Harry nodded and closed his eyes.

“Yeah… thank you for noticing…” Harry sighed. “It's a lot responsibility you know… but I'm doing it for Rose. That way we can make her stronger, magically, emotionally and politically. I will do anything to assure her survival.”

Fleur could see how honest he was being; he looked worried. Fleur reached and held his hand.

“Harry… who are you? You are not Rose's cousin, but you two are strongly connected. I can feel it in your magic.”

“Well. I guess it's only fair, also, if you chose to walk away, is better if you do it right now.” Harry squeezed her hand. “Please, try not to freak out… I am Rose.” Fleur looked confused. “Well, kind of…”

Through the next hour Harry told Fleur everything, about him, Voldemort, the war, and how he sacrificed himself in a desperate attempt to end the monster. Fleur listened to everything in silence, her eyes going wide. The Veela could see, and feel the pain, and finally understood the shadow that hovered over him.

“And here I am, back in my sixteen year old body, with a new chance of doing things right…” Harry looked right into her eyes, waiting for the rejection. But that was not what He saw in her eyes. All he could see was… understanding.

“So, that is why you said that drawing was your life…” Fleur asked, and Harry nodded. “You and I… I mean… you and her?”

“Yes, we meet at the tournament, and by the end of the year, she helped me escape the Dursleys… we… it's weird Fleur; Things here are so different, I mean, Bellatrix is fucking good! But for some reason, others are almost exactly the same. And I feel this weird connection with this world, with the magic of this world… Andy says there is something connecting the two words, and that Rose and I kind like… share the same magic and soul… I don't know, sorry for throwing it all that at you.”

Fleur nodded, thinking. It was so much, and yet, explained a lot. It was like the gods has played a cruel prank on her, “Your mate will be born in another world, and when you finally meet him, he will also be your sister's”. She looked at the young, broken wizard, who was gazing at nothing, with a shadow over his eyes.

“What are you so afraid off Harry?” Fleur asked, understanding the look in his eyes.

He looked at her deep blue eyes.

“I'm afraid of failing again, Fleur, I'm afraid of losing everything again. I can't stand to lose you, Daphne, or Rose… I can't!”

A tear rolled from his deep emerald eyes, and Fleur kissed him, one more time.
The Dark Lady was not blind, she knew what Delphi was doing. If she was to be honest with herself, she even liked it; her so-called daughter was showing some fiber. But, whatever she was planning, it all seemed so small in the great scheme of things. Time altering, world bending magic; in the end, she would use the girl for her own gains, to bring her the boy, and then, punish her, Malfoy, Crouch, Lestrange, all animals that could be sacrificed. But not Delphi, not her own blood and magic. Delphi would need to be disciplined, to remember who was in charge. And she knew exactly how to do it.

“Sirius!” The Dark Lady called in her powerful voice. The man quickly entered the big room.

“Yes milady…”

“Bring me Lestrange, NOW!”

During the next few days, Harry, Rose and the girls trained and practiced the ritual. Remus helped them as much as he could, and Harry felt closer to this man than he ever was from the one in his own world.

Talking with Fleur had been great, he didn't know yet where things were heading with her, he just knew it was forward. He told Rose about their talk, and she agreed with him about telling the French Veela everything.

Rose wanted her friend back as much as Harry. Growing up, Fleur was almost like a big sister to her, helping with everything from school to boys. She felt really bad for how things had gone wrong between Fleur and Apolline, and later the Order, but at the time she had no idea what she could do, she was fourteen at the time, and more worried about dating the twins and not dying to the Death Eaters. Looking back now, she felt horrible, how could she have left her older sister, in all but blood, so alone.

Rose also noticed Harry and her were playing some kind of a game. Harry pretended he was not nervous to her, and she pretended not to be nervous to him. And both pretended not to be freaking out to all the other girls.

But Rose knew they were about to do something that would change everything for her, and for the girls. Harry was already in a completely different world, but Rose could feel how his feelings had changed. This was not yet home for him, but it was coming to be, and she would help in that regard.

Rose was also afraid, for the first time in her life she could see a future. Her, Harry, and some of the girls she was sure wouldn't leave them; maybe a family. The witch knew her mother was hoping for that. Rose asked herself if she was doing the same, and that made her afraid. The more she hoped, the more she had to lose. Flashbacks from the day the Death Eaters attacked the Ministry kept coming back, Harry almost dead, cold and bleeding. She had almost lost her other half that day.
Rose wondered if Harry felt the same about her, and cursed her cowardice about asking him.

As the day approached, the girls started getting nervous, and Rose was happy Harry and she had brought Tracey back, as the girl really helped lighten up the spirits. Padma took a somewhat unofficial post as Apolline’s apprentice, trying to learn and understand everything about the coven and the rituals.

“You know Rose…” Padma said one night, when they were sitting next to the pool. “I think I found my family.”

“Wow…” Rose looked at her. “Thank you Padma.”

“It’s true… with you and Harry, I feel at peace. I feel I can be whatever I want and I know you would support me without judgment. And for the first time I look forward for the future with someone.”

“You know things will get more dangerous before they get better, right?”

