Instinct

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by Huntsman8888

Summary

After killing the Basilisk in the chamber of secrets harry decides that life is too short to continue living on fear. So with Dobbys help and money from the basilisk sale he decides to enjoy his summer. Which will lead to an interesting third year thanks to his team mate, katie bell.

Hogwarts starts at thirteen, also the whole series goes up to sixth year I just dont summarize well.

Notes
Prologue
Is this how it's going to be every year?
Harry sighed as he pulled the fang out of the diary. He dully looked over at Ginny, she was slowly gaining color back into her face showing she was free from Tom's control. He felt the venom from the basilisk burning in his arm and he knew that it was slowly working its way up his arm towards his heart. He turned to Fawkes "thanks for the help buddy, but it looks like my time is up." He saw the Phoenix eye's start to water before he tilted his head and let the tear slide into the wound. His eye's widened as the wound closed and the pain lessened, as he stood up he walked over to Ginny and stuffed the diary into his pocket leaving the fang on the floor.

Grabbing the girl's arm he hauled her onto his shoulder and took one step before his leg buckled and he fell to one knee. As he struggled to get back on his feet Fawkes hovered in front of him holding his tail feathers out.

"Chiiiiirp"

"You want me to hold on Fawkes?" he asked. The bird nodded its head once again presenting its tail feathers for the boy. Deciding quickly Harry grabbed the feathers before he felt a pleasant warmth surround him, similar to fresh clothes pulled out of a still warm dryer. As the flames died down the dark grim surroundings of the chamber were replaced by the bright lights of the hospital wing. Looking around revealed Madam Pomfrey treating one of the paralyzed students, she turned at the sound of Fawkes flaming in expecting to see the Headmaster. It took her less than a second to realize it was her most frequent patient. "Mister Potter, I don't care what you were thinking but you will put Miss Weasley on that bed and then place yourself on one, am I clear?" she asked as she raised and eyebrow at him.

The boy simply nodded and half walked half dragged Ginny and himself over to one of the empty beds before depositing the redhead in the bed and hopping into the one next to it. As he leaned back he tried to relax but he could only think of what the shade had said.

'we are the same Potter, both half-bloods both orphan's and we both hate muggles'

"Is he right, after everything in my life do I really hate muggles" Harry thought as he closed his eyes. Darkness came as he slowly slipped off into sleep before a loud boom echoed through the the hospital wing. He quickly opens his eyes and slid of the bed and crouched with his wand drawn before the wailing cry brought him back to reality.

"Giiiiinnny!"
Lowering his wand as he saw the Weasley matriarch running towards her daughter followed by Mr. Weasley, Ron and the twins. "My sweet little girl, are you okay, is there anything broken, who dared to…"

"Molly I think it might be a good idea to wait for Ms. Weasley to give a full account along with Mr. Potter before they catch some much needed rest, don't you think?" Albus Dumbledore asked as he walked into the room followed by Professor McGonagall. The women nodded her head before turning to Harry and running to him and scooping him into a bone crushing hug. "You saved her, you saved her, I don't think I'll ever be able to thank you enough" the mother of seven cried as she held onto him. "I think she means that we'll never be able to thank you enough for what you did Harry, we thought when McGonagall called that we had lost are little girl forever. But it seems that being a Hero runs in your blood" Mr. Weasley said as he grabbed and squeezed his shoulder.

"Mate what you did"

"Is something that only a true Gryffindor would have done"

"Consider this as the first in a long line"

"Of thank you's from the Kings"

"Of"

"Pranking"

Ron nearly rolled his eyes at his brothers before stepping up to him. "Sorry that I couldn't have been more helpful" he started be forever Harry cut him off "you did what you could, plus if it were just me I might be a drooling vegetable thanks to Flophert" he grinned as Ron chuckled and the two high fived. Smiling Dumbledore walked over to the group "Mr. Potter I know that you might wish to rest but I need an account of what happened down in the chamber."

Harry nodded his head and was beginning to walk before a hand grabbed him and dragged him back onto the bed. "Oh no you don't, you are not going anywhere until I give you the all clear. AM I UNDERSTOOD" Pomphrey said as she shoved a portion down his throat. Harry gagged and coughed as the foul tasting concoction made its way down his throat, Dumbledore simply nodded his head. "Very well Poppy, I will come back in a few hours after Mr. Potter as had a chance to recuperate."

As he felt himself start to drift off Harry had only one real thought.

"Is this going to be how every year goes?"
A Talk with Headmaster and a pretty girl

Chapter Summary

Harry has a talk with Dumbledore about the chamber, Lucuis Malfoy stops by and Harry ask’s out his crush.

Chapter Notes

I know it’s been almost two months, but my laptop's battery died and I had to buy a new one. Also sense summer finally arrived I was redoing my spare bedroom for my nephew to use. But all that is done and I can now write again, it took me a week to wright and review this so enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Speaking”

“Thinking”

‘Remembering’

“Spell / Object of Power”

“Book or letter text”

“Aaaaagghhhha”

Harry yawned as he walked up the stairs towards the Headmaster’s office, “Crazy old witch, she didn't have to tie me to the bed last night, I know that I attacked a Basilisk with nothing but a sword and all. But did she really have to threaten to have me committed to St. Mungos if I so much as twitched.”
Harry shook off the last remains of sleep as he walked down towards the Headmaster's door, raising his hand he went to knock before he was stopped. “Come on in, Mr. Potter” came the voice of Albus Dumbledore, blinking once before lowering his arm and grabbing the knob he walked in and looked at the aged Professor. “How did you know it was me?” he asked, the man just smiled, “you have to know these things when you’re Headmaster, Mr. Potter.” Harry simply stared at the man before blinking several times and bringing his hand up and pinching his nose “really, Quoting Monty Python Professor?” The man simply smiled “I don’t know what you mean my boy, it is simply a lesson left to us by King Arthur to show that the burdens of leadership must not…”

“Madame Pomfrey let you know I was headed this way and you used the portrait's to keep an eye on me didn’t you” Harry cut him off before he could continue with his joke. The man simply smiled and let his eye twinkle. Sighing Harry sat down in front of the desk and leaned back, taking a moment to gather himself Harry turned towards Dumbledore “what is it you need Professor?” The man's face quickly turned serious “what happened in the chamber Harry? Madame Pomfrey said that you were close to death and that Ms. Weasley was so magically depleted that both Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had to stay late and give magic to her just so she didn’t become a squib. I need to know Harry, what happened?”

Harry had a quick flashback as his eyes glazed.

‘we are one in the same boy’

‘She won’t wake up’

‘Lord Voldemort is my past, present and future’

‘KILL THE BOY’

Coming back to reality Harry looked at the Headmaster, “It was Voldemort sir, or a shade of him. He was using Ginny to try and become real.” “Become real” Dumbledore asked, Harry grimaced “Maybe shade was the wrong word, it was more of a memory than a person. When compared to how he was last year this one seemed just as angry but more…” he trailed off trying to think of an appropriate word. “Sane?” “No I don’t know if he was ever sane but he was more focused, like he had a clear goal and was not distracted by something like he was last year with the stone.”

Dumbledore leaned his head on his crossed hands and sighed as he looked down as his desk, “so you really did it Tom, you broke one of the most sacred laws of man and magic just because of fear?
You could have been such a great man if you had simply let go of the fear and hate but instead you relished in it. You loved bringing those who had snubbed you for your father low with fear and pain. And now I have to.”

“Professor?” Bringing him out of his thoughts he looked at the boy in front of him before pushing his thoughts away for later. “I apologize Harry, my mind simply went back to what a promising student Tom was when he first came here.” Harry blinked at that, “so it’s true, he’s a half-blood like me?” Dumbledore nodded “when he first came here he was but an orphaned boy who had some trouble fitting in. But once he found out his mother came from a Family that had claimed to be Salizar’s descendents he used it to force the others in Slytherin house to follow him. When he graduated he left Britain after a few years and decade later emerged as the leader of the Knights of Walpurgis.”

“What are the Knights of Walpurgis?”

Dumbledore grimaced “they were a group of Wizards and Witches who took it as their mission to clean up the wizarding world where the Aurors had failed. They broke up illegal smuggling rings and attacked certain known Dark Wizards. Most of the public thought they were the new Knights of the round table” then his face darkened. “But it was all a ploy, the rings they broke up later were filled by them and any Dark Wizard or Witch the attacked was just someone who refused to follow him. The first attack that would later be known as Voldemort's first strike, he attacked the well known restaurant by the name of Pure Table was attacked using poison that killed over a dozen Lords and Ladys, including your father's Aunt and Uncle, Emphimea and Fleatmont Potter.”

Harry stared at the Headmaster in shock, “what” he croaked. Dumbledore simply nodded “Fleatmont was the younger brother of your Grandfather Charlus, he was having a meeting with several other members of the Most Ancient and Most Noble houses who had refused to swear loyalty to Tom. The attack left a total of seventeen people dead and turned public opinion against the Knights of Walpurgis, so they changed to Death Eaters and started ruling through fear and attacking anyone who they didn’t deem a true Witch or Wizard.” As the man finished Harry gripped his school robe so tightly he could feel the fabric strain and start to give.

“What about my Grandparents” he asked in a whisper, Dumbledore smiled sadly, “Your Grandfather was Charles Potter, he was one of the most gifted Slytherin’s to have ever been part of Hogwarts, he had been in his sixth year when I started teaching Transfiguration. He was one of the most brilliant Duelist’s i’ve ever seen and had the curse breaking skills that rivaled the Goblin’s. His best friend was Articulos Black the older brother of your Grandmother Doriea Potter nee Black. She was three years your Grandfather's junior and was terror when it came to defense and dark arts. If she had chosen she could have even received a mastery in battle magic” the man turned away from Harry and towards the wall.

“But she was truly a gifted healer, your Grandfather even joked that the reason that she could put people back together so well is because she knew how to take them apart.” That caused Harry to
laugh even as tears flowed from his eyes as he learned about his family, “Your Grandfather and Articulos both joined the war effort to fight Grindelwald during World War Two, your Grandmother joined as a field healer a few years later even though both her brother and the man who had grown to love her had forbidden it.” Before he could continue Harry interrupted “who was Grindelwald?”

Dumbledore turned to him in surprise before shaking his head “he was a Dark Lord who worked alongside the Nazis and Adolf Hitler during the War. He was far worse than Voldemort because instead of blood purity he believed in race, he sent thousands of magical’s too concentration camps and allowed them to be experimented on for the purpose of forwarding all sorts of magic.”

Harry looked at him in horror “My Grandfather fought him?” Dumbledore nodded “Him and Articulos were both part of the Invasion of Normandy and your Grandfather even helped escort and rescue those who were trying to get to Dunkirk. They both also led the storming of Nurmengard Castle which was a prison that held Captives from all over European magical countries. Your Grandparents actually got married in Berlin right after the war ended and returned a few months after trying Grindelwalds Lieutenants for their part in all crimes and experiments.”

Harry simply stared at Dumbledore shocked at how important his Grandparents had been, “What happened to them” he asked with numbness. Dumbledore frowned and looked almost regretful, “Your Grandmother was killed in an attack on St. Mungos during the end of your fathers fifth year. She was able to save over three hundred people who were recovering inside from a recent attack in diagon alley. She was said to have fought like a woman a third her age, she killed over twenty death eaters and is the reason that the werewolf Fenrir Greyback has his face scars. Your Grandfather died the March after you were born when Voldemort himself led an attack on the Potter ancestral home. He killed almost thirty five normal death eaters, a dozen more of Voldemort's inner circle, crippled several more and killed an entire pack of werewolves before removing Voldemort's arm. Tom was so scared that he cast Fiendfyre before apparating away with his remaining forces. I arrived with help in just enough time to see your Grandfather using the last of his magic to end the spell and collapse completely magically exhausted. He stayed long enough to say what happened, tell your parents goodbye and hold you before he died with you in his arms.”

Harry was openly weeping now, he had had such an amazing family and that, that THING. Had taken his entire family from him, he took a deep breath before he spoke “thank you for telling me sir, it's nice to know I come from such strong and caring people.” Dumbledore nodded “Anytime my boy, anytime. Now if we could return to what happened in the chamber” he led. Harry nodded before picking up “after Tom revealed the truth he turned to the statue of Salazar Slytherin and speaking Parseltongue. He said ‘Speak to me Slytherin, greatest of Hogwarts Four’ then the mouth of the statue opened and the Basilisk came out.”

Dumbledore shot up in his chair and look at the boy “A BASILISK” he shouted a little to loudly, several of the portits around him shushed him before going back to sleep. Quickly composing himself he turned to Harry “I am sorry my boy, it’s just that I’m even more thankful now that no one has been killed.” Harry simply nodded “I understand sir, I think that without Fawkes I would have been only the first casualty of the beast.” Dumbledore agreed before asking Harry to continue “I was
running through the pipes down in the chamber trying to avoid it after Fawkes had blinded it. While I was running I heard the hat speak to me saying “The founders left those to protect their school, Helga left the grounds, Rowena left the halls, Salazar the beasts and Godric a leader to show them how to fight together. The school is now in danger and I think that Godric would smile at a man who would face the worst beast in existence for one he barely knows. Save the school, Lord Protector’ and then the sword dropped out of the hat.”

As Harry finished Dumbledore could only look in shock, he turned to the shelves that held many of the schools artifacts. “Alister, is this true.” The sorting hat, or Alister, came to life “it is Albus, he might not be Godric's heir by blood but he is by magic. While he might not continue his line he can continue the same values that Godric work for all his life. The sword is his by right of Magic, it will come to him and only him until such time as it chooses a new champion. That sword was forged in the heart of Avalon alongside both Excalibur and Durandal. Each had a property that made it above any other blade. Excalibur would not allow it’s wielder to die, Durandal would allow the wielder control of all beasts and plants within the land and finally that sword which was forged from the shards of Gram with the blood of Siegfried and Fenrir, father of dragons. It is the sword which only takes in that which will make it stronger and shall repel all that would make it weak be they material or man. The last blade of legend, Einherjar the blade of the undying. A blade that allowed a single man to fight an army alone for the blade with never fail its wielder and will always strike true.”

Both men stared at the hat in silence, Harry in wonder that such a blade would choose him while Dumbledore was for the history that had surrounded the lost blade of Hogwarts. Dumbledore was the first to speak “but if it was not forged for Godric then how does it appear as it does.” He looked at the sword, the red jewels in the Pommel and Guard as well as the name on the side “It says Godric Gryffindor for Merlin’s sake.”

The hat chuckled, “that’s because the sword takes on the appearance of what the wielder will’s it to be, this was due to the liquid metal that was used to forge it lets it change form and shape. All the blades were different when it came to being used in battle. Any sword in the hands of Excaliburs wielder would become Excalibur. Durandal was stored and chained in a separate plane and would need to be pulled out and the chains broken for it to be used. While Einherjar would take whatever form the wielder wished and would instantly come to its wielder when called.”

They both were now looking at the blade in awe, “But how does the blade still look like this if Godric Gryffindor is dead” Harry asked. “Each Wielder must find a sheath in which to place the blade when it is time for them to pass. Godric placed Einherjar inside me so as that a future student of Hogwarts would be able to lead the school and protect it, the blade has not chosen a wielder in the six hundred years sense Godric died. But it is now your’s, use it wisely my lord.”

“So does this mean I now control Gryffindor house?” The hat merely chuckled at the boys question. “No the Ancient and Noble House of Gryffindor is sadly extinct in the main branch with only small branch relations remaining. By being Godric's heir in magic you inherit the wealth of all previous
wielders of the blade, every wielder has contributed to the library and wealth. Every wielder is
allowed to use what they need as long as they contribute.”

“Where is the library and wealth” Dumbledore asked. “Put me on your head Lord Protector”, Harry
looked at Dumbledore who grabbed his wand and flicked it at the hat. Alister then drifted down
before landing on Harry’s head, “Take care Mr. Potter, there will be those who will try and claim
that blade for themselves. Many have been killed over any blade of Legend and with how the
Purebloods are in England now they will want the blade of the legendary Godric Gryffindor to
further their own cause. Also you might want to send an owl to the Goblin’s, tell them its a chance to
make a Galleon or if their not interested that you’ll just use the Gnomes of Switzerland. That will get
them here quite quickly”

“What am I selling them”

“The Basilisk, it’s quiet Valuable. Especially for one as old and powerful as Salazar’s Basilisk.”

Harry felt a thump on his head, pulling off the hat he grabbed the small trunk that had fallen on his
head. “It’s shrunk down Mr. Potter allow me” he said as he waved his wand at the box, which did
nothing. Looking in surprise at the trunk remaining shrunk, waving his wand a few more times did
nothing to the box.

“Haahaha, that won't help Albus only the Wielder of Einherjar can unlock the trunk, cut your finger
with the blade Mr. Potter and then speak the words.” the hat stated. Dumbledore looked in alarm at
Alister “Harry DON’T.” he nearly screamed. “The sword as absorbed Basilisk venom, it will kill
you in seconds.”

“Einherjar can not harm its wielder Albus, cut your fingers and speak the words Mr. potter.”

Harry stared at the trunk for a second before grabbing the sword and gripping the blade, he dragged
it along his palm and let the blade slice his hand. As the blood pooled in his hand he quickly placed it
on the trunk and looked as the blood dripped down the side of the trunk. As he looked he kept trying
to speak only for no words to come out. As more and more blood poured out onto the trunk he began
to panic only for a sudden calm to come over him. He felt as though several hands had joined his
own on the trunk and power began to flow into him.

“I will not waver,
I will not bow,

From this day until my last,

I offer myself to further life and magic’’

As he finished the oath he felt the blood being sucked into the trunk and it began to grow hot. Dropping the trunk he watched as it expanded, once it finished the top lifted up and inside several dozen tomes exposed themselves. As he looked into the trunk he read a few of the titles

‘‘Transfiguring swordplay, How to shield the Mind, Body and Soul, Battle Magic of the Saxons, Crafting and Runework of the Masters. These sound really interesting.’’ Harry reached for the Rune book and started flipping through it. Each page detailed a rune and its history as well as the different sequences that it could be used in. His eye was drawn to one certain rune Berkano, ‘‘The birch is the first tree to awaken in the springtime, and so Berkano is about the cycle of birth, death and rebirth. Healing of all sorts is strongest through this rune, particularly recuperation, rejuvenation, purification, detoxification and regeneration.’’

As he continued to read the book the Hat and Headmaster kept speaking, ‘‘I can’t believe Godric Gryffindor’s sword had such a history behind it.’’

‘‘It’s not as though Godric went around yelling it from the top of the Astronomy tower. He already had to fight with several other Houses for control of Hogwarts land as well as several disagreements with the other founders. If he had told them the truth the only one who would not have tried to take it would have been Helga. Rowena would have wanted to dissect it to replicate the properties, while Salazar would have wanted to use it’s power to further extend the power of the school and its influence over other wizarding families. It’s why Godric was rarely at the school after it became operational, once it had a full staff he was only at the school a few times the rest of his life. He spent the rest of his life traveling to other magical communities and collecting knowledge, his complete work is the book called Transfiguration Swordplay. Its Godric’s complete work on how to use Battle Transfiguration in combination with weapons. He added it to the trunk along with several bags of gold and jewels, he then put the trunk and sword in myself before moving to the cottage outside of Hogsmeade and living out the last few months of his life.’’

The Headmaster blinked at that, ‘‘Godric was the original owner of the shrieking shack.’’ Albus was feeling slightly overwhelmed by all that had come out in the last hour and felt it best that he get the conversation back on track. He turned towards Harry and saw that he had taken a seat and was reading one of the books from the trunk. ‘‘Harry if you could set down the book and finish telling me about the chamber you could take the trunk up to your dorm.’’ The boy in question looked up from the book and blinked several times before nodding his head and placing the book back in the trunk and closing the lid causing the trunk so shrink back to the size of a large match box.
Picking up the trunk and placing it in his pocket he sat back down and turned towards the Headmaster’s desk. “Right, the sword dropped out of the hat. After I pulled it out I ran back to the main chamber and found Tom standing over Ginny nudging her with his foot. I sent an *Expelliarmus* at him but it passed right through him, once he saw me he sighed and then called for the Basilisk. Once it came back through the pipes I had dodged it a few times before I took the sword and thrust it through the roof of its mouth. One of its fang’s pierced my arm when I pierced its mouth, I pulled it out of my arm and fell to the floor. Tom started monologuing that I had saved the school but had left the wizarding world to die, while he was talking, I grabbed the Diary and pierced it with the fang that had been in my arm. Suddenly Tom had a hole in his chest that glowed with light, I pierced the diary a few more times and then he disappeared in a flash of light. Phawxes cried into my arm, I grabbed Ginny from the floor and Fawxes brought us both to the medical wing and you know the rest.”

Dumbledore took a minute to absorb the information before leaning back in his chair, “thank you for telling me Mr. Potter. And I'm sorry that you had to go through this, I should have been here to protect you and the rest of the school. I promise you that I won’t allow this to go any further than it already has.” Harry simply smiled and nodded “thank you Professor, but it wasn’t your fault you were gone. Malfoy senior is the reason you were forced to leave the school, same with Hagri…” Harry stopped as he realized what he was saying, Dumbledore smiled at him “and how do you know it was Mr. Malfoy that had me removed?”

Harry fidgeted in his seat and was trying to look anywhere other than the Headmaster, “Me and Ron may have snuck out to Hagrid’s after Tom showed me a flashback of what happened back in the 50’s. We wanted to know if he had actually killed Moaning Myrtle, while we were talking we heard you and the Minister arriving so we hid under my cloak until you left.”

“Hmm, so that’s why Hagrid spoke about following the spider’s for no reason” Dumbledore spoke up. Harry chuckled at that “he’s not the most subtle of people is he” causing them both to smile. Reaching into the drawer of his desk Dumbledore pulled out the Diary before putting it on the desk between them. “I thank you again for ending Tom’s threat to the school, Harry, if Voldemort had been allowed to return, even as just a teenager. He would have been able to rally his former supporters quiet easily, especially if he was young enough to form a marriage alliance to one of the darker families.”

Harry gagged at that, “they would actually marry one of their daughters to a man who would be old enough to be her Grandfather” he asked as he put his hand over his mouth to stop from losing what little food Madame Pomfrey had all but forced down his throat. Dumbledore simply nodded his head gravely, “You can never underestimate the lengths some of the more fanatical members of Tom’s inner circle will go for just a fraction of power.” Harry nodded and was about to speak when a knocking at the Headmaster’s door drew both men’s attention, “Come in.”

The door opened and Professor Mcgonagall walked in and was followed quickly by Lucius Malfoy, “Lord Malfoy is here to see you Headmaster Dumble…”
“I was under the impression that you were no longer allowed at this school Dumbledore, after all the Board of Governors has had you removed from your position as Headmaster” Lucius interrupted. Dumbledore stared at him for a second before turning to his Deputy “thank you Minerva that will be all.” She nodded before turning and leaving the room, turning back towards Lucius, “I was removed from being Headmaster. But given the recent attack and abduction they thought it best to bring me back, it seems as though several of them were blackmailed and threatened with some seemingly terrible secrets and violence.”

Frowning at the old man’s smile he quickly composed himself before speaking “I see, well it will be quite sad to see you replaced for the death of the Weasley girl, maybe the next Headmaster will not have quite as many accidents.” Dumbledore simply smiled at the man, “I wouldn’t be so worried about that Lucius, Mr. Potter here was able to not only save Ms. Weasley. He was even able to catch the real perpetrator and kill the beast that was attacking the school, even though he nearly died in they attempt.” Lucius nearly growled at that, “then it seems we are quite lucky that Mr. Potter is with us.”

“Indeed Lord Malfoy, oh, I almost forgot the other’s on the Board of Governors have chosen to have you replaced. It would seem that they believe that it’s due to me being gone that the attack’s escalated.” He then handed Lucius a scroll which he nearly ripped out of his hands, quickly he read the scroll before throwing it down at his side. As Harry looked down he saw Dobby catch the scroll and nearly fell out of his chair, “Dobby, the family you work for is the Malfoy’s?” The House Elf meekly nodded before pointing towards Lucius, “I’ll deal with you later” he said before hitting the elf with his cane.

“You might think you’ve won this Dumbledore, but I will see you out of that chair.” Dumbledore simply smiled before his face grew serious, “Don’t think your money will buy you a way out of a duel with me Lucius if you think you can threaten the student’s of this school while I still draw breath” Dumbledore let his magic fill the room and directed it towards the man in front of him.

Lucius reeled back as he felt Dumbledore’s magic flare through the room and nearly overwhelm his Occulamancy shields, but he clamped them down before turning around to leave.

As he watched him go Harry looked down at Dobby before an idea formed in his mind, “Professor” he asked as he turned around “Could I borrow that Diary.”

Lucius growled as he angrily stomped through the halls of Hogwarts towards the Deputy's office to use the floo, as he began to run through ideas on have to get back into the board he heard someone call his name. “Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Malfoy I believe you left something back in the Headmaster’s office.” He turned around and saw the Potter boy running after him, “You left this back on the desk,” the boy said as he handed him the book. He merely sneered before shoving the book back at the boy,
“I don’t know what could have you thinking this is mine.” The boy looked at the book before raising an eyebrow.

“Really, because earlier you said that Ginny had died in the chamber. But the only ones who knew about Ginny being the one abducted are those here at the school,” he frowned at him. “Draco sent me an owl letting me know what was happening, to see if I could help,” the boy simply chuckled. “See that would be possible, except that the school is on lock down and all the students are in their dorms, so not even Draco could have told you. So that left only one option, you are the one who left this in Ginny’s cauldron that day in Flourish and Blotts” the boy smirked as he handed him back the book. “You knew that Voldemort would possess Ginny and let loose the Basilisk, you wanted to kill Muggleborns and get Dumbledore thrown out. But it seems like you didn’t count on your plan being stopped and Voldemort’s diary getting destroyed, and now it seems that the Headmasters position is stronger than ever.”

