The Paradox Coven

by bayushi

Summary

Rose, Harry, and their coven finally go to Hogwarts!

Notes

So, after writing it a lot, I have decided, I am an illustrator and a comic book artist, and I see this story as a comic book. so here we a are, a new style!, I hope you guys enjoy the new visual direction!

As usual, chapter titles are related to music!
"The Boy Who Destroyed the World"

2 HOURS BEFORE THE RITUAL...

REMLIS LUPIN IS A WEREWOLF AND, MORE THAN THAT, A WARRIOR...

HE FOUGHT A BLOODY WAR AND SAW HIS FRIENDS DIE...

IRIS OVIDIOUS IS THE NEXT MINISTER OF MAGIC...

AND RIGHT NOW... THEY ARE AFRAID.
FLEUR DELACOUR,
THE MOST POWERFUL
YEELJ OF HER TIME...
In an act of unbelievable pettiness, the terrorist group known as Death Eaters attacked one of the most sacred places to all the population of magical Britain.

The village of Godric's Hollow, stage of the brave resistance and sacrifice of Jaimes Potter and Lillian Potter is no more! In its place, only a flaming crater surrounded by the city’s debris remains.
Many of its centenary buildings had been destroyed, and the death toll is on the dozens.

A group of ten black robbed terrorists attacked the bucolic village on the last nigh, targeting not only the bronze statue of the heroes from the magical world but also the non-magical population of the village. In an act of extreme cruelty, some kind of unknown spell or ritual had been performed at the center of the city, blowing up the statue and killing many.

The attack was only stopped due to the interference of unknown wizards and witches, who fought the terrorists, killing one of them. The identity of those heroes is unknown to the aurors, and the chief of the DMLE Amelia Bones asked for them to step forward, so they could be rewarded.

The Prophet thanks those mysterious heroes, and hope they are fine, where ever they are.

One of the terrorists has been captured and finds himself in the DMLE headquarters. The identity of the terrorists has not been divulged.
Godric's hollow…

Two hours before the coven ritual.

Remus Lupin always considered himself a brave man; he was a warrior, he had fought a brutal war and survived, and the wolf inside him burned with instincts and ferocity.

And yet, now, the werewolf was afraid.

Remus looked at the crater where the big statue once stood at the center of the village, and watched in awe of the burning couple. Fleur Delacour held an unconscious Harry Potter in her arms, their bodies engulfed in magical flames. Fleur cried while black fire surrounded both teens, although without burning them, dark flames that came directly from Harry.

Harry was way more powerful than Remus could ever imagine and way more dangerous. People had died, and not only Death eaters.

However, Harry was also dying…

The werewolf didn't know what to do, or what to feel anymore. He didn't want the boy, the son of his best friends, even if he had come from another world, to die, but at the same time, it would be easier if he did just that. For Rose.

The dark flames surrounded Fleur and Harry with even more intensity, Fleur could feel his magic going away, his body dying. After all these years alone, the one person with the power to change it all was almost gone.

The Veela screamed, and her own flames, her own flame of passion, her allure, the core of her very being, joined Harry's dark fire. It embraced it, and burned together, and it became one.

Iris looked to the couple at the epicenter of all the destruction. So much power, so much darkness, and yet, so much love. Harry was fighting a monster more dangerous than any Death Eater. Himself.
“This… this can’t be happening…” Remus said, looking scared at Iris. “This is dangerous! I… I need to call Bella, I need to tell her.”

Thinking fast, the red haired witch saw all her plans being destroyed and took a hard decision.

“Sorry Remus…” Iris said, pointing her wand at the broken werewolf. “I can let you do that, I’m really sorry. OBLIVIATE!

That was the last word the wide-eyed man heard before the world turned dark.

.OvO.

An act of Sacrilege

By Grace Johnson

In an act of unbelievable brutality, the terrorist group known as Death Eaters attacked one of the most sacred places to all the population of magical Britain.

The village of Godric's Hollow, stage of the brave resistance and sacrifice of James Potter and Lily Potter, is no more! In its place, only a flaming crater surrounded by the city’s remains. Many of its centenary buildings had been destroyed, and the death toll is in the dozens.

A group of ten black robed terrorists attacked the bucolic village last night, targeting not only the bronze statue of the heroes from the magical world, but also the non-magical population of the village. In an act of extreme cruelty, some kind of unknown spell or ritual had been performed at the center of the city, blowing up the statue and killing many.

The attack was only stopped due the interference of unknown wizards and witches, who fought the terrorists, killing one of them. The identities of those heroes are unknown to the Aurors, and the chief of the DMLE Amelia Bones asked for them to step forward, so they could be rewarded.

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.OvO.

Delphi woke up to a world of pain.

The witch felt like every bone in her body was broken and each breath was like diving into a pool of needles. And yet, she was alive. And in a bed. Delphi looked at the ceiling and the old, but clean, dark wooden walls and recognized she was back at the Riddle estate manor, and her wounds were all well looked after. Someone had manage to bring her back, maybe Malfoy or Goyle.

Delphi was trying to remember what exactly had happened when she heard a groan to her side. The witch turned her head around, and saw Rodolphus Lestrange laying in a bed at her side, breathing
with difficulty. Delphi could not see, but if the blood stained sheet over his body was any indication, the man was in really bad shape, she could feel his magic flowing out. The wizard was dying.

“Lestrange…” Delphi called in a low, gasping voice; the broken man turned around and looked at her with empty eyes. “Lestrange, what da fuck just happened? Where is everyone?”

The man made a noise, almost like he was drowning, as if his lungs and throat were full of blood, before he said.

“My… my brother…”

“Lestrange?”

“He… he is dead… burnt to ashes… his magic is gone… I… I loved…”

“RUDOLPHUS!” Delphi called in a stronger voice.

“De… Delphi…” Rudolphus eyes returned a little focus as he looked to the witch.

“What happened?” Delphi asked again.

“I… my brother… he…”

Delphi could see the terror on the man's eyes, the primal fear taking over him, and then, Delphi herself started feeling it. Something terrible had happened.

“Rodolphus… where is Barty?” Delphi could feel the tears in her eyes. “Did… did he bring me here? Where is he?”

The remaining Lestrange brother looked at her with sad eyes before saying.

“Delphi… I… I need… to tell you… Crouch… The Dark Lady… she…” Before he could finish, his eyes went wide, and his throat made a weird sound, like someone was choking him. The man was dying, someone was killing him.

Delphi felt her presence before seeing her, the Dark Lady, her mother, and the darkness that came with her entered the room, coming from the shadows themselves. The monstrous woman had her wand pointed at the dying Death eater, and glowing red eyes.

“And that is the end of the infamous Lestrange brothers…” The dark lady said in a deep hiss, while she killed the man. “What a shame, they were violent ruffians and rapists, but good soldiers, don't you think dear daughter of mine?”

Delphi watched as the life was taken from the man, and the Dark Lady drunk on his magic, like a vampire.

“What… what are you doing?” Delphi desperately asked.

“Salvaging my assets, little Delphi.” The dark lady hissed as the man finally died. “Not as powerful, but death magic can also be used.” the unnaturally beautiful woman turned to her daughter to be. “The question is, are you also an asset I should salvage Delphi?”

Her voice was cold, emotionless, making Delphi sure she was telling the truth, and yet, for some reason, her mind kept coming back to Barty Crouch, the only person that mattered something to her. Was this love?
“Barty… where is…”

The Dark Lady laughed, and it was one of the most frightening sounds Delphi had ever heard.

“Oh the young people, here I am, threatening to kill you, and all you can think of is his dick? You really are useless, child.”

The Dark Lady pointed her wand at Delphi, and the young woman watched in fear as its tip started glowing with a green hue.

“Mother?”

“Avada…”

“NOOO!”

To Delphi’s surprise, the scream came from the dark lady herself, although in a different voice. Her wand stopped glowing and the Dark Lady turned her back to the younger witch.

“What are you doing?” The Dark Lady’s normal voice said in parseltongue.

“She's just a child!” The other voice answered, also in the snake language. “Just a stupid child in love, trying to impress her mother!”

“It doesn't matter! I'm the one in charge here! This is my decision!”

“No!”

Delphi watched in awe as the most powerful woman she ever knew argued with herself, without knowing what was happening, she could tell something was very wrong. Her own mind started racing.

“One day…” The Dark Lady hissed. “This will stop, and after that, you will be gone forever bitch.” The woman turned around and looked at her daughter. “As for you, do not disappoint me again! OBLIVIATE!”

.OvO.

A younger Daphne Greengrass quickly walked through the labyrinth like corridors and hallways of Hogwarts, silently cursing the boy she was madly in love with.

“Damn Potter! Two tasks and two stays over in the hospital wing! Couldn't you be more careless?” The young witch thought as she reached the final corridor before entering the infirmary. The witch could see the big wooden doors, and felt her heart start to beat quicker. Only he could do that to her, to break her ice queen facade. As Daphne was lost in those thoughts, she saw the big doors opening and the last person she wished to see in this world came through them.

Fleur Delacour was everything Daphne feared. She was smart, powerful and beautiful, and for some reason, her prideful attitude even reflected her own. And of course, she was there first.

The French witch looked at Daphne with disdain, before giving her a smug smile.
“’E is eating now… you know, ’E ‘ad, how do you say… hypothermia, and I helped to keep his body warm during the night…”

At that moment, all that Daphne wanted was to erase that smile from her face with the most painful spells she knew, but now was not the time.

“They let you in?” The slytherin asked.

“Perks of being a champion.” The Veela shrugged.

“Well, thank you for the information, now, if you excuse me, I'm going to see him.” Daphne said, before starting to walk towards the doors. To her surprise, with a swift movement, the Veela grabbed her arm and strongly pitched her against the wall.

“What you think you are doing?” Fleur asked, rage and jealousy burning in her eyes. Despite the pain, Daphne smiled, she loved that she could have this kind of effect over the powerful French witch.

“I think you know pretty well what I'm doing Miss Delacour…”

“But why… you know you don't stand a chance!”

“If you really think that, you don't know him at all. Tell me, princess, what will happen when the tournament is over and you go back to France? When all you can do is send him letters?”

Daphne watched as the Veela’s expression of rage turned into fear.

“I will tell you what will happen…” Daphne continued. “I will be here, at his side, fighting, loving, and giving him support. It is you, princess, who don't stand a chance.”

Fleur let her arm go with a groan.

“We will see… Greengrass.” Fleur said, before walking away. Daphne sighed in relief, the witch knew she was no match for the power wise, but she was smarter. Sometimes Daphne even considered if it was worth the trouble.

However, the moment she opened the doors and Harry smiled at her, she knew it was worth all.

Daphne Greengrass woke on her own bed, in the Greengrass estate, totally confused. Little by little, the memories of the ritual came back to her, and then her mind drifted to her dream. The witch was sure it was not just a dream, but also a memory. A memory from Harry's home world. However, these were not Harry's memories, these were the other Daphne’s memories. These were her own memories.

.OvO.

Harry woke from a sleep full of confusing dreams and odd memories, and was graced by the pretty sleeping face of Rose right in front of him. They were still embraced, and the vision made the young wizard smile, a thin line of saliva was running from her lips, and Harry thought how even though she was drooling, she looked cute.
The young man moved slowly, trying not to wake her up and noticed that both were still naked, but clean. No painted runes other than the permanent one right above his semi hard member. It seemed the others had cleaned and laid them on bed after the ritual.

The ritual.

Harry could remember everything from it, and more than that, how different he felt now. It was as if the butterflies in his stomach had never gone away, he could feel the magic of the others running through his core, and it felt delicious. It was this how they felt when he shared his magic with them? But Harry also remembered the rest. Their task. Harry pondered if they should tell Andromeda about it, how her theory was totally correct.

The weird thing was that he couldn't remember much from the hours before the ritual. Harry remembered going to Godric's Hollow with Remus, and the grave of Rose’s parents, but not much more than that. In his core, he knew something important had happened, something that almost killed him, maybe Remus, Fleur or Iris could help him remember.

After entering the bathroom, Harry looked to himself in the mirror, and noticed he needed to shave; realizing he must have been out for more than a day. That also would explain the hard on he was starting to feel, and his building magic. With a sigh, he opened the water, and start working on his face, letting his mind wander over death’s prophetic words, about death, but also new life. Then, he thought about the girls, the coven, and his new family.

"I sacrifice my blood and magic…” Those words hovered over his head. They had saved him, bringing him back from certain death, and Harry promised he would do anything for those women. Anything.

Harry finished shaving, and looked at himself in the mirror again. Finding his own emerald eyes and a cleaner face, he really didn't understand what those beautiful girls had seem in him. He was just old plain and dorky Harry, with scars and messy hair, he was not tall and muscular like the Neville from this world, or had broad shoulders like Ron. Harry had a more Seeker style body, slick and not so big, and even if he didn't realized it, he had the body of a fighter. Then, he looked at the rune in his navel, right above his now rigid member. It was an interesting design, a mixture of protective and sharing runes, he studied it for a while, thinking about how to improve it, or possible applications he could use with it.

Harry's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of laughter in the room. It seemed Rose had awaken. Harry walked out of the bathroom with a smile, only to see Rose seated on the bed talking happily with Fleur. Rose was naked, with only the sheets covering her hips and legs, and Fleur was wrapped in a soft white silk bathrobe, probably loaned to her by Melody. They looked beautiful under the warm morning light coming from the window, talking and laughing, and Harry lost himself for a moment at the sight. Nevertheless, when the two girls turned and looked at him, he remembered that this Fleur had never seen him like that; Harry was suddenly very self-conscious about his nakedness and specially his very hard prick. The wizard clumsily tried to hide himself and run to the closet.

"Hello Harry…” Rose said with a mischievous grin. “Good to see you are happy to see us…”

“Haha, very funny…” Harry snorted, opening the doors from the closet. He looked for his boxers, sweating, when a soft hand touched his from behind.

“There is no need ‘Arry… You like your name like that non?” Fleur whispered in his ear. “You look good just like that.” The Veela turned him around and passionately kissed his lips, moving him back to the bed. “I need to properly thank you…” She said seating harry on the bed.
“Thank me?” Harry asked, gasping for air. Rose turned around with hungry eyes, Fleur had always been one of the most beautiful women she had ever knew, and the sight of that goddess kneeling in front of Harry was extremely arousing.

Fleur ran her hands over Harry's chest while she slowly and provocatively knelt in front of his hard, trembling dick, still looking directly in his eyes.

“I need to thank you…” Fleur’s hand softly brushed the tip of his dick and Harry took a deep breath, her touch was deliciously warm and careful. “For saving Gabby from that awful lake…” Fleur concluded, and grabbed the base of his member, slowly tugging it up and down.

“Wait, what?” Harry said, looking at Fleur.

“I had some enlightening dreams those last nights, mon cher…” The French said in a musical tone, in the same rhythm her hands moved up and down his shaft. “For the first time in my life I’m thankful for not finding a mate Harry… I could never wish for someone better…”

Rose gave them a bright smile, she could feel how happy those words were making Harry, how much it meant for him to hear them from Fleur, and the pleasure he was feeling from the Veela simply touching him was almost too much. The emerald-eyed girl watched in joy as her goddess of a friend lowered her head, letting her luxurious platinum hair run down like a cascade over her shoulders and licked Harry's precum from the tip of his dick with her long, pink tongue, making the wizard moan in pleasure. The sound seemed to only embolden the Veela, who after a few more licks around the head of his member, opened her mouth and swallowed Harry's incredible hard cock.

To her own surprise, Fleur loved everything about the act. Harry's taste, the way his body reacted, the sounds he made, the incredible feeling of power in giving such a powerful wizard this kind of pleasure, and how Rose reacted as well, almost like she was been touched as well. The Veela used her tongue under Harry's dick, making him breath heavy and fast, and Rose moan.

Fleur moved her head up and down slowly, with just the lightest suctioning and a smile, gestured with her finger to Rose, calling her closer. Rose smiled brightly, promptly understanding the idea, and moved to kneel right beside her.

Harry looked on with a silly smile as his other half stood right beside one of his most beloved women, with a hungry expression in her eyes. Fleur moved her head back, sucking deliciously on his hard prick until it was out her mouth, a line a saliva going from her lips to the tip of his cock, and with a sultry smile, present the hard member to Rose, who happily jumped on the chance to swallow Harry's dick. The raven-haired girl sucked on him while Fleur removed her silk robe, torturously slow. Harry was hypnotized by her, the perfect body, the soft curve of her breasts, topped with soft pink nipples and her slender hips with her smooth, bald mound between her silky thighs.

“Hmmm… I think he likes what he sees Fleur…” Rose said, holding Harry's dick.

“I sure do…” Harry said in awe.

“Glad to know harry…” the French witch said before leaning forward and engulfing the head of his cock with her mouth again, while Rose kept holding it. The Veela sucked it for a couple more minutes before Rose got it back to her mouth. Harry was mesmerized by how different, yet delicious, each girl was.

“Let's see how this connection of you two really works…” Fleur said with a grimace, just before starting sensually kissing Rose’s neck up until biting her earlobe. Rose moaned in surprise and pleasure, and sucked Harry with even more determination. Fleur then kissed her cheeks and corner
of mouth, before kissing Harry's dick coming out of Rose's mouth. Both girls started kissing and sucking Harry's member at the same time, and the wizard was lost in the sensation of bliss.

Rose loved it, not so much the kissing, although they were nice, but much more the sensation of sharing and being shared by two of the people she loved most in the world. The girl loved having her older sister in all but blood back, and she never felt so close to Harry as she did now. Now, Rose knew it was true, Harry was her other half, her missing soul, and they will live, love and die together.

“I want you Harry…” Fleur said, while cupping Rose's ass with her hand. “I need you inside me…”

“Me too Harry…” Rose whispered. Almost unable to speak, Harry just nodded.

Taking the lead, as she had done many times in the past for her younger sisters, Fleur held Rose’s hand and guide her to the edge of the bed. Harry watched with a grin as the Veela laid the girl on her back at the edge of the bed, and spread her legs, giving the wizard a perfect view of her dripping wet slit. Fleur then hovered over her, placing her elbows on the bed on each side of her head, and raising her perfectly shaped ass in the air, positioning her own perfectly bald and wet pussy right above Rose’s. Harry delighted himself of the amazing view of the two cunts, and her pink rosebud.

“Come on Harry…” Fleur called. “Don't keep us waiting, please…”

“I would never dream on doing that mon Cher…” Harry answered, positioning himself behind them. He held the base of his cock and rubbed the head on the entirety of Fleur’s wet slit, touching her clit, and then did the same to Rose, making them moan, then he did it in the contrary direction, from Rose to Fleur.

“You tease…” Rose cried with a smile.

“You think so?” Harry said, positioning his dick on her entrance and applying just a little pressure. Rose groaned as he entered her, little by little, filling her insides with his delicious member.

“Fuck! I love this! I love you Harry that is so good!” Rose screamed as he pushed inside her. Harry didn't answer, but he also loved the sensation of being together with his half again. The wizard moved back and forth a couple times before completely removing his dick from inside Rose, and placing it on Fleur's flower.

“I'm going in Fleur…” Harry said, almost like asking for permission.

“Oui Harry, please…” The eager Veela called.

Harry pressed forward, entering Fleur's amazingly tight pussy, his mind and being invaded by the incredible sensations of pleasure, nostalgia and familiarity. Harry groaned, and started pumping in and out of her. For the Veela, he was the most incredible lover she ever had. Not even Iris could come closer. The way their magic mingled and how it seemed that his member had the perfect size to touch all the right spots inside her. It was incredible how Harry seemed to know everything she liked, and wanted, even before she did herself. It was so good that she was unable to sustain herself, and buried her face in Rose's neck, her allure so strong that it began to distort the air around them. Rose’s moan promoted Harry to exit Fleur and penetrate the raven-haired girl again, making her scream in ecstasy as his dick spread her walls one more time. His other half was always perfect for him, and while Fleur kissed her neck and Harry fucked her with abandon for a minute, before coming back to Fleur, who groaned in pleasure as he entered her again. Harry kept going, until he noticed Rose was getting close to her climax.

With a grin, he decided to teach Fleur and Rose something the Fleur on his world had taught him and
Daphne.

Harry exited Fleur, who groaned in protest, while he rubbed his dick over her slit. Harry placed his hand on her lower back, and gently pressed her down, making her lay on top of Rose. The emerald eyed witch was actually quite surprised by how light Fleur felt on top of her, and how warm she felt. Harry pushed Fleur down, until the hips from both girls touched each other. Both girls moaned louder when their clitoris pressed against each other, mixing their fluids with Harry's pre cum, as if a jolt of electricity had run through them, their magic becoming one. Harry smiled when he noticed that the girls were instinctively rocking their hips, pushing their clits against each other. Fleur felt like she was in heaven. That was it, which was what the legends were talking about. Love, pleasure, magic. The girl’s eyes went wide as she felt Harry placing his big hard dick right between both her slit and Rose’s, and slowly push it in. The girls were so wet that the wizard’s member slid right in with ease, rubbing against both young women clitoris at the same time. Rose screamed in pleasure and Fleur had to bite the raven girl's neck to suppress her own moan of surprise and massive pleasure.