“Yes… but I want to help. Rose, I… I’m in love with Harry, completely… and I had always loved you like family, you are more my sister than Parvati ever was. The way you two look after each other, and at us, with love and respect. That is why I am trying to learn everything I can with Apolline, to take her place when she is busy looking after her grandchildren.” The witch said with a smile.

Grandchildren, a future, and a big family. Rose smiled, Harry and her would have a lot of work ahead of them, but it would be worth it.

.OvO.

Barty finished modifying the Dark Mark on Draco’s arm. The girl felt a sting of pain as his wand burned the new runes on her skin. She didn’t care, it was nothing compared to the burn she felt on her core as she was cast away from the Black family by her mother and her whore of a sister. Also nothing compared to the pain in her soul from discovering her father’s lies. In the end she was thankful for his death; she was more comfortable in this body than she ever was as a man. For the first time, desire did not come with guilt and shame; for the first time she felt completely connected with her magic.

And this body was fun as well, way more complex and subtle. Fucking Pansy Parkinson had a meltdown; but Daco didn’t care, she didn’t even like the bitch anyway.

“Done.” Barty said, releasing her arm. Delphi nodded at her.

“Good.” Delphi said, looking at the Death Eaters around her. Mostly were the younger generation, like Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle, but she also had some heavy beaters, like the Lestrange brothers. Those were the unsatisfied people; they all thought the Dark Lady was doing too little. Delphi knew better though; she knew her mother was gathering forces around Europe, and that she was concerned about the boy.

That fucking boy, so much power, so much anger; he would be the perfect Death Eater, or even the perfect Dark Lord.
But what Delphi wanted was to show to her mother she was worthy, that she could coordinate things. And she had the perfect target. Delphi looked at her followers and decided to take a different approach from her mother.

“We will attack tomorrow, and I already selected the target. We will attack one of the greatests symbols of hope that mudblood and blood traitors had erected.” Delphi looked at Barty, who simple nodded to her.

“Don't be fooled, the Dark Lady will know what we’re doing, and we will show her that we can make things happen, but don't worry, I will not let you fall. When it's time for punishment, I will take full responsibility and take the fall for all of you.” They looked at her with wide eyes. “I take care of my own.”

.OvO.

Finally, the day had come, and for the first time in a while, Harry had to sleep alone in his bed. And he didn't liked it. For the first time in all this time, he had nightmares, he saw Daphne and Fleur die again and again, and relived his own acts of brutality against their killers.

The worse part was to know he didn't regret the way he killed Dolohov and Lucius, or Bellatrix and Pettigrew, and that he would do it again in the blink of an eye. And for any of the girls he was surrounded by.

But it was a tired and somewhat taciturn Harry that woke up that day. He felt even worse while Bella, Narcissa, Monica, and Apolline finished the preparations for the ritual, with Melody’s help, and they quickly shut him out from helping.

“You need to calm down and concentrate Harry, just don't have sex…” Apolline said.

It was not easy task; he was surrounded by beautiful witches, and most of them kept giving him these hungry looks.

Harry had decided that after the ritual, he would like to sit down with both Daphne and Susan and talk to them as he had with Fleur, and talk about the strange connection he felt with them; perhaps they did feel the same. Thinking about it, Harry found himself sitting on the burned grass from the end of the summer, looking at the woods where the campfire for the ritual would take place. The wizard shivered, both from the breeze and from fear.

“Hey handsome,” Harry heard Rose’s voice calling from behind him with what was a joke nickname for him.

“Hey back gorgeous,” The teen chucked. “What are you doing here? I thought you would be with the girls.”

“Well, it seems my role is different from theirs, as we will be the first coven ever with a warlock and a warlady” Rose giggled and looked at his eyes. Rose could see it in his eyes, and it was sure he could see in hers as well. “Afraid?”

“Terrified!” Harry answered. Rose rested her head on his shoulder. “They really love you, you know… they are doing this to help you fight and protect you, to make you stronger.”
“To help us Harry; and I also think they are doing it for themselves, to become stronger. Daphne told me she was tired of running, and Susan wants to be stronger than she was at the Ministry. We are doing something good here Harry.”

“Are we… well, maybe you are Rose, but… so many things got wrong for me, that I'm just afraid of letting everyone down… again.”

“But, why would that happen?” Rose asked.

“I'm not a good person, Rose,” Harry replied, and Rose could see a shade of red in his emerald green eyes.

“What do you mean?” Rose was afraid of the answer, but she needed to hear it from him.

“I… I did terrible things Rose… I thought the Dursley's had erased any capacity I had to love, until I met Hermione in my world, and later, Daphne and Fleur. I learned how to care, and how to open myself. I learned how to feel… you understand?” Rose nodded, she hasn't been there, but she could feel it through the bond they shared. “So, when they took them from me… I… I hunted them, one by one; I became a monster just like the Death Eaters. I killed, and dismembered, and tortured… I touched the darkness inside of me, Rose, the same one Susan’s spirit had saved me from. Without them to balance me, I became a monster.” Harry was crying. To her own surprise, Rose understood him. She could feel this darkness inside herself, lurking, waiting. If it wasn't for Bella, and her friends, Rose was sure she would be in the Dark Lady’s ranks right now.