Lucius growled and shoved the book away, throwing it towards the wretched house elf before grabbing the boy by his robe and pulling him towards him. “You may think your smart boy, but we’ll see who will have the last laugh when your lying on the carpet like your Mudblood of a mother” he threw him away before turning around and heading towards Minerva’s office.

Dobby turned and looked at Harry who smiled at him and pointed at the book “open it” he mouthed. Turning the book to the marked page he nearly dropped it, “A sock, Master has given Dobby a sock” he said in a joyeux whisper. Lucius turned around and looked at the nearly insane elf in anger before shock overtook his face at the black dress sock the elf now held. “Master has given Dobby a sock,”

Dobby,

IS

FREE” the elf nearly shouted in joy.

Lucius looked in confusion before he turned to the Potter boy who was smirking at the jumping house elf. He felt anger like he hadn’t felt sense hearing of his Master’s defeat fill him “YOU” he growled out. Taking a step towards him, “YOU COST ME MY SERVANT YOU HALF-BLOODED FILTH” drawing his wand from his cane he took aim at the nuisance in front of him “Avada Kad…”

“Bad former Master shall not hurt Harry Potter Sir.” the elf stood in front of the boy and snapped his fingers sending the Head of House Malfoy flying across the hall and into a suit of armor. Harry
nearly fell to the floor in laughter at the sight of the ponce in front of him being hit by the falling pieces of armor. “It seems that recklessness runs in the family, as well as thick headedness if by the sound of that armor hitting your skull is anything to go by.”

Lucius swept the armor away and looked in wild anger at boy, reaching for his wand before it flew from him and landed in the hands of his former elf. “Bad former Master will not hurt Harry Potter Sir, he will leave or Dobby will break wandy stick and throw away the shards.” Looking at the elf in both horror and anger he stood up and brushed his hair back and straightened his robes, “fine just give me the damn wand and I’ll leave you stupid crazy elf.” Dobby looked before tossing the wand back to Lucius who caught it, shaking himself he turned and grabbed his cane from the floor before sliding his wand back into its spot. He headed down the hall and turned the corner leaving the student and house elf alone in the hall.

Harry turned to Dobby, “thank you for trying to stop Malfoy Sr. Dobby, even if you might have gone a little overboard” the elf started waving his arms. “No Master Harry Potter Sir, Dobby is sorry that he could not stop bad Former Master from using icky book to control Gingy girl to hurt students” he rambled. Harry simply raised his hand to stop the elf, “it’s nothing to worry about Dobby, I’m just sorry I yelled at you for the bludger. Though could you not have used a less brutal means to try and save me.” The elf merely lowered his head with watery eyes, “Yes Harry Potter Sir, Dobby will try to only seriously hurt and not kill next time.” Harry nearly face planted “So there’s going to be a next time then,” shaking his head at the overprotective house elf. “What will you do now Dobby.”

The elf looked at Harry before he turned away and started wringing his hands, “Dobby was wondering if maybe, possibly you would consider being kind enough to entertain the idea of letting Dobby be hired by you?” Harry blinked at the elf, “You want to work for me Dobby”, nodding his head he looked up at him. “Dobby can not think of a better master to serve then the Great Harry Potter Sir,” he suddenly stood tall and straight backed “but Dobby demands to be paid.” Harry took a step back from the now fierce elf, shrugging his shoulders he agreed “okay, how does a Galleon a week sound.”

The elf breathed in horror before nearly glaring at him, “Dobby will not accept such wages, he demands a knut a year.” This caused Harry to blink before frowning hard at Dobby, “how about a Galleon a month”

“A knut every six months”

“A Galleon every three months”

“A knut every five months”
“A Sickle every month”

“A knut every month”

“A knut every week and I’ll make sure you can clean the most filthy disgusting place in all of Hogwarts, all by yourself.” The elf’s eyes nearly fell out of his head, he grabbed Harry’s hand with both hands and shook it so hard that he nearly dislocated his shoulder. “Dobby happily agrees Great Master Harry Potter Sir, Dobby will be the greatest house elf in all of England, no the world for you.” Harry laughed “happy to have you with me Dobby, could you please go to my trunk in the Gryffindor dorm and grab me some parchment, quill and ink bottle and meet me in the owlery. I need to send a letter out before I go get showered and changed” Dobby nodded his head and saluted “Dobby will not fail Great Master Harry Potter Sir.”

Harry laughed as he started walking towards the owlery, “the little guy might be a few cores short of a wand. But he is eager to help I’ll give him that.” As he headed up the stairs he noticed the Gryffindor red coming down the hall towards him, it was his teammate Katie Bell. “Hey Harry, finally let out of the medical ward after your latest adventure I see” she said wiggling her eyebrow at him. He let out a forced chuckle as his hand brushed his arm where the fang pierced him, “who did you send a letter out too?” Katie shrugged “just my dad, we’re talking about what we want to do for this summer. It’s seems as though the final decision is to heading to the Caribbean. Just sun, sea and long white sandy beaches” she happily cheered as she spread her arms, drawing Harry’s eyes to her sizable bust.

Harry had a blush flare up under his cheeks, while the youngest of the Gryffindor chaser trio she was without a doubt the most… well developed of the three. Alicia Spinnet had the classic build of a chaser, a lilith build with a small waist and bust which Harry had to guess was around a large A-cup or small B-cup. Angelina Johnson was more filled out then her year mate having a more curvy physique, with her hips being wider and her ass being bigger than Alicia’s and a bust that looked to be a mid-range C-cup.

But Katie had them both beat, with her figure being a near perfect hourglass, Harry guessed it came from the hours that she spent practising for Quidditch. Her waist was not quite as wide as Angelina but the ass it was attached to had caused Harry to be distracted during more than one Quidditch practise this last year. He had seen it bounce and ripple more than once during victory celebrations, and if her ass was a work of art then her breasts were perfectly sculpted twin orbs. They were what Harry guess had to be D-cup or even bigger if there was such a thing, they both bounced and shifted every time they had to practise flight maneuvers or when they pressed against him when she hugged him. And her face looked as though it belonged on an angel, with her bright dark blue eyes, high cheekbones and full lips surrounded by skin so white it looked as though it was as creamy as milk. Her dark hair ran down to just barely touching her shoulders, as black as the night sky that he had looked at during Astronomy.
Harry quickly pushed his thoughts of Katie in a skin tight Bikini laying on the beach beckoning him to come closer, “I see, that sounds fun.” She smiled, pretending not to notice him staring at her chest. “Thank’s Harry, so what are you heading to the owlery for” she asked with a raised eyebrow. That seem to get the boy to fully come out of his fantasy and into reality, “I’m going to send Hedwig out with a letter to Gringotts with a business proposition for them.” That got the girl's intrigue, “what business are you going to have with them” she asked leaning closer to him and causing his eyes to wonder down to her swinging breasts.

Harry quickly looked away before breathing in and smirking at her, “that would be telling now wouldn’t it.” The caused Katie to pout before smiling and leaning in closer and resting her chest against his, “are you sure you don’t want to tell me Harry” she crossed her arms under her breasts and pushed them up. Harry blushed and began to stammer before his saving grace came in the form of his newest employee, “Great Master Harry Potter Sir, Dobby has acquired the items that you have asked for” the elfs shout was nearly muffled from the near mountain of parchment, quilles and a single ink bottle on top.

Katie blinked at the mysterious creature in front of her before pulling back and looking at Harry with a flat look and raised an eyebrow, “Master” she said in a deadpan voice. Harry’s blush turned into a completely different sort of embarrassed, “I just started employing him. I haven’t really had the time to sort out any titles or detail what his job is.”

“Dobby knows what his job is, it is to make sure the Great Master Harry Potter Sir has everything that he needs, and Dobby is to make sure not to kill or cause serious harm to him when trying to prevent bad masters from hurting him.” That caused Katies eyebrow to arch even higher as she kept looking at Harry, for his part Harry felt like facing the Basilisk again without Fawxes would be safer then and irate Katie Bell. And just ask quickly as her apparent anger had appeared, it left with a quick chuckle from the girl. “I didn’t even know you had a house elf, but I guess if you just hired him it makes sense that I haven’t seen him around yet. Though I must say Harry, Master and Servant play. I didn’t think you were into such things” she grinned as the young man started trying to stutter out a denial.

“But I’m more upset you didn’t ask me to participate, I have this lovely little maid outfit” she said as she leaned close and began to whisper in Harry’s ear. “Of course it’s a few years old so now it’s really tight around my chest and the skirt barely covers my bum, the stocking still fit though they ride up to my thighs and have to connect to a pair of garters. Not to mention I have this great pair of high heeled stilettos that go so well with it, though the only problem with it is the panties that match are to small for me. But I guess with all that lace I don’t really need to worry about going commando, do I?”

Harry was nearly hyperventilating, all blood had rushed south and his eyesight had begun to cloud over as the image Katie painted came to life in his mind. “Oh please Master” maid Katie begged as she bent over a table in front of him, “Won’t you punish me for being such a slutty maid, I’ve been
so focused on seducing you that I’ve forgotten to clean anything” she reached back and pulled at her skirt. “Please show me my place as your servant, that I obey you and only you. Make sure my slutty body never again questions your authority” she kept pulling the skirt higher and higher, inch by inch, about to reveal the hidden treasure underneath.

Katie quickly pulled away from him, “but then again, it wouldn’t look as good on you as it would on me.” That sentence quickly pulled Harry out of his daydream and back to reality, “Wha, what do you mean mE” he squeaked out. Katie held her sides as she laughed at his face, “Oh that was rich, did you really think I would own anything like that” she barked out as she kept laughing. Harry simply blinked at her before he scowled and turned towards Dobby to collect his material’s before sending the elf back with the rest. Seeing Harry’s frown Katie dried her eyes and grabbed his arm, “Oh come on now Harry” she said as she pressed his arm in between her breasts “don’t be such a brooder.”

Harry simply turned his head away from her, “I’m not brooding” he said nearly emotionlessly. Katie simply smiled and leaned into his ear, “Don’t be like that, what do I have to do to make it up to you.” Her breath caused a tingle to go down his spine, he looked back at her and nearly pulled away before a thought entered his mind. Smiling he turned towards her “Okay, how about we get together on the field tomorrow and go flying, just the two of us.” Katie blinked before she giving him a smile that fit with her maid counterpart “Why Mr. Potter, are you asking me on a date.” He smirked back at her, “I guess I am, so what do you say Ms. Bell? Care to join me for a nice afternoon of flying around the grounds?”

Katie let go of his arm and tucked both of hers behind her back, “I think that’s a smashing idea, what do you say around one o’clock, after lunch?”

“Sound’s good” he answered with a smile, Katie smiled before turning around and began to walk away before she stopped and called back at him. “Don’t be late now Mr. Potter, it’s not polite to keep a lady waiting” she said before she resumed walking, but now with a little extra sway in her hips which he knew he would watch.

Harry watched her walk down the hall towards the stairs before he blinked, “Did I really just ask out a girl” he smiled to himself as he began to walk towards the owlery. “Maybe I could give a shot at living a normal life,” he continued to smile as he walked.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think, I thought having a more interesting history behind the Sword of Gryffindor then just the whole Goblins made it thing. Also Harry's relationship with Dobby as well as his soon to be romance with Katie.

The next chapter will be out sometime in the next week, or possibly two depending on
how work goes. Until then this is Huntsman signing off.
Back to the Basilisk

Chapter Summary

The Goblins arrive to render the Basilisk and we get a little flashback of Katie and her attraction to Harry.

Chapter Notes

Something I realize I should say, the current year in this story is 2011. So Harry joined back in 2009 and was born July 31st 1996. There are a couple of things Harry uses as inspiration from books, movies and anime. So yes the year is 2011.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Speaking”

“Thinking”

‘Remembering’

“Spell / Object of Power”

“Book or letter text”

‘ Parseltongue’

Harry and Ron walked through the door to the great hall, classes were due to start again today and they both wanted to eat their fill after both having to go nearly a whole day without a full meal.

“Though from the way Ron’s acting, it’s like that was the worst thing that’s happened this week” Harry thought with I smile as the two sat down. As they began to fill their plates Katie walked over to them and sat down next to Harry, smiling at him before grabbing a plate herself. Harry looked at her in question but she just buttered a piece of toast before smiling at him and taking a bite out of it. Harry returned to his food and speared a sausage, “So when is Ginny being let out of the Medical Wing?”
Ron swallowed the rather impressive bite of food in his mouth before answering, “Later today, she’s going to join the other’s leaving, supposed to be around dinner time.” Harry nodded his head and let his friend return to his breakfast deciding to do the same, the meal passed in near silence, only a few Gryffindor’s came over to wish Ron their well wishes to him before doing the same to the twins. The only thing that distracted him was Katie brushing her hand over his thigh and arm, everytime he would turn and look at her she would simply smile before grabbing another bite off her plate. The meal was coming to an end when the door to the Great Hall suddenly swung open with a bang.

Standing at the entrance was a panting Filch with what looked to be five Goblins staring at the student’s in near raging anger, “Sorry Head… master, but they insisted on coming in… side before I could tell you…” The man looked as though he was about to collapse as he leaned against the door, “Think nothing of it Argus” Dumbledore said before turning to the group of Goblin’s. “What can I do for you gentleman” he asked trying to think of why the Goblin’s of Gringotts had sent such a group to Hogwarts. “We are not here for you Dumbledore” the leader growled out before jestering for the group to move, the school watched as they walked over to the Gryffindor table and more specifically, Harry Potter.

“Your letter said you had a lucrative deal for us boy, be warned if this is just some of your childish nonsense or a waste of our time in an attempt to garner fame we will be charging your vaults for the expense, HEFTELY.” The eyes of nearly every student went wide and several of the teachers hopped down from the head table in an attempt to stop the conflict from escalating. Though even they stopped and stared as Harry stood and looked the Goblin in the eyes with a glare, “Before we continue, let’s get one thing through that sediment covered brain of yours. You will address me as Mr. Potter and only as Mr. Potter, call me boy again and I’ll send the lackys behind you back to your gold plated hole with you on their shoulders and missing several of your teeth and nose.”

That stopped the group in front of him as their faces dropped in shock, though compared to the looks on most of the staff and student body they might as well have been as straight faced as statues. Minerva looked ready to pass out at the thought that one of her cubs was going to be gutted right in front of her and the rest of the school. Flitwick was torn between shock and pride, he had never thought that the shy young man who had first walked into his charm class to show just how much he resembled his House’s Emblem. Snape merely sneered thinking it was the boys over inflated ego and sense of self-importance that allowed him to say such things. Dumbledore was the first to react and began moving towards the Gryffindor table to try and defuse the situation, but Harry was far from done.

“I will not be spoken down to, I am one of your vault holders and will be spoken to with the courtesy that it affords me. If I have to remind you of this again I will simply take this to mean I should make good on my threat sent to your superiors.” That got the student’s talking, what could the boy-who-lived have on the Goblins that got this kind of response. “Now if your done acting like children we can get to the main reason you are here, follow me,” walking past the still shocked Goblins he began to walk out of the Great Hall but stopped by the Headmaster.
“Professor Dumbledore, I’m afraid that I must excuse myself from class this afternoon. It was not my original plan to miss, but the Goblins arrival has given me no other option.” He began to walk towards the door again and was about to step through when he noticed that the Goblins were still at the Gryffindor, “well are you coming or are you going to be wasting more of my time and the percentage that your bank will be receiving in exchange for your services.” He then walked out the door without waiting for a reply, that seemed to get the Goblin team moving as the leader growled out something in gobbledygook that had the team moving at a breakneck pace after Harry.

The hall stood in silence until Draco Malfoy walked in silently frowning, having just read an owl from his father telling him what Potter had done to his family and the shame he had caused House Malfoy. “No good son of a Mudblood” he hissed in his mind as he walked past Flitwick heading towards the Slytherin table before he noticed everyone staring, “What’s going on?” No one at the moment answered his question far to in thought at what they had all witnessed.

SpearGut growled as he followed the young wizard down the hall, “that boy thinks he can make a mockery of ME, when I’m done here that boy will need to take out a loan from a werewolf to just afford a pot to piss in.” Similar to him, most of his team were becoming lost in daydreams of just how they would knockdown the arrogant brat. As they were just starting to dream of skinning him alive they arrived at there supposed destination, a girl’s bathroom. “This, this is where you dragged us too, a female washroom. I told the director that this was a waste of time, but he said we couldn’t afford to have confidence in our bank broken by the Boy-Who-Lived going to our sworn enemies. Did you need to powder your nose so the camera’s were ready for… ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING!”

Harry ignored the ranting and instead walked towards the sink, ‘Open,’ the sink suddenly began to slide back before it moved to the side and revealed a tunnel going down. “What is that” one of the Goblins asked, he was promptly ignored by Harry. “Dobby are you down there” he asked, the house elf in question popped in next to him, covered in filth and grime, smelling like a sewer but he had a smile that even Snape wouldn’t be able to get rid of. “Dobby has been doing what you asked Master Harry,” Harry had had a talk with Dobby about the way he addressed him. The elf had been so distraught at Harry not liking the name that he rammed his head into the bed post, Harry had grabbed him and all but held him down as he explained that the shorter title was incase something urgent was happening and they had little time, though he couldn’t get the elf to drop the Master title.

“Dobby has made sure to preserve the body and collect the material from around the tunnels and halls.” Harry nodded his head before turning to the door, “I wonder?”

‘Stairs.’

He was pleasantly surprised when blocks began to descend form a staircase, as he began to walk down he turned his head towards the, yet again, shocked Goblins. “Are you coming or should I send for a team that doesn’t gock” he asked with a glare before continuing his decent. SpearGut shook
himself before following after the young wizard who he had started to think wasn’t leading them on a wild pixie chase, “maybe this will be worthwhile after all.”

Katie walked into her Charms, her mind still reeling at what had occurred at breakfast, she knew that Harry had wanted to talk with the Goblins. But she had never thought that he would insult them, let alone threaten them, enough to cause such a response, and in public too. “I wonder if I’ll still have a date this afternoon,” that thought made her smile. She had liked Harry since he’d joined the team last year, but actual feelings hadn’t emerged until after what was supposed to have been the Gryffindor Quidditch teams first practice of the year. She had seen how he’d glared at Malfoy but had thought the problem had ended when Ron had cursed himself.

It wasn’t until that Monday that she knew different, Draco had been walking into the great Hall for lunch and had just sat down and taken his first bite when the food on his plate had turned into worms, maggots and cockroaches. Draco had dropped his fork with a yell and began to spit out the now chewed up bugs. he had grabbed his goblet for a drink when he suddenly pulled it away from his mouth and had begun to belch up bubbles. Someone had swapped his pumpkin juice for a floor polishing potion, the boy had ended up nearly barfing bubbles and cleaning solution for nearly an hour before Madam Pomfrey had been able to end the potion effect. Though Malfoy had still been forced to endure the taste of cleaning fluids for almost a week whenever he ate or drank.

Everyone, even the Headmaster and teachers, had thought it had been the twin’s prank, a way to get back for what had happened at the pitch. But she had seen the look on Harry’s face when he had seen the prank on Malfoy, his mouth had been set in a pleased smirk and his eyes had held a deep satisfaction at the boys suffering. She didn’t know what it was, but the look on the face of someone who she had always seen as a little brother had struck something deep in her. It was after that that she began to see him in a whole new light, the look that he had as he was diving for a practice snitch, or the way his body had begun to fill out from practice.

She had never been happier than when he had asked her out, she’d honestly thought he’d have asked out Hermione instead but she wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Even her friends had been surprised when she’d told them last night, she still smirked at how they reacted.

**FLASHBACK**

Katie all but ran into the Gryffindor common room, she looked around and saw Angie reading on the coach. She calmed herself down and calmly, or as calmly as she could, walked over to Angie and grabbed her book and set it down. “I was reading that” Angie commented with a glare that had no heat, but Katie ignored her, “where’s Alicia.”

“She’s up in the dorm…” she barely had time to finish before Katie grabbed her by the arms and started dragging her up the stairs. “Will you please… tell me… ow… what is going… uff...ON,” she asked as she tried not to stumble or hit the wall. Katie ignored her though as she reached the fourth
year girl's dorm and slammed open the door.

“Wha..” Alicia asked as her head shot up off her bed, she looked and one of her best friends dragging the other behind her. Katie all but threw Angelina into the room before she slammed the door shut and spelled it with anti-eavesdropping charms. “Harry asked me out” she said as she turned back around, that seemed to stop her friends. “Harry who,” Alicia asked, “Harry Potter you know, our teammate. Messy black hair and green eyes that make you want to go weak in the knees.”

“You lie,” Angelina said with Alicia nodding her head in agreement. They both looked at Katie, who just smiled, that caused both set of eyes to go wide.

“Oh

My

GOD.” Alicia screamed as she flew out of her bed and hugged Katie for all she was worth, “I’m so happy for you two, what are you going to where, what’s he going to where. Oh, this is so great.” Angelina pulled the girl off Katie before taking her turn to question the girl, “what is the date, I mean it's not like you can go to Hogsmeade.” Katie shrugged, “were going to do lunch in the Great Hall then go for a fly around the grounds,” Angelina frowned at that. “That’s a little boring,” Katie nodded her head “it's what we can do, he’s only a second year and it seems a little early in the relationship to find a broom closet.” Alicia shook her head, “okay first off, when the time does come I demand details and they had better be copious and descriptive. And second you should sit with him at breakfast instead of us,” Katie raised an eyebrow at that. “Why,” Alicia’s face broke into a perverted grin, “because you can run your hands over his body while you eat.”

Katie blushed, but giggled and nodded her head, “Also change what your date will be, instead of Lunch in the Great Hall, have it by the Black Lake. Trust me, it will be much more romantic then a quick fly around the grounds.” Alicia had Katie's full attention, “what are your plans for this summer?”

“My parents and I are going to the Caribbean for three weeks in July,” Alicia smiled. “Then make sure to send him a few pictures of you on the trip, preferably in a swimsuit, or less,” Katie smirked at her. “That was already part of the plan, Im even working on something a little more special if all goes well tomorrow,” Alicia smiled. “Sense you have nothing else to worry about before that here’s what you do…” as Alicia began to pratial on about summer Angelina sighed, she would have to intervene if Alicia got to pushy. But she smiled in spite of Alicia’s rather perverse suggestions, she was happy that two of her friends might find some happiness.
Katie smiled as she walked out of Charm’s and realized that in the excitement of this morning she had forgotten to get lunch ready for her and Harry to share. “Good thing the twins told me how to get to the kitchen’s,” walking down the hall of what she didn’t know was the Hufflepuff common room she took a left and walked towards a portrait of fruit. Stepping up and tickling the pear caused a handle to appear, opening the door she walked in and closed it behind her, unaware of the cool blue eyes that had watched as she entered.

Harry looked around in approval at what he saw. Dobby had cleaned the chamber quite well, where he remembered being animal bones and snakeskin now was just a slightly dusty hall way. “Where are you taking us wizard, I’ve never heard of this part of Hogwarts,” that was the one downside of the trip. The Goblins he knew were not the nicest of things, but a book he had found called ‘Creature Relations’ was a detailed explanation of how to deal with different species. It had been quite thick and Harry hadn’t had a chance to do more than briefly skim it, though he did read the section on Goblins to prepare for today, he had been shocked at the way it told him to act.

“Goblins are by nature a warrior race, while good at numbers and with making money, they have little time for politics and thus hate having time wasted with meaningless nonsense. If one is making a deal with Goblins they will treat it as any other thing, a waste of time. It is for this reason that one must maintain a proper and higher ground when dealing with them, remain firm and threaten to take business elsewhere or even cut down they amount the Goblin will receive. While this will anger most Goblins, the oldest though will give you respect for standing your ground.

(Note: Just because you’ve earned respect doesn’t mean they like you, at most they now think your as smart as a well trained Kneazel)

The one way to truly earn the respect and even the friendship of a Goblin is through one’s own deeds. As a primarily warrior culture they will be impressed by those who are of great skill or have slain mighty beasts single handedly.

(Note: And I’m not talking just a deer or boar like would impress humans. You would have to have killed a Dragon at the least to even garner attention. Other choices include fighting a Nundu, successfully killing a Dementor or even Taming a Thunderbird.)

So Harry had kept to the suggestion of the book, as the slayer of a Basilisk, especially one as old as Salazar Slytherians meant he was above a small time harvesting group sent to inspect it’s corpse. Harry didn’t give the matter another thought as they arrived at the door to the main chamber, ‘open’. As the snakes moved away from the sides and the door began to slide open the Goblins finally caught sight of what they were to inspect, “WHAT IN THE NAME OF GARBACKS LEFT NUT IS THAT.” The question had come from one of the workers but it would seem that SpearGut agreed.
“That is what you are here to inspect and harvest, I was told that as it’s killer it was my right to do with it as I wish.” The Goblins could hardly answer, they simply continued to stare at the massive beast in front of them, it had to be at least to be at least 50 meters long, 5 meters wide at its smallest point and nearly twice that at its largest. “How… how did you kill it,” Spearcut asked trying to remain calm, Harry simply sighed “Dobby.” The house elf appeared with an old rusty sword that had bits chipping off it, “I found this while I was running through the tunnel, when it went to attack me I stabbed it through the roof of its mouth.” Harry then pulled up his sleeve to reveal his puncture mark, “This is where its fang stabbed me when I entered its mouth, are there anymore questions or can we get down to business.”

Suddenly the Goblins felt very small compared to the wizard in front of them, while they were a fierce people even Goblins shied away from such beasts. And yet one who had not even entered adulthood had successfully brought down a Basilisk, that by its size alone, had to be over five hundred years old, and it was all too much for one Goblin. “BULLSHIT” he screamed at the top of his lungs, “THERE IS NO WAY THAT A WELP LIKE YOU BEAT A MONSTER LIKE THIS. IT WOULD TAKE AT LEAST THREE TEAMS OF EXPERIENCED GOBLINS TOO EVEN STAND A CHANCE AGAINST SUCH A BEAST. AND YOU WANT US TO BELIEVE THAT YOU, A SECOND YEAR HOGWARTS HUMAN, BEAT THIS ALONE.”