Harry smiled, and started grinding both girls at the same time, moving his hips in and out, loving the wet sounds their bodies made, the mixture of juices providing enough lubrication so he could move with ease between their warm cores. Rose and Fleur couldn't hold much longer, the overwhelming pleasure provided by Harry's touch and magic. Rose came first, screaming and Fleur came right after, overflowing Harry's dick with her Veela juices. The explosion of magic, combined with her allure pushed Harry, who explode between the girls, liberating his warm and thick seed all over their naval and bellies with a loud groan, collapsing at their side, only to be promptly covered by kisses from both girls.

A wave of happiness assaulted them, and, before they knew, all three teens were laughing in bliss.

Unknown to them, almost all other women in the house climaxed at the same time.

“OvO.”

“That's quite the story…” Fleur said one hour later, while they exited the shower. “But it also explains a lot…”

Harry and Rose had spent the last hour telling Fleur about their meeting with death and fate. The Veela listened wide-eyed, but she herself believed that she could remember the presence of the entities. As for Rose and Harry, both felt relieved after talking to her, as they need to externalize some of their thoughts, and compare memories. The task ahead seemed incredible hard, but not more than defeat a dark lord, or lady.

Fleur gave Harry a hug, before speaking.

“Can I be truly honest with you?”

“Please, Fleur.” Rose said.

“I'm sorry to say, but, other than Daphne… I don't think you should tell about this to anyone else.”

“Why?” Harry said with a raised eyebrow.
“Think about it, or better yet, think about our… little family…” Fleur continued. “Ma… I mean, Apollonine will try to take control of everything. Bella will try to do something stupid and impulsive, like run into the Dark Lady’s lair. I don't know Miss Narcissa enough, so I can't judge, and I don't know if the other girls can handle it right now. Later maybe.” Harry and Rose looked at each other, almost as if they were talking. “It's really creepy when you two do that… anyway, maybe during the next months, when you are away at Hogwarts, you can evaluate which of the girls you think you can really help. I mean… we don’t even know who the Dark Lady really is, or what you have to do to solve all this.”

“You’ve got a point there…” Harry said.

“In the end, the decision is yours, and only yours.” Fleur continued. “And no matter what you decide, I will be there by your side.”

“Thank you, Fleur…” Rose said, hugging her friend with sincere love.

“No Ro, thank you for let me in and accepting me back.” Fleur returned the embrace, and then gave Harry a sensual kiss on the mouth. “And thank you Harry, for saving me yet again. I thought I was dead inside and you lit my flames once again, for that, I will be forever yours, and forever by your side, if you accept me with all I am as your mate…” A tear run down the Veela’s cheeks.

Harry tenderly cupped her face with both his hands before saying.

“If you can accept me, I will be forever yours as well…” They kissed again, and Rose could see the beautiful silver glow around them.

The three got up to the main house, only to find out they were the last one, the dinner table full of people, looking at them with bright smiles.

“Fleur!” Gabrielle called and run to hug her sister, who smiled and hugged her back.

“Bonjour my little dove…” The older Veela said. “Missed you too.” Fleur said and gave her a warm pick on the lips. Gabrielle then moved to hug and kiss both Harry and Rose, and at that point, they found themselves surrounded by all the smiling teen girls and both emerald eyed teens could feel how deeply connected their magic was now. Harry could feel it especially with Daphne, almost as if their magic had become one, and by her grin, he was sure she could feel it as well.

Apolline got up with a big smile and tried to approach them, but Fleur held her hand up, with a hard expression, looking at her mother and the other adults in the room with dark eyes, her allure changing from welcoming to threatening.

“Non…” Fleur said.

“Fleur?” Apolline whispered, with watering eyes. Bella had a worried expression.

“Let me make this really clear, I'm here for Harry and Rose, and nothing more.” Fleur said with a cold tone. “Nothing else changed.” Fleur turned around to Rose and Harry, “I need to go and talk to Iris, so I can find a way to stay close during the year. Thank you again.” The Veela said, before kissing Rose on the corner of her mouth and giving Harry a full tongue kiss.

Everyone watched in silence as she walked to the fireplace and disappeared in the flames.
Hermione was seated on one of the tables in the darker corner of the three broomsticks, nervously looking around, hoping no one would recognize her, or that any of her school colleagues would enter through the doors. The girl was astonished with her own courage about doing this, but she was a Gryffindor after all.

A blond girl around her age, with short hair and really well dressed entered the establishment, making Hermione look in her direction. The bushy haired girl thought about how beautiful the girl looked, and imagined herself kissing her lips with a smile. Strangely, the girl seemed familiar. Hermione forced her mind, thinking about who the girl reminded her of. Suddenly, it came to her, she looked like Narcissa Malfoy.

“Holy shit! It's true!” Hermione whispered to herself, right when Draco saw her.

The pretty blond girl's face became a mask of spite as she made her way until Hermione, who couldn't look away from the now female Pureblood.

“What are you looking at Granger?” Draco spit. “Are you surprised that even as a girl I look way better than you?”

Any admiration Hermione could have for the newly girl's heart evaporated after that, while Draco sat in front of her.

“Fuck you Malfoy. I'm more a woman than you can ever be!”

“Yeah, running around that Potter whore, how many times did she turned you down?” Draco had a infuriating grin, and Hermione had to take a deep breath not to punch her again.

“Whatever Malfoy… I'm not here for those kinds of petty discussions. Did you bring it?”

Draco looked to one side to another, and then removed a long, thin box from her robes.

“Here it is… just like you asked.”

Hermione reached for the package with eager hands.

“Damn… you must really hate them…” Draco smiled. “I'm liking this new side of you Granger. You're still a know it all bitch and a Mudblood, but I'm liking it.”

Hermione glared at her.

“You agreed to help just to keep insulting me?”

The expression on the blond girl's face hardened. Memories from the night in Godric's Hollow coming back.

“They killed my father. He was a monster, and I hate him now, but he was still my father. That is just some coming back.” The witch said before getting up. “Have fun, bitch.”
Harry was really apprehensive and wanting to go after Apolline, who had run out of the house after Fleur left, but Andromeda held him and Rose with a barrage of diagnostic spells, from their head to toes.

Andromeda herself was astonished by the results. Before the ritual, Harry was nearly magically dead, his core emptying in a frightening speed, but right now, both him and Rose cores were stronger than never. It was almost as if their core had feed of the coven member’s magic, just like they did before with his. And somewhat, it had bleed into Rose’s own magic. It wouldn't be long until she was as strong as Harry was. Even the color of their cores had changed, becoming a mixture of the cores from all the girls. The healer had seem similar results in the other girls from the Inner Circle, though to a much lesser extent as well.

Right now, Harry's magic was behaving normally. Normally for Harry, converting residual and ambient magic to pure energy for his core, but in an even faster rating.

“Well… I guess that's one of the unexpected results from the modified ritual…” Andromeda said more to herself.

“What it is now?” Harry said in tired voice.

“It seems your magic likes to be fed as much as to feed. You may need to… release it more often…”

“More girls?” Rose asked.

“No, I don't think so. Other than the ones needed to balance the coven, with the runes, it must be okay for now on.”

Both Harry and Rose sighed in relief.

“There may be other side effects that we don't know about, so, if any of you feel something, please let me know.”

“Don't worry auntie… we will”

“Is there anything else you want to say? Anything that happened while you were out?”

Rose and Harry looked at each other, and Andromeda had the clear impression they were somehow communicating.

“We are still sorting things out Aunt Andy…” Rose said. “But, as soon as we understand things, we will tell you…”

Andromeda gave them a inquisitive look, but shoved it aside.

“Ok, I will trust you of course. Please, go easy on the next few days. You are still under the effect of the ritual, ok?”

“Sure thing Miss Andromeda. Can we go talk with Apolline now?” Harry asked.

Andromeda nodded, and watched the teens getting out, thinking about the last days.

Apolline was sitting on the pools edge, with her feet in the water. Harry had noticed that this was
something she used to do every time she was upset, or in need to think, and right now, he suspected she was both.

Both Harry and Rose were not looking forward to this conversation. Fleur had been hard, but they were not sure she was wrong in the end.

The Veela was looking away, in the direction of the woods and the remaining of the big campfire from the ritual, and both teens could see the light reflected on the tears running down her face.

Harry looked at Rose and took a deep breath.

“Apolline?” The young wizard called.

To their surprise, it was not a sad face that turned around and looked at them. Apolline had teary eyes, but a bright smile on her face. The French witch quickly strode up and embraced both Harry and Rose in her arms, crying copiously.

“You did it!” Apolline said in between sobs. “You said you would and you did, you brought her back, you brought my flower back!”

Harry looked confused at Rose, who just shrugged and hugged Apolline back.

.OvO.

The bell above the door of the small library in Melbourne rang with a soft sound for the first time that morning. The owner looked from amidst the shelves; he was a middle-aged man, with a heavy moustache and glasses. The man saw a girl in her late teens. Her curvy brown hair was like a mane around her head, the same color as her eyes. She was dressed modestly, in a jeans and a blouse, it was obvious she had a generous bust size, and yet, it looked balanced on her figure.

“Hey, welcome back girl!” The man said. “I thought you would only be back tomorrow.”

“You know me Henry…” The girl answered, and started collecting books to help her boss. “You know I can't stay idle. I get crazy!” She laughed, and started placing the books on the shelves.

“So, did you found what you were looking for girl?” Henry asked, looking at the busty girl with fatherly eyes. Henry really liked her, the girl lived alone a couple of blocks from the store, and loved books, and he could swear he never meet anyone so intelligent in all his life. The girl had arrived a couple of years before, from Britain, and Henry knew she was looking for something. However, she never told him what.

“Oh Henry… the outback was beautiful, and the people I met... wow…” The pretty girl said, placing another book in the right place. “They were so wise… and loving. It was the experience of a lifetime.” The girl took a deep breath.

“But you didn't found what you were looking for…” Henry said, with a sad smile. The girl just smiled back. “Don't worry, I'm sure a smart girl like you will soon find it, I will just be a little sad that day.”

“And why is that?”
“Because it will be the day you left gal.”

The girl smiled and went back to work.

“By the way, your weird packages are in the office, you can go check on them, as you shouldn't be back to work until tomorrow.”

“Oh, that is great! Thank you!” The young woman said, walking in the direction of the back of the store. “And Henry, really, thanks for receiving them for me!”

“I like owls!” Was all the older man said, before vanishing in between the shelves.

The office, if you could call it that, was a small square room, filed with books all the way to the ceiling, old books, with yellowed pages. It reminded the girl of her old house; her parents loved books as much as she did. The first memories she had from infancy was flicking through pages of bright colored children books, or her parents stopping everything, even arguments, if a pile of books fell off.

Somewhat under the tons of paper and leather, she knew there was a table, with important documents in its drawers, and maybe a chair, she was not sure.

However, that was not what she was looking for. Over one of the books, she saw the pile of brown envelopes, wrapped with linen, around 15 of them. It seemed Henry had arranged them in chronological order, great!

She opened the oldest one, and the words “The Daily Prophet” written in shining ink, and started reading about the election propositions, which she found funny. Amelia Bones and Iris Ovidios were the main runners. She skipped both the sports and social sections, and moved to the next one. Even this far away, she felt the need to stay on par of the happenings. Even if the prophet was not the most reliable of the sources.

After a couple of issues, she saw the news from the attack to the ministry, and her eyes went wide. There were two pictures, one showing Bellatrix Black along with Susan Bones and Iris Ovidios after the attack, a little bruised. But that was not the photo who caught her attention. There was one other, taken, during the attack, showing who she could see it was Fleur Delacour and a boy, no, a man, fighting.

She broke into a cold sweat, her mouth became instantly dry and her eyes wide. The woman would recognize that fighting style anywhere. Quickly, with her heart beating like a drum in the punk songs she liked so much here, she read the article.

“The engagement of Susan Bones and Harry Potter…” The woman read the line again, and again. Could it be true? Was it even possible? Susan Bones?

Breathing fast, she got up, sending a pile of books to the ground, before leaving the office in a hurry, tears coming to her eyes. She needed to run, she needed to see it.

“Hey, is everything ok?” Henry called as she run. “Hey, where are you going, hey Granger!” But it was too late; Hermione Granger had already run through the door, letting the little bell ring.

“Well, guess she found it…” Henry said, looking at the door.
Chapter 02

Pardon Me, Thanks a Lot

Harry entered the wide and well decorated living room, the same they had used to play “Truth or Dare” some time before, and sat on the soft brown carpeted floor, smiling at the memories of that same fun and horny night. Rose sat at his side, leaning on his shoulder, and to his surprise, Gabrielle unceremoniously placed herself on his lap, pressing her beautiful, soft bum against his groin.

“You go girl!” Tracey called with a smile, sitting on a chair right in front of them.

Rose looked around to see Daphne, Padma, Tracey, Susan and Gabrielle, all of her best friends, other than Neville, her extended family, and now, her coven. They were bonded for life, there was no turning back, she could feel it, and that made her shiver, both from pleasure and guilty.

“Guess you want us to talk?” Padma started. “About the ritual and what happened to us afterwards?”

“Yes, we want to know how you feel, and want you to know how we feel.” Harry said, pointing at Rose and himself. “I want us all to be equal and to understand what is happening.” The girls all nodded at him. Tracey had a silly smile on her face. “I will start.” Harry continued with a deep breath. “You all… you saved my life… again… and I don’t know how to even start thanking you. Somehow, I can… feel your magic inside me now, and how each one of you care about me to even do something like that… I can honestly say… I don’t care about power, or influence or anything like that, but I will go to hell and back for each and everyone one of you! I will always be there for you, no matter what!” Harry had teary eyes, and Gabrielle buried her face in his neck, lovingly kissing him.

“And you can be sure we would do it again, Harry.” Daphne said. “You gave yourself to each of us, it was the least we can do.”

“Thank you, really.” Harry said with a smile. “It's weird, I don't know if that is how you feel, but I can feel your magic in me and it's…”

“Amazing…” Gabrielle said. “Like electric butterflies in your stomach...and constant horniness…” Rose laughed.

“Yeah. Just Like that.” Rose said with a cheeky smile.

Padma and Tracey looked at the dreamy expression on their friends faces and smiled but Susan felt a sting of jealousy in her heart.

“There is something else, Harry.” Daphne said. “I had some strange dreams… I mean, I’m pretty sure they were actual memories, but from your world, not ours. They were my own… or better yet,
my other self.”

Harry and Rose looked at each other, then at Daphne.

“The same things happened to Fleur…” Rose said. “I think it's the connected magic, like, a little of everyone there is also here.” Daphne nodded.

“Anyone else had it? Susan?” Harry asked.

“No… And I don't even want it, I remember… her… all to well.” Susan sighed. She didn't have even that. The witch felt like she was being left behind by the others.

“I did…” Padma said. “I dreamed about her and her sister, and how she was friends with Hermione, and heavily in love with you, Harry…” The pretty Indian said, blushing.

“Gabby, Tracey?” Rose asked, and both girls shook their heads negatively

“ Weird.” Daphne concluded. “There must be a reason why some of us do and some of us don't.” She asked, more to herself than to the group.

Harry looked down, he knew all to well why, but was not willing to say, at least, not yet. Fleur, Daphne, Padma… they all had died in his original world. Both Rose and Daphne noticed Harry's attitude, but decided to ask him later.

“So, what's next?” Tracey asked.

“The idea now is to use the coven rituals to improve our strength and protection.” Padma said. “There are all kind of rituals we can do, from destroying curses to changing the weather. But for that, we will need the last Inner Circle member. Maybe we can even try and discover who the dark lady really is!” Everyone nodded, excited. “We will all be at Hogwarts in a couple days, and I believe we will be safe there…”

“Really?” Harry asked, incredulous.

“Why do you ask Harry?” Rose asked.

“Well, let's say that the school was not very safe in my world. Dumbledore and Snape let the Death Eater spawn run rampant.”

“Really?” Padma said, horrified. “I'm glad to say, here is quite different.” Harry raised an eyebrow at this.

“Sergeant McGonagall runs the school with iron fist!” Rose said, easing her own fist in the air. “Ever since the war.”

“What about Dumbledore?” Harry asked.

“Well, as you must have noticed, his mind is not exactly running at full speed…” Daphne said.

“Wow… that's… actually pretty cool!” Harry said.

“You say that until you get your first detention…” Tracey said. “And if you are anything like Rose in relation to rules, I'm sure you will get one. Or twenty…”

Anyway, we have until the solstice to get the remaining members, then we can try to…” Padma started, but stopped mid-sentence.
“We can try to?” Tracey asked.

Padma bit her bottom lip, thinking, before finally saying.

“Look, I don't know for sure… but I have being doing some research with miss Delacour… we think there is a ritual to… cleanse Rose…”

“You mean…” Rose pointed out to her scar.

“Yes… you can be free.”

.OvO.

Eileen Snape hated the old manor, almost as much as she hated most of its inhabitants. The place was richly decorated, with furniture and art pieces from all over the magical world, and it was always pristine cleaned, almost like no one lived there, which contributed to its weirdness. But the worse was not knowing where it was, the fidelius charm hiding any information she could learn.

It was an annoyance to depend on Sirius, Dolov or MacNair any time she needed to come here, but in all, Snape understood the need for secrecy, and her master was a clever woman.

Sirius lead Snape to the usual conference room, where she found the Dark Lady, seated on a big armchair, with her face covered by the hood as always. Snape also noticed that Delphi, standing beside the powerful witch, had her head down with a sad expression, not her usual uplifted mood. Eileen Snape knelt and waited for the powerful woman to speak.

“Hogwarts term is about to start, right Eileen my dear?” The Dark Lady asked.

“Yes, My Lady…”

“Good… I have important work for you, I want you to spot new recruits Eileen. And work with them.”

“Pureblood ones?”

“No matter the blood status, right now, we need soldiers, we can put the Mudbloods on their places as workers and reproductive cattle later, after I take power for good.”

“And, what about the headmaster?” Snape asked.

“Don't worry about Dumbledore. He is powerful, that is true, but I have known him for many years, I know his secrets.” There was a tone of amusement in her deep voice. “His mind is almost gone now, and I have just the right thing to push it over the edge.”

“Why not just… eliminate him?” Snape asked, confused.

“You people are so simple minded.” The Dark Lady sounded annoyed. “The old man is a pillar from the magical world, the so called leader of the light. Kill him, and you have a martyr, an image his people can use against us. Disgrace him publicly, and you destroy our enemy's morale. And I know just how to do it.”
The Dark Lady had many secrets, but Delphi Riddle also had hers. And one of them was that, for some reason not even Delphi was sure about, she was immune to her mother's mental magic. The young witch could not be controlled by the Imperious Curse or have her mind read by Legilimency without her own permission and she could not be Obliviated. Delphi suspected she had inherited that from the Dark Lady herself.

The thing was, Delphi remembered everything.

The witch walked after Eileen Snape as the older woman left the room, going down the stairs.

“Snape, wait!” Delphi called and the slick witch turned around with a cold expression. “I need to ask you something.”

“What is it, Delphi, I need to be back at the school before anyone suspects.” Snape said, not hiding the annoyance from her voice.

“I just need some information. Where do the Aurors take the prisoners?” Delphi asked.

Eileen raised an eyebrow, was the girl serious?

“That… is an idiotic question, even for you….” Snape said, and Delphi eyes glowed in a red hue, in anger. “They all go to Azkaban…”

(Of course I know that, but he is not there, I asked our inside man!” Delphi lashed out.

*That is more interesting... ’* Snape thought.

“Well, if he was not transferred to the island, that's too bad, it means he's in the most secure building of magical Britain, inside the Ministry of Magic, in the DMLE headquarters.” Eileen had a infuriating smile on her face before she turned to leave with Sirius.

But that information was all Delphi needed.

.Fleue.

Fleur always hated the English Ministry of Magic, with it's labyrinth layout, over convoluted bureaucracy, and specially the way people looked at her. But today, none of that matter, no one was able to kill her good mood. Fleur was a new Veela, and for the first time, she walked through the hallways and corridors with a smile, letting her Allure flow with no guilt, making both men and women turn their heads and look at her glowing self in desire and jealousy.

All because of him.

The beautiful Veela entered the elevator barely noticing the people around her, both men and women. Usually, she would go up to the top floors to deal with some high ranked officials on behalf of Iris, but not today. Today Fleur had a different mission. Today the bird of prey was going underground, to the dungeons.

Fleur started humming a sap tone as the elevator descent in an astonishing speed, hundreds of floors below the surface. The magical and mechanical monstrosity, build by the goblins hundreds of years ago, came to a sudden stop and the Veela exited into a dark, oppressive corridor, contrasting with the
happy tune she kept murmuring. The place had dark walls and a smell of dirt, both from humans and other things, and yet, still better than Azkaban, if not because the Dementors were not here. Fleur passed through the guard, the same one on Iris’s payroll, she was sure, as he simply said “38”.

Fleur kept walking, watching the number on the cell doors, and stopped in front of the one numbered 38, and took a deep breath before opening it.

The man inside was in his late twenties or early thirties, and sat up in the bed with a smile. He had the smartest brown eyes Fleur had ever seen.

“Bonjour, Mister Crouch…” The Veela said with a smile. “I don’t believe you remember me?”

“Oh contrary Miss Delacour.” Barty said. “You will probably learn that I remember everything and everyone I ever saw or read. It’s both a blessing and a curse. May I say you became a beautiful woman.”

“Oh good!” Fleur said with a smile. “That makes what I'm about to do much easier.”