“Harry,” Rose said, cupping his head in her hands. “I do understand you. I know this darkness. But you said yourself, you touched it when they took them from you, when you had no balance. Harry, we are your balance now. You and I need it. I need you…”

Rose leaned and kissed Harry. Softly and lovely, trying to show how much she trusted him. He returned the kiss, and knew she was right. He needed them as much as they needed him.

They stayed in each other's embrace for a long time, just enjoying been close, feeling complete and safe.

After a while, they heard steps behind them. Harry turned and looked at Remus.

“Hello kids.” The werewolf smiled. “Rose, would you mind if I borrowed Harry for a little while,?

“Of course. Going to do some male bonding?” She said giggling.

“Yeah, and I’m gonna give him the scary dad talk as well.” Remus winked and Rose laughed. Harry just rolled his eyes.

“I know the magic words to counter that: No more scraps, Rover!” Harry snarked, before he started running, Remus in hot pursuit while Rose watched, laughing her ass off.

.OvO.

They Apparated in a place Harry has never been before, but he knew where it was, Godric's Hollow. Harry looked around the small, bucolic village, with people walking around, moving with their lives and unaware of the two magical people among them. Harry looked at Remus, who just smiled at
“Different from your world?” The werewolf asked.

“I… I wouldn't know…” Harry answered, and Remus raised an eyebrow. “I never went to Godric’s Hollow there. For a long time, I didn't even knew where it was, and Dumbledore refused to take me there. Sirius had promised to take me, but he died at the Ministry, before he could. After that, the war escalated quickly… when I returned from France, I never got a chance to come here. I only heard that the Dark Lord obliterated the place…” Harry said as they walked through the main street. “I never understood why he held this much of a grudge with the town.”

“Maybe it was because of this.” Remus said pointing at the central square of the village. The image was blurry at first, but, little by little, the big statue revealed itself.

Harry look with wide eyes at the monument; right there, in front of him, his mother and father, or better yet, Rose’s mother and father, stood ten feet tall. James Potter had a wand in his right hand, pointing forward with a determined look, and his left arm protectively placed around Lily's waist. The bronze witch also held her wand, pointed to the other side, while holding a baby in her left arm. Harry looked on in awe at the larger than life figures.

“The Muggles allowed it to be placed here?” Harry asked, looking around.

“There is a permanent Disillusionment Charm on it, only those with active magical cores can see the actual statue. For the Muggles, it is just a big fountain.” Remus explained.

Harry saw a sign engraved into the bronze: “Here lay James Charlus Potter and Lilian Rose Potter nee Evans, heroes of Britain. They gave their lives, so we could find peace. October 31 1981.”

“Like it?” The werewolf asked.

“No…”

“Really, why?” Remus had a smile on his face.

“I know it was not like that, I know the Ministry used their love sacrifice to promote lies and a false sense of security, and that Rose had to suffer her entire life because of it.”

“Rose doesn't like it either. Nor me or Bella, or anyone who actually knew them.”

“Are they really here?” Harry asked and Remus shook his head.

“No. The Ministry wanted to bury them here, but Bella didn't allow it. Do you want to see where they really are?”

“Please…” Harry's voice was but a whisper.

Remus nodded and started walking with him. They walked in a comfortable silence, like two old friends for some yards, before Harry asked.

“Are you really going to give me the concerned parent speech?”

“I have the feeling you already heard it before. Am I right?”

“Yes, a couple of times.” Harry rolled his eyes.

“I am also not stupid, not only do I realize how powerful you are and how much you care for Rose
and Bella, and all the others for that matter, I also know they are doing this on their own accord. They choose you, Harry. All I ask is for you to honor that.”

“You can rest assured I will do it. I will do whatever is necessary to help them. I could say I would try to keep them safe, but we both know that is impossible.”

“True, and I will be there, right beside you.” Remus smiled. “That said, if you break their hearts, I will hunt you during the full moon…”

“Heh, I'm counting on that.”

“You are good guy, Harry. At first, I thought you would be a lot like James, just like Rose. But you have much of Lily in you. I mean, both of you have things from those two, but the way you used to look inside yourself, and to other people, remind me a lot of your mother, and yes, I said your mother. All my senses and instincts scream that you are also their son. Magic is weird.”

“Tell me about it…” Harry rolled his eyes, but had a smile on his face at the werewolf words.

They walked until they reach the ruins from the cottage, Harry stopped and looked at it. Half the building was on the ground, a sad reminder of the attack.

“Why is this still like that, why Bella didn't have it, I don't know, brought down?”

“She wanted too, but the Ministry proclaimed it as a public site, paying her a small amount of money. Not that she cared about it, she just wanted to finish destroying the place and never look back.”

“I can see why.”

“Come, around the house.” They walked around the ruins and debris, and reached into large are with threes and some markings on the grounds. Harry noticed it was a graveyard.

“Here is where the Potters buried their kin for hundreds of years. Godric’s Hollow was a place of reverence and memories for them. James never planned for them to live here permanently, it was a hiding place. They planned to live at Grimmauld Place, or the Potter estate after the war. But the Potter estate was completely over-run by giants… all the buildings were destroyed. That is why Bella took Rose to London.”