“Well the Headmasters Phoenix, Fawxes, clawed out its eyes. But I was the one who killed it” Harry said in a tone of voice that might as well have been an impersonation of Professor Binns. The Goblin in question was nearly spitting in rage, SpearGut simply sighed before turning to their client, “Perhaps Mr. Potter we could check to make sure you were the one who killed the Basilisk.” Harry snorted at him, “And how are you going to do that, I didn’t exactly have time to take pictures while I was running for my life.” SpearGut nodded his head before digging into his bag and grabbing what appeared to be a note card. “This is a kill tag, its used by monster hunters and trappers to identify their bounties for processing, it will allow us to determine if you are the killer of the beast.”

Harry simply nodded his head, “Fine” but then he glared, “But for the inconvenience that your associate has caused me I am limiting the banks take to what I specify it will be, deal.” The Goblin could only nod his head in agreement, no matter how much he agreed with him the younger Goblin should have kept his mouth shut. SpearGut walked up to the snake and had to steady his hand at being so close to it, even dead the monster inspired fear. Quickly dipping the card in the blood around its mouth he quickly removed himself from the carcass and back to the assembled group.

He then began to chant in gobbledygook, the card worked on finding magic that did not belong to the animal through its blood. By using this method they were usually able to get a magic signature that was registered with all vault holders or Heads of Houses. As he finished the spell the blood at the edge of the card moved towards the center and spelled out a name, “Hardrian James Potter.”

“This confirms it, you are the slayer and thus the owner of the body. How would you like to proceed?” Harry thought for a second before coming to a decision, “Render it down to the usable materials, I will be keeping the skin for myself. The blood and venom will all be collected and stored in sealed jars and charmed to be unbreakable. The fangs will be stored in a separate crate so as to not
contaminate the other goods. What can be saved of the eyes is to be sealed and placed in boxes along with the meat and tendons. Gringotts can take the shedded skin that my house elf has already collected, outside of this I MAY… be willing to sell you some of the meat after it has been appraised, in fact.” Harry snapped his fingers, “Dobby” the house elf appeared covered in even more filth than before. “Once the Goblins begin to cut off the meat please cook a meal for an appraiser to eat when he arrives so I can get an accurate cost.” The house elf nodded his head and left to go clean up.

Turning back to the Goblins Harry continued, “How long will it take to get your teams down here, I seriously doubt that you’ll be able to get all this done by yourself.” SpearGut nodded his head, “We will summon more workers and our department head, if you would be willing to wait here so as to discuss with him the fees for our services. I will also tell him of my teams and my own behavior, so that a proper cost can be agreed upon.” Harry nodded his head and started towards a pile of rocks when SpearGut asked a final question, “What about the bones?” Harry thought before asking, “Are there any properties that would make them worth selling?” The Goblin nodded, “they can be used to accelerate mending potions and strengthen scar reducing creams.”

Harry thought for a second before he made his decision, “take the skeleton apart and seal it in boxes to make sure they don’t lose potency. But keep the skull, I’ll even commission replica fangs to replace the original.” Sitting down he pulled out the shrunken book on runes and pricked his finger to let it grow. “What are you going to do with it then,” Harry simply smiled at the Golbin, “I’m going to hang it up in my house when I have one, but until I graduate I’ll ask the Headmaster if I can hang it at the entrance to the Great Hall with a plaque that reads. KILLED BY HARRY POTTER, GRYFFINDOR, WHEN HE WAS IN HIS SECOND YEAR. What do you think, has some style to it” he said with a shit-eating grin. SpearGut blinked before he started laughing loudly, “I think I’m actually starting to like you Wizar… Mr. Potter.”

Harry just smiled and went back to reading the Runes book he’d brought with him.

Dumbledore wanted to slam his head on his desk to stop the approaching headache he felt coming on, “I don’t know what you expect me to do Severus, Mr. Potter said earlier that it was not his intention to skip but that the Goblins were giving him little choice by showing up so suddenly.” Professor, though some of his students thought it was being too generous to call him that, Severus Snape scowled at his employer. “I don’t care about that Dumbledore, the boy will fail my class and be forced to retake his second year if he doesn’t show up for class.” Minerva McGonagall scowled at the man, “Your class is not the only one he’s missing Severus, and given the fact that he attends class, unless Poppy keeps him from doing so, you will not complain.” He went to interrupt her but she Transfigured his mouth shut, “I don’t care what you think Severus, I am the Deputy Headmistress, myself and the Headmaster are excusing all of his absences for today, and if you don’t stop I will assign a watcher to your class so as to insure Mr. Potter is able to complete his final.”

He glared at her, but simply nodded his head though she could still see the fury in his eyes. Just as Dumbledore was going to dismiss the two, his floo flared up, “I need to get in Dumbledore” came a low gravelly voice from the fire. Standing from his chair and looking into the flames he was surprised at who he saw, RockBlunt was a Goblin that rarely left the halls of Gringotts, what could
he want. “Director RockBlunt what, how can I be of service,” the Goblin nearly grunted, “I need to come through and meet with the team that came earlier. They sent me a notice through the insta-letter box, I need to negotiate the price of the Basilisk parts and cost of rendering with Mr. Potter in addition to bringing through more Goblins and equipment.”

Mcgonagall’s eyes widened at the mention of the Basilisk, while Snape’s eyes flashed with equal parts anger and greed. Basilisk parts rarely appeared on the market, but when they did it was usually for a high price. If he was able to claim the Basilisk using his role as a teacher he could use some of the parts for potions and harder others for rare ingredients and items. “Gringotts is actually buying the Basilisk” Dumbledore asked, the response was an angry growl from RockBlunt, “We want to but Potter has proof of kill so the Basilisk is his to do with as he wishes.” All three Professor’s eyes widened at the mention of Harry owning the Basilisk, “And thanks to the mouth running of the team sent there, Gringotts is only receiving the old shedded skin while Mr. Potter is keeping the bulk of the materials.”

The Goblin looked extra pissed at the mention of only getting the sheddings, “I was just calling to let you know I will be coming through with several dozen Goblins and didn’t want you thinking we were attacking.” After he finished his head disappeared and the flame returned to normal.

Dumbledore got up and turned to see his Deputy and Potion’s Professor glaring at him. “Explain Albus, NOW.” Oh dear here came another headache.

Harry pulled his face out of the rune book when he saw the lead Goblin of the team in the chamber greet another that was leading a group that easily quadrupled their numbers. “Thank you for coming Director, Mr. Potter is over her sir,” leading him over, Harry put away the book before standing and dusting off his robes. The new Goblin looked at him with a raised brow before nodding his head, “I am RockBlunt head of plant and animal materials for Gringotts bank of England” he said with a nod of his head. Harry returned it, “Harry Potter,” he said simply. The Goblin motioned to the others behind him, most grabbed several odd tools and began walking towards the Basilisk. While four brought over a table and two chairs, “have a seat Mr. Potter.”

Harry thanked the Goblin for the chair as he sat down, what just because he was trying to show top dog didn’t mean he had forgotten his manners. “Before we begin Director, I have a little offering for you, Dobby.” The house elf in question popped in with a silver tray, placing it in front of the Director he pulled up the lid to reveal a thick juicy steak that had blood grease pooling onto the plate. RockBlunt’s eyes widened as he saw the food, “A sample for you to taste while we talk, afterall I need to see what the meat will go for and I believe that Goblins are one of the few who could eat it.” He eyed the boy before grabbing the silverware and cutting into the steak, though slightly tough the meat was still soft from what he could see, raising the piece to his lips he ate the bite and chewed for several seconds.

All the Goblins had stopped their work as they watched him eat, but he didn’t notice. The juice had exploded from the steak the second he’d bitten down and the beasts magic had saturated its body for so long with so little movement that it was as soft as a piece of tenderloin. Not even stopping to speak RockBlunt cut another piece and quickly ate it, in fact, it took all of his will power not to
throw down the cutlery and just grab the steak. He hadn’t tasted something like this sense the feast proclaiming the new Head Director of Gringotts England nearly twenty years ago.

Harry and the other Goblin’s watched as RockBlunt consumed the steak, barely taking the time to breath in between bites. Within a few minutes the steak was gone and the Director was patting his stomach, “I’m taking it by your reaction that the meat is to quality.” the Director simply nodded his head, “Yes, for a steak such as that the Goblin nation would pay at least fifty galleons, per cut.” The Goblin that had yelled at Harry earlier dropped the box of bones he was caring in shock, RockBlunt glared at the careless mistake and made a note in his head to see him punished.

“Well once the rendering has completed, how much of this high quality meat would the bank of Gringotts wish to purchase?”

“All of it.”

“Very well” he stood and walked over to SpearGut, “how much meat have you harvested?” The goblin grabbed his clipboard and started to flip through the pages, “We have rendered down a total
of sixty gallons of blood, fifty seven gallons of venom, forty eight fangs that are one foot in length and another twenty six that very from four inches to eight inches. The skin has all been removed and has been put onto fabric wheels in twelve meter strips, we only have just started on the skeleton but already have around almost a hundred pounds in bones. The eyes have been put in jars as you asked, and the damage was not as bad as first thought, though the cornea has been destroyed in one eye, most of the usable parts are still intact. The skull has been moved and is being processed so as to fit the new ornamental fangs. The meat is not even halfway cut but we already have over two hundred pounds.”

Harry nodded his head, “Dobby how big was the steak you gave the director?”

“Four ounces Master Harry,” Harry quickly began to do the math in his head, “four ounces is a quarter of a pound so if the steak was worth fifty Galleons, then the whole pound would be worth two hundred. Times that by another two hundred and you get… … … forty thousand Galleons.” Harry had to stop himself from falling as he realized the price, and they had said they weren’t even halfway to the amount of meat on the Basilisk. The cost of the meat alone would set him up for life, “Director, how much is a Galleon worth in muggle money?”

“A knut is worth a nickel, a sickle is worth a dollar forty five and a Galleon is worth twenty four sixty five.” Harry blinked, “why dollars?” The Goblin shrugged, “The Goblin nation decided to set the exchange using whatever type of money is most standard at the time.” Harry nodded his head at that, “So that’s around twenty pounds per Galleon, so that means I have… … eight hundred thousand pounds.” Harry couldn’t stop it this time and leaned against the skull, “okay, Director I have lunch plans so please sit here and appraise the rest of the materials. Once you are done please come find me and I’ll tell you how to continue, until then please enjoy yourself.” Harry began walking towards the exit, “Well, summer will be quite fun this year” his smile became almost predatory at the thought of the Durselys.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think. I know a Galleon is only 5 pounds normally, but I wanted to get a little more rounded, because is it just me or due the denomination for wizard money confuse anyone else when their converted over.

Also the next chapter will be coming next week around Wednesday or Thursday, so catch you then.

Huntsman out.
Harry walked towards the Great Hall only to see Katie waiting by the door, “Hey Katie, what's up.” She smiled at him, “I thought instead of lunch and a fly around the grounds we could do a picnic instead.” That's when he noticed the basket she had next to her, “I'd be happy to escort you my lady.” Katie grabbed the offered arm and pulled him close, trapping his arm between her chest, Harry quickly looked away completely missing the look of triumph she shot him. As they headed towards the front gate they passed Ron, Dean, Neville and Seamus heading towards the Great Hall with Lavender and Parvati talking not far behind.
While most of his fellow Gryffindors stared at the pair Neville brought up the question on their minds, “Where are you two off too?” Harry went to answer but Katie stopped him cold, “We’re off on a lunch date near Black Lake.” That caused all eyes to suddenly widen and shoot to Harry, who could only nod as a faint blush spread across his cheeks. Parvati and Lavender squealed and shot off towards the Great Hall, “Well it seems the whole school will know by dinner.” He looked and saw the boys were just staring at him, “We’re just going to go,” he and Katie walked around the group and headed out the door and onto the grounds.

It would take a few minutes to get to the lake so Katie thought it best to talk about the morning, “So what was going on with the Goblin’s?” Harry thought very carefully about how to explain what had happened with Tom, he decided it would be best to just tell the truth, minus the whole possessed diary, oh and the legendary sword of one of the founders. “I went down into the Chamber of Secrets to rescue Ginny when she got taken by the person who’s been attacking the students. The beast that was attacking, it was a Basilisk.”

“A BASILISK!!!!!!”

Harry simply nodded his head, “It was the same one that Salazar himself set up to protect the school, so the guy who took Ginny was a Parslemouth to and he ordered it to killing me. I was chased through the pipes that are in the Chamber, while I was running I found an old sword that must have been there since the school was first opened. Sense the guy had my wand I grabbed it so that I had something to fight with, after I ran back to the main chamber I saw the guy kicking Ginny and attacked him. He dodged and called the Basilisk back into the room, when it went to eat me I stabbed it through the mouth and hit its brain. I payed for it though,” He pulled up his sleeve and showed her his scar.

Katie grabbed the arm and ran her fingers over the scar, “how are you alive Harry” she asked in a near whisper. Harry gave her a sad smile, “Luck, the same luck that saved me from Voldemort and a lot of other things I can’t tell you about.” Katie looked at Harry as he laid out the blanket from the basket, just as he was about to start taking out the food she stopped him. Forcing him to sit down, once he was she sat on his lap her legs wrapped around his waist and her chest pressed against his. “Ka. Katie what are you…” she put a finger to his lips and leaned in close, “promise me Harry, that we’ll always be honest with each other.” He went to speak but she stopped him again, “I know that some things can’t be talked about, but I want you to promise me that you’ll never shy away from telling me something you think will upset me. As long as we’re together I will always try to help you Harry, you just need to ask.”

He looked into her blue eyes, he couldn’t help but think “I never realized Katie’s eyes were so deep.” As the pair brought their lips closer Harry whispered, “I promise” they just kept closing and their lips were just barely touching when the shout interrupted them.

“MR. POTTER, MS. BELL WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!”
The pair flew apart at that, Harry’s head hit the basket and knocked their lunch into the grass while Katie unwrapped her legs from around him and twisted her body so her face slammed into the blanket. Groaning as they picked themselves up, turning they saw Professor Mcgonagall and Professor Dumbledore walking towards them. “What do you need Headmaster, Professor”

While Dumbledore was smiling at the two, Mcgonagall was scowling, “Mr. Potter, I was led to believe you would be with the Goblins until dinner at the earliest. Could you please explain to me how you came to be in such a “close” position with Ms. Bell?” Harry quickly shared a look with Katie, “I asked Katie out for a date yesterday, the Goblins are currently finishing the harvesting of the Basilisk and the Director will give me a proper list of the materials worth. Sense they had no need of me at the time, I saw no reason in which to miss my date so Katie joined me for a picnic instead of eating in the Great Hall.”

“That still doesn’t explain the position that we found you two in Mr. Potter,” Harry felt his cheeks flare up as he remembered Katies toned legs wrapped around his waist, the feel of her breasts on his chest and the warmth of her breath as they almost. “I believe Professor that what Katie and I do in or own time is none of your business,” both Mcgonagall’s and Katie’s eyes went wide at that. “Mr. Potter, I don’t know what has gotten into you,”

“Basilisk venom and Phoenix tears”

“But I will not be addressed as such, ten points from Gryffindor for your behavior. I expect both of you back in the Great Hall in the next ten minutes or it will be detention for both of you.” Harry gritted his teeth, after everything he had been through he couldn’t even have a relaxing meal before he was forced back into the repressed ideas that his head of house had. But he just kept biting his tongue, “Yes Professor,” Harry was honestly surprised he hadn’t slipped into Parseltongue. Mcgonagall glared but nodded her head and headed back towards the school building, “Hardass” Harry mumbled under his breath. Mcgonagall’s head swiveled as she stared at him, but Harry just stared back, she huffed before continuing.

Katie bent down to start picking up the ruined remains of their date before the Headmaster stopped her, “No need for that my dear. I’ll have the house elf’s send another basket out to you,” the smile he gave the two had them staring at him. “But Professor Mcgonagall…” Katie started before Dumbledore raised his hand, “I’ll tell her I gave you my full permission to have a picnic, no sense in ruining your time together over a misunderstanding and justifiable belief.” Both teens smiled at the Headmaster, “that being said,” he gave both of them a stern look, “Do not allow your feelings to reach such ‘high’ levels while in public or on school grounds.” Both teens blushed but nodded there heads, Dumbledore smiled at them before turning his full attention to Harry.

“If it is not to forward Mr. Potter, would you be willing to share some of your materials with or
Potion’s department?” Harry gave a mock look of consideration, “Sense you were so understanding Headmaster I would love to, but the thought of giving Snape anything leaves a bad taste in my mouth. Give me some time to think it over and I’ll come up with something else, until dinner, sir.” As Dumbledore nodded his head and walked away, Harry sat down and pulled Katie down on his lap. “So are you going to donate the materials,” Harry scoffed, “And let Snape get his greasy palms on it, not a chance.”

“It’s too bad that you can’t do anything, the school would gladly appreciate the supplies, it’s not like students don’t have to get their own stuff enough because of money shortages going on.” Harry's mind began to turn, “that actually gives me an idea.”

“What?”

Harry just smiled, “later, for now how about we just enjoy the peace and quiet,” Katie smiled and leaned back further into his chest and sighed in relief, this was the life.

“OUCH!!!!”

Hermione winced as she heard Madam Pomfrey cracking Justin’s back, “Honestly Mr. Finch-Fletchley, Mr. Creevy was paralized for several weeks longer than yourself. So stop being such a baby, if we don’t work out the kinks now the atrophication could leave permanent damage.” Hermione thanked Merlin that she had only been frozen for a couple a weeks, sense little more than a month had passed she and Penelope Clearwater only had to take a few nutrient and muscle mending potions after waking up. The boys were not so lucky, they had both been frozen and unable to move so their bodies were already in the beginning states of Atrophy. Due to this Madam Pomfrey was forced to take drastic measures, the boys were fed muscle relaxation, flexibility and mending potions and were put through a rather growling set of stretches.

The were also being prescribed a potion regiment of muscle and nutrient potions that they were to take over the summer. Once they were finished with their recovery period, Justin for five weeks and Colin eight weeks, they were to come to see Madam Pomfrey at the start of the next school year. “AGGH, be more gentle women, I was attacked,” the woman scoffed at the boy, “Mr. Potter was poisoned by the Basilisk and still up and left my care the next day, to soon in my opinion. If he can survive that then you can deal with sore muscles,” that had been a rather hard pill for them to swallow. Harry, who had been persecuted by the entire school for being Parselmouth, was the one who had stopped the actual person attacking them.

Penelope had been largely unaffected by this as she only knew Harry threw his reputation, she was going to thank him, and maybe get her boyfriend to lighten up on him for awhile. The slaying of a
Basilisk had only added to the awe for Collin, before Harry had been the boy who had stopped the Dark Lord who would have killed Collin and his little brother Dennis who was showing signs of magic as well. Now he was the young student who had faced an evil wizard who was hellbent on killing every Muggleborn in Hogwarts, he had done what was right, not what was easy, especially sense he had been all but crucified by the other student’s. Justin had the hardest time of accepting what Harry had done, he had led the charge with the other Hufflepuffs after it came out that Harry was Parselmouth. When he had been told of the almost blatant torture that had been committed in his name he felt sick.

Hermione had been near beside herself with grief when she heard Harry had been bitten, she’d thought her best friend dead. It had taken a calming draught for Madam Pomfrey to explain that Harry had survived and had been released yesterday to answer questions about the chamber. She was told that she had been cleared to go to dinner that night and that it would be best for all of them to take it easy. Their stomachs had been fed a steady stream of potions for several weeks, or months in the boys cases, and needed time to adjust to solid food. “Madam Pomfrey, I’ve finished my examination, besides some scaring she seems to be fine. I would suggest she see a mind healer but don’t force it, it will take time for her mind to process the trauma of possession and the near death experience.”

“Thank you Healer Joan.” The slightly portly Healer, who had been brought in to give Ginny a full check-up, nodded. “It was no trouble ma’am, I had best get back though, no telling what trouble the new attendants have gotten into during my absence.” Pomfrey simply nodded and thanked him again, Hermione had finished buttoning her blouse and was slipping on her school robe when she heard, “St. Mungo’s” and the telltale flair of fire. She opened the curtain and saw Penelope already dressed and waiting, Collin pulling his tie tight and Justin panting on the bed as he tried to move his body. “Well you all best be off,” Madam Pomfrey ordered as she led Ginny out of her closed bed, “Dinner starts in less than an hour and I don’t want you lot missing yet another meal, go on off with you.” The group of two first years, two second years and a prefect left the Hospital wing with no small amount of trepidation.

They only had three weeks until the end of term and less than a week and a half before exams started, “that’s not to mention missed homework, I wonder if Collin will even be able to move up, or if he’ll be held back a year.” It was a very subdued group that walked towards the Great Hall.

Harry smiled as he started his way back towards the chamber of secrets, his lunch date with Katie had been rocky at the beginning but had gone on to be quite enjoyable. They hadn’t brought up the Basilisk nor their head of house, instead they just talked about what they liked and tried to get to know each other as more than teammates. “It also didn’t hurt that she sat in my lap the whole time and that we fed each other.” They had drawn looks from several students who were coming in from Care of Magical Creatures, it had been especially funny to see the twins walking by with bugged out eyes and dropped jaws. They had looked like they wanted to come over but were pulled away by Alicia who shot the pair a thumbs up and a wink.

Reality though had set in when the heard the bell’s chiming that it was one o’clock, and Katie had
Arithmancy at one thirty. So they had packed up their basket and trash before heading towards the castle, once they reached the Entrance Katie had told him goodbye, “I had fun today Harry.”

“I did too, if your willing I’d like to make this an official thing,” the brief silence that had passed had Harry’s heart racing and his blood pressure head towards dangerous levels. But then, Katie had smiled, it wasn’t just a grin, it was a full teeth smile that went straight to her eyes. “I think I’d like that Mr. Potter,” she had leaned over and placed a chastise kiss on his cheek before grinning and running off towards her class. Harry still had the same, nearly goofy smile as he entered the main chamber as he had at the entrance, “I have a girlfriend.”

“I seems I was too quick to judge you as a worthy warrior if you can still make a face like that, or maybe your just insane, it would explain a lot.” Harry scowled at the question to his sanity, he knew it was supposed to be a harmless jab, but he had had a bad go this year with everyone thinking he was the next Voldemort. Luckily for him RockBlunt interrupted the conversation before it could go anywhere, “I think it would be best to return to finishing with the final boxes and crates leader SpearGut.” The Goblin in question understood the dismissal and simply nodded at Harry, before returning to his work. “Thank you Director, this semester has been trying on my nerves then anything and I do not like my sanity being questioned,” Rock Blunt simply nodded, “understood.”

He handed Harry a clipboard, “here you will find the estimated worth and total inventory of your materials, I’ve taken the liberty of adding a total for Pounds in addition to the Galleon total.” Harry gave a quick thank you before looking at the list.

**Basilisk skin: Rolled into fabric wheels of Twelve Meters**

**Price per meter:** 87 Galleons -------- 1778.28 Pounds Sterling

**Price per wheel:** 1044 Galleons -------- 21,339.36 Pounds Sterling

**Total Number of fabric wheels:** 152 wheels

**Total Meters of skin:** 1824 Meters

**Total worth of Basilisk skin:** 158,688 Galleons -------- 3,243,582.72 Pounds Sterling

**Basilisk Blood: Sealed in Gallon sized Jars ‘charmed to be unbreakable’**

**Price per Liters:** 48 Galleons -------- 981.12 Pounds Sterling
Price per Gallon: 192 Galleons -------- 3924.48 Pounds Sterling

Total Amount of Blood: 232 Gallons

Total worth of Basilisk blood: 44,544 Galleons -------- 910,479.36 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Meat: Wrapped in packages ‘Weighing one pound’

Price per Ounce: 12 Galleons, 8 Sickels and 15 Knuts -------- 261.03 Pounds Sterling

Price per Pound: 200 Galleons -------- 4088 Pounds Sterling

Total Amount of Meat: 512 Pounds

Total worth of Basilisk Meat: 102,400 Galleons -------- 2,093,056 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Venom: Sealed in Pint sized Jars ‘charmed to be unbreakable’

Price per Pint: 350 Galleons -------- 7154 Pounds Sterling

Price per Gallon: 2800 Galleons -------- 57,232 Pounds Sterling

Total amount of Venom: 64 Gallons

Total worth of Basilisk Venom: 179,200 Galleons -------- 3,662,848 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Organs: Assorted soft tissue and tendons

Basilisk Heart: 25,000 Galleons -------- 511,000 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Stomach: 10,000 Galleons -------- 204,400 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Kidneys: 3000 Galleons -------- 61,320 Pounds Sterling
Basilisk Liver: 7000 Galleons -------- 143,080 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Womb and Uterus: 12,000 Galleons -------- 245,280 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Eggs (Unfertilized x15): 120 Galleons -------- 2452.80 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Left eye (Damaged): 7000 Galleons -------- 143,080 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Right eye (Intact): 20,000 Galleons -------- 408,800 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Brain: 38,000 Galleons -------- 776,720 Pounds Sterling

Total worth of Basilisk Organs: 123,800 Galleons -------- 2,530,472 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Bones: Stored in boxes

Price per Ounce: 15 Galleons -------- 306.60 Pounds Sterling

Price per Pound: 180 Galleons -------- 3679.20 Pounds Sterling

Total amount of Bone: 856 pounds

Total worth of Basilisk bone: 154,080 Galleons -------- 3,149,395.20 Pounds Sterling

Basilisk Fangs: Stored in boxes

Price per Ounce: 85 Galleons -------- 1737.40 Pounds Sterling

Price per Pound: 1020 Galleons -------- 20,848.80 Pounds Sterling

Total amount of Fangs: 38 pounds

Total worth of Basilisk Fangs: 38,760 Galleons -------- 792,254.40 Pounds Sterling

Total worth of Basilisk: 801,472 Galleons -------- 16,382,087.68 Pounds Sterling
Harry looked with numb awe at the sheer amount of money a single Basilisk was worth, “this is a surprising amount Director.”