“Oh dear girl. First of all, I must say I'm really sorry for your father. You know he was never the target right? It was nothing personal.” Barty observed as the Veela remained unflinched. Interesting. “Second, I'm sorry to inform you that, despite being a delicious and warm sensation, your Allure will not make me talk…”

“Oh! And why is that?” Fleur asked with an ironic tone. Barty found the smile on the girl’s supernatural face more than a little disturbing.

“By the same reason you are all sappy and glowing, little bird. Love…” The wizard said and wave his arms in theatrical manner. Fleur pouted, equally theatrically, before smiling again, producing her wand, with glowing yellow eyes. Barty finally understood.

“Good thing I was not planning on using my Allure then…” Fleur said, before proceeding to breaking each of Barty’s fingers.

She was just starting.

.OvO.

Harry finished carefully putting the photos from the corridor inside a box. The young wizard looked at the now stripped down corridor of Grimmauld Place, the place that had never been his home in his old world, but here, it almost was for a little while.

Bella wanted to take the photos to their new place in Hogsmeade and try to make there a new home, at least while they were at school. The wizard took the box and came down the stairs, carrying it. Most of the furniture would stay, but Bella wanted to take their most precious and personal items with her and Apolline.

Harry had come with the two women and Narcissa had arrived a little later to help. To Harry, the house seemed weirdly empty without the sounds of the girls around.

Harry found the three women talking in the living room, and once again, was struck by how beautiful they all looked, and how much they had done to help him. Bella with her curly, full black
hair, almost as wild as herself, Narcissa looked like a modern queen, with her new hairstyle and Apolline, almost like a Greek goddess. The three fates. Magic, fate, and death.

“Why don't you use magic to move those boxes around, Harry?” Narcissa asked when she spotted him looking at them. Harry just shrugged.

“I guess the physical work helps me think.” He said.

“A lot on your mind, I believe?” Apolline asked.

“Yes… I never realized how profound the changes would be for me… I mean, I'm already in a completely different world…”

“Want to talk about it? Maybe we can help.” Bella had soft smile on her face.

“Don't worry…” Harry waved.

“Well, just know that we will be here when you, and Rose, are ready to talk.” Bella finished.

“Thank you, and I really mean it.” Harry placed the box on the pile and looked at them again. Bella was wearing a rolling stones shirt and tight jeans, that hugged her legs really nicely. Apolline had an straight black skirt and white blouse and Narcisa was wearing a beautiful dress, that ended just above her knees. They were completely different, and yet, he found them equally beautiful. The women noticed him looking at them and smiled. Bella walked up to Harry, throwing her arms around his neck.

“You know, we will be close, but it will be hard without you…” She said softly.

“Well… I hate to say it… but, Damn… that's hard…” Harry tried, and Bella seemed amused by his hesitation. “I mean… I'm not your owner or anything… so, if…”

Bella laugh.

“Would you like me, or Pol, to go out with other guys to have fun?” Bella asked.

Harry looked down, ashamed of his own possessiveness.

“No… but that is not right of me….?” He finally said.

“Who cares What is right or not.” Bella made Harry looked at her. “Besides Harry, I don't even want to… you ruined me, no one will ever come close to your standard. Maybe we will have some fun between ourselves, but it's you that we want.” Bella passionately kissed him, pushing her tongue inside his mouth, she run her hands in his messy hair, and Harry could feel another pair of hands on his waist, he opened his eyes to see Apolline at his left, and Narcissa at his right, with mischievous grins, kissing his neck. Harry's mind almost gone blank from the overload of sensations.

“Why don't you sit a little, Harry…” Bella said. “And let us give you something to remind you of us while you are at school…”

Harry smiled, and sat on the couch, looking at three literal goddesses in his life with eyes full of admiration.

Bella stood in front of him, and he thought about how delicious her full lips looked, just slightly open when Narcissa hugged her from behind, kissing Bella’s neck, to the young wizard's surprise, while she moved her sister’s shirt up, unveiling her flat stomach and marvelous breasts under a black bra.
Bella raised her arms so her sister could finish removing the piece of cloth. Apolline knelt before the black haired woman and kissed her belly while her hands dexterously worked the bottoms of her jeans, pushing them down and showing Harry the lacy black panties beneath.

Bella then pulled Apolline up and sensually kissed the Veela’s lips. Harry was fighting not to open his own trousers and start stroking his very hard cock at the sensual sight, but he didn't want to miss even a second of the show.

Bella ran her hands over Apolline’s back until she reached her perfect bum and gave it a good squeezing, making the Veela jump, before the black haired woman started unbuttoning her blouse. To Harry's great surprise, the moment Bella and Apolline parted, Narcissa hungrily captured her sister’s lips. Harry watched wide-eyed as their tongues danced together and had the clear impression that this was not the first time they had done it. They kissed passionately and sensually, while Bella finished removing Apolline’s skirt, revealing the white thong embracing her perfect ass, the black haired witch pointed the Veela's ass to Harry and spread her cheeks, giving him a full delicious view of her rosebud under the thin white fabric. Harry moaned in desire.

“You like it babe?” Bella asked in a sultry voice.

“Yeeaaah…” The wizard moaned.

“Want some more?”

“Please…” it was all he could answer.

At this, both Bella and Apolline moved to Narcissa’s sides and each slowly removed a strap from her dress, letting the light piece of fabric fall to the floor, showing her white panties, and bare breasts, with her light brown nipples, pointing at the raven haired teen. Bella quickly moved to suck her sister's right nipple, making the regal woman moan, and Apolline did the same at the other side, lightly biting her left stiff nipple. The Veela’s hand moved down, over the blond witch's belly until she reached her soft white panties, that already had a hint of wet arousal on them and caressed her mound with her long fingers. Narcissa took a deep breath and bit her lip at the other two women ministrations.

Harry couldn't hold it anymore, his dick was about to explode, pressed against the fabric of his pants, so he moved to open his fly and get some relief, but seeing that, Apolline quickly moved in front of him, kneeling between his legs with a sultry smile.

“Oh non Harry, let me do it.” the magnificent Veela whispered.

Harry nodded and the Veela promptly ran her hands over his legs and hips, caressing his hard dick over his trouser, before dexterously unbuttoning it. Apolline hungrily pushed her hand inside his boxers, and freed his aching erection, to the wizard’s great relief. With a soft tug, the beautiful Veela pulled the foreskin down, revealing the pulsing purplish head of his member, her face had an almost adoring expression at the sight in front of her. Harry could feel the fire, coming both from his penis and from Apolline’s eyes.

“Mon dieu… you have no idea how much I love your male scent Harry…” Apolline rubbed her face on his cock, almost like a cat, taking deep breaths, drinking on the scent of her mate’s arousal. Harry smiled at her and looked into her eyes, as she licked all around the tip of his member, before opening her mouth and engulfing him. Harry moaned, and looked at Bella and Narcissa once again. Both women had silly smiles on their faces, watching as their skilled friend swallowed the man they desire.
Harry noticed that Bella never stopped fondling Narcissa’s pussy, and, as soon as he looked at them, Bella got down on her knees and pulled her sister’s panties down, revealing the blond’s wet slit and puffy pussy lips under her trimmed black pubes. The woman was soaking wet, and a line of her juices descend down her inner thighs, reflecting the light of the room.

“Well like the old times, Cissy…” Bella said, and dove her face between her legs, licking Narcissa’s wet pink folds. The blond witch moaned a “Yeeees…” and placed her hands on her sister's hair, rocking her hips forward and back. Harry watched in awe, as Apolline bobbed up and down his dick. The wizard looked down to her deep blue eyes, so much like her daughter's and said with a smile.

“I want to fuck you Poll… I miss you so much…”

Apolline got up, and Harry drunk on her beauty, she was indeed gorgeous, her body was perfectly proportioned, but not as defined as Fleur’s, her skin was flawless, and Harry could perfectly see the contours of her labia under her wet tong.

“I missed you too mon amour…” The Veela said, pushing the hem of her tong to the side, showing her shining bald pussy. “And I’m going to miss you even more when you are at school…” The woman placed her knees on the couch and aligned herself with his member, rubbing the head against her slit. “Please, promise you will not forget us while you are fucking all those pretty little girls…” Apolline slowly sunk on to him, inch by inch, loving the sensation of Harry's big cock spreading her pussy walls. The Veela couldn't believe how good it was to have her mate inside her. Her own little miracle.

Narcissa watched with her mouth watering, as her French friend bounced up and down her man’s big cock, fascinated as his dick disappear inside her, only to reappear covered in her shining flowing juices. Harry looked at the blond witch and smiled, a smile that made her knees weak, and her pussy even wetter.

“I don't think Apolline will last much longer, Cissy…” Harry said in a confident voice that made the witch shiver.

“Hmmm…” Narcissa said with a deep breath, as Bella run her tongue around her clit. “I like that my luv…” With a gentle movement, Narcissa called Bella’s attention and got her up to her feet, kissing her, loving the kinkiness of feeling her own taste on her sister’s mouth. The blond grabbed the black haired witch’s ass cheeks and squeezed it, astonished by how firm they were.

Meanwhile, Apolline bounced up and down Harry's dick, delighted on the sensations of pleasure running all through her body. It was like his dick and his magic could touch every sensitive spot on her pussy. Harry moved his hand, and started rubbing her clit while penetrating the Veela. The witch opened her eyes wide and started moaning in French.

“Mon dieu! This is too much! I'm coming!” The Veela called.

Apolline came hard, losing control of her Allure, that flared around her, like a wave of magic and pleasure. Narcissa and Bella felt it, having small orgasms of themselves. The Veela collapsed over Harry's shoulder, breathing fast, only to hear the wizard whispering in her ear.

“I'm not done with you yet, my beautiful bird. I have a work for you.” Harry said and nodded at Narcissa, who was not sure why, but somehow knew what Harry wanted.

The blond witch first licked and then sucked her middle and third finger, covering them with a coating of saliva, while Harry helped Apolline up from his still hard dick, a trail of her Veela juices
following the movement. With her other hand, Narcissa pushed the back of Bella's panties aside, giving Harry a nice view on her pink anus, before she pressed their two completely wet fingers inside it. Bella moaned loudly at the intrusion, but moved her ass back, making her sisters fingers go even deeper.

“Calm down sis…” Narcissa said. “The main dish is just coming…” The witch moved her fingers inside her sisters asshole. “Tell us what you want… sis…”

“Aaaaaaah… I… I want… Harry's dick… deep inside… my aaaaaassssss…” Bella moaned.

Narcissa slowly guided her sister back, and still holding the back of her lace panties aside, helped the black haired witch sit on Harry's lap, holding his hard, trembling dick with the other hand. Harry felt the head of his cock, already wet from Apollines fluids, touching the beautiful black haired witch's asshole, and slowly spreading it as he entered her, the delicious pressure building all around his member. Bella bit her lips and held her breath at the indescribable mixture of pain and pleasure, as Harry's magic mingled with hers, and his prick invaded her backdoor. It was simply amazing. Little by little, her ass cheeks touched his hips, and she finally let go of her breath. Bella could feel Harry twitching deep inside of her, and love the sensation. Harry had a silly smile, and looked at Apolline.

“Why don't you help me with Lady Black here, Miss Delacour…”

“Ooh, it will be my pleasure, Monsieur Potter…” The Veela answered, before getting onto her knees in front of Bella. Harry helped Bella to spread her legs, revealing her pantie clad wet pussy to the French, who could also see the wizard's dick all the way inside her anus. Apolline pushed the fabric to the side, and, with a hungry smile, dove her tongue into Bella's slit, licking from Harry's balls up to her friends clitoris. Bella screamed in pleasure, and unconsciously started moving her hips up. Narcissa was watching in awe, as Harry fucked her sister's ass while the most beautiful woman she had ever seem licked her pussy, when the wizard pushed her by the waist, up until she was standing on her feet over the couch, her dripping cunt only inches away from his face.

“Harry?” She asked as Bella moaned loud.

“I want you to sit on my face, I want to taste your delicious pussy Cissy.” it was not a request.

Narcissa moaned with the commanding tone, and approached her dripping wet pussy to her mans mouth. Harry started simultaneously pounding into Bella’s asshole, the movement making her pussy slide on Apollines tongue, while the wizard licked his regal witch slit and clit. It was hard for him to keep focus, as the sensations coming from both his dick and his magic were overwhelming, but he tried for his women. The feeling every time his hard cock slide inside Bella’s anus, opening her wall wide was torturing delicious.

Bella felt like her mind was going blank from sheer pleasure, a thin line of saliva running from her mouth to her chin. Harry's cock inside her asshole was amazing, she felt full, and Apolline’s incredible long tongue was capable of incredible things, almost as good as Harry speaking in Parselmouth, what he just did, making Narcissa scream while her juices flowed over his face.

“I'M COMING! I'M COMING! BY THE GOOOOODS!” The blond witch screamed, grabbing his hair, and Harry could feel her delicious taste in his mouth, Bella screamed again, her ass walls getting tighter around him as she came, squirting into Apolline’s face in long wet jets. That was enough for Harry, who shoot his warm and thick sperm in long ropes, overflowing the black haired witch's anus. They collapsed on the couch together, laughing and kissing.

“I can never forget you…” Harry finally said to the three goddesses of his new world.
Rose sat on the pool’s edge, diving her feet in the cold water, looking at the trees over the grove and feeling the cold breeze from the summer's end, giving her chills. But Rose suspected that those chills were not only because of the cold wind.

Ever since Harry had arrived, the scar on her forehead hadn't hurt like it did right now. It was almost like the thing knew what was going on in her head, and the witch was pretty sure it actually did, and Rose was sure it could feel her own pain.

Rose knew it was not her friend's fault, but Padma’s words had brought back many painful memories of failed rituals, nightmares, and voices inside her head. They had tried it before, to get rid of the monster inside her, with the help of goblins, Veelas, and the most powerful wizards in Europe. Bella had moved heaven and earth, only to discover that the Dark Lady was anchored to her soul. To destroy it, Rose would have to die.

And now, Padma said there was a chance. Rose tried not to hope. Tried not to believe, but Harry was here, he was something different, and he was part of her soul. Wasn't his mere presence something that never happened before? Or the coven? But the witch didn't want the pain and frustration back again. Rose was afraid. Terrified.

“I'm sorry…” Rose heard Padma’s voice behind her. “I shouldn't have said anything… it is just a theory…”

“It's okay Pad…” Rose tried to sound more certain than she really was.

“No Rose, it's not. I know how much you suffered with that. Now and back then. I… I am just hopeful because of Harry… I really think he will make a difference and…”

“It's okay, Padma, it really is, I know you didn't do it for bad reasons. I'm just… anxious.” Rose sighed.

Padma bit the inside of her cheeks.

“Do you… want me to leave you alone?” The Indian girl asked in fear.

Rose stay silent for a couple seconds before answering.

“No, please stay with me…”

Padma smiled and sit at her side, removing her sandals and placing her feet in the water like her friend. The teen shivered with the cold water touching her fingers.

“I will leave for home… no, my father’s home, in a couple hours, to finish packing for the school.” Padma said.

“If all goes out well, maybe it will be the last time your things will be there and not with us…” Rose wondered, rubbing her scar, a fact that didn't go unnoticed to Padma.

“Yes, how can one thing be so exciting and so scary at the same time.” The Indian teen said with a shy smile.
“Why scary?” Rose asked.

“I… I don't know… to be able to do this kind of magic, to fight, to be with…” Padma blushed.

“To be with Harry?” For the first time Rose smiled.

“Yes…” Padma blushed even more. “And you.”

“Are you a virgin, Pad?” Rose asked, curious.

The girl blushed even more.

“Yes… but I don't plan on being so for long… I can barely control myself around him…”

“Yeah… he kinda does that to people. Are you sure? This can be dangerous.”

“Yes, more than anything. I just hope you and him can accept me for who I am…”

Rose threw her arms around Padma’s shoulders and kissed her cheek.

“We already did silly. Sorry if I scared you, I'm just afraid to pass through it all again, you know, the pain, the deception.”

Padma hugged Rose back.

“I do Rose. But this time we will all be with you, and together, we are more powerful than anyone!” The pretty girl had a hopeful smile, that made Rose smile back at her. “Where is Harry anyway?”

“Puuf… he has gone with aunt Pol and mom to help gathering the things over G place. They should be back in a few…” Before she could end the sentence, Rose was invaded by a delicious sensation all over her body, her pussy becoming complete wet, and she suddenly climaxed with a loud moan, strongly holding Padma’s hands.

“Wow…” Padma said, blushing.

“Well… I guess… they are… finished…” Rose half moaned, half laughed.

“That… must be weird…”

“You will see… it's completely worth it… let's find Daphne and Gabby, they must have melted!”

.OvO.

Harry arrived a couple of hours later, just in time to say goodbye to Padma and reassure her that they would be there for everything she needed. The teens and adults had dinner together, with light conversation. Tracey got to her own house just after dinner, giving both Harry and Rose a kiss, the first on the mouth, the second on the cheek. The blond looked excited for the school term.

Harry asked Rose to go on to their room, he needed to speak with Gabrielle first. The raven haired witch nodded and got into their bedroom, changing into only a shirt and white knickers. The girl sat on the bed, thinking about what to do, about what Padma had told her. Her scar hurt, and Rose rubbed her hand against it, tears starting coming down. She swallowed her cry, Rose didn't want
Harry or Gabrielle to see her crying. And just in time, as the door opened and Harry entered.

“Hum… where is Gabby?” Rose asked. It was the young Veela’s turn to sleep on their bed.

“She's not coming tonight.” Harry said, removing his shirt.

“Wait, Gabrielle Delacour, the Veela nympho, gave up her place in your bed? That's a first!” Rose sounded really confused.

Harry smiled at her, now dressed in his usual sleeping attire, cotton pants and no shirt.

“Well, it took me a looooot of talk and convincing…” The wizard said, seating at her side. Rose pouted, confused.

“But… why?” The witch asked.

Harry passed his arm around her shoulders, and tenderly caressed her face with his right hand.

“Because… we need each other now… I can feel it Rose… your fear, your pain. I know them all to well. Padma was only excited… but I know… I understand.” Harry whispered, closer to her face.

“You… you do?”

“Unfortunately, yes… if you think about it, I'm going there as well.”

Rose looked confused at him.

“I know how hard it is, not the pain itself, we learned how to live with it a long time ago. No. I know how hard it is to try not to have hope.” Harry said, and Rose eyes went wide. “After all we’ve been through, after finally learning not to hope, to not be disappointed… I also thought I had nothing to lose anymore, and here I am… in love again…”

Rose wrapped her arms around Harry tightly, tears coming down her cheeks.

“Thank you for being here… thank you for understanding…”

“And I always will Rose… with all the girls… in the end, I would choose you…” Harry looked into those bright emerald eyes, and lost himself in them, before leaning forward and kissing Rose. It was a sensual and caring kiss at the same time, fueled with emotion, love and fear.

“We are together in this Rose, now and forever… and I'm here to pick you up when you fall.” Harry said when they parted.

Harry laid on the big bed, and Rose laid at his side, with her head over his chest, both teens only enjoying the proximity to one another, and the sense of completeness that brought them.

“I love you Harry Potter…” Rose whispered.

“I love you too, Rose Potter…” Harry answered.

.OvO.
“You know…” Daphne said to Gabrielle after putting on her black silk nightgown. “Pouting and looking at the door will not make him magically appear…”

The Veela glared at the black haired girl, who just smiled back. Gabrielle was dressed in a tight white top, with her nipples poking up, and equally white panties.

“Neither looking at me that way Gabby… just try to sleep.” Daphne said, rolling her eyes.

Gabrielle threw herself on the bed, landing on her back and throwing her legs up.

“But… I haven't been with Harry in two days! And I'm horny!” The Veela moaned.

“Well, so am I, but tonight is for Rose. I'm pretty sure they will just cuddle and sleep together, but they both need it.” Daphne chastised, brushing her luxurious black hair. Harry and Rose had told her about the meeting with the real fates, and their request, and also that Fleur was the only other one who knew. Although she could understand the Veela’s reasoning, she still found it weird. Yet, that was very precious information.

Gabrielle looked at her, she found the girl beautiful, brushing her hair in front of the mirror, with her long legs and ivory skin showing, but at the same time, the Veela was very worried about her sister in all but blood, she looked at the door again.

“I hope she is okay…” Gabrielle said looking at the ceiling. “I really don’t want an encore from six years ago… she was devastated after the ritual failed.”

“Yes.. I remember. Padma was not there tho, we can't blame her for trying…”

They stayed in silence for a while, until Daphne got up and moved to her bed.

“Well….” Gabrielle said as the other girl elegantly laid down. “If you are also horny… maybe we can help each other…” The Veela said in a husky voice, flashing her Allure.

“Sorry Gabrielle. You are a stunning girl, but I'm only interested in men, or in Harry to be exact. Maybe next time when we are all together. Good night.”

“Humph… goodnight.” Gabrielle said, turning around, frustrated. But in the end, she just hoped Rose was alright.

.OvO.

Thanks to Harry's proximity, Rose indeed was feeling better over the next morning, and not a second too soon, as Gabrielle climbed possessively on the wizard's neck, to everyone’s amusement. The express would leave on the next day, and the teens moved to finish their preparations for the trip, and the school year. Harry didn't know how to feel, it was so weird to come back to school after all, and yet, he craved it. Especially if this Hogwarts was as different as the girls told him. And more than all, he was looking forward to spend time with the girls, and protect them, although, in the end, he knew they didn't need it, Rose and her friends were strong enough.