They walked among the graves until Harry found them, side by side, together in death as they were in life. Remus stayed a little behind, letting the young wizard come into terms with his own feelings. He had made this same trip with Rose two years ago, right before the tournament, and it had been something she needed. Harry looked at the graves, in silence, thinking about everything that was taken from him, and from Rose.

KABOOOM!

The sound of explosion was loud, and Harry felt the earth trembling under his feet. His wand was out almost immediately, and he could hear hear whistling in the air. The young wizard looked up only to see the head from the statue of his father landing right in front of him with a loud metallic noise. The sound of one more explosion hit them, and Harry looked at Remus, who also had his wand in hand. Then, the screams started, and the two warriors run into the chaos.

.OvO.
Dressed on only a slightly over-sized Harpies jersey and white knickers, in an almost total contrast with her usual over formal dress style, Fleur was preparing to have dinner at her loft in Diagon Alley. It was a spacious place, with a big living room and an adjoining kitchen. The sleeping room was enormous, with a big king sized bed, that lately had been the stage to many fantasies featuring a certain messy haired, green eyed wizard. That was one of the pluses from working for Iris; she paid well, really well.

But today, Fleur couldn't keep her mind from wandering to both Harry and her family. Today was the day the coven would be finally sacred, he had told her. Maybe, there was a place for her. Harry had said they would happily accept her, no matter what she had done. But she was also a different person now. She was not the same Veela that screamed at her mother before leaving, she was not even the same person who had started the summer. Harry had changed everything.

And that was the thing. Would her family, Bella, Rose, or Daphne, accept the person she was now? Fleur had done things she hoped her mother never found out, things that the only person she was comfortable to talk to was Harry.

Fleur was lost in her thoughts when she heard a familiar voice calling from the fireplace.

“Fleur, are you there? It's me Iris, I need to come in!”

Something in her voice startled Fleur, almost like she could hear a hint of panic.

“I'm here Iris, you can come in.”

The fire flared with the familiar green hue as the beautiful red haired entered her living room. Fleur was right, a mask of worry covered her usual smiling face. She was dressed in trousers and a white blouse, and a jacket loosely thrown over it. She was paler than usual, and the Veela could feel the agitation on her magic.

“What is happening, Iris?” Fleur asked. “Were you attacked?” Instinctively, the girl grabbed her trusted Veela hair wand from the table.

“There was an attack, but not against myself. The Death Eaters are attacking Godric’s Hollow, a massive one. Amelia said she has no ready Aurors to deploy, and that it will take time, that lying bitch!”

“C'est is terrible Iris.” Fleur said in a cold voice. “But I fail to see why are you so alarmed.” The Veela was also curious about how she knew about the attacks, but saved the questions for later.

“Fleur… I talked to Bella earlier today… Harry is there!”

Iris could sense her magic change, the air becoming denser around the Veela. Her now ever present Allure shifted from a warm and sensual feeling to an almost oppressive threat. Fleur's eyes became yellow, with dilated pupils and iris could feel the Apparation magic around her.

“Fleur!” Iris called. “Wait, you're not even dressed!”

“I don't need robes for what I'm about to do!” She said before disappearing with a crack.

Iris shook her head at the clearly girl in love, before doing the same.
Andromeda had arrived at the Greengrass estate shortly after Harry and Remus left to check on things. The mediwitch checked each of the women who would participate in the ritual, both their health and magic. The healer smiled as it was clear as a day who had already have sex with Harry, with their more powerful cores. The growth on Monica’s magical core was surprising.

She also noticed the bond on Gabrielle’s core, and was startled with the ones in both Susan’s and Daphne’s. And the girls didn’t see to realize those it yet.

“*The life in this house must be really interesting...*” The mediwitch giggled. Things seemed to be going as planned. The big campfire was done, all the ritual chants were sorted, and the runes chosen.

“First coven in almost two hundred years,” Andromeda said to her two sisters. “And with some of the most powerful individuals from Britain. Congratulations, you are about to make history.”

“Morgana’s saggy tits,” Bella said, pinching the bridge of her nose and giggling. “We are going to get so much shit for it.”

“Yes, I hope we are on good terms with our future Minister,” Narcissa said.

“Yes, let’s just say that Iris has some… interest… in this little group of ours.”

“Really? Her too?” Andromeda asked.

“Yes… Harry had her panties in a twist.”

“She is an important ally,” Narcissa said. “Especially when the Dark families and the most prudish Light ones come for our blood.”

“I know… but…”

“You are just jealous, I understand.” Andromeda waved in her non nonsense voice.

Everything seemed to be going as planned, except for one thing, Harry and Remus had not come back.

Rose was getting nervous, she had a weird feeling, like something bad was about to happen. It all started a little after the sun had gone, the green eyed witch stopped in the grass path that took to the woods and the campfire, her legs lost all their strength, and she had to sit. Rose took her hand to her chest. She felt like someone was squeezing her chest, stealing all the air from her lungs. It hurts really bad, just like in the Ministry. Something was happening to Harry, she knew it.