“The Basilisk was the oldest we’ve ever recorded, due to its age most of its material was of higher quality than anything we’ve seen on the market in the last two hundred years.” Harry nodded his head, “How much will it cost to treat the skull and have replacement fangs put in?”

“Gringotts is offering to do so free of charge,” Harry gave the director a suspicious look, “Why?”

“You did not have the best first impression of our people, this is a way in which we hope to improve relations with you.” Harry was impressed, “Very well Director, let your superiors know that I think quite highly of your bank, and of your people.”

“I will Mr. Potter”

“You can call me Harry, Director.”

“Then you may call me RockBlunt.” Shaking hands the two began to walk towards the exit of the chambers, “The materials will be stored in a vault next to your trust vault while they are being set for sale.” Harry nodded, “Very well, put everything except the skin and ten percent of all other materials away. Never know when such things could come in use,” RockBlunt promised it would be done and the items would be set in his trust vault. “Is there anything else you require of Gringotts,” he questioned, Harry smirked, “Actually I have a request that I need done quickly, if your able to complete it feel free to take five hundred Galleons from the sale of the Basilisk.” RockBlunt listened to the request with surprising enthusiasm, “I believe I can easily arrange such a thing before your evening meal,” the smirk never left Harry’s face, this was going to be fun.

Hermione sighed as she sat down next to her friends, “I can’t believe I missed class, I haven’t missed sense I got my tonsils out in the fourth grade. Even then I was back at school using a chalkboard to answer questions the next day,” both boys gave her a look of disbelief. “You were almost killed by a Giant Snake, basically stuck in a coma for a month and the first thing you say to us is your sad you missed History of Magic.” The look Hermione gave Harry was scathing, “I said classes, not History, and I am happy to see you both are okay after your adventure into the Chamber of secrets. But I’ve missed an entire month of assignments, tests and homework, how can I not worry,” Ron just looked at her with a deadpan expression, “Maybe it’s because you already completed all the homework and are half way through the third year material.”
Hermione blushed at that, “shut up,” she growled while slapping both boys in the head. “What did I do,” Harry whined as he rubbed his head, “You laughed.” As they began to squabble Katie sat down and pulled Harry away from Hermione, “Now now, no reason to lean into a fight with a recently released coma patient.” Harry smirked at her, “so I should lean into you instead,” he asked grabbing her arms and wrapping his arms around her and nuzzling her cheek with his own. Katie giggled and returned the gesture, Hermione simply stared at the scene before turning to Ron with raised eyebrows, “How long has this been going on?” Ron gave a look of disgust, “He asked her out yesterday, they had a date this afternoon and have officially been together for about five or six hours.” He still didn’t get it, why would his best mate want to date Katie, or date period.

Hermione turned back to them, from the way they were acting she would have guessed they had been together for most of the time she was petrified. Her attention was pulled from the new statues of her best friends love life by the Headmaster standing from his seat. “Now I know we’re all hungry but before we begin dinner I have a few announcements to make, the first is the welcome return of our petrified students.” This got a round of applause from the tables, minus Slytherian, who subdued clapped, but could be seen as most of the darker children were rather disappointed. “The next is that our groundskeeper, Rubeus Hagrid, will be returning at the end of this week and returning to his duties.” This got a larger round of applause from the Gryffindor table while they other three only clapped politely.

Dumbledore then turned to Harry, “Lastly our own Mr. Potter has an announcement to make,” he nodded to Harry who let go of Katie, unknowingly drawing attention from the rest of the school and confirming their statues as a new couple, and stood up. He quickly walked to the front of the Great Hall, “Thank you Headmaster, could the Quidditch team captains of Gryffindor, Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw please come up here, you as well Madam Hooch,” he said towards the head table. The aforementioned Captains, Oliver Wood, Cedric Diggory and Roger Davies, stood and slowly walked to stand next to Hooch, “I recently received a rather large sum of money from a sale I made to Gringotts, because of this surplus of money I would like to correct a wrong that happened earlier this year. That wrong being the new brooms received by Slytherin house, at the beginning of this year the Slytherin Quidditch team all received brand new Nimbus 2001’s. It has since been discovered that these were donated using money that was supposed to be used for school upkeep, by a former member of the Board of Governors who sense has been removed from his seat.”

Harry turned to stare at Draco and was followed by most of the school’s Quidditch players, this wasn’t even a lie Harry had to spin. It was found, thanks to RockBlunt, that Lucius had taken money from the Hogwarts vault using his authority from the Board and used it to get his son a spot on the Quidditch team. “Sense they can not be returned Professor Dumbledore has allowed me to make my own donation, Each Quidditch team that was left out of the donation shall be receiving seven Nimbus 2000’s, each. While you Madam Hooch and the flying department will be receiving fifty brand new Cleansweep 7’s to use for flying lessons.” The Great Hall stood in silence until Harry clapped his hands, immediately the door to the Great Hall opened and Goblins entered Carrying the brooms. They barely made it to the front before the Quidditch players jumped out of the tables and ran to grab their new brooms, Madam Hooch was hugging Harry and nearly crying as she thanked him.
Draco Malfoy was pissed, not only had the bastard insulted the Malfoy family but was now slandering his father as a thief, he would not stand for it. “What’s wrong Potter, you couldn’t afford to buy all Nimbus 2001’s with what change you got for selling whatever it is.” He didn’t get the response he wanted though, Harry just smirked at him, “Really now Draco that’s all you have, I guess I’ll have to explain it to you. First off, most first years have no idea how to ride a broom, so giving them a high speed sports broom as a first try is a little stupid. And as for the other Quidditch teams, didn’t you hear,” Harry grin turned positively evil. “The Nimbus 2001’s are being recalled due to the extensive testing the ICW put them through. They are so badly put together that the enchantments are prone to degrading after only a hundred hours of use. The testers nearly lost three people to malfunctions whiled testing. Nimbus is being forced to refund all brooms and is even being bought out by other companies.” That had been a shock to hear, RockBlunt had mentioned a new up and coming company that was going to be released to the public soon, he was going to have to invest if they were as good as he was saying.

Harry was about to continue with his announcement before he remembered something else, “Oh and Malfoy, sense the brooms were bought using Hogwarts money. None of the Slytherin Quidditch team will be receiving part of the refunds, good luck next season.” Draco was frothing at the mouth and looked ready to draw his wand before he felt a hand clamp down on his shoulder, it was Marcus Flint. “We will be having a talk tonight about your place on the team Malfoy, in private” he looked for support but found the entirety of his table glaring at him, the message was clear. Sit down and be quiet or face punishment.

Seeing Malfoy sit down Harry turned towards the head table, “Headmaster I was wondering if the school could do me a favor.” The old man chuckled, “And what favor do you need Mr. Potter.”

“Whatever it is, grant it, he’s done more for this school than anyone has in the last century.” Both Harry, Dumbledore and most of the school laughed at Hooch as she went back to talking to one of the Goblins about delivering the brooms. “I have a trophy from the Chamber that I would like to display, the problem is, I don’t have a place to hang it up at home. Would it be too much trouble to have it put up here at Hogwarts, just until I graduate.” Dumbledore smiled again before nodding, “I see no problem with housing a small trophy of your triumph.” Harry merely smirked, “It’s not exactly small, BRING IT IN BOYS,” the students looked at the door only to scream as a dozen Goblin brought in the head of the Basilisk. It was five meters long, two and a half meters tall and a meter wide, the Goblins had replaced not only the fangs but had attached new fake skin and eyes. It was set in a snarling lung and looked ready to hop off the wooden stand it was on and attack. “What do you think,” Harry asked the surprised Professors, “I was think next to the Great Hall entrance with a plaque, or do you think that’s a bit too much?”

After the dinner that would go down as one of the most entertaining in Hogwarts history, if you asked Harry that is, the year continued fairly normally. Dumbledore did end up cancelling all of the final exams, much to Hermione’s sadness which had Ron nearly smacking her when she suggested that they demand for the exams to resume. The main focus of most of the school was on one thing
though, the relationship of Harry Potter and Katie Bell. Most were shocked that Harry Potter had even asked anyone out, most of them thought he was too shy to be so forward. The couple in question just ignored all looks they received, they had to deal with the twins though, that had been awkward.


FLASHBACK

“So dearest Harrikins, what makes you so great that the fabulous Ms. Bell, one of the flying foxes would date you.” The twins asked as they stood over Harry, who was trying to read a book he had found in his trunk new trunk called ‘Hiding In Plain Sight: The Power of Runic Ink Marks.’ It had been made by a man during the time of the first crusade, he had earned Einherjar when he was just a child, he had been a terrible sword fighter but was unmatched when it came to knife and bowmenship. He had turned the weapon into a knife to store and used an Elm wood bow ,with treated unicorn hair as the bowstring, as a custom made wand. But it had been the story of the man being attacked by an assassin in the service of the Alexios I Komnenos, who had wanted revenge on Bohemond I of Antioch, who had declared himself Prince of Taranto.

“The man I have come to know simply as Servi Dei, or servant of God in their home tongues is part of a massive Cabal forged during the beginnings of the Byzantine Empire in the year four hundred and thirty of our lord. They have done the completed will and mechanisms of its kings from the shadows, the magic they use is like none I have ever seen before. I had been walking through the market when I passed what I had thought to be a simple old man, until I felt the knife trying to slip in between my ribs. The blade was stopped by my Dragon skin jerken, I would later find the blade to be magically forged and blended with Hemlock.

The man tried to escape but I simply bound him with a quick spell and knocked him unconscious with my knife, I then returned to my quarters to interrogate. He took several hours to awake, when he finally did awake he began to snarl like a beast and nearly pulled the ropes I had conjured apart. I quickly bound him with Dwarven chains I had received for my work in stopping the Draugr of Alfheim, near the coast of Anslo. The man glared at my wand before turning his eyes to me he called me “Demens,” or as I later learned was mad one. He had been raised sense near birth to serve only the rule of Byzantine, I then found what he truly was. He was a Muggleborn wizard who had been taken from his family, he had his magic bound to his body and forced to fight to survive against nearly a hundred other children. Upon the time they are twelve they are castrated, they then are forced to endure torture and poisoning training to kill the weak off. The Empire had done this to every magical child since its founding, wiping out most of its noble families and binding the rest to this Cabal and make the families secrets its own.

Once they reach fifteen they are given what looks like ink marks so as to focus their magic into
their muscles, organs and bones. They even use a specially made drawings called the Ablata ruin to hide weapons in their very skin, disguising them as simple ink drawings. I spent nearly a week trying to find the method through the man’s memory, which is how I learned he was truly a mere boy, not even twenty yet. He had taken the skin of a man and applied it like that of a skin changer I met in the Dark continent. Only instead of becoming a humanoid animal he had become another person altogether, it took me hours to remove the skin from around his body, this is when I found out that he was a Eunuch. It took rounds of a Cruciatus curse and Legitimacy to finally break his mind enough that I was able to see the runeword. Half had been carved into his bones and then sealed back, the rest was in the ink. I have taken the entire sequence down in this book, I have found that the ink requires the use of one’s own blood in addition to Demiguise blood and the hair of a Thestrial. The only sequences are best added while the body is still young and growing, this is why I believe they castrate their agents, so as to be able to add future sequences.

It had been a rather grim read and he had skipped over the details of the interrogation, but the runes he had read were too good to pass up. A strengthened body, improved eyesight and, of course the hidden object rune. Though he had found out that the rune required more skin and space the larger the object and that the object had to have corresponding runes on it.

“I think he’s ignoring us Gred”

“I believe your right Forge,” Harry looked up again from the book, “Why is Katie with me, lets see. It could be because I slayed a Basilisk as old as Hogwarts, or maybe the giant pile of wealth I now have. Or it could be that Im far better looking than you two, the very expensive brooms I just gave to not only our team but all of Hogwarts. Need I go on or have I hurt your pride enough,” the twins had looked in near despair at his words. “Fine, we agree that you have many redeeming qualities.”

“But answer us this Harry, do you love her,” that had made Harry stare at them. “We’ve been together for two weeks guys, I don’t know what will happen in the future, but I will make sure to do my best to never hurt her.”

FLASHBACK ENDS

That had satisfied the twins and they had given him their seal of approval, though there was still some hesitancy with some members of Gryffindor most had accepted their relationship with ease. The only other thing of interest that had happened was the run in with two interesting students, Luna Lovegood and Daphne Greengrass.
Harry had calmed down from the adrenaline he was high on from the near rapid questions of the Basilisk from his house mates. He still didn’t think he did anything that caused this much questioning, it was simple. An evil wizard had snuck into Hogwarts, used an ancient deadly magic beast, petrify several of the student body and kidnap another before he was stopped and his beast killed by a second year schoolboy, what was so hard about that. “Okay I’m simplifying way too much, I still think that it was too much, I mean come on. What does it matter how my hair looked Lavender I was running for my life.”

“Potter,” that phrase pulled him out of his thoughts and brought his attention to the two women in front of him. They were both second year Slytherins, Harry knew them through reputation alone, Daphne Greengrass and Tracey Davis. While he only knew Tracey as the strange easygoing personality that off set her friends, Daphne was known to every boy in school. It was said that when she had first come a seventh year had decided to take her as his toy for the rest of the year and had wound up with his bits frozen and nearly permanently stuck together. Ever since then she had been known simply as the Ice Queen of Slytherin. She didn’t deem anyone outside females Slytherins and Blaise Zabini, which was a real shame for how much effort he felt she put in to looking.

Her hair was long, reaching down to her shoulder blades, it was wavy and full of volume that made it hold in place no matter what she did. The dark black of her hair was set off against her chalk white skin, the only blemish on her skin being a beauty mark under the left side of her left eye. Her eyes were blue, but they were anything but welcoming, as cool and light as ice chips, he knew more than one person had felt cut to the bone when those eyes fell on them. Her figure was something else he thought. And she took the time to manage it, her chest was one of the first things one notices about her. They looked to be larger than Katie’s and stood proud from her chest with not even a hint of sag to them, her hips were wide and curvy and the thighs that it were attached to it looked like they could crush a man’s head in them. Though both drew the eye to Daphne’s finest part, her ass. It was showing the beginnings of being a very large bum and it took very little to make it sway, something Daphne must have known if the motion she but into her hips was anything to go by. Her legs went for what looked like miles, long and smooth that were covered in stockings to fight the cold Scottish weather.

While Daphne was the ideal description of a classic beauty, Tracey was all about energy.Her dark purple eyes glowed like freshly cut amethysts, her chestnut colored hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders leading down to her sizable chest, Harry would guess she was a high C-up. Her body was not as curvy as Daphne but it was still quite pleasant, her hips defined and her legs long. Her ass didn’t move despite being almost as large as Daphne’s, which showed she took the time to tone it. “What can I do for you lovely ladies,” Tracey giggled while Daphne looked unimpressed, “Nothing Potter, I just wished to express my gratitude at helping to stop the slandering of our founder’s name with tes attacks.”
Harry stopped and stared at the, “You were ashamed,” this was quite interesting a Slytherian ashamed of their own house. Though both girls scowled at that remark, “We are not ashamed, we simply did not like the simple of our house being used to attack Hogwarts Students, regardless of where their from.” Harry was still trying to catch up, even as the pair walked away and back towards their common room. He eventually came to his senses and simply shrugged before heading back towards Gryffindor tower.

FLASHBACK ENDS

And then there had been the strange discussion with the Ravenclaw first year.

FLASHBACK

“Ahhahah” Harry took a deep breath as Katie pulled away from him, she had been very thankful for the broom and had not been shy of showing her appreciation. After dinner had been too late for flying but she had the twins pull him out of bed first thing in the morning to test it out. He had still been pulling his shirt on as she pulled him out to the field for a test, she had pushed the broom to the near limits and had nearly crashed into a post in her excitement. Once she was finished she had dropped down almost on top of him. “Harry that was the best broom ride I’ve ever had, I can’t thank you enough.”

“Don’t mention it, besides you're the one who gave me the idea,” she blinked at that, “I did.” He nodded, “You said most students have to buy even the most basic of supplies just to get by. So I figured if Malfoy could bribe his way onto the team, I could give us a little bump to the rest of the school, even they odds as it were.” She had smiled before smirking at him, “But I think I can make the deal even more worthwhile.” She grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him to the stands before wrapping her arms around his neck and all but shoving her tongue down his throat. Harry quickly followed suit and wrapped his arms around her back, as things began to heat up Harry felt Katie’s tongue at his lips. He gladly opened up and clashed his tongue with hers, as they began to get a ‘taste’ for each other Katie's started grinding on the knee he had between her legs.

Just as Harry’s hands began to lower and make his way towards her ass they had a surprise visitor, “That looks quite enjoyable.” Harry had to quickly move his hands back up to catch Katie as she almost tripped as they pulled apart, turning to the side they saw a girl that stood around five foot even. Her blonde hair was half way down her back and was in a messy curled state with what looked like her wand behind her ear. The thing that stood out most though was her eyes, they were
wide and unblinking, similar to a cat, and a very bright shade of grey that they almost looked silver. “So is it enjoyable, I must admit that I have begun to feel curious about the other sex. So maybe you could enlighten me, did it feel good having your tongues and mouths stuck together? What about the way his leg felt in between yours, or how his hands felt on your butt, were you going to be spanked? I don’t like to be spanked, my mother would always leave it red.”

The girl just kept rambling on and caused the pair to grow several shades darker, it was around the time she got on about catching her mother and father in the act that Katie interrupted. “WHO ARE YOU,” the girl focused back on the pair and seemed to remember why she was there. “Oh, how silly of me, my name is Luna Lovegood, I'm here to ask Harry Potter if he would be willing to tell his story of what happened in the Chamber of Secrets to the Quibbler.”

“What's the Quibbler,” Harry had never even heard of it, which was saying much considering he was still getting used to a whole new world, but still. “It’s the paper that my father runs, I do some writing while I’m not in school and I wanted my first piece this summer to be on the hero who saved the school.”

“That’s it”

“That’s it,” she nodded. Her smile was so pure and innocent that Harry felt bad about thinking of turning her down. “What would you like to know,” Katie quickly whipped her head around to stare at him, she knew Harry hated his fame and yet, here he was giving an interview. “I just want to know how you figured out what was going on, who really did it and how you fought a Basilisk.” The smile that harry received with the questions made it feel wrong to lie to her, “You might want to sit down this is a long story.” He looked to see Katie pouting, he tried to get her attention but she just turned, grabbed her broom and took off around the pitch, “Yep, it’s official, I’m in the dog house,” he thought with a cringe as Luna pulled out a notepad and quill to write with.

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FLASHBACK ENDS

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It had taken Harry three days to get Katie to forgive him, mainly because he had told Dobby to go get the biggest thing of chocolates he could buy, which was substantial. He had finished Luna’s interview and she had given him a free year long subscription as payment, he had simply shrugged his shoulders, it wasn’t like he was hurting for money. Speaking of his new found wealth, he’d had the Goblin transfer fifty thousand Galleons into pounds and open an account with the bank of London.

“I doubt I’ll spend a million pounds during the summer, but it never hurts to be ready,” he had plans
to improve his room with some much needed upgrades. Plus the chores at the Dursley's would be easy with Dobby taking care of everything, he had to stop himself from laughing maniacally at the thought of Petunia and Vernon faces at the horrendous list of chores being done in no time at all, “Harry?” He turned to see Katie who had woken up from her nap on his shoulder, “the train is pulling in.” He nodded before standing up and grabbing Katie’s trunk and then his own, “So I’ll write to you, maybe we could schedule a meet up later this summer?”

“I don’t know Katie, I want to but I don’t think it would be possible with my… relatives. They aren’t the most accepting of magic and I’d rather not expose you to them,” she frowned but nodded in understanding. If what the twins had told her about the bars on his window and the trunk under the stairs. The couple walked down the stairs of the Hogwarts express and towards platform nine and three quarters. They looked around before Katie tapped him on the shoulder and pointed at a woman with black hair that must have been her mother. “That’s her,” she gave him one last hug and a kiss on the cheek, “I’ll see you later.” He nodded before kissing her cheek and grabbing his trunk so she could have the trolley, “Have a good summer Katie.”

“You too Harry,” they separated and Harry left to find his uncle, who was standing near the front of the station. “Hurry up boy, you have work to do.” Harry simply nodded his head and followed his uncle to the car, summer was finally here.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think about the books that have come from the trunk, and for those who have already guessed Harry will be getting some ink. The next chapter is going to be Harry's summer and his intro to modern media.

Next chapter will be out Tuesday, until then

Huntsman out.
First day of summer

Chapter Summary

Harry arrives at number 4 and gets started on his summer plans.

Also the Dursleys bight off more then they can chew.

Chapter Notes

Sorry that this is late, I pulled a muscle in my leg and was on bed rest for several days so it didn't become a tear.

But anyway, onto the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Speaking”

“Thinking”

‘Remembering’

“Spell / Object of Power”

“Book or letter text”

‘Parseltongue’

“I expect all the chores done before the end of the week, I don’t want to hear any lip from you. Your going to behave this year or there will be consequences, now get to it,” they had pulled into the driveway to number four. Vernon had read him the riot act the whole way home, which was impressive given how long the drive was, but Harry had simply used the time to practice Occlumency. He had read about it in ‘How to protect the Mind, Body and Soul,’ he was just in the beginning stages but he was confident that he could get to the next stage, mind defenses, by the end of the summer. By the time he got inside Vernon had already grabbed his school trunk and locked it in the closet under the stairs, he had tried to take his wand but Harry had simply showed him a
transfigured piece of wood he had made on the train ride. His real wand was inside the trunk he had in his pocket along with Einherjar and the books he had obtained. He walked up to his room, locked the door and set Hedwig’s cage up before sitting on the bed.

“Dobby,” the house elf popped into existence, “Yes Master Harry, how can Dobby be of assistance.” He had grinned and handed him the list that Vernon had given him, “I need this all done before the end of the day if possible.” The elf took the list and simply nodded his head, “this will be no problem Master Harry, Dobby will have the list done before dinner and then he will make dinner.” He smiled before he remembered something, “Dobby don’t be seen while your doing this,” the elf looked slightly offended. “House elves are trained to never be noticed Master Harry, even by wizards,” he quickly popped away.

Harry stretched his arms, he had the whole day to himself so he had decided to at least sort through the crap Dudley had thrown in the room. “Seriously, how much crap did they give him over Christmas to have doubled all this junk... is that a desktop and TWO laptops, how do they have this much money.” Harry realized he might need Dobby to vanish this crap if he was going to actually get this room the way he wanted. He decided to just go ahead and with the next part of his plan, new clothes. “Dobby.”

“Yes Master Harry,”

“I need you to clean up the room so I can bring some new stuff in here.” The elf nodded and started getting rid of old toy cars and ripped up books. He pulled on the cleanest shirt he had from Dudley’s hand me downs, along with the smallest pair of shorts, though he had to nearly tie them around his chest so they didn’t fall down. He opened his trunk and grabbed his coin bag where he had stored the credit card that Gringotts had sent him that was linked to his account along with an ID so he wouldn’t be called a thief. He left Dobby to clean, he took a quick look around before he realized that everyone was out, “Well that makes things easier.”

As he walked towards the bus stop he began to list everything he was going to need, “I’ll need to get enough clothes for the summer, I can handle winter clothes when I do school shopping. I should also look into getting new glasses, or maybe contacts I was lucky before but if someone summons them from my face I’m screwed. Also wouldn’t hurt to join a gym, Quidditch is good and all but I nearly became snake food because of my endurance, maybe I should take a look at the books and find a fighting style. Can’t exactly go around waving a poisoned blade around and chance nicking one of my friends, maybe there’s a school for it I can go to. Maybe I should look into hand to hand…”

Harry’s mind kept going around in circles but eventually came to a solid list,

First: Glasses
Second: New Clothes

Third: Gym to get in better shape

Fourth: Learn how to fight

Fifth: Study and work on spellcasting.

He was brought from his thoughts by the bus screeching to a halt in front of him, quickly dropping some change into the taker and taking his pass he took a seat near the step and quickly resumed his thoughts. He had nearly thirty five books to go through in the trunk, from Godric’s personal book, ancient druid texts for rituals, animal and creature texts and his new favorite, the Runic tattoo book. The book had not even ended with the Crusades, the knight had been inspired by what he’d learned from the assassin that he had sought out runes to use in tattoo’s from all over the world. The next one was an Eygipition set that had been used on diplomatic parties back in the one thousand B.C.

“Following my time in the service of Antioch I felt a sudden want, the Cabals agents have discovered that I know of their Rune’s. I have slain a score of their knives already and yet more appear everyday, the most recent took the skin of Jonah the stable boy. He had poisoned my horse and nearly led me into a trap, it was only thanks to my Hawk, Penna, that I was able to reverse their own trap. I have made my way to the dark continent once more, my hope is to hunt Demiguise so as to add the ruin’s I have taken to my own body. It was while I was near Ghana that I found the tomb of a magician from the time of Khufu, around nearly twenty five thousand years ago. His tables held several boxes of gold, though the foul magic upon them was nearly as thick as the tombs air. I quickly moved past treasures and trinkets of the ancient magic user and found writing on the wall near the back of the room. It was the description of his greatest work, a
set of runes drawn upon the skin that would serve as a brand and protect its wearer from magic. The symbol must be drawn in the blood of the master, taking a pin made from snake venom and scarab beetles, must prick their finger and then while the blood flows draw the rune in a desired area.

Most did so on the cheeks near the eyes, so that the bound maybe seen showing who they were subservient towards. They then must speak a spell, which causes the ink to dry and form a proper brand using the speakers symbol of power. The venom of the snake will stop one from being poisoned and the beetle will make the skin harder to pierce. It seems the only flaw is that the mark must be taken willingly and can never be done by one's own hand. This apparently angered the Pharaoh, for how could he be servant to another man when he was descended from god’s.