And of course, there was the mission. Harry and Rose were completely lost at it.

Rose was facing the new term with caution. Bella was not speaking much, but both Rose, Susan and
Daphne knew the political climate was chaotic, even with Amelia Bones dropping from the race. It was obvious that Iris Ovidios would be the new minister, but people had doubts if she would be able to govern. The attack and consequential obliteration of Godric’s Hollow only worsen things. Harry was trying to the max to distance himself from the political game, but he knew he would have to talk to Iris about the Peverell line at some point. The wizard just hoped that it didn't destroy the apparent alliance, as the Bones, Potter, Black and Greengrass coalition would be Ovidios’ govern base.

The teens were in the big adjacent room, comparing and separating their books. Harry looked at his potion text book and imagined if Eileen Snape had written in one here as well. If she had and the one ended up in Rose’s hands, at least he would know. That took his mind to Hermione, both his, and Rose’s, and Harry decided to try and be nice to the girl. She was Monica’s daughter after all. Rose on the other hand, seemed to deeply winded by the girl's actions, and not in the mood for forgiveness.

“I was thinking…” Rose said. “Can you imagine if Harry's magic reacted to Pansy?” She said with a laugh and Harry rolled his eyes.

“Oh by the gods!” Daphne said. “I would pay to see her all wet and horny for him!” The witch had a evil grin that made everyone laugh. “Imagine her rubbing herself calling “Potter”.

Rose held her belly, laughing.

“Or maybe Cho…” Susan said.

“Oh Merlin!” Rose said. “That's even worse! I can't even imagine!”

“Well…” Harry said.

“Nooooooonno!” All three girls said at the same time. Harry shrugged.

“She was my first kiss… and we only kissed once. Luckily both Fleur and Daphne entered my life right after…”

“Well, I don't know in your old world…” Gabrielle said with a grimace. “But here she is a bitch! Her and Diggory deserve each other!”

“Word!” Completed Rose.

“We are joking,” Continued Daphne. “But the truth is that Harry and the Coven, still needs one more girl. He doesn't need to marry them like he will do with us…” She blinked and Harry rolled his eyes. “But Apolline and Padma said they will be needed.” Daphne finished, and Susan pouted.

“Well, both Ginny and Katie seemed veeeery interested during the party…” Rose said.

“Gryffindor party…” Daphne said, shaking her head.

“Hey, is not my fault if other than you and Tracey, Slytherin girls treated me like shit.” Rose shrugged.

“Milly is not bad as well…” Susan said.

“True… she keeps to herself most of the times. Also, she is already dating.” Rose said. “And the ‘puffs?’”

Susan shrugged.
“I don’t know… Luna from the ‘claws, maybe, they talked very easy at the party.” The witch’s voice tone let it very clear she did not appreciated that.

“Wait…” Harry said. “Are you guys… pimping me out?”

“Of course not Harry!” Daphne said. “If we did, we would charge money from the girls.”

“We would be rich-er!” Gabrielle said with a grin.

“Yes, but we are not gaining anything…” Daphne finished.

“Other than seeing you ravishing them…” Rose said.

“Shiiiiiu!” Daphne continued. “This is pure and simple Coven business.”

“Okay, I will pretend I believe you.” Harry said.

Suddenly something come to him.

“Wait!” The wizard said in a exasperated voice that startled the others. “Rose, you said you don’t know who the Dark Lady really is…” Rose nodded, confused. “But, didn’t you fight her ghost when you saved Ginny in the Chamber of Secrets?”

Rose had a even more confused look on her face.

“But… I didn’t saved Ginny from the Chamber…”

“WHAT!” harry almost screamed.
Jaws 3, People 0

Rose Potter, Neville Longbottom and Daphne Greengrass tried not to make any noise while they walked down the humid tunnel they discovered under the bathroom. They were only twelve years old and yet, they needed to try and save Hermione, who was petrified in a bed up in the hospital wing and perhaps, everyone else in the school. It was a good thing that professor McGonagall had ordered an even more strictly curfew.

All of them tried not to show it, but all three were scared to the core, they had no idea of exactly what they would find down there.

They kept following the descending path for almost twenty minutes and they felt it becoming colder and the air thicker, with water dripping from the ceiling and running through the walls, these last ones, covered in a weird brown musk.

“We must be under the lake…” Daphne whispered.

“Yes…” Rose answered. “Just to be even more scary... why does these kind of things keep happening to me?”

“Worse yet.” Neville said. “Why do we keep coming with you…”

“Duh… obviously because you love me!” Rose tried to joke to hide her fear. “Daphne… why did you bring this… thing?” Rose asked, looking at the small feathered creature sleeping on the Slytherin’s arms.

“Hmm? It's a rooster?” Daphne said, like it was obvious. Neville and Rose looked at her like she had grown a second head. “Merlin! Haven't you read the magical creatures book?”

“Well, I read the entire herbology book.” Neville shrugged, and Daphne rolled her eyes.

“A rooster is one of the Basilisk’s weakness.” Daphne explained.

“That?” Young Rose pointed at the sleeping bird in disbelief. “Daphne, this thing we are looking for is huuuuuge!”

Daphne rolled her eyes, and was ready to retort when Neville called.
“Girls… look at that!”

The tunnel had finally come into an end, revealing a circular chamber, almost completely covered in mold. At the other end, there was a great altar, with a broken statue of a man in armor that, Rose deduced, must have been Salazar Slytherin, when it still had a head. The problem was that no one was there and there was no other door in sight. Daphne and Neville started walking around, searching with their luminous wands, while Rose only looked at the altar.

“Rose?” Daphne asked. “What are you…”

“Can't you hear?” Rose said. “Someone's talking…”

Daphne looked at Neville, who just shrugged.

“No, Rose… where is it coming from?”

“Behind this wall…” Rose approached the statue and, almost instinctively, hissed in Parseltongue. “Let me in!”

The headless statue suddenly started moving, the sound of stone grinding against stone in front of the young teens. With a heavy movement, the thing came down from the altar and moved the heavy stone over it, revealing a hidden stairway going down to the darkness.

“Wow… bite me…” Neville said.

“Afraid?” Rose asked, climbing onto the altar and going to the stairs.

“Are you kidding? I'm scared to death!” Neville answered.

“Well…” Rose took a deep breath. “So am I…”

The trio then descend into the darkness.

The room was enormous, circular with some pillars, the water from the lakes dropped through the ceiling, forming two big pools of water on each side of the chamber. At the far end, another altar, even bigger than the first, with the big head of a snake with long, venomous looking fangs, done in stone. Its body encircled the room, carved into the walls.

“Snakes… why it had to be snakes…” Neville whispered.

The teens were not alone. A small figure stood in front of the altar, holding a book and whispering in Parseltongue. She was small, had short black hair and wore Ravenclaw colors, but something on her voice sent shivers down the three friends spines.

“Who is she?” Rose asked.

“First year Ravenclaw, Su Li… I think.” Daphne said, and Rose nodded, taking a deep breath.

“Su Li?” Rose called in a louder voice. “Are you okay? We are here to…”

The small framed Asiatic girl turned around, and Rose could see her eyes, no pupils, her skin was pale, almost grey, and her hands were shaking uncontrollably. There was an expression of terror on her face that Rose would never forget.
“Help… help me…” Su Li whispered in her own voice, before the weird one came back, speaking in Parseltongue. “Go away blood traitors. Let the one and only true heir of Slytherin unleash the true power of its bloodline!”

Rose knew all to well Su Li was being possessed, she had already gone through this, more than once.

“Su Li, you can fight it, you push this thing out of your head! Fight it!” Rose screamed.

“It’s too late blood traitor, this body is…”

“Shut up!” Rose screamed again, and for a second, the pupils came back to Su Li’s eyes.

“HELP!”  The small girl screamed in her own voice. “NO!” The other voice answered. “Come to me, queen of…”

“STUPEFY!” Rose screamed, pointing her wand at the girl, hitting her with the spell. The book fell to the floor and Rose could see a cloud of dark smoke leaving the girl from her mouth, and going back to the book, the witch was ready to make a move, but it was to late. The walls trembled with the movement, and a loud hiss echoed through the chamber.

Rose had imagined how the beast would be, but nothing could prepare her for the monstrosity that came out from the statues mouth. It was a caricature of a snake, with a bifurcated tongue as thick as Hagrid’s arm, emotionless reptilian yellow eyes, and a brownish scaly skin, with a venomous yellow and red diamond pattern. The thing smelled the air with its tongue, and slowly came out of the wall. It was enormous, bigger than Rose could ever imagine.

“Bloooood traitor… prey… weeeeeeak…” The big serpent hissed as she moved towards the terrified young girl, opening his enormous mouth, revealing three rolls of yellow teeth and giant poisonous fangs.

Afraid, Rose pointed her wand at the beast, shooting every offensive spell she knew, the ones she learned at school, and even the most powerful ones Bella had secretly taught her at home. The beams of magical light hit the monster, but the only effect it had was to get its attention, not even a scratch on its shining scales. The snake’s tongue darted in and out of it mouth before it hissed.

“Powerful hatchling, you share the royal bloooood… but you are not… the maaaaaster…”

Rose barely saw the snake coming at her incredibly fast, too fast for a thing that size, and knew she wouldn’t be able to dodge, the young witch tried to scream, but suddenly, she heard the crow of a rooster. The snake backed down, almost like screaming in pain as the bird sang in fear of the big predator. Daphne was right.

The shaking snake contorted itself, hitting the walls with her enormous body every time the rooster screamed and, thinking like her mom, Rose seized the opportunity.

“Nev! Get the girl!” The emerald eyed girl screamed in a commanding voice.

Coming out of his stupor, Neville nodded and run until the small girl passed out on the floor. He was chubby, but a strong boy, and calling all his strength, lifted the small Asian girl on his shoulder, trying to escape with her. Rose looked around and found it, the book, the source of all this.

“Get her out of here!” Rose screamed as she run towards the screeching snake.

“Are you insane Rose!” Daphne called, but to no avail.
With a incredibly strong swap of its muscular tail, the snake queen hit on of the pillars, making the entire chamber tremble. Daphne screamed and Neville ran, but, as the rooster screamed one more time, the snake slammed it's body on the same pillar, and the roof came down with loud bang, launching smoke and dust all over the room.

Rose threw herself forward to escape the falling stones, diving into the cloud of dust and debris. When the rocks stopped rolling, Rose looked up, coughing, searching for her friends, only to be greeted by the cold reptilian eyes hovering six feet above her head, blood pouring from wounds provoked by the stones.

“Hatccccccchling… dangerousssss hatchling…” The snake hissed, preparing to pounce at her. Rose gulped, the girl knew she had no chance, and the stones had completely blocked the exit. She raised her wand, in a defiant bravado, trying to remember everything her mom, one if the greatest fighters of the entire magical world, had taught her.

The monster hissed and attacked with ridiculous speed, Rose jumped out of the way from the swallowing bite by a fraction of a second, rolling to escape another close call. The twelve year old witch fired spell after spell, feeling her own core burning with power. The snake jumped toward with the cavernous open mouth, and Rose screamed “Diffindo!”.

To her surprise, one of the fangs from the creature came out flying, and the monster hissed in pain and rage.

“Deeeeeath… bloood…” the serpent hissed again. The creature attacked again and again, Rose jumped and rolled each time. She was getting tired, and her spells were becoming weaker. The thing was smart. Rose tried to roll, but the snake moved around her, stopping her movement, crushing the girl, immobilizing her. Rose looked up, to the row after row of piercing teeth and dripping poisonous fangs, trying to think of anything that could save her. But it was no use.

That was when the warm light came, blinding both girl and the snake. But Rose could hear the song, filling her heart with calm and courage, and the witch instantly knew it was Fawkes.

The snake let her go, and when Rose could see again, she saw the monster trying to bite the majestic firebird, who flew around its head with a trail of flames. For a second, the girl felt like a heroine in one of the fairy tales her mom used to tell her when she was little, but the smell of blood and fear brought her back to reality.

Fawkes dropped something at her feet, and Rose could see it was the dirty old selecting hat.

“Put your hand inside me brat!” The old piece of cloth screamed. “Quickly!”

Rose did just that, and she could feel something hard and cold inside of the hat, she pulled the Sword of Gryffindor with a movement, and was surprised by how light it was. The metal was so shining and polished that it looked almost like a mirror. A screech called her attention, as the Basilisk threw the Phoenix on the wall with a swipe of its powerful tail, and moved to finish it.

“Heey ugly bitch!” Rose called in parseltongue, making the creature turn to her again. “I am here!” She said raising the sword.

“The metal poke… of the bloood traitor!” The snake hissed, and fast as lightning, attacked Rose again.

The courageous girl closed her eyes and just jumped forward, feeling the sword hitting something hard that broke after just a second, then a monumental weight over her shoulders. She opened her eyes to see she was inside the beast's mouth, with the sword deeply carved inside of it, the monster
was shivering and shaking in pain, and struggled to close her mouth even more. Rose felt the piercing pain over her left arm, and noticed that the remaining fang had penetrated her flesh, and the cloth around it was turning black. The girl started feeling dizzy, her strength going away. All Rose could think of was her mom, and how sad she would be, and her friends. The young witch let go of the sword handle, and rolled out of the dying snake’s mouth, her vision going blurry as death approached her.

Harry listened carefully to the story, and how different it was from his own. His eyes went wide. Someone still had the answer.

.OvO.

“Up, up, guard, then hook. That’s it. Good job, Milly.” The older man in sweatpants and a tee-shirt said, as the sturdy young woman was hitting the bag with vicious kicks and punches.

“Thanks,” she huffed “Coach Bradburry.”

“You’re working hard, lass. If it wasn’t for that boarding school your folks sent you to, you could pass as a professional this winter.”

“She’s lucky to go there, Coach” a familiar masculine voice replied for her. She grinned and kissed the new comer on the cheek as he handed her a drink. “My aunt went there, and believe me, you have to be registered from birth to get in there.”

“Still, it’s a shame, postponing a career like that.” Bradburry groused good naturally. “What about you, Dudley? Last year?”

“At Smelting, yes.” Dudley replied. “Then it’s uni. If Mum can afford it, that is.”

“You’re going!” both the coach and Milly replied as one. He raised both hands in defense.

The coach chuckled “Believe me, lad, you’ll go to Uni, even if I have to pay myself! You’ve come such a long way, Hell if I let what happened to your dad stop you from fulfilling your potential.”

With a friendly pat on each of their shoulders, the old man headed toward another trainee shouting something in Welsh at the poor sod.

Dudley faced Milly and sighed, giving her a sad grin.

“I’m gonna miss you, luv.” He said, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear “I wish I could go to Hogs with you.”

Millicent Bulstrode chuckled, imagining the squib there. Though that idea might work. The wizarding youth is sorely lacking in exercise and physical education, despite how demanding Quidditch could be. But as long as the threat of the Dark Lady was still looming like Damocles’ Sword, it couldn’t be done.

“You’ll be careful, right?” He asked her.
“You know my grandpa’s moto, right? ‘Constant Vigilance!’”

Dudley shuddered. A flash from one of his recurring dreams popped in his mind. Milli’s grandfather pointing a wand toward a boy, changing him into a rodent, and getting scolded by an old severe looking lady.

Or said grandfather with a bunch of young folks drinking something to look like a male version of his cousin Rose… only to be hit, a few minutes later by a green beam of light...

“Earth to Dudley! You there, hun?” Milly was asking him, waving her hand in front of his eyes.

Dudley blinked and nodded, and took her hands in his.

“Promise me, Milly. I’ve got a bad feeling about this year.”

Milly smiled tenderly at her towering broad boyfriend. He may be of a similar size as Gregory Goyle, but he had the heart of a Hufflepuff beating in his chest, which made her fall for him in the first place.

“Cross my heart’ she swore, drawing a X across her chest.

.OvO.

Ginevra Petill Weasley was the seventh and youngest child of the big red haired clan. She was also the only girl, what brought her some good and bad things. For one, most of people always looked down on her, especially her overbearing mother and her closest brother in age. They always chastized her for doing boyish things or not doing so well in school, and said she was only good to marry a rich guy and be a housewife. But Ginny knew better. She knew she was the best Chaser in school and that no one in her family was as magically powerful as her. And Ginny knew she was pretty and was not afraid to use that in her own advantage. And this year she would need it.

One of the good things of being the only girl was that she was allowed to have her own room, with her own bed. A bed that lately had been stage to long masturbation sessions, both with her hands or with the magical vibrating toy because of a certain black haired and emerald eyed young wizard.

“Harry Potter…” The name rolled over her tongue as she finished gathering her supplies for the new school term. She was careful to get her best underwear and skirts. Ginny was going on a hunt.

Then, Ginny got her most precious possession and placed it under the clothes. There was one more thing about Ginny.

The young witch had a big and very dark secret.

.OvO.

The train station was beaming with movement and life, kids and their parents running around, pushing luggage carts, with the sound of a thousand voices and the sounds of their pets.
Rose found it cute when Harry smiled like a child at the sight, almost like it was the first time he had been at the station, and, in a certain way, it was.

But the truth was that Harry really felt happy. It had been years since he had saw the station, especially with so many students, and not destroyed, turned into pieces by the war.

Rose could feel the mixture of relief and sorrow coming from her other half, and again, could not imagine how it was like in his world.

There was one thing that never changed thought, the stares. People unceremoniously looked at the strange group that just came from the fireplaces. The Potters, accompanied by the Greengrass and Delacours, and the now emancipated Lady Bones. Adults and teens looked at one of the most powerful and strange groups in all magical Britain.

“Gabrielle!” Apolline called in French. “Try to be more discrete, everyone will notice the way you are looking at Harry.”

Gabrielle frowned, it was not easy to see Susan glued to Harry's arm, as if he belonged to her, or better yet, only to her, and the smile on the red haired girl's face as she waved to other students, holding her mates hand, was only more annoying. Gabrielle made a vow to fuck Harry senseless in front of Susan as soon as she could. It didn't helped that most male students also kept looking at her, and the Veela wished to tell the world she was taken. But everything at its time.

“Harry! Rose!” They heard a familiar voice calling.

Tracey darted over to them, first hugging Rose and then Harry, in a more than friendly way, Briar Rose coming right behind her. Daphne and Rose laughed at the bouncing blond girl.

“Damn, I missed you!” Tracey called.

“Calm down girl.” Rose said. “It has only been two days!”

“Buy it seemed like an eternity!” Tracey said in agony. “Seriously, I don't know what happened, but I couldn't wait to see all of you again!”

“It's true.” Briar Rose said, hugging Harry and Rose. “The girl was actually unbearable yesterday.”

“Mom! I was a lady!” Tracey lifted her finger.

“A lady doesn't do the things you were doing in your room, at least not as loud!” Briar Rose said with a grin.

“It is the Coven bond forming…” Harry heard the all too familiar Padma’s voice behind him. The wizard turned around to see his exotic beautiful girl, accompanied by her sister, father and a stunning older woman with chocolate skin and eyes, luxurious wavy dark hair and full lips, with a discreet nose piercing that could be no other than the twins mother. Just like Tracey, Padma hugged a smiling Rose and then Harry, taking a deep breath of his male scent and making Pavarti scorn. The girl was indeed more exuberant than her intelligent sister, with heavy make up and revealing clothes, but for Harry, she didn't stand a chance next to Padma.

After Padma released Harry, Parvati dressed her most seductive a smile and hugged the boy.

“Good to see you again Harry Potter…” She whispered in his ear. “I hope you end up in Gryffindor, I will be sure to welcome you…”
“Thank you, Miss Patil…” Harry said, getting free of her. “But I already have all the welcome I need” He said with a truly gentle smile. Bella tried not to laugh at both Rose and Susan, as the two girls seemed ready to explode, or better yet, make Pavarti explode.

“I guess you remember my mom and dad, Harry?” Padma said, pointing at her parents who just had finished complimenting the other adults.

“Of course! Hello Mister and Miss Patil.”

“Hello Mister Potter, I was actually wanting to have a talk with you.” Said Mister Patil. “May we?”

“Um… Sure.” Harry gulped.

.OvO.

“Whoa.” Was all that Dudley Dursley could utter as Millicent Bulstrode uncovered his eyes. He turned to face her and see her smiling broadly at him. Her eyes were shining with excitement.

“So what do you think?” she asked with trepidation clear in her voice.

“It’s stunning. Magnificent.” The young athlete replied, his eyes wide and filled with awe. How could his mother hate this? To deprive him of such experience? He knew he couldn’t have gone to Hogwarts, but he could have come to say bye to his cousins and watch the train leave. No, instead, he was raised -if you could call being overindulged and given no limit nor boundaries whatsoever ‘raised’ to look down at anything different.

He had to wait to meet Millie and her mother Sophia to learn what he missed out and being re-educated by Coach Bradbury from the ground up.

Sophia, Millie’s mother, was a former Auror until a curse left her nearly magicless with a ruptured core, and became a potioneer and nutritionist. Between her and the Coach, Dudley had managed to come from nearly fatal morbid obesity to an athletic if bulky body shape that he felt good in and with.

Sophia (and Millie, as well) was also the one who helped him cope with the loss of his father, when he died in that car crash, his tiny manhood in the mouth of his secretary.

Dudley had both laughed himself near to insanity and wept as Sophia and Millie held him.

“Knut for your thoughts, Dud?” the tall ex-Auror asked him, putting a motherly arm around his shoulders. He looked at her and smiled. She had long reddish blond hair tied in a ponytail and a classy red skirt suit.