“Harry…” The girl murmured. “HAAAAARRY!” Rose screamed as the pain got worse. Everything around her seemed to disappear, the only thing that existed was fear, pain and darkness. Harry was dying. Rose didn’t know how long she stayed there, screaming. Just like in the Ministry, time didn’t make sense anymore. Rose felt hands around her shoulder. Daphne, somewhat she knew it was Daphne. Gabrielle was close to her as well as Susan.

“Something… is… happening!” She was able to say.
“Yes… with Harry…” Daphne said.

Rose finally opened her eyes and found herself surrounded by everyone. Susan, Bella, Apolline, and Gabrielle were very pale, and breathing fast.

“What are you feeling, Rose?” Andromeda asked, waving her wand.

“I feel like I did in the Ministry. Like someone is trying to rip my soul apart. And I feel his magic Andy. His magic is going away!” Rose was crying openly now, grabbing onto her aunt's robes.

“Something terrible is happening!”

Bella got up, shaking with her weak knees.

“I… I need to check with the Auror office… I need to know if something happened,” Melody ran and helped her. She was losing her balance, with wide eyes.

All of sudden, Melody felt someone trying to penetrate her wards.

.OvO.

It was a shot in the dark, but Fleur was relieved that Melody hasn't cast her out from the wards after all those years, but as expected, Iris could not enter. Remus groaned besides her, he was carrying a unconscious Harry, even with his broken leg. They appeared outside the house, in the grass field between the pool and the woods, and the Veela saw the group of people looking with many wands pointed at her.

“HARRY!” Rose screamed. Fleur had appeared, Half naked with a nasty cut on her shoulder, and right after Remus, carrying the boy's prone body. Harry was pale white, his shirt long gone, and blood was pouring out of his nose and ears. Rose was the first to reach them, crying, with Bella right after.

“What happened?” Bella asked Remus.

“Death Eaters… attacked…Godric’s Hollow… we fought,” The werewolf groaned.

“Melody, please,” Fleur called. “Iris is with us, she helped save him, but the wards will not allow her in. Please include her name.”

Melody nodded and closed her eyes, feeling the leylines from the wards on the ground. Two seconds later, Iris popped right next to them, with some bruises on her face. Andromeda waved her wand over Harry, who now was in Roses arms in the ground.

“His magic is flowing fast out of him, his core is almost empty. He is magically dying! What happened?”

Remus, Fleur and Iris looked worried at each other, before the red haired woman speak.

“Harry was a hero today Missus Tonks, he saved a lot of people… but the price he paid was too high!”

“We need to do something!” Susan screamed.
“How much time we have Andy?” Bella asked, shaking.

“Around two hours…”

Apolline looked at them. Thinking. She finally spoke.

“We can save him, we just need to modify some of the runes in the ritual. The ritual is designed for Harry to share his magic with all us, like he has been doing over the summer, we all take a little of his magic and accept him as warlock. We are going to reverse it; we are going to give him a little of what he gave us, we will share a little of our magic with him. I don't know if it will stop the magical bleeding, but it will give us time at a minimum. It may also exhaust some of us.”

“And how it will affect the coven creation?” Andromeda asked.

“It will still happen, with him as warlock, but, we may become more… dependent on each other. The bond will be stronger, maybe even addictive… there will be no turning back.”

They all stayed in silence.

“Let me in…”

Everyone turned their heads to look at Fleur, with a resolute look in her face.

“Fleur… are you sure?” Iris asked, already knowing the answer.

“Oui, sorry Iris…I… I need to do this!”

Iris nodded. Gabrielle jumped and hugged her sister.

“Thank you for saving him, sis… I missed you so much!”

“I missed you too Gabby… I missed you a lot!” Fleur said hugging her back, but looking coldly at her mother.

“If you are going to do that, it need to be now!” Andromeda said. “If anyone wants to leave, do it now!”

No one made a move to leave.

.OvO.

Harry laid naked on the improvised altar in front of the big campfire. It was made of wood and stone, covered with a soft blanket. The young wizard's pale body was painted with red runes, from his forehead to his legs. Around him, the group of also naked witches took their places, all with worried expression on their faces. A little more distant, Andromeda, Remus, Briar Rose, Monica, Melody and Iris watched with interest.

Andromeda was worried, Harry's magic was fading fast, and she was not sure the ritual would work. His body needed to respond to their magic. The wise mediwitch was actually betting it all on his connection with Rose, it might be strong enough to anchor his magic.

With a flick of her wand, Bella ignited the big campfire. Rose knelt next to him, and placed Harry's
cold head over her lap. They should be standing up, side by side, hand in hand, Rose thought as a
tear run down her face. With the heat from the fire behind her, she watched as Apolline, Narcissa
and Bella took their places as the matrons, representing the Three Fates.

Rose held knife over her head, the tears blurring her eyes.

“We are here, in the presence of the Fates, in the presence of death, to consecrate the Potter coven,
his warlock and his damsels. We ask the fates to let him rise above death and for his magic to be
returned.”

“And who are you to ask?” Apolline said, impersonating one of the fates role.