He had been rather bummed to read that the mark was a servants mark, but he decided it was best to continue with the writing that the man had. It had sparked such an interest that he had decided to take Ruin’s this next year.

FLASHBACK

“So what are you taking guys,” Harry asked as he, Ron and Hermione stood in front of the board listing extra classes that third years were allowed to begin taking. “Divination and Care for me,” Ron said as he bit into his chocolate frog.

“Honestly Ronald, why would you take only two classes, I'm taking Runes, Arithmancy, Care, Muggle Studies and Divination.” Both boys looked at their friend in shock, or in Ron’s case horror. “How on earth are you going to take all those classes,” Ron asked while bits of his frog fell from his mouth.

“Never mind that, why on Earth would you want to take those classes. Your a Muggleborn, why would you take Muggle Studies, on top of that, why would you take Arithmancy.” Both of his friends looked at Harry with curious eyes. “I get why I wouldn’t want to take it, but what makes you not want to?” asked Ron.

They both watched as Harry shuddered, “It’s math, why would I want to do math.” That caused both of them to look at him with pure shock, “Harry math is one of the cornerstones of school and life.”

“Basic math is, adding, subtracting and knowing your basic time tables make sense. But why would I need to know Algebra!!! When in my life am I ever going to use something with variables like it
uses. Don’t even get me started on Geometry and all that other crap my school was going to start teaching before I came here.”

Both looked at him in shock once more, “Harry it’s not that bad…”

“Yes it is, give me one example of Algebra we used sense we came here, ONE.”

Hermione quickly started thinking and, much to her chagrin, she couldn’t think of how they could have used higher math to make life easier. Harry smirked, “I rest my case, Algebra is dumb and thus Arithmancy would be useless unless your going into spell research.” Hermione scowled at him, “Well what do you consider useful classes?”

“I'm taking Runes and Care, I'm thinking of going off to be a beast hunter, or maybe a ward master.” That got both of them looking at him, “Harry I hate to break this to you, but my brother Bill said that you need Arithmancy in order to get a job as a warder. Most jobs having to do with runes do actually.” Ron informed him with a wince, Hermione just smirked as she crossed her arms.

“No it doesn’t.”

They both looked at him,”Yes it does Harry.”

“No it doesn’t”

“Yes it does.”

“No it doesn’t”

“Yes it does.”

“No it doesn’t”
“Yes it does.”

“No it doesn’t”

“Yes it does.”

“No it doesn’t”

“Yes it does.”

“No it doesn’t”

“For the love of… YES IT DOES HARRY.” Hermione screamed at him. He gave them both a look before rolling his eyes. He reached into his bag and pulled out a slip of parchment, “This begs to differ, it's a sequence I made from a book I got. If you apply it to an owl it causes it to be unable to fly.” They both looked at him, “There is no way that works Harry, you would have to take into account the owl’s species, it's gender, age, what time of day it is…” Hermione continued on before Harry just raised his hand. “Fine I’ll show you, Hedwig.”

“She’s not going to come just because you…” she was cut off by Hedwig landing on Harry’s shoulder and headbutting him. “Thank you Hedwig, how would you like to help me show I’m right, I’ll give you bacon as a reward.” Hedwig nodded her head with excitement at the mention of her favorite food. The group walked over to the Gryffindor table where a plate of bacon had appeared. Harry set Hedwig down on the table and showed her the runes, “I'm going to put the sequence on you. It’s set to stop you from flying for thirty five seconds, if you stay where you are, I'll give you five strips of bacon.” He then walked down about five meters and set the plate of bacon down, “But if you fly over here you get the whole plate.” That caused the owl’s eyes to grow predatory.

He walked over and placed the paper on the table and had Hedwig stand on it, “You ready” she nodded her head. He pressed his wand to the paper and pumped some power into it, causing the runes to glow and a light envelope Hedwig. As the light died down Harry started counting down in his head, “Go for it girl.” Hedwig opened her wings and went to take off, only for her wings not to work. She stared at her wings before she tried again, the result was the same, she was unable to take off. Harry walked down towards the plate of Bacon, “Hurry Hedwig, if you don’t get here quick I may eat all the bacon.” He picked up a strip and bit into it, this caused Hedwig to shriek in horror and began to flap her wings as fast as she could to take off.
Hermione and Ron were forced to watch as Hedwig went near insane with anger as Harry ate more stripes. She began to peck at the paper, thinking it would cause her to be free, when that failed, she decided to just start running towards Harry. When she was about a meter away Harry called, “time.” Hedwig glowed again and took off grabbing the rest of the bacon and flying away while hissing at them. Harry simply smiled and grinned at the gobsmacked duo in front of him, “told you I didn’t need math.”

FLASHBACK ENDS

The rant that Hermione had yelled at him had drawn Professor Flitwick to them, once she had explained the situation the small Professor asked to see his other work. He showed him several rune sets that he had studied over the last few weeks from his new books, he had then shown the clothes binding set by handing it to Hermione and activating it. It was quite funny to see her robes come to life and rap around her like a mummy, he could have sworn she was cursing him out from underneath the cloth. Once Mummione had been released, Flitwick had brought them to Professor Babbling, the Professor had taken the situation with speculative eyes as Flitwick explained what had occurred. She then sighed and said much the same as Hermione about sequences being to complex, or had till Harry threw the same mummy sequence on her and caused her to look at him in shock once he let her free.

“I still don’t get why they think it needs math, the runes are able to fit together in due to cause and reaction. Honestly it’s more a science like Chemistry then math, as long as you know how they interact you can plan appropriately.” Harry noticed his bus coming to a stop and saw they had arrived at the mall, quickly hopping off he headed inside. As he felt the air conditioner blast onto his neck he quickly walked towards the directions board. He found the ophthalmologist office on the third floor and headed towards the lift, as he was waiting patiently he decided that contacts would be the smarter option. He stepped off and headed towards the shop, once inside he saw only a few employees, one in a front office box and another behind the counter.

“Do you have an appointment darling,” the question came from the woman behind the glass in the cube, she was a blond with large hair and looked slightly overweight. “No, I was wondering if I could get my eyes checked and maybe some contacts,” the woman looked him up and down. “I would need to see an insurance card and an adult to sign their consent,” that caused him to lose his smile. “I don’t have insurance, I was just going to pay with my card,” he said as he fished out his wallet and showed his credit card. The women took the card before sneering, “I’m afraid that won’t be possible, I’ll also have to call the police and report you for stealing this card.” He gaped at her before scowling, “it’s my card,” she scoffed at him. “This is a black card, the chances of someone like you having this legally is impossible, thus you’ve stolen it.”

He growled at the dumb bint, “That is my card, I just got it last week,” he quickly showed his I.D, “That can be fake.” He slammed his hands on the counter, “then call the damn bank and ask them,” the woman glared at him before flipping the card over and calling the number and putting the phone on speaker.
“Grings First bank of London, this is Cardman, how can I help you.”

“Yes, I’d like to report that one of your cards has been stolen”

“What card?”

“The one for Harry Potter.” there was a pause before the voice answered.

“Hold one moment.” the woman smirked at Harry, he simply rolled his eyes and considered going to a different office after they proved it was his card.

“This is Cuttson, the Potter account manager, you said the card was stolen.”

“My family has an account manager, does that mean my family has vaults?”

“Yes sir, a boy came in to get new glasses and gave us the card, we believe from his appearance that he stole it.”

“What does he look like.”

“He is in old baggy clothing, his hair is black and looks like a rats nest. He also has green eyes.”

“Does he have a scar on his forehead.”

The woman blinked, “I’m sorry but what does that…”

“Answer the question, does he have a scar like a lighting bolt on his forehead.”

The women looked at Harry, who raised his hair and showed her his scar, “Yes sir he does.”
“YOU IDIOT,”

The shout scared the woman, “THAT IS HARRY POTTER, what the hell are you trying to pull. Did he not show you his I.D?

“Yes he had one, but I thought it was fa…”

“YOU THOUGHT, no it seems you didn’t. That card belongs to Mr. Potter, now stop wasting my time you fool.”

With that, the line went dead, the woman hung up the phone and turned back to Harry, she handed him back his card. “I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, we can make an appointment for later today at …”

“Don’t bother, it seems that this office is not where I should have my eyes done, good day.” The woman looked panicked at that, “Please, it was just an honest mistake. I can fix it, Sir, Sir,” the woman kept calling out to him as he walked away from the office.

Harry was lucky that he found several other ophthalmologists in the mall, he chose the one that was on the fourth floor that was able to squeeze him in. The testing of his eyes didn’t take long, though the office did say it would be a week before his contacts were ready, they said a spare pair of glasses would only take a few hours. He quickly chose some frames from Wide Guys that were metal, the frame felt sturdy and the glasses themselves looked stylish. They said to come back around five for his frames, seeing as he had almost four hours to kill he decided that clothes would be best.

He walked into a George’s outlet store, he grabbed a pair of jeans his size as well as a black polo, he was heading towards the changing room when he saw a loose pair of underwear for sell. Apparently they helped to keep you cool, he shrugged and grabbed them as well, it had been nearly a year and most of his drawers were nearly thread. As he was about to head into the changing room he was stopped by an attendant, “Sir, you can’t take those into the changing room.” Harry looked down and noticed he was pointing at the underwear, “I was going to wear this all out of the store, I figured that I could change and then finish shopping.” The man eyed him before nodding his head, Harry quickly changed and thought he looked pretty good.

Once he exited the room he noticed that a security guard was now standing by the door, great they thought he was a shoplifter as well. He quickly grabbed several more pairs of jeans, polos, t-shirts, a
couple packs of undershirts and underwear. He walked to the front and was quickly rung up, “the total comes to two hundred and sixty seven pounds and fifteen cense, would you like to pay with cash or card?”

“Card,” Harry quickly swiped his card and signed his name, “Thank you and have a good day.” He shot back a quick, “You too,” before grabbing his bags and heading to the sports store for some work out clothes. He didn’t really bother trying clothes on, he just grabbed some shirts he knew he liked from Under Armour along with some shorts. That purchase set him back another hundred and forty pounds, but it was worth it. His final stop was the shoe store, wear he got several pairs of assorted Asics shoes mostly in blue, black and white, along with several bags of ankle socks he quickly checkout and spent another five hundred and ten.

He walked to the food court and sat down with his bags, “I still have another hour before the glasses are ready.” He got up and walked over to the drink stand and grabbed a large cup, he filled it with cherry Dr. Pepper and took his seat again. “So what should I do now,” he started looking through the other stores, he decided to hit the entertainment stores. He started walking around and saw several movie stores, game stores and electronic stores, he decided to check with Dobby before he bought anything else. He walked into the bathroom and set down his bags, “Dobby,” the elf popped in covered in dirt and weeds, he must have been working outside.

“Dobby, have you been able to clean up the room?”

“Yes Master Harry, I also replaced the bed and dressers.” Harry blinked at that, “Where did you get furniture?”

“Dobby took it from the storage vault that has the furniture from House Potter, he also expanded the room to better fit everything.” That caused Harry’s jaw to drop, “You can do that.”

“House elf’s can increase rooms by only a small amount, it’s so that way we can make our homes in small spaces without taking up room.”

“How much did you expand it by?”

“Dobby made the room into a twenty five by twenty.” Harry had to stop from collapsing, that was bigger than his aunt and uncle’s bedroom. “How long is the wall with the window?”

“Twenty”
“Thank you Dobby, could you take these bags home?”

“Dobby will clean and put up the clothes,” he grabbed the bags and popped away. Harry left the restroom and quickly made his way to the T.V store. He stepped in and was almost overwhelmed with his options, “H.D, L.G, what the heck is a smart T.V.” He quickly waved down an employee, “Hello Sir, how can I help you.”

“I’m redoing my room and I want to get a good entertainment system.”

“Well are you wanting to go with surround sound, are you looking for movies or gaming?” He paused to think, “I’ve only ever played old school Mario, and I don’t really watch T.V.” The man looked at him, “What kind of things do you like?”

“I guess some action and adventure, I remember catching a little bit of Star Trek over the years.”

“What’s your budget?” Harry pulled out his card and showed him, “Okay, let’s come over here to the T.V’s first. How big of a wall do you have?”

“Twenty five feet.” The man nodded before walking over to a very large T.V, “This is the Samsung Eighty Five inch 4K H.D T.V. It goes best with movies or gaming. But if you want my opinion, you said you have twenty five feet right,” Harry nodded, “You can order one that is one hundred and ten inches, it will cost you around a hundred grand, but if you want to go big, you can’t get much bigger than that without going towards half a mill.” Harry nearly choked at the cost, “Why such a big difference in price, it’s literally only two feet of difference.”

“It’s custom made, the amount of stuff that goes into making one and that can support it are expensive.” Harry took a second to think, on the one hand he really didn’t need one that big. With the cost he would be out nearly a tenth of his total funds for the summer, on the other hand, it would make the Dursleys jealous as all hell. With an evil smirk he turned back to the employee, “I’ll take the hundred and ten, what do I need to do?” The employee grinned, he pulled out a set of forms, “Just sign here, the cost includes installation, a mount, surround sound and the player of your choice.” Harry signed and wrote down the delivery day, he wanted it put in when all the Dursleys were gone, and without fail, every summer Vernon took everyone minus him out for a day of fun to celebrate another year complete at Smelting for Dudley.

“You said you didn’t really have a lot of experience with T.V and movies right, if you want, I’ll pick a large selection for you and have it sent with the T.V, take a month and then bring back what you
don’t like. I won’t charge your card until the first of next month for them.” Harry grinned at the man, “Are you any good with games?” The man shook his head, “While I might play games I don’t have the knowledge to give you good recommendations, I only know what I like. I do have a friend who works at the store though, I can get him to do the same for you, what console do you want?” Harry shrugged, “I guess all try them all, if I don’t like one I’ll just send it back, just give me the works.” The man nodded, “Okay, everything is set to deliver on the sixth, is that correct?”

“Yep.”

“Okay, they will see you bright and early at nine o’clock, have a good day.”

“You too,” Harry walked out of the store feeling almost like a child, this summer was going to be great.

Harry walked up the road towards Number 4, the day had been a success for the first two parts of his plan, “I think I should wait until I have my new stuff to continue with my plan.” He figured he could go for a run everyday until the installation team arrived, as he arrived at the house, he saw that his relatives were home, “Great.” He opened the front door and was immediately assaulted by the noise of his Uncle, “BOY,” Vernon came charging out of the living room and slammed his hand next to Harry’s head. “Where were you, I ordered you to make sure that the house was spotless,” Harry stared at his Uncle before sighing, “I did get stuff done. After I was done, I went to the store to get some new clothes because I’ve outgrown my old things.”

“And how did you afford that, last I checked stores don’t take your freak money,” Oh great, now Petunia was getting involved. “Gringotts does converting, I came into a large amount of materials this semester and I sold them, Gringotts converted a percentage to muggle money for me to use this summer.”

“How much” Vernon growled, but Harry could see the wicked gleam in his eyes, he thought he could take the money from Harry, oh this was going to be fun. “Fifty thousand Galleons, in conversion that’s twenty pounds per Galleon.” He could see as his uncle quickly did the math and dropped his arm and stumbled back as he figured out the price. “One million pounds,” his aunt and cousin, who had come to see what all the noise was about, jaws dropped as they looked at him. It took a minute for them to reset before Vernon grabbed him and slammed him against the door, “Boy, I think I just thought of the way you could pay us back for what we’ve given you.”

“No, it’s my money, not yours,” they all stared in shock as Harry glared at Vernon, who went red in the face, “A freak like you doesn’t deserve that much money. You will transfer it to my account…”
“I got the material by killing a Basilisk,” that seemed to cause confusion, “And why should that matter” his uncle spat. He merely grinned, “Because a Basilisk is a magical snake that can kill you if you look at it in its eyes,” that gave all of them pause, so Harry continued. “This one just happened to be six hundred years old, and they keep growing as long as they live, it was over fifty meters long when I killed it.” That caused Petunia to choke as she looked at him in sudden fear, “And I killed it with this,” Vernon looked down and saw the knife that was suddenly close to his neck. He yelped and through himself away from Harry and hit the floor, as Petunia reached down to help him up he glared at Harry. “You can’t use your freak magic here, you’ll be expelled,” Harry grinned at him, “That is true when it comes to wand magic, but this,” he said as he raised Einherjar, “this is a magic sword, it can take any form I want it to and,” he threw the blade and hit the wall behind his aunt. “It comes back to my hand,” they watched as the knife suddenly disappeared only to reappear in Harry’s hand.

“So this summer is going to be a little different, I’ll be buying my own food and keeping it in my room, you stay out of my way and I stay out of yours, sound good?” He didn’t wait for an answer and walked up the stairs towards his room, as he opened his door he gasped as he saw what the room had become. What had once been a small eight by twelve, now stood as a massive master suite, the small dinky bed and falling apart furniture had been replaced as Dobby said. The bed had to be a queen size at least, it was carved from real wood and had soft white sheets, they felt the same as the sheets used at Hogwarts, “I wonder if their charmed to be so soft and warm.” The blanket was a deep blue with stripes of black across it, he lifted it up and nearly sighed in happiness, it was a feather blanket.

He turned to the other furniture, the first was a large heavy wooden Wardrobe, he opened the door and saw his new shirts hanging up. He quickly ran over to the two large identical dressers and looked through them, the left one held his normal clothes and underwear, while the right held his workout clothes and socks. He suddenly realized though that he forgot to grab sleep wear, “I guess I could sleep in my running clothes.”

“That will not due Master Harry,” Harry jumped as Dobby appeared behind him, “use these, they come from family vaults too.” Harry looked down and saw the red pajamas Dobby was holding, they had what appeared to be a name on them, “Charles,” Harry’s throat caught, these were his grandfathers. “Thank you Dobby, what would I do without you,” the elf smiled and popped away, he quickly changed and got into bed, this summer was already going pretty well, he just couldn’t wait for his T.V to arrive, “I wonder how long it will take for Dudley to try and claim my room,” was his last thought as he drifted off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I hoped you all liked it, Harry is not going to be taking any shit. Just wait until Marge comes over, sparks will fly.

Next chapter will be coming, paring anymore injuries, next Friday
Until then, this is Huntsman signing off.
Harry spent the next several days completing his summer work while he waited for installation day. After the Dursleys had been talked, read threatened, into leaving him alone and so far they had let things be. They still left a list of chores for him to do, but he left that for Dobby to do every morning, it was still funny to hear aunt Petunia gasp when all things on the list were completed while she was in another room for only a few minutes. He had even gotten Vernon to sign his Hogsmeade permission slip, without even realizing it, score one for house elf magic. His homework was rather simple, the books that were in the trunk were much more difficult than his school books, but he felt he had an almost instinctual level of understanding with them, maybe it came from being Einherjars wielder, or maybe he just decided to apply himself instead of staying in the middle like he learned to deal with the Dursleys. It could also be his Occlumency was beginning to help with his
understanding, the book said that it would allow him to have a near photographic memory at the higher levels.

“The magic of Denken is not so much a set of spells as it is an entire branch of magic, similar to how charms is a branch of magic that can also have spells that fall into other branches. The branch that has to deal with defending the mind is known as Occlumancy, Legilimency is the branch that deals with reading the mind, the final branch is Impemency which is to attack the mind. The time spent mastering each of these branches should be treated not as mastering a part of a branch of magic, but as different types of magic in in of itself.

Occlumancy is the most basic and easily completed of the three types of mind magic, it involves clearing and organizing one's mind and sorting through one's own experiences in order to have a foundation for defending it from the other two branches. There are four types of Occlumens, or one who had mastered Occlumancy, the first is the most common and by the book way of defending.

A Durusmans is a Occlumens who has a stable and firm foundation, they build what is almost a mental like wall. As they grow and change their wall becomes thicker and able to shrug off attacks and readings from even the most powerful of wizards. They store their memories and experiences in something that is easily sorted, such as a book or chest. The downside to being a durusmans is that they can not handle unexpected or changing attacks, and once their defenses are breached they are unable to defend due to the shock to their mind causing them to enter into a state of shock that leaves them near comatose.

The second is known as an Agermans, these Occlumens are known for having their minds being like open and empty fields. The brilliance in this style is in its simplicity, it takes the smallest amount of time to master and can usually be done once the mind is cleared. Their memories are usually held in inconspicuous places around the plain or field, their childhood could be stored in the knots of a tree or their secrets written on leaves in a bush. The weakness of this style though is that while it might be difficult for a Legilimens to read one's mind, they have no protection from the attack of a Impemens.

The third type is known as a Feramans, this is a unique type of Occlumancy because it can be combined with the other three. This one is mainly used by wizards who are Animagus, or able to change into an animal, like werewolves and veela. Other magical creatures may also utilize this type of mind protection, but I don’t know of any others at this time. The way in which this is used is for the Occlumans to have an animal companion who helps in protecting their minds, these are usually utilized by Agermans who use the animal to help protect and defend against curses from Impemens. The reason that Werewolves and Veela have a natural mind defense is due to the rapid wolf, for the werewolf, and a large bird of prey, for the Veela. The drawbacks to this style of
defense is that if enough time is taken, the animal inside can be injured or even killed. This can cause similar effects to a Durusmens wall being breached, it can cause the blood vessels in the brain to rupture or even for the user to become almost feral.

The final Occlumans is known as a Ductumans, these are the hardest Occlumans to fight due to the sheer nature of how their mind works. The path to becoming a Ductumans is to attach everyone of your senses to one's own magic. To attach Sight, Hearing, Touch, Smell and Taste, is an excruciating process as the senses are forced in between stages of hypersensitivity and numbness. One moment could have the user able to taste the air around them one moment and the next have no sense of taste but sight so strong they can only see far away. Once the process is complete though the body forms a complete almost net like field around the body that will catch foreign magic directed towards them. The foreign magic is then registered by the brain and causes the body to react without thought, it simply responds in what way the body and brain has been trained to respond with. The way in which it defends from a Impemens is that the second the mind registers an attacker it causes the body to attack the user physically or with an attack using Impemancy themselves. The most deadly Battle-mages I have ever met have been user's of Feramans and Ductumans at the same time. They use their animals speed and instinct to fight at nearly frightening pace, they dodge spells by near hairs and are sending spells back before the attacker can even realize their spell has missed.

Harry decided it would be best to learn how to be a Ductumans, he figured that combining the Byzantine runes with the net around his body would make him a rather fierce opponent. He had sent a letter off to Gringotts to purchase Demiguise fur and Thestrail hair, he also had inquired about runic tattoo artist. The book had said it would take around four or five days for each sense to return to normal, he had decided it would be best to start with sight.

The book had been wrong, the process was almost as bad as the burning he felt when the Basilisk venom was going through his blood. His eyes had been constantly going from bury, even with his glasses, to having to close them so he didn’t focus so hard on the walls. Though he was in luck, he was able to get some work done in between the fits and Dobby was able to help him with eating and drinking when he had an attack. It had taken three days for his magic to settle in is eyes but it had been worth it, when he had pulled out his potions book to work on one of the last assignments for school, his brain had taken one look at the ingredients listed and began to supply known potions that they could be used in. It had taken him only a few minutes to write down the near foot and a half worth of information on the uses for occamy eggs outside of hair products, he had listed it as something to use as a possible replacement in warming tonics when is came to someone having to be in subzero temperatures. Once he had completed the assignment he had pulled out his Rune books and picked a rune a random, he was shocked when yet again his mind started presenting him with possible combinations and uses for the rune. He could already tell that this would be fun when it comes to Screwing with Hermione.

He was on the second day of his next sense, hearing, he had just finished recovering from a near sonic boom like attack from where a car horn had gone off and caused him to shriek in pain as he felt
his ears almost bleed as they absorbed the sound, when he heard the door ring. He blinked at the sound and then proceeded to make himself presentable before making his way downstairs. He looked at the window before smiling and opening the door, “Good morning gentlemen, let me show you the room.” He quickly turned and headed towards his room, he was happy that Dobby had decided to clean and put his books and parchment away so nothing appeared odd. The lead man whose name tag read ‘Jake’ looked around before nodding, “Okay,” he turned around and pointed at some of the workers in the hall. “You guys get to work on the T.V we need to work on getting that set up before we can do anything else.” He then turned to Harry, “Could you go downstairs and work with Allen to set up your computer while we get everything put in.”

“I bought a computer?”

“Yes, Ben said you wanted to have several ways to play games so he ordered you an OMEN desktop and several monitors to go with it.” Harry blinked at that, he guessed the guy, “Ben” he thought, had hooked him up big time. He left the room and reminded himself to thank Dobby for bringing his father's old Hogwarts desk out of storage so he could have a place to work, “Guess now it will be for the computer.” He spotted Allen standing at the counter with a smaller computer, he quickly looked up and waved Harry over, “Okay, just so I know what we have to work with, what is your extent of experience with computers.”

“Elementary school level typing, and some basic knowledge of YouTube and Google.” Allen stared at him before sighing, “Okay let’s first get you signed up with an email and google account so we can start you on on YouTube.”

It had been a rather mind rattling experience to see how far technology has advanced in just a few years. He had set up a basic google account and Allen had given him a quick rundown of how to use and clean his computer. It had been about three hours after their arrival that Jake had come down again, “We’re all done, come see your new room.” Harry quickly made his way upstairs and nearly started drooling at the sight before him, the T.V took up over half the wall and went from the ceiling to the floor. Off to the right side near his desk was a shelf that had several game consoles, there were several boxes of what looked like games and movies, he’d have to sort those out later. He then turned towards his desk and smiled at the sight of the large computer on the side and the three monitors, “This is great man, tell Ben that I love it all ... is that a min-fridge?”

“Ben said that any true gamer needs a place to keep his refreshments so he ordered you one with a built in freezer.” He thanked Jake and quickly went to looking through the boxes of movie, “Wonder what I should start with first,” as he sorted through several he found one that drew his eyes, “The Lord of the Rings, wonder if this is any good”

Harry passed Dobby the tissues as they both cried, “how could sirs let him die Master Harry, he was finally serving his king.” Harry had to agree as he watched Sam and Frodo row down river while Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli ran after Mary and Pippin. “What will happen now Master Harry?”