“A knut only” a booming voice laughed. “Ye’re getting miser, lass! Give the lad some credit!”

Dudley turned as Sophia groaned and facepalmed.

“Hello, Father.” He said simply.

“Good morning, Mister Moody.” Dudley said politely.

“Hi Gramps!” Millie chuckled as she hugged the peg legged one eyed grizzled veteran from behind.
“I got you this time!”

“Aye ye did, lass!” Moody replied, chuckling. “And it’s Moody, period, Dursley. None of that ‘Mister’ bullshit. I have told ye a million times.”

“There you are!” A new voice exclaimed as a young woman with shoulder long pink hair. ??????????? (approached)

She glared at Millie’s grandfather “we’re supposed to check the train before the departure.”

The way the woman was dressed reminded Dudley of his cousin Rose’s own fashion style. And given she looked eerily like Aunt Bellatrix, it was easy to deduce who influenced whom.

“TEEEEEN-SHUN!” snapped Sophia and the pink haired woman went rigid and Dudley heard a meekly whispered ‘aaw crap!’.

Dudley looked at Sophia and he could see the soldier showing through. Not just a magical cop, but a bona fide soldier. She kinda reminded him of a Russian Army soldier he’s seen on TV, mixed with some super-heroine aura. The stature of She Hulk, the stance of Black Widow.

“Ca-Ca-Captain Bulstrode, ma’am!” she saluted rigidly.

“At ease, Auror Tonks” Sophia replied, grinning. “I’m retired, remember? I guess you remember my daughter Millicent? And this is her boyfriend and I hope my future son-in-law Dudley Dursley. Dudley dear, this is Nymphadora Tonks. Both my greatest pride and my greatest shame.”

“Oi!” Tonks protested, stomping her foot right on the corner of Millie’s trunk that snapped up right in her face. “OW!”

Dudley winced while Millie, Sophia and Moody heartly laughed.

“Laugh it up, furball.” Tonks groused, making Dudley blink. Did that witch cop just quote Han Solo?!

Tonks turned to face Dudley “Wotcher, Dudley. I heard you helped Tracey out of a dangerous situation. Thank you for that. Tracey as well as Rose are like little sisters to me. It means a lot.” She leaned over and hugged Dudley, to his surprise.

“Aye Aye. Now let’s get to our job, Nymphadora.” Moody groused, hugging his granddaughter and patting Dudley’s shoulder.

.OvO.

Susan watched Harry leave with Mister Patil, with a heavy sensation on her chest, the words repeating in the other worldly voice “Jealous and possessive sister…”

Susan could not deny the truth of these words. The moment Padma and Tracey talked about their connection with Harry and Rose, she could not help but to feel jealous. Obviously the witch had the same kind of connection with both her fiance and her friend, but sometimes Susan wished she was the only one who had it.

But worse was the feeling she was really becoming nothing more than a sister to Harry. The wizard
was respectful of her wishes and didn't pushed her to do anything. But perhaps he was being too respectful. And Susan was being too afraid. Even Rose, the closest thing to a real sister he would ever have, was intimate with him and shared his magic and pleasure. Susan could see how close he was with Daphne and Gabrielle, and even Fleur. Damn, she could even see both Padma was seriously contemplating it and Tracey was almost throwing herself into Harry's lap.

Susan felt like a coward. Like she did all her life. Rose placed a hand over her shoulder and smiled at her, a sincere and loving smile, almost like she could sense the girl's dilemma, and perhaps, rose really could.

“Holy shit!” They heard Tracey trying not to scream. “It's fucking true!” The blond said, looking wide eye in the fireplaces direction. Rose, Susan, and the other girls looked in the same direction and were astonished by the sight.

Draco Malfoy, now a girl, walked out of the fire, dressed in a beautiful green and silver dress that ended just above her knees, followed by Crabbe and Goyle, the two goons carrying all her luggage. The boy turned girl walked with confidence, seeming completely comfortable in her new body, walking with charm, like a lady. The blond girl didn't even look at them.

“Holy Damn shit!” Tracey unceremoniously continued. “Malfoy looks... hot? She looks a lot like Cissy...”

“Hum... it looks like he... she learned how to act like a pureblood lady.” Daphne said, and looked at Rose who had her deep emerald eyes glowing.

Daphne knew that look very well, and now, somehow, she could feel the rage coming from Rose. A rage only reserved for those who had hurt her friends. The same one who sent Cedric to the hospital, and helped her survive all those years. Malfoy had hurt Narcissa in ways that the now girl didn't even started to understand, and Rose would make her pay for that.

Daphne sighed, this year was going to be a crazy ride.

.OvO.

Harry had no idea why mister Patil wanted to talk to him. He was not very close of his daughters on his old world, and he only knew that the family had fled England for India after Padma died on the attack at Hogwarts. Harry couldn't help, but feel a touch of guilt at this.

“Well mister Potter.” The older man said. “I know we saw each other at Rose’s birthday party, but I must say I was looking forward to finally know and talk to you. Is not anyone who can capture the attention of my little jade like you did.” The man was tall and lean, with a well reined goatee and long wavy black hair, he looked like a handsome man in his early forties, but Harry knew through Padma that her father had already passed his seventieth years. He was very well dressed with a Armani dark blue suit and had a big golden earring in each of his ears. Harry found his figure somewhat strong yet welcoming.

“She is indeed an Incredible woman sir.” Harry answered, looming quickly at the exotic chocolate beauty.

“Please, call me Dishan, Harry. I understand you are engaged to miss, or better yet, Lady Bones?”
Harry gulped.

“Sir, you must understand I didn't plan to…”

Dishan raised his hand, with an amused smile on his face.

“Oh Harry, don't worry, I'm not judging you. Not only her magic must resonate with all your chakras, she is also a beautiful young lady, just as Miss Greengrass and young Miss Delacour.” the laughter coming from the tall man was so sincere that Harry was completely surprised.

“But…”

“I'm sure my little Pad have told you I am also a Channeller myself, didn't she? So yes Harry, I do understand.” Dishan said, and Harry only nodded. “You see, contrary to the English, in our magical culture, Channellers are considered almost sacred. For us, it is a blessing to be one, to have the magic of life in its most pure form.” The man had a voice full of reverence. “You are very lucky my boy, it took me years to find all my balance, and I'm sad to say… I even lost one to the next world…” The man closed his eyes and frowned, clearly trying to hide his pain.

“I… I'm very sorry to hear that.” Harry said looking down.

“It's okay, Harry. It was many years ago. And her memory is not forgotten, the son I had with my dear Maya was also the first to give me grandchildren.”

“May I ask, sir… I mean, Dishan, but how old are you? I don't mean to be rude, but you look no older than fifty.”

“I'm eighty seven years old Harry, you will learn that, one of the effects of being a Channeller, and being in contact with your balancing parts, is that you all will live long and healthy, but the contrary is also true…”

Harry nodded, understanding what the man was saying.

“But that is not my point young Harry. What I wanted to tell you is that you also have a immense responsibility on your shoulders, and I know that for my own experience. When Maya was gone, a part of me was gone with her, a part I will never have back. I… died a little that day, and if it wasn't for the rest of my family, I would have gone with her, and they all would have suffered. Do you understand what I'm saying?”

Harry nodded again, he understood all too well.

“And don't be fooled, you will need them so much more than they will need you. They are your lifeline my boy. Get to really know them, to understand the needs and perks of each one, and be ready. They will scream with each other, and they will scream with you. A lot!” Durham laughed, making Harry smile. “I know most of the British don't understand, but we do, so you all can count on me, and my family. I may not have political influence per se in this country, as I was always viewed as an outsider…”

“Funny how the empire never thought twice about its right to be in a third of the world, but when people from this third show up here, they are outsiders….” Harry said.

“Ha, I like you even more! That, my boy, is human nature, protect yours and your tribe. And now, these girls are your tribe. But as I was saying, I may not have direct political power, but I have another kind of power… money… especially now that Malfoy is gone, so, you can count on me!” The man finished, offering his hand.
Harry took it with a smile, maybe this strange man would be someone who could understand the weight he was feeling after all.

.OvO.

Soon it was time for Millicent to go as well. A pug faced girl was glaring at them, and a beautiful dark haired witch came to whisper something in Millie’s ear, who giggled. He had seen a picture of her in Millie’s album. Daphne Green or something. (witch=female Last sentence says He at beginning)

She was very pretty but way to skinny for him so he managed to keep himself from ogling her.

“Kiss your knight goodbye and let’s get on before Pansy find us and start bitching about us being blood traitors, blah blah blah.” Sidle said to her strong daughter.

She chuckled as both Millicent and Dudley blushed and turned toward each other

“I’m going to miss you, Duds.” Millicent sniffed. “You take care okay?"

“I’ll miss you more, Millie. And you know I will or your mum will skin me alive and let Coach Bradburry have fun with what’s left.”

Both teens laughed, hugged and kissed chastly.

Shortly after Millie got on the train, it departed. Dudley felt as it was carrying a significant chunk of his chest away. He felt an arm around his shoulders and a hand brushing his hair.

He looked up (something he rarely had to do, but Sophia was taller than he was by at least ten to twenty centimeters) and met her eyes. One of them was artificial, he knew, but not as big as her father’s nor as perfected. Both eyes, real and fake where icy blue.

A small smile stretched her lightly colored lips with her scar moving along.

“She’ll be back for the Hols, sweetheart.” She said reassuringly. “Now, let’s greet my old friend Bella...and is that Apolline Delacour with her?!”

.OvO.

Delphi could finally realize how silent the big house was, and how dead it felt. Almost everyone was gone now. The younger ones were heading back to Hogwarts, to fight on a different kind of war, and with the voting approaching, all the older ones were back inland as well. And Barty was gone.

Delphi didn’t understood this lonely feeling, it was something completely new to her, and she didn’t like it.

It hurt not to be a heartless monster like her mother.

She climbed the stairs, listening to her own steps on the old wooden floor, and walked to the big
double doors of the master's bedroom. It was the first time the Dark Lady had summoned her ever since she tried to kill the girl. Everything had changed since then, and how could it not.

There was something happening with her mother, and Delphi wanted to know what, something really strange.

Bart would know…

The doors opened by themselves as the witch approached. Sirius, the ever standing watchdog, was standing besides it. Delphi asked herself if the stories she had heard about the pretty man were true, if he really had been broken inside by his family as the other death eaters said. Maybe, he really loved her mother. Delphi was no longer sure she herself did. Maybe she had actually never loved her at all, just admired and projection it but that never really was true.

The Dark Lady was seated on her usual big, soft chair, with the hood over her head, something Delphi had noticed she was doing more and more, hiding her face. The powerful witch had a glass of wine in one of her hands, and her wand in the other, held in a non threatening, playful way. She seemed distracted.

“You called mot… my lady?”

“No mother this time?” The Dark Lady chuckled. “Oh my, you must be really grieving for Crouch…” Delphi clenched her fists and took a deep breath at this words. "Believe me my child, I understand, I really do, but, if you want to be strong, if you really want to be my successor, you need to learn how to use that in your own favor. I was like you once you know…” The Dark Lady had the distracted gaze again. “Many, many years ago… I thought my life was all about it… family, pleasure… love… but, one day, I saw how everything could be taken away if I was weak…” The woman looked at Delphi with glowing red eyes under the hood. “I became strong my child, stronger than anyone, but I also paid the price for that.”

Delphi shivered, remembering the grave of her brother.

“I… I want to be strong…” the young woman hissed.

“That remains to be seen. I have a job for you my girl, something only you can do…”

“Only me, why?”

“Because, Delphi my dear, you don't actually exist in this world.” The Dark Lady smiled.

.OvO.

Harry and Dishan returned to the big group, only to find that the Weasleys had arrived a couple of minutes before. Molly was accompanying both Ronald and Ginny, talking with Bella and Melody, avoiding looking to Apolline at all. Ron’s face was almost as red as his hair, as he tried to avoid looking at Apolline and Gabrielle, and focus his attention on Rose, and Ginny just seemed annoyed, at least until the girl saw Harry. When the young witch laid her eyes on the emerald eyed boy, a bright smile came to her, reminding harry of how cute she looked, with straight and long fire colored hair and the freckles over her cheeks. She was dressed in a clearly second hand jeans, and a harpies shirt with a jacket. Harry was sure she flared her magic at him on purpose, but the feeling was so good that his magic welcomed and mingled with it, making the young wizard smile.
“Hello Harry…” Ginny said. “Can I call you Harry?” The girl pretended she was embarrassed, but Harry could see through it.

“Only if I can call you Ginny…” Harry playfully replied, trying not to laugh at Rose.

“Please, you can call me whatever you want.” Ginny said with a mischievous grin, low enough so her talkative mother could not hear, but loud enough to receive murderous looks from both Susan and Gabrielle. Harry only smiled and rolled his eyes, he liked this girl’s spirit.

“So… Rose…” They heard Ron finally being able to speak. “I… I did a lot of thinking ya know… and I want to say I'm sorry…”

“Hmm?” Rose frowned. “Sorry for what Ron?”

“I behaved really bad at your party, out of jealousy…” Ron said shyly, and Harry had to hold not to laugh out loud from the baffled faces around him. Tracey and Rose eyes were so wide that harry thought they would jump from their faces. But no mouth was more wide open than Ginny’s, the red haired teen looked in disbelief to her prat of a brother.

“Who are you and what you did to my moron of a brother?” the girl said in a small town accent that Harry had to admit he found charming in its own way. In the back of her mind, Rose noticed that reaction, her connection with her other half was even stronger than before, what made only harder not being able to keep from touching him.

“C'mon, can't a bloke grow up?” Ron answered in a somewhat reluctant tone, almost like he had memorized the words. Bella could noticed Molly’s proudly smiling at the scene, and had to force herself not to burst in laughter.

“Hmm… okay, Ron…” Rose said, shrugging. “No problem… I guess.”

“So…” Ron said, scratching the back of his head. “I was thinking…”

“Oh, this is going to be good!” Tracey whispered to Daphne, with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“So…” Ron stumbled. “I was thinking that… maybe… I don't know…” Harry was starting to feel sorry for him, while Daphne, Tracey and Ginny were smiling. “Do you want to go out with me?” The broad shouldered boy said in a single breath.

“What? What did you say?” Rose asked, confused.

“Someone put him on fast forward, it seems” Tracey grinned, earning an elbow in the side from Daphne. Harry shook his head, seeing himself in the other wizard.

“I mean…” Ron tried again. “Wanna go out with me on hogsmeade weekend?”

Rose gasped, looking at him wide eye. The emerald eye witch was ready to say no, but she could sense the pity coming from Harry, with a sigh, she answered.

“I… I don't know Ron… tell you what, let me think about it, okay?”

“Ah… okay, sure!” The red haired boy, said, sounding a little more confidant.

The train’s whistle echoed through the platform, and the kids kissed and waved the adults goodbye.
Draco Malfoy elegantly climbed into the train, followed by her two henchmen, carrying all her luggage. The blond girl was feeling incredibly comfortable in her new body, it was sensible, and she never felt so… adequate. Little by little, the witch was embracing her new self.

There was also other advantages in being a girl that she was not blind to. Take Crabbe and Goyle for example. They were even more servile than before. All that was needed was for her to flash a little more skin from her long legs, or show a little more cleavage and the two would do practically anything she wanted.

Thank Merlin for her good genetics, and for the fact she practiced and exercised even as a boy. Draco had to admit some of the Pureblood elite had the terrible tendency to not care about their physical condition, relying on magic for almost everything.

Of course, she would never let herself be touched by those two trolls. Or by most people to be honest, even the memory of pecking Pansy’s lips made her shiver, and not in a good way. No, there were only two men in the world that made her core resonate with passion and lust. And she hated one of them. The emerald eyed demon, he had corrupted her mother, and was housing with the Whore-Who-Lived, and yet, he kept coming back to her mind during the times she touched herself in her unbelievably wet, sensitive cunt. Draco kept fantasizing about defeating him and make the powerful young wizard her slave. In her mind, she kept the Potter boy tied, and first sat on his face, making him drink the juices from her dripping pussy, before seating on his nice, hard dick, letting it slide inside her. Damn, she hated him and the bitch of her cousin so much!

But the strange Potter boy was not the only one on her mind at those moments. There was another one, and the blond girl could see him as soon as she entered the “Slytherin” wagon on the back of the train. The teen in question was really tall, with an almost flawless black skin and low hair. His dark ebony skin contrasted with his light grey eyes, a magical trait of his family, one of the most dangerous in the entire magical world. Blaise Zabini was dressed in elegant trousers and a buttoned up perfectly fit shirt, and his smile was as charming as it was dangerous. Draco could feel her desire rising, and a involuntary smile come to her lips when the dark boy looked at her.

“By Hécate!” Blaise said with a mixture of awe and surprise. “So it is true!”

“What is true Zabini?” Draco answered. “That I’m still better than you in any way?” The blond witch said with a cheeky smile. Blaise was not sure about the expression on her face, but, someway, he liked it.

Draco approached him, swiping her hips a little more than needed, but yet in a very elegant way. Her personal cabin was in the next cart.

“So…” Blaise said with a mischievous smile as Draco passed next to him. “How are we supposed to call you now? Draca? Drana?”

Draco stopped on her feet and turned to look at the boy with a grin.

“You can call me Lady Malfoy, Zabini…” The girl said, pointing at him. “At least…” She lightly touched his chest with her finger. “For now…”

Draco turned to keep walking, saying in a commanding tone.

“The time for neutrality is coming to an end Zabini, and you and your family will have to make a
choice.”
Chapter 5

Thanks to AWR and DarkLordRising for beta and editing. Illustration for this chapter in Ao3!
Also, follow me on twitter for more art!

Chapter 04

Popular Inquires into Everyday Disasters

Amelia Bones exited the Ministry building with heavy steps, without looking back. The hard woman could not take it anymore, the clapping, the cheering, the congratulation speeches, one after another. But the worse of all was 'their smile'.

The smug smile on that Half-Blood harlot, and the worst of all, the happy smile on Bellatrix Black’s face.

"How blind could I be?!" Amelia thought with jealous rage. "Of course they were together, rubbing their victory in my face! One stole my job, and the other my family!"

And, after all the fighting, all the sweat, that was what hurt the most, Susan. It took some time and only after Augusta made her give up the Ministry race that Amelia realized that the price she paid was too high. Coming back to the big empty house was painful. Susan had always been there for her, ready with hot tea and a hug. Susan was her family, and now, she was going to marry the strange doppelganger of James Potter.

Without even noticing exactly where she was going, the strong woman dove her hand inside the formal Auror robes and retrieved a small silver bottle. She opened and took a big sip from the self-filling fire whiskey, something she had been doing more and more lately. The magical liquid burned her throat, as bitter as her feelings. Suddenly the woman stopped and her wand was quickly projected from the holder on her wrist.

Years of instincts and training told her about the presence before she could see or even listen to it. How it was possible for someone to get so close without her personal wards telling was a mystery she would have to deal later.

"It's hard isn't it?" A muffled feminine voice echoed through the alleyway. "To see people taking what should rightfully be yours?"

"Show yourself!" Amelia called with a commanding voice, all her senses sharpening. The tip of her wand starting to glow. The dim light of the magical focus reflected over the metallic skull mask under the hood from the figure coming out of the shadows. The figure had almost the same height as Amelia, and her dark robes glossed behind her, almost hiding her wand. The dark figure moved with grace, and the chief of the DMLE noticed they were alone in the alleyway.

"Don't worry, Miss Bones…” The figure continued with her weird muffled tone. “If I wanted you dead, you would already be gone…”
“Confident much?” Amelia scoffed.

“Not as much in myself than in that fire drink bottle.” The robed woman started encircling Amelia, who never let her wand down, a curse on the tip of it. “You know…” The mysterious witch continued. “I'm here to make you an offer…”

Amelia studied the woman in front of her, she was sure it was a woman, highly trained by her movements, and with very strong magic.

The red haired witch could feel the power emanating from the dark figure’s wand. It was something new, but strangely familiar. It made Amelia remember the war, and her fallen friends, it was strong, and sad.

“You… you are not her…” Amelia said at last, in a low voice, realizing that this was not the real Dark Lady. For some strange reason that made Amelia furious. “Who the fuck are you?”

“You are right… I'm not her… but I speak her name… I speak for the Dark Lady, Amelia Bones, and right now, we all have an objective in common…”

“I have nothing in common with you lot! You are terrorists and murderers! I just…”

“Want what is better for the magical kindred…” The woman interrupted her. “Isn't it? And what do you think the Dark Lady wants?”

“A Pureblood tyranny!” Amelia called, and the tip of her wand glowed brighter. To her surprise, the woman laughed.

“If that is what you think in the DMLE you are really going to lose! Blood purity is nothing… all My Lady cares about is talent!” Amelia’s eyes went wide at this. “Power and magic! and as for the prejudice thing, don't you think it's the pot calling the cauldron black? I heard you talk about Rose Potter, a 'Half-Blood whore', you called her I believe, a few weeks ago in Diagon Alley”

“But… the Death Eaters…” the red haired woman asked.

“Some are very talented, Miss Bones, like yourself… others, are little more than tools… money, influence, anger and frustration.”

Amelia didn't know what to think, was that a trick? The dark robed woman walking around her, and the Fire Whiskey in her head was making her dizzy.