“He’s part of my soul as I am his,” the fire grew stronger, casting a red light over Rose and Harry. “I
am his and he is mine, he is my warlock, but I am not under him or above, I am his equal, we are
one.”

“Who else claims for him and the formation of this coven.” Apolline’s voice sounded weird,
different, almost outer worldly.

“I do!” Daphne said in a strong, determined voice. She could feel the heat, but it did not came from
the fire, but from the runes painted on her body.

“Come forward maiden.”

Daphne moved to the center of the circle, closer to the altar, with teary eyes, as she looked at Harry's
pale body fiercely and determined.

“Who are you?” Apolline’s voice raged, sounded even more different from normal.

“My name is Daphne Greengrass!” She said with a firm voice.

“Daphne Greengrass, the cunning and ambitious snake, willing to take the world, what are you
willing to give in to your warlock?”

Daphne took the dagger from Rose’s extended hands and raised it in front of herself.

“I sacrifice my body and magic so my warlock can soar again!” Her voice was strong, despite the
tears running down her face. With a swift movement, she pierced the dagger at the tip of her index
finger, drawing blood, and leaning down, she drew a rune representing herself on Harry's chest,
using her blood. After she had finished, she brought her lips to his, and felt the runes over her body
burning. Daphne welcome the sensation of his magic on hers, feeding instead of giving this time.

“Come back to us Harry… come back to me,” Daphne whispered in his ears, before getting up and
walking back to her place in the circle. The fire grew even more in intensity.

“Who else?” Apolline’s voice thundered, and her pupils were no longer seem in her eyes.

“I do!” Fleur called with the same resolve as Daphne.

“Ah, the lost, dark bird… equal in rage and darkness… come forth maiden,” Apolline said, but Fleur
was not sure that was her mother anymore. “Who are you and what are you willing to give to your
warlock?”

“I am Fleur Delacour, and I sacrifice my body and magic, so my warlock can bring fury over our
enemies.” Fleur repeated Daphne’s motions, drawing a second rune in his chest and kissing him.
“Who else!” The voice thundered.

“I… I do!” Susan almost screamed.

“Move forward and speak your name maiden.”

“My name is Susan Bones!”

“Yes, the possessive and jealous sister… are you willing to share, do your morals agree with that? What are you willing to sacrifice to your warlock maiden?” The truth of those words hurt Susan as she grabbed the knife, but it only filled her with courage. She looked at the almost ethereal Veela and spoke with certainty.

“I sacrifice my body and magic, so my warlock can have many children so his magic can live forever!” She added a third time to his chest and kissed Harry, feeling the runes burn, and a weight been lifted from her shoulders. Rose smiled as she could see the color coming back to Harry’s face.

“Who else?” One by one, Gabrielle, Padma and Tracey walked in front of Harry and swore their loyalty, giving a little of their own blood and magic.

“I sacrifice my blood and magic, so my warlock can bring peace to the land.” Padma said finally kissing the young wizard. Her lips turned into a bright smile as she saw Harry slowly opening his eyes. Harry watched with blurry eyes as she walked way and realized he was laying on someone’s lap. He felt weird, like Crystal butterflies on his belly, the magic of each of the girls embracing and energizing his body. His vision begun to clear, and he could see a skulking Rose, with her beautiful messy locks illuminated by the fire.

“Rose…” He whispered. The witch smiled at him, crying, and made a sign for him to keep quiet.

“Sisters!” The ethereal, unknown voice thundered over Harry. “We saw their loyalty and what they are willing to sacrifice, what say you?”

Bella looked with her completely white eyes and walked over to Harry, the runes painted on her body glowing with a red hue, her hair flowing like magic around her head. The witch leaned over him and deeply kissed his lips, her magic embracing him, caressing him, nurturing him. Harry felt his body reacting to this deep kiss, his member starting to stiff.

“I consecrate this coven,” Bella said in a voice which was not hers. “And give the warlock and his equal the power to realm over fate.” The woman got up and walked back to her place, her movements done almost like she was underwater.

Narcissa walked to him this time, with her eyes completely black, with no visible pupils. She kissed him just as deep as Bella, with her body and magic, making him completely hard.

“I consecrate this coven, giving the warlock and his equal, power to realm over death.” The woman said in a soft otherworldly voice before getting up. Above them, clouds began to gather above the fire, leaving a perfect circle of clear night sky and the Gibbous Moon.

“Rose Black Potter,” The thunderous voice from Apolline continued. “You say the warlock is your equal, that he is part of you and your soul. To you I give a final choice. Do you accept these maidens sacrifices?”

“I do.”

“Are you willing to share the magic of your equal with them? To let them give him pleasure and
drink on his magic. To let those maidens bare his children and continue your legacy even if you can't? Can you do this sacrifice?

“I can!” Rose claimed with a resolute voice.

“Then here, in front of Fate, facing Death and blessed by Magic, claim him, become one with him, and share his most powerful magic, the magic of love and life, with his maidens!”

The circle of women started chanting, and Rose looked deeply in on Harry's confused eyes.

“I love you Harry, we all do. We are here to bring you balance, as you are here to bring us balance.” Rose said softly, before placing his head on the blankets and moving over him, she held his magically hard member with a soft touch, and aligned his pulsing head with her entrance.