“We watch the next one.”

“Dobby thinks that we needs horses now Master Harry,” Harry wanted to agree but knew that he shouldn’t act on every impulse he had to spend his money. He quickly swapped out the movie for the last one in the trilogy.

Harry and Dobby sat there and watched as Frodo left Middle Earth, but Harry had another idea, “Dobby I need you to soundproof the room, I have an idea.” The elf quickly did as asked while
Harry walked over to his computer and quickly pulled up the image he wanted, it was Andúril from the movie. He studied the picture before summoning Einherjar, he looked at the knife before he focused and took the image he wanted into his mind. He felt the weight of the blade increase as he felt it change, after several minutes he felt the magic around him settle down. He opened his eyes and his smile threatened to split his face open, he held a perfect replica of the blade of Aragorn. The blade stood at at least five and a half feet long and looked to be five or six inches wide, the handle could fit both his hands and he felt like a fierce warrior just holding it. Sadly he suddenly felt the weight of the blade catch up with him and he nearly dropped it when he felt his arms give out.

He put the blade down on the bed and started rubbing his shoulders, “Okay, I seriously need to get in shape. Tomorrow I need to find a place to work out, until then,” Harry turned back to the box of movies, he sorted through several titles before catching one he slightly recognized, “Ironman, wonder if this is any good?”

“Dobby no longer wants a horse Master Harry Potter.” Harry had to agree with him, while he had thought Tony Stark had been a little too much like Draco with how he acted, seeing him tormented and then building himself back up to become such a hero had Harry wanting to watch the next one, which he had.

Harry stayed up till nearly two in the morning watching Marvel movies, he had even went online to see if there were anymore. It had been rather shocking to find out that Disney, the same Disney that he had always associated with kids movies that seemed to fit into one cookie cutter like mold, was creating an entire Marvel universe. He had spent nearly the entire first part of the morning after waking up to see if any theaters still had Thor in them. He was lucky in that there was a second chance theater in downtown London that had a showing at one, which left him very little time. He quickly shut off his computer and grabbed a quick shower before dressing and booking it towards the bus.

As he sat down slightly panting, he looked at the map next to the door, it would see that he would have to switch at the station and take a different bus into London. He had at least another thirty minutes before the bus made it to the station so he pulled out his mind book and began to read about Legilimency.

“Legilimency is the second branch of Denken magic, it involves reading the mind, or to be more specific transferring thoughts from one person to another. The way in which Legilimency works is the same as through which all mind magics work, the eyes. The saying of the eyes being the mirrors to the soul is based upon Denken magic, for by using the eyes, one is able to gain access to others’ minds. It is not due to the eyes connection to the mind physically that we are able to read the mind though, the truth is much more complicated than that. The reason that we are able to defend, read, attack and even kill using Denken magic is because it belongs in another branch of magic, that of soul magic.

Most soul magic though can not be classified as just strictly using the Soul, those that do are often rituals used in combination with other broad term magic such as Blood magic. Most soul magic though can fall into three combination uses, which are the most common, the first being Durus magic. The other two are known as Alchemy, which combine the concepts of Potions,
Transfiguration, Soul and sometimes Blood magics, this can help lead to stronger and longer lasting results. The last known one is Necromancy, which takes Soul, Blood and Charms in order to reanimate the corpses of the deceased.

Using the magic in Legilimency one can read another’s thoughts and see what memories, but they can also implant their own experiences. One of the most interesting ways I have seen this magic used is by the Ancient and Noble House’s, they train their Heirs from a young age in Denken magic. Once they reach a certain stage they take the secrets of their house and implant it into their minds, taking years of work and cutting down into only a few short weeks. The problem with this that they force their heirs to use Durusmans style, this may be detrimental to their emotional growth. Children do not have a solid grip on their own emotions yet, while it is easy to teach them the basics of keeping themselves from becoming too emotional, completely shutting down their emotions causes them to have harder times forming relational connections with others. This also causes them to have a harder time using emotionally driven magic, this is mainly due to them not being able to form a proper connection to the emotion needed for the spell.

These seven spells are known as the Motus Septem, or the seven spells that are driven purely by emotion. These spells are as follows,

Imperio - the spell that allows one to take control of another living being, this spell requires the want to control.

Crusio - the spell of torture, this spell requires the want to cause pain.

Avada Kedavra - the killing spell, this spell requires the will and want to truly kill something, even to it’s very soul.

Fiendfyre - the flame of consumption, this spell requires the want to destroy all that is around you and leave not but ash.

Patronum - the spell of protection, this spell requires not only emotions but also memories that need to be drawn from the user.

Obliviate - the spell of erasure, this spell requires the want of removal to get rid of another's memories.
Creo - the spell of making, used to create substances from magic in and around the castor.

Emotion is the key in order to use these spells, though I have found a way in order to fool one’s own magic into using the spell. The spell will not work should the castor have to little of magic or do not have the will/emotion to cast.

The way that one must use the spell is to look at the intended target in the eyes and cast Legilimens, the spell will only last while eye contact is made. Once line of sight is broken, the spell will break with it, it can also be stopped by Occlumancy due to the fact that the target will feel the probe press against their mind. This can be circumvented if the castor is of significantly more power than the target.

Harry was pulled from his reading when he felt the bus pulled into the station, he quickly put his book away and made his way off the bus, he quickly found the bus for London and crossed the terminal. As he sat down on the bus he quickly returned to his book, or at least tried too, “Come on Tabitha, it’s just one date what's the worst that could happen”

“No, please no, not here, not now.”

“I don’t know Dursley, I could be stuck watching you eat at a restaurant, stuck hearing your snort at the theater or how about the worst, having to smell you sense you would be close.”

“That settles it, Merlin hates me and figured that my summer can’t be too perfect, though I didn’t know Dudley even liked girl's. Let alone one who he had mocked during primary school, then again, he mocked everyone.” Tabitha had certainly changed though, gone was the little girl who had ponytails and pink dresses, she now stood a teenage girl who looked rather … well developed. She was slightly smaller than Harry, her strawberry blonde hair fell in ringlets down her shoulders. Her chest, rapped in a button up blouse, was a large C-cup he thought and her legs looked well framed by the skirt she wore and her high tops.

Harry decided to ignore the two as they argued over whether they should date or not, or more like Dudley beg for the chance and Tabitha say she'd rather date an actual pig then him. “Wonder what she would say if she knew he had been part pig last year.” His snort drew his rather frustrated cousins attention from the girl to him, “What’s so funny?” Harry tried to wave it off without turning around but that only made Dudley madder, he stomped down towards him before he grabbed Harry’s shoulder and turned him around. Whatever Dudley was going to say was stopped as he saw his freak of a cousin, “What are you doing here,” he quickly let go and backed away and fell into the seat behind him. Harry merely sighed, “I’m headed into London for a movie, I binged the previous Marvel movies and I was able to find a theater showing Thor.”
“How did you watch them, we don’t own any of them?”

“No but I do, along with the T.V to watch them on, or do we need a reminder of last week of what I can do Dudley,” he pulled up his shirt and Dudley saw the knife, that he’d had shrunk back down for easy traveling, was attached to his hip. He quickly backed as far into the seat as possible, fear that Harry might cut him suddenly blazing to life. Harry simply sighed at his cousin before pulling his shirt down and returning to his book, though that was stopped when he felt another poke on his shoulder. He sighed and turned around, only to see Tabitha staring at him smiling, “Can I sit?”

Tabitha Bailey watched in disgust as the pig in front of her went to bother another bystander. She was rather shocked when he turned around to reveal someone she hadn’t given a second thought to sense primary school had ended, Harry Potter. When school had ended almost five years ago he had been a small twig of a boy, with old worn and baggy clothes and hair that looked like a rats nest. It seemed that puberty had done the boy good, he was now an attractive young man who’s hair now looked more wind sup then ratty and his eyes now held an intense gleam to them. She had to cover her nose when he lifted up his shirt to stop the impending blood, she saw that he now had a rather impressive amount of muscle and the beginnings of a six pack. She nearly had to change her panties when she saw the pig cower in fear of the boy, last she had heard he had been sent to St. Brutus, an all boys school.

“Maybe he’d be interested in a summer fling, I do like a boy with a bad streak.” She strutted over and gave a smirk to Dudley before tapping Harry’s shoulder, “Can I sit?” He looked at her for a moment before shrugging and scooting over, she quickly sat down and pulled her purse onto her lap. She watched him as he read, what looked like a rather old book, “What are you reading Harry?” He looked up, “Nothing just some Anglo Saxon history that I got at the end of the school year,” he quickly returned to his book leaving the girl baffled. What kind of criminal school teaches something like that, she decided to ask, “I didn’t know that St. Brutus had a course like that.” It was now his turn to look at her in confusion, “St. Brutus?”

“It’s the school your Aunt said you transferred too, she said you had attacked another student at your old school.” She watched as the boy gave her a look of shock before he scowled, “couldn’t handle the truth, bloody typical.” At her raised eyebrow he continued, “the manager of my parents accounts came when I turned thirteen and told me the truth, my parents didn’t die in a car crash, they were murdered.”

“Murdered?”

“It turns out my dad wasn’t an unemployed drunk, he was a cop and not just any cop, he was a shoe in to be Commissioner of Scotland Yard, he actually would have been chief inspector by now, at least that’s what my Headmaster says.” That had been the story he had come up with for the muggle side, but it was the truth, Dumbledore said his father was one of the most gifted Aurors that had
come out of the Academy, he also said that he would have been Head Auror by now. Tabitha sat in silent shock, it had been spread around school, by the Dursleys, that Harry’s parents had been an unemployed drunk and a whore with a drug problem. It was the main reason most parents didn’t want their kids to play with him, they thought he was a criminal, which had been proven when it was said he went off to St. Brutus. “How did you find out?”

“I don’t go to St. Brutus, I go to my parents alma mater, it’s up in the north of the Scottish Highlands. My father’s family has been attending it since it opened, nearly six hundred years ago. My mother was personally selected because of her grades, and they only take in around ten new students from around England, Scotland and Ireland. My aunt is just a jealous shrew who couldn’t handle not being selected and hated my mom for being better than her.”

“How did they die?”

“My dad was hot on the trail of some radical who was trying to kill anyone not ‘pure of blood,’ he was a fucking nut job who thought my dad had ‘soiled his line,’ by marrying my mum. He tracked them down and killed them, he didn’t get me though because my mom stopped him before he died, my parents died hero’s. Before they died they set up a trust for me to use and paid for me to attend school.” Tabitha just sat there in shock, it explained why Harry scared Dudley though, he was lied to his whole life but had also lost his whole family to a maniac. As Tabitha sat in contemplation Harry looked over at Dudley, the boy was glaring at Harry who simply smirked at him. Most people would say it was not like Harry to bare his pain to someone else, and they’d be right. But Harry knew that Tabitha was like Lavender, so he knew the truth of what the Dursleys had done would come to light thanks to the gossip ring in Surrey, thus ruining their perfect reputation. Harry sat back and began to read his book, he was barely aware that Tabitha had taken out her phone and was now texting like crazy, he smirked thinking that the truth was spreading, he would have been much more worried if he knew the truth.

“Tabitha: Guys we need to change our plans.”

“Allison: Why?”

“Tabitha: Guess who I ran into on the bus.”

“Gwen: Dursley?”

“Tabitha: Well yes, but that’s not who I’m talking about, I ran into his cousin.”
“Allison: Harry Potter?”

“Amy: Why does that matter, isn’t he in some prison school?”

“Tabitha: Because he’s not, the Dursleys lied, he actually goes to some super exclusive school that is parents went to. And his dad was actually a cop, not a drunk.”

“Gwen: No way, you have got to be messing with us.”

“Tabitha: I shit you not, he told me so when I asked about St. Brutus, and that's not all…”

“Amy: What else?”

“Tabitha: He became a total hottie, he has some nice muscles and what looks like the beginning of a six pack, plus his face looks so hard and cool.”

“Allison: I call bullshit.”

*Picture uploaded*

“Amy: Holy shit!!!!”

“Gwen: Damn”

“Allison: Momma wants a piece of that.”

“Tabitha: So what do you say, want to come see him?”
Harry sighed as he stretched his arms, Dudley had left and headed towards the next bus towards Surrey, he apparently didn’t want to be Harry. He quickly pulled the directions to the theater he had printed off, “Looks like it’ll take me about twenty minuets to get to the theater on foot, just enough time for Popcorn.” He quickly refolded the map and headed out of the station, he was in such a rush that he didn’t even notice Tabitha calling his name. The girl in question stomped her foot at being ignored, she hadn’t even gotten the chance to ask where he was headed, she knew he was headed to see a movie but she couldn’t remember which one, his abs had been a little distracting. She figured it didn’t really matter, she knew where he lived and could stop by later for another … riveting talk.

Harry quickly bought himself a large popcorn, nachos and soda, before finding the theater, he found the best seat he could middle row half way down the theater and settled in for the movie, as the credits started to roll one final thought went through his mind, “I should bring Katie to see Captain America, it comes out next month and she should be back by then.

Chapter End Notes

So what do you think about the new part of Occlumancy I did, also before you ask Harry will not be paired with any Muggles, Tabitha is just an OC I added for so story down the line.

So leave me a comment and think about bookmarking my story, the next chapter will be coming out on the sixth. And for those of you that have been waiting, next chapter will be the last before the smut begins.

Until then, Huntsman out.
*Dealing with the Dursleys and a surprise visit*

Chapter Summary

Harry finally lays down the law and he gets a surprising, but not unwelcome, visit from someone.

Chapter Notes

So as you know starting today is the new update schedule. Sense this and my Game of Thrones story are so popular while my other has barely any traffic. I have to decided to updated these every five days and the other once a month. So you guys are going to be getting an update every ten days. But enough of that on to the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Speaking”

“Thinking”

‘Remembering’

“Spell / Object of Power”

“Book, Phone or letter text”

‘Parseltongue’

Walking out of the theater had Harry deciding that he needed to join a gym, soon. He had felt very underdeveloped when he had seen the mass of muscles that was Chris Hemsworth. “I didn’t even know a person could get that kind of muscle definition.” As he walked toward the bus station he had to stop from gagging as he walked past a food stand. He could smell the stench coming off the stand as he walked past it, on the other side of the street. He could tell that the meat was half spoiled and several of the vegetables were rotten, he really regretted choosing to link his sense of smell to his Occlumancy. After his experience with his ears and the neighborhood car horns he needed a break,
now he regretted not going for taste. “At least that way the only thing I would have tasted would have been the butter on the popcorn.”

He sat in silence as he rode back towards Surrey, he wanted to finish his runic tattoo research before the end of the week. He also needed to find a place to start practicing his more practical magic, he could just barely understand most of the theory that came with doing magic. When he had first started at Hogwarts he had thought magic would be all emotion and power. Feeling magic come alive as you threw spells about in duels that spanned entire swaths of land. Now he just felt so restricted by the rules and lesson plans the Professor’s had. Every day it was just the same, constantly writing about every single reason for each wand movement needed for spells. Why did it have to be so complicated, “For the first three weeks we didn’t even use magic for Merlin’s sake. I don’t need to know how the school was fucking founded, if I wanted a history lesson I would have read the book. I came to learn magic, not the thousand and one ways I could die if I fuck up.” He knew he was being harsh, some of the Professors really went out of their way to make class more interesting and hands on, but it was true.

His Professors spent more time talking about the principals of their houses and praising kids for showing the traits to match the house they were put in. “Or make our lives a living hell in Snape’s case.” Most first years had been so caught up in the excitement of learning magic to realize that they were rarely able to do magic. It felt like for every day they actually practiced and used a spell in class they had to spend another week researching it. He knew that they had to understand the spells and how they worked so they didn’t make mistakes. One mistake could mean the difference between a great work of magic, and a night in the Hospital wing, but it was ridiculous. But he needed to feel magic, not read about it, most theory was to complicated for Harry to understand most of the time. With how Hogwarts structured their classes, most of them past in a haze of instructions and pointless rules. He had thought that it was just how first year went, that they would start showing them some real magic once they got their feet wet. Now it seemed as though most of the school was content to take it as slow as possible and learn only what was necessary.

And if Professor Babbling’s reactions to his cloth mummy were anything to go by, then this next year would be much the same as before. Sometimes he wished he could just hop on to a plane and jet around the world, learning about what magic he wanted to know at a pace he set. But then he also thought about all he would leave behind, his friends and new girlfriend coming to his mind, and he knew he couldn't do it. Plus it seemed like travelling around the world with large amounts of money at his disposal, when he was just a minor, was just asking for trouble. Harry simply sighed again and watched as the city slipped away as he headed for the transit station. Maybe tomorrow would be a little better than today had been, he still had several movies to watch after all. And he hadn’t even touched the consoles that had at least a dozen games, each, to them. With his mind made up Harry let his thoughts drift to simpler matters as he made his way back towards Surrey.

Petunia Dursley was just beginning to make lunch for her son, he was still a growing boy after all, when she heard the doorbell ring. Normally she would shout at the boy to get it, but this year things had changed her perfect world into a living nightmare. She had thought that she and her husband had been successful in beating the magic out of the boy, but they had failed. When he was younger and had changed his teachers hair a different color they had tanned his hide and locked him in the
cupboard for the weekend. When he had somehow made his way onto the school roof, Vernon had used his belt this time and he had been denied food for a week. When he had vanished the glass on Dudley's eleventh birthday and locked him in the snake enclosure Vernon had broken his arm and left bruises that covered his entire back.

After that they had thought the had done it, the boy had gone nearly two years without incident, and they had never been happier. Her son was attending the same school as her husband had and had a bright future ahead of him, even if those foolish teachers said he was not doing as he was told to. How they could not see the brilliance of her son baffled and angered her, Dudley had always done better then the freak, she had made sure to report them for intentionally holding back her son. It was nice that Vernon was such good friends with the Headmaster, he had sorted out those naysayers and made sure her son was seen as the brilliant child he was. Life was as it should have been, until the boy turned thirteen. She hadn’t even realized that it was his birthday till he had come into the dining room with the mail holding a letter that was addressed to him. With that letter had come the intrusion into her perfect world by those freaks, they had taken the letter away as soon as they had seen it. They had thought that his lack of reply would be counted as decline to attend the school, but the letters had just kept coming.

Her home had been invaded by those rats with wings, they sat on her roof and on Vernon's car. They had made a complete mess of her home with their excrement and the shrieks had caused noise complaints to be filed against them. But they had just kept destroying the letters, no matter how many came Vernon made sure the boy didn’t touch a single one. And then their house had been flooded with them, they had come down the chimney and through the post slot, she had even seen the beasts throwing them against her windows. Her husband had snapped at the sudden tidal wave of letters, he had packed up the house and taken them to a remote island home a coworker of his had been renovating during his free time. But the freaks had still found them, the giant freak had broken down the door and attacked her husband. Then he had told the freak what they had tried to stop, that the boy had magic, just like her … perfect … sister. When they had told the freak that the boy would not be going he had harmed her precious son, he had given him a pigs tail that they had to have surgically removed. She was just thankful that Vernon had paid the surgeon who had done it enough to keep quiet.

The boy had been trouble ever sense, first it was dropping her hard done pudding on Vernon's guest’s. And then a flying car had come and torn the bars Vernon had placed on the boys window and taken him away in the middle of the night. When the fact that he now had money, and a large amount at that, had been said she had nearly fainted. Someone like him, who had mooched off them all his life, didn’t deserve to have such wealth. He should have handed it over to her and her husband, at least they would have been able to put it to good use. But after the knife that he had thrown, quite accurately, she feared for herself and her family. She always knew that boy was dangerous, but she had thought he was too scared of what her husband would do to try anything. Now the boy stayed locked up in his room almost all day, she had even tried to look inside when her son had come home claiming that the boy had a T.V and movies.

The door had stayed shut though, regardless of what she did, she couldn’t get it to open. When Vernon had come home and found out he had immediately gotten his tools out to take the door off.
But the hinges had refused to come out and had even broken his screwdriver when he tried to force it. Vernon was just about to go and grab the axe from the storage shed and break the door down when the boy had come home. Vernon had demanded the boy open the door and let them inside, he had shrugged and knocked on the door in a strange pattern. They heard a click and he had opened it, what they saw made Petunia furious. The boy had expanded the room using his freakishness, he had even gotten rid of all of Dudley’s things. The furniture had also been replaced with a large and expensive looking bedroom set. All of the pieces seemed to be made of the same solid, and no doubt expensive, wood. There was a bed, desk, wardrobe and dresser, along with a rather costly looking comforter set. Then there had been the T.V, it took up almost the entire wall and was currently playing some movie she had never seen.

Dudley had then grabbed both his parents attention when he gave a loud cry of anger, he had told them that the boy had every game station out and a top of the line gaming computer. Vernon had glared at the boy, his face starting to turn purple, and had demanded that the boy give the consoles and computer to Dudley and himself and her the furniture. He had simply stated that the games had been bought with his own money and the furniture had come from his grandparents. Vernon had demanded to know what grandparents, as it turned out, they belonged to his freakish fathers parents. The furniture had been in storage since their deaths, the boy having decided to take it out for his own use. When Vernon had said he was to give it to them, regardless of where it had come from, the boy had just given her husband a flat look before clapping his hands. Suddenly there was a creature standing in the middle of the room.

FLASHBACK

“Master Harry has called for Dobby, what can Dobby do for you.”

“WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING BOY?!!”

“That would be Dobby, his people are what's known as House Elfs, he’s the one who has been cleaning the house for you.”

“WHAT?!!!?”

“Oh yes his people love to work. House Elfs make magical contracts with witches and wizards, in exchange for some of our magic they act as servants. They do the cleaning, cooking and they even help to take care of babies and small children.”
“I DON’T CARE WHAT IT DOES, GET RID OF IT!!”

“No, he’s quite handy to have around.”

“THEN I WILL!!”

“That’s impossible, only a witch or wizard from the Potter family could release him from his contract. You have no power over him, seeing as you have no ‘freakishness’ as you like to put it.”

“THEN I’LL KILL IT LIKE THE ANIMAL IT IS!!” The boy just stared at him before snapping his finger, “Dobby, please show my Uncle why that would be a very bad idea.” The little thing nodded it’s rather grotesque looking head before then snapping its own fingers. Before they knew what was happening Vernon was suddenly pulled up and onto the ceiling. He struggled to get down but was being held by something. “They can use magic too and, unlike wizards and witches, they can’t be tracked.”

“What should Dobby do with Walrus man Master Harry?” The boy had the audacity to chuckle at her husband, “Let him go Dobby, he’s no threat to anyone now.” The creature had nodded its head before snapping its fingers a final time. Vernon was released, from whatever freakishness had held him, and fell to the floor with a loud thud, “Now, get out of my room.”

FLASHBACK ENDS

They had all decided it was safer not to antagonize the boy and had stayed away from him for the last several days. After he had revealed the vile creature living under her roof Petunia constantly looked around before she entered a room. She knew it was still using its freakishness because the house still looked spotless regardless of how long she neglected the housework. The only time they saw the boy now was when he left to run, it was also the only time she felt safe in her own home now. She hoped that he would just leave them alone as long as they didn’t talk to him and her perfect world could resume. She placed the tray of sandwiches that she had been making her son in front of him, he already had a bowl of chips on the coffee table along next to a bottle of soda, and went to answer the door.

As she opened the door she was shocked to find a girl, around her sons age, standing in front of her home. The girl smiled and held out her hand, “Hello you must be Mrs. Dursley”
“I am.”

“I have to say you have a lovely home ma’am, the garden looks especially good. You must work very hard to maintain them.” A smug smile came over her face at the complement, she had won best garden in the neighborhood for the last eight years. “Thank you for noticing, are you here for something?”

“More like someone, I’m here for…”

“Oh, you must be here for Dudley.”

“Dudley?”

“Why of course! He’s been talking about a girl he’s been trying to ask out. Give me a second and I’ll grab him.”

“But I’m here for…” Petunia didn’t hear the girl as she ran to grab her son. She couldn’t contain her excitement, her son was about to go on his first date. “Dudley, there’s a girl asking for you outside.” Her son looked at her like a deer in the headlights, he must have forgotten the date, he quickly swallowed the bite he had in his mouth and brushed himself off while standing up. He rushed to the door, he came to a stop and seemed a little confused before giving a smile, “Well hello, I hear your wanting to go out with me?” Now it was Petunia who was confused, if Dudley didn’t know this girl, why would she be looking for him? “Uh no, your mother misunderstood me. I’m looking for my boyfriend, Harry. Some friends of ours gave me his address and I thought I’d come over to hangout today since I finished my schoolwork.” That brought both mother and son to a stop, this girl was dating the freak. Which meant she was one of them, “Get off my step, we have no place for your kind.”

The girl seemed taken aback by the sudden drop of temperature in her voice, “I’m sorry for the mix-up but you just grab Harry I’m sure he’ll tell you…”

“I don’t care what he has to say, I have to put up with him enough already. I will not tolerate anymore freaks under my roof.”

“FREAKS!”
“That is what you are right, your one of them?” The girl was now glaring at her, “If by ‘one of them’ you mean a witch, then yes I am and I’m proud of it.” Before she could have the girl remove herself, she would just call the bobbies if she refused to leave, noise came from the stairs. “Hey, Dobby said that someone was visiting and I needed to come down?” The trio turned towards the stairs to find the boy in question coming down them. He gave a quick dismissive look to his aunt and cousin before turning to look at the front door, his eyes widened when he saw who was standing there. “KATIE???”

“So Katie, who was the boy you kissed at the station?”

“What!!”

“Dad, eyes on the road!!” Her father quickly corrected the swerve from hearing that she had kissed a boy. She looked to her mother, who had a teasing glint in her eyes, and blushed as she answered. “That was Harry, he’s my boyfriend.”

“BOYFRIEND!!”

“Dear the road.” Once again her father returned his focus to the road, “Maybe it would be safer if we wait until we’re home to talk about this?”