“The thing is, Miss Bones…” The dark witch continued. “Is that right now, we have an enemy in common… someone who wants to brought the magical world down to the lowest level… the woman taking poise right now.”

“Iris Ovidios…”

“Yes. And the Potter-Black alliance. Don't be mistaken, Ovidios is nothing more than a pawn in the hand of Bellatrix Black and Arthur Greengrass.”

“Even if what you say is true… why is that a bad thing?” Amelia asked.

With a quick flick of her wand, too fast for Amelia’s dizzy mind to react, the witch summoned a case file into her hands.
“Read this Miss Bones, the files from Ovidios' non-magical business. You will find many interesting things. I don't think the Statute of Secrecy for Muggles can survive her, or magical kind for that matter... That's not even mentioning the corruption of Ministry agents, both magical and muggle, the assassinations performed by her Veela, and the payments for non-magical authorities.”

Amelia took the file in awe.

“Take this as a proof of our… good faith. Think about it, Amelia Bones.” The woman started walking away into the shadows, but she stopped and turned around. “One more thing…” Her voice sounded different now, more worried. “There is a man in your care, one that was captured in Godric’s hollow…”

“Yes… Crouch…”

“He need not be harmed.”

Amelia shrugged.

“You are talking to the wrong person, he is not in our power, the new Ministry has him arrested over some special mandate…”

Delphi gulped before disappearing in the shadows. That was not good.

.OvO.

The whistle echoed throughout the station as the train started moving from the platform, taking the students for a new year. Harry couldn't help but smile, he had really missed this. The laughter, kids running, the anticipation to see Hogwarts. Rose could sense the feelings coming from him, and could even understand it. The wizard had seen the school in his world destroyed and many of its students die, and now, he was able to see it beaming with life again.

But that was not enough to lift her own spirits. People kept looking at them, judging their strange, but powerful little posse. The witch was not looking forward to the gossip, the detentions, the fight against the DE spawns. She knew her place as the face of the fight ahead, and she hated it. And Rose hated not to be able to hug Harry, hold his hand or kiss him, and she was pretty sure he felt the same. And to make matters worse, Susan was looking really jealous of any girl who even looked at him.

Rose couldn't wait to find a cabin and lock herself in it, and she was sure Harry felt the same.

Harry noticed how some people waved and smiled at them, and how some others looked with hard eyes, and even envy. Ron joined Seamus and Dean, and by the little he could hear from their talk, he was certain that what the red haired said earlier was all an act. Ginny met with Demelza and waved Harry goodbye with a mischievous grin. Harry admitted to himself that he liked that and almost felt bad for it.

Almost…

They found an empty cabin, with almost enough place for all of them, specially after Harry had shrunk all their luggage. By habit, the young wizard sat beside the window, and to Rose's dismay, a very possessive looking Susan sat right beside him. Something was happening to the red haired ever
since they left home that morning, but Rose was not in the mood to ask, at least not right now. Without thinking twice or with any ceremony, the emerald eyed witch placed herself on Harry’s lap. Daphne rolled her eyes and both Tracey and Gabrielle giggled, as Susan turned a little flushed.

“Why didn’t I think of that?” Susan asked herself. “That is why even Padma has more chances than me…” If she could, Susan felt like kicking herself.

Padma felt the sudden surge of warmth, carrying magic coming from both emerald eyed teens. Both Harry and Rose moaned softly with the contact. Even with both wearing trousers, the contact with Rose’s firm ass made Harry’s dick instantly harden. By the flushed look on all the girl’s faces and the bright smile from Gabrielle, Harry was sure they could feel the magic building around them. Rose leaned against Harry’s chest and took a deep breath, feeling home. The young wizard moved his arms and embraced her. Love run through their bond, and most of the girls smiled with satisfaction.

All but Susan. She could feel it, just far away.

.OvO.

Sirius woke in a startle, as he did every time since the night it all happened. His smoking grey eyes went open and he quickly up sat on the bed, looking around with his wand in hand. In just a couple seconds, his magic realized were he was, and his body calmed down. Sirius was naked, with his rebellious long black hair flowing free, over the enormous bed on the master suit in the Riddle Manor. The Dark Lady was not there, which was odd, as she never had let him lay in.

Something else was weird. His magic felt all over the place, frantic, like it hasn't been for many years now, ever since he was cast out from his family, and joined the Death Eaters.

So ironic, he remembered, that his parents always begrudged him for not being a blood purist, for being sorted into Gryffindor, and being friends with Half-Bloods and Muggleborn, and, when he finally became what they dreamed him to be, it was at the cost of their lives.

They all deserved it, especially his mother.

Sirius felt a stinging pain in his chest, radiating from his core through all his body. He clenched his fist as he fell back onto the bed and bit the sheets to not scream. It was like every nerve on his body was burning, ripping and being bent at the same time. Sirius knew this pain all to well, the only pain greater than the Cruciatus Curse.

The pain of having the magic ripped from your soul.

He felt it the day he was cast out by Bellatrix, but he had no idea why he was feeling it again.

As sudden as it came, it was gone. Worried, the handsome wizard grabbed his wand, and was relieved when he felt the familiar bush of his magic running through the focus.

Memories from the night came back to him and he looked at himself in the big mirror wall. Sirius remembered the Dark Lady mounted over him, dominating him while she impaled herself, his dick deep inside her pussy. She was not feasting on him, as she did to the others, between the two of them, magic flowed freely, and Sirius was caught in a state of bliss beyond description.

“You know I can make you whole again…” The Dark Lady hissed as she sunk down onto his dick
again. Sirius moaned louder. “Don’t you want it? To be a Black again? To have back the magic that is rightfully yours?”

“Yeeeeeeessss…” Sirius half moaned, half screamed in mildest of the wet sounds her pussy was doing as she swallowed him all the way to the base. It was even possible? “Yes yes yes, I would do anything!”

“Promise me, promise on your magic that you Will do whatever I want…” The Dark Lady started making circular movements with her pelvis, rubbing her clit against Sirius, she was very close as well, being in such a commanding position was a real turn on to her. “Promise me, and I will restore your fully self!”

“I DOOOOOO!” Sirius screamed as he unloaded rope after rope into her, magic flowing between them.

Was that an unbreakable vow? No, it was something different, something more primal and powerful and Sirius was locked into it.

Then, there was no problem in the end. Sirius loved the dark lady, she was the only woman he had ever loved…

Was it?

“Aurora…” The name echoed through his head, before he shook it off.

Then, the memory kept coming, the Dark Lady’s voice ran through his head like a snake’s hiss.

“I need you to kill the Black sisters, Sirius… the three of them and Andromeda’s offspring… then, I can make you whole again…”

.OvO.

Susan was afraid, even if only for a second. Before she could drown in fear, she felt a soft touch on her hand. The red head looked down, and saw Rose’s hand holding her own, and looked up only to find Harry and Rose smiling tenderly at her. She felt like being pulled from the bottom of the ocean, and took a deep, relieved breath. Was that how her aunt felt? Looking around, Susan saw Tracey looking at her, with a mischievous smile, and held not to laugh.

Harry was delighted, Rose’s bum was deliciously rubbing against his erection as the train moved, although he was sure she was moving her hips a little more than needed. Gabrielle, Tracey and Susan were in a happy chattering about the houses Harry and Gabrielle would end up in as Padma was reading a book and Daphne was sketching something on her sketchbook.

“You know…” Daphne said, looking up from her sketchbook, calling harry and Rose’s attention. “I think Ro should go out with Weasley…”

“WAIT, WHAT?!” Both teens asked astonished.

“Calm down you both, and listen to me…” Daphne continued in an even tone. “We will not be able to keep our… arrangement… a secret forever, we all know that, but there is no reason to speed things up, at least until we are shielded by Ovidios. If we keep with the cousin scheme, maybe it's
good that Rose is seem with some other guys.”

Harry felt angry and ashamed at the same time. The young wizard felt jealous, and extremely possessive of Rose, and just the thinking of Ron trying anything made his blood boil, but instantly he felt ashamed for feeling like that. He was a hypocrite, surrounded by beautiful girls, and feeling jealous of them.

Rose on the other hand, didn't want anyone else. Harry was hers as much as she was his, but she could see the logic on Daphne’s thinking.

“I think Daphne has a point.” Padma dropped in.

“I know, but…” Rose said, “isn’t it giving him false hopes or something? I feel kinda bad about it…”

“But Wesley is an ass!” Tracey quickly called.

“Yes, he kinda is…” Susan waved.

“And I bet he is also tiny…” Gabrielle lifted his little finger with her pretty evil smile.

“Yes yes…” Daphne continued, her voice never changing. “We know all that, and it's even better that way. Rose doesn't even need to touch him, and she has the perfect excuse. The whole school will understand when she said it did not worked.”

Harry took a deep breath and rested his head on the bench, Daphne was right (as always) at least for now, but he could sense Rose’s apprehension. The girl was afraid of what that would do to her, giving her story with the twins, and to Ron, but, at the same time, people who already didn't like her wouldn't need this to keep saying bad things. And nothing of that would matter when the coven news went out. She moved her hips, trying to get a little more comfortable on Harry's lap, and she felt that this woken him up again, his erection coming back to life.

Rose loved that effect she had on him, it feed her own arousal, and it reverberate into the bond they had, it was delicious, like being immersed in a tub of warm water, just that the water was hornines. The girl felt her own panties becoming wetter with her juices, and moved her pelvis even more, up and down Harry's lap, feeling his hard dick press against her bum.

Rose cursed both their trousers.

Harry let out a soft moan, and the pretense was gone. Rose rest her back on his chest, and started moving her hips with more intent, the arousal coming from harry was intoxicating to her. How could he live with that drive to love and ravish them, and kept functioning was a mystery to her. Harry placed his hand over her leg, and moved it to her inner thigh, and the girl bite her lips in pleasure, the magic starting flowing between them, building up. All that Rose wanted now was to reassure him that she was his.

To Susan’s surprise, Harry's other hand tenderly touched hers, and intertwined their fingers. One second later, they were hit by Gabrielle’s allure, rushing through the room. Rose looked at the Veela, Gabrielle was looking back at them with what could only be described as hungry eyes, provocatively liking her lip. The French girl's hand moved unceremoniously to Tracey’s leg, making the blond girl moan, as it move up her inner thigh, raising her skirt little by little. Tracey was moving her eyes quickly, almost like she couldn't decided if she looked at Gabrielle or rose and Harry. The temperature of the cabin seemed to raise, and all the girls could feel the touch of both Harry's magic and Gabrielle’s allure.

Rose started moving her hips even more, and Harry's dexterities undid the button of her jeans, tracing
the hem of her soft cotton panties. Rose moaned.

“Guys…” Padma said in between deep breaths of her own. “Not that I'm not enjoying the magic and all… but don't you think we are going a little to far?”

“I'm pretty sure…” Rose moaned. “That Tracey locked the door…”

Tracey was deeply immersed in Gabrielle's finger, that were caressing her outer lips over her panties when she heard that, and with wide eyes looked scared at Rose.

“Shit…” Tracey whispered, right before the door got pulled wide open from the outside.

.OvO.

The nineteen year old Hermione Granger stopped the rent car besides a small trail over the Scottish highlands, and looked around the beautiful scenery. The young woman loved Australia, with its beaches and Sun, and her trip to the outback had been something out of a fantasy book. But there was something about Britain and its cloudy skies that felt like… home.

Even if it really wasn't.

Hermione got out of the car, good thing she had got a drivers license, she took her bag, one of the last things she got from the diagonal alley before leaving for Australia. The woman wondered what the non magical people would think if they discovered about the real size the world. It was not even hard, if people had the patience to just look at the size of the countries compared to the world, but people were just not interested. It was obvious that the magical and non magical governments and research institutes had some kind of agreement. By Hermione’s estimation, the world was around twenty percent larger than ordinary people thought. That was a lot, it was no surprise that both worlds kept colliding, sometimes she thought if that would not be a good idea if the statute of secrecy simply did not exist, but both wizards and non magical were humans, and that was not good.

It would be a lot easier to go to Hogsmeade by magical means, but she didn't want to risk it, not only could she be found, but also, it was not safe with the way her magic had been behaving.

And Hermione needed to be sure.

Hermione took a deep breath and stepped out of the car, she had a long way ahead, and she wanted to arrive at the village before the train.

.OvO.

A uncomfortable silence fell over the cabin, with all its occupants looking scared and flushed at the door, red as tomatoes . A wide eyed Katie Bell was standing at the door, she was tall, with a athletic build, dressed in jeans and a a Harpies jersey, her black hair was almost as short as rose, and her chaser eyes were sharp, as a bird of prey. Her eyes hover over each of the flushing girls before stopping on Rose and Harry.
Only when the chaser’s eyes traveled down was that Harry realized that his hand still inside Rose’s jeans, and he quickly moved it out.

Katie made an silent “Oh” movement with her mouth, as her eyes came back up to their faces, them down to where their hips met again and again. Harry wanted to bury his face in the ground in shame, especially when the pretty Chaser’s surprised face turned into an evil grin.

“Oi!” Rose heard Demelza Robins’s voice behind Katie. “U’ found them?”

“Yeah…” Katie said, still smiling. “I kinda did.” To Harry's surprise, the girl kept blocking the door, so the other couldn’t see them. Rose got up with a jump and quickly bottomed her jeans. Only after that, Katie moved away from the door, the smile never letting her face. “You guys are hard to find, and, Damn, you like some crowded space…” She completed as Demelza peeked through.

“That's the guy?” The younger Gryffindor asked. She was short, but Harry knew she was very strong, and a good chaser. “Oi Potter, Bones…” The girl completed, waving at some of the girls.

“Yes, that's Rose’s… cousin…” Katie smiled at them. “Harry Potter.”

Demelza extended her hand.

“Katie can't seem to shut up about how good 'ou are on a broom.” She said as Harry took her hand, with a smile. “Demelza Robins, Chaser for the Lions.”

“Harry.” The wizard smiled at her. “And I'm not that good…”

“Dragonshit!” Katie waved. “If what you did at the party was just kidding, I can't wait to see you in a serious game!”

“You know it’s true Harry.” Susan said, holding his hand. “You are an amazing seeker!”

“Guess you can keep the Potter tradition at Quidditch!” Rose said.

“Well, we just passed here to say hello and welcome!” Katie said. “And to say I hope you are sorted with us. You would be most welcome!”

“Yeah… we need to find Ginny, to discuss this year’s team.” Demelza conclude. “Cya…”

Both girls waved at them, and Katie winked at the cabin as she moved out. They could still hear Demelza speaking as they walked.

“Damn, you were right, he really is a looker, and he has a fine ass…”

“Told ya…”

“Fuck, Bones is a lucky gal…” the people on the cabin could hear their voices getting farther and farther away.

“Shiiiiit!” Tracey let out. “Sooooo sorry, I forgot to lock the…”

“Nevermind, too late now.” Daphne said in her usual tone. “The interesting thing is that she didn't let other people see it. Maybe she plans to use it against us.”

“Katie Bell?” Rose said. “She is my friend Daphne!”

“People have plans Ro.” Daphne sighed.
“Not everyone thinks like you…” Rose rolled her eyes.

“Well, pardon me for being cautious. Why she would do that, if not to blackmail us? The Bells are a small family, trying to get up in the political field and-”

“She wants Harry…” Everyone looked at Gabrielle as she spoke. “And I am not talking about as a Seeker.” The Veela had a lustful smile. “I could smell her arousal, her pussy was wet just looking at him.”

Harry facepalmed himself.

“Damn…”

Rose rolled her eyes before asking.

“Well, we both know your magic reacts pretty well with her.”

“And man, she has a killer body…” Tracey said.

“Shut up Tracey, you are on time out!” Daphne said, but the blond just shrugged.

“Hmm… excuse me…” A young voice called from the door, and they turned around to see a very small boy, probably first or second year, holding two pieces of parchment on his hand.

“Yes?” Daphne inquired.

“Professor Slughorn asked me to handle these to Miss Potter and Miss Greengrass…” The boy said, handing over the paper. “uum… I…uum…”

Daphne quickly read the paper.

“Tell him they will attend.” Harry said to the wide eyed boy, who nodded and walked away. The young wizard closed the door, and with a flick of his wand, magically locked it.

“Hmm… we are?” Rose asked.

“Think about it, in my… old world… Slughorn was the one who taught Tom about the Horcruxes. I know we are not fighting against him here, but, there are Horcruxes involved. Maybe he knows something and can help us figure out about who the Dark Lady is.”

“It makes sense…” Padma said.

“Fuck… I hate this kind of plotting…” Rose said, she really didn't like those social events, but at least Daphne would be with her.

.OvO.

Iris finished shaking the hand of one more signatory, before retreating into her new office. The witch quickly closed the door and produced her wand to lock it.

“Wow!” Iris said, leaning at the door. “I can't take it anymore. My hand is going to fall!”
“Well…” A beautiful woman, with full incredible black hair and violet eyes, and a generous bosom, with a bright red lipstick spoke softly. Bellatrix Black was the sight of a modern witch. She was also one of the most important political allies of the new Minister. “Everyone wants to be on good side of the new Minister.”

“Oh, come on, all my sides are good!” Iris joked. She had really taken a liking of the glamorous woman; Bellatrix was loud, beautiful, and sometimes even rude, but she loved her family, and was an incredible fighter. She was also one of the matrons of what Iris was jokingly calling the “Potter-Black-Greengrass-Delacour Coven”. Jokes aside, when it becomes public, that Coven would be the most powerful political force in the magical world, and only a blind person wouldn't see it.

And Iris had to admit to herself that she had some other interests in their warlock.

Besides Bellatrix Black, one more, much younger, woman found herself in the room. Fleur Delacour could only be described as goddess, much like her mother. The Veela was not only the champion of the last Tri-Wizard Tournament, she was also one of the most beautiful, and powerful witches in the world. Iris was not even sure she herself could beat the Veela in any kind of fair duel.

But right now, the eerily beautiful fae was elegantly sat on a chair, looking at nowhere in particular, with a dreamy expression, something that was pretty unusual for the sharp warrior. Iris looked at her, then at Bellatrix with questioning eyes.

“She had a bad case of ‘Missing the H…” Bellatrix shrugged.

“Really? That good?” Iris asked.

“You wouldn't believe… if I haven't been with him two days ago I would be too. And remember, she is a Veela…”

Iris looked at Fleur.

“You two are making me very curious…” The witch couldn't help but notice the shadow of jealousy that ran through Bellatrix’s eyes. It was funny.

“It’s… a Coven thing, I guess…” Bellatrix waved. “Pol could explain it better…”

“Where is she, by the way?”

“Hogsmeade.”

Iris nodded, Fleur had looked at her when she mentioned the Veela’s mother, but came back to her little world.

“Amelia was not at the ceremony…” Bellatrix finally said.

“I noticed… and Augusta was really callous, promising all the help… those two vipers…” Iris said before looking at the brunette. “Sorry… I understand you and Amelia have a history…”

“Nah, you are right… she has… changed.”

“They are dangerous Bella, specially Augusta… the old hag wants to rule without putting her head on the line.”

“They don’t call her the Battle Axe for nothing. She fought with my Uncle Theseus during the War against Grindelwald.” Bella nodded. “She’s a warmonger. And… naah. Forget it, I can’t prove it
anyway, and it’d get you in trouble.”

Iris raised an eyebrow, and made a mental note to talk to Susan and Harry about Neville. Susan had been a surprise. The Bones girl had clamped onto Iris, almost like a substitute for her aunt, it was clear what the girl needed, not only that, she wanted guidance. And she was quickly learning the ins and outs of politics, but Susan would never be like Greengrass, or Iris herself. The girl still need one last important ingredient, confidence. Maybe Harry could help her find it.

“Are you also going to be leaving to Hogsmeade?” Iris asked Bellatrix.

“Yes, but don't worry, both me, Arthur and Narcissa will be present at the ’mot sessions. We have a lot of work to do…”

“Are you sure the village is safer?”

“Everyone knows about G Place, also, we will be closer to the school…”

“And more accessible to Harry and the girls… yeah, I think it’s a good idea.”

“We are still going to keep using the Greengrass state for the rituals tho. To risk to do it in the open.”

A shiver ran through both women's bodies, all the way to their core. Even not being part of the ritual herself, just being closer to it had given iris one of the best orgasms of her life. She could only imagine what would be like to be with the warlock himself. At least for now.

“I couldn't have got here without your support Bella, so thank you.”

“You helped save Harry, Iris, it is I who has to thank you. But I need to go, I will see you in a couple days for the first session.”

Iris watched as the fierce woman left the office. Yes, she really did like Bellatrix, and especially, some of her “Special family.” But she would have time to dream later, now there was another problem to solve as the new Minister.

“Fleur. FLEUR!” Iris called, and the Veela looked at her with scary yellow eyes. “I know you are daydreaming about your Potter boy, but I have a job for you…”

.OvO.

Harry closed the door of the cabin behind him, and took a deep breath. It was getting increasingly hard to become close to the girls right now. The wizard realized that with the moving, going back to Hogwarts and trying to figure out a way to discover the Dark Lady’s identity, he had neglected his special needs.

And things had became different after the ritual, something had happened. Harry could feel each of the girl's magic running inside him, through his veins and through his core. It was strange, but somewhat delicious, and also addictive. It was like he was never alone anymore, but in a good way. How could anyone think that this was a bad thing was beyond any logic to him. The young wizard imagined if that was how the girls felt as well.
Harry also knew, that if things were running like his own world, Draco, or however she was calling herself now, was about to start the meeting with the other wannabe Death Eaters. But maybe not, this Dark Lady seemed a little smarter than Tom, and Dumbledore was not the danger to her plans here as he was in his old life.