“I… I love you too Rose…”Harry said, placing his hands on her waist.

With a smooth move, Rose impale herself on him, moaning loudly. Harry took a deep breath, and helped her move. Rose's pussy felt amazing around his dick, he felt complete, full of magic and life; she was his other half and he was hers; one soul. Harry barely registered as the chanting speed increased at the same rate he thrust in and out of the girl who taught him how to trust again. Magic was dancing and floating, touching everyone around them.

Each of the chanting women could feel the rune right above their clit solidifying, and pleasurable magic running through it. They could feel almost like Harry was touching them, penetrating them. The chanting intensified even more.

Iris was watching, in awe, she could feel her own core vibrating with their magic, her very soul did the same, in resonance. She stood next to Briar Rose, and unconsciously reached for her hand, and squeezed it gently, she could see Harry and Rose glowing with a strong silver light, that grew, reaching each other member of the coven. Even she could feel the waves of magic and pleasure hitting her, making her exposed nipple visibly hard. They were close now, she could feel it, and it was amazing. Iris wanted it for her, she wanted them.

Harry looked into Rose’s eyes, and she smiled back at him, he reached for her face and kissed her, muffling his moan as he came inside her. She came with him, and neither could see all the other women climaxing together with them, as at that moment, the world dissolved around them.

.OvO.

Harry and Rose found themselves standing naked, hand to hand, in an infinite blank space. Harry looked at her, and just like himself, she seemed unsettled by Their surroundings. No walls, no sky, and the worse, no ground, even if he felt like stepping on something solid. Only that same stone carved door Harry saw when he arrived in this world. The wizard knew he was still alive, he could feel the warm of Rose’s touch, and their pulsating and resonating magic.

That gave them pause. Their magic was different, connected, entwined, like one. He could feel her core pulsing inside him his as much as she could feel his. They resonated in unison, and it felt like finding something you always needed, but didn't know it was missing.
It was then when they saw them.

The two figured appeared in front of them, walking calmly in their direction. The one in front was a girl around their age, with completely dark hair, and unnatural white skin. She were heavy black makeup under her eyes, and black lipstick. She was incredibly thin even under her black shirt and black trousers. The figure behind her was way more unsettling. Harry and Rose could tell it was female, dressed in long white robes. But they couldn't see to fix on her appearance, it was like every time they look she had a different face of a different age, and every time she moved, they could see an echo of different movement around her, like if they could see all of her other possible movements at the same time.

“Hello Harry and Rose Potter.” The girl in black said. “Do you know who I am?”

Rose slowly shook her head, but Harry knew this sensation all too well.

“Death…” Harry whispered. Rose looked at him wide eyed.

“That's right. I knew you would recognize me, Master of the Hallows. The one behind me is Fate. I'm sorry to say she is not much of a talker.”

“Why… why are we here?” Rose asked with a shiver. “Are we… dead?”

“Oh no, Rose… don't worry. You just formed the coven, and are having an overload of magic. Hum… you are experiencing an orgasmic magical high.” Death giggled. “That is why I love you mortals.” Rose raised an eyebrow.”My sisters and I just decided to provide you some answers before you came back down.”

Harry step forward, she was different from the last time he saw her, when he had the Hallows, but he could feel the familiarity.

“It… it worked?” Harry asked, and Rose looked confused at him.

Death gave him a soft, warm smile.

“Yes, Harry Potter, your little crazy plan worked. As soon as you sacrificed yourself and walked through the Veil, Delphi Riddle carried on with the plan and killed him. Tom, or better yet, your Tom is dead.” Rose watched Harry breath in relief. A sad smile graced his features.

“Then… why am I here?”

“That's the question, isn't it.” Death smiled. “You see, the truth is there is a multitude of worlds and universes. Countless numbers of Harry Potters and Rose Potters, with different names and appearances. There are worlds where you exist only as stories told by others, and worlds where you don't exist at all. There are universes where earth itself doesn't exist. Each world is unique, for example, there are not Chanellers in Harry's original world, and there is no Deathly Hallows in Rose’s world.” Both teens nodded. “But, Andromeda is right, there is a deep connection between your two worlds. Something that happened between those two universes resonated through all realities, and it all comes down to your family.”

“The Potters?” Rose asked.

“The Potters are extremely powerful and in tune with magic. That is why Harry is a Channeller here, but they are not the reason. It’s about the Evans…” Both Harry and Rose raised their eyebrows. “And it all started here, in Rose’s world.”
“Long time ago,” Death continued. “The Evans in Rose’s world were a really, really dark family, yes Rose. They were worse than your Dark lady ever was. They were as bad as Tom became in his last years. That darkness would mark the magic of the family forever. You can feel it, don’t?” It hurt, but both knew it was true and nodded. “Torture, Slavery, rape, and murder… the Evans coven was a force to be reckoned with. They ravished the land, slaving any magical they crossed with. They are the reason there is no Veela race in Britain.” Rose was now crying.