“Oh Katie, do you really think I’ll let you out of telling me about this boyfriend of yours? Especially since this is the first time we’ve heard of him.” Damn her mother's obsessive need for gossip, “You’ve heard of Harry before.” she mumbled. “No we haven’t, if we had your father would have already pulled from Hogwarts and locked you in your room to protect you from him.” Her father gave her a quick glare, to which she just smiled at, before returning is attention to the road. “You have, he just wasn’t my boyfriend.” That caused her mother's eyes to widen before her face gained a near wicked smirk. “Sooooo, your dating little Harry Potter?”

This time her father slammed on the breaks and pulled the car onto the side of the road. “Your dating the boy who you, yourself, called a ‘walking, talking trouble magnet?’ The same one who you said was attacked several times, this year alone, and is nearly constantly in trouble? That Harry Potter?” Her father's voice had been rising steady as he asked his question. She winced at the words her father used to describe Harry, she knew her father wasn’t the biggest fan of the wizarding world. The way they had treated her mother, for just being muggleborn, was what she thought made her father angry. While he wasn’t the greatest at expressing his emotions, she knew that he loved her and her mother with a near fanatical devotion. When her letter had come her father had refused to let her go, saying that he didn’t want his only daughter in such a toxic environment.
It had taken her mother almost a month to convince her father that her not attending would be worse than her going. The fact that she would have had her magic bound and the memories of her magic erased from all of them had changed his mind. While he feared what could happen while she was at Hogwarts, away from him, her mother and any help they could give her, he didn’t want a part of her removed. When she had written that a troll had gotten into the school last year her mother had been forced to Stupefy him from going to the school and pulling her out. Now he had just been told that she, his only daughter, had gotten a boyfriend. And she had chosen one who had a penchant for causing trouble and getting into less than ideal, read dangerous, situations. “Harry’s a good person dad, while he might not have the best luck, he mainly gets into danger because he’s helping someone.”

Her father looked rather unconvinced, “I don’t care what his intentions are, he still puts you in danger. You said he was attacking people at your school, people who are like your mother.”

“I said that someone was attacking Muggleborns and that people thought it was Harry, because he’s Parselmouth, not that I believed it. He was even the one to figure out and stop the actual person, he saved the school with no thought of his own safety.”

“Oh how romantic, are daughter is dating her very own knight in shining armor.” Her mother had placed her hand on her heart and leaned back, in a dramatic fashion, with her other arm over her eyes. She might be the more level headed one between her parents, but she really loved to milk a situation for all it was worth. “Mom, you are not helping here.” She simply smirked at her, “Come now honey, this is your first boyfriend. What kind of mother would I be if I didn’t make fun of you?”

“Rebecca now is not the time.”

“Oh Lucas, I now that you love our daughter, but you can’t just stop her from growing up. She’s not a child anymore, she doesn’t need you standing over her shoulder with a bat ready to hit every problem she comes across. She’s old enough to make her own decisions and mistakes, if she wants to go out with this boy then I say let her.”

“Yes she might be older now but she is still my daughter, it doesn’t matter how old she gets, it's my job to make sure she’s safe. Can her… boyfriend… say that he will always keep her safe? Even if it’s from danger that he puts her in just by being around her. She said he went after a criminal who was attacking their school with no thought of his own safety, how can we know that he won’t lead her into danger because of action like that. That his action won’t end up hurting her in the process because he had to be the hero That he had to be the one to save the day and earn the spotlight.”

“SHUT UP!!” That caused both adults to look at their daughter, who was currently red in the face and glaring at her father. “You don’t know what Harry is like, he doesn’t do the things he does because he wants fame and glory. He would rather be just another student then anything else, but he
has no choice. Your the one that told me that all that is needed for evil to prosper is for good men to
do nothing. Harry went to the proper people when he discovered where the attacks were coming
from. Do you know what happened? The teacher who he told tried to wipe his mind, he felt he had
no other choice than to act. His best friends little sister had been taken and he didn’t have time to
think about the consequences, he needed to act. Do you know what he faced down there, Salazar
Slytherin's Basilisk. He had the skull put up in the Great Hall as a trophy and it was bigger than a car
and he fought it alone, with only a sword he found because his wand was stolen from him. So don’t
you dare go calling him a glory hog when you don’t even know him.”

Her rant finished Katie flopped back into her seat and turned to stare out the car window, ignoring
her parents shocked faces. Lucas and Rebecca both looked at each other, Rebecca with a glare and
Lucas a look of apology, before turning back around in their seats. Lucas started the car again and
pulled back onto the road, the trio remained in silence for the rest of the hour long trip. As they
pulled up the driveway to her house, Katie was stopped from getting out by her father. “Your right, I
don’t know him, but I do know you. I raised you with a strong sense of right and wrong and that
gave you a backbone made of steel. You don’t know how to quit or what the meaning of the word
even is. I can’t stop you from seeing him while your at school and if you tried I doubt that I could
stop you while your here at home. Just please, promise me that you’ll always stay safe. That no
matter what happens you won’t follow him into a situation that costs me my only child.”

“I promise daddy.” She leaned forward and hugged her father from behind, he patted her arm and
nodded his head. “You still have to finish you schoolwork before you can see him though.”

“Oh come on!!”

Harry stared at his girlfriend, who rushed past his aunt and cousin, and who was currently wrapping
her arms around his neck and pulling his head down. She planted her lips on his and quickly began
to poke her tongue against his mouth. Harry’s lips obeyed, muscle memory of the last few weeks in
action, and he happily returned the kiss. Katie ran her hands down his back and headed towards his
chest, while his creeped closer to her arse. Before either could find their destination they were
interrupted by a loud shriek. “WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE BOY.”
The pair broke apart to glare at Petunia, who was red in the face and trembling. “I’m kissing my
girlfriend, what did it look like?”

“Don’t you take that tone with me boy, this is my house and I will not have you two having
inappropriate relations while I am here.”

“Inappropriate relations? We were kissing, are you so pent up that you can’t even tell the difference
between that and sex?” If looks could kill Katie would have dropped to the floor dead. “I don’t care
what you call it, you will not do such things here.”
“Okay, Katie let’s head up to my room. I’ve got some movies we can watch and Dobby can bring us some snacks.”

“He must be so happy to serve his Great Master Harry Potter Sir.”

“Please don’t, I just got him to settle on calling me just Master Harry.”

“Oooh, sounds kinky. Maybe I should give it a try, would you like that Master Harry.” her voice entered as a near whisper in his ear as she pushed her chest onto his back. “Damn it woman.” he groaned as he tried to control his raging hormones. The couple was conveniently ignoring Petunia who was shouting that they couldn’t be alone in his room together.

Flopping down onto his bed Harry laid there and watched as Katie sifted through the box of movies and T.V. shows he had. He was curious what his girlfriend would want to watch, well that and she was providing a rather nice view of her marvelous arse as she looked. She seemed to know he was watching her because she had started to sway it back and forth as she was looking. It was several minutes later, most of which Harry thought she had spent just teasing him, that she came up with a box set. “You ever seen Star Wars?”

“Heard of it, but never seen it.” She shook her head as a look of disbelief and humor crossed her face. “How is it that you’ve had these for three weeks and yet have never given them a try?”

“The Lord of the Rings was on top.”

“Ah, that would do it. What else have you seen?”

“Mostly Marvel movies, I also watched a few T.V shows that looked interesting.”

“What did you watched?” she asked as she placed the movie in the player. “Stargate SG-1 and Atlantis.” She started laughing as she took her place next to him on the bed, “I’m surprised you would watch an old school show like that.”

“It sounded interesting, plus Dobby was the one that chose it.”
“You let him pick?’

“I was the one that had picked the movies, I decided it was only right that he gets to pick something to watch.”

“So besides catching up on the glories of modern entertainment, what else have you been doing?” she grabbed his remote and, skipping the previews, tried to get them to the main menu.

“I’ve been trying to get in better shape?”

“Why? You look perfectly healthy to me. Plus the drills that Oliver runs us through for Quidditch should have you in pretty good shape.”

“Yeah but I need more muscle.”

“Your a seeker, your supposed to have a small build.” They were interrupted by Dobby popping in, “Master Harry is feeling underdeveloped compared to Thor.”

“DOBBY, that was private information. What are you even doing here?”

“Dobby was wondering if Master Harry and his Lady would like any refreshments?”

“Just get us what I usually have with a movie.” Dobby nodded his head and popped away leaving the couple alone once again. Harry turned to find Katie, currently holding both hands over her mouth, trying not to laugh. “Did poor Master Harry feel small when compared to the six foot God of Thunder?” She quickly dropped her hands, to hold her side, and began to cackle. Harry scowled and started to get off the bed, moving towards the desk chair, but Katie grabbed his arm and pulled him back down. “Sorry, it’s just funny that you are trying to compare yourself to the walking mass of muscles that is Chris Hemsworth.”

“No your right, and unlike what Dobby says, I just feel that I need to get stronger. It’s not about vanity, if the last two years at Hogwarts are anything to go by I need to be better than I am.” Katie looked at Harry sadly before pulling him into a hug. “You shouldn’t have to though, your a student Harry, your not a teacher. It’s not your job to protect everyone.”

“It’s not everyone I’m worried about, it’s you. There are a lot of Death Eaters who blame me for their master's death and the power and influence they lost as a result. I looked up what happened after his Death, the ones claimed they were forced to join him had to pay a lot of money Katie.
Draco’s dad had to donate almost a half-million Galleons to the Ministry to avoid Azkaban, I know that it says he did it of his own free will, but I know it was a bribe. There were dozens of them who got away Scott-free by doing the same. Now they have a face they can put to a name that caused it all, and by the way Lucius acted this year, they have no problem going after people I care about.”

“What do you mean what Lucius Malfoy did?” Harry took a breath as he tried to gather his thoughts, should he tell her? She had no stake in this fight, she could still leave if things ever got to be too much for her. He wanted to tell her that it was nothing, that they should just watch the movie and enjoy their time together, but he couldn’t. He knew she would just yell at him for trying to keep it from her, no matter how noble his intentions were. She wasn’t part of this fight but she wanted to be with him, and that meant he had to tell her the truth, “He’s the one who released the Basilisk.”

“What?”

“He gave Ginny Weasley a cursed book that took control of her body and forced her to let it free. When I went down there Ginny was the one who attacked me, she was the one who commanded the Basilisk to attack me. It was only after the book was destroyed that she came to her senses, she passed out after that and you know the rest.” Katie was silent for a minute before she spoke again. “Why is he not in jail, he should be standing trial for this.”

“When I destroyed the book we lost any proof. He can simply say that it’s Dumbledore trying to get back at him for getting him removed as Headmaster. He might even try to frame Ginny then, saying that it was her who was attacking the other students, even if she wasn’t in control.”

“That damn snake.”

“He’d probably take that as a compliment.” That got her to laugh, even as she hugged him closer. “You don’t need to do this alone Harry. You don’t have to be one man against an army, I’m here for you no matter what now and forever.” He smiled at her, he leaned down and gave her a kiss, thanking her for standing by his side. “If you want, one of my dads football buddies runs a boxing studio in the outskirts of London. We could go there after the movie if you want?”

“Sounds great love.” He kissed her again before laying back onto the bed. Katie followed suit and laid her head down on his arm. “Soooo, have you tried out those games stations yet?”

“I’ve played some Super Mario with Dobby.” She turned from the title screen to stare at him. “You played Nintendo with a House Elf?” He shrugged, “He’s actually very good, still kicks my arse when we play smash brothers, but we still have fun.”
“That’s because Master Harry doesn’t make use of combos.”

“Shut up Dobby.” The House Elf simply chucked and handed him and Katie a rather large bowl of popcorn before taking his seat in the desk chair with his own bowl. Katie shook her head again before pressing play. “Why are we watching the fourth one first?”

“Just shut up and watch.”

Katie watched as Harry just stared at the blank screen, both him and Dobby could not take their eyes off of it. “Are you wanting the Millennium Falcon now Harry?”

“No an X-wing.” That seemed to knock so sense back into him. “I mean maybe… if possible… it’s not like I was going through all the runes I know to see if I could make one.” Harry saw his girlfriend’s lip quivering as she tried not to laugh at him, she failed. “HAHHAHHA, oh god, I’m dating a huge dork AHAHAHAH.”

“Haha, yes we all know your a comedian Katie. Can we please just get going.”

“Why in such a rush?” She asked as she flipped over and pinned him to the bed. “Dobby could you please leave and not come back until I say so.”

“Yes Mistress Katie.” Harry looked from his House Elf to his girlfriend. “Katie what are you doing?” She had sat up and began toying with his pants string, “Just showing you how ‘committed’ I am to stay by your side.” She then put both her hands on his waistband and gave a sharp tug.

*SMUT STARTS*

She had managed to grab his underwear alongside his pants and pull them both down together. Harry was already half hard from being near her but now that Katie had exposed it, his cock was standing at attention. Katie smiled as she wrapped her hand around it, “What I nice gift, and all for me, Harry you shouldn't have.” She gave him several strokes, slowly and making sure to go from base to tip. “He’s certainly well endowed, it has to be at least seven inches long. And I can just barely wrap my fingers around it. I wonder how he tastes.” Harry gave a sharp intake of breathe as
he felt Katie kiss the head, “Fuck… Katie.” He grabbed the sheet as his cock twitched on Katie's lips. “Hmmm, I don’t think that was enough. I better be more… thorough.” She kissed the tip once again before moving towards the base, she slowly extended her tongue and touched it to the base of his cock. She then slowly, agonizingly, made her way back up. After coming to the top she removed her tongue and sat back up with a teasing glint in her eyes. “You have quite the taste Mr. Potter, oops. You like to be called Master Harry don’t you?”

“Fuck, what the hell was that Katie.”

“Oh, do you think I’m done? We are still just in the pre-show, now we get to the main event.” She pulled off her shirt and exposed her bra clad chest. She then put one arm under her breasts and reached behind her back with the other. Harry heard a series of snaps before the straps on her shoulders came loose. She moved her hands to each of her breast and began to grind her lower body against him, she then lowered herself towards his head and smirked before she dropped the bra on to his chest. Harry could hardly breathe at what he saw before him, Katie's bare and unobstructed breasts. They were large, much more so then he had thought back at school, her nipples were not the standard pink but instead were a rich brown. He thought they looked as though she dipped her breasts in chocolate. “Their 34 E-cup if your wondering Master Harry.”

Harry let out a very unmanly whimper at that, he knew that she had large breasts but he was still quite shocked at how large. He released the bed sheet and reached up to grab one when Katie slapped his hand away and covered them with her other arm. “Uhuh, no touching Master. I still have to finish.” She quickly scooted down, drawing Harry’s eyes to her breasts as they swayed, and returned to pumping is cock. “I'm sorry I left you all alone.” She leaned down and gave it another long and slow lick. “But now we can get to the fun part.” She quickly grabbed the base and place her lips on the tip again, only she didn’t there. She kept going, her tongue swirling in her mouth the entire time, trying to get to the base. Harry jerked forward and placed his hands on Katie’s head, trying to get her deeper, but she smacked them away. She quickly came to her limit, around three inches down, and began to pull back up. Just as she had the head alone in her mouth she began to make her way back down.

Harry forced his hands to remain at his side as Katie began to bob her head up and down his shaft. Her throat was like a vice and she had turned her mouth into a Vacuum. Once Katie had been able to get down the first five inches she quickly pulled herself up and licked her lips. “You have quite the taste Harry, like salted caramel.”

“Thanks” he managed to squeak out, she smiled and then grabbed her breasts. “Now here comes the best part.” She pulled her breasts apart and lowered herself back down to his cock, she then wrapped her breasts around it. “I thought you might like a nice titjob from your busty girlfriend as thanks for the broom.” She then began to move up and down, his cock trapped between the very soft and firm flesh of her breasts. She then moved her head in between her breasts and took the head of his cock into her mouth. Harry simply laid back as his loving girlfriend gave him the greatest experience of his life, “This beats flying any day of the week.”
Katie continued her actions for nearly ten minutes before she popped back off his cock. “Harry stand up, I have an idea to make this easier.” He quickly followed her orders and hopped to the ground next to the bed, pulling off his shirt as he went. Katie crawled to the edge and kneeled next to him on the bed, holding her breasts apart. “Not take your cock and stick it between my tits.” He did as he was told and Katie quickly wrapped herself in a hug, “Now fuck my chest.” Harry didn’t need to be told twice, he grabbed her shoulders and began to thrust into her breasts. Katie quickly moved her mouth so she could once again suck his head and let him go.

Harry didn’t last much longer in the new position as he began to speed up his thrusts, “Katie, I’m about to cum, what should I do?” She answered by releasing the hold she had on her chest and taking his cock into her mouth. Harry understood and shifted his hold from her shoulders to her hair. His hips then picked up speed as he began to fuck her mouth with reckless abandon. Katie hands had moved to her crotch under her skirt and, pushing aside her panties, began to pump her fingers in and out of her cunt. Harry could feel his balls churning and sped up a third time, “Katie I’m Cuuuuummmiiinng!!!” He held her head, as close to the base as possible, as he came down her throat. Katie’s fingers picked up speed as she felt, and tasted, her boyfriend’s cum shooting down her throat. She twisted her clit one final time and pushed herself over the edge, screaming her joy around Harry’s cock.

*SMUT ENDING*

Once he was done cumming Harry pulled his cock out of Katie’s mouth as she fell back on his bed, panties still pushed aside and giving Harry a nice view of her cunt. Just as Harry Jr. was beginning to come back to life Katie sat up and looked at him. “I think we need to get a move on if you want to checkout the gym.”

“Wha… but… but what about.”

“We can have more fun later Harry, I still have a week before I have to leave with my parents.” He simply nodded his head, only slightly disappointed, and began to get dressed. “Mind if I borrow your bathroom? I need to clean up a bit.”

“Knock yourself out.”

“Thanks.” She quickly threw her shirt on over her bare chest, grabbed her bra and purse, and made her way to the bathroom. Harry sat down on his bed as his mind tried to process what had just happened. Him and Katie had been dating for almost two months now and their relationship had just now become sexual. “I hope she didn’t do this to prove she wants to be with me.”
“I didn’t” He turned around to find, a more put together and respectable, Katie standing by the door frame. “I wanted you to know that I love you and that you don’t have to try and push me away to keep me safe.”

“You love me?” She smiled at him “Yes Harry, I love you. I’m here because I want to be Harry, not because I feel I need to be.” Harry felt tears gather in his eyes before he wiped them away. “I love you too Katie.” She smiled at him before walking up to him and pulling him down for a kiss. “Now, lets go get you as ripped as Thor.” Harry just let out a chuckle as he finished dressing himself and walked out with her.

As the door closed Dobby popped into the room and gave a quick look. “Dobby will have to wash the bedding from the mess Master and Mistress leave. And open a window.” With that the Elf got to work on cleaning up after his Masters happy fun time.

Chapter End Notes

So how did you guys like my first smut scene? If you ever wonder what chapter will have smut they will have this * around the title chapter. So let me guys know what you think. And we also hit over a hundred bookmark while I was away, I'm happy you guys love the story. As always bookmark and leave a comment on what you thought and don't forget to checkout my other stories.

Until next time this is Huntsman out.
Katie stepped off the triple Decker purple bus with a spring in her step. She had been nervous about her and Harry’s first sexual experience, what girl wouldn’t, so much could have gone wrong. When her mother had sat her down for a talk at the start of the summer she had been mortified. She had tried to force her out of her room at wand point, under age magic laws be damned, but she just kept
talking not a care for the wand pointed at her face. Once she had been able to stop herself from forcibly blocking out her mother's words, she had actually learned quite a bit. It had been done with her face red and behind her hands, as she tried to hide from the shame of her mother's teachings, but she had learned. She had even thought about what Harry would like, she wanted to avoid taking the full step without first experimenting, so she chose to do every man's fantasy. While she hated her large breasts most of the time, they gave her back pain after practice and made actual Quidditch hard, she was glad she had them now.

The look on Harry's face as she wrapped her breasts around him would be one of her proudest moments. She had also discovered she didn't mind having her head held, the pleasure she had received when he had grabbed her head and forced himself down her throat had been beyond anything she had felt before. She had high hopes that the next time would be even better. "He still has to return the favor after all." The chuckle she let out came from not only thoughts of next time but at Harry as he stumped out of the bus. "Why... Why would anyone create something like this. Humans are not supposed to be able to squish themselves between speeding cars like that."

"Oh suck it up ya big baby, we're here." Harry stood up from his panting position to see a very basic and unassuming building. It looked like a stereotypical boxing gym with concrete walls and a sheet metal roof, it even had the word gym in big capital letters. "I know it might not look like much but Uncle Lewis is one of the best boxers I know." Harry blinked at that before turning from the building to his girlfriend. "Do you come here often?"

"No, but Uncle Lewis and dad both went to the same University and were best friends. While my dad went off to be an accountant, Uncle Lewis joined the Royal Marines."

"Did he ever see combat?"

"Yeah, his first deployment was in the Gulf when he was just twenty two. He was only deployed for a few weeks before it ended, but he got redeployed to help with Bosnia in 94. The next time he left was when I was little, he got sent into Desert Fox when I was two and then Sierra Leone when I was five. He was also part of some of the first units to head into the Middle East."

"Wow, when did he retire?"

"Last year actually, his position got hit by an artillery shell while he was in Libya and it damaged his ear and leg. He lost hearing in his left ear and his knee had to be replaced, after that he put in his notice and got discharged right before I left for school. When I went home for Christmas last year he had already opened up this place."
“He must see a lot of business, you called this place the best place to train after all.”

“He actually only has a few members, he’s not like most places who are fine with letting people come and go as they please. If you’ve signed up with him then he expects you to be here at least once a week for a few hours to train. He actually turns away people who just want to join to feel good for being part of a gym.” Harry nodded his hand as he clenched and unclenched his fists. “Are you sure this is a good idea?”

“Don’t worry Harry, Uncle Lewis might seem like a hard man but he’s as dangerous as Fang.” Harry had his doubts but nodded his head and walked towards the entrance. He opened the door and stepped aside for Katie, she smiled at him and patted his cheek as she walked in. “Such a good boy, I’ll have you trained yet.”

“Yeah yeah, laugh it up.” He quickly followed her in.

The cold, that was all he had felt for so long, wind biting through his now paper like skin and straight to his bones. The rain was welcomed for the water it gave him and hated for the chill it brought with it. Even the demons that strolled through the halls, like plantation owners, watching as the inmates fear and despair grew like a crop. Waiting for just the right moment to feast on their harvest, were simple with his partner protecting his mind. They walked past him as though he was not but a weed that was missed by their growers. The worst were the screams, the howls from his dear cousin and her husband. Of family friends that spent their voices screaming for mercy that they themselves had never offered others. The yells of vengeance promised upon all of them when their master returned to free his most faithful from their labors.

He wish they would just shut up, he had not had a good nights rest in months. At least he thought it was months, it was hard to tell when the sky remained the same unchanged stormy black. The guards didn’t help with keeping track, what with their inconsistent feedings of the same repetitive food that made it impossible to tell one meal from another. “Well look what we have here, the infamous Sirius Black.” And now he had to deal with this pompous arse, how someone like him become the leader of wizarding Britain he would never know. “Stuck in a caged cell like the rat he is, how the mighty have fallen hmm. From the right hand man of the most feared Dark Lord England has ever scene to just another number in a cell.”

“Then why not open the door? I could use some exercise chasing your incompetent arse down these halls.”

“Or we could let the Dementors into your cell, see how fast your tune changes then?” Sirius rolled his eyes at the threat and walked towards the door, “Do it Fudge, see how fast the public turns on you when you kill an innocent man.”
“You innocent?” The man laughed loudly at that. “You are the man who helped kill James and Lily Potter, your the one who made Harry Potter an orphan. There is no one in this country that would not cheer at seeing your corpse tossed through the veil.” His hands gripped the bars as he felt Padfoot force his way to the front of is mind, the Grimm wanted out. It wanted to tear the throat from the one who dared to say he had betrayed the pack, that he had sold his brother and sister to a madman. He quickly drew on his Grandfather's training to suppress the beast inside him, if growled and thrashed as he locked it in his mind but he controlled it. The man looked to be moving away from his cell when something caught his attention, it was a newspaper.

“You done with that paper?” The man stopped in his tracks and looked at the paper, that the warden had given him, in his hands. He then smirked and held it just out of his reach. “You mean this, what happened to that big, tough persona. Are you desperate for news of the outside world, a world that has moved on without you?” He then rolled it up and tossed it into a puddle of water near his cell door. “Enjoy the paper Black, it will cost you your food for the next week.” With that the man walked off to continue his inspection, but Sirius didn’t care. Something he saw in that paper sent a chill, far worse than anything a Dementors presence could cause, down his spine. The photo on the front page showed a familiar family of redheads, it seemed as though Arthur had won some sort of contest. But he didn’t care for anyone in the family, nor even the date of the paper, he only cared for what the youngest looking boy was holding. It was a rat, a rat that Sirius had known since he was a teenager at school, one he had run around with for years beside a wolf and stag.

“Peter.” His voice came out as a near whisper, Peter was alive and he was living with the Weasley’s. “If he’s with them then that means… he’s… at…” It was with a growing horror that Sirius realized that Wormtail, the rat who had betrayed not just him but his friends, was alive. And he was a Hogwarts, where Harry was supposed to be, he was right next to his Godson.

“PEEEEETTTTTEEEERRRRRR!!!!!!!” The scream of righteous rage washed over his fellow prisoners, temporarily stopping their own shouts, and drawing all eyes to him. “That rat bastard is near my Godson, mine? I will not stand for it!!!” The Grimm inside him howled in agreement at the threat against his pup, against the only thing that had kept him sane in this Hell. He had to get out of this place, he had to make sure that Harry was safe and that Peter couldn’t lay a finger on him. He sat down on his bed clutching the paper to his chest, mumbling the same words over and over as he tried to think of a way out. “He’s at Hogwarts, he’s at Hogwarts.”