A rush of anger, hurt, and disappointment ran through him as Harry remembered the way Dumbledore manipulated his life and tried to walk him to the slaughtering house, how he fed him lies, and isolated him. The wizard was really relieved that Rose didn't have to go through all that, it really made her a better person than him. Harry hoped she couldn't feel how he was feeling right now as well.

Harry had flushed, and was washing his hands when the bathroom door opened behind him.

“Imperio…” A soft voice said behind him, and Harry was washed by the familiar euphoric sensation of not being responsible for his own actions anymore, his hands held into the sink, and he stood still, waiting for a command.

“Raise your head…” Hermione asked, and Harry obliged. A rush of excitement ran through the girl, and a smirk appeared on her face. The witch loved the sensation of power, she had his life in her hands, and she liked the taste of it. Control beyond measure, over others lives, and especially, her own. The powerful wizard, and Hermione knew he was extremely powerful, stood there, froze, waiting for her to command him. The focus she had with the untraceable wand was not the best, but she was good enough to pull it off. Even if she could still feel the way his magic messed with her.

“Listen closely,” Hermione said, with a low voice, but full of excitement. “You are going to walk out of here and find Rose, then, you will fight with her, like no one ever did before. You are going to hurt her feelings, badly, and then, Apparate away, the farthest that you can, and never come back!” The witch took a deep, prideful breath. “And count yourself lucky, as I could just ask you to kill yourself.” Hermione said, feeling righteous, even if Rose never knew how she had helped her, she was happy to do so.

The flare if magic hit her even before the wizard turned around, making Hermione take step back. When he turned, Harry's eyes were glowing red, and, and the witch could feel his rage burning, even if his face remained passive. His magic hit her again, hot, strong, overflowing. Hermione took another step back, hitting the wall behind her. Harry's magic hit her again with a strong wave, and completely surrounded Hermione. The witch had never felt so threatened, but also, so excited in her entire life. The girl cursed her own body as she felt herself getting wetter than she had ever been before.

At that moment, Hermione hated the wizard in front of her more than anything in her life. A deep, hurtful, frozen hate.

But, as suddenly as it came, Harry's magic retracted, and his eyes became emerald green again, the same as Rose’s. The wizard had a disappointed, patronizing expression that made Hermione even angrier.

“I will assume Rose is resistant to mind controlling magic, right?” Harry said in a tired voice, but Hermione didn't answer. “If so, why, why would you think I would be susceptible?” Hermione had teary eyes, he was right, how could she be so dumb? Her anger was making her blind?. “You are smarter than that…”

Harry was hovering over her, but kept his magic to himself, nonetheless, Hermione could feel it,
disgustingly calling her. The boy looked at the wand in her hand.

“I will not even ask how you got that, as I'm afraid of the answer, and I would be obliged to tell Rose, but I don't want to cause an even bigger rift between the two of you, you know why?”

Hermione didn't answer, she would not speak to him.

“The Hermione in my world was my best friend, the person I loved the most in the entire world.”

Harry had a tone of reverence in his voice, almost adoration. “I would have died, more than once, if it wasn't for her. And I loved her, Hermione, just as I'm sure Rose loves you…”

Hermione lowered her head, in a mixture of anger and shame.

“Things will get worse Hermione, and Rose will need all the help she can get. She will need you, so please…” Harry's voice became hardened. “Get a fucking grip of yourself!” The wizard said, before moving back, and starting to walk to the door.

“I… I don't know if I can…” Hermione said in a very low voice when Harry reached for the for handle.

“And why is that?”

“Because I hate you… and I hate my mother too much… you broke her… and then she broke me…” Her eyes were full of resentment and sadness.

Harry took a deep breath, and just left.

.OvO.

Bellatrix walked through the green flames into the living room of her new place. The witch knew it was not yet a home, but maybe, one day, it could be. At least, she would be closer to her daughter, and her lover. Looking around, she had to admit that Apolline Delacour had a really good taste for interior design. The Veela had positioned things in places and orders Bellatrix herself would had never thought of, and it looked beautiful. But not as beautiful as Apolline herself.

The royal Veela was seated in the loveseat, her incredible long legs crossed, as her elegant lapis skirt showed just the right amount of skin. Her platinum blond hair, cut in a channel style, flowed beautifully over her shoulders, as she read a book. Bellatrix had to admit the Veela looked… delicious. Images of herself licking her completely hairless pussy wile Harry pounded her tight asshole from behind ran through her mind. And what was that she was having with using her ass? Harry had really did a number on her. Two days, and she already missed him inside her, and the taste of his magical sperm.

“The room looks amazing Pol…” The witch finally said.

“Thank you. Kreacher and Dobby were really helpful.” The Veela answered, looking at her. “So, how was it.”

“Like vultures circling a carcass, but this time they will discover that the prey is very much alive, and it's a dragon…”
“Hmm… do I sense some admiration in your voice?”

“Well, she does look fierce… and…” Bellatrix said, and Apolline raised an eyebrow. “I think she has a crush on me.”

The Veela let out a musical laughter.

“What warm body creature would not have a crush on you my dear…”

Bellatrix just waved at the other woman comment.

“Anyways, I think she is much more interested in Harry and Rose. She kept asking about them.”

“As we thought. This woman can be dangerous, we have to watch her closely…” Apolline took a deep breath. “Did you see Fleur?”

“Yes, she was… kind of off.” Bellatrix shrugged to a confused Apolline.

“How she looked?” The blond witch asked.

“In love, very much in love…” Both Bellatrix and Apolline giggled.

Bellatrix removed her shirt, making her breasts bounce into the black bra. Apolline instinctively licked her lips.

“I’m going to take a shower…” Bellatrix said. “Feel free to join me…”

.OvO.

A worried Harry walked back to the cabin. The boy was debating if he should tell Rose about what had just happened. He needed to, Harry decided to be honest with her, Hermione was becoming too dangerous. That made him really sad, he really didn't want to let this part of him go. And what about this idea of him breaking Monica? The young wizard decided to have a serious talk with the woman as soon as he could.

To his surprise, Harry found Susan outside the cabin, talking to a jumpy Hannah Abbott, while Neville rolled his eyes. Harry could not smile looking at the muscular boy, and how confidant and petty he looked, he could easily understand Rose’s crush on the young man.

Susan was trying to calm her excited friend down, when they saw Harry.

“There you are!” Hannah exclaimed. “We've been waiting for you, handsome!”


“Of course silly.” The sap chubby girl continued. “We found out something great!”

“Oh, really?” Harry said with a charming smile.

“You see…” Hannah continued, Cleary affected by his smile. “We were walking through the train, just to pass the time…”
“C’mon…” Susan waved. “Just admit you two were looking for a place for a good snog!” Both Harry and Neville giggled.

“That is not the point here…” Hannah continued. “The thing is, we just found out that students who happen to be Head of their Houses get an exclusive car! With private cabins! And guess who is head of her house?” The girl wiggled her finger, pointing at Susan, who just rolled her eyes.

“So, you want us to go there?” Susan asked.

“What my excited girlfriend forgot to say, is that only you can take us there.” Neville said, making Harry giggle.

“Okay, okay, I will take us there… want to go Harry?” Susan said looking at him.

Something in the look of her eyes, the need, or it would be fear? Something told Harry he needed to go, for her.

“Sure, it can be fun.” The wizard said, holding his hand to Susan, who grabbed it with a smile. “And Rose?”

“Daphne and her are getting ready for the lunch with the new professor.” Susan answered. After Hannah and Neville walked a couple steps ahead, Susan claimed his arm, getting closer to him, and asked. “Are you okay? You looked like something bad happened when you arrived.”

“Yes, something did happen… I will tell you all later.” Harry said. “Thanks for noticing.”

“Of course i did…” The witch said, resting her head on his shoulder.

.OvO.

Healer Jones was doing her morning round in that ward again, and she hated every minute of it. Just because she voiced her opinion about triage, Healer Tonks managed to get her assigned to the ward were desperate cases were sent to suffer through whatever magic couldn’t heal or were either an embarrassment or hindrance to rich families. And speaking of embarrassment, she felt a hand squeezing her bum. Squeezing her free hand in fist, she smacked the board she held in the other one against the wrist attached to the guilty hand.

“Cut it off, Lockhart, or I’ll cut it for you.” She snarled.

“I meant no harm, dearie, just to make a newcomer feel welcome.” the former novelist shrugged.

Rolling her eyes, she rose her wand and levitated Lockhart in his bed and secured him. Tight.

The man growled and shouted her

“How dare you do that to me?! Do you know who I am?! If so, tell me, please! You hear me?! Tell me who I am!”

Jones rolled her eyes and headed toward another room where her two friends from the Order of the Phoenix were laying in a state similar to what Muggles call ‘coma’.
She opened the door and walked in.

Facing her, standing, was a tall, lithe, almost skinny witch, her eyes full of fury.

“Hestia.” Her voice was hoarse from misuse. “Where... is my...son? Where...is...Neville?”

Hestia Jones did the only thing a sane person would do.

The board slipped from her fingers and hit the ground, followed by the healer, as she fainted.

.OVO.

“Please, don’t do anything crazy.” Daphne said, before leaving. “We don't need this right now…”

“Crazy? Moi? have you met me?” Rose asked, a playful smirk on her lips as she adjusted her necktie. Daphne sighed.

“That goes for you too.” The Ice queen continued, turning directly to Tracey and Gabrielle, but one look at the grin on their faces told the witch it was useless. The slithering had only one last hope. “Padma, please, look after them.”

“I will do my best!” Parsons tried to sound more certain than she really was. Daphne only shook her head and closed the door behind her, and started walking down the cars with Rose.

“Mon Dieu!” Gabrielle exclaimed as soon as the door closed. “Susan is really getting on my nerves!”

Padma only raised her eyes from the book about rituals she was reading.

“And when didn't she?” The Indian witch asked.

“Yes, you two are always at each other's throats…” Tracey rolled her eyes.

“I will admit I never liked some of her attitude…” Gabrielle waved her hand. “But Rose really does like her, and it seems that my Harry does it too.”

“Your Harry?” Padma smiled. “Now you just sounded like her.”

Gabrielle very maturely showed the other witch her long tongue.

“I really believed it would get better after the ritual, but Susan is only more possessive and brooding now…” The Veela said. “She is not even letting us closer to him.” The French voice turned angry. “Putain…”

“Hey… calm down…” Tracey raised both her hands.

“Sorry… I just want him…” Gabrielle said with her eyes closed, and her Allure flared out, surrounding both Padma and Tracey, making the blond girl moan. Padma was trying to concentrate.

“Aren't you the one who was just like that a couple weeks ago?” Padma asked, felling the Veela's allure fill the cabin, her own core starting to burn with desire. The memories were clearly doing something to Gabrielle.
“Oui…” Gabrielle answered with a husky voice, liking her lips. Tracey was sweating. The Allure was so strong that Padma could almost see it. “But we solved… it…” The Veela started rubbing her legs together, as the memories of her first night with Harry came back to her.

“And how did you solve it?” Padma asked.

Gabrielle opened her eyes and looked at the two girls, it was clear that Tracey was much more affected by her Allure than Padma, as she expected. The Veela gave a devilish smirk before starting opening her legs and running her hand over them, before answering.

By the combination of the Allure, and her own lust, Tracey found herself hypnotized by the movement of Gabrielle’s hand, going up and down the Veela’s perfect long thighs. She wanted to know, she wanted to hear, and touch, Tracey wanted Gabrielle, and she wanted Harry. The French witch noticed and bit her lower lip before answering Padma.

“Harry just gave me the best orgasms of my life…” Gabrielle lifted her skirt, showing her small panties, so wet they perfectly showed the contours of her bald pussy. “Again, and again and again…” The Veela moaned, caressing her core over the soft fabric. Padma gasped at the sight, and Tracey had a big, lustful smile on her face, making quick work in unbuttoning her own jeans.

Tracey felt like a fire was burning inside her, ever since the ritual. The blond teen felt like swimming in a sea of horniness, and the echoes coming from Rose or Harry only made it worse. Tracey always had a crush on her emerald eyed friend, and now, she suspected she was full blown in love with her male counterpart. She had always found Gabrielle incredibly hot, and the Veela’s Allure was not helping her situation.

“How… how did he make it?” The blond witch asked, pinching her own left nipple under her shirt. Gabrielle moaned, this was getting interesting. She turned her body in Tracey’s direction, leaning on the wall and spreading her legs, giving the other girl full view of her panty clad wet mound. Tracey liked her lips.

“Harry was like a dream…” Gabrielle continued, caressing her pussy lips. Padma noticed how sweet her juices smelled. “It was like he knew exactly what I needed. First we kissed, deep and passionate…” Tracey pinched her nipple a little stronger and moaned. “He kissed my neck, and my shoulders, his magic enveloped me, and I almost came just there.” Gabrielle’s own movements became faster.

“And… then…?” Tracey asked, pushing her right hand against the rim of her panties.

“He bit my nipples…” Gabrielle could feel the fire in her core, she was now watching as Tracey dove her own hand inside the blue panties the blond was wearing. “I came the first time just from that… he then removed my soaked panties…” Tracey was listen attentively, imagining herself on the Veela’s place, and the vision of the beautiful girl with her legs spread in front of her just made it better. She ran her hand down reaching the rim of her own panties. Gabrielle pushed her own white ones to the side, showing her perfect hairless cunt, rubbing her fingers through her wet slit. “He worshipped my pussy like none before…” The French witch said, her voice accompanied by the wet sound of her fingers penetrating her cunt.

Padma rubbed her legs together, trying to calm down her own arousal, as she heard the girl's accounts. Tracey on the other hand, had found the way to her own folds, getting her fingers lubed by her own juices, and started encircling her clitoris with soft movements, her eyes glued on the two fingers going in and out of Gabrielle’s pussy.

“He licked me, tasted me…” the Veela kept speaking, loving the effect she was having over the
other girl. “Harry savored my pussy, and I could see he loved every second of it…” Damn, she wanted him inside her right now. “At that moment, I was the only girl in the world.”

Tracey moaned, her jeans long gone to the ground, her panties moving to joint them. The blond realized she was dripping wet, and started working on her own clit again, building the pressure. Gabrielle noticed her aura, and the way Tracey reacted to her allure, with a smile.

“I came again, and it was wonderful, his magic surrounded me…” Tracey’s movements became even faster, she was almost there. “I was in heaven, the Veela magic inside me was singing, and Harry was not even done…”

“Daaaaamn!” Tracey moaned, rubbing herself.

“I freed his big, thick cock and licked it…” Both Gabrielle and Tracey remember the taste of harry on their mouth, it was almost too much for the blond girl. “I loved his taste, my mate’s taste…” Gabrielle looked at Tracey, who had glaze eyes, and her mouth half opened in a silent moan and decided to try something.

“Do you want me to call you the next time I’m with him Tracey? Do you want me to put you on your knees so Harry can fuck your mouth like a toy?” As Gabrielle expected, the thought of it sent Tracey over the edge, making the girl cum with a muffled scream, her eyes rolling up. Padma watched with wide eyes as the girl arched her back and trembled, moving her fingers furiously over her clit.

Tracey rest her back on the cabin’s wall, coming back from her orgasmic night, taking deep breaths, when Gabrielle called.

“I’m not done yet girl!” The commanding tone on her voice scared Padma, but sent shivers all over Tracey’s body, she felt her arousal growing even after just having climaxed, and couldn't help but raise her head and looked at the Veela.

Gabrielle had an evil grin on her face, and her legs were spread open. With one of her hands, she was holding her panties to the side, showing Tracey her puffy, swollen pussy lips, and her clit pointing out from the hood, a puddle of liquid under her ass she held her skirt up. Gabrielle was right after all. Being a Veela had its perks, like sensing other magical beings preferences.

“I’m not done yet…” The Veela said again in a commanding tone. “So get here and finish it!” Tracey didn't know why she found that so exciting… there was something on Gabrielle’s voice that made her completely wet again. Moving almost by instinct, the blond witch leaned over and approached the Veela’s pulsing, dripping cunt, her smell was intoxicating, and she admired how beautiful it was.

Gently, but firmly, Gabrielle held her hair, making Tracey let out a softy “Eeep” sound.

“Lick it!” The Veela commanded, and Tracey couldn't help herself. She run her tongue all the way across the French slit, savoring her juices, until she got to her clt, and started working on it, moving her tongue in and around it, moving in between soft kisses and light sucking. Gabrielle moaned, with a smile on her face. Tracey was clearly not strange to licking pussy.

“Use your fingers!” The Veela commanded again, and Tracey pressed two fingers against her entrance, entering her with a slightly upward movement, stimulating the Veela from inside. Gabrielle moaned again, and her breathing became faster. Holding Tracey’s hair, the Veela started grinding the girl's face, moving her hips against her mouth and fingers. She could feel the pressure building, she was getting there. The, without warning, Tracey pulled from the pussy, only to push her tongue deep
into Gabby’s pink edged asshole. That did it for the young Veela.

“Oui, oui, oui! Just like that!” The Veela kept moaning, and Tracey felt compelled to obey, her own orgasm building.

“I’m cumming!” Gabrielle called, arching her back, and a bold of her sweet fluids hit Tracey’s mouth, sending the girl to second, smaller climax. The Veela kept grinding her mouth, until her orgasm subsided, and she finally let go of her friend’s hair. Tracey got up with an astonished, but satisfied expression.

“Guess we learned something today…” Gabrielle said, with a wink.

Slughorn’s personal cabin was a luxurious and extravagant mixture of wood and velvet, in bright purple and orange colors. A big table was placed in the center of the magically enhanced space, with many sets of silvery and pottery. Silk curtains barred most of the sun light, letting the cabin in a half light that resembled some of the rooms on Hogwarts itself.

All in all, both Daphne and Rose found it all in extremely bad taste.

“Welcome, welcome!” A short, corpulent man, with a mustache that covered his upper lip, and going bald on the top of his head greeted them with a smile. Rose recognized Slughorn from their previous encounter, though now he seemed way more comfortable on his own ambient surroundings. “I’m so glad you girls could come to this small meeting. The first of many, I hope.” The smile on his face seemed amiable enough, but Daphne recognized a predator when she saw one. This man was clever, and looking around the other people in the room, she quickly realized what he was doing. Sons and daughters of some of the most important families and dignitaries in the magical world, Blaise Zabini, Jones and others. To the Slytherin’s delight, Draco was nowhere to be seen.

“For Samhain, I’ve got special set up, and I think you, Rose, will be thrilled by it.” the portly potioneer enthused, smiling broadly.

Rose smiled shyly, she just wanted it to be over quickly, the girl hated these kinds of situations, and she had no idea how to learn about the professor’s involvement with the Horcrux.

Blaise coughed, to catch the older man’s attention.

“Why haven’t you invited Lor-- I mean Lady Malfoy?” he asked. Blaise wanted her by his side, and not just because she was a real hottie, but for her connections. It surprised the young heir that Draco wasn’t there nor even mentioned.

“Well, I thought it was not the best of ideas, after the demise of his, father. The man really slipped down the drains. I hope the young heir is able to elevate his family back.”

“You mean you don’t know, Professor?” Daphne asked in a sickeningly sweet voice. “He became a she. Apparently Lord Malfoy cast many Dark magical glamours to turn his daughter into a son.” Daphne smirked at the seething Blaise.

“Merlin…that’s... but let us not spoil our lunch with such topics, right? Please please, sit down, I have asked for a delightful menu for us today.”
“Shit… this is going to be hard…” Rose thought to herself while she sat.

To her surprise, Blaise took a place right beside her. The handsome and tall black boy had been ordered by his mother to befriend Potter, and it left an ashen taste in his mouth.

“Don’t you have a speech for me, Potter?” Blaise asked with a cheeky smile.

“What are you talking about, Zabini?” The witch asked, confused.

“You know, about services and neutrality, your friend Malloy seems very interested in my family. I was thinking if you had a proposition as well…”

“I don’t know what she told you Zabini, but that bitch is not my friend. I don’t need a speech, I know I’m on the right side, and it would be wise for you to consider this.”

“Right and wrong are just a matter of perspective, Rose. My family has a motto. No, more like a philosophy, almost a creed, if you will: niente è reale, tutto è permesso. That is the true neutrality.”

The boy looked at Slughorn, who had started talking. “This is going to be an interesting year.”

Something about his smile really scared Rose.

.OvO.

Harry walked hand in hand with Susan through the train. Here, just like in his old world, people looked attentive at him, but he could clearly see it was for different reasons. Going through the cars, the wizard could see the disparity between male and female students as clearly as a day. Bellatrix had told him about the crusade the so called Dark Lady did against the magical traitors, as she called them, but that wouldn’t explain why more male babies weren’t born. There was something else at play here. Maybe something magical.

The teen was brought back to reality by a tug on his hand, he turned and saw Susan with a questioning expression.

“‘ou okay?” The girl asked.

“Yeah, sorry… was just thinking… and you?”

“Me?”

“C’mon Sue… I know you, as weird as this sounds, something is bothering you.”

The red haired girl looked away from those eyes that she felt could see her soul and bit her lip.