“No, dear,” Death said. “That was a long time ago, and their crimes are not yours, this story is far from over.” The ethereal girl smiled at the witch. “After generations, They were finally stopped, by a coalition formed by many wizardry families, and only because they were betrayed. The crimes of the family became so terrible that some of its own members turned against them; those were your ancestors. The matriarch of the family was finally judged in 1167, and condemned to death. She was condemned to walk the Veil. You see, the only constant in all universes is the veil.”

Harry nodded in understanding.

“That was when everything went really wrong. She did walk the veil, but unknown to everyone, Orchid Evans had created the first horcrux in history. She laughed at my face, and the worse, at the moment she entered the blind eternities, that idea spread to all the multiverse.

Can you guess what happened next?”

“The Horcrux idea spread to many worlds and she walked out of the Veil in another world… like me,” Harry said.

“Exactly, Harry.” Death said. “You see, in your world, the Evans didn’t exist until that point, and Orchid was the first. As a punishment, we striped the Evans in both worlds from their magic; they became a squib line. Lily was the first Evans to have magic in both worlds after generations; followed, in a much more diluted way, by Briar Rose, and the union between the Evans and Potter lines proved to be way too powerful. But The Orchid crimes came back to haunt her descendants. Tom, your dark lord, ripped your soul Harry, when he made you a Horcrux, and this piece of your soul travelled through the blind eternities.”

“Rose…” Harry whispered.

“Yes. But Rose is her own person, and so are you, but you two are part of one whole. The horcrux on Rose could only happen because of her parted soul. You two shared much more than pieces of a soul. You have affinity for the same people, and your connection is so strong that it traveled through dimensions. Harry could see glances of your life, but thought it was just the live he wished he had, and the persons your magic touched was also touched by his. Not even the immortals predicted the strength of this connection, saving both Monica's and Susan's souls. The ratification of the Evans matriarch is echoing to this day. More than that, a part of every soul Harry touched in his world was brought here upon their demise, in a way, the people he loved still live here. That is why Daphne could draw the scenes. That’s why Fleur dreamed about you and could never find her mate, she had already found it. Some brought even more than parts of their soul here.”

“So why am I here? Harry asked.

“Because we feel like we should fix things once and for all. With your existence erased from your world, and the death of your relatives, the Evans line ended in that dimension; your sacrifice deserved a reward, so we decided to reunite your soul. You have a chance to clear the Evans name and magic, by destroying its dark legacy now and making the Evans and Potter bloods good again, if you so wish.”
“The Dark Lady?” Rose asked.

“It’s a little more complicated than that, and it will include both death and new life.”

Harry looked at the immortals with a suspicious expression.

“Yes, Harry, you are right, we also have fun watching. You two are some of our favorites versions, and we thought it would be fun to have a crossover, we are not disappointed. Now that you know the why, you will need to figure out the how. How to live your lives, and how to fix your world.”

“That's it?”

“Yes, that's it” Death said, starting to fade. “Don't worry, we will meet again, just hope it will take a long time.” she said before disappearing completely.

.OvO.

When Harry woke, he saw Andromeda checking him, with Iris close by. The wizard noticed he was still entangled with Rose in his arms, but placed in a soft bed. His head felt light, and he was find it hard to concentrate.

“Incredible, his core is completely healed…” Andromeda said to Iris. “Thank you Iris, you and Fleur saved him, and… you saved Rose as well. Right now, I don't think her magic would survive losing Harry…”

Iris looked at the two teens with a pensive expression.

“How long will Harry and the girls will be unconscious?” Iris asked.

“I don't know, a day or two…”

“I will be around then.” Harry heard Iris saying, before slumbering back to unconsciousness.

Epilogue

“ALBUS! ALBUS!” Minerva McGonagall called entering the Headmaster’s office. She found the old wizard looking at the window with a worried expression. “Thank Merlin, you already saw it. Something is happening with the castle!” She frowned when the Headmaster didn't answer. “Are you listening to me Albus? ALBUS!”

“'Oh!' The old wizard finally looked at her, surprised by her presence. “Sorry Minerva, I didn't see you there. I was intrigued by the sudden disappearance of the view from my window. You see, I usually have this beautiful idyllic view of the lake, which reflects the sunlight in his calm waves. And now, all I can see is this mysterious brick wall.” He said in a pensive voice.

“That's exactly what I'm talking about headmaster, there is a bloody new tower at the castle!”

Albus nodded but said nothing, making his old friend hiss in annoyance, in a very feline fashion.
“What’s more, I couldn’t find any entrance to it. Wherever I go, no trace of a door. And the portrait are obstinately silent about it.” Minerva ranted.

Albus, again, nodded.

Minerva glared at him, and left the office, realizing she wouldn’t get any information from him. Maybe Filius would know something about that mysterious tower. Whatever it was, she intended to find out. The last thing they needed was another Chamber of Secrets.

AN: That’s it for the first part, the summer. I’m already working on the second, it must be up in a couple months, that was a crazy plot bunny that became so much bigger than we could ever imagine, with the illustrations and word. I really want to thank Quincey, DarkLordRising, Cateagle, Master42 and AWR, without them, this story would not be as good, or any good at all. I just hope it was fun so far, and that you come back for part 2! Also, illustration on Ao3!

Really thanks for reading.
Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!