Harry looked around the gym as Katie walked towards the back. “I’ll go grab Uncle Lewis, checkout the equipment maybe you’ll find something interesting.” He watched her walk away, her hips having a very nice sway in them, before he walked over to the wall of weights next to a wall length mirror. He ran his hands over them before a voice startled him. “What are you doing?” He jumped away from the weights, quickly pulling his hand back, and turned around. He turned and found the source of the voice, it was a man who looked to be in his late twenty maybe early thirties. He had sandy brown hair and brown eyes, he was wearing a pair of cargo shorts with a tank top that read “Your FUBAR is my good time.”
“Are you deaf or something, I asked what your doing here kid?” That caused Harry's brain to finally start working again. “Ah, I’m Harry, I came to join the gym.” The man gave him a look before shaking his head. “Kid I don’t know what kind of experience your looking for, but I suggest you find another place. This ain’t no place to do a few minutes on a treadmill and then call it good. This is a place where people who are looking to compete, professionally, come in order to get a good workout. So I suggest you take your arse down to the YMCA and talk to the people there.” The fact that the guy had straight up dismissed him kind of pissed Harry off, who did this jack-off think he was. “I came here knowing full well what this gym was, I didn’t come here to be a casual member. I need to get stronger and I was told this place could help me.”

“I don’t know who told you that kid but they are underestimating just how demanding the old man is.”

“I think Katie knows her Uncle better than you do.”

“Uncle? The old man is an only child, if your going to lie at least think of a good one.”

“While I might not have any siblings I do have a Goddaughter Donny” That caused both of them to turn towards the owner of the gym. Lewis Bailey was a man that cut a very intimidating figure Harry thought. He was well over six feet tall with salt and pepper hair that was buzzed, he was dressed in camo cargo pants and white shirt that was tight against his chest. He had scarring on the left side of his face going towards his ear, Harry guessed that was where he had been hit before he had retired. “Now what this I hear about my dear Katie having a boyfriend? Last time I checked she was too young for such things.”

“Uncle Lewis, I am sixteen years old. I am a grown woman now and I’m allowed to date whoever I want” The man didn’t seem to agree but let the issue drop as he walked towards Harry and gave him a once over. “Shirt off kid.” Harry was quickly startled by the question and looked towards his girlfriend for help, she simply smiled and waved at him to do as he was told. He sighed before pulling his shirt over his head and showing the man his torso. Lewis grabbed his arm and poked him in several places before nodding his head. “You’ll do, how long do you plan to be here?”

“Until I have to go back to school, after that it would be kinda hard to get here.”

“You go to that same school the Katie goes to don’t ya?”

“Yes sir.”
“Nothing we can do about it, that gives me three months at most to get you up to snuff. Give me an hour to get a workout and meal plan together for you to follow. I want you here everyday at five am, sharp. If you are late once, or skip a single day, then your out. Are we clear?”

“Yes… Yes sir.” Harry tried to keep the quiver out of his voice but it was hard not to be scared of the man who looked like he could break him over his leg and walk away like it was nothing. Lewis nodded his head before he walked back towards his office to get started on his plan, Katie walked over and placed her hand on his shoulder. “I think he likes you.”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA, kid I don’t think your in for a very fun time while your here.”

“Shut up Donny”

Sirius watched as the Dementor floated pass his cell, it turned out that Fudges orders to keep food from him for the next week was a blessing. He had been able to squeeze himself out through the bars as Padfoot. He had quietly snuck from the top floor to the third floor, he had remembered from his visits as an Auror that the lounge and barracks for the guards was kept there. He changed back into his human form and grabbed several bits of food, before changing back and heading back towards his cell. He gorged himself on the crackers and cheese he had been able to steal but had come to regret it. His stomach had rejected the suddenly rich food and he had been forced to throw up what little food he had eaten.

It had taken several days for his body to stop attacking itself before he could change again. When he snuck down this time he grabbed one of the guards wands, the reaction he got from it was weak but he would make do. He then went back to his cell again and his the wand under his bed. He heard commotion a few hours later as the guards discovered the missing wand, they quickly began to search the cells for it. When they got to his floor he quickly changed into Padfoot and held the wand in his mouth. He then changed back, the wand now hidden, though he had to deal with the taste of wand polish and dirt in his mouth from where it had been when he changed. When the guards finally got to him they grabbed him from his bed and held him against the wall. They tore the room apart, which didn’t take long with how little was in it, before searching him. They had stripped him of his uniform and when they had failed to find it there, they used a spell to check his… undercarriage.

Once they were sure he had nothing to do with the wand they left him alone, naked and on the floor of his room torn apart. He got back into his clothes just as he heard his cousin yelling about the guards daring to touch her. He smiled and set to fixing his room, now all he had to do was wait for the perfect time to make his escape. “I’ll be there soon pup, don’t you worry, Uncle Padfoot is coming.”
The last week had been awful for Harry, after he and Katie had left the gym with her Uncle’s instructions they had headed back to Privet Drive. They had not even bothered with greeting his relatives before heading up to his room. Dobby had clearly been busy cleaning after they had left, the bed looked spotless and held no evidence of their earlier fun. Katie had then called for Dobby and handed him her Uncle’s plan for Harry. She had told him that he was to follow the instructions about what he could give Harry for the next two months. The elf had nodded is head and popped away with the sheet. After that he and Katie had watched The Empire Strikes Back before Katie had to leave.

The next morning Dobby had woken him up at three thirty and served him his breakfast. Egg whites, spinach, a bran muffin and some sliced fruit. Once he had eaten Dobby had forced him to get a shower before popping the two of them a half mile from Lewis's gym. Harry had arrived a few minutes before five to find Lewis standing at the door looking at his watch. He had simply nodded at him before taking him into the gym, he had started Harry on basic exercises to warm him up before moving to weights. By the time they were done Harry felt like his arms were going to fall off, Lewis had kept him until almost nine in the morning before letting him go. Harry had made it to the bus stop about fifty yards away before calling for Dobby to pop him back to his room. Once there Harry had wanted to crash but Dobby had stopped him, he had forced Harry to eat apple slices wrapped in turkey along with a side of carrots.

Once he was done he slept till Dobby woke him for lunch, once that was done, he noticed how his body felt. Where before he had slept his arms felt like they were going to fall off, they felt only slightly tense. He did a few stretches that he usually did for Quidditch to relieve the tension before popping in Return of the Jedi and laying back on his bed. Most of the week past in this order, Dobby would wake Harry up at an ungodly hour before then giving him his prescribed breakfast. Once finished he would shower and head to training with Lewis where he would be pushed to the breaking point for hours before having Dobby pop him back home. He would then eat a snack and take a nap until lunch and then would stretch the kinks out of his body before spending the rest of the day relaxing.

It was after this first week that he began to notice a change in his body, his slim frame quickly began to develop defined muscles. Where before he had been a healthy, if slightly scrawny, teenage boy. He had now shot up almost a half foot and his body looked like he had been working out for months, if not years. When Lewis had seen the results of his training on Harry after the first week he had gone red in the face. He had grabbed Harry and dragged him to his car, he had then curtly ordered Harry into the vehicle before getting in himself. Lewis was silent as he drove them to wherever they were going, but his face remained the same angry red the entire time. It was a half hour later that they arrived at St. Thomas hospital in London, Harry had given Lewis a look of confusion but he just told him to get out. Lewis had walked to the receptionist and whispered something to her that Harry couldn’t hear.

Once he pulled back the woman glared at him and told them a room number to go to. They had walked down several halls before they entered a private room. Lewis told Harry to sit on the bed before taking a seat in the only chair in the room. They sat in an uncomfortable, for Harry at least,
silence for several minutes until an older Doctor around Lewis age came in. He was giving Harry a stern look before he pulled out a syringe and walked over to him. Harry was in such a state of shock at what was happening that he didn’t resist. The Doctor took several vials of blood, marking each one as he went, before leaving the room. It was around an hour of waiting later that the Doctor came back and finally explained what was going on.

FLASHBACK

“Lewis we ran every test we could think of, this kid is as clean as a whistle.”

“Jim that is not possible, if you look at a picture of this kid a week ago compared to now there can be no other explanation. It has to be steroids.”

“WHAT!!” Both men turned to look at Harry. “You thought I was on drugs? What the hell is wrong with you!!” Harry asked with a glare. Lewis glared right back at Harry. “You don’t get the kind of results that you have kid without doping up.”

“Sorry Lewis, but the kid is telling the truth. We ran every kind of test we could and the only thing we found is a high amount of snake venom.”

“Snake venom?”

“I got bit by a snake last month while I was at school. Don’t know why it would still be in my system though, the school nurse gave me the antivenom afterwards.”

“They had it on hand?”

“Are school is right next to a big forest, all sorts of things live in the thing so it didn't surprise me when I got bit, hurt like hell, but it didn’t surprise me.”

“They let you go into a forest, unsupervised”
“They actually forbid students from going into it, still doesn’t stop students from going around in it all the time. I got bitten when I was helping my friend find his little sister, who was a first year, because she ran into it.”

“Why didn’t you get a teacher?” Harry let out a growl of anger at the question. “We tried to, the pompous arse told us that we should just wait for her to come back. Said she was probably just wanting to be alone for awhile, we ignored him and went looking anyway. We found her cornered in a tree by a snake, my friend grabbed his sister while I grabbed the snake. It bit me on the arm and then slithered away when I dropped it. After that we went to the nurse and she got the venom in me within twenty minutes.” But the Doctor just shook his head. “That’s not possible, the amount you have in your system indicates that you were bitten within the last few hours. In fact your blood has such a high toxicity, I’m surprised that you even alive.”

“But you didn’t find anything else, nothing that would explain this?” Lewis asked, gesturing towards Harry. The Doctor once again shook his head. “I’m sorry Lew, but the kid is clean. Hell it's a miracle that he’s even alive with all of the venom inside of him. If you want my advice, I’d apologize before Katie finds out.” With that the Doctor left, leaving a stunned trainer and a pissed off teenager to sort out their problems with each other. Lewis turned to look at Harry before sheepishly rubbing the back of his head. “Any chance you won’t tell Kat about this?” Harry just stared at the man with a flat expression and raised an eyebrow.

FLASHBACK ENDS

They had gathered the signed notice that Harry was drug free, from a very apologetic looking receptionist, before heading back to the gym. Harry did his usual workout with a stony look on his face and had refused to even talk to his trainer during the session. Once he was done he had stormed out of the gym and called for Dobby to quickly come grab him. Katie had shown up later that day and looked ready to kill someone, her father had apparently been called and told of his supposed drug use. The man had ranted at both Katie and his wife, saying that Katie was forbidden from seeing him again for the rest of the summer. He had even talked about getting Katie tested for drugs before Lewis had called once again, after Harry had left, and told her father the truth. Her father had lost all steam in his rant in a flash and was forced to sit through a lecture from his wife about the dangers of assuming someone is guilty without any real proof.

The couple had spent the rest of the day together, watching cheesy comedies and playing some Mario. Harry had gone back to the gym the next day and Lewis had not been there, he decided to wait by running around the track in the back. It was an hour later that Lewis arrived to find Harry on his fifth mile, when Harry saw him he just walked into the building and headed for the weights. Lewis didn’t say anything he just watched Harry workout for his usual time before leaving. This pattern went on for almost two weeks before Lewis finally spoke.
Sirius looked out the cell door one more time, checking for guards of witnesses, before pulling several rocks and his waste bucket onto his bed. He arranged them in his bed before draping the thin blanket he had on top of them. He then grabbed the wand from his waistband and pointed at the materials. “Humana Corpus. Causa. Colovaria.” The pile of stone and wood was now in the shape of his body and the blanket had become his jumpsuit. A quick color changing charm had turned both into the right shade for his body and clothes. Sirius nodded at his work, it might have been almost fourteen years since he’d last used magic but he still had it. Shifting into Padfoot, he squeezed through the bars for the final time and headed down the hall.

He made one final stop at the guard office and grabbed a spare set of clothes. After quickly changing his outfit he transfigured the uniform into the spare clothes and place them back in the locker. The change would only hold a few days, like the fake body, but it would buy him time. He then gripped the wand between both his hands and snapped it, he couldn’t use it again or they would be able to find him by tracing the wands magical signature. He threw the two pieces out the window and shifted back into Padfoot. He was able to avoid any patrols and successfully made it out of the prison within the hour. Once he was out of the main building he made his way toward dock. “Dammit.” There were no boats anchored to the dock, he now had two options. He could wait for another boat to come or he could chance swimming it.

He had no idea when the next boat was, and his magic would only hold for two maybe three days top before it reverted. After that it was a matter of hours before they discovered him missing, he had no choice he had to chance the water. He walked to the edge of the dock and took several deep breaths, he then took off full sprint down the planks. When he reached the end he took a flying leap and landed several yards away from the docks. He didn’t stop to congratulate himself though, he just kept swimming towards what he thought was land. “I’m coming Harry.”

“Look kid, I didn’t mean to offend you but I saw what I saw. I’ve seen plenty of people, men and women, that have thought they needed an extra boost in order to get to the top. I just didn’t want Katie to get hurt.”

“So it’s all forgiven then, roll the credits.”

“Dammit kid, this is serious.”

“No, this is a conversation.”

“WILL YOU JUST SHUT UP!!” Lewis sighed before sitting down on a stool by the boxing ring. “I’ve been married before kid, we were together for nearly as long as Katie’s parents. Then I come
home from Sierra Leone and find her six months pregnant.” Harry stopped his curls and stared at his trainer. “She wanted to make things work, said how we could get passed this. Until I find out that she’s been sleeping around almost every time that I’m deployed. After that I slapped her with divorce papers, her true colors came out real quick after that. She tried to claim that I was abusive and that I’d forced myself on her before. That she had to sell herself because I didn’t send her money to live on because I wasted it all on booze and drugs.”

“What happened?”

“The media ate it up kid, they loved the idea of a decorated war hero being worse than they ever were. They slandered my name and my friends, including Katie’s family, all for a story.”

“What about the court?”

“The judge? She was all for awarding my Ex with a huge settlement that would have wiped me out, and then Lucas came forward with evidence he had found. Because he was an accountant he was able to find the transactions from not only myself but my Ex’s to. He showed the court that I sent money every week, more than enough for her to live on. He even was able to find transactions for restaurants and stores that had employee’s able to testify against her. One even brought in camera footage of her with one of her lovers and said that they had been going to the place for almost three years. After that her case fell apart and the judge was forced to award me with full control of my assets, I didn’t even have to pay alimony.”

“What happened to your wife?”

“The media turned on her, they went from praising her as a brave woman that was fighting against an abusive husband to demonizing her. After the divorce nearly every guy she was seeing cut ties with her, my guess is they didn’t want to be the next target of her lawsuits. Nowadays I hear she lives with her mother and has to work as a cleaning woman in a hotel.”

“What does this have to do with Katie?”

“Lucas is the reason that I’m where I am now, Katie is like my own daughter and I will always try to protect her. I want what's best for her, when I saw the results that you had I had a flashback to all the bad things my ex did to me. If you were a druggy I didn’t want you pulling Katie down that path.” Harry knew that Lewis was just worried about Katie, like he was, put the lack of trust had hurt. “I get that you just want to keep Katie safe, I do too. Thats why I’m doing this.”
“What do you mean kid.”

“I’m not just some normal student at myn and Katie's school. My parents went to the school the same as Katie’s mom.”

“Becca went to Katie’s school? She never mentioned it before.”

“It’s a super exclusive Ivy League school, they only take in maybe a dozen new students every year. All the other students are children of people who went there in the past, myn and Katie’s mom were both the first in their families to ever go. But my dad’s family has been going there since the school opened, for nearly six hundred years there has been a Potter attending our school almost every generation.”

“Six hundred years!!” Harry nodded his head at the shout. “Trust me, it's not all that glorious being part of a legacy. Especially because it's what got my parents killed.”

“What do you mean kid?”

“My family was murdered when I was just a baby, some Neo-Nazi like jackass got it into his head that he knew what was best for the really old families of Britain. He didn’t like the fact that my father married my mother, he said that he had mixed his bloodline with commoners who are undeserving of being part of the elite. He hired people who killed my grandmother and grandfather, though my granddad made them pay for it.”

“He did?”

“My grandfather served in World War II, when the psycho came knocking my granddad killed the entire group that was with him and nearly crippled the arsehole.”

“That's some old school revenge.”

“He died while he was holding me, I was just an infant. A year later he tracked down my mum and dad and got them too. The only reason that he didn’t kill me is because my mom stopped him. But he’s back now.”
“What?” Came Lew near whisper, Harry just nodded is head. “He’s tried to kill me twice already, the only reason I’m alive is because of luck. If I’m going to be with Katie I need to be strong enough to protect her from him. The man is a coward who will not hesitate to attack her if it means he can get to me.”

“What’s Katie?”

“Why is he focused on you?”

“Like I said he’s nuts. He sees me as the perfect combination of everything he hates. I think he thinks that if he can kill me, that everyone else with just bow to his demands.” Lewis nodded his head. “In my experience, madman will use anything to justify their actions, it’s best not to try and think too much about it. It will only ever make sense to them.” Lew sat there for a minute before he walked to the back of the gym, he opened a locker in the corner and grabbed a roll of tape and a pair of gloves. He tossed the roll to Harry, who caught it with a curious glance at the man. “If your wanting to keep her safe then we are going to have to up your training. Staring now you are going to be learning Muay Thai.”

“And what is this for?” He asked as he held the tape. “You are going to wrap your hands, and then I’m going to start you on learning to throw a punch.” Harry nodded his head and started to wrap his hands, if this is the length he had to go to keep Katie safe so be it.

Sirius panted as he dragged himself up the beach head, he had just spent the last day swimming from Azkaban to the shore and he was dead tired. “Can’t stop now, I have to get to him.” He pulled himself up into a crouched position and panted as he forced water from his stomach and lungs. He didn’t know how much he had swallowed but he needed it out of his system if he was going to be going anywhere. After he emptied the contents of his stomach he stood up. “I coming Harry, I won’t let you down Prongs. I’ll keep him safe from that rat bastard.” He then broke into a run, he knew that Azkaban was off the coast in the North Sea, he should be in either Durham or Northumberland. If he could get to Yorkshire he could get to one of the Black families summer homes and use the floo.

From there he could go to Gringotts and access the Black family accounts, his mother might have disinherited him but his Grandfather had never confirmed it. If he was lucky then he would have access to the money that he needed. “I’m coming for you Peter, you won’t be able to save yourself this time.”

“So everything is sorted out between you two now?”

“Yeah Katie, me and your Uncle are all good. What about you and your dad?”
“He’s still sleeping on the couch, I don’t think my mom will forgive him until the trip. I don’t know if I’ll ever forgive him though, he said such horrible things about you Harry.”

“He was just worried about you Katie, even if it was to an extreme level.” Katie chuckled at that and laid her head down on his chest, she began to draw circles with her finger. “I leave the day after tomorrow.”

“Yeah”

“I probably won’t be able to come by after today.”

“Which will suck, almost a full month without you. Whatever shall I do?”

“How about me?” Katie chuckled at her own joke, but Harry surprised her when he flipped over on top of her. “Oh, you want to have some fun before you leave? Something to get you through all those lonely nights without me?” Katie smiled playfully and reached up to nip at his lips. “Well you do owe me for the tit-job, not to brag but, my breasts are quite spectacular.”

“That they are.” Harry grabbed both of Katie’s arms and pinned them to the bed frame, he then bent down and kissed Katie gently on the lips before giving a few brief pecks across her face. He then sat up Katie trying to follow only she found she couldn’t move. She looked up and saw that her hands were stuck to the frame. “What the hell Harry.” He simply smirked at her. “Sticking rune, it requires such little magic that Dobby was able to power it. It won’t last for long but it will be long enough.” Katie suddenly felt very scared about the face Harry was making. “Harry, what are you going to do?”

“Why Katie, I’m going to” he said as he reached under her skirt and grabbed her panties. “Return the favor.” He yanked.

*SMUT STARTS*

Harry took in the sight before him, Katie’s cunt was closed with a small amount of black curls above it. He smiled at her before then reaching down and running his thumb over her lips. “My your already starting to get wet Katie, a little impatient I see?” The girl in question was blushing up a storm at her boyfriends actions. “Shut up!” Harry just laughed and finished pulling Katie’s right leg out of her red panties before switching over to her show clad foot, leaving the panties hanging from
her left leg. He slowly unlaced her shoe, taking the time to pull the lace out of each loop, before sliding it off. Once he was done he grabbed the rim of her sock and, slowly, began to roll it down. During the entire process Katie struggled to move her hands, when that failed, she tried to move her hips put Harry had her leg in such a way she couldn’t.

Once her sock was removed Harry began to rub Katie’s foot, working on the arch and the ball like he learned. Katie let out a soft moan as Harry massaged her foot. “Harry~” She whined, but he just continued working on her foot. After about five minutes Harry kissed Katie’s heel, causing the girl to gasp, but he didn’t stop there. Harry slowly worked his way up her foot, kissing her arch, ball and each of her toes, before starting his way back down. He kissed his way down Katie’s leg, working his way towards he cunt. Katie started to squirm as her nerves began to grow more sensitive. Once Harry was at her thigh he began to lick her, he dragged his tongue from the edge of her thigh to just the edge of her groin. He then kissed each are he licked before starting the processes next to the previous line.

Once he had licked nearly all of Katie's thigh, he began to lick around her cunt. Staying away from every actually touching it, only going around it. “Harry~, just lick me already!” He pulled his face away from Katie’s cunt, much to her distress, and smiled at her. “Now now, good things come to those who wait.” Before she could even respond he dove back down to continue his kisses, yet again, staying away from actually touching her lips. By this point her clit had removed it’s hood and stood out for Harry to grab at. He ignored the bundle of nerves though, and began to make his way up Katie’s left leg. “Noooo~” Katie whined as he moved away from her crotch and up her leg, once he was to her foot he repeated the removal process and once again massaged her foot. Katie tried to relieve the growing tension in her lower belly, but to no avail. Harry then repeated his kissing and licking down her left leg, once his head was in her crotch though Katie made her move. She wrapped her legs around Harry’s head, stopping him from continuing his torture. “Now lick me you bastard!” Harry simply chuckled and began to kiss around her lips once again, Katie was unable to force his head any lower was forced to deal with his teasing. After what seemed like hours to the young women, Harry made his move. He quickly closed his lips on her clit and sucked, hard. Katie felt the coil in her belly tighten very quickly before breaking loose. “AHBBBBBBBBBBBB.” She screamed as she orgasmed, her cunt squirting out and into Harry’s mouth. He licked his lips and smiled up at her. “You taste like oranges Katie.” Which only caused the girl to blush more. Harry then dove back down, this time sticking his tongue directly into his girlfriend. He drank down Katie’s juice like he had just finished a training session and need refreshment. Katie held Harry in place as the coil began to build up once again. Harry feasted on Katie’s cunt for almost an hour, always stopping just before she reached release.

Her cunt had become so sensitive that he could only lick a few times before pulling back. Katie tried to thrust her hips up to reach his mouth but she failed in even coming close. It was at this time that the rune holding her failed and Katie felt her arms able to move again. She grabbed a hold of Harry’s head and forced him into her cunt, grinding away at his face. “Fucking eat me you bastard. Make me cum all over your face.” She flipped the two of them over and began to ride Harry’s face as she reached under her shirt and squeezed her breasts. Harry wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer to him. “Time for the finishing move.” He thought as he began to picture a snake in
front of him. ‘How do you like this Katie?’

Katie stopped her movements as she let out a silent scream. Her thighs clamped down hard on Harry’s face and her back arched till she was nearly forty five degrees. She drove her cunt harder onto Harry’s vibrating tongue, after several seconds Katie let out a keening wail and squirted straight into Harry’s mouth. Harry simply closed his mouth around her cunt and drank her juice. Once her orgasm ended Katie fell to the side, her body limp while her muscles twitched and spasmed as she went through after socks. Harry sat up and wiped his face before smiling down at her. “How did you like my return service?” Katie shakenly raised her arm and gave him a thumbs up.

*SMUT ENDS*

Harry closed the door as he waved Katie goodbye, it seemed like he would have to do some more research on the web since Katie liked the first part so much. It was as he was walking up the stairs that his Aunt called out to him. “Boy.” Harry turned around and raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“Vernon’s sister will be coming here in the next few days, she will be staying with us for the next three week. Behave yourself, none of that freakishness while she’s around.” She walked away from him and back into the kitchen, leaving Harry alone to process the new information. Aunt Marge was coming here, for three weeks. He was able to sum up his entire set of thoughts at having to live under the same roof as the illegal dog breeder, without Katie, in one sentence. “Fuck my life.”

Chapter End Notes

Looks like Marge is coming next chapter. We also see Harry start his training in boxing, what did you guys think.

As always, make sure to comment and bookmark the story.

Until next time this is Huntsman out.
NOTICE OF SCHEDULE CHANGE

Chapter Summary

Update.

Okay, I have not had that much time to write lately because I was promoted to management of my store and now I am being called in, even on my days off, to work because we are short. I used to have three or four days a week off, now I'm lucky if I have one day a week that I don't have to go in and cover for someone. So sense this is affecting my writing schedule I have decided to push it back. From now on the chapters will come every two weeks instead of ten days. I'm sorry but if I want to get quality chapters out I have to take more time to write them and give my editor time to read them.

The next chapter will becoming out a week from now instead of five days. Sorry again, until then Huntsman out.
So I have been getting a lot of messages asking if this story is abandoned it's not but my life and work has been crazy the last month. My sister had to go to the ER and almost had a stroke because one of her eyes had so much pressure behind it that it nearly popped out of her head. And so I've had to been watching my nephew for her and my brother-in-law, because that's how her dad died and we were super scared that she might not have made it. And that was not even two weeks ago I've had to work almost 6 days a week with one day rarely being off which is when I have to do all my house stuff. So I'm honestly just going to update whenever I have material. I'm sorry that it's inconvenient but life is like that.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!