“I…”

“We’re here!” Hannah called in front of them. She was in front of one more door, with the word private over it. Harry thought about how many cars they have walked, and there was even one more. Magic was really awesome. “We can’t go past here… alone at least.” The smile on the girl’s face was contagious. Neville just rolled his eyes at his girlfriend’s antics.
Susan shrugged her shoulders, and reached for the door, not sure what to expect. The wooden door opened, without any problems, into a corridor that could deceive them as if they were in Hogwarts, if it wasn’t for the soft wave of the train. The floor was covered in a soft green carpet and there were two adjacent doors. Each door had a species of crest engraved on it and the family names on top. In the left they saw a swan flying over a rose, and the Malfoy name, the one on the right, had a menacing skull with an open mandible and a Latin motto, the name bones over it.

“Well… you already won on family symbol matters…” Harry giggled, and Susan lightly hit his arm.

The red haired girl opened The door to a large cabin, and all four teens looked in awe. The same soft carpet covers most of the floor, on one of the sides there was a big, comfortable looking L shaped couch, full of pillows, sided by a small table. A bigger one, with four leather chairs, stood in the center of the room, with pieces of cake, biscuits and a complete Ever-Warm tea pot. There was also a small wardrobe and a baggage lodge, and a door that probably led to the bathroom. The place looked extremely comfortable.

“Damn… magical people really like to shove the disparities in each others face…” Harry murmured.

“Hey, at least this time we can enjoy it!” Hannah said, jumping on the couch. “Wow, this is so soft…”

“I never knew the express had this car…” Susan said, looking around the room.

“Well, it had been a while since a Head of a House went to Hogwarts, and this year we have two!” Neville said, seating himself beside Hannah, and hugged the girl.

“Hmm, I wonder if I should call all the girls here… there are plenty of space…” Susan started saying, but suddenly stopped.

With a heavy chest, Harry felt the girl's magic contracting, as if she wanted to be gone, and he finally realized the table, the wardrobes were post for two people. He decided to sort things up with her. With a piercing look at Neville, he moved his head, pointing to the door. The muscular boy took a few seconds to understand, but finally nodded.

“Hey babe…” Neville said to Hannah. “I need to get back to our cabin…”

“But we just got here!”

Neville rolled his eyes and leaned to say something on her ear. The cute girl blushed and smiled shyly, but quickly got up, holding her boyfriend's hand.

“Okay guys, see you later!” Hannah said, walking out with Neville.

Harry took a deep breath.

.OvO.

Ginny laughed at the joke Demelza finished telling, though her mind was far, far away. Ever since she entered the school, the red spitfire had the incredible ability of pretending to listen, while her mind wandered. It was especially useful during boring classes, or when her mother chastised her, that was not very often, Ginny’s grades were the best of her family ever since Bill had left the school, as
she was pretty good at hiding her little adventures.

And right now, her mind wandered to her new obsession and his little entourage.

Ginny always felt connected in some way to Rose Potter. True they had been friends for most of the redhead’s life, though not as close as Daphne, Susan or the Delacours, just one more for her mother's account. The prudish Weasley matron had always considered the Potter/Black family and its associated somewhat immoral, ever since they were in school. And Ginny was sure it was nothing more than envy.

Not only they had political power, and lots of money, something the Weasley's had lost two generations ago, but they had freedom, and courage to love each other. Bellatrix, Apolline and Melody were beautiful, strong women, who took what they wanted.

The witch knew that her mother had been pretty once, and in more than one way, she still was. Molly should smile more, and, more than anything, stop judging people. No one cared about her weight, other than herself.

In the end, Ginny was sure her mother needed to get fucked more, she was pretty sure the last time Molly and her father had a good night of sex was when they conceived her.

Ginevra was determined not to be like her mother, she wanted to be like the Potters, and, maybe, even be a Potter.

When she saw them at the party, and today at the station, it was not a secret that most, if not all the girls were head over heels about the handsome boy; they didn't hide it half as good as they thought. Of course, not only was he was strangely good looking, he also exuded magical power. She loved the way his magic interacted with hers. Ginny imagined if the boy knew how many girls would jump on his lap if they had the chance. Even the Ice Queen herself.

But Ginny also noticed some cracks in their shell, the Veela, and especially, Potter's fiance.

Ginny smiled, and made plans on how to proceed.

.OvO.

Albus Dumbledore always loved the beginning of the terms in Hogwarts. The old wizard took great joy in seeing the dormitories being prepared, the teachers reunited, and the running of the elves, trying to prepare it all in time. It was like the castle itself was coming back to life, after three months of slumber.

With a smile, the old man felt the wards being energized, and laughed at Professor McGonagall's exasperation, as he walked back to his office. There were many things to prepare still, and not all the staff was present yet.

Entering his office, Dumbledore looked around the piles upon piles of books, parchment, magical contraptions and other not so useful stuff he had collected over his many years in the castle, ever since he was a student. He felt a touch of pride as he carefully walked the trail in between the mountains of strange things, the only way to his table. The wizard knew that somewhere to his right
there was a table, but he couldn't see it anymore. Minerva always asked him to get rid of some of those things, but he always denied.

She called it hoarding, he called it knowledge.

Dumbledore heard a tapping on his window, and turned to see a common barn owl with a letter on the outside. That was unusual, but also amusing. The old man opened the window and took the letter, letting the clever animal before opening the piece of parchment.

His eyes quickly run through it, and, for a brief moment, Albus Dumbledore became lucid again. With wide eyes, he looked around, astonished, then, back to the letter.

All the powerful wizard could do was to sit on the ground, and cry.

And cry he did.

.OvO.

Susan had her back to Harry, looking at the table. As soon as Hannah and Neville left the compartment, the wizard let his magic run free, embracing the girl. Harry tried to show, even with speaking that he was there for her, he could feel something moving inside of him, warm and caring, and Harry realized it was Susan’s magic, the part of her she had sacrificed on the ritual for him. Somehow he knew it. Somehow he felt closer to her, almost sensing her angst.

Harry walked behind Susan, and passing his arms over her shoulders, he softly hugged her.

“Talk to me Susan…”

Harry felt the girl becoming tense for a second, before relaxing on his chest, Harry felt her weight leaning on him, but the girl remained silent.

“You know… I can feel you magic inside me… is so warm, and caring Susan… I can’t imagine living without it anymore… I wonder if you feel the same…” The girl gave him soft smile and Harry counted it as a victory. “Maybe… maybe I can help you?”

Susan took a deep breath, and closed her eyes. Feeling Harry so close was so good, his magic was embracing her, but she needed more. Harry felt her magic, both coming from her, and from him, running inside his veins, entangled with his own, it almost talked to him. Something definitely had changes since the ritual.

“Why… why don't you like me?”

Harry was totally confused by this.

“Susan… I love you, you are closest thing I ever had of a family… you are like a sister…” Harry could almost feel like those words stung her. Susan tensed again, before sobbing.

“But… I don't want to be like a sister, not anymore… I see the way you look at them Harry… Gabrielle, Daphne… even Rose… especially Rose… there is love, and… desire… lust… why… why can't you look at me like that…”

Harry finally understood, and mused his nose in Susan’s hair. The sweet smell brought a smile to his
“Oh Susan… I'm sorry… you know, better than any of the other, how clueless I am about girls…
woman in general… I thought… I thought you…”

Harry took a deep breath, trying to find the right words.

“I thought you didn't want to be with me like that… to be with me and the others… I tried to respect
you, give you space… to think.”

And Harry really meant it. The wizard sometimes just felt uncomfortable to be in the position he was,
surrounded by beautiful witches, who liked, maybe even loved him, the last thing he wanted was to
become a self-centered idiot, like Draco, or Ron. Sensing the girl's need, Harry tightened his
embrace.

“Maybe… maybe I don't want space anymore. Maybe I want as little space between us as possible. I
know I'm not easy, and that I have been a downer over the last few months… can… can you accept
me like that?”

As an answer, Harry moved his head, and took a deep breath behind Susan’s ear, absorbing her
sweet scent, before moving to softly biting her earlobe, making the girl shiver. He slowly opened his
mouth, and his tongue lightly touched the place where he bit. Susan felt like melting, with just that,
her magic started to irradiate back. The witch felt like a warm wave moving inside her, then she felt
almost like the magic transformed itself into arousal, moisturizing her folds. Harry kept kissing and
biting the back of her neck and her jaw, and Susan tried to suppress a moan.

“You have no idea how much I wanted to hear that Suse…”

Susan could feel the warmth of his body, and the strong muscles of his chest against her back, and
the witch relaxed, letting his mouth work on her neck.

“Yeesss… me too Harry…”

Susan noticed how the sound of her voice had a great effect on Harry. Susan felt his growing
errection pressed against her back, and she loved it. It was almost like magic overflowed from his
member, and it was stronger and stronger, as it grew harder. She got on the tip of her toes and
pressed her butt against him even tighter, and Harry acknowledged by moving his own hips against
her.

At this point, Harry had been with enough women, and made enough things, that he could send his
shyness flying out of the window once he had started. Love was one of the few things he was
confident with.

And there was something else. Something inside him.

Magic.

Susan tried to turn around, to face him, but, to her surprise, Harry gently held her in place, it was
almost like he knew it. With wide eyes, The witch felt herself becoming even wetter, then, her
wizard suddenly bit her shoulder, not hard, just enough to cause a shiver to run down her spine.
Susan moaned and arched her back, the need to feel Harry's hard cock against her even greater.

“I love you Susan… I always did…” Harry said while his hands moved to cup her amazing breasts.
Again, he was amazing at how firm, yet soft they felt, his hands were not big enough even to cover
them, and he loved it. He pressed them over her shirt, and could feel her nipples starting to poke. He
kept talking into her ear. “Did you know you were the first girl I ever imagined when I started
masturbating, Susan?” The girl moaned and Harry’s hands were now under her shirt, fondling her
breasts over her bra. “Oh yes, when I was twelve… before my second year… you were so pretty…
and somehow so close…” The wizard lifted her bra, and felt all the weight of Susan’s magnificent
breasts on his hands.

“Haaaarryyyy…” Susan moaned. Until now, she had kept it all bottled up. Now she felt it, the need
for him, how she liked his touch, the magic pouring through his hands, resonating with her own
magic. Susan wanted him, needed him, over her, inside her… she wanted to feel his magic inside
her. Harry kept working her breast, caressing, squeezing then, rubbing his thumbs around her hard
nipples, while his mouth traveled over her neck and shoulders. Susan was going crazy with desire.

Harry started going down with his right hand. It was almost like he could read her, just like with
Bella, Apoline and Narcissa a couple days before. Her body felt almost like it was… his. The wizard
reached the edge of her jeans, and Susan started moving her hips in anticipation, with a quick,
instinctively magical surge, Harry undid the button and fly, and his fingers touched the soft fabric of
the girl's soaked panties. The emerald eyed boy bit her neck, this time with a little more strength, at
the same time he pinched Susan’s left nipple, and ran his fingers over her wet slit. It proved too
much, and the over excited girl climaxed with a scream, frantically moving her hips, trying to have as
much of the boy she loved at once.

Susan had came from just that, his touch and his magic. She felt like she was soaring, almost
weightless, her senses overwhelmed by sheer pleasure. How could that be so good, he hasn’t even
been inside her yet, was that what all the girls felt? Why did she waited so long?

To her surprise, Susan found herself close to the couch, facing the wall, when her senses came back.
Harry must have moved her, and he was still behind her. Her shirt, bra and pants were gone, and
Susan found herself only in her wet white and pink striped panties. Harry’s shirt was also gone, and
she felt his skin against hers, and it was almost electric. Susan moaned, as Harry gently pressed his
body against her back, making the girl bend over and place her hands on the wall in front of her.

Susan shivered as the weight of her own breasts pulled her down, putting her into an obscene (to her
standards at least) pose, almost like she was offering her ass up to Harry. And in a way, she was.
Harry kissed her neck again, and started going down her back, kissing and licking her sweating
muscles, making the girl moan each time, he reached her ass cheeks, and surprisingly bit one of
them, making the girl scream in both pain and pleasure. The wizard took a deep breath, drinking in
the scent of her recent orgasm, before moving the edge of her panties to the side, and admired her
dripping wet pussy. Harry licked his lips at the sight of her glistening, swollen lips, and the nice small
patch of soft red pubes.

It felt electrifying, even more than it had been at the pool after-party. Here she was, alone with Harry,
her arse and pussy bared to him, and his face mere inches from her most private bits. Just thinking
about it made her wetter than before! But the git wouldn’t move! She could feel his breath on her
labia, her puckered hole twitching. His magic was pulsing with desire, lust, want and love.

“Harry James Potter, if you don’t start eating my cunt RIGHT NOW, so help me Merlin, Morganna
and Nimue, I will—”

Her train of thought came to a screeching halt when his tongue brushed her clit. Susan clenched her
fists and made an “aaaaaaah!” sound, she could almost sense. The cheeky smile on Harry’s face at
this, as he retreat so she could take a deep breath. When Harry returned, he took it all, running his
now skillful tongue all over her slit, from her clitoris, parting her lips and up to her anus, before
coming back down. Susan screamed in pleasure again. With one hand, the boy held her panties out
of the way, and the other grabbed her ass, parting it and giving Harry full access to her. Susan felt
naughty, desirable, and she liked the sensation. Harry kept running his tongue over her wet core, almost like he was drinking the entire product of her climax, and he actually was.

For Harry it was amazing. The taste of her juices, the taste of her magic. The boy was always mesmerized how each of his girls had a different taste, and how he loved them all. Susan’s magic was entering in unison with his own, and the fraction of her being inside him was resonating with their love. It waved back and forth between them. Harry concentrated his tongue movements on Susan’s opening and clit, and moved his thumb to her anus, applying just a little pressure. The girl screamed, and started jerking her hips frantically again, and Harry knew she was close.

“Merlin and morgana and all the gods! Ah! That is too good!” Susan said, almost incoherently. Harry himself felt the pressure building in his own magic. With a quick movement, he freed his aching erection, and, got up, making Susan moan in protest at the sudden loss of contact. Harry aligned his throbbing, hard cock with Susan’s entrance, and the girl held her breath. That was it.

Pushing forward, Harry easily buried himself in Susan’s dripping, wet cunt. The wizard slid inside her, into her delicious core, and Susan screamed again. It was too much for her, the feeling of finally having Harry inside her, she felt full, complete. Her walls clenched around him and Susan could not believe it could feel so good. Susan knew she was his, that Harry belonged with her, inside her.

With just that, Susan came again, and it was a sensation like no other she ever had, her knees became weak, and she felt like she was melting around Harry, she clenched her fist so strongly that marks of her nails would be visible later, she couldn’t see it, but her tongue was out as she screamed and moaned in pleasure, trembling. All those months of restraint been released in one massive spasm.

Harry felt a jet of hot, viscous liquid hitting his sac and thigh, Susan’s magic exploding around him, and with his arousal at its peak, he started moving, trusting inside Susan with a crazy drive. Harry had been waiting for this as well, for years, he felt that even his frustrations with the Susan in his old world were being washed away.

Susan felt her mind going blank with pleasure, a line of saliva running down her chin, she could not believe it was possible, but with each of Harry’s powerful thrusts, he managed to keep her in her orgasmic high, his magic embracing her as much as the inner walls of her pussy hugged his perfect dick. She wanted to laugh and cry at the same time, her fluids slowly running down her legs. The witch didn’t even hear the sounds she was making, both with her mouth and her cunt. Both driving Harry crazy with desire. At the moment, all that existed was her and Harry, and she knew, in the deep trenches of her magical conscience, that she was gone.

“Susan… I’m gonna… I will…”

“Yesyesyesyesy! Cum inside me! I need to fеееееel it!”

Then, with a grunt, Harry’s cum exploded inside her, making her climax even more intense, Susan felt his magic overflowing, inundating her inner self, becoming one with hers, warm, delicious, jolt after jolt of life and energy, directly to her core.

It was simple and raw power.

Susan’s legs finally gave up, and both teens fell onto the couch, as Harry kept shooting inside the girl’s pussy, feeling the release of his own magical core. With a deep breath and a smile, he finally finished, and turned the ravished but happy girl around, facing him.

“I love you Susan…”

“I love you Harry…”
Their lips met, as if sealing some unknown contracts, and Susan knew, with just that, she was addicted.

.OvO.

Rose grabbed Daphne’s hand and squeezed it, trying to suppress her own moan. That was an intense orgasm, and she was running through her own climax as she held the other girl’s hand. Daphne looked at her, and Rose could see that the usually cold girl was also flushed red, although doing a better job at concealing her reactions.

Rose could feel the magical release at her own core, almost like the day she and Harry had their way with Fleur. It was intense and profound, and her own heart jumped with joy.

Blaise Zabini in the other hand, noticed something was happening. He was not sure what, but both Potter and Greengrass had a subtle reaction to something. Something powerful. He smiled, interesting year indeed.

.OvO.

Susan woke from her blissful slumber, and took a couple seconds to remember that she was laid in the comfortable couch in her personal cabin. She could still feel Harry’s delicious magic running inside her, overflowing from her core, and she could swear his sperm was still hot inside her, when she noticed she was covered by a blanket. The red headed looked out to see Harry, Rose, Daphne, Parma, Susan and Gabrielle in the cabin with her. The witch realized she was still only in her cum filled panties and blushed, but she felt incredibly comfortable with most of them around.

Tracey had a smile on her face as she look at her, and on the other side, Rose and Daphne were taking turns snogging Harry senselessly.

“Guess you and Harry did a number on Ro and Daphne…” Tracey commented. “And he did an even greater number on you it seems!” The blond girl winked.

“You have no idea… how long have I been asleep?”

“Around two hours.” Padma answered.

“Wow…” Susan felt invigorated, powerful.

“That good?” Tracey asked on a low voice.

“You have no idea…”

Harry finally sat on her side, and hugged her. She felt the warmth of his body, and her arousal increased again. Susan was in disbelief, even after having the most intense orgasm of her life, her body seemed to want even more.

“Are you okay, Susan?” Harry asked, and the girl could hear the genuine worry in his voice. Without thinking, Susan let the blanket go and jumped on Harry’s lap, not worry about her barely
clad state, and passionately kissed him, letting their magic mingle, feeling the electricity when their tongues met. Susan was so focused on her mouth that she could barely hear Rose’s laugh and Tracey’s cat calls. She didn’t even know how long they kissed, only that after a while, she needed air.

“Wow!” Came a familiar voice from the door. “What are you guys doing?”

A very red Susan turned around, only to see a wide-eyed Hannah and her open-mouthed boyfriend.

.OvO.

Hermione could not wipe the smile on her face. She loved Australia, but here was her home. Or at least, she wanted it to be. Of course, this version of Hogsmeade was a little different from the one she had come from, small details, like the color on some walls, and the height on some buildings. This one was definitely a little bigger as well. But it was still her magical village. And the view of the old, enormous castle still as beautiful as ever.

She walked through the calm streets, she remembered how the small town was without the students or their parents running the streets. Vendors were cleaning their fronts, while products were delivered both by owls, or people all over the walk, no doubt getting ready for the arrival of this year’s students. In the end, Hogwarts was the heart and soul of the city. If it was true, maybe she could get a job in the town, rent a small place. If it was true…

Hermione’s heart started beating faster, just by thinking of the possibility.

The older teen was so excited, that she almost lost the regal woman walking a couple blocks in front of her. Hermione recognized Narcissa Malfoy, sure, her hair style was different, and there was a more lively air on her expression, but the girl would recognize her anywhere. The young witch tried to remember what she had read on the way back to Britain. Lucius was dead, killed on the attack at the Ministry, but even before that, Narcissa had had her marriage with the monster nullified. Hermione always found it hard to believe that the Black family was different here. Completely. Hermione remembered when she saw Bellatrix Black-Potter for the first time, taking care of Rose, and the scar on her arm, done by the Bellatrix in her own world, itched again. She couldn’t help but be suspicious of them. Hermione had been through too much not to be.

She watched as Narcissa turned around, in the direction of the big villas on the outskirts of the village, and contemplated seeing where she was going, but quickly dismissed the idea. She needed to get to the station and secure a good spot where she could see, without being seen.

The carriages from Hogwarts were already there, being watched by a towering, extremely heavy built man. His behavior would seem odd to most people, how he was peeking around, and looking at the empty spaces in front of the vehicles, but Hermione knew very well what he was doing. In fact, she could see the scary creatures, invisible to most other people, that pushed the carriages.

Some said the skeletal winged horses, with their black leather and bat-like wings and red eyes, were the bringers of bad omens and death, but the witch knew better than to believe in superstition. Even magical people had their superstitions.

It was understandable though, only people who had seen death could see them. And Hermione had seen death. A lot of it, and more. Hermione had been dead.
The witch quickly looked for a place to observe, she pondered about using a glamour, but she didn’t want to risk it, the results could be disastrous. She found a good spot, and not a minute too soon, and she could hear the whistle from the approaching body.

Almost as reflex, after years of fighting, the brilliant witch peered around her surroundings, she could see the Aurors standing guard, the only reminder of the troubling time they were reading into, and noticed another figure watching over the platform. The tall, slick woman, dressed in pitch black robes with a dark cape, hovered her piercing eyes over the platform, with an expression that could only be described as disgusted. To Hermione, she seemed strangely familiar, though she was sure to have never seen the woman before, but before she could watch her more, the whistle sounded louder, and the young woman could see the train, under a cloud of smoke, finally approaching the village.